

EVANGELINE ADAMS Guarantees Matrimony

Radio Digest

September

Thirty-Five
Cents



HELEN MORGAN
Guest Artist

*Al Smith and His
"Rad-dio Man"*

*E. Phillips Oppenheim
Rupert Hughes*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN on the Air by RAYMOND WARREN

*Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5*



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MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

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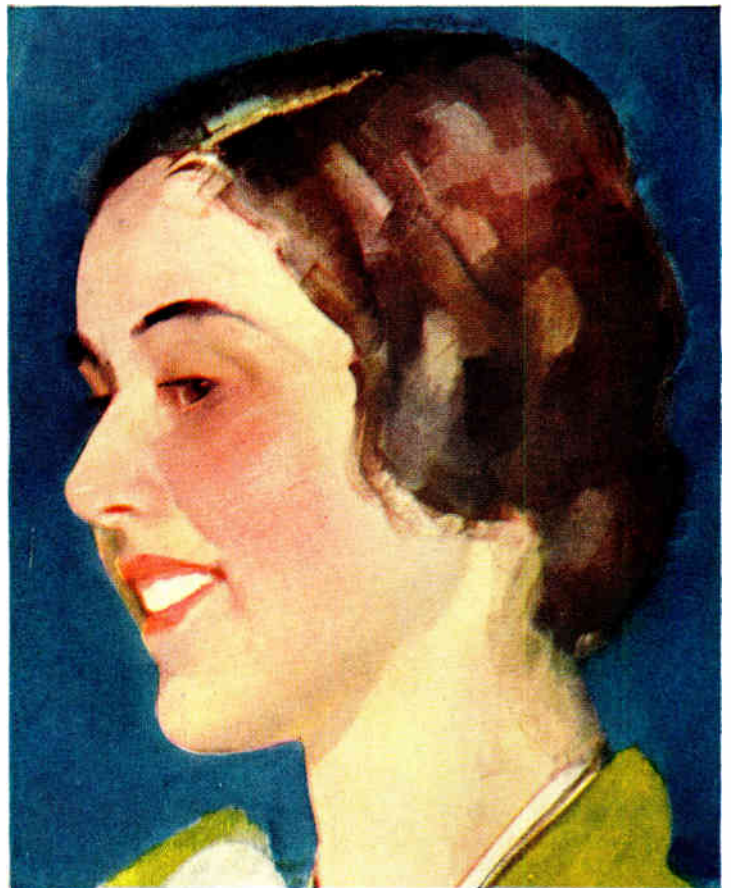
Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy—before any tenderness develops—is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

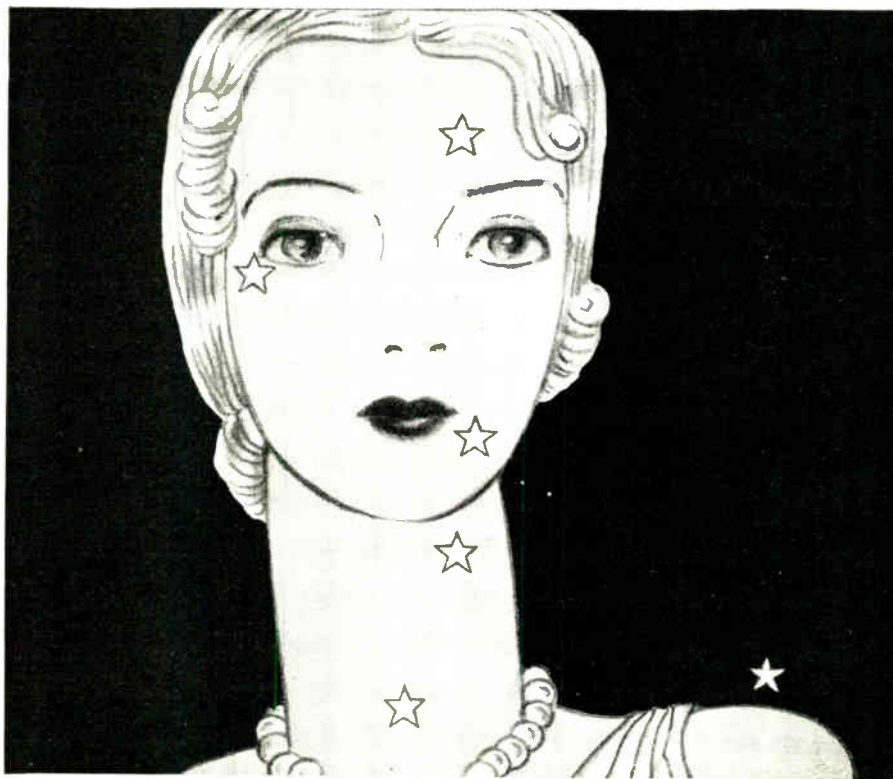
NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time—Columbia network.



Swiftly.. in 6 places your skin grows lovelier

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Picture yourself as my mannequin . . . learn why "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" . . . Frances Ingram

* * *

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Study, on my mannequin above, the six starred spots where lines and imperfections first appear. Scrutinize your own skin at the same six places. Then you will realize why the extra help toward a healthy skin that my Milkweed Cream brings is so vitally important in retaining the appearance of youth.

You may be older than my mannequin or your birthdays may be as few, but remember this—no matter how old you are, if your skin is kept *healthy* it is bound to look young—no matter how young you are, lines and defects begin to stamp your skin as though with years.

Guard well, then, the six starred places — the column above tells how — and your skin will respond swiftly with new charm.

With its protective and pure ingredients, Ingram's Milkweed Cream will care for your skin as no other cream possibly can. It cleanses splendidly and smooths away roughness and blemishes. Tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes soft, clear, altogether lovely.

And, if you have any special beauty questions, send the coupon for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesdays 10:15 to 10:30 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

Frances Ingram,
Dept. R90, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

September, 1930

CONTENTS

ALWYN BACH—Winner of the diction medal, gives hints for average person to improve speech.	Drake Evans 7
AL. SMITH AND HIS RAD-DIO MAN—an intimate story by Norman Sweetser of the great Democrat's mike-ro-isms.	Doty Hobart 8
GOLF—Greatest Radio engineering achievement made possible broadcast of Bobby Jones' victory.	Don Hood 12
EVANGELINE ADAMS—Famous Radio astrologer gives Radio Digest readers matrimonial horoscope for happy wedded life.	Peggy Hull 14
ALBUM—FAIR OF THE AIR—Sixteen pages of art rotogravure showing faces and scenes in American broadcast studios.	17-32
ARABESQUE—Episode of the Dream Child as told by the author of this popular Columbia feature.	Yolande Langworthy 33
THE ROAD TO LIBERTY—Fiction. Story of a perplexed little French girl who sought escape from a distasteful betrothal.	E. Phillips Oppenheim 36
ABRAHAM LINCOLN LIVES AGAIN—Dramatic episodes in life of Great Emancipator portrayed vividly at WLS, Chicago.	Raymond Warren 40
AMOS 'n' ANDY—Contestant reveals Andy Brown as the Great Cat and Rat Man—Letters.	45
RADIOGRAPHS—Our Radiographer who hob-nobs with the chain stars in New York interviews Cheerio for you.	Rosemary Drachman 46
TERROR — Fiction. Thrilling incident in the very early history of old New York—a girl slave who won freedom by fire.	Rupert Hughes 48
MADE FOR PETTING—Great Artists have great loves—Horses, dogs, cats among their pets.	Evans E. Plummer 52
MARCELLA—Intimate chit-chat by the little lady who "sees all, hears all and tells all".	54
JAPANESE FANS pay for their listening privileges. Round-the-world correspondent of Radio Digest describes the system.	Hull Bronson 57
EDITORIAL—RADIO CAN KILL WAR—Radio Digest submits crystallized suggestion to promote peace between all nations.	Ray Bill 60
VOICE OF THE LISTENER—Open forum for listeners to express ideas in the world of Radio.	62
STATION PARADE—Review of broadcast activities and personalities in studios from coast to coast.	65
INDIVIDUALITY IN AUTUMN STYLES—Radio fashion experts predict the whims and fancies of milady's wardrobe for the season.	Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin 88
OPEN DOORS—A new world for the advancement of knowledge and culture to women at home.	Betty McGee 91



LILLIAN BUCK-
NAM is known as the Girl with the Dimples at the Columbia station, WABC. You hear her sing on the Voice of Columbia, Grand Opera Concert, Cathedral Hour and in the Musical Album.



MARY MCCOY is another busy soprano who finds her time booked constantly at NBC. She is best known on the program, Works of Great Composers. Fancy those eyes looking at you the next time you hear her.



HELEN NUGENT was only 17 when she decided that fame could be achieved by serious effort and her native ability. She became a member of the Cincinnati Summer Opera—and eventually contralto soloist. (CBS).



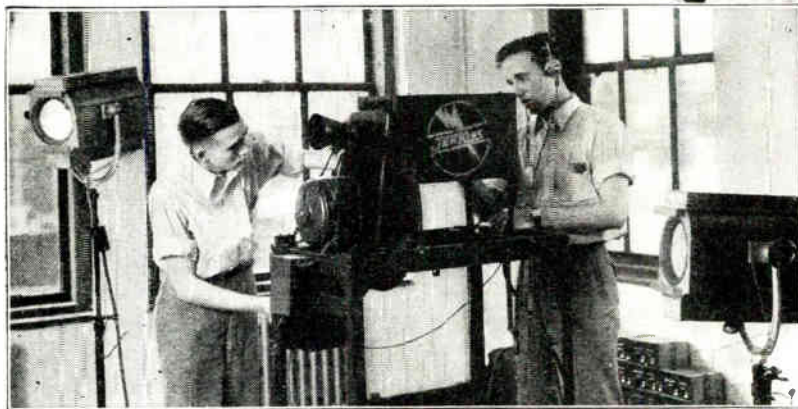
DOLORES CASSI-
NELLI is noted not only for her operatic voice but for her beauty and agility. She keeps in trim by fencing. She is like lightning with her thrust and parry, and there's sunshine in her smile.

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Come In—Please

SIT DOWN, if you will, in that easy chair. You are in the home of the publishers of RADIO DIGEST.

Whatever your taste, please relax and *be yourself*. We want to know you *as you really are* and we want you to know us the same way. Through the somewhat inadequate medium of this printed page, we are trying to be hospitable—sincerely and wholeheartedly so, while telling you “the story of our life.”

The Triple Merger

DURING the past few months, Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., a publishing organization with a background of over half a century, has been busy forming the Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, and acquiring for this new company not only the RADIO DIGEST of Chicago, founded and formerly published by “Buck” Rayner of the Windy City, but also the RADIO REVUE of New York, founded and published by Walter Preston of Gotham Town, and RADIO BROADCAST founded and formerly published by the distinguished house of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Effective with this issue, all three of these magazines have been put together—merged is the commercial expression—into one publication dedicated to the service of the American Radio public. It is in a full sense a national magazine for the family, i.e., for those who listen to any of the many types of programs which are being broadcast night and day throughout the length and breadth of the land. The listeners, not experimenters, constitute our reading audience.

We Pay Tribute

BEFORE going on we want to interrupt to pay our enthusiastic tribute to those publishers whose vision brought forth the triplet which now is known as RADIO DIGEST. To us, the present publishers, they have seen fit to entrust the handiwork and brain child of their earlier efforts, cognizant of our plans and convinced that under such auspices the merged child work will grow to great stature, mentally as well as physically.

It is too soon for the new parents to make visionary promises or boast of the bigger and better things to come. Performance is by all odds the better spokesman on such matters. But we must confess, again in a spirit of tribute

to our predecessors, that we shall derive untold inspiration from their labors during the period of infancy.

We want our readers to know that this merger is no ordinary business transaction devoid of human feelings. If human affairs can be said to have a soul then this one has. It is to a large degree the outgrowth of a common inspiration and of a substantially unselfish desire to serve PEOPLE, not things, in a fearless but emotionally human manner. And in line with this feeling, the previous *publishers and editors* of RADIO DIGEST and its other component publications have been invited to be perpetual contributors to the contents as well as to the spirit of the magazine. We are glad to say that most of them have already been enrolled in the active ranks.

Meet the Staff

THE officers of Radio Digest Publishing Corporation are: President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Spillane and Randolph Brown; Treasurer, Edward Lyman Bill, all of whom have had extensive experience in the music and Radio fields, and all of whom are principals in Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., and Federated Business Publications, Inc., the latter including among its other properties Radio-Music Merchant (formerly Talking Machine World), Sales Management and The Antiquarian Magazine.

In addition to the Board of Contributing Editors, the personnel of which will be announced later, the executive editorial staff is: Editor, Raymond Bill; Advisory Editor, Henry J. Wright, formerly editor of the New York Globe and the New York Sun; Associate Editor, Charles R. Tighe, formerly managing editor of Radio-Music Merchant, and Managing Editor, Harold P. Brown, editor of RADIO DIGEST under its former management.

The business organization is as follows: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, also business manager of Radio-Music Merchant. Advertising representatives; R. G. Maxwell & Co., Inc. The head of this company, Ray Maxwell, is one of “The Four Maxwells,” the others being, respectively, president of Crowell Publishing Co., Life Publishing Co. and Williams & Cunningham Advertising Agency.

The circulation of RADIO DIGEST alone averaged 116,000 for the first six months of 1930 and at 35c per copy. While this constitutes an exceptional record for a new magazine, it is no more than an indication of what the future holds for the dominant magazine of the Radio field. The public

interest in this magazine is obviously logical because Radio is destined to play an important role in the future of the entire world and consequently in the lives of those by whom it is peopled.

Our First Issue

THIS September issue is the first number for which the present management is responsible. In the short space of time prior to its publication it was impracticable to inaugurate many of the plans we have in mind for improving RADIO DIGEST and making it a most valuable and interesting magazine for the entire family. We have, however, increased the total number of pages more than one-third as an indication of the good measure we desire to give from a quantity standpoint. We have printed the magazine on a much finer grade of paper stock and a paper which is also both heavier and whiter than that formerly used. We have introduced a new and rather distinctive type of rotogravure section. We have initiated a department by an outstanding Radio engineer in which every month we shall endeavor to interpret for our readers in language they will understand the scientific progress which is being made in Radio reception, Radio broadcasting and television. We have improved and refined the typography. We have initiated several other new types of editorial features which will be presented on a more imposing scale in succeeding issues.

Finally, and most important, we have launched a program of editorials in none of which shall we aim to talk about subjects which are platitudes or express viewpoints which are innocuous, but in all of which we shall endeavor to serve in some powerful constructive manner the great audience we are reaching. Other improvements and additions will follow in rapid order, but we would rather let you see them in actual existence than to herald their advent. Meanwhile, we do want to make these points of publishing policy entirely clear.

The Editorial Policy

RADIO DIGEST will not be edited with any endeavor at salacious or other cheap appeals. It will aim to enable the American public to appreciate in a greater degree and in larger numbers the world of romance, entertainment and knowledge which is open to them through the Radio. Apart from its lighter entertainment values, we contend that Radio already constitutes one of the world's greatest sources of information that is strictly current, as well as historical. Much knowledge can be gleaned from the Radio which is reliable and which is world wide in scope. We do not think any magazine has ever had a greater or finer opportunity to enrich the family life of the American people, and we hope to measure up to the great opportunity which lies before us as the first and dominant magazine serving the American Radio public. In attaining this goal we seek not only the reading interest of our audience, but also its suggestions, comments and help given in a first hand manner. We want each and every reader to be in part at least a builder of RADIO DIGEST, as the greatest and most influential magazine of all times. It can be just that with *your* help, but only with *your* help.

THE PUBLISHERS

Advance Tips

LINDBERGH. Specially written feature of the greatest world hook-up in history. Jesse Butcher, personal friend of Colonel Lindbergh, tells what happened and how.

THE PRESIDENT. As we go to press Doty Hobart, Radio Digest special feature writer, is in Washington obtaining an intimate story of President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting.

HEYWOOD BROWN. Famous New York columnist will be represented in the October Radio Digest with the first publication of his Radio column.

VICTOR HERBERT. "As I Knew Him" by Harold Sanford who worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him better than any man now living.

F. W. WILE. Noted news correspondent's story of the trans-Atlantic broadcast of the London Disarmament Conference. A facsimile of George Bernard Shaw's penned prediction of the outcome of the Conference will be included in the story.

ABE AND DAVID. Way Down East up-to-date, popular feature of coast-to-coast network. How they get their unique material for stories told by Peter Dixon.

GENE AND GLENN. Inside story of one of the most popular teams of the Mid-West. Narrative of romantic and dramatic incidents leading up to the partnership.

RUPERT HUGHES. Famous author depicts days of terror in the early history of old New York in a fiction story about a girl who was sold into bondage.

J. S. FLETCHER. Distinguished English author of mystery stories tells what happened to the Langthwaite Pearls. Short and very fascinating.

* * *

THE FUTURE FILE. Not all of these may be ready for the October number. Some of them are certain to be. Our "Future File" includes these:

JERRY BUCKLEY. Results of our own investigation of the tragic death of Detroit's reform announcer.

THE R-100. Our own original story of the part that Radio played in the trans-Atlantic flight of England's greatest dirigible.

RUDY VALLEE. In a series of original articles written exclusively for Radio Digest.

HOME BUDGETING. Selections of the best ideas and advice included in the programs of John Wanamaker and other authorities.

THOMAS A. EDISON. An exclusive interview with the famous inventor regarding his scholarship tests for the selection of embryo geniuses.



ALWYN BACH of the National Broadcasting company staff, whose well modulated voice and meticulous pronunciation won for him the 1930 gold medal for diction, began the study of words in a dictionary at his mother's knee

“Try Singing to Speak Well”

*Song is the Best Medium and Exercise whereby
One May Acquire Perfection of Speech, declares
Alwyn Bach, Winner of 1930 Diction Medal*

by

DRAKE EVANS

THE first time I ever saw the NBC announcer, Alwyn Bach, was about a year ago from the control room of Studio E at a broadcast of one of Tex O'Reilly's "Soldier of Fortune" talks. Floyd Gibbons was also in the control room that night and as the tall, dark Bach stood before the announcer's mike and there came to our ears his smooth, velvet tones, Floyd Gibbons nodded his head in approval and prophesied, "There's the boy that's going to pick off that diction gold medal. Just wait and see."

And true to the Gibbons' prophecy, Alwyn Bach received in June the gold medal which the American Academy of Arts and Letters gives annually for good diction over the Radio. The winner last time was Milton Cross.

But lest you put too much trust in Floyd Gibbons' ability to see the future, I heard him make another prophecy that night. It was over a year ago, mind you, and the war correspondent was at that time on the air only one night a week. He wasn't so hopeful about his Radio opportunities. Said he: "I'll never be able to make enough money to afford to live in this man's town." Which proves, I think, that as a prophet Mr. Gibbons bats only fifty per cent. However, this is a story not about Floyd Gibbons, but about Alwyn Bach.

In giving the gold medal award the American Academy of Arts and Letters aims not merely to improve the diction of the announcers themselves, but to aid in raising the standard of spoken English throughout the nation. The committee which selects the winner is composed of fifty eminent judges of spoken English who weigh the talents of the Radio announcers of the entire country—judging them for excellence in diction, quality of tone, and the general cultural effect of the voice.

With the increasingly immense popularity of Radio, our spoken language is coming into the control of a few men—and these, the Radio announcers. Eventually their influence will do much to standardize our language and do away with local dia-

lects. And so when one man is heard in millions of homes, how he pronounces his words, how he modulates his voice is vastly important. A tremendous responsibility rests upon his shoulders, or rather upon his tongue. As he speaks, so will the nation.

Certainly Alwyn Bach is worthy of this

ART of speech is best improved through the art of song. If you can't sing, sing anyway. It gives you a sense and appreciation of rhythmical expression. Then there's the dictionary game. Every letter list will disclose familiar words which you have mispronounced all your life. Start with "a". How would you pronounce "adult" or "addict"? To save you the trouble of looking it up the accent is on the final syllable. How would you pronounce "Babel"? Would you use long "a" or short "a"? The dictionary is the best text book for diction. Let the author introduce you here to a close-up study of Mr. Bach—maybe you'll "larn something".

coveted award. His voice is rich, smooth, cultured, his pronunciation and enunciation crystal clear. I, speaking to him, found myself becoming conscious of my own pronunciation and striving to imitate his perfection of diction. It was an actual vocal lesson just to listen to him.

The NBC announcer was born in this

country; but a few years before his birth his mother had come over from Denmark. His earliest remembrance of her is seeing her sitting studying a dictionary. While she was cooking she kept the dictionary on the kitchen table. She would stir the soup with one hand and thumb through the book with the other. In the evenings she would keep it close by as she sewed, pausing occasionally to scan a page, memorize a few words, and then say them aloud as she darned or mended. She eventually came to speak English with perfection.

Her son, however, born in this country, under no handicap as his mother was, as a child spoke the language in a very slovenly fashion, mumbling his words, dropping his final letters, as is the way of most boys. "Alwyn," his mother would say in distress, "I am ashamed of you. For heaven's sake, use your lips." His mother's corrections and insistence on good speech, Bach says, was his first step on the road towards the gold medal.

DESPITE his Danish parentage, Alwyn Bach doesn't look like one's conventional idea of a Dane. For aren't the Danes of old Viking stock, and shouldn't Vikings be tall and blonde and blue-eyed and rollicking? Alwyn Bach is tall—six feet two—but his hair and eyes are dark brown, his complexion olive, and anything less rollicking than his serene dignity and poise would be hard to find. He has been accused of being *too* dignified and precise in his speech, but he feels that dignity is essential to the best work of the announcer.

As he said in a recent newspaper interview: "I never wisecrack when I announce. I think it is an announcer's place to be merely an announcer and to let the entertainers entertain. Attempted humor is liable to fall flat on the air."

Singing, printing, the war, broadcasting—those four words sum up his professional life. When only sixteen Bach began to study singing. Before a year was

(Continued on page 121)

Al Smith *and his* Rad-dio Man

(Editor's Note: Norman Sweetser, of the National Broadcasting Company staff of announcers in 1928, was sent, at the personal request of Al Smith, on the campaign tour of the United States to act as special announcer. Mr. Smith always referred to him as "the rad-dio man"—but let Mr. Sweetser tell you about that in this, his first published account, of his association with the Democratic candidate for President.)

PROBABLY the greatest thrill of anticipation which will come my way, even though I live to be a thousand, were eleven words which were poured into my left ear from a telephone receiver.

Early in the fall of 1928 my telephone bell rang. I don't remember the date but I distinctly recall my thoughts prior to the interruption. The night before Milton Cross had sat on my new fall hat. He didn't do it intentionally—but Milt is just as heavy when sitting as he is when standing. At the time he apologized. But he didn't have to wear the hat. I did. And the hat was, at one and the same time, in my hand and on my mind when I went to answer the telephone.

Funny thing. Milt's voice greeted me from the other end of the wire. But his reason for calling had nothing to do with hats.

"You've been elected to accompany Al Smith on his campaign trip," he said. Eleven words. But what eleven words!

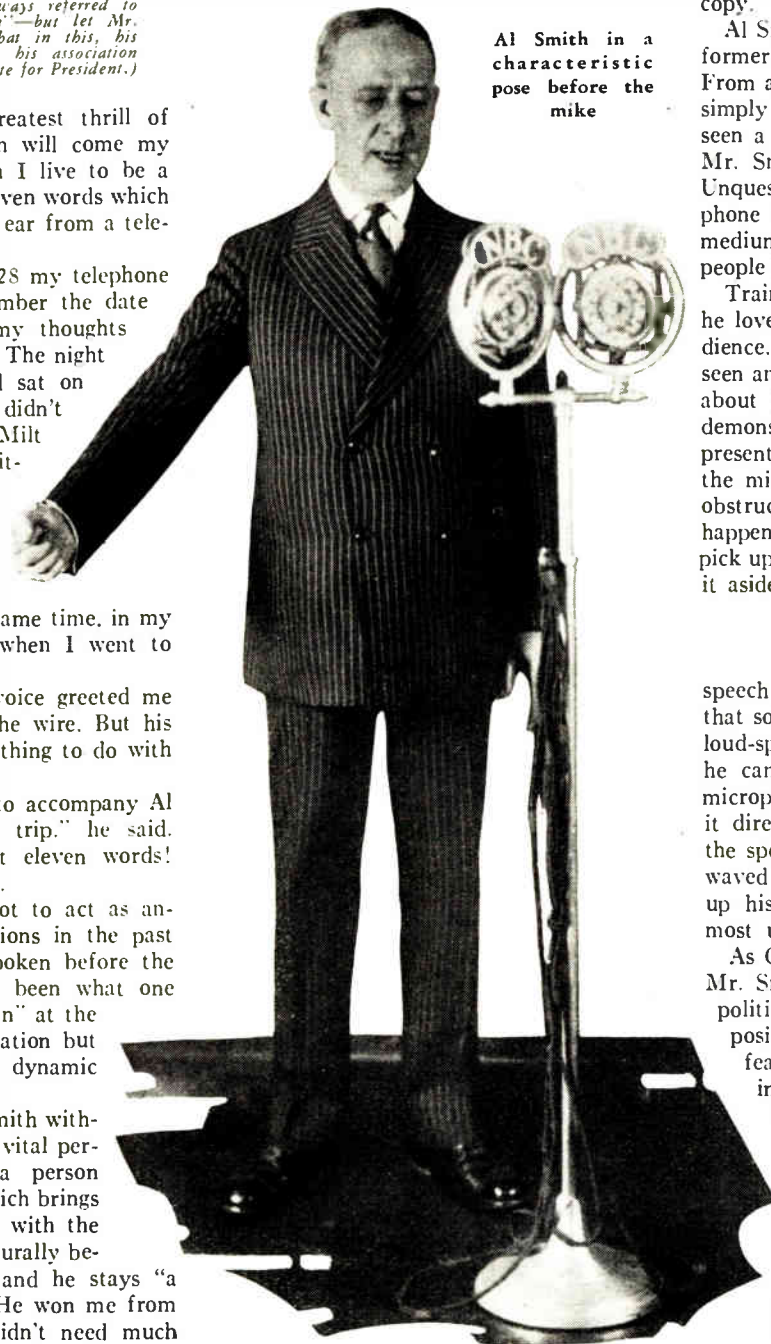
And that was the thrill.

It had fallen to my lot to act as announcer on a few occasions in the past when Mr. Smith had spoken before the microphone. I had not been what one might term "a Smith man" at the time of his party nomination but my association with this dynamic man changed that.

One cannot meet Al Smith without recognizing in him a vital personality. And when a person comes into a situation which brings him on common ground with the man that person just naturally becomes "a Smith man," and he stays "a Smith man" right on. He won me from the start. Perhaps I didn't need much

encouragement. But whatever praise I have for the man is sincere and don't think I'm laying it on too thick when I

Al Smith in a characteristic pose before the mike



say, when bigger and better men are born the sample produced by the Smith family should serve as an excellent pattern to copy.

Al Smith is not a good microphone performer. He is probably one of the worst. From a technical standpoint, I mean. He simply won't "stay put". I have never seen a speaker less shy of the mike than Mr. Smith. He ignores the instrument. Unquestionably he despises the microphone as a mechanical device. But as a medium through which he can reach the people he realizes its value.

Trained in the old school of oratory he loves the close contact of a living audience. When he is speaking to both a seen and an unseen audience he forgets all about his unseen listeners at the first demonstration of approval from those present. He will either walk away from the microphone in order to face without obstruction the responsive audience or, as happened in Omaha, he will deliberately pick up the microphone standard and place it aside!

IF YOU heard that Omaha speech you may remember hearing a noise that sounded like static coming over your loud-speaker less than five minutes after he came on the air. After setting the microphone aside he never again addressed it directly. I tried to adjust it so that the speech would register properly but he waved me aside. And the mike picked up his speech as best it could from a most unfavorable angle.

As Governor of the State of New York Mr. Smith was one of the pioneer radio politicians. And as I said before, he positively is not mike shy. He has no fear of it therefore it was up to me to increase the democratic candidate's respect for the microphone.

Now, I knew it would be useless to tell the man that he must "stay put" when on the air. I had threshed that out with him before, begging him for his own good to realize that his unseen audience outnumbered his visible listeners a thousand to one. His

as told to

Doty Hobart

By

NORMAN SWEETSER

reply was always the same. He was sorry but he didn't feel he could do himself justice if he neglected those who came to see as well as hear. And he meant just what he said. I found Al Smith to be absolutely honest in every statement he ever made. To be at ease when speaking, this tried and true orator feels handicapped unless he has the freedom of the platform. The microphone annoyed him so he moved it, that's all.

FROM Omaha we went to Oklahoma City. Long before the hour of the broadcast I went to the hall where he was to speak. With me were the A. T. and T. engineers. I superintended the set-up. That night everything looked perfectly natural. When Mr. Smith rose to address the gathering he found, as usual, a small table in front of him with the microphone standard in front of the table.

I shall have to give the man credit. He waited through three or four bursts of applause which interrupted his speech before attempting to move the mike. Then imagine his surprise when he found it immovable. I had ordered the standard screwed to the floor. Never will I forget the look of amazement which swept over his face momentarily. Then he smiled—and, lifting up the little table, he moved his position, table and all, about six feet to the left!

His speeches always were of the greatest interest to me but I want to tell you I don't remember hearing a word Al Smith said in Oklahoma City. With the mike six feet from the speaker, and away to one side at that, I was sure the broadcast must be going over pretty pitifully. It certainly was not going over as it should. Of that I was sure and stood by trying to figure out some way to lick Mr. Smith—to cure him of his antagonism for the mike.

Our next show was at St. Paul. This time I fastened both table and microphone standard to the floor. What is more I arranged the chairs for the overflow crowd which always filled every platform. And as a final precaution I ushered as many people as possible to the stage and seated

them in a semicircle around the chairs in the center which were reserved for the candidate and his party.

When Mr. Smith arose to deliver his address he found himself hemmed in on all sides. The only way he could have licked me that night was to have climbed on the table! Needless to say, he did not do that.

From that night on he was cured. And don't think he didn't know who was responsible. He did. The next day on the train he sent his secretary for "the rad-dio man", as he always called me. I travelled in one of the cars with the newspaper men. When I entered his private car I found him smiling. And the smile never left his face throughout the interview. He accused me of everything—of fastening the table and microphone standard and of arranging the chairs on the platform.

"NOW, that's alright," he said. "I know it's up to you to see that the rad-dio gets a break. And you don't have to tell me again that it is for my own good. I know that, too. But, as a personal favor to me, please don't ever tie me up like that again. I mean hem me in with people. Why, I didn't dare move for fear I'd hit someone."

"Alright, Mr. Smith." I said, "I'll promise not to interfere with the seating arrangements if you'll promise not to move the microphone again."

He laughed. "I promise, Norman."

That was the first time he had ever called me anything except "rad-dio man". From that time on he always addressed me by my first name.

And ever after he treated the microphone with due respect.

Why does he say "rad-dio" instead of "radio"? I really don't know. Probably because he started calling it that in the early days and, like the good showman he is, found the comment created by his pronunciation of the word an incentive to establish "rad-dio" as a good trade mark.

By the way, do you know how Colonel Lindbergh pronounces aviation? "Aviation." And no one objects.

Accompanying the democratic candidate



Norman Sweetser

on the long campaign journey were Mrs. Smith and the daughter, Emily (the wife of Major Warner). Mrs. Warner frequently asked her father to change his pronunciation of "rad-dio". One night, whether intentionally or otherwise I do not know, Mr. Smith did pronounce the word in the generally accepted manner. Just once. The next day I asked him how he happened to say "Radio". He smiled and replied, "I have to please some people sometime." He never said "Radio" again to my knowledge. Nor did I ever here his daughter chide him about "rad-dio" after that.

Mr. Smith spent much of his time in the car with the newspapermen. The boys kidded him a bit about his pronunciation of "rad-dio". His comeback was that it was a new word and that he felt he had just as much right to call it "Rad-dio" as everyone else did to call it "Radio". One morning he came into the car beaming, carrying a telegram. He read the message aloud and then passed it around. It stated that the Al Smith pronunciation of the word was just as correct as the accepted "radio." It was signed by a distinguished philologist.

HIS best campaign speech was never delivered in public. It was an extemporaneous talk given in the newspaper men's car over a campaign issue brought to the candidate's attention by a member of the press. I have never heard a better speech and I have listened and had to listen to several hundred. Every point of the issue was covered in perfect continuity during the hour and a half which the man spoke. He was never in-

errupted. Every press representative sat spellbound. No notes were made and everyone was so thoroughly interested that no one thought, before Mr. Smith left the car, to ask his permission to review it. This speech, either in full or in part, was never published.

I well remember one question which was asked the candidate by a reporter. "If you are elected will there be a 'White-house Spokesman'?" Mr. Smith smiled and replied, "In every office I have ever held my association with representatives of the press has always been decidedly harmonious. If I am elected there will be no White House spokesman other than Al Smith, in person."

ALL his speeches are dictated. Copies of these are sent to the reporters prior to the event. This rule goes for speeches made to visible or invisible audiences. The man then makes a few notes on the faces of legal sized envelopes and, referring to these notes, delivers his address. While the speech is not word for word as dictated he never misses the point of any dictated sentence.

In addressing a lonesome microphone in a studio Mr. Smith never loses control of his oratory. Nor does he neglect his customary emphatic gestures. One peculiar habit which the man has when speaking either in public or in a studio, is to rise slightly on his toes when emphasizing a point. It frequently gives him the appearance of teetering, especially when dramatic phrases follow each other in rapid succession. He sways before a lonesome mike just as he does before a visible audience, in order that his voice reach every corner of the hall. He hammers home many points with that banging fist of his—even though there be no table to strike.

When we first started on the trip I used to have the microphone which I used, for my introductory remarks and announcements, set-up in the wings on the stage. On one occasion I was called away from my position for a moment. When I tried to get back to the instrument I found myself blocked by a mob of unruly spectators who had rushed the stage-door and pushed by the single policeman on guard at that point. It began to look as though I would be unable to reach my mike in time to sign off. Providing there was any mike left when I got there. Fortunately, several bluecoats came around from the front of the house as I was about to declare a personal war on the invaders and, literally surrounded by the law, I reached the instrument just as Mr. Smith finished his address. Luckily the mike had not been tipped over in the crush.

After that I had a telephone booth placed in the wings and was able to shut myself in that "hot-box" for my announcements. Did you ever remain in a booth with the doors closed for any length of time? Wow! I was used to working under all sorts of conditions on

reportorial Radio assignments but of all the places I have ever worked that booth was the most uncomfortable from a physical standpoint. The only salvation was that it gave me privacy and an assurance that the microphone was protected from an over-enthusiastic public. I don't like crowds and I never will. Except at a distance.

Prior to one speech on the trip the newspapers were filled with stories of threatened demonstrations of an unfriendly nature to the candidate when he made his appearance on the platform. Naturally we were all somewhat anxious and there was a feeling of tenseness in the air. From my position in the wings I saw Mrs. Smith, who had arrived early, turning in her seat to look back through the audience. She seemed to be worried. I made my way to her and asked if she would like to move over into the section reserved for the press. Her reply was typical of the devoted woman, "No, thank

IN October RADIO DIGEST you will read about Herbert Hoover's experiences and reactions before the microphone during the last Presidential campaign, as told to Doty Hobart by the man who accompanied the candidate on his tour. The story brings to light some new characteristics of the President that have never before appeared in print.

you, Mr. Sweetser, I'm quite alright here. I know, you thought I might be safer there. These people are alright. There won't be any demonstration antagonistic to Mr. Smith. I'm trying to locate Reverend Stratton. They tell me he is here tonight." Mrs. Smith, never having seen the gentleman in question, was anxious to get a peek at him. That's why she was twisting and turning in her seat!

PERHAPS some of you have wondered why Mr. Smith never accepted the challenge of the late Dr. John Roache Stratton to debate before the microphone. I can tell you this much—that it wasn't because the candidate was afraid to match wits with the gentleman. In fact he offered to meet Dr. Stratton at a later date when the time would not conflict with his schedule. Al Smith would have revealed

in just that kind of a show. But he knew that every minute of his time on the air was being paid for out of the funds of the Democratic Committee and he felt it would be unethical to permit an opponent to use any of those expensive minutes. He was pledged to use money raised by subscription for the good of the party and the Reverend Doctor made it quite clear that his quarrel with the candidate was purely personal.

Election night.

It was Mrs. Smith's birthday and at the Democratic headquarters a large cake was conspicuously placed.

I was standing by with a microphone ready for an instantaneous hook-up should Mr. Smith care to make any statement on the air.

Long before the candidate arrived the returns showed that Mr. Hoover was piling up a pretty heavy lead. A decided gloom was settling over the place as those at headquarters realized how the tide was running.

Then Al Smith came in. Smiling Al Smith. Smiling in the face of all this gloom.

"What's the matter here? Why so downcast? I'm not going to be deported. I'm still a citizen—the voters can't take that away from me!"

Anyone can be a victor and smile. It takes a big man to smile at defeat. And Al Smith never stopped smiling.

He called me to go with him when he went to the private office to dictate his congratulatory message to Mr. Hoover.

MR. RASKOB listened to the dictation of this message. He was stunned. As campaign manager a statement was due the press. But he hadn't pulled himself together sufficiently to make it.

Al Smith slapped him on the back. He was still smiling.

"If I were Johnny Raskob I know what I'd say."

And Mr. Raskob was governed by the advice of the defeated candidate in making his statement.

As soon as this was over Mr. Smith rose and said, "Come on, Johnny, let's go home."

He left the Democratic headquarters that night without making a statement on the air. But he left with a cheery word for everyone, his head high and the ever-present smile on his face.

Within a week he was on the air again! At his own request. He wanted to thank his supporters and he felt duty bound to tell them of the deficit in the campaign funds. Perhaps you may remember his appeal for contributions with which to wipe out the debt. Now, an appeal of this kind is not a desirable task. But Al Smith does not wish the unwanted jobs on the other fellow. He tackles them himself.

One of my proudest possessions is a copy of the book, "The Story of the Democratic Campaign of 1928", auto-

graphed by Mr. Smith. It was the first copy off the press and was presented to me by the defeated candidate in person.

Do you remember the advertisements which used to inform poor forgetful mortals, like ourselves, of the super-retentive mind possessed by a fictitious character who was always greeting an old friend by the name of Addison Simms of Seattle? Had the advertiser known of Al Smith this fictitious character might never have attained such lasting fame. Where the advertiser's character knew but one man Al Smith knows and can call by name thousands of men. Unquestionably Mr. Smith has one of the finest memories for names, faces and statistics with which I ever came in contact.

Day after day I saw the busy man meet and greet by name people in all walks of life. Many of these men and women he had been introduced to in a casual way during his political activities in New York State. I don't know that I ever saw him "rack his brain" to recall a name. The name just naturally comes to his lips without any seeming mental effort.

There is a story about a newspaper man who borrowed five dollars from Governor Smith and who, though his intentions were the best, forgot to return it. I am told that when this reporter came to cover a political speech during our journey he met the democratic candidate backstage and was greeted by name by Mr. Smith, who laughingly asked the man if he had come behind the scenes to pay back the five dollars. I did not witness this meeting myself so cannot vouch for the yarn. It is typical of Mr. Smith, inas-

much as he always connects some incident in which these acquaintances figured. Nor does he need to have the party involved owe him five dollars in order to recall the names of the thousands of people who have come in contact with this remarkable

man during his long life as a public figure.

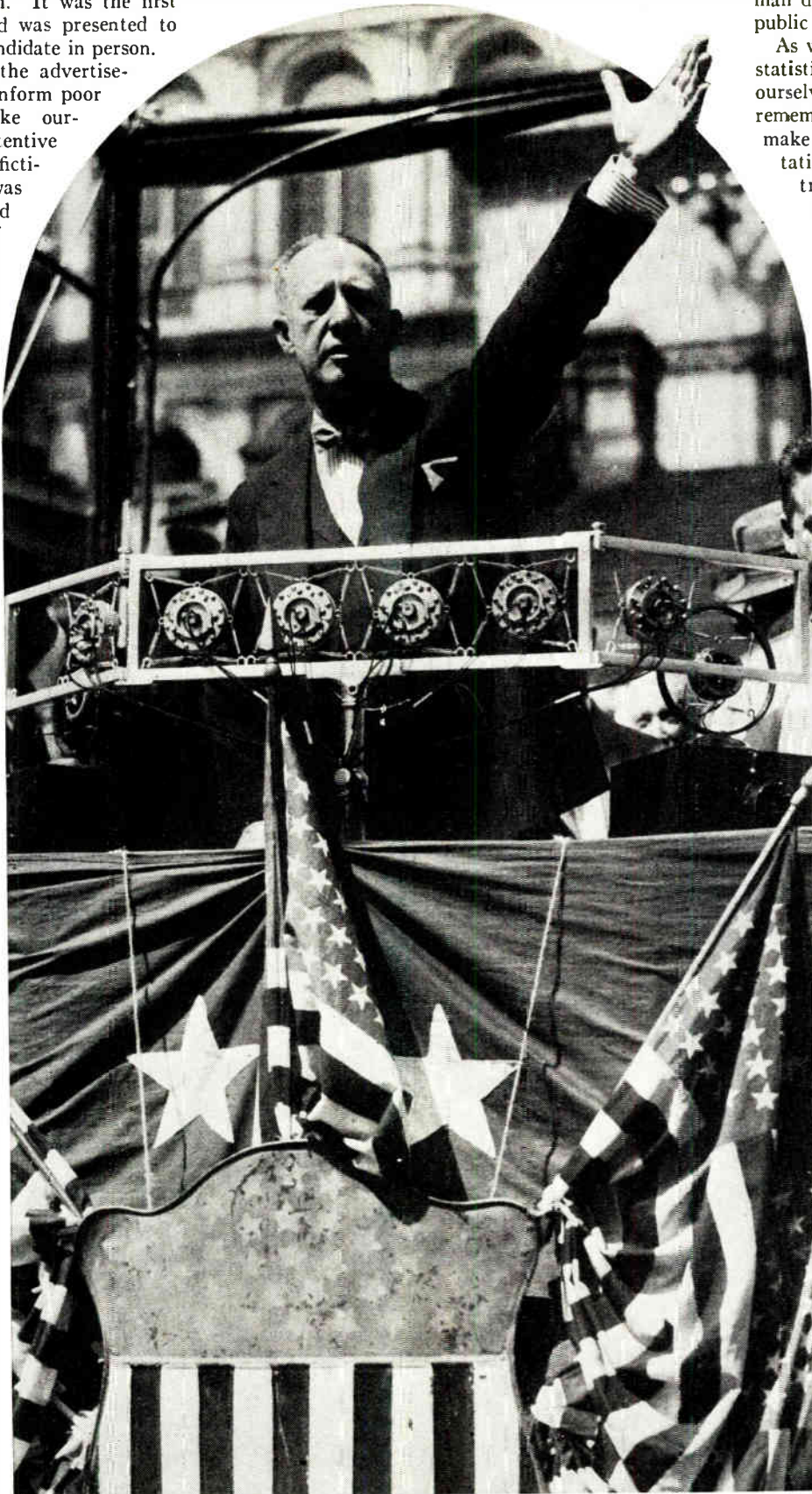
As with names so it is with statistics. Where we think ourselves fortunate if we can remember that two and two make four Mr. Smith unhesitatingly will delve into intricate figures concerning a public expenditure. Providing, of course, that he was familiar with those figures at some time during his political life.

Once this man's brain absorbs facts of any kind pertinent to his life interests it automatically catalogues them for future reference.

UNQUESTIONABLY the radio fans will have a chance to hear Al Smith on the air again. He is a man with the interest of the public at heart. I don't know what he will have to say when next we listen to his voice but you may be sure that he will bring a message well worth hearing.

In closing I wish to say that Al Smith is about the only orator I have ever heard who can "orate" before a microphone and not sound foolish to an unseen audience. Loud speakers are not kind to the average orator. Furthermore, here is an orator handicapped with a speaking voice which is not pleasing—as to its reproducing qualifications. Yet handicapped as this orator unquestionably is this man is what we call "a natural" when it

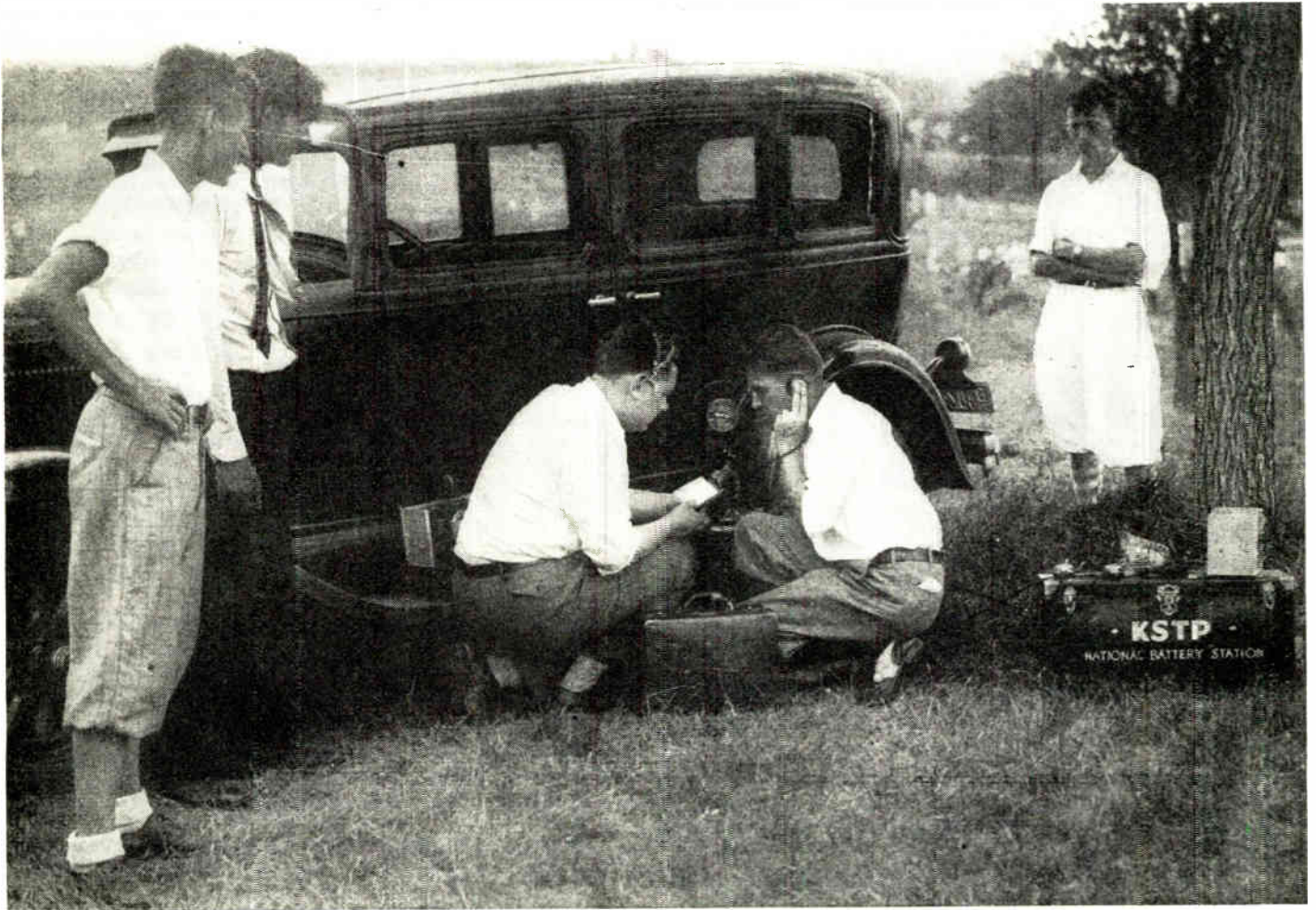
comes to audience appeal. I am convinced that the sincerity and inherent honesty of Al Smith's personality as expressed in his rather harsh voice overcomes all handicaps and places him on a separate pedestal as a microphone artist.



No escape here—Al found himself surrounded by a fence of mikes at Albany

National Open

G O L F



L. C. Smeby (left) chief engineer at KSTP, St. Paul, carried a short wave transmitter around the course on the running board of his car.

THE back stage of a big theater on the opening night of an expensive production or the city room of a metropolitan newspaper, when an extra was being "put to bed", were never as dramatic as the Radio control rooms during the last two hours of the broadcast of the 1930 National Open Golf Tournament at Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, last July.

The golf-minded public depended upon the Radio for an accurate running account of this great sporting classic and the wise Radio operators decided that the public should have what it wanted. And so, for thirty days before Bobby Jones was scheduled to tee-off, Radio engineers virtually swamped the course, testing, diagraming and studying the best means to broadcast a play-by-play account of the event.

The importance of the National Open

By
Don W. Hood

can be determined by glancing through the sporting pages of any newspaper, no matter how large or small, for the period before July 11, the date the tournament started. Representatives of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company realized the tremendous interest the public was showing in the event. Naturally each system battled to outdo the other. The final result was that both systems told the world of Bobby's victory in a neck and neck heat.

The Radio reporters scored a "scoop" to be sure, but the credit for this remarkable feat belongs to the engineers and

their assistants who labored day and night at the course while the thermometer registered between 90 and 96 degrees. The broadcast of the tournament was described as one of the greatest Radio engineering accomplishments of the year.

The hazards of the now famous Interlachen course offered more problems to the broadcasters than to the golfers. A long shot would carry the pill over a sand trap or one of the water hazards but there was nothing that could stop a surging, milling gallery which numbered 15,000 persons. Therefore, the broadcasters agreed that they could not consider stringing wires over the course.

THE next step was to develop a short wave transmitting system. After the first test, the plan was nearly

TOURNAMENT

Affords Peak Broadcast Achievement

Ted Husing Packs CBS Transmitter and Antenna on his back as he trails Bobby Jones at Interlachen—KSTP—NBC Radio Reporters Trundle Transmitter in Perambulator

abandoned when it was discovered that high power transmission lines along one side of the course set up so much interference that the voice of the announcer could hardly be heard.

Finally it was decided by engineers from WCCO at Minneapolis, to erect a number of short-wave receiving stations around the course. They had an idea that by locating the receivers at strategical points, the portable transmitters could send a strong enough signal to overcome the power line interference. This plan was definitely decided upon by WCCO, representing Columbia and KSTP of St. Paul representing the National Broadcasting Company.

E. H. GAMMONS, vice-president of the Northwestern Broadcasting Corporation, operators of WCCO, announced that Ted Husing, crack sports announcer for Columbia, would carry a portable transmitter all around the course. However, engineers at KSTP couldn't fancy the idea of carrying a miniature station on their shoulders, so they built their transmitter into a baby carriage. Stanley Hubbard, manager of the station, was responsible for this.

With everything apparently set for the broadcast of the final leading matches, things began to "break" too fast in the last two hours. As Ted moved about the course following Jones, then MacDonald Smith and others, he became a receiving station himself for news, for by this time a troop of Boy Scouts, with their wig-wag system were sending information from every part of the course, as the gallery shoved him along.

All was not going so well at KSTP's headquarters either for Phil Bronson, sports announcer, was crowding the mike for all it was worth and still he was behind. Horton Smith was making a brilliant play for the fourteenth green; MacDonald Smith was accomplishing wonders on the sixteenth and Bobby Jones was nearing the eighteenth. It was too much for one man to cover at one time.

Things looked bad until L. C. Smeby, chief engineer for KSTP got an idea, like Radio engineers sometimes do. He sent two men with the baby carriage outfit to cover Horton Smith. They certainly gave the customers a treat as they dashed over the fairway pushing a new wicker carriage. Another announcer was sent up on the roof of the clubhouse, which overlooks the eighteenth hole, to cover Jones while Smeby himself loaded an emergency transmitter on to his car and sped out over the course to cover MacDonald Smith.

Bronson, in the meantime, remained at the central receiving station. He was equipped with headphones as were the other three men. Thus he was able to carry on a four-way conversation while the Radio audience listened closely. It was the only way, Bronson said, that he could cover three greens simultaneously, without causing interruptions.

THE equipment Husing carried weighed about 20 pounds? It consisted of a transmitter, strapped to his back and a microphone which rested at the proper elevation on his chest. The batteries were carried by a helper. The aerial consisted of a 10-foot bamboo pole wound with heavy wire and fastened to the transmitter case.

Both stations brought the details of the big event to their respective networks without a delay, but it took more than 40 engineers, announcers, technicians and helpers to accomplish this feat.

Following is the story of this historic broadcast written for RADIO DIGEST by E. D. Jencks of KSTP.:

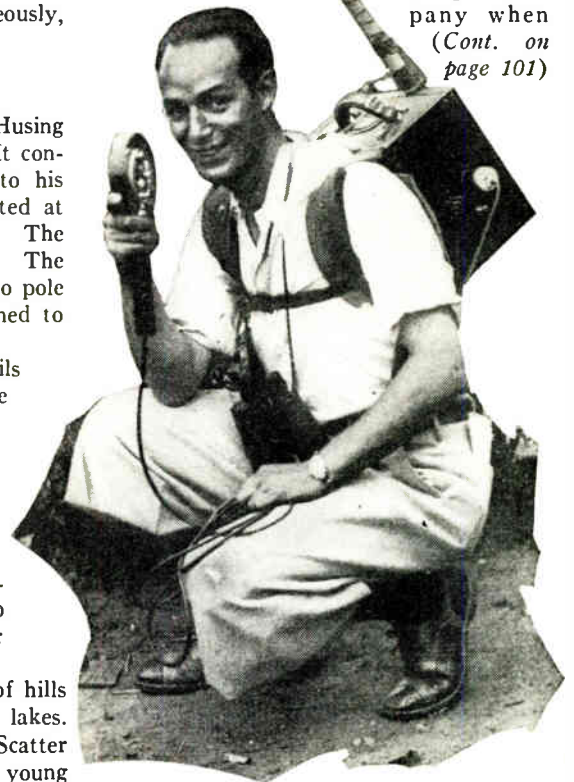
TAKE a quarter of a section of hills and grass and trees and lakes. Punch eighteen holes in it. Scatter one hundred and forty-seven or so young

men over it, each with a burning ambition to be the greatest figure of the day in the news of the nation. Give them a hundred and forty-seven little white balls and anywhere from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred clubs. Lay out a path of three or four miles for them to travel. Sprinkle the terrain with anywhere from seven to ten thousand people. Heat the whole concoction to 100 degrees in the shade.

And then try to broadcast everything that happens on that quarter section for three or four days.

This was, roughly speaking, the problem that faced the National Battery Station KSTP, and the National Broadcasting Company when
(Cont. on page 101)

Ted Husing as a "walking transmitter".



Evangeline Adams

Guarantees Matrimony:

By Peggy Hull

THE MORE you hear of the hazards of matrimony through the individual selective system from the lips of Evangeline Adams, America's foremost astrologer, the more alarming the transaction becomes.

The lottery of the wedded state is an adage as old as life itself.

Wherever man and woman have been joined together, whether in Iceland, Patagonia, Capetown, Hollywood or Kokomo, the element of risk has always been present and never underestimated.

Indeed, so prevalent has the belief become that marriage isn't worth the gamble that weddings have fallen off in prodigious numbers.

It would appear that the present generation, wiser in their ways and more inclined to learn by example, are becoming increasingly wary of the ancient institution.

At any rate, the vital statistics have presented such a dearth of licenses to wed that public spirited men and women are sending up resounding cries, asking that something be done about it.

Evangeline Adams, nodding her gray-bobbed hair, sits in her studio in Carnegie Hall, high above the surging traffic of Seventh Avenue, and not only agrees with them, but goes farther. She asserts that something can be done about it, and that something is nothing more or less than taking the speculation out of the hymeneal ceremony.

With a gesture that would do credit to Napoleon or Mussolini, Miss Adams, enthroned in a Jacobean chair, surrounded by curios and a herd of elephants, insists that any risk at all is totally unnecessary. She knows an insurance against the failure of marriage as safe and certain as Charles Lindbergh.

If you would understand this priceless gift to mankind; if you would know something of how to solve a problem which has been harassing humanity for centuries; if you would enjoy a permanent and satisfactory matrimonial adventure, then come with me and spend a profitable hour in the Adams studio, while the sturdy-figured astrologer, looking like a miniature warrior, charts a marriage path along the heavens.

Miss Adams, be it known, is no upstart with a flair for looking into the past, present and future. She has brought to her work a background as illustrious as any which shines through the pages of American history. If there is anything in heredity, then it is not curious that she has been able to take the ancient science out of the gutter, dust it off and place it again in the important niche it once occupied in the affairs of men. For Miss Adams is a direct descendant of that distinguished statesman, John Adams, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, second President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, another member of the family to occupy the White House.

WHO else but the daughter of a maker of a nation would be brave enough to sally forth in the face of deep-rooted prejudice and intolerance and gallantly rescue the once time-honored science of reading the stars from the hands of charlatans and fakirs?

Hers has been no easy path to success. Every inch of the way has been beset by combatants just as determined to prevent her from winning as she was to win. Something of her years of struggle, of her incessant battling is apparent in her fearless eyes and direct, brusque manner. Sentimentality, a love of ease and the

garden variety of vanity have had no place in her life. consequently she is not a woman to whom to carry a petty and unimportant complaint.

If you face a real problem, she is a sympathetic listener and, as thousands will testify, a wise counsellor, but the person who nurses a grudge against the world because there wasn't a golden spoon in his mouth had better beware!

