

AMOS and ANDY Join the Show

Radio Digest

July

Thirty-Five
Cents



AUDREY MARSH
CBS—N. Y.

Guy Hoff

WILL ROGERS

Takes Mike in Hand

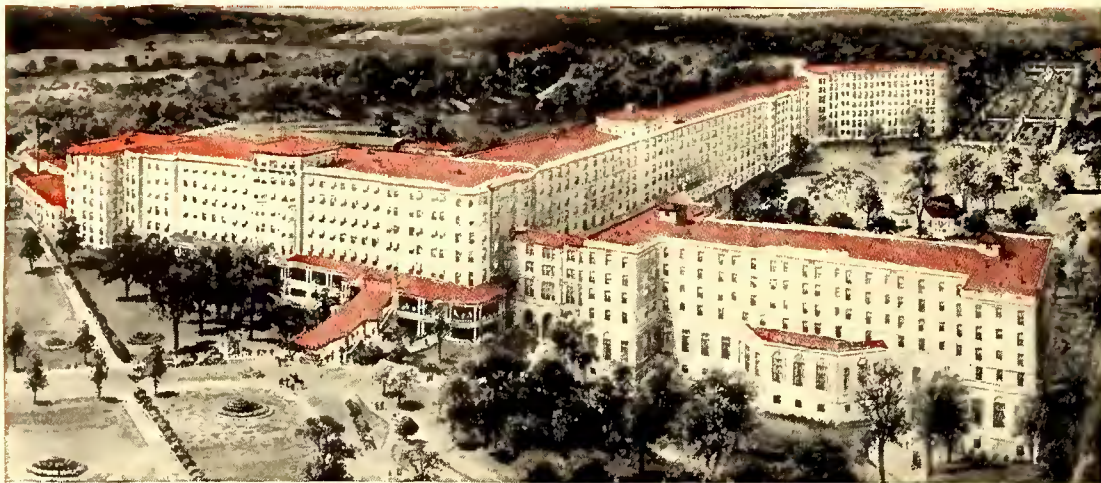
Pinch Hitting for

FLOYD GIBBONS

By H. I. Phillips

E. Phillips Oppenheim . . . Dana Gatlin . . . Will Payne

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E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown,
Editor

July, 1930



AN accomplished vocalist with a lovely contralto voice, Veronica Wiggins may be heard regularly when the Gold Strand Crusaders broadcast their melodies over CBS.



DEVORA NADWORNEY first won her fame on the operatic stage. As the contralto lead in Charles Skilton's American Indian opera "Sun Bride" she won further distinction over NBC a few weeks ago.



IF Betsy Ayres could not sing she could most likely act; she is evidently the artistic and apparently temperamental type and has the necessary looks. But she can sing and every Sunday evening at eight o'clock EST is featured over the NBC network.



YOU probably know Yvonne Larue of KYA as Babs of the team of Toby and Babs in the tri-weekly lively episode "College Daze." She was graduated from the University of Washington and is said to retain a good deal of the co-ed vivacity.

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Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Phone Superior 7323.
Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

Radio Digest, Volume XXIV, No. 3, published Chicago, Ill., July, 1930. Published monthly by Radio Digest Publishing Co. (Incorporated), 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois. Subscription rates yearly, Four Dollars; Foreign Postage, One Dollar additional; single copies, Thirty-five cents. Entered as second-class matter Sept. 25, 1929, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada. Copyright, 1930, by Radio Digest Publishing Co. All rights reserved.

Diamond Award Contest Brings New NOMINATIONS AND VOTES

From Enthusiastic Readers—Everywhere

See Rules and Conditions on page 83

THEY ARE beginning to come in now with a vengeance—the nominations and votes for favorite artists, announcers and programs in the Meritum Diamond Award Contest as announced in the April issue of Radio Digest. From 185 nominations announced last month, the number has jumped to 256 at the present, and the end is a long, long way off. The pile of letters which accompanied the ballots lies on the desk before us, and we should like to read every one of them to you here on this page; save that the exigencies of time and space prevent.

Running through those which lie on top of the pile, one is able to get an idea of the extreme diversity which has prevailed in the voting—diversity as to the type of artist or program voted for, and diversity as to the reason for voting for them. For here is a gratifying fact: The majority of voters in casting their ballots gave the *reason* for their choice!

Already—and the contest is just beginning—there seems to be hardly a nook or corner of this wide land which has not a Radio favorite of some kind and wants to vote for him, her or it!

Picking up the first letter, we find that Al Walker, Birmingham, Ala., entertains not the least doubt in his mind (and there are many who agree with him) that Coon Sanders and his Nighthawks are champion entertainers of all time.

"I wish you much success, Coon!" says Mr. Walker, "for you have worked hard to become the success you are . . . You are doing more for mankind than can be explained. You'll get every vote I can corral for you!"

"The delightful humor of Joe and Vi," writes Algira Truska of 196 New York Avenue, Newark, N. J., "is unapproached by that of any other comedian or comedienne, regardless of fame, fatuousness or frivolity. With so many artists and programs, it is hard to make a selection of a favorite dramatist, humorist or musician. BUT, in the case of Joe and Vi it is different: when such boisterous facetiousness is conveyed into our homes through the medium of Radio, and with such a predominant abundance of unusual predicaments so compatible and appealing to our avarice for unique amusement, they must receive such typical and applicable laudations as these." (Whew!) Reduced to the least common denominator one would rather guess that

the writer of that letter likes the artists in question—Joe and Vi. And there are lots of others who do, too.

Gene and Glenn on WTAM are the ideal entertainers of the Radio world for Mrs. Frank Rehberg, Maybee, Michigan.

In voting for the Willy and Lilly, the KMOX stars of St. Louis, Charles H. Foley, 5303 Landsdowne Ave., Kansas City,

Mo., thinks these two entertainers are a better team than Amos and Andy, the reason being mainly that "having a woman character so cleverly impersonated together with the clever, snappy singing, makes Lilly and Willy's act not so dry as the Amos and Andy episodes."

From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 912 Belmont St., wishes it generally known that the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who broadcast over the N. B. C. chain should "take the cake."

"There are many good programs to be heard," says Mrs. Ledbetter, "but I could lose them all if Jones and Hare continued to give us such versatile entertainment."

And here, among these first few letters in the pile, is one from Anne Woods Hymel, 918 E. 104 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which shows that among the favorites who broadcast, all are not merely fun makers. Mrs. Hymel thinks that the Pure Food talks of Dr. Alfred W. McCann of WOR, Newark, N. J., are earnest, full of

important information and delivered in a most pleasing heart-to-heart manner. Best of all, Doctor McCann's food talks, when taken to heart and acted upon, do lead to improved health. Now that is what we call a most logical reason for voting for one's favorite!

"I tune in nearly all stations," writes Miss Ruth Palmer of Breckenridge, Tex., "but I always dial back to KMOX, St. Louis, to pick up 'Blue Steele.' Enter my nomination for him."

Here is a nomination for Harold Keane, the sunshine boy of WJR, Detroit. Although Harold is blind, he seems to radiate sunshine through the waves of the ether, according to Mrs. J. R. Franco, Detroit.

"Please let us have a picture and write-up of the Smith Family of WENR, Chicago," writes Miss Augusta Collins of Talequah, Oklahoma. The Smith Family's picture was carried

(Continued on page 61)



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

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 _____

Number 5 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) _____

(City) _____ (State) _____

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Advance Tips

WE ARE pleased to announce and introduce to you Mr. Garnett Laidlaw Eskew, distinguished author and journalist from West Virginia, who joins the editorial staff of Radio Digest. Mr. Eskew's latest book, "The Pageant of the Packets," is one of the current contributions of the New York publishers, Henry Holt and company. Book reviewers throughout the country have unanimously praised his literary talent. He will conduct Indi-gest, station features and contribute special articles.

* * *

And because of Mr. Eskew's special qualifications we have shoved over to him the mountain of manuscripts that came in for the Amos and Andy sketch contest. It was and is a big job—too big and too important to be decided hastily. But Mr. Eskew says positively that he will be able to award the prizes and announce the winners in the August number of Radio Digest.

* * *

Amateur literary aspirants have just about swamped us. Besides the Amos and Andy sketches we also received something like a thousand final chapters to the Dubronsky mystery story that appeared in the April number. The winners of this contest and the final chapter will be decided in time for the August number.

* * *

OPINIONS of representative negroes, including those of preachers, lawyers, doctors, barbers and just every day black folks concerning the effect of the Amos 'n' Andy broadcasts on the colored people of America will be printed in the August Radio Digest. Also new stories about the comedians themselves, in addition to the contest results. Keep up with Amos 'n' Andy in this series.

* * *

Evans E. Plummer, who has been writing and editing Radio subjects since the beginning of broadcasting, brings you a gossipy story of some of the old timers in Old Home Week in this issue. Next month he will tell you where Graham McNamee, Jessica Dragonette, Olive Palmer and many others are spending their vacations and what they are doing to spend them. It will be intimate and especially interesting.

* * *

When Will Rogers was a boy—well, that's promised to us to begin in the very near future. We have arranged for a series of articles about Will Rogers and we hope to have the first installment in August. The writer has known the cowboy philosopher ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper.

* * *

"Terror," and that is the title of a short historical story by Rupert Hughes which you will find in the Anniversary Radio Digest next month. Did you ever hear of the time when there were slaves in New York? Did you know that the city was terrified by the suspicion that the slaves were going to rise up, overthrow the whites and take possession of the city? Read about those tumultuous times in the next Radio Digest. Remember, Rupert Hughes is the author.

Across the Desk

RADIO DIGEST has always maintained a jealous integrity in the award of its prizes. There are no wishes to be considered except the will of the reader and the pronouncement of his vote. The magazine can only fulfill its promise. Sometimes, to be sure, it has been secretly hoped that certain results would eventuate whereby the achievement of the winner would reflect a certain amount of prestige and glory on the doner. In fact, it has been known to happen that such hopes have come within bounds of reasonable expectation so that plans were formulated for a ceremonious presentation before dignitaries of state and nation. But the voters decreed otherwise. Their choice indicated a winner more or less remote from the bright lights. The rules were specific. Their decision was inexorable. The prize was awarded accordingly. Whatever of criticism or obliquity might fall on the winner outside the honorable compliance of the rules of the contest had no bearing on the just award of the prize. Radio Digest has had only one certain course to pursue. It has no protest, defense or apology to offer, not even a regret that it could not carry out the gala event that had been proposed.

* * *

Dr. Powers tells us in these pages that the darlings of the talkies are fairly tumbling over themselves these days to be heard on the continental programs. Now wouldn't you expect them to do just that! It's perfectly all right and as it should be. We must smile, one teeny weeny bit though, because it seemed to take them so long to wake up to what it was all about. How well we recall the embarrassed or perhaps a trifle bored accents of the great screen deities piping out at us from the loud speaker. Such inanities! Such condescension! "You have been used to seeing me but not hearing me, and now you hear me but don't see me, ha, ha, ha!" Idols with feet of clay! Profiles of the gods, clacking tongues! But mike walked right up on the stage hand in hand with the camera and gave orders. Skilled continuity writers have rushed to the rescue. The earth moves. The little discs and dials of adjustment click into place. Tranquil ecstasy resumes, the Talkie Stars are in their heaven and all is well with the world.

* * *

One of the things that the popularization of Radio has accomplished is to bring into existence a new technique of literary expression. And thereby is offered to aspiring writers a new field of endeavor. For readers it affords a new grasp of what the author has in mind—a device conceived and fostered for Radio dramatics.

In short, the new medium is the direct result of Radio and talking picture methods. As tangible evidence of this fact, a new book done in what might be termed "popularized continuity" has just been published by the Talking Pictures Publishing Co. of New York. Its author, H. J. Spivack, in a foreword, explains his endeavors as follows:

In presenting this book to the reading public the author is making an experiment in an entirely new form in the new moving picture medium of sound. It is believed that the photoplay, now that it has achieved dialogue, can well take its place beside the printed play in literature, lying somewhere between it and the novel. This book has been prepared with a double purpose in view: The prompt book idea of the separate paragraphs for each action, movement and sound. Stage direction has been employed as an aid to the director, but the numbering of scenes has been avoided lest it confuse the reader.

In this way the author "sets the stage" so that the play may go forward in just the proper way to carry the tale. The new book (it is called *The Broken Melody*), is handled so that readers by the simple use of printed stage direction may "get" the scene as well as the talk.

<p>Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left</p> <p>WHEN YOU WANT</p> <h1 style="text-align: center;">Radio Digest</h1> <p>YOU WANT IT!</p> <p>Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">7-30</p> <p>Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.</p> <p>Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscrip- tion to Radio Digest.</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>City..... State.....</p>
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The Youth, Radio

By M. H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Company

RADIO BROADCASTERS are a little bit touchy about one phrase so often heard. That phrase heard a dozen times a day from people outside of the studios is, "Well, Radio is just in its infancy." Relatively when one considers the development of such industries as steel making, transportation, and construction work, Radio is a mere infant. Radio broadcasting as we know it is just past its tenth birthday but it is a veritable gargantua among the industries.

While frowning upon the implication that the business is an infant the broadcasters admit and proudly admit its youth. It is one thing to be an infant—crawling aimlessly about, but it is another thing to be a youth stalking purposefully toward achievements and laughing at the idea of, "It can't be done because it has never been done before." The spirit of Radio is the spirit of youth. It is a spirit of try anything once. It is a spirit that combines imagination and vision, a love for hard work, and an unconquerable enthusiasm.

The persons who do the work in Radio are young in years and spirit. It is true that the age of the average employee of the National Broadcasting Company is many years below forty and it is likewise true that regardless of actual age each worker has the vision, ambition, and enthusiasm that is in harmony with the entire enterprise.

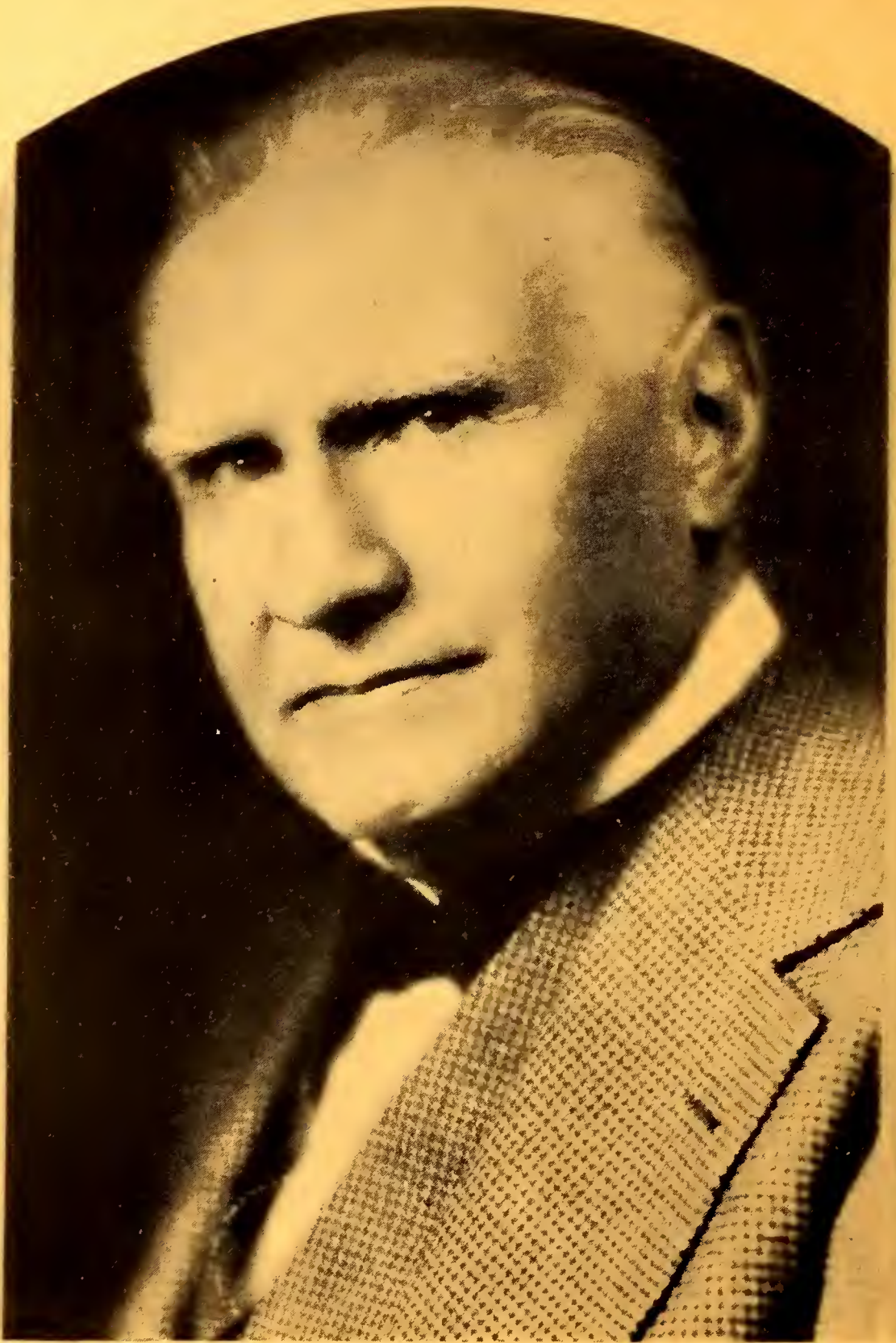
Youth is a creative age. It is an age when precedents are disregarded, old forms are scorned, and amazing experiments are conducted. Radio is an industry in which precedents are disregarded for there are no precedents, where old forms are scorned because they do not fit the new medium, and where amazing experiments are conducted because no man can predict the limits of the force that makes broadcasting possible.

It took vision and youth to launch the series of arduous experiments and tests that culminated in the international exchange of Radio programs.

It took courage and vision to take a Radio transmitting set thousands of feet above the earth in an airplane and to broadcast successfully from that point.

It took faith and foresight to invest millions of dollars in the thousands of miles of specially engineered wire lines that make possible network broadcasting.

It took every virtue of youth and some of youth's criticized recklessness to do what has been done in the past ten years to create the greatest system of giving to all the world the best in education, the best in culture, and the best in amusement and entertainment.



WALTER DAMROSCH, premier of American maestros, was the first composer of an intrinsically American opera. He is a born musician. He is fond of people. His Radio school thrills him. On the opposite page David Ewen who told you about George Gershwin brings you a close-up view of Dr. Damrosch.

Aids Your Music Appreciation

*Walter Damrosch Enthused Over Radio Facilities
by Which He Teaches 5,000,000 Young Americans
in One Class—Study of His Personality*

By David Ewen

TWO years ago, Walter Damrosch was approached with two flattering contracts. Acceptance of one precluded, of course, acceptance of the other—and both were of a sufficiently attractive nature to encourage considerable vacillation. One of them came from the offices of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, offering him the enviable post of principal conductor at a still more enviable salary. The other was sent to him by the National Broadcasting Company of New York, where he has been identified.

The one appealed strongly because it brought with it the prestige of conducting the world's greatest and most celebrated orchestra; the other offered an infinitely larger audience than any concert orchestra could and, therefore, brought with it limitless educational possibilities—possibilities which Walter Damrosch, ever the messenger of good music, was keen enough to perceive at once.

Instinctively, however, Damrosch was far more attracted to the educational possibilities of the Radio than to prestige. For prestige no longer held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, conducted in one of the greatest opera-houses in the world, who had been friend to Liszt and Wagner and who, for forty years, had walked at the side of musical immortals. Prestige no longer seemed so enticing, especially since he had already so very much of it. And so, a signed contract was returned to the National Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a gentle and benign refusal. Sincere regrets were mutual.

Today, Damrosch will tell you—and his pleasant smile will emphasize the fact that he speaks truthfully—that he has never regretted this decision; that, on the contrary, his work in the field of the Radio has given him far more happiness than it would ever have been possible for him to attain even at the head of such an orchestra as the Philharmonic. If you care to listen, he will recite to you a series of figures, figures which mean so very much to him that he has engraved them indelibly upon his memory and that he is always spouting at the slightest encouragement, figures which, in truth, speak far more eloquently than any words.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 people throughout the country listen in every Saturday night to his weekly broadcast. As the head of the Philharmonic, if he were to conduct every one of the 100 concerts the orchestra gives during a season and to a capacity audience of 3,000 at each concert, he would have to conduct 26 years before he reached the audience he reaches during one Saturday night broadcast!

This, of course, does not include the 5,000,000 children who listen to him eagerly in schoolrooms every Friday morning. And when one remembers—Damrosch will continue as an enthusiastic epilogue to his enthusiastic recital—that these concerts are listened to, for the most part, not by trained music-lovers, but rather by novices, people who are now being introduced to good music for the first time, then do we realize the true importance of his work. Through the microphone Damrosch is making America a country of music-lovers!

WALTER DAMROSCH is now sixty-eight years old—and except for his silver hair, age has not left any fingerprints upon him. He has the indefatigable energies, the buoyant enthusiasm for his work, the zeal and the ideals of a youth. And he looks as young as he acts. His skin is smooth and healthy; his eyes are bright, sharp and kind; his physique impressive. He dresses immaculately. His yellow tie (he has a preference for bright one-colored ties) blends with his blue suit, which is always neatly pressed; his shoes are always

shined—dark black with decorative perforations in the front. He seems, indeed, to be in the very prime of life.

He comes from a family of musicians. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, his father was one of the greatest conductors of his time—the founder of the New York Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society of New York the first conductor of Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera House, a musician of international repute. His older brother is Frank Damrosch (christened by none other than Franz Liszt) who is now head of the Institute of Musical Art, New York. He was born, not in America as so many believe, but in Breslau, Germany, and on the day of his birth the foremost musicians of Germany were at his home to commemorate the event. Richard Wagner was supposed to be the godfather but at the last moment Wagner demurred because, having christened another son of Dr. Leopold, a son who died shortly afterwards, Wagner firmly maintained that the same misfortune that followed him throughout life would curse whomever was near him—and so he would not blight the life of this newcomer. A substitute was hurriedly procured—and the babe who was supposed to have been called Richard Wagner Damrosch was now named Walter.

When Walter was five years old his family migrated to America where Dr. Leopold hoped to attain a musical connection equal to that of his acquaintance, Dr. Theodore Thomas in Chicago. They lived in a small and cramped apartment on 23rd Street near Third Avenue and Walter was sent to Public School 40, on the same street, to acquire his early education. It was shortly

after his arrival in America that he made his debut, somewhat inauspiciously to be sure, as an orchestra-member. His father was at that time rehearsing Schubert's "Die Hausliche Krieg" and a passage in the March of the Crusaders required the crash of a cymbal.

To hire a man merely to crash a cymbal once was, of course, out of the question—and so Dr. Leopold enlisted the services of his bright six-year-old son. For hours the father trained Walter how and when to crash the cymbal and then, at last, he felt that young Walter had learned his lesson well. At the performance, however, something inexplicable occurred to shatter all of Dr. Leopold's confidence in his son. The excitement was of such a great strain to the young musician that, when the strategic moment arrived for him to crash his cymbal, his hands simply would not move. He saw his father give him the signal once again, looking at him with fire in his eyes—but nothing, not even the greatest effort on Walter's part, could raise those two stiff hands to crash that cymbal. After that performance, Dr. Leopold mumbled angrily that Walter would make a far better shoemaker than musician in later life!

IT REQUIRED a tragedy to give Walter his first great opportunity to reveal his talents as conductor. Dr. Leopold Damrosch died in 1885, in the midst of launching the first Wagner cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House. A hurried substitute was needed and young Walter, then in his twenty-third year—known to all of them to be a good musician with a sound training—was asked to take the baton for a short while until a permanent conductor could be found.

But there was found in his baton something of the power and magic of Dr. Leopold's conducting and so the bewildered officials happily and unanimously decided that the son was fully capable of carrying on the work of the father.

He was offered \$8,500 a year—and he accepted eagerly. His unique success as the head of the Wagner forces at the Metropolitan soon inspired him to continue his father's work in other

(Continued on page 69)

DAMROSCH loves leisure and yet he is always busy with a day that is chronicled with active work. His habit is to arise at 7, dress precisely (with preference for a plain yellow tie) and start out for a stroll through Central park. He walks for an even hour before sitting down to a hearty breakfast. Then comes the morning paper and at 9 o'clock he is ready for business which begins with the mail. He reads every letter sent to him by Radio listeners from all sections of the country. Callers are received at 11 o'clock—embryo philharmonic conductors, composers, interviewers, young musicians trying-to-get-along and social representatives. Afternoons are devoted to quiet study and reading. In the evening he goes to a concert, a theatre or is at home with congenial friends. Mr. Ewen presents you with a most intimate introduction to this great maestro who was one of the first of the most distinguished artists to recognize the art of Radio.

WILL ROGERS TAKES MIKE in HAND

Famous Cowboy Humorist Laughs at
Wild Bulls and Crazy Horses—Tin
Ear Mike Makes Him Sweat
and Chew Gum

By Dr. Ralph L. Power.
Special Representative of Radio Digest

WILL ROGERS, the fearless wise-cracking genius of the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's murder in his eye.

He stalled, he wouldn't, he ducked and dodged, swore to high heaven he would have nothing to do with the bloody thing, money couldn't hire him, and all that—but at last it got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste!

Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clasped hands with royalty and has hobnobbed with the elite. He is equally at home in Palm Beach, Florida, or Palm Springs, California.

Before the footlights nothing daunts Professor Rogers. He can grasp an educated pen in his pudgy fist, or coax along an intelligent typewriter, and produce gems of human literature. When it comes to lassooing wild cayuses or taming garter snakes he is undoubtedly without a peer.

But when it comes to the microphone . . . Oh, boy, he's lost, and how.

You can dash around to the corner newsstand and buy a paper with Will's daily dope in it, or maybe a magazine in which he exposes sundry glances at the world's famous. Or you can blithely trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physiognomy in his first picture, "They Had to See Paris," and possibly his latest, "The Connecticut Yankee." If the mood just can't be shaken off, you can go to the village library and read one of his books.

BUT even if you do any or all of these things you will discover nary a line about his Radio performances. So this little yarn will tell you something about the human side of this fine American who always does things in a large way—gum chewing, rope throwing Will Rogers.

No matter how much he writes and talks about airplanes, he can't use one to get in the middle of the metropolitan area, so he rides in the family motor car, one of 'em, at least.

You know Will used to live in Beverly Hills. If you read up on history you will find that he was mayor. In back of his mansion was a low rangy stucco building with red tile roof.

"Come on out in back, boys, and see the barn," Rogers used to say to visitors, and they'd go back into the fine up-to-date structure. But, instead of cow ponies or cattle, there would be a flock of motor cars.

Will would shut his eyes and chant . . . eenie, meenie, minie, mo . . . open the orbits and pick out one to use for the day.

But some time ago the noted philosopher-humorist sold the place and moved down towards the ocean where he has a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon. Of course, it wasn't much use to stay around Beverly Hills. Will swelled the population of the town until it got in all the papers and the census gave it a big boost.

Then the realtors put up large signs "Will Rogers Lives Here" to let the tourists know it was a good place to settle down in. So, having been mayor with no local honors left, and the folks settling 'round about too close for comfort, Will herded his kin on a cart and rode down to Santa Monica Canyon.

Maybe he'll get into politics in Santa Monica and run for mayor there. If he does, it will be in a large sized way. First he will run for official dog catcher, then for truant officer and gradually work up the scale of political plums.

JUST at the present moment the ranch is getting settled and only the help stay there regularly. "Just goin' to build a little shack there this summer," confides Will, so we can rest



"Did you ever notice that when you hear about the Prince of Wales falling off his horse the horse falls too? How ken you blame the Prince?"

assured that his new home will not run over a couple of million dollars and with not more than thirty rooms and sixteen baths.

Right in the center of the rancho he plans a polo field, for polo to Will Rogers is about like golf to the rest of us. He takes his game seriously and every few Sundays he plays at the Uplifters Club field down near the beach. And of course a good many of you who read this will remember that exactly a year ago he played in an exhibition game in Los Angeles at night time in the Coliseum during the electrical pageant of the Shrine Convention.

While this story is being written his boy is playing at the Uplifters Club and the old man is cheering wildly from the little grand stand.

Perhaps I ought to stop the story long enough to explain two things. The chambers of commerce will want me to explain that the word "realtor," means real estate expert, and thus definitely setting aside any and all rumors that it is a word taken from el toro, the bull.

Then let me say, for my own satisfaction, that anything in Southern California with more than two things is a rancho. In the early days of the dons it took at least 40,000 acres to call a land grant a rancho.

But nowadays two acres make a rancho, two banana palms a banana rancho, two chickens a chicken rancho . . . but why prolong this. You must get the idea by now or you never will.

So, to go back to the story. The past few months Will and his family have had a little bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I wouldn't want to get the manager of the hostelry thinking that I believe his place isn't quite ritzy, but the fact remains that Will's bungalow isn't so very much.

It is a small five or six-roomed affair . . . one that could conceivably be rented for about forty dollars.

THE Rogers heirlooms are crowded in the place just now and not the least is his pet collection of paintings and statues of cowboys and range life. He has spent a round sum of coin to gradually gather the assortment from various places. Works by Russell are chiefly featured, and I hope Will leaves provision for sending this collection over to the Huntington Library and

Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the material forms the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection.

The children have been going to school, of course, in the winter months, so this make-shift bungalow life has served its purpose. But they will soon go to the rancho. That is where they have been spending the week-ends all through the spring and the place from which Mr. Rogers sets forth on a Sunday night for KHJ, the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System for his Sunday night talks.

I'd like to be able to say that he nonchalantly signals Jevnes, the chauffeur, squeezes into the rear compartment of the imported machine and speeds silently along the smooth highways and byways for which the golden state is noted.

But as a matter of fact, Mistuh Rogers does nothing of the sort. He jumps in a two-year-old car that has seen much mileage and better days and steps on the throttle and chugs away. Of course he has some extra fine cars, but he likes to take the older models and drive himself.

If you arch your eyebrows and mutter anything, Will says sort of sheepish-like, "Lousy old boat, isn't she? But, say, you oughta see her go."

So at last we have him on the way to the big city. Will, after all, is intensely, almost fiercely, interested in people. True, he frequently isolates himself for days at a time to keep his distance from curious sightseers.

BUT Broadcaster Rogers takes keen delight in studying facial types . . . the whims and fancies of folks . . . their apparent trends of thought . . . what they eat . . . how they dress . . . how they spend their time.

How could he write so simply and yet so enlighteningly on problems of the day without being of and among just folks? On the way to the city he doesn't think of his notes or the speech for, he says "'Tain't no use. I wouldn't remember it nohow." But he does look around and sees the ritzy hot dog stands fashioned in architectural style of old Normandy, the gasoline stations designed to simulate feudal castles, the ice cream palaces built to resemble the Eskimo igloos, the wayside orange drink stands erected to look more or less like a real orange . . . and all the other sights that the billboards do not hide. And so he is finally up at the corner of Seventh and Bixel streets at the Don Lee building . . . an eight-story affair with a couple of sub-basements given over to Cadillacs and LaSalle sales and service.

Does he amble into a parking station? He does not. The family bus is all right on the side street and anyway it's insured. Still, for fear you may think him too frugal, he winks an eye and says, "You needn't think I'm the fellow who spanked his cow so as to get whipped cream."

Into the building he walks briskly and takes the elevator to the second floor. Once in awhile he walks up, but mostly the lift is ready and palpitating to go. Invariably he steps down the stone stairway on the return trip.

On the second floor he wends his way carefully through the cars on the showroom floor and peeps around to see what's what and who's hooey. If the station manager is around he says "howdy," and then goes into the studio a full half hour before time to go on.

YOU ought to see the way they rig the place up for him. He doesn't stay put, so they place two condenser microphones on stands and let him stay between them. He can look into either or neither and yet his voice carries out okeh.

Directly in front of where he stands a music rack holds his notes. Then in front of this there is a table on top of which a piano bench rests and on top of that a desk lamp to shine down and light up the manuscript pages.

In case you want to know what the studio itself looks like, I'd say it is about 15 feet wide and a bit more than twice that in depth. At the end is the organ loft separated by an ornate black and silver grill. The studio decorations are lavender and a jade green.

There are deep, plush carpets, inverted lighting, a Theremin, and a baby grand and upright piano. In such surroundings you'd think Will would be at home. But he isn't.

Don't think for a moment that he would admit it. Never. "Never felt more at home in my life. Great place this," he says, but it's pretty hard to believe it.

"You see," he says, "I have all week to think up these gags and when Saturday night comes, just before the weekly bath, I sit down at my rusty old typewriter and punch out these here notes by the one finger system. Maybe you think I'm not good

on that typewriter. Man alive, I can make that machine talk. "Then I don't have to think about it any more until I get up here in old KHJ."

All over the county broadcast men are ready and waiting. The zero hour, or whatever it is they call it, approaches. In KHJ's rooms two telephone men are waiting. They have tested and have been in touch with New York. The lines are all clear. The program goes out directly from KHJ and at the same time goes to the Columbia chain . . . breaking off at points to various stations west of Chicago, while from there it goes to New York and goes back to the stations.

AT ANY rate that is the way it has been explained to me. The original scheme used to be for the broadcast to go to New York and then come back, and I believe this is still the case in some of the network events, but for the Rogers program, at least, this "tricky" method, as the engineers call it, works out rather well.

So Will by this time has about twenty minutes. Witness the scene . . . he madly chews gum generously provided by the gum magnate . . . taps the carpet with his feet . . . stands before the microphones . . . begins his speech for rehearsal, at this time being along in studio "A" with the doors locked, but he never takes the precaution to look in the organ loft for a possible audience.

So he recites to himself. At crucial moments he arches the eyebrows, still chewing choice morsels of gum. Every third minute he changes the script by making a mark or underlining some paragraph. Through all this the rakish hat stays on.

For mannerisms he places hands on hips . . . then in pants pockets . . . still later in coat pocket, reversing the process during the rehearsal and also on the broadcast.

More mannerisms . . . rubs left eyebrow with left hand . . . scratches right ear vigorously . . . pinches nose nervously . . . and goes through these motions five times during time on the air.

"Naw, sir, I'm never nervous," says Will. But he tells the announcer to keep everybody out and the doors locked. However, about five people at a time can peek through the curtain on the door.

The first night Will was downright nervous. The cues were missed, and the first and last part of his speech missed the air. "Most important," says Will. "You gotta hit 'em a punch at the beginnin' and end. Awfully sorry those folks didn't git to hear it all."

Freddy Rich and his orchestra played the overture, or whatever it is the symphonic dance orchestra is supposed to play for the big shots of vaudeville like Rogers. Rich, by the way, played for the King and Queen of England so nothing would do but that he must play for Will, too.

THE orchestra is well along to the end of its twelve minutes of playing. Will looks wildly around the sheltered, cloistered walls, at the deep plush carpet, the futuristic decorations on the wall, at the furniture fashioned in modernistic trend.

On the first night of the series he gasped once, gulped twice, fluttered his hands in a silent gesture of despair and finally waddled to the door and beckoned to a group of studio habitues and the idly curious to come on in and get an earful, to say nothing of good-sized eyeful.

So in they trekked. That was what he wanted. He could look 'em over and get reactions, he thought. But they applauded so wildly and generously that the announcer had to shush them up for the commotion created confusion, sounded terrible over the air and shortened the actual program.

So they stayed shushed. Since then Will does his talking in solitary confinement. "I don't want folks to think I'm high-browin' 'em," he says, "but you know they get in here and sit still and dumb . . . no facial expression at all.

"I spring a good gag and they're afraid to laugh. So I think it's no good and feel bad all over it. It affects my expression, that's what's the matter."

Maybe it is, but just the same Will has a pretty bad case of microphonitis. He's afraid of poor little mike who wouldn't hurt him a bit even if it could.

The last broadcast of the series he's going to have in studios B and C, he says, where they can crowd two or three hundred people in to see the show. "Then I'll watch their faces," he explains, "just like at the show and if my line doesn't go over I can switch around and make 'em laugh. But this here microphone, you can't tell how it's goin' over.

(Continued on page 68)

NEXT month Radio Digest will begin a series of close-up views of Will Rogers by a writer who has known him all his life. You will see him and watch his development from a ten-dollar-a-month cowboy to a five hundred dollar a minute Radio broadcaster.

Read About Will Rogers in August Radio Digest

Amos and Andy JOIN *the* SHOW

*Some of Their Early Experiences on the Stage
as Told by Joe Bren Who Hired Them*

By Ann Steward

WHY is it that one feels kind of a shivery intoxication when treading close to the pathway that has led others to adoration and great fame?

Still you could scarcely say that Joe Bren is really famous. I only knew that it was his executive acumen—or perhaps a God-given instinct that caused him to pick Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll out of the crowd, teamed them together, and that from this contact there came to be Amos 'n' Andy, the most popular Radio show ever produced.

Joe Bren—not Amos 'n' Andy—was the man I had come to see. Who was Joe Bren? I didn't know—just one of the big guns of the Music Corporation of America. But he had discovered Correll and Gosden—and Correll and Gosden were Amos 'n' Andy. How had he come to do it? How did it happen? What could he tell about it? Did they just naturally take to each other right from the start? What—what—how?

"Mr. Bren, will see you in a minute. Please sit down."

"Thank you." I was in Mr. Bren's office on the nineteenth floor of the Masonic building, near Randolph and State streets, Chicago. It was a large and rather luxuriously furnished room. In the subdued light I could see the man I assumed was Mr. Bren talking on the phone at his desk. I gave a momentary

glance to the moving, surging scene far below the window and then turned to a red leather chair. It was restful and suddenly I felt at ease.

The receiver clicked slightly and Mr. Bren faced me inquiringly. "You want to see me?"

"Mr. Bren, I understand that you are the man who brought Amos 'n' Andy together. If that is so, I should like to hear about it." I saw that time was precious to this busy man and that direct questions would please him most.

"Yes, I was more or less responsible. What in particular do you want to know about it?"

"Perhaps it would be best to tell me how you met the boys and then what happened." I was giving a big order, but it was amply filled. And this is Mr. Bren's story in practically his own words:

"**A**BOUT eleven years ago I was in business as a manager of home talent shows. I had under my direction, young men who traveled the country and were called producers. It was their duty to enter a town where a show was to be given, arrange for the talent amongst the people of the town, line up the show itself, produce it and then go on to the next town

"Eight milliun, nine milliun, 'leven milliun"—"How much is dat, Andy? Ain't yo' skip a milliun or two?"



and repeat the same procedure. When unusual talent was discovered amongst the amateurs, the producers usually wrote to me and I investigated the matter. If the performer proved especially good, I would add them to my troupe of regular performers or producers.

"One of these letters came from Davenport, Iowa, telling of a man by the name of Charles J. Correll who was a wizard at the piano and who had some acting ability. I followed up this information and urged Mr. Correll to join my forces.



"Take it easy, Amos. Yo' is goin' too fast."

He accepted and came to Chicago with the railroad fare I wired to him. I put him to work on his arrival and instructed him, in the meantime, to put on plays and in short to become one of my producers. He was a clever fellow and one of the finest men I have ever met. He learned the business easily and soon found himself on the road producing shows for me. From the very first, he was successful and popular. His easy good nature got him across more hard places than I have time to tell of and made him a host of friends as well.

"Just about this time another communication reached me from Richmond, Virginia, telling of the extraordinary ability of a man by the name of Freeman F. Gosden. I repeated my former procedure and soon found that Gosden was also an able producer and another man of the highest type. He was especially clever as a black face end man in minstrel shows and his negro dialect was enviable. I put him down as a chap who would make something of himself before long, but I never foresaw the lasting brilliance of fame that surrounds Amos 'n' Andy.

"I put Correll with the straight theatrical productions and his work there was more than laudable. It might be interesting to know that he was so well liked wherever he went, he found himself the recipient of a host of wonderful gifts from the townsfolk. Sometimes he would come back to Chicago looking like a walking pawn shop, covered with watches, rings, pins and other gifts. Each article was an expression of good will from the people he worked with, but it never went to his head. He was always pleased, but his natural role as a hard worker was never deserted.

"SOMETIMES mayors, senators, governors and men who have since distinguished themselves in the affairs of the world, would take part in the shows Correll produced, but these big men shared alike with the lesser known people under Correll's management. When they were doing good work, they were left alone, when they made a mistake they were called to account in no uncertain terms, but they took it good naturedly. I might say that Charles Correll has reprimanded, bossed and called down more famous people than most of us shake hands with in the space of a lifetime. But it made no difference to him. When he was working there was no class distinction amongst the people with whom he worked.

"Gosden was very much the same way. However, he had many funny experiences, due to his inability to play the piano. One almost got him into serious trouble, but when I recall it, I can't help laughing. It shows Gosden in his true light, earnest, eager to please and forever funny, no matter how serious the situation. He was to produce a show in Taladega, Alabama, a little town just a few miles from Birmingham. On his arrival in Taladega, he searched immediately for a piano player. That was always his first move, for he would rehearse with the pianist in the afternoon and that evening he would begin practice with the home talent. Of course, if the pianist was poor, he was practically handicapped from the start.

"In Taladega it seems there was a peculiar scarcity of people who could manage a piano and the only possible applicant was a young lady who was not so good even though she was the best available. That evening after the practice, Gosden was talking to a group of townsmen about the show. Someone asked him how he liked the pianist.

"'Oh, she's terrible—simply awful,' Gosden replied and immediately received a gentle kick in the shins from one of his listeners. 'I mean she's pretty bad,' he amended.

"A burly fellow glowered at him and asked: 'What did you say, young man?'

"Again the kick in the shins. 'She's not so good,' Gosden replied, smilingly.

"'What do you mean?' growled the amateur strong man menacingly.

"After the faithful, friendly kick had been received, Gosden said: 'Oh, she'll do.'

"'She's no good, huh?' The pugnacious customer began to roll up his sleeves and thrust out his square jaw.

"The answering kick from the solicitous listener was by no means gentle. Gosden swallowed a yell of pain. 'Say, she's the best piano player I ever had. She's wonderful—great!'

"Wreathed in smiles the big one departed with a chuckled, 'that's better.'

"Gosden wiped the sheepish grin from his face and turned to the energetic administrator of shin kicks. 'What's the big idea?' he demanded crossly, rubbing the sore leg.

"'Wal, that guy was the girl's brother. He's a tough one and he would have killed you if you had said anything bad about his sister.' Gosden looked speculatively at the broad back



"Taxi, mistah? Whah yo' wanna go? De fresh air don' cost no mo'."

retreating down the street and rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Aw, she's not so bad," he was heard to murmur.

"THE SHOW went on in time and Gosden escaped from Taladega with no broken bones. Thereafter, it might be well to remember, he took great pains to investigate the probability of interested relations before he publicly slandered any of the talent. Had he not, I am afraid there would have been no meek Amos to annoy Andy.

"But Correll and Gosden not only saved the day for themselves often enough, they did several good stunts for me. One time the boys and I were together playing a show in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Just after the show went on a tornado with all the accompanying stage affects burst into town with angry persistence. The lights went out, the storm raged and the audience was panic stricken, but Correll and Gosden took matters in their own hands and saved lives as well as the show. For one hour they cracked jokes, sang songs and entertained generally to a crowded gathering of terrified people in a pitch black house. When the storm had blown itself out, the show went on. Correll and Gosden slipped back into their parts and five minutes later no one would have known that anything unusual had happened. Good troupers, they were.

"Well, about this time, I put Correll in full charge of the theatrical line and took Gosden with me to Nashville, where I was planning to add a circus department to my routine. Neither one of us knew a thing about circuses, but when we got there, we put on a brave smile and promised a full fledged circus to the inhabitants of Nashville.

"That night we went to our hotel room—we used to bunk together on these trips and sit up half the night discussing our plans—and Gosden smiled at me gloomily. 'Well, Joe, we promised them nothing more impossible than the city hall, why not throw in the hotel and make a real splash?' I don't remember what I replied but it was sarcastic and indicative of very low spirits. Undismayed, Gosden drew up a chair, leaned back and grinned. 'Let's go, Joe. We can do it, we only have to find out how. Now, we can—' and we were deep in plans, no matter how inadequate they proved to be later on.

"We put on the circus in time and, though it was a big loss to us, we stuck to the idea and Gosden figured out our mistakes. We worked on circuses for a long time and finally we found what we could do and what we should not try to do. The main and most important result was that Gosden was put in charge of the circus department and he made a big success of it. Never in my contact with the two boys, and I had plenty of it, did I have a disagreeable moment. They were always optimistic, good natured and resourceful. Needless to say, they were my two best men.

"I SOON found that they both had a bottomless fund of human nature information. We used to write many

skits, plays and acts together and what we wrote was always sure fire. Though both the boys were naturally clean minded, it was then they learned that only clean humor would be allowed in the shows, and that only the clean stuff was worth using in the long run.

"Sometimes men would come to them and say: 'Listen, I know a grand gag, it's a little off color, but it's good. Once there were two traveling salesmen, see?' They'd listen respectfully to the joke and then they would reply: 'Sorry, we can't use that unless Mr. Bren at headquarters passes on it. We'll telegraph him, if you like.'

"Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as well as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that reply usually called an end to the matter. The joke never went on, and I don't think either Correll or Gosden ever, before or after their work with me, put a slightly suggestive joke before the public. That is one of the things that is outstanding in their Amos 'n' Andy. It's always good clean humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal mind can get a chuckle out of.

"My own two kids won't go to bed until Amos 'n' Andy are on and off the air. It makes their bed time rather late, but that can't be helped. I don't care what those two black face comedians say, in character or out, my kids can take it all in, laugh and go to bed, so much the better for what they have heard. I'm sure parents all over the country feel the same way as I do about it. Clean fun is always acceptable everywhere. It's something I have always maintained in my own business, but I don't want any one to feel that I want credit for that or any other feature of Amos 'n' Andy. My influence may have been helpful, although they had the goods before I ever saw them.

"But to get back to my story. All this time I was working with the Shriners and Elks. Practically all of the things I put on, shows, circuses or minstrels, were either Shriner or Elk performances. It was through the two brotherhoods that I really came in contact with the boys, you know.

"Well, I made plans to put on a show in Minneapolis which was the outstanding lodge in the country, the outstanding Elk lodge, I should say. Their Glee Club was the prize winner that year, 1920 or '21, I think it was. Nevertheless, it was one marvelous Glee Club. I planned to use this chorus as a background to the minstrel show in which I was to use my very best performers. Correll and Gosden were the end men and I led the orchestra. It turned out to be a wonderful show, too.

"MINNEAPOLIS took the show so well, I decided on a course which, though at the time seemed pretty much of a gamble, turned out to be one of the best pieces of business I had done up to that time. The Elks National convention was to be held in California that year and I decided to take my Minneapolis show intact to California, Glee Club and all, and give four performances there during the convention. Those shows were to be gratis. The expenses for the trip, I hoped to make by giving the here and there along the route, both out and back.

"We chartered a special train of fourteen cars for the whole thing, which was a big expense, but it was the only possible way we could attack the job ahead of us. It was a splendid season. We scraped through finances rather well and we came back from California with real cheer in our hearts. One memorable experience with the boys, I cannot help but relate. I don't think their past financial difficulties will have much bearing on their present. While we were on the trip, I used to settle my expenses immediately after the show every night so that I would know just where we stood. The performers used to line up outside of my office car and wait anxiously for their money—we never knew just how much or how little it would be.

"After three or four of these pay days, I learned to expect Correll and Gosden at the head of the line, always broke, always cheerful, always ready to spend their whole earnings each day and trust to luck for their next day's meals. I don't think that I ever saw the two boys at that time when they weren't either broke or about to be broke. Of course it is a very different story now, but never once did I hear a word of complaint out of either one of them. They took what was coming to them and when that was gone they waited patiently for the next stipend. They very seldom made an important touch for cash.

"And then soon after that came the Radio and its popularization. It was the beginning of the end for our road shows. Even then, I don't think I foresaw what would happen to my two best end men, and perhaps if I had, I wouldn't have been so eager and ready to push them into their first Radio appearances which so quickly changed their careers. Although I should hate to think back now and realize that I had deprived America of two of its most popular and best liked comedians.

"But it's remarkable how unexpectedly and quickly things happen. It is popularly known that the boys first appeared over WEBH then owned by the Herald and Examiner newspaper. That is not exactly true. I had made an appoint-

ment for the boys to give an audition before Mr. Boneil, who was the manager of the station, the Thursday of that particular week, but they went on the air for the first time earlier in the week. We were playing in Joliet the first part of that week. There was a Radio station there then, so small a one that I don't even remember the call letters. At that time, when Radio was really in its infancy, the studio managers were often hard put to it to find people who could and would broadcast. They often asked players in shows or vaudeville to appear before the microphone to fill up the gaps in their programs. So it was through this medium that the boys first went on the air.

“THE MANAGER of the Joliet station came to me and asked me if I had any talent that I would care to loan him. With the future audition of the two boys in mind, I offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it would give them a chance to familiarize themselves with playing to an unresponsive mike. Of course, the boys were more than glad to grab at any chance to get on the air and they went, calmly serene, to the little Joliet station to put their voices on the air for the first time in their lives.

“They only knew one song well enough to put on the air, so they sang that. It was a medley starting with some sort of a verse about everybody happy or something to that effect and then swung into a number of popular songs of the day. Correll played the piano and Gosden strummed the banjo. They seemed to have mike sense naturally and they went out very well. The Thursday of that week they played and sang the same number for Mr. Boneil and it was the song that put them on the air every week through that spring and summer as Correll and Gosden on WEBH.

“I think most everybody is fairly familiar with what happened after that. The fall of their first year on the air, Correll and Gosden conceived the idea of Sam 'n' Henry and WGN accepted it with some misgivings, perhaps, but accepted it nevertheless. I had nothing to do with this skit. Correll and Gosden originated the idea, wrote their own lines and planned their own methods of deliverance. I knew of the plan and the boys consulted with me, but Sam 'n' Henry and the subsequent Amos 'n' Andy belongs to them alone and entirely.

“The day after WGN accepted Sam 'n' Henry, Gosden walked into my office with his characteristic smile and remarked: ‘Well, Joe, I guess we’ve struck oil.’ He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any one of us realize how deep and full that oil well was destined to be.

“While at WGN the boys continued with their singing as well as the Sam 'n' Henry act. Their programs were all tremendously popular, but after a while they gave up so much singing. Prior to their break with WGN they held a weekly feature called the Pepper Party that was mostly dance music interspersed with bits of their own humor, they did the announcing and some of their songs. But Sam 'n' Henry demanded more and more of their time and they finally gave everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air.

“FOR a while at WMAQ the boys put on a clever minstrel show. Of course, they had all the experience they could use to draw from and they did their job particularly well, but Amos 'n' Andy will always be the best work they have ever done, and if anyone thinks they don't work, try it some time.

“No, I don't think there is any limit to the length of time Amos 'n' Andy will be popular. It will live as long as the boys care to have it and it will always be clean, human and funny. I don't hesitate to say that Amos 'n' Andy are the most popular entertainers on the air and I predict that their place as a feature will never be usurped by anyone.

“The people are beginning to look on Amos 'n' Andy as friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: ‘They've been awful the past week.’ But go over to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential grand slam at a cent a point, the bridge game is overlooked while the Pepsodent Tooth Paste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.

“I want to say a word about Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgotten old friends and acquaintances. They still drop in on me and talk over old times. Their success has certainly not gone to their heads, and that proves more than anything does, the kind of men they are. Some are quoted as saying that they don't realize what they have done. They realize, but they don't go around with their heads in the clouds over it. The public only sees the gravy, but they do the work, and when two men work as hard as they do, they aren't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. It was coming to them and they're taking it like men. All in all, they are the two finest men I have ever worked with or, for that matter, come in contact with, and I have seen a good deal of the world's population.”

As a last question, I asked Mr. Bren: “Do you think Correll and Gosden will ever run out of material for Amos 'n' Andy?”

“No. They will never run out of material as long as there



“I is Andrew Brown, president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated.”

is news in the world. They use current events of interest in their sketch, such as the census takers, for instance, or income tax worried them a short time ago and so on forever. If there is a war, they will enlist their colored characters and continue the sketch. You might as well ask if there is a chance of Sid Smith running out of material for Andy Gump. It isn't possible. As long as the Tribune wants Andy Gump, Sid Smith will write it. As long as the air wants Amos 'n' Andy, Correll and Gosden will write it. And it looks as if these features grow more popular each time one turns around. No, I think Amos 'n' Andy are here to stay. We'll hear from them for some time, I should say.”

And so ended my interesting conversation with Joe Bren, the man who knew them when—the man who worked with Correll and Gosden before they were immersed in the intricacies of the lives of two colored boys and an appallingly open aired taxi cab.

Amos and Andy's Dialect—Is It Real?

Going over the hundreds of papers submitted in Radio Digest's Amos and Andy Contest has been an illuminating affair. Probably the most interesting phase of the business has been the diversity of dialects which the contestants put into the mouths of Amos and Andy. And that automatically brings up the question of whether Amos and Andy, in their nightly “spiel” over WMAQ, speak real negro dialect or not. We have some letters on the subject.

“If Amos and Andy would only speak *real* negro dialect,” writes Miss Margaret Johnston of Brunswick, Ga., “the illusion of sho' nough colored folks talking over Radio would be greatly enhanced. For my part, I have never heard negroes (and I was ‘fotched up’ among them) talk as these two comedians talk.”

Similar protests have been received from dwellers in Virginia, Louisiana, Mississippi and elsewhere. Particularly do the correspondents say that “Andy” Correll's use of the letter “r” in place of “d” (*regusted* instead of *disgusted*, for example) is out of place.

Now that we're on the subject of dialect, just what *is* the genuine brand? There are four distinct types of negro talk spoken in the United States. One—which we can dispose of at once—is the usual stage dialect. It is as unreal and artificial as possible, the blackface comedian usually saying “ah” in place of “I,” and similar fictitious words. Then there is the straight ordinary brand of negro dialect, such as is spoken by the negroes who hail from Virginia, Tennessee, Carolina and the Mississippi Valley. This is by far the most prevalent. Varying somewhat with the locality from which the negro comes, it is recognizable wherever spoken by real

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The
Experiment
of

STEPHEN GLASK

*An Ironmonger, and a Lady—Could They Meet Socially?
An Unforeseen Circumstance Adds Complications*

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by Joseph L. Sabo

SIR AUSTEN MALCOLM was sitting in the middle of the public seat, his legs crossed, his attention entirely engrossed by the small volume of poems which he held between his shapely and well-manicured fingers. He had the air, perhaps justifiable, of being perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings. He was dressed in all respects as a country gentleman of studious tastes should be. From the tips of his polished brown shoes to the slightly rakish angle of his Homburg hat, he was entirely satisfactory. His air of patronizing the seat upon which he had ensconced himself was also, perhaps, in order, as it was he who had presented it to the town.

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of fir trees—was an old-world market town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in billowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was not a landscape, perhaps, to excite rapture, but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

Up the hill, a little breathless, climbed Stephen Glask, a young man of somewhat pleasant appearance, humbly dressed, as fitted his station, but carrying himself with a certain not unbecoming ease. After a moment's survey of the view, he sank with a brief exclamation of content upon one end of the seat occupied by Sir Austen Malcolm. There were other vacant seats not far away—and the baronet was obliged to uncross his knees. He turned and glanced at the newcomer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the great man of the neighborhood; but he was a reasonable person, and his glance was not one of annoyance. It was not, however, altogether free from a certain mild surprise; he was accustomed to a great deal of respect from the townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

“QUITE a climb up here, isn't it?” the newcomer began, affably.

The voice was pleasant enough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled for. He answered without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:

“It is certainly a considerable ascent.”

The young man very properly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken and a slight rebuke administered. Sir Austen should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncomfortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir Austen Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irritably towards his interrupter. Entirely unabashed, the young man smiled blandly at him.

“Awfully good of you to give these seats,” he remarked, in a conversational manner.

“You know who I am, then?” Sir Austen inquired, dryly. The young man's eyes twinkled.

“Doesn't every one in Faringdon know Sir Austen Malcolm by sight?” he answered.

“You have the advantage of me, sir,” Sir Austen declared, with some slight emphasis on the last word.

“Naturally,” the young man admitted, briskly. “I have only been here a week or so, and you have been up at Oxford most of that time, haven't you? My name is Stephen Glask. I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. Bad egg. I am afraid, unless things alter.”

SIR AUSTEN dropped his eyeglass and polished it for a moment. It was quite absurd, of course, but he was conscious of a feeling of positive toleration towards this young



“Why you're the new ironmonger!” she exclaimed.

man, for which he was entirely unable to account.
 "Johnson, I am afraid, neglected his business sadly," he said. "He unfortunately developed bad habits towards the close of his career."
 "Drank a bit, you mean?" Stephen Glask remarked. "Poor old chap! I don't wonder at it. You all of you bought your things from the Stores, sent to London for your cartridges, and got your gas from Swindon. Glad I've met you, Sir Austen. I am a local man now, and I want some of your trade, please."
 Sir Austen stiffened a little.
 "My chauffeur buys his own gasoline," he said, "and my cartridges are specially filled for me by my gunmaker. As to domestic articles, my sister keeps house for me."
 "I'll call in and see her," Stephen Glask declared promptly.
 Sir Austen opened his lips—and closed them again. Why should Eve be deprived of an encounter with this

"Poor stuff, that," he pronounced, nodding his head towards the volume which his companion was perusing.
 The latter stared at the young man, this time in real surprise.
 "A POETASTER," he remarked, with faint satire, "as well as a specialist in hardware?"
 Mr. Stephen Glask was unabashed.
 "I've read those verses, if that's what you mean," he answered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've

"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson."



extraordinary young man? It would certainly amuse her. It might also be good for the young man! Sir Austen resumed his reading without remark. Mr. Stephen Glask, however, had not finished with him.

finished. There are a few pretty thoughts—the snow-storm in the cherry orchard, for instance; but most of the things are too florid, and the fellow hasn't a single original metre. It's the music of Swinburne and Keats to an inferior and uninspired setting—*vide the Athenaeum.*"
 "You find time to read the *Athenaeum*?" Sir Austen inquired, slowly.
 "And the *Ironmonger's Weekly Record*," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good afternoon, Sir Austen. I wish you'd speak to your chauffeur about the gasoline. I'll call in and see your sister myself about the other things."
 Mr. Stephen Glask strolled off, not by

any means an unpleasant figure to watch, although his blue serge suit was ready-made, his boots thick, and his cap shabby. He was certainly a most original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

"I would give," he murmured to himself, "a great deal to be at home when he calls on Eye."

Sir Austen returned to his very delightful home about an hour later. He passed up the beautifully kept avenue, lined with handsome shrubs, and adorned with a wonderful border of scarlet geraniums, entered the long, whitestone house through some open French windows, looked in vain into one or two of the charmingly furnished rooms, and finally made his way out again into the gardens.

ATTRACTED by the sound of voices, he crossed the tennis-lawn and turned into the paddock. Here he came to a sudden and stupefied standstill. Eve, with her sleeves rolled up and a masher in her hand, was obviously receiving a golf lesson from—Mr. Stephen Glask!

"Look out, Sir Austen!" the latter exclaimed, pleasantly. "We're approaching on to the lawn there, and you're just in the line."

Sir Austen stepped mechanically out of the way. He was too surprised to make any remark.

"Lucky thing I happened to call in just now," the young man continued, with satisfaction. "I chanced upon Miss Malcolm just as she was developing the very worst possible fault in golf. Now, a little more over the ball, please," he went on, devoting his attention to his pupil. "Wrists quite stiff, and the heel of the club well on the ground. Learn this stroke and shorten your swing a little, and you'll be a scratch player in a month. Now, then."

The young lady—she was exceedingly good-looking, and much younger than her brother, of whom as yet she had scarcely taken any notice at all—gave herself up once more to her task. Her instructor, who greeted her efforts with only a moderate amount of approval, finally took the club from her hand and himself played a few masterly shots. Sir Austen, who was beginning to recover himself, joined them.

"**A**PPARENTLY," he said dryly, "you are a young man of many accomplishments."

"Oh, I like to understand something about the things I sell," Mr. Stephen Glask answered, carelessly. "We used to get through a lot of golf clubs at my last place. I am so glad to find there's some sort of a course here. I can get the agency for Merton's clubs—best irons in the world—and I shall order a masher down purposely for Miss Malcolm, if she'll allow me."

"I should love you to!" the young lady exclaimed eagerly. "You seem to know exactly what I want, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Glask—G-l-a-s-k," her visitor interrupted. "The name's being painted up today. And you won't forget the other things you've promised to buy from me, Miss Malcolm?"

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner.

"Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the housekeeper. I am sure—we are always most anxious to procure things locally when possible."

The butler opened the paddock gate and walked towards them. Like everything else associated with the Malcolms, he was a most correct and dignified appendage.

"Tea is served, miss," he announced.

They all turned together towards the house. The young man, who had lingered for a moment to pick up the golf balls, walked between them. His ready-made clothes and many other slight evidences of his station were there, but never in this world did any young man seem so unconscious of them.

ON their way out they had to pass the tea table. Stephen Glask was obviously hot with his exertions. Sir

Austen glanced stealthily at his sister, and found his sister stealthily watching him. Sir Austen coughed. The slight smile which had flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips vanished. He spoke with perfect gravity.

"You must let my sister give you a cup of tea after your exertions, Mr. Glask," he said.

"Yes, please do stop," she begged. "It is so hot this afternoon."

The young man accepted the suggestion without hesitation. Further, he accepted it quite naturally and, as a matter of course. He sat in a wicker chair between the brother and sister, and consumed bread and butter with an appetite which he took no pains to conceal.

"Rather scamped my luncheon today," he remarked. "I was busy opening some cases—a new sort of lamp, Miss Malcolm. I hope you'll let me show you when you come in. Do you mind if I have some more tea?"

Then, without any warning, the vicar's wife descended upon them. Mrs. Randale was stout and middle-aged. Her complexion was florid, and she wore a *pince-nez* which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubicund nose. She greeted Austen Malcolm and his sister with the easy familiarity of old acquaintance. It was just about this time that a long-dormant sense of humor in the former leaped permanently into life.

"**A**ND WHO," the newcomer asked, smiling graciously, "is our young visitor? We see so few strangers in Faringdon."

"This is Mr. Glask—Mrs. Randale, our vicar's wife," Eve hastened to explain. "Mr. Glask cannot properly be termed a stranger. He has come to live in Faringdon."

Mrs. Randale's features exhibited the liveliest interest. She also seemed a trifle puzzled.

"To live here!" she repeated. "How delightful! But whose house have you taken, Mr. Glask? Curiously enough the name seems familiar."

"Have you been in the town this morning, Mrs. Randale?" the young man asked.

"I—yes, I have been in the town," Mrs. Randale admitted.

"That's it, then," Stephen Glask declared, helping himself once more to bread and butter. "I bought old Johnson's ironmongery business, you know. You very likely saw them painting the name up."

Mrs. Randale was not used to shocks; neither had she any idea how to deal with situations. Consequently she stared at this cheerful young man with her mouth open, and she looked neither agreeable nor a lady.



"A poetaster," remarked Sir Austen . . . "as well as specialist in hardware?"

"Why, you're the new ironmonger!" she exclaimed.

The young man smiled genially.

"And I do hope," he begged, "that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson. I may as well tell you at once that I shall expect your custom, Mrs. Randale. Miss Malcolm has promised me hers."

AT THIS precise moment Sir Austen strolled away, with a muttered excuse about fetching some matches. Eve always insisted, however, that she heard his chuckle as he went, and loved him for it. Mrs. Randale was still unable to cope with the situation.

"I leave such matters with my husband, Mr. — er Glask,"

she said. "By the way," she added, as the thought struck her, "you are, of course, a member of the Church of England? I do not remember to have seen you in church."

"To tell the truth," Stephen Glask explained, agreeably, "I haven't been anywhere yet. I've scarcely been in the place three weeks, you know. Mr. Wills, the Wesleyan minister, has just ordered a cooking range from me, so I did think of looking in there next Sunday night. I've got that order, though, so I don't know that I need bother. Call me Church of England, if it makes any difference, Mrs. Randale. I am all for business."

Eve's face had temporarily disappeared behind the shelter of an illustrated paper which she had picked from the lawn.

She had met the young ironmonger's eye, and there was something there which was certainly most out of place.

"I am afraid that I can make no promises, Mr. Glask," Mrs. Randale said, stiffly. "We deal with the members of our congregation so far as possible, but we prefer to believe that it is their religious impulses, and not their self-interest, which brings them to worship."

"Capital!" Stephen Glask declared. "Good sentence, that. You're quite right, Mrs. Randale. We'll leave my church-going alone for a time. It will pay you to patronize me apart from that. I want you just to notice my prices, and the way I'm going to cut oil—especially kitchen oil."

"I'LL guarantee to save you a good deal a week before you know where you are. You'll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? I must hurry along, or there will be no one to close the shop. Good afternoon, ladies!"

The young man took an easy and not ungraceful leave. Mrs. Randale stared after him blandly.

"Eve!" she exclaimed. "Why on earth—what on earth—your brother, too! Sir Austen—the most exclusive man I ever met! For goodness' sake explain! Has Austen turned socialist?"

Eve was wiping her eyes.

"I don't know, she murmured, weakly. "Austen found him on a seat on the hill. He tried to sell him gasoline and cartridges and household things. Austen told him I kept house, so he called in here and stayed to give me a golf lesson."

Mrs. Randale became very severe indeed.

"My dear Eve," she said, firmly, "Austen ought to be ashamed of himself! No wonder the lower orders forget themselves! Austen, too, of all men; the most punctilious, the most aristocratic person. He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"He is good-looking, though, isn't he?" Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes.

"Who? Austen!"

"No, the ironmonger!"

STEPHEN GLASK pushed his assistant out of the way. He had seen the pony-cart stop outside, and he was behind the counter, ready to greet Eve, when she entered.

"Good morning, Miss Malcolm!" he exclaimed heartily. "I am glad to see you. I thought you'd be coming in one morning."

Eve looked at him steadfastly. She wore a fresh white linen dress, a charming straw hat wreathed with flowers, and white buckskin driving-gloves. Her shoes and stockings were, as usual, perfection. She looked exactly what she was—a thoroughbred young Englishwoman with an unusual knack for wearing her clothes; a trifle spoilt, a trifle supercilious. The young man behind the counter was wearing the same ready-made suit of clothes, his hair was tumbled, for he had been in the cellars, and there was a smut upon his cheek. She fully meant, when she came in, that he should be abashed, and she was a young woman of resolution. Nevertheless, although she looked at him for several seconds

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"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I'm to be forgiven then?"
She gave him her fingers and smiled . . .

Effect of Pinch Hitting for

FLOYD GIBBONS

By H. I. Phillips



Famous
New York
Sun Dialist
(left) and
Floyd Gib-
bons.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Following is the deposition of H. I. Phillips, more or less known as a Radio announcer and substitute for Floyd Gibbons. Mr. Phillips also conducts "The Sun Dial" in The New York Sun.

THEY tell me I spoke, or nearly so, on the Radio. In the Literary Digest hour . . . or something. I can't say, personally. I dunno anything about it. I remember being escorted down a cold corridor, taken through a little green door into a brilliantly lighted chamber . . . there was a chair . . . I sat in it . . . I don't recall being strapped. . . . Then everything went black, your Honor!

My name is Floyd Phillips . . . beg pardon . . . H. I. Gibbons. . . . No, that can't be right, either.

The following is a true confession:

A fellow called me on the telephone. He said his name was Sullivan. He was an official of the National Broadcasting company, he said. He wanted to know if I would take Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest program. I looked at the calendar. It was too late for April Fool's day. I asked him to repeat what he said. He said: "Will you take Gloyd Fibbons's—my mistake—Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest hour?" I said: "I can't."

He asked me why not. I said I was busy every night taking the place of Amos and Andy. He said they don't amount to anything. I said I know, but if I ever give up being Amos and Andy I will be Graham McNamee.

(At this point the confession was halted while the accused took a glass of water.)

"Well," he said, "will you take Harry Gibbons's—excuse it—Floyd Gibbons's place first and then go on with your Amos and Andy? Floyd comes first, anyhow?" I had never thought of that before.

I SAID: "How about Rudy Vallee?" He said: "What do you mean about Rudy Vallee?" I said: "I take Rudy's place, too. I thought you knew it." He said he didn't know it for a fact. He said would I manage to take Floyd Gibbons's place as a special favor? I said as a favor to who? (Or to whom? I'm not quite sure about that.) He said as a favor to the Literary Digest. I said what's the matter with Gibbons? He said he talked so fast last night he stripped his gears. I said how do I know I won't strip my gears? He said what difference would it make? He had me there.

* * *

I said: "How much do I have to pay?" He said you don't have to pay. He said we pay you. This sounded interesting, if true. I came up for air and asked: "How much do you pay me?" He said \$500. I said no. Not a cent less than \$300. He tried to argue with me. I stuck to my figure.

I didn't realize I had done a great wrong at first. Not until the day before the first broadcast. Then I got nervous. I couldn't sleep, eat or drink. I lost thirty-five pounds between sunrise Sunday and sunrise Monday. I thought of running away

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AND SUCH IS FAME

Senor Cugat Scans the Radio Scene and
Selects These Three for His Pen This Month

Sir Walter Raleigh as Alfred Shirley sees him. You hear Shirley doing Sir Walter in one of the continental hook-ups.

Elsewhere herein you'll see a photo portrait of Grantland Rice, the great sports writer, but this is the way Cugat sees him.

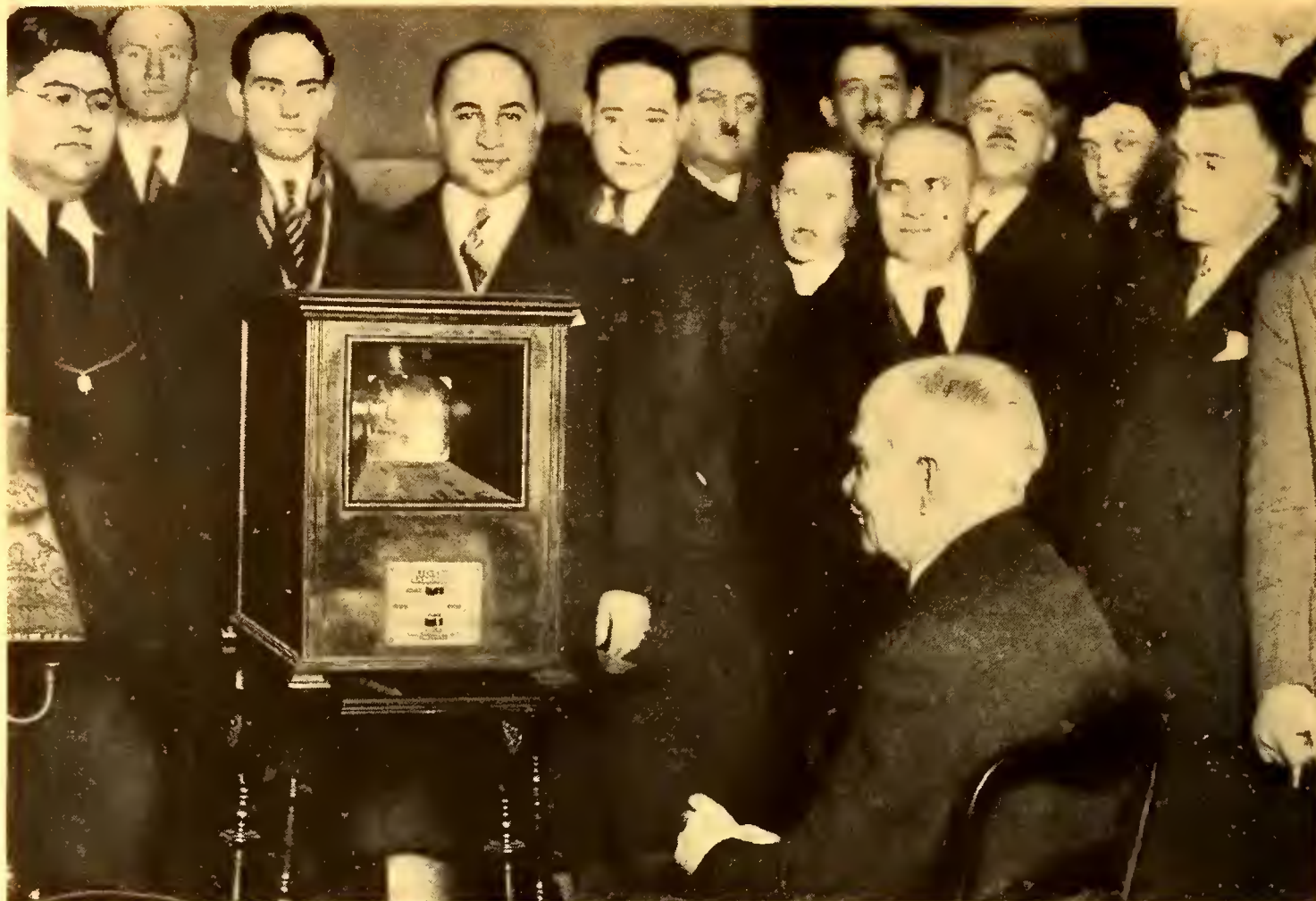


Cugat



The angular pen of Senor Cugat gives straight lines to Miss Ann Leaf, who for the past several seasons has delighted New York audiences with her WABC organ solos. Now she is on the Columbia chain and Cugat finds her famous.





When we begin going places and SEEING things by air our first set will look something like this one used by Dr. DeForest.

It Won't Be Long Now Until
WE'LL BE SEEING THINGS

By Doty Hobart

BABIES will be born from glass bottles within the next hundred years. This ('ectogenetic birth') is neither incredible nor, indeed, impossibly remote. Research shows that the connection between the mother and the child is purely chemical and there is no reason why one day biologists should not be able to imitate that chemical connection in the laboratory."

This startling prediction is made in all seriousness by the Earl of Birkenhead, British scholar and diplomat, in his new book, "The World in 2030." The Earl makes a great many other predictions of the progress we may expect along scientific lines. While the above is unquestionably the most startling of the lot he has something to say which will be of interest to all Radio fans. He claims that television in natural colors will be with us long before the century mark is reached.

About the time the Earl's book came out Joseph Burch, transmission engineer of the Jenkins Television Corporation, at a hearing before the federal Radio commission, made the prediction that *baseball games will be heard and seen over the air by means of television within the year!*

Lieutenant E. K. Jett, engineer for the commission, testified, at the same hearing, that he did not share the optimism of Mr. Burch and indicated that he considered television in the experimental laboratory stage as yet.

Between the statements of the two engineers and the Earl of Birkenhead I became all steamed up about television. Never having witnessed either end of a television performance I determined to go on a scouting expedition. I wanted to find out "what all the shouting was about" and give the readers of Radio Digest a first hand report on what present day television has to offer the general public.

AT THE laboratory I visited I was escorted to the transmission room of Station W2XCR. (For the uninitiated let me translate W2XCR. W stands for United States. 2 means Second District. X is for Experimental. CR are the call letters of the station.) The transmission equipment, to the eyes of a layman, is quite similar to that of a Radio broadcasting outfit, though I suspect an electrical engineer would be able to point out a few hundred details which were quite dissimilar. One feature which caught my attention was the humming or droning sound always present in the control room during a television broadcast. This sound, absent in Radio control rooms, varies in tone according to the density of the light waves created by the subject broadcast. The control operator told me that he could tell by the pitch of tone the number of persons in the close-up scenes being broadcast. This ever-present hum of course does not reach the television receiving set as that machine picks up only the electric impulses carrying light rays. The television receiving set is practically noiseless when in operation.

From the transmission room I was taken to the broadcasting studio where I met the chief announcer for Station W2XCR, John Glyn Jones, and the program directress, Miss Irma Lemke. It was afternoon and a program of silent motion pictures was being put on the air. This I learned was the usual daylight broadcast. Every evening a program of living entertainers, whose vocal and instrumental efforts are microphoned as well as televisioned, is sent out. The microphoned part of the program is sent by wire to a nearby Radio broadcasting station for air transmission. This means that anyone owning both a Radio receiving set and a television receiving set can see as well as hear the broadcast.

AS THE motion pictures are visioned by specially constructed machines the studio proper was not in use. However, for my benefit, Miss Lemke took up a position in front of the big studio television camera while I peered, with much curiosity, into the business end of a receiving set. The image I saw was unquestionably a reproduction of the features of the dark-eyed Miss Lemke. For a moment or so the image smiled at me. Then, to my great astonishment, the image started making faces at me! Returning to the studio I learned that Announcer Jones had been kidding the young lady, who, in the spirit of self defence I suppose, had resorted to face-making. I must say that it recorded perfectly. Only I wonder what those owners of television sets who happened to be tuned in on the program thought? Believe me, this test I witnessed proved one thing; that when television comes into its own the concert artists who now enjoy the privilege of removing collars and ties when appearing before the mike will be out of luck.

The motion pictures which are now being broadcast from Station W2XCR are all short subjects of the silent variety with subtitles. In the laboratory there is under construction a projector for the broadcasting of any standard make of talking pictures. Who will finance the rental of these films for broadcasting? Will the picture producers permit their films to be broadcast? Those are questions which at present are unanswerable. In the early days of Radio the question of who was to finance the broadcasting of expensive sound programs was asked. This problem was solved when the commercial advertiser used the microphone as a medium of sales promotion. The answer to the two above questions in some way will be found as soon as public demand forces the television broadcaster to give it something other than experimental programs.

DURING the month of April Station W2XCR installed a broadcasting studio and a reception room in Lincoln Park, New Jersey. In the reception room several television receiving sets were in operation. The studio officials named the quaint stone building housing the studio and reception room "The World's First Television Theatre." The public was invited to come and witness both broadcasting and reception of television. The public came and so did many men with scientific minds. For one week the "Standing Room Only" sign was hung right along beside another which read, "The Line Forms On the Right." Every night a three-hour program featuring Broadway stars, lecturers, aviators, concert singers and instrumentalists was broadcast from the theatre while in the reception room General and Mrs. Public saw and heard the program in reproduction.

Among those who appeared before the pick-up camera were Eunice Howard and Larry Bolton of musical comedy fame, Ruth Elder, Clarence Chamberlain, Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins and Major George Vaughn. To Earl Carroll, the well known producer of the "Vanities," goes the distinction of perpetrating the first television kiss. And the young lady who assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the airwaves possible was Doris Lord.

Anticipating your many questions regarding this new art now making its bow to a startled public, I will try to give you my honest opinion of television as it exists today.

Is it practical? Yes. But it still is in its experimental stages. I would say that television is in much the same stage of development that Radio was in prior to the memorable broadcast of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921. The only broadcasters in 1921 were amateurs and experimentalists. Television needs to broadcast an outstanding event of national or international importance to awaken public interest. All that is necessary to make it forge ahead is a little push from the ultimate consumer.

How many television stations are in operation today? I do not know the exact number but there is hardly a section of the country which is not covered in an experimental manner at least. Stations W2XCR, Jersey City, and W3XX, Washington, are on the air several hours a day.



Home of the first Radio Vision Theatre, Lincoln Park, N. J., where practical television had its birth.



Sir Hubert Wilkins, the polar explorer, his bride and Miss Ruth Elder, aviatrix, on a Radio Vision program, witnessed by Radio Digest correspondent.

HOW does one tune in on a broadcast with a television receiving set? In much the same way one tuned in a Radio program in the early days. At the studio I visited the announcer gave out the following statement: "This is Station W2XCR, Jersey City, New Jersey, operating on a wave-length of 147 meters by authority of the federal Radio commission. We will open our program this afternoon with a test picture so that you may adjust your receiving equipment. As soon as this picture has been broadcast the announcement of our regular program will be made."

Yes, these are the days of television pioneering—but it won't be long now before we'll all be seeing as well as hearing via Radio.

Just the other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here's what it was, "How old is Radio?"

Can you answer it? I couldn't at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate off-spring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 "James Clark Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid down the theory of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy." This is quoted from the Year-Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to, "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred years old!"

If your question refers strictly to broadcasting, the answer can be made quite specific. "Radio broadcasting is between twenty-three to twenty-four years old." The answer to this is based on the date of the first experiments of Dr. Lee de Forest to broadcast phonograph music and music furnished by an electric organ.

FOR the third answer I am assuming that you mean, "When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market." Here you have it—September, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

We had no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, "There's music on the air and we're hearing it." And the announcements!

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INCOMPATIBLE

*Parties, Clothes, Little Rifts, Mistaken Motives,
False Conclusions—Disaster*

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by O. J. Gatten



THE actions and reactions of marriage are beyond any psychologist's prophecy and perhaps young people in love know as much about it as anyone else, though that is saying little. But when Sid Fletcher and Amelie Boyd got married there was an auspicious agreement between the principals and all the world, their world, as to the happiness before them.

Everyone termed it an ideal match. Everyone liked Sid Fletcher; he was the unassuming, companionable "good fellow" that people find it easy to like. Had plenty of ability, too, and everyone felt he was rich in that sound responsibility that is the best backing ability can have. He was an up-and-coming

"That was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie.

young engineer, already marked for success at making money, who had practically welded his technical knowledge and abilities on to a solid business base; it was while he was in the Long Island suburb supervising a big construction con-

tract for his company that he met Amelie, a daughter of one of the "old families" of that section, one of those highly respected families which have nevertheless a little "gone to seed" with dwindling fortunes.

Amelie was unusually pretty, beautiful even, in a softly sparkling way—darkish hair with bright chestnut lights, large eyes also dark and bright, and a complexion which her outdoor pursuits seemed to enhance rather than mar. And she was not only lovely to look at; even matter-of-fact, prosaic people were moved out of their usual ruts of expression to try to say things about her lovely nature and gracious charm; how she was not just like the other girls; how "fine as silk" she was; how others might be as pretty—though not many of 'em—but she stood out from all the rest.

And above all the obvious suitabilities of the marriage, these same prose realists were moved with everyone else to believe this couple would live happy ever after because they were so tremendously, romantically, in love with each other. Such suitability and such a big love-affair was a combination Fate does not grant very often.

SINCE the beginning of time poets have sung of love and men have tried to define it and analyze it. But little do words ever tell of that ecstatic tumult which two can create for each other. The things that can happen at the sudden meeting of eyes, at the touch of a hand—when merely to be in the same room together is to surcharge the air with invisible and tingling currents, is to feel the air thicken with invisible and fluttering pinions. Strange enough; strangest to the lovers themselves. But it is enough, for them, that the shining wonder exists. And for these two, Sid and Amelie, that spring they met, the Spring was like a call to them and they had to answer. At first it was enough just to be together, to meet by day and to know, by night, that the same great canopy of stars roofed them both in the same hushed world. Then, after awhile, this wasn't enough. And then came the moment, breathless, importunate and never-to-be-forgotten, when he gathered her into his arms—when she knew that all her world was bounded by his arms and he knew he held heaven and its stars. All the reverence in Sid's honest soul went out to his sweetheart, and in deep, genuine humility, he wondered that he had been able to win her.

When they set up their home in a delightful little house, a short distance out of the town and overlooking the waters of the Sound, it would seem that every good fairy had come to help weave a spell of blessing. It wasn't a big house and it was furnished without any extravagance, but Amelie had succeeded singularly in imparting to it her own sweet charm. Every room, every object, every vista seemed mutely but eloquently to say: "Here is a home—here is Amelie's home." But it was not of herself she was thinking as she worked to build that little shrine of beauty and comfort and rest; she was thinking of Sid; she wanted to make a sweet place for him to come home to, wanted to make it good enough for his amazing goodness.

AND as for Sid, always inarticulate where his emotions were concerned, what coming home to this home meant to him.

during that first halcyon time, was the climax of the unutterable. At night, the clanging city and the tension and problems and buzzings of the working day behind him, just to enter the door and to stand with her within those dear familiar walls, just to sit at table with her—then some strange alchemy seemed to transmute to gold the most ordinary things.

One evening as he sat with his pipe by a window, watching the dusky Sound with its lights like spangles on satin, she came into the room and spoke some trivial thing, putting her hand on his shoulder.

He caught her hand and held it against his cheek, pressed it there tightly. Then, with a half-embarrassed little laugh, he said:

"D'you know, I had the funniest feeling just then—a kind of kink, for a minute."

"What was it?" asked Amelie.

"Oh, I don't know—it seems silly." He sounded somewhat sheepish, being ever slow and shy at revealing his emotions; but he held tightly to her hand. "When you came in just then, when I heard your step and your voice, all of a sudden it sort of flashed over me how it would be if you *never came*. If I were just sitting here, alone, and knowing that you wouldn't be coming—not coming at all! For a second the feeling gave me a sort of turn."

"THAT was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie, the fingers of her free hand stroking back his hair. "I'm very much here!" Then, wonderingly: "It's not like you to let your imagination run away like that."

"I know. But it got me—for just a second." Then suddenly he caught her to him, held her close. "Oh, Amelie!"

That was all he said, but the husky vibrance of those two words, the jealous intensity of that embrace, with mute eloquence told her many things; it told her how utterly unbearable was the thought of her not always being there where he could see her and hear her; told her how amazingly barren now appeared those past days, once deemed happy enough, before he had had her; and told her how, henceforth, her love would be the one lamp to guide and cheer him down the otherwise dark path of Life.

And Amelie, divining all the things he did not say, holding him even dearer for this panicky little "kink" which was so unlike him, answered only with a closer pressure to him that spoke more than many words.

This was the way they loved each other, what their mere presence meant to each other. And sitting there in the soft summer darkness, while the soft night and the walls of their little home seemed to

creep tenderly close to fold them in, they built dreams, as young lovers will, and talked in hushed voices of wonderful things to be. . . .

THIS exquisite happiness continued essentially theirs for several years; even after they had made the inevitable discovery that the most perfectly mated pair in the world are not perfectly matched at all points, that deep unities do not give the same tastes at all points. Their tastes in society and social life were not the same, and that is a pretty big item to differ on, but for long it did not matter; and then, neither of them could have told how or when, it began to come up, this



Bess was the professional vamp of the club . . .

difference, as if it did matter. Little rifts and politely suppressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began—and, as time went on these did not get better, and periods of alienation were not as soon over nor quite as fondly compensated as of old. When you have heard more about them you will understand, except that it is always hard for lookers-on to comprehend other people's blind foolishness—or one's own, for the matter of that!

Our pair were far from being able to fathom what was the matter with them, though a wise observer would have helped pretty clearly in working out the problem; seeing that they truly loved each other, he would have been a long time suspecting that such childishness could make grown-up, seemingly reasonable people so much trouble. He might have set them right if he had been such a miracle of tact that he could safely "butt in" at all. But there was no one intimate enough even to suspect there was trouble. They had been too all-sufficient to each other in the early time to have other close intimates.

BUT they did have a "set"—the Country Club crowd. It was not an untowardly "speedy" set—in its liveliness and sophistication and extreme modernity merely typical of the kind of people who make, and who aim to make, their special suburb a "peppy" place to live in. It was a "peppy" age; but Amelie chanced not to care for "pep." She liked dancing and golf and riding and bridge, but this endless and fevered pleasure-questing she considered abnormal, frittering, inane. And these people, too, with their familiarities, with their unreserved, free-and-easy contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gossipings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futile. Though, as they were the people Sid's business and their general position and fortunes naturally threw them with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too.

But, after two or three years, Sid was showing more interest in the Country Club crowd and all its doings than he had at first. Amelie saw that he really enjoyed them—and with a pleasure of enjoyment that disturbed her increasingly. He had waked up just about that time to the way he could put business over by fraternizing with these rich men of the club, and he told Amelie they must go out more—it was good policy.

"And," said Sid, "it's not only good policy, but it's good for us. We mustn't get so taken up with each other that we have no sociability. And I like the bunch myself."

"Then I'll have to like them, too," said Amelie.

"Don't you, anyhow?"

"Oh, yes, only a little of them goes a good way with me," she smiled on him.

BUT he knotted his brow and looked oddly discomforted for a moment. "I know how you feel," he said, "but they liked me and I like them." And then he swung out of the room, and there was a faint discord sounding somewhere. What about?—both of them were rather miserably wondering this. For surely they were not going to care, at this late date, for a variation of taste that they had always known well enough!

Indeed the bunch did like Sid; and, yes, they liked Amelie, too. That is, the men liked her, and the women liked her well enough. Men not only admired her looks and charm, but called her "square"—a word they do not use about many a woman they admire for quite other reasons. The women admitted her charm, but they divined some subtle reserve of spirit, something withheld and inaccessible under that gracious veil. The women, amongst themselves, said that Amelie Fletcher "felt herself superior."

One thing every one was sure of was that the Fletchers were the happiest married couple in sight. And every one had been right. But Amelie felt they had ceased to be right long before any doubts came to outsiders.

But there was no friction of any kind.

On a June evening when the Fletchers had been married nearly seven years, Amelie, sitting waiting for Sid and watching the sun sink beyond the Sound, for the thousandth time asked herself a thousand unanswered questions.

THE sun was stretching a carpet of ruddy gold across the water; the lawn with its brightness and long stretching shadows told of peace and leisure and beauty; the soft liquefaction everywhere which comes on a summer evening, and the branches and leaves responding gently to the gentle evening breeze—the friendly trees which had kept them company for seven years! The breeze touched the curtains, stirring them, making them, too, seem somehow extra companionable. And behind her, all around her in the darkening room, she had the sense of dear and intimate and familiar things. Her home and Sid's—the home they had built together.

She was in a mood that almost ached in its yearning tenderness. Sorting out some odds-and-ends she had come upon an old photograph of Sid—taken when he was scarcely more than a boy, before she had known him. It was rather funny-looking in the way old photographs, with their *passé* clothes and hair, are funny-looking; but, gazing at those honest boyish

eyes and that honest boyish smile, she had felt a sudden wistful tug of loss because she had never known the boy of the photograph—regretted, lamented the years before she had known him. And that rush of tenderness toward the boy she never knew brought with it a wonderful feeling of tenderness toward the Sid she did know—toward the Sid who shared this home with her, Sid her husband.

With an odd sort of hunger she wanted to see him just then, wanted him to come home. Hard that he must be late tonight—he had phoned that a business conference was detaining him in the city till a later train; some rather important man from out of town. Specially disappointing that he must be late tonight, but, her softened mood lingering, she sat by the sunset window waiting for him; thinking of him.

THINKING of him she glanced round the familiar room; then pulled her chair a little nearer the window and leaned forward to the familiar vista of lawn and trees and water. What memories inanimate objects can gather into themselves! Everything she looked at spoke of Sid—seven years here with Sid, seven years this very June.

Seven years. . . .

Those first days and weeks and months seemed to rise again before her. Those first days of ecstasy and sweetness unalloyed. Before the little complications of everyday living, little difficulties and contentions and readjustments, all seemingly inevitable, had begun to mar that first blinding glory of their love. Love! A strange, baffling, inexplicable thing was love—so woven of ecstasy and torture! A thing beyond reason and without coherence. Of a sweetness more poignant than anything on earth—and of an all-devouring despair that consumes every hope and dream in your heart. Without coherence and beyond all reason. Bringing happiness, of course—endless little quivering fights of happiness—but bringing unhappiness, too; oh, such terrific unhappiness.

And then, for the thousandth time, she asked herself why all had changed—and not merely changing from spring to summer; she knew there was a change that was inevitable, and that true lovers took the changes of Love's seasons with-

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California's Own Son's Son



The gentleman about to light his cigar is none other than Tom Gerun, director of the famous orchestra known as "California's Own Sons." His suave melodies have been broadcast regularly from KFRC in San Francisco, KMOX in St. Louis and now KDKA has command of his air appearances. It is said of Tom and the boys that they are the only dance organization so far that has managed to wheedle an extra half hour daily from KDKA, but they can get around anything. Their dance rhythms are that kind.



Dick had slipped the will in his pocket.

THE CABIN'S SECRET

By Marie K. Neff

(From the original Radio production by Carlyle Emery, heard every Friday night at 10:00 to 10:15, central standard time, from the Chicago NBC studios.)

“WELL, the worst is over, Dick!” exclaimed Julia Patterson to Dick Marston, her fiancé.

“The climb certainly was steep. I’m just panting for breath.” She looked all around and finally spied a path.

“Here’s the path we must follow and if I remember correctly it’s just about half a mile from here.”

Julia and Dick followed the jaggy path over the ledge and into a virgin forest. For a moment they almost forgot their mission, so entrancing was the beauty of this mountainous sanctuary. The stately evergreens interspersed with the graceful boughs of the oak swaying in the breeze, the tiny Indian Pinks dotting the moss and the startled twitter of birds made a picture of harmonious melody. The very atmosphere seemed to call for meditation, and as Julia and Dick stopped to glance around in admiration they sensed a contentment which abides only in nature.

Arm in arm they walked on until they came to a clearing. By this time twilight was just hovering over the horizon and on the edge of the clearing a small cabin was discernible. Julia’s hand tightened on Dick’s arm.

“There it is, Dick! It seems as if it were only yesterday that daddy sat on that little stoop with me beside him and told me stories about the forest birds. We’d watch the trees when the wind played through them and sometimes it just seemed as if they really were embracing one another. This place is full of the most beautiful memories.” And as Dick watched her he knew that in this brief time she was living over again the days



Marie K. Neff

of her childhood. Breaking from her reverie, Julia realized it was getting late.

“Dick, we must hurry.”

HE TRIED the door and found it unlocked. As he pushed on it the wood, rotted by many winter snows and spring rains, seemed to separate from its nailings and the hinges hardly held. Their nostrils were filled with an odor of age-old mustiness.

“Oh, Dick! Hurry! Do light a candle.”

“Just a minute, dear,” and the flame of a lone candle lit up the weather beaten shack.

Julia surveyed her surroundings.

“The atmosphere has changed. It hardly seems that this is the place in which I played and romped when a child. Why, it’s taken on an almost spooky glimmer in the candle light. Just look at the dancing shadows on the wall.”

Dick looked at her with an almost pitying smile on his face. It was sad to think that age had disillusioned her memories.

“So this is where your dad used to come when he wanted to be alone? My! It’s a regular hermit’s abode, isn’t it? It doesn’t look as though a soul had been here for years.”

“Dear old dad! My memory of him is the dearest possession I have. He built this cabin up here twenty years ago—just after mother died. I was just a baby then. Mother is buried up here, you know, and dad used to like to come up here and be near her—alone.”

“How strange that your father didn’t leave a will. You say

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"Received a letter from the Hired Hand," said Ev Plummer to Bill Hay (left) as they met in Dutch Room of Hotel WMAQ LaSalle. Many shadow faces of old favorites were their guests.

OLD HOME WEEK

Radio Veterans Sit at Memory Feast and Bring Back Familiar Names of Yesterday

By Evans E. Plummer

"WELL, hello there, Bill Hay," I almost shouted as I spied the beaming Scotch face of WMAQ's commercial manager and the nightly introducer of Anios 'n' Andy strolling down Madison Street toward me. "Seems as if I hadn't seen you for months—not since we bunked together down at the National Association of Broadcasters convention at West Baden Springs Hotel last September.

"How've you been feeling since they subtracted your appendix?"

"First rate, Ev," the burly and burry voice that first made itself famous at KFKX, Hastings, replied. "And how have you and the wife been? We shouldn't let a dirty little thing like the Chicago river separate us so long. How about having lunch together? Have you an engagement?"

"Bless you, no," I answered. "That's a capital idea. Just headed out for lunch alone when I spotted you. They keep me pretty busy writing Radio yarns for The Herald and Examiner, but I always manage to take time to eat. The wife and family are great. I trust Mrs. W. G. is likewise, and that her lemon fluff pies are still up to standard."

"They sho' are, check and double check," Bill replied. "Mrs. Hay has been feeling quite well lately, thank you. Let's drop down to the Dutch Room here at the Hotel LaSalle."

And so it was that a pair of Radio's old timers went to lunch together and reviewed times gone by for Radio Digest's "Old Home Week" issue.

"YOU know, Bill," I said, "I had an interesting letter the other day from Harold Hough, the 'Hired Hand' and 'substitute announcer' of WBAP, the Fort Worth Star Telegram. I asked Hal Brown, the editor, to wire Hough and ask him to write a piece about his activities of late. I have his reply in my pocket. Listen to this:

"Dear Mr. Editor:

"I see where you have also caught the fever of asking someone to write for you. You sound just like one of the present-day Radio announcers who say, 'Please write and tell us what you think.'

"Last night I got out the old crystal, dusted her off a bit and listened through the night's entertainment. Immediately following the signoff, I commenced to write letters as requested by the cream puff, silver throated batch of announcers. I'm still writing!

"These days you don't need a loud speaker. All you need is a typewriter. Every once in a while you hear a little music, but mostly it's listening to an appeal to write for something. Even the Old Fiddlers—of which the woods are full, and who in the old Dark Ages of Radio a few years ago charged the studios in such tremendous numbers—even they have given way to the modern age of Radio correspondence.

"As I look back and note the vast improvement in the present-day broadcasting, I can't help but congratulate the pencil and pen manufacturers, to say nothing of Uncle Sam who sells 'em the stamps. We may not have advanced very far in enter-

tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in penmanship. A lot of Radio listeners who have forgotten their letters have had to get out the old copy and spelling books before they could enter the Battle for the Samples. If all the stations were to shut down for thirty days, Uncle Sam would have to take off half his mail cars, so there's no question about the educational value of Radio.

"As for me, except on a few special occasions, I haven't annoyed the fans over the country for a year or two. I backed away from the mike before they shoved me away. It just seemed impossible for me to get the right sort of lace on my tonsils, which would enable me to pet and purr in the present-day style of coaxing for mail.

"Somehow or other I rather reckoned that the duty of the Radio announcer was to try to tell the listeners what the birds in the studio were going to do next, but modern advancement soon showed me that I was entirely mistaken, so I have retired back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chesterfieldian Grammar to subside. Maybe I can get back and maybe I can't, but some day all of the Radio fans will have the writer's cramp, then maybe there won't be any more Radio, and when the station is dark, I will probably be asked to return and take my place at the mike. Therefore I have hopes.

"And say, I can remember way back in the Dark Ages when even the reliable old Radio Digest told us more about programs and circuits and less about angles and curves.

—The Hired Hand of WBAP."

"A IN'T that sumpin'? You know, Bill, I've always had a sneaking idea that Harold Hough was as good or better a wisecracker than a certain other fellow by the name of Will Rogers. I'd sure like to get them cracking at one another some day and see which one would win. Radio always was sort of an avocation with Hough. His big job is treasurer and circulation manager of the Carter Publishing Company which publishes the Star-Telegram and other papers. I'm not surprised he has so little time for Radio these days."

"That reminds me," said Bill, "of Leo Fitzpatrick, once the Merry Old Chief of WDAF, the Kansas City Star station, who used to make whoopee with Coon Sanders' Nighthawks on their late pickups. He's vice-president of WJR, Inc. of Detroit now, although he's seldom on the air. As half owner in the station I hear he is doing quite well for himself. The Patt brothers, too, who took charge of WDAF after he left, have been working for him at WJR."

"And say, Bill, you know of course about 'Tot' (Lambdin) Kay, the drawly 'Little Colonel' of WSB, the At-lan-tahhh Jun-nul? He's still piloting the Radio affairs there but there has been a big change. He got married a year or so back. And now, I hear, that fruit jars full of sweet corn are a thing of the past. In the meantime Tot's proteges have been showing that they had good training. Look at Bill Munday, the Atlanta Journal sport writer and broadcaster. He's quite a crutch for NBC these days."

"Have you heard from the 'Solemn Old Judge,' George Hay, lately?" Bill asked.

"I sure have. Brown wired him for me too. You know, of course, that he's been director of WSM, Nashville, ever since he left WLS, and that puts him right back in his old stamping ground, for he first made his name for himself at WMC, Memphis, before WLS imported him. I'll read you his letter:

"YOUR wire arrived just a little while before I was scheduled to take a trip to Dallas for the opening of the 50,000-watt transmitter of WFAA and WBAP. You asked for some greetings for your 'Old Home Week' article which is being prepared by my good friend Evans Plummer.

"Tell him, Buck Rayner and all the gang at the Radio Digest that there is a very warm spot in my heart for all of you. Mr. Plummer will remember that we had quite a time in the Fall of 1924 at the finish of the first Radio Digest Gold Cup contest. Buck, no doubt, will have fond memories of the presentation in New York. (George Hay won the cup in 1924.—Editor's Note.)

"Radio is progressing so rapidly that the best we can do is to try to keep up with it. There isn't much doubt in my mind that it is the biggest publicity medium in the world today. While we are all young in the business, let's pause a minute to pay our respects to the old boys who did some excellent pioneering—the Hired Hand, Lambdin Kay, Leo Fitzpatrick, Bill Hay, first at KFKX, later WGN and now WMAQ and NBC, A. W. 'Sen' Kaney who helped KYW along and is with NBC in Chicago now, Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin in the old WEAF days when they read the whole list of chain stations tied in, Milton Cross at WJZ, and many others.

"Most of the boys had to work single-handed back in those days. They not only announced the programs, but they got them up, wrote the stories, ad libbed the announcements and, in a pinch, had to supply the entertainment themselves.

"Radio Digest was the first paper that offered any solace to the poor old Radio announcer. We saw pages on pages of pictures on how to make up an XYZ circuit with an ABC transformer in it, but the program was an incidental feature. Of course, they were right. But gradually the boys and girls who

appeared before the microphone came into their own.

"Let's take off our hats to the old timers, but let's also be sure to keep on with the good work so that we may be able to live up to the old proverb, 'And the air shall be filled with music, and the night shall be filled with song,' or whatever it was that the Old Prophet wrote.
—George D. Hay."

"WELL, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from Orson Stiles, director of WOW, ever since it first came on the air as WOAW, and a letter I have here from E. H. Gammons, vice-president of WCCO. I asked Mr. Stiles about Lester and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers. Here's what he says:

"LESTER PALMER PROMINENT OMAHA MUNICIPAL JUDGE STILL ON WOW'S ANNOUNCING STAFF STOP HAROLD PALMER WELL-KNOWN YOUNG OMAHA LAWYER.—ORSON STILES."

With that combination The Woodmen of the World station should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet Lester Palmer has his hands full fixing tickets for the station operators who somehow always have a weakness for watching meter indicators and speedometers swing over as far as they will go."

"WOAW was where Gene Rouse made his name, wasn't it?" Bill asked.

"Gene really started at WAAW, Omaha," I answered, "but WOAW soon picked him off. Since leaving Omaha he announced for and directed WJJD while Bob Boneil had the duplicate position at WEBH when both stations were under the management of The Herald and Examiner. Then in September, 1928, the paper merged WEBH with KYW and KFKX and made Gene chief announcer and, of course, he's still with us in that capacity. Boneil was put in charge of the artist's bureau but soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager of WTMJ, Milwaukee.