Neither does she deal in any brand of flattery, subtle or otherwise with which people given to divining the future have been accustomed to salve their clients. When you walk into Miss Adams' studio you might just as well leave all your pride behind along with your pet persecutions. Because, before you are seated you realize that this remarkable woman is not interested in what you think you are! She knows what you are and better than you do yourself. Such is the wisdom of the heavens when their odd hieroglyphics are interpreted by Evangeline Adams.

When I had taken a seat before her where many famous men and women had preceded me, she gave me a cursory glance and then said, "I don't know just why we were brought together——?"

"I WANTED you to tell me how the stars can help people be happily married?"

A light came into her brown eyes and she leaned across the desk with her arms folded. "Oh yes, I remember now. But you shouldn't have to ask me that? It was in China that the sages first applied astrology to matrimony."

"Yes, that is true. But the Chinese are so vastly different psychologically that a system of selection which might prove successful with them could be just the opposite with Occidentals."

*Famous Astrologer
Who Broadcasts
Over WABC Assures Marital Bliss
for Those Who Mate
According to the
Stars—Influence of
the Planets, on Life,
Love and Success.*

"Not astrologically speaking," insisted Miss Adams. "The stars operate without prejudice or preference as far as races are concerned and it was China's experience selecting marriage partners, sight unseen, that proved the stars know best."

A SECRETARY came in and laid a group of charts before her. The one on top caught and held her attention. Those odd symbols which mean nothing to the rest of us, revealed a character, ideals and habits that were strangely complimentary to her own.

Laughing, she picked it up and showed it to her secretary.

"There," she said, "is the chart of the kind of man I would want to marry if I were going to do such a thing."

The secretary did not hesitate to reply. "Yes, that is what I thought myself."

Turning to me Miss Adams continued slowly, "The planetary aspects, unlike a pretty face or manly chest, do not conceal one's tendencies. The gold diggers are stamped as indelibly as though their hands had been photographed clutching the wallet of a guileless male, and the rascal, the rascal and the criminal are as easily detected as a regular offender's picture in the rogue's gallery.

"This is why it is so unnecessary for people to go through years of bitterness, regret and in many cases, tragedy.

"By the same system of charting the stars which foretell great events, so can the end or dissolution of marriage be foretold, and sometimes avoided, for there is a percentage of free will in every person's life.

"Before I came to New York to live, a famous actor and actress who had taken Boston by storm took their dates to an astrologer, a friend of mine. He saw such

(Continued on page 108)



Evangeline Adams is adviser to business and professional men and women and others



RAY PERKINS

the *Old Topper*

A man of ideas is the song-writing, piano-playing young radio entertainer at NBC

"Lady Luck" is another recent one. And if you

turn back the pages of popular music you'll find that "Scandinavia", "Stand Up and Sing for Your Father", "Down the Old Church Aisle" and many other of yesterday's hits have the Perkins' name attached.

He sings, too. No Caruso, of course, and no operatic ambitions. But pleasantly and with an enthusiasm seldom heard outside a bathroom about shaving time of a Sabbath morn. And he plays the piano.

He's had an interesting career in the entertainment world. He was born in Boston but made the trip to New York before he was old enough to be excited about it.

Went to Columbia University where he became really interested in the footlights. Was a leading spirit in the Varsity Shows of 1916 and 1917, his last two years in university. Before he was out of college, he had had his first song published. It was written for one of the Shubert's girly-girly shows at the old Winter Garden and his royalties totaled \$7.37. As soon as he graduated, the Shuberts offered him a job and he contributed various tunes and lyrics to Shubert musical shows. His first big hit was "Bye-Lo" which is still remembered.

THE World War came along and Perkins managed to get into the military intelligence division where he admits he had a lot of fun and excitement. He now is one of the senior officers in the reserve branch of the M. I. D.

When the war ended Perkins went back to song-writing. He was associated with George M. Cohan for a year. For a short time he sold bonds but didn't find it interesting. He had some success in vaudeville and made a number of phonograph records and music rolls that were popular.

P. H. W. Dixon

He was music editor of the Dance Maga-

zine for a while and spent some time in the advertising department of the New Yorker. In 1926 he made his debut on the air over WJZ as "Judge, Junior". When that series ended he left Radio until a few months ago when he came back to the air as "Old Topper" with the Crush Dry Cronies.

He is a staff production man for the National Broadcasting company and works at the job. Among the programs that came under his direction are Atwater Kent Sunday night concerts, the Catholic Hour, Hoppin' Bells, Metropolitan Echoes, In the Good Old Summertime and the Elgin Program.

Among the ideas he introduced as a production man was one reminiscent of a railroad system. Three flags are used, one yellow, one red and one green. When the program is running on schedule the production man displays the yellow flag. If it is to be speeded up, the green flag is waved and the red flag means "slow down, you're ahead of schedule".

He is married and has a son. He is very much in love with his wife and, with apologies to Merton, looks upon her as his "best friend and severest critic". When he broadcasts he insists that she be in the control room and when the program is over, she discusses it with him from notes she has taken while he was broadcasting.

HIS home is in Scarsdale, Westchester suburb of New York, and he likes to give parties. On the living room table in his house he keeps a box of puzzles because he believes that it is the most effective way to get a party started. He likes to collect puzzles and tricks and spends much of his spare time looking for new "gadgets" in novelty shops.

(Continued on page 109)

RAY PERKINS is the kind of a person who is always having ideas. Now, ideas are welcomed in the broadcasting studios and not a few of Perkins' inspirations have been greeted joyously by executives of the National Broadcasting company. But they've learned, these executives, to examine from several angles the propositions of the song-writing, piano-playing, silk-hatted young Radio entertainer.

For instance, he almost convinced studio officials that the microphones were all wrong. They should be masked, he said. In order to help comedians, he suggested a mask of the Average Radio Listener with a broad smile on his face. Then, in order to provoke the finest in the emotional actors and actresses he actually drew a design of a sorrowful face equipped with a special valve to release glycerine tears at just the right moment. This to be attached to the microphone, of course.

And when he suggested installing stationary elevators with the building arranged to move up and down, he just wasn't taken seriously.

Perkins has carved his own niche in the façade of broadcasting. Listeners declare he is a perfect one-man show and he certainly has the requisite talents.

On New York's Tin Pan Alley, Perkins is known as one of the best of the song writers. "Under a Texas Moon" is his.



Lois Chambers

Lois Chambers believes in smiles and you will note that Lois practices her belief. Her KNX listeners maintain that this is the smile they hear in her joyful songs.



Harriet Gordon Bingham

Harriet Gordon Bingham, who plays the part of Ann Rutledge in *The Prairie President*, which resumes a new series of episodes in Lincoln's life at WLS, Chicago, this month.



Marion McAfee

Marion McAfee went to Paris to win fame, became leading soloist in the Orchestre Philharmonique, then with the Royal Opera in London. Now she is with CBS, New York.



Carlotta King

Carlotta King comes to Radio through her experience with sound pictures in Hollywood. Mike fell for her soft mellow voice and she is a favorite with CBS listeners.



Helen Snyder

Helen Snyder is a favorite at any one of the Chicago stations where she happens to be booked for song. Her audience at this writing is at the end of KYW air lines.



Col. A. H. Griswold handed this message to Eileen Seymour at San Francisco NBC and it traveled around the world in five minutes.

Virginia Morgan and Santos Ortega as The Newlyweds in the CBS program, N. Y. Essie Palmer is Suntan maid.



Godfrey Don Amazio Ludlow of Australia is now an American citizen—here are the papers. You hear him over the NBC networks.

Trouble in the air? Jack Keough, NBC announcer, takes guns and mike and goes up to see about it. Great trouble shootin'!



Holy catfish! Look at this one! Bobbe Deane keeps it in a dishpan and it is now rose pink. California sunshine does it!



Maria Hoffman came over from Germany a short time ago and signed up as mezzo-soprano for American broadcast concerts.



KPO Toreadors on Parade

It's an old Spanish custom . . .
These gallant toreadors heckle
the old papa cow at San Francisco.



Jolly Bill and Jean at WEAF

"Gotta watch out for these big swishamacallums," says Jolly Bill to little Jean at children's hour.

Smart things for fall wear are shown here as described by the CBS fashion expert. Left: Maggy Rouff evening ensemble of Canton faille and transparent velvet. Dress of slim grace is of dawn pink velvet lined with crepe, which extends from very wide sleeves to form a deep border.

Center: Augustabernard evening dress of green chiffon type velvet (imported by Cheney Brothers).



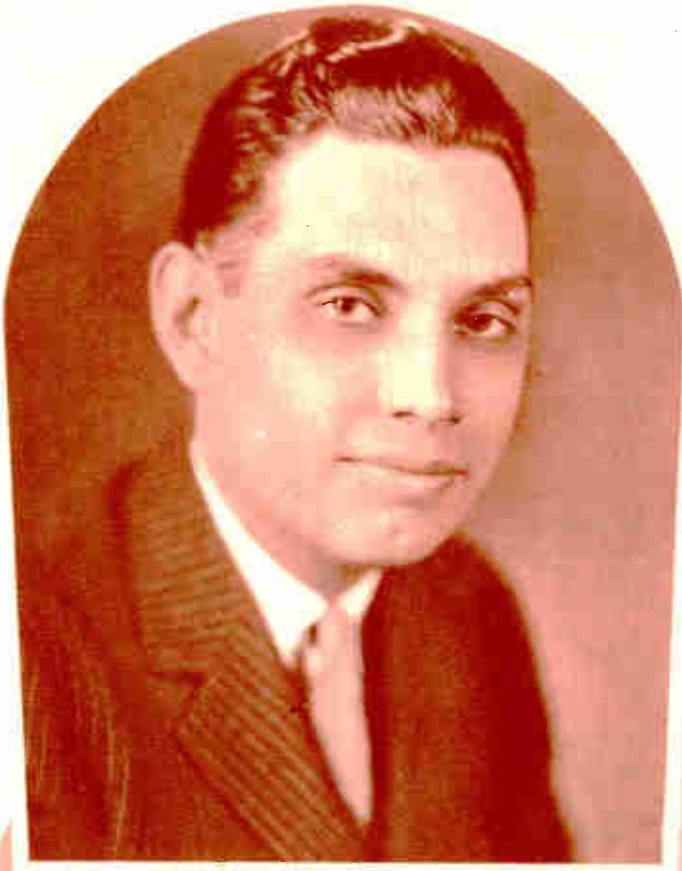
Right: Imported Sunday Night Supper Dress developed by Reig-Suttro-Fox and shown by Cheney.

Paris has decreed that the autumn, 1930, is plaid. Top: a Claire Any model; fabric a new worsted plaid crepe. Fine rayon over-check offsets the deep dark navy. White satin stitched vestee and cuffs.

Center: This Drapolaine is an example of fall vogue for frosted effects in worsteds in a new shade of brown. The creamy beige flat crepe blouse repeats the bow motif of the skirt yoke.



Below: Cashmere suede—note the use of flat fur advocated by both Lelong and Lanvin for the Paris mode.



Harlow Wilcox, regular announcer at WGES, Chicago, has made good on various programs heard over national hook-ups, including Chic Sale of Liberty Bell renown.

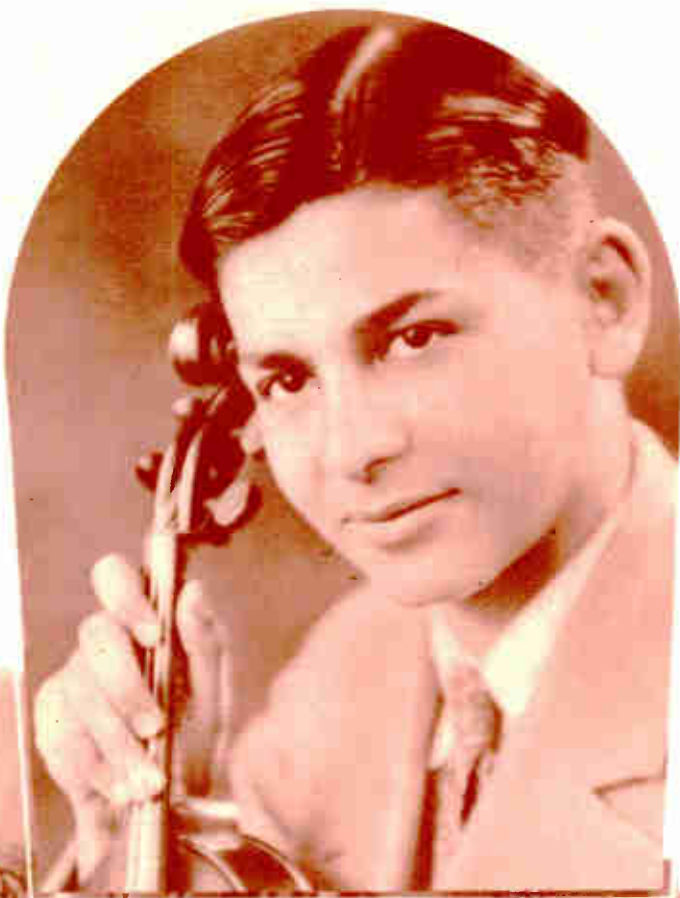
"Baaa—these birls just brought me up here to do a little kidding over the air," says William A. Goat, and then he began sniffing at the mike as a delectable possibility.



Long John Barclay, baritone, and small Adele Vasa, lyric soprano, meet mike to mike at CBS. Mr. Barclay measures six feet seven up and down.

Robert Gomberg is a young violinist who has gained distinction for his artistic feeling in violin presentations at CBS.

Harold Sims is shown below in the midst of his creations for simulating sounds of all sorts heard on Empire Builders programs.



Harvey Hayes is another notable on the Empire Builders program. He is a veteran of the stage and a typical Westerner here.

Arabesque is one of the big hits of the past season which comes back this fall with splendid reception from listeners.

▲ ▲

Arabesque is written by Miss Yolande Langworthy who also appears in the cast. This is a scene portrayed in the story you will find on page 33 of this Radio Digest.

▲ ▲





Ginger Rogers



Ginger Rogers is still in her teens, but she has become one of the most popular stars over the New York key of the CBS.

Arabesque

*In this Episode of the Famous Columbia Serial
Myra Loring and Her Players Intrigue the Great
Achmed with a Story of a Dream Child and War*

By Yolande Langworthy

DRIFTING Sands And A Caravan", the moon hanging low; thus the sheik of the desert viewed the approaching strangers, his captives. Just a group of players, English players—with their star, Myra Loring, beautiful and proud, leading the way to the tent of Achmed, bold brigand of the desert.

Achmed, with his friend, Doctor Gilbert, and his dancing girl, Zuweida, were used to interruptions of this kind, for Achmed's men were always capturing something, or someone. But the group this evening looked more exciting, more of the civilized world was in their demeanors.

In his usual, suave manner, Achmed approached Myra Loring, who seemed utterly composed, but being an actress, the sheik felt that perhaps—it was a pose. He was attracted by her bravery, and her beauty, knowing he could scatter her company on the desert, and take the English actress to his palace, at first as a captive, and later—well, the future would take care of itself.

Then came the time when Achmed decided to tell Miss Loring that he wanted her company set free on the desert and she must come with him.

Myra Loring suspected that Achmed was not truly of the desert, or entirely an Arab, his English pronunciation was too perfect. Asking him as to how it happened that, being an Arab, he spoke such perfect English, Achmed told her he had been educated at Oxford, and traveled a great deal.

Myra Loring then decided to give Achmed a fair proposition. Dr. Gilbert looked on with amusement knowing full well the utter ruthlessness of Achmed's attitude, and the Gypsy dancer in jealousy sought the relief of her act, dancing in wild abandon, barefoot, on the desert sands, that so soon would call her little, lithe body back to its own.

So Myra revealed her plan to Achmed, as she stood with her company before this powerful sheik, richly garbed in his flowing robes, a veritable king, in all but Kingdom.

The plan was this: If Myra Loring and her company should entertain Achmed, with a play each evening for any allotted time, would he let them go free, whenever the time might come that he should feel they had thus paid for their freedom? The wise chieftain saw through Myra's brave desire to stall for a time, and understanding that she would belong to him at his leisure, anyway, he signed the bargain. Then he departed to his fortress palace, some distance away from where they had been encamped, to lie in ambush for such hapless caravans as should chance to pass this way.

AND so the play went on, Zuweida, ever jealous of the love of Achmed for the English actress, also felt a growing fondness for the stalwart Doctor Gilbert of the troupe. Myra, trying to be brave, and working hard, secretly felt herself falling in love with Achmed,—and Achmed remained just as suave, relentless, cruel, and scheming night after night after the nine gongs rang through the palace.

Tonight the stage would be aglow with the beauty of Myra's acting voice and form, Achmed would sit entranced through the play, only to return to his moods at its end.

Myra tried to make each play end with a moral to change Achmed, from the bandit that he was to the man she believed he could be. A hopeless task to all but a woman who loved a man. Then came a night after the nine gongs, and this play gripped Achmed, mind and heart. It was called "Dream Child". Would you like to hear the play? Well, read on.

We are first introduced to Hassan of the Arabs and Miriam of the players.

(From the original broadcast manuscript.)

Drifting sands and a caravan, the deserts' endless space;

Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face.

Brigands bold on their Arab steeds, trampling all in their wake,

From out of the mystic Eastern lore, one page from the book we take.

The sands of time move slowly in the hour glass of life,

But not on the desert's drifting sands, where bloodshed is and strife.

Out from the cruel, lashing sting of the world's merciless hate

The soul of a man to the desert came to grapple its chance with Fate.

Ruthless, daring, brutal and suave, the outer husk became

But deep down in his innermost heart, the man was just the same.

And so the drama unfolded for you is set where, in days of old.

Eastern Kings of culture and wealth lay buried in tombs of gold.

Drifting sands and a caravan, the desert's endless space;

Lustrous eyes 'neath Eastern skies, and a woman's veiled face.

HASSAN: Don't move Miriam, and don't scream, it would be useless, absolutely useless.

MIRIAM: I did not intend to scream, Hassan. HASSAN: Remarkable. So many women scream unnecessarily.

MIRIAM: Yes. Some women would if they were afraid of you. I am not, Hassan, not afraid in the least.

HASSAN: On the contrary, your very denial of fear makes me think you are trying to quiet your own fears.

MIRIAM: You are mistaken Hassan, I'm an adventuress, and in my life I must have courage———, is it not so?

HASSAN: No, I do not think that, you are too—let me see what shall I say—too much like the white lily,—too pure yes, that is it, you are like the Orchid, rare and untouched, by the fire of experience. Yes, that is it exactly.

HASSAN: I would speak the truth, with you Miriam, lovely name. It was in the Bible. Oh, be not astounded I have read your Bible.

MIRIAM: But why the past tense, it was in the Bible, rather than is?

know of me or of my past actions.
MIRIAM: No, but how can we be together, and yet be apart?

HASSAN: You intrigue me with your innocence, and yet your astounding wit, Miriam.

MIRIAM: But you say nothing of my charming form, perhaps I'm too athletic for Hassan, is that it?

HASSAN: Miriam, I love you, I intend to make you mine tonight, after the play we go away together, or—

MIRIAM: Or you attack the palace, and kill; is that the alternative, Hassan?

HASSAN: Exactly Miriam, of the soul.

MIRIAM: And just what do I get in return for leaving, what I came to find out, Hassan?

HASSAN: For coming with me, I shall tell you of Achmed, and what he is doing on the desert now.

MIRIAM: Oh yes, that will be interesting, no doubt.

HASSAN: Which? Coming with me, or finding out what your Achmed does to make golden dollars for his golden coffers?

MIRIAM: Both events will please me extremely, Hassan. I love the desert, and have always wanted to live the rest of my life free, far away from civilization.

HASSAN: Very good, it is a promise, you will come with me?

MIRIAM: I promise Hassan, on my honor as an Englishwoman, here is my hand. Oh, why did you do that?

HASSAN: (*Laughing*) Why to mark you, I mark my men like that with the crescent, the wound will heal, but you're mine now. Remember, mine, and at midnight I come for you.

MIRIAM: Yes, yes, at midnight, but tell me first as part of your bargain, what Achmed is doing in the desert?

HASSAN: My sweet one, oh, I would caress you now, Miriam.

MIRIAM: At midnight and not before, Hassan, and then I shall be yours in your own hills.

HASSAN: It is so. Yes, well Achmed, is the head of the —sssh! Quietly, I tell you. Achmed superintends all the movements of the men who sell hashish in this part of the country.

MIRIAM: Hashish, the narcotic? Achmed doing such things, destroying lives with drugs. Oh no, not that.

HASSAN: It is so, and he knows I know. I also am one of his so called men. Hm, little he knows how I hold him in my hand, in the palm of my hand so— but I would ask of him his love, his Miriam, and he would not refuse, he is a coward in peace and in war.

MIRIAM: Go now Hassan, and return at midnight.

HASSAN: It is well. I have your word and you are marked with the crescent, see the blood has mingled with mine, as I too have wounded my hand. You are mine now, Miriam, mine. (*Laughing*) Achmed the proud bandit, the sheik of the desert, loses his love to a Bedouin. (*Laughing*) At Midnight.



Miss Yolande Langworthy (above) has captured the heart of the nation with her modernized Arabian Nights—a series of playlets by captive English thespians in the hands of a desert sheik.

MIRIAM: Hassan, many a white flower carries in its depths, that which destroys the flower, to the observer it is white only.

HASSAN: Well, if so all the better, for tonight you go with Hassan.

MIRIAM: Where do we go Hassan and why?

HASSAN: Clever, aren't you? Well, to me the Bible is no more.

MIRIAM: But it did mean something once?

HASSAN: You find out the past of Achmed, not the past of Hassan, that is my own, and I do not intend that you should

(Music up softly)

MYRA: Miriam.

MIRIAM: Oh yes Myra, how are you?

MYRA: Never mind how I am, I heard every word that Hassan said to you, every word.

MIRIAM: Well?

MYRA: You shall not go with Hassan tonight, I shall go dressed as you.

MIRIAM: But I was only acting with Hassan, Myra, I'm not trying to outwit Achmed, I couldn't. You know that.

MYRA: I don't know anything, I only know that Achmed loves you.

MIRIAM: But you love Achmed, Myra.

MYRA: Yes, I love him, but he only cares for me, for what, well, you know. My soul does not attract him. does it? No, it's your soul, he loves and wants, and pleads for. You're not a woman of the world, although you played well in Hassan's hands tonight, but it wasn't acting it was intuition, because you were fighting for the man you care for. Now, I'm going with Hassan at midnight.

MIRIAM: Myra, you're mad, absolutely mad, I won't let you do this, I came into your lives here for a reason best known to myself, I do not intend to hurt Achmed, now.

MYRA: No. because you love him, that's why, naturally you would. He's the twin brother of the man you loved, and never—

MIRIAM: Don't Myra, don't—

MYRA: At midnight I shall be here on this divan, in the dull light with veils, he will never know, and you shall entertain the rest of the household.

MIRIAM: But he will look at your hand, Myra.

MYRA: Let him look, let him look. (*Laughing*) Now, with a dagger it's just the same, see.

MIRIAM: Oh Myra, have you gone mad?

MYRA: Not mad, just become sane. I've been in this desert for over a year, being noble, fine, and trying to make Achmed a man, a real man, then you come along with your soul, and your innocence, and he loves you, really loves you, and I love him, and I've watched over him for hours, hoping he would understand my love was real, and now I'm going out to Hassan, and I don't care what happens. If you try to stop me, I'll kill. I'm desperate now. All I have left is the saving of the man I love, and the woman he loves.

MIRIAM: But Myra, I can never be anything to Achmed. Once away he will love you and forget me.

MYRA: I'm living in the present tonight, Miriam Montgomery, and I'm through—through with being what I've been, I don't care now.

MIRIAM: But Myra, you're too fine to do this.

MYRA: What about you, aren't you fine too?

MIRIAM: I would never have lived long enough to reach the hills, with the Bedouin, Myra, I've always carried this.

(Continued on page 106)



A tender moment between Achmed and Myra, played by Reynold Evans and Georgia Backus.



Like some exquisite flower.

THE house was set in a cleft of the pine-covered hills, fashioned of mouldering white stone painted pink, struggling against its inborn ugliness and succeeding only because of the beauty of its setting—the orchard, pink and white with masses of cherry-blossoms in the background, the brown earth with its neatly-trained vines. Félice's window faced east, and as usual, when the sun came from behind the hill and lay across the faded carpet of her room, she rose with a yawn, sat up in bed for a moment or two, slipped softly out, and stood before the window.

It was always the same, what followed. She stood and looked for a while at that towering wall of stony, pine-hung mountain, at the blue-smocked men and women crouching in the vineyard, at the white church upon the hill, the orchard touched with snow, and the corner of a field of violets, bending a little with the morning breeze. And then she sighed. It was always the same.

Félice bathed and dressed, daintily and carefully, herself like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals. She left her room—as bare almost it was as a nun's cell—spotlessly neat, with the breeze sweeping in through the wide-slung window, a breeze which brought a perfume of mimosa to mingle with the fainter odour of lavender which hung about the linen and the plain white muslin curtains of the little chamber.

SHE took her morning coffee, served by an apple-cheeked, sour-faced domestic, in a corner of the wooden balcony which had been built out from the one habitable living-room. The petals from a climbing rose-tree fell upon the coarse but spotless cloth, bees hummed

The Road

Felice Looks far down the Toulon Highway Dreaming of Adventure and Escape from old Arleman — two men invite her for a ride —



"I live in the valley there," she told him.
"It is a little dull."

to Liberty

By

E. Phillips Oppenheim

around the drooping jasmine, the soft sunshine every moment grew warmer. Félice finished her breakfast, yawned, and dreamed for a time with her eyes lifted to the hills. Then she rose, shook out her neat white skirt, fetched a pink parasol, wandered for a little time in the garden and orchard, and then, turning her face southward, went out to meet the adventure of her life.

She walked down the straight, cypress-bordered path—a mere cart-track across the brown-soiled vineyard—down a narrow lane until she reached the one spot which she never neared without some quickening of the blood. For Félice was nineteen years old, and beautiful, though no one but the glass had ever told her so. And this was the road to liberty, the main road to Toulon and Marseilles on one side, to Cannes and Monte Carlo on the other. She had told herself repeatedly that if ever freedom came to her it would come along this road. And because her worn-out invalid father had been a little more peevish and trying than ever on the night before, and because of other things, freedom seemed to her just now so specially desirable.

HER adventure came to her in a cloud of dust,—a long grey motorcar, with luggage strapped on behind, and two men. Unrecognizable though they were, she caught the flash of their curious eyes as they passed. Then she stepped

back with a little gesture of dismay. A cloud of dust enveloped her. She bent her pink sunshade to protect herself; she

brakes, quick footsteps were approaching along the road. Was this, perhaps, the adventure at last?

"Mademoiselle!"

She moved the parasol from before her face. She had self-control, and there was nothing in her gravely inquiring eyes—beautiful, soft brown eyes they were—to indicate the turmoil within. Her first instinct was one of reassurance. It was a boy who addressed her, a boy of little more than her own age, bare-headed, not altogether at his ease. He spoke in halting French.

"Would mademoiselle be so good as to inform a traveler whether this is indeed the road to Cannes?"

Félice answered him with perfect gravity—in excellent English.

"There is but one road, monsieur, as you see, and it leads, without doubt, to Cannes," she told him.

The boy remained embarrassed, but he was very resolute.

"We thought it might be the right road," he admitted; "but to tell you the truth you looked so awfully jolly and all that sort of thing, you know, I couldn't help stopping. Don't be angry, please," he begged.

She lowered her parasol momentarily—he stooped anxiously

to see if indeed it were to hide a smile. She said nothing.

"You speak English awfully well," he



"Look, young fellow. . . I am going to take you back to England."

was disposed to be a little irritable. Then her heart suddenly commenced to beat fast. She had heard the grinding of

continued, "but you are French, aren't you?"

"I am French," she assented. "I have just returned from what you call a boarding-school in Brussels. We always spoke English there."

"And now?"

She motioned with her parasol.

"I live in the valley there," she told him. "It is—a little dull. That is why, I suppose, I permit myself to talk with you. My father is an invalid, who rises only for two hours a day, and there is no one else. But your automobile returns. You know the way to Cannes, and you must go."

THE car had slipped slowly back in the reverse until it had stopped almost by their side. An older man was leaning back amongst the cushions, a man whose hair was turning grey at the temples and whose eyes were tired. He looked out upon the two with a faintly sardonic smile. The girl returned his gaze with frank curiosity, and his expression gradually changed. For all his cynicism, Maurice Londe had a soul for beauty. The girl, with her neatly-braided hair, her exquisitely undeveloped figure, her clear complexion, her large, soft eyes, her general air of sweet and spotless childhood, was immensely and irresistibly attractive.

"This is my friend—Londe," the boy said, with a wave of the hand. "My name's Arthur Maddison. I say, couldn't we persuade you to come just a little way with us? You don't seem to have much to do with yourself, and we'll bring you safely back."

Félice looked longingly along the road. She pointed to where it disappeared in the distance around a vineyard-covered hillside. To her that disappearance was allegorical.

"Farther than that," she sighed, "I have never been."

"Come with us to Cannes for lunch," the boy begged. "We'll bring you back. Do! It's only an hour's run."

She looked wistfully at the cushioned seats. The boy was already taking off his motor-coat.

"But—I have no hat," she protested.

"We'll buy you one," he laughed.

"I have no money!"

"It shall be our joint present," he persisted, holding out the coat. "Come. We'll take great care of you, and we'll have a splendid time. You shall hang the hat in your wardrobe to remind you of this little excursion."

She sat between them and the car started. To her it was like an enchanted journey. When they began to climb she

held her breath with the wonder of it—the road winding its way to dizzy heights above; the vineyards like patchwork in the valley below; the mountains in the background, gigantic, snow-capped; Cannes white and glistening with its mimosa embosomed villas, in the far distance.

"Oh, but it is wonderful to travel like this!" she murmured. "What beautiful places you must see! . . . If you please!"

She withdrew her fingers quickly from beneath the rug. She seemed scarcely to notice the boy's clumsy attempts at flirtation. The light of worship was in her eyes as she looked towards the mountains. The boy felt the presence of something which he did not understand, and he began to sulk. Maurice Londe frowned slightly, and for the first time made

most wonderingly, repulsed, began to tire a little of his adventure. He spent much of his time paying visits to neighboring tables, and made the acquaintance of a dazzling young person in yellow, from Paris, who kept him a good deal by her side. It was Maurice Londe, after all, who had to entertain their little guest.

Afterwards, when they had walked outside for some time upon the little quay and the boy failed to rejoin them, Londe made some sort of apologies for his companion, to which she listened with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"So long as it does not weary you, Monsieur," she said, softly, "I am content. I think that Mr. Arthur Maddison is rather a spoiled boy, is it not so?"

"Perhaps," his older friend admitted.

"Tell me some more, please,



She clutched his arm. . . a short, fat man descended upon them.

some efforts at polite conversation. And so they reached Cannes.

THEY bought the hat, for which he let the boy pay, although the fact obviously discomposed her. She carefully chose the least expensive, although one of the prettiest in the shop. At the Casino the boy, whose further efforts at primitive flirtation had been gravely, al-

about the countries you have visited," she begged. "But one moment. Let us watch the people land from this little steamer."

"Trippers," Londe murmured, with a glance towards them. "An excursion from somewhere. I should think."

She clutched at his arm. A short, fat man, with bristling black hair and moustache, descended suddenly upon them. He addressed Félice with an avalanche of questions. Londe fell a few paces behind. When she rejoined him she was very pale, and there was something in her frightened

eyes which disturbed him most strangely.

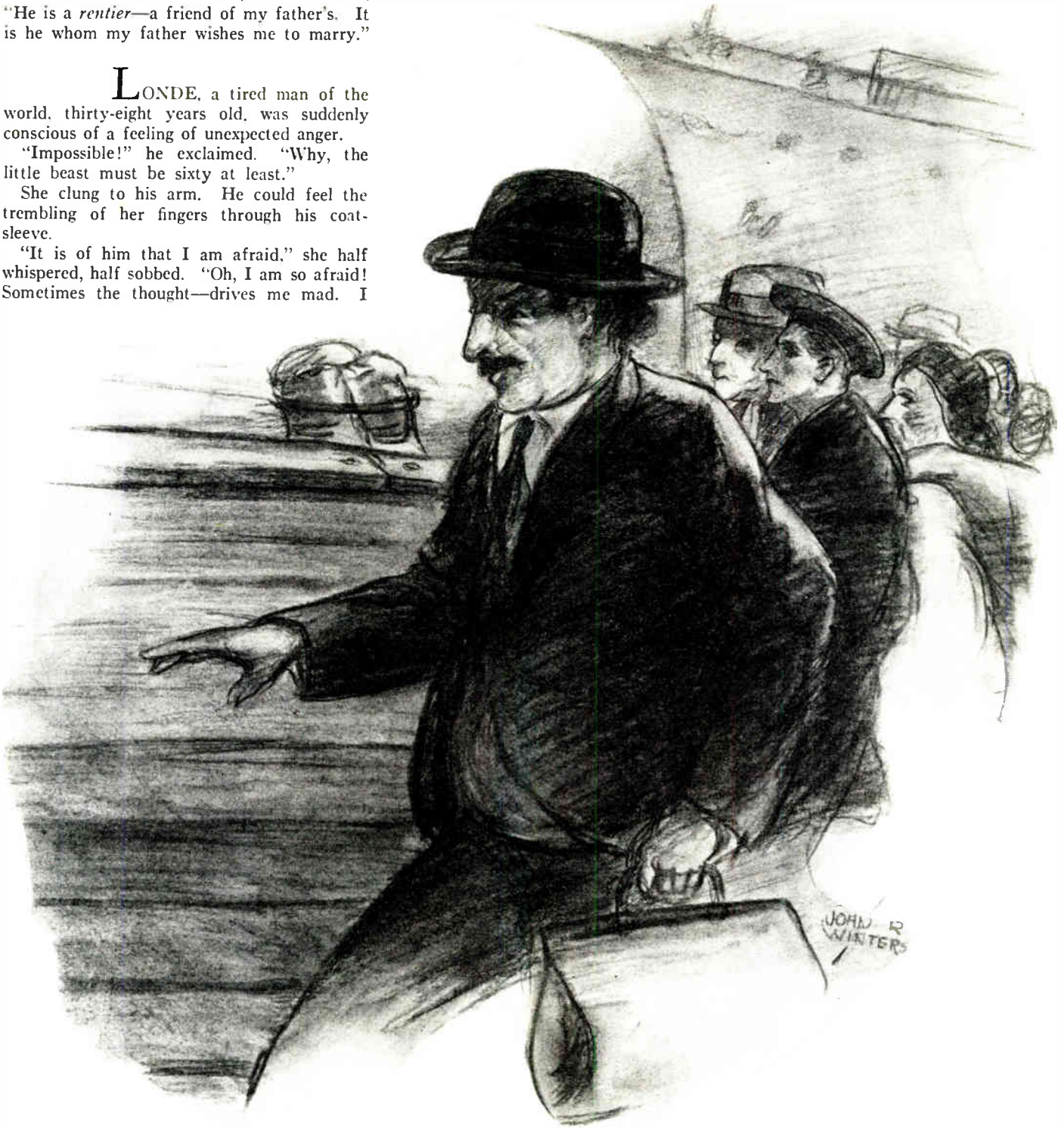
"It is Monsieur Arleman," she faltered. "He is a *rentier*—a friend of my father's. It is he whom my father wishes me to marry."

LONDE, a tired man of the world, thirty-eight years old, was suddenly conscious of a feeling of unexpected anger.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Why, the little beast must be sixty at least."

She clung to his arm. He could feel the trembling of her fingers through his coat-sleeve.

"It is of him that I am afraid," she half whispered, half sobbed. "Oh, I am so afraid! Sometimes the thought—drives me mad. I



cry to myself. I wring my hands. I felt like that this morning. That is what drove me down to the road. That is why I came when your friend asked me. That is why I would do anything in the world never to go back—never!"

Londe drew a little breath. Her words seemed to ring in the sunlit air.

"But the thing is preposterous!" he exclaimed, indignantly.

"We are very, very poor," she continued, under her breath, "and Monsieur Arleman is rich. He has an hotel and much land. He has promised my father

an annuity, and my father says that one must live."

Once more they drew close to the front of the casino. In the distance they saw the boy with the young lady in yellow, on their way towards the shops. He was bending over her, and his air of devotion was unmistakable.

"He has forgotten all about me," Félice sighed. "I hope—there won't be any trouble, will there, about my getting back? Not that I mind much, after all."

She looked at Londe a little timidly. It seemed to him that he had grown

younger, had passed somehow into a different world, with different standpoints, a different code. The things which had half automatically presented themselves to his brain were strangled before they were fully conceived.

THERE shall be no trouble at all," he assured her. "I shall take you back myself now. Perhaps it is better."

They got into the waiting car and
(Continued on page 122)

Lincoln Lives

Again at WLS

IT IS a reliable old maxim in literature that every story should begin at the beginning. In complying with the request of the *Radio Digest* to give the history of my dramatized biography of Abraham Lincoln, being broadcast by Station WLS, of Chicago, under the title of "The Prairie President," I must begin with a date ten years prior to that of the beginning of Radio broadcasting—the year of 1909.

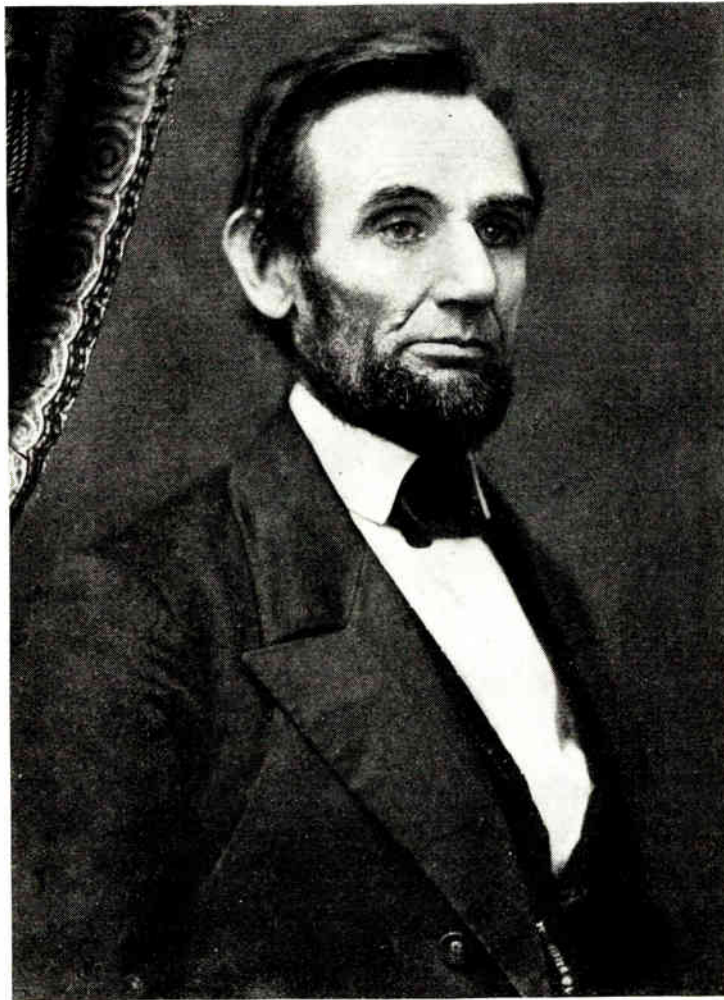
The year of 1909 was the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, and the magazines and newspapers were filled with articles, stories and pictures of the great Emancipator. The farm in Kentucky, where he was born, was purchased by popular subscription and presented to the government that it might be retained as a national shrine. There were hundreds of Lincoln celebrations; for the first time, lives of Lincoln were in demand, and the demand was supplied by many new and interesting books. Indeed the widespread interest now manifest in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln is to a large extent traceable to that great centennial year.

In the year of 1909 I was a hopeful artist, in the embryonic stage, and these graphic stories and the pictures of Lincoln held a peculiar fascination for me—especially the pictures, which I mounted on cards, captioned "Lincoln as a

motif." And, as time drifted on, in my mind those things developed into "Lincoln as a *motif*." I began to collect everything pertaining to this wonderful man that my usually somewhat flat purse would allow. Today my collection of

Lincolniana fills one room of my home and includes a wide variety of objects aside from about six hundred books and an equal number of manuscripts.

I was born and reared in Hannibal, Missouri. This little Mississippi river city is rich in historical and literary lore. Several of the opening battles of the Civil War were fought within a few miles of Hannibal and it was the boyhood home of Mark Twain, who used it as the setting for his immortal story, "Tom Sawyer." People were there who had known and remembered Lincoln, as a frequent visitor to Hannibal. On one occasion, at the tavern there, he played chess with a man named Bradstreet. After a while, Lincoln, getting the worst of it, stopped. He had been debating with Douglas and his mind was not on the game. Perhaps that is one reason why he became the Lincoln whose memory will endure forever.



Abraham Lincoln, reproduction from original negative made at Springfield in 1860 for use in Presidential Campaign.

MY GREATEST delight was to talk with those old people, and with the many quaint and unique characters, both black and white, with which the town was well populated. The vivid memory of their faces, their ideas, and their varied dialects has served me well in the creation of the many characters of *The Prairie President*. Oftentimes, in those long summer afternoons that are gone, I would lay on the grass at

By Raymond Warren

Author of **The PRAIRIE PRESIDENT**

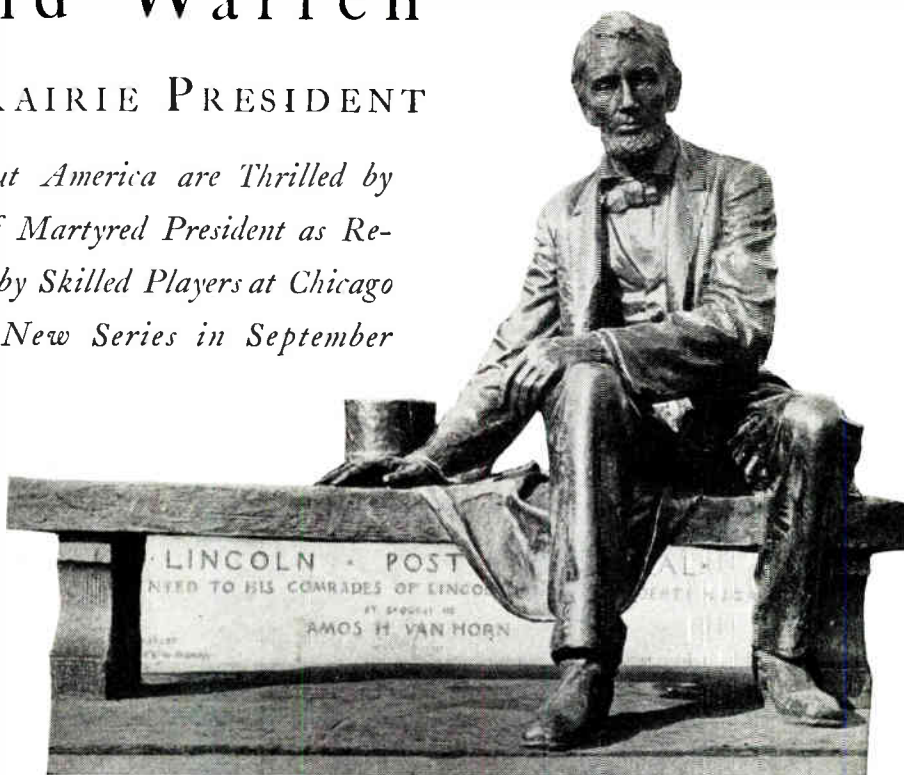
Patriotic Listeners Throughout America are Thrilled by Dramatic Episodes in Life of Martyred President as Reproduced in Authentic Detail by Skilled Players at Chicago Station—Author Presents New Series in September

the crest of one of the huge hills which encompass Hannibal on three sides, and speculate about life, and death, and principalities and powers, and things present and things to come—particularly those things which might come to a small town boy whose life was lived largely in his dreams, and some of those dreams have now been partially realized.

UN**TIL** about three years ago my work was exclusively that of a painter and illustrator, although the literary bee had been buzzing in my bonnet all the while. And the Lincoln interest was furthered by the formation of a friendship with Dr. William E. Barton, the eminent historian, whose juvenile biography of Lincoln, "The Great Good Man," is illustrated by me. In the law office of Hon. William H. Townsend at Lexington, Kentucky, hangs a life-sized portrait of Lincoln, an original conception of mine. Mr. Townsend is the author of two excellent books on the legal phases of Lincoln's career. In a recent letter to me, he says, "Dr. Barton writes me that he believes you will take your place, along with F. B. Carpenter, as a Lincoln artist. As you know there can be no greater praise than this." Be that as it may, being a painter is an aid to my Radio dramas, because I always visualize the scenes as pictures while writing them.

Through the years, the desire to write and illustrate a biography of Abraham Lincoln became my greatest ambition. But it was no easy task; I met with many delays—delays which were, I am sure for the best. With the advent of marvelous Radio came the greatest medium of distributing education, culture, and entertainment that the world has ever known. And so the idea was evolved to undertake, in connection with the other work, an elaborate dramatic presentation of the life of Lincoln in a series of Radio productions; to *re-create* the personality and character of this man together with the various historical backgrounds before he moved.

But an idea is one thing—putting it



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Lincoln Statue in front of Essex County Court House at Newark, N. J.

into operation, quite another. As I was opposed to this work being used as the ballyhoo of some advertiser, it required the sympathy and backing of an institution, and of men, of the highest ideals and purest Americanism—it required a sponsorship not impelled by selfish or mercenary motives. Fortunately that institution existed in Prairie Farmer and its splendid Radio auxiliary. Mr. Butler, publisher of *Prairie Farmer*, Mr. Gregory, its editor, and Mr. Bill, director of WLS, all are men of the same patriotic idealism and broad humanity that reposed in the soul of Abraham Lincoln.

The *Prairie President* was planned in two series, of thirty dramas each; the first series, beginning with a prologue, after which followed, in the second drama, the birth of Lincoln, and on through the first fifty years of his life, ending with his departure from Springfield as President-elect. The second series, was planned to begin with the inauguration of Lincoln, through the years of his Presidency, the Civil War period, closing with the assassination at the beginning of his second term. The first series commenced on the first of last November and continued weekly until the end of May, of this year. The second series will begin on Friday evening, September 19th, and will be continued for thirty weeks thereafter. Up to the present time this is the most elaborate and longest historical program ever broadcast.

IN WILLIAM VICKLAND, who plays the title role and directs the

productions, we were fortunate in securing a man who not only is an excellent actor, but a man whose voice, manner and figure are admirably adapted to his painstaking characterization of Abraham Lincoln. His work has been praised by the most severe dramatic critics. As I recall the many actors and actresses who have impersonated the wide variety of characters necessary to the different episodes, I can remember no instance in which any of them were either mis-cast or failed to enter fully the spirit of the story. I have been especially appreciative of the work of Theodore Doucet, who has played more different parts in *The Prairie President* than any other artist, and whose "Uncle Les"—Lincoln's yokel friend and political adviser—has been an interpretation of a very high order.

WHEN the biographer or dramatist turns to the historical figure for his materials he is confronted by a highly complicated and at first unintelligible and confusing mass of evidence and tradition from which he must make his selection. This is especially true of Abraham Lincoln, of whom more has been written than of any other man. The author must then separate the wheat from the chaff and, after that, retain and emphasize everything that for his purpose is significant, rejecting everything that is not.

Frederick C. Hibbard, the noted American sculptor, recently told me that one of the greatest pitfalls that he and his fellow-craftsmen have to guard against

William Vickland whose impersonation of the principal character makes Abraham Lincoln live again in hundreds of thousands of American homes.



Grace Lockwood Bailey as one of the negro characters in the episodes in Lincoln's life broadcast by WLS, Chicago.

Lincoln visualized for the listener at the time he became President-elect.

Abe and Ann Rutledge, one of the sweetest heroines in history, impersonated by Harriet Gordon Bingham.



is the injection of too much of their own personality, and sometimes even their physical likeness, into their works. That is equally true of every form of art, and therefore it is highly improbable that any figure created from history exactly reproduces the original from which it was drawn. I do not believe that it is humanly possible for it to be otherwise, and I am sure that it is not to be desired.

THE writer, in contemplating an historical figure slowly comes, after a patient sifting of the evidence, to certain conclusions about the character of this person and the events within the range of his career. But such conclusions are invariably modified by qualities of the author's own mind. Just as a living man must present a dozen different appearances to as many acquaintances, so he is considered by later generations, if his memory survives after he is gone.

No writer, myself or another, could ever say of his historical heroes: "This was Lincoln, this was Douglas, this was Seward—this was Grant" and so on. We cannot say that even when writing of our most intimate friends. The biographer, or dramatist can but say, "This is the man as I know him," in the hope that he has ability enough to persuade us. The most that I or another can do in the use of history is to become so familiarized with the records as to have ample authority for forming not the only, but a reasonable and consistent view of a great character, and hope for the best in the presentation of it.

Yet, since writing *The Prairie President* dramas,



the belief has come to me that there is no better way to gain an understanding of an historical character and epoch than to dramatize it; for all of the story must be torn apart and carefully dissected, allowed to clarify in the mind and then be compressed and rebuilt in an entirely different manner, that is, put into logical and natural-sounding dialogue, which in every instance demands human reaction, together with a thorough and sympathetic understanding of the subject. In no instance, within my experience, would it have been possible to have taken a given chapter from any one of the many biographies of Lincoln and transpose that chapter into a drama. On the contrary, each episode has required the perusal of many books and, oftentimes, a single line of dialogue is the sole result of the study of many pages of some musty old volume or time-yellowed document.

For instance, in telling the story of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which will be one of the broadcasts of the second series of The Prairie President, I have been able to reproduce the whole episode just as it occurred. From the contemporary account of James B. Fry, Provost-Marshall-General, Lincoln's body-guard on that occasion, we have a first hand account of his departure from the White House and of the railroad journey to Gettysburg. I have utilized the scene on the train to bring out the facts pertaining to the composition of this classic, as well as to portray several touching incidents of the journey.

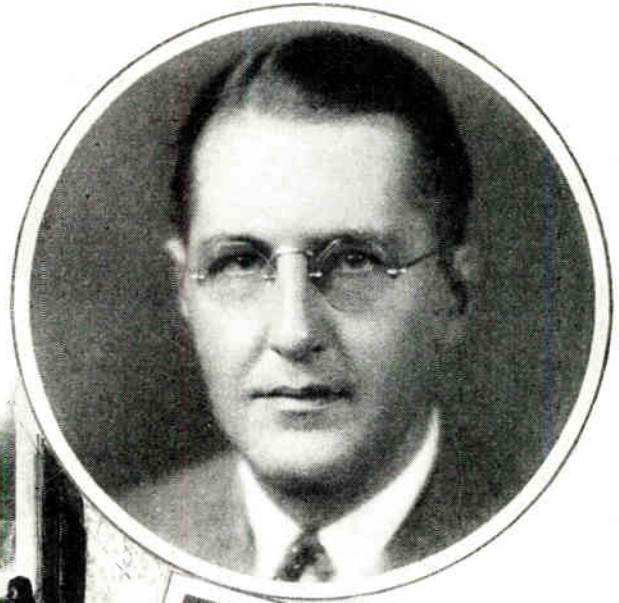
From an extremely rare volume in my collection, one of a small edition printed in 1864 for the per-

Raymond Warren, Midwest historian and author of the Lincoln Radio dramatization.

Theodore Doucet as Uncle Les, Lincoln's yokel friend.

Mr. Warren offering accurate historic information to the Radio Lincoln.

Vickland's conception of Lincoln, the rail splitter.



sonal use of the Governor of Pennsylvania. I am enabled to give the parade to the Soldier's National Cemetery correctly, and an exact reproduction of the ceremony on the platform, beginning with the last part of Edward Everett's lengthy discourse, followed by the song composed especially for that occasion by a local poet, then Lincoln with his immortal words, after which will come the benediction as given by Rev. Baugher, a Gettysburg minister—all word for word as they were uttered in that long-ago time.

One of the important issues before the American people between 1858 and 1861 was the Dred Scott Decision; a decision of the United States Supreme Court, which related to human slavery. In school every child hears of the Dred Scott decision, and we adults occasionally run across mention of it in our reading; but I will venture to offer as my opinion that not one person from a thousand knows anything about the Dred Scott decision; and until a few months ago I was one of this large majority. An historical essay giving a technical explanation of the decision, together with an account of the characters involved would require quite some time in the writing and the space of many book pages in the printing.

In the twenty-fifth episode of the first series of *The Prairie President*, under the

SINGING "THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING")
 HARRIET: Take yo' feet off'n dat table!
 Who do you think *you is*?
 (SOUND OF CHAIR MOVING, ETC.)
 DRED: Humph! Who do you think Ah is? Who is Ah? Mought jes' as well

got a po' figger, an' they ain't no too many brains in yo' wolly ole head.
 (LOUD LAUGH) *Figger-head!*

(REPEAT LAUGH)

DRED: Jes' you wait till dat United States Su-preme Co't han' downe de Dred Scott Decision, den Ah show you sumpfin'. You'll be moughty proud you is Dred Scott's wife. We'z gwine t' be free Honey! An' our gals'll be free too—Ah jes knows we will, an' Mistah Blair he say so too.

HARRIET: Dare yo' goes agin', gettin' yo' self worked-up.

DRED: Den I can take de job what dat minstrel show has got waitin' fo' me. He say folks all over de country want t' see Dred Scott. I kin' war' fine clo'es an' a stove-pipe hat jes like de preachers and law'yers.

HARRIET: Don' count yo' chickens befo' dey is hatched. Like as not dat Supreme Co't gwine t' say, 'Dred Scott, slave you is an' slave you stays.' Only de good Lawd know what

dem big Judges gwine t' say, an He ain't tellin'.

DRED: But, Harriet, didn't de Missouri Judge say dat, 'cordin' to de law, while we was wif Massa Emerson in Illinois an' Wisconsin Territory, I was a free man—dat I had jes' as much right t' make a slave out o' a white man as

When Lincoln Mourned

RADIO STATION WLS
 Chicago, Ill.

Petersburg, Ill
 February, 1930.

Gentlemen:

We were interested listeners last Friday p. m. when you were broadcasting The Prairie President.

My husband's father, James McGrady Rutledge, was an intimate friend of Lincoln and first cousin to Ann Rutledge.

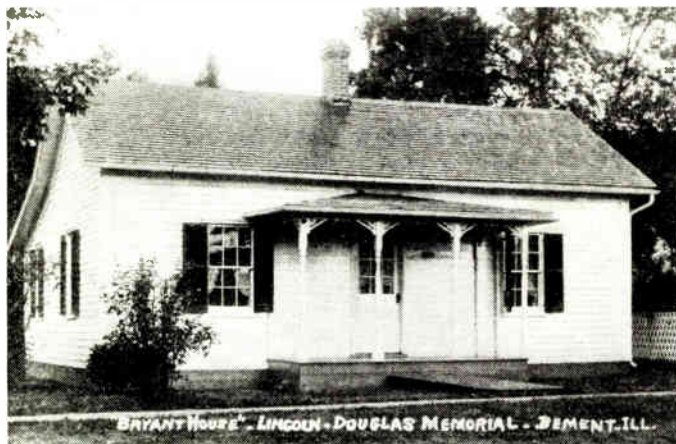
We have often heard him tell about their courtship and when she became so very sick with no hope of recovery. Father Rutledge went on horseback (leading an extra horse) to meet Lincoln and bring him to her, and after he had talked with her and come from the room he was deeply affected and tears were streaming down his cheeks. And when the storms and rain would fall on her new made grave he would cry and moan in anguish. They were to have been married the following Spring had she not died.

Father Rutledge used to carry the chains for Lincoln when often surveying near Petersburg. He and Lincoln have slept together and on the old Rutledge homestead three and a half miles northwest of Petersburg (over 40 years ago) stood an old log house in which Lincoln plead his first law suit.

It was then a deserted building except for the recreant old hens that seemed to take special delight in finding a place to lay eggs and a roosting place on stormy nights. The homestead was sold to Mr. P. Grosball now deceased, but now belongs to his heirs.

MRS. HARVEY RUTLEDGE

ax who is *President Bu-canon*—or Queen Victory, (DISGUSTED) Who is Ah? Aside from bein' yo' henpecked husband, Ah is de mos' famous nigger in de whole world. Ebery big politixer in de country is discussin' Dred Scott. You is honored, woman—you is honored an' you don' 'preciate it.



Francis E. Bryant homestead at Bement, Ill., where Lincoln and Douglas conferred on June 29, 1858, for their historic debates.



Interior of the Bryant homestead showing room as it appeared when Lincoln and Douglas met there.

title of *Gathering Storm Clouds*, the drama opened with a scene composed after considerable research to give, correctly, an account of this famous—or infamous—decision, together with the history of the actual characters involved. The following is taken directly from the manuscript of the play:

(SOUND OF NEGRO PLAYING BANJO AND

HARRIET: Dred, it ain't 'cause it is *you* them big men is talkin' so much fo'. It's what you stands fo'—*Slavery*. What dey is talkin' 'bout is de Dred Scott *De-cision*, an' not Dred Scott hissself—you is jes' a figger-head, I done hern Massa say *dat*.

DRED: Humph! Figger-head is Ah?

HARRIET: Dat what he say. An' you

a white man had t' make a slave out ob me? I axes you, didn't he say *dat*?

HARRIET: But so long as nobody tole you so, when we was dare, it didn't gain you nothin'; here we is, back in Sain' Louis—slaves again.

DRED: Dat's right! Dat's jes what de
 (Continued on page 114)

Amos 'n' Andy

Contest Winners Tell How They Happened to Write Successful Skits—Andy Falls for a Skin Game That was Rough on Rats and Tough on Cats

HERE is something about the winners of the recent Amos 'n' Andy script contest. Last month's issue of RADIO DIGEST went to press too early to include anything regarding the personality, biography or habits of life of the five winners. Since then some information has come in to the editor which he passes on to you, feeling sure you will be interested.

The winner of the first prize of \$100.00—E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, S. D.—seemed such an adept at negro dialect that we at once jumped at the conclusion that he hailed from the South. To our surprise we learn:

"Contrary to all expectations and insinuations I am not a southerner. American born, I arrived in this world at Scott's, Michigan, on the tail end of the Blizzard of 1888. And when the blizzard stopped blizzing it dropped me in Mitchell, the corn palace city—one of the best in the state!

"I have always been interested in negroes and their talk. I am doubly so now that I have won this money. . . . Whut dat you say? Whut is I gwinter do wif dis prize money? Boy, never you min' 'bout dat. I'se got a sister way out in de state o' Washin'ton an' I sho' got a hankerin' ter see her. And dis is mah opportunity."

The winner of the second prize of \$50.00 was Mrs. Jeanette B. Sizer, whose husband, Dr. Alexander Sizer, is resident physician at D. J. Carroll Memorial Hospital, Schuyler, Virginia—a small inland community in the Blue Ridge fastnesses. Her account of herself is both humorous and illuminating.

"There's nothing much of interest to tell you about me, save, perhaps, that Amos and I share in common the same native state, Ole Virginny, also a love of the dialect of the Ol' Uncle Neds and kind old mammies of long, long ago. We like to keep it pure and undefiled, as we've heard it spoken ever since we could toddle. And we still have some of the genuine article sojourning among us, for which we give thanks. (A bit ambiguous, this last; but, you know, I mean Uncle Neds and Mammies and dialect are still to be found with us.)

"My chief interest in life, next to my fine old country-doctor husband and young son, are sick babies and 'shut-ins'.

"The Radio furnishes for us our main recreation and Amos 'n' Andy are our favorite funsters. You see, we live back here in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, where even a fugitive from justice would be safe from detection; and for more than twenty years we've ridden old Sorrels and Henry's; ushering in two generations of sturdy mountaineers, 'peddling pills' and burying our mistakes on the trail of the lonesome pine.

"Our two setter pups are Amos and Andy, if you please, and have many traits in common with the Radio pair; for instance, Andy, the larger of the two, is



Susie Kuhn who won Skit prize. Andy, the Big Cat and Rat Man (One of the Winning Skits)

very visionary and improvident, while Amos always keeps a weather eye for the cook's appearance and his ear cocked for the dinner bell. Both are very democratic.

"My reference to the 'fugitives' is not to be passed on as an invitation, as it might not work, since our roads are being improved.

"You ask how I got my idea for the little sketch—just from some of the strange things our dogs have brought home."

Third prize money found its way into

the lap of Miss Beatrice Biggs of 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind., who is twenty-four years old and for the last seven years has been a semi-shut-in, an invalid. No hint that she is unwell, however, enters the tone of her manuscript or of her letter.

"I've been a Radio fan," she announces brightly, "ever since I left school in 1923 to 'enjoy' ill-health. The telephone conversations in Amos 'n' Andy, especially, intrigue me. While listening to one of their dialogues the idea came to me that if I had the opportunity I should like to write an episode, giving Amos the best of a situation for a change and giving, also, Andy's reaction to the matter. When I read the announcement of the contest in RADIO DIGEST I decided that was my chance, and the manuscript I sent you is the result of my efforts. And—that's all."

ONE at least of the five winning dialogue manuscripts had a basis of actual truth. That was the fourth prize winner—J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga. His manuscript had to do with Andy's disastrous introduction to a safety razor.

"The idea," says Mr. Evans, "I gained from the gift of a safety razor by one of our office men to a negro employee. You see, for a number of years I have been in the agricultural implement manufacturing business here in Georgia, and both our plants, here in Rome and in Atlanta, employ large forces of negroes. This has given me an opportunity, which many southern businesses have, of studying the negro at work and at play.

"If you could have seen this particular negro after he had tried to lather his face with Octagon soap, with a stencil brush which had been used in a yellow stencil marking pot, you would appreciate the humor of the situation. However, I have tried to convey it to you in my manuscript.

"I can miss a meal without much discomfort (I have grown accustomed to that). I can miss a night's sleep and get by the next day fairly well. But to miss Amos 'n' Andy is just taking that much happiness out of life and leaves a vacant place which nothing can fill.

(Continued on page 103)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

ARE you a member of the Cheerio Circle? Do you set your dials for those spiritual and mental setting-up exercises broadcast every morning at eight-thirty, or seven-thirty, or six-thirty, according to where you live? Or even five-thirty, as some listeners do on the coast? Are you "somebody, somewhere" who gets a birthday or anniversary greeting, the wish of concentrated good will? Would you like to know something of the man behind the idea, of "Cheerio" himself? Of the Cheerio family?

Cheerio

Of "Cheerio" I may not tell you a great deal. If I did there might be a wholesale cancellation of subscriptions to this magazine. That is what happened to a certain newspaper that at one time revealed his identity and described him personally. Loyal Cheerio listeners feel as he does, that he can do most good by remaining anonymous, by entering their homes not as a definite personality, named, pictured, but as a spirit, a spirit of helpfulness, of cheer and comfort and inspiration.

It was over four years ago that the man who calls himself "Cheerio" came to New York with the idea for his program. For fifteen months broadcasting companies were uninterested in his plan. It was so unusual for anyone to want to give something away.

Finally his chance came. With Russell Gilbert for music and stunts, and Geraldine Riegger to sing, he went on the air for fifteen minutes over one station at NBC. Now, three years later, his program is broadcast for half an hour over twenty-nine stations, and the pioneer cast of three has grown to twelve—"Cheerio," Gil, Gerry, the "Sweet Lady," Pat Kelly, Harrison Isles and his "Five Little Peppers," and Miss Lizzie who brings in the famous canaries, "Blue Boy" and "Dickie."

Is the program liked? Ask NBC's mailing department. Last anniversary week there were fifty thousand letters sent in by enthusiastic listeners.

"Cheerio" has been called the greatest influence for good the radio has, and he gives his services without compensation either in money or in personal prestige. As is said in answer to those who write in about the program, "The purpose of the Cheerio broadcast is easily explained. It is the use of the radio to broadcast the ordinary friendly act of any person who drops in to see a convalescent invalid or other shut-in, to say: 'Good morning, I hope you have a fine day to-day.' Every

Herbert Hoover approved the purpose of this broadcast and made possible the use of funds for the necessary incidental expense: clerical, library research, etc."

The Lovebirds

But of the Cheerio family I may tell you a lot. First there are the "Lovebirds." Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gilbert, otherwise "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady."

Lovina Gilbert, whose lilting soprano voice comes over the air each week day morning, is a five-foot scrap of a person possessed of that enviable combination—a fluffy blonde prettiness backed by all sorts of efficiency and ability.

She was born in Philadelphia and so early manifested her ability to sing that she was kept six months longer in kindergarten to help train the new children. At sixteen she went into concert work. A short time later, piqued by a remark that she couldn't earn her own living away from the parental roof, she packed up her bags and went to New York to "show 'em." And she showed them. The very first day she had an engagement with a musical comedy.

From musical comedy she became a vaudeville head-line and it was in this work that she met one Russell Gilbert. In fact, he was in charge of the act, and engaged her for her sweet soprano voice. It wasn't long until his admiration for the voice took in its owner also. Lovina became Mrs. Russell Gilbert.

When her husband joined forces with "Cheerio" three years ago, the "Sweet Lady" came in to sing the very first Saturday, and although she did not take a regular part in the program right at first, she did constitute herself the official critic and by her advice and suggestions did much to help the broadcast.

But what is one lovebird without the other? Soon Lovina was with her husband, singing duets with him, or singing solos, and taking over, too, many of the details of direction.

So popular did "Gil" and his "Sweet Lady" become that on their first wedding anniversary with the Cheerio Exchange—and this was three years ago when the



Geraldine Riegger

effort is made by 'Cheerio,' and by the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with him, to keep his identity secret—not because his identity is important, but because the impersonality of the broadcast is believed by him to be vital to the success of its purpose. He gives his services and the Broadcasting Company cooperates in giving its facilities and also in furnishing the music for the programs. In the fall of 1926, Mr.

program was only on three stations—they received over three thousand letters of congratulation. And the letters have been coming ever since. Not only letters come in, but there is hardly a day that the mail does not bring them some gift—flowers, a box of homemade cookies, a hand-worked pillow, gifts of all kinds and descriptions. One gift Lovina especially prizes is a piece of lace from a wedding gown 74 years old. The giver was at that time a woman of 98 years, and since then the Cheerio Circle has celebrated with her her hundredth birthday.

The Gilberts live in Jackson Heights, Long Island, where in the hours she spends apart from Cheerio broadcasts, rehearsals, and plannings, Lovina takes care of her young son, runs her house, and finds time to be the vice-president of the community's Republican Club.

With her husband Lovina does a great deal of social service work, putting on entertainments in the various soldiers' and sailors' camps. This is done with Mother Davidson, Daniel Frohman's sister, who was the first person to give entertainments in camps during the war and who has continued it ever since.

The Story of a Hobby

The story of Russell Gilbert is largely the story of a hobby that became a vocation. For shortly after Mr. Gilbert married his "Sweet Lady" he gave up vaudeville and went into business. But he didn't seem able to get away from his acting and singing and playing. In the evenings, over the week-ends, he was putting on shows, getting up entertainments. Once he was directing a minstrel show, working on a percentage basis. The man in charge of selling the tickets fell down

so badly that there wasn't any percentage. Gil was out of pocket. He took it philosophically—their risk of the show business. And besides it was just a hobby anyway.

But the affair weighed upon the conscience of the ticket seller. He felt he ought to square things. So when he heard that "Cheerio" was looking for a man to do music and stunts on his program he made an opportunity for Gil to meet him.

The combination was made immediately. Gil singing, playing, doing dialect jokes on the program, and managing to get down to his office by nine. Business was still his vocation, you see.

But gradually the Cheerio program as it went from fifteen minutes, to twenty minutes, to half an hour, began to take more and more time. The immense volume of mail told of its popularity, as well as of the popularity of the individuals working in it. Gil decided to let the hobby be the vocation.

Now he devotes his whole time to Cheerio. He and Mrs. Gilbert put on a special program every Saturday, and whenever "Cheerio" is absent Gil "bats" for him.

Russell Gilbert has versatility plus. He can tell a joke in about every dialect there is, can play the piano, guitar, banjo, ukelele, and sings in a delightful baritone voice. Also he can write dramatic sketches, and has put together many an interesting interlude for other programs at NBC.

The young Gilbert is his father's severest critic in the matter of these sketches and insists that they be funny. "What do you mean by 'funny'?" his father asked him once. The lad thought a minute and then gave the, to him, perfect definition: "Something that makes me laugh."

Gerry

Another of the Cheerio family is Gerry.

You all know the tale of the harried mother who has to hold the baby with one arm and stir the soup with the other. Well Geraldine Riegger learned to play the piano holding her baby sister with one arm and practicing with the other, switching arms from time to time, of course. For Gerry, Cheerio's well loved contralto was going to be a pianiste, not a singer.

This was back in Columbus, Ohio, Gerry's home. And as Gerry played she used to sing. It happened that a singing teacher, Mrs. Nathan B. Marple, heard her. Whereupon Gerry was advised to make voice her forte instead of the piano.

When the Metropolitan Opera star, Madame Alcock, came to Columbus Gerry sang before her. Madame Alcock was impressed, advised New York, an application for a Julliard scholarship, lessons from Madame Sembrich. It was easy advice to give, not so easy to follow.

But here the Women's Music Club of Columbus entered the picture. One day Mrs. Riegger telephoned the office where



Lovina Gilbert

her daughter was working for the day and told her she must come home at once to get ready to leave for New York the next day. The Women's Music Club was paying her expenses.

In New York Gerry applied for a Julliard fellowship and although the time for the application had passed, the committee stretched a point in her favor and allowed her an audition. Gerry came, sang, and conquered. She not only won a fellowship that year and lessons with Madame Sembrich, but won them for four more years, five times in all. Three years is the normal duration of a fellowship, four years is rare, and five, rarer still. Gerry is perhaps the only contralto to be so honored. All five years she was taught by Madame Sembrich.

Gerry came into radio work in 1925 with the Morning Prayer Program of the Greater Federation of Churches over WEA. She was with that program for two years and in 1927 came to Cheerio. She has also sung with the Sixteen Singers over WJZ, and with the National Grand Opera and American Radiator programs. WEA.

Besides her radio work Gerry is a soloist at the Ft. George Presbyterian Church, and under the auspices of the Federation, is a featured artist in many other churches.

Gerry believes she has had a longer consecutive broadcast experience than any other person at NBC. For five years she has been singing every morning for six days a week, as well as working on many evening programs. Anyone want to take up this challenge?

For two weeks during July, she and Harrison Isles, the musical director, were in complete charge of the Cheerio program, as both "Cheerio" and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were absent.

Gerry's fan mail is voluminous. She says she never wants to give up her radio work, but that she has ambitions to sing in concert and oratorio.

(Continued on page 110)

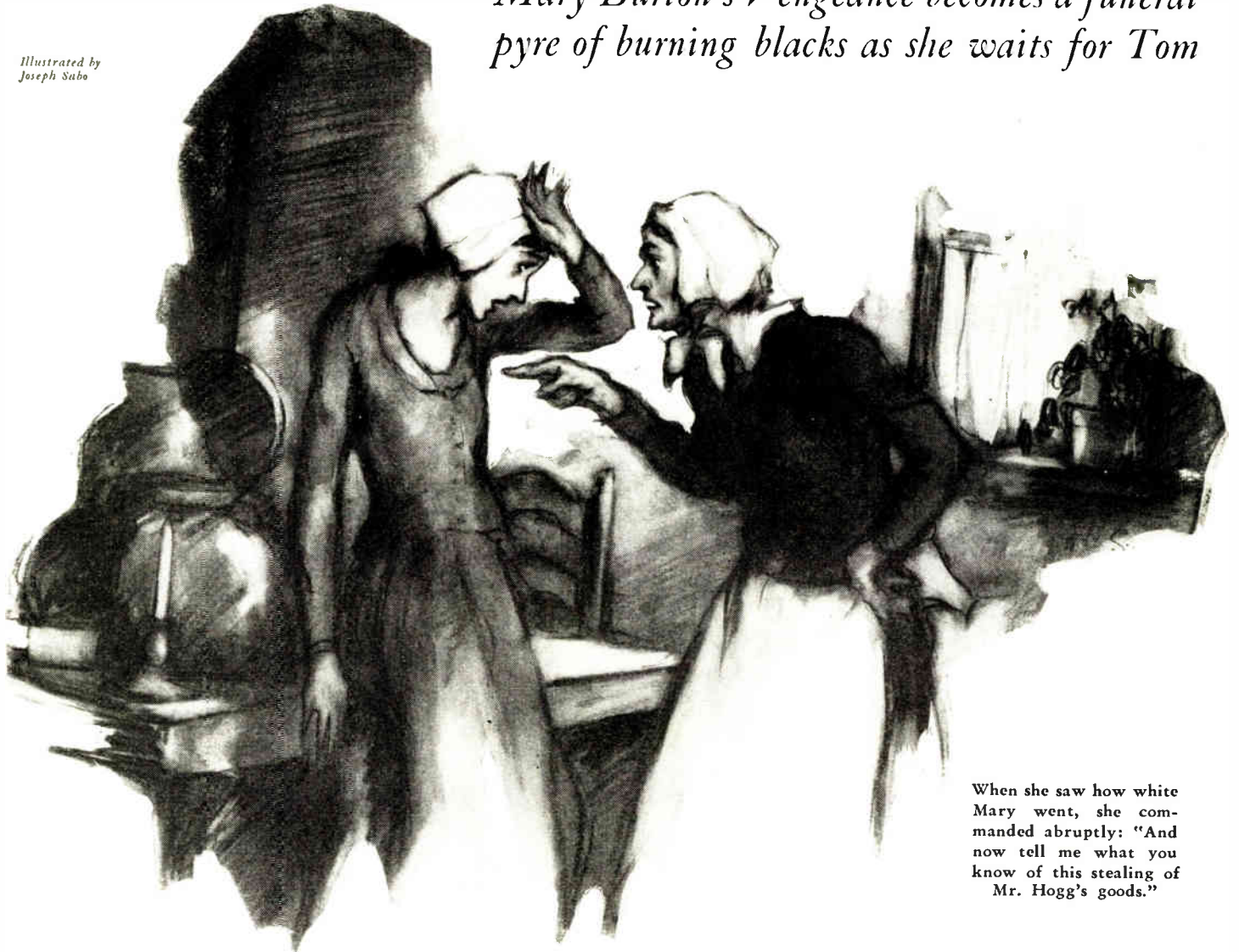


Pat Kelly

T E R R O R

Mary Burton's Vengeance becomes a funeral pyre of burning blacks as she waits for Tom

*Illustrated by
Joseph Sabo*



When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly: "And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

B y R u p e r t H u g h e s

JOHN HUGHSON kept a hideous tavern in Jew's Alley. It was the disorderly rendezvous for hapless slaves who could steal away from their quarters attached to the estates of those early New Yorkers who were subjects of the King of England.

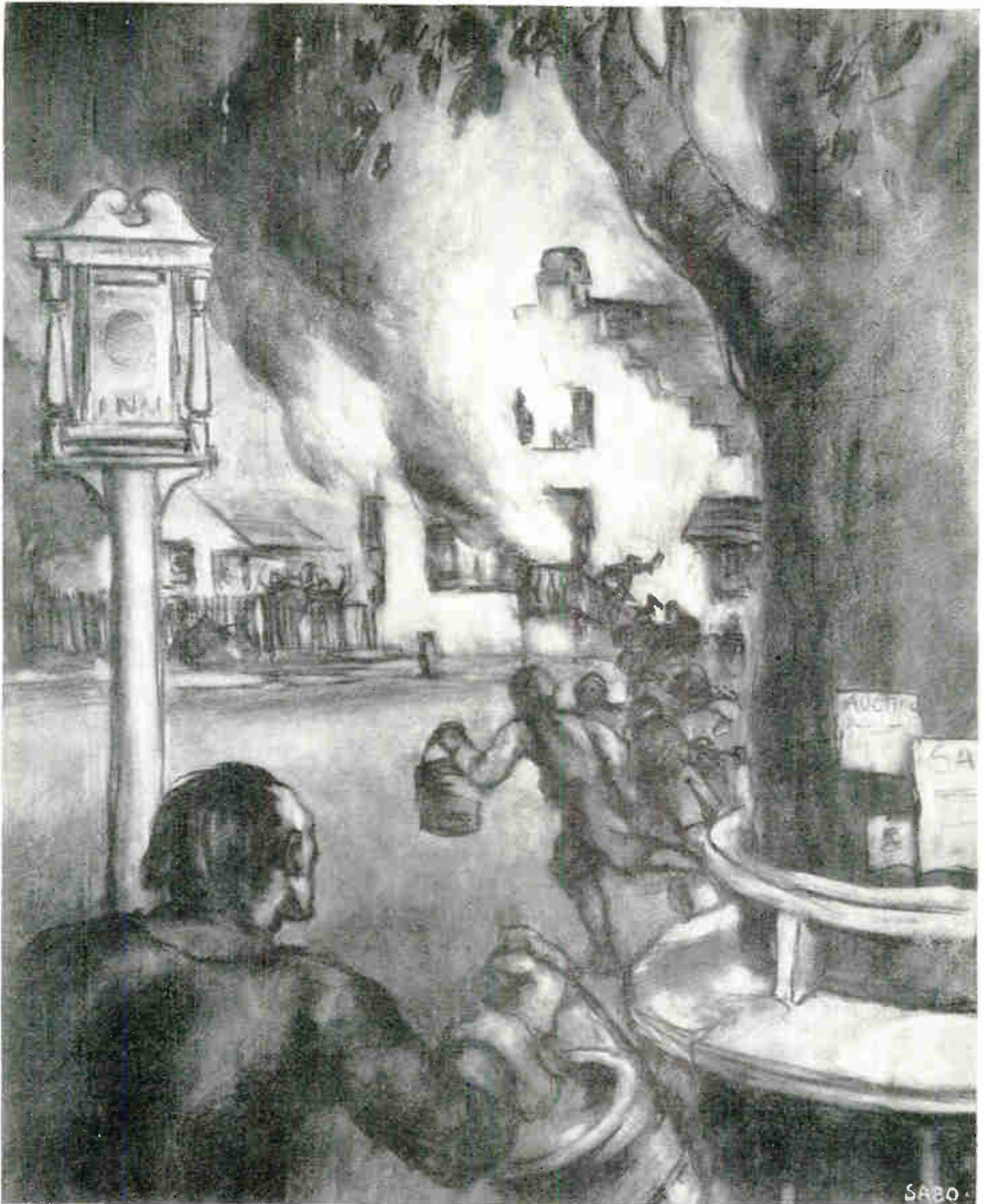
Into this frightful hole came Mary Burton who had been bonded by her father to a British sea captain. She was only a slip of a girl. On the way across the Atlantic she met a boy, little older than herself.

He too had been the victim of an unsympathetic father who had taught him to steal. Having seen several of his playmates hanged for no more serious offense than the theft of a handkerchief, Tom Wilson decided that his neck was his own. He ran away and happened on the same ship with Mary. They decided they had much in common.

But at the dock Mary had been auctioned to a tallow chandler and was hustled away. Tom, bereaved, joined the Falmborough, a man-of-war assigned to at-

tack Spanish merchantmen. He hoped thus to obtain enough booty to ransom Mary himself. But when he returned he could not find her. Inside of a year she had borne a child for her first master. The child died. Then she fell into the hands of Hughson.

Here she worked arduously, serving liquors, gathering wood and looking after the comforts of the negro slaves who were being dumped into New York by the shipload. In the Hughson household were his wife, daughter and a young widow, Mar-



The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

garet Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "the Irish beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of an amor-

ous brute. Most insolent of them all was one fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, and by devious means obtained sufficient funds to pay for Peggy's board and keep.

During all this time Mary had no idea of what had become of Tom, the boy who was to redeem her for his wife. Then came a noisy night when she saw a curly head bowed over one of the tables. And

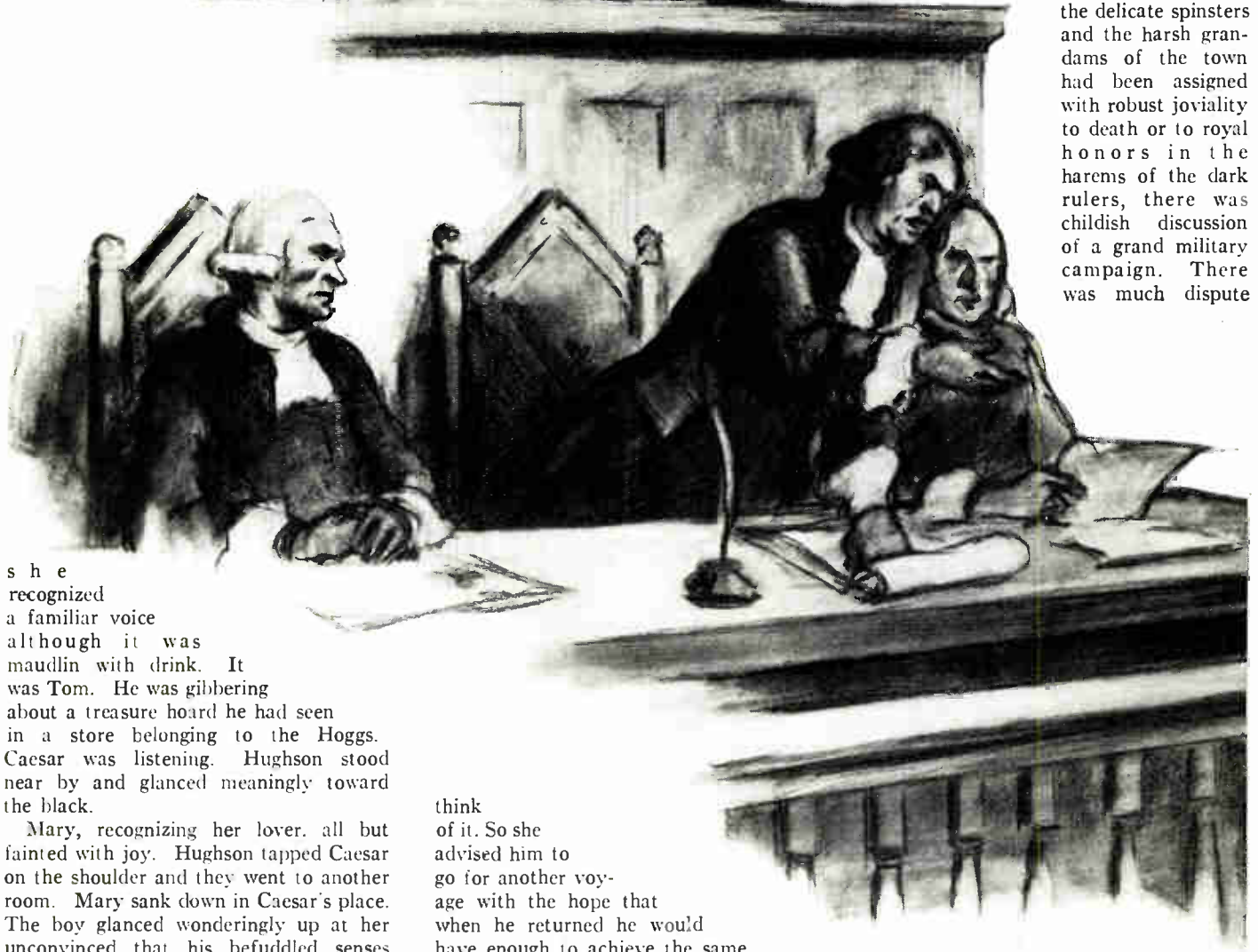


she angrily refused. Then she knew her life was in danger. She moved about in terror.

Of late the black revellers had begun to talk of an uprising. To the sophisticated it would have appeared like child's play-talk. Some were going to burn down the homes of their masters. Others were going to take control of the city and be kings. These games passed through various phases until they came to the plans for war.

They cheerily agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households. Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat and keep his young mistress for himself.

WHEN the delicate spinsters and the harsh grandams of the town had been assigned with robust joviality to death or to royal honors in the harems of the dark rulers, there was childish discussion of a grand military campaign. There was much dispute



she recognized a familiar voice although it was maudlin with drink. It was Tom. He was gibbering about a treasure hoard he had seen in a store belonging to the Hoggs. Caesar was listening. Hughson stood near by and glanced meaningly toward the black.

Mary, recognizing her lover, all but fainted with joy. Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went to another room. Mary sank down in Caesar's place. The boy glanced wonderingly up at her unconvinced that his befuddled senses were not deceiving him. Then they clasped, embraced and wept together.

TOM told her of the Spanish gold and suggested that his early training would make it possible for him to acquire sufficient of treasure to take them both away for a new start in life. But Mary was horrified that he should even

think of it. So she advised him to go for another voyage with the hope that when he returned he would have enough to achieve the same end in honesty.

There was hope and pride as she resumed her life in Hughson's. But the next day she discovered that Hughson and Caesar had robbed the Hoggs and brought the plunder to the tavern where they hid it under a broken stairway. She was terrified that she would be implicated by the discovery. Peggy taunted her. Caesar tried to give her some of the goods, which

over the governor's house and the fort. Some were for burning these down first; others for capturing them and turning the cannon on the ships in the harbor. This was a most pleasant prospect, for the negroes had no love for the ships that had brought them all here in their ghastly holds.

Once New York was captured, Ticklepitcher was inspired to a project for making all of America a black empire like the Africa whence they or their ancestors had been recently stolen.

Ticklepitcher recommended that the army under General Caesar should march at once on Albany:

"I been dere once—last Whitsuntide was twelve months—and hit's a better town dan dis old New York. Nice fat Dutch gals dere!"

THE hilarity went on and on unchecked while Mary moved among the actors, carrying away dishes, mugs, bottles, wiping up the refuse of the liquor and even the disasters of the silly beasts who would put down the British power but could not keep down their own draughts.

Suddenly as if a cock crew and scattered a company of spooks, the midnight hour struck and the slaves remembered the long distances they must plod through snow-packed streets unlighted and the little sleep between their majesty and the morrow's early chores.

There was a hasty lighting of candles, in lanterns, since a slave abroad at night without a lighted lantern was liable to forty lashes at the town whipping post.

It was long after the last tawdry reveler had toppled through the door before Mary had finished her tasks and was permitted to take her broken back and

her broken heart to her very lonely bed.

The night had been unkind to her and she remembered it with a repugnance that came back long after and took such revenge upon the poor slaves and their white hosts as carried all of them through months of woe and shame and nearly all of them to the gibbet or the fire-ringed stake.

Whether the slaves were in jest or not about the flames, there was no question about the earnestness of their masters.

The next morning the town was shaken by the hue and cry of the robbery. Mrs. Hogg was not the woman to suffer a theft in silence. Almost the first place the sheriff thought of was Hughson's and he arrived with a gang of constables and deputies to ransack the place.

Everybody pretended horror at the incredible accusation and Mary's wide eyes of fear gave her a look of innocence.

One of the deputies was Mr. Kannady the peruke-maker. Mary saw him poke his cane in the very hole in the broken stairs where a mass of Spanish silver lay; but the dolt never suspected what wealth he stirred in the dark.

WHEN the posse departed to search the combined tavern and shoeshop of the Dutch John Romme, who was in no better standing, there was loud laughter in the Hughson household.

It was choked off short when the sheriff came back next day and arrested Caesar.

He explained that Mrs. Hogg had seized a sailor named Tom Wilson, who had seen her open the drawer of money. The sailor proved his innocence, but remembered talking of what he had seen to a big black man whose name he did not know, but whose description fitted Caesar.

Mary's heart bounded at the name of Tom, but nobody recalled her knowledge of him, and when Caesar demanded to be confronted by his accuser, the sheriff said he had sailed away on the man of war.

Caesar protested his innocence, of course, but he was dragged off to jail. For a slave to be so much as accused of theft meant that he would be hanged—perhaps alive in chains. Under the load of so many fears and shames, the Irish beauty from Newfoundland underwent her travail, with more fear and shame to follow.

The sheriff kept coming to the Hughsons and searching. He never found the treasure, yet was never convinced that it was not there.

Mary played her part in the game until, one crisp evening when she was sent to Kannady's shop to buy a pound of candles. Mrs. Anne Kannady asked her kindly to stand in out of the cold and fell to gossiping with her, questioning her about the Irish beauty and her brat and the evil company that frequented the place.

Mary parried all of the woman's clever suspicions, but something broke in her when Anne said:

"You're only a child, my child, and a stranger in the country, and no mother. I give you a mother's blessing and a bit of advice, my dear. Break away from that dark crowd you throng with, or they'll soon have you a thief like themselves. Many's the nice girl gets sent to the gallows for thievery."

When she saw how white Mary went, she commanded abruptly.

"And now tell me what you know of this stealing of Mr. Hogg's goods."

"I know naught at all," Mary cried, and cried it again and again, but with a new kind of fear. She was less afraid of the gallows than of this sudden tenderness, this unforeseen appeal to be a good girl, and to undertake honesty. And that word "mother!" She had had a mother, but such a one! such a leering drunken burlesque of the thing a mother ought to be. Anne kept pestering her with gentle sighs that melted her as spring rains whispering to the ice at night dissolve it into tears. When at last Anne had her weeping, she demanded:

"**H**AVE you no mind to be freed of such a life?"

"Oh, and but I have that!" Mary sobbed.

"Then you discover the goods that have been stole and I'll see to your freedom."

This was so wild a promise that Mary laughed at it and it checked her tears until Anne convinced her at last that lib-

(Continued on page 111)

At length one of the jurors reminded her: "Does a hundred pounds of good Province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"



Made

By

Evans E. Plummer



Rin-tin-tin,
The nation's pet,
Wags his chin
On the NB net.

IN THE beginning the Creator gave man a whole world full of creatures to do with as he would. Some were made to look at and leave alone, others were made to challenge his fighting spirit, still others were made for food—and then a few, a chosen few, were made for petting.

The animals that were set aside for human companionship serve a very useful purpose in nature's plan. A man who is really a good friend to his animal friend is apt to be a good friend to his human friend as well.

Have you ever noticed that the artist—the singer, musician, actor, painter, poet—clings to a pet of some kind? It is the exchange of a mutual love unembarrassed by human conventions. The singer touches a note of ecstasy in the privacy of her studio—just her little feathered songster as audience and critic. And the bird reacts instantly, its tiny throat thrilling and vibrating in harmonious response. The artist knows she has sounded forth something eternal and fundamental. Her heart is warmed to the sincerity of the compliment and she is able to sing with greater assurance to her human audience.

However, the feeling between the artist

and his inarticulate friend is something more than that. The pet fills a sort of void for the overflow from an over-full heart. Tastes vary. Women trend to the weaker kind that require motherly protection. Men prefer strong animals—lusty vital creatures.

One of the most aristocratic and largest of the Radio dogs is Hector, the proud boast of Toscha Seidel, violinist. Hector weighs 170 pounds without his collar and, should his high standing be questioned, he would oblige you by rising to a full six feet five inches of dog on his hind legs.

Yes, Hector is a Great Dane—a great, Great Dane. His pa is Argus, international champion; ma, Tecla, national female champion, and he has a brother named Lindy who is national champion of America. Hector might even show up his old man and brother excepting that he has never been entered in a competition, although he is three years old.

The big pet of Seidel is gentle despite his ferocious appearance. He loves children and will never hurt them. On one occasion a pickaninny baby sat on the floor sticking a pin into Hector's nose. Rather than frighten the child, Hector kept his position and permitted it to go on with its game of pin sticking, while drops of

blood slowly trickled down his face.

May Singhi Breen (de Rose), the "ukelele lady," has probably the most unusual pets of all the stars. They are a collection of white snails. She isn't quite sure why she should choose snails for pets, but she swears she is terribly fond of them. May also has a trio of goldfish and a large collection of "still" pets—china and metal animals and birds of every sort and description from animals to ducks. One pair of porcelain frogs, which happen to be croaking in duo, she has named "Peter," after her husband, and "May."

GRAHAM McNAMEE has three pedigreed dogs. Reinald Werrenwrath spreads his affections over two dogs and two cats, Giuseppe di Benedetto owns two police dogs, Virginia Gardiner owns an Irish wolfhound, Mary Hopple bathes and combs the tangles from the hair of an aristocratic spitz, and Walter Damrosch, true to Wagner, keeps two dachshunds.

Olive Kline, soprano, is glad she owns



Toscha Seidel,
Mrs. Seidel
and Hector.

for **P**e t t i n g

Great Artists Have Great Loves—Emotions That Go Beyond the Human Pale and Embrace the Lower Species—from Horses to Frogs

two police dogs. If she hadn't, she might not have been alive today. While swimming at a Maine resort a year ago she was seized with a cramp when a hundred yards off shore. Her cry attracted her police dogs who immediately plunged in to rescue her. One of them caught hold of a shoulder strap of her bathing suit and towed her to shore.

Yolande Langworthy, Arabesque's author and star, owns two turtles, Scrub 'em and Captain—two tiny green and brown Japanese turtles, twelve years old and as similar as peas in a pod. Yolande feeds them ant eggs imported from France, and once, she admits, almost killed them by varying their diet with domestic flies. Scrub 'em and Captain spend their time racing with each other and keeping in form for that meet with the inevitable hare in the land of Make Believe.

Helen Nugent, the Cincinnati bred CBS soprano who writes her mother daily as every well-behaved child should, has come to believe that "Beggars can't be choosers," and for that reason continues to keep as pets the two birds given her by a friend just back from Havana.

THEY really were a beautifully-colored pair of "parakeets", according to the tag on the cage, but magic, in the form of a bird bath, proved their downfall. The rainbow colors came right off in the water and the parakeets became common English sparrows. The two grey birds still live in their handsome cage, but Helen's attachment for them now is purely sentimental.

And if you knew David Ross, the æsthetic, you wouldn't think it unnatural that he has an aquarium full of frogs and tadpoles. David has an active scientific curiosity and he is absorbed in watching the gradual change from tadpole to frog and is fascinated by the poetry of their development.

Add strange pastimes of CBS stars: Marion McAfee, vocalist, goes in for training white mice. They lead a very complete social existence, too, for Marion has provided them with tables and chair,

games and whatnots. They are happy little mice and wouldn't be so rude as to run up even a close friend's shin.

Judson House, popular NBC tenor, weighs around 250 pounds and is one of the largest men the mike ever confronts. But, as you might suspect, he has one of the smallest pooches in the world for a pet—a mite-sized pekingese.

Horses claim the attention of Bob MacGimsey, the three-tone whistler. Arcadie Birkenholz, violinist, and Frank Luther, much starred tenor. If they ever meet on the bridal path, who knows but what they'll form a mounted band? Della Baker, soprano, is another lover of horses. She divides her attention between breeding thoroughbred horses and dogs.

Birkenholz carries his love for horses even to playing polo, at which, incidentally, he is an expert. And of course the wise-cracking ex-cowboy, Will Rogers, loves horses. Not only is he extremely fond of polo, but has his own polo field and string of ponies on his beautiful Beverly Hills (Calif.) estate.

Little Jane, star of Jolly Bill and Jane, early mornings NBC children's feature, likes horses also. Each morning on the way to the studios she passes a bakery where half a dozen wagons wait to be loaded. Every animal recognizes her footsteps and immediately climbs to the sidewalk to receive the lumps of sugar she inevitably carries.

Jolly Bill Steinke himself is a pet lover too. He has a real dog at home but is famous throughout Radioland for the imaginary dog, "Jerry", whose barks punctuate the Jolly Bill and Jane programs each morning.

Next to dogs, Rudy Vallee likes cats. There is a kitten in the restaurant where



Oh what a happy home for some wayfaring flea! But Mary Hopple would soon send it fleeing for this contented Spitz gets his skin rug renovated daily.

Vallee eats lunch each day. The two are pals. The crooner insists on calling the animal "Rudy," despite the fact that it "ain't that kind of a cat."

Naomi, Princess and Tony are not members of a royal house nor three ladies of the ensemble. They are hunting dogs possessed by Henry Burbig, CBS comedian. The three English setters know where there are pheasant to be caught and need only the happy sight of master Henry dressed in his brown leather jacket to recall that the days when dogs can be dogs, have not passed.

LUCILLE BLACK of the Nit Wits goes so far even as to base the interior decorations of her home on Puff, her tan Persian cat. Puff is very elegant and very vain and spends her days in the corner of a divan or on cushions piled up for her pleasure. For fear of offending Puff's sense of the beautiful and harmonious, Lucille has contrived to bring the loveliest shades of red and green into her

(Continued on page 110)

MARCELLA

*She Hears All, Sees All—and Tells Everything
Ask Her Anything You Want to Know*



Gypsy

THAT peculiar poignancy which makes the singing of Gypsy and Marta of KPO unforgettable can be traced to the rather unhappy but romantic history of their mother. She was a member of the Polish aristocracy and a very young girl when she fell in love with and married a

young German-American, thereby forfeiting her standing in Poland. So it was that she left her native land and, though her love for her husband was worth the sacrifice, the rest of her life was saddened by her longing for her girlhood home.

It was in America that Gypsy and Marta were born, two daughters with strangely different characters. Gypsy, the dreamer—artistic and serious, a reflection of old world courtesy and bearing. Marta, typical American, carefree—frivolous. Gypsy with grey eyes penetrating and studious. Marta with laughing blue eyes; ever on the alert for a joke; a lover of outdoor sports. Gypsy with thoughts only of writing, composing and gardening.

Both were graduated from the University of California and both aspired to careers on the stage. Shortly after graduation, however, they both married, Gypsy becoming Mrs. Harry George Musgrave, wife of a Lt. Colonel in the United States Army and Marta, Mrs. John Henry Reavey, wife of a civil engineer. Stage careers were abandoned, but both took to music,



Marta

Gypsy touring the country as Elsa Kaulbraska Musgrave, Polish concert pianist; Marta as Martha Reavey, soprano. The singing duo became popular over KPO way back in 1925 where they have appeared regularly until recently when

they decided upon a much needed vacation. So at present these popular artists are heard only on special featured programs from the Frisco station.

* * *

THIS attractive young man is Mr. James J. Jeffries of Radio Station WFAA, Dallas. Do you really want me to tell you all that he does down at WFAA, Louise? He does seem to be the whole works down there—it makes one wonder what the rest of the staff does. To begin with he is staff tenor—*de-luxe*. He's heard the first thing



James Jeffries

in the morning as Chief Big Boid of the Early Bird's Orchestra; then he is Sergeant Jimmy, of the Famous Sandman Soldier Parade; Jerry, of Jerry and Irene; and one of the best character players in WFAA Radio plays.

His is a blonde attractiveness, hair tinged with red and eyes that are sometimes more grey than

blue. He's short of stature and more or less heavy of build. He's a charming boy with a spontaneous sense of humor which is a delight to all who know him. He says that he's just a young man tryin' to get along—and he's doin' it.

* * *

YOUR favorite, Don, is popular with others, too, for 'tis said that Clyde Morse's fan mail is something tremendous. He has been spending a belated honeymoon at a cottage on an island in Loon Lake, somewhere in the Adirondacks, but will probably be back at the post at WHAM by the time you read these lines.

* * *

MANY thanks, John and Herbert and all of you who so kindly rushed to my assistance in regard to the finding of Cecil Wright. It seems that when Cecil left KTHS some eight months ago he travelled out to join the staff at KFRC where

he is still singing hill-billy and yodelling songs and playing the guitar and harmonica.

He is a lad of about twenty-two years, friendly, naive and genuine. He says he dislikes most songs you "can't understand." So he has been singing those you "can understand" for more than a year. Everything that he sings he has learnt by ear, being a total stranger to any kind of music lesson. Can't you just guess from his picture that he was a good foot-ball man back in the high school days in Hot Springs?



Cecil Wright

* * *

BECAUSE selling wall paper and paints wasn't a job he thought he could stick to and make his mark in the world, E. L. Tyson, more familiarly known as "Ty", became a Radio announcer. That was fully eight years ago when Radio was very much of an infant and to be an announcer required some ability as an entertainer as well.

Ty's debut in Radio was not entirely unpremeditated. He had been a soldier, an actor of parts and a salesman. In his days at Penn State College he majored in base ball and theatricals. An old pal, Bill Holliday, with whom he had staged many a play and evening of entertainment in the old home town in Pennsylvania, had come to Detroit and entered the Radio business.

Holliday was manager of WWJ, the Detroit News station, the first Radio station to broadcast regular programs for the entertainment of listeners. He invited



E. L. "Ty" Tyson



Georgia Fifield

Ty to be his assistant. Ty accepted and has been with WWJ ever since.

In appearance he is wiry, without hint of excess weight, vigorous, dynamic when dynamics are needed, hard to rattle and smooth tempered. He possesses a keen, but dry, sense of humor and never has he been known to laugh at his own jokes. (We certainly

would like to know him!)

In his spare time, of which he has little, Ty plays a bit of golf,—for the companionship of the fellows rather than because he's a "fiend." Now and then he goes bass fishing with an old friend, Bill Finzel, veteran Detroit orchestra leader. And, oh yes, he does a bit of farming—"digging a flower garden each spring while the wife stands over me with a gun."

But you mustn't misunderstand that last, however. Ty is quite a homebody—because he wants to be. You see "Mrs. Ty" is the girl from the old home town back in Pennsylvania, and then there's five-year-old Virginia who is his pride and joy.

* * *

THEY'RE married—but not to each other! We're talking about these two you see pictured herewith, the original "Mr. and Mrs." of KNX fame. And it's true that their mike work is so realistic that everywhere they go new acquaintances can't believe they're not really married to each other. They are, in real life, Georgia Fifield and Edwin John (Eddie) Albright.

Both Georgia and Edwin have families. The former is a young society matron of Beverly Hills, the famous city of famous residents. Edwin originated other features, notably being the first Pacific Coast broadcaster to put the "family" idea on the Radio map.

Edwin is about five feet, ten inches tall; has thick black hair, black eyes, and likes deep-sea fishing and all manner of outdoor sports.

Georgia is petite, strikingly titian locks, blue eyes and one of those "Peaches and cream" complexions. She likes best—her little son and daughter, the former all "boy" with horseback riding his favorite sport, and the latter a real girl who likes to play with dolls and pretend to "make house."

In addition to her work at KNX Georgia is also a director and is prom-



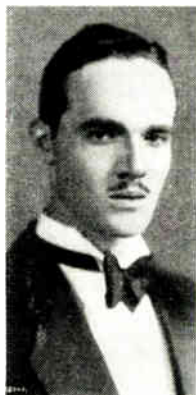
Eddie Albright

inent in the affairs of the Beverly Hills Community Players' organization which gives notable productions during the winter season, including many noted film stars in its ranks.

Eddie started as "The Hired Hand" y'ars and y'ars ago at KNX and has remained with the organization since the first program was put on the air when the station became the property of its present owners.

* * *

ONE of the youngest announcers to have worked on the NBC networks is Jack Brinkley—full name John Daniel Brinkley. He was born in 1907 in Oxford, N. C., which accounts for his charming voice. When he was just a little shaver the family moved to Richmond, Va., where Jack received all his schooling. During the years he attended the University of Richmond he worked as reporter on a Richmond newspaper. In fact his inclinations have always been literary. He writes as a hobby and hopes, someday, to build a reputation by his pen. He also goes in for acting at every opportunity and collects old books and prints. (Nice person.)



Jack D. Brinkley

Forgot to say that Jack is now the "voice with the smile" at WTIC in Hartford. This good looking youth with the dark brown eyes and the wavy hair is rather slight and about five feet eight inches tall.

* * *

FOR some time there has been some little racket down Cleveland way for a story about one Freddy Stone. And at last when we were just about ready to give it up as hopeless a letter from WJAY comes through! Freddy was born in Boston in 1904 and seems, from all reports, to be the type that the girls like (or some of 'em, at least). I think he must be typical—of something. Very tall, rosy cheeks, wavy black hair, brown eyes and a romantic disposition coupled with a sweet tenor voice. (We fear he's a ladies' man.)

His Radio career included broadcasts over WBBM, KYW, WHK, WEHS and WJAY where he is now chief announcer and heartbreaker.—the latter we mention with all due respect to the charms of Joe O'toole, of course. It was Joe (having met Freddy in Chicago some years before) who brought him to WJAY. And now they're delighting thousands with their partnership. The two of them have just returned from New York where they made some more recordings for the Gennett Company.

Freddy's favorite sports are golf and baseball; he likes to read H. C. Witwer and Milt Gross; he considers Ted Husing and Norman Brokenshire to be his ideal

announcers and Franklyn Baur and Gene Austin are his choice among all of the well-known Radio singers.

* * *

ALOIS HAVRILLA is a Zecho-Slovakian by birth and didn't speak his first word of English until after he was twelve years old. And today he enjoys wide popularity and is included as one of our best liked announcers. Incidentally he has been continually praised for his flawless diction.

This young announcer started out in life as a concert baritone. He was teaching music in the New Jersey public schools when he received his first chance to go on the stage. He was engaged as soloist in the Broadway production of "Hassan." He followed that with appearances in "Mme. Pompadour," "Louis the 14th." with Leon Errol, and "The Princess Flavia." Then with Radio coming to the fore he turned his talent in that direction.

Havrilla is slender, of average height, light complected and notoriously good humored. He always approaches the mike with the same wide grin and that's doubtless why he won the title of "the genial announcer." What time he is away from the studio he spends at golf.

* * *

THE people on the Checkerboard Hour at WLS found that it was too hard work to get up for 6:30 a.m. broadcasts during the summer months so they simply laid off. However, now that September is here you'll be hearing them again.

* * *

FOR the information of the friends of the Mystery Announcer at WPEN, Philadelphia, his Musical Clock Program comes throughout the period between 6:30 and 10:00 a.m. every day.

* * *

ARECENT letter from Marcella Roth brings the news that she still *does* broadcast and that she can be heard every Tuesday evening over Radio Station WDSU. She is still the "Twilight Story Girl" and she mentioned something about a stamp club which she conducts through the station. Stamp clubs via air is a new one to this Marcella but she'd like to hear more about it.



Alois Havrilla



Freddy Stone

FIRST JOBS

*Humble Beginnings Mark
Careers of Some of Columbia's
Most Notable Artists*

By

Robert S. Taplinger

A GLIMPSE into the humble beginnings of its foremost artists form one of the interesting chapters in the history of Radio broadcasting, lending an air of authenticity to the old adage "Big Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

The majority of entertainers now heard on various programs presented from WABC over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and whose names and voices are familiar to literally millions of Radio listeners, first started out in the work-a-day world in a most insignificant manner. For the larger part their tasks were arduous, and the hours as long as the pay was small—a far cry from today with the comparatively high salaries paid for a few minutes work.

Turning to this particular chapter wherein we may scan the stories of a number of artists, who are perhaps most representative among the Columbia System group, we find that. . . .

Freddie Rich, who conducts a number of important programs weekly, sacrificed such divertissements of New York's lower Eastside, as fights, "gang wars," dock-diving, and ball games, to become a pianist in one of Second Avenue's flourishing motion-picture houses. He was then fourteen years old. Ten hours daily he improvised music on the dilapidated upright to coincide with the action on the screen, and as heart rending scenes predominated, he concocted nine variations of "Hearts and Flowers." His weekly salary of thirteen



dollars was poured into the family coffers, while in turn he was provided with fifty cents spending money. "That constituted my first and worst job" is

Rich's comment as he looks back now.

Jesse Crawford's career began in a like manner. He found an opening as a



piano player in a "flicker" theatre in a small suburb of Spokane, Washington. It was his first job anywhere, and his weekly wage was five dollars. Three years later he gave up his work, which was then paying him twenty-five dollars, to furnish the music at a nearby theatre for ten dollars, because the latter place boasted an honest-to-goodness pipe organ.

Another product of New York's Eastside is Fred Vettel, bass soloist. He was seventeen when he procured his first job as a driver on a brick truck. For a year and a half he unloaded the bricks from the barges at Twentieth street and the East River, for a daily compensation of three dollars. Incidentally, it was during his debut in the working world that he annexed the amateur light-heavy-weight boxing championship of New York.

DALE WIMBROW also went in for strenuous labor. Dale who is known today as a song writer, entertainer, poet, wood carver and artist, formerly loaded one hundred pound strawberry crates in box cars. They were big luscious berries from his native Maryland, destined to appease the gastronomic fancy of the South, and for Dale's activities in sending them towards their destination, he received a weekly reward of fourteen dollars.

"My first job," recalls Norman Brokenshire, "was as janitor of the little red school house at Port Britton, Ontario, where my father was a school teacher. It

was a three mile walk from home to school, and my work entailed all the duties generally allotted to a janitor, keeping the one room building clean, warm, and in constant repair. The old pot-bellied base burner stove required more wood than any furnace I've ever seen."

TO BE hired and fired by her own father in twenty-four hours was the fate of Harriet Lee of the blonde hair and

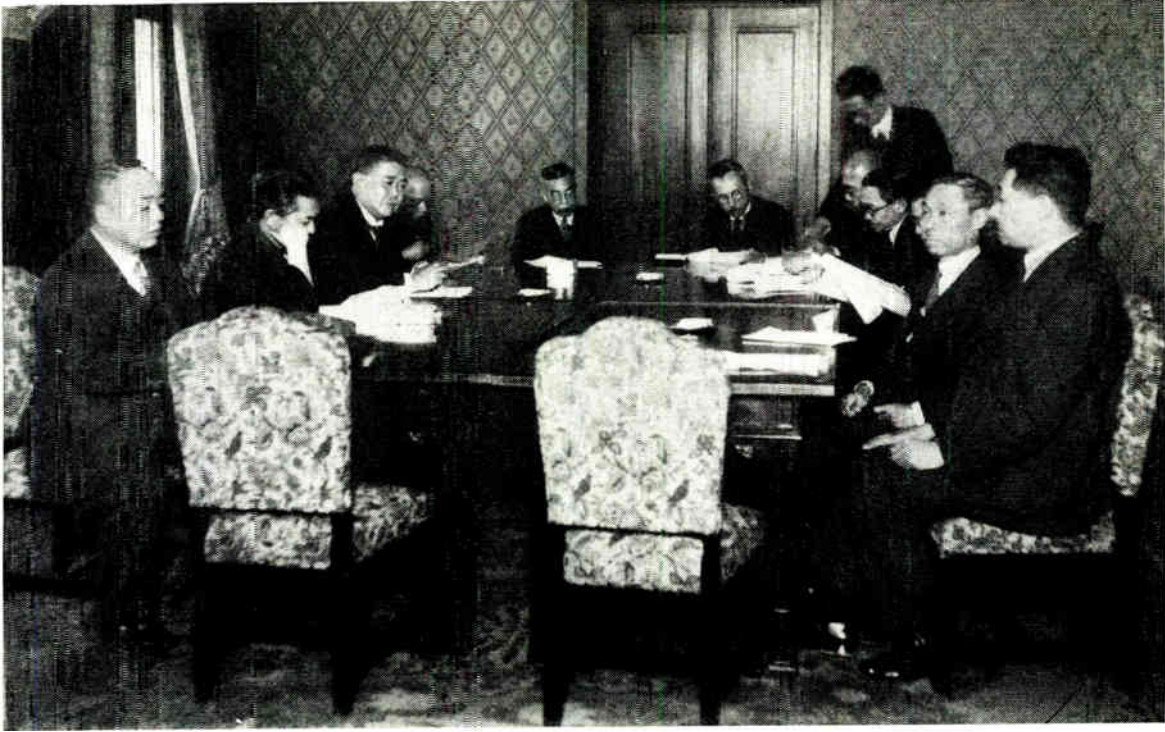


contralto voice. Harriet first worked as a telephone operator at her parents' automobile salon in Chicago. Having seen Rudolph Valentino in a picture the night before, and being one of his ardent admirers, she thought it a splendid idea to call him at his Hollywood home. The expense meant nothing to fair Harriet, who longed to experi-

ence the thrill of hearing her idol's voice. After speaking with his valet and secretary, she learned he was on location. A little disappointed, she determined to try again the next day, but there was no next day—she was fired that night.

A cattle driver when eleven years old, was Lon McAdams, member of the "Rountowners Quartet". He was large for his age, and remarkably adept in the saddle, being regarded as one of the most promising cow men in all Kansas. Yet at no time during the eight years he rode the plains did he receive more than twelve dollars monthly. Monetary reward was of minor importance to the drivers. When McAdams Sr. installed in his barber shop the first telephone switch board in that part of the country, young Lon was called in to operate it.

The road to success was at the beginning
(Continued on page 102)



Every program at JOBK is worked out by a serious minded board of directors which includes professional men and chief executives.

Japanese Fans

BROADCASTING in Japan is on a paying basis.

In fact the stockholders of the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association receive nice dividends regularly. Of course the set owner and listener-in pays the bills, but he seems to be perfectly satisfied.

Figure this out: 200,000 subscribers to one station at an initiation fee of ¥1.00 (50 cents in U. S. money) and a monthly fee of ¥1.00 thereafter, or \$6.00 a year—and what have you? Just \$100,000 to start with (200,000 yer.) and an income monthly of \$100,000 or \$1,200,000 annually. Not so tough to take—and no wonder the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association has solved the problem of making broadcast-ing pay—and without a cent from advertising!

There are only a few stations in Japan, as compared to the number in the United States—and they are all controlled by the J.R.B.A.—and they are all operated on the same basis as JOBK—the station with the 200,000 members and the \$1,200,000 annual income.

These stations are located at Tokyo, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Kumamoto, Sendai and Sapporo. The JOBK station is located in Osaka.

Practically all of the Japanese stations

Pay for Listening Privileges

Monopoly Reaps
Rich Dividends

By Hull Bronson

*(Round-the-World Correspondent
of Radio Digest)*

are only 10 kilo stations—owned and operated by the J.R.B.A.—but under government supervision. All advertising is out—anything with the slightest smattering of advertising will not be allowed on the air, by any of the stations. That is a definite and fast rule.

The Radio stations of Japan do not care what sort of a set you buy or contemplate buying. They are not interested in how you obtain the set—on the cash or instalment plan basis. However, as soon as you buy a set and want to listen in—the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association becomes very much interested in you.

The set-owner must at once apply for the privilege of listening in. The Association gets your name—usually from the dealer who sells the set, by their own means of learning of your purchase or you pass the information along yourself. A printed notice is then sent out to the new set-owner.

HE MUST fill in the notice with this specific information: 1. Specify the receiving set by 'crystal' or 'tubes.' 2. State number of tubes in the latter case.

When the instalment of the receiving set is permitted, notice for payment of fees is sent from the association branch office concerned and payment has to be made very promptly.

The entrance fee of ¥1.00 is paid to the department of communication of the government or the association by the applicant. The rules and regulations of the



Distinguished visitors are always introduced to Japanese listeners over the Radio. Amundsen, the great arctic explorer, is shown above.

Japan Radio Broadcasting Association further indicates what a subscriber must do and what he is entitled to and how the Association controls the listening-in very thoroughly: (these rules were translated from the Japanese forms as nothing in English was available).