"Remember the old days when WLAG, Minneapolis, 'The Call of the North,' came rattling in so strong? Eleanor Poehler was director of the station and she had a good announcing voice. Paul Johnson was another popular figure in the Northwest Radio circles. His announcing voice set many a feminine heart aflutter. First he was heard over WBAH, then WLAG, next WCCO and finally KSTP. He was studying medicine and Radio was only a part-time job with him. You know Gammons, don't you? He writes:

"Regarding Eleanor Poehler and Paul Johnson, I can tell you little about either. Both are out of Radio. Johnson completed his medical course at the University of Minnesota about two years ago, is married, and I believe serving as an interne in some hospital, although I don't know where. Mrs. Poehler, I hear, has not been well, and has retired from any kind of public activity during the last two years.'

"YOU know Bill, when Harold Brown asked me to rake my memory and see how many of the old favorites had left the mike, I thought I had an easy assignment. Instead, the more I investigated, the more I learned were STILL AT THE MIKE or perhaps more or less directly still connected with Radio.

"I uncovered a few old timers, however, who have been absent from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony Girls, Ruth Carpenter and Grace Ingram, for instance. Last time I saw or heard them they were entertaining right here in the dining room. Since then they've been doing a lot of vaudeville trouping for Radio-Keith-Orpheum, but their contract doesn't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw a harmony girl team at the Granada theater the other night billed as the 'Harmony Girls' and for an instant was thrilled to the core until I saw they were not the originals.

"Then there's the Ford and Glenn, Gene and Jack affair. The former duo was started off on its way to fame by WLS, and after they left there, Jack and Gene took the vacant place. Well, all of a sudden Jack Grady lost his voice. Paralyzed vocal chords. That misfortune broke up the team. Ford and Glenn, hearing about it, invited Gene into their act.

The three toured the stations a bit and the next thing I knew Ford Rush was out. All I can learn is that he and Glenn just got tired of one another. Anyhow, Glenn and Gene are now headquartering at WTAM, Cleveland, and packing the theaters when they make personal appearances. Ford is in Chicago right now 'for an extended loaf' he says. But I think he's looking for a new buddy. He and Bradley Kincaid did a double the other night at WLS and sang old hymns. Jack Grady, incidentally, is still unable to work, but I hear that treatments are bringing his voice back gradually.

"SPEAKING of lost voices, remember Lew Farris? Who doesn't! He was one of Radio's first travelling entertainers. Worked for a music publishing house and, he claims, visited every broadcasting station in the United States, Canada and Mexico. And he was tall as he was travelled. Stood six feet eight inches in his socks and appropriately billed himself as 'The Eiffel Tower of Radio.'

"Here's an excerpt from a letter he wrote to Radio Digest about six months ago:

"I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played H— with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military Home, Sawtelle, Calif., fighting the old T. B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since January, 1929, but am a long way from "out." Am feeling fine, beating the old bug, and expect to be back before the mike in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins me in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Address is, besides just the Home, Annex 2, R58.—Lew Farris."

"But when I tried to learn by wire a week ago how he was coming along, the institution said he wasn't there and didn't know where he had gone. Perhaps this 'old home week' story will draw a line from him. Here's hoping he's licked the 'bug' and is microphone-bound once again!"

"Say, what's become of Harry Snodgrass, the 'King of the Ivories,' who used to twist all dials to WOS when he and Announcer Witten got together?"

"I've conflicting reports, Bill. One source told me he was prospering as proprietor of a music store somewhere in the South. Then just the other day an Associated Press story came through saying Harry was running a chili parlor at Girard, Ill., and that he was open to a network broadcasting nibble, providing he didn't have to do his turn from New York or Chicago, which cities he admits he hates."

"Lee Sims, the other ivory masseur who does so well, is hanging his hat in the WBBM cloakroom these days, and of course you know he's teamed on the air, in vaudeville, and likewise for life, with Ilomay Bailey, a tall, good-looking soprano."

"**S**PEAKING of team splits, here's one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan? Haven't heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separate maintenance papers about sixteen months ago. Billy went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Company in its advertising department. Russ remained professional and took a fling at the B. & K. Publix theatre circuit with no microphones in shouting distance.

"Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildey in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songster for the past several years on the station. Now it's Russ and Freddie, piano-song duo, on KYW Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons. They're going big, too."

"Say, I heard a bit of news about Wendell Hall, too. You know since he left the production job for Majestic hour, he's been away from the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine told me just last week that it looks as if the Judson Radio Program Corporation Chicago office were about to employ him on the manufacturing end of commercial programs."

"That's where Jack Nelson is, you know. Jack, the pioneer announcer of WDAP, 'We Delight All People,' and later WJJD, was with the Kastor agency here as broadcast executive before the Judson connection, you remember. And of course you know that he collaborated with two other chaps in writing the Broadway melodrama, 'Remote Control,' a play woven about a broadcasting studio. Understand the movies bought film rights to it for \$50,000."

"Speaking of movies reminds me that N. Dean Cole, the one-time popular announcer of WHO, is away from the Radio mike, but close to one hitched to a talkie recording machine. He's with Warner Brothers' Brooklyn studio."

"And two of Jack Nelson's buddies, Paul Neal, who operated WDAP for a long stretch, and Ralph Shugart, once the 'sheik' announcer of WDAP and later engineer for WJJD, are well fixed in the technical end of sound films in Hollywood. Neal is a 'mixer' with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while Shugart is manning mikes on the Paramount lot."

"That seems to me like quite a few have deserted radio," Bill remarked.

Wait, the list is longer than that. I still have to strike out Harold W. Arlin, KDKA's pioneer voice, Nate Caldwell, originally billing himself the "Joy Digger" and warbling ukelele ditties, and Val MacLaughlin, "Sandman" for the children of WOC, WOAW and WLS.

Arlin was one of the first to see that there "was no future in Radio." Given an opportunity to enter the commercial end of Westinghouse, he deserted the KDKA studios for their Mansfield, Ohio, branch in December, 1925, and hasn't been back since. Wonder if he shouldn't have stayed in the game?

Nate Caldwell, after putting the worn ukelele in its case, in turn became announcer for WBBM, KMOX, WBBM, WTMJ and WBBM. He sort of revolves around WBBM, as you will note. But during the past year he has quit the applause mail to get on the producing end. At this moment he is broadcast adviser for the Blackett-Sample-Hummert agency here and an expectant papa.

Val MacLaughlin got to liking the children so well that she married R. P. Van Zile, Fada Chicago branch manager, and set about to raise three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tendered her own children long enough

and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedtime stories to.

Talking about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland and Charlie Schultz, "the (2)80-pound tenor". They are rather mike shy these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the stage which keeps them quite busy and has had no trouble getting bookings. And Fred Jeske, another whoopee lad who tamed down to singing and announcing. Know where he is? Well right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He has been vibrating between there, WBBM, WGES and WIBO these past few years.

Say, I saw Harriet Lee's picture on the May cover of Radie Digest. That reminds me—the old girl duo of Mae and June, once so beloved by WLS fans, is no more. Mae's right name, of course, was Harriet Lee and June's was Juanita Rae. Juanita married John Brown, WLS staff pianist, but that didn't cause any trouble. What split them was Harriet's being engaged by CBS New York studios. Result was that Juanita is now one of the "Chicagoettes," a girl trio which may be heard harmonizing in the Publix movie theaters here. Harriet has been featured on a number of Columbia programs. Nearly every week she is scheduled for the Paramount hour on Saturday nights along with Paul Ash and his troupe, and they show her off at the Paramount theater, too.

Incidentally, Paul Small is one of the Ash troupe. I can remember when he first plugged songs years ago at the old KYW Hearst Square studios. His right last name is Lougher. Why he changed it is interesting. Here's the story.

Tommy Malie used to be a partner of Little Jack Little in years growing fainter in my memory. A team split up caused Jack to look about for a new partner, and Paul Lougher was elected. To make a good team name he adopted the name "Small" so the act could be known as "Little and Small." Mrs. Tea Little decided Jack could do better all alone, except for her, so when she married him and had the right to make suggestions, she took over Jack's management, budget, etc., and put Paul Lougher-Small out "at first," so to speak.

But they both got ahead, together and separated. Where Tommy Malie is no one knows. Some say he is still singing down East.

The wedding bells stop some of the girl stars, and others go right on ahead. There doesn't seem to be any sort of rule. There's Marie Tulley, of WENR fame, and Ruth Etting, who was started on her way by WLS, to prove my point. Marie left Purdue university with a diploma, a good voice and knowledge of the piano. She was one of WENR's most popular stars. Well, when cupid changed her last name to Fendley, Marie deserted the mike and is now home-making down in Danville, Ill.

Ruth Etting, few people know, was already married when she came to Chicago from David City, Neb., a little city about ninety miles from Omaha and seventy from Lincoln. I think her first Radio bow was at WLS. Meantime her main purpose in life was to complete a course in stage costume design at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Her blues songs were still clicking at WLS when she finished her course and took her 112 pounds of blondness and blue eyes to the "Marigold Gardens" and other night club shows here and began creating costumes for them.

One night they needed another chorine in a show, so Ruth obligingly stepped in as a chorus girl at \$25 a week. She stuck. Already she was quite popular on the Radio. Paul Ash, then here at the Oriental, spotted her and put her on his stage. She decided stage costume designing was all right but being a stage star was better, so she signed for vaudeville and movie tours from coast to coast and began making phonograph records. Radio didn't see much of her those days.

Her next big break came when Flo Ziegfeld heard one of the records, summoned her to appear before him, and starred her in the Follies of 1927 and 1928. Then she blossomed out in "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor and now she's right hand lady to Ed Wynn in his latest edition.

The networks nowadays have a habit of getting her to "guest star" on some one of their big commercial hours, so of late she has returned to her first love, the microphone.

"Say, Ev," Bill remarked, "what ever became of the 'Silver Masked Tenor,' one of the first big favorites of the chains?"

Joe White is his right name, he's married and has three children. Just added the third last month—a boy named Graham after McNamee. Since Goodrich quit the air White has been a sustaining or non-commercial star on the NBC payroll. He is featured in at least one program a week out of WEAJ with a limited Eastern network. I'd like to see him on some big program again, wouldn't you?

Godfrey Ludlow is another old favorite who is just coming back into the spotlight, although he's not been the NBC chain. If you will remember, he was "Don Amaizo," the wandering violinist, "wizard of the bow and baton" as the continuity said. The sponsor went off the network and onto wax transcriptions, taking Ludlow's skill and the Amaizo character along. But now a very similar continuity brings Ludlow to the fore again. He's cast as a struggling young violinist in the

(Continued on page 90)

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

Gangland's Gunmen Trail

The HUNTERS

Man-Eating Alligators, Rattlesnakes and Bullets Add to Mystery

By Will Payne

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

"GO GET Bodet!" demanded the gang chief in Chicago. He talked to his gun team of Helter and Colisemus—a ratty pair of killers familiar enough with Chicago alleys and cellar holes to shoot, run and get away.

"An' what do we get?" demanded Helter.

"Four grand," said the chief in the language which they understood to mean four thousand dollars.

"What's phoney about it?" asked Colisemus.

"Nothing phoney, kid. You gotta travel. This Bodet is the key witness in our case and they have him stashed in the jungles down in Florida, see? You got to go down there an' knock him off. No bungling, a clean job an' you'll get your jack on the barrel. Bodet is a big heel an' we gotta get rid of him."

They found Bodet at the Bocaganza hotel, but it took four days to get him into any kind of a position for a target. And then Bodet went out with the old millionaire Dorman, also a guest at the hotel, for a bee hunt. Helter and Colisemus trailed the two men into the swamp as they set up their traps to catch wild honeybees, let them go and trail them to their hidden hives.

Helter and Colisemus followed them in a rented car. Helter, lean and sallow, took up the trail on foot. Colisemus patrolled the side road waiting for the sound of guns, a quick dash from the underbrush and a fast run into town and away. But it was a strange game to Helter. His path was beset by alligators and rattlesnakes. He discovered Bodet and Dorman carried no firearms so there could be no alibi of an accidental shooting. Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot. He plodded through mud and slime to get at them from another direction. Suddenly he found himself face to face with a stout dark man in a calico shirt who eyed him suspiciously. He had no time for argument. A gun cracked.

BODET and Dorman stood beneath a giant live oak—one of the two whose lofty tops Dorman had marked from the open. He had come to it a few minutes after they climbed up on the bank of the island. For twenty feet or so around the huge trunk the ground was quite clear as though all the smaller growing things respected the monarch and stood back from him. The shaggy trunk upbore a world—huge limbs as large as trees of a half century growth spreading far over the jungle, and still other limbs, the size of young shade trees, springing from them. Looking up, it seemed a forest world, spreading far and towering into the blue. Long curtains of gray moss hung from the lower limbs; birds fitted.

Where the lowest great limb branched from the trunk there was a blemish—a long, gnarled crack, to and from and around which winged dots were darting. Toward that spot Dorman was looking with an expression of deep satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," he repeated presently, with a little sigh of content, "there's the hive; that's our tree." After looking his fill he went forward and laid his hand on the trunk as though feeling of it gave him some mysterious pleasure—verifying the testimony of his eyes by the sense of touch.

They had been afoot more than three hours under a genial sun or in close places where there was little breeze. Perspiration dripped from Dorman's big hooked nose and glistened on his tanned cheeks. They were in mud and water up to their hips; their shoes squelched at every step. They had been pricked with thorns, scratched with brush, hanged in vines. They had come through poison ivy, past snakes and alligators. At the end they had found a hole in a tree, in an island jungle, with some bees buzzing about it.

Looking up at that delectable reward of their labors, Dor-

man got out a crushed paper package of cheap cigarettes, offered one to Bodet, lighted one himself and smoked, in satisfaction, like a man whose race, for that day, had been won.

"Splendid tree," he commented . . . "Well, I suppose we best go back to the car now and get some food—and a drink of water. I am dry . . ." Apparently it occurred to him that his companion might not find the reward of their labors as rich and complete as he himself found it. He chuckled and laid a hand on the companion's shoulder.

"I'M AN obstinate old cuss, you see. It would have stuck in my craw to beat the band if I'd given up just because those little devils flew over a couple hundred yards of muddy water . . . More you know of bees the better you'll like 'em; but it spoils the joke if you let 'em fool you. Gotta find 'em every time you set out to or you wouldn't be fit to associate with 'em—see? We're good friends with those bees now; they couldn't fool us. Professional bee hunter chops into the tree and gets the honey; but I can buy plenty of honey—tame bee honey's better anyway. I want to find 'em. Keeps a man out of doors—in the woods where he ought to be . . . Well, we set out to find a bee tree and we've found one. It's been a fine day for me."

The last statement seemed to imply a question and Bodet answered in utter sincerity, "One of the finest!"

"Good!" said Dorman. "Everybody satisfied, including the bees. We'll go back to the car and have some grub—and a drink. I am dry." He looked at his watch. "Half-past one now, but that's plenty of time for a hunter to eat."

They waded the lake, struck through the belt of timber, recovered their pole and box and started across the half mile of open, burned over land between the timber and the drainage ditch. Then they heard a shot back of them and to the east.

"Dunno what anybody'd be shooting over there now," Dorman commented. "Swamp hawk, probably."

They walked on a few moments and heard another shot. That was all from that direction; but a little later Dorman remarked, "Hello! Company coming."

Six men in a body were advancing rapidly toward them from the drainage ditch. It occurred to Bodet that they looked militant. As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes which suggested that he meant business.

Bodet and Dorman wore only heavy shoes, overalls, dark shirts, caps. Anyone could see at a glance that they were unarmed, carrying only a pole and a little box. The man who had stepped forward glanced at those objects and asked brusquely, "That your car back there?"

"Yes," said Dorman.

"Bee hunting, eh?" said the man.

"We found the tree, too," Dorman assured him; adding, not without vanity, "over on the island."

BODET caught a surprised glance among those who formed the background. The man ahead rubbed his chin and replied: "Island, eh? See anybody over there?"

"Why, we saw one chap," Dorman explained. "Quadroon or something like that, I take it. Surly sort of customer, looked as though he might bite. I thought maybe we were poaching on his preserves so I asked him if he had any claim to a bee tree there. He said he hadn't and I told him we were going to find one and he could come along if he wanted to and claim the honey. He did follow us to the tree. Then he went off somewhere. That's the only man we saw. Heard a couple of shots back there a minute ago."



Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot.

The sultry-eyed man rubbed his chin a moment and remarked: "We heard the shots, too. We're hunting some ourselves. Not bees—moonshine. There's a still over there. Wonder you didn't get plugged or cracked over the head and tossed into the water for alligator meat. We're down here to clean up this country. It's getting pretty hot, too. We cleaned up a still north of here last night and had to shoot two of 'em. One of my men shot, too. It's getting pretty hot and ugly all around. We're going to clean it up if it takes a regiment. They know it now, and they're ugly. Wonder you didn't get plugged. Better keep on the other side of the ditch and don't mind if you hear some shooting."

The men moved on. A moment before Bodet had seen the chauffeur on the embankment by the drainage ditch, as though looking for them. But he now disappeared. Dorman moved toward the ditch very thoughtfully and after a moment he made a sort of confession:

"Guess there is moonshining around here. I've heard so anyway. Moonshiners, now . . . I knew an old fellow in Tennessee—crafty old chap . . . Oh! I suppose he'd shoot if you attacked him, or if he was afraid you were going to—same's a bee or a snake, you see. Anything'll strike when it's afraid. But otherwise he was an agreeable old chap . . . Then some of 'em, I guess, are ugly customers—don't mind knocking a man over."

HE LOOKED around at Bodet rather uneasily as though there might be some misgivings in his own mind and he needed to justify himself. In that spirit he explained: "But we go openly, you see. Any idiot can see at a glance we're not armed. If we did run into a moonshiner he'd be a fool if he didn't see we weren't after him. There was that chap on the island. I thought pretty likely he had something to hide—looked surly and suspicious. But we just went right up to him in the open and spoke friendly and there was no trouble at all . . . The devil! Why, if a man's going to sit down and think up all the things that may hurt him he might just as well crawl in a cave and pull the cave in after him! Seems to me

the only sensible way is to go openly about your business wherever you want to go—and probably nothing at all will happen. Eh?"

Bodet saw that he was trying to apologize for having led his guest into danger. So the detective laughed from the bottom of his heart and clapped his companion on the shoulder, repeating, "It's been a fine day!"

When they reached the car the chauffeur had the seat cushions on the ground for them and the luncheon hamper was open. But he was much annoyed when he found they had been to the island, and let his employer know it in broad hints as he sat to one side for his own luncheon.

"Wouldn't catch me on that island!" he declared, shaking his head. "It'd be the very place for a still. Too easy for 'em to shoot a man in the brush or knock him on the head and dump him into the water for the alligators. If I was to do it, I'd call it reckless!"

With care Dorman selected the largest dill pickle, speared it, laid it on a sandwich and extended it to the chauffeur, saying, "There's a fine pickle for you, Jim." The chauffeur was especially fond of dill pickles; but he would not let Dorman know whether or not the bribe softened his heart.

They ate leisurely and lighted pipes, gossiping wood lore. Then they hushed, in a sudden arrest.

"By George!" Dorman exclaimed. "Shooting for fair!"

They had heard three shots, in quick succession, from the direction of the island.

COLISEMUS also heard those three shots. Nearly five hours had then elapsed since Helter left him to follow their quarry into the woods afoot. In the dingy little car which they had rented at Bocaganza for the adventure, Colisemus had cruised slowly up and down the brick road, always listening for a shot, always looking off to the east, expecting to see Helter's slim figure gliding out from behind a clump of palmetto. Hours passed, the high sun shedding down strong rays. Colisemus was hungry, having eaten nothing since a hasty early breakfast, and he was tormented by thirst. Moreover, for miles this narrow brick road ran through woods or swampy wastes, a ditch on either side of it, with a poor farm house at long intervals and now and then a rough, sandy branch road suited to a team and wagon but dubious for an automobile. Only at a rare farm house, or such a branch road, was there any place to turn a car around without danger of going into the ditch or getting stuck in the sand.

Presently Colisemus was plagued by the notion that he was becoming a conspicuous object steadily cruising back and forth along that highway—other cars passing him every now and then. Perhaps people at the occasional farm houses were noticing him also. That was bad. And what had become of Helter? What was happening? Why this monstrous delay? To avoid being too conspicuous, he lengthened his beat, going farther both to the north and to the south before turning, finally covering six or seven miles.

Not far south of the burned over tract stood one of the several poor farm houses—a warped and unpainted frame dwelling with ramshackle outbuildings. A man and a well grown boy were at work there, building a primitive lean-to shed at the end of the barn. There was a well in the yard with a little rusty iron pump and a tin cup. At the hitching post in front of the gate stood a bony and melancholy horse, drowsing in the heat, attached to a topless buggy. But it was the well that fascinated Colisemus, for he was parched with thirst. Pulling up at the side of the road he went into the yard and called out to the man:

"Can I have a drink?"

"Help yourself," the man called back.

Stooping to the little pump Colisemus filled the tin cup twice and wiped his wet lips with deep satisfaction. Acknowledging the hospitality with a "Much obliged," he returned to the car and drove away.

THE man—lank, round shouldered, sun baked and with a mat of short grizzled beard—had scarcely looked at him, being busy with his rude carpenter work. But the boy had been more curious and observed to his father, as Colisemus drove away: "He's got one of them automatic guns. I seen it in his hip pocket when he was pumpin'—a big one."

His father, who was evidently of a grim habit, replied casually: "Them as wants newfangled shootin' irons can have 'em. If I gotta shoot I'll take a double-barrel shotgun and two fingers of buckshot. Where's that saw?"

Colisemus drove on to the northern limit of his beat and so missed the two first pistol shots which Bodet and Dorman had heard from the island. Coming south again he was much irritated and perplexed. Why this endless delay? And he had been cruising up and down this road for hours. People must be noticing him—although there were only a few people to notice anything. Coming south again he passed another of the poor farm houses. A sun-bonneted woman in the dooryard looked up at him curiously—he thought. Certainly they were beginning to remark him. Fifty rods south of this house one of those dubious wagon tracks branched off into the woods. It led southeast—that is, in the general direction of the man hunt. Colisemus decided to follow it for a short distance at least. That would get him away from this main road. He turned off the brick and in a moment his wheels sank in the dry, loose sand. Before he could shift gears the engine gurgled and died.

He started it again, opening the throttle, trying to go forward in low or to back. With every attempt the convulsed little car merely sank deeper into the sand. The radiator was boiling when he gave up and climbed out. On his knees, with his hands for a scoop, he dug the sand away from each of the four wheels—hot and maddening work, for the sand ran back into the tiny excavations like water seeking a level. At length, it seemed, he had the wheels sufficiently free so that by a powerful effort in reverse he might get back to the brick. He climbed into the car again but the self-starting apparatus refused to function. Evidently something had given way under his violent attempts to pull out of the sand. He looked under the car seat and found a starting crank; but his attempt to get the engine going with that was futile also. The machine had broken down.

COLISEMUS, running with sweat and tormented with thirst again, stared at it in a kind of furious incredulity. Had it



As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes.

been alive he would have beaten and strangled it with joy. There it stood under his eyes, a dingy black contrivance with every appearance of a mechanism that will go. Only twenty minutes before it had been going. Its rear wheels were not five feet away from the good brick road. Yet it simply wouldn't go—although even at this moment Helter might be leveling his pistol to fire; then scurrying to the road, his neck depending on finding a car there . . . But it simply wouldn't go! The colossal stupidity of that congested Colisemus's brain. The thing had simply got to go! Yet it wouldn't! A slight trembling affected his big frame; he yearned to fall upon the car with this iron crank and beat it . . . Why had he and Helter been so canny? Why hadn't they spent more money to hire a better car?

A small brand new green car came along the brick road and stopped. It contained only the driver, a lean and coatless man whose leathern face was deeply wrinkled. He surveyed Colise-

(Continued on page 88)

PROUD Hollywood, Becoming Mike-Wise, Has Made a Rush for the Broadcasting Studios for Big Time on the Listeners' Circuit

TALKIES

Eighteen Months Has Wrought of Picture Stars Toward Radio—Radio Syndicates Indicate

By Special



Ramon Navarro started it with Pagan Love Song.

TALKIES are taking to the air with a new rush. Film celebrities vie with one another to make the best speech, sing the sweetest song, play the hottest instrumental tunes. But it was not always thus.

In the early days of public broadcast, the stars of filmland took a long time to find out what Radio was all about. They showed station favoritism for a newspaper tie-up. Nowadays you can hear them, however, from practically any of the stations at one time or another.

Among the people who got their first broadcast experience in front of the old button or carbon microphone in our studio was Frederick Warde, distinguished interpreter of Shakespearian roles; Eugene Biscailuz, then county under-sheriff but now chief of the state motor patrol; One-Eyed Connelly, professional gate crasher; Harlan Fengler, racing driver; Jack Dempsey, pugilist of parts; Georgia Bullock, their police judge; G. Gordon Whitnall, director of the City Planning Commission, and others.

But the movie talent predominated. For two or three years we had the thirteen Wampas Baby Stars to introduce and let

Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire singing from *Movieland* over the continental system stimulate the desire to see and hear them on the screen.



Luscious Clara Bow is a natural when it comes to Radio. When she snuggles up to mike audiences are thrilled. Her voice has a magnetic lure.



Vivienne Segal (above) was first glorified by Ziegfeld and one of the very good reasons why visiting buyers paid \$8 for eye treatment at the Follies. Her excellent voice is now broadcast from Hollywood.



Mary Brian has been making pictures for years—sweet, dependable and always attractive but not so prominent until she became acquainted with mike.



TAKE THE AIR

*a Miracle of Change in the Attitude
Merging Interests of Sound Pictures and
Huge Entertainment Trust*

Correspondent

them lisp a few feeble words through the air. What a change has come about in the last few years . . . almost the last few months. Poor, old, much-maligned Radio gets a tender hug and caress from its old-time rival and is eagerly welcomed into the fold to help make more dough for the gouty gentlemen who do business in the crevasse known as Wall Street, in Gotham town, in the far, far East.

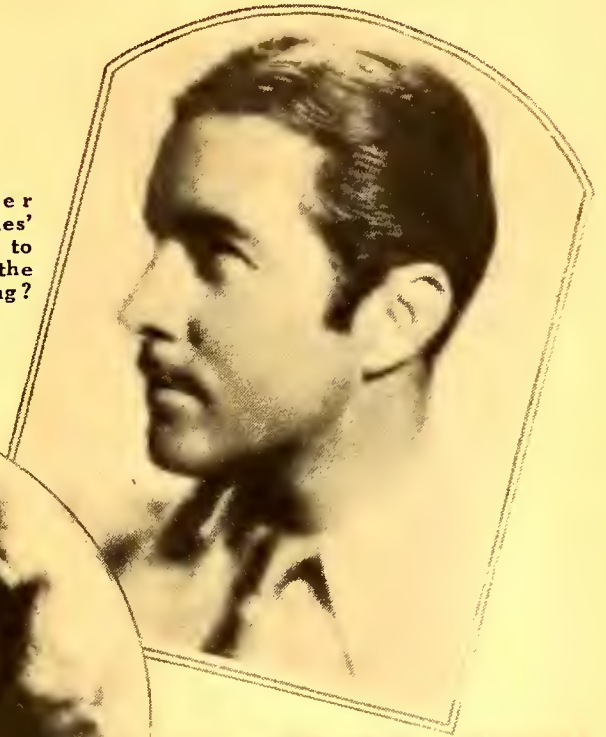
Radio experience has been a tremendous boost to screen celebrities and would-be stars. In earlier days they were plumb foolish . . . blowing kisses to their friends over the air . . . chanting platitudes about "wish you were here, dear public," "oh, my, I'm thrilled," and other meaningless phrases.

BY THIS time, however, they take the Radio much more seriously. Perhaps the box office angle has something to do with it. At any rate, their boss says "get them on a Radio program," and it's done.

Stars are reaping a much richer harvest through their talkie performances than in the silent films. Good speaking and singing voices enhance their value considerably. And in the

Remember Bart Wheeler (left) and Bob Woolsey in *Cucoos*? Their air venture entitles them to membership in any local branch of the great American Radio Cucoo club.

Remember John Boles' skyrocket to fame in the *Desert Song*?



Nancy Carroll has just been going through her *Most Wonderful Year* with one success after another. The fans cannot see her enough, so she broadcasts regularly.



Lovely Marilyn Miller, star of stars of Ziegfeldom, has made her bow to the Radio audience and been accepted as one of the air divinities.



Being married has not put any serious crimp in the career of Joan Crawford (above), who is the beloved wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She comes to you on the screen and then purrs to you from invisible clouds of Movieland.

process of course it was but natural that a few should fall by the wayside.

There was Elinor Glyn. Born in Toronto, educated in England, one must address her by the French title of "Madame." Ritzy to the extreme in dealing with us in the studio, her initial Radio efforts bored the audience to distraction through the use of flossy words, extreme emphasis and provincialism of speech.

Renee Adoree was a trifle better. Then, too, she didn't have to depend on the speaking voice, so she played a tiny ukulele and sang a couple of French songs. They were folk songs, but the audience thought maybe they were risqué, and so, not understanding them, thought they were the berries sure enough.

Carmel Myers was terrible when she sang something about the lonely old shack! But she was very modest about it all, and was one of the few who really could stand constructive criticism. You ought to hear her now. She has been taking vocal lessons for three years and does extremely well.

In the juvenile line little Baby Peggy was about the most unspoiled in the field of youngsters in the films. Some of her Radio work was too mechanical. She did everything exactly as the parents admonished her. But at least she was simple and natural and never had a silly smirk on her facial expression like some of the child performers of today.

Little Johnny Fox was the easiest of the boys to handle for microphone work. It is surprising how these kids have certainly grown up the last few years! Johnny now lives with his mother down below in Highland Park (which the writer can see as these lines are being written) in a little cottage on top of an overgrown hilltop.

He has graduated into long pants and has been going through high school. No, he didn't chaw tobacco in "The Covered Wagon," nor has he picked up the habit since then.

THE ORIGINAL mike appearance of Marion Davies was widely heralded for our little studio. We made extensive preparations by thoroughly cleaning out the tiny quarters and showering the place with so many flowers that our expense accounts were drained flat for some time.

"We," includes the able technician, Bert Heller, who later bought the old KWH, jazzed it to 500 watts and called it KPLA. He passed away early in life before his career was really started.

Then there was our promotion manager, David Swing Ricker, who was well groomed for the arrival of the famous visitor. Swing, too, has passed to the great beyond after an eventful and hectic career.

By this time the old KWH was off the air and we were running as a remote to KFI. After anxious moments of waiting, Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, rushed in with a lady whose face was covered with a black veil. The introductions were made. She did a fair job at the speech.

But, alas, it was the wife of the late Holbrook Blinn, famous actor, who doubled vocally for Marion although since that time Miss Davies has actually condescended to make a Radio appearance once or twice.

We had pretty good luck with scenario writers, particularly Carey Wilson and Eve Unsell (Mrs. Lester Blankenfield). Both had an extended series on how to write scenarios. Perhaps it didn't encourage anybody to start writing, but it did a lot of good if it discouraged some.

Then there was Herb Rawlinson. He used to play the much maligned uke out at Universal in '10 or '12. So he tried it over the Radio several times. Of course it was awful, but Herb was so frank in saying that it "really wasn't so much" that folks didn't seem to mind.

There were more than a hundred in all who broadcast from the old place. Lew Cody was never known to tell a new story in those days but the old ones were so ancient that to many they were new.

Ralph Lewis would nervously pace up and down the room. Hobart Bosworth would pester us with questions on Radio deportment. Anna Q. Nilsson was a big flop the first time because of nerves. So also was Adela St. Johns, a *Cosmopolitan* writer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he was awfully fussy about his personal appearance.

Francis X. Bushman took the most pains of all to have something new every time. This was likewise true of Monte Blue, Milton Sills and Bert Lytcl. Then there was the late Larry Semon, who liked to gag in front of the mike; Norma Shearer, who was always somewhat dazed and nervous; Betty Blythe and Katherine McGuire (now Mrs. George Landy).

HOLLYWOOD did not take Radio seriously until a year or eighteen months ago. Whether in the studio or later at premieres which were broadcast, a score would pass in review before patient old mike, all saying the identical thing:

"So glad to be here. Wish you were here, too." "Oh, I'm so thrilled. Isn't this too wonderful for words." "Do you know, on the screen you can see me, but can't hear my voice. And now you can hear me speak, but can't see me. Isn't that so funny? Ha-ha-ha."

Then the announcer would repeat, kind of sotto voice, "So glad to have you with us. Thanks."

This kept up for hours at a time. The audience was bored to

tears and distraction. They ceased to dial in for the junk. Radio editors began to pan the broadcast of premieres and Radio appearance of stars.

Thus, although Will Hays refused to be drawn into the controversy, public opinion molded a little sense into a few publicity agents. They began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

Things began to be on the up-and-up. The public learned to tune in again. Talkie magnates learned the box office value of Radio propaganda. The subtle method of having the stars as guest artists grew in proportions to real, honest-to-goodness talkie star programs.

Few, if any Radio artists, have had much of a break in the talkies. A good deal of this is traceable to the fact that they lack the poise and the general histrionic ability of the professional.

But certain it is that the film people have learned a wealth of experience from the Radio activity. Their talkie duties have helped them become amenable to discipline in the Radio station, and inversely their Radio work has made them considerably more valuable on the film lot and at location.

So this has been the gradual evolution of how and why the talkies have taken to the air.

The talkie stars now, instead of being tuned off, are eagerly awaited by a large sized country-wide audience, which has already become familiar with their faces and voices through the screen.

THERE is KFWB's First National-Warner Brothers hour on Sunday nights with a galaxy of stars and starlets at 8 p. m., PST. The station, owned by Warner Brothers, also has frequent appearances of stars during the week.

Then there is the Paramount-Publix hour, originating at KNX in Hollywood, and switching from time to time to the stage in New York. This hour has shown conscientious effort at arrangement and presentation.

A new series is the Del Monte program over NBC each Saturday night with stars from some current production. I am told that by the time this reaches print KHJ will have a program each Saturday to send eastward for a year . . . 11:15 p. m., Eastern daylight time . . . to include all the talkie song hits and theme numbers a month or six weeks before public release. The program plans also to have talkie stars and composers on the hour.

The "Voices from Filmland" series from the M-G-M lot during the winter months on Mondays was a good one while it lasted. So, too, was the M-G-M Wednesday night frolic at KHJ which has been off the air for some time.

Hal Roach has an informal tie-up with KFVD and Our Gang, Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Harry Langdon and others of his crew take a petite microphone bow every once in awhile.

The RKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of film, as well as stage celebrities, and perhaps Warner with its new Brunswick amalgamation may go on the air in a big way as it did with its Monday night cross-country Vitaphone hour a year or more ago.

Paramount has sort of an informal hook-up for KNX, 5,000 watt-er which does a continuous ballyhoo act about going up to 50,000 watts, but never seems to get around to it. The station, though, doesn't make a specialty of using film talent for its programs, though it does take the Paramount-Publix Saturday night hour along with KHJ, both in the Los Angeles area.

WARNER BROTHERS KFWB has the run on the coast's film talent. Its old standby, Bill Ray, has gone to KGER, Long Beach 1,000 watt broadcaster, and something seems to be missing from KFWB for he has announced all the film talent and theatre premieres at the station for the past four years. Gerald King's good judgment in bringing talent to the studio deserves credit for much of the KFWB prestige.

Sunday night at eight (Pacific standard time) KFWB has the First National hour and it brings plenty of celebrities to the microphone. Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," conducted the symphonic group on one of the programs. Sigmund Romberg has aired his talent there, too, as well as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic soprano, and many others.

Most of the stars who get a break in the talkies, and who double up for the Radio, are new ones. But some, of the older people are still in the picture and a majority of them got their start on the legitimate stage years ago.

In between is the group which has been in pictures from the very start . . . people who, without previous stage experience, have followed the pictures from the early days of the flickers.

When Los Angeles had only two high schools (there are now a score of senior high schools) some of us used to ride horseback as extras on Saturdays . . . Universal and Biograph having started. Louise Fazenda, with long braided hair, was still in school and she went right into pictures on getting out. Then there was Myron Zobel, who later went back to Cambridge, and now publishes a film magazine. And Zion Myers who does a

(Continued on page 87)



OLIVE PALMER certainly is getting slimmer, you must admit by observing this, her most recent portrait. She's more youthful and at the same time a trifle more sedate. Palmolive has cleaned up since it started broadcasting and Olive Virginia Rae Palmer certainly deserves some of the credit by use of her immaculate voice.



BERNICE CLAIRE is another exquisite bit of screen femininity won for Radio from the talking pictures. We selected this from half a dozen poses, each as alluring as the other. Bernice is heard singing for the First National Pictures from KFVB, Hollywood, over a continental network of stations. Color here—ruby lips, pearly teeth, eyes!



ARMIDA—and that's all we know concerning the name of this dark-eyed maiden. She is the newest star of the singing screen and is a protege of Gus Edwards, famous "star maker." She is also one of the NBC featured artists of the RKO Hour. Any correspondence school detective would deduct from appearances that she's a real senorita.



***B**ARBARA NEWBERRY is gifted with many extraordinary charms. But you see her here without her legs, which Florenz Ziegfeld has pronounced the "most beautiful legs in the world." Aside from that Barbara can charm you with her voice and wit during the CBS Hamemaker Club Fashion Show and she can pose just like this.*



SUE FULTON is a Radio singer whose sweet Soprano voice is known just about as well in Florida as it is in her home town of Wichita, Kans., where she is both staff artist and program director for the enterprising station, KFH. Miss Fulton sings in opera and she sings just because she is usually happy and naturally that way.



BARBARA MAUREL knew that she had music in her soul when she started out for a career and thought it must be the piano. Then she discovered that she really could sing. She began cultivating her voice and made rapid strides to fame as a concert artist. You hear her now as the contralto soloist with the Philca Symphony on CBS.



*M*ARIE GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Opfinger. Opfinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Off-finger to Fingeroff. So she decided she would become Marie Gerard, which was a lucky combination. You hear her on the Kodak Hour, CBS.



At the left we have Andy Sanella, the flying conductor, who leads the famous Empire Builders orchestra, NBC, New York. He operates a steel guitar, saxophone, baton and his own airplane. He began with a sax. His first boss offered him \$50 in gold to discard it. He refused and later helped to make Paul Whiteman famous. You never can tell about those things.



When the little freshmen at the Ohio State University become fretful and peevish at sundown the university broadcasting station WEOO brings them the Glad Lady, pictured above. Instantly cares of the day vanish. The Children's Hour at WEOO has spread far beyond the campus. When the Glad Lady is just herself they call her Dorothy Stevens Humphreys.



Angels descend with heavenly music at the Truth Trinity Church, Oakland, Calif., every Sunday morning. And here they are. (Above—not to the right.) They sing at NBC studios in San Francisco, then fly across the bay in time for choir at Truth Trinity. They are the Arion Trio. At right is Harry Horlick and his A & P Gypsies who come to you from the New York NBC studios. Angels too? Ask Doggonit Henderson.



He drinks to you not only with his eyes but with Coca Cola, for he is none other than Grantland Rice, the Big Sports Writer and Speaker of the Coca Cola hour. Keen, analytical, alert—you can look into his face here and feel that when he speaks he speaks with authority.



Alas that such charm and beauty should be swathed in black mystery! 'Tis Rheba Crawford, the Angel of Broadway, who strayed into Hollywood. She started out to win sinners by Radio and found Ray Splivalo, who won and married her. Now she lives in a castle in the hills with her own private studio connected with KFWB.



Introducing Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs., or as the CBS correspondent says, "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, the only living stage stars who have retained the use of prefixes throughout their career meet the 'Mr. and Mrs.' who are favorites on the Graybar hour and are known by no other name." At left: Billy Carlino, Charles Magnate and Dave Boyd the Cotton Picker minstrels on the Dutch Masters hour.



Ann Leaf (left) stands (when she does stand) just under five feet. She plays the mighty CBS organ. Every day she acquires some new nickname. Little Organ Annie, Mitsey, Sweet and Low are among the best.



Guess everybody has heard these four. They're the Roxy Gang quartet. From left: George Reardon, baritone; Carl Mathieu, first tenor; Frederick Thomas, basso, and John Young, second tenor. You recognize the names.



Sometimes we yearn for something from the heart that is true. Then what pleasure it is to listen to these young high school students, Lucy and Pin, over WJJD. Real characters in a sketch, Kids Again.



Eventually the greatest come to you through the air. And now Toscha Seidel, who stood a little aloof, in a series of concerts over the Columbia System. Adele Vasa shared the program with him. And of what avail summer skies and fair weather to allure from such a combination!



"Please, Uncle Bob, make a noise like a goldfish." That's one of many curious requests that come to Uncle Bob at KTSA, San Antonio. He's a star at imitating. Some of his associates in the picture from left: Cousin Jules, Don McGinnis, Aunt Betty, Uncle Mark and Uncle Bob.



America is proud of its Bills and Berthas who are typified in this Bill and Bertha (left) in the Perkinsville program over WLW. They not only proved that two could live as cheaply as one but saved \$500 the first year of wedded life.



Above is the real Mrs. Stephens, seamstress in the Thompkins Corners Real Folks program, NBC, New York. Her real clothes, real face, but not her real name, which is Elsie Mae Gordon. She also plays the part of the school teacher.

Folks, reckon youh-all likes them caow boy ballads an' sich, thet yuh gits over the big air ranges. Well, sir, these here fellers is the Hill Billy Boys that can-ter-like over the NBC trail from Frisco. The feller in the center is Charlie Marshall, foreman o' these here hands.



Dale Wimbrow, black voice comedian at CBS and Virginia Gates, continuity writer, listen in for color effects for future broadcasts.



What does a man think about after his 104th birthday? You could have found out by listening to Henry Homewood' from Shenandoah, Ia., who was 104 last March. One thing he thinks about is his pipe which he has been smoking since Lincoln first ran for office.

THIRTEEN and ONE

*Will Little Thinks He Sees a Ghost as an
Unexpected Guest Comes to Life In
Nemo's Bed—a Haunted House*

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

PRECIOUS stones, including the Nonius Opal, and the famous gem from the Orient known as the Flower of Heaven, and a million dollars in cold cash had brought together an unusual assortment of connoisseurs and adventurers. They were assembled in the storm-bound mountain retreat of Mainwaring Parks at Lake Tahoe. Including the servants there appeared to be just thirteen persons beneath this roof on that momentous night. As the guests dispersed to their various rooms there was a cry of murder. The host and his bodyguard were found dead or dying. An explosion in another part of the house sent the guests scurrying from the room. They found the safe robbed. Returning to the scene of the tragedy it was discovered the bodies of the two murder victims had been spirited away. No trace could be found of either of them. Two detectives mysteriously appeared from out of the night. Gateway immediately set upon Dr. Andregg and promised to get a confession from him. Then it was found that Nemo, another of the guests had disappeared from his room, leaving no trail. Several of the guests, headed by Captain Temple, prepared to hunt for him at a vacant cabin some distance away. But Paul Savoy, who strangely had predicted the arrival of the detectives, laughed and said they would not find their man.

"All we need think on now," he said, "is: Where are the bodies? . . . Good night, gentlemen." The door slammed, and the searchers departed into the night.

IT WAS all very well for Paul Savoy to sing out his cheery: "Good night." But no consummation was to materialize from the wish. It was a thoroughly bad night for several of the household; especially Andregg, who lived through a night of horrors. Gateway exerted pressure cunningly, crushingly, cruelly, and he was past master of administering that incredibly hideous treatment known so widely as the Third Degree.

Laufer-Hirth spent hours again with his hands full, ministering to Will Little. The secretary had made his fight against weakness and had his finger nails in the edge of victory, poised above the abyss of terror, when the new shock of Mr. Nemo's disappearance had come to play havoc with his young victory. He sincerely believed this grim and sinister old place was haunted by dead men and by the spirits of unlucky stones.

He begged, he came close to futile threats in his desire to have Laufer-Hirth rid himself of the opal.

"It's bad luck, I tell you!" he shrilled. "We know there are strange, unexplained influences hanging about many precious stones. . . How did the thing come on the table downstairs? Who put it there, and why? . . . Go get rid of it; else you'll be next to go. You or I . . . For God's sake!"

Laufer-Hirth took the thing out of his pocket and stared at it with a most peculiar look in his eyes. Superstitions? Will Little shrank back and fell to shivering as though with a chill that bit to the bone. Laufer-Hirth shambled away, going into his own room. He was gone not over three or four minutes but when he came back he announced, "I've hid the thing." And from his look and tone it might have been gathered that he, almost as fervently as Will Little, was relieved.

NOTHING, it appeared, would drag Gateway away from his present post at Andregg's bedside.

Temple, McIntosh and the sergeant bent their heads against the night's wild buffeting. They carried two flashlights, a bunch of keys, an ax, a handful of candles and a fresh supply of matches.

Somewhere, far above, beyond the thick massed clouds, day was breaking when they came to the beach in front of the empty house.

An hour and a half after they had left the home of Mainwaring Parks they were stamping the loose snow from their arctics on another veranda, dark and bleak and piled high with drifts. They sent their two circles of light dancing here and there until the outlines of door and window were revealed. The window was heavily shuttered; blown snow, caught by an inrush of the wind, had been swept up over the threshold of the door. The three men began seeking signs of Mr. Nemo's passing here on the roofed veranda; but even here, had he come this way during the night, the spraying sleet must have obliterated all traces.

McIntosh held a light focused upon the keyhole while Captain Temple's numb fingers fumbled with the key he had inserted.

The door, heavy and inclined to drag at an outer corner, creaked dismally. The three stepped in, shoved it shut against the wind, and began a hasty striking of matches. The dark in here, having the effect of being aided and abetted by a thick, musty atmosphere, was like a weight on their spirits. Ghostly little spurts of flame rose from the match-ends; a more genial yellow glow spread out from the three candles which they had lighted.

"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestedly. "I think we're going to find something. Something dead and cold and unlovely."

"WHAT'S that!" whispered the sergeant, suddenly rigid, leaning toward the gloom, chin thrust out.

One clutched another and altogether pointed. It was the thinnest, palest line of light under a door at the end of the hall.

On tiptoe and as noiseless as phantoms they crept to the closed door, being of equal mind to burst without warning upon their quarry. Captain Temple set his hand to the door, turning it ever so softly. He found the door fastened from within. The three put their ears close; never a sound. They drew back at Temple's urge, listening to his whispered word.

"That door's a flimsy affair. . . . The three of us rushing



"It's Detective Dicks' body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"

it, it'll go down like a paper screen. . . Ready?" They blew out their candles, stuffing them into their pockets to be unhampered. "If the door holds, then give it the ax. . . Nemo'd be off and away with a full minute warning."

They drew close again, then hurled themselves in a compact attack, like one man, against the door. It creaked and splintered, yet held. They drew back and struck again and went through.

BUT they came into no such light as they had expected. There was the tiniest of wood fires burning in a fireplace; its glow had yellowed the line under the door, but did not banish the dark, rather making a murky gloom of it. At first they feared that their man had fled, or had already gone when they charged toward him. But a moment later they saw him.

In that first instant he was standing against the farther wall; his back was toward them and his hands appeared to be at his face. They had but the most fleeting of visions of him . . . and then he was gone. Close to where he stood was a window; it was closed but not shuttered. Here, perhaps, he had entered; here he vanished. There was a leap and a lunge, a shattering of glass and their quarry was quarry no longer. And what they had seen of him was merely a crouching form.

"It's Nemo!" the captain contended sharply. "After him!"

They threw up the window and went through, dropping several feet into loose snow.

A moment later McIntosh, straightening up, pointed to their own former track, the one they had made coming here from the Parks house.

"He's taken the only open trail," he announced. "Headed toward the house we just came from."

They found no other furrow than that of their own making. Head-bent against the wind, protecting their lights all that they could, but forced repeatedly to wipe the glass clear of blurring damp.

THEY went forward hurriedly, yet watching to make sure that Nemo had not striven to trick them by making a leap far out to the side. But the track led straight on, and brought them to the front steps and on up to the door.

"And now," grunted Temple disgustedly, "we've had a pretty chase just about for nothing. We'll find a very placid, serene and noncommittal Mr. Nemo smoking a cigarette by the fire, and lifting a pair of crooked brows as much as to ask if we've been enjoying ourselves."

The fragrance of coffee greeted them. "Guess it's pretty near that time o' day," said McIntosh, and they went to the dining room. At the table were Paul Savoy, Laufer-Hirth and Mr. Nemo's man, Mohun.

"Nemo came in just now, not over fifteen minutes or so before us," Temple spoke abruptly. "Where is he?"

Mohun looked at him stonily, leaning across the table.

"You see him?" he asked, his voice grown quick and sharp.

"Didn't you?" snapped the captain, growing mystified.

"Haven't any of you seen him?"

They shook their heads.

"Then who did come in?" he fairly shouted at them. "We followed some man here; we saw his tracks; he came in at the front door. Who was it?"

IT APPEARED that no one knew. If any man had entered, he had done so unseen.

"That's pretty thick," growled Temple. "He has slipped in quietly and perhaps gone to his room. If he pulls the blank face when I find him, I'll . . ."

The three hurried through the house toward Nemo's room. From a remote room they heard a voice, high-pitched and shaken; Andregg's voice in supplication or menace. Gateway, evidently, still stood by his torture rack. And presently they reached Mr. Nemo's room.

"And there he is," Temple gasped, for all along he could not greatly believe in his own prediction. "Pretending to be asleep and to know nothing of any night's escapade."

He whipped back the blankets . . . then fell back with a sharp ejaculation of amazement. Tom Blount and McIntosh thrust forward. Then from Blount burst a shout which went echoing crazily through the old house and brought men running.

"It's Detective Dicks' dead body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"



"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding the candle high and staring about.

Gateway, hearing the cry, stepped as far as the door, and bellowed out orders:

"Keep someone in the room every second. Someone come here and tell me all about it. And don't touch the body or anything about it; when I can get free to come in there I'll grab up clues by the handful."

IT WAS Captain Temple, looking perplexed and therefore angry, who reported to him. Beyond Gateway he saw Andregg, sitting on the edge of his bed now, half dressed and looking white and shaken and sick.

"Tell me," rasped out Gateway.

"It's Dicks' body, all right," growled the captain. "Don't ask me how it got there. . . Maybe the damned house is haunted."

Gateway scoffed. Temple told what he could, including a sketch of their visit to the other house, their pursuit of the man they had found there, of his conviction that it was Mr. Nemo.

"He came in at the front door; that's all we know. We looked to find him in Nemo's room . . . and found the body of Detective Dicks instead."

Andregg leaped to his feet, crying out excitedly:

"I'm not the guilty man! . . . With me in my room, look at the things that have happened: Nemo gone . . . Dicks in his place . . ."

"Shut your mouth!" raged Gateway, whirling on him, "I've said all the time that you were the murderer . . . and you are! If you have an accomplice, the Chink or one of the wops, that doesn't let you out."

He turned again to Temple, saying bluntly:

"This bird is beginning to break, and he's going to break fast. This happening brightens him up a bit, but he'll relapse all the faster when it's over."

"You must be crazy!" Temple said shortly, going back to Mr. Nemo's room.

PAUL SAVOY lifted his brows sharply, muttering under his breath:

"So Andregg's no doctor! If I'd known that in the beginning! Well, it all fits in." And then abruptly he took charge in the room. In a quiet, lowered voice he called to the others to come out; Dicks was barely conscious, it appeared, and would certainly require absolute rest. They must discuss this thing; give what first aid they might; then manage somehow to get a physician.



Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

WILL LITTLE, queerly fascinated, drawn by the very horror which repelled him, evinced a more morbid curiosity than any of the rest of them. He had stopped at the broken door at first, drawn two ways. His face was white; beads of sweat gathered and trickled down his face. Step by step he drew closer until at last he stood over the bed looking straight down upon the still form of the detective.

Then, all of a sudden, a wild yell burst from him and he turned and fled from the room. They heard him dashing upstairs, heard his incoherent and meaningless jibbering, then the slamming of his door.

"Your little friend is on the raw edge of insanity," said Temple, looking gravely at Laufer-Hirth. "You'd better figure on some way of getting him out of . . ."

"My God!" It was Tom Blount, staring and pointing. "Look! He's alive!"

And now they saw what had precipitated Will Little's panicky flight. The eyes of Detective Dicks were wide open; they turned slowly; they rested, full of dull question, on face after face.

Temple shouted excitedly.

"He needs a doctor; send Andregg."

"Doctor?" cried Gateway. "Andregg's no more doctor than I am. Dicks would be better off with the cook treating him."

"You're all right, you know, Dicks," said Temple, rather more tactful and sympathetic than any had looked for him to be. Dicks, without the strength to nod, closed his eyes briefly to indicate agreement.

"Do you know who struck you?" asked Temple.

Dicks, with an obvious effort, shook his head.

"Or who . . . attacked Parks?"

Again the effort to say, "No."

"You know nothing at all about it, then?"

"No."

"That's quite all right, Dicks," said Temple cheerily, his disappointment well hidden. "Get a little nap now if you can. One of us will be with you all the time, and a doctor's on the way."

"Whatever he says," called Gateway, "let me know, and I'll know how to use it on Andregg."

"THAT man Gateway," observed Savoy disgustedly, "misses his century as well as his calling. He should have served

as handy-man for the Inquisition. Andregg is no more guilty than . . . than Gateway himself."

Laufer-Hirth hurried away in quest of his secretary, to quiet him with the good news that Dicks was alive and that there was nothing spooky about the matter.

Temple, as having had considerable experience with accidents and their first aid treatment during his expeditions into the out of way parts of the carth, with Blount an able assistant, was left in charge of Dicks. They found him fully dressed, even to shoes and tie; just as when they had come upon him unconscious in his room upstairs. Temple, with clever, gentle fingers, examined his wound and looked up curiously at Blount.

"I'd say he isn't even badly hurt," he said, puzzled. "Looks to me like a heavy blow that surely was enough to stun him; and to make an ugly looking cut, laying back a flap of the scalp; but the bone isn't fractured."



"If you run your eyes over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading."

"But Andregg said . . ."

"Andregg isn't a physician at all, according to Gateway. And he was excited; rattled, I'd say. . . . Scare up some good whiskey, Tom. That'll help as much as anything."

Blount leaned closer, his nose close to Dicks' lips.

"He's got whiskey on his breath, already, sir. I'd say he's just had a drink."

Temple stared at him. Yet what Blount had said was true enough. Most certainly, and not many minutes before, liquor had passed the detective's lips.

BLOUNT caught the captain by the arm, dragging him away from the bed, whispering:

"The man we followed here . . . was it Dicks? Is he up to some game of his own? How'd he get here? And where's the man we did chase from the other house?"

"If you ask me another question, Tom Blount, there'll be another murder done, and you'll be the victim. Let's get him undressed and comfortable. As soon as he can talk, he'll talk, and don't you forget it. He's got to tell us something, one way or another."

"He won't, though," said Savoy, a hint irritably. "Simply because he doesn't know anything to tell."

Laufer-Hirth entered the room, looking vastly troubled.

"I'm having the perfect devil's own time with Little," he announced from the door. "His nerves have flown all to pieces. He's carrying on like a crazy man. I . . . I'm actually afraid for his reason. If anything else happened—even if it was only a stray black cat, or if a picture fell from the wall, he'd just go up in the air and explode."

"Better get him to promise to stick close to his own room," Savoy told him crisply. "For something else is going to happen."

He spoke with such assurance that he caught and held their questioning eyes.

"Peering into the future again, Savoy?" Never more ironical had Temple succeeded in being.

"**YES!**" responded Savoy, certainly never more waspish.

"Something else is going to happen."

"You know what this coming event is?" From Laufer-Hirth over his shoulder.

"Look here, Amos," he said soberly, possibly not hearing Laufer-Hirth's question. "Don't you think you can prevail on Little to stick close to his own room? One of us can bear him company; does he play chess? Cards, anyhow. And . . ."

"I don't know; oh, Lord, I don't know." Laufer-Hirth mopped his troubled brow. "I'll go and sit with him."

All day someone remained with Dicks. At an early hour it had been thought best to move him to another room, since the door of Nemo's room had been ruined, and quieter quarters were obviously required. He appeared very weak, but grew visibly stronger; at Temple's orders broth was prepared for him. But he was troubled with no further questions as yet, his answers to the earlier ones satisfying all that there was little or nothing to be learned from him. He began to look as though he it was who wanted explanations.

Temple and Blount and McIntosh, having the strongest personal interest, searched and searched again for some little sign to point to the answer of the question that perplexed them: "Who was it that they had chased from one house to the other?"

"You realize, of course," Savoy queerly, "you've heard of the original owner and builder of his place? A certain Thruff Willeyzinski?"

"**M**AN alive!" A soft whistle followed McIntosh's exclamation. "Why, that old coot, mad as a hatter, belongs to a past generation. He ought to have been dead twenty or thirty or forty years ago."

Savoy smiled crookedly at him.

"That's why I spoke as I did. Just whom or just what this apparition of yours is. . . ."

"Oh, I say, laughed McIntosh. "For a *deus ex machina* you are not going to give us a ghost, are you?"

"Just to think of Thruff Willeyzinski," pursued Savoy, one of his dreamy moments upon him, his eyes fixed in the way they knew so well upon the star sapphire ring, "is refreshing. Mad; a murderer long years ago; vanished. Hasn't it dawned on you that any man with so crooked a mind as to construct so vast and crooked a house, must inevitably have indulged in secret rooms?"

"Nothing new there," said Temple. "Blount and I have been looking for just that sort of thing."

"Of course. Couldn't help thinking of that. A mind like
(Continued on page 65)



Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you wont be lonesome long.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE

"Stay Home and Listen to the Radio" Has Been
Changed to "Take Your Radio as You Go"

By Colonel O. N. Taylor

"How about this spelling—you make it all one word, 'Motoradio'?" asked the Inquiring Reporter of Colonel Taylor.

"Quite right, suh. 'Motoradio' is what I have in my car, suh, an' I assure you it is correct."

* * *

MIGHT as well start this tour with the inevitable story about motor Radio and get it over.

Here goes!

Pat: "I see they are equipping all the new Fords with Radio sets now."

Mike: "Sure, begorra, and why?"

Pat: "So they can get out-of-town!"

* * *

And now that that is over we might say that the craze for Radio equipped automobiles hit the higher priced vehicles first, and the flivver class is apt to be the last to take up Radio on wheels on a large scale. On account of the gas tank being right behind the cowl, most of the ready built sets cannot be installed there as there is not enough room for the receiver proper and the speaker.

* * *

But flivver or not, Radio is being taken for a ride! It is going bye-bye! The day is near when the guy who goes to trade in his old bus will tell the salesman that he has new tires all around, only 20,000 miles on the speedometer, 600 hours on the Radio, and new tubes in every socket.

* * *

Of course there are a few hindrances to motor Radio. Some legislators, perhaps the grandsons of the boys who introduced the 10 mile an hour speed laws and the one about motorists being required to stop their engines and dismount upon meeting

a horse-drawn vehicle, have tried to get bills through prohibiting Radio equipped autos from using the highways. They say such contraptions detract the driver's attention. The same solons should introduce similar motivated bills forbidding the use of cow! ventilators when flappers in silk dresses are riding in the front seats.

* * *

Then there is a bit of wifely objection. When I announced to the other three-quarters that our (and I don't mean an editorial "our") car was to be equipped with a Radio set, she howled.

"Can I never get away from Radio? You have five sets now and one is always going when you are at home, in your office or at the summer cottage. Now I suppose I will have to listen to squeaky sopranos between those three points."

* * *

Well, she does and likes it! After the set was installed she had but one cutting remark to make. Our car is a bit loud in appearance, I admit. A Mexican turquoise blue with orange wire wheels and pipings. Riding home through a park the first night with the Radio banging out a band playing "The Billboard," that march that reeks of the circus sawdust, she had this to say:

"I hope you are satisfied. First you get an auto that looks like a band wagon and then you have to go and install a calliope in the thing so it will sound like one."

* * *

BUT, my, how Radio adds to the pickup of a car. Just try driving up to a stop light near a telephone exchange about the time one shift of "excuse-it-please" girls have given their seats at the wrong-number-board to another shift. Tune in

your set to a lively dance tune. Boy you have to fight them off! Of course there is a drawback there, too. They usually want to follow the music through the air and streets to its source and the best music seems to come from places where the cover charge is equal to the price of a new set of B batteries. (That's also an argument for getting a powerful motoradio so you can drag in music from another state.)

* * *

A little cruising around will acquaint you with the best spots around town for good reception. Usually these places are on the outskirts of the city, down shady, unfrequented roads formerly used by horse and buggy riders and dubbed "Lover's Lanes."

Get a girl real interested in Radio and suggest a trip to one of these places in the interest of Radio science. When you arrive there tune in one of those dreamy crooners, and let little Rudy Vallee advance your cause.

Reception is usually best on clear moonlight nights.

* * *

But don't get into the jam a Chicago boy did while on one of these scientific expeditions.

He had a great big date with a little bitty girl whose motto was "home by 11 every time."

Accordingly he set his auto clock two hours slow and called for the miss. They motored to the "best reception" spot and started their "scientific studies."

Time passed.

More time passed.

Then she turned on the dash light and noted that it was only half after nine. The light went off and the boy friend turned the dial in search of the recommended crooning music.

He got it. And as he and she were about to obey the command of a soprano singing Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," the melody stopped and an announcer bent on giving public service disturbed the quietude of the sylvan parking space with:

"The correct time is now 11:30."

"You big bum," cried the little bitty girl. "You have fixed that clock again. Take me home."

"You are wrong, dearie, that announcer is in Atlantic City."

"Oh, yeah, since when was there two hours difference between Chicago and Atlantic City? WPG has been pounding in to our house too long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set to a station playing 'The End of a Perfect Day' and see how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the direction of home."

* * *

AND another tip!

Do not leave your Radio set running tuned in to a baseball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to buy a cigar. If you do, one of two things, and maybe both, will happen to you. You either will be pinched for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to find an interested mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to commit mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two outs in the ninth inning.

* * *

Colored districts are also good places to stay away from when parking with running Radio. Pickaninnies need only a wisp of music to start them dancing and once started a race riot is apt to start if you attempt to drive the music away.

* * *

Ralph Langley, Radio engineer, points out a curious phenomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such you can hear the same band concert twice.

Try this on your auto Radio.

Drive up to a position on the windward side of a band stand from whence a broadcast line is running. Tune your receiver to the station broadcasting the band. Listen! You hear the band almost the instant the music is created because the Radio wave bringing you the music travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. A few seconds later you hear the same music after it has traveled through the air on slow sound waves.

* * *

RECEPTION is often effected when driving between two large steel framed buildings. At one point on Washington boulevard in Chicago is a sign—"Zone of Quiet—Hospital." My Radio always obeys this sign and volume diminishes the minute the car reaches the sign and does not come up loud until the car has passed out of the zone. Although we tell the uninitiated rider that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the steel structure of both the hospital and the building across the narrow street.

* * *

Pat Flanagan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcasts all Chicago Cub games, whether at home or abroad, tells me that he is receiving more letters every day from radio-ball fans who have caught him on the fly.

Then there is one told by Bob Kaufman, former automobile and Radio editor, and now president of K-B Motoradio, one of the pioneers in this radio-as-you-go business. In fact, I think Bob deserves credit for starting the craze.

* * *

"IT WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a business man driving a Radio equipped auto

got stalled in a snow drift on the outer-drive," tells Mr. Kaufman. "Several blocks away he could see one of the park commission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program pending its arrival and his release. He tuned in a local station just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange.

"Having many holdings he proceeded to listen to what had been a dull market up to that day. What he heard was far from dull. Unusual activity in certain stocks had placed his own holdings in jeopardy. He shut off the Radio, locked his car and hit off across the park for a drug store. Reaching there he phoned his broker a selling order. When he finally got back to his car and free of the snow drift, he again tuned in market reports and found that the stocks he had just sold were on the toboggan. But his selling order had been received in time and his motoradio had saved him thousands."

* * *

A travelling salesman who keeps his car in the same garage where mine is stored tells me his experience with Radio on wheels.

"You'd be surprised how it helps me in business," he said. "I am a cigar salesman and have a route of rural stores. During the summer these shops are all equipped with radio sets pulling in baseball broadcasts, and baseball is the topic of the counter crowd.

"I tune in the game when it comes on the air and keep it on as I travel. When I hit a store I can enter talking about the progress of the game. I am right up to the minute on the play and can enter right into the conversation. This pleases the proprietor and it is much easier to sell a man who is thinking along the lines you are talking than it is to come in and interrupt him with 'what's the score?'"

* * *

IN THE White House automobiles (oh, yes both Mrs. Hoover and Lawrence Richey, one of the President's secretaries, have sets installed in their cars but do not want much said about them for fear they will be drawn into the controversy between manufacturers and officious state motor officials) the speakers are located inconspicuously in one corner of the tonneau. These sets are of the earliest design. Now days most of the speakers are located up under the cowl.

Cowboy Weston, world's champion billiard player, has a convertible cabriolet with radio equipment in which he has radio-ed as he tours all over the country. He used to have his speaker attached to the top of the car. One day, it being balmy, he opened the top and folded the top back. He then turned on his radio set and the result was terrible. He had forgotten to detach his loud speaker and he smashed it beyond repair! Now his speaker is under the cowl.

* * *

Most modern types utilize an antenna concealed in the top of the car. Fine copper wire mesh is used in most cars. In mine, a sport phaeton, I find that I can fold back the kaiki top containing the aerial and not injure it or interfere with reception. Batteries, of the B and C type are concealed beneath the car, being reached for replacement through the floor boards in the rear compartment. Juice for the A battery comes from the storage battery of the car. By setting up the generator charging rate there is no danger of running down the battery. Use of a Radio set does away with the need of burning the lights on long daylight runs. Just switch on the set and turn that heretofore wasted "juice" into music.

* * *

* Radio sets on cars are great temptations for the night forces in public garages. They have a way of jumping the current across the lock switch. You can prevent this by taking a tube home with you or installing a very secret switch on your B battery line.

* * *

There seems to be no directional effect on standard motoradio sets. I have failed to notice any fading or gaining in volume when tuned to a station no matter in what direction the car was headed or at what speed it was driven.

* * *

This is contrary to experiences with portable and semi-portable sets operated in automobiles. I remember in the early days of Radio, setting out in an automobile to deliver a super-heterodyne loop set to station WTAS, several miles west of Chicago. Paul Neal, then a Radio engineer and now one of the guys who record squawks in Hollywood, my companions and I were not familiar with that section of the country. We got on the wrong road and could not locate the station. It grew dark and we knew we had driven far enough west to hit the station but could not tell whether we were north or south of it. Paul conceived the idea of hooking up our cargo and tracing the station with the loop. We found the signals from the station we were seeking to be coming in from either a northeasterly or southwesterly direction. We knew by the speedometer that we were far enough west so we doubled back, taking the next cross road to the north and eventually locating the station.

(Continued on page 65)

MARCELLA

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

BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twentieth century arrived on this sphere almost simultaneously. Perhaps that's why this fair-haired announcer-singer at WTMJ has managed to keep up with the ever-changing entertainment trends of the times, so remarkably.



Back in the days when one of Edison's cylinder talking machines was the marvel of the neighborhood, Bernard was imitating the rhythmic steps of the dancing negroes in his native town of Natchez, Mississippi, and piping, in a childish voice, the spirituals they sing.

As his limbs became longer and his voice waxed stronger, he was sought out for a place in the church choir, then the accepted place of "nice people" who were blessed with good voices.

But Bernard wasn't satisfied. He wanted to get to New Orleans, center of the southern show business. Here he won a place with the St. Charles Stock Company, which landed him definitely behind the footlights. He played in "The Gingham Girl" in New York and on the road, and with Violet Hemming in Chicago in "This Thing Called Love."

The little boy who copied the shufflings of the Mississippi darkies became Roy Lane, the hooper, in the road show of "Broadway." Next he went on a vaudeville circuit with May Irwin, comedienne. Then the lure of the microphone got him, and we certainly can't say we're sorry. How about it, little Miss M. R. A. K.?

* * *

Al Corney is heard regularly over WCFL, Mrs. Empson, and you will find a little story about him on page 60 of the May issue; also a story about Harry Snodgrass. Harry is no longer on the air. Ted Poister is still at WVTAM as you will note in the story on page 61 of the June issue.

* * *

Help! Help! Where is Cecil Wright, last heard over KTHS? Help!

* * *

Brad Browne has had an eventful life and a pleasant one. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show, and most of his relatives are musically inclined.

A banjo was the inspiration that sent Brad on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world. He used to plunk away on a banjo, nearly as large as he, back on the farm in North Adams. Then from the banjo, he went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

But his life did not move along directly into a musical career. He tried his hand at a variety of things before eventually finding himself in Radio. A floorwalker in a department store, pin boy in a bowling alley, a law student at Georgetown University . . . these are a mere fraction of Brad's past experience. And you know the rest.

This is to introduce Phil Stewart the announcer who joined up with KYW this spring and caused quite a rumpus . . . Oh, but we weren't going to tell about that! Phil was born in Glasgow, Scotland, some twenty-seven years ago—all of which makes him an honest-to-goodness Scotchman. But a very attractive little lady on the staff at KYW confided in me that he has become amazingly Americanized, paying luncheon-checks for the studio fair-sex and sharing cigarettes without a wince.

We started to tell you the secret and



Phil Stewart

we can't quite resist, at least *hinting* at it. Fan letters have come pouring in asking all about the new announcer whose voice is just like, . . . and here again we are forced to stop out of respect to the wish of Mr. Hogan, general manager of KYW, who has asked us not to tell. However, we can say that his voice is very similar to that of a certain famous Scotch announcer who is heard from another Chicago station in connection with Amos 'n Andy broadcasts. But ssh . . . ssh. Even if you do guess, don't tell anyone.

When he came to this country about seven years ago Phil entered the theatrical profession and was successful on the vaudeville stage. Some time later his Radio debut was made over WJAS in Pittsburgh, Pa.

In case you haven't heard this disturbing voice, you must listen in on the Merrymakers some afternoon or on one of the various evening programs.

* * *

Donna, my dear, don't you know that WJR doesn't seem to like us (me) very well. They won't accept Marcello socially, or something, and that is why I can't oblige with the pictures you want. And to answer your other question, please don't worry about Rudy Vallee. I haven't heard any rumors that should disturb you.

You asked about Myrtle Spangenberg, Alyce. This blond, winsome WTMJ soprano soloist, my dear, helped to rock the Radio cradle in Milwaukee. Seven years ago a local department store set up the first broadcasting station in Milwaukee. It was a one-horse affair and they needed artists to help put it across with the public. At that time Myrtle, who had studied voice in Milwaukee and Chicago, was singing in theaters throughout the state.

She consented to warble over Milwaukee's first Radio broadcasting station. The venture was a success. Myrtle liked Radio. Soon after, when The Milwaukee Journal affiliated with Marquette University to operate WHAD, Myrtle joined the staff of that station. She has since followed through with Radio and is heard, as you know, on many WTMJ programs.

Myrtle is single, has blue eyes and golden hair, is five feet five in height, and is more apt to be laughing than not. She has three important hobbies—music of all kinds, fan mail and dancing. And the pet peeve of this singer—can you blame her?—is a cold in the head!

* * *

Here's a bit about Jack Shannon, hilarious Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of ten prize winners. He is often seen taking his daily constitutional accompanied by four or five of the little animals.

* * *

Sorry, Agnes, but you will have to wait for the story about Freddy Stone. But it's coming.

* * *

Richard Pavey, announcer and singer at WLW, is popular. And, to be more specific, he is popular with two types in particular, the elder members of the Radio audience, and the very little, i. e., the very little girls. Elderly people find comfort in his voice and little girls find romance. They name their dolls for him.



Classic programs are his favorites, perhaps because he was educated to be a grand opera singer. He might well have been, too, had not his eyes failed him, necessitating the wearing of heavy glasses that he could not lay aside even for the hours he would be on the stage.

As it is, he uses his beautiful baritone voice on some WLW programs, and sings in the quartet of one of the largest Cincinnati churches.

Listeners invariably picture him as tall and blond. Sad to say, however, he has a bay window. It's not a very large one, and somehow it seems to fit well with his dignity and that meticulousness which is an intrinsic part of him. He is very satisfactory to look at. He has brown eyes, brown hair, and a mustache.

For Pavey, nothing in the world matters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming a Radio announcer.

Norman Nielson of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years. He originally hailed



from the East, and says that after high school he was slated for Pennsylvania State College, but, as Norman puts it, the slate must have gotten cracked, for he found himself in a railroad office instead. It was hardly the thing he wanted, however, so he soon traveled

across the country to San Francisco, where he took up the study of voice.

His first job on the stage was in comic opera, with Hartmann and Steindorff. He was with them for three seasons then went into musical comedy and played all through the West for four years. The last two years of this period he was managing and producing for Wilbur Cushman. After that was a year's engagement on the Orpheum circuit, then KFRC.

Norman says he likes Radio work better than the stage. But there's a reason—it allows him a permanent home, and that's very important, in view of the fact that Norman has only been married a little over a year.

Help! Help! Where is Irving Bergman? Mrs. L. D. says he was at WEBR up until recently, but where is he now?

Yes, Marie, the Strolling Guitrists are none other than Jim and Bob of WENR and they are heard regularly from that station now.

Thank you, Mrs. J. A. C., for the information about John and Ned.

A tall, slender young man of some thirty odd years walks briskly into the studios of KFRC. There is an intent expression in his eyes; his hair is very blond—he is, in fact, an ideal Scandinavian type. You've guessed it, Tome Ito, it is Robert Olsen.

Bob is so idealistic and serious that he is always busily occupied with his affairs and is so busy indeed that he always walks fast to keep up. But don't think that he isn't a nice person to have around, for he is a good natured, decidedly likable fellow with a sense of humor.

His popularity is no doubt due to that sort of tender quality in his voice that people just can't resist. And he is making Victor records, you know.

Bob and his wife were married before either of them were twenty, and they must make a very nice contrast together, for she is as dark as he is fair. There are two youngsters, Bob Jr., 11, and Betty, 10. And those who are really in the know, say that their's is an ideal marriage.



In his college days at Georgetown University he was engaged in drama and glee club activities, also publicity work. These were really fore-runners of his later life for before entering the field of Radio Bill was an advertising and publicity man; and up to the present he continues his dramatic work, from time to time giving recitals in Pittsburgh.

Then there is his war record to his credit, too. During the World War Bill served his country for thirteen months in the United States Navy, receiving his training at Newport, R. I. Forgot to say that Bill was born in Albany, New York, and received his early training and high school education in Schenectady, a regular eastern lad.

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT

Marcella is very sorry to state that it is quite impossible for her to furnish her readers with the home addresses of their favorites. She admits to being a gossip but refuses to become a telephone book.

* * *

Can't tell you, Mrs. Brinson, what has happened to the Happy Go Lucky Office Boys. Does anybody know?

* * *

How would you like to have

(that is, if you happen to be a man), a dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, 100 neckties; a fancy barroom reached by an aluminum staircase; a bed to live in, equipped with book-shelves, light switches, Radio panel? If you would, just think of William S. Paley, 27-year-old president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has 'em.

* * *

Beg Your Pardon

The Ashley Sisters have NOT gone to KMOX as stated on this page in the June issue. We had it on good authority that they were, but when all was said and done, they couldn't bear to leave Chicago, so are still at WLS.

* * *

Many thanks to all the kind people who have written in about Ed and Mom. It seems to be a firmly established fact that Ed is none other than Smilen' Ed McConnell of WTAM. And "Mom" wasn't his wife, ever. This partnership business evidently broke, some way or other, and that is what got us all worried.

* * *

For your information, F. T. C., Marcella Roth is no longer at WSMB and, as far as we know, is not on the air at present.

* * *

No, no, no, Helen, Mat Tompkins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not any of them, or all of them—no dual personalities here.

* * *

After five years as musical director of WLS, Don Malin has left the Radio field and has become associated with the R. J. Wiese life insurance agency of Chicago.

Coming to WLS in 1925, after editorial work on farm papers, Don adapted his hobby of music to the job of designing Radio programs. In Chicago Radio circles he attained a reputation for his choral music presentations.

Steve Cisler, chief announcer, has succeeded Mr. Malin to the post of program director.

* * *

Did you know that

Anson Weeks has been in New York taking Guy Lombardo's place at the Roosevelt Hotel while Guy was in Chicago? And that Ted Fiorito has, in turn, been taking Weeks' place at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco? Weeks will return to San Francisco for the Summer and Fall season and Fiorito will be back at the Congress by Fall.



And more romance! This time cupid ensnared an attractive young dramatic artist and a sports announcer. The girl was Peggy Dale who conducts the Homemakers Hour over WBRC down in Birmingham, and the man, Jack Skeavington, formerly sports writer for a Louisville daily and announcer over WHAS.

Now they're married and both at WBRC, of course. It looks as if Jack was a pretty smart boy taking a real "Homemaker" for a wife, and although Peggy is now Mrs. Jack Skeavington she is still simply "Peggy Dale" to her Radio friends.

Cheerio—so many people have been writing about him that I did my best, and almost to no avail, for this immensely popular individual who broadcasts an early morning inspirational program six days a week through the NBC has been successful in throwing a complete veil of mystery about himself. He absolutely refuses to tell anyone his real name, not even the high-ups at the NBC.

He's a zealous old fellow, somewhat fanatical, who takes his mission to do good in the world quite seriously. He is "Cheerio" just for that reason (to do good in the world), receiving no personal compensation for this role. He started the Cheerio program about four years ago with the idea of reaching the bed-ridden and shut-ins with a form of mental setting-up exercises. And that his idea has been a big success is evidenced by a recent total of 52,000 letters in less than thirty days.

* * *

Jack and Jimmie, sometimes known more formally as "Corlies and Gillissie" are entertaining at the Tea Garden Cafe in Detroit, so if you want to see them and hear them in person, there they are. On the air they're heard through WGHP.

* * *

Can't you just tell that Bill Farren is a bridge shark? I couldn't figure out why he had such a preoccupied expression, then when somebody told me about bridge, I knew. This Junior member of the Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA who is professionally known as William A. Farren is interested in many, many other things besides bridge, however. Take swimming, for instance, or tennis, or recitation work, or announcing.



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.

Express Your Own Personality

Individuality and Simplicity Major Factors in
Creation of Beautiful Home Interior

"**H**OME MAKING is a creative art. It turns a barren house into the family center of beauty and culture. It pervades the home with a spirit in keeping with the times and gives to it an atmosphere of beauty, peace and culture, behind which the mechanics of housekeeping are hidden." Such is the definition of home making given by Ida Bailey Allen, head of the Radio Home Makers Club of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

With this conception of home making in mind Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing a series of articles for Radio Digest in which she presents some of the most important factors in artistic home making. This month she interviews Miss Joan Barrett, youthful interior decorator, and brings us a fascinating story of how to create a truly artistic home interior. — B. M.

While the little sewing girl puts the finishing touches on the curtains Joan Barrett broadcasts the process.



By Eve Conradt-Eberlin

LET'S begin our study of the new era of inspired home-making with the interior of the house, under Joan Barrett's direction. Joan is still in her twenties, but that doesn't hinder her in her work as the interior decorating expert of the Radio Home-Makers Club. She received the basic training for her career right in her own home, a beautiful colonial mansion, mellowed with tradition and memories, and furnished with lovely early American furniture that her great-grandmother had chosen together with her husband, long before he marched away to join the Union Army.

This pleasant room is the reception hall at the Radio Home-makers Club.

"We were fortunate," says Miss Barrett, "because the atmosphere in our home came there naturally. But, though everyone can't have an ancestral hall, we all can give to our homes the appearance of a place that has really been lived in. That's the first quality to strive for when furnishing a house."

After studying the technical details of color, arrangement, period styles, and the like, Miss Barrett went to Europe to learn about the very old and the very new in furniture and decoration.

"It is too bad," this young expert said to me, "that we have acquired such a snobbish attitude toward antiques in America. Considering that the population has at least quadrupled itself since the early days of our country, there can't possibly be enough genuine old pieces to go around."

"Of course," she hastened to add, "reproductions can be exquisite—so perfect that only the connoisseur can detect them. But it is the avalanche of



cheap and unauthentic early American, Queen Anne, Georgian, and so forth, that I want to warn everyone against. They are in bad taste and are making our homes standardized and uninteresting. The clever homemaker will avoid these, selecting instead the things that suit her personality and the personality of her apartment."

THE first thing to do, according to Miss Barrett's advice, is to look about your room—or house—and study the setting carefully. Do you feel the atmosphere you have created fits your personality? Does it spell *you*, so that at the first glance one would know you live there? If not, let's change it.

You have some favorite color, for instance, that always creeps into your clothes. That color suits you, it adds to your charm. Where is it in your home? Put it there; make it the background color. Now, what about the other colors? Do they harmonize? If you are not quite sure, Miss Barrett advises you to invest a few cents in a color card, which are sold in paint shops and art departments.

Now, about the placing of the furniture. Does it make sense? Does it have meaning? The most comfortable chair, the one you burrow into when you want to read, should be placed so that the daylight pours all around it. Take it out of the dark corner at the windowless side of the room and see if it won't look just as well near one of the windows. The couch or divan, on the other hand, can go on the opposite side, where it will be out of the sun's glare when you want to rest.

Keep small tables near chairs, so that one doesn't have to jump up every time he wants a cigarette, a magazine, or some place to set a glass. Give the most conspicuous place to your most prized possession; put your desk in a quiet corner where you can work undisturbed. The chairs should be grouped in a friendly manner—not so far away from each other that guests have to lean uncomfortably forward to hear what you are saying at the other side of the room.

Now, let us take into consideration the nicknacks scattered about on tables and shelves. Clear spaces are restful; many small objects distract the attention. There are only two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering articles in the decorative scheme—sheer beauty or usefulness. "A beautiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath away, deserves a place all to itself, enhanced by a carefully chosen background," says Miss Barrett. If you have nothing that deserves this distinction, let there be harmony and reason in the objects you have on display. Again, *express your own personality*.

ASH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should be sparingly used for decorative purposes, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow in a handy drawer. Empty vases are sad things that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming decoration for any room. Not just any old flower in any old vase, but carefully chosen blossoms, daintily arranged in

the proper holder. Artificial flowers must be fresh and true to nature if they are to be used, and then just a few in an appropriate bowl, used to brighten up some dark corner, are enough for any home.

The question of lighting is, of course, of paramount importance. Ceiling fixtures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception rooms. In the average room, wall brackets are the only stationary fixtures necessary—and in the smartest homes today these are done away with, too, in favor of lamps, and candles for the dining table. Avoid all garish, over-decorated fixtures and lamps. "The plainer the smarter" should be the byword of every home-maker in everything she does. Attractive lamps, in every conceivable color, shape, material and style can be purchased inexpensively, everywhere, today. Both bases and shades can be made at home by the clever home-maker.

Walls come next in Miss Barrett's inventory-taking. Look about and study yours carefully. Is the color restful, bright and clean? If the walls are paneled, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they're papered, is the design a worthy background for your furnishings? If you are not entirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create harmonious and colorful. If you do not care to go to the expense of professional labor, you can remove old paint or paper and redecorate the walls quite easily, yourself.

AND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us to see how sincere she was when she said, "If your pictures mean nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with a heterogeneous collection of prints, lithographs and paintings that awaken no response in you. Expensive 'art' is no excuse. Throw it out, too, if you don't feel a little happier for seeing it there."

Here's the way to get your pictures. Go out into the highways and byways—study the pictures you see on display in shop windows and galleries. When at last you find one that you *want* to own, make it yours by hook or crook. You'll find an amazing collection of inexpensive French and Japanese prints, etchings, dry points and mezzotints, colorful illustrations of all sorts, among which there will be some you will want to live with. Buy them, have them correctly framed, and then hang them carefully in the places you feel they belong. Don't worry about the "rightness" of your choice. If your pictures please you, they are "right" for you.

Now, let's sit down quietly and contemplate the windows with Miss Barrett. She says: "Study the view from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are of silk, cretonne, glazed chintz, or any other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in mind: A dark floor and rug, and then more and more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings darker than the walls, without too much contrast."

IF the window is short, a valance placed about a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is so huge that it dwarfs the room, a deep valance from the top of the window will shorten it. If the proportions are good, the most deco-

orative hangings are two straight pieces of material, sewed onto rings, hanging from an ornamental rod, using no valance or edging. If the draperies are arranged on a pull cord, you can do away with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust.

"If you have a superb view from the window," Miss Barrett continued, "don't use glass curtains, but let the hangings suffice. Then, be sure to keep the panes spotless. If there is no worthwhile view, you'll need window curtains, of some soft, monotone material, many shades lighter than the hangings, though dead white is seldom attractive."

The very prettiest glass curtains I have ever seen are those Miss Barrett used in the modern livingroom at the Radio Home-Makers Club. They are made of fine celonose voile, as soft and shimmery as the finest silk. One large, straight piece, about two and a half times the length of the window, is folded over a narrow rod at the top of the window, and then shirred right below the rod. Take one side and draw it down tautly, gathering it on a rod attached to the window sill. The other side is gathered in the same fashion to the other side of the rod, giving a lovely criss-cross effect.

I recommend this treatment with all my heart, for it really adds beauty to the room.

LAST of all, I want to talk to you about something that means a great deal to both Miss Barrett and me—and you, too, I hope. Books!!! To give a room that atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing is so helpful as books—adding color to the room from built-in open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair; between a pair of handsome bookends on a divan table. Don't buy your books "by the yard," according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents only and then set them in place haphazardly, mixing up the various colors so that no one color will dominate. Books you love, books you want other people to love are the sort you want around you.

"Probably the most thumb-worn volumes in my house," Joan Barrett told me, are two copies of *When We Were Very Young*, those charming poems A. A. Milne wrote for his little son, Christopher Robin. There's a copy—where do you think?—stuck down between the cushion and arm of my favorite chair, in the livingroom, and one copy on the night table next my bed. That's 'my' book and it has crossed the ocean several times with me."

I tell you this little story just as Joan told it to me because I want to convey to you the atmosphere of a real, lived-in home she created for me by telling this story. A book down in the side of a chair—just that seems to reveal her home to me.

When you have books around, your friends will browse among them; they reveal you like nothing else will, they help to make friends and they add a touch of reality and beauty to a room which nothing else can impart.

Next month Miss Conradt-Eberlin will tell of her chat with the beauty experts and why they believe personal beauty is as important to the home-maker as beauty in the home. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask regarding your decorating problems, write Miss Conradt-Eberlin in care of Radio Digest, and she will pass your letters along to Miss Barrett to receive professional advice.

Who Killed Dubronsky?

Swamped with a flood of "last chapter" theories the judges were unable to give a decision as to winners of this contest this month. The prizes will be awarded and winners announced in the

AUGUST RADIO DIGEST



PARADE OF

NEWS and Other Items of Interest
About Artists, Announcers and
Programs in All Parts of the Country.

Six O'Clock Finds Nearly All Boston Tuned In

A FRACTION over 96 percent of the approximate 250,000 radio-owning families in Greater Boston are tuned-in to the broadcast programs of the Boston radio stations after six o'clock each evening," according to the interesting statistical information says John Shepard, 3rd, executive in charge of The Shepard Stores Stations WNAC and WEAN, following his receipt of result of the first unbiased radio survey ever completed in the United States. Mr. Shepard continues:

"In the eight years that our stations have been serving the public, there have been many radical changes in programs, music, talent and even in the equipment. All through these years we have been guided, in presenting our programs, only by the letters and requests of a minority group, as to the likes and dislikes of the radio public.

"We have long appreciated the need of some sort of a research to collect valuable facts which would greatly assist our staff in arranging programs to please all the radio audience.

"Recently the opportunity presented itself and the survey was started with a crew of trained, bonded investigators, who came to Boston from an outside city, not knowing for whom they were gathering the data. After two months of strenuous effort, during which they interviewed one out of every 20 radio-owning families in the area comprising 15 miles in and around Boston, their report is now made available.

"As far as we can learn there has never before been a survey of this type conducted anywhere in the country. We were particularly anxious to learn the

approximate number of radio-owning families in this district. The hours when the radio is most popular with the average listener—the programs most enjoyed—the types of programs generally preferred, and comparative figures to determine the high and low peaks of radio reception, were among the outstanding phases of broadcasting which we have endeavored to gather through the radio analysis.

"Compiled at an enormous expense the information which has been made available through the survey throws a new light on many angles of broadcasting, in which we have been previously

guided largely by good common sense and judgment.

"In carrying out their task the research staff grouped the Greater Boston audience into occupational classes—7.96 percent engaged as merchants, professionals, executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, city-living farmers, small business merchants and those retired; 18.90 percent the families of laborers, domestics, clerks and non-employed.

"One especially interesting fact revealed in the study is this: During the evening when there is a wide choice of stations from which to draw, the type of program apparently plays a greater part in the selection of stations than does the station itself.

"Thirty-three percent of those families interviewed expressed a first choice of stations in answer to the following question: 'What broadcasting station do you prefer—that is, if all stations were to be closed except one, which would you choose?'

"It is most gratifying to the personnel of Station WNAC to learn that more than 62 percent of the above group expressed a preference for the WNAC programs while 17 percent spoke in favor of WBZ and WBZ-A, and 16 percent were supporters of WEEI. Miscellaneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll.

"Ninety-seven percent of the entire radio audience is tuned-in to favorite programs of the air between eight o'clock and midnight, the analysis shows. On Saturday evening the audience is found to be 81 percent, which would be about the average for any specific night.

"The early evening audience (that is, from 6 to 8 o'clock), is very nearly as large as when the radio is carrying its peak load. This percentage is 96.29.



Harold Clyde Wright, at present with Roxy's gang, is the most recent of the Radio stars to get a fat contract to make talking pictures.



A jolly group of music makers known to Radio fans as the Merry-Makers. These boys make merry over WBAL every Wednesday evening from 6 to 6:30 (EST). Left to right: Sol Sax (pianist and director); Philip Crist and Edward Jendrek, tenors; Elmer F. Bernhardt and John Hedeman, baritones and Nathan Cohen, xylophonist.

THE STATIONS

INTERESTING PLANS for Future Station Activities. What Artists are Most Popular. Other Facts and Figures



Amateurs in Demand for Radio Entertainers

By Robert Reinhart, Jr.
Master of Ceremonies for the "Checker Cabbies"

A MONTH ago a single column, one-inch ad appeared in the Radio section of one of New York City's evening newspapers. It stated, in simple language, that Radio talent was wanted, and those possessing it should apply to room so and so at a Fifth Avenue address. The following day, the little office looked like the "bread line" in San Francisco after the fire, back in 1906.

Why do we seek Radio talent when there are hundreds of artists available at any Radio station? Why do we delve into the realms of the amateur, rather than the professionals? The answer is—professionals are sometimes too professional. It is a known fact that vaudeville entertainers and the theatrical business, in general, is in a bad slump.

That the talkies have hurt vaudeville and that there are literally thousands of acts that are idle and awaiting booking is a known fact on Broadway. Wouldn't it be easy to grab one-half dozen of these acts, that have been so successful on the stage, and bring them into Radio? What is it that makes a Radio personality so different from any other type of entertainer?

To begin with, as a general rule, everybody prefers the male to the female on the Radio. This is due to the difference in their personalities. A woman's personality is sometimes in her eyes, in her smile, in the movement of her hands, in the changes of expression. A man seldom resorts to these motions or gestures. His personality is usually his voice and so when Radio came into its own, man was at home.

All the pretty smiles and the eye-pleasing ways of the woman were lost on the Radio. Actors and actresses, who have made great successes on the stage, have sometimes proved "flops" or

"busts" on the air program, and until television comes in, they are absolutely "out."

Even Rudy Vallee's voice is absolutely lost on the stage. If you heard him at the Paramount, New York, and happened to be sitting further back than the tenth row, you had to strain your ears to hear him, and at that he was using his megaphone. On the Radio he can whisper and his crooning style makes many a feminine heart leap. David Ross, the small boy with the big, deep voice, sounds resonant and powerful through the receiver and his diction is perfect. Yet, in speaking to a hall full of people, his voice does not carry.

If you go to a show once or even twice a week, you hear a few songs and a few gags and the chances are most of them will be different. Sometimes you hear the same song repeated and you are somewhat annoyed.

On the Radio, you are actually going to two or three shows every night and so before the week is over you probably hear every new song and many of the old ones. But then, you are listening in on the Radio. The second or third week you are just bound to hear the same songs and perhaps some of the same wisecracks. The songs you will forgive but the wisecracks never.

That brings us back to the vaudevillians—they prepare one act, and that same twenty minutes goes on three times a day for as many years as they can get booking. All they have to do is to learn a few little gags and a few songs and they make their livelihood on it for years.

How different is Radio! If you are on a weekly program which is sponsored between 8 and 8:30 every Tuesday, that means that every single week you must prepare a complete new program. Find new gags. Learn and sing new songs. That is one of the reasons why we seek new talent from the ranks of the everyday passerby.

Certain requirements make it impractical for Johnny Doray and Mary Sola to be heard as vocalists on two or three

"One surprising revelation (particularly to broadcasting officials), is that the afternoon audience is larger than that of the morning. While the difference is slight, it had always been our opinion that the morning audience was the largest of the daytime hours. The analysis shows that the after-luncheon audience is 50.63 percent as compared with 45.63 in the morning.

"The research report also revealed that seven percent of the total listeners are tuned-in for the after-midnight programs once each week, and four percent follow this practice twice weekly.

"The report discloses that popular music—that is, dance and jazz selections—are exceedingly popular with one-quarter of the entire audience. However, fourteen percent of the listeners favor good music of all kinds. While thirteen percent chose variety there is a twelve percent group who express a choice for the classics.

"Stories, drama and semi-classical program follow in their order. Sketches, dialogues and monologues are popular with 2.81 percent of the fans, while vocal music and comedy sketches are also in the two percent class. Old-time music shares the one percent class with lectures and talks."

* * *

Two extremes for you. Last Winter Harry Jordan sat in his cabin in the frozen wastes of northern Quebec and wrote to WTIC requesting the dance tune, Turn on the Heat. About the same time Julia Doyle was vainly swinging a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Capers. Both heard one of the Mary Oliver concert broadcasts from the New England transmitter.

* * *

WHAT is said to be the largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for Radio use has been installed in the studios of WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the Columbia Broadcasting system. It is a three manual instrument which is the result of four years of experiment.



The breaking waves dashed high, all right, as Ray Wilkinson and his midshipmen docked their good ship WDEL, of Wilmington, Delaware. We are unable to determine just what sort of craft that is—a gondola or a Mississippi steamboat; but it makes a striking picture anyway.

different programs every week. Of course, this is the musician's harvest. Concussionists, saxophonists, cornetists, pianists are permitted to run from one program to the next, but for these it makes no particular difference. They are good musicians. As the general set-up and arrangement of one band is always a little bit different from the next one they can get away with it.

Good Radio talent is wanted. It is

Fourteen Years Old and a Seasoned Radio Broadcaster

STILL under fourteen and a seasoned Radio broadcaster. That is the record of little Evelyn Rubin, 1206 Hoe Avenue, the Bronx, New York. Recitations and dramatic readings are Evelyn's specialties; and it is said that her character studies and poems are so well told and in a voice so remarkably musical and resonant for a child of her age that she has become a favorite.

Starting as a talented child often does, by surprising and entertaining her parents and relatives by her recitations and mimicry at home, Evelyn Rubin, when barely nine years old, made herself famous in school for her dramatic ability, taking parts in plays and entertainments. However, it was not long before her talent was recognized as not being ordinary, and a relative, realizing this, brought her to the attention of the National Voice Forum.

A teacher in this school arranged for young Miss Rubin to recite before a large audience at the Labor Temple. This proved to be the first step towards the actual recognition of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn received a scholarship to study for two years at the National Voice Forum. While attending this school, Mme. Bell-Anske, one of her instructors, wrote a series of plays for children. These were performed at the Hekscher and Klaw theatres, New York, with Evelyn taking the leading roles. At the end of this two-year course, the faculty decided to allow Evelyn to remain at the school for further instruction for as long a period as she desired without cost to her.

It was while she was studying at the Forum that Evelyn became interested in Radio work, and applied for an audition at WPCB. Her audition proved satisfactory and she was given a half-hour period on the air for poetry recitals. While on WPCB, she was invited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broadcasting stations led to broadcasts from WMCA, WJZ, WEA, WGBS, WKBQ and WCDA, New York.

Just before her eleventh birthday, Evelyn was selected to play the part of "Lena" in "Playing With Love," the play by Arthur Schnitzler which was presented at the Cherry Lane Theatre by the Players' Cooperative. This was the first time she had ever appeared with a professional "grown-up" cast. She was the only child in the play, taking the part of a little Viennese girl of her own age. Her performance was reported by the newspapers to have been without the slightest appearance of nervousness, her tones well rounded with a keen feeling for the dramatic meaning of her lines.

Although her life thus far has been quite different from that of the average youngster, Evelyn's parents never allow her professional interests to interfere with the normal home and school train-

needed. New ideas are required but remember, it has taken many years to build the theatre, and Radio with its over-night mushroom growth has done pardonably well. Television, of course, will change the color of the entire situation but I have reason to believe that television will not be practical, for general purposes, for at least five years, which brings us to the conclusion that we have a lot to do before 1935.



Few youngsters can boast a record comparable to this little girl's. She is Evelyn Rubin and at fourteen has broadcast over eight stations—WEAF, WJZ, WGBS, WKBQ, WCDA, WPCB, WABC, WMCA. She is besides a junior member of Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre Group.

ing the average little girl of her age receives. Until she was eleven, Evelyn attended school in the Bronx. Last year her mother engaged a tutor for private instruction; but this year she is attending the Professional School for Children in New York.

Evelyn's chief worry now is her middle name which is "Stella" (a name not to her liking) and her red hair. When interviewed, Evelyn revealed that her ambition was to be a dramatist, and with the good start she has already made, it is most likely that her dream may some day be realized.

Evelyn Rubin is now thirteen years old. She is actively engaged in Radio work, and besides is the youngest member of Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre Apprentice Group.

Osborne Has Wide Musical Experience

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a featured guest artist on Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family" broadcast, is a native of Toronto where his father is a well-known organist and teacher. Mr. Osborne received his education both general and musical, in that city and is a graduate of St. Andrews College there.

He began his musical activities by directing the college band which is noted for its excellence. Mr. Osborne has had an eight-piece orchestra for several seasons and has attained considerable success throughout Texas, the Middle West, Canada and also abroad, in Germany. He has only been singing for the past four years and his work is very similar to Rudy Vallee's—in fact, eighteen months before Vallee first came to Broadway Will Osborne was touring the West and Canada with a similar organization and interpreting modern melodic themes in the Rudy Vallee manner. For the past six months he has been making an enviable name for himself on Broadway.

Mr. Osborne not only has a voice of great clearness and range but is also a professional pianist and drummer. He is an exclusive Columbia recording artist and is the composer of many successful songs of which the two most popular are perhaps "Beside an Open Fireplace" and "I Know We Two Were One." He is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outposts

RESIDENTS of the Magdalens, a group of islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence more or less cut off from regular channels of communication, particularly during the winter months, are now getting a daily news service through the Radio department of the C. N. R. Each afternoon these people, who total about 8,000 and whose principal occupation is fishing, receive a summary of the Canadian press bulletins broadcast through CNRA, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Man

GUY FRASER HARRISON, although he serves in no emergency military organization, conductor of the Rochester Civic Orchestra, has earned the title of "Minute Man." There's a reason. Not long ago he went to Buffalo on personal business and left on the return trip to Rochester several hours before he was scheduled to conduct an important commercial program in the Sagamore Hotel Studios of WHAM. A few miles out of Buffalo he noticed that his oil pump was not working properly and, being an artist rather than a mechanic, returned to the Bison City.

The difficulty was repaired, and once more the shores of Lake Erie were left in the distance. Rain fell, froze on the windshield, covered the roads with ice, and Guy Harrison, sliding from one side of the road to the other was forced to drive cautiously. The miles slid by, practically speaking, and the hours slid with them, the time for the important program drawing nearer. As the clock said seven-fifteen, William Fay signalled for silence in the studio, turned on his "mike," and launched into his opening announcement. As the closing words of his discourse reached the air, Guy Fraser Harrison slipped into the room, dropped his driving gloves, raised his baton, and with the opening chords of the overture, a sigh of relief went up from all concerned.

New Schedule of WJSV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few weeks has undergone radical changes. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from their new studio suite located in the Doniphen Building, King and Columbus streets, Alexandria, Virginia, that quaint and historical old city just a few miles out from the national capital. For lo! these many years Alexandria has been a mecca for tourists. Much of the younger life of George Washington was spent in the old city's quiet precincts. The placid Potomac in which he fished and went swimming washes the shores of Alexandria. A very short distance away is Arlington Cemetery and the historic Lee mansion. But, says J. P. McGrath, manager of Station WJSV, the bulk of the visitors these latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station.

"Our new schedule," says Mr. McGrath, "calls for the opening of the morning program Monday through Saturday at 9 a. m., concluding at 1 p. m. Then we resume our broadcasting at 2 p. m. and continue straight through until the sign-off at 11 E. S. T.

A Glimpse Into the Radio of Tomorrow

OBSERVERS of broadcasting say that the day is not far distant when countries will be exchanging microphone artists in much the same way that institutions of learning are opening the doors for students of other nationalities. They point out that the extended and intensive study of short waves is but an indication of the efforts of a desire to further international good will.

New Yorkers, they declare, are fortunate, because the metropolis is the mecca of every ambitious artist; that real talent always finds its way to that city, and that it never lets go of them until their usefulness is gone.

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the flames of every novice's ambition as well as that of the more mature broadcaster. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of the compensation paid to Radio stars. This is partly responsible for the rush. Fame is another agent and so is the desire to study under internationally known teachers with studios in the big town.

WOR gets its share of the incursion. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, who for three years was the staff mezzo-soprano of WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MENGELBERG, director of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, the oldest symphony in America and one of the oldest musical organizations in the world with a continuous history, is another of the internationally famous conductors to be heard on the Atwater Kent hour.

A native of Holland, Mengelberg displayed such musical genius at the age of six that he was entered as a music student in the Cathedral school of his native city of Utrecht. He wanted to be a pianist but this ambition was submerged when he became, at the age of twenty-one, musical director of the City of Lucerne, Switzerland.

In Lucerne he conducted orchestras and choruses, taught music, composed and did all sorts of municipal musical chores. He returned to Holland to become conductor of the Amsterdam

Concertgebouw orchestra which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic organizations of the world.

After service in Hamburg, London, Paris and other European music centers, and as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony orchestra. When that organization merged with the Philharmonic he became one of the conductors and later its principal director.