Persons intending to listen-in are instructed to apply to the nearest branch of this association duly accompanied by contract paper and application for setting up the Radio receiver. A metal sign is provided the licensed listeners, which is to be fixed to the gateway or the entrance of the place where the receiver is placed.

PERSONS who lose or damage the said metal sign shall at once notify the association thereof and get a new one. A cost for making the new one may be charged him. The metal sign must be returned to the branch office of the association when the receiver ceases to function or the owner changes his address to a different association Radio district.

The rules state: "The fee of the listener shall be one yen (Y1.00) per month for every receiving set. Set owners shall pay fee for programs starting from the day the permit has been given to the day listening-in is given up."

The rules and regulations of the association then dwell quite specifically on the collection of such fees—in terms and in advance and so on—every cent coming to the Association is collected from the listener-in.

Number 10 rule is interesting: When the broadcasting has stopped for more than three days owing to unforeseen causes, fees for such absent time will be figured in accordance to number of days missed. Number 11 states that members of the

association may install free of fees an extra loud-speaker.

Fees for listening-in will not be charged those who own a set for educational purposes only, also any social relief societies and for sets necessary in the business of the association.

That the association has considerable leeway in handling matters can be seen by Rule 13: Contract for listening-in will be cancelled in case of listeners not paying the fees in advance, or the permit for the instalment of his receivers revoked for any reason, or any breaching of the regulations of this association. Those persons who have had their contract cancelled may be refused another contract.

Rules 14 and 15 are not bad either: The broadcasting of this association shall not be copied to phonograph records and

issued or sold or used as material for any persons without the sanction of this association—and this association shall not be liable for any accident occurring from broadcasting.

All the branches, however, maintain service stations. JOBK has 34 of them—for the district it covers. The service stations test all sets and loud speakers, furnish tubes for those worn out and see that the receiving sets are giving the best possible results to the listener-in. This service comes in on the one yen monthly fee.

THE average American set-owner will wonder how the Japanese manage to get all the set-owners to "come through" and subscribe to the broadcasting service—but they do—as the association is supervised by the government and the government is usually able to collect licenses and taxes of all sorts in Japan.

There are three main departments in each one of the broadcasting stations of Japan, as follows: General business department, broadcasting department and engineering departments. They are all organized in the same manner and operated more or less in the same general routine. The first general department is divided up as follows: 1. General business. 2. Management. 3. Promotion. 4. Collection of fees and subscription matters.

Each subdivision is headed by a manager who has his own staff under him. The broadcasting department has a social and educational department; literary section and news department. All are in charge of a general manager with an as-



No Radio day would be complete in Japan without the Geisha girls.

Lighter moments on the air are not forgotten. Japanese comedians are shown here putting over a good laugh. Note the shoe coverings.



sistant for each department sub-division.

The usual engineering department is maintained by the Japanese broadcasting plants. Most of the stations are of 10 kilo type—and the equipment is of the latest and most modern type. The Japanese government is very careful to see that the latest and best is being installed in the Japanese broadcasting stations.

A careful check of the likes and dislikes of the subscribers to the broadcasting service is used as a basis for the type of programs given the Japanese Radio audience. Usually the fan letters are carefully read and tabulated and a committee composed of leading men of Japan take these letters into consideration when adopting a program policy.

MEETINGS are held for adoption of programs—and such men as university professors, newspaper editors, doctors, novelists, big business men and professional men of all walks of life are called in for their opinions. By such an exchange of ideas, well balanced programs are usually put on the air and the subscribers are willing to leave the matter of programs entirely to the association and these committees. An occasional criticism may be heard from a subscriber who writes a letter to the association about “such and such program” or sends a letter to one of the various newspapers for publication in their readers’ columns.

Visitors are seldom allowed in the broadcasting stations, but through some influential Japanese friends I was able to spend some time at the JOBK station in Osaka. K. Hiroe the managing director

of the station was away at the time, but I was fortunate enough to find J. Kemuyama the program director of JOBK available and through an interpreter, (Mr. Kemuyama was not able to speak English) he gave me some idea of the way Japanese programs are built and the type of talent wanted.

It seems that athletics and the various stock market proceedings are popular in Japan. JOBK therefore caters to what the subscribers want by giving them considerable information daily on athletics of various kinds—such as baseball in season and wrestling.

Japan is a great baseball country the attendance outnumbering anything that the United States can ever report, even during the World Series. The stock markets, rice, cotton, silk and other exchanges

occupy a lot of the “time” of JOBK during the day. An interesting feature that was put on June 1, is a continuous five hour program, from 5 to 10 in the evening daily, consisting of stories for boys and girls, music of various kinds for both young and old, news events from all over the world and orchestral selections. This five hour program has proved to be very popular so far.

An “employment office over Radio” has also worked out well. Every morning the announcer at JOBK gives a list of the positions available in and around Osaka and tells the interested listener how to proceed to get to the places wanting him, what the pay is and also asks the listeners to send in names of unemployed people so that these employers can be given the information.



THIS air employment office will be kept on indefinitely, according to Mr. Kemuyama. Occasionally a program is relayed by JOAK at Tokyo through JOBK and JOCK at Nagoya—the three stations on a tie-up.

The usual program is 30 minutes—however JOBK is not so particular if a selection runs into five or ten minutes over the stated time, since “time” is not sold and all the “air” is given over to programs for the benefit of the subscribers—and if a good number takes several minutes more—it does—that is all.

Japanese narrations assisted by Japanese musical instruments seem very popular with the air audiences.

Orchestras are graded—as number 1, 2
(Continued on page 116)

Opera in its various phases always meets the approval of Japanese listeners. Here is the chorus. The cello is the only instrument.

Radio Can Kill War

THIS message is not entered in competition for the Nobel Peace prize. It is dedicated to the listeners of the world. It embodies a new plan originated by RADIO DIGEST, which in a practical sense makes it possible for Radio to kill war.

We never tire of hearing about peace proposals. We were thrilled by the first mention of the League of Nations. Every suggestion of disarmament, however fanciful, has stirred our pulses. The pact by which the nations renounced war as a means of settling their differences was hailed with universal demonstrations of relief. The treaties which bind Great Britain, Japan, and the United States to limit construction of warships was everywhere acclaimed as a triumph of common sense.

But no lover of mankind is convinced that any of these measures or all of them combined provide absolute assurance against repetition of the slaughter that made 1914-1918 hideous in the annals of the human race. Even while our Senate was engaged in the debates that culminated in ratification of the naval treaty, angry recriminations over tariff wars were reminding us that agreements, however solemn and binding their engagements to abstain from conflict at arms or preparations to enforce demands, may prove but fragile restraints against the primitive impulse of rash anger. Particularly when we rely solely on the buttress of legal restraint and do nothing at the same time to hinder rancor and the passion of hatred.

Who that has read the pages of history can say with full confidence that the pledges of chastened sanity will always withstand the thrust of insensate fury as long as the nations remain ignorant of each other's habits and feelings and points of view?

Every successive means of bringing populations into closer touch has been welcomed as a harbinger of harmony—the steamship, the railway, the telephone, the air-

plane, and last, and most promising of all, the Radio. Yet all these agencies of quick communication were in existence when the greatest war of all time rocked civilization to its center; all of them were turned into instruments of desolation and disseminators of the bitter exhalations of enmity.

Are we forever to accept these

misuses of science's greatest achievements as the chief fruits besides convenience, comfort and wonder, of human ingenuity and study of the forces of nature? Are we so dull of vision as to see in our vastly magnified powers only powers of destruction when crises arise that dethrone reason? Are we so lacking in imagination and intelligence as to miss the full significance of man's new ability to talk to man in every tongue and in every clime, and so, by sheer knowledge of each other's lives and motives and feelings, to render impossible any thought of violence among civilized nations?

This is not idealism. Let us consider it only in its practical aspects. Suppose, for example, that the United States, through its appropriate officers, were to take time on the principal broadcasting stations of Europe and make use of it for talks by President Hoover or Secretary of State Stimson, not in discussion of questions of state, but intimate accounts of life in America—the things we do every day, the desires that animate us, the aspirations that uplift us. Other nations, quick to sense the value of such advertising, would speedily, by the same means, make themselves known to us—not as nations but as peoples.

AND there could be not only talks by the President, his Cabinet members and others of importance in governmental circles, but under the auspices of a special committee composed of outstanding public-spirited citizens, other broadcasters representing a wide variety of activities. Great athletes and sportsmen like William Tilden, the tennis champion, Vincent Astor, the yachtsman—great industrialists like Henry Ford and Charles Schwab—great philanthropists like John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and George Eastman—labor leaders like William Green—famous inventors and scientists like Thomas A. Edison—illustrious educators like Nicholas Murray Butler—popular actors and actresses like Douglas Fairbanks and Ethel Barrymore—in short, a wide range of men and women with names already known well enough internationally to possess the attention of interesting personalities. Then in complete contrast to these celebrities there could be programs by "the unknown citizen," representing typical men, women and children in various walks of life and resident in all parts of the country. They would serve in a living sense as a parallel to the international symbol of "the unknown soldier." In every case American programs presented in foreign countries would be by Americans so that we would be doing our best to acquaint our foreign brethren with composite America. Programs could be sometimes by cable relay, sometimes by reading of letters and sometimes by recorded or "spot" broadcasting. The programs themselves should be handled in each foreign country by our Ambassador, or at least presented under his auspices.

Of course, no program would be tainted by any trace of propaganda either commercial or political. The policy would be strictly one of acquainting the people of one



The Editors' Page

A Plan That Makes Even Peace Treaties Unnecessary

nation with the people of another in a manner both simple and sincere. That conception, moreover, should be kept sacred and inviolate. It represents, so to speak, a manifestation of good intent undoubtedly needed to win the cooperation of the powers-that-be in those countries where Radio broadcasting is a government monopoly. It will help stifle certain United States Senators and others who are apparently ignorant of the new requirements of international relations. It will give statesmen everywhere a new inspiration for their oratory.

To make our nobleness of purpose doubly clear, the American Government could buy time on the principal stations of the United States for broadcasting of programs here by the people and personages of foreign countries. In other words, we would also pay the bill to help our own people get to know and understand their foreign neighbors.

Is this not a great conception for the promotion and preservation of world peace? Have not our government and our people enough vision and enough fundamental unselfishness to bear gladly the burden of cost for such a worthy humanitarian end?

Have we not enough national pride to want to wipe out the stigma of being known as a money-mad, materially greedy people. Is this not a really economical and *effective* means of convincing our fellow men and fellow women throughout the world that we are human even as they are—that we have hearts just as big and souls just as eager to serve in a Christian spirit.

To know is to understand. In conversation by Radio we have a means of universal understanding dreamed of by the poet in his vision of a federation of the world.

Can any reasonable person believe that misunderstandings born of ignorance, would long survive the dissolving power of mutual knowledge? Who that has visited Germany in recent years believes that the people of Germany would ever have fought the people of America or the people of France or the people of Great Britain or the people of Italy if among all these peoples there had long been the friendly intercourse of intimate speech?

THE space here available does not permit enlargement upon such questions or the answers thereto, or even to describe in further detail the plan whereby Radio can kill war. Our primary objective after all is to project an idea and to leave the refinements and execution largely to the genius of others. Meanwhile, however, we cannot but express the hope that the President of the United States, the people of the United States and the leaders of the Radio industry (which has so great an opportunity to serve) will move swiftly so that *before the snow flies* the United States of America will be negotiating broadcasting time in *every nation of the world*, thereby assuming leadership not only in the spreading of good will among nations, but infinitely more important good will among peoples. Let us not procrastinate! Let us thrust aside petty politics in order to do a complete job *and a great job*.

RAY BILL



STRONG FOR GUY LOMBARDO

PLEASE record me as another admirer of the music as played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I think they are the best. There are, of course, other bands who receive more free space in the papers, but this is due, I think, to the fact that these have got themselves in the public eye by means of something they have done other than playing.

The Royal Canadians have received very little publicity besides that gained from the broadcasting of their music, and this music, "the sweetest this side of Heaven" as some other close follower has so justly called it, has made them for me. If they were featured over NBC, instead of the CBS, I believe they would be a much greater success. The Columbia just doesn't seem to have the clear channel; the National does. I know this is true on this side of the country. I have to work very hard to hear Guy and the boys, from KDYL at Salt Lake City, Utah; but I do so, for their music with the poorest reception, is still good to me.

Your magazine is the best I have found for entertainment of the average listener. It has more to do with the programs rather than the technical side of Radio, the latter not being of much interest to me. I do not, however, like the grade of paper you use, but this is of minor importance.—Ed Russell, Wasco, Calif.

* * *

ODE TO RUDY

YOU received a letter from me quite a month ago, as you will remember, concerning an article that had been published in this magazine about Rudy Vallee. I wanted it published, and suppose it will be before long. I have written a piece of poetry however, that I would like very, very, much published if you think it is O.K.

I read every word in Radio Digest every month, wouldn't be without it. I enjoy it to the fullest extent, and will always continue to do so, long as it is as interesting as it is now.

I know a voice so sweet and clear,
So far away and yet so near.

It's so charming, and soothes all hearts in pain—
One all its own from a man always the same.
He's honest and true, and of his kind there's
very few.

With his band he always sends us something
new.

He has strived, worked hard, and deserves all
his fame.

And with it all, comes his wonderful name.
With this verse, no other will tally.

But the one and only Rudy Vallee.

—Pearl Sutherland, Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

THIS is my first letter, written while flat on my back, due to a serious bone operation two months ago, and I'm just full of "talk."

I've had a Radio for two years and have been reading Radio Digest about a year and a half. It is by far the best—in every way—on the market; the only fault being the paper you now use is somewhat cheaper and does not give best results for the pictures and photos; and please let's not have any more yellow pictures as shown in July Radio Digest. They all look "sick."

I'm very tired of the knockers of "Amos and Andy." If they don't want to listen to them—why not listen to something else—or why not read some other story? You know you can't please "all the people all the time" but you are pleasing "all the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time." So don't worry and don't pay any attention when they "Knock." For one thing, I don't like at all the letter of Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich.,

Voice of the

in the July issue. I'm not a "poor farmer" nor a newly (or old-ly) arrived foreigner. I come in contact with all kinds of people. My mother was raised on a grand farm and had a fine education. I wouldn't mind changing places with some of the good farmers of the world. They're O.K. And what would Mrs. Bragg do if we had no farmers? Some of the world's best men were gentlemen farmers and foreigners. Evidently the farmer and foreigner have sense enough to enjoy the delightful and entertaining "Amos and Andy." More power to 'em and long may they broadcast.

If I couldn't do anything but complain, I'd not write at all. I know there are other people in the world with a Radio set besides myself and the air is full of programs to suit each individual.

I do not like KWKH on account of the sameness of the "rant and rave." I trade with both kinds of stores and I certainly get the best deal from the chain stores; they are cheaper, give much better food-stuffs and more courteous service. They do not discriminate between the rich and the poor. Their stores are neat and well arranged. So Mr. Henderson can't influence me; I'm free, white and twenty-one (and maybe a little more) and able to know whether I should buy from chain stores or an independent merchant. Sure, they are "Independent" due to their high prices, potatoes with holes and half rotten apples and I could name many other things.

Pardon such a long letter—my first and I'm so "wound up." I will not offend again.—Mrs. A. H. Kuykendall, Asheville, N. C.

* * *

BRING IN THE GOAT

A FEW lines to compliment you and the staff of the Radio Digest on your good work. I first became acquainted with your magazine two years ago when I saw it on the newsstand. Since that time I haven't missed a single copy. Why not give the Philadelphia stations more of a writeup. I especially would like to see one about The Negro Achievement Hour from station WFAN. This feature is indeed a very fine program and I enjoy it because it is conducted by a member of the negro race, Theodore Miller, known over the air as "Ted Miller." Negro Achievement Hour is broadcast only in the winter and I miss it very much. Enroll me as a member of V. O. L. Club.—Edward Hinton, 11 St. Asaph Rd., Bala, Pa.

* * *

WOODY'S "FOULING PIECE"

I WISH to pass on to you the following bit of punning by Quin Ryan, WGN announcer:

It was at a baseball game at Wrigley Field, Chicago, between the Cubs and Brooklyn. "Woody" English, Cub third baseman, was at bat and had fouled off quite a number of balls. On the next pitch the announcer declared: "There goes another foul by English. That makes about seven or eight fouls he has hit with that fouling-piece of his."—John Kelly, 1823 Woodside Ave., Bay City, Mich.

* * *

MORE POWER TO 'EM

I GET a violent feeling of nausea every time I read the perfectly ridiculous arguments

against high-power which continue to clutter up the best Radio magazines. These treatises on the undesirability of super-power are evidently composed by the descendants of those erstwhile gentlemen, who in the early days of the automobile, created the law that required every gas-buggy to be preceded by a man on foot some fifty feet ahead carrying a red flag to warn the goodfolk that one of the creations of His Satanic Majesty was on the road and to sit tight and hold everything until the diabolical menace was out of range.

I am located sixteen miles airline from the best 50,000 watt station in America. Its 300 foot antenna towers are plainly visible from the roof of my house. Instead of blanketing every degree from 0 to 100 on the dial as every anti-super-power fanatic insists that 50,000 watts would do, I find they were slightly in error. The truth of the matter is: WFAA blankets only two frequencies, 810 and 790. Below WFAA on 820 kilocycles WHAS comes in clearly without any interference from the 50,000 watt giant *visible from this address*. The same can be said of WMC twenty kilocycles the other side of WFAA. Can anybody call twenty kilocycle selectivity only sixteen miles from the station *blanketing*?

Down on 1040 kilocycles is the local bugbear, KRDL which annihilates every frequency between 1000 and 1090 with a 10,000 watt station which is received here with one-half the volume of WFAA although it blankets three times as many waves. "And I'll tell you why." WFAA's equipment is new. It is precision-built, crystal controlled, 100 per cent modulation. It incorporates every principle known to modern radio engineers. It's the last word in radio transmitters. It tunes sharply and sends out a powerful signal. But a 10,000 watt station with old mediocre equipment will blanket ninety or a hundred kilocycles with signal strength much less than that of the sharper tuning 50,000 watt station.

When WFAA had 500 watts it took forty kilocycles to tune it out; but now with 50,000 watts it can be tuned out in twenty kilocycles. Is this a disadvantage of super-power?

This is the static season in the South. From April to October the South is overspread by a blanket of static and exclusive of local stations the only ones that we can listen to are WENR and WTAM, both 50,000 watters. The only thing that can cure the South's static is super-power. On a fair night, WENR, 50,000 watts, 800 miles away, is as loud as WBAP, 10,000 watts, 32 miles away. W. A. T.

* * *

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?

NEARBY stations: KVOO, WOAI, KTHS, KWKH, KPRC, KTRH, and WKY will come in very well and clearly for a few seconds and then the next instant will fade far below the static level for twenty or thirty seconds when they come blaring back in like a local and then right back under the static again. It is this way all evening long. They are too close to be received well. It cannot be said of these stations that they *serve* this area.

These statements that I have made are not fiction or theory. They are cold hard facts as I have found them.

And speaking for the entire South, I entreat: Give us more and more watts.—Eugene Martin, 5446 McCommas Lane, Dallas, Tex.

Listener

NOT OUR FAULT

HAVE been reading your magazine for many months and my home town pride is touched because so little of Radio news from Houston ever gets to your paper. "KPRC" here in Houston is 5000 watts. I notice your list gives it only 2500 watts; showing you are about eight months behind on news.

R. S. Sterling who is running for Governor owns the station and we people of Houston get all the little friendly news of KPRC and the smallest station, KTLG every day on a Radio page of the Houston *Post Dispatch*.—Evelyn Brady, 417 W. 12th St., Houston, Texas.

HIST! MUSICAL DETECTIVE!

ONE of the most entertaining and educational programs on the air is broadcast every Monday night from KNX Hollywood, Calif., at 9:30 P.M. P. S. T. I refer to the half-hour announced as the—Radio Musical Detective—which features in an original way an exposure of "stolen melodies". No favoritism is displayed, as the very latest theme songs and Tin Pan Alley concoctions are taken over the coals. It is about time that the truth was brought home to the public. The musical detective announces first some melody he ran across in his researches, as for example, the Yodel Song—and after his musicians have rendered the number, he discloses that some up-to-date composer (?) highjacked the tune, asking you to listen now to "SHOULD I?" and see if you can find any resemblance. There is no doubt that this program enjoys great favor and a large audience.

The Radio Musical Detective invites the listeners to send in some of their clues, and judging from the many solved mysteries sent in, there is much interest taken all over the nation. Those sending in the results of their sleuth-work, are nominated assistant-detectives of the Radio Musical Detective.

When one listens to this program one comes to ask "What does copyright stand for?" It may be alright to steal a tune from a song which was popular fifty years ago, but those composers (?) are not satisfied with appropriating these and the works of the great masters, but they help themselves even to recent publications. How is it then that there are not more lawsuits for copyright infringements? One is led to believe that everybody is involved in that racket, and that therefore none has the nerve to expose himself to a turn of the table. What one, however, can not explain is the fact that the great talkie companies take those writers under contract, paying from \$200 to \$1,000 a week salary and on top of that a royalty. Surely we have genuine musicians in the United States, writers who do not steal or borrow their melodies. Yes we have, but as a rule they are not connected with Tin Pan Alley or with Hollywood.

How the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, has the nerve to enforce and collect a License Tax for the presentations in Public performance for profit, on some of those tunes as exposed by the Musical Detective, surely is a wonder. In the meantime the talent and genius which we possess here in the United States goes a-begging, finding no publishers to take their compositions, and finding the chain radio stations tied up with the music trust, so that they will not put independent compositions or publications on the air. The only hope for the unknown genius and talent lies with the

independent radio stations of America, and it is to be hoped that every one of them will give at least One Hour per week to present the works of writers not affiliated with the Society or the various talkie-publishers' combines. The Radio Musical Detective program will accomplish a lot toward educating the public that not everything that shines is gold.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, New Mexico.

JUST FOR THAT, MRS. B.!

I AM a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and always read the "Voice of the Listener", because there are some clever and sensible letters written. I rather changed my opinion, when I read the letter of the world's original knocker, Mrs. T. C. Bragg.

So farmers, with no sense of humor, and foreigners just arrived in this country, are the only ones who listen to Amos 'n' Andy, Mrs. Bragg? What a laugh! If you please, I am no newly arrived foreigner, but am a one hundred percent American citizen, born and raised in this good old U. S. A. And I am not a farmer, but certainly wouldn't be ashamed of it, if I was, because they are real honest to goodness people.

If you would only stop to realize, fifty percent of our farmers are high school and college graduates. And I am sure they possess as much of a sense of humor as you, and I hope, a great deal more.

We all have different views and opinions, thank heaven, otherwise this world would still be back in the cave-man era. But since we have different ideas, the world has progressed rapidly. If you don't care for Amos 'n' Andy, I'm sure it isn't compulsory to listen to them, and there are a great number of stations you can turn to. One less listener will not cause them to die of grief, and I know they wouldn't care if you turned to another station.—Mrs. M. A. MacLeod, 1870 Erie St., Hammond, Ind.

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE June number was the first Radio Digest we ever purchased. We certainly won't miss another. We would like to read and see more of WTAM, Cleveland in Radio Digest. It is our favorite station and Gene and Glenn are our favorite program. Jake and Lena are really true to life. Gene is a real genius and Glenn's laugh and piano playing capture your heart at first hearing. Both Gene and Glenn have excellent voices and they blend well together. They are good, clean and well-deserving boys. Let's have more of them.

We also love Johanna Grosse and her fine organ playing.—Micky, Niles, Ohio.

ENDS SEPTEMBER 20th

A FEW days ago I sent in ten subscriptions for the "Radio Digest" also check for forty-one dollars to prepay a year's subscription for each one—one order was in Revelstoke, B. C. for which I sent in five dollars—making \$41.00 in all. I am now working trying to get ten more subscriptions. Will you please tell me what day you have to have the subscriptions in—in order to enter the Radio Contest for the most popular radio announcer or program. I am working in the interests of Jerry Wilford—"The Vagabond of the Air" who is a great

favorite in the West—Canada and elsewhere and we are all hoping to have him among the winners— Mrs. Harry R. Rand, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mr. Jerry Wilford "The Vagabond of the Air" has the midnight hour at KSL in Salt Lake City, Utah.

OH, NATALIE READ THIS!

I WROTE to you several months ago to have an article in the Radio Digest about Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks. You were so kind to have a lovely article in a recent issue. I want to thank you so much. I appreciate your kindness.

Now, I wonder if I could ask another favor of you? I hope you do not mind.

Have you heard of Charles Dameron, crooning tenor at WLW? Of course you have. There was a small picture of him in July issue.

Will you PLEASE have an article about Charles Dameron in real soon? PLEASE! He has had a very interesting life—and plenty of fan following. Oh! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE! have an article about Charles Dameron in real, real soon. PLEASE!

I still say that Radio Digest is the most wonderful magazine ever. Was so thrilled with the Anniversary number. I have been reading Radio Digest for five years and a subscriber for over three years. Oh! what a magazine.

PLEASE! Mr. Brown, have a special article about Charles Dameron of WLW real, real soon. PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!

Thanking you from the very bottom of my heart and wishing you everything wonderful.—Virginia Peters, 2479 Madison Rd. No. 6, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT NOW?

WE bought our Radio the last of February and our first Radio Digest in March and have not missed one since. It certainly is a wonderful magazine for Radio owners. We enjoy it very much because it makes us feel as though we knew the artists.

We agree with Mrs. L. L. Stoneking of Hannibal, Mo., and Miss Madalyn Weaver of Bethany, Ill., by saying that we would rather you would devote all your space to Radio news and artists and leave the fiction for some other magazine which has nothing more important to write about.

Will you please print a picture and a little information about Phil Cook, The One Man Show of the NBC.

Please do not forget that Smiling Ed McConnell promised a picture of Ed Junior upon request. We would like to see it soon, see if mother and dad will hold her while the photographer takes the picture and then we can get a glimpse of them also.

Please print all you can about Floyd Gibbons, as any story of his life could not help being interesting reading. Thanking you in advance we remain.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Jennings, Caro, Mich.

THE VOL GOAT, HENRY!

PLEASE allow me to become a member of the V.O.L. Correspondence Club. I also want to ask you to try and put more material in your magazine about station KTHS at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

I think it is the best station on the air, bar none, not even W. K. Henderson's KWKH or WENR or WLW. I like all three of those stations fine but they are not equal to KTHS. Campbell Arnoux, announcer at KTHS, is about the best announcer on the air.

I would also like for KTHS to have more time on the air as they share their frequency with KRLD at Dallas.—Paul Simms, Hope, Ark.



Here
Comes
the



PARADE of the STATIONS

Excuse, Please, While
We Get Settled—

GREETINGS to the Station Parade: We have been so flustered in packing up and moving all our things from Chicago to New York that it seems the band has moved into the middle somewhere and the drum major got lost in California. We ask your indulgence if the third trombone pipes up in Florida and the piccolo responds from Seattle.

Anyhow—aside from that—how do you like our New York dress? Really?

Just the same we are still the all-American Radio Digest that we have been before. Going to try and give you all the news we can get about your own stations wherever you are. And if you don't see your station getting representation in Radio Digest drop a line to the manager. Tell him to send us a story and some pictures because we are truly anxious to give every station a place in this Big Parade. There are no strings to the proposition.

So here we go. Strike up the band. And the first to come along is Henschell Hart with his story about the Tenth Anniversary of WWJ at Detroit.

Ten Candles

Detroit News Station WWJ
Takes You Back for Decade

By HERSCHELL HART

ONE soft summer night a decade ago, Detroiters hurried through their evening meal, and, as quickly as possible, took their stand before huge white sheets stretched over blank walls of downtown buildings. On these the results of the day's primary election were being thrown by magic lanterns.

If you had been there you probably would have heard more than one conversation like this:

"Well, they can't beat this method of telling us who won the primary, can they?"



Jefferson B. Webb, Manager WWJ and of
Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

"I'll say not—but you know, folks are always tryin' something new. Say, did you hear what *The Detroit News* is doing? NO? Well, they've got some kind of a new contraption—Radio, they call it. They said in today's paper they'd tell us the returns over it tonight—over thin air. Can you imagine that?"

"No, and I'm tellin' you, it can't be done; you gotta have wires—"

But *The Detroit News* station did tell those fortunate Detroiters who possessed crystal sets who won that primary,—did it over "thin air", and WWJ has been doing just that and more ever since.

Now about the time you are seeing this

issue of Radio Digest, *The Detroit News* will be celebrating its tenth birthday. This is an especially proud day for WWJ because records show it to be the first Radio station in the world to inaugurate and maintain regularly scheduled broadcasting programs.

WWJ began broadcasting with a series of experimental programs, on 20 watts power, August 20, 1920. Many years before, men associated with *The Detroit News* had shown their interest in the experiments that later developed this new art.

As early as 1902, the late James E. Scripps, who founded *The News*, and his son, William E. Scripps, now president of the paper, financially aided the wireless telegraphy experiments of Thomas E. Clark, of Detroit.

On August 31, 1920, the public was informed by *The News* that a Radio broadcasting set was operating and that the results of that day's primary would be given. The same year, the results of the world series baseball games, the national election returns and the better class of musical programs were broadcast. Because of WWJ's close connection with *The Detroit News*, its program's standards were watched closely and kept free from the pitfalls of cheapness.

During 1921 the programs were built up. In January 1922 a Western Electric 500-watt transmitter was installed. This was the first of its kind sold by the Western Electric Company. A few years later, WWJ installed an improved transmitter and the 500-watt outfit was presented to the Michigan State College at East Lansing, Michigan.

The first orchestra ever organized exclusively for broadcasting was formed by WWJ. It was composed of members of the well-known Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

This was the year too, that WWJ broke another Radio record. It carried out over the air, to listeners in Michigan and neighboring states, the music of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Victor Kolar.



Miss Marion Martin
W W J
Program Director
Piano Soloist

Since that day, year after year, WWJ listeners have heard the symphony's concerts each Sunday afternoon in season, under the baton of Mr. Kolar. Among the station's best friends has been Mr. Gabrilowitsch; who until recently has refrained from stepping before the microphone in his role as piano virtuoso.

But Ossip Gabrilowitsch has never forgotten those early days and now that WWJ is celebrating its tenth birthday, he is appearing on the gala program as a soloist.

Playing the accompaniment for Mr. Gabrilowitsch is a Little Symphony, all members of the Detroit Symphony, under the baton of Mr. Kolar, associate conductor.

Jefferson B. Webb, manager of WWJ, and also manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, has had his production department arrange an evening of entertainment typical and worthy of this most important event in the life of the station.

VARIETY is the keynote. The Oleaners, directed by Ole Foerch, contribute a period of dance music and features. Other studio entertainers, including Miss Marion Martin, program director, and piano soloist, and John Prosser, baritone and announcer, are being heard.

Master of Ceremonies will be E. L. "Ty" Tyson, a veteran of eight years with the station, and in charge of announcers.

Others on the staff of WWJ who have an active part in the program, are: Robert L. Kelly, assistant manager, and Harold Priestley, announcer.

Throughout its life, WWJ has given of its time and energy to civic benefit. One winter in the early days a storm was so heavy that all communication, including

the Associated Press wires, was cut to many towns and cities in Michigan and Ontario. Realizing the anxiety of the residents of these communities for their friends and relatives elsewhere, WWJ offered its services to the Associated Press. For several days, until the wires could be replaced, news bulletins, information and messages were broadcast both to newspapers and individuals.

AT THIS time, also, WWJ was co-operating with the Detroit Police Department in the tracking of criminals, the suppression of crime, the recovery of stolen property and in helping locate missing persons. This service proved Radio's advantage to the police and resulted in Detroit being the first city in the country to adopt Radio as one of its most important methods of maintaining order.

WWJ became a member of the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company in 1925, the first station in this section of the country to accept these programs.

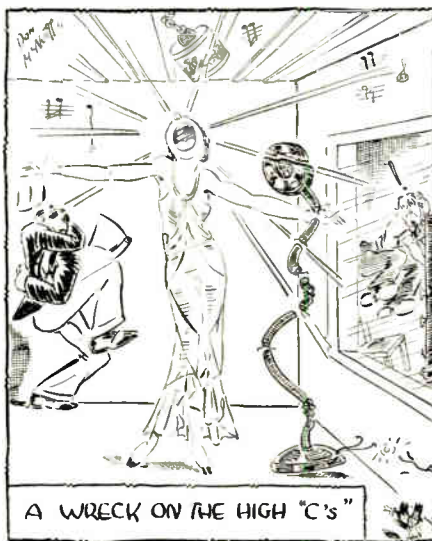
With this entertainment as a basis and active production and program departments, WWJ has become one of the best favored stations within its listening area.

* * *

Just have to look at that call to the South.
It's Louisville—WHAS of the
Courier-Journal

WHAS, Louisville, Has Staff of Sixty Artists

WHEN the manager of WHAS, radiophone of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, calls the staff



roll, a list of artists, formidable as a theatrical revue, is at hand to respond with other entertainment.

The Greater Louisville Ensemble; The Royal Hungarians; Jack Turner; Ray Bahr and his music; Lizabeth Ann; George Weiderhold, basso; Louis Rigo, director, and the *Courier-Journal* Little Symphony; George Austin Moore, monologist; Patty Jean, home economics director; and a multitude of others join the popular announcing staff, Joe Eaton, Don McNeill, S. P. Lewis, Alton Reed, and Bob Horan in the cheerful business of entertaining WHAS' many listeners.

When Mr. Radio was but a babe in arms, and his cries were the embryonic squeals of jazz, the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* adopted him as a further means of serving their territory. On July 18, 1922 after exhaustive tests, the first regular schedule was put on the air. Since that date, without interruption, WHAS has continued to serve its listeners in an ever-widening area with the best possible talent and carefully planned programs. Twice boosted in power, the station now broadcasts with a power of 10,000 watts on a nationally cleared channel and a staff of three-score executives and artists is employed to provide programs for the seventeen hour daily schedule.

Down in old Kaintuck' in particular and almost everywhere in general tuners-in associate the name of Jack Turner with happy hours before the loud speaker. Jack has that happy faculty of radiating his personality across the radio waves so that each listener feels that he is being addressed personally and most tunefully. Possessing a "natural" unaffected voice, Jack can sing them old or new, furnishing his own accompaniment in a sparkling piano or ukulele style. His weekly fan mail looks like a section of a post office in the Christmas rush. And he lately has come into the limelight as a composer of popular airs which have caught on unbelievably well with his listeners, and which he has had published in sheet form. Turner joined the WHAS staff last year, coming from Milwaukee. Prior to that time he had been a headliner at a large Chicago station.

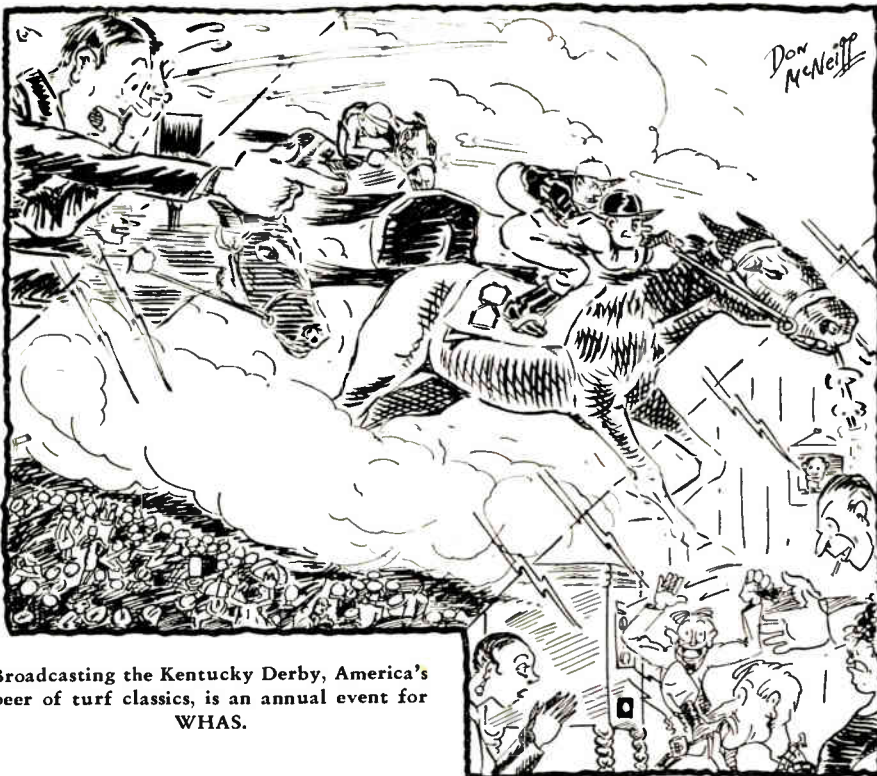
SATURDAY night on WHAS is synonymous with a presentation of the Greater Louisville Ensemble. This mixed quartette and string ensemble has been on the air four and a half years, being the station's first commercial account. The quartet, consisting of Esther Metz, soprano; Anna Scholtz, contralto; Joseph Eisenbeis, tenor; and William G. Meyer, baritone, has appeared in more than two hundred and fifty programs and is still one of the most popular features on the air. Beginning his broadcast on the theory that "the name is the thing", Gustav Flexner, managing director of the ensemble, has steadfastly refused to do the usual and have a lengthy commercial announcement concerning his business. He simply gives

the name of the sponsor, and two hundred and fifty broadcasts can't be wrong.

AN UNUSUAL group to be on the air, apart from one of the networks, are the Royal Hungarians, under the direction of the Gypsy violinist Lajos Ritzko. This spirited aggregation has been a feature of WHAS for more than a year, and the stirring, fiery renditions of Hungarian airs, as well as of popular selections and tunes of various countries, have placed these concerts decidedly in the realm of the sought-after in Radio.

The Man from the South in multiple form is an apt description of Ray Bahr and his Music, real "southland" dance band, whose torrid tempo reverberates from WHAS several nights a week. One of the outstanding dispensers of modern rhythm in Dixie, they play every number in their own unusual arrangement.

Ranking with the best in her line in the broadcast field, Elizabeth Ann, the "child artist", has won a wide reputation as a juvenile impersonator on the air. She writes and directs two commercial children's features on WHAS, taking the leading part in each. Elizabeth Ann is equally at home writing a cute bit of kid poetry.



Broadcasting the Kentucky Derby, America's peer of turf classics, is an annual event for WHAS.

or improvising the wittiest of child sayings which keep the entire staff in an uproar during her programs.

George Weiderhold, basso, is one of a number of operatic singers who has cast his lot with Radio in the past two years. Mr. Weiderhold toured America and Canada for several years with an opera company and has appeared with some of the larger opera companies. He is musical director of WHAS, and in addition to his singing and staff musical activities, he is the gentleman who says "yes" or "no"

to many of the hundreds of audition-seekers at the studio. He is very much at home before the mike as a character man.

There is romance in the career of Louis Rigo, director of the *Courier-Journal* Little Symphony. He came to this country from Hungary as concertmeister of a group of Gypsy musicians. He was concertmeister of the Chatauqua Orchestra for two years, and toured the country with various other musical groups. Now he wields an inspired baton, and produces soulful tones from his everpresent violin in the WHAS studios.

Those who have followed vaudeville undoubtedly remember George Austin Moore, monologist, who was a headliner in that profession for more than a score of years and whose reputation is international. His dialect stories and humorous songs have been heard and enjoyed by American audiences as well as in Canada, England, the Orient, Honolulu, and other parts of the world. Now he has turned to the microphone, and the radio audience has come to look forward to his tri-weekly song and story fests, on WHAS.

Mrs. Louise Huey, "Patty Jean", is director of the home economics department, presenting daily programs which have

an especial appeal to the fair sex. A college graduate, (she majored in home economics) Patty Jean has developed a tremendous following among those who want the latest in chocolate cakes, and what to wear and why.

THOSE special musical arrangements and the new musical numbers heard by WHAS fans come from the pens of Nick Conte, formerly of La Scala, Milan,

Italy; Ted Grubb and Wally Crane, staff arrangers; and Barry Bingham, lyricist.

The announcing staff of WHAS is headed by Joe Eaton, studio director, and is composed of seasoned veterans of the mike. Mr. Eaton came to WHAS from WOW, Omaha, Neb. He has an extremely likable personality which is much in evidence even on the air. He does a bit of clever vocalizing now and then, and the abundance of sweet scented letters in his mail box doesn't spell disapproval.

DON McNEILL, who came to the station from WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis., has a sure, humorous style of putting over his programs which endeared him to WHAS listeners from the start. In addition to his turns at the mike, he is Radio editor of the *Courier-Journal*, does publicity work, and takes a bit of time out to sketch caricatures and cartoons for the Radio section of that newspaper.

Steve Lewis, who addressed the mike from WPTF, Raleigh, N. C., before coming to the Louisville station, is likely to burst into song at any moment, and listeners hear his jolly prattle often through the day's schedule.

Alton Reed, former Texas cowpuncher, who has been in various educational institutions for eighteen years; and Bob Horan, who is actively engaged in social service work, outside of his mike tasks, have been with WHAS since entering Radio.

The WHAS quartette, a feature of a weekly commercial program gives to popular numbers a zest, and modern harmony interpretation which has made the group a great favorite with the fans.

* * *

KMOX Expands

KMOX, the most modern Radio station in the United States has reached completion and will go on the air on July 28th. All equipment even to the smallest insulator is the "latest word." The station is practically fool-proof and every emergency that could possibly arise has been checked. All batteries and tubes are in duplicate and two sources of power are available for supplying the transmitter with current.

KMOX came into being in 1925, underwritten by a group of St. Louis business men. The first program was put on the air from studios in the Mayfair Hotel on Christmas eve and was reported to have penetrated as far north as Alaska and as far south as New Zealand. The site for the new transmitter which is eight miles south of the city's limit, was selected last summer. Work was begun after the first of the year.

George Junkin, director of KMOX, always has maintained an attentive ear to the echoes of approval or disapproval from the listening public. His programs have been constructed accordingly. Thus he has brought the station to its present position of esteem and expanded facilities.

Knows Her Collegiate

WHEN Jane Froman, the "sapphire song bird" of WLW, sings about collegiate love, and dear old alma mater, she knows whereof she sings.



She rises for the school songs of seven different institutions. Before she went to the University of Missouri for degrees in Arts and Letters, and in Journalism, she

had attended the following schools: a convent in Clinton, Mo.; Christian college in Columbia, Mo.; Central college at Fayette, Mo.; Forest Park university at St. Louis, Mo.; and five summers of voice training at the Oscar Segal school in New York city.

Now she spends her days working for a degree in music at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and her nights working for the approval of the Radio audience.

No "blue stocking" is Jane either, in spite of the years she has spent at her books. She's generally considered the prettiest entertainer at the Crosley stations. Her conversation is full of the smartest bits of argot, and her clothes are the envy of every female in sight.

* * *

A Radio Announcer Under Pressure

LEE GOLDSMITH, Station WCKY manager, Covington, Ky., had just gone to Kansas for his vacation. Jerry Akers was stationed at Coney Island for an orchestral broadcast. Maurice Thompson was alone at the studio to handle station announcements.

An artist did not appear. Two minutes to go.

Thompson hurriedly arranged a vocal program, but he could hardly announce his own selections.

Olin Davis, public school superintendent of Dayton, Ky., and sports announcer of the station, appeared. He was taken by two arms into Studio A. He began to protest. Thompson shushed him.

"Shh. We're on the air, and you must announce", Davis was commanded. And then proceeded to lock the door.

Davis had to announce and liked it. Shortly afterward a cop peered through the studio window. Davis insisted that he must go, for "my car is—". But Thompson did not hear the explanation.

Half an hour later Davis was released to the cop to explain why he had parked his car a yard from the curb where signs read plainly, "No Parking". Thompson was sorry; Davis was angry, and the cop? Well, he was one of those good cops who understood, and let Davis go with a reprimand. Davis says he isn't going to visit WCKY for awhile.

* * *

George M. Watson at KSTP

IT WAS in Shreveport, La., as the guest of K. W. "Hello World" Henderson, that George M. Watson took his first try at the microphone. After making his Radio debut, he began the study of music, learning the names of the composers, and visiting station after station in the South, the East and in Canada. He tried his hand at the microphone in various cities on his route, but it was not until he returned to St. Paul again that he shook off his "mike fright" and applied for a position at KSTP. His voice made an immediate hit, and he was put on trial as master of ceremonies of the Early Risers Club.

He is no longer a believer in the old saying that "a man can't make good in his own home town," for his work at KSTP has earned for him a place in Northwestern Radio circles. His hobby is Patsy, his own pet bulldog, and making toy airplanes. For a while he was destined to be a plane pilot and while in Memphis received a state license as a flier. He spent some time in the South handling sight-seeing tours for airplane passengers, but has given up aviation entirely for Radio.



"Rags" Anderson, who won fame as master of ceremonies at WAIU, is versatile in musical accomplishments as the picture shows.

Favorite Teams At KIDO, Boise

STATION KIDO, Boise, Idaho, is the only station in that state of 1000 watts. Daily select features are being broadcast from KIDO—a continuous program from early morn to dewy eve and far into the night. Two of the features are the teams Cecil and Sally and Jake and Elmer, both of which have a large following in that vicinity.

KIDO is equipped with all the most modern equipment and "fixtures" including a full staff of station workers. With the prosperous condition of the state, the spread of Radio listeners is rapidly on the increase.

* * *

An Old Trouper Now Before the Mike

A VETERAN actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now. From his rich store of adventures all over this country and Canada, Mr. Hamlin recalls incidents of other years during this broadcast, and a *Milwaukee Journal* station orchestra plays selections reminiscent of pre-war days.

His Radio role harks back to the infancy of the celluloid industry when he was cast as the rube in Keystone comedies with Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin.

Mr. Hamlin wasn't born in a theatrical trunk, but before he had celebrated his fifteenth birthday, he was playing the title role in the original "Peck's Bad Boy". Soon thereafter he donned golden curls and thoughtful characteristics to become "Little Lord Fauntleroy".

Character parts always have been Mr. Hamlin's forte. At one time he deserted the playhouse for a season with Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch shows, where his disguise as an Indian was so deceiving that Col. Miller himself swore he couldn't tell him from the real Indians in the show.

* * *

WTMJ's Membership Card is Round

The WTMJ Club Four Aces is the only Radio club with a round membership card, and what's more, the only club in the world with a useful membership card!



WEAO student players
in rehearsal

May Be a Kiss in the Dark?

Student Players Broadcast Drama With Lights Out

LIMELIGHT and footlights don't mean a thing in the lives of these intelligent young playfolk of the University of Ohio. It is much easier to work in the dim shadows of the studio with faces barely discernible. The effects to be obtained are not disturbed by distracting realities.

This group of campus actors is entering upon its third season as a regular feature of the WEAO program from Ohio State University.

The players face the mike every Friday at 8:30 p.m. for a half-hour program. Why the "lights out"? Here's the reason. The studio actors found that the bright lights and hubbub of the station kept them from getting in the mood for their parts. They tried turning out all lights except those in the control room and placing a small lamp by each microphone. The idea worked and now whenever the players are on the air the WEAO studios take on a Stygian aspect.

During the two years that the players have broadcast they have given more than

seventy-five performances. Ten of these were special cuttings of Shakespeare, including such plays as *Romeo and Juliet*, *MacBeth*, *Julius Caesar*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Henry IV*, and others of the same type.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's immortal comedy, "The Rivals," was revived and presented when the players celebrated their second anniversary at WEAO this spring.

Modern one-act plays; "three-actors" cut to thirty minutes playing time; dramatizations of short stories and even novels; and a number of original radio plays written by members of the group, have all been included in the players' programs.

GWENDOLYN JENKINS, assistant director of dramatics in charge of Radio drama at Ohio State University, has been director of the players since the beginning of their broadcasts. She has been assisted by David Larrimer, now staff announcer at WEAO, and William Knepper, who has supervised musical settings and sound effects.

Virginia Ferree, prominent in campus dramatics, and Ann Bryan, who has studied

with Jessie Bonstelle in Detroit, have carried many of the feminine leads, while Larrimer and Knepper had added acting to their other studio duties.

The players use the repertory system, with the same group of principals heading up the cast of each of the weekly plays. Additional material is recruited from the ranks of campus dramatic organizations.

Special technique for writing Radio drama has been studied as a new form of literature and eventually it is expected that leading universities will adapt the teaching of it as a part of a regular course in rhetoric and composition.

* * *

Neighbor Palmer of WAIU

By DOROTHY E. REED

GO UP to the twelfth floor of the Deshler Hotel in Columbus, Ohio, any noon, if you think the world's all wrong. Push your way through the crowd. There is always a crowd. Anywhere from fifty to two hundred people, milling (as they say in newspaper parlance) about. Look at their faces.

Tired country women, fresh from a morning's hard work—some of them with sleepy babies in their arms. Farmers, burnt to a dull brick red by the sun. Little boys. Ladies in kid gloves, with jewels at their throats. Everybody. And the same look on all their faces—pure adoration.

You look around for Buddy Rogers, but you don't see him. Instead, you discover a boyish, compactly-built figure seated at a small table. Before him is a microphone. He grins.

"Hello, neighbors!" he cries.

EVERYBODY grins back. Out beyond the Deshler in Columbus, out beyond Columbus in Ohio, thousands of people are turning on their radios. Thousands of people are grinning back. "There's the Neighbor", they say. "There's Fred Palmer, up at WAIU".



Neighbor Fred Palmer, WAIU and his morning's mail.

Neighbor Palmer is conducting his daily farm hour. He reads news items. He cracks jokes. He just talks. Sometimes he sings. His voice isn't like Rudy Vallee's; his jokes aren't the funniest in the world. Why, then, do hard-working farmers hitch their tractors to a fence-post, load up the family Ford, and drive miles just to see him? Why do letters pour into the station from far and near? Why do nice, grandmotherly ladies shower him with cakes and doughnuts and neckties?

Neighbor Palmer is his own answer to these questions. Once you hear him, you stop asking. You let yourself be carried along by the verve of his spirits, the vigor of his personality, the sheer friendliness of his manner. When he grins, you grin. When he frowns and says forceful things about the federal Radio commission, you frown and clench your fists—and sign affidavits. When he talks, you settle down for a regular chat with a next-door neighbor. You can't help yourself.

Visitors flock to the studio, expecting to see a tall, lean farmer, with a sprig of chin-whiskers and blue galluses. When they find a young man a shade over a quarter of a century in age, with neatly brushed hair and a trim dark suit, they

wonder if they've been gyped. But Neighbor reassures them.

You bet he's a farm product—born and raised up in Van Wert County. Home-grown and hand-spanked. Went to a little red school-house. Raised bees for a while, but decided to go out of business when they stung him.

He adds that he has been stung often since, and much harder—and his listeners roar. Not because he has been stung, but because he is laughing at it himself. Only, here and there, you will hear some woman murmur, "Ah-h". You know she wishes she could have been there with soda or lard or whatever you put on stings.

Nothing high-hat about the Neighbor, if he does wear a white collar instead of a red bandanna. He likes to talk about the jobs he has held. When he worked his way through Wooster College and Ohio Northern University, he fired furnaces, waited table, led church choirs, and turned black-face comedian.

HE was a message clerk in the last house of representatives, coming over to WAIU every so often to broadcast a farm program. Pretty soon he couldn't push his way back through the crowds that surrounded the studio when he broadcast. They had to keep him there, so they made him the manager. That was less than a year ago.

Ever since then, Ohioans have been sampling his particular brand of neighborliness, and liking it. Now they have the habit. They couldn't get along without that daily pick-up of enthusiasm, pep, humor and cheery-heartedness that is Neighbor Palmer.

* * *

Washington Calls "KFNF Newsboy"

MR. and Mrs. James Pearson of KFNF, Shenandoah, Ia., are looking to their army of Radio listeners to send them to Washington. Mr. Pearson is known over the entire West as the "KFNF Newsboy" as he originated the idea of giving news digests over the air and commenced that popular feature almost 5 years ago and is still at it. It proved to be a very popular and interesting feature.

Besides that he commenced giving a Sunday school lesson review each week almost five years ago, and even advocated it some months before that. Now each Sunday morning at 8 a.m. (Central time) you will hear Mrs. Pearson sing a couple of inspiring Sunday school songs and then he will give a review of the lesson (International).

He calls it an institute for Sunday school teachers, as he aims to give the interesting high points as helps to the thousands

who listen in, especially those who are teachers.

After the Sunday School period, the station puts on a real old fashioned church service for one hour, and this same "newsboy" is the pastor. It is safe to say Mr. Pearson as KFNF Radio Pastor has the largest Radio congregation of any single station anywhere.

He is not a theologian, but just one of the folks talking to the folks, in a clear strong voice, with clean, easily understood logic.

He is now a candidate for Congress in the 8th District of Iowa and many Radio fans are worrying as to what they will do for a Radio pastor, but Congress needs some "newsboys" like Pearson, say his Radio friends. Because of his great popularity throughout the state old political prognosticators look wise and say he has a good chance to win.

* * *

Donnie James and New Staff

THE fat—(when your correspondent says "Fat" he means adequately plump) and jovial Donnelly James and his Colorado University Serenaders have been a feature over KLZ for years. Their mirth and music from the Broadmoor Country Club has brought hundreds of letters from all parts of the country to this Denver station.

Myrl Harding, a new staff artist at KLZ, is fast making friends with her guitar and crooning contralto voice.

KLZ has its own studio pipe organ and often features Mrs. "Doc." Reynolds at the pipe organ.

The Studio String Ensemble under the direction of Eddie Wurtzbach entertains the KLZ listeners nightly. Franklin Hornaday, Lyric tenor, is often heard in solos and with various orchestras. Mr. Hornaday is one tenor who can sing an "aria" as it should be sung and also has the ability to sing the popular ballads in an interesting way.

* * *

"A GOOD REASON"

Little Mildred loved to meddle with the numerous jars of creams and powders on her mother's dressing table. One day she was being questioned closely about a missing jar of cream her mother had just purchased.

"But Mother Dear," replied the little miss after a long pause in the questioning. "I heard you reading the label this morning and it said, 'Vanishing Cream.—Jon-teel! What else can you expect.'"



Broadcasting from Catfishville

Jimmie Wilson's Catfish Band Popular in Southwest over KVOO

A GLANCE at these fellows might lead you to call them "rank outsiders." And you wouldn't be far wrong; they are an "outside" bunch if there ever was one. An enormous following in the Middle West is familiar with their regular programs over KVOO, Tulsa, Okla., and like 'em. They are Jimmie Wilson and his Catfish Band, playing "by remote control" on the banks of Pole Cat Creek.

* * *

KLZ, Denver, and Its Personnel

BACK in 1920, before the government had assigned commercial calls to the broadcast stations, KLZ, Denver, Col. was broadcasting programs presented by "Doc," "The Mrs." and "Sonny" under the old special amateur call 6ZAF.

In those days, Doc Reynolds was chief engineer, operator and entertainer. Mrs. Reynolds was chief announcer and piano soloist while "Sonny", then three and a half years old, was probably general manager and used to recite over the Radio his

little nursery rhymes regularly every morning.

SHORTLY after the government assigned the call KDKA to the famous Pittsburgh station, KLZ was assigned to this, the pioneer station of the West.

Among the early features presented by KLZ was the broadcast of the Music Week opera, "Robin Hood", from the municipal auditorium. After having made arrangements to broadcast the opera, something hardly dreamed of at this early date. May 1920, "Doc," Reynolds found that the local phone company could not give him telephone lines from the auditorium to his station at his home. "Doc," therefore, moved the mountain to Mohammed. He moved his transmitter to the loft of the auditorium and stretched an antenna between a couple of flagpoles on top the building. The opera was broadcast and heralded as a real achievement in those days. Later followed the broadcasting of the municipal band, the municipal pipe organ, football games, parades and may other events of interest. Progress came in long strides. Each day meant added laurels.

The Eight Victor Artists gave their first Radio presentation over KLZ during these early years. Their appearance over Radio caused great excitement in Denver as they were the first great group of artists to perform over the Radio in this part of the country.

* * *

From the British Navy To the Mike

By CARL T. NUNAN

THE lusty voice of Don Thompson, who daily broadcasts over KPO the "Get Associated With Baseball" periods, was first heard in infant protest twenty-seven years ago in Rangoon, Burma, farther India.

"Ah", chortled his father, Robert D. Thompson, who seems destined to be the last of many generations of famous sea captains of the Thompson clan, "there's a voice as good as any I have ever heard giving orders to cut a throat or scuttle a ship". No doubt this grand old sailorman, who had earned his master's papers before the mast when the law of the ship was a blow and a word, the blow being dealt first by way of authority, looked upon his son and dreamed of another captain to

be added to the Thompson family's long list of sea celebrities. But such was not to be—for Don Thompson had no hankering for the sea—. "And in that", says Don Thompson, who now broadcasts sports exclusively for the Associated Oil Company—"I'm not unlike my father; his only liking for the foc's'tle was the way to get out of it. No siree! Swabbing decks, working a turk's head on a foot rope or furlin' a sail—well there are other things I like to do better".

AT the time of the boy's birth the elder Thompson was a Commander in the Irrawaddy Flotilla with headquarters at Rangoon. Rudyard Kipling has immortalized this same flotilla in his "On The Road To Mandalay"—a song with which Don's mother, herself a former medical missionary at Rangoon, sang her young son to sleep. These words must have brought back sweeping memories of a romance that was hers—"Can't You 'ear the paddles chunkin from Rangoon to Mandalay?"