Visitors Entertained at N B C Studios

Special to Radio Digest

NEARLY everyone who visits the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company for the first time, is amazed at the number of people actually present within the studios to witness important broadcasts.

Those familiar with Radio at all have come to regard a studio that is "on the air" as a double-barred, sacrosanct chamber where even angels fear to tread.

"How is it then," they ask, "that witnesses are permitted inside while some of the biggest programs are being staged for networks from coast to coast?"

The answer is simple—a usual Scientific preparation.

Individual stations, as a rule, do not permit visitors to penetrate within the actual broadcasting studio even during purely local programs. In most cases they provide comfortable reception rooms for the friends of the broadcasters, and sometimes even install sound-proof windows so that visitors may look in without disturbing the artists.

But their studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York headquarters. Here provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the entertainment they were paying for. And with the sponsor, some of his directors and even a few friends must also be accommodated.

So there was nothing for it but to work out a method of accomplishing this without sacrifice of quality on the air.

First, a lavish reception floor was fitted out just for visitors, and double-plate windows with air space between looked down into the studio without permitting a sound to penetrate inside. But this only provided for casual visitors and friends, and did nothing to solve the more important problems of arranging for witnesses inside without danger to the program.

IN DESIGNING the studios, plenty of space had been allowed beyond actual requirements, thus making physical allowance for "supercargo." Still, the engineering problem remained.

So acoustical engineers went to work. Theirs was the task of plotting sound-characteristics of the rooms, and attempting to discover which parts of each studio might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rustlings or scraping of feet reaching the sensitive "ears" of the microphone.

The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "pulse" of every inch of floorspace inside the studios, and marked those portions which had best be reserved for performers and orchestra, and those parts of the room which were relatively "dead" to seat an audience, if audience there must be.

Then special drapes were hung around

the audience space to make these sections still more sound-absorbent, and the experiment was made. A party of sponsors was admitted, and by the exercise of ordinary care, did not cause an extraneous sound to reach the microphone.

Gradually the practice was extended, to admit the chosen few who had access to those who could secure them the prized cards of admission. Now an audience is present at nearly every big broadcast, and special steps have been taken to regulate the impossible number of weekly applications for room inside.

It is not uncommon to seat as many as 400 people in the studio during the broadcast of the Palm Olive Hour and programs of that nature.

But all temporal dimensions of space have their physical limits, and the size of the studios after all automatically regulates the number of those to be admitted.

Comes to WTAM Direct from University

WHEN it comes to playing music for Radio broadcasting, Emerson Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WTAM, should be in a position to speak with authority. For there are few dance bands which have put in more hours in front of a microphone, or have been heard by more Radio listeners than Gill's.

Beginning way back in 1924 when Radio was looked upon by most people as the mystery of mysteries, and when chain broadcasting was yet unheard of, Gill has been playing regularly, season after season through Cleveland stations.

He came to Cleveland direct from Ohio State university with one of those collegiate bands. Gill is an outstanding example of the modern successful dance band leader. A few years ago it wasn't necessary for dance musicians to know much about music. Jazz was a sort of haphazard affair that depended largely on its novelty to go over.

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the Toledo Symphony orchestra. Virtually all of his men could today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of this in first rate fashion.

The backbone of the Show Boat orchestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, baritone and guitar player, and Gill recently celebrated their fifth anniversary together. Five other members of the orchestra have been with Gill more than three years, and the rest of them for two years.

The winners of the Amos and Andy Radio Digest Contest which has attracted much attention these last two or three months, will be announced in the August issue. Be sure to get your copy and read the results of this most interesting matching of ideas on what the two colored buddies would say to another under various circumstances. Amos and Andy—read about 'em in the August Radio Digest.



Youngsters of station WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla., enjoy a real sho' nough circus. Here are the elephants, the camel, the big tents and the animal keepers, and we have no doubt there are plenty of peanuts and red lemonade in the offing.

In Behalf of Butter

By C. B. Kingston

EVERY day from 12:45 to 1:00 o'clock the listeners to station WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota, hear the voice of D. B. Gurney, familiarly known as "D. B." in the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and parts of Wyoming and Montana.

Says John de Pagler of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, South Dakota: "The territory covered by WNAX is largely dependent upon the dairy industry. In our efforts to increase the sale and consumption of butter we are broadcasting unique programs over WNAX.

"About seven weeks ago D. B. viewed with some alarm the decrease in the price of butter-fat and butter. Realizing that if this decrease continued, it would hit the prosperity of the Middle West quite severely, he started a series of talks, choosing as his topic, 'Butter Is Better.'

"This series of talks was an experiment, but D. B. hit the nail on the head and the dairy industry, represented by the farmers and creameries of the Middle West, urged him to continue his talks along the same line. Nothing loth, D. B. hammered away, urging people to use more butter, urging the farmers to deliver cream in better condition to the creamery, urging the creameries to make better grades of butter.

"The results of this campaign were quickly felt. In a short time no less than five hundred towns reported that butter sales had soared.

"WNAX organized the 'Butter Is Better' club and are urging listeners to become members and pledge themselves to banish butter substitutes from their tables and their stores. Dairymen pledged themselves to improve conditions on their farms; to improve sanitary conditions around their dairy cows and separators, and in delivering cream to the creameries, and are undertaking to deliver cream of low acidity and high quality. The creameries are competing

with each other to manufacture butter with a score of ninety-two or better, and with all, the effect of this campaign has been most valuable.

"We are putting on two fifteen-minute programs from WNAX between 1:00 and 1:30 every day except Sundays, featuring two of the progressive creameries who are helping WNAX to fight for better butter and less butter substitute. These programs consist of old time music, put on by an organization which we know as 'The Hired Hands.' It consists of Happy Jack O'Malley, old time fiddler; Hazel Olson, at the Baldwin piano; Oscar Kosta, of the Rosebud Kids, on the banjo; Harry Brown, with a mandolin or guitar; and, quite frequently, John Jensen comes in with the fiddle.

"Harold Clark, manager of the WNAX hatchery, sings specially written songs and usually your correspondent joins in with him and everybody has a good time. On one occasion, we had the Gurney quartet. It consisted of D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Company; Chandler Gurney, secretary and treasurer; Charles Gurney, advertising manager and purchasing agent, and E. R. Gurney, the WNAX Philosopher—with 'yours truly' leading the quartet."

Goldsmith Has Prepared for a Radio Career

A SON of the Middle West, Lee Goldsmith, General Manager of Station WCKY, Covington, Ky., bids fair some day to win a coveted honor, the medal awarded yearly by the American Academy of Arts and Letters to the best Radio announcer. Goldsmith already has been nominated for the competition won last year by Milton J. Cross, and Goldsmith's friends believe that another year or two will see him at the top of

the ladder to his chosen profession—Radio executive work.

Unlike the majority of Radio executives, Goldsmith prepared carefully for his career before he entered the field. He received his A. B. degree at the college of Emporia, Kansas, and took a special course in public speaking at the University of Cincinnati.

Then located in a small town in Kansas, he listened to virtually every station in the country over a period of several years, before going to Denver, where he walked into KFXF, hung up his coat and told the proprietor he was going to work there.

Denver listeners liked Goldsmith, but Goldsmith preferred Cincinnati, where he had passed many enjoyable months as a student, and one day he received an offer from station WSAI. He came on, and was employed; but the station was sold a few days later, and Goldsmith lost the opportunity to settle there.

A year later a new broadcasting station was constructed in Covington, Ky., and opening night, last September, found Goldsmith in charge, although identified on the air only as the "Kentucky Colonel."



Charles Onan, Station WDAY, Fargo, past master on the guitar.



Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Loew's Theatre who broadcasts a daily organ recital over WFJC between 12:30 and 1:00 p. m.

Skillful Organist at WFJC

WE ARE indebted to the Kentucky Blue Grass Region for many things—the fine horses, the good liquor and the charming and accomplished women. Among the last named include Miss Estelle Ruth, organ soloist and accompanist, who broadcasts daily over WFJC, Akron, Ohio.

True to her Kentucky birth and rearing, she loves her husband, home and children first. But to these she adds her professional love of music and is enthusiastic in her broadcasting of church, theatre and Radio music.

Withal, Miss Ruth finds time between her two jobs of homemaking and broadcasting to play around with her youngsters, of whom she is justly proud.

College Boys Run KOB

By Louise Rutz

THE most powerful college or university broadcasting station in America is operated and announced entirely by college students. Under the guidance of a faculty director, Prof. Evan Carroon, who is also head of the department of electrical engineering in the college, students of State college, New Mexico, compose the entire broadcasting staff of KOB.

The station has four licensed operators on the student staff, one first commercial, one second commercial and two broadcast limited license holders, with an operator and assistant operator on duty whenever the station is on the air. The chief announcer, as well as the four operators, is a student in the electrical engineering department. Of the five additional announcers, two are women who put on special features of interest to women. One of these young ladies is a senior in the college home economics department. Announcers are selected by competitive trial in which a board, composed of members of the faculty, act as judge.

Students are, of course, paid for their services and thus enabled to earn a portion of their expenses or to add to their spending money while in school, as well as to their knowledge and experience. Marshall Beck, chief announcer, and Harry D. Pickett, chief operator, both seniors in the school of engineering of

the college, have paid expenses through school by their service with KOB.

The Radio staff members are also active in student affairs. Marshall Beck has been for two years business manager of the student newspaper and student leader in the band; Harry Pickett is a football letter man; Albert E. Coldwell, another operator, is president of the honorary engineering fraternity of the institution; Hart Tolbert, assistant announcer, is student athletic manager; and other operators and announcers hold other student positions.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

in our May issue together with an elaborate write-up. But we'll probably have something else to say about them later.

Selecting another letter from down in the pile, we find that Miss Mildred Drabek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., heartily approves of the cheerful and merry manner in which Everett Mitchell of Station WEWR does his announcing.

From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Hvass, giving her highest approval to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, which she considers superior to any artists on the Radio.

And so on, *ad infinitum*. The pile of ballots increases daily, and with it increases the pile of letters accompanying them. Picking a favorite from the hundreds of Radio artists is not always an easy matter. There are so many artists at each station, and so many stations. One must exercise a considerable amount of judgment and selection to decide upon a favorite artist or program. But the Radio public is willing to take the time to do it, apparently; to decide upon its

favorites and send it its votes that those favorites may win the Meritum Diamond Contest Award. Let the nominations and the votes come right along!

Miss Usselman a Favorite Over WDAY

TALKING pictures disclosed new fields of activity and endeavor for thousands of players. For thousands of attaches of many picture houses it meant the losing of one's job. Particularly was this true as regards the pianists and organists in the movie houses. Pictures—the silent ones, that is—had depended so much on the skill and talent of the organist! But in one fell sweep, with the coming of talking pictures, even the most skillful lost their positions in most cases.

There was one young organist, however, out in the Northwest who did not lose her place at the Public Theatres at Moorhead and Fargo, North Dakota. And that was Miss Eildegard Usselman. She is one of the few who were retained. It is said that the reason for her remaining at Publiv was simply that her audience, who had come to look for her excellent thrice-weekly broadcast over WDAY, would not hear of her leaving. Formerly Miss Usselman was a pupil of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ever since the inception of WDAY, however, she has been broadcasting. That was eight years ago, and her "public," which is invisible but none the less real and discriminating, enjoy her more every day. Too bad they cannot see her! We think you will agree that it would add to the pleasure of listening to her.

Of course, one can't judge absolutely from a photograph, but we'd say off-hand Miss Usselman is a symphony in blue and gold!



You are now looking at an accomplished little performer on the organ over Station WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota. She has won an enthusiastic audience by her noonday and Sunday night concerts. Part of Miss Usselman's training was received at the hands of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ralph Elvin Disclaims All Special Talent

IT IS too bad Diogenes is dead. That wise old Greek philosopher, who used to travel up and down waving his red lantern and broadcasting his quest for an honest man, should be alive today. Because if "old Diog" were among those present, he could end his search. He would need only to knock on the door of Radio station WKBF, in Indianapolis, and ask for Ralph Elvin.

Radio announcers are supposed to be a temperamental lot, especially those who are addicted to sport broadcasting. 'Tis said they love to tell, in interviews, about how hard they worked to develop their "technique," of the fierce struggles they endured while climbing to recognition, and how they "love their art." But when the interviewer leaves an opening of that kind for Ralph Elvin, of WKBF, all the reporter hears is a jolly "horse-laugh."

"O, ye-e-ah," says Elvin. "Well, as for me, that stuff is the bunk. I got into Radio announcing by accident. I haven't any special 'technique'—wouldn't even recognize a good one if I met it on the street. And while I 'love my art,' it is the nice fat little checks that keep the love-fires burning.

"Luck, that's all. My first appearance was by accident. It took place about three years ago when a banker friend met me on the street and asked me if I would go to a fight that night and read an announcement for him over the Radio concerning the R. O. T. C. I said I would. The sport announcer for the station broadcasting the fights let me do it, then remarked that I had a good Radio voice, one of those harsh ones, I guess, that the microphone picks up easily. He asked if I knew anything about boxing. I confessed that I did, and enjoyed fights. He said he hated them, and would I like to come down the next week and assist him. I 'lowed' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away suddenly from the ring. He said: 'Here, take this and go on.' Just like that, with no warning. There was nothing for me to do but start talking. For-



He claims he got his Radio start by accident, does Ralph Elvin, expert sports announcer for WKBF, pictured above.

tunately, I didn't get scared until later, when it was over. But some people listening, liked my line and wrote to that effect. Since that night I have sat at a ring-side, somewhere, at least once a week.

"So it was all luck, as you see. First, reading that announcement; next, having a voice that carried, and third, being lucky enough to have people like my stuff. The last part still is the big mystery to me.

"My football announcing started the same way.

"So there you are. Luck, first, last and all the time." * * *

Mart Hays of Portage, Wisconsin is a proud man—proud because one of the country's greatest men has recognized his, Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, known in those parts as Si and Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fiddlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resin.

WTMJ's Shopping Guide Aid to Purchasers

WHEN Miss Milwaukee and her mother plan a shopping tour they tune in first on the WTMJ Radio shopper, on the air from 9 to 9:30 each morning, for advance tips on where to go. Busy housewives and frivolous daughters cannot be expected to spend an entire day hunting the marts of trade for bargains. Instead the wise ones tune in on the Radio Shopper and learn just where things may be obtained at moderate prices.

With pencil and pad the fair sex hugs the Radio, prepared to jot down the desirable bargains and places where they are to be had. Perhaps daughter needs a new permanent. The Radio Shopper mentions several shops where she is sure the work is excellent and the rates reasonable. Maybe mother is in search of a new frock or a winter coat for which she has just a certain amount to pay. After listening to the WTMJ Radio Shopper she sallies forth to get what she wants.

The Radio Shopper even offers invaluable aid in meal planning. Mother tunes in on the bargains in fresh vegetables, fruits and rare fowls. She steps to the telephone, takes the Shopper's suggestions and the articles are delivered.

Hundreds of letters are received by WTMJ's Radio Shopper each week from women who tell her how much she has helped them with their shopping problems. Listeners over The Milwaukee Journal station who do not live in Milwaukee are privileged to call or write the Shopper and she will do all their purchasing for them.

In her daily rounds of Milwaukee's smartest shops, the shopping reporter has an opportunity to observe and forecast newest fashions. She predicts that with the new feminine styles and sweeping skirts, short hair is really doomed. A few smart young things may cling to their shorn locks but they will soon be won over to lengthy tresses, she says for the bobbed head is slightly incongruous with the fitted, formal frocks which spell 1930 chic.

The keynote of all her findings is that it's smart to be feminine. Women are once more reverting to laces and lingerie touches, ruffles, flares and flounces. The styles have more individuality today than ever before, for each woman expresses her own personality in her apparel.

For evening WTMJ's Radio Shopper predicts a gorgeous formal winter of rich, costly apparel and stunning jewels. Evening gowns will be decidedly decolette and hems will sweep the floor all around. Gloves, an indispensable accessory of the new mode, are smartest when they match the evening gown. Richly trimmed wraps, or wraps of costly fur will be seen at all smart gatherings.

"Be ornate, be feminine, be individual and you will be chic and charming in 1930" is the advice of the Radio Shopper.

* * *

The Radio Joy Boy who announced for WIL some time ago is again scheduled on programs at that station. Billy Lang is well known in theatrical and vaudeville circles and worked for several years in the team of Lang and Ray.

* * *

Episodes of Winnie and Bert, heard from WHK Saturday evenings, tell a story of two young people which measures up admirably to the drama of everyday life. These numbers are written and directed by Gordon Higham.



"Now do an' you spill dat gingah ale!" admonishes J. G. Patterson to Billy Banks in their weekly skit over WHK, Cleveland. To the Radio audiences these two blackface performers are Pop and Fizz.

R. W. Emerson Plays

Hugest Pipe Organ

WLS Instrument, Larger Even Than Mormons' Mighty Organ,
a Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Instrument



The Versatile Roy Cowan has many things to occupy his time. By profession he is an advertising man.

WFAA, Dallas, Has Staff of Accomplished Artists

SOME men are camera shy who have no cause to be. Others are all too anxious to have their faces shown when there is really no particular reason for it. Adams Colhoun, popular announcer at WFAA, belongs to the former class. He has had only two photographs taken in the last eight years. One is reproduced herewith. The other one was taken in 1922 on the occasion of the birth of WFAA at Dallas. He may be camera shy, but the mike does not seem to worry him, does it?

Composing the Bel Canto Quartet, masters of harmony, at WFAA, are an undertaker, a surgical instrument worker, an optometrist and a full-time musician. In the order named they are Fred Shelton, first tenor; T. K. Johnson, second tenor; Marcel Jones, baritone; Martin Thomas, basso. Their diversity of activities does not prevent their being in perfect harmony when it comes to broadcasting. Ask anyone who listens to the programs over WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

With WFAA also is Roy Cowan, who is said to have one of the most pleasing Radio voices in the Southwest and to have a recognized dramatic ability. Mr. Cowan, special announcer over WFAA, has charge of the commercial programs. By "trade" he is an advertising man. His decided leaning towards dramatics has been shown in the performances of the Dallas Little Theatre for several seasons. Between times he finds opportunities to direct WFAA's Southwestern historical dramas every Tuesday night. Then, of course, there is some routine announcing thrown in for good measure.

* * *

A philosopher said,
The discontented man can find no easy chair.
Be seated, won't you?

THE world's largest pipe organ, played by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is being heard in daily programs over WLS each afternoon, except Sunday, at 2:30 o'clock. On Sundays the organ is heard in a classical concert at 3 p. m.

Located in the Chicago stadium, the mammoth organ, exceeding in size even the noted instrument of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, possesses several striking characteristics. Its six manuals and 864 stops are built into a console weighing ten tons. Five separate organs with a central mixing room are suspended among the steel beams of the Stadium's roof, 91 feet above the floor. Between the organ lofts and the console a distance of nearly half a city block intervenes.

A volume equivalent to twenty-five brass bands of 100 pieces each is the possible output of the Stadium organ. Every known musical instrument, from an ancient Egyptian oboe down to the modern saxophone, has its tone represented on the keyboard combinations. A

unique system of communication, perfected by T. L. Rowe, WLS engineer, enables Emerson to hear the microphone's output of music and to talk with the monitor operator at the same time.

If you can imagine a score or more of brass bands crashing out the same tune at the same time, blended into a perfect harmony so that you think it is the music of one band only, then you can grasp somewhat the terrific volume of melody that pours from this gigantic instrument at WLS, Chicago, with R. W. Emerson at the keys.

Among the features Emerson introduces into his programs is a trip through "Pipeville" in which novelty effects of the organ's combinations are used.

New Program Over WJDX, Jackson, Miss.

MUCH local talent has been developed in the Radio world since WJDX, at Jackson, Miss., went on the air December 9th. Two new local programs of interest were recently added, the newscasting twice daily of the Jackson Daily News, and the weekly health talk on Saturdays by Dr. Felix Underwood, director of the state board of health. Local music and dramatic organizations are given every opportunity to appear before the microphone, developing many embryo artists. One night a week is devoted to talent from the four colleges within an eight-mile radius.

* * *

Ray Martinez, diminutive director of KFVB's concert orchestra and a master of the strings, has had Cecil Crandall, his first violinist, with him during the past twelve years. When the two team up in a violin duet there's a harmony that echoes more than a decade of unbroken comradeship.



The Fine Quarters of WOAI, San Antonio, Tex.

Adams Colhoun, sometimes known as the Voice of WFAA, was not aware that this picture was "being took." It is just as well for Adams is notoriously camera shy.





A featured item on WSM's Golden Art Hour at Nashville, Tenn., is this fifteen-piece orchestra known as the Golden Artists who, every Wednesday evening at nine present a series of the latest dance numbers. It is said that this orchestra is so up-to-date that the dance pieces heard over it frequently are heard for the first time by the listening world.

Didn't Know He Could Sing

By Marigold Cassin

ONCE again the old story about "hiding your light under a bushel" has been revived. Radio is a great little field for that sort of thing, you know. Consider the things checked against us in the way of saxophone players, mouth-harp blowers, and sopranos; not to mention the spinsters who are telling mothers everywhere how to raise their children. All of which has nothing to do with Paul Feddersen.

WOC found him in Belle Plaine, Iowa. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feddersen of that city, and probably did the usual things when he was a youngster. He went to Iowa University and to Northwestern, and all that sort of thing, and had the idea that he was going to be a jeweler, once upon a time. But all of that is changed now.

When the Central Broadcasting Company assumed the ownership and operation of WHO at Des Moines, and our own WOC here in Davenport, it became necessary to add various members to our staff. That's where this chap Feddersen came into the picture. And the best part is that he was really hired to announce, and nobody knew he could do anything else. We realized that he had a most pleasing baritone speaking voice, and promptly let it go at that.

He'd been with us for about three weeks, perhaps, when a letter commenting on some program or other, found its way to the head office, by virtue of a paragraph which read, "If that is the Paul Feddersen from Belle Plaine, why doesn't he SING?"

That seemed worth investigating, and what a lot that investigation disclosed! Here, in our midst we were harboring a future celebrity, if we were to judge from things he had already done. For that baritone voice not only speaks, but it sings! The interview brought to light the fact that this most modest young man had been seriously studying voice for about eight years, first with one of Iowa's veteran teachers, Ernest A. Leo, and now with one of the most sought after instructors at the American Conservatory in Chicago, Elaine DeSellem.

In the National Federation of Music Clubs Sesqui-Centennial National Contest in Philadelphia, in 1926, he walked off with third place in the baritone class . . . quite a victory for a youngster only twenty years old, competing with singers from all over the country. In 1927 and '28 he won first place in the Iowa State



Paul Feddersen, who sings as well as announces.

Atwater Kent Audition. In 1929 he sailed out and came back with first place for Iowa in the National Federation of Music Clubs "Young Artists Contest." Land knows what he'll do in 1930!

Be that as it may, that's probably enough about what he's done. It's what he is DOING that probably concerns him more, right now. That sympathetic quality he has in his voice has made him popular with our elderly fans, who dote on having a boy whom they can "adopt" into their homes. And, as you can guess from the photo, there are reasons why he should be equally popular with the younger set!

"The Memory Book," broadcast at 3:45 CST on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, features Mr. Feddersen's pleasing baritone, and you are most cordially invited to tune in, and meet him!

Instructs Announcers

VOICE quality may prove the key to success, in the opinion of Virginia Sanderson, head of the speech arts department of the California state teachers college in San Jose and part-time instructor in speech at NBC, San Francisco.

"We all know that personality plays a large part in the winning of success," Miss Sanderson points out. "After all, voice is no mean part of personality and to it we can lay many failures as well as successes."

Virginia Sanderson has undertaken the instruction of Radio announcers of the National Broadcasting company staff in San Francisco. Each week Miss Sanderson devotes 45 minutes to the NBC announcers, giving them instruction in speech with stress laid especially upon diction, pronunciation and tone.

"Radio is shaping the speech of America," Miss Sanderson insists. "It is the medium which will give us a universal American tongue replacing colloquial English. That is my chief reason for becoming interested in Radio."

One of the most popular year 'round featured programs from KNX is the Sunday afternoon concert sponsored by the Los Angeles Park board.



Radio Takes a Ride

(Continued from page 51)

Oh, yes, I mentioned up above that Mrs. Taylor is now sold on the idea of Radio ala motor. Here is how that happened!

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to Chicago within the two-hour space occupied on KYW by Hallowe'en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSDT) the old buggy blew a condenser in the distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

I left the car standing and the Radio going and Mrs. Taylor listening, while I hiked into town to wake up an ignition man. When I finally returned and told the lady that we would have the car towed into town and take the train to the city, she smiled.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "I must get into Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-fox scarfs, Hallowe'en Martin just told about over the Radio. They are on sale today only, she said."

And thus Radio going bye-bye took my pocket book for a ride because it told the missus how to go "buy-buy."

It's all very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the cowl, but the time is coming when we will have to build in the television screen. Where, oh, where shall we put it? There must be room for at least one more opening on the dash. It should be convenient for the driver so that he can keep one eye on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 18)

to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a page of Literary Digest figures and tried to them them aloud. I couldn't pronounce thirty-four thousand. . . . It came fifty-thour houand, or hirty-four thousand. I developed a pronounced stammer. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist for service in China or some place. The army didn't answer.

* * *

Well, at 5:30 Monday afternoon I started for the broadcasting building. I developed a hard cough. Just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drops. The clerk kept saying, "What, sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What, sir?" I said: "Cough drops." He said: "I can't understand what you say."

* * *

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops so a clerk can understand me AND I AM GOING INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE." But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors. I ate them all on the elevator going to the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was very annoying. Messrs. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palmolive hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear.

* * *

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Philbons . . . Mr. Gibbons . . . Mr. Phillips?"

Mr. Phillips: "A man said 'he can't be the Palmolive hour. The Palmolive hour

is in Room 786 playing poker.' Then it all flashed over me. I said I made a mistake. I am not the Palmolive hour. I am the Volstead Amendment. I have been hired to give the returns in the billion mallet—million ballot, I mean, vote on whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop Cannon. They said: "Why didn't you say so in the first place." I said this is the first I knew of it.

The Court: "Go on in your own way, Mr. Gillips."

Mr. Phillips: "Well, four men came for me and led me down a narrow corridor to a dark chamber. One of them said: 'This is the room.' They gave me a lot of instructions and signals. A fellow named Torgerson threw a switch. He talked like a man at the bottom of a well. He said: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear from one of America's great department stores . . . Mr. Hi Gibrilips.'"

The Court: "And then what?"
Mr. Phillips: "That's all I remember."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 49)

Thraff Willyczynski's would be all pitted and pocketed with hidden cubbyholes; he'd create himself a dwelling like an old cheese. That's just what he's done here. If, of course, if the 'dangerous man who would balk at nothin' is Thraff Willyczynski . . . or even his ghost."

Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway, waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

"A COUPLE of you come along with me and witness a signature," he invited them. "I've got Andregg's full and detailed confession."

Paul Savoy tossed up his hands hopelessly. Blount and Temple were speedily following Gateway to the other bedroom.

The two looked wonderingly, in silence and not without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven ways. Andregg was in truth broken; an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone from him.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gallows-bird," said Gateway, flamboyant again on the scene of his dominance, "and you're back in heaven. Sign; these men will sign, and you'll be floating on nice white clouds again with all the little birds singing."

Through Andregg's eyes they could see his spirit grovelling. "Just a scratch of the pen, and you get what you want," laughed Gateway, whose bright, hard eyes, wide awake to so much, were stone blind to anything piteous and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign swiftly enough. Gateway unpocketed and tossed to the bed a small packet . . . the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a long, quivering "Ah!" What though he had signed his life away? He had his drug.

"HE'S happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "if you run an eye over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do meantime. I'm off for a look at my pal Dicks."

He took the paper, folded it nicely and put it into his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on

Dicks. The others glanced at Andregg with mingled feelings. He lay back on his pillows, his eyes closed quiet now and composed. They left the room in silence.

"Gateway is pretty much the brute," observed Temple, "but he knows his business."

Paul Savoy looked up with eyes full of disgust as they returned.

"Well?" he demanded of them. "I suppose he had his way and forced the poor devil to sign a page of lies!"

"Yes, he put it across. Andregg admits everything."

"Naturally! Lock a drug addict up, shut him away from his drug, reduce him through hours of torture to a state bordering on insanity. Dictate anything you like, then ask such a man to sign it and of course he'd sign."

"You're inclined to be rough on Gateway, Savoy. Oh, he's a roughneck and a tough specimen, I admit; I guess further a man has to be who's in Gateway's trade. But the confession is genuine enough; the definite detail of it proves that. Gateway's got the right man."

"FINE!" cried Savoy, astonishing them, and sprang to his feet! "Finel And of course Gateway has the million dollars now?"

"He has not, but will," snapped Temple. "Andregg explains that, as he explains everything else. He got the money, but he was foxy and tied it up with a handkerchief, and threw it as far as he could from his window, out into the snow. It would be simple enough to get it later, when the trouble blew over; if even he waited to spring and a thaw, or to full summer, he'd get it all right."

"I like the idea of tying a handkerchief about it," smiled Savoy. "Did he say if he chose one with his initial, or at least a laundry mark in the corner?"

"Don't be . . ."
"Oh, I'll try not. But let's go on. It'd be interesting to know just how Gateway and Andregg worked out the disposing of the two bodies!"

"His confession leaves no loophole of doubt," said the captain stiffly.

"Oh, certainly not! . . . Well, well. And, of course, Gateway the thorough didn't forget, did he, that article which Andregg was seen to snatch up from the floor besides Parks' body?"

"It was something which Andregg himself had dropped in his attack on Parks and . . ."

"Not a cuff-link, by any chance?" asked Savoy innocently. "Not a link of watch chain or . . ."

"IT WAS a fountain pen," snapped the captain. "A rather peculiar affair which would easily be identified . . ."

Savoy jumped up, laughing. "I've got a hunch now; a wild, wild hunch. But I'm a fond lover of the long shots of life. Come along with me; let's see if by any weird chance there's anything in it. I don't promise, this time, nmind you."

Captain Temple, always interested in Savoy's odd moments, went with him with never a word, the sergeant bringing up the rear. The way led straight to Mr. Nemo's room from which Dicks had been removed to more satisfactory quarters. Savoy was almost running by the time they got there. They were stopped abruptly by Mohun standing guard at the broken door.

"The master is returned," he said curiously, seeming in some strange awe. "In his bed. He sleeps. I cannot wake him."

"Drunk?" was Temple's harsh expression as he looked upon the sleeping Mr. Nemo.

"Looks like it. Dead drunk!"

Savoy came close and for a moment looked down on the white face intently. Mr. Nemo seemed scarcely to breathe. Savoy bent closer; he even caught up one of the lax hands, seeking the pulse. There was but a faint flutter.

"**DRUGGED!** Get him out of bed; jerk him out! To his feet, man; walk him up and down. It's poison, all right; an overdose of opium or something of the kind. Mohun, get some strong black coffee, quickly. Of course he'd be drugged; like Mohun was when we had such trouble waking him, only Nemo's had a bigger, more dangerous dose. On his feet with him; keep him moving. Work his legs; his arms, too. Try to encourage respiration," Savoy instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen steadily, merging slowly into the deepest of all comas."

Mr. Nemo's secretary returned with a cup of steaming liquid.

"Here, help me get a bit of coffee down him; then we'll walk him again. He's pretty far gone, but we can pull him through yet."

"I'd like to know how you know it's opium or morphine or that sort of thing?" said Temple between whiles.

"What else should it be?" queried Savoy. "What with Andregg's drug on hand, what also with Nemo's own stuff . . ."

"You mean he's a hop-head, too?"

"The use of the drug is common in the East as you, a great traveller, know better than I. You know also that there they remain masters, not slaves, of the dream-stuff. No, I don't say that this man is a hop-head; that would be to put him in the same category as poor Andregg. But he uses it, of course. . . . How else was he so quick to guess Andregg's secret!"

"You mean . . . you don't mean . . ."

"**WHEN** you hectoring Andregg at the table, demanding to know his secret, asking what it was that he had picked up by Parks' body, you will remember that Mr. Nemo invited and secured a private explanation? Easy enough, since already he knew! He had but to whisper in Andregg's ear, 'Opium,' and Andregg was ready to tell him. That made them akin . . ."

"But it was a fountain pen!"

"Cuff-links and watch-chains!" snorted Savoy contemptuously. "Not to say ships and shoes and sealing wax!—Here, let's take shifts at this business; we're likely to be a long while."

They kept no track of the time but knew that it was a long, long while before consciousness returned to their patient. Still they walked him up and down; they had the windows wide open by now and the wind blew freely across them, stinging them with cold yet filling the room with tinglingly fresh and vigor-inspiring air. They heaped overcoats upon Mr. Nemo's wiry form; they enveloped him on top of all that in blankets; they marched him on and on and still on.

When at last, certain that victory had been won, they allowed him a brief rest, letting him sit on the edge of the bed from which they meant to snatch him into action again at the first sign of any relapse, all eyes focused on him full of question. And they were met by a look in his eyes which was like a mirrored reflection of their own: Question.

HE BEGAN speaking sharply, addressing Mohun in a tongue unfamiliar to all save these two. With a first sudden evidence of muscular strength Mr. Nemo whipped up his two hands and

began tearing away the wrappings in which he had been swathed. Swiftly he bared his chest; his hands slipped down, inside his shirt, to his waist. A look of fearful rage distorted his features.

"It is gone!" he cried wildly. "The flower of Heaven is gone!"

They sought to remind him that he had told them that he had not brought the Flower of Heaven with him; he swept their words aside, he sprang to his feet; tossed out his arms; sent a shrilling voice to ring throughout the old house. Then all of a sudden he collapsed, dropping back to the bed, his face hidden in his shaking hands.

"It is as the master says," said Mohun. "The Flower of Heaven is gone. The master wore it about his body. Desecration has happened. He has called out the Curse of Curses. The man who has dared shall die!"

"What I want to know," announced Temple impatiently, "is how Nemo was spirited away, or if he went of his own volition. And how he got back, evidently without having anything to say in the matter himself."

"**EXACTLY,**" said Savoy with his queer smile. "He was drugged, of course. How? In the wine he had at

True Adventure

AN AMERICAN orchestra leader of national fame was picked for a victim by a murderous gang of racketeers. He was to be held prisoner with the suggestion that the Radio listeners should ransom his life for \$20,000. The plot failed. The name of the leader and complete story will appear in the

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RADIO DIGEST

his bedside; just as Mohun was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and carried hence, my dear captain. Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it's quite simple, you know."

"There are times, Savoy, when I could strangle you with all the joy in life," said Temple. "Simple? Hmf! Who in the world . . ."

"You'll remember, my dear sir, that I've warned you once or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the concealed chamber? Dicks and Mr. Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed."

Mr. Nemo lifted his ashen face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking questions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Chee-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eyes.

"In my own country," he said coolly, "I have had some experience with cunningly contrived hiding places. Mohun will look as I direct him. If there is anything, we shall find it quickly."

"There's a door of some sort," said Savoy confidently. "That you will find it so readily, I doubt. Why, man, it would take a full convention of architects to gauge the possibilities in that direction of this crazy old building! You'd want a week to measure, to gauge thick-

nesses of walls and widths of halls and rooms."

"**P**ATIENCE, if needed, shall not be lacking," Nemo promised.

"An insane man," resumed Savoy, meditatively, "with the cunning to construct such a mechanism, would want something complicated. No, I doubt if you'll come at his secret at all . . . unless you use an ax on walls, floor and ceiling, as we've used it on a door or two. And, with a little patience all this havoc becomes unnecessary. We're not far from the answer to all our questions; why not sit down and wait?"

"And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. "With, as you more than hint at, a murderous mad man running wild? How do we know what will happen next?"

"We cannot even guess . . . unless, of course, we use our wits."

"Do you mind telling us what that means?"

"Of course," Savoy laughed at him. "Captain Temple's treasure, the Seal of Napoleon!"

Temple ripped out a thoroughly hearty oath.

Stephen Glask

(Continued from page 17)

onds with uplifted eyebrows, she failed. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, biting her lips.

"I want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments. I should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was overwhelmed with a sheer flood of eloquence. At last the young man paused for lack of breath. His assistant, a son of his predecessor, was listening, rapt in admiration.

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

"**Y**OU have bought just what you wanted, and you have given no more for anything than you would have done at the Stores," the young man replied, with conviction. "Don't you bother any further. I'll see that you get the things all right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month."

"I pay all the household bills on Monday mornings," Eve explained.

"Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the golf tournament to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?"

She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer—only it didn't seem to produce in the least the same effect.

"I always go to the golf tournaments," she answered coldly.

The young man nodded.

"They've asked me to play," he remarked.

"Are you any good?" she inquired a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently.

"Fairly so," he replied. "I very nearly went in for being a pro."

She abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are horribly stuck-up about their golf, and the two Sinclairs always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclair?"

Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who is the title holder."

"We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.

"Well?"

He looked steadily into her eyes. Eve felt her cheeks burn, and snatched up her gloves from the counter. "Good morning, Mr. Glask," she said. "Please see that the things are delivered today."

"And thanks ever so much for the order, Miss Malcolm," the young man replied, briskly. "Hope to see you again soon. If I play in the golf tournament I promise you I'll do my best."

EVE and her brother exchanged stealthy glances—then they laughed. Sir Austen seldom laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The young ironmonger had beaten Sinclair with great ease. He was now walking round the ground with Evelyn Randale, the vicar's daughter, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion.

"I don't know what we shall do with your young ironmonger," Sir Austen declared. "I expect we shall end by asking him to dinner."

"My young ironmonger, indeed?" Eve returned, indignantly. "I like that! Who found him first, I wonder, and sent him to the house?"

"I never told him to give you golf lessons," Sir Austen protested. "I simply sent him to acquaint you with the price of oil."

"He's sold me more than we can use for three months," Eve murmured, weakly; "told me the price was certain to go up."

Once more their eyes met, and once more they laughed. Then Stephen Glask strolled up to them.

"I kept my word, you see, Miss Malcolm," he remarked.

"I noticed it," she admitted.

"Thank you so much. You see, as I told you, I nearly became a golf pro instead of an ironmonger. By the way, there's a matter about one of those safety lamps, Miss Malcolm, I should like to explain to you. It's a question of wick."

Sir Austen turned away. His sister hesitated for a moment, but finally remained.

"A question of wick?" she repeated, demurely.

He looked at her with a smile which she was beginning to find delightful.

"After all, need we bother about that?" he begged. "I am a privileged person for this one afternoon. Even Mrs. Randale has shaken hands with me! Couldn't we sit down for a little time over there?"

She glanced toward the seat. It was in a shady spot and had an air of seclusion about it. Really, the whole thing was too absurd! Lady Riverstone was watching, and Austen, and—

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered, "if you want to. I don't know that anything much matters."

AUSTEN MALCOLM and his sister dined tête-à-tête that night. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and flowers and glass. Eve wore always a low necked dress, and her brother seldom descended to the informality of a dinner jacket. The butler was assisted by a footman and the trimmest of parlor maids. Nothing was scamped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family of real antiquity, believed in themselves and in the things which they represented. Even Austen, with his Fellowship at Oxford, his long and leisurely travels across the world, believed in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion.

Dinner was concluded with the service of coffee. The servants left the room.

Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey terraced front, across flower bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm, and the moon was shining from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

"With reference, my dear Eve," he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, "to this young ironmonger. You will not mind discussing him with me for a moment or two?"

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he was somehow conscious of the deep flush which had stolen into her cheeks. She bent over her finger bowl. Her eyes were very bright. She was perhaps angry.

"THE fault, of course," he continued, "was entirely mine. I have been sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me to myself. He really was irresistible. He criticised the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the same breath. He put me in such a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was trying to sell crockery to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutely humorous."

She suddenly looked up at him.

"But is it funny, after all?" she demanded. "Why is it funny? Why should we conclude, because he is a tradesman, that—that there is humor in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He talks as though his education were equal to ours—"

"And he has a price list of saucepans in his pocket," Sir Austen interrupted, "which he is perfectly willing to discuss with anyone likely to become a customer, at any moment."

Eve sighed. Her own lips were beginning to quiver.

"He certainly does seem interested in his business," she admitted.

"He is one of the over-developed products of our modern system of education," Sir Austen remarked, didactically. "He represents just a foretaste of the difficulties with which the next generation will have to grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be kinder—you understand me, I am sure, Eve—if we were to abandon, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man. To put the matter plainly, I think it would be better if he were kept in his place."

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless.

"I have no doubt that you are right," she said, calmly.

"By the way," Sir Austen continued, "Hensham is coming down tomorrow for the week end. You will be glad to see him?"

"Of course," she answered.

She flitted away into the gardens, a few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose gardens to the laureled walk bordering the path which led to the hill, and at the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting.

She hesitated when she saw him and glanced half fearfully towards the house. He vaulted lightly over the iron railing, however, and she had no time to retreat. She looked at him for a moment. She was half fluttered, half frightened. She was frightened because she had come, frightened because she had wanted so much to come.

"Mr. Glask," she protested, "you mustn't come in here—you mustn't, really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry."

STEPHEN GLASK looked puzzled. "But why?" he asked. "I have been to your house before as a guest. Why should I not be here now? I want to talk to you. I have something to say—indeed, I have something to say."

Once more she looked nervously behind. The figure of the young man stood out so boldly in the soft, clear twilight. He seemed to have no idea of concealment—he did not even lower his voice. There were two alternatives before her. One was to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house and run; the other to take that little turning to the left and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel bordered path. She hesitated; so once did her great namesake.

"Please come!" he begged, suddenly lowering his voice. "Won't you?"

She forgot altogether that she was a Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They passed down the sheltered walk, between the rose bushes and the drooping lilac blossom. She was ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was leaning over so that his lips almost touched her hair.

"I think," he said softly, "that you are the sweetest thing that ever breathed."

His fingers clasped hers.

"You mustn't!" she murmured. "Oh, please don't! I—I trusted you."

He released her at once.

"But I love you," he whispered. "Don't you know that?"

For a moment she was angry—angry with Fate, herself and him.

"You must not talk like that," she declared. "You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you."

"Because I am an ironmonger?" he asked, with a slight twitching at the corner of his lips.

"Yes!" she answered, fiercely. "Because—oh! how dare you be an ironmonger!"

He laughed outright. This time she was really angry. She slipped along a dark path, and before he could pursue her she was on the lawn, the center of a little halo of light streaming out from the house. For more than an hour Stephen Glask remained lingering in the shadows.

But Eve did not return.

Hensham arrived on the following evening, and at dinner time they talked about books. In his way he was a very important person—editor of a well known review and reader to a great firm of publishers.

"Enderby's the man my people are going for just now," he remarked, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. "Of course, theirs is the commercial point of view, but I must say that for once I am with them. I find his novels the most interesting fiction of the day."

Sir Austen nodded approvingly.

"Enderby writes excellent English," he pronounced. "His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike."

"THAT'S because he's so thorough," Hensham continued, cracking a walnut. "A month or so ago we had a tremendous discussion on the effect of a sense of humor upon instinctive and hereditary snobbery. Enderby had a theory of his own, and he was so keen upon it that he has buried himself somewhere in a small country town, turned himself into a tradesman—an ironmonger, I believe—to make experiments. That's going into the thing thoroughly,



isn't it?"

There was a brief but very intense silence. The brother and sister sat looking at one another.

"Does Mr. Enderby—play golf?" Eve asked, calmly.

"Rather!" Hensham replied. "He was champion of Middlesex. I really wonder in what part of the world he's hidden himself. We shan't hear a line from him till he turns up with his new novel."

Eve rose slowly from the table and made her way through the French windows and across the shadowed lawn to the laurel walk. At the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting. He stepped forward to meet her eagerly.

"So you've come after all!" he exclaimed. "I am to be forgiven, then?"

She gave him her fingers and smiled sweetly into his face.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that it is snobbish to keep you out of sight because you are an ironmonger. You can come and sit down with my brother and his guest and drink port with them. Then if you have anything to say, later on—well, he can listen."

Stephen Glask moved forward readily enough, but he was puzzled.

"I hope Sir Austen won't be rude to me," he ventured, with obviously affected uneasiness.

Eve drew a little closer to him.

"It depends," she said, demurely, "upon the effect which his sense of humor may have upon his inherited and instinctive snobbery."

Will Rogers and Mike

(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't 'xactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and they want to be entertained. But on the Radio, besides them as really wants to hear you, there are some that just about dare me to entertain 'em. So you get all sorts of people on this microphone idee."

SEVERAL months ago Rogers said that there wasn't enough money to make him give a series on the air, although, of course, he had made a good many single broadcasts . . . one of which a remote line was even strung to his former home and a mike placed in the library.

So I thought we ought to find out why he suddenly changed his mind. "I'll tell you," he readily said. "You know those isolated talks of mine were all right, but not for a regular diet. You know, if I talked about subjects of the day, same as I do in my little newspaper pieces, I'd have to talk about prohibition, the senate, disarmament conference and tariff every week. People would soon get tired of that.

"That's why I never wanted to give a long series. But one day I got the idea of giving a series on personalities. You know some folks would like all of the talks and others would like some of 'em. I liked the idea and sold the scheme to a sponsor for the series. That's all there is to it."

But we left him rehearsing his act . . . a trifle nervous and fidgety. Six-twelve, Pacific standard time, New York signs over, the loud speaker in the studio over which he has been hearing the initial part of broadcast is silenced, the red light flashes . . . instantly Will is all attention.

He keeps the lid on all the time during the talk. At the very beginning it is pulled down to the eyeglasses. Gradually, as enthusiasm increases, the brim gets pulled up in front . . . in back, too . . . finally it assumes a rakish angle and totters on one side. Some day I'm afraid he will toss it up into the air when he gets excited.

On goes the talk . . . he looks at the clock . . . he glances at his watch . . . head nods or shakes as he wants to give especial emphasis to some point . . . gives a couple of schoolboy gestures by way of variety. Pretty soon the talking is over and he calls it a day . . . rushes down to the car and back



home to take his shoes off and lounge around the parlor until bedtime.

I think Rogers' Radio technique is a little different from most others. He only makes his notes and talks from those. A carefully prepared message would be stilted and would sound unnatural. His first instinctive thoughts are the best. If you hear him pause, and say "er-er" a couple of times it isn't because he is trying to make you think it is ad lib stuff; it really is.

WILL apologetically explains why he does this radio stuff for a living. "Just a racket, young man," he says, "a nice, genteel racket. You know I'm just trying to get along"—whereupon he goes home, clips a few more coupons, and chews more gum.

While he still persists in saying he is never nervous on the air, the plain truth of the matter is that he is. We may as well forgive him his microphonitis—even the mightiest suffer from it. I think if the truth were told neither does he like the people to peek in through the window. "Makes you feel like some sorta wild animal on exhibition," mutters Will.

What does he look like? Well, it wouldn't be Will Rogers without a bow tie. Then there is the soft felt hat. Old, I'd call it, but I suppose he has another at home . . . dark grey suit . . . clean shirt with attached collar . . . no vest . . . swallows hard and tries to look dignified as a plush horse, but totally without success . . . tugs at hat brim to pull it down over eyeglasses.

Is Will Rogers a bit temperamental? Yes and no. What happened to his efforts at phonograph recordings or electrical transcriptions when he walked out of the recorders, well, that's just another story, and it doesn't have anything to do with this brief narrative. There must be two sides to the situation. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperamental, as some believe.

But I think what some people believe is his temperamentalism is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him continuously chew gum? He doesn't get any more for it. The gum people have already paid him for the testimonials. He doesn't have to endorse the gum and then chew it all up to earn the cash. I think it is because it relieves a certain amount of tension, occupies his time and acts as a sort of sedative, just as stale tobacco smoke soothes the nerves of some others.

This bit of nervousness, to my mind, is an integral part of his makeup. Without it, perhaps, he wouldn't be Will Rogers. So it doesn't seem to me to be temperamentalism, but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants people to like him, and the fear that they may not keeps him on edge at times.

I don't think, either, that he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the lessening of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

OF COURSE, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engagement on the old Hammerstein Roof garden in '05, and his many years with Ziegfeld's Follies, as well as writing, lecture and picture work.

Many of the old-timers of stageland never quite get over the feeling that Radio is a young upstart. Although the Rogers family doesn't do so very much listening to broadcast programs, still I don't think the head of the clan is antagonistic towards it.

As a matter of act, now that he has a receiving set both at the rancho and in the bungalow at the hotel, Will is getting to be something of a fan. He didn't listen in often until he "discovered" Amos 'n' Andy a few weeks back.

"Do you know," he says, "I listen to those two boys 'most every time they are on the air now. They have a human touch and the gags they tell are not forced ones . . . just a couple of ordinary individuals."

How much does he get for these weekly broadcasts? Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask him. My guess would be about \$5,000 for each 15-minute talk, and how it must hurt him to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he uses for a memo and these are not written out at length. This apparently means that when the sponsors announce that they will have the entire series available in booklet form that stenographers have been taking down his remarks at the other end of the line and the publishing will be done in the east.



"This here six o'clock isn't so good on the Pacific coast," vouchsafes Rogers. "Of course, it's ten o'clock on the Atlantic coast, and maybe that's a bit late, just as six is early here. The Midwest, where it is eight and nine o'clock, gets the best break."

This plain-spoken philosopher upsets KHJS administration whenever he is on the program. Scores flock to the building, but seldom get a glance at the famous personage, for he gets there early and stays a few minutes late. Only a handful can glimpse into the studio via the medium of the curtained glass panel in the portal.

THAT his audience in and around the Southwest wants to see him at the microphone, and that the switchboard of KHJ is swamped with calls when he is on the air is pretty sure proof of his continued popularity. His fan mail is prodigious. It comes from all sections.

I venture to assume the role of prophet just long enough to foresee that Rogers' present series, which will just be coming to an end as this gets off the press, will be a revelation to the sponsors, to the chain network and even to Will himself.

His Radio talks seem to have struck a popular fancy, even more than his daily writings in the newsprint. I don't mean by this that anybody could take his newspaper pieces and speak them over the Radio and get away with it. Not a bit of it.

The thing that gets Will Rogers over on the broadcast racket is not entirely what he says. It is just as much how he says it . . . the very evident sincerity, the spontaneous way he has through it all . . . the instinctive mannerisms that all geniuses are supposed to, and do have . . . and the fact that, no matter how wordy he may get, there is always a message of genuine sympathy and human understanding.

It's all right with us, Will. Lock 'em out of the studio, jot down notes on the cuff of your best shirt, chew up all the gum on the market, get temperamental or not, as you wish . . . and scratch the ear all you want to.

There will only be one Will Rogers . . . just as history will record only one Al Jolson, one Lydia Pinkham and two Smith Brothers.

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

directions, too. And that same year he assumed the conductorship of the New York Symphony Society—a post he held with unique success for forty years.

The rest, of course, is history. The leadership of Wagner's operas was relinquished a few years afterward and from that time on, until 1926, he devoted all his efforts and zeal to the New York Symphony Society. His achievements as conductor of this orchestra were many.

He gave the first American performances of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, of Tchaikovsky's Pathétique Symphony, of Wagner's "Parsifal," in concert-form (the last act of which was sent to him in manuscript as a gift from Wagner), Mahler and Bruckner, symphonies of Vaughan Williams and most of the "moderns."

He was the first American conductor to receive an invitation from a foreign country to bring his orchestra abroad—and his overwhelming success in Paris and London in 1919 clearly showed that he was now a world-figure in music.

He was the first composer to create an intrinsically American opera, The Scarlet Letter, based upon Hawthorne's celebrated novel. He was the first conduc-

tor to penetrate into the West with his symphony orchestra, in an attempt to spread good music among those aborigines—and although he often encountered disagreeable incidents such as the one in Nebraska, where an interested music-lover in the balcony insisted upon spitting upon the bald heads of the bass players, his trips were successful and it was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer to accost him at the end of the program, as one did in Fargo, North Dakota, and express his enthusiasm in these robust terms: "God dammit! I don't know why I like this music—but I do!"

But whenever Damrosch is asked what his greatest distinction is, he will smile sweetly and simply answer: "My wife, Margaret, of course—the daughter of James G. Blaine, the great American statesman—my friend and advisor for more than thirty-five years!"

DESPITE the fact that Damrosch treasures leisure above everything else in the world, he is really a thoroughly busy individual. He arises at 7 o'clock each morning (it is a lifelong habit with him), takes a brisk walk from his home at East 61st Street, New York, to and through Central Park for a full hour, indulges afterwards in a hearty breakfast and a thorough perusal of the "New York World," and then, at nine o'clock precisely each morning, he is ready for the day's work.

First of all there is the mail to attend to and despite the fact that he receives something like 10,000 letters each week he reads them all assiduously and personally answers those that require reply.

Then there are the musical manuscripts to look through; hundreds of them come to his desk each week from aspiring young composers who seek criticism, advice—and recognition. At 11 o'clock each morning Damrosch receives his morning callers.

Sometimes they are interviewers, journalists, newspaper reporters who question him on every existing human problem; sometimes it is a representative from the Society for the Promotion of Peace, seeking his co-operation; sometimes young composers come to him personally with their many problems; sometimes publishers, magazine editors, solicitors, authors seek endorsements or other favors. The most frequent visitors, however, are young musicians who want to know just how they can become orchestral conductors.

Once there came to Damrosch a very young man who was eager to learn the secret of great conducting. Damrosch took his baton from out the bottom drawer of his desk and handed it to the young man. "Beat $\frac{3}{4}$ fast time," Damrosch told him. The young man waved the baton in mid-air to imaginary strains of a waltz. "Now beat $\frac{4}{4}$ slow time." Once again instructions were followed. "That," announced Damrosch, "is all there is to it. Only," a mischievous light glowed in his eye, "don't give away the secret to anyone!"

At another time, a potential Stokowski confided to Damrosch that he sincerely felt that he had all the qualities that go to make up the great conductor.

"Have you ever conducted, my young man?" Damrosch asked.

The young man shook his head mournfully.

"Then how do you know that you possess those enviable qualities?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders lightly. He had seen—and heard—Stokowski, Toscanini, Koussevitsky, Damrosch, Mengelberg time and time again and he felt, after watching them, that he too was blessed with some of their talent.

Damrosch looked at the young man

for a few silent moments. At last he spoke:

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen orchestral instruments?"

"No," answered the young man promptly.

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen with thorough mastery?"

The answer was just as prompt: "No."

"Have you mastered harmony, counterpoint, theory, orchestration?"

"Not yet."

"Do you know the classics so well that you can almost reproduce them note for note upon paper from memory?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then," Damrosch announced, looking for all the world as though he were about to make a most momentous announcement, "I guess you have all the requirements necessary for a great conductor!"

MORE often, however, Damrosch answers these young men soberly. "Study your music thoroughly with a view towards becoming a composer rather than a virtuosi. When you have mastered every phase of your technique then go to Europe and try to get a post on a small orchestra—it doesn't matter how small or insignificant the orchestra is. If you have a spark of greatness in you, leave the rest to time. A man of talent cannot possibly remain obscure for a long time in this glorious age of ours!"

Afternoons are spent in quiet study, in reading prolifically and, a few days a week, in rehearsing the orchestra of the National Broadcasting Company for the coming Saturday night program. Evenings are invariably devoted to the theatre, to concerts, or at home with agreeable friends.

But all work and no play certainly does not constitute Damrosch's daily program. During the winter, Damrosch's favorite hobby is to build elaborate pasteboard houses, designed, decorated and executed by himself. When he was a lad of eight he built a miniature Wagnerian theatre upon which puppets enacted the entire "Rheingold" while he, hidden, played the piano part. His cunning with, and his enthusiasm for, the pasteboards has not disappeared with the years. Just last winter Damrosch spent six full months in constructing an elaborate pasteboard home, a miniature of the home that he is having built for his family on Long Island this spring. During the summer his play brings him out-of-doors—and his hobby, then, is gardening. Although his mansion at Bar Harbor, Maine, is fully equipped with servants and help, he himself attends to all the gardening—of which he is as proud, if not prouder, than the sum total of his musical accomplishments.

BUT, of course, his great passion remains music. His tastes are very catholic. He confesses that very little music beyond Wagner and Richard Strauss gives him any happiness—although he was the first to introduce most of our "modern" works to American audiences. However, he does believe implicitly in the talents of such younger men as George Gershwin and Deems Taylor. His greatest admiration among virtuosos is Arturo Toscanini—and he is purposely making a trip to Bayreuth this summer to hear Toscanini conduct "Tristan."

Oh, yes!—he has one other profound admiration: the former President Theodore Roosevelt, who was his best friend for twenty years. And he will often say that if Beethoven had lived in our time and had dedicated his "Eroica" Symphony to Roosevelt instead of to Napoleon, he would never have had to tear that dedicatory page.

Voice of the Listener

Listen to What the Public Wants

It is an undeniable Fact—which must be acknowledged by the Radio broadcasting interests—that many sponsors of commercial programs are deserting Radio as an advertising medium or publicity stunt, because they do not receive adequate returns from such a campaign to justify the heavy expenses.

The solution to this problem is not hard to find, providing one is analyzing the proposition. No doubt everyone knows that a business man or enterprise advertises to create first of all Good Will. That this is not accomplished by many of the Radio features must be realized, and is realized, if not by the advertiser and Radio company, surely by the Radio audience which constitutes the potential consumers of the advertised product. The Radio powers that be seem to think that the public will accept anything and be thankful for it. The truth is, however, that the public is getting tired of certain aspects now dominating sponsored programs.

Let us look the situation over. For instance, take the average sponsored program. Is it fair to the advertiser and sponsor to use up the valuable time by ballyhoing a theme song of some talkie, in which perhaps the Radio financiers are interested? Do the Radio people think the people are so dumb that they can not see what is going on, and that the Radio company is playing the sponsor for a sucker?

A certain Hour is even going one better. The orchestra leader, who is a favorite with the public, is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has to advertise the songs he wrote and claims to have written, he has to advertise the phonograph records he made, and he has to put in a good word for the talkie he participated in, etc. Now the public is getting tired of hearing that stuff week after week, and at the program sponsor's expense. That is one of the reasons why the sponsor does not get the expected results. It is bad enough to have advertising talk of the sponsors, although a reasonable amount will be accepted, but it surely is bad policy to fill up those announcements which do not refer to the sponsors with sub-rosa advertisements in discrimination to the sponsors.

That the wishes of the public are considered of no importance is fully proved by the fact that no attention is paid to certain requests.

Certain Radio officials say that the selection of program material is under the jurisdiction of the directors, leaders and artists. This makes us believe that selection of their business policies must be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys.

Mr. Radio Program Sponsor, you pay good cold cash for your programs and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Station Operator, you pay good hard cash to your artists and orchestras and therefore have the positive right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be in a position to give to the public what "it" wants, and thus make a genuine success of your programs by securing national good will.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

Too Much of Amos 'n' Andy

I am a reader of the Digest and it is my favorite Radio book. So wish you would please give us more reading and photos of Gene and Gren, Jake and Lena of WTAM. They are real artists. We are having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. I have met many people that have said this. Therefore this request.—Margaret Runylow, Hazel Park, Mich.

Boys Are Poor Showmen

Why is there so much of Amos 'n' Andy—Amos 'n' Andy? If they are good, I don't know good from bad. Such poor showmen. The only people I ever see listening to them are some poor farmers that do not know what humor is or some foreigner just arrived in this country.

We have wonderful artists on the air. Why not give them some publicity. Gene and Glenn, WTAM, Cleveland; Bundy and Tanner, WGHP, Detroit, or Dr. Baker (Norman Baker), KJNT, Muscatine, Iowa. If they go in pictures (Amos 'n' Andy) it should be silent ones.—Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich.

Service to Mankind

I consider KFKB worthy of much commendation for the wonderful service it is giving the people of the Middle West through the generosity and big heartedness of Dr. J. R. Brinkley, who is the owner of Radio station KFKB. Through his

Medical Question Box over the Radio Dr. Brinkley is giving the greatest possible service to mankind—that which relieves pain and suffering, oftentimes both physical and mental, for this splendid doctor not only ministers to the ailments of the body, but to those of the mind as well when troubled with doubts and questions that worry.—Mrs. Louise Wiechelmann, Hastings, Neb.

Rates First Three Stations

Received the March number of Radio Digest. So many interesting pieces in it, lots of spice, too. I think Station WLW of Cincinnati, Ohio, gives the best programs from the first to the last number, or at least I find them so and have heard others say the same. WENR comes in next and next WGN.—Mrs. Ada M. Hunter, Moline, Ill.

Votes for Pictures, Not Fiction

I enjoy your magazine very much. I hope you will have pictures and writeups of the entire studio staff of WENR. I am certainly going to try not to miss a copy of Radio Digest, and please have plenty of pictures as we can get plenty of fiction from any magazine.—Mrs. L. L. Stoneking, Hannibal, Mo.



Have you ever wondered who the artist is that does the cartooning and caricaturing for Radio Digest? You see him here—Xavier Cugat. The lady is Mrs. Cugat.

WENR Broadcasts Personality

When one listens to music or entertainment of any kind and can't see the actors one at least likes to visualize them as real honest-to-goodness people—not mere automatons.

While other stations have good programs you have to hand it to WENR for being ahead of any of the rest when it comes to putting real personality on the air.—Mrs. W. W. Flinn, Terre Haute, Ind.

50,000 Watts for Popular Stations

Nine out of ten stations bang away with this popular dance music and it really gets monotonous day in and day out. Practically every station on the air has it, but only one station has ole man Henderson, KWKH. Most chain stations are cursed and damned in this community because of their classical, "high brow" features. I think all of the ten most popular stations should be given 50,000 watts power if they want it and permit no other station to use that much. This would give stations something to strive for.—Gerald D. Bettelon, Dayton, Ohio.

New Member of V. O. L. Club

I have been a reader of Radio Digest for a long time and please put my name as a member of the V. O. L. club, as announced in April number. WRUA and WJSV are my favorite stations. These two stations are, I think, the best two on the air.—Anthony Arsenault, Prince Edward Island.

W. K. Henderson Had the Nerve

I regard Station KWKH, Shreveport, of which W. K. Henderson is announcer, as by far the most popular station in the world. His fearless stand against the chain store and his station dedicated for the cause of humanity is something no other station had the nerve to attempt.—Mrs. E. M. Offutt, La Monte, Mo.

Many Years of Value Lost

Have always been a hot Radio fan, but until I heard of Radio Digest over KMOX I never had taken much interest in Radio newspapers. After obtaining a copy of your wonderful paper, feel rather ashamed to think that I allowed so long a time to elapse before buying it, as now I am able, with the help of your paper, to arrange my programs ahead of time, and feel that I have been introduced to the Radio artists, which makes the air concerts much more interesting.—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

Always Depends on KOA

KOA, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon at practically all times. I say "all times," that means any time after 5:30 as we cannot get any of the American stations till about that time. Occasionally we can get them in the morning till 9 a. m., but very seldom. KOA is one of the few stations that does not do too much advertising. Advertising before and after a program is alright, but this everlasting advertising between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a person tunes in a station of that nature they generally tune out directly they find out what it is all about.—Margaret Harrison, Glenleub, Sask., Can.

Your Favorites Are Promised

I am a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and enjoy it heaps. I understood that we were to write and tell what it was we enjoyed most. I enjoy more pictures and less stories. I have been making a scrap book, and find Radio Digest affords me heaps of pictures for my book, as well as reading about the different Radio artists. I have made it rather broad in stating my likes and dislikes. Hoping you won't be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone cannot be choosers. But I really find it much more interesting to have more pictures of Radio artists.

I read in the Digest where you wanted us to write in what we enjoyed in the Digest, and to express our ideas. Hoping others will have had ideas perhaps similar to mine. Wishing you the best of luck and success in the future.—Miss Madalyn Weaver, Bethany, Ill.

Finds Log Indispensable

I have been a subscriber to Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broadcasting. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the call letters of a station, but, by referring to the Official Call Book and Log and noting the frequency the station broadcasts on, it can be identified. The pictures of Radio artists and short accounts of their accomplishments helps to make reception more interesting and gives it a more personal "touch." When television comes into general use it may change this feature to some extent. In order to get the most out of Radio I cannot get along without Radio Digest, "The National Broadcast Authority."—Harry Nisely, Edgar, Neb.

We'll Talk to WTAM Chief

In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, and to say we enjoyed it would be rather a shallow statement. Through it I have found many interesting artists and announcers that I did not know of before. It also gives us many pictures of our friends of the air.

WTAM, at Cleveland, to us is the greatest station on the dial; not only is it the most powerful, but always has the finest programs from its home studios as well as those it brings from NBC network. I certainly would enjoy some photos of some of WTAM's announcers in Radio Digest. They surely have carved a place in our hearts and home that time shall not erase. In closing, may I extend my best wishes to Radio Digest and its staff.—Mrs. J. Davis, 1130 E. Pershing St., Salem, Ohio.

Another Call for WTAM Pix

How about a glimpse into the studios of WTAM with a few pictures, for instance, those of Gene

and Glenn. Note there have been plenty of same showing those of WENR and WLW of late, but not a one of WTAM.—W. G. Woodruff, Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

We'll Have to Ask Marcella

Have been taking the Radio Digest most a year now, and have enjoyed reading it very much. Has been very interesting. Would be very glad to see and hear more of WEAJ artists whenever you find space for them. Also their popular announcers, Pat. Kelly, Geo. Hicks, J. Young, Kelvin Keach, Ed. Thorgenson, Ford Bond, Alvin Bock, and may I ask, what has become of Frank Vallin and Kenneth Weir? I never hear them any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cheerio" and all associated with his morning broadcast, also Major Bowes and his family.

The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be more so if we could see and hear more of the artists we listen to.—Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletown, Conn.

* * *

Marcella Says, "Thank You, Thank You"

Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. Marcella's department containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appreciated by me, and I am sure by all others who have learned to know the different artists, and, although this is the first time I have ever read Radio Digest, I assure you I will be a constant reader from now on.

I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have more personality than any artist I have ever heard over the Radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with deep interest. Certainly would like to see pictures of them, and hope they will appear in an early issue. Can photographs of the WENR artists be secured by an individual, and, if so, how may they be obtained? [Ed.: Afraid not.] Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interesting magazine, and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 4226 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

I like the Radio Digest better than any magazine we take. Couldn't enjoy my Radio properly without it to tell me about the artists, announcers, etc. With best wishes for your continued success.—(Miss) Sue Dickerson, Lexington, Ky.

* * *

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Radio Digest. It is the best Radio book on the newsstand. I can hardly wait each month for it to come.

WLS is our favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the reason why we like WLS. I have a grudge against WENR for taking WLS's time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS has the best programs on the air—something different besides the same old jazz music. There is plenty of that anyhow. I wonder why WENR didn't attack WGN instead of WLS. Their programs aren't any good. WENR sure makes a poor station to help the farmer. Farmer Rusk ought to be put off the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. Well, if they do, I wish them all the ill luck any one can wish them. All our friends think just the same as we do.—Pete Lund, 321 22nd Pl., Clinton, Iowa.

* * *

For Five o'Clock Hawaiians

I am writing to tell you how I enjoy your magazine. I like the stories and enjoy seeing pictures of the Radio artists. I wish you would print the picture of the Five o'Clock Hawaiians of WLW. I have often wondered what they were like.—Nellie Macy, Carthage, Indiana.

* * *

Help to Working People

I find most all the stations very good and a great help to us poor hard working people. We are generally too tired to go out of an evening, and have very little money to spend on pleasures. Yet we can sit at home in an easy chair and enjoy a good piece of music or a good story dramatized, and in the daytime, when we women folks are at work in our home we can tune in and have good music and keep on at our house work or mending, or whatever our duty may be, and there are lots of helps and hints given from different stations.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Oasten, Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

Favorite Traced in the Digest

I am a regular reader and almost a "student" of Radio Digest, and would like to commend you upon a marked improvement, with every issue lately, before I offer an adverse criticism.

I have been a Radio fan for more than four years, and know all the important announcers and Radio stars by voice.

It surprises me that you have never given us

an article, and a good large picture of Jack Brinkley. According to both the New York World and the New York Sun, he is Radio's youngest announcer, and several other metropolitan papers have given him the place as youngest veteran announcer.

I kept up with his work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always considered him a favorite.

We wondered what had become of him, when he left the NBC several months ago, and were pleased that a mention in your current issue prompted us to tune in on WTIC of Hartford, where we found Mr. Brinkley. According to Harriet Menckin of the New York World, this young man's photograph should be worth a good space, and I am sure there are many others who would like to know more about him, including myself.—Mrs. M. P. Boyd, Richmond, Va.

* * *

Help! Help! for DX Fans!

I have perused the V. O. L. ever since its origin, and find many interesting letters, but, when I read Miss Canniff's letter in the March Radio Digest, my ire was somewhat aroused. I believe that Mr. Freeman's letter (January issue, folks) was interesting to the nth degree. What kind of a receiver can it be that cannot get a "dial full" of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If they MUST be had, why is it necessary to have so many of the country's most powerful stations all broadcasting the same thing, however good it may be.

I also believe that Mr. Freeman's laments were well merited, and certainly his reminiscences of the long-to-be-remembered weekly R. D. are well founded. I have read every issue since early 1924, and owe considerable of my success (?) to R. D.'s accurate log of yesteryear, with its "new stations," "station changes" and all the other information so valuable to the DX'er. I wonder if Miss Canniff has considered the many and varied types of listeners, some of which we might class as Cadman adherers, fight fans, Damrosch supporters, jazz maniacs, chain and anti-chain addicts, etc., and last, but not least, the poor misguided DX fan, who sits up in the wee sma' hours combing the ether for "a new one." All these must be served, and the present R. D. serves every type well, with the exception of the last named.

It is very informative regarding various station celebrities, Radio stations and their personnel, Who's Who, and, in brief, everything, except a darn good up-to-the-minute directory with all the information dear to the heart of the true DX hound. The magazine part of R. D. has been improved vastly, but at the expense of the previously mentioned section, and it is that section which is most important to a fair majority of the genuine Radio fans. How about it, folks? I have 772 verified receptions, including at least one from every state in the union, 58 Canadian, 56 Pacific Coast stations (including four 100 watters), and various other low powered DX receptions, etc. Four major reasons for a list like this are a fair location (for a GOOD location, move to Calif.), a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log and wave length directory, and infinite study and patience. I would not ever wish to change any part of R. D.'s magazine section and spoil some other fan's pleasure if the directory could be put back to its perfection of former years, or on par with one or two other Radio publications, in this respect. Going back to Miss Canniff's letter, I well remember WTAS at Elgin (and also WCEE, "We Cough Every Evening") and the "King of the Ivories." Charlie Erbstein and Harry Snodgrass were favorites of mine, but I'll bet that there were some fans who thought they were terrible, such is the somewhat varied consensus of opinion.—Henry T. Tyndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

* * *

All of Them, in Good Time

We purchased the February issue of the Radio Digest for the first time from a local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We were particularly interested in the complete Radiologs and the pictures of Radio artists, especially those of Gene Arnold and Paul McClure and his wife. We would like to ask if it is possible to publish a picture of Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR, Little Joe Warner, Little Anne Pickard of the Pickard Family, and Coon-Sanders' Orchestra. In the March issue, I read about Mrs. Beech of Sterling asking for the pictures of the Smith Family, and I would like to second her request.—Miss Vineta Bloom, Freeport, Ill.

* * *

Are There 50,000 Watt Boors?

May I have a wee corner of your listener's page on which to work off a little of the vitriol and vinegar which has been distilling in my system ever since the Federal Radio Commission assumed jurisdiction over Uncle Sam's broadcasting stations? Sixty years old, a Radio enthusiast of

many years' standing as years are reckoned in Radio chronology, I had, up to the doleful date of that deplorable Radio cataclysm, derived more pleasure from my Radio equipment than from any other single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducers are for the most part silent and my Radio investment is moribund.

I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years. . . . In the good old pre-Commission days I was able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of more than three hundred stations, with little or no interference between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Now, although the total number of stations in operation is but slightly greater than in—say—1925, I can bring in scarcely a single one of them without hearing those adjacent on both sides.

Worse than that: I often have heard during an evening as many as four stations, successively, each for a moment or two at full volume to the exclusion of the others, without touching the dials; the etheric wave, magnetic disturbance, inductive vibration or whatever it is that bridges the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to weave back and forth in periodic surges so that now one, now the other frequency gains temporary ascendancy. . . .

It is my belief that this condition is due to the enormously increased power of the wealthier stations during the past few years. . . . Why should a few stations be permitted to stand up—exactly like drunken boors at a community social—and each endeavor to outshout the other without regard to the rights and privileges of more conservative stations and without respect for the preferences of the listening public? What profiteth it a super-power station whose sole purpose of existence is to sell peanuts, cigarettes or tooth-paste to break in upon a program of real music, an educational lecture, or perhaps a religious service, to bruit the excellence of its wares in stentorian tones that carry to Australia, where all the people are at the moment asleep and by which all intermediate listeners are filled with disgust? . . . If contempt of Radio Commission were punishable by imprisonment, then I am due to spend the next million years of my life in penal servitude.—Don Quixote, New Britain, Conn.

P. S. Like the Hibernian captain of the ferryboat, who had just finished berating a hated rival; "I have more that I c'd tell ye, on'y that I hov ladies aboard."

* * *

KFKB Gives Satisfaction

I think KFKB is the best station on the air because of the tremendous good it does for humanity at all times. Dr. Brinkley's daily lectures, the Medical Question Box, that God-like spirit of "Loving and Giving." The Sunday talks that Dr. Brinkley gives each Sunday are certainly a great help to all who might listen. The music and song programs are always entertaining.—Jessie M. Landon, Seward, Neb.

* * *

Thanks to KSTP

KSTP is the station from which I found out about Radio Digest. I have a few requests. First, I would like to see more pictures and sketches of popular KSTP, as Art White, the Beachcombers, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station, Corinne Jordan, Gayle Wood, Slatz-Randall and his orchestra, and the others.

I would also like to ask Marcella where Art Linick, alias Mr. Schlagenhauer, now hangs his hat.—Marcus Schiern, St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

A Little Advice, Gratis

I realize that Amos 'n' Andy do not need anyone to come to their rescue, but I am so "het up" because of their having been "beaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "flowers" for their "grave," so "hereeee theyyyyyy areee!":

The writer of the article knocking Amos 'n' Andy better stick her tongue out about eighteen inches and show it to some good physician who might diagnose her case. It looks like "KNOCK-ITIS" in its worse form. The only remedy for that is a self administered gun-podermic of bichloride of lead. A good antidote is a few more drinks of syrup and not so many of gall.

There is only one reason why people knock and that is pure jealousy. The oftener I read that letter the plainer it seems that who ever calls himself "Lucy Barrett" is not one of the gentler sex, but a wretched piece of male humanity, hiding behind petticoats. Women do not feel that way about Amos 'n' Andy, we love them.

Here's to you, "Lucy," let's hope somebody puts two big black snakes in your bed some night.—Mrs. R. A. Swanson, Galesburg, Ill.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

A Small Station *With a Big Purpose*

WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Is Both a Civic and Entertainment Force for Good

By Garnett L. Eskew

THOSE who may believe that the little 100-watt station is not every whit as important, in its way, as the 10,000-watt station is in *its* way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY ("Whibby" they call it for short), at Green Bay, Wis., whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only burns continually with a catching enthusiasm, but who expresses that enthusiasm by sending out over the air the most varied program of useful and entertaining features that could well be imagined.

WHBY is located at St. Norbert's College, Green Bay. And the commercial studios are in the Columbus Community Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary May 12-13. And the Mother's Day season caused Mr. Brannon to add several features appropriate to the occasion. As Director Harold Shannon wrote the editor of Radio Digest, after the event was over:

"The Mother's Day program was the greatest thing we've ever turned out. My own dear little Mother went Home in March and it was very much in the nature of a tribute to her that I worked desperately to perfect this two-hour feature, which is going to remain deep in the memories of those who heard it for many years. We used a symphony orchestra which was a whiz. Herr Herman Daumler, late concertmeister of the Nuremburg Conservatory Concert Orchestra in Germany, was our concertmeister. They emphasized the mother theme in the choice of their selections.

"The program was dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, and the first number was a Mary hymn done by the Friars sextette from the Franciscan Monastery here. They also sang Ketelby's 'In a Monastery Garden' with the orchestra, an organ and chimes.

"LeBaron Austin, baritone; Florence Roate, soprano of Lawrence College Conservatory of Music at Appleton, Wis., and Rev. Richard Gordon Londo, tenor, were the soloists

"Only Mother songs were used. Dr. Leonard Parr, a Congregational divine, and highly reputed as an orator, was the speaker of the evening and "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra signalized something unusual for WHBY—the message of a former president.

"Mr. Coolidge was invited (because 'of those plain, homely virtues which characterized his private and public life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys') to be our guest-speaker, via the remotest of controls—by letter.

"He sent us those paragraphs about his own mother from his *Autobiography* and they were read by the undersigned, which was his only participation in the program. It would have been a very hard program to work and keep the lump in one's throat down."

The Sunday program, however, was only the start. On Monday a five-hour birthday party got under way at seven o'clock in the evening in the open-air studios atop the roof of the new Com-

munity Club. At eight o'clock two old-fashioned brass bands, of the sort that used to delight the musical hearts of Germans in America, took up the theme and presented a series of old-fashioned dance tunes: lancers, polkas and schottisches—lovely dances that have passed away but for the saving grace of the Radio which, in the hands of discerning directors, such as Mr. Shannon, serves to bring them to the ears of the world which otherwise would never have them. The bands were Romy Goaz's Bohemians and the Pilsen Brass Band.

After that, at nine, was broadcast a sort of anniversary number—a revival of the very first broadcast hour over the station, five years ago, in the days when Hank Schmitt, the first announcer held sway at WHBY. Schmitt, who is now an ordained priest, was on hand as the "guest" announcer. Numerous telegrams of congratulation from senators, congressmen and mayors of cities of

A **ANNOUNCEMENT** of the winners of the Amos and Andy contest, which has been attracting considerable attention in Radio Digest the last two or three months, will be made in the August issue. Therefore, you who are interested — and we believe that includes pretty nearly everybody — don't fail to get your copy. The results will be interesting. Maybe you'll win one of the prizes.

the Land of Lakes showed that the surrounding country is awake to the manifold activities of WHBY and joined in the occasion.

But the usefulness of this little 100-watt station in the Land of Lakes is not confined to the broadcasting of musical numbers of mere entertainment of any kind. Carrying out a suggestion made not long ago by the federal Radio commission that the rural and small-town stations develop a sort of "speaking-newspaper" aspect, WHBY has been doing its part to aid the unemployment situation.

Mr. Shannon continues:

"We have a tie-up with the Free Employment Bureau here and in two weeks trebled their number of placements. They tell us what kind of men and women they can place and, brother, we place them. They tell us of men and women (needy ones we insist) who are finding it difficult to get work.

"We try to get work for them. Results have been instantaneous, particularly in temporary work. We asked all of our listeners to forego the exercise

of taking off their storm windows, varnishing their floors, house cleaning, repairing, cleaning the basement, and engage some poor workless father to do it for them just to get a few more dollars into circulation and a few more men self-respecting as earners.

"The calls for such help for a few days broke the local employment bureau record, with the result that we have a letter from the Department of Labor and a very much treasured 'memorial' signed by hundreds of jobless men. Some one of them started it and every fellow who got a job signed it. We prize it highly in our 'public service' exhibit which is our 'trophy case,' so to speak."

Then, in the same "news category," there is a feature on WHBY known as "The Town Crier, the newspaper of the air," in which the announcer gives the local happenings of interest to everyone in that vicinity. Nor is that all. Shannon has also a spoken shoppers' guide which enables the frugal and thrifty housewife to visualize what is on sale at the various stores before going out to purchase.

This live station and its director of features knows exactly what it wants and goes after it. Recently when it was found that the editor of Radio Digest could, at the last moment, go up to Green Bay for the anniversary celebration, Mr. Shannon was ready with an airplane to take him up!

Westphal Has Grown "Gray" in Radio Game

HE HAS been broadcasting so long that he does not remember the exact year he started. Consequently when he was asked about his first Radio experience, Frank Westphal, noted orchestra leader and conductor of the WENR studio orchestra, replied that it was somewhere around 1922 or 1923.

At the time, he had an orchestra at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago, a popular night club and cabaret. The owner, Fred Mann, refused to take broadcasting seriously and declared, despite Frank's arguments, that it would never amount to much. Nevertheless Westphal became interested and was heard for the first time over KYW, the programs of which were then presented by the same organization that now operates WENR. Later Westphal left the Rainbo Gardens, but he finally saw the day that Mann was convinced that broadcasting was here to stay and would amount to something. This was when the Rainbo Gardens owner saw Station WQJ, which transmitted from the Garden, sold for approximately \$60,000.

When E. N. Rowland, head of the All-American Radio Corporation, went on the air, Westphal was asked to come in and take charge of the station. Thus it appears he has been known continuously by Radio listeners since "around 1922 or 1923." He was heard over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS; KYW; WLS and WENR.

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m.		Central 8		Mountain 7		Pacific 6	
The Balladeers.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
300	1000	WOC	454.3	660	WEAF	405.2	740
405.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WOW		
Morning Musicals.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
30.1	9590	W3XAU	243.9	1230	WFBM	49.02	6120
201.3	1490	WFLB	275.2	1090	KMOX	201.3	1490
201.3	1490	WLAC	323	930	WBRC	209.8	1430
209.8	1430	WHP	499.7	600	WBT	212.8	1410
212.8	1410	WBCM	500	600	WREC	215.8	1390
215.8	1390	KLRA	516.9	580	WBWB	230.8	1300
230.8	1300	KFH	526	570	WWNC	234.4	1280
234.4	1280	WDOD	545	550	WEAN	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WSPD					
2 p.m.							
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	366	820	WHAS	282.8	1060
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	WFAB	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WJZ	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WPTF	305.9	980
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ	312.5	960
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA		
3 p.m.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO	245.9	1220
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC	252.1	1190
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA	263.2	1140
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO	263.2	1140
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	WFAB	265.5	1130
265.5	1130	KSL	405	740	WSB	270.3	1110
270.3	1110	WRVA	429	700	WLW	277.8	1080
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WPTF	283	1060
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW	306	980
306	980	KDKA					
4 p.m.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
206.9	1450	WFIC	361	830	KOA	225.6	1330
225.6	1330	WSAI	366	820	WHAS	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA	245.9	1220
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO	252.1	1190
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY	263.2	1140
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC	263.2	1140
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB	270.3	1110
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF	277.8	1080
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM	300	1000
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW	319	940
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW	326	920
326	920	KOMO	509	590	KHQ	326	920
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEL	333	900
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR	337	890
337	890	WJAR					
Cathedral Hour.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX	209.8	1430
209.8	1430	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC	212.8	1410
212.8	1410	WHP	323	930	WBRC	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBI	215.8	1390
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC	230.8	1300
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN	234.4	1280
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WNT	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC	243.9	1220
243.9	1220	WNAC	517	580	WBWB	256.3	1170
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKBN	258.5	1160
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC	267.7	1120
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC		
5 p.m.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
206.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY	225.6	1330
225.6	1330	WSAI	392	610	WDAF	245.9	1220
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW	280.4	1070
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEL	300	1000
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG	316	950
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI	319	940
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD	337	890
337	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR	345	870
345	870	WENR					
7:35 p.m.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.5	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY	206.8	1450
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR	225.4	1330
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS	227.3	1320
227.3	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WKY	236.1	1270
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC	245.6	1220
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.8	740	WSB	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	483.6	620	WTMJ	280.2	1070
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WEAF	288.3	1040
288.3	1040	KTHS	508.2	590	WOW	300	1000
300	1000	WOC	535.4	560	WIBO	315.6	950
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD	319	940
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD	325.9	920
325.9	920	WWJ					
8							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KPRC	205.4	1460
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO	221.2	1350
221.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WKY	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WSMB	361.2	830	KOA	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6	820	WHAS	236.1	1270
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	405.2	740	WSB	265.3	1130
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW	288.3	1040
288.3	1040	KTHS	440.9	680	KPO	288.3	1040
288.3	1040	WFAA	461.3	650	WSM	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	484	620	KGW	305.9	980
305.9	980	KDKA	509	590	KHO	312.5	960
312.5	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WIOD		

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 July:

Sunday

Atwater Kent Hour
Enna Jettick Melodies

Monday

General Motors Family Party
An Evening in Paris

Tuesday

Radio Keith Orpheus Hour
Eveready Program

Wednesday

Halsey Stuart Program
Palmolive Hour

Thursday

Fleischmann Hour
Arabesque

Friday

Raleigh Revue
Armstrong Quakers

Saturday

General Electric Hour
Paramount-Publix Radio Hour

Eastern 8		Central 7		Mountain 6		Pacific 5	
La Palina Rhapsodizers.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
223.7	1340	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMOX	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	KMBC	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WLBW	348.6	860	WABC	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WGHP	370.2	810	WCCO	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WNAC	384.4	780	WEAN	256.3	1170
256.3	1170	WCAU	447.5	670	WMAQ	258.5	1160
258.5	1160	WOWO	475.9	630	WMAL	267.7	1120
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WCAO		
			545.1	550	WKRC		

Eight Years Old

RADIO DIGEST has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It's career has been the career of Radio. A new idea, a new industry, a new service. Keeping up with the trend of the times it has had to change its policies and format to meet the changing demands. To mark the occasion a very special and complete issue is being planned for next month. You cannot afford, therefore, to miss the

AUGUST Eighth Anniversary Number RADIO DIGEST

Eastern 8:15 p.m.		Central 7:15		Mountain 6:15		Pacific 5:15	
Collier's Radio Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.7	1480	WCKY	325.9	920	KOMO	222.1	1350
222.1	1350	KWK	331.2	900	KOA	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR	265.3	1130
265.3							



One of Radio's prettiest women and a charming singer—that's Betty Ayres who adorns the Enna Jettick programs on Sunday evenings.

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10:30 p.m.		9:30		8:30		7:30	
Around the Samovar.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU	205.4	1460
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ	227.3	1320
215.8	1390	WK	333.1	900	WFBL	227.3	1320
227.3	1270	WADC	385	780	WTAR	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN	241.8	1240
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN	243.8	1230

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10:45		9:45		8:45		7:45	
Sunday at Seth Parker's.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
208.6	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WJAX	205.4	1460
245.6	1220	WCAE	361	830	WJAS	227.3	1320
265.6	820	WHAS	379.5	790	WGY	232.4	1290
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO	238	1260
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC	241.8	1240
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW	241.8	1240
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI	243.8	1230
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD	243.8	1230
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR		

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:15		10:15		9:15		8:15	
Longines Time.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	205.4	1460
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ	227.3	1320
302.8	990	WBZA				232.4	1290

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Armchair Quartet.							
Key Station—WJZ							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW	205.4	1460
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ	227.3	1320
305.9	980	KDKA	400	750	WJR	232.4	1290

Monday

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WVJ	205.4	1460
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX	227.3	1320
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR	232.4	1290
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	238	1260
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY	241.8	1240
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB	243.8	1230
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF	243.8	1230
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF	243.8	1230
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW	243.8	1230
312.5	960	CKGW	509	890	WEEI	243.8	1230
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG	243.8	1230
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI	243.8	1230
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR	243.8	1230

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
10 a.m.		9		8		7	
Ida Bailey Allen.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN	205.4	1460
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX	209.7	1430
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC	222.2	1350
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL	227.3	1320
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK	232.4	1290
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC	238	1260
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO	241.8	1240
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN	243.8	1230
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM	243.8	1230
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO	243.8	1230
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC	243.8	1230
258.5	1160	WOWO					

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:15 a.m.		10:15		9:15		8:15	
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR	205.4	1460
227.3	1320	W5MB	366.2	820	WHAS	227.3	1320
232.4	1290	WBCB	374.8	800	WSAI	232.4	1290
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	238	1260
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC	241.8	1240
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB	243.8	1230
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF	243.8	1230
280.2	1070	WTAM	462	650	W5M	243.8	1230
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ	243.8	1230
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDAF	243.8	1230
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI	243.8	1230
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	243.8	1230
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT	243.8	1230
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD	243.8	1230
333	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR	243.8	1230

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
12 n.		11		10		9	
Columbia Review.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ	205.4	1460
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ	227.3	1320
212.8	1410	WBCM	333.1	900	WFBL	227.3	1320
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK	232.4	1290
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WGO	238	1260
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN	241.8	1240
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL	243.8	1230
234.4	1280	WVOD	491.5	610	WFCN	243.8	1230
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRF	243.8	1230
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO	243.8	1230
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT	243.8	1230
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC	243.8	1230
315.6	950	WRC	526	570	WKBN	243.8	1230
319	940	WPIV	526	570	WVNC	243.8	1230
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KI.Z	243.8	1230

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
1:45		12:45		11:45		10:45	
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY	205.4	1460
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX	227.3	1320
227.3	1320	W5MB	345	870	WLS	232.4	1290
234.2	1280	WERC	361.2	830	KOA	236.1	1270
236.1	1270	WJDX	365.6	820	WHAS	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WVOD	394.5	760	WJZ	263	1140
263	1140	KVOO	399.8	750	WJR	270.1	1110
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW	282.8	1060
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF	294.1	1020
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	W5M	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WDAF	305.9	980
305.9	980	KDKA	491.5	610	WTMJ	315.6	950
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	325.9	920
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD		

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
7:35		6:35		5:35		4:35	
The Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA	202.7	1480
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC	250.7	1150
250.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	270	1110
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA					

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
8		7		6		5	
The Voice of Firestone.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX	205.4	1460
206.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY	225.4	1330
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	W5MB	365.6	820	WHAS	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WERC	379.5	790	WGY	245.6	1220
245.6	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB	263	1140

Eastern 11:30		Central 10:30		Mountain 9:30		Pacific 8:30	
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy, Key Station—Chicago Studio.							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	205.4	1460
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO	236.1	1270
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	265.3	1130
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW	325.9	920
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF	325.9	920
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	333.1	900
333.1	900	WKY					

Tuesday

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.1	1480	WKY	336.9	890	WIAR	205.4	1460
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTF	270.3	1110
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	280.2	1070
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC	312.5	960
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI	315.6	950
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	319	940
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	325.9	920
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO	325.9	920
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR		
			8				
Ida Bailey Allen.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC	238	1260
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WATU	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9	630	WMAL	256.3	1170
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO		
			9				
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	245.6	1220
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	280.2	1070
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ	293.9	1020
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC	315.6	950
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI	319	940
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	325.9	920
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT	336.9	890
336.9	890	WIAR	545.1	550	KSD	374.8	800
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR		
			10				
Columbia Review.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO	215.8	1390
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL	234.4	1280
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KPRC	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO	243.9	1230
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT	258.5	1160
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC	315.6	950
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN	319	940
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WVNC	323	930
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ	333	900
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC		

Elizabeth Lennox looks as if she were about to say something very nice, indeed, when the camera caught her. Miss Lennox is the winsome young contralto star of the Palmolive Hour.



Don't you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady's looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is "Peaches" in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBaun.

Eastern 1:45		Central 12:45		Mountain 11:45		Pacific 10:45	
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY	222.1	1350
222.1	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX	201.3	1490
234.2	1280	WEBC	340	770	KFAB	201.3	1490
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA	204.1	1470
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS	209.8	1430
252	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFAA	212.8	1410
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBAP	215.8	1390
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC	215.8	1390
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ	223.7	1340
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR	227.3	1320
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB	232.6	1290
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW	234.4	1280
294.1	1020	KFKX	440.9	680	WPTF	238.1	1260
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM	238.1	1260
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ	241.8	1240
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF		
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW		
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD		
325.9	920	KPRC					
5 p.m.							
Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX	201.3	1490
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KMBC	209.7	1430
204.1	1470	WKBW	370	810	WCCO	209.7	1430
209.7	1430	WGHP	476	630	WMAL	209.8	1430
209.8	1430	WHP	492	610	WFAN	212.8	1410
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT	215.8	1390
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO	234.4	1280
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC	241.8	1240
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WKBN	258.6	1160
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WVNC	267.9	1120
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ		
7:00							
Voters Service.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
225.4	1330	WSAI	374.8	800	WFAA	227.1	1320
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC	252	1190
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB	252.1	1190
252.1	1190	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF	299.8	1000
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	KGW	319	940
319	940	WCSH	491.5	610	WDAF	325.9	920
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	325.9	920
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW	336.9	890
336.9	890	WIAR	516.9	580	WTAG	361.2	830
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR	365.6	820
365.6	820	WHAS					
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.7	1480	WKY	305.9	980	KDKA	238	1260
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	270	1110
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA					
8:00							
Pure Oil Concert.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.6	1480	WKY	305.9	980	KDKA	205.4	1460
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WJAX	222.1	1350
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4	780	WMC	236.1	1270
236.1	1270	WJDX	389.4	770	KEAB	245.8	1220
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WIB	263.2	1140
263.2	1140	WVNC	405.2	740	WSB	265.3	1130
265.3	1130	WBT	461.3	650	WSM	270.3	1110
270.3	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	WTMJ	277.6	1080
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	283	1060
283	1060	WBAL	535.4	560	WIOD	294.1	1020
294.1	1020	KYW					
8:30 p.m.							
Romany Patteran.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.02	6120	W2XE					



Here is Nathaniel Shilkret caught in a characteristic pose after a recent broadcast. He is one of America's most distinguished musicians and is the conductor of the Mobiloil Concert Orchestra.

Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour.			
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9
206.8	1450	WFJC	361.2
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4
252	1190	WOAI	405.2
263	1140	KVOO	454.3
263	1140	WAPI	461.3
265.3	1130	KSL	468.5
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5
299.8	1000	WHQ	508.2
315.6	950	WRC	508.2
319	940	WCSH	516.9
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1
333.1	900	WKY	545.1
333.1	900	WJAX	550

Mary Hale Martin's Household Period.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10:45 a.m.	9:45	8:45	7:45
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6
245.8	1220	WREN	384.4
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5
263	1140	WAPI	399.8
282.8	1060	WBAL	405.2
293	1020	KFKX	428.3
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3
302.8	990	WBZA	461.3

Mobiloil Concert.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
Eastern		Central		Mountain	
8:30	7:30	7:30	6:30	6:30	5:30
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.8	1450	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY
225.4	1330	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR
232.4	1290	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WFAA
252.0	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	WTMJ
265.3	1130	KSL	491.5	610	WDAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW
297.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR
325.9	920	WVJ	545.1	550	KSD

Sylvania Foresters.					
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)					
Eastern		Central		Mountain	
8:30	7:30	7:30	6:30	6:30	5:30
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

Forty Fathom Trawlers.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)					
Eastern		Central		Mountain	
9:00	8:00	7:00	6:00	6:00	5:00
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFBM
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU
208.2	1440	WHBC	275.1	1090	KMOX
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	780	WEAN
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMBL
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.			
Key Station—Chicago Studio			
Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:30	10:30	9:30	8:30
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2
252	1190	WOAI	447.5
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2
333.1	900	WKY	

National Farm and Home Hour.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
11:45	12:45	11:45	10:45
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
49.02	6120	W2XE	333
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4
234.2	1280	WJOD	475.9
238	1260	KOIL	491.5
238	1260	WLBW	492
241.8	1240	WCHP	499.7
258.5	1160	WOWO	500
315.6	950	KMBC	526
319	940	WBZ	526
323	930	WDBJ	536
323	930	WBRC	560

La Pallina Smoker.					
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860kc)					
Eastern		Central		Mountain	
9:30	8:30	7:30	6:30	6:30	5:30
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC
267.7	1120	WISN			

Ida Bailey Allen.			
Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc)			
Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
10 a.m.	9	8	7
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9
227.1	1320	WADC	275.2
232.4	1290	WJAS	315.6
238	1260	KOIL	333.1
238	1260	WLBW	333.1
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4
243.9	1230	WFBM	389.4
245.6	1220	WCAU	475.9
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1

The Yeast Foamers.			
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)			
Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8	7	6	5
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters
205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8
234.2	1280	WEBC	305.9
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5
260.7	1150	WHAM	428.3
282.8	1060	WBAL	484
293.9	1020	KYW	

Coca Cola Toppers.					
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)					
Eastern		Central		Mountain	
10:30 p.m.	9:30	8:30	7:30	7:30	6:30
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WCSH
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WVJ
232.4	1290	WEBC	333	900	WKY
236.1	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
270.3	1110	WRVA	484	620	WTIC
277.3	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	KHQ
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WLIT
326	920	WVJ	545	550	WGR
			545	550	KSD

Wednesday

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—Chicago Studios							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	361.2	830
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAAS	365.6	820
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA	374.8	800
234.2	1280	WIBC	379.5	790	KGO	379.5	790
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WVIC	384.4	780
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB	405.2	740
252.8	1190	WQAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	447.5	670
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	461.3	650
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW	483.6	620
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	508.2	590
333.1	900	WKY					

Thursday

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
202.1	1480	WCKY	336.9	890	WJAR	336.9	890
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY	379.5	790
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB	405.2	740
252.1	1150	WQAI	440.9	680	WPTF	440.9	680
263.0	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC	499.7	600
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	516.9	580
325.9	920	KPRC	526.0	570	WIBO	526.0	570
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560	WFI	535.4	560
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550

10:00		9:00		8:00		7:00	
Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)							
49.2	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU	256.3	1170
204.0	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO	258.5	1160
215.7	1390	WIK	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN	384.4	780
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM	389.4	770
238.0	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL	475.9	630
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO	499.7	600
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC	545.1	550

10:30		9:30		8:30		7:30	
Busy Fingers.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)							
49.2	6120	W2XE	238	1260	KOIL	238	1260
201.2	1490	W2AC	245.6	1220	WCAO	245.6	1220
204.0	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU	256.3	1170
209.7	1430	WBP	258.5	1160	WOWO	258.5	1160
215.7	1390	KLRA	315.6	950	KMBC	315.6	950
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC	348.6	860
230.6	1300	KFH	389.4	770	WBBM	389.4	770
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL	475.9	630
234.2	1280	W2OD	499.7	600	WREC	499.7	600
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WWNC	526	570

11:15 a.m.		10:15		9:15		8:15	
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	WWJ	326	920
225.6	1330	WSAI	333	900	WKY	333	900
227.3	1320	WSMB	337	890	WJAR	337	890
232.4	1290	WIBC	366	820	WHAAS	366	820
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	WGY	380	790
252.1	1150	WQAI	385	780	WMC	385	780
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WBU	405	740
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
280.4	1070	WTAM	462	650	WSM	462	650
283	1060	WTIC	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
288.5	1040	KTHS	492	610	WDAF	492	610
294.1	1020	KFKX	509	590	WEEI	509	590
300	1000	WOC	517	580	WTAG	517	580
316	950	WRC	536	560	WLIT	536	560
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD	545	550
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR	545	550

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Du Barry Beauty Talk.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)							
49.2	6120	W2XE	258.5	1160	WOWO	258.5	1160
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN	267.7	1120
215.7	1390	WIK	333.1	900	WFBL	333.1	900
223.7	1340	WSPD	348.6	860	WABC	348.6	860
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN	384.4	780
232.4	1290	WJAS	389.4	770	WBBM	389.4	770
238	1260	KOIL	468.5	640	WCAU	468.5	640
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO	499.7	600
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC	545.1	550
256.3	1170	WCAU					

11:45		10:45		9:45		8:45	
Columbia Review.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)							
204	1470	WKBW	333	900	KHJ	333	900
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	WFBL	333.1	900
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK	333.1	900
223.7	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WCCO	370.2	810
227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN	384.4	780
234.4	1280	W2OD	389.4	770	WBBM	389.4	770
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL	475.9	630
238	1260	WLBW	491.5	610	WFAA	491.5	610
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KPRC	492	610
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAO	499.7	600
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WREC	499.7	600
315.6	950	KMBC	500	600	WREC	500	600
319	940	WFI	526	570	WWNC	526	570
323	930	WBR	535.4	560	KLZ	535.4	560
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ	536	560

1:45		12:45		11:45		10:45	
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	302.8	990	WBZ	302.8	990
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA	302.8	990
227.3	1320	WSMB	305.9	980	KDKA	305.9	980
228.5	1040	KTHS	315.6	950	WRC	315.6	950
234.2	1280	WIBC	325.9	920	KPRC	325.9	920
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WKY	333.1	900
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX	333.1	900
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WJAX	333.1	900
260	1150	WHAM	361.2	830	KOA	361.2	830
263	1140	KVOO	365.6	820	WHAAS	365.6	820
263.2	1140	WAPI	374.8	800	WFAA	374.8	800
270.1	1110	WRVA	375	800	WBAP	375	800
277.6	1080	WBT	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB	405	740
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW	428.3	700
294.1	1020	KFKX	440	680	WPTF	440	680
299.8	1000	WHO	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590

This romantic looking young lady is none other than Muriel Wilson, whose lovely voice you hear when the Maxwell House Melodies go on the air on Thursday nights at 9:30 EDT.



Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
5:00		4:00		3:00		2:00	
Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
206.8	1450	WFIC	336.9	890	WJAR	336.9	890
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY	379.5	790
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG	516.9	580
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT	535.4	560
319.0	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD	545.1	550
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550

Eastern		Central		Mountain		Pacific	
5:00		4:00		3:00		2:00	
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA	305.9	980
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC	315.6	950
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	394.5	760
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW	434.8	690
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF	440.9	680
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD	535.4	560



Here we have the Interwoven Pair in character, more or less. At the left is Billy Jones, and right is Ernie Hare. They are favorites of thousands of Radio listeners and are heard every Friday night at 9 o'clock EDT.