Don Thompson was brought to Eugene, Oregon, while still a small lad, and there grew to rugged manhood. He is six feet, three inches in height and 212 pounds in weight. During his college days he established himself as one of the country's brilliant football players—a reputation that carried him into the professional ranks where he held his own with the great "Brick" Muller and "Ernie" Nevers. He also starred as an all-around athlete. Tiring of professional football, Don decided upon a career. There were three inviting vocations, according to him, which held promise if one could get in on the ground

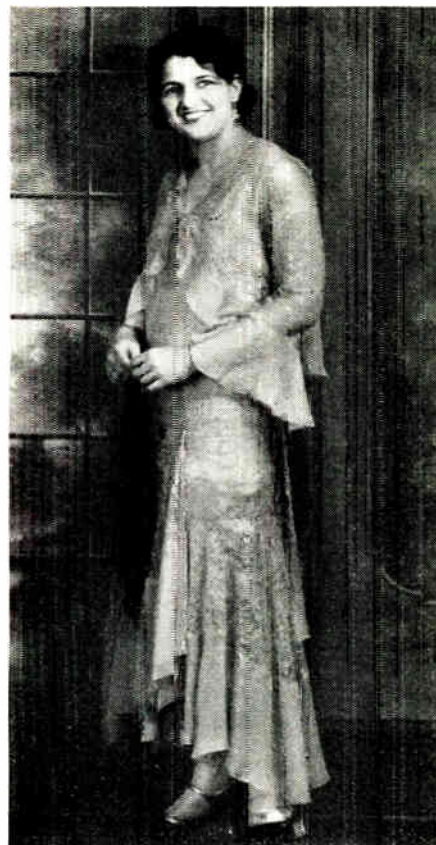
floor; aviation, movies and Radio. As for aviation, he didn't want to fall into something hard. He couldn't see the movies; so he became one of the great Radio fraternity, first as a continuity writer for KPO, then part time announcer, and finally, in a few short months was elevated to "Sports Announcer". And in that capacity he has done a splendid job. His vivid and brilliant imagination, his knowledge of sports, coupled with periodical newspaper training, all aided him in giving KPO dialers the most comprehensive sports broadcasts in the West.

Thompson enjoys his baseball but still he is eagerly looking forward to the opening of the football season in the Fall, when he can again wax eloquent and thrill over the sport in which he gained undying fame.

* * *

"A Small Imitation"

THE programs of WCAH have the makings of chain programs; and why? because none other than the "littles man in the studios" has a couple of hands in the making of them; George Zimmerman is the big little man, and his wife calls him a model working husband, and claims that he's "a small imitation of the real thing". Working right along with Mr. Zimmerman is Howard Donahoe, studio manager, and Anne Lysle Owen, staff pianist; Howard is well known in the studios for his "Quiet!" when the microphone begins to ooze forth its harmonious notes over the air! Howard and Anne work hand in hand in keeping peace and harmony among the Clever Kiddies.



Miss Dorothy Reese, hostess, announcer and pianist at WRAK, Williamsport, Pa.

* * *

OUT in Williamsport, Pa., there is a little fifty-watt station which specializes in home talent artists. It is WRAK and is a community activity in a sense, because the residents in Williamsport are said to feel that it is of, by and for Williamsport. Located in a three room studio in the heart of the town the station reaches an audience of possibly 65,000.

* * *

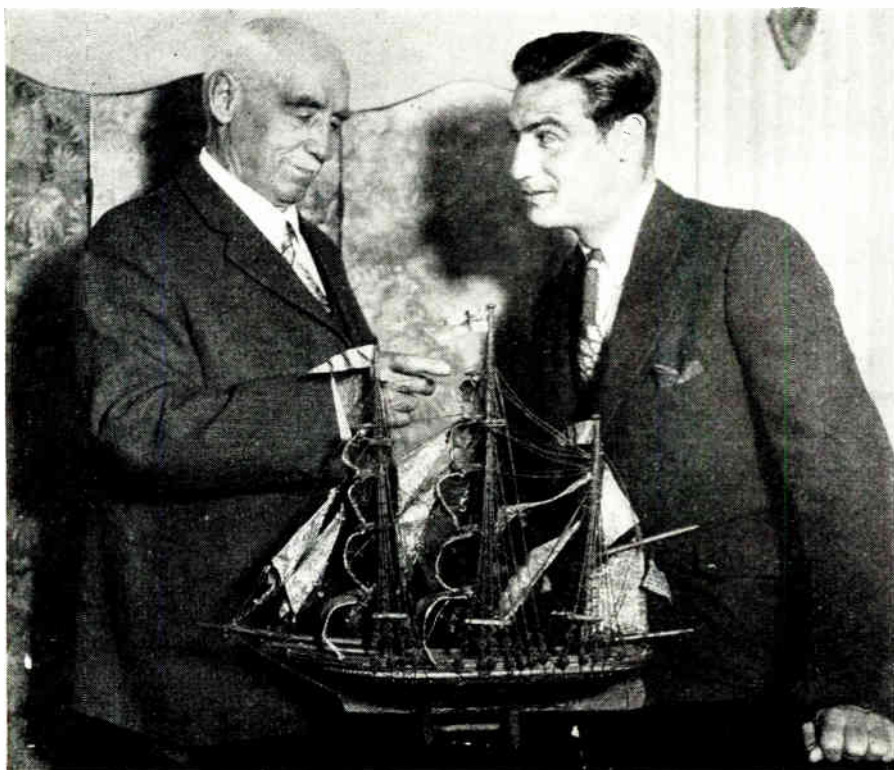
Exchanges Thought Waves Over Ether

"READY—Concentrate—Everybody 'wish!'" So says Cheerio every weekday morning through a national network of stations associated with NBC and heard through WCKY at Covington, Ky.

Maurice Thompson, announcer at WCKY, at this time thinks of his mother out in Oakland, Iowa, and his mother, in turn, of him.

Thompson wrote to his mother that each morning at 8:30 o'clock found him announcing this program. He liked the feature so much he urged his mother to try to tune in the station. After several days of manipulating the dials of her receiver many miles away Mrs. Thompson heard WCKY, and since continues to hear Cheerio through the Covington station.

She wrote to her son that she could visualize him standing by the microphone at that time each day. Thompson had been thinking likewise. They had exchanged thought waves, just as Cheerio suggested.



Don Thompson (right), KPO sports announcer who 'listens in' as his father Robert D. Thompson (left), famous British Sea Captain, tells of a thrilling experience at sea.



Lieutenant S. W. Townsend, sometimes known as the Admiral, at WFJC.

Townsend at WFJC

LIEUTENANT S. W. Townsend of the Naval Reserves, designer and builder of WFJC, Akron, Ohio, is at present operation manager and chief engineer. He spends most of his spare time with the Akron Naval Reserve Unit of which he is the commanding officer. He has built up the unit to, we believe, sixty some men; we do know that there are so many of them that they wear out office carpets through coming in to see the "Admiral".

Sam recently returned from a two-weeks, tour of duty at the naval station, Great Lakes, Illinois. In July he shipped as a Radio officer on the U. S. S. Wilmington. On his return from each cruise he is more enthusiastic over his navy than ever. The Radio duties he has when sailing or at the Naval Station he says are somewhat the same as in the broadcasting game, although the other duties of a naval officer in navigation, gunnery, seamanship and drill keep him from getting bored.

We have tried often to get him to wear his uniform at the studio, and though he isn't bashful he still continues to refuse.

* * *

Enterprising Director

JOSEPH H. UHALT, proprietor of Radio station WDSU of New Orleans, has been appointed Louisiana's state manager for the Fourth National Radio Audition. This is the first year Mr. Uhalt has been placed in charge of the details of the local and state auditions in Louisiana.

Uhalt will search the highways and byways for young singers who have operatic or concert aspirations or both and will offer them the opportunity to compete for a share in the \$25,000 in cash awards and ten scholarships offered the national finalists.

* * *

"We intend to get a national winner or at least a finalist from Louisiana again this year," Mr. Uhalt declares in discussing the 1930 Audition. "Carmen Rosell and Ernest Ferrata, both of New Orleans, were national finalists in 1928 and Frances Tortorich of New Orleans was a finalist last year, and with the energy of our state committee and the enthusiasm already shown this year by young singers throughout the state, we should find a voice which will win first honors in the national finals next December. We are already preparing for local auditions and expect to have more of them and more singers than in former auditions."



Emil Straka, Jr., KSTP

Emil Straka on Symphony

FROM high school direct to the first chair position with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was the musical step which Emil Straka, Jr., new concertmaster of the KSTP Symphony orchestra took some seven years ago. Straka succeeds Howard Colf who has deserted Radio for a honeymoon in the Rocky Mountains.

Straka, a product of the Twin Cities, received his musical education from his father Emil, Sr., who was concertmaster of the Frank Danz orchestra in 1895, which later gave way to the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. Emil, Sr., was

known throughout the Northwest as a composer, conductor, and was active in musical circles generally since he left his home in Prague, Bohemia.

Emil, Jr. took his first music lessons when he was scarcely able to hold a violin. He is 26 years old and has been connected with Radio since its popular inception a decade ago. He is a graduate of the Mechanics Arts High School of St. Paul where he played in the high school orchestra and participated in various musical activities.

* * *

Twilight Hour at WWNC

THE Rev. Clarence McClellan of Fletcher, N. C., has manifold useful interests in addition to his pulpit work and the other duties devolving upon an Episcopal clergyman. Not only are his recent travels in Africa, Syria, Turkey and Greece the subject of certain well-known travel talks over WWNC at Five-forty-five each Sunday afternoon, but he has charge of the "Twilight Hour" which comes at 6:15 on Sundays. He presides at the "Poet's Corner" broadcast on Friday afternoon at four o'clock. An "O. Henry Story Hour" is also in preparation by Dr. McClellan for Radio dramatization.

* * *

Sereno Smith Puts H in Hope

Sereno E. Smith, manager of WCAH, is the man who put the H in Hope, and the Heart in Heartiness! His management is done in an indirect and forceful way and when he leaves the offices, it is only to leave for a seat in the transmitting room where he takes charge of the operations, together with Roy Cook, chief engineer, and Lester Naftger, assistant engineer. The good looks of the engineering department belong to Don L. Hoge, and the man who is "little but mighty" is none other than Leland Wise.



Robert M. Hafter at WDAF Kansas City

Many Ballots Cast for Mystery Announcer

I WISH to bring to the attention of Radio Digest readers the inside dope on our Mystery Announcer, who has been entered in the Diamond award contest by his followers.

Every morning I give the fans a spiel on the contest and how to vote for their favorite announcer, M. A., the shortest announcer's name with the biggest following in Philadelphia.

M. A. which is short for Mystery Announcer, broadcasts an early morning program from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. every morning.

This program is a complete show in itself, being composed of humorous sketches, singing, instrumental music, animals, and the like.

The Mystery Announcer is all of that, being known to no one; and when he makes a personal appearance he wears a mask. On several occasions he

has had to be rescued from the mob of inquisitive women who turn out by the hundreds to try and get a glimpse of him.

The Mystery Announcer was a wireless operator during the world war, being attached to the mine-sweeper division No. 2, and following this, the U.S.S. "G. G. Henry". He was officially commended by Secretary of the Navy Daniels for bravery while his ship was on fire five days out of England. On this occasion, the crew had abandoned ship, leaving the burning boat in command of a captain and crew of four, who finally put out the blaze.

The Mystery Announcer and his gang "Musical clock program" have been on the air over WPEN for over nine months, in which time he has received thirty-six thousand letters from fans, mostly women.

HI-PRESSURE CHARLIE



Herman and Bob of WLAC who won popularity contest over large field of competitors

IN A recent Radio feature popularity contest conducted by a Nashville newspaper, Herman and Bob, with thousands of votes drawn from two hundred and twenty cities and towns in the Nashville area came out ahead and received as their award a beautifully engraved silver loving cup. Herman and Bob appear regularly in the studios of station WLAC, The Life and Casualty Insurance Company's station at Nashville, with Herman singing and Bob playing the piano. It may be "personality", but, anyway, they have an uncanny knack for getting an audience happy.

Editor Manages WTIC, Hartford

TEN years ago a Radio editor and critic came into the lives of Connecticut Radio listeners. Of course that long ago there weren't so many listeners; but as the years rolled by listeners increased and then it was that his name was mentioned by every Radio listener in the nutmeg state.

On the first of August, C. B. Kingston, better known nationally as Bud Kingston, signed "30" to his column, "On the Air", and resigned from the Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Herald*, to become vice-president and station director of WTIC in Bridgeport.

Much of the national fame which Kingston acquired he attributes to the stories published about him in the *Radio Digest*, when it was a weekly back in 1926. At that time he was the first newspaperman to broadcast in Connecticut and was appearing then at WTIC in Hartford as Radio cartoonist. In one issue of the magazine his method of teaching cartoons by Radio was featured as a most novel and yet most entertaining and instructive feature. The statement alone brought national interest and fans in all parts of the country tuned in on WTIC to learn how to become cartoonists. Aside from his interest and knowledge of Radio he is also a cartoonist of no mean ability.



Major Sim's "Highlanders" Broadcast from Woman's Club

Kilties Win Friends For WCHI, Chicago

"WIA hundred pipers and a' and a'!" Stalwart and picturesque in their waving tartans, sporrans and gaiters, each with a cairngorm brooch on his shoulder, these "Hieland" bandmen of Major R. H. Sim "appear" with Sandy Mac Tavish over WCHI, Chicago, every Sunday evening between six and seven.

This station is maintained by the Illinois Woman's Athletic Club. Social and community interests are kept in mind in shaping its programs. As a result of the presentation of the kilties band, sons and daughters of old Scotland who have come down from the Canadian Northwest to populate the Great Lakes area have taken WCHI into its clan.

* * *

"The Anybods" Stir Interest at KMOX

AMONG the features that excite the interest and stir the imagination of the Radio audience, there is one on the air that portrays the life of the average American family in a typical environment. "The Anybods", George and Gertrude, Buddy and Junior, heard every evening over KMOX in St. Louis are just that family.

George is a commuter who likes to tinker with the family bus on Saturday afternoon, runs for president of the Bel-Nor improvement association, is attracted by unspeakable color combinations in ties. Gertrude does her own housework, plays bridge and goes in for spring cleaning. Buddy and Junior are two typical red-blooded American youngsters who play cops and robbers, get into fights and build club-houses in the back yard.

George, of course, always gets in on the 5:50 train. His cheery greeting resounds

through the small bungalow. Occasionally there are people in to dinner. Sometimes Mrs. Wilson, the gossipy neighbor, runs in for a little while. Sometimes there are quarrels in which Aunt Lucy, the soul of diplomacy, never interferes. And so on, through innumerable situations which might happen in any family no matter how well-regulated it is and nearly always do. Any trivial incident in a home may be the inspiration on "Anybods'" program.

BOB HERRICK and Hazel Dopheide, staff members of KMOX, take care of all the parts in these ten-minute sketches. "The Anybods" is in its tenth month now, and Radio listeners continue to follow the act with genuine and unabating interest. Every day brings telephone calls and letters that outline real happenings and incidents. These contributions are woven into the continuity, and probably account to a great extent, for the great appeal that the sketch has.

Surprising as it may seem, "The Anybods" is something more than entertainment. The act has a practical application. It is not unusual for Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick to receive notes from

their listeners informing them that the act has made members of their audience realize just how silly and unnecessary their own real life quarrels and arguments were. As a result—at least so say the writers—they've given up domestic scrapping.

Both Miss Dopheide and Mr. Herrick have had other successes before embarking on the "Anybods". Herrick for two years has been the "Lillie" of "Willie and Lillie", daily black-face feature. He has also written the continuity for this sketch. Miss Dopheide is known for "Memories", one-act play in which she portrays as many as eight characters.

There is one thing that especially intrigues those who listen in on the "Anybods".

"OF COURSE you are married" writes one person. "You couldn't quarrel so realistically if you weren't."

In spite of the realism of their portrayal, neither Miss Dopheide nor Mr. Herrick is married—to the other or anyone else. But they feel confident that they understand domesticity sufficiently to portray the conversation that revolves around the family circle.

Bob Herrick and Hazel Dopheide "The Anybods" at KMOX, they have their ups and downs like any other American home. Their pretended squabbles bring curious letters. Here they are having a morning laugh.



East Meets West Over CNRH

RECENTLY there occurred the inaugural program of Nova Scotia's newest Radio station on the air for the first time. CNRH, the latest link in the Canadian National Railways Broadcasting System, located in specially designed quarters on the topmost floor of the new Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax's newest *hostelry de lux*, has forged the final link extending the CNR system from coast to coast.

CNRV in Vancouver sends its voice over the waters of the Pacific, while CNRH speaks out over the wastes of the Atlantic. All Canadian hookups originating in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Jasper Park, Regina, and Vancouver, as well as Halifax, are the principal schedule of a strong program lineup. East will meet West, despite the "never the twain shall meet". For Halifax programs will be carried right through to British Columbia on chain broadcast and Vancouver programs will be on the air via CNRH.

The studios of CNRH are located on the seventh floor of the Nova Scotian and are the most scientifically designed yet constructed in Canada. The main studio is forty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and has a seventeen-foot ceiling. Acoustical material covers the walls. Mike outlets are also provided in various public rooms throughout the hotel, providing additional broadcast space. Lighting is all through indirect floodlights reflecting from the ceiling. It is almost weird in effect, making the casting of a shadow impossible. Temperature is kept constant by thermostatic-controlled ventilation, thus adding to the trueness of

instruments and voices. There is in addition a small solo studio and a reception room. Mighty loud speakers concealed in the walls of the ball room and the lounge provide entrance for the whisper of a violin in Montreal or the throb of an orchestra in Vancouver. Programs in any part of the Dominion may be immediately available.

The importance of this service in a district so supplied with remote places as Nova Scotia is hard to calculate. From the speaker in lonely lighthouses down where the sea surges sullenly over some hidden reef, white-fanged and angry, to keep vigil with the isolated keeper—come magic voices from all of Canada. Fishermen toiling on the Grand Banks hear cheerful harmony in the cabins and forecastles when nightfall arrives. The farmer, when milking is over, turns his dials to rest from the day's labor in a flood of care-erasing music.



Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Evans of KPO San Francisco

Romance at KPO

A ROMANCE that had its beginning six years ago, when pretty Jean Marie Lindsay and Edmund Evans, played leads in a dramatic stock company owned and directed by Evans at Ogden, Utah, culminated in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Lindsay, 550 Joost Avenue, San Francisco.

Miss Lindsay who is known to radioland as Joyce Lindsay and Evans who is known as "Ed" of the "Sambo and Ed" "Beloved Vagabonds of the Air" team of KPO have both played in "big time" before entering the Radio field and were both noted for their histrionic ability.

The wedding was attended by members of their respective families, Radio stars from KPO and close friends.

The bride looked especially beautiful in a wedding gown of white satin, carrying an arm bouquet of bride's roses and sweet peas and wearing a coronet veil of lace and tulle trimmed with orange blossoms. The marriage ceremony, under a huge wedding bell composed of gorgeous flowers.

Hugh Barrett Dobbs, "Dobbsie" of KPO, on whose programs both bride and bridegroom are featured artists was honor guest of the occasion. Dixie Marsh, played the wedding march.



THE president and founder of Radio Station WNBO, Washington, Pa., John Brownlee Spriggs, seated at his desk in the office located in the Warner Bros. Theater. And, by the way, through his efforts, the station will be the Pittsburgh outlet for the chain of stations operated

by the motion picture producers, Warner Bros., Inc. While not exactly sub-rosa, yet the power of the "man behind the gun" is evident at all times, expanding and increasing the coverage and power of the station, serving the Tri-State area, Pennsylvania, W. Virginia, Ohio, thoroughly.



These Preachers' Bad Boys are pretty good—they proclaim honesty as best policy.

3 Preachers' Bad Boys

THEY were not really bad; just full of mischief and utterly lacking any desire to work. Their sole ambition was to sing and play. The only times their fathers breathed easily was when they could watch the boys from the pulpit. And even then they were never sure that some member of the congregation would not find himself stuck to his chair with chewing gum.

In spite of everything, the boys persisted in singing. When they found each other they made a trio and called themselves "The Vagabonds." As "The Vagabonds" they began their career in a little known and long since forgotten Radio station. The next step was a place in the National networks. Today these Preachers' Bad Boys are featured at KMOX, the Voice of St. Louis.

The Vagabonds produce and announce a feature known as the Nation Wide Vagabond Club and take part with Tony Cabooch in "Anheuser-Busch Antics" over CBC every Tuesday evening. The response to their Vagabond Club was instantaneous. Five hundred letters came in by return mail. Their slogan is "Always Happy and Never Down" and club membership has grown to more than five thousand.

When you ask these Preachers' Sons, "How come?" they say: "We don't know unless it is because listeners believe in our honest effort to make good our promises to them. We try to fill all their requests. Honesty pays."

Calm After Wanderlust

AT TWENTY he's a veteran entertainer and he's done a lot besides entertaining, at that. He has traveled far and wide in his pursuit of several professions, but he is now announcer for KFEQ and intends to stay in St. Joseph, Mo., until his hair turns white.

Stanley Mahurin is his name. He says he has been in forty-nine states, forty-eight in the Union, and the state of poverty. He has hopped many a freight car, but has tooted the saxophone no less merrily for that.

He started out at thirteen as a magazine salesman and those who hear his persuasive voice over KFEQ will understand why he could make \$60 a week even at that tender age, talking people in twenty states into subscribing for this or that worthy publication. He says he looked as old at thirteen as he does now, but that's not really antique, even so.

He finally got weary of tapping on people's doors from eight in the morning until midnight and so got a job as an orderly in a government hospital. This was convenient, for he could play for dances at night and his living expenses were all paid, besides. He bought five fine saxophones, but they all burned when a dance pavilion in Kansas went up in smoke. Nothing daunted, he organized his own orchestra, the Mel-o-Blu, which toured for two years under his baton, with the Edgar Jones Players, a stock company.

After this disbanded, he was with

fifteen different musical organizations, in turn, in every state from California to Florida. He came to St. Joseph to play in a KFEQ orchestra, but now he dispenses information concerning nearly every offering KFEQ presents. He has a wife and little girl and says he is tired of wandering, so he'll stay put for awhile, that is, unless he takes to the air. His hobby is aviation.

* * *

Young and Active Is WBOW

WBOW, "On the Banks of the Wabash, in Terre Haute", is a Radio title famous throughout the Wabash Valley. Heard daily in thousands of Indiana and Illinois homes, it emanates from this popular 100-watt station, located on the campus of the Rose Polytechnic Institute five miles east of Terre Haute. WBOW's new studios are located in the heart of Terre Haute.

In its sixteen months of operation under the present ownership, WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind. has distinguished itself as an active and enterprising low-powered station. Its record contains many things to be proud of. For instance, WBOW was the first American station to broadcast an address by Sir Phillip Baring Greet, who personally visited WBOW's studios last January. Sir Phillip Greet is the venerable leader of the famous Ben Greet Shakespearean Players who are touring America; and although Sir Phillip has broadcast several times from London and Paris stations, he chose WBOW's studios for his American Radio debut.

Perhaps WBOW's most popular feature is its rube specialty team of "Si and Ezra". These two rustics of the air are known far and wide and are kept busy filling their many out-of-town engagements, for personal appearances.

* * *

Tom Coates at WEBC

FAMOUS among the popular features WEBC presents weekly, with Tom Coates at the microphone and Maestro di Leo on the conductor's stand, are "The Arrowhead" program and "The Arcolians"—both of which are heard also through WCCO in Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

In the presentation of the "Arrowhead Anglers", a true musical depiction of the splendors of the great Northwest's forests primeval is offered. Dorothy Shane, soprano, and Tom Coates are the soloists in the weekly appearance of the Arrowhead Anglers.

Among the other personalities at WEBC, are Jimmie Payton, master of ceremonies of the Early Risers' Club; Leland McEwen, staff organist; Jack Delahunt—the "personality boy" with the crooning voice; Tommy Gavin, president of the Advertising Club of Duluth.

Table listing radio stations with columns for Meters cycles Watts, Kilo- (199.9, 201.6, 202.6, 204, 205.4, 206.8, 208.2, 209.7, 211.1, 212.6, 214.2, 215.7, 217.3) and Call Signal Location. Includes stations like KDB Santa Barbara, Calif. and WJAZ Mt. Prospect, Ill.

Table listing radio stations with columns for Meters cycles Watts, Kilo- (218.8, 220.4, 222.1) and Call Signal Location. Includes stations like KCRRC Enid, Okla. (day) and WFLB Jacksonville, Fla.

Table listing radio stations with columns for Meters cycles Watts, Kilo- (223.7, 225.4, 227.1, 228.9, 230.6, 230.6, 232.4, 234.2, 236.1, 238, 239.9) and Call Signal Location. Includes stations like KFPW Siloam Springs, Ark. and KID Boise, Idaho.

Official Wave Lengths

Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any DX station by quick reference

MYSTERY ANNOUNCER

DRAWS BIG VOTE IN

DIAMOND AWARD

See Rules and Conditions on page 100

YOU have until September 20th to vote in Diamond Meritum Award Contest. New votes, new nominations—better than all—new letters, interesting letters, stating in no uncertain terms the reason why such and such an artist, program or announcer, is the recipient of the attention. These still continue to come to our desk.

The Mystery Announcer of station WPEN, Philadelphia, comes in now for his due. There has been the last few weeks a vast demonstration in his favor. Listen to a few of the encomiums of the redoubtable M.A. of WPEN:

"He's different from all other announcers or artists", says Miss Clara Kinzle, 2132 East Birch St., Philadelphia. "There are no programs that can touch his. Everyone has gotten so much enjoyment from them that he gets my votes without hesitation.

"He spreads sunshine to his unseen Radio fans!" is a short but sweet sentence in which Miss E. Fleming, 2245 S. 24th St., Philadelphia, announces her preference for the Mystery Announcer!

Mrs. J. W. Smith, 3328 Creswell St., East Falls, Philadelphia: "I vote for this Mystery Announcer because I want him to gain something for his splendid efforts."

"I can't begin to tell you how wonderful I think The Mystery Announcer is! When ladies get up early and stay up from 6:30 on, just to hear him and his gang, why it's a sure sign he's good. The men also enjoy him. Why, my husband hates to go to work!" Thus declares Mrs. Beatrice Johnson, 2424 N. Broad St., Philadelphia.

"Why has the Mystery Announcer not been nominated before?"

I think he is a dear and his program is good, *and funny!* I like fun and WPEN is a station all to itself in that respect. Our Mystery Announcer greets you with a smile and a cheer at 6:30 and at 10:30 signs off the same way. He has a huge lot of admirers and it is only fair we should try to win him something for his kindness and his goodness."

People need cheering up early in the morning more than any other time, thinks Mrs. Florence Kerr, 370 Harrison Ave., Upper Dailey, Pa., and that is the reason that the haunting program of the Mystery Announcer stays with you all through the day. And there is Mrs. Madelyn Patten, 4010 Glendale St., Philadelphia, who apparently thinks the same.

But the Mystery Announcer is not alone the recipient of honor this month. Not by a long shot. The National barn dance at WLS comes in

for commendation and votes from Mrs. C. L. Walton, 2381 Greenway Ave., Winston Salem, N. C. From Mark Twain's town, Hannibal, Mo., (also the home town of Raymond Warren, Lincoln biographer, whose article appears in this issue of Radio Digest) a lady writes in to vote for her favorite, but fails to mention, in the letter accompanying the ballot, the name of the gentleman (for we feel sure it is a gentleman!) for whom

she casts her vote! And since the ballots, immediately they are received, are put in a special box along with thousands of other ballots (the letters coming to the editorial desk) it is manifestly impossible for the editor to determine for whom this lady (Mrs. J. T. Mills, 418 Oak Street, Hannibal, Mo.) desires to cast her vote. As a suggestion to other ballot casters, we'd like to request that you name the artist, program or announcer for whom you vote *in your letter as well as your ballot.*

BUT to proceed with a few more evidences of interest in the contest and the contestants... Fred Palmer of WAIU, Columbus, Ohio, comes in for a "lift" from Mrs. Viola Krebs, Upper Sandusky, Ohio, . . . Miss Mabel Valenteene, Highlands, New Jersey, says that she and the whole of Highlands are rooting for Jean and Glenn and their characters, Jake and Lena. Here is another enthusiast for Pat Barnes recently of WGN, Chicago,—“the man who gives the best entertainment and the finest of everything.”

“There is nothing on the air the whole day long equal to Tom Grierson, organist at RKO Palace Theatre, Rochester, New York. He is an

announcer as well. Let's have a picture of Grierson while you are counting his votes.” That's what Mrs. Mary H. Stratford, Cape St. Vincent, New York, thinks; and we've no doubt there are plenty who agree with her.

Miss G. Hall, Madison, Wis., says that while we all have our favorite organists, there is little doubt in her mind that Mac Bridwell, organist at WIBA, Madison, should take the first money. For dance music, nobody can touch the Coon-Sanders orchestra.

“Irvin Bergman, WEBR, Buffalo, N. Y., gets our vote,” writes Mrs. J. Mercio, 254 Trenton Ave., Buffalo. “And it's too bad he is not on a more powerful station so you can hear him, too.”

REMEMBER—This is your last chance. All votes must be in by September 20, 1930. See bonus conditions on page 100.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

I Nominate

Station

(Call Letters)

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed

Address

City

State

Number **7**

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program)

(Call Letters)

(City)

(State)

Signed

Address

City

State

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

THEY'VE GOT HIM WRONG

Fred J. Hart, working farmer and presiding genius at the helm of KQW, San Jose, California, is perhaps the most misjudged of the studio staff. Most listeners hear a "thin" voice and picture him as a little fellow, but in



reality he is six feet four and tips the scales at more than 200.

Besides reading the California Farm Bureau evening news at KQW, Mr. Hart operates a productive ranch over in Salinas Valley, in Monterey county, which is famous as a neighbor of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Within the Farm Bureau group is the cow-testing association through which scientists prove from time to time that cattle are highly susceptible to music to the extent that an increase in lacteal fluid is noticeable in the milch-cow.

So genial Fred Hart and his co-workers play "The Milky Way," and other numbers and give nice, stimulating lectures to the kindly bovine for the farmers who equip their milk-barns with loud speakers.

INDI-GEST has often wondered what, if any, reaction there might be to such a scheme. Here, in her own words is the story:

BOVINE LAMENT

I'm an old scrub cow with a warbly hide
And a ring-streaked and speckled bull
calf by my side.

He's ashamed of his mother, I'm not
proud of my son;
Of pride in our ancestry, there's room
for none.

My dam was a blue cow with horns and
legs long,
While dad was a brindle Jones bought
for a song.

They were long-haired, thick-hided,
wild-eyed and boney
Now one is in cans, the other boloney.

I have always meant well and tried to
do right,
But trying's not doing if you haven't the
might.

I had a good home with plenty to eat,
And a boss whose good nature could
hardly be beat.

Cash for Humor!

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

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

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

In fact, he was "easy"—no judge of a cow,
For he called me a good one—an error,
and how!

But the Test Association threw a wrench in my gears
And shortened my life by a number of years.

The tester looked like the kind of a guy
Who could see through a sham with one glance of his eye.

Three-two was my test, when it should
have been seven,
And that's why I'm well on my way to
cow heaven.

One favor I crave—be so kind, if you
would,
Inscribe on my gravestone, "She gave
all she cud!"

* * *

FOOD FOR A CHILD

Karl Stefan, veteran announcer, of WJAG's noonday program had just finished telling about a Chicago man. This Chicago man had been brought into court for stealing cigars. His plea was something to the effect that it was done to get food for his children. Karl said: "This man must have over-estimated the number of calories in the cigars."

* * *

CHIROPRACTIC SONG

One of the KMA Country School pupils asked:

"May we sing the chiropractic song?"

"What's that?"

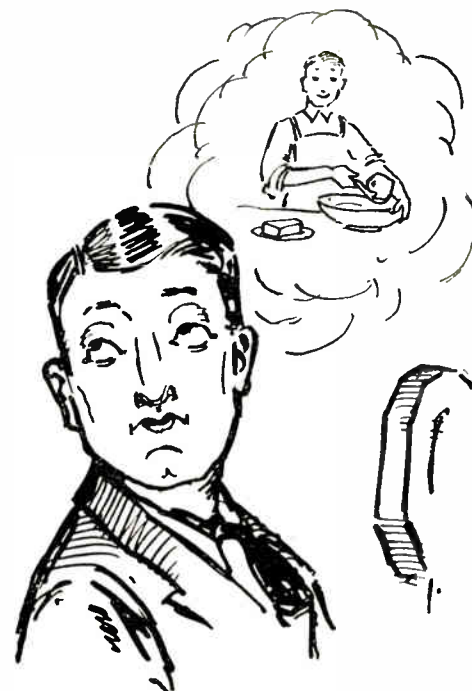
"A-Jus-Just You, Jus-Just Me!"

Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan Street, Wayne, Nebr.

* * *

WHAT! NO BUTTER?

One of the most amusing things I have heard over the Radio was Harold Van Horn broadcasting over WMAQ the Grennan Cake Program:



Specializing on "Angel" food cake, he mentioned "Only the best butter is used."

We all know no butter is used in this cake so this must have been amusing to housewives.—(Mrs.) Edith Woodbridge, 4026 N. Mozart St., Chicago.

A SCEPTIC

Here is a bit of fun I heard over the Columbia System the other day. Believe you will get a laugh out of this story.

A prospective convert was being interviewed by a colored preacher like this,

"Brother Jones do you believe in the Bible?"

"I sure does."

"Well do you believe that Daniel was shut up in a den of lions and they never even touched him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now do you believe that the Hebrew children was put in the fiery furnace for about a week and was not burned at all; not even an eyelash was scorched?"

"No, sir. I don't believe it can be done."

"Well I am sorry, Brother Jones, but you can't join our church unless you believe all of the Bible."

"I just can't believe no one could



WRITE A LINE

BY ANTHONY EUWER

You folk who settle down and say
"Let's see what's on the air today",
And cock your hard-boiled ears the
while

You click her on and twist the dial
Until at last you've switched into
Something that really interests you—
To you I say: If you should like
The stuff we pour into the Mike,
Why don't you just take up your pen
And write a line and say so then?

You listener folk! Your presence we
Must take on faith—we can not see,
We can not see one little smile
Or hear one word of praise the while!—
No plaudit comes of any kind.
To your response we're deaf, dumb,
blind.

The only way that we can tell
Is when some letter breaks the spell.
So—should we please, just take your
pen
And write a line and say so then.

stay in de furnace a week and not get
burned, and since I can't join de
church I ain't so sure about that lion
story either."

I like Radio Digest very much so
must tell a joke on myself. I got a
card through the mail and thinking it
was for Radio Digest I filled it out and
returned it and what was my surprise
and disappointment to find out that the
paper was the Literary Digest. Do you
wonder that I now look the card over
pretty good before I send it?—Mrs. W.
D. Cooper, 3001 Mitchell Ave., St.
Joseph, Mo.

WHY NOT THE HUTEL YOTAW?

Here's a good one pulled off by David Lawrence (NBC) while broadcasting the meeting of Governors in the Hotel Utah.

He said. "We are gathered here in the Hotaw Utel."—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Ave., Lexington, Ky.*

* * *

BRIGHT SAYINGS IN COURT—

Heard over KFOX June 27.

District Attorney. "What is your name?"

Prisoner. "Sparks."

District Attorney. "What is your occupation?"

Prisoner. "Electrician."

Judge. "What are you charged with?"

Prisoner. "Batteries, your Honor."

Judge. "Lock that fresh guy up in a dry cell."—*Harry Westgate, Jr. 1195 Washington Ave., Pomona, Calif.*

* * *

IN FRIENDLY DENIAL

"You have been entertained," they say
Across the Radio

When programs end. Been entertained?
And how! We'd like to know?

With music ending in a blast?
With words that faded out?
With static, grunts, and other things
Not fit to talk about?

Yet all announcers, heedless of
The hardships we've sustained,
Persist that "For the past half hour
You have been entertained."

—*Brown Hilton, Salem, Va. R.F.D. 1*

* * *

While listening in on WLW at 10:30
A.M. one of the tenor singers was singing. "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." which he ended by singing "The Sweetheart of Six other Guys."—*Mr. A. M. Davis, Knoxville, Tenn.*

ONE ON DAVY

On Thursday, July 24, Davy Lee (the child movie star) entertained on the Air Junior program from WENR. After Davy had entertained Everett Mitchell made him a member of the Air Juniors because it was a club for happy boys and happy girls and he knew that Davy was going to be a "happy boy and girl."

On the same evening while listening to WENR I heard Harold Isbell say. "You will now hear smiling Little Joe Warner singing with organ accompaniment 'Just One Moment,' which sounded as if he were to sing one moment.—(Miss) Marian North, Box 2, Perrysville, Ind.

* * *

ANNOUNCERS GET MIXED UP

While listening in one Saturday morning to an organ recital by Arthur Chandler, Junior, the announcer (either George Shafer or Sydney TenEyke) certainly got mixed up. He first said,

"This selection concludes Arthur Junior Chandler's program." Making another attempt, he said, "Junior Arthur Chandler has concluded his program."

Finally he begged the pardon of his audience and then got Arthur Chandler, Junior's name correct.

About two weeks ago, John S. Young, in announcing the Pure Oil program at the end of the hour, said that Puroil had pep that would suit a Scotchman's purse. In the middle of this announcement he giggled. I thought maybe he or some one in Vincent Lopez's Orchestra were Scotch. More power to your column, I N D I.—*J. P. Frank, Jr., 226 North Second Street, Danville, Ky.*

* * *

AND THEN HE TOOK UP GOLF

Golfer: "Well, Caddie, how do you like my game?"

Caddie: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."



Helen Olheim on the Kodak Hour. Thursday, 10 p. m., CBS., EDT.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Around the Samovar'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Sunday at Seth Parker's'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Reminiscences'.

Monday

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Cheerio'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Ida Bailey Allen'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Radio Household Institute'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'National Farm and Home Hour'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Roxy and His Gang'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Maytag Orchestra'.



John Gurney one of the Roxy Gangsters. Monday, 7:50 p. m., EDT.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Physical Culture Magazine Hour'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'General Motors Family Party'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Chesebrough Real Folks'.

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy'.



Genia Fonarivova in Troika Bells, NBC, Tuesday, 8 p. m., EDT.

Tuesday

Table with 4 columns: Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific. Lists radio stations and frequencies for 'Cheerio'.

Table with columns for Eastern (10), Central (9), Mountain (8), and Pacific (7). Includes 'Ida Bailey Allen' and 'Radio Household Institute' sections.

Table with columns for Eastern (8:00), Central (7), Mountain (6), and Pacific (5). Includes 'Pure Oil Concert' and 'Evening Programs' sections.

Table with columns for Eastern (8:30 a.m.), Central (7:30), Mountain (6:30), and Pacific (5:30). Includes 'Cheerios' and 'National Home Hour' sections.



The Crawford Trio—Mrs. Jesse, Jessie and Jesse. CBS, Monday, 10:30 p. m., EDT.

Table with columns for Columbia Revue (12 n., 11, 10, 9) and National Farm and Home Hour. Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Table with columns for Westinghouse Salute (12:45, 10:30 p.m., 9:30) and Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour. Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Table with columns for 10 a.m. (9, 8), 10:45 a.m. (9:45, 8:45), and Mary Hale Martin's Household Period. Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Table with columns for National Farm and Home Hour (11:45, 10:45) and Columbia Revue (12 n., 11, 10, 9). Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Table with columns for Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra (12:45, 11:45, 10:45, 9:45, 8:45, 7:45) and The Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Table with columns for Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy (11:30, 10:30, 9:30, 8:30) and The Yeast Foamers. Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Table with columns for The Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy (10:45, 9:45, 8:45, 7:45) and The Yeast Foamers. Includes station frequencies and call letters.

Wednesday

Table of radio frequencies and call letters for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for Mobiloil Concert, Sylvania Foresters, Forty Fathom Trawlers, Halsey, Stuart Program, and Palmolive Hour.

Table of radio frequencies and call letters for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for La Palina Smoker, Philco Hour, Coca Cola Topnotchers, Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy, and Cheerio.

Table of radio frequencies and call letters for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for Busy Fingers, Radio Household Institute, Columbia Revue, National Farm and Home Hour, and The Pepsodent Program.

Thursday



Marguerite, Frances and Virginia of Morgan, Morgan and Morgan, NBC, Friday, 3:30 p. m.

Table of radio frequencies and call letters for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions. Includes sections for Fleischmann Hour, The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy, and Fleischmann Hour.

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.
206.9	1450	WJC	380	790
209.8	1430	KECA	441	680
225.6	1330	WSAI	484	620
245.9	1220	WCAE	492	610
265.5	1130	KSL	509	590
300	1000	WOC	509	590
316	950	WRC	509	590
319	940	WCSH	517	580
326	920	KOMO	535.4	560
326	920	WVJ	536	560
337	890	WJAR	545	550
361	830	KOA	545	550
380	790	KGO		

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.
201.3	1490	WFBL	316	950
212.8	1410	WBCM	319	940
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930
219	1370	WGL	323	930
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900
223.7	1340	WGHP	500	600
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580
232.6	1290	KDYL	526	570
234.4	1280	WDOJ	536	560
238	1260	KOIL	545	550
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550
267.7	1120	WISN		

11:30		10:30	9:30	8:30
Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.	Key Station—Chicago Studios			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800
234.2	1280	WFBC	379.5	790
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740
252	1190	WQAI	447.5	670
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650
283.9	1020	KYV	483.6	620
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610
325.9	920	KOMO	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.
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550

8:15		7:15	6:15	5:15
Morning Devotions.	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790
300	1000	WOC	441	680
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590
326	920	WVJ	536	560
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550

8:30		7:30	6:30	5:30
Cheerio.	Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900
205.4	1460	KSTP	366	820
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790
252.1	1190	WQAI	405	740
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660
277.8	1080	WBT	483.6	620
280.4	1070	WTAM	491.5	610
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600
312.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580
325.9	920	KPRC	536	560
325.9	920	WVJ	545.1	550

Eastern 11:15 a.m.		Central 10:15	Mountain 9:15	Pacific 8 15
Radio Household Institute.	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
295.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	800
227.3	1320	WSMB	365.6	820
232.4	1290	WEBC	374.8	800
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790
251	1190	WQAI	384.4	780
263	1140	KVOO	404.2	740
303.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620
288.5	1040	KTHS	483.6	620
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550
333.1	900	WKY	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.
205.5	1460	KSTP	336	920
222.2	1350	KWK	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WSMB	333.1	900
230.4	1300	WCAE	345	870
232.4	1290	WEBC	345	870
236.1	1270	WJDX	366	820
245.9	1220	WREN	375	800
252.1	1190	WQAI	380	790
260.9	1150	WHAM	384.4	780
263.2	1140	KVOO	390	770
263.2	1140	WAPI	394.5	780
265.5	1130	KSL	399.8	750
277.8	1080	WBT	405	740
288.3	1040	KTHS	429	700
294.1	1020	KFKX	441	680
299.8	1000	WOC	462	650
303	990	WBZA	484	620
303	990	WBZA	484	620
306	980	KDKA	492	610
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590
325.9	920	KPRC	509	590

7		6	5	4
The Peppodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.	Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980
238	1260	WJAX	312.5	960
260.7	1150	WHAM	315.6	950
270	1110	WRVA	394.5	760
277.6	1080	WBT	440.9	680
302.8	990	WBZ	462	650
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560

9:00		8:00	7:00	6:00
General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).	Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800
234.2	1280	WFBC	379.5	790
252	1190	WQAI	384.4	780
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610
319	940	WCSH	499.7	600
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550
344.6	870	WLS	545.1	550

9:30		8:30	7:30	6:30
Hank Simmon's Show Boat.	Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
204	1470	WKIB	275.1	1090
212.8	1410	WBCM	315.6	950
215.7	1390	WHK	319	940
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900
230.8	1300	KFH	370	810
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780
232.6	1290	KDYL	447.5	670
234.4	1280	WDOJ	492	610
238	1260	KOIL	491.5	600
238	1260	WLBW	500	600
243.8	1230	WFBM	516.9	580
243.8	1230	WVAC	526	570
256.3	1170	WCAU	516.9	580
258.6	1160	WQWO	536	560
267.7	1120	WISN		



Will Osborne, NBC, Friday, 11:30 p.m., EDT.

10 p.m.		9	8	7
B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.	Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)			
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	374.8	800
206.8	1450	WFK	379.5	790
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780
245.6	1220	WCAE	405.2	740
252	1190	WQAI	416.4	720
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680
265.3	1130	KSL	440.9	680
277.6	1080	WBT	454.3	660
282.8	1060	WTIC	468.5	640
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590
325.9	920	WVJ	516.9	580
333.1	900	WJAX	535.4	560
333.1	900	WKY	535.4	560
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550
365.6	820	WHAS		

Paramount-Public Radio Hour <th colspan="2">WABC (348.6-860) </th>		WABC (348.6-860)	
Key Station—W2XZ (49.02m-6120kc) <th colspan="2"></th>			
Meters	Kc.	Meters	Kc.
201.2	1490	WLAC	267.7
204	1470	WKBW	275.1
204	1470	KJFF	285.7
208.2	1440	WJEC	288.3
212.8	1410	WBCM	312.3
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6
215.7	1390	KLRA	319
223.7	1340	KFPY	319
223.7	13		

Individuality

"THE general lines of the coming Fall fashions will be last year's confirmed and elaborated," said Carolyn Cornell when I interviewed her at the Radio Home-Makers Club after her return from the Paris openings.

"When the drastic changes came in late last year," she continued, "dressmakers were just a little bit uncertain of the way women would view a return to feminine lines and frills. Therefore, such important details as waistlines, skirt length, design and cut were all rather vaguely defined. But after the amazing success of the new clothes during the past nine months, the fashion experts are no longer wary. Every question has been definitely answered and it will be much easier for women to follow the mode this season—and for many seasons to come, for I predict femininity is with us to stay."

That is certainly good news to all of us who found our last Summer's clothes entirely outmoded this year. Now we can go ahead and plan our wardrobes with the knowledge that anything we buy will still be good when another season rolls around.

Restrained lavishness and elegance are the keynotes of the coming mode with luxurious fabrics, intricacy of cut and generosity of yardage characterizing Fall clothes.

Lovely things have been done with wools and worsteds for Autumn. The tailored street dress, Miss Cornell reports, is the last word in Paris for morning wear, fashioned of lightweight worsteds, particularly in dark colors brightened with flecks, nubs or dots of rayon.

"The importance of rayon-patterned worsteds cannot be overestimated," she said. "They will be worn by all women, regardless of age or size, and they are stunning. There was a regular epidemic of worsted dresses pin-dotted with rayon on the mannequins at the Longchamps races."

AMONG the outstanding details of the Fall mode Miss Cornell reports belted dresses and coats, even hemlines, pleats, boleros, peplums, flounces and lingerie touches, such as collars, cuffs, gilets and vestees. Mannishness, of course, is definitely out and sophistication takes its place with a subtlety that is intriguing.

Waistlines are firmly placed at a point midway between the top of the hipbone and the normal waist. A famous French dressmaker told Miss Cornell that they only make the very high waisted clothes

in

Autumn

Styles

for American export. It is true that we have a way over here of going to extremes that is really deplorable. When short skirts were the thing it was only in this country that they were worn above the



From Best & Company

Copy of Jane Regny evening gown.



From Best & Company

THE GLENCONNER, Soft felt with ribbon band; dark brown with a brown and beige checked scarf.

knee. One of the things that Carolyn Cornell is so emphatic about is that American women must give up this unfortunate habit of over-emphasizing fashion details. The experts who design our clothes know just how far they can go without making us look awkward and freakish and it is rather foolhardy for us to try to improve on their taste.

Another thing Miss Cornell was insistent about is the fact that in dressing, as in everything else, individuality comes first. Thanks to Dame Fashion, we have at last definitely renounced the uniform style that was brought about by the exigencies of wartimes and which lasted right up to 1920. No woman should blindly follow fashion trends without taking into account her good points and her bad ones. If your costumes retain the general tone of fashionable smartness adapted to suit your own needs, you will have that indescribable something we know as "chic." Anything else is wrong.

By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting System

*Radio Fashion Experts
Outline the Latest Mode
for Fall Season
Emphasizing a
Return to Extreme
Feminine Lines
and Frills*



From Best & Company

A Vionnet coat done in brown and beige tweed with brown leather belt and brown wooden buttons.

But to get back to the dresses Miss Cornell saw—woolens predominated for informal daytime wear. The favored colors were all dark; black, of course; a deep midnight blue, dark garnet, dark greens, and a rich dark brown which is sure to be popular over here. These smart tailored frocks were all relieved by lingerie touches—piqué collars and cuffs, silk gilets, and the like. The dresses were all belted, with narrow belts of leather or the dress material of the same or contrasting colors.

If you do not like belts, however, you can easily dispense with them and indicate the waistline with an indentation, the hips outlined in pin tucks or shirring.

THE new skirt length for street and sports wear is four or five inches below the knee, a dashing youth-

ful length that still retains the dignity of the new mode. Afternoon dresses reach well over the calf in the smart fall costume while more definitely formal gowns, for afternoon teas and bridge or the matinee, swish about the ankles. Evening gowns will just clear the floor this Winter with trains reappearing on the regally formal creations.

Among the silk dresses exhibited in Paris crêpe led all the rest, with the old favorite, canton crêpe, predominating. Marocaine, flat crêpe, ribbed and semi-sheer textures are all good but satin was only seen in a very dull finish. Skirt fullness was stressed with circular cuts and godets. Pleats are coming back; from deep box pleats to the accordion variety, all around the skirt or in groups in front. The wide box pleats, which were shown mostly on tailored cloth frocks, were stitched to a point midway between the hip and the knees and then allowed to hang free.

Fancy sleeves will be seen a great deal this fall. Cuffs, scalloped edges, and contrasting facings to match vestees and collars will be good. Miss Cornell particularly noted several dresses with sleeves that flared above the wrist coming down in a tight cuff.

As has always been the case, black will be the favorite of the smart woman for her Fall wardrobe. Brown, the deep, rich shade Miss Cornell noted in Paris, will probably give blue a close race for second place. Greens and reds, while never so popular, will be good in the darker hues.

The tuck-in skirt and blouse style that has been coming more and more to the fore during the past few months will definitely take its place among the Fall styles. Intricately cut one-piece silk dresses, with different color waist and skirt, will be subtly fashioned to give the appearance of two separate garments. Such color combinations as black and pink or eggshell, brown and beige or a pinky beige, and Patou brown and oyster green will be the leading favorites.

THE real chance to splurge your taste for luxury and lavishness will be in your evening clothes for the coming season. Miss Cornell reports that beads, sequins and all sorts of glittering trimming are creeping back into favor. Soft, luscious velvets will be extremely smart for evening gowns and wraps, though velvet will be seldom used for daytime dresses. Evening shades shown in Paris
(Continued on page 120)



From Best & Company

Copy of Chanel dinner gown with jacket.

Opened Doors

Select Daytime Programs Take Homebound Housewives Beyond Their Four Walls into a Broader Cultural Knowledge and a Bigger World

By Betty McGee

ANY examination of the history of women since the days in the Garden brings to light many distressing facts. Not to dwell on the sordid details, we may sum it all up by simply saying that woman has had a raw deal. It has ever been her fate to remain prosaically at home living through the old monotony, caring for house and babes, the while her lord and master was off waging his wars and conquering new worlds.

Passing lightly over the centuries and turning our gaze towards Woman in the year nineteen hundred and twenty we find her not quite the emancipated being the twentieth century would seem to demand. We are talking, now, of the Average Woman—the woman who does all her own work; raises her brood; lives on a modest income. Still her life is confined largely to the four walls of her dwelling place—not merely physically, but mentally. Her contacts each day with those outside her home circle are brief and hurried. The very nature of her work confines and encompasses her, never, for an instant, allowing her to escape from its burden. She is too busy to reach out for new contacts, or, in fact, to feel the need for them. With an unconscious philosophic acceptance she takes life as she finds it, but not without the toll of an unexpressed dissatisfaction.

Then came her Liberator, pushing down the walls that confined her; bringing her new life, new power. Its name was Radio. At first it came mysteriously and in disguise, clothed as Sorcerer and Entertainer.

But with the development of Radio, the introduction of the loud speaker, the increase in range of daytime programs, came also its unobtrusive entrance into the life of Woman. It all happened without her realization that it was happening at all.

As we have seen, Woman was always "too busy" to stop to learn new tricks to help her in her work. But after the advent of Radio the busy housewife grew to enjoy the sound of the cheery voice on the homemaker program and although

she paid little heed, she unconsciously made mental note of some of the things she heard. And here we may observe, in addition to the quality of unobtrusiveness Radio possessed the magic power

proper nourishment, and what is more, the importance of the scientific way of doing things.

Sister to cooking came sewing. Here again the housewife learned the easiest, fastest, the correct way, of making garments. She was soon not only equipped with constructive ideas but was initiated into the subtleties of dress as an art and a means to enhancing one's person.

Then of course there were talks on general care of the home. The housewife learned to do her routine tasks in almost one-half the time they had previously taken. For example, by following the directions of Ida Bailey Allen she learned to prepare a dinner in thirty minutes in place of forty-five or sixty.

WE HAVE seen how the whole family was benefited by this new knowledge on the part of the wife and mother. They were all better nourished. The children received a better start in life because they were raised according to the scientific findings of those versed in the psychology of child training. And let it be noted here that one of the fine things about Radio is the authenticity of the programs presented, each program representing enormous research.

And at the same time Woman herself through the efficiency she has learned to employ has been enabled to devote more time to herself—to her own personal life—to relaxation, reading or possibly community enterprise.

For some time, however, the housewife had been laboring under the delusion that attention to her own personal attractiveness was somehow a sinful waste of time. So she never troubled to find out how to care for her hair or skin, or indeed did she think of herself as an individual with a personality all her own, and a potential charm. But with the confidence that Radio had already established in her heart. Woman was willing to be taught how to become more beautiful. And Radio accomplished this as it



Mr. and Mrs. Coburn have been devoting themselves to a campaign of pure English.

of repetition. Through the constant hammering in of its truths Radio taught Woman, even against her will.

Of course no woman who is Woman at all can resist for very long tips on cooking. This was Radio's first wedge, and a very practical one. In this way Woman learned the value of balanced meals, of

had accomplished other things, as no individual with the best equipment and the best intentions in the world could have done.

With attention to her hair and skin and figure came an increased awareness of self as well as greater attractiveness. Friend husband noticed the change also and paid her little attentions that she had forgotten he was capable of. The old, old story of Woman's desire to hold her husband not because he is the father of her children and she needs support but simply because she loves him and still desires his love, repeats itself. Woman awakened the old feeling in the heart of her mate and stirred his pride in her comeliness, and we find them going out together more in the evenings even as in courtship days. Life indeed took on new bloom.

THEN instead of constantly being behind her husband in the news of the day Woman found herself ahead of him. There within reach of the loud speaker she heard the frequent summaries of the day's news. (And especially is this a Godsend to the farm woman out of reach of the large dailies.) Here was her chance to "scoop" her hus-



Larry Funk,
czar of the NBC
daytime programs
from which housewives
from coast to coast find
much in culture and information.

band on the latest sensation. While he was busy at work she heard the voice of the Prince of Wales, or attended the sessions of the Naval Conference.

And although there has been much talk of women in politics since Woman got the vote, active interest never prevailed in the remotest districts or in the busiest homes till woman could hear, without moving from her own living-room, speeches both informative and non-partisan. The Government Club of New York City and the League of Women Voters have done much to acquaint the Average Woman with the political situation as it stands today.

It is interesting to note some of the agencies which have been instrumental in developing women's programs. Commercial firms have done much to further the development of such programs. Among such contributors are the Washburn Crosby Company, Radio Household Institute, the Copeland Hour, the Consolidated Gas Company, and scores of others.

The agricultural colleges of the country as well as the United States Department of Agriculture also stand in line for their share of the credit in developing women's programs on the air. Dr. Louise G. Stanley, Chief of the Home Economics Department at Washington, is a staunch believer in the value of Radio as a great educator.

WOMEN'S clubs, as we have already indicated, have helped to promote feminine program broadcasting. The Congress of Women's Clubs of western Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburgh, sponsored the first Radio club on the air. Mrs. John Sloan, then president, showed her interest by giving it her full support and assigned to this task Mrs. Charles M. Johnson, the then chairman of the home economics department of the Congress. This club brought to the woman audience the most prominent speakers of the club world. Mrs. John D. Sherman, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C. proved her personal approval by her assistance in this phase of Radio broadcasting.

The decidedly cultural aspects must not be overlooked. Take that one tremendous factor alone—music. If Radio had done no more than to bring this one element of beauty into the heart of Woman it would have been enough. Through its mysterious power the very soul of Woman has been refreshed; her whole being relaxed—recreated. In large measure these programs which did so much to restore woman's sense of the beauty of things were merely by way of entertainment—programs tuned in for a moment of snatched relaxation. Other programs, however, were plainly designed to educate. Take for instance that marvelous opportunity presented in Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Series which reached all parts of the country through the NBC network.

Then again the long list of stations to broadcast the American School of the



Dorothy Hall at the Radio Homemaker's Club for a first lesson in cooking—and was it a success! Yum-yum, wait till you see those biscuits!

Air programs twice each week through the Columbia Broadcasting System presents itself with attendant significance. And as yet we have said nothing of the colleges and universities all over the country which spread culture by regular classroom broadcasts in a wide range of subjects.