Friday

Eastern 8:30 a.m.		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX	202.1	1480
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR	205.5	1460
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	245.9	1220
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY	252.1	1190
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSR	263.2	1140
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF	270.3	1110
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF	277.8	1080
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW	280.4	1070
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI	312.5	960
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG	316	950
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI	319	940
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR	326	920
326	920	WWJ					
10 a.m.							
Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)							
201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO	201.3	1490
215.8	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX	215.8	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW	227.1	1320
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL	232.4	1290
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK	234.4	1280
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL	238	1260
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WVAN	241.8	1240
243.8	1230	WNAC	526	570	WVNC	243.8	1230
245.6	1220	WCAO	545.1	550	WKRC	245.6	1220
256.3	1170	WCAU				256.3	1170
10:15							
National Home Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
206.9	1460	WFTC	325.9	920	WWJ	206.9	1460
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR	245.6	1220
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSA1	279.5	790
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF	280.2	1070
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI	293.9	1020
299.8	1000	WHO	516.9	580	WTAG	299.8	1000
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR	319	940
12:00 n.							
Columbia Revue.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC	201.3	1490
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDRJ	209.8	1430
212.8	1410	WBCM	333	900	KHJ	212.8	1410
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK	215.8	1390
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAL	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WVAN	223.7	1340
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO	227.3	1320
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT	234.4	1280
238.1	1260	WLBW	500	600	WREC	238.1	1260
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKBN	258.6	1160
243.9	1230	WNAC	526	570	WVNC	243.9	1230
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ	316	950
319	940	WFIW	545	550	WEAN	319	940
1:45							
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	920	WRC	205.4	1460
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC	222.1	1350
234.2	1280	WBRC	333.1	900	WKY	234.2	1280
236.1	1270	WJDX	333.1	900	WJAX	236.1	1270
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	KOA	245.8	1220
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WHAS	252	1190
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA	260	1150
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WJAP	263	1140
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC	270.1	1110
277.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WIZ	277.6	1080
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR	282.8	1060
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB	293.9	1020
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW	294.1	1020
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM	299.8	1000
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	508.2	590	WOW	302.8	990
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD	305.9	980

Eastern 7		Central 6		Mountain 5		Pacific 4	
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA	202.7	1480
238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	WRC	238	1260
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150
270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW	270	1110
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF	277.6	1080
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA				302.8	990
8							
Cities Service Concert Orchestra and the Cavaliers.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	WKY	205.4	1460
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR	209.7	1430
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA	225.4	1330
232.4	1290	WBRC	374.8	800	WFAA	232.4	1290
245.8	1220	WCAE	375.5	790	KGO	245.8	1220
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF	252.1	1190
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ	265.5	1130
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW	280.2	1070
282.8	1060	WTIC	491.5	610	WDAF	282.8	1060
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHO	293.9	1020
299.8	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW	299.8	1000
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI	312.6	960
315.6	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLI	319	940
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR	325.9	920
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD	325.9	920
326	920	KPRC				326	920
8							
Nit-Wit Hour.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX	201.2	1490
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC	201.3	1490
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFIW	204	1470
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WDBJ	209.8	1430
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC	212.8	1410
215.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	KHJ	215.7	1340
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO	215.7	1390
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAQ	215.8	1390
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAL	223.7	1340
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ	227.3	1320
230.8	1300	KFH	492	610	KPRC	230.8	1300
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO	232.4	1290
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC	232.6	1290
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT	234.2	1280
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKBN	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WVNC	238	1260
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ	241.8	1240
243.8	1230	WFBM	535.4	560	WLBW	243.8	1230
243.9	1230	WNAC	545	550	WEAN	243.9	1230
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC	258.5	1160
267.7	1120	WISN				267.7	1120
9:00 p.m.							
True Story Hour.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)							
201.2	1490	WLAC	241.8	1240	WGHP	201.2	1490
201.3	1490	WFBL	243.8	1230	WNAC	201.3	1490
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1170	WCAU	204	1470
208.2	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160	WOWO	208.2	1440
215.7	1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	WISN	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	288.3	1040	KRLD	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WADC	333	900	KHJ	227.1	1320
230.6	1300	WIBW	333	900	WMAK	230.6	1300
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810	WCCO	230.8	1300
232.4	1290	KTSA	391	940	KOIN	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	395	760	KVI	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	KDYL	448	670	WMAQ	232.4	1290
234.2	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC	234.2	1280
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KLZ	236	1260
238	1260	WLBW	545	550	WKRO	238	1260
239.9	1250	WDSU				239.9	1250

Eastern 9:00 p.m.		Central 8		Mountain 7		Pacific 6	
Interwoven Pair.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KOMO	222.1	1350
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900	WJAX	227.1	1320
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY	245.8	1220
252	1190	WOAI	361.2	830	KOA	252	1190

Eastern 10:00 p.m.		Central 9:00		Mountain 8:00		Pacific 7:00	
Raleigh Revue.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
206.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY	380	790
209.8	1430	KECA	441	680	WPTF	441	680
225.6	1330	WSAI	484	620	KGW	484	620
245.9	1220	WCAE	492	610	WDAF	492	610
265.5	1130	KSL	509	590	WEEI	509	590
300	1000	WOC	509	590	WEEI	509	590
316	950	WRC	509	590	WEEI	509	590
319	940	WCSH	517	580	WTAG	517	580
326	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WIBO	535.4	560
337	890	WAPI	536	560	WFI	536	560
361	830	KOA	545	550	KSD	545	550
380	790	KGO	545	550	WGR	545	550

11 p.m.		10:00		9:00		8:00	
Will Osborne and His Orchestra.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950	KNBC	316	950
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940	WFIW	319	940
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC	322.4	930
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ	323	930
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK	333	900
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600	WCAO	500	600
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT	500	600
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC	500	600
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW	516.9	580
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC	526	570
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ	536	560
238	1260	KOIL	545	550	WEAN	545	550
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC	545.1	550
267.7	1120	WISN					

11:15		10:15		9:15		8:15	
Longine's Correct Time.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ	302.8	990
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	305.9	980
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	394.5	760
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO	526	570

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—Chicago Studios							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	361.2	830
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	365.6	820
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA	374.8	800
234.2	1280	WBCB	379.5	790	KGO	379.5	790
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB	405.2	740
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	447.5	670
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	461.3	650
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW	483.6	620
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	508.2	590
333.1	900	WKY					

Saturday

6:45 a.m.		5:45		4:45		3:45	
Tower Health Exercises.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI	535.4	560
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550



This is pretty Edith Thayer. But perhaps you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simon's Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.

Eastern 8:15		Central 7:15		Mountain 6:15		Pacific 5:15	
Morning Devotions.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS	345	870
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	366	820
277.8	1080	WBT	372.5	790	WGY	372.5	790
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF	441	680
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
326	920	WWJ	536	560	WFI	536	560
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550

8:30		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX	333.1	900
205.4	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS	365.6	820
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	379.5	790
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB	405	740
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	WPTF	440.9	680
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
295.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WETC	499.7	600
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	516.9	580
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560	WFI	536	560
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550

11:15 a.m.		10:15		9:15		8:15	
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAX	336.9	890
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS	365.6	820
232.4	1290	WBCB	374.8	800	WSAI	374.8	800
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	379.5	790
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740	WSB	404.2	740
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
280.2	1070	WTAM	461.3	650	WSM	461.3	650
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WETC	499.7	600
315.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG	516.9	580
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT	535.4	560
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KSD	545.1	550
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550

1:45		12:45		11:45		10:45	
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.5	1460	KSTP	326	920	KOMO	326	920
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900	WJAX	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WSMB	345.1	900	WJAX	345.1	900
230.6	1300	WIOD	345.1	900	WLS	345.1	900
232.4	1290	WBCB	361	830	KOA	361	830
236.1	1270	WIDX	366	820	WHAS	366	820
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800	WBAP	375	800
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO	380	790
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770	KFAB	390	770
265.5	1130	WAPI	394.5	760	WIZ	394.5	760
277.8	1080	WBT	429	740	WSB	429	740
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	740	WLV	429	740
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680	WPTF	441	680
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650	WSM	462	650
303	990	WBZ	469	640	KFI	469	640
306	980	WBAZ	484	620	KGW	484	620
315.6	950	KDKA	492	610	WDAF	492	610
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
			509	590	KHQ	509	590

7		6		5		4	
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA	305.9	980
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960	CKGW	312.5	960
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950	WRC	315.6	950
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ	394.5	760
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680	WPTF	440.9	680
302.8	990	WBZ	535.4	560	WIOD	535.4	560
302.8	990	WBZA					

8:30		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Del Monte Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
205.5	1460	KSTP	333	900	WKY	333	900
206.9	1450	WFIC	333.1	900	WJAX	333.1	900
225.6	1330	WSAI	337	890	WTAR	337	890
227.3	1320	WSMB	361	830	KOA	361	830
230.6	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS	366	820
232.4	1290	WBCB	375	800	WBAP	375	800
236.1	1270	WIDX	380	790	KGO	380	790

OUT of the AIR HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

GREETING!

ONCE more I greet my many friends!

Each jokesmith and each poet who sends
The slips and quips and pleasant rimes

In which the spirits of our times
(The daily times that come and go
Along the waves of Radio)
Are sifted, frequently in vain,
To see what humor they contain,
So that our readers of all ages
Who monthly scan the *Digest* pages
May separate the grain from chaff
And find, within, the prize—a laugh!

It's good to know you-all again,
(I'm from the South; that's mighty plain.)

And one and all I greet you now
And hope you'll write me soon—and how!

Send in your stuff with joy and zest,
Affectionately,

. . . . *Indi-Gest*

I came from a section of the country where there are plenty of negroes. I was raised up on a diet of hot biscuit, chicken gravy, chine, jowl and turnip greens, not to mention ham gravy and hominy grits, with occasional dishes of spareribs. The name *INDI-Gest* is very appropriate. Which reminds me that I must repeat a good story I heard once. I have always liked it, from which you may gather that it is not entirely new.

Two colored women were discussing recent additions to their families.

"I done name dat new baby er mine 'Opium,'" remarked Marthy Brown to Mandy Jackson.

"Why you disqualify dat chile wid a name like dat, Marthy?"

"Well, I done look' up de wud opium in de dickshunary and hit say hit mean de seed er de wile poppy. And de good Lawd knows dat chile's poppy is sho' wile!"

* * *

Another colored sister came up and snorted.

"Dat ain' nuthin! I done name mah baby Onyx."

"Why dat, Sis Liza?"

"Kaze he came so onyexpected! Use yo' haid, gal, use yo' haid!"

* * *

You're Darn Right!

Do you believe in clubs for women?

Yes, if kindness fails.—*Rose Bailey*, 129 *Grant St.*, *Greensburg, Pa.*

* * *

Here's the funniest thing I've heard over the air, especially since I am sure it was quite unintentional. It was several months ago during the Crosley Saturday Knights program over WLW. The announcer, who, I think, was Robert Brown, stated that the next number by the orchestra would be "Why Was I Born?" by special permission of the copyright owners. But the way he said it sounded as though it was to be "Why was I horn by special permission of the copyright owners?"—*Evelyn Faux*, 925 *Edgewater Ave.*, *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

Station WJBT, Chicago, was broadcasting a church service the other night when suddenly the following words were heard:

"Your throat! Your eyes! Don't struggle! I'm stronger than you are, my pretty lass."

Telephone calls poured in by the hundreds.

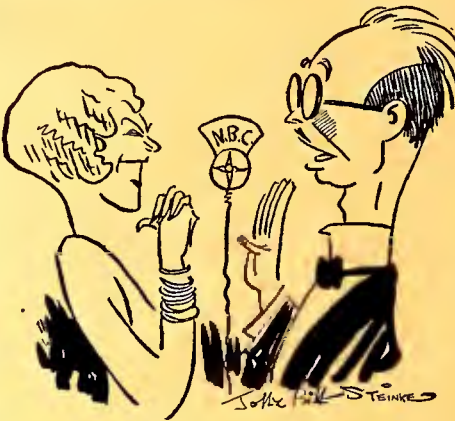
"The wires got crossed on a chain melodrama from New York," station operators explained to horrified listeners.—*A. F. Day*, *Sergeant, Ky.*

* * *

Wooden Pigs

According to Miss Frances Cherry of Wayne, Nebraska, a teacher asked little Willy to make a sentence with the word mahogany. And Willy said:

"Pa sent me out to feed the pigs but I didn't give the ma hog any." Which goes over all right, Miss Cherry, but that story of yours about the tame fish that fell in the river and was drowned— Well, why resurrect that one? Don Marquis wrote a whole story about that same fish years ago.



Here's a chuckle I'd like to pass on to the other fans. Art Kassel's orchestra ("Kassel's in the Air") have a feature on their "Whoopie Hour" called the "Canadian Medley" which includes:

I'm a Drinker Montreal
(I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All)

Canada Jungle
(Chant of the Jungle)

Lover Quebec to Me
(Lover, Come Back to Me)
—*Rose Gergen*, *Turtle Lake, N. Dak.*

* * *

It is easy to make slips. Every broadcaster of whatever kind knows that it is much easier to make a mistake—a *lapis lingua*, so to speak—than to stop, go back and say "beg your pardon."

And in this connection, *should* one stop and apologize, or go straight ahead?

Says Mrs. J. B. Gross, 125 Bayly Ave., Louisville, Ky.:

On April 17th there was a horrible accident here in one of our local quick service clothes pressing shops, which resulted in two deaths from fire.

In announcing the catastrophe over WHAS that night, the announcer, Steve Lewis, said:

"The explosion was caused when a young man who was carrying a 5 cannon gal of Naphtha, tripped and fell down the stairs." The announcer then chuckled and said: I should have said, five gallon can."

* * *

In the WJZ Children's Hour, broadcast every Sunday from 9 to 10 a. m., a neighbor and I were greatly amused recently on hearing Milton J. Cross read the "Funnies" to the "Kiddies." For several weeks there was a continued strip about the doings of the "Twins," and Mr. Cross *always* referred to them as the *two twins*.

This seems even more humorous now, that he has become the winner of the Diction Award.—*Mrs. M. J. Swan*, 12 *Northern Ave.*, *Northampton, Mass.*

* * *

Red Meat!

Apparently there are still some exponents of cannibalism in Minneapolis as, during a program of phonograph records, last evening, April 29, the announcer said, "Our next offering is, 'Cooking the One I Love for Breakfast.'"

Truly, I think that deserves honorable mention.—*R. L. Lithgow*, 328 *Plymouth Bldg.*, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

* * *

Would you call this an acrobatic orchestra? A local dance orchestra had played one number, when Everett Mitchell of WENR announced, "The boys now continue with 'Bottoms Up!'" —*R. Johnson*, 11432 *Forest Ave.*, *Chicago*.

* * *

Here is a bit of fun I just heard on my Radio while tuned to KMA of Shenandoah, Iowa. Listening to the broadcast of the "Country School," I heard one of the "pupils" remark:

"Say, teacher, my aunt died last week and left a thousand dollars hid in her bureau."

Teacher: "Well, that's too bad."

Pupil: "Yes, but wasn't that a lot to leave behind?" —*Mrs. W. D. Cooper*, 3001 *Mitchell Ave.*, *St. Joseph, Mo.*

* * *

The Last Stitch

Young Girl: Daddy I won't need any clothes this summer.

Daddy: Oh! Oh! I never thought it would come to that.

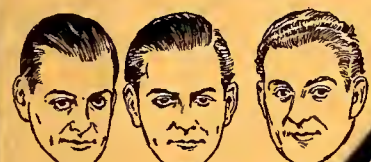
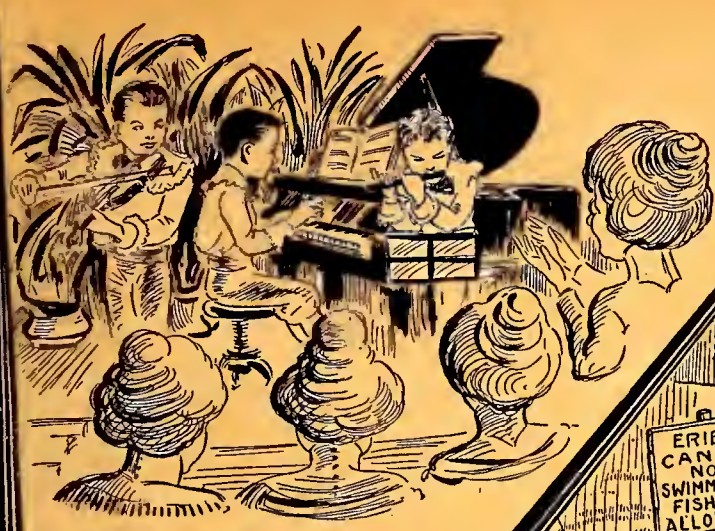
Cash for Humor!

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

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

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

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



LEPERT GUY CARMEN LOMBARDO
MADE THEIR MUSICAL DEBUT AT A MOTHERS CLUB IN ONTARIO CANADA



COLUMBIA ANNOUNCER, TED HUSING, SPENT MOST OF HIS BOYHOOD IN AND AROUND THE ERIE CANAL



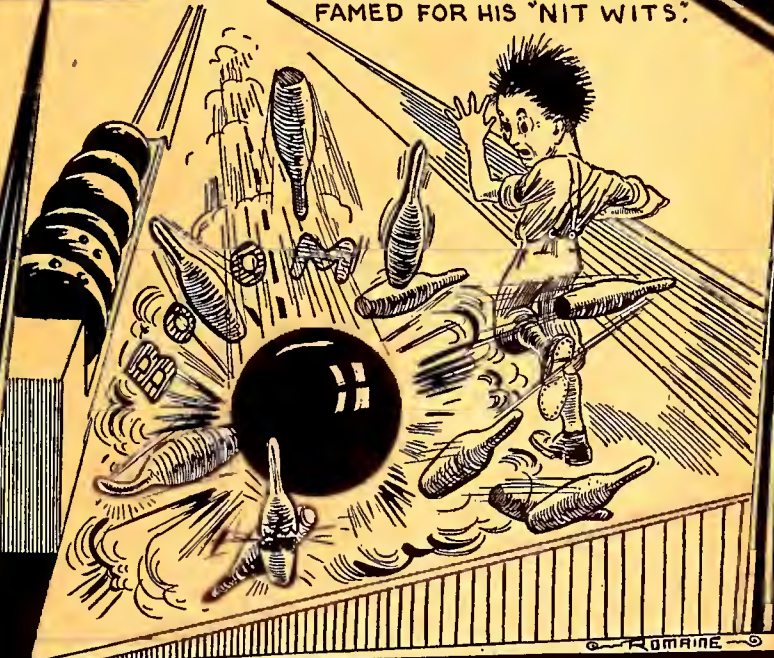
BRAD BROWNE COLUMBIA ENTERTAINER USED TO SET 'EM UP. IS NOW FAMED FOR HIS 'NIT WITS'.

DAVE ROSS
NEWZ DEALER
LINE FORM ON THE
RIGHT



DAVE ROSS

COLUMBIA ANNOUNCER, BEGAN HIS PUBLIC SPEAKING AT AN EARLY AGE.



ROMAINE

Force of Habit

A Radio announcer lost his job and got what he believed to be the next best position—that of station train announcer. Had you happened to be in Grand Central Station, New York, you might recently have heard him calling out his first train announcement: "Friends of Radioland! You are now going on a little journey to all points east. Stations are being broadcast through the courtesy of the New York Central Railway. "Here she comes, see the glaring lights in the carriages, hear the snorting of the engine. Train for Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester,

Syracuse, Albany and New York. "Phone in folks and tell Mr. Pullman how you slept—he will be interested. Good-night everybody."—Robert G. Shimmin, 364 Fourteenth Street, Portland, Ore.

Some Scotsmen not long ago hit upon a plan of saving a little cash. They were listening to an old time fiddling contest coming to them over WLS. In voting for their favorites all thirty-five of these Caledonians wrote their votes on the same sheet of paper and sent it in under one stamp!—The Colonel.

Clem Dacey and Harry Hosford, harmony tance of WLS, each have a new namesake. The newcomers are young Jersey calves belonging to a farmer who listens regularly to their offerings. Clem is all black and Harry has little white spots on him, it is said!

Etiquette

"When we wuz eatin' dinner at Miss Lucy's house las' night, Sam, I seen you scratch yo' haid wid yo' spoon. Ain't you got no etiquette? Use yo' fawk, big boy!—The Colonel.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 92 and 94 of This Issue

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
 KDB..... Santa Barbara, Calif.
 KDKA..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KDLR..... 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.
 KFBK..... Sacramento, Calif.
 KFBL..... Everett, Wash.
 KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
 KFDY..... Brookings, S. D.
 KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
 KFEO..... St. Joseph, Mo.
 KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.
 KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
 KFHA..... Gunnison, Colo.
 KFI..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFIIF..... Portland, Ore.
 KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
 KFIU..... Juneau, Alaska
 KFIZ..... Fond du Lac, Wis.
 KFJB..... Marshalltown, Ia.
 KFJF..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KFJL..... Astoria, Ore.
 KFJM..... Grand Forks, N. D.
 KFJR..... Portland, Ore.
 KFJY..... Fort Dodge, Ia.
 KFJZ..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
 KFKB..... Milford, Kans.
 KFBU..... Lawrence, Kans.
 KFXX..... Chicago, Ill.
 KFYZ..... Kirksville, Mo.
 KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.
 KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.
 KFMX..... Northfield, Minn.
 KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
 KFOR..... Lincoln, Neb.
 KFOX..... Long Beach, Calif.
 KFFL..... Dublin, Texas
 KFFM..... Greenville, Texas
 KFFW..... Siloam Springs, Ark.
 KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
 KFOA..... Kirkwood, Mo.
 KFOD..... Anchorage, Alaska
 KFOU..... Holy City, Calif.
 KFOV..... Seattle, Wash.
 KFOZ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFRG..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.
 KFSD..... San Diego, Calif.
 KFSG..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFUL..... Galveston, Tex.
 KFUM..... Colorado Springs, Colo.
 KFUO..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
 KFVJ..... Culver City, Calif.
 KFVS..... Cape Girardeau, Mo.
 KFVB..... Hollywood, Calif.
 KFVC..... Ontario, Calif.
 KFVW..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KFVI..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KFWM..... Oakland, Calif.
 KFWD..... Jerome, Idaho
 KFXF..... Denver, Colo.
 KFXJ..... Edgewater, Colo.
 KFXM..... San Bernardino, Calif.
 KFXR..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KFYO..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
 KFYV..... Abilene, Tex.
 KFYR..... Bismarck, N. D.
 KGA..... Spokane, Wash.
 KGAR..... Tucson, Ariz.
 KGB..... San Diego, Calif.
 KGBU..... Ketchikan, Alaska
 KGBV..... St. Joseph, Mo.
 KGBZ..... York, Neb.
 KGCA..... Decorah, Iowa
 KGCI..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGCN..... Concordia, Kan.
 KGCR..... Watertown, S. D.
 KGCU..... Mandan, N. D.
 KGDX..... Wolf Point, Mont.
 KGDA..... Dell Rapids, S. D.
 KGDE..... Fergus Falls, Minn.
 KGDM..... Stockton, Calif.
 KGDR..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGDY..... Oldham, S. D.
 KGEF..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGEK..... Yuma, Colo.
 KGER..... Long Beach, Calif.
 KGEW..... Ft. Morgan, Colo.
 KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
 KGFF..... Alva, Okla.
 KGFG..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KGFI..... Corpus Christi, Tex.
 KGFI..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGFK..... Hallock, Minn.

KGFL..... Vaton, N. Mex.
 KGFV..... Ravenna, Neb.
 KGFX..... Pierre, S. D.
 KGGC..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KGGF..... Picher, Okla.
 KGGM..... Albuquerque, N. M.
 KGH..... Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGH..... Missoula, Mont.
 KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.
 KGHG..... McGehee, Ark.
 KGHJ..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGHK..... Billings, Mont.
 KGIQ..... Twin Falls, Idaho
 KGIR..... Butte, Mont.
 KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
 KGIX..... Las Vegas, Nev.
 KGJF..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.
 KGKL..... San Angelo, Tex.
 KGKO..... Wichita Falls, Tex.
 KGKX..... Sand Point, Idaho
 KGKY..... Scottsbluff, Neb.
 KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
 KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
 KGRU..... Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGW..... Portland, Ore.
 KHJ..... Lacy, Wash.
 KHJ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
 KICK..... Red Oak, Ia.
 KID..... Idaho Falls, Idaho
 KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
 KIT..... Yakima, Wash.
 KJBS..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
 KLCN..... Blytheville, Ark.
 KLO..... Ogden, Utah
 KLRA..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KLS..... Oakland, Calif.
 KLL..... Oakland, Calif.
 KLN..... Denver, Colo.
 KMA..... Shenandoah, Ia.
 KMBC..... Kansas City, Mo.
 KMED..... Medford, Ore.
 KMIC..... Inglewood, Calif.
 KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.
 KMMJ..... Clay Center, Neb.
 KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
 KMOX..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.
 KNX..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KOA..... Denver, Colo.
 KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
 KOB..... State College, N. M.
 KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.
 KOH..... Reno, Nev.
 KOIL..... Council Bluffs, Ia.
 KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
 KOJ..... Seattle, Wash.
 KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
 KONO..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KOOS..... Marshfield, Ore.
 KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
 KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
 KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
 KPO..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
 KPPC..... Pasadena, Calif.
 KPO..... Wenatchee, Wash.
 KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
 KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.
 KPWF..... Westminster, Calif.
 KOV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KQW..... San Jose, Calif.
 KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
 KREG..... Santa Ana, Calif.
 KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.
 KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.
 KRMD..... Shreveport, La.
 KRRC..... Seattle, Wash.
 KSAC..... Manhattan, Kans.
 KSAT..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 KSCJ..... Sioux City, Ia.
 KSD..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KSEL..... Pocatello, Idaho
 KSL..... Salt Lake City, Utah
 KSMR..... Santa Maria, Calif.
 KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
 KSOO..... Sioux Falls, S. D.
 KSTP..... St. Paul, Minn.
 KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
 KTAP..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KTAR..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 KTB..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KTB..... Portland, Ore.
 KTB..... Shreveport, La.
 KTHS..... Hot Springs, Ark.
 KTL..... Richmond, Texas.
 KTM..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KNTN..... Muscatine, Ia.
 KTRH..... Austin, Texas
 KTS..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KTSM..... Shreveport, La.
 KTSML..... El Paso, Texas

KTUE..... Houston, Texas
 KTW..... Seattle, Wash.
 KUJ..... Long View, Wash.
 KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
 KUSD..... Vermillion, S. D.
 KUT..... Austin, Tex.
 KVL..... Tacoma, Wash.
 KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
 KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
 KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
 KVOS..... Bellingham, Wash.
 KWBS..... Portland, Ore.
 KWCR..... Cedar Rapids, Iowa
 KWEA..... Shreveport, La.
 KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
 KWJJ..... Portland, Ore.
 KWJK..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KWKK..... Kansas City, Mo.
 KWKH..... Shreveport, La.
 KWLC..... Decorah, Iowa
 KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.
 KWWG..... Brownsville, Tex.
 KWYO..... Laramie, Wyo.
 KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
 KXL..... Portland, Ore.
 KXO..... El Centro, Calif.
 KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.
 KYA..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
 KZIB..... Manila, P. I.
 KZKZ..... Manila, P. I.
 KZM..... Hayward, Calif.
 KZRM..... Manila, P. I.

W

NAA..... Arlington, Va.
 WAAF..... 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.
 WAU..... Columbus, Ohio
 WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WASH..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WBAA..... West Lafayette, Ind.
 WBAC..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
 WBAP..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 WBAX..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBBC..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
 WBMM..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBBR..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBBW..... Norfolk, Va.
 WBBY..... Charleston, S. C.
 WBBZ..... Ponca City, Okla.
 WBMC..... Bay City, Mich.
 WBIS..... Boston, Mass.
 WBMS..... Hackensack, N. J.
 WBNY..... New York City
 WBOO..... New York City
 WBOW..... Terre Haute, Ind.
 WBRC..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WBRE..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBRL..... Tilton, N. H.
 WBSO..... Wellesley, Mass.
 WBT..... Charlotte, N. C.
 WBZ..... Springfield, Mass.
 WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
 WCAB..... Allentown, Pa.
 WCAC..... Storrs, Conn.
 WCAD..... Canton, N. Y.
 WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio
 WCAJ..... Lincoln, Neb.
 WCAL..... Northfield, Minn.
 WCAM..... Camden, N. J.
 WCAO..... Baltimore, Md.
 WCAP..... Asbury Park, N. J.
 WCAT..... Rapid City, S. D.
 WCAU..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WCAX..... Burlington, Vt.
 WCAZ..... Carthage, Ill.
 WCBA..... Allentown, Pa.
 WCB..... Zion, Ill.
 WCBM..... Baltimore, Md.
 WCBS..... Springfield, Ill.
 WCCO..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WCDA..... New York City
 WCFL..... Chicago, Ill.
 WCGU..... Coney Island, N. Y.
 WCHI..... Chicago, Ill.
 WCKY..... Covington, Ky.
 WCLB..... Long Beach, N. Y.
 WCLO..... Kenosha, Wis.

WCLS..... Joliet, Ill.
 WCOM..... Culver, Ind.
 WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
 WCOC..... Meridian, Miss.
 WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WCOH..... Greenville, N. Y.
 WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
 WCSH..... Portland, Me.
 WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio
 WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
 WDAF..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WDAH..... Amarillo, Tex.
 WDAH..... El Paso, Tex.
 WDAY..... Fargo, N. D.
 WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va.
 WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.
 WDEL..... Wilmington, Del.
 WDFW..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WDDO..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
 WDRS..... New Haven, Conn.
 WDSU..... New Orleans, La.
 WDFW..... Cranston, R. I.
 WDFW..... Tuscola, Ill.
 WDFW..... New York City
 WEAL..... Ithaca, N. Y.
 WEAN..... Providence, R. I.
 WEAO..... Columbus, O.
 WEAR..... Cleveland, Ohio
 WEBE..... Duluth, Minn.
 WEBE..... Cambridge, O.
 WEBQ..... Harrisburg, Ill.
 WEBR..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
 WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WEDH..... Erie, Pa.
 WEEI..... Boston, Mass.
 WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
 WELK..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WEMC..... Berrien Springs, Mich.
 WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
 WEPS..... Gloucester, Mass.
 WEVD..... Woodhaven, N. Y.
 WEW..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WFAA..... Dallas, Tex.
 WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFBC..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WFBE..... Cincinnati, O.
 WFBJ..... Collegeville, Minn.
 WFBM..... Indianapolis, Ind.
 WFBT..... Baltimore, Md.
 WFDL..... Flint, Mich.
 WFDW..... Talladega, Ala.
 WFGW..... Altoona, Pa.
 WFL..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFIV..... Hopkinsville, Ky.
 WFJC..... Akron, O.
 WFKD..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
 WFDV..... Rome, Ga.
 WFGAL..... Lancaster, Pa.
 WGBB..... Freeport, N. Y.
 WGBS..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
 WGBI..... Scranton, Pa.
 WGBS..... New York City
 WGCN..... 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.
 WGSP..... Savannah, Ga.
 WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WGY..... Schenectady, N. Y.
 WHA..... Madison, Wis.
 WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WHAM..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WHAF..... New York City
 WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
 WHAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WHAZ..... Troy, N. Y.
 WHB..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WHBC..... Canton, Ohio
 WHBD..... Mount Orab, O.
 WHBF..... Rock Island, Ill.
 WHBL..... Sheboygan, Wis.
 WHBO..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
 WHBV..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WHBY..... West DePere, Wis.
 WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
 WHDH..... Gloucester, Mass.
 WHDI..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WHDL..... 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.
 WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.

WHPP..... Englewood Cliffs, N. J.
 WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
 WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
 WIBG..... Elkins Park, Pa.
 WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
 WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBR..... Steubenville, Ohio
 WIBS..... Elizabeth, N. J.
 WIBU..... Poyonette, Wis.
 WIBW..... Topeka, Kan.
 WIBX..... Utica, N. Y.
 WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
 WIL..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WIL..... Urbana, Ill.
 WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
 WINR..... Bay Shore, N. Y.
 WIOD..... Miami Beach, Fla.
 WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WJAC..... Johnstown, Pa.
 WJAD..... Waco, Tex.
 WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr.
 WJAR..... Providence, R. I.
 WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WJAX..... Marion, Ind.
 WJAX..... Jacksonville, Fla.
 WJAY..... Cleveland, O.
 WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WJBC..... La Salle, Ill.
 WJBI..... Red Bank, N. J.
 WJBK..... Ypsilanti, Mich.
 WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
 WJBO..... New Orleans, La.
 WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
 WJBU..... Lewisburg, Pa.
 WJBW..... New Orleans, La.
 WJBY..... Gadsden, Ala.
 WJDW..... Emory, Va.
 WJDX..... Jackson, Miss.
 WJID..... Chicago, Ill.
 WJIS..... Gary, Ind.
 WJLR..... Detroit, Mich.
 WJWS..... Washington, D. C.
 WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio.
 WJZ..... New York City
 WKAO..... San Juan, Porto Rico
 WKAR..... E. Lansing, Mich.
 WKAV..... Laconia, N. H.
 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.
 WKBV..... Connorsville, Ind.
 WKBW..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKBZ..... Ludington, Mich.
 WKEN..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
 WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
 WKY..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WLAP..... Louisville, Ky.
 WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WLBC..... Muncie, Ind.
 WLBF..... Kansas City, Kan.
 WLBG..... Petersburg, Va.
 WLBL..... Stevens Point, Wis.
 WLWB..... Oil City, Pa.
 WLBS..... Long Island, N. Y.
 WLBS..... Bangor, Me.
 WLBI..... Ithaca, N. Y.
 WLX..... Lexington, Mass.
 WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
 WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
 WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
 WLST..... Providence, R. I.
 WLTH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
 WLWL..... New York City
 WMAO..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WMAF..... Dartmouth, Mass.
 WMAK..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WMAL..... Washington, D. C.
 WMAN..... Columbus, Ohio
 WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMAZ..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
 WMB..... Newport, R. I.
 WMB..... Detroit, Mich.
 WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
 WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
 WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
 WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMBJ..... Wilkesburg, Pa.
 WMBL..... Lakeland, Fla.
 WMBM..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMBMO..... Auburn, N. Y.
 WMBQ..... Brooklyn, N.

WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
 WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMCA..... New York City
 WMES..... Boston, Mass.
 WMMN..... Fairmont, W. Va.
 WMPC..... Lapeer, Mich.
 WMRJ..... Jamaica, N. Y.
 WMSG..... New York City
 WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
 WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
 WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
 WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WNAX..... Yankton, S. D.
 WNBH..... Binghamton, N. Y.
 WNBH..... New Bedford, Mass.
 WNBK..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNBZ..... Washington, Pa.
 WNBZ..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WNBW..... Carbondale, Pa.
 WNBX..... Springfield, Vt.
 WNBZ..... Saranac, N. Y.
 WNJ..... Newark, N. J.
 WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNRG..... Greensboro, N. C.
 WNYC..... New York City
 WOAI..... San Antonio, Tex.
 WOAN..... Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
 WOAX..... Trenton, N. J.
 WOBT..... Union City, Tenn.
 WOBW..... Charleston, W. Va.
 WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
 WODA..... Paterson, N. J.
 WOI..... Ames, Ia.
 WOKO..... Beacon, N. Y.
 WOL..... Washington, D. C.
 WOMB..... Manitowoc, Wis.
 WOOD..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
 WOO..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WOR..... Newark, N. J.
 WORC..... Worcester, Mass.
 WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
 WOS..... Jefferson City, Mo.
 WOV..... New York City
 WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
 WWO..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WPAP..... Palisade, N. J.
 WPAW..... Pawtucket, R. I.
 WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WPCN..... Hoboken, N. J.
 WPEN..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPG..... Atlantic City, N. J.
 WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y.
 WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WPSA..... State College, Pa.
 WPSW..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
 WQAN..... Miami, Fla.
 WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
 WQAO..... Palisade, N. J.
 WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.

WQBZ..... Weirton, W. Va.
 WRAF..... La Porte, Ind.
 WRAC..... Williamsport, Pa.
 WRAY..... Reading, Pa.
 WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
 WRBI..... Titon, Ga.
 WRBJ..... Hattiesburg, Miss.
 WRBL..... Columbus, Ga.
 WRBO..... Greenville, Miss.
 WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
 WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
 WRCC..... Washington, D. C.
 WRCC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WRCC..... Lawrence, Kans.
 WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WRIN..... Racine, Wis.
 WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
 WRNY..... New York City
 WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
 WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
 WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
 WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
 WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
 WSAJ..... Allentown, Pa.
 WSAJ..... Fall River, Mass.
 WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va.
 WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WSB..... Chicago, Ill.
 WSB..... South Bend, Ind.
 WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSEA..... Portsmouth, Va.
 WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSIS..... Sarasota, Fla.
 WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
 WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
 WSM..... Salisbury, Md.
 WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
 WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
 WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
 WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
 WSUL..... Iowa City, Iowa
 WSUN..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
 WSVS..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
 WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
 WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
 WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis.
 WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
 WTAX..... Streator, Ill.
 WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
 WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
 WTI..... Hartford, Conn.
 WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WTOC..... Savannah, Ga.

WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.
 WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
 WWL..... New Orleans, La.
 WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
 WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
 WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.

CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CJCF-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
 CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
 CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
 CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
 CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
 CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
 CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
 CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
 CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
 CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
 CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
 CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
 CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
 CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
 CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
 CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w.
 CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
 CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
 CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, —w.
 CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
 CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Canada

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
 CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
 CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
 CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
 CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
 CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
 CMBY, Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
 CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
 CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
 CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
 CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
 CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
 CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
 CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
 CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
 CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
 CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
 CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
 CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
 CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
 CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

- The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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; 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 5-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 district 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.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 24)

out counting them as loss—all were beautiful seasons if they were Love's seasons. But there was something not beautiful the matter with her and Sid.

OF COURSE there were no children! And a pang shot through her—a familiar little pang. Probably that was the bottom trouble. Sid was disappointed—she guessed that, though he hid his discontent. As for that no one dreamed, Sid no more than anyone else, how deeply and acutely she, herself, felt her childlessness.

Yet, withal, didn't they have enough in each other for happiness?

No, evidently not. But *why* not?

If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wandell acted with men, or if Sid were unfaithful to her as Charlie Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit as Louise Smith was disloyal to Johnny, forever talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talents had lifted him from the ditch of mediocrity; or if Sid got drunk and abused her, or even if he were insignificant but insufferably pompous and smug like Fanny Munn's husband—if there were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet one more disappointment in marriage. But was everyone disappointed at the best—everyone but the dreadful people who expected nothing? Was married happiness—*married* love—at the best a mere negation of violently expressed unhappiness—merely not getting abusively drunk or being abusively unfaithful or things like that?

But no—a million times no! Not with people who had loved each other as she and Sid had loved each other!

AND then, catching that mental past tense, she cried out to herself that Sid did love her yet—she knew she loved him. But then she said to herself that if a woman seven years married has to assert her husband's love to her own heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she chased away that thought, and sought to recapture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back to her, that tide of ineffable tenderness. And, swimming in that tenderness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to find happiness. Had been building hobgoblins out of shadows. Making trifles too momentous. The little rifts on the surface after all hadn't mattered—there were bound to be little rifts, occasionally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only thing that mattered was not the rifts but whether the persons still loved each other. And she and Sid still loved each other—yes, oh yes!

She leaned closer to the window, so close that her forehead brushed the screen. Outside the crickets were at their evening song and back of her a clock was loudly, lazily ticking the seconds. The sounds seemed to intensify the pervasive quiet. Outside, inside, the hush hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her waiting—not even children's voices. Her thoughts turned and wounded her with a memory sudden and with no apparent direct connection: of how Sid had set aside one big bright room for a nursery—when they first took the house. But that big bright room had long since been given over to other purposes. She and Sid never spoke of those old hopes,

and Amelie never discovered her disappointment, never admitted it, to anyone.

BUT there was the deepest reason why she hated certain other childless women of their set who deliberately avoided domestic encumbrances to liveliness—she must accept a standing that put her with them; she could not cry her distaste for their ideas. Here lay a hidden and her most specific reason for disclaiming kinship with that blithe and careless "bunch" so prized by Sid. But Sid had no more idea of all this than a stranger. Curiously she didn't want Sid to suspect how much she cared. It seemed to her she could not bear anything that might lift the curtain on how much he cared.

While, as a fact, Sid suffered no such disappointment as hers. Possessing Amelie he thought he had more than was his due, anyway. That the subject was closed between them was part of their misfortune.

Amelie was still waiting for him, cherishing that softened and tender mood, when Sid got home. Her first disappointment was because he didn't come alone. He had brought the out-of-town business acquaintance with him; Sid liked to feel free to bring a friend home to dinner without notice, and Amelie liked him to show his freedom—not every prosperous husband has it. Yet, somehow, tonight—

But she tried to be gracious to this Mr. Jenkins of Sid's, and, when she tried, she could be gracious, indeed; only her feelings beneath remained the same. It came out that Mr. Jenkins was a golf enthusiast and that this was Sid's reason for bringing him to Fair Haven—so he might play over the Club's excellent course the next day, though Sid himself couldn't, hadn't the time. But he would take the visitor over to the Club dance tonight and introduce him to some of the fellows and arrange a game.

TO AMELIE, feeling as she was feeling then, as she had been feeling all afternoon—vaguely wistful and reminiscently regretful and wanting only to be with Sid—the suggestion of a frolicsome evening at the clubhouse, and especially with Sid suggesting it in that enthusiastic way, came as a wet-blanket. And because her tenderness was so suddenly dampened, so terribly dampened, she didn't want Sid to suspect the mood the day and that boyish picture had called up. Why bare her feelings?—he was obviously eager for this frolic; the time was past when just being with her constituted his most enjoyable "good time."

The Dictated Letter

ALL might have ended differently if Sidney had not had his stenographer write his letters to Amelie. He had injured his hand, which had prevented him from using a pen. But Amelie did not know this. She thought he was indifferent, so the breach was widened another notch. Follow this intensely human story, *Incompatible*, to its conclusion in the

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RADIO DIGEST

Yet, when alone with him in their room, she demurred about the evening's plan:

"I'm sorry we've got to go to that dance tonight."

"Sorry you're sorry, dear—but I don't see any way out of it. Jenkins brought his evening clothes—I told him to. Then, as I said, it's a good chance to get him fixed up for tomorrow."

She hesitated a second; then:

"You put it off on Mr. Jenkins—but you want to go to the dance yourself!" She forced banter into a little laugh, but there was a quaver of something else under the banter. It was the wounded sentiment of a tender mood taking itself out in a mask of pettiness. But what could Sid see but the pettiness? And Amelie was not given to the petty or the pettyish. He answered matter-of-factly: "Of course I want to go—I like to dance and I'm in just the mood tonight."

Underneath the matter-of-factness was something a little hard, a little cold, and almost hidden beneath geniality, but not hidden from Amelie. It amounted to a critical comment on her attitude, and she—she was only acting to be loved! To be assured of his love. So she answered with a weary indifference of tone—the eternally foolish feminine—she answered:

"You're generally in that mood, it seems."

"See here, Amelie," and, to add to its defensiveness, his tone took on an impatience because of the need to be defensive, "let's not start that kind of thing now. Don't start acting abused because I want you to go out and have a good time—you know you like to dance as well as anybody!"

"I do like to dance," she admitted. "But I like other things, too. And I confess that, at times, I get sort of fed up with people who think life's nothing—but dancing and hunting a good time."

She was faintly, gently supercilious about it—oh, such a slight, lady-like shade of superciliousness, and that was thanks to that strangled-down warmth inside her. But Sid was chilled, rebuffed. And hurt—that tone of hers had sufficed to stir, as a similar demeanor had stirred more than once, a well of bitterness deep and secret within him: Amelie scorned "the bunch," but that wasn't it; the thing that put that edge on her scorn, which used to be so amiably slight and humorous, was that she had learned to scorn him with the rest! Why not, indeed? They were the ones that were his kind, he supposed, even if he had put one over on Amelie when he got her to marry him.

HE WAS hurt as if he had been stabbed. It was not the sense of Amelie's superiority—because Sid, in his genuine humility, had always deemed Amelie high above him; but the suspicion that she was cognizant of *his* inferiority.

That had been something, this suspicion, he had been fighting away from through all the little rifts and jars which had marred the last two years. She had got taxed and bored with *him*.

There is no feeling in life more wretched than that of feeling oneself belittled by the adored one. And this feeling, layered onto his own self-deprecation, had been recurrently making Sid Fletcher unhappy. So unhappy that all he could do was to put on a deceptive uncaring front and withdraw into himself. Withdrawals to conceal the hurt inside him; and which, according to his idea of his own lacks, must last till she made some sign, gave him a cue to show himself the lover again. And, of course, to tide himself over, he must hurl himself the more hilariously into those dis-

tractions she belittled. And all the time longing only to feel his Amelie close again; close to him—in his arms—and her spirit close to him as well.

While Amelie, at such times, would cultivate aloofness, too—a deliberate reserve compounded of wounded love and vanity and of a sheer perversity that she never clearly took in as a part of her make-up. She was so gentle, so sparkingly distinguished, that no one had ever called her perverse any more than she so named herself. Yet she perhaps knew more of Sid's states of mind than she owned to herself. But she wanted him to love her so much he could not play indifferent even if he tried to. And what she was crying to herself, what she thought, all that pierced her was: "He doesn't love me as he used to love me!—I don't count with him as I used to count!"

What tragic comedy life makes out of the emotions of humans!

Had this fanciful creature, so high-spirited and delicate-spirited and jealously-guarded at once, only had children then she might have learned to feel that her husband was in ways like one of the children, to be understood and helped like one of them; and she would have been taken out of this too-fanciful sweet-heating with a husband who was truly more hers than any sweetheart could ever be.

Marriage, with the Fletchers, had never fallen into matter-of-course, prosaic marital habits; but the deep feeling, the poetic tenderness, which had such ways impossible to them, had not flowered, either, into the perfect openness which marriage so needs. And that touch of unimportant incompatibility became important when it led to these reserves, these prides and wounded humilities that turned to pride.

THIS evening there was no more argument about the dance or the dancers, and before they joined their guest Amelie went and pressed her cheek for a moment against her husband's sleeve.

If she had taken him by the arms and said: "I did not say what I meant! The crowd doesn't matter two pins—the whole crowd doesn't matter two pins. All in the world that matters is *you*. And because you're all that matters I stew and fret and want to be assured in return that, with you, *I'm* all that matters. That's all it amounted to, Sid—I want you to tell me, to convince me, that you love me—above *everything!*" If she had said something like this, Sid would have been as interested as a bridegroom, and probably there would have been no story to tell about the Fletchers.

For it was that causeless little breach that night which marked the most definite point either could ever fix on as the beginning of an incredible chapter. And neither of them guessed what it was about; and neither guessed how it was going to end.

It was his stinging sense that Amelie didn't feel him quite good enough that made Sid act a part that night, of a husband who, indeed, was not quite good enough for such a wife as Amelie.

He danced with pretty Mrs. Wandell so often as to be conspicuous. Mrs. Wandell was so superlative a dancer that, had his motive been merely the comparatively innocent one of dancing for dancing's sake—and he trying to forget all trouble in the apotheosis of rhythm he found with her—he would have had a plausible excuse in seeking her for a partner. But Sid did not dance as if his interest stood just that way; he threw a shade of something more personal into his manner toward Bess Wandell.

Yes, he threw it there of malice prepense, because he wanted to show that there were pretty women who liked him, ordinary and commonplace as he was. His were like a hurt little boy's feelings on one side, but on the other, the side that showed, he was grown-up masculine enough.

And everyone felt that Sid was such a simple honest creature that no one, not even Amelie, suspected he had this much of the actor. It is well to remember that the simplest human can be a well of duplicity and of histrionic talent—when love, wounded love especially, is the stage-manager.

MANY men in Fair Haven did like to dance with Bess Wandell, even though they refused to be "vamped", by her. Bess was the professional vamp of the Country Club crowd. Slim and dark, provocative and conscienceless, she achieved a great deal of masculine attention.

Amelie privately considered that these conquests were bought at too dear a price. She had her own ideas as to the valuation every woman, because she was a woman, should place on herself; and, to Amelie's way of thinking, women who behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held themselves cheap—cheaped themselves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. Wandell had kept her dainty and modish skirts clear of forthright damnation. And it was not Amelie's way to voice censure of other women; especially when their dubious activities did not cross her own intimate horizon; Sid had never shown any responsiveness to Mrs. Wandell's allurements. But tonight—

It was a particularly gay and successful party. The toilettes elegant even if often bizarre; the animation high-pitched but not vulgar in its gusto; the white and gold ballroom, the shining floor, the revolving couples, the strains of waltz or of fox-trot and overtones of talk and laughter. You could sense, even without hearing it, that all that talk was sophisticated and artificial.

The people were sophisticated and artificial, and the setting, and the gayety; but something very pleasant in all the gayety and sparkle. And Amelie had to acknowledge it; once let yourself give in to it, to this pleasantness, and you forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found herself giving in to the extent that she'd had a surprisingly good time. Probably she would always have had a good time had she not been feeling that Sid, without any "giving in," was having a better

one than she could give him since times had changed with them, since he was no longer the lover he had been.

Sid early spoiled for her any chance of pleasure this evening. The out-of-town Mr. Jenkins was sitting beside her as Sid finished his second dance with Mrs. Wandell—Amelie, though not tired, had evaded the encore.

"Who's that dancing with Sid?" the visitor inquired.

Amelie told him.

"She's certainly a beautiful woman."

"Yes," Amelie agreed, "she's considered the most beautiful woman in Fair Haven."

"**A**ND a wonder of a dancer! They dance well together, don't they?"

Amelie agreed to this, also. To be fair she had to. Mrs. Wandell danced without any effect of abandon but you caught a peculiar sense of rhythm flowing throughout her thin, supple body—caught it in her flexible shoulders and arms, in the way she stepped as on a fragile surface, in even her knees which you could not see, but which you somehow divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind that shrouding skirt. Her every movement was attuned to the music's harmony—became a part of the harmony.

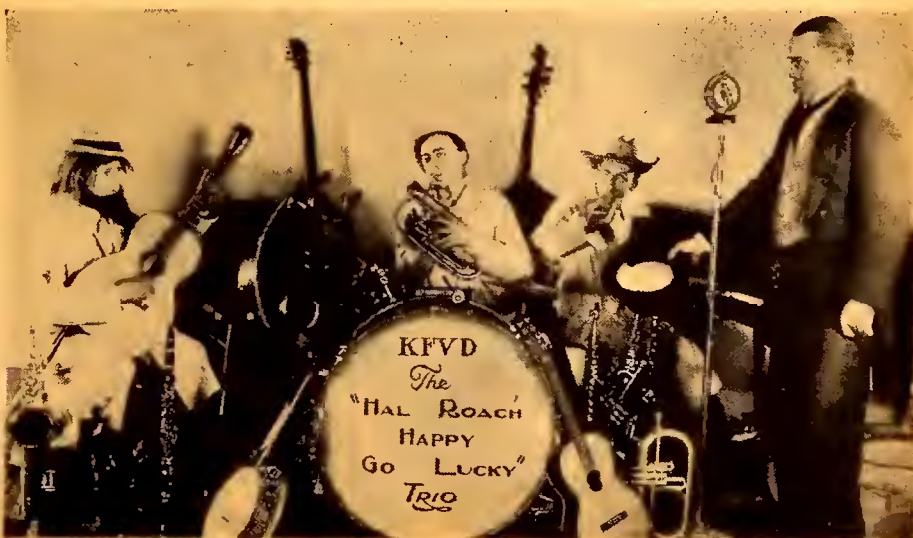
And Sid, dancing with her in his arms, seemed to become a part of that harmony, too. He looked rapt, absorbed, yet somehow boyish in his sheer enthusiasm of enjoyment. There was nothing stiff or constrained about him now—not as he danced with Bess Wandell.

Amelie, eyeing the pair covertly, saw Mrs. Wandell let her hand linger longer than necessary on Sid's arm after the dance was finished. And Sid didn't seem to mind. He laughed and talked with her as if in fine fettle.

When he kept on dancing with her several times more Amelie was sure others were noticing and making stealthy comments.

He danced with his wife also, of course, and not markedly less than usual, but it was less. Amelie was a good dancer even if she were not in the class with Bess Wandell, but, tonight, she found her muscles stiffening every time her husband's arm went round her.

But, thinking hard throughout the evening and throughout the ride home, she decided to "pass it over." She had no real fear of Bess Wandell; the flirtatious episode had been mostly the "vamp's" doing, merely in keeping with her customary behavior. No, she mustn't let a Bess Wandell raise an issue between herself and Sid—it was not Bess



KFVD, Culver City, Calif., is very proud of its jolly trio, the Hal Roach Happy-Go-Lucky musicians, shown above. Their costumes smack of the soil, hey what? Hill-billies or not, they shore can play!