But perhaps the most vital factor in this story of Radio and Woman's freer self is the stimulating companionship of her Radio friends. The popularity of Radio clubs is indicative of the fact that women are hungry for this companionship. Miss Marie K. Neff, a member of the National Broadcasting Company and a pioneer in the organization of Radio clubs recently made the statement—"My work with women in organizing Radio clubs brought home to me the truth that women have been starved for just such social contact. I count my broadcasting contacts as one of the most gratifying experiences I have ever had."

A few minutes' conversation with one
(Continued on page 125)

Forty-niners of Radio

LATENT talent is being stimulated everywhere by Radio—in fact it has been for a long

time. And still there is waiting-room in the wings for the individual who can mould good aerial entertainment from the heritage afforded by the theatre, vaudeville and concert stage.

But, oh for the "good old days" before Radio wriggled out of her swaddling clothes to become the undisputed and perfected mistress of the air.

"Breaking in" wasn't so hard.

It didn't seem to matter just what the potentialities were. A man or woman might have a penchant to write, sing or to play some musical instrument.

He just got his stride and swung down the lane that led to one of the Radio stations that, even then, were springing up like the oft-mentioned mushroom. He was right sure of a job. Even though he wasn't paid for his work, there was fame to be won! And not a few of those stars shining brightest on Radio's Broadway today, got on the theatrical boards just that way.

In the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, there are a corps of real pioneers of the West. Five of them are women who heard Radio's call long

before most folk recognized her as more than an amazing—and mysterious—media, which provided diversion, far from perfect, if one rigged up a crystal set and clamped on the ear-phones.

Wilda Wilson Church, dramatic director; Georgia Simmons, famed for black-face interpretations; Peggy Chapman, among the first of the crooners to hum blues through the ether; Pearl King Tanner, who forsook the stage to present the first three-act drama; and Josephine Bartlett, who became a nationally known home-science expert, are the feminine "Forty-niners of Radio".

By Madonna M. Todd

Among the men are Arthur Garbett, educational director of the Pacific Division NBC, and Bert Horton, of the National Players. Billy Page, the Penrod of the West and a star in his own right since he was 10 years old, is among the first of the juveniles on the air and H. C. Connette, continuity writer, discovered his penchant for Radio while writing for a newspaper in China.

Mrs. Church probably is the outstanding pioneer of the group. It was she who insisted first that a complete play

"A new type of literature is bound to evolve because of Radio's demand for microphone drama and continuity,"

Mrs. Church tells her interviewer. "Already a great many prominent writers are devoting considerable effort to the development of the 'perfect' Radio drama and hundreds of men and women throughout the country are engaged in writing continuity. Each of these is a distinct type of literature built to meet the ever growing and increasingly diversified demand."

A quiet woman whose keen gray eyes and youthful attitude belie her years, Mrs. Church works diligently each day at the business of directing and producing

scores of dramatic performances in the NBC San Francisco studios. For four years, she was director of dramatic productions at KGO Oakland, and found time to develop an occasional juvenile program. That was before sponsors discovered that grown-ups could be reached successfully during the four to five o'clock period which formerly was in a fair way to become universally a "bed-time" hour.

Speaking of "microphone literature", Mrs. Church points to the striking career of Helen Norris, a youthful, crippled author who lives in Medford, Ore.

"Miss Norris wrote to ask me what kind of plays could be presented through the air," Mrs. Church explained. "I described my ideal and Helen began to write. More than 12 of her plays were given at the KGO studios and they now are being broadcast by stations in Schenectady, N. Y.; Denver, Colo., and Portland, Ore. The homely realities of life, as she sees them each day, are used by the little girl as themes for her plays."

Microphone technique interests Mrs. Church tremendously. While the dramas which she has written or directed are

(Continued on page 126)



Miss Grace Abbott, head of the children's department of the United States Department of Labor, brings a great deal of useful advice to American mothers by Radio.

could be presented via Radio successfully and she who talked a station manager into letting her produce "Dulce" nearly eight years ago. Mrs. Church was at KRE, Berkeley, Calif. The station was among the first in the San Francisco bay area and with its impressive 50 watts, it crowned the fan-famed Claremont Hotel, for years a society center and gathering place of the West Coast.

BESIDES proving that drama was acceptable to the Radio audience, Mrs. Church tried out educational features and read poetry.

By Evelyn Gardiner, Director

KDKA HOME FORUM

DO YOU homemakers realize that your business — that of home management — is the largest business in the country? There are 30,000,000 homes in the United States. Roughly speaking the total population of our country is 120,000,000. Just think, one-fourth of these people are engaged in a single industry. Surely no other one industry is composed of so many workers.

Is it not of importance to the progress of the nation how the management of these homes is conducted? Millions of dollars may be lost yearly if each one of these home managers is but a little inefficient. Home managers are directly and vitally concerned with the provision of the three main necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter. Of course, food is the most important and most of the time of the housewife is consumed with the buying, handling, storage and preparation of foodstuffs for the family meals. This function has greatly increased in importance due to the complexity of modern living. The health of the nation is largely in the hands of the 30,000,000 homemakers. Is there not a tremendous responsibility upon your shoulders?

We realize more than ever before that the preservation of food means the preservation of health. Knowledge regarding health and the care of foods is widespread and available to everyone today. But we do not always grasp the opportunity as it comes to us and make the best use of this knowledge. We have many things to learn about a great many subjects. We may know a little about our own jobs, but there are millions of other things about which most of us are ignorant. We speak of a well educated person as one who has attended high school or college, perhaps. He may know law, psychology, biology or engineering. But what else does he know? Does he know how to live? If he doesn't, can we call him really educated? So few of us



The Hostess finds her electrically controlled refrigerator a great help when serving afternoon bridge refreshments.

Your Electrically Controlled Refrigerator

know very much about health. And I wonder if we always follow the principles which we do know.

THE success of our jobs, as homemakers or workers in other industries, is largely determined by our health. Proper means of refrigeration is a great factor in maintaining good health. Most of us are very particular when buying food in the store. We demand wrapped bread and butter, sterilized milk, good sanitary conditions and clean, healthy employees. The things we see make a deep impression upon us. How many of us like to eat buns or cake left out on the counter where the flies swarm? And

yet, I wonder if we are very careful when the food is delivered to us.

The milk is delivered in sterilized containers. It is left on the porch and there it may stay for several hours in the sun. Or we may bring it in and let it stand in a warm kitchen for some time before putting it in a refrigerator. Bacteria multiply very rapidly in warm milk. Even though the milk may not sour, it may be unfit for use. Think, then, of the risk you are taking with your most loved possessions, your family. Most people are conscientious and want to do what is right and safe for health. But sometimes, we all need to be startled a bit to realize our carelessness.

What means of refrigeration are you using? Is it adequate? Are you sure? If not, what can be done to improve it? Do you realize the importance of good refrigeration?

Think over these questions. Keep them in mind as you read this article. If you do not find the information here you need to answer your questions, ask those whose job it is to know about refrigeration.

What causes foods to decompose? There are millions of micro-organisms in air, water and food. Some are our friends and help us in many cookery processes. Others are the germs of terrible diseases. Others change the chemical composition of foods making them poisonous rather than beneficial. Two types of micro-organisms which cause food to decay are mold and bacteria. Given the right conditions they will grow rapidly in food unless prevented. They change good food into spoiled food, such as rancid butter, rotten eggs, or putrid meat. Of course, many spoiled foods may be detected by sight or smell. You would immediately throw such food away. But sometimes food is decayed and it cannot be detected by the senses. With certain foods, the senses may be trusted. But with others, these little bacteria may be present and no evidence given to the consumer.

Most of us have known for years that if foods were kept cold they would stay fresh longer. Yes, but just how cold must they be? And how long will they stay fresh? These are indeed very important questions and the answers to them are even more important. Let us be no longer content to thrust a food into a refrigerator, leave it there so long as we care to, use it when it fits into our menu and then trust to luck or good fortune that nothing disastrous will happen. But suppose you were not feeling well on that particular day? Or, perhaps your baby may be given some of this left-over food. What would be the result? Anyone with a weakened digestive system is much more easily upset than a well, healthy individual. An example of this occurred in a tea-room in a college town one day. Students, faculty and neighbors ate there regularly. After one noon lunch, several were quite ill. Others were not. The trouble was laid to a meat loaf made from left-over meat. And of course the real cause behind it was inadequate refrigeration.

REFRIGERATION is an all-year-round responsibility. It is impossible to depend upon the weather to maintain a low and uniform temperature. Refrigeration is quite a modern innovation. Storage of food was unheard of among primitive peoples. They killed enough meat to satisfy the appetite and threw away what was left. Later when men began to live in houses they became more civilized and more intelligent. The first reason for food preservation was to provide for food in time of famine. At first salt was used for this purpose. This was not entirely satisfactory. Then foods were dried to preserve them. The use of cold was one of the earliest methods of refrigeration. Formerly, cold was not available in all climates and at all times of the year. Many methods were devised to provide cold when it was needed. The spring, well, basement, ice-house, water-tight containers and caves have all been used at various periods.

In the 17th century a Dutchman discovered for the first time the existence of micro-organisms. But it was not until the 19th century, that Louis Pasteur discovered the relation of bacteria and other micro-organisms to the spoilage of food and the communication of disease. He discovered that these microbes might be killed by heat, thus preventing food spoilage. Then scientists studied the effect of cold as a means of preventing food spoilage. They have told us that if food is kept at all times at a temperature below 50 degrees, bacteria cannot multiply to any great extent and foodstuffs will remain fresh for some time.

There is no other one food which requires the care milk does in the home. Laws protect us from receiving poor milk. It is carefully pasteurized or certified, bottled and delivered to us clean and cold. Laws regulate the dairies, the

employees, the health and cleanliness of the cows themselves. With all this scrupulous care and outlay of millions of dollars to protect the babies of the nation, should not the homemakers do their part in safeguarding them also? Many mothers are indignant if anyone infers that they neglect their children, and yet carelessness in the handling of milk is quite general. When the milk is spoiled and your baby is ill, do you blame someone else or are you ever the cause? Bacteria grow rapidly in milk unless the temperature is low. Quick cooling after milking is essential to prevent the growth of these bacteria. One investigation of this increase shows us that when milk is kept at 90°F. for one hour, the bacteria have increased over one and one-half million from the original. If kept at 50°F. the increase is but 33,000 bacteria. So we can readily see the need for quick cooling of milk and a uniform temperature of 45°F. or less for milk at all times.

For years, ice has been the principal

An Apology

The article about Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood, promised for this month, has been postponed until our next issue. Amos 'n' Andy arrived in the Movie Capital too late to make it possible to obtain an adequate story for the current issue of RADIO DIGEST.

method of refrigeration. If it were available everywhere and at all times, mechanical refrigeration would probably not have become so popular. But ice shortages have shown us the uncertainty of such a means of refrigeration. Mechanical refrigeration gives us a uniform temperature at all times. It eliminates the possibility of being without ice, thus causing food to spoil. There are no ice cards to put out each morning. No ice man can track his muddy feet over your kitchen floor. If you wish to go away for a few days, you can be sure that your food will be kept in perfect condition until your return.

WHEN selecting an electrically controlled refrigerator, there are several things to consider. The cost of course varies as to type and size. You are buying more than a cooling box. You have an electric mechanism which is far more expensive than the ordinary ice box. The initial and the operation costs of the two

cannot be easily compared. It depends upon local prices, transportation costs and other factors. Weather conditions determine the operation costs to a large extent in either case.

If no warm air entered the box, very little electricity would be used in operating a refrigerator. But there is no perfect insulation which will keep out all air. Heat enters from three sources. About three percent comes from opening the doors, sixteen percent from the food put in and eighty-one percent from leakage through the walls. There are many kinds of insulating material used. Cork, cork-board, felt, sawdust, mineral wool, and paper are some of these. The material must hold air, it must not settle, rot or crack and it must last as long as the chest itself. It must be odorless. It must be strong. It must not absorb moisture.

The whole construction should be strong and rugged. Thick, continuous walls prevent air from being conducted into the refrigerator. The insulation should be well enclosed or cemented to the walls to close all air spaces. The openings should be few, the hinges and other parts made to fit tightly. Avoid metal so far as possible, as metal conducts heat, thereby using more electricity.

IT IS important, especially in a home with small children, that the motor be protected from any danger to them. It should also be protected from any moisture. The quietness of the operation of the motor is important to most women. Some are more silent than others, but you will find that all are being improved to the point where they will operate quietly.

The construction largely determines the temperature maintained. From 40° to 50°F. is a good range. The temperature should not be above 50°F. Good insulation, good circulation of air and low humidity are necessary for a low temperature. Hours refrigeration does not kill micro-organisms. It merely keeps them in a resting state and retards their growth. Above 50°F., the organisms which tend to destroy food increase at a very rapid rate. They multiply much less rapidly at temperatures below 45°F. It is easily seen why a low, uniform temperature is necessary. One can never be sure that food will keep even for a very short time, if there happen to be great fluctuations in temperature.

To insure air circulation be sure that the shelves of your refrigerator are perforated. Cold air is heavy and sinks to the bottom, forcing the warm air up. We do not want dead air spaces. Openings are put in the shelves to help the air to circulate. With the air, odors circulate, as well. Without a free circulation of air, the food at the top of the refrigerator, where the temperature is the highest, might not keep very long.

Food will not keep well in a moist refrigerator. A good circulation helps to keep the box dry. You will find that an
(Continued on page 118)

Maurie Sherman

*Chicago's Popular Dance Orchestra Leader Graduates
from Maestro of Cubs Ball Bat to the Little Baton*

By *Ann Stewart*



Maurie Sherman

"STATION WBBM, Chicago. It is now time to take you to the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman for a half hour of dance music supplied by Maurie Sherman and his famous, all star orchestra. Maurie's first song will be—"

You can believe your ears, for what you have heard is perfectly true. Maurie Sherman and his band are back on the air and they are back to stay, broadcasting nightly as well as in the afternoon from WBBM in Chicago, and it is rumored that they may have some time on the Columbia Broadcasting System in the near future. Furthermore, all their activities take place in the College Inn, Chicago's center of night life in the center of the loop. In other words, Maurie and his boys are coming to the public with a big smile and the assurance that this time they will not stray far from their friends or the mike.

As a sort of welcoming gesture from his fans, Maurie finds himself swamped with congratulatory telegrams, letters and telephone calls. There are requests for him to play this song or that, for him to sing some of his oldest and best loved songs in his own inimitable manner, and last but not least to tell the world a little more about himself, where he came from, why he is an orchestra leader, and where he found so much good that he does with the dance music of the day. Now he has agreed to answer these questions by telling me the story of his life, and those who know him best have helped with the additional information that Maurie deemed too unimportant to mention.

When Maurie was fifteen years old, he was living in Chicago with his parents, going to school, studying violin very seri-

ously and taking a good deal of time to act as bat boy for the Cubs. He was a great baseball fan and still is somewhat of a follower of all the sports, as can be seen later. School meant nothing to Maurie. He went because his father wanted him to go and because it seemed the thing to do. However, his leisure moments were spent at the Cubs Park, and he soon found that school interfered mightily with baseball, hence, school was cast aside. After a month of neglecting his studies, Maurie was summoned to the principal's office and asked why he had not come to school and where he had been. Maurie replied that he had been sick, which was an unfortunate answer, for the principal demanded a signed certificate from his doctor. It was a serious place to be in.

Not making the situation any easier was the fact that Mr. Sherman senior was really intent on having his son go to college. He acknowledged that Maurie was really an accomplished violinist, but that education was more important than a musical career, he was positive. Mrs. Sherman was perhaps a little in favor of the violin.

Maurie was her favorite and she rather thought that he would make something of himself sooner or later. Knowing where the sympathy lay, Maurie went to his mother with the story of his experience at school. As a result, mother and son, as is the custom, joined forces and saved Maurie from complete annihilation at the hands of his father. Neither did the lad go back to school.

But Maurie's father was none too willing to let his son grow up to be indolent, so when Maurie was sixteen he got his first real job playing the violin in a dance orchestra whose other instruments con-

sisted of a battered piano and a dilapidated set of drums. He was a real musician now, earning two dollars a night and a full fledged member of the musicians union. It is guessed that at last the young man was really happy.

"No, I didn't start my career selling newspapers," smiles Maurie. "I never earned any money except that which I was paid for my playing and that money was little enough for a long time." He played in bands of all sorts for some years before he made his first important connection, but during that time he had many interesting and some rather comical experiences in the light of what the name of Maurie Sherman now signifies. One glimpse into Maurie's life is especially memorable.

Sam Katz, now of the famous Balaban and Katz, was just opening his first movie house. He needed an orchestra of some sort, and Maurie, who was then about seventeen, applied for the job singly, fiddle in hand. Mr. Katz looked the plump, black haired lad over, listened to his playing and decided in favor of him to the tune of ten dollars a week. Maurie was decidedly pleased and felt that he was making a way for himself.

HOWEVER, success goes to one's head often enough and Maurie was not unusual in this human leaning. A few months after his opening in Katz' theater, Maurie went to his boss and demanded a raise to twelve dollars a week. There were some warm words exchanged in which might be heard the opinion of each gentleman on the other. The end came when Maurie and his violin made a speedy exit from the office of the redoubtable Mr. Katz sans job and a good deal of pride.

After losing that position, Maurie was forced to seek work from another source. He played in a concert orchestra on one of the Lake Michigan excursion boats,

(Continued on page 104)

VICTOR HERBERT

"As I Knew Him"

by Harold Sanford

A TENDER personal story of America's great composer by a man who knew and associated more intimately with him than any other man now alive. You will know Victor Herbert better, and love him for the man that he was after reading this vivid reminiscence by his old chum in the OCTOBER

RADIO DIGEST

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Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

What About Television?

IN THE last hundred years scientific progress in many fields has been more rapid than at any other time in the world's history. Inventions and discoveries keep pouring down on us from the fecund womb of technology, crowding so closely upon each other that the average person feels nothing is impossible to the scientist. Books and newspaper and magazine articles have brought science to the public and the many advances of recent years have caught and held their imagination, creating a vast and eager audience interested in science. And during past years few subjects have created more discussion than television.

In television confident predictions of its coming have been made so frequently during the past few years that many proverbial pessimists have probably been convinced that we will soon see as well as hear by Radio. Research in this field has attracted scientists throughout the world. Almost every week some one asks us, "When will television in the home become practical?" But to attempt to predict how much water must flow under the bridge before television becomes practical would be futile—this is a sea whose shores no eyes can see. Tremendous progress has been made, but there are still many fundamental difficulties yet to be overcome.

Most persons want to know when television will become "practical" and this involves defining what we mean by practical. The first Radio receivers, whose panels contained innumerable dials, knobs and switches were "practical" but the newest sets are certainly much more practical since they contain but two major controls for tuning and volume and can therefore be operated with perfect ease by users who have absolutely no conception of what happens when they turn the dial. When television receivers first become available they will probably be practical in the same sense as were the early receivers. In other words they will be comparatively difficult to operate, requiring considerable experience on the part of the user before good results are obtained.

Many, when they consider television in the home, think of a device like a Radio receiver with a switch and a couple of controls and a screen at least three feet

square on which will be projected a clear unflickering image—in other words they conceive something similar to a motion picture, on a somewhat smaller scale, with the difference that the television screen will record events as they happen. Actually, if we installed a television receiver to-day, we would see (perhaps) a small image, at the most a few inches square. Television in its early stages cannot be compared very readily with early broadcasting. The ear can be subjected to a

Howard E. Rhodes, who conducts this department is well known to many readers, having been Technical Editor of Radio Broadcast Magazine for the past few years. His wide experience in the fields of Radio and television make him capable of accurately and clearly discussing the important things that are continually taking place in these sciences. Some readers may have some questions to ask regarding the subjects discussed in this department. If these questions are sent to RADIO DIGEST they will be answered as completely as possible.

—The Editors

comparatively large amount of distortion before it becomes painfully noticeable. Many of the important sounds produced by orchestra instruments can be suppressed and the music, to the average person, will still sound quite good. The eye, on the other hand, is very critical and easily detects even a small amount of distortion.

The promise of television is that we may see events at a distance, as they occur. Television annihilates distance for

the eye as ordinary broadcasting does for the ear. To accomplish television certain definite problems are involved. A hopeful sign is that here in America at least four great industrial organizations are devoting a large amount of time and energy and money to the problems of television. Among the leaders in this work are Herbert E. Ives of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, E. F. W. Alexanderson of the General Electric Company and consulting engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, C. F. Jenkins of the Jenkins Television Corporation, F. Conrad of the Westinghouse & Mfg. Co., and V. K. Zworykin of the R C A Victor Co., and J. L. Baird of the Baird Television Corporation, the latter being an English concern with a branch in this country.

Practical television is not achieved because seeing faces and scenes has been and will continue to be demonstrated. The best demonstrations of this sort have been laboratory affairs involving expensive, complicated apparatus and competent engineers. Simpler apparatus has been designed and in fact is being used by many experimenters in this country and in England. But it seems to us that the appeal of television to this group is not that of receiving good pictures but of doing at one's home what is demonstrated in the laboratories of large companies with the aid of a hundred engineers and thousands of dollars worth of apparatus. The thrill they get is perhaps somewhat similar to that Galileo got when he looked through his glass—the first telescope—and with it saw thousands of stars never before seen by man. A thrill that made Galileo write his friend Kepler

“OH, MY friend Kepler, how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together. Here at Padua is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What shouts of laughter we should have at this glorious folly! And to hear the professor of philosophy at Pisa laboring before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations to charm the

(Continued on page 104)

of the Radio Arts

The New Receivers

THE FALL months bring a time of the year when many people consider buying a new Radio receiver to provide countless hours of enjoyment during the following months. Many Radio receiver manufacturers have announced new models and the improvements they contain represent new factors to consider when purchasing a receiver. Indeed the constant improvements made in Radio receivers lead some to hesitate over the purchase of a new set, in anticipation of some sort of Radio millennium

product which, both from a musical and technical standpoint, is capable of giving long and satisfactory service. It will not be greatly outclassed for a long time. In simplicity, ease of operation, appearance, and quality of reproduction it has reached high standards. So far as Radio design is concerned we have reached the era of refinement. But it is these refinements that influence many in the purchase of a receiver. Most of this year's improvements are technical in nature—in many cases they represent long careful labora-

tion which, both from a musical and technical standpoint, is capable of giving long and satisfactory service. It will not be greatly outclassed for a long time. In simplicity, ease of operation, appearance, and quality of reproduction it has reached high standards. So far as Radio design is concerned we have reached the era of refinement. But it is these refinements that influence many in the purchase of a receiver. Most of this year's improvements are technical in nature—in many cases they represent long careful labora-



National Broadcasting Company's Control Booth in New York

when receivers will be absolutely perfect. Improvements will always be made in the Radio art and he who waits for perfection will never enjoy Radio. Were the same idea to be followed in the purchase of automobiles some forty million people would still be walking for, after a quarter of a century of developments, the perfect automobile is not yet in sight.

The Radio receiver of to-day is a prod-

uctory work by the engineering staffs of the various manufacturing companies. In the following paragraphs we attempt to explain what a few of the improvements mean in the way of better reception.

TOPE CONTROL

Here is a feature to be found on a number of the new receivers. The tone control usually takes the form of a small

knob placed alongside the tuning control and it enables the user to vary the quality of the reproduction. With it either the base or the treble notes can be given special emphasis. The markings on the control differ among various sets but at the two extremes of the movement of the control there will usually be found the words "mellow" and "brilliant" or one of their synonyms. When the control is turned to "mellow" the lower register—the base notes—are given more emphasis than the treble; when the control is

turned to "brilliant" the lower notes are suppressed and added emphasis given to the treble. There are several reasons why these controls will prove popular.

IN THE first place we have the problem of individual taste. Some listeners may like their music "mellow"
(Continued on page 128)

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

Broadcasting

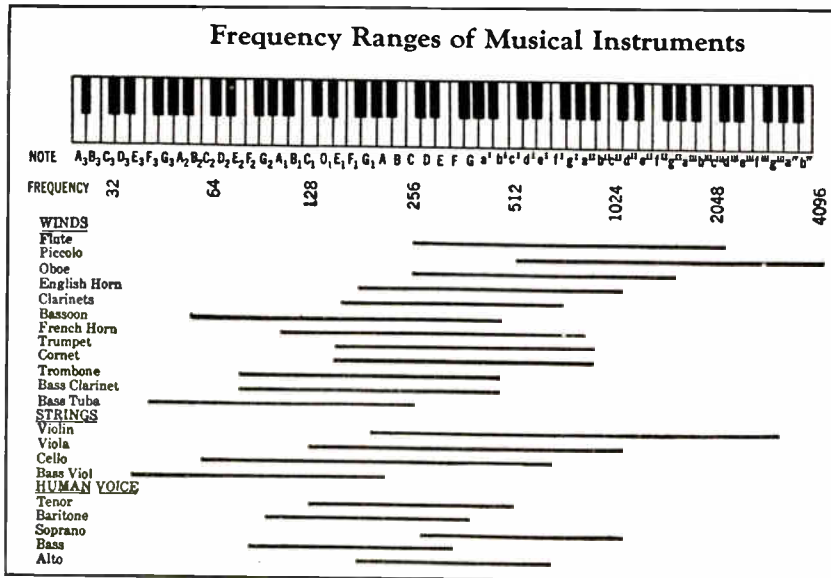
THE National Broadcasting Company announced on July 22 that an application had been filed with the Federal Radio Commission for a permit to replace the present transmitting equipment of WJZ with more modern apparatus. The new transmitter would have a rating of 50 kilowatts, but would only be operated at 30 kilowatts which is the same power at present being used by WJZ. Since the engineers do not desire to increase the power of the station we see no reason why the application should be denied.

This request for a new transmitter rather naturally brings up the question of what is being done in the broadcasting art to improve quality and service. The entire broadcast structure depends largely upon these two factors, for without excellent technical equipment and personnel the best program may be hashed in transmission. The quality of the transmission of a broadcasting station is no mysterious matter, in as far as it is a function of the apparatus installed. If it transmits impartially all the usual tones associated with speech and music, free from distortion due to overloading, and a few other technical bugs, and if the operators know their business, it will put out first rate stuff. If on the other hand the station does not transmit the low notes the output will sound "tiny" on a good broadcast receiver; if the high notes are lost the program will sound muffled, having that boom-boom quality. If the transmission curve of the station is sensibly flat between from about 50 cycles, which corresponds to a note about two octaves below middle C on the piano, up to about say, 6000 cycles, corresponding to a note considerably higher than the top note on the piano the station can hardly help sounding good on the air—unless the operators are plumbers and mismanage their jobs.

To give the reader a definite idea of the range of musical instruments, the

chart on this page will be helpful. This chart shows the range in frequency of all the common musical instruments. The chart does not show, however, the overtones produced when an instrument is played, and it is the overtones that give distinctive character to two different instruments both sounding the same note. If the overtones are suppressed it is not possible to tell the difference between any two instruments, a piano and a violin for example. The overtones extend far be-

an art in itself. The necessity for it arises from the fact that wire lines and transmitters cannot be built, at this stage of the art, to accommodate the extreme ranges in volume of many musical selections. A full symphony orchestra going full blast, with all the musicians sawing, thumping and blowing as hard as they can, produces about a million times as much energy as will a few musicians playing pianissimo. The orchestra conductor enjoys this but it makes the engineer sweat. The job of the monitoring operator, who obviously must have some musical as well as technical training if he is to do a good job, is to reduce that ratio of a million between fortissimo and pianissimo passages to a ratio that can be handled without distortion by the broadcast equipment. It is not a simple task. The object of the good control operator is always to leave the original alone as far as the characteristics of the equipment permit. Poor control operators either "let 'er ride" with the result that distortion occurs, or they adjust the control excessively with the result that the listener gets the impression that the music is "flat". A good control operator is like a good automobile driver who never pushes the accelerator down to the floor boards but always keeps something in reserve, and who never makes any very sudden swerves or turns but does this slowly and with forethought. Monitoring must always be done smoothly; the only abrupt changes in volume should be those written into the music by its composer.



yond the range of the chart and it is to take care of these essential qualities of musical instruments, that it is necessary to extend the range of transmitters and receivers beyond the frequency corresponding to the highest note on the piano.

BUT good equipment is of little use without a capable staff to operate it. In broadcasting, the announcer has been elevated, by some, to a high and mighty place, but his work is no more important, and we are inclined to say his work is less important, than that of the technical staff. We would have no objections—in fact would rather like—listening to a program that just went through from beginning to end without any announcing, but we groan when we even consider listening to a program transmitted while the technical staff slumbered! The biggest job of the technical staff during a transmission is that of "monitoring". Skillful monitoring is

poor control operators either "let 'er ride" with the result that distortion occurs, or they adjust the control excessively with the result that the listener gets the impression that the music is "flat". A good control operator is like a good automobile driver who never pushes the accelerator down to the floor boards but always keeps something in reserve, and who never makes any very sudden swerves or turns but does this slowly and with forethought. Monitoring must always be done smoothly; the only abrupt changes in volume should be those written into the music by its composer.

BBROADCASTING has now been with us long enough to have developed good control operators, who will always remain "unsung heroes" to the listener; but not to the engineer-in-charge who thanks his lucky stars many times for a good control operator.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Radio Digest's October Number for New Official Log and Call Book

K			W		
KCRC..... Enid, Okla.	KGFK..... Hallock, Minn.	KTSA..... San Antonio, Tex.	NAA..... Arlington, Va.	WCHI..... Chicago, Ill.	WHIS..... Bluefield, W. Va.
KDB..... Santa Barbara, Calif.	KGFL..... Vaton, N. Mex.	KTSL..... Shreveport, La.	WAAP..... Chicago, Ill.	WCKY..... Covington, Ky.	WHK..... Cleveland, O.
KDKA..... Pittsburgh, Pa.	KGFW..... Ravenna, Neb.	KTSM..... El Paso, Texas	WAAM..... Newark, N. J.	WCLB..... Long Beach, N. Y.	WHN..... New York City
KDLR..... Devils Lake, N. D.	KGFX..... Pierre, S. D.	KTUE..... Houston, Texas	WAAT..... Jersey City, N. J.	WCLO..... Kenosha, Wis.	WHO..... Des Moines, Ia.
KDYL..... Salt Lake City, Utah	KGGC..... San Francisco, Calif.	KTW..... Seattle, Wash.	WAAW..... Omaha, Neb.	WCSA..... Joliet, Ill.	WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
KECA..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KGGF..... Picher, Okla.	KUJ..... Long View, Wash.	WABC..... New York City	WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.	WHPP..... Englewood Cliffs, N. J.
KELK..... Beverly Hills, Calif.	KGGM..... Albuquerque, N. M.	KUGA..... Fayetteville, Ark.	WABI..... Bangor, Me.	WCOB..... Meridian, Miss.	WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.	KGHD..... Honolulu, Hawaii	KUSD..... Vermillion, S. D.	WABO..... Rochester, N. Y.	WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa.	WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.	KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.	KUT..... Austin, Tex.	WABY..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WCOH..... Greenville, N. Y.	WIBG..... Elkins Park, Pa.
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.	KGHG..... McGehee, Ark.	KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.	WABZ..... New Orleans, La.	WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.	WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
KFBB..... Great Falls, Mont.	KGHI..... Little Rock, Ark.	KVL..... Seattle, Wash.	WADC..... Akron, Ohio	WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.	WIBR..... Chicago, Ill.
KFBK..... Sacramento, Calif.	KGHL..... Billings, Mont.	KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.	WAFB..... Detroit, Mich.	WCSO..... Springfield, Ohio.	WIBS..... Steubenville, Ohio
KFBP..... Everett, Wash.	KGIO..... Twin Falls, Idaho	KVOS..... Tulsa, Okla.	WAGM..... Royal Oak, Mich.	WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.	WIBX..... Elizabeth, N. J.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.	KGIR..... Butte, Mont.	KWBS..... Portland, Ore.	WAHU..... Grand Rapids, Mich.	WDAG..... Amarillo, Tex.	WIBU..... Poynette, Wis.
KFDY..... Brookings, S. D.	KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.	KWCR..... Cedar Rapids, Iowa	WBAW..... West Lafayette, Ind.	WDAH..... El Paso, Tex.	WIBX..... Utica, N. Y.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.	KGIX..... Las Vegas, Nev.	KWEA..... Shreveport, La.	WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.	WDAY..... Fargo, N. D.	WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
KFEQ..... St. Joseph, Mo.	KGJF..... Little Rock, Ark.	KWG..... Stockton, Calif.	WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.	WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va.	WIL..... St. Louis, Mo.
KFGO..... Boone, Ia.	KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.	KWJ..... Portland, Ore.	WBAP..... Fort Worth, Tex.	WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.	WILL..... Urbana, Ill.
KFH..... Wichita, Kans.	KGKL..... San Angelo, Tex.	KWJ..... Kansas City, Mo.	WBAX..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	WDEL..... Wilmington, Del.	WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
KFHA..... Gunnison, Colo.	KGKX..... Sand Point, Idaho	KWKH..... Shreveport, La.	WBBC..... Brooklyn, N. Y.	WDG..... Minneapolis, Minn.	WINR..... Bay Shore, N. Y.
KPI..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KGKY..... Scottsbluff, Neb.	KWLC..... Decorah, Iowa	WBBL..... Richmond, Va.	WDD..... Chattanooga, Tenn.	WIOD..... Miami Beach, Fla.
KPIF..... Portland, Ore.	KGK..... Oakland, Calif.	KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.	WBMB..... Chicago, Ill.	WDR..... New Haven, Conn.	WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KPIF..... Spokane, Wash.	KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.	KWVG..... Brownsville, Tex.	WBWB..... Boston, Mass.	WDSU..... New Orleans, La.	WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
KPIU..... Juneau, Alaska	KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii	KWYO..... Laramie, Wyo.	WBWG..... Hartford, Conn.	WDFW..... Cranston, R. I.	WJAC..... Johnston, Pa.
KPIZ..... Fond du Lac, Wis.	KGV..... Lacy, Wash.	KXA..... Seattle, Wash.	WBW..... Beloit, Wis.	WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill.	WJAD..... Waco, Tex.
KFJB..... Marshalltown, Ia.	KHI..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KXL..... Portland, Ore.	WBW..... Beloit, Wis.	WEAF..... New York City	WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr.
KJF..... Oklahoma City, Okla.	KHO..... Spokane, Wash.	KXO..... El Centro, Calif.	WBX..... Buffalo, N. Y.	WEAI..... Ithaca, N. Y.	WJAR..... Providence, R. I.
KJL..... Astoria, Ore.	KICK..... Red Oak, Ia.	KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.	WBE..... Cambridge, O.	WEAN..... Providence, R. I.	WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
KJM..... Grand Falls, Idaho	KID..... Idaho Falls, Idaho	KYA..... San Francisco, Calif.	WBE..... Cambridge, O.	WEAO..... Columbus, O.	WJAX..... Jackson, Ohio
KJR..... Portland, Ore.	KIDO..... Boise, Idaho	KYW..... Chicago, Ill.	WBE..... Cambridge, O.	WEAR..... Cleveland, Ohio	WJAY..... Cleveland, O.
KJY..... Fort Dodge, Ia.	KIT..... Yakima, Wash.	KZB..... Manila, P. I.	WBEB..... Harrisburg, Pa.	WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.	WJAZ..... Chicago, Ill.
KJZ..... Fort Worth, Tex.	KJBS..... San Francisco, Calif.	KZK..... Manila, P. I.	WBE..... Harrisburg, Pa.	WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.	WJBC..... La Salle, Ill.
KKA..... Greeley, Colo.	KJR..... Seattle, Wash.	KZM..... Hayward, Calif.	WBEB..... Harrisburg, Pa.	WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.	WJBI..... Red Bank, N. J.
KKBA..... Milford, Kans.	KLCN..... Blytheville, Ark.	KZRM..... Manila, P. I.	WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.	WJBJ..... Ypsilanti, Mich.
KKBU..... Lawrence, Kans.	KLO..... Ogden, Utah		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEDH..... Erie, Pa.	WJBL..... Decatur, Ill.
KKXX..... Chicago, Ill.	KLRA..... Little Rock, Ark.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEEL..... Boston, Mass.	WJBO..... New Orleans, La.
KKZ..... Kirksville, Mo.	KLS..... Oakland, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.	WJBT..... Chicago, Ill.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.	KLX..... Oakland, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEHL..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WJBU..... Lewisburg, Pa.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.	KLZ..... Denver, Colo.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEMC..... Berrien Springs, Mich.	WJBU..... Lewisburg, Pa.
KFMX..... Northfield, Minn.	KMA..... Shenandoah, Ia.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WENR..... Chicago, Ill.	WJBY..... New Orleans, La.
KFN..... Shenandoah, Ia.	KMBC..... Kansas City, Mo.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEPS..... Gloucester, Mass.	WJBY..... Gadsden, Ala.
KFOR..... Lincoln, Neb.	KMED..... Medford, Ore.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEVD..... Woodhaven, N. Y.	WJDW..... Emory, Va.
KFOX..... Long Beach, Calif.	KMIC..... Ingleswood, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WEW..... St. Louis, Mo.	WJDW..... Jackson, Miss.
KFPL..... Dublin, Texas	KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAA..... Dallas, Tex.	WJDW..... Chicago, Ill.
KFPM..... Greenville, Texas	KMJ..... Clay Center, Neb.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WJKS..... Gary, Ind.
KFPW..... Siloam Springs, Ark.	KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WJR..... Detroit, Mich.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.	KMOJ..... Tacoma, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WJSV..... Washington, D. C.
KFOA..... Kirkwood, Mo.	KMOX..... St. Louis, Mo.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio
KFOA..... Anchorage, Alaska	KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WJZ..... New York City
KFOU..... Holy City, Calif.	KNX..... Los Angeles, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKAO..... San Juan, Porto Rico
KFOW..... Seattle, Wash.	KOA..... Denver, Colo.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKAR..... E. Lansing, Mich.
KFQZ..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKAV..... Laconia, N. H.
KFR..... San Francisco, Calif.	KOB..... State College, N. M.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
KFRD..... Columbia, Mo.	KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBC..... Birmingham, Ala.
KFS..... San Diego, Calif.	KOH..... Reno, Nev.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBE..... Webster, Mass.
KFSG..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KOIL..... Council Bluffs, Ia.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
KFUL..... Galveston, Tex.	KOIN..... Portland, Ore.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBH..... La Crosse, Wis.
KFUM..... Colorado Springs, Colo.	KOL..... Seattle, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBI..... Chicago, Ill.
KFUO..... St. Louis, Mo.	KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.	KONO..... San Antonio, Tex.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBO..... Jersey City, N. J.
KFVD..... Culver City, Calif.	KOOS..... Marshfield, Ore.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBP..... Battle Creek, Mich.
KFVS..... Cape Girardeau, Mo.	KORE..... Eugene, Ore.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBO..... New York City
KFWB..... Holywood, Calif.	KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
KFWC..... Ontario, Calif.	KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBV..... Connersville, Ind.
KFWF..... St. Louis, Mo.	KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKBW..... Buffalo, N. Y.
KFWI..... San Francisco, Calif.	KPO..... San Francisco, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKCB..... Ludington, Mich.
KPFW..... Oakland, Calif.	KPOF..... Denver, Colo.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKCN..... Buffalo, N. Y.
KPXD..... Jerome, Idaho	KPPC..... Pasadena, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
KPXF..... Denver, Colo.	KPO..... Wenatchee, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
KPXM..... San Bernardino, Calif.	KPRC..... Houston, Tex.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WKY..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
KPXX..... Oklahoma City, Okla.	KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn.
KPYO..... Abilene, Tex.	KPWF..... Westminster, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLAP..... Louisville, Ky.
KFYR..... Bismarck, N. D.	KOV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.	KOW..... San Jose, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLCB..... Muncie, Ind.
KGAR..... Tucson, Ariz.	KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLB..... Kansas City, Kan.
KGB..... San Diego, Calif.	KREG..... Santa Ana, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLBG..... Petersburg, Va.
KGBU..... Ketchikan, Alaska	KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLBL..... Stevens Point, Wis.
KGBX..... St. Joseph, Mo.	KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLBW..... Oil City, Pa.
KGC..... Decatur, Iowa.	KRMD..... Shreveport, La.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLBX..... Long Island, N. Y.
KGCI..... San Antonio, Tex.	KRSC..... Seattle, Wash.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
KGCN..... Concordia, Kan.	KSAT..... Manhattan, Kans.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLCI..... Ithaca, N. Y.
KGCU..... Watertown, S. D.	KSAT..... Port Worth, Tex.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLEX..... Lexington, Mass.
KGCR..... Mandan, N. D.	KSCJ..... Sioux City, Ia.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
KGCK..... Wolf Point, Mont.	KSD..... St. Louis, Mo.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KGDA..... Dell Rapids, S. D.	KSEI..... Pocatello, Idaho		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
KGDE..... Fergus Falls, Minn.	KSL..... Salt Lake City, Utah		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
KGDM..... Stockton, Calif.	KSMR..... Santa Maria, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLSI..... Providence, R. I.
KGDR..... San Antonio, Tex.	KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLTH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
KGDY..... Oldham, S. D.	KSOO..... Sioux Falls, S. D.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
KGEF..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KSTP..... St. Paul, Minn.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WLWL..... New York City
KGFK..... Yuma, Calif.	KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAAC..... Syracuse, N. Y.
KGER..... Long Beach, Calif.	KTAP..... San Antonio, Tex.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAFS..... Dartmouth, Mass.
KGFW..... Ft. Morgan, Colo.	KTAR..... Phoenix, Ariz.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAK..... Buffalo, N. Y.
KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.	KTBI..... Los Angeles, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAW..... Washington, D. C.
KGF..... Alva, Okla.	KTBR..... Portland, Ore.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAN..... Columbus, Ohio
KGFG..... Oklahoma City, Okla.	KTBS..... Shreveport, La.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAO..... Chicago, Ill.
KGFI..... Corpus Christi, Tex.	KTSL..... Hot Springs, Ark.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAY..... St. Louis, Mo.
KGFJ..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KTCL..... Richmond, Texas.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
	KTM..... Los Angeles, Calif.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMB..... Newport, R. I.
	KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMB..... Detroit, Mich.
	KTRH..... Austin, Texas.		WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
			WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
			WBFB..... Beloit, Wis.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.	WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.

WMBI... Chicago, Ill.
WMBJ... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
WMBL... Lakeland, Fla.
WMBM... Memphis, Tenn.
WMBO... Auburn, N. Y.
WMBQ... Brooklyn, N. Y.
WMBR... Tampa, Fla.
WMC... Memphis, Tenn.
WMCB... New York City
WMES... Boston, Mass.
WMMN... Fairmont, W. Va.
WMPC... Lapeer, Mich.
WNRJ... 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.
WNBW... Washington, Pa.
WNBW... Memphis, Tenn.
WNBW... Carbondale, Pa.
WNBX... Springfield, Vt.
WNBZ... Saranac, N. Y.
WNJ... Newark, N. J.
WNOX... Knoxville, Tenn.
WNYC... Greensboro, N. C.
WNYC... New York City
WOAI... San Antonio, Tex.
WOAN... Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
WOAX... Trenton, N. J.
WOB... Union City, Tenn.
WOB... Charleston, W. Va.
WOC... Davenport, Ia.
WODA... Paterson, N. J.
WOI... Ames, Ia.
WOKO... Beacon, N. Y.
WOL... Washington, D. C.
WOMT... Manitowoc, Wis.
WOOD... Grand Rapids, Mich.
WOPI... Bristol, Va.
WOO... Kansas City, Mo.
WOR... Newark, N. J.
WORT... Worcester, Mass.
WORD... Chicago, Ill.
WOS... Jefferson City, Mo.
WOW... New York City
WOW... Omaha, Neb.
WOWO... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WPAP... Palisade, N. Y.
WPAT... Pawtucket, R. I.
WPCC... Chicago, Ill.
WPCH... Hoboken, N. J.
WPE... Philadelphia, Pa.
WPG... Atlantic City, N. J.
WPOE... Patchogue, N. Y.
WPOR... Norfolk, Va.
WPSC... State College, Pa.

WPSW... Philadelphia, Pa.
WPTF... Raleigh, N. C.
WOAM... Miami, Fla.
WOAN... Scranton, Pa.
WQAO... Palisade, N. Y.
WQBC... Vicksburg, Miss.
WQBB... Weirton, W. Va.
WRAF... La Porte, Ind.
WRAK... Williamsport, Pa.
WRAX... Reading, Pa.
WRAX... Philadelphia, Pa.
WRBC... Valparaiso, Ind.
WRBI... Tifton, Ga.
WRBJ... Hattiesburg, Miss.
WRBL... Columbus, Ga.
WRBO... Greenville, Miss.
WRBT... Wilmington, N. C.
WRBU... Gastonia, N. C.
WRD... Washington, D. C.
WREC... Memphis, Tenn.
WREN... Lawrence, Kans.
WRHM... Minneapolis, Minn.
WRJN... Racine, Wis.
WRK... Hamilton, Ohio
WRNY... New York City
WRR... Dallas, Tex.
WRUP... Gainesville, Fla.
WRVA... Richmond, Va.
WSAI... Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAJ... Grove City, Pa.
WSAN... Allentown, Pa.
WSAR... Fall River, Mass.
WSAZ... Huntington, W. Va.
WSB... Atlanta, Ga.
WSBC... Chicago, Ill.
WSBT... 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.
WSMD... Salisbury, Md.
WSMK... Dayton, Ohio
WSPA... Spartanburg, S. C.
WSPD... Toledo, Ohio
WSSH... Boston, Mass.
WSUI... Iowa City, Iowa
WSUN... St. Petersburg, Fla.
WVSY... Buffalo, N. Y.
WVSY... 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.

WTIC... Hartford, Conn.
WTMJ... Milwaukee, Wis.
WTNT... Nashville, Tenn.
WTOC... Savannah, Ga.
WVAE... Hammond, Ind.
WWJ... Detroit, Mich.
WWL... New Orleans, La.
WVNC... Asheville, N. C.
WVRL... Woodside, N. Y.
WVVA... Wheeling, W. Va.
CPAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CPBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CPCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 3.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
CHWC - CFCR, Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.

CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CJCI-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.
CKCL, 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-CNRC, 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.

517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 556.6m, 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, 500w.
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.
CMBG, 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

- 1. 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.
2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.
3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:
For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.
For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.
For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.
For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.
For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.
For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.
4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the fol-

lowing voting schedule:
1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct.. \$4.00 150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 8.00 325 votes
3-year: three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. 12 00 500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct. 16.00 750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 20.00 1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 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.

National Open Golf Tournament

(Continued from page 13)

they undertook to "cover" the National Open Golf Tournament at the Interlachen Golf Club, Minneapolis, by Radio.

Radio history surely was made at Interlachen July 10, 11, and 12, when KSTP achieved the first detailed broadcast of tournament play from the actual scene of the competition, with frequent descriptions of the shots as they were being executed.

IT WAS a tremendous task, according to Radio engineers much more difficult than the handling of such events as the welcome to Lindbergh in New York or the arrival there of the Graf Zeppelin, yet with the aid of short wave transmitters W9XAY augmenting numerous installations of standing equipment near the fairways in different parts of the Interlachen course, there scarcely was a time when immediate reports of play were not available.

Breaking its program on an average of every fifteen minutes during the day, this station kept listeners informed of the developments on the course during almost ten hours each tournament day and tied up for short periods from time to time with its network associate, the National Broadcasting Company.

Here is a little of the story of how it was done.

Stanley E. Hubbard, vice-president and general manager of the National Battery Company, owners and operators of KSTP, assembled his staff and action started.

Telephone lines were run from the Minneapolis studios of the National Battery station in the Hotel Radisson to the Interlachen club. Four pickup stations were established on the grounds. Of these, one was a general control station manned by a supervisor, a directing announcer, two Radio engineers and one contact man.

ONE sub-station was established back of the first green and another back of the tenth green to cover the outlying points of the first and second nines. A telephone station was established at the bulletin board in the press house a few rods from the main control station. At this station one man forwarded official scores as rapidly as they were posted.

The directing announcer reported these as rapidly as they were posted by speaking into the microphone at the control station. He was able from his place at the microphone to command a view of the first tee, the sixth green, the seventh tee and the ninth green and, by means of field glasses could identify players and follow and report the play.

For additional information as to the

progress of the contestants he held conversations, audible to all listeners-in, with the assisting announcers at the sub-stations on the field. Observers and announcers at these stations were able to watch and report the play at the first green, the second tee, and the eighth green and ninth tee, for one installation and on the tenth green and eleventh tee, the seventeenth green and the eighteenth tee, from the other, while finishing players and others watching at the eighteenth green brought reports direct to the control station.

Other points were covered by the short wave equipment, one of the transmitters being mounted on the chassis of a large baby carriage, which was trundled after the important players or to vantage points where high spots in the play were visible.

THE broadcasts of these sets were picked up by short wave receivers and fed into the lines to the regular 10,000 watt KSTP transmitter to go on the air as they came from the lips of the observers.

By this system, every known method of covering the event was brought into play. Radio has, to date, nothing else to offer. Not until the portable television transmitter is developed is anything further possible in the Radio cover of such an event.

The organization of the cover made heavy drains upon the personnel of the station and the National Broadcasting Company. In personal charge of the installation and the principal broadcasts was Stanley E. Hubbard, KSTP vice president and general manager, assisted by Kenneth M. Hance, production manager.

The key man on the broadcasts was Phil Bronson, star Twin Cities sports announcer and former newspaper sports editor, who performed a prodigy of labor in handling the microphone at fifteen minute intervals for from ten to twelve hours daily.

At the sub-station on the first nine was an announcer ready at a moment's notice to cut in on the line and describe the play from his point of view in a conversation with Mr. Bronson. Because of the difficult problems offered on the second nine, the second sub-station had two observers reporting in such conversations.

Participation of the National Broadcasting Company brought two of its stars to Minneapolis for the event. One was a staff man from Chicago, J. Oliver Rheil, technical supervisor. The other was the renowned sports writer and Radio sports authority O. B. Keeler, of the *Atlanta Journal*, who has traveled in the

train of Bobby Jones to the principal golf tournaments for many years, covering hundreds of thousands of miles and witnessing the play of every outstanding golfer in the country.

In addition to these men were eleven Radio reporters who caught the high lights of the tournament and brought instant news of the latest developments on the course either to the control station, one of the sub-stations or to the short wave operator.

IMPORTANT features of each day's broadcasts were the impromptu microphone interviews of Phil Bronson with the outstanding players as they finished their play. Within five minutes, for instance, after Tommy Armour broke the 71 of Bobby Jones on the first day of the tournament, listeners in all the forty-eight states and territories, in three nations of the western hemisphere and perhaps in some of the homes of three continents were hearing Armour tell of his experiences during that spectacular round.

Arrangements with sponsors of conflicting commercial broadcasts were made by Earl D. Jencks, commercial manager, to permit the broadcasting of tournament reports within a few seconds of the time when the action occurred. Radio listeners thus were able to learn what went on at every hole with far more rapidity than those who followed one of the twosomes over the course or those who sat on the broad slope in front of the clubhouse and watched the play on tees and greens visible from that vantage point.

The location of the control station was particularly advantageous and the cooperation of the club officials helped to make the broadcast a successful one.

In an address over KSTP on the evening of the first day, John Burgess, press and publicity chairman for the Interlachen Golf club, pronounced the cover one of the most extraordinary he had seen and publicly congratulated the National Battery station.

AMONG those who were heard from KSTP during or just prior to the tournament were: Grantland Rice, veteran sports writer and authority on golf; Walter Hagen, the famous professional; Johnny Farrell, champion of 1928; Tommy Armour, former amateur and professional champion; Ralph Trost, veteran sports writer of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; Whiffy Cox, spectacular Brooklyn golfer; Gene Sarazen, veteran of many tournaments; Joe Turnesa of New York; Jack Burke now of Texas; Frank Rodia, young professional; Chick Evans, former champion; Al Espinosa, one of the best known figures in the game, and Tom Vardon.

First Jobs

(Continued from page 56)

ning a rough and troublesome one for Ben Alley, tenor, whose first job was as a road grader in his West Virginia hills. Ben sang as he labored under the warm sun, but the twelve dollars pay he received at the end of each week, was only for his construction work. Now he is paid for his singing alone. "The proudest day of my life" recalls Ben, "was when I wore my first long trouser suit which I purchased with my first week's salary."



Yolande Langworthy, creator of "Arabesque" organized a five piece orchestra after her graduation from the Haverdill Musical Conservatory in Toronto. She played the piano.

Quite opposite is the case of Lucille Black, principal accompanist at WABC, who was once engaged in the art of Terpsichore, specializing in ballet dancing.

Many orchestra leaders received their first pay after a humble start in their present calling. Claude MacArthur played the harp in his own orchestra at the age of sixteen for a small pittance. At the termination of each engagement which lasted until two or three o'clock in the morning, young MacArthur would drag himself home, tired and weary, but never forgetting to pack his hands in salt before retiring, so he might toughen his fingers.

MANY feminine vocalists on the radio today earned their first money teaching piano. Barbara Maurel, contralto, was but fourteen when she had a class of eight pupils who paid fifty cents an hour for instructions. Helen Olheim taught piano in Rochester in addition to her work in the clerical department of a furniture store. Adele Vasa, who sang in Grand



Opera before entering radio, gave piano lessons in Newark.

Back in nineteen twelve, Paul Tremaine filled his first professional date at a dance given by mining officials in the local schoolhouse at Williamsburg, Colorado.

At midnight the striking coal miners calmly proceeded to demolish the place with machine guns and when the bombardment had finally subsided, Paul and the members of his band were found hiding behind a bullet-ridden piano.

After running away from school to Canada to pursue a musical career, Will Osborne landed his first job at the Wayne Country Club, Pennsylvania. This was in 1924, and he and the four other musicians received eighteen dollars weekly.

Twelve year old Jules Alberti was ejected from a Chicago theatre on no less than three occasions before the irate manager weakened and Alberti was hired as custodian of the musical instruments at a weekly salary of five dollars.

Bill Fagan quit his first job as an office boy after one week elapsed because he was assigned to work until 7 o'clock in the evening. Now that he is a Radio entertainer he is about the studios almost every night until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Harry Browne of "Hank Simmons Showboat" was first a lecturer. It was after the Spanish-American War that he toured the countryside with a talk entitled "Six Months With Uncle Sam," which he enhanced with illustrated slides. "The only reason I turned to the lecture platform" apologized Browne, "was because I came back from the war so thin I scarcely cast a shadow and as a result I was unable to do any really strenuous work." His brother Bradford Browne, chief of the "Nit Wits," found his employment in a shoe factory near his home in Massachusetts. It was his distasteful duty to fasten together the inner and outer soles with glue of a repulsive odor.

A job as a hat checker at various dances given in Westchester County marked the start of Bert Lown, director of the Biltmore orchestra. He also had an interest in several refreshment concessions.

Time honored tradition has it that all good college graduates should sell bonds, and Don Clark, fresh from Union College, was no exception. He soon gave it up upon the realization that there were almost as many bond salesmen as potential buyers.

Helen Nugent and Irene Beasley were school teachers prior to their debut in

the realm of song and music.

A tea shop at Schroon Lake, New York, was Charlotte Harriman's first commercial venture. She considers herself fortunate in barely making enough money to defray expenses.

"I WAS fired from my first job in a five and ten cent store," declared Georgie Backus, writer-actress, but not because I was unable to remember the prices." However, she refused to divulge the real reason for her dismissal.

Two announcers, Frank Knight and Harry Vonzell, began as bank messengers. Ted Husling commercialized his football and baseball abilities as a member of the Prescotts, a semi-professional athletic organization to which Lou Gehrig belonged.

Financial straits caused David Ross to leave college and obtain work.

He became a waiter in a small restaurant until the irate proprietor found him composing poetry under a table with his tray for a desk. His services were promptly dispensed with.

Don Ball, another of Radio's voices, was leader of the combined musical clubs at Brown University and after his graduation he made his bow as a vaudeville entertainer, billed as the "All-American Ukulele Player."

GEORGE BEUHLER was the boss and sole employe of his own messenger service that boasted an express wagon and a bicycle as his equipment.

The thrill and glamour of stage work has caused many a school boy, who has subsequently found his way into the Radio, to forsake his reading, writing and arithmetic, so that he might seek an outlet for his talents behind the footlights. Some entered vaudeville, others the burlesque, while the balance became part of other forms of theatrical entertainment.

Jim Whipple, who plays in "Forty Fathom Trawlers," said "Goodbye" to his schoolmates and became a juggler and slack wire walker on a nearby vaudeville circuit. He played the smaller circuits for two months, at the end of which time his father located his whereabouts and dragged him by the ear back home.

Phil Maher joined the Helmar and Mann Minstrel Show when he was twelve. This was back in 1895.

Henry Burbig first earned \$45 a week as a Jewish comedian with a small burlesque troupe. Dave Elman who is co-starred with Don Clark on the Henry-George program, left his happy Montana home at sixteen for a tent show in Missouri.



Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 45)

"You ask about myself. I have just crawled over the half century mark, am five feet seven, and just tip the scales at 134.

"Hoping this 'splains de sitation. . ."

Using the license which all writers arrogate unto themselves, Miss Susie Kuhn, who lives in Shreveport, La., and who corralled the fifth prize has lifted Amos and Andy from their native haunts in the Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company's offices, and placed them in a country store in the South. Here the boys wait on a continuous string of customers.