Miss Kathryn Julye, the lovely and skilled harpist of Station KPO, San Francisco

Wandell, anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell, but she was not indifferent to Sid's lessening devotion to herself, even though she was still sure of him as against Bess Wandells. But, anyhow, she must stop the continuous raising of these issues. She must try to win back the old peace and security of love.

There was propitiation in her tone and wistfulness in her heart when, alone with Sid again, she said:

"It was a nice party, wasn't it? I'm sorry I made a fuss about going."

BUT Sid was still stung with a sense of her criticism of himself—this retracting light concession did not touch the only hurt he had felt; so his voice held a tinge of reserve as he answered: "Had a bully time, myself. I like the bunch—they're jolly, and pick you up. I like 'em even though you don't."

If Amelie had spoken from her heart, then, the voice from her heart would have cried out: "My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don't want any bunch to mean as much as home to you! I can't bear them as competitors. That's what's eating into me, Sid—my jealousy and fear!"

But she said:

"I noticed you seemed to be enjoying yourself particularly." And then: "Is Bess Wandell as marvelous a dancer as she looks?"

"She's a peach," affirmed Sid succinctly. Perhaps to his other hurts his conscience was hurting him a bit—and contributing only to that brusqueness! He added: "She's good fun, too, if you take her in the right way. She's going to ask us for bridge tomorrow night—said she'd ring you up in the morning."

"Oh," said Amelie. She hadn't meant her tone to be so blank. Then suddenly she was saying something that was just the kind of thing she had determined not to say!

"Sid," and her voice was hard because she was holding it against tears, "I don't want to go. And I want you to promise me something—will you promise me?"

"What is it?"

AGAINST the guarded stiffness of this it was difficult to go on, but, a little flurried, she forced herself to bring it out.

"I want you to promise not to let Bess Wandell get a hold over you."

"Get a hold over me!—what on earth do you mean, Amelie?"

"Well, you know how she is—how she loves to make fools of men. And she can do it, too!—but—"

"Are you implying she can make a fool of me?" betraying amazement but more distant and stiff than ever.

"Oh, no, not that exactly—you know I don't mean that. But she's the kind that covets any new conquest and will play the game to any extent to make a conquest. And men are sometimes more flattered by that sort of thing than they realize. It's just that I can't bear the thought of Bess Wandell pickin on you—flattering you—trying to flirt with you—and perhaps winning her way with you just a little."

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once terribly sincere; but this was not the kind of sincerity for a woman to betray to a man who, more than anything else in the world, longed to appear fine and admirable in that woman's eyes! And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at just that moment, swept her into a sincerity which held no tact. She rushed on:

"So I want you not to be very—very responsive to her. If she should ever try to make up to you. Of course I don't mean ignoring her, or anything like that; only don't be—responsive. Don't dance with her so often as to be conspicuous; don't let her make you conspicuous—not in any way."

"I think you're talking in a very silly way," said Sid. "I'm really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it."

"Of course I know it—that's not the point."

"WELL, I don't seem to get the point then," said Sid; and he moved toward the closet to get his dressing-gown.

How could he see the point?—he couldn't read Amelie's insides. But because he failed to read what was hidden and fermenting there—that turmoil of wounded love and jealous doubt, that burning desire merely to be taken in his arms and assured that nothing counted or ever would count but herself—because he didn't somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt rebuffed. For she thought—no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overwrought to be able to draw any lines between what she thought and what she felt. No, to her, it was that she had shown him her heart only to have him glance at it indifferently, impatiently. She felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to burst into tears. But she would not cry! She regretted her overtures, her attempt at sincerity, her impulsiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for control and poise. Regained them—overdid it somewhat.

Sid veered, too; he returned from the closet a little ashamed of himself, miserable, anxious to "make up," and started toward her with his arms out; but, because he was ashamed of himself, stumbling into the wrong words:

"It's not Bess Wandell, Amelie, that's cut you out," he began.

Now, what woman would like that, unless she were in one of love's radiant moods when words don't count anyway? And Amelie's was far from that. She only saw Sid's open arms as she turned, and as she turned his arms dropped, for her expression was amused, well-bred and "superior"; and she was saying:

"You are wonderfully reassuring, Sid; if it's not Bess Wandell, why should I mind?"

Sid flung from her room into his without a word. He had found Amelie's delicate irony a pretty gift when she had now and again—she never used it

much—brought it to his help in some conversational impasse where he was getting "balled up." She knew he was not clever with words the way she was: And knew it now, and now . . . The sting went out of all proportion deep.

AND as he tried to get to sleep that night, he was thinking: "She doesn't love me. Oh, she loves me, I suppose—principally because it's her duty—but she knows all about where I fall short. I can't measure up to her standards. I do fall short—but it's the dickens to have her know it so well! I wish . . . oh, well . . ."

There was an ache in his heart, and hunger, and warmth; but there was something that smarted, too—that bade him not show his hurt.

And Amelie, so near him yet so immeasurably distant, was thinking into the dark: "He doesn't care for me as he used to care. If he did he wouldn't want to go to Bess Wandell's—that creature so beneath bothering about! But he shan't know how I care, how I suffer because he's changed—he shan't, he shan't!"

What foolishness for two people, married, and truly married so far as loving each other went. And why so foolish? Perhaps, besides their need of children to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensitiveness out of them, perhaps a deeper partnership in everyday life would have, could have, helped them. They had had no struggles together, no sharp pulls of dependence on each other as partners in any way. Now, if Sid had fallen desperately ill, it might have sobered Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-torturing sweetheart. Certainly, it does appear, it's where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Joe White has a "jinx song." What is it?
2. What "school marm" has the distinction to be the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice?"
3. Who originated the phrase "make whoopie?"
4. What is Ted Husing's record, words per minute, in announcing?
5. What American broadcasting station was used by foreign power to convey code messages?
6. Who wrote the *Rhapsody in Blue*?
7. What is Olive Palmer's "real name?"
8. Who used to be known as "the red-headed music maker?"
9. What well known announcer taught the Prince of Wales to play the ukulele?
10. Who is known as the Eiffel Tower of Radio?

Answers to the questions in June issue:

1. S. Parkes Cadman. 2. Countess Albani. 3. Will Osborne. 4. Saxophone. 5. Amy Goldsmith. 6. During the World War in a music store at Ft. Worth. 7. He was allowed to pinch-hit for the regular announcer. 8. Yale. 9. The stage. 10. WCHI.

Talkies Take the Air

(Continued from page 34)

little directing while, a year or so later, Carmel, his sister, finished school and went into the movies.

In fact, this entire movement is spreading so rapidly that it is pretty hard to keep track of it all. Ultimately, however, it looks as though the talkie magnates would hog-tie everything to it . . . theaters, production units, Radio, song houses, talking machines, electrical transcriptions and recordings. There is almost no limit to it.

Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pioneered in Radio some time ago, but did not include those of the present day. Well, a list of those who get a break on the air now, as the talkies take to the air, would read like a who's who of filmdom.

It would be lots easier to say who hasn't been on the Radio instead of reciting the list of those who have. I guess, after all, that practically every one of them has had a break at some time or other. Charlie Chaplin holds out against the talkies because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the announcer has caught his "good-evening" as he passed by the mike stand on his way into Grauman's Chinese on his way to a premiere.

Talkie stars of the present day do not have the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the stars of the silent films when it comes to Radio. They ad lib sometimes, it is true, but mostly they are very business-like in their actions before the microphone. They take it plenty seriously for, after all, the business office is beginning to realize what a husky henchman and ally Radio can be to the theater.

One of the smartest things in connection with the Radio and talkies lately has been the series of KFI travel talks by Tom Terriss, who prefers to be known as the vagabond director. He has made twenty-six travel shorts for Pathe with the lecture synchronized. The fans hear his KFI talks and forthwith saunter over to the show houses to see his travel talkie.

Will Rogers' "Connecticut Yankee" for Fox will probably find that his commercial broadcast series has not injured the showing of the film. Far from it.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S broadcasts have created a good-sized audience for his "King of Jazz" for Universal. Amos 'n' Andy will find that their contract with Radio Pictures will be a big thing.

That Radio has helped Rogers, Whiteman, Gosden and Correll cannot be doubted. But, it must be remembered, Radio did not start them on original careers. They had a professional background which was further enhanced through Radio experience.

Besides all the West coast broadcasts by talkie people, there is the Paramount-Publix hour weekly over C. B. S. At this writing a sponsored affair is on the air for a half hour twice each Friday via NBC, once for the East and again for the West on account of the four-hour difference in time.

There was an M-G-M hour at KHJ which lagged when difference of opinion cropped out between the station and studio. The M-G-M people claim they ought to get the time free, while the station thought they ought to put up the cash.

A movement has been started which has spread with cooperation between theaters and the Radio. Some of the theaters employ Radio contact men who

run around to the broadcasters and give them sheet music for orchestra and singers and phonograph records. Of course the songs are from theme songs of pictures currently running in the film palaces.

If the stations are tender-hearted, which some of them are, they not only plug the stuff, but also mention the theaters and pictures. But even if they don't, by the law of averages the prop-aganda more than pays for itself.

THIS theme song gag is getting a bit wearisome to the public. Yet the fact remains that Tin Pan Alley has been lifted bodily and carted from New York to Hollywood. All the big shots of song plugdom are storming at the doors of the talkies. The gates have been let down for scores of them at fabulous salaries. They might as well make the most of it and get the coin, because their active brains will not grind out snappy stuff forever.

It is even rumored that some of the producers are going to use the trailer or teaser idea from the theaters and adapt it to the Radio. You go into the film palace and see a portion of advance film from something of the next week. The companies now plan to put some dialogue on an electrical transcription. You will hear it over some Radio station, and then they will announce that if you want to hear the whole story you will have to go to the theater to finish the tale.

So, to make a long story short, they've buried the hatchet about the quarrel between Radio, films and phonograph. In fact, Radio has given them all a pretty big boost though it is hard to see how they in turn have done so very much for Radio.

There is the Paramount combination with the Columbia chain, RKO's arrangement with National Broadcasting company and Warner's proposition with Brunswick.

A news dispatch from the east the other day tells something about the making of the Brunswick records in Muskegon, Michigan, yet the rumors in Los Angeles say that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Hollywood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfeld is in town. Whether there is any connection between the two items remains to be seen.

THESE combinations, mergers, amalgamations and what not, are in the press every day.

One proposed gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and television interests. This would give essentially a monopoly on film, stage, Radio and music entertainment, and, unless the federal government objected strenuously, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to collect some royalty on home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it might lock horns with the Sherman Act bets are up that nothing will be done about it.

It doubtless is true that this great interlocking of interests, directorates, patents and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of musicians, fans, booking agencies, theater patrons and others who see in the movement a trend to completely choke art and substitute a lot of mechanical short cuts.

Incidentally, instead of rivaling the phonograph, Radio has brought to the talking machine the combination Radio-phonograph set and also electrical recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Radio hasn't displaced the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity is through the medium of broadcast, either direct campaign or the more subtle ways and means devised by hawk-eyed press agency. And, too, Radio principles have made the talkie possible.

What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Television will be for the theater rather than for the home, partly because it is not so practicable for the fan to have expensive outfits and keep them in repair, but more because the home television equipment leaves almost no way by which to collect for the programs.

The talkies take the air. Yes, and how.

It Won't Be Long Now

(Continued from page 21)

"This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned, after which we will repeat the call letters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—priding, of course, that the cat's whisker was behaving properly.

Let's go back to those early days and get acquainted with some of the Radio pioneers. Those boys had some thrilling and amusing experiences.

Ever hear of Station WGI? or IXE?

That station was owned by the American Radio and Research corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm about to tell, you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation will hand you a genuine surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman respon-

Terror

By Rupert Hughes

A story of white slavery and black slavery in old, very old New York, when it was feared the black slaves would rebel and overthrow the city.

Will Rogers

By Ann Lazar

Close-up story—first of series—on the career of famous cowboy philosopher.

Vacation Follies

By Evans E. Plummer

Tells where the bright luminaries of the Radio spend their vacations. About the rest pursuits of the hard working Radiocelebrities these summer months.

And these are just a few of the many interesting topics to be found in the

AUGUST
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sible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

ON JANUARY 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the S. S. "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the dark on a sinking ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those who were thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested to learn more about this strange method of communication—wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Powers, as a result of his application to wireless operation, was able to pass the rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Powers, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station IXE and the forming of the American Radio and Research corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Powers.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and WGI (the new call letters assigned to Station IXE) took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be (no pun intended, Harold!) at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon. Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down.

Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks, with the Montreal Express less than a quarter of a mile away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip. Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and fifteen seconds later the well-shaken passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thoroughly prostrated broadcasting antenna mast. In its trip to earth the tower had carried with it seventeen telegraph, telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed!

The Hunters

(Continued from page 31)

mus's plight with neighborly interest and there was an obviously friendly intention in his laconic inquiry, "Stuck?"

"I got stuck in the sand here," Colisemus muttered back stupidly, for his brain was congested.

"Bad road fer a car 'less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks," the friendly man remarked as he hopped out of his car. Bustling and loquacious he examined Colisemus's stalled machine, opening the hood, looking to the spark plugs knowingly, talking briskly the while.

"Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can give you a lift to town . . ."

Colisemus then heard three pistol shots, faint but unmistakable, off to the southeast, in the direction where he supposed the man hunt to be going forward. It was not philanthropy that made his nerves so sensitive to Helter's situation. There was no Damon and Pythias bond between them. He felt Helter's situation so acutely because he knew exactly how it was himself—the getaway, when a man is fleeing for his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hitch. He knew exactly how that was himself—and the sudden agony of finding that a confederate had failed, leaving one in a trap. He and Helter stuck together not out of altruistic loyalty but because each could feel himself in the other's shoes in a crisis. Helter would be fleeing to the road now. There must be a car for him.

SO SWARTHY and burly Colisemus, with his round head and comfortable padding of flesh, stepped back to the brick road between the friendly man and his new green car. The friendly man was coatless and obviously unarmed. Something black appeared in Colisemus's right hand.

"Stay where you are," he commanded. "Don't move. Keep still."

He backed to the new green car, climbed into it and drove away, leaving its owner thunderstruck on the edge of the road. Then the owner caught his breath and started at a gallop toward the farm house which Colisemus had passed fifty rods before coming to the disastrous woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In time there would be a hue and cry over the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would beat it by the first good cross road, avoiding Bocaganza. The shooting having been done, a car to get away in was an absolute necessity. He had the car and noticed that it performed very satisfactorily.

Approaching the general scene of the man hunt he slowed, looking off into the pine timber at the east for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Presently he came to the rough road into which Bodet's car had turned that morning and along which Helter had followed on foot. There he stopped, nervously and in a moment got out of the car, standing in the middle of the road which ran straight for quite half a mile to the north. Coming out to the road anywhere along that stretch Helter would recognize his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car. With taut nerves Colisemus waited there

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ten minutes or more. Surely by that time Helter should have reached the road. Foreboding, Colisemus got back into the car and went slowly south; but he very soon came to the stretch of road which overlooked the burned area between drainage ditch and thick timber along the lake. That was all open country. Helter would hardly choose it to flee across. Puzzled, Colisemus stopped again.

Here was a dilemma. Colisemus was acutely aware of Helter's situation, in case Helter should then be making his getaway. But he was also acutely aware of his own situation. By that time twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed since he commandeered this shiny green car and he was still in the locality of the crime. Poles and wires were strung along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helter appear? Should he wait longer, cruise back over the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day . . .

A VEHICLE was approaching from the south along the brick road. An automobile might have been somewhat disquieting; but this vehicle was a ramshackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, jogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once and turned his attention again to that blackened, open waste from somewhere on the farther side of which, he thought, the pistol shots had sounded. He looked around again only as the ramshackle buggy stopped beside his car, vaguely recognizing the lean, round shouldered, mat-whiskered man and the well grown boy who had been in the yard where he got a drink. The recognition was only a flicker in the back of his mind, for he was looking into a double-barreled shotgun. There was an unmistakable grimace on the mat-whiskered face behind it. The twin barrels were two feet from his chest.

"Stick up yer hands," the man was saying grimly. "That's my brother-in-law's car. Go take his gun, Bud."

The fatal telephone!

Colisemus had had an hour and a half to himself, to wonder in, in his cell at the Bocaganza county jail, when three men entered. One of them was the undersized, bandy-legged, bush-mustached deputy sheriff to whom the man with the shotgun had turned him over.

"Know this man?" said the deputy, indicating one of his companions. The man indicated evidently had a fraction of negro blood. He was stoutish, with thick lips, clad in overalls and calico shirt. His right arm was in a new white cotton sling; apparently he had been slightly wounded. It was the same man whom Bodet and Dorman had seen on the shore of the island and whom Helter, somewhat later, had seen in the little clearing.

Colisemus stared at him and shook his head.

The deputy turned the question around, asking the quadroom whether he had ever seen Colisemus! The quadroom answered sullenly in the negative. Then he added, also sullenly: "I tol' you before I don't know nothin' about that first shootin'. I ain't seen nobody on the island today except the two bee hunters and the men that raided us. None of us seen anybody else on the island. I heard two shots before the raiders come, but I don't know nothin' about 'em."

THE DEPUTY considered and suggested to his other companion,

"Probably it's just a coincidence." He turned to Colisemus, explaining: "Mister, there was two shots fired on the island before it was raided. This man here had two guns on him. One of 'em's a plain seven shooter revolver. The other's a new, fancy automatic. He says it's his gun, and he's had it for quite a spell. But it's a dead mate for the gun that was took off you—twin brother to it."

He paused for any comment the prisoner might choose to make. Helter had carried a twin brother to Colisemus's gun. Colisemus's heavy-lidded eyes turned to the quadroom. For a moment the two strangers looked at each other and there was deep meaning in the look, for far apart as their lines had been cast they were in a not dissimilar way of living; to both of them being in possession of another man's gun was much the same as being in possession of his scalp. The quadroom's thick lips were parted as he waited for the comment. But Colisemus merely muttered, "I don't know anything about it."

Then for an instant his eyes and the eyes of the deputy sheriff's other companion held together. This other companion was Ben Bodet, who was to have been killed that day without fail. The deputy sheriff spoke to Bodet:

"Probably them guns is just a coincidence. I'm going to send out a description of this fella and see if he's wanted anywhere. But anyhow, stealin' that car will let him in for three, four years—highway robbery. I thought maybe..." But the three visitors were already at the cell door and Colisemus heard no more.

Of Helter nothing further was heard. But an imaginative person, those genial, sub-tropic days, might have fancied that the big alligator, sunning himself on the mud bank, wore an expression of benevolent satisfaction with the world as he found it.

The Cabin's Secret

(Continued from page 25)

he was supposed to be wealthy and yet, no one knows what he had, or where he left it."

"Dad did leave a will somewhere, Dick. He was too generous and thoughtful not to have done so. If you had only known him you would understand."

"Well, darling, I'm not marrying you for money, you know. I'm the luckiest man in the world to get you just as you are. But if there is anything in this idea of yours that he might have left a will hidden up here in this sacred old retreat of his—we'll know it tonight. Wait a minute until I look in the next room."

Dick left Julia. He was just gone about a minute when he heard her scream. He ran out to where he had left her.

"Good heavens! What was that?" he asked in startled tones. In the candle glow Julia's face was an ashen white. Dick looked around the room but failed to see anything wrong. Suddenly he remembered the door had been closed and now it was open.

"WHY, it's just the door blown open by the wind, Julia."

"Oh, yes, I see," she stammered. "But Dick, let's go and come back tomorrow when it's light. I'm just imagining all sorts of things."

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart. There's not a thing in the world to be afraid of," he assured her. "See, we're just getting used to the candle light now." Julia, finally composed, walked over to a large box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How

many rooms are there, dear?" Dick asked.

"This room and the one you just came out of and an attic above. I used to climb up there on a ladder when I was five years old." Dick scanned the place.

"Is that the ladder over there in the corner?"

"Why yes, I believe it is. But it looks rather wobbly now, doesn't it?"

"Darling, we'll have to clean up this place and keep it looking better for your dad's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would feel pretty badly to see it going to ruin this way."

"The dust must be an inch thick. I almost wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now that we're here there doesn't seem to be any place to look for a will and it is so damp and chilly. Let's go, Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded. "Then we can sorta clean it up a bit. As you said, daddy would be very unhappy if he knew it was so neglected."

"You and your dad must have been great pals, Julia."

"He was the dearest father a girl ever had—so proud, Dick; and so proud of me, too. You see I was a small baby when mother died. Dad had to be mother and father to me. He used to call me his little princess and I called him my king. I think I won't ever quite get over losing him—my memory of him is so precious. I suppose I should be grateful for that."

Dick put his arm around her. "I understand, sweetheart." She rested her head on his shoulder. Dick realized it was getting late.

"Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage around a bit in some of those boxes over there," he said pointing to a corner.

"All right, dear. But let's hurry." Julia opened the cupboard and another scream rent the little cabin.

"Oh, Dick! Quick, quick! There's a mouse in this cupboard."

"Good Lord! Not one but a whole nest of them. Hand me that stick, dear." And soon the family of mice were extinct.

"There now, how's that?" asked Dick when he had chased the last one.

"There's not a thing in those boxes, dear. Just a lot of old newspapers, some nails and a rusty saw. Did you find anything in the cupboard?"

Julia replied laughing, "Yes, a lot of mice."

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head in the negative when he finished. Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"OH, DICK, it was probably all foolishness but—well, I'm going to fess up. Last week I dreamed about dad and in my dream he told me to come up here. There was a hurt look in his eyes—just as though he were disappointed I hadn't come before and yet, as

though he were glad I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about it because I thought you would think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, so let's go now."

"No, Julia. I don't think you're silly. There's one place we haven't looked and that's the attic. I'll get the ladder and look around up there—then we'll go."

Dick managed to lift the door in the ceiling and braced the ladder against the opening.

"Don't be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes."

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She could hear Dick walking around above her head.

"Are you all right, dear?" he called down.

"All right," she answered. Dick continued to poke his way through the debris in the attic.

Finally Julia heard a strange noise and ran to the opening calling up, "What was that noise, Dick?"

"Nothing, honey, just missed a bat that's flying around up here. Just a minute. I see an old trunk."

"Do hurry, Dick," Julia called. It's lonesome down here and I'm afraid."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. I'll have the trunk open in a second."

Much to his surprise Dick found the trunk partly filled with old newspapers and letters. Down in a side pocket of the trunk he found an oil-skin packet. With nervous fingers he untied it and found what he was searching for. It was the will of Julia's father. It was on the tip of his tongue to call to her when he noticed how it began. Instead he continued to read:

"MY PRECIOUS child: Some day you will come back here—and I won't be soon—and I want it that way, for I want a few years to pass before you learn that I was not your father. You must be brave, dear child, for you and I were very close. You were left on my doorstep years ago, Julia, and I took you into my home and into my heart." Dick sat motionless for a moment and then read on. "You were the sunshine through all the years of my life, Julia, and if I was mother and dad to you, you were daughter and mother to me. Contrary to what most people thought, I never was a rich man, dear, but you will find all I have, ten thousand dollars, deposited in the State Bank at Fairfield which I bequeath to you. I am putting this will up here in the attic of this old retreat where I spent so many happy hours alone, and I'm not quite sure whether I hope you will ever find it or not."

Julia became more and more impatient. "For goodness sake, Dick, what are you doing? I'm coming right up," and with that he could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crammed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.

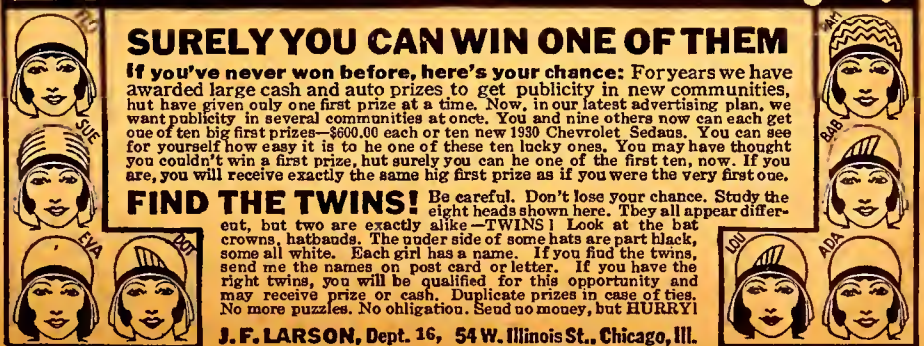
10^{1ST} PRIZES of \$600⁰⁰ each!

SURELY YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THEM

If you've never won before, here's your chance: For years we have awarded large cash and auto prizes to get publicity in new communities, but have given only one first prize at a time. Now, in our latest advertising plan, we want publicity in several communities at once. You and nine others now can each get one of ten big first prizes—\$600.00 each or ten new 1930 Chevrolet Sedans. You can see for yourself how easy it is to be one of these ten lucky ones. You may have thought you couldn't win a first prize, but surely you can be one of the first ten, now. If you are, you will receive exactly the same big first prize as if you were the very first one.

FIND THE TWINS! Be careful. Don't lose your chance. Study the eight heads shown here. They all appear different, but two are exactly alike—TWINS! Look at the bat crowns, hatbands. The under side of some hats are part black, some all white. Each girl has a name. If you find the twins, send me the names on post card or letter. If you have the right twins, you will be qualified for this opportunity and may receive prize or cash. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No more puzzles. No obligation. Send no money, but HURRY!

J. F. LARSON, Dept. 16, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.



"Did you find anything?"

"Not a thing other than these old letters." She immediately dashed to the trunk and leaning over the lid tried to read them too. They proved to be business letters.

"Well, I guess my dream was only a dream after all. Come on, let's go, Dick."

They closed the trunk lid. As Dick descended he tried but failed to find a happy ending for the letter in his pocket. What should he do? Should he take away her pride and the memory of the man whom she believed to be her father—for ten thousand dollars—or should he destroy the will?

And thus the Hamilton-Brown Sketch Book closed, asking its listeners to complete another page of life as they would want it.

Old Home Week

(Continued from page 28)

new weekly Elgin program over the NBC system. The trials and tribulations of the young violinist bear a marked similarity to the adventures of Don Amaizo.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announcer, has quit the microphone," Bill reminisced.

Yes, Don has entered commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know he became a newspaper man first after graduating from college, and then WLS brought him here to Chicago to fill the vacancy created by George Hay's departure for WSM. Don's now in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assurance company of Worcester, Mass. Steve Cisler, long announcing at WLS and previously at a number of other midwestern stations, has taken his place.

You know, sometimes station financial difficulties affect the staff artists and scatter them about. The now defunct WHT did just that. Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix had a poplar piano song team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in Topeka, Kan., while Gail is still in Chicago doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

Al Carney, Pat Barnes and Jean Sargent were also WHT favorites. Now Al Carney, the popular organist, has built his own very wonderful organ in a studio over on East Illinois street and is broadcasting through WCFL at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and still is quite popular. He's been married for some time, you know—a WHT studio romance—and now has a pretty little daughter, Barbara. The Barneses live at 3000 Sheridan road. Speaking of WGN reminds me of Jean Napier, but I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air but practically on. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's quite an expert at interior decorating and such, so the next thing I knew I bumped into her in the elevator of a loop office building.

"How is the world treating you?" I asked.

"Splendidly," she replied. "You know I'm Janice Perry on the Chicago Evening American now and write daily articles on furnishing the home."

I didn't, and told her I was surprised to learn of the change. The way she is on the air is under the nom de plume of

Janice Perry. She gives talks afternoons over WIBO with which the Evening American co-operates.

I said I'd come back to Jean Napier. You recall the original Winken, Blinken and Nod harmony team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air while you were managing that station. That was a sweet trio, Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay. Whatever became of Jean?

"He went to New York," Announcer Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch briar with a fresh charge of tobacco. "And I hear he's doing well as a member of the Four Rajahs male quartet. The group is quite popular and often sings, I believe, with the Vincent Lopez orchestra. The present edition of Winken, Blinken and Nod is on KYW, isn't it?"

Yes, but it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Benson. Speaking of trios, do you remember way back when KYW had the World Criers on duty twenty-four hours a day? Three announcers took turns of eight hours each and read news flashes every half hour for a five-minute period.

"I sure do," Bill meditated. "Let's see, the original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve is off the air but handling publicity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Borroff is commercial manager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too has backed away from the mike. He's been selling advertising for the Evening American for several years.

You could write a book on the adventures of Trumbull, however, since he quit Radio and up to the time he re-entered the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Neal on a commercial fishing venture on the Pacific coast, didn't you? I thought you must have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hospital for months. Then, he and Neal both decided, was a very good time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW structure. Wilson Wetherbee, one of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sallie Menkes went to WENR and has been there ever since. Harold Isbell, who migrated twice between the Pacific coast and KYW, is announcing at WENR. Herbie Mintz went there for a time, too, and Morgan Eastman, who conducted the Edison programs over KYW, is chief mogul at WENR. Where's Herbie Mintz these days?

"I understand he has an orchestra of his own," Bill filled in. "Other new orchestras are being directed by Frank Sylvano and Bob Nolan. Bob, you recall, was the sweet lyric tenor who warbled the choruses so successfully for Ray Miller's orchestra a year ago when that band was broadcasting over WBBM. Sylvano did the same sort of thing with many Chicago bands which have been on the air in the past.

"What has become of Pete MacArthur, my brother Scotsman, who reigned long at the B. J. Palmer's WOC microphone, and 'Gloomy Gus' Gayle Grubb, of KFAB, Lincoln?"

They're still in Radio strong. Pete is in charge of affairs at KFLV, Rockford, Ill., I hear, while Gloomy Gus is boss of WKY, Oklahoma City. Richard V. Haller, who you'll remember from the old days as director of KGW, Portland, Ore, is still on the job there. "Happy" Harry Geise, ex-WQJ-KSTP, was last

heard from at KMTR, Hollywood, Calif. Fred Smith, pioneer Radio playwright and director for years of WLW, Cincinnati, is in New York in charge of preparing the broadcast news continuity for the Magazine of Time.

Oh, yes. In speaking of Radio stars going into the band leading business, you forgot one, Bill. Remember Vi Bradley? Well, she's directing a nine-piece girls' orchestra at WCHI here. She calls it Vi Bradley and her Debutantes.

"Ev, I'll bet you another cup of coffee you don't know where Mac Ohman, the sartorial treat of Radio, who used to keep the WOAW phones busy taking requests, is hanging his hat," Bill challenged.

I'll buy the coffee. Where is he?

"He's at WHO, Des Moines, now. Most of his schedules are in the afternoon, however, because the chain fills the night pretty well. Maybe that's why you haven't heard him. And 'Tony' Wans, of Tony's Scrapbook fame. You know he was at WLW for eight months last season. I saw him several months ago as he was on his way to Eagle River, Wis., to take a four-month vacation fishing and philosophising. He tells me that perhaps one of the networks will have in the Fall. Both are nibbling, I hear."

That's interesting. Know where John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the Mona Motor Oil twins are hiding out? They're on the NBC system but on a division of it that doesn't reach this far East on many occasions. They're working out of the San Francisco studios.

"Great Scott," Bill appropriately exclaimed. "I've been chinning here with you for two hours and I'm supposed to be back at the studios to look over a final rehearsal. I must be going."

Wait just a minute, Bill. I have to get a bit more gossip off my chest for the benefit of Radio Digest's "Old Home Week" readers, and then we'll go. Here 'tis. Grace Wilson is still on the job with her contralto voice over WLS and WCFL. Kay Ronayne, the crooning ballad interpreter, is working at the B. & K. Publix motion picture houses and getting in an occasional broadcast at WIBO and WGES.

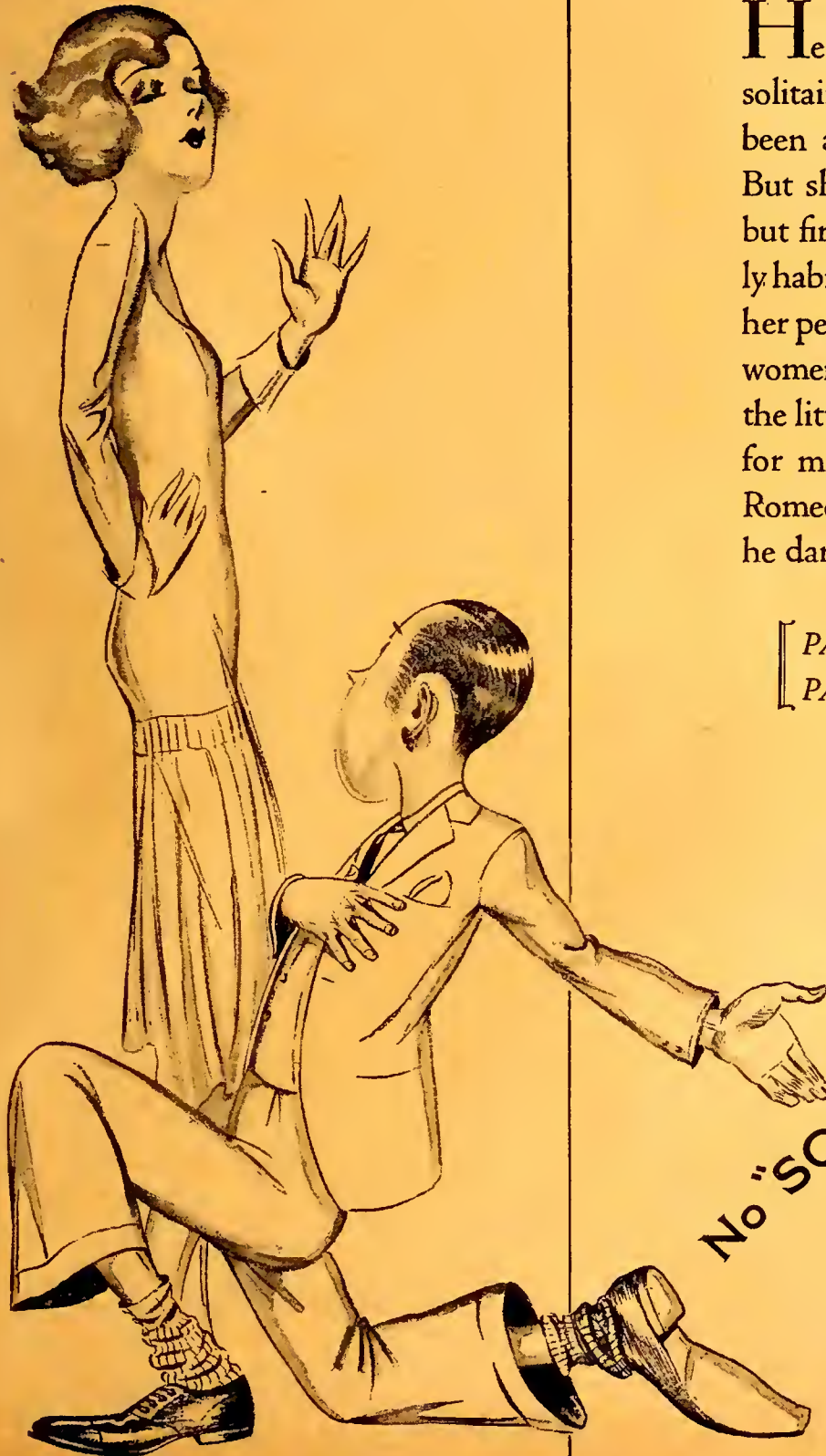
Eddie and Fanny Cavanaugh, the Gaelic Twins and KYW pioneers, are a regular morning feature of WIBO. Art Linick, creator of "Mrs. Schlagenhauer," when not on local commercial programs, is generally to be found at WCFL. Harry "Dream Daddy" Davis still pinch hits occasionally for Uncle Bob (Walter) Wilson on the children's program of KYW, although his main interest in life is fancying pureblood English Sheep dogs, owning, as he does, one of the few kennels in this part of the country devoted to that variety of blue ribbon winner.

Bert Davis, who originated the "Clown of the Air" act at WQJ years and years ago, has returned to Radio after several years' absence and may be tuned in on afternoon programs of KYW. Jerry "Chi-CAW-go" Sullivan, original WQJ director-announcer, has been holding the reigns of WSBC for several years now, and not long ago added a new Mrs. Sullivan to his household. Eddie Squires, incidentally, is at WFLA-WSUN.

Well, Bill, that covers a lot of ground, but there are many old timers I know I've neglected simply because I couldn't get a line on them. We'll have to hold another reunion for them, eh?

"Yes, Ev, and before we go, let's not forget Charlie Erbstein, John B. Daniel and William Lynch. They gave their best to the advancement of Radio. May they rest in peace."

NEVER EXPECTED HE'D BE REJECTED



He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"—quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits—and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be——a Freak!

[PARIS Garters . 25c to \$2]
 [PARIS Suspenders 50c to \$5]

No "SOX" Appeal—without
PARIS
 GARTERS

No metal can touch you

Keep UP your good appearance

*Always pause long enough to ask, distinctly, for PARIS;
 it will mean many months of satisfaction for you*

Official Wave Lengths

Kilo-Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo-Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo-Meters	Kilo-cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location		
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.	218.8	1,370	50	KEBL	Everett, Wash.	230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.		
		100	KCHX	Corpus Christi, Texas			100	KFJI	Astoria, Ore.			1,000	WHAP	Carlstedt, N. J.		
		50	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas			100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.			500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.		
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.			100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas			1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.		
		100	KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.			250	KGLX	Galveston, Texas			1,000	WQO	Kansas City, Mo.		
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.			100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)	232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah		
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.			100	KGCC	Tucson, Ariz. (night)			500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas		
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.			100	KGDA	San Antonio, Texas			50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.		
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.			100	KGFC	Oklahoma City, Okla.			2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)		
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)			50	KGFL	Raton, N.-M.			1,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)		
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)			100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.			1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.		
		50	WKBX	Ludington, Mich.			100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas			1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.		
		100	WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.			100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas			50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.		
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)			200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)	234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBF	Great Falls, Mont. (day)		
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)			100	KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)			1,000	KFBF	Great Falls, Mont. (night)		
		100	WMBJ	Newport, R. I.			100	KOH	Reno, Nev.			500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.		
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.			100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.			500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.		
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.			100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.			2,500	WDDO	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)		
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.			100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.			1,000	WDDO	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)		
		100	WMFC	Lapeer, Mich.			100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.			500	WQAX	Trenton, N. J.		
		50	WMBF	Binghamton, N. Y.			100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.			500	WRR	Dallas, Texas		
		100	WOPJ	Bristol, Tenn.			100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.	238.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.		
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)			250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)			50	KGCA	Iowa		
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)			100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)			1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.		
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.			100	WEHC	Emory, Va.			1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.		
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.			100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.			100	KWLC	Decorah, Iowa		
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.			100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.			500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.		
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.			100	WFVJ	Rome, Ga.			250	WFRB	Baltimore, Md.		
		5,000	WCHJ	Chicago, Ill.			100	WGLT	Wayne, Ind.			500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.		
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.			100	WBHD	Bellefontaine, Ohio			500	WODD	Grand Rapids, Mich.		
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.			100	WBHF	Memphis, Tenn.			1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.		
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.			1,000	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.	238	1,260	1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa		
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.			100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.			100	KRGY	Hartington, Texas		
		5,000	WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.			50	WJBM	Jackson, Mich.			500	KVOA	Fucson, Ariz.		
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.			50	WJBC	Ypsilanti, Mich.			500	KWVW	Brownsville, Texas		
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.			100	WLEY	Lexington, Mass.			1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)		
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.			100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.			500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)		
206.8	1,450	500	WFJC	Akron, Ohio			50	WWE	Patohogue, N. Y.			500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.		
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.			10	WRAP	Williamsport, Pa.	239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho		
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.			100	WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.			1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.		
		500	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio			100	WRJN	Racine, Wis.			1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.		
		250	WCSO	Springfield, Ohio			50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.			1,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)		
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.	220.4	1,360	500	KGIR	Butte, Mont.			2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)		
		250	WNJ	Newark, N. J.			1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.			1,000	WGAL	Newark, Minn.		
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.			250	KGEE	Long Beach, Calif.			1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.		
		250	WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.			1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.			250	WGCP	Newark, N. J.		
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.			500	WGES	Chicago			1,000	WLB-WGMS	Minneapolis, Minn.		
		250	WCHA	Allentown, Pa.			1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)	241.8	1,240	1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.		
		500	WHCA	WABO Rochester, N. Y.			500	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)			1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.		
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)			300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.			1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas		
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)			1,000	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.			1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas		
		500	WNRG	Greensboro, N. C.			250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.			1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)		
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.			250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.			500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)		
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.			250	WKBO	New York, N. Y.			1,000	WGHF	Detroit, Mich.		
		250	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.			250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.	243.8	1,230	100	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska		
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.			50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.			1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.		
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.			500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.			500	KGCM	Albuquerque, N. M.		
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio			500	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.			1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.		
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.			2,500	WRAW	Reading, Pa.			1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.		
		500	WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.			1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)			500	WPSC	State College, Pa.		
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.			225.4	1,330	1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)	245.8	1,220	500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.			250	WDRC	New Haven, Conn.			500	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.		
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.			500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio			500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.		
		100	KEIZ	Port du Lac, Wis.			1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.			500	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.		
		100	KFOU	Holy City, Calif.			227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.	
		100	KFOU	Holy City, Calif.			250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)			1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.		
		50	KFEW	Jerome, Idaho			250	KGIC	Twin Falls, Idaho	247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.		
		250	KFYD	Abilene, Texas (day)			500	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)			250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)		
		100	KFYD	Abilene, Texas (night)			250	KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)			100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)		
		100	KFFX	Flagstaff, Ariz.			1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.			100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.		
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.			1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio			100	KCCR	Brookings, S. D.		
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)			500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.			100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.		
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)			100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.			50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.		
		50	KGCC	San Francisco, Cal.			100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa			500	KPO	Wenatchee, Wash.		
		100	KGIV	Trinidad, Colo.			100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa			100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.		
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho			100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas			100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.		
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.			15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas			100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.		
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa			100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.			100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.		
		100	KLPM	Minot, N. D.			50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.			100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.		
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.			250	KFKR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (day)			100	KCRW	Chicago, Ill.		
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas			100	KFKR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (night)			100	WDBW	WLSI Providence, R. I.		
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas			100	KGEL	St. Joseph, Mo.			100	WEBO	Harrisburg, Ill.		
		100	KXLI	Portland, Ore.			250	KGCK	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)			100	WEBC	Chicago, Ill.		
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.			100	KGCK	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)			100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.		
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.			100	KGEZ	KallsPELL, Mont.			100	WGCM	Gulfport, Miss.		
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.			50	KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.			100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.		
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.			50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.			100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.		
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)			50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.			100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.		
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)			50	KMEJ	Medford, Ore.			100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.		
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa			50	KRMD	Shreveport, La.			100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.		
		50	WIBL	Sheboygan, Wis.			100	KTSL	Shreveport, La.			100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.		
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.			100	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa			50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.		
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.			75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.			100	WJM	Mansfield, Ohio		
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.			50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.			50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.		
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.			100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.			50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio		
		100	WLBF	Kansas City, Kan.			100	WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.			100	WMBC	Richmond, Va.		
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)			100	WCLJ	Joliet, Ill.			25	WOCJ	Jame		

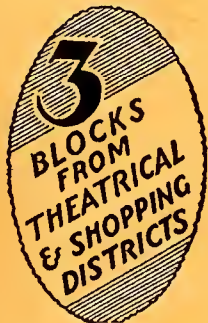
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Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WLL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP	Okalona, Ky.
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO	Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.
		10	WNBX	Springfield, Vt.
		100	WRAF	La Porte, Ind.
		50	WRBL	Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE	Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC	Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	10,000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA	Wheeling, W. Va.
256.3	1,170	500	WHDI	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	WGDY	Minneapolis, Minn.
		20,000	KOB	State College, N. Mex.
		5,000	KEX	Portland, Ore.

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Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
258.5	1,160	5,000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.
		5,000	KTNT	Muscataine, Ia.
260.7	1,150	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.
263	1,140	50,000	KYVW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.
265.3	1,130	5,000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.
		1,000	WVOV	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.
287.7	1,120	500	KFSC	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.
		50	KRSC	Seattle, Wash.
		1,000	WDBO	Orlando, Fla.
		350	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250	WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHD	Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250	WHAD	Millwaukee, Wis.
		250	WISN	Millwaukee, Wis.
		500	WTAW	College Station, Texas.
		500	KTRH	College Station, Texas.
		100	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.
272.6	1,100	50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)
		2,000	KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
		5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.
		5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,090	5,000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah.
		20,000	WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.
		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
		5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.
		50,000	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio.
280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.
		300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.
		10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Texas.
		50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.
		100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio
		10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.
282.8	1,060	500	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.
		10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.
		1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.
		1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.
285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Millford, Kan.
		5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	5,000	KCBD	Zion, Ill.
		5,000	WMBI	Addison, Ill.
		5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.
293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.
		10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.
		500	KQW	San Jose, Calif.
		250	WHN	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.
		250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.
		250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.
		250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.
299.8	1,000	6,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa
		250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.
302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.
		500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.
305.9	980	50,000	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.
		1,600	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.
315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.
		2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.
		1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)
		2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500	WRC	Washington, D. C.
319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.
		500	WCSH	Portland, Me.
		1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.
		1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750	WHA	Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)
		500	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)
		1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)
		500	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)
		1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)
		500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)
		250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)
		50	WBC	Elkins Park, Pa.
325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.
		500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.
		2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)
		1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)
		500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.
		500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.
		250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.
		1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500	KGBU	Ketchikan, Alaska.
		1,000	KHJ	Los Angeles, Calif.
		250	KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho
		1,000	WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000	WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000	WLEL	Stevens Point, Wis.
		750	WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.
		750	WFB	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WILL	Urbana, Ill.
336.9	890	1,000	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500	KFNF	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		250	KGJF	Little Rock, Ark.
		750	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (day)
		500	KUSD	Vermillion, S. D. (night)
		250	WGST	Atlanta, Ga.
		400	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WJAR	Providence, R. I. (night)
		500	WKAQ	San Juan, P. R.
		500	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (day)
		250	WMAZ	Macon, Ga. (night)
		500	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250	WMMN	Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (night)
		1,000	KFKA	Greeley, Colo. (day)
		500	KLX	Oakland, Calif.
		500	KPOF	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (day)
		500	WCOC	Meridian, Miss. (night)
		250	WGBL	Scranton, Pa.
		250	WQAN	Scranton, Pa.
		500	WSUI	Iowa City, Ia.

Kilo-Meters	cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
344.6	870	50,000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS	Chicago, Ill.
348.6	860	250	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500	KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		5,000	WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.
		500	WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)
352.7	850	10,000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.
		5,000	WWL	New Orleans, La.
381.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.
		1,000	WHDH	Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
385.5	820	10,000	WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.
370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		500	WFCH	New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas.
		50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas.
379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500	WFOR	Norfolk, Va.
		500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500	KEJK	Beverly Hills, Calif.
		5,000	WOR	Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000	WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio
440.6	680	2,500	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000	KPO	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000	WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.
		50,000	WEAF	Baltimore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000	WSM	Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.
		500	WAIU	Columbus, Ohio
		5,000	WOI	Ames, Iowa
475.8	630	600	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.
		500	WGBF	Evansville, Ind.
		500	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)
		250	WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500	WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000	KGW	Portland, Ore.
		500	KREF	Phoenix, Ariz.
		500	KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)
		1,000	WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)
		500	WLBZ	Bangor, Me.
		2,500	WTMJ	Millwaukee, Wis. (day)
		1,000	WTMJ	Millwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.8	610	1,000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000	WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.
		500	WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.
		500	WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.
499.7	600	1,000	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)
		500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)
		500	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (day)
		250	WGBS	New York, N. Y. (night)
		250	WCAO	Baltimore, Md.
		500	WMT	Waterloo, Iowa
		500	WLAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500	WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	WCAC	Storrs, Conn.
608.2	590	1,000	KHO	Spokane, Wash.
		500	WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.
		1,000	WEEI	Boston, Mass.
		1,000	WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000	WOW	Omaha, Neb.
616.9	580	200	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.
		1,000	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500	KSAC	Manhattan, Kan. (night)
		1,000	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500	WIBW	Topeka, Kan. (night)
		250	WOBW	Charleston, W. Va.
		250	WSAZ	Huntington, W. Va.
		250	WTAG	Worcester, Mass.
628	570	500	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250	KGKO	Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500	KMTR	Hollywood, Calif.
		500	KXA	Seattle, Wash.
		750	WEAO	Columbus, Ohio
		500	WKBN	Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000	WNAX	Yankton, S. D.
		250	WMAK	Cazenovia, N. Y.
		500	WMCA	New York, N. Y.
		500	WNYC	New York, N. Y.
		250	WSYR	Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000	WVNC	Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500	KFDM	Beaumont, Texas (night)
		1,000	KLZ	DuPont, Colo.
		1,000	KTAB	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WEBW	Beloit, Wis.
		500	WFI	Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,500	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (day)
		1,000	WIBO	Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500	WLIT	Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000	WNOX	Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000</		

Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real

(Continued from page 13)

negro as simply "negro dialect."

But there remain two other types spoken in America. One is known as Gullah, and is a strange combination of native African and English, with the African evidently predominating. It is spoken only along the Georgia and South Carolina coast and marshlands. And a very queer jibberish it is, too, most difficult for outsiders to understand!

And then finally there is the Congo (or Gumbo) French spoken by the negroes of southern Louisiana in which the impinging of native African upon the French spoken by the cultivated Creoles has resulted in a humorous lingual conglomeration.

Undoubtedly the three have spread somewhat in the United States and each must have had some influence upon the idiom of the others. Whether the talk of the Fresh Air Taxicab gentlemen is any one of these or a mixture of them, we do not undertake to say.

If you have any ideas on the subject we should be glad to have them.

A number of our readers are of the opinion that "Amos" Gosden's "negro" talk is just about right. Well, it ought to be. Gosden came from Richmond on the Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation (long since dethroned) in which the negro population was pretty nearly as large as the white. In other words, Richmond was the center of the Confederacy—its soul. Hence, the dialect of the Richmond negro should, like the reputed beauty of Richmond girls, leave nothing to be desired. Whether the dialect of the Richmond blackface comedian possesses a similar correctness would require a more astute linguist than the present writer. It sounds pretty good

we would all admit. For instance, when Amos says "Whut do it say, Andy?" or sometimes "Umph-umph. Aint dat sump'n?" A reader from Richmond sojourning in the North cannot help feeling a homesick tug at his heart.

WOMT Big Little One

MANITOWOC, Wisconsin, boasts a "big little station," WOMT, which operates on 100 watts. Owned and operated by Francis Kadow, the station has been very successful since it first went on the air in 1925. With this low power, and operating on 247.8 meters, WOMT has been heard in every state in the Union.

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evidenced by the six remote controls which are operated during the Winter months. Five orchestras are heard regularly, and three different brass bands appear before the microphones. Organ and piano music, as well as soloists of note, are on the station staff, while basketball games and other features are picked upon occasion.

Chat and His Gang is a regular feature over WOMT. This crew, three in number, all play everything from a mouth organ to a bass drum, and have a large following in the Middle West. Other headliners include Claude Geiger and his Chicago Rhythm Kings, and Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of the Radio.

Julia Mahoney, another exclusive Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellowship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at elephants in the Central Park zoo, books and art galleries.

Majorie Horton, long famous in the eyes of the Radio public as a great soprano, has joined the Columbia system as an exclusive artist.

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