"MY FATHER has kept a store in Shreveport for years and of course from actually watching the people who come into the store daily to make purchases, complaints and arrangements for return of goods which they consider not satisfactory (for that occurs in the best regulated stores) I got the idea for the manuscript I sent," wrote Miss Kuhn.

Not long after this letter was received came another from Miss Kuhn which reads in part as follows: "Words cannot express how happy I was to be chosen one out of a mountain of manuscripts, and I certainly appreciate it. All my friends are happy with me. Accept many, many thanks for the prize money. I shall put your telegram and letter in my memory book."

Andy, The Big Cat and Rat Man

(From one of the Prize Skits)

The boys, Amos and Andy are sitting in the taxi office. Andy has just been deploring the fact that he, Andy, was seriously in need of funds and has just been asking Amos what to do about it.

"AMOS, is you or is you aint?"

"Is I aint what?"

"There you is Amos. 'is I aint what,' here I is asking you for a little inflammation an' I'll be dawgone if you aint sitting dere wiff both ears shut."

"Well, Andy, sometimes I gets regusted too. I'se workin' all de time, out wiff de taxi aint I, I does all dat I kin and here you is, mad kuz us aint got more money. Andy I don't know what I is gwine to do, all you wants to do is sit in de office and make a imprint on everyone dat you is a big business man."

"Now lissen here, Amos, don't you go gittin' mad, you done got de wrong depression. Just cause I says I'se got to git more money aint no sign you got to go gittin' mad, Amos, I wasn't sayin' you wasn't doin' yo' share, but boy if I could just make one good payin' revestment to brung in de divilends."

"Andy, ain't no use me an you recussin'

dis, we doan git no where, to tell you de truff, Andy, Andrew Brown keeps you broke all de time, you don't save a cent, not a cent, some one comes along, yes suh! you is de president of the taxi company an all dat, you done gits your haid way up in de clouds an fore you gits down again, some one sells you two rain coats, a bath mat to sit on in de tub or some stock in de home bank, no use talkin' Andy, you is all de time tellin' me how dumb I is an don't know nuffin' but I is saved some money aint I."

"WELL, Amos, I remits I'se done made a few bad revestments, but us big business men, expects some reversing in these days of business compression."

"Dar you is, jes what I is talkin' 'bout."

"Ye-Uh, but de Madam is whut I is thinkin' 'bout."

"Well, Andy, if Madam Queen really loves you, she will do it whether you is flus wiff money or as flat as de rear tire on our taxi, take me an' Ruby Taylor—"

"Shut up Amos, 'bout you an' Ruby Taylor, us aint recussing luv, us is recoursing 'bout money matters."

"All rite, all rite! to tell you de truff Andy, I would like to have more money too but I doant see how us is agoin to git it lessen us wurks for it. Oh, oh! Amos look at dat, looks like us wuz goin' to have company. Dats just what, an' he looks like a deacon ob de church. (Door slams). Scuse us Mr. Deacon but us kaint make no donations to your church, Awa-us has hard enough time wid our own."

"Hush you mouf, Amos, does you want to result the stranger. Have a chair, Mistah, this one ova here by de desk."

"No, thank you Mr. Brown, I presume you are Mr. Brown the President of this thriving concern."

"Yes suah! I'se de president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of Ameriky incorporated."

"Andy, remember whut I done tole you bout de clouds."

"What clouds? Amos you git outta here fore I done busts dis soap box ova your haid."

"Awa-awa all rite, all rite I'se gwine." (Door slams.)

"Scuse me, Mistah, but dat driver of mine shure makes me lost my temper, bad at times Um-Hum."

"Well, Mr. Brown, from what I can gather you are one of the most shrewd business men in Harlem."

"Who done tole you dat?"

"Well, I have looked you up, inquired of several people, among them the Kingfish of your Lodge."

"Oh Sho, Sho! I'se all dat, de Kingfish he know whut he talkin' 'bout all right, yes suah! He tells de truff."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I hesitated coming to you with my proposition, the investment will be so small that it might not interest you, but it will bring you financial returns beyond your expectations."

"Well, Mistah, I doan know anything 'bout my expectations, but dat finan-shul soun' gud, yes sir."

"Fine, Mr. Brown, if you need money I do not know of any proposition that would yield you the ready cash any quicker."

"Well—Whut is de propolition Mistah, it sound gud, spessully de money part."

"Of course, Mr. Brown, if I didn't have the utmost confidence in you I would not even mention the nature of this proposition, you understan' this must be strictly confidential."

"Oh Sho! Sho! I understan's dat, proceed!"

"Well, Mr. Brown, we will start a cat farm."

"Oh! Oh! Who wants cats, everyone wants to git rid of 'em."

"THAT'S it exactly, Mr. Brown, no one wants live cats, but at the present market price of furs, a cat hide is worth \$1.00. Statistics prove that cats multiply at a very rapid rate, from a herd of 100 cats in one year's time a herd of 10,000 will be realized, of course these cats will have to eat, so, right next to the cat pens we will raise rats, which multiply as fast as cats. We will feed the rats to the cats, and the carcass of the cats we skin we feed to the rats. Thus our scheme becomes self supporting, cats eating rats, rats eating cats. We skin the cats and get the money, simple is it not?"

"Uh-hu! dat soun's good, no one gits skinned but de cats, ten thousand cats ten thousand dollars, Um-hum, how much dat cost us Mistah?"

"Not much, Mr. Brown, we can pick up a hundred stray cats right here in Harlem, and they will thank us for it, a few paltry dollars for fencing, how much could you put in Mr. Brown?"

"Well to tell you de truff, you might not be interested in whut I got, wif de business repression on, I'se down to fifteen bucks, cose I kud make a payment later on."

"THAT will be fine Mr. Brown, you are a man of sound business judgment, give me the fifteen and sign this contract, I will call around in a day or two and let you know what progress I have made. (Pause) Thanks, Mr. Brown."

(Door slams.)

"Um-hum, ten thousand dollars, boy dats good, want dat travlin' man fade when he see me pull up in front of the Madam's wif a nickel and brass trimmed Packard!"

"Hullo, here come Amos wif a policeman, what he bin doin' now?"

"Hullo Andy, where's dat old deacon-lookin' feller?"

"Amos, us has a big propolition on, he was a big business man."

(Policeman) "Mr. Brown that was a nut, he escaped from the asylum this morning."

"Oh! Oh!"

"Awa-Awa-Awa."

Maurie Sherman

(Continued from page 95)

Christopher Columbus, running daily between Milwaukee and Chicago for a whole summer, he played five long years in a dance orchestra at Columbia Hall and then finally he was noticed and given a real opportunity.

Waddy Wadsworth was at that time making up an all star band to feature at the Winter Garden. He offered Maurie a place in the orchestra and Maurie with more agility than grace, accepted the offer. It was the very opportunity he was looking for and it meant much more money than he had ever earned before. The senior Shermans were at last satisfied that their son was on the right track, and they were filled with paternal pride.

No sooner had Maurie ended his engagement with Wadsworth, than Arnold Johnson, one of the most popular Radio orchestra leaders to-day, sought his services to play at the Green Mill. Maurie went to the new job, and after Johnson left, Maurie stayed on and played his fiddle merrily in company with the piano administrations of Roy Bargy, who is said to be Paul Whiteman's chief pianist at this writing. The Green Mill was so impressed with the popular, good looking young violinist they attempted to sign him up as house musician, but Maurie would have none of it. He agreed to stay on, however, until a more golden opportunity presented itself, for he knew that something would turn up soon.

His expectations were fulfilled shortly. Isham Jones, at that time, was in command of quite a few orchestras besides his own. He saw Maurie at the Green Mill and approached him with the idea that started Mr. Sherman in the profession in which he is now undoubtedly one of the finest. Jones offered him the place of leader of his Colonial Orchestra then playing at the Bismarck Hotel in Chicago. Maurie accepted happily and went into the new job with great hopes for the future. And after a year's leadership of the Colonial Orchestra, Maurie struck out bravely for himself. He had always assured himself that some day he would become a famous orchestra leader and now he was on the verge of seeing his dreams come true. A bare month after Maurie left the Colonial Orchestra he was firmly established in his own band. He had ten pieces at the time, three of whom are still with him in his present all star orchestra. They are George Frewert, pianist, Jimmy Fallis at the saxophone and the one and only Joe Plotke at the drums. Joe also sings in a manner that is all his own and most amusing. The band lost no time, then, in becoming a favorite and the name of Maurie Sherman at last really meant something.

Maurie has always been most dignified and his orchestra is conducted in the same manner as a symphony orchestra—when

Maurie is on the stand with the boys. But somewhere back in the early history of that band there is found an instance when Plotke and Fallis practically stopped the show with their clowning and cutting up while Maurice was answering a telephone call. Now it is a hard and fast rule of the organization, when Maurie leaves the room, the boys do some extemporaneous comedy acts for the benefit as well as the discomfort of the audience.

Of course this is not visible over the air as yet, but someday it will be and the Sherman band will be on tap to perform as usual. Amongst their stage properties is a small lamp which aids in the search of foreign matter on coat collars, etc., monkey fashion. Fallis becomes an integral part of his saxophone, the clarinet does its best to drown out the piano and so on. When Maurie is seen, smiling in the offing, the band calls the show to an end and stages a grand march around the room playing their instruments meanwhile. Five minutes later, with serious mien and able fingers the orchestra is again one of the best behaved your writer has had the opportunity of watching.

It was Maurie's privilege, about three years ago, to run very nearly at the head of a dance orchestra popularity contest promoted by Radio Digest. He was playing at night from WLS in Chicago and in the daytime his programs were broadcast from WBBM and KYW. Perhaps Maurie has the only orchestra in Chicago which has appeared on three different stations in the same day for any protracted length of time. But to get back to the contest.

WLS was considered Maurie's main outlet at that time, for it carried his evening programs, and the late hours are by far the best for reception. In January 1928, Radio Digest printed the first returns of the contest. Maurie Sherman and his band were far in the lead of all orchestras all over the country, Vincent Lopez running second and Fred Hamm third. In the next issue of the Radio Digest, Maurie was still ahead, but Fate turned a cold shoulder on him for no reason at all. Because WLS, at the time, was having some trouble over musicians, all the bands were taken off the station, Maurie included.

The results were shown in the March issue. Maurie had fallen way behind and there was little chance of his regaining the lead, for he was still off the air at night. The final results of the contest will be remembered by most Radio fans. Paul Christensen and his boys ran first for the Middle West and Maurie was second. Had it not been for an unavoidable occurrence, Maurie would probably have won for the entire country.

Maurie has great enthusiasms for his men and his eyes fairly snap when he mentions them. As to his accomplishments, it has been a business with him and he cannot be convinced that the growth of that business would be of the slightest interest to anyone. He sees no glamour in having the most popular orchestra.

What About Television?

(Continued from page 96)

new planets of the sky." Opinions vary.

Television when it comes, will probably make its first appearance in the theatre, where facilities can be made available for producing comparatively large pictures of good detail. The signal may reach the theatre by Radio or by means of special telephone lines designed to handle them. When it becomes a home affair it will probably involve an additional receiver designed especially for the purpose, separate and distinct in every way from the broadcast receiver.

The first demonstration of television in the theatre was given by Dr. Alexanderson on May 22, 1930 in the Proctor (RKO) Theatre in Schenectady, the home town of the General Electric Company. The audience saw television images on a large screen measuring about six by seven feet. The use of such a large screen was made possible by using a high intensity arc light (such as is used to project moving pictures) as the source of light and by the development of a special Karolus cell to vary the intensity of the light. The Karolus cell is not new but its practical application to television represents an important forward step, bringing us nearer the day when large scale television reception will become possible. We understand that a demonstration of television in the theatre is soon to be given in London by the Baird Television Corporation. They will also use a large screen but instead of projecting the light on the screen from a big arc light the screen itself will be composed of thousands of small lights which will glow dim and bright in accordance with the television signals. We don't know just how much program value these demonstrations would have to a lay audience, but we surmise it would not be very great. For a while at least television programs will be interesting largely because of their novelty—but this is no disparagement. Automobiles, moving pictures, Radio, all had to go through such a period, but they finally emerged to take an important and useful place in our lives.

The science of television is progressing, and very rapidly, too, considering what an enormously difficult task it is. Like the search of the ancient philosophers for the elixir of life, television has been for years an inspiring dream of man. That it will some day become practical no one can deny—when it will come no one can say.

It is interesting to note in recent news dispatches that the Radio Corporation has issued television patent licenses to 32 manufacturers. This may be regarded by many as a straw in the wind indicating further announcements that television sets will soon be on the market. In the meantime slashing cuts in current models of receivers are being advertised.

Here are a few examples of the kind of money I train "my boys" to make

Started with \$5. Now has Own Business



"Can't tell you the feeling of independence N.R.I. has given me. I started in Radio with \$5, purchased a few necessary tools, circulated the business cards you gave me and business picked up to the point where my spare time earnings were my largest income. Now I am in business for myself. I have made a very profitable living in work that is play."

HOWARD HOUSTON,
512 So. Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo.

\$700 in 5 Months Spare Time

"Although I have had little time to devote to Radio my spare time earnings for five months after graduation were approximately \$700 on Radio sales, service and repairs. I owe this extra money to your help and interest. Thanks for the interest shown me during the time I studied and since graduation."



CHARLES W. LINSEY,
537 Elati St., Denver, Colo.

\$7396 Business in two and one-half Months



"I have opened an exclusive Radio sales and repair shop. My receipts for September were \$2332.16—for October, \$2887.77 and for the first half of November, \$2176.32. My gross receipts for the two and one-half months I have

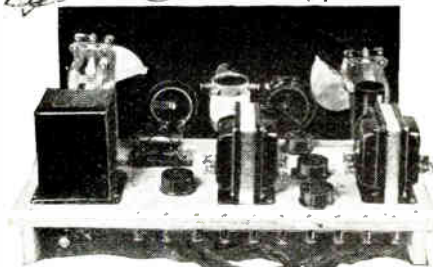
been in business have been \$7396.25. If I can net about 20% this will mean a profit of about \$1500 to me."

JOHN F. KIRK,
1514 No. Main St., Spencer, Iowa.

My Free book gives you many more letters of N. R. I. men who are making good in spare time or full time businesses of their own



Rear view of 5-tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency set — only one of the many circuits you can build with my parts.



You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a Home Experimental Laboratory!

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and taught in my lesson books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.

I will show You too

how to start a spare time or full time

Radio Business of Your Own without Capital



J. E. Smith, Pres.,
National Radio Institute

The world-wide use of receiving sets for home entertainment, and the lack of well trained men to sell, install and service them have opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses. You have already seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were young had the first chance at the key jobs—and are now the \$5,000 \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year, also opportunities almost everywhere for a profitable spare time or full time Radio business. "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives detailed information on these openings. It's FREE.

So many opportunities many make \$5 to \$30 a week extra while learning

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as \$200 to \$1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made \$935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many \$50, \$60 and \$75 a week jobs opening in Radio every year

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to \$15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel at practically no expense and pay \$85 to \$200 a

month. Radio dealers and jobbers are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay \$30 to \$100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as \$75 to \$200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Vaughn jumped from \$35 to \$100 a week. E. E. Winborne seldom makes under \$100 a week now. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in television, cover thoroughly the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

My 64-Page Book Gives the Facts

Clip and mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out the money-making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. It tells of the opportunities for a spare time or full time Radio business of your own, the special training I give you that has made hundreds of other men successful; and also explains the many fine jobs for which my course trains you. Send the coupon to me today. You won't be obligated in the least.

Get my new book It points out what Radio Offers You



J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. OKQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE FREE COPY OF MY NEW BOOK mail it TODAY

J. E. SMITH, President,
National Radio Institute, Dept. OKQ
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SMITH:—Send me your book. I want to see what Radio offers. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Get the facts on my Lifetime Employment Service to all Graduates

Arabesque

(Continued from page 35)

MYRA: Well, I'll live and come back too, and Achmed will love and regret too. And now remember at midnight, not a word, there's Achmed at the door now. (Pause).

(Music up softly)

ACHMED: Well my sweet ones, why must Achmed be deprived of your charming company?

MYRA: Well, seemingly you are not to be deprived any longer, Achmed.

ACHMED: Are you not feeling well, Miriam? MIRIAM: Feeling splendid Achmed, thank you.

ACHMED: You look pale, Miriam.

MIRIAM: Well, I didn't ride this morning, and I always look pale, if I do not ride.

ACHMED: That settles it, you must ride every morning, I shall see to it, and what is the play this evening, Myra?

MYRA: Dream children.

ACHMED: "Dream Children", how intriguing, I suppose I'm to learn from this play.

MYRA: No Achmed, this play is not intended for you, rather for man in general and the world.

ACHMED: And of course the world is listening.

MYRA: Thoughts have wings, Achmed. And I know my brain children go out to those who think and know the deeper meanings of life, and those who understand.

ACHMED: Well, that is interesting. So you feel the unseen audience always.

MYRA: An actress always feels her audience, even if that audience be one heart that responds.

ACHMED: O, I see.

MYRA: I shall be leaving to get my make-up on now, if you will excuse me, Achmed.

ACHMED: Certainly Myra, we shall be in the hall at nine as usual.

MYRA: Over a year and a half we've been in the hall at nine.

ACHMED: Yes.

MYRA: Has that meant anything to you, Achmed?

ACHMED: Yes indeed Myra, great enjoyment. You are a wonderful playwright and a marvelous actress, a beautiful woman

MYRA: Lacking a soul. Oh yes lacking a soul, but oh such a beautiful body. Too bad, it's just dust. Very well in the hall at nine, as usual.

(Music up softly)

ACHMED: Miriam, I feel a strange presentiment this evening.

MIRIAM: You do. Probably you are tired, the air has been stiling in spite of our wonderful place.

ACHMED: I'm used to that Miriam, but it's something else.

MIRIAM: Well, of course, Hassan has a strange influence at times.

ACHMED: Miriam, do you feel the same way toward me, as I do toward you? Tell me?

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Look at me.

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Miriam, I love you, and always will. The first real love I've ever known, and I take what I want. Have I hurt you? Why what's this, your hand is cut.

MIRIAM: Only a scratch. I had my paper knife, it's very sharp, on my desk a few moments ago, and in turning around, when Myra came in, I cut myself.

ACHMED: Let me bind it for you?

MIRIAM: No, it's alright Achmed.

ACHMED: Little soft, white hands, tapering fingers. Miriam.

MIRIAM: Please Achmed.

ACHMED: Miriam, there's a light in your eyes tonight I've never seen before, it tells me much. I can wait, and I shall. Now, you're not afraid are you.

MIRIAM: No.

ACHMED: Come, we shall go to the hall, to see "Dream Children". Miriam—Miriam—someday perhaps—answer me, beloved.

MIRIAM: No Achmed, don't dream too much. Fate decides many things, and we must wait.

ACHMED: I don't want fate to decide for me the woman I shall love, and have as my wife. I'm the master of my Fate, and I shall have you Miriam—in life, not in the land of illusion. Come.

Then they gathered to witness and participate in the play planned to free the captive troupers.

The prologue:

(“SCHEHEREZADE” SEGUES INTO
NINE GONGS)

(NINE GONGS SEGUES INTO
“MONASTERY GARDEN”)

DREAM CHILDREN

VOICE: *A gold key that opens wide the door to a woman's soul, a fragile, exquisite soul, crushed by Fate, lies in my hand. A golden key to treasured memories of other days, of love, of beauty, of the dreams that all men have while young, of a home, a mate, and little ones, to rear and love. And so I contemplate the door that waits to be unlocked by this—this key of gold that means a woman's soul. Come with me as I unlock the door to treasured memories, and see within the room, a blue room, a tiny cot and there within, a babe, with golden hair, and at his side a fair young girl, whose hair is tinted by the sun to gold, but when the sun forgets to shine, 'tis then snow white.*

A golden key, and then forsooth a dream that never could come true, a Mother, poor tortured soul, her Babe, her dream child, tenderly she strokes the dampened curls that lie upon his forehead. She strokes the chubby little fist, that clutches e'en in sleep, a little woolly dog, a child's first love, that needs must go to slumberland with him. The woman, oh what love, what sacrifice, she would so gladly bear for that wee man, she never shall caress in lifel

Dream Child, we loved you so, but you must lie there within the blue room, quiet and asleep, for evermore, but wait, she stoops to kiss him, he is real to her, he is awake, and lifts his arms to be caressed and soothed, little toes so pink, she takes and kisses tenderly, tiny baby face so like to hers, and yet withal holding a trace of me. The forehead and the chin, are mine. Oh God, am I too, losing all my sense of time and space, am I too, even as she, a prey to wild despair? The golden key, oh may I lock the door, and never more have e'en one glance at those dark shadows that play around that cot. The hand outstretched to soothe his cries, to love and watch Dream Child. It is all right, I shall come often into your presence and stand beside you, with the one you love, so well as I. I only thought perhaps it would not be quite right to keep my dreams so near to me at day, as well as night.

Softly I close the door, the Babe, he sleeps, she watches until dusk, and then again at dawn, her little dream boy that never can be hers or mine. Oh God be kind, be kind.

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY: Larry, you have not spoken up yet. What shall we do about admitting Colonel Braband?

LARRY: I would take him in. The war is over, and, after all, Colonel Braband suffered through the war.

MONT: Yes, I grant you that but he fought against us in the war, and I don't forget quite so easily.

LARRY: Braband lost his wife and children due to malnutrition, too, while he was fighting. He has something to forgive, too.

MONT: If you're such a pacifist why don't you leave your home oftener, and stand up for peace, and make something out of all your speeches.

LARRY: You don't understand, Gentlemen, what my home means to me, it's only a shell. Do you see this key, a golden key to memories. An empty room, where the woman I have always loved sits, and sits, insane from the war, and yet I can forgive, and so must you. I'll tell you my story tonight, and then you decide whether I have more to forgive than you in admitting the Colonel to my club.

MONT: If the rest of the men are willing, I am.

JONES: Go ahead Larry.

LARRY: It goes back to many years before the war, to a garden near a monastery, a boy sat on a wall, and a girl was in the garden.

In the beginning

(“MONASTERY GARDEN” FOLLOWS)

LARRY: Hello.

MARY: Hello Larry.

LARRY: Hello.

MARY: Yes, Larry.

LARRY: I have to go back home today.

MARY: I'm so sorry. I'll miss you.

LARRY: Really, will you?

MARY: Oh yes Larry.

LARRY: Well, I'll come back someday, and marry you Mary.

MARY: Someday?

LARRY: Yes, it will be in the summer time, in June, I think. And we'll go away to an island for our honeymoon.

MARY: All right Larry, I'll wait for you, forever.

LARRY: Mary, would it be asking too much to kiss you before I go?

MARY: I love you Larry, and I'm going to wait for you, in this garden. I'll be here every day until you return.

LARRY: Mary, you're fifteen now aren't you?

MARY: Yes, but that's old, Larry.

LARRY: I'm seventeen, Mary, and it's a lot older.

MARY: Yes Larry.

LARRY: You'll wait in this garden every day, and I'll write you every day, and someday, when I'm old enough Mary, I'll be back, and then you'll be my wife.

MARY: Yes Larry, and I'll be very happy.

LARRY: You won't ever forget me, will you Mary?

MARY: No, here's my little cross and chain, my Daddy gave me. The old Monk who lives next door whom Daddy knows gave it to him, for me.

LARRY: Oh thank you Mary, I'll wear this around my neck always, and here's my signet ring, you wear this.

MARY: Always Larry.

LARRY: I must go now Mary, don't be shy. Just one kiss.

MARY: Yes Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden for you, whenever you come for me.

(Music up Softly—Beat of Drums in Distance very Softly)

LARRY: Beloved, I have to leave now.

MARY: It is so soon, Larry, so soon.

LARRY: Yes dear, but it is war, and war waits not for those who love. Come, be brave, sweetheart, I shall be back.

MARY: But to have you only these few moments, my dear.

LARRY: Mary, I have to fight for you, and for the wee one. It has been wonderful to have had these days together, in our garden. Just think Mary, we knew each other when we were children, and now we're man and wife. Mary, the war won't last long, I'll be back and then, think dear. You—oh sweetheart, I'm so proud and so happy.

MARY: Yes Larry, but I'm a woman, and I'm going to be alone, all alone, and I'm in the War zone. Supposing anything happens?

LARRY: Nothing will happen sweetheart, nothing. The enemy cannot ever reach you. Why our lines are too strong. Now, come on smile, that's the girl.

MARY: You'll always wear my cross, and chain, won't you Larry?

LARRY: Yes dear always, but I don't have to wear anything to remind me of you, Mary, I can see you before me always. I've never loved any other girl, just you, always you.

MARY: Larry.

LARRY: Yes dearest.

MARY: I hope our Baby is a boy, and just like you.

LARRY: Well dear, I'm sorry, for any boy that looks like me. I've never been considered handsome dear, just strong and decent that's all.

MARY: But dearest that means more, Larry.

LARRY: Yes dear, it means everything. Now dear, let me go, won't you. I must join my regiment, at once. Don't cry, let me leave you smiling Mary, as I did so many years ago in the garden, promise.

MARY: Yes Larry, I promise, but I love you so, it's so hard to give you up.

LARRY: You're not giving me up, I shall be back for you soon, and we'll go to America, and forget all this war, and have our own little dream house for the

LARRY: Go on tell me, I can't stand it. go on.

FATHER: When the enemy took this town, the regiment of — no I shall not mention names, you will only remember it with bitterness, and the men were not to blame.

LARRY: Go on.

FATHER: Your home was taken as a place for the officers, and Mary—

LARRY: You mean Mary was protected in every way?

FATHER: Yes, in every way. In three weeks she went out of her mind, Larry. I fought for her, but I was only imprisoned and tortured for doing so. I found I couldn't save her. So, I left the matter to God, he saved her mind, from the torture of living with memories of what she had gone through.

LARRY: But Father, where is she? And my — I mean our Baby? Was it?

FATHER: Calm yourself my son, your Mary is totally out of her mind, and will be forever. The baby was spared life, too—perhaps it would have borne traces of the war. That would have made its life miserable. It was better so.

LARRY: But my Mary to suffer like this, alone. Oh God, Father will she know me? Do you think?

FATHER: Yes, she will. Her mind is totally deranged. She always talks to the baby, and to you. She knows you are coming to see her. She just stays forever at the same point. She has a home, and a baby your son, and that's all, her little dream child. Poor woman, and her hair is all white, Larry, but her face will always be youthful.

CARTER: My friend, let us drink a toast to a brave soldier, and a real man, a Saint if there ever were one.

MONTGOMERY: I would drink a toast, a silent toast to a Mother who waits beside an empty cot, to caress her dream child, and I would drink a toast to all Mothers, and to peace with this prayer. May we learn to love our fellow man, and our enemies, and may wars cease, throughout our land. Gentlemen, to a little dream child, and his Mother.

Heywood Broun's Radio Column

A series of this famous columnist's broadcast features as heard over the Columbia System will appear beginning with the

OCTOBER RADIO DIGEST

Better subscribe in advance as this edition of Radio Digest will be swept off the newsstands very shortly after it appears.

boy. Good bye my wife, Mary. God bless you.

MARY: Larry, Larry, I'll be waiting in the garden, when you return, waiting.

(Music up softly)

FATHER: My son, it is useless.

LARRY: But Father, you don't understand.

FATHER: Larry my boy, I understand everything. I will take you to Mary after I tell you what has happened.

LARRY: She is alive, isn't— isn't she? She isn't dead? No—

FATHER: She would be better dead, Larry. Now be brave, you're a soldier, and you know the horrors of War, and it came close to you in the trenches, and close to you in your home.

Radio Announcing Lures 'em All

Announcing radio programs is apparently highly attractive work, judging from the great number of applicants for the position of announcer at the big stations. Recently a man about seventy years old applied to Edward Thorgersen, of NBC, for such work. When asked if he had had any previous experience at announcing, he said he had not. However, he added, he had done a great deal of writing. And there was one thing, he said, that was greatly in his favor. That was the fact that he was the youngest living veteran of the Union Army in the Civil War. All of which adds one more item to the already lengthy list of qualifications required of radio announcers.

Guarantees Matrimony

(Continued from page 15)

shocking events ahead of them in case they married that he pleaded with them not to take the step. They laughed and went away, thinking they were secure in each other's love. but everything he had forecast came true.

THEY neutralized each other's talents. They had the same weaknesses and together they slipped to the lowest depths of drunkenness and drugs. It was only after she had passed out of his life, that his normally strong will reasserted itself and he was able to fight his way back and regain the once enviable place he had enjoyed behind the footlights.

Drawing a chart toward her, Miss Adams asked my dates.

In a few moments she looked up from the figures and remarked, "You should never marry. Your Neptune in the seventh house has given you an intense desire for marriage but it has at the same time prevented you marrying the kind of man with whom you could be happy. Perhaps you have learned this lesson already?"

When I made an affirmative nod she smiled and went on, "I don't believe in the moonlit, rose garden type of marriage. with the man playing Romeo all the time. Marriage is to build character and to have children and should not be regarded as the joyous reward we get for growing up.

"I believe in conflict in marriage. It builds character, but not the destructive, demoralizing conflict that comes from selfishness and vanity.

"There are those who think that people born under fire signs should not mate with those born under water signs. If the position of the other planets show that they will have a constructive effect upon each other, I advocate such a wedding because it will develop them. If you put a hot iron in a bucket of water you are bound to get a sizzle, and that is better than nothing."

MISS ADAMS explained that while there is a general rule by which one may select the most congenial friends from their birthdates, it is inadvisable to take it too literally, particularly where marriage is concerned. The signs and planets of each individual's horoscope should be carefully scrutinized before taking any important step, and most emphatically where matrimony is contemplated.

For the convenience of those whose matrimonial, social or business relations have not been going too smoothly the following lists are given.

March 22nd to April 21st (ARIES)

Persons born from the 24th of July to the 24th of August and from the 23rd of

November to the 23rd of December are naturally sympathetic and helpful for those born between March 22nd and April 21st. If too intimately associated with those born from June 22nd to July 24th, September 24th to October 24th, the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, the Aries people will find it necessary to be very adaptable or they may become too dictatorial and overbearing.

April 21st to May 22nd (TAURUS)

People born from April 21st to May 22nd will find their most agreeable mates among persons who celebrate their birthdays between August 24th and September 24th, when the Sun is in the intellectual earthy sign Virgo, and from the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, when the Sun is in the earthy, conscientious sign Capricorn. Those born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, the 24th of July to the 24th of August, and the 24th of October to the 23rd of November will have antagonizing effect upon the Taurus natives, making them too stubborn and too resentful.

May 22nd to June 22nd (GEMINI)

PERSONS born from May 22nd to June 22nd will be most congenial with people born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, 24th of September to the 24th of October, when the Sun is in the airy, balanced sign Libra. If too closely associated with persons born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March, the 24th of August to the 24th of September, or the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, the Gemini born will find it necessary to be diplomatic but firm in order to get on harmoniously together; such an intimacy might result in the Gemini natives becoming too vacillating and adaptable to the extent of being insincere.

June 22nd to July 24th (CANCER)

Persons born from June 22nd to the 24th of July will find their best friends and matrimonial partners among the persons born between February 20th and March 22nd, when the Sun is in the watery, unselfish sign Pisces, or from the 24th of October to the 23rd of November when the Sun is in the watery, mechanical sign Scorpio. If too intimately associated with those born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April, the 24th of September to the 24th of October, or the 23rd of December to the 21st of January, Cancer natives will need to guard well their own individuality. Such an intimacy might result in the Cancer native becoming too introspective, too fretful, and utterly lacking in self confidence.

July 24th to August 24th (LEO)

Persons born between July 24th and August 24th will find their happiest affiliations with people born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April when the Sun is in the fiery, magnetic sign Aries, and from the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, when the Sun is in the fiery, intuitive sign Sagittarius. If too intimately associated with those born from the 21st of January to the 20th of February, the 21st of April to the 22nd of May or the 24th of October to the 23rd of November, Leo people will find it necessary to avoid being too dictatorial, stubborn, or conceited. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Leo becoming too irritable, impatient and dissatisfied.

August 24th to September 24th (VIRGO)

PERSONS born from August 24th to September 24th will find their most congenial friends and mates among those born from the 21st of April to the 22nd of May and from the 23rd of December to the 21st of January. If too intimately associated with those born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March, the 22nd of May to the 22nd of June or the 23rd of November to the 23rd of December, Virgo natives will find it necessary to be less critical and more sympathetic in order to get on harmoniously together. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Virgo becoming too petty and stressing small things to such a point as to upset his nervous system.

September 24th to October 24th (LIBRA)

PERSONS born from the 24th of September to the 24th of October will find their most congenial mates among those born between January 21st and February 20th, the 22nd of May and 22nd of June. If too intimately associated with those born from the 22nd of March to the 21st of April, 22nd of June to the 24th of July, 23rd of December to the 21st of January, Libra people will need to exercise will power in order not to lose their individuality. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Libra first becoming too pliant and then reacting to the other extreme and becoming too stubborn and unyielding.

October 24th to November 23rd (SCORPIO)

People born from the 20th of February to the 22nd of March and from the 22nd of June to the 24th of July are naturally sympathetic and helpful to those born under the sign of Scorpio, October 24th to November 23rd, a watery, fixed, self-interested sign. Their characteristics being complementary, they are bound to be very good partners for the Scorpio-born, matrimonially or otherwise. If too in-

timately associated with those born from January 21st to February 20th, the 21st of April to the 22nd of May, from the 24th of July to the 24th of August, they will find it necessary to submerge their strong personality and determined will in order not to be unduly antagonized or irritated.

November 23rd to December 23rd
(SAGITTARIUS)

PERSONS born from November 23rd to December 23rd will find their best mates among those born between March 22nd and April 21st and July 24th and August 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between the 20th of February and the 22nd of March, the 22nd of May and the 22nd of June, the 24th of August and the 24th of September, Sagittarians will need to check their impatience and curb their tendency to be too frank; such an intimacy might result in the native of Sagittarius becoming too sarcastic, brusque and too disregarding of consequences.

December 23rd to January 21st
(CAPRICORN)

Persons born from December 23rd to January 21st will find their best mates among people born between April 21st and May 22nd, August 24th and September 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between March 22nd and April 21st, June 22nd and July 24th, September 24th and October 24th, Capricorn natives will need to avoid being too self-centered and too morbid. Such an intimacy might result in the native becoming too introspective and self-conscious.

January 21st to February 20th
(AQUARIUS)

Persons born between January 21st and February 20th will find their best mates among those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, September 24th and October 24th. If too intimately associated with those born between April 21st and May 22nd, July 24th and August 24th, October 24th and November 23rd, the Aquarius born will find it necessary to guard against those who would take advantage of them. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Aquarius becoming too nervous.

February 20th to March 22nd (PISCES)

PERSONS born between February 20th and March 22nd will find their best mates in people born between June 22nd and July 24th, October 24th and November 23rd. If too intimately associated with those born between May 22nd and June 22nd, August 24th and September 24th, November 23rd and December 23rd, Pisces natives will need to practice self-preservation. Such an intimacy might result in the native of Pisces becoming too vacillating and lacking ambition and will.

There you have a brief outline of the

influence of the planets in each of the twelve houses. How accurately Miss Adams has interpreted their bearing upon the lives of individuals is amply evidenced each day in the bags of mail which arrive from every country in the world. Literally thousands of letters are received weekly by Miss Adams from those she has advised in the past and those who seek guidance for the years to come.

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the future is to lay our dates, that is, the hour, the day, the month, the year and the place before a competent reader of the stars.

Ray Perkins

(Continued from page 15)

Perkins dresses immaculately, and, whenever possible, changes his shoes three times a day. He'd like to have enough money to write songs just for the fun of it.

Each Sunday he reads all the book reviews in the New York newspapers and makes lists of books to buy. But he seldom finds time to make the purchases and by the time the next book review sections are published, he has made an entirely new and different list.

Perkins is short and chunky and appears to be red-headed though it is really sandy. He has a round-red face and grins a lot. He is said to be able to wear a silk hat more nonchalantly than anyone else in broad-

casting. He has no ambition to be a social butterfly, however.

He plays golf but doesn't talk about it much. He says it isn't the kind of golf you can talk about in polite society.

He doesn't rehearse his own programs too long, as he says it takes away some of the spontaneity. Likes to run across a line in his script that is a surprise to him. Half of the songs he sings on the air are his own and many of them have never been published. He often turns out a tune and a lyric for a song in an afternoon and uses it the same night.

His sister, Grace Perkins, is quite well known for her short stories and another sister, Bobby Perkins, is in musical comedy and is considered one of the cleverest ingenues on Broadway.

He likes Radio because he considers it the world's greatest experimental laboratory in entertainment. He believes that eventually, Radio will produce super-entertainment and that it will be responsible for the greatest development of musical and literary talent the world has ever seen. He doesn't take himself too seriously, however. He can give a very convincing demonstration of seriousness when he is outlining one of his ideas to some other broadcaster.

His only ambition is to make enough money to buy a yacht and then retire to it and continue to write songs.

What's in a Name?

—Ask di Stefano

Another tragedy of Radio has been brought to our attention. Stefano di Stefano, the NBC harpist, has a brother harpist, a near neighbor and a good Italian, but not related to him in any way. His name is Salvatore di Stefano and, therefore, their initials are the same. Stefano says that Salvatore gets all the invitations to swanky dinners, weddings and parties that are intended for him (Stefano) while he (that is, Stefano again) gets all the milk bills, threatening letters, tailors' samples and circulars relating to oil stock and very profitable mining investments that are intended for Salvatore.

We do not quite know how to advise them in the solution of this problem, unless they go and live together, open all the mail and divide it up on terms agreeable to both. You see Salvatore di Stefano gets engagements probably intended for Stefano di Stefano, while Salvatore, or, rather, Stefano . . . pardon us, but we are completely confused and cannot go on . . .

One of his young cousins recently met Milton Cross, genial NBC announcer, whose waistline is gradually expanding to most generous proportions, and, observing the ever-widening girth, remarked:

"You know, they might well call that the Radio Corporation."

Radiographs

(Continued from page 47)

Pat Kelly

NOW for Pat Kelly. Pat joined the Cheerio family last October. It was all happenstance, like a great many other things in Mr. Kelly's life. He was the announcer for the program. Somehow the news got around that this Irishman with the smile in his voice could sing as well as announce. And so one morning he sang "The Little Gray Home in the West." A perfect avalanche of mail came in the next few days, all with the same cry: "Give us more Pat Kelly." From then on Pat was a member of Cheerio and every morning his beautiful tenor voice goes out to gladden the somebodies somewhere who are listening in.

Pat was born in Australia, and educated to be a marine engineer. He has travelled over a quarter of a million miles on salt water. He has been shipwrecked three times—an adventurous career.

Several years ago he landed in Seattle and in this port that happenstance I mentioned before led him into his singing career. For Fortune Gallo, the New York impresario happened to hear Pat singing at a party. Immediately he offered him a five year contract with the San Carlo Opera Company. Good bye to the sailor's life and the British navy. Pat came to New York, worked with Fortune Gallo, and was later with the Schuberts. He played in "Blossom Time."

Now he is superintendent of announcers at NBC, and besides singing on the Cheerio program, Pat announces the RKO programs Thursday afternoons, the Ipana programs Tuesday mornings, and the Ingram programs.

He is married to Yolán Poszanyi, a native of Budapest, Hungary.

Harrison Isles

LAST but not least, there's Harrison Isles, Cheerio's big six-foot musical director and pianist.

Don't be discouraged, parents, when your child doesn't seem to take to his music. The first two years that Harrison was studying piano, his father used to sit right by him with a strap. That's how badly Harrison hated practicing. Yet, after two years' exposure to music, it finally "took." Harrison said he couldn't explain it but that suddenly, like the sun bursting through the clouds, he understood and liked music, and instead of the strap being used to make him practice, his parents had almost to force him out of doors to get some exercise.

He studied at the Ithaca Conservatory and put himself through a post graduate course at Ann Harbor, making expenses by playing in the theatres and churches. Right out of college he travelled with

Julian Eltinge, scoring his show, "The Fascinating Widow." "That dates me," said Isles, "but what do I care?" And why should he? Forty-two, he says he is, but one could easily believe him ten years younger.

In Keyser, West Virginia, Harrison has a wife and two sons who will shortly join him in New York. The small town, says Harrison, has the great advantage of forcing a musician to be versatile. He must do everything. And that is what Cheerio's new musical director did in Keyser. He played in the motion picture theatre, he organized town musicals and glee clubs, he gave music lessons, he had a dance orchestra, and for seven years he was choir master and organist in the Episcopal Church.

With Miss Riegger he was in charge of the Cheerio broadcast during two weeks in July and he is also assistant director and arranger for the Arco Birth-day Program.

Made for Petting

(Continued from page 53)

home to serve as a background for the exquisite and exacting Puff.

TERRIERS, wire-haired ones in particular, are getting quite a run. One is kept as a mascot by the three Morgan Sisters, NBC vocal trio, who have named him Scherzo, the musical term for playful and humorous. Welcome Lewis, the crooning NBC contralto likewise has recently acquired one. Kenyon Congdon, CBS baritone, has five terriers of all sorts.

Way out on the Pacific Coast, Annette Hastings, "baby star" soprano of that NBC division, isn't quite sure which pet she likes the best. A prize police dog, Persian cat and canary vie for her favor but do not fight with one another.

Howard Barlow, CBS symphony leader, proudly points to a whole album full of pictures of his Boston bull, Socki. Socki doesn't miss a thing that is coming to any year-old baby. He has toys that squeal like kittens, others gayly colored and one device that barks like a dog and which he has adopted as a friend. Mr. Barlow sent Socki away for a holiday to a farm where greyhounds were kept and taught tricks. And Socki was all attention. When Barlow called for Socki, he said, "Come, Socki, how tall are you?"

With a great show of skill, Socki jumped—and got as high as Barlow's knee. Socki, incidentally, is terribly jealous of Mrs. Barlow and finds that the

only thing that compensates him for having an additional person around, is that she permits him to jump into Howard's bed in the morning.

There is a bit of monkey business in broadcasting, even though few stars go in for unusual pets. One simian with a long curling tail sits proudly on the shoulder of Irene Beasley, Columbia's lady of the low-down voice. Georgia Backus, who writes continuities and acts for the same chain, manages also to keep one of the queer little chameleons alive. Impatiently she has named it Stupid. Stupid is a very sensitive lizard and serves as a barometer for Georgia's moods. When Stupid lies still and green, Georgia is her own sweet self; when Stupid changes to a dull red hue—come again some other day, Georgia is *not* her own sweet self.

CANARIES claim the attention of Old Topper Ray Perkins, who has one named Mike in honor of his profession; Adele Vasa, who has two golden birds who follow her lead and sing even while taking a bath; and Marcella Shields, microphone comedienne, practices her inimitable chatter before a little feathered audience.

Mary McCoy has a kitten for a pet and looks charming when photographed together with it. Kathleen Stewart, for long a studio pianist with NBC, also goes in long on cats. She has six—or rather twelve—for she just adopted another cat which immediately showed its gratitude by presenting Kathleen with five fluffy little kittens. But the pianist is not a cat specialist. She also has a couple of dozen ducks swimming about an especially built pool on the grounds of her home.

Bobbe Deane at KPO, San Francisco, was presented with a catfish which had been captured in fresh water. Bobbe changed the habitat to salt water and established a nice little home for her pet in dishpan. Nobody knows how the catfish longed for nice fresh water. Sometimes Bobbe with a sympathetic impulse would take it out of the pan for fresh air. Then she noticed a fading of the muddy black and slimy yellow of its skin. The change became more pronounced. You must agree the California climate is wonderful. Eventually the catfish acquired a beautiful rose pink tinted complexion that would make all the other catfish in his old home turn green with envy.

CATS, dogs, horses, canaries, monkeys, chameleons, turtles, white snails and mice, frogs and ducks—all these may attract the pet-loving stars of Mike, but at least Baby Rose Marie (Curley), RKO star and Radio vocalist, is original. She had a pair of rabbits when she started on her recent vaudeville tour, but when she gets home—well there's no telling how many pets she'll have.

Some pets are tiny, some are huge; others are fat and some are lean (but not from lack of food), in color too they vary, but they are alike in reciprocating the love of their kind masters and mistresses.

Terror

(Continued from page 51)

erty of soul and body was actually within her reach. She had but to tell the truth about her enemies and obey the laws and —be free!

This was too much to resist, and Mary wailed:

"IT'S the truth you have suspected. The goods are there! Your own husband fairly trod on them when he searched! But he wasn't cute enough to find them. None of the constables were cute enough to find the things, though they were all but touching them all the time!

"After the first search, the Hughsons moved the speckled linen and the silver things to the garret. And then after the second search they hid it under the stairs. And after the third they gave it to Hughson's mother, Mrs. Luckstead, to take away and hide. And John Romme is mixed in it, too. And the black man Caesar paid silver for two mugs of punch and made me take a piece of eight."

When she had pumped the girl's brain dry of its secrets, Anne's softness turned sharp. She thrust the bundle of candles into Mary's arm and bade her be gone before she was sent for.

Hurrying back through the dark Mary repented her looseness of tongue. She feared that her confession would be published and all the negroes and whites would kill her.

Hardly an hour had gone when the inn was filled again with constables; John Hughson was in a fury when he saw the raiders.

"You men again! In God's name why don't you take up lodgings here? I see you oftener than my regular trade."

Mr. Miller the undersheriff shoved him off and roared:

"We have the truth of it now."

"Who from?"

"From one as knows!—Mary Burton no less!"

Mary let a shriek and would have fainted, but she feared to drop helpless before the murderous eyes that rolled her way — John Hughson's, his wife's and Peggy's.

"I did not! It's not true!" she howled. And then Anne Kannady stepped in at the door and charged her home with admitting the theft. Mary was like to die, she was so distraught.

The sheriff seized her and dragged her from the house as if she were the only guilty one. Anne Kannady attacked her like a shrew:

"You lying little slut, to double deal with us and make us fools before those swine!"

"I daren't tell anything! They'll kill me. They'll kill me!"

She was in such taking that Mr. Miller clapped his hands over her mouth and

tried to soothe her with paternal words:

"A fine idea you have of me—of us!—that with all the constables in town about you, you're not safe from a pack of vermin."

Mary could only quake and choke while Mr. Miller, smothering her still, went on:

"I'll not lift my hand until you cross yourself in promise that you will bear witness to the truth. You're in less danger from them than from me."

But it was not till he volunteered to take her for safety to his own lodgings at the City Hall that her trembling hands made the sign. Then he let her breathe again.

Coming— "The Langthwaite Pearls"

By J. S. Fletcher

An intriguing mystery story with a London setting that involves the disappearance of the famous Langthwaite Pearls, a runaway Countess and a heartless rogue. A master detective enters the picture and aids in the solution of the mystery, which ends in a most surprising and unexpected manner. It appears in October RADIO DIGEST.

Leaning against him she fumbled in her pocket and brought up a coin.

"It's a piece-of-eight they stole—and gave to me."

HER tongue was loose now and her anger mounted higher and higher with a coward's fury after fear; and clinging again to Anne Kannady she ran on:

"I know enough about them to hang and burn them all! You've been better to me, Mrs. Kannady, than ever my own

mother was, and I verily believe that if you hadn't worried the truth from me and taken me away they'd have murdered me this very night or shipped me to the Barbadoes in a boat that is sailing in the morning."

"That's enough," said Mr. Miller. "The alderman should know of this."

They all marched over to his house, and Anne Kannady told of her proffer of freedom to Mary and of the girl's danger, and Mr. Baucker entrusted her to Mr. Miller for safety. He sent for Hughson and "pressed him very home" until Hughson at last admitted that he did know where some of the things were hid, and fetched them.

The next morning the Mayor summoned the Justices to meet him at the City Hall. There Mary was questioned again and now a sense of awe of the mighty rulers was added to her treasury of terrors. She told what she knew and far more, for she answered yes to all the leading questions.

So Peggy was arrested and the Hughsons and Mr. Auboyneau's boy, Prince.

It was not easy for a gentleman to live without his slave, so Mr. Auboyneau's boy was released on his master's recognizance in ten pounds penalty.

THE sheriff went to arrest John Romme, but he absconded. Mary Burton was turned over to a Mr. Wilson. He was no relation to her lover, but the name had a pleasant sound, and everything seemed to beat peace until the trial, which was set for the next term of the Supreme Court.

Mary had nothing to do now except to rise at dawn and work like a slave till dark; but she was among white people and when she met the other bonded servants at the well where they went for water, she would naturally try to glorify herself and her danger a little. For even the white servants treated her with a certain scorn as both a companion of low people and an informer on them. And the slaves, passing the yard where she hung out the clothes, would look at her with contempt and frighten her. So she had much to say of negro threats to burn the town and slay the people and become kings. When the maids laughed at her, she would say:

"You'll see! Just wait!"

A fortnight later, as if to confirm Mary in her role of prophetess, a huge cloud of smoke shot up from the roof of His Majesty's House at Fort George where the lieutenant-governor lived with his family.

The wind was in such virulence that the smoke itself carried the news before the bell in the adjoining chapel gave tongue to the alarm that called forth great numbers of gentlemen and others, and slaves.

(Continued on page 112)

The bell did not yelp long, for the flames spilled in red billows across the chapel and swept on the secretary's office over the fort gate.

There was barely time to throw the records of the colony out of the windows for the winds to carry in yellow snow about the town before the secretary's office was gone and the barracks turned to ashes, the stables outside the fort licked up and the roofs of the houses next the North River bombarded with blazing shingles.

THE whole town would have been shortly levelled if heaven had not sent a "moderate shower" to stay the holocaust.

Everybody blamed the plumber, who confessed that he was mending a leak in the gutter between His Majesty's House and the chapel, and that sparks must have escaped from the fire-pot that heated his soldering-irons. A report was made to that effect by Governor Clarke, in a letter to the Legislature at Albany.

But Mr. Cornelius Van Horne, captain of one of the five militia companies, beat to arms and drew out his men and kept seventy odd of them on patrol that night.

The other captains called him a fool and his men cursed him, but he was soon hailed as the savior of the city from a damnable conspiracy.

And sure enough: hardly a week had passed when there was a fire in Captain Warren's House near the Long Bridge over the Broad street sewer creek. The engine soon had the fire out and the duldards said the thing started in a sooty chimney.

HOUSES were always catching fire from dirty chimneys and all of the chimneys were unusually foul from the early and unbroken winter. But people of imagination thought it strange that two fires should come only a week apart.

Just a week later and Mr. Van Zandt's storehouse for deal boards and hay was blazing. Luckily it stood so close to a slip that a bucket line overwhelmed it almost at once. But thoughtful people began to murmur:

"A strange many of fires we're having of late!"

Three days later Mr. Vergereau's cow-stable in the Fly had to be put out. As the people were returning from that, Ben Thomas' house on the west side of Captain Sarly's house began to smoke, and was smartly quenched.

The next day, a Sunday, some live coals were found smoking in a haystack near the coachhouse of Joseph Murray, esq. Though these were also extinguished at once, in the words of Justice Horsmanden "it was natural for people of any reflection to conclude that the fire was set on purpose by a combination of villains."

On that very sabbath as three slaves were walking up the Broadway towards the English Church of the Trinity at service time, Mrs. Earle, who was kept

at home by a sore tooth, chanced to be leaning out of her window and overheard one of the trio say with a vaporing sort of air:

"Fire, fire! Scorch, scorch! A little, damn it, by and by."

He threw up his hands and laughed, and the three passed on. Mrs. Earle, brooding over all those fires, conceived a jealousy at these silly words and went at once to talk to her neighbor Mrs. George about it.

An hour later, just after church-out, the same negroes came down the Broadway again and Mrs. Earle pointed out the man who spoke.

"Why, that's Mr. Walter's Quack," cried Mrs. George.

The two women ran to the nearest alderman with their conclusions and the alderman informed the rest of the justices at their meeting the next morning. As they were clacking over it, a chimney broke out at Sergeant Burns' house on the east side of Captain Sarly's. Two hours later Mrs. Hilton's house was afire and some tow was found wrapped in a bundle.

Now this was worth considering. The houses on either side of Captain Sarly's house had been found afire. And Captain Sarly owned one of those Spanish negroes.

What better proof could the forethoughtful need? They set afoot a rumour that ran on of itself:

"The Spanish negroes, the Spanish negroes! Take up the Spanish negroes!"

When Captain Sarly's black was asked if he set the two houses afire he answered with insolence, so naturally there was nothing to do but throw him and all the other Spanish slaves into jail.

Even this did not end the conspiracy, for the following morning one of Col. Philipse's storehouses blazed up, and a slave was seen to leap from a window. A mob pursued him and dragged him from his master's house. He turned out to be Col. Philipse's Cuffee and he insisted that he had been trying to put the fire out and had to leap for his life. But it turned out that he had leapt into a deeper fire, for of course he was not believed and it was accounted merciful not to kill him on the way to jail.

The lieutenant-governor ordered a military watch to be kept that night; and it was kept all summer. For equal proofs of foul conspiracy were multiplied each day and the common council promptly offered a reward of one hundred pounds current money of the province to any white person who discovered the incendiaries, and a pardon to him if he were concerned; while any slave who made discovery would be set free and given twenty pounds; and his master paid twenty-five pounds to pay for his freedom.

AT THIS high crisis, the Supreme Court met—on a Tuesday, April 21—and proceeded to the trial of the thieves who had robbed Mrs. Hogg. Since this involved two negroes, everyone thought at once of

the fires. And now Mary Burton was dragged again into eminence.

She was called before the Grand Jury, but the constable reported that she refused to come or to be sworn or to give evidence. When asked why, her only answer was:

"I will not be sworn!"

They saw that she was under some great uneasiness, some terrible apprehension. Her testimony was deemed of such weight that shorthand reports were kept of her least utterances so that we know far more of this scared chit and her chameleon shifts of color than of many of the giants of history.

We have almost no hint of Jenghiz Khan, who ruled a continent; and numberless Titans of history are dumb in the record: but we possess a volume of Mary Burton's deadly chatter in her own dialect.

At first the grand jurors found her adamant. They thundered at her in vain. Then they offered her the hundred pounds. She despised it.

Someone hinted that she had a guilty knowledge of the fire-conspiracies. They conceived "a jealousy that she was privy to them." But she would not speak until they said, "Take her to jail!"

And that broke her silence. She cried she would tell all she knew.

When she stood before the grand jury again, she stammered:

"I'll tell all about the theft, but nothing about the fires!"

The jurors said: "Aha! that means she knows about the fires." Of course it did not, and she had not meant it so, but they called it "providential" and went after her in full cry.

THEY began to badger her again with threats and promises. They offered to buy her bond of indenture so that the city should own her. They talked religion and warned her of the everlasting fires of hell and worse demons even than the Spanish negroes.

And so they cudgelled the poor fool to a frenzy. She wanted only something to confess to please them, but could think of naught. She stood gnawing her apron and beating her hands together until of a sudden she remembered as in a trance all that drunken hilarious talk of the negroes who had joked about burning the city down. She knew it was only tankard nonsense, and she was afraid that the jurors would laugh at her if she mentioned it. She little knew their hunger.

At length one of the jurors reminded her:

"Does a hundred pounds of good province money and your freedom mean nothing to you?"

For the first time she caught a glimpse of the far future. Tom Wilson's face came before her. He was out on the high seas, firing cannon perhaps at some Spanish ship in the hope of winning a little gold for their golden hope.

Did a hundred pounds mean anything to her? It meant Tom Wilson! It meant

a home. love. pride. heaven. It meant everything!

Why should she conceal what the slaves had said? Let the grand gentlemen of the jury make what they could of it. The blood of the blacks would be on their heads.

And so she told them everything she could remember. and everything that would make it more impressive.

The Grand jurors looked at one another in delight. They rained questions on the girl and their most fantastic suggestions came back to them in echoes of assent. With their imaginations added to her own. Mary was inspired to develop the gibberish of a few boozy slaves into a plot that Cataline would have been proud of. She added guns and swords and stores of ammunition to the things she had seen hidden away.

"Why did you never tell of this before?" they cried. and she gave the easiest answer:

"The Hughsons vowed they would poison me if I breathed of it."

"But to hear them threaten to burn the town—and tell no one! After you were removed from them. why did you keep silent?"

"The negroes swore that if I told they would burn me first and then the town."

This was plausible. It satisfied the jurors and the judges who were honest men as far as honesty goes—which is not far when passion rules. Then a new logic obtains. a new mercy ruthless as only fanaticism can be.

And now the jury had what it wanted; the town had what it wanted: a word from somebody—from anybody—to serve as a pretext for the satisfaction of the wraths that spring from fear.

Mary Burton was not a gifted creator of fiction. or a master of consistent plot. She did not have to be for her market. Fables that would not have been accepted from a maker of fairy stories: imbecile logic that would have disgusted the listeners in a kitchen to a recounter of ghost-stories. were in demand. and common sense and common humanity were contemptible.

Such vast explosions from such little fuses are permitted only to the chronicles of real people. not to the cheap twisters of imagined crimes and mysteries.

Only a few years before Mary Burton ruled New York two little girls had given the town of Salem to immortality by their silly gabble of witches. And Salem had gone on hanging old women. and young men as well. under the guidance of hysterical girls and solemn preachers till at last a clergyman was put to death for witchcraft and nobody was safe from the venomous tongues. And then the witch-hunt stopped short.

New York was about to show how much it could better New England. A fire-pot for soldering irons started the mania and six little chimney-smudges fed it; and a long-eared woman's opinion of a few words uttered aloud by a laughing

negro kindled the council-men and they inflamed the judges. and so the whole town roared.

It would take a volume to describe the frenzy; and there is a volume for those who care to see how sly and murderous the law becomes when frenzy guides it. Justice Horsemanden who presided at the trials published his vindication in full and

fiends—not for their sakes. but for the honor of justice which is ever keenest to protect the accused."

Not one clergyman volunteered to be even the devil's advocate or counselled deliberation or mercy or even the avoidance of haste.

The only opposition there was to the carnival of slaughter was the light ridicule of a few such frivolous sceptics as always sneer at the solemn citizens. These triflers and an increasing number of selfish and indolent ladies and gentlemen who found it inconvenient to do without their slaves. were the only ones who even suggested caution.

A house-to-house search was ordered and made for evidence to incriminate the negroes. Not a morsel was found. but arrests were made and prisoners crowded into the jail to aggravate the misery of the poor debtors who were already starving and freezing there.

The slaves. like jungle beasts driven in upon one another by encircling hunters. trampled one another. fought and wept and howled and ran and beat their heads against the bars and gnashed their teeth. fore-seeing only the familiar tortures and the death by fire that waited for slaves who had lost the whimsical favor of their captors.

They were haled before the judges one by one and great words hurled at them in blood-curdling tones. Questions were put in their mouths and the desired answers made easy. At first they all denied all knowledge of any plan to destroy the city from which they took what warmth and nourishment they had. But gradually it seemed through their thick skulls that their masters wanted them to confess and accuse. And so being trained to obedience they did. abundantly. idiotically. with every contradiction of themselves and one another.

The Hughsons and Peggy were likewise flogged with insinuating questions. Peggy. poor gutter-girl. weak and broken of heart and body. answered them stoutly when they advised her to confess for her soul's sake:

"What talk have you of my soul? If I accuse anybody. I must accuse the innocent. And will not that wrong my soul? As for the fires. I know nothing of any fires!"

The famished judges. baffled by the chaotic testimony they were securing from the slobbering blacks. stooped to a foul trick. They bribed a convicted sneak-thief Arthur Price to mingle with the prisoners and. pretending to be one of them. worm from them such confessions as he might. To help him in his slimy work they gave him allowances of drink to loosen the tongues of his victims—or. as Justice Horsemanden says. "to give them a punch now and then. in order to cheer up their spirits. and make them more sociable."

Read the amazing conclusion to this thrilling story of early New York in the October RADIO DIGEST.

Lindbergh's World-wide Broadcast

Reported for RADIO
DIGEST with exclusive
photographs by

JESSE BUTCHER

(Former globe-trotting New York
Times correspondent—now chief of
Public Relations staff of the Columbia
Broadcasting System)

*Mr. Butcher's personal
acquaintance with Colonel
Lindbergh as a favored
journalist especially quali-
fies him to present this story
of a record-breaking
broadcast with authority
and intimate detail. It
appears in*

OCTOBER RADIO DIGEST

on every page writes down his own condemnation. and the condemnation of the citizens.

The most woful feature of it all is that no one felt called upon to ask that the slaves be given the privileges granted a dog suspected of killing sheep. All the attorneys in town hastened to offer their services to the prosecution and not one was left to say. "Let me defend the poor

Lincoln Lives Once Again

(Continued from page 44)

Jedge say hisself; dat you soon as Massa Emerson got us back on dis side ob de ribber our right ob freedom was gone—me an' de chilluns wasn't human folks no more—we was jest property—goods an' cattles.

HARRIET: How hard it is that white men should draw a line ob dare own ober de face of God's earth; on one side ob which black folks is slaves, like de chillun ob Israal, an' not sayin' a word 'bout it till dey gits us ober dat line.

DRED: But don't worry. Honey—eberything gwine t' turn out alright. Look what dese good Abolution folks is doin' fo' usens. Dey is spendin' thousands ob dollars t' hep us—wifout hope ob earthly re-ward. Mistah Blair say dem Government su-preme Co't jedges can't make no mis-takes—*dey knows eberything.*

HARRIET: Den if dey knows eberything they knows what de white man wants 'em t' do—ef they knows ebery—

(KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

DRED: (CALLING) Who dare?

BLAIR: (MUFFLED) Montgomery, Blair.

DRED: Mistah Blair! Reckon de Supreme Co't done—

HARRIET: Don't set like you was petrck-rified—let de gemman in.

(SOUND OF THE DOOR UNLATCHED)

DRED: Come right in Mr. Blair, suh!

BLAIR: Good evening, Dred—Mrs. Scott.

HARRIET: Good evenin'. Mistah Blair. Take this cheer—jes' make yo' self t' home.

DRED: Me an' mah wife jes' was speakin' ob you, suh. Has you got news fo' us?

BLAIR: Yes, I have a long telegram from Washington City. Yesterday the Supreme Court of the United States Chief Justice Taney presiding, handed down their decision in the case of Dred Scott versus John F. A. Sanford.

DRED: Praise de Lawd! Glory Halle-lujah!

BLAIR: Dred, my poor man, the good Lord had nothing to do with this decision—rather it has been dictated by Satan. They have ruled against you.

DRED: (AFTER A LONG GROAN) Ruled again' me! Oh Lawd, hab mercy on dis po' nigger now!

HARRIET: What did I tell you?

BLAIR: I will read it to you. (RATTLE PAPER—READ) 'In the opinion of the court, the language used in the Declaration of Independence shows, that neither the class of persons who had been imported as slaves nor their descendants, whether they had become free or not were then acknowledged as a part of the people, nor intended to be. On the contrary they had, for more than a century before, been re-

garded as beings of an inferior order, *having no right which the white man was bound to respect*; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit—bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it!

DRED: Dat's e-nuf—Ah don' wan' t' heah no mo' (GROANS)

HARRIET: (SIGHS) Jest what I expected.

DRED: (GROANS) Oh Lawd hab mercy on yo' po' black chillens! What's we all gwine t' do now Mistah Blair? Ain't there no hope?

BLAIR: Yes, Dred, there is always hope. God's ways are not always man's ways. Some day your race will be free—and happy. You may not live to see it, but your daughters surely will. Some day a great man will arise, and with the help of God, he will make your people free.

IT HAS always seemed to me that drama is one of Radio's best bets and the one most neglected. The benefits of good drama are manifold. One famous British statesman said that he learned more history from Shakespeare than at his university. The stage often preaches sermons more powerful than those from the pulpit. Through Radio, dramas properly presented can accomplish more than its several other vehicles. As the characters in Radio plays can have neither make-up, facial expression, nor costume to aid in the creation of their illusion, and as everything is dependent on their voices, acting of a high order is necessary to their success. The time is coming, I believe, when there will be a school of dramatists and actors devoted exclusively to the art of Radio that will rival the stage and the screen.

The last of those who knew Abraham Lincoln in the flesh soon will have ceased to walk earth's way. Yet we have received letters from numerous old people who knew Lincoln, and two of these have talked over the Radio in connection with The Prairie President program. Mrs. Ellen Vogler, of Chicago, now eighty-six years of age, was one of the pretty girls who presented flowers to Stephen A. Douglas during his debates, with Lincoln, and, after the broadcast of the first debate, she told the listeners about it. Miss Mary Kent, also of Chicago, was a little girl of six, whose father was a railroad official on the train that bore Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. Miss Kent's reminiscences were a very interesting addition to the program which pictured that event, just as she had witnessed it in the long ago.

About fifteen thousand people have

written letters to WLS, and to me, commending The Prairie President. These have come from many States and from Canada, and are from listeners ranging in age from five to ninety years. These letters are from people in almost every walk of life; there are a large number from lawyers, ministers, and teachers—particularly teachers of history. Several relatives of both Abraham Lincoln and his wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, and descendants of the various other characters represented in the dramas, have sent letters containing valuable comments and suggestions. The reading of this mail, week after week, has never failed to fill me with a strange emotion and a feeling of deep gratitude. It has proven that I am under a grave responsibility to all of these people; but it is pleasant to know that my humble efforts have contributed something to so many lives.

From the listeners I have received numerous interesting items for my Lincoln collection as well as considerable valuable historical information, some of which has never been published. From Bement, Illinois, came two photographs of the house where Lincoln and Douglas concluded their arrangement for the joint debates, together with the whole story. I carefully checked up on this and found it to be correct. Here was a discovery which seems to have escaped all of the previous biographers of Lincoln. And I am indebted to Mr. Chester E. Conner of Monmouth, Illinois, for a print from the restored negative, which he owns, of the photograph made of Lincoln at Springfield in 1860 by Alexander H. Hesler for use in the Presidential campaign. This picture, reproduced here by the kind permission of Mr. Conner, shows Lincoln as he was at the close of the first series of "The Prairie President."

THE following letter, from E. C. Statler, of the Coronado Hotel, Chicago, is quoted in full: "*Mrs. Statler and myself wish to tell you of our appreciation of your episodes of our Prairie President, the most wonderful and heart touching drama ever produced. It touches the heart of any true American, and makes him feel more human to his God and fellow-man. Abraham Lincoln, truly a man of destiny. To study him gives a better understanding of the sweet mysteries of life, and brings one closer to his Creator, in thought and deed. You have done America a great service in putting this marvellous drama on the air. Books by the thousand might be written on this great man and lay dusty and forgotten, but Radio's voice has resurrected a character that should ever be before Young America.*"

Mrs. Carl Grove, of Danville, Illinois,

wrote in part: "We have enjoyed "The Prairie President" more than anything we have ever heard over the Radio. Not only does the author deserve a great deal of praise for his tender and thoroughly human portrait of that great character, but there are plenty of bouquets to be handed to the players who are making the story live. They have made it so real that we become absolutely lost in the plays while they are being presented."

FROM J. A. McCutcheon, of Rocanville, Saskatchewan, came these interesting lines, which are characteristic of hundreds of the comments of Canadian listeners: "I don't know whether you will be interested or not in knowing what we in Canada think of 'The Prairie President' program. I would like to tell you, however, that we think it is just splendid. We live eight miles from town on a farm and we plan everything on Friday so we can be sure to hear the Lincoln drama. It looks to me that the Radio is going to make us better acquainted one with the other."

That this program has made a definite contribution toward disseminating American idealism among the foreign born is indicated by the mass of excellent mail which has come in from German, Swedish, Polish, Italian and Jewish people. A letter to me from Mr. Simon, of Summit, Illinois, is a good example. He says: "I have 5 boys and we all look forward to Friday night. You ought to see the boys' eyes shining when they are listening and I myself think Lincoln was the greatest Man the World has produced. I am a naturalized American but I could hear about Lincoln every day so please keep it up."

As an example of the reception accorded to "The Prairie President" by thousands of parents, I have selected the following excerpts. From Legnite, North Dakota, Mrs. Fred Pommier wrote: "My children take such an interest in the life of Lincoln. They rush the evening's chores so we can sit and listen to this wonderful Friday evening feature. We live out on the plains of N. W. North Dakota, close to the Canadian border, and the Radio means lots to us during these long cold evenings."

MR. AND MRS. LARSON of Cicero, Illinois, say: "Our little nine year old daughter listens to every word of 'The Prairie President' and we think it the finest thing possible for school children."

Edward Fischer, of Riverside, Illinois, wrote: "My seven children, like the rest of the children of our nation, love the great Lincoln for his honesty and as the liberator of the slaves. I think your broadcast of his life is excellent and more than educational, it is inspiring."

Mr. L. L. Brickett, of Boswell, Indiana, sent this message on a postal card: "I enjoy listening to the WLS programs. Our boy, Robert, who is twelve years old, has often stayed home from a ball game to hear the Lincoln program."

From Cutler, Indiana, came a letter from Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sheagley which said: "Our daughter, who is in the sixth grade, told one of the episodes as an English recitation. Her teacher, who has taught for thirty years, said it was the best recitation he had heard in all that time. We believe that this presentation is giving all the listeners a vivid impression of our 'Prairie President' just as it aided our little girl to make an outstanding recitation."

Mrs. Ora Dunn, of Rockford, Illinois, in her letter, says: "We as a family enjoy 'The Prairie President' very much. I have a son, who is a junior high pupil and I consider it an added education to him, as well as to myself, to hear this story once a week."

And from Chicago, Mrs. A. Levinson writes: "My little boy seven years old just begs to stay up to listen to the Lincoln plays and I look forward to Friday evenings for the same reason."

Here are some of the things the children say for themselves. Emma Alltop, of Pontiac, Illinois, says in her letter: "We are studying about Abraham Lincoln in history now. I listen about him every Friday night. It is more interesting to hear the plays over the Radio than to read it. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade."

FROM Rollingburg, Kentucky, Zephie Coffey writes: "I want to thank you for broadcasting the life of Lincoln. My mother enjoys it too. They are fine for school children and teachers and help every one to understand and know Abe Lincoln better. I am 15 years of age and live thirty miles from his birthplace."

Little Miss Esther Bickett, of Boswell, Indiana, writes: "My brothers and sisters and I listen to the 'Prairie President' every Friday night. Our neighbors come to our house and listen and I am writing to tell you to keep them up. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My father is the Methodist Preacher at Boswell."

And from Bonnerdale, Arkansas, Billy Friend sends this note: "We've listened to every one of the Prairie 'President' plays and won't miss a one until they are ended and I have learned a lot. My teacher says they are wonderful."

Florence Public, of Roanoke, Illinois, says: "I have four sisters and three brothers and we all look forward to Friday evenings to the presentation of the 'Prairie President.' I am in the sixth grade and have a sister in the eighth grade. We both have history and have to know so much about Lincoln. I have learned many new things from these plays and I am sure will learn many more."

A BOY in Evanston, Illinois, Eugene Majewski, writes this: "I am in the eighth grade at Nichols school, and one of my special assigned subjects is Mr. Lincoln. And the 'Prairie President' has

given me an understanding of him that I couldn't get from my history lessons."

A little Chicago girl, Marion Nielson, wrote this in a letter to me: "I am twelve years of age and am in the eighth grade. My mother, father and I would rather miss a good show or party than miss the 'Prairie President'. It is very interesting and so real that I almost think I am right with them. I like it very much and it helps me in my school work."

THE son of George N. Bradley, principal of a La Salle County, Illinois high school, signing his own typewritten letter with a very large "Bobby" states that he is five years old and hopes that he will "keep on telling stories about Lincoln forever, for I like them very much. I know Lincoln's picture every time I see it."

Here is one instance, at least, where teachers and pupils are in agreement. From Poteau, Oklahoma, Mrs. Hope Smith, a primary teacher, writes: "In educational value 'The Prairie President' is unexcelled. Biography read is not remembered. Dramatized it is remembered, very much the same as primary reading lessons."

Mr. Fred B. Jackson, vocational director of the Junior Senior High School at Crawfordsville, Indiana, writes this to me: "In my opinion the 'Prairie President' is the best thing on the air. I believe your story is true. I have studied history. I have read much of Lincoln and talked with many of his associates. I have just finished my twenty-second year of teaching; and believe I have fair judgment. Your work will help the morals of all who hear the 'Prairie President.'"

ALSO from Indiana, S. B. McCracken, a professor of science at the Elkhart high school, writes: "I want to sincerely say how great has been my satisfaction in hearing these incidents in Lincoln's life." Miss Fern Peters, of Canton, Illinois, sent this: "I am a listener of the 'Prairie President' and certainly will be with you this fall for the continuation of the same. I am a rural school teacher. My advanced pupils listen to it over the radio. This is an education that will be of more value to them than all the 'book work' they can get in the same length of time." From Overley, North Dakota, Miss Merle E. Larter writes: "My father is a farmer and I am a teacher but we enjoy your 'Prairie President' program which is unexcelled in educational value as well as highly entertaining." And Miss Kathleen McBrayer, history teacher of the Greenville, Mississippi high school, wrote: "As a teacher of history I am intensely interested in the Lincoln historical playlets, they have been of great value to the teachers and school children throughout the South." Professor A. F. Ames, Superintendent of Public School at Riverside, Illinois concluded a very complimentary

letter to WLS with these words: "should like to be able to get copies of all the episodes of the 'Prairie President' plays."

AMONG the comments upon "The Prairie President," purely as an educational feature. I have selected the following extracts from letters which are representative of many more. From Chicago, Mr. Robert H. Sedgwick wrote: "Have learned a great deal about President Lincoln that I never found in history; and as the episodes pass, do not know where I could go to refer to them again." Miss Beulah Cameron, of Edon, Ohio, says: "I never knew about Ann Rutledge's death until last evening. Of course we did not get that part of Lincoln's life in school history. By listening to the Prairie President program we learn the kind of character he had—for instance in paying the debts of his partner and himself after their store went broke."

MR. and MRS. WILLIAM MATTSON, of Dear Creek, Minnesota, say in their letter: "The Prairie Presi-

dent not only gives us worth-while and beautiful entertainment, but renews much forgotten history in our minds and tells of incidents we did not know." And Clarence L. Elston, of Chicago, says: "I wish to heartily commend this Radio story of Lincoln, and the way it is presented. I believe it will bring the life of Lincoln before the people more vividly than in any other way." Ira L. Beebe, a laboring man, writing from Harvey, Illinois, says: "I have read the story of Lincoln's life but it could in no way be compared with the way you give it. 'The Prairie President' is always an interesting topic at the shop where I work the day following this program and everybody there is interested in it." Alfred J. Stiles, of Elgin, Illinois, writes: "The Prairie President is most instructive to young and old, bringing us closer to our beloved Lincoln than reading any book could possibly do." All of which Miss Sherla McBain of Gary, Indiana, agrees with in these words: "We have followed with amazing interest each week's part of The Prairie President, as we view through the

vista of receding years the many intimate incidents of Lincoln's life which are not part of any biography we have read."

The many requests that this work be put in book form has been complied with; sometime in October the Reilly & Lee Co., of Chicago, will publish, *The Prairie President—Living Through the Years with Lincoln*. It will be a complete biographical narrative, and I plan to incorporate in it most of the dialogue that has formed the substance of the Radio series, together with a great deal of added material. The work will thus constitute a new method of approach to a figure to whom there has been no dearth of pens devoted in the past. It will owe nothing to any other biography of Lincoln, save that it will adhere closely to the facts of his life. It is my aim, by projecting the story through a series of closely knit episodes, in which faithfully reproduced dialogue is the chief illuminating factor, to achieve a warm animated study, to enliven without distorting, and to bring a little closer to reality, if possible, the image of the greatest American.

Japanese Fans Pay for Listening Privileges

(Continued from page 59)

and 3. A number 1 orchestra may command 5000 yen (\$2500) for a half hour performance. Contracts are not made for any particular length of time with orchestras. At one time JOBK had a regular staff orchestra, but this has been done away with and orchestras are hired as the program demands them. They seem to be plentiful—even in Japan.

WHEN asked what salary the usual JOBK orchestra man received, Mr. Kemuyama advised that it would not be "professional" to tell me. The artists are picked for programs only. The station does not have any contracts. A list of artists obtainable are filed in the managing director's office. A card index immediately gives the "casting director" all the information required about an artist and when desired for a number he or she is called and advised when to come for a rehearsal.

Artists are paid according to public ratings—or how well they stand with the public. Most of them have appeared on the various theatre programs. Unless the program calls for a special arrangement of numbers, the artist is allowed to sing just what she wishes or what he desires and can "put over" to his best advantage. It seems that foreign songsters are few in Japan and therefore demand a higher rate of pay. Classical singers seem to be very rare as well. Boy orchestras are popular in Japan.

All broadcasting ceases by 10 o'clock.

That is a government regulation. Nothing at all on the air after that time. The summer and winter broadcasting schedules differ—the winter starting at 7 a.m. and the summer schedule at 6 a.m.

Very little is made of the announcers—and usually one of the staff tells the "Radio audience" what will take place and that's all there is to it. Personalities as far as the broadcasting station is concerned or anything with reference to broadcasting, are nil.

Very few English programs are put on the air. Occasionally an American song will be broadcast or a very popular melody from an American musical comedy will be played by an orchestra.

The Japanese are quite satisfied with their own accomplishments and although American goods and American methods are copied to a great extent, the Radio programs seem to be "Japanesque" in every way. When a very famous personage comes to Osaka, JOBK will usually have him speak and an interpreter will follow with a translation of the speech. The newspapers publish daily programs—but they do not go in for publicity of the type given American Radio entertainers. The Japanese-English papers merely carry the programs.

THE Japanese method of handling the broadcasting situation may after all be the best plan from all angles—the station as well as the listener-in. Without the advertising problem, stations can really de-

vote themselves to giving the best form of programs obtainable—and with the consumer paying the bill, the subscriber has some "say-so" in what goes on the air and what does not. Government supervision keeps the Japan Radio Broadcasting Association on its toes and on the job. There may be more sets sold without the "subscriber" method of operation—but after all, what is worth having is worth paying for—and that is the philosophy back of the Japanese method of operation.

Brings the Orient to America

Basil Ruysdael, WOR announcer, is known over the air, mainly, for his excellent Red Lacquer and Jade programs, which brings to Occidental ears the quaint and pithy philosophy of the Orient. While thumbing a Victor record catalogue, looking for information about an artist on a forthcoming program, a member of the Bamberger station's publicity staff came upon the information that a large part of the success of Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone, was due to the instruction he obtained from Mr. Ruysdael, who had kept this fact a secret.

Recently, Basil met an old friend, Alma Gluck, at WOR and recalled the fact that many years ago he had had the privilege of leading her out on the Metropolitan stage in an opera in which she was making her debut. He did not say, however, that he was one of the principals, also.

Specializes in Funny Sounds

From Childhood Robert Wildhack Has Practised Reproduction of Amusing Sounds—He Profits by His Snores

AMERICANS have been accused for years of being a most wasteful people and the thrift of Europeans has been pointed out. Dyes, medicines, perfumes, etc., from coal tar, and various examples of the clever use of waste material have been used as arguments. Now comes an American, who, in a thoroughly American manner, extracts joy from heretofore waste material, the snore. No European has ever done that.

From childhood to date this man, Robert Wildhack, has delighted in funny sounds, has amused himself in his lighter moments with practicing reproductions of these sounds, just as an artist amuses himself by drawing funny pictures. Wildhack is an artist and draws funny pictures as well as serious ones. One day while resting upon a couch, he pretended to be asleep and snoring. He imitated every form of snore that he could remember or invent. Members of his family were convulsed with laughter. Almost every one gets in the dumps at times, feels blue for no particular reason, "off his (or her) feed," perhaps. At such times, the one sure way, in Mr. Wildhack's family, of "chasing the blues," of laughing away the dumps, was to get Mr. Wildhack to snore.

THUS came the discovery that the humor of funny sound is fundamental and irresistible, and universal. The merest child of three or less will laugh. The totally ignorant, uneducated, unread person will laugh. A person blind from birth will respond to the humor of funny sounds of which the snore is only one.

Nobody had ever found a use for the snore. Mr. Wildhack began to use it. He began to entertain his friends, including the most serious of them, by reproducing examples of snores. Then he began to take this ridiculous thing seriously and analyzed the snore.

What produced it? How many kinds are there, or have they any particular relation to each other? He found that they really have a relation to each other and that they could be divided into classes according to the way they

are produced. They were numerous. So he took some of them, arranged them in regular order, numbered them, named them, and instead of making funny noises at random, he



Robert Wildhack, Radio Cartoonist, KHJ, Los Angeles

made a little illustrated lecture out of them. The illustrations were the snores themselves in sound, not in pictures of course. When it came his turn, after a banquet, to tell an anecdote or make a speech, he responded with this talk on snores. Now he is asked to deliver it constantly, by doctors, lawyers, serious scientific men, business men, people of all kinds and all interests.

HE HAS gone farther and delved into the world of sound and brought to the ear other funny things, which we have all been laughing at for years but considered pure waste and useless for any purpose under the sun. Sneezes, for instance.

He has been asked to appear in vaudeville or perform this experiment of turning useless things into pleasure

for public audiences, but he is a busy man and has not found time for this. He has been asked to put it on a talking machine record, and has done so. And now, people all over the country are laughing and chuckling over these familiar "useless" sounds. America has put to use and profit, for the benefit of the world at large, the biggest untapped reservoir of "waste" that the efficiency experts have ever sneered at. And he isn't through.

Mike and Herman

RIDGELEY FLETCHER, known in Radio as Arthur Wellington, and also as "Mike McFriend" of the comedy team "Mike and Herman", at WENR, Chicago, was born in Memphis, Tenn. He has lived in Milwaukee and Chicago. He is married, five feet six and one half inches tall. His hobby is fishing. Prior to his work in broadcasting, he was a stenographer and wholesale paper salesman.

He became imbued with the desire to sing over Radio, and as a result was first heard in the Edison Studios of KYW, Chicago, where he sang ballads and semi-classical songs. He is the "straight" man of "Mike and Herman". He has only been heard over KYW and WENR, Chicago. When he took up broadcasting, he was fired from his job as paper salesman, which occurrence he lists as an unusual event in his life.

Mr. Fletcher was educated in the public schools of Chicago and River Forest, Ill. He is a distant relative of Sidney Lanier, poet.

The other half of the team, James H. Murray, is known to Radio as "Herman Schultzmeyer". He was born in Allentown, Pa., and has lived in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. He is married, five feet five and one half inches tall, has brown eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are motoring and photography.

His answer to the question "what business or professions have you followed" is "building, designing and calibrating electric meters". He became interested in broadcasting through his curiosity to try something new, and was first heard over KYW, Chicago, as a tenor soloist. He has appeared before the microphones of KYW, WEBH, WQJ and WENR, Chicago.

Your Refrigerator

(Continued from page 94)

electrically controlled refrigerator keeps the food quite free from moisture. This lack of moisture due to a low, uniform temperature and a free circulation of air, will keep food in good condition longer than a moist one.

A refrigerator should be free from odor. It is not pleasant to have food taste of wood, varnish or paint. Odor may come from various sources—from the foods themselves, from the refrigerant used, from the lining, insulation or the paint. We can regulate the absorption of odors from the foods by correct placing of food in the box. But the other factors are determined by the selection of the refrigerator itself.

The use or value you will receive from your mechanical refrigerator will largely depend upon the size of the cooling unit. A cooling unit should only take up one-third of the size of the whole refrigerator. So, if your family is small, space in your refrigerator is not at such a premium. But if your family is large and there are several children, you will need a larger box excluding the cooling unit. Milk takes up considerable space and needs to be well placed in the refrigerator.

WHAT is a refrigerant? In a preceding paragraph it was stated that odor may come from the type of refrigerant used. By this we mean the substance used to carry away the heat from the air and the food in your refrigerator. There are different chemicals used in the coils of your cooling unit for this purpose. They are expensive but a very small quantity is used and it is used over and over again. The cost of the refrigerator is not dependent upon the kind of refrigerant used. But the refrigerant must be non-poisonous, non-corrosive, non-dangerous of leakage and non-inflammable. If a leak in a pipe occurred, it should readily be detected by the odor. If it is not, it might waste away.

Most women do not wish to spend a great deal of time caring for their refrigerator or other electrical servants. They become a burden to them if they require too frequent attention. So the oiling system should be such that the attention is very little or none at all.

Inquire into the servicing available in your locality before buying a refrigerator. Prompt servicing is oftentimes very essential.

There are many other factors which are important to the life of an electrically controlled refrigerator. But the kind of compressor used, whether the motor is belt or gear-driven or similar questions are not of special interest to the average housewife. Most of us are not mechanical enough to be intelligent on the subject, even though we should know some-

thing about these very vital parts.

But you, as purchasers and homemakers responsible for the welfare of your family, are vitally concerned about the temperature maintained, the air circulation, the cost, the construction and the refrigerant used, for these will determine your safety and happiness.

Most electrically controlled refrigerators today have side icing units. The coldest part of this type is next to the cooling compartment. The cold air travels to the lowest part under the cooling unit. As this cold air comes from the cooling unit, it forces the warm air up, so each shelf gets slightly warmer towards the top of the refrigerator.

Milk, butter, cream, cream soups, custards, beverages and all milk dishes as well as any delicate dishes which absorb odors, should be placed nearest the cooling unit. This does not mean that it is safe to keep these foods here indefinitely. This is not cold storage. Your refrigerator keeps milk and other foods cool and retards the growth of bacteria. But even then a quick turnover is necessary to insure safe food and it is better not to keep most foods more than a few days.

Meats should be placed on the next coldest shelf to the milk. The temperature here should not exceed 50° F. Place uncooked meat on a clean dish in the refrigerator. If it is cooked, keep it tightly covered. This will prevent it from drying out too quickly.

Fish may also be kept on the shelf with the meat. To prevent exchange of odors, place the fish in a tightly covered jar.

On the shelf next to the meat and fish are placed berries and other raw fruits. They are subject to mold and dry air checks its growth. Dryness is necessary to keep any food, so do not wash berries before placing them in the refrigerator. Put them in a container which allows a free circulation of air.

Eggs keep well and do not need the coldest place in the refrigerator. Any vegetables, fruits or other foods of strong odor should be in the warmest part of the refrigerator. This prevents any odors from penetrating the other foods. The air strikes the food just before it returns to the cooling unit. Here the odors are absorbed. Vegetables will be kept crisp and fresh if placed in a container which excludes most of the moisture.

IT IS well to say a word about the containers used in a refrigerator. Carefully selected containers will save space and keep the food in good condition. Much room is wasted by wide-topped, flaring bowls. Fruit jars and small compact, straight-sided bowls are good to use. Milk, soup, custards and other delicate

or strong-flavored foods should be kept in sterilized covered containers. Glass is a good material to use for food, especially butter, as glass is non-absorbing and easily cleaned.

An electrically controlled refrigerator requires very little care. The interior should be kept clean and dry. It is well to remove all the food at least once a week, wash the interior with warm water and soda and dry thoroughly. The shelves should be removed and washed, also. When considerable frost has accumulated on the cooling unit, it must be defrosted. Turn off the electricity for a short time and the melting of the ice does the work for you. This melted ice should be caught in a container and removed.

AN ELECTRICALLY controlled refrigerator is a storage place for foods. It is not for cold storage. It makes foods palatable, cold, and safe to use. Some foods will last indefinitely in a refrigerator while others, such as milk and milk dishes will last but a few days. A refrigerator prevents waste of left-over food, thus effecting economy.

A covered container with a little ventilation will keep your vegetables in excellent condition. One may be purchased fitted into any refrigerator.

The use of a refrigerator to make ice cubes is thought by many to be one of the main purposes of an electrically controlled refrigerator. In the summer time when the thermometer registers 90° or 100° we are glad for all of the cold foods and drinks with which the refrigerator supplies us.

Another use, especially in the summer time, is the making of chilled and frozen dishes. Many such delightful salads and desserts may be made with very little trouble. It is scarcely necessary to mention the fact that a temperature control is very essential for quick freezing of these dishes. This should be located where it is easily operated and visible.

* * *

Below are several recipes for dishes which you may prepare in your electrically controlled refrigerator and serve for bridge luncheons or teas.

Frozen Pecan Pudding

1 cup whipping cream
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 cup marshmallow cream
 ½ cup chopped pecans
 Few drops almond flavoring
 ¼ cup rubyettes or maraschino cherries

Whip the cream and add the salt. Beat in the marshmallow cream a little at a time. Fold in the chopped pecans, almond flavoring and rubyettes or cherries. Freeze in your mechanical refrigerator.

Stir every 20 minutes during the freezing period to make a creamy mixture. This recipe serves 4.

Ginger Mousse

- 1 cup marshmallow cream
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup ginger ale
- 2 tablespoons preserved ginger
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped rubyettes or maraschino cherries
- 1 cup whipping cream

DISSOLVE the marshmallow cream in the ginger ale in the top of a double boiler. Add the preserved ginger which has been chopped in fine pieces and the rubyettes or cherries. Allow the mixture to cool and to stiffen slightly. Then add the whipping cream which has been beaten until stiff. Pour into the refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 20 minutes during the freezing period to prevent the fruit from settling and to make the mousse creamier. This recipe serves 6.

Grape Sherbet

- 4 cups water
- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- 2 cups grape juice
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup orange juice
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream

Make a syrup of the water and sugar and boil 15 minutes. Add the lemon juice, grape juice and orange juice. Cool slightly, pour into your refrigerator tray and freeze to a mash. This requires about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Then add the beaten whites of the 2 eggs and the whipped cream. Fold in these ingredients carefully, return to the refrigerator and continue to freeze until firm. This recipe will serve 10—12 persons.

Shrimp Salad

- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling water
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- dash cayenne
- 1 teaspoon salt
- dash black pepper and paprika

Soak the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Cool and add the lemon juice, cayenne, salt, black pepper and paprika. Place one shrimp which has had the intestinal vein removed, in the bottom of an individual jello mold. Around it place a slice of stuffed olive, and an emmelette alternately. Pour a little of the gelatin mixture on the mold and let stand until set. Then pour gelatin to fill the mold and chill. Unmold and serve on a lettuce leaf. Serve with dressing. This recipe serves 6.

Crushed Fruit Ice Cream

- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons gelatin
- 1 tablespoon cold water

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints heavy cream
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 or 2 cups crushed fruit

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Add the sugar and flour which have been mixed and cook 15 or 20 minutes. Pour over the beaten yolks of the eggs and return to the double boiler. Cook 2 minutes or until the mixture coats the spoon. Add the gelatin which has been soaked 5 minutes in the cold water. Chill. Whip the cream and fold it into the cooked mixture. Add the vanilla, salt and crushed fruit. If the fruit lacks acid, add 1 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze. Stir every 30 minutes until the mixture holds its shape. This recipe serves six to eight.

Chicken Mousse

- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1 cup chopped chicken
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- dash of pepper
- dash of cayenne
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold chicken stock
- 1 cup heavy cream

MIX the chicken stock, chopped chicken and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Cook slightly to blend the ingredients. Soak the gelatin in the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cold chicken stock. Add to chicken and stock mixture. Chill. When almost cold and beginning to set, fold in the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Pour into a ring mold and chill. When firm, unmold and serve in lettuce leaves. Fill the center with peas. Asparagus tips may be placed on the lettuce. Season the peas, lettuce, and asparagus with French dressing.

Burnt Almond Bavarian Cream

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons granulated gelatin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
- 2 eggs, beaten separately
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot milk
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 teaspoon flavoring
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Soak the gelatin in cold water five minutes. Mix beaten egg yolks and sugar, pour hot milk over slowly, and put in a double boiler with butter and salt. Cook until the mixture thickens—about 15 minutes. Add the gelatin to the hot mixture and stir until completely dissolved. Cool. Add vanilla, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and the whipped cream. Add 1 cup blanched almonds, browned and powdered. Turn into a large mold and chill at least three hours. Unmold to serve. This recipe serves eight.

Macaroon Pecan Cream

- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk
- 3 egg yolks slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup rolled macaroons
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water for five minutes. Make a soft custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt and scalded milk. Heat the milk in the top of a double boiler, add the other ingredients and cook until it thickens slightly. Dissolve the soaked gelatin in this hot mixture. Let it cool and add the vanilla. As it begins to congeal, fold in the beaten whites of the three eggs, the macaroon crumbs and chopped pecans. Line each mold with halves of strawberries. Pour the mixture, serve with a bit of whipped cream on the top, or serve with chocolate sauce. (Maraschino cherries may be substituted for the strawberries.) This recipe will serve 16 persons.

Cherry-Orange Mousse

- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon water
- 1 3-ounce bottle maraschino cherries
- 1 cup marshmallow cream
- 1 cup whipped cream

MIX the orange juice, lemon juice, water and the juice from the bottle of maraschino cherries. Add the marshmallow cream. Beat until smooth and fluffy. Add the maraschino cherries and set aside to cool. When cold and slightly stiffened combine carefully with the whipped cream. Pour into trays of your electrically controlled refrigerator and freeze. This recipe will serve 8 persons generously. It will be creamier if you stir every half hour during the freezing process.

Pickards Give an Impromptu Program

Obed ("Dad") Pickard, the father of all the Pickards, who sing those old hill-billy songs over the NBC chain from Chicago, on his last trip to New York was obliged to give an impromptu (and free) concert under unusual circumstances, despite his exclusive contract with the National's concert bureau.

Just outside Ashland Junction, N. Y., the automobile containing the Pickard family found a freight train stalled across the only available road. They took shelter in the small railroad station and were soon recognized by a few hundred of passengers similarly stalled. The crowd was joined by the station master, porters, freight-handlers and section-hands, and "Dad" Pickard had to unpack his various violins, guitars, jew's harps, banjos and such and give a program of favorite old tunes to one of the most enthusiastic audiences of his career.

Individuality in Fall Styles

(Continued from page 89)

were either very light or very dark, with none of the startlingly vivid hues of other years. Princess lines will be most popular; fitted in at the waist, moulded over the hips and hanging in a flare to the floor. Buffant treatment over the hips is out, which makes our old robes de style useless unless we are clever at making things over.

PLEASE make it very clear to your readers," begged Miss Carnell, "that uneven hemlines are now as dead as King Tut. They really have been since the Spring but too many women seemed to ignore the fact. All hemlines on the new Fall dresses will be even, though equalized irregularities, such as points and scallops, may be used on formal clothes."

Tweeds will be as good as ever for sports suits, coats and dresses, but the new tweeds are soft, lightweight materials instead of the heavy English worsteds of other years. All woolen dress materials, by the way, are much finer this year, of the type that is known as "sheer" to the trade.

Unlike dresses, the fitted and slightly flared silhouettes of the coats Miss Cornell saw were achieved through ingenious cut rather than by the more obvious means of godets or other inserts. The leading materials were broadcloths and velvety suede-finish wools. The waistlines were invariably indicated either by a belt or by shaping, with a tendency to pose it a trifle higher than formerly. Flattering collars that drop over the shoulders were prominent in the Paris collections and the sleeves were often elaborate. Flat furs, especially caracul and Persian lamb are important trimmings, although such long-haired furs as fox, fine wolf and badger were shown abroad. Raccoon and beaver continue to be the favorites on sports coats.

* * * * *

There is nothing very startling to report about hats and shoes. Off-the-face hats, in sweeping but framing effects, will still be good. The beret continues its amazing success of the past year, fashioned from felt, cloth and velvet for both formal and informal wear. Large brimmed hats, while very stunning on some women, are not so practical for the Winter. However, Miss Cornell noticed quite a few of them among the more expensive models for formal occasions. Crowns continue to be shallow in front but there is a tendency to lengthen them at the back—to make room for the return of long hair, it is said, but I doubt long hair will ever be universal again. Hats, by the by, should match gloves and shoes

and complement rather than match one's clothes. In the sweeping appeal dark shades seem to have for the Fall, hats are included, the dark colors heightened by trimmings of ribbons and feathers. Just how far the latter will be able to creep into our styles over here Miss Cornell would not predict but it would

shoes were given no space in the Paris exhibits.

Smart Fall furs avoid extremes and always accent slenderness. Sports fur coats affect a youthful, jaunty air, often accomplished in the Paris collection by belted silhouettes, fashioned of the coat fur in a narrow tailored effect or of contrasting color in novelty leathers. The newest furs are lapin, ocelot, kid and otter for sports and caracul, galyack, Persian lamb and, in fact, all the flat furs for dress.

* * * * *

And so you see we have an excellent chance to make hay while the sun shines on our feminine curves, dimples and other charms, and if we women don't make the best of it we deserve to go back to the days of boyish flatness when the nicest thing a man could say about us was "Yes, she's a most intelligent woman."

The new clothes are a boon to the woman who loves gallantry and protection from men—and who of us doesn't? If we are able to interpret the new mode correctly we will become a nation of smartly sophisticated women. But—and what a big but it is—if we don't want to take the time to study the new clothes and from the great variety choose the things that enhance our personalities, emphasize our good features and veil our bad points, we are going to find ourselves badly floundering.

BARON DE MEYER, one of the foremost fashion experts of Paris, said recently in a broadcast from the studios of the Radio Home-Makers Club: "A good definition of a well-dressed woman is: she who can pass unnoticed in a crowd of indifferently dressed women, yet be the center of attraction in an assembly of smart ones. Perfect dressing nowadays means never to strike a false note. The principal novelty of modern fashions consists in their adaptability to the individual style and build. Present-day fashions enable an intelligent dresser to appear as being a la mode in whatever she has decided is most becoming to her."

The 1930 Fall styles are appealing to men and flattering to women, the acne of perfection when realized. To achieve this combination in your own wardrobe good taste is more important than money. In fact, the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. Remember this when you begin to select your new clothes; go slowly, be critical, be sure the dress that appeals to you also makes you appealing and your Fall wardrobe will be a success.

What Happened to Mary?

Thrills! Drama!

*The third, and last installment of
TERROR, by Rupert Hughes
will appear in October Radio Digest.*

*This dramatic episode in the history
of Old New York reaches an un-
expected and surprising climax.*

*Mary Burton, the bonded white
slave, cast among negroes, becomes*

*the instrument of fate in one of the
darkest hours of early American*

Colonial days. ¶ Fanatical frenzy

*reaches its apex, distortion of justice
takes new forms. It is raw drama!*

*It is thrilling! It is history in the
making! ¶ And what about Mary?*

*Does she win through to her lover's
arms or does she go down to destruc-*

tion with the other unfortunates.

*October Radio Digest will set your
mind at rest.*

be a blessing to see feathers adopted again, they are so graceful and flattering.

FALL shoes emphasize the feminine influence by their high heels. For evening they cannot be high enough, or luxurious enough. As far as colors are concerned black leads the procession with brown a close second. Novelty color

Try Singing to Speak Well

(Continued from page 7)

out he was conducting a chorus of thirty-two voices in one of the churches of which he was the baritone soloist and conductor of the chorus in another church. He has directed many musical productions. The announcer is of the opinion that there is nothing like singing to improve one's speaking voice and not only one's voice, but one's health and appearance. He recommends singing lessons even to those who have no particular vocal ability.

WHEN the war broke out, Bach enlisted in the army and went overseas with the 44th Coast Artillery Corps, seeing active service on the Somme-St. Mihiel front. After the war he went into the printing business and it is to printing that he owes his knowledge of the grammatical end of the English language, as it is to singing that he owes, in part, his correct diction.

In October, 1922, he became an announcer for Station WBZ in Springfield, Massachusetts. He announced the programs broadcast by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In 1926 he went over to WBZ's twin station in Boston, WBZA. He came to NBC in 1927.

At NBC he announces the following programs: On Sunday, the Davey Tree, Iodent, Enna Jettick Shoes, the Hour with Shakespeare, Reminiscences. On Monday, Beacon Oil—the Bob Ripley feature in this—Real Folks. On Tuesday, Around the World with Libby, Enna Jettick Song Birds. On Friday, Famous Loves, Natural Bridge Shoes. Besides he has done many special pieces of announcing and is often heard on the air as a soloist.

Bach is known as the only man ever to broadcast from a bath tub. He tells the story: "It was in the 1924 Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden. Our station, WBZ, hadn't been able to procure telephone communications and requested permission from Worcester to pick up their transmission and rebroadcast it. In order to do an effective job there was a superheterodyne receiver with which to pick up their signals in the hotel Bancroft in Worcester. From the receiver the broadcast went out through an amplifier onto the Boston Springfield line. During the course of procedure Graham McNamee would announce, 'Please stand by for station announcements,' and that was our cue to drop off and give our own call letters.

"Well, this was the night the Democrats had their all night session. Along about two o'clock I began to get sleepy and decided I'd better take a tub to wake me up. Just as I was nicely lathered, the engineer rushed into the bath room with the mike on a long extension cord. Letting go the soap and grabbing the mike, I said, 'This is station WBZ.'"

Such a trifle as having to announce from a bath tub is nothing in the life of an announcer, for it is his business, no matter what happens in the studio, to announce the program in a voice as serene as a morning in May. There must be no flurry, no tension. It doesn't matter if the star has just keeled over in a dead faint, or that the orchestra, finding a non-union artist has been employed, has just walked out, it is up to him to announce the program suavely and easily. For this is the critical and ticklish responsibility of keeping the Radio audience from turning the dials before the program can get on the air.

When I asked him how the average person could improve his diction, the medal winner thought a minute and then said, "Singing first, and then"—with a twinkle in his eye—"the dictionary game." Seeing the question mark in my eyes he went on to explain. "I got it from my mother. One can keep a dictionary around and read it. Yes, I know that old joke about its changing its subject too often. And I don't mean the big dictionary, but the average college dictionary of eight or nine hundred pages. One can read two or three pages a day, picking out the words he uses and seeing if he is using and pronouncing them correctly. And again I don't mean memorizing long lists of words that one doesn't ordinarily use. The game is to correct the vocabulary more than to increase it."

"I'll wager that hardly any of you can even get through the 'a's' without finding dozens of words you mispronounce. How many of you put the accent on the last syllable of 'adult' and 'addict'? And in the 'b's' do you say 'Babel' with a long 'a' or short? Do you say 'Chinese' as if it rhymed with 'breeze' or 'fleece'? Try the dictionary game; you'll find it amusing and instructive."

THERE are two kinds of words, Bach says, eye words and tongue words. One's greatest vocabulary, of course, is the eye vocabulary. We know the meaning of a vastly greater number of words that we read than we use in our speech. The problem is to bring more of the eye words over into the tongue column.

Bach waxed philosophic in discussing onomatopœia (pronounce that one, will you?), the formation of words in imitation of natural sounds as "crack," "splash," "bow-wow". "It is interesting," he remarked, "to notice how often words sound like the thing they represent. There are the obvious examples mentioned above, of course, but isn't there a little rasping sound to the word 'exasperate'? Doesn't 'delicious' make you smack your lips?"

It would be interesting, thinks Bach, to

try words on a foreigner, for instance, a Chinese (pronounced to rhyme with "fleece," if you haven't already looked it up) and see if he could get their meaning just from the sound. Take the two words, "gazelle" and "hippopotamus". Couldn't a Chinese gain some knowledge of the animals' qualities just from their names? A rose may smell just as sweet by any other name, but Bach doesn't think so. "How far do you think I'd get in announcing," he asked, "if my name were 'Spink-doodle'?"

HOWEVER, he warns that one mustn't be too pedantic in this question of pronunciation and diction. "After all, words are to convey meaning; that's their primary purpose. One can make oneself a bore by stopping continually to dicker over pronunciation. I know one woman who stops a conversation, her own, or anyone else's to discuss minute details, quote authorities, and make herself very objectionable. Which reminds me of a joke about St. Peter and a young woman who came knocking at the Heavenly gates one time late at night.

"Who's there?" called out St. Peter, putting the key in the lock and getting ready to let her in.

"It's I," said the voice.

St. Peter took his key out. "You can't come in here. We've got too many school teachers already."

Bach said he used to be shy and very ill at ease in company but that singing and announcing have taken it all out of him. Any one who can be unfurried through the mishaps of a studio, can still keep his voice serene even though at a tea party he absent-mindedly puts six lumps of sugar in his tea.

An interesting incident is told in the NBC studios as to a bit of advice given to the medal winner by another announcer who has no mean record as a person of gild-edged diction.

"Don't be so darned perfect as to sound inhuman," said the old timer. "There's a fine line to be drawn somewhere between 99 and 100 per cent perfect."

"You certainly are not trying to persuade me to deliberately mispronounce a word are you?" asked Bach, astounded.

"Well, a little sneeze or a bit of stuttering perhaps would make a difference."

So, according to the story, Bach did make a little break as an experiment. And the incident resulted in a surprising increase of mail in that particular program.

Bach is married, has a young daughter, Joyce Elizabeth, who was born in 1923. She does *not* talk baby talk. And those who know her say her speech is remarkable for a child her age, a mark of excellent parental training.

The Road to Liberty

(Continued from page 39)

Londe gave the man his orders. Soon they were rushing back once more towards the hills, on the other side of which was her home.

"You are very silent," she murmured once.

He turned towards her.

"I was thinking about you," he replied; "you and your little pink and white house amongst the hills, and your father, and Monsieur Arleman. It is a queer little chapter of life, you know."

"TO YOU," she sighed, "it must seem so very, very trivial. And yet, when I wake in the mornings and the thought comes to me of Monsieur Arleman, then life seems suddenly big and awful. I feel as though I must go all round, stretching out my hands, seeking some place in which to hide. I feel," she added, as her fingers sought his half fearfully and her voice dropped almost to a whisper, "that there isn't any way of escape in the whole world which I would not take."

Londe made no response. The appeal of her lowered voice, her wonderful eyes, seemed in vain. He was an adventurer, a hardened man of the world, whose life, when men spoke of it, they called evil; but his weak spot was discovered. He sat and thought steadily for the girl's sake, and at the end of it all he saw nothing.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "this Monsieur Arleman is not so bad when one knows him. If one is kind and generous—"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Monsieur," she replied, "he is *bourgeois*, he drinks, he is old. His presence disgusts me."

Once more Londe was silent. The sheer futility of words oppressed him. They were climbing the hills now. The patchwork land was unwinding itself below. Only a few more turns, and they would be within sight of her home. Then, because he was a man who throughout his life had had his own way, and because there were limits to his endurance, he changed, for a moment, his tone.

"Little girl," he said, "If I were free I think that I should take you away, just as you are, in this car, on and on to some place at the end of the road. Would you rather have me for a husband than Monsieur Arleman?"

She said nothing, but she had begun to tremble. He felt the instinctive swaying of her body towards him. He laid his hand upon hers.

"IT WAS wrong of me to ask you the question," he continued, "because, you see, I am not free. I have not seen my wife for years. I am not a reputable person. If you met with those who

understood, they would pity that boy for his companion, and they would be right. They would tremble for you, and they would be right. So, Mlle. Félice, I cannot help you."

"You have helped me, and you will help me always," she whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "You will help me with what you have said—with the memory of to-day."

Then again there was silence. They were at the top of the hill now, and below them the sun-bathed landscape stretched like a carpet of many colours to the foot of those other hills. Her fingers tightened a little upon his.

"When you asked me that question—when you said that you would have married me yourself," she continued, hesitatingly, "does that mean that you could care just a little?"

Londe was only human. He leaned over, and she stole very quietly into his arms. She lay there for a moment quite passive. Then he kissed her lips once.

"I always prayed," she whispered, as he set her down at the corner of the lane. "that love might come like this."

LONDE and his youthful companion went on to Monte Carlo, where for a week or so they had the usual reckless time. Then suddenly the former pulled up. He strode into the boy's sitting-room one morning to find him red-eyed and weary, looking distastefully at his breakfast.

"Look, young fellow," he said, "I have had enough. So have you. Do you understand? I am going to take you back to England."

The boy stared at him.

"Are you mad?" he asked. "What's the use of going to England in March, just when we are getting into the swing of things here, too?"

"The good of it for you is that you'll get back to your work," Londe answered, curtly. "How do you suppose you're going to pass your exams, if you waste your time like this? What do you suppose you're going to do with your life if you commence at twenty years old to live the life of a profligate?"

Arthur Maddison set down the cup of coffee which he had been trying to drink and gazed at the speaker blankly.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he exclaimed. "What's come to you, Londe? Why, it was you who first of all suggested coming out here!"

"And I was a fool to do it," Londe retorted, coldly. "They were right, all of them, when they advised you not to come with me—right when they called me an adventurer. I don't get much out of it. I have lived free and done you for a few hundreds. I've had enough of it.

It's a disgusting life, anyway. Back we go to England to-day."

"You're mad!" the boy declared. "I am not going. I've got a dinner-party to-night."

"We go to-day," Londe repeated, firmly, "and don't you forget it."

"Do you think you're going to bully me?" the boy began.

"I don't know what you call bullying," Londe replied, "but I shall wring your neck if you don't come. Your man has begun to pack already. I've got seats on the *Luxe* for three o'clock, and I've wired your mother."

The boy collapsed.

LONDE left him at his mother's house Lin Grosvenor Square two days later, and drove the next day into the City. He called upon a firm of old-fashioned lawyers, and was at once received by the principal of the firm. The greeting, however, between the two men was mutually cold. The lawyer looked questioningly at his visitor's grey tweed suit and Homburg hat.

"We wrote you four days ago, Mr. Londe," he said, "to acquaint you with the news we had just received from America."

"My wife?"

"She has been dangerously ill," the lawyer replied. "The habits of her life, I regret to say, are unchanged. It is necessary that she remains under restraint."

"Is there any money left at all besides the four hundred pounds a year that goes to her?" Londe asked.

The lawyer sighed.

"It is always money," he said, grimly. "There is the Priory still."

"I won't sell it," Londe declared.

"Then there is nothing else worth mentioning."

"If you were to sell everything else that belongs to me," Londe inquired, "how should I stand?"

"You might have a thousand pounds."

"Then I'll take it," Londe declared. "I am going to emigrate."

FOR a moment the grim lines in the lawyer's face relaxed.

"As an old friend of your father, Mr. Londe," he said, "it would give me great pleasure if I thought you were tired of the life you are reputed to live."

"I am heartily sick of it," Londe assured him.

"Then I will do my best to straighten out your affairs," the lawyer promised. "It will take a month. Shall you remain in town?"

"I expect so," Londe answered. "You know my address. I will call here a month to-day."

Londe spent three restless weeks. The sight of the City was hateful to him. The clubs, where he was received coldly, the shadier resorts which he had been wont to patronize, were like nightmares to him. He turned his back suddenly upon them all, left London at two-twenty, and late in the afternoon of the following day arrived at Hyères.

He took a room at the hotel and wandered restlessly into the Casino. There was a variety entertainment going on in the theatre, which he watched for half an hour with ever-increasing weariness. Then a juggler came on and began the tricks of his profession. Londe leaned forward.

The girl who stood at the table, assisting him, had turned her face to the house. He watched her with a little start. Something in the shy grace of her movements, the queer, half-frightened smile, seemed to have let loose memories which were tugging at his heart-strings. He got up with a little exclamation and left the place. To divert himself he strolled down to the gambling saloon and threw his francs recklessly away at boules.

PRESENTLY the audience streamed out for the interval. He made his way back again to the promenade and came to a sudden standstill. Before him on a chair the girl was seated, looking a little wistfully at the people who passed. There were traces of make-up still about her face; her clothes were very simple. Then she saw Londe and gave a low cry. He came to a standstill before her, dumb-founded.

"It is you!" she murmured.

A hot flush stole over her face. As though instinctively, she glanced down at her skirt.

"You saw me just now?" she murmured.

He took a seat by her side. He was a little dazed.

"My child," he exclaimed, "what does it mean? It wasn't really you?"

She nodded. She was over her first fit of shyness now.

"The night I got home," she explained, "Monsieur Arleman came to the house. He had had too much to drink. He tried to kiss me. I—I think that I went mad. I ran out into the fields and I hid. That night I walked miles and miles and miles. I came to Hyères in the morning. There was an old servant here. I found her house. She was very poor, but she took me in. She lets lodgings to the people who come here to perform. This man was staying there, and the girl who travels with him was ill. On Monday—I—took her place. I earn a little. I have no money. I cannot be dependent upon Aline."

SHE looked at him with trembling lips. He patted her hand.

"My dear child," he said, "it—you did right, of course; but it is not a fit life for you."

She was suddenly graver and older.

"Will you tell me how in this world I am to live, then?" she asked.

HE LED her away to a table and ordered some coffee. The performance was over. She was sitting there only to listen to the music. He talked to her seriously for a time. There were no other relatives, not a friend in the world.

"Monsieur Arleman," she explained, "has been ill ever since that night, but he has sworn that he will find me. My father doesn't care. He has his coffee, his brandy, his *déjeuner*; he dines and reads—nothing else. He never cared. But, oh, I am terrified of Monsieur Arleman! Why do you look so gravely, Monsieur Londe?" she whispered, leaning across the table towards him. "Say that you are glad to see me, please!"

"I cannot quite tell you how glad," he said.

He was on the point of telling her that he had come back to Hyères only to catch a glimpse of her, but he held his peace.

"I only regret," he added, "that you should have had to take up work like this. There are other things."

"There is one thing only I can do," she cried. "Jean!"

She called to the violinist. He came across, bowing and smiling. She took the violin from his hand and commenced to play. Her eyes were half closed.

"They let me do this," she murmured. "Listen. I will play to you."

When she had finished many of the people had gathered around. Londe slipped a five franc piece into the hand of the violinist.

"I see now, little girl," he said, "the way out. I am going back with you to your lodgings. I am going to talk to Aline. Afterwards we shall see."

AS SHE left him on the platform at the Garde du Nord three weeks later, she was placed with a highly respectable French family. She was a pupil at the Conservatoire, with her fees paid for two years and the remainder of Londe's thousand pounds in the bank. She took his hand and the tears came into her eyes.

"If only you had not to go!" she whispered, clinging to him. "You have been so good, so dear, and you won't even let me love you; you won't let me tell you that there isn't anything else in the world like even my thoughts of you."

He kissed her lightly on both cheeks.

"Little girl," he said, "it is well that you should love your guardian. Remember that I am old, and married, and a very impossible person. The little I have done for you is absolutely nothing compared with the many things I have done wrong or have left undone. Mind, I shall return some day soon to hear you play."

The train bore him back to London. He sat in his rooms that night and reviewed his position. His little income, such as it was, was gone now for good.

He had twenty-four pounds left in the world. He went to see his lawyer the next morning.

"And when," the old gentleman asked, kindly, "do you start for Australia?"

Londe, when he had signed all the papers which were laid before him, held out his hand to the lawyer.

"Mr. Ronald," he said, "shake hands with me for the last time. When you have heard my news I am afraid you will have finished with me. I am not going to emigrate at all."

The lawyer's face fell.

"The fact is," Londe continued, "I have spent that thousand pounds you sent me in Paris."

"Spent it?" the lawyer gasped.

"I have either gambled with it or invested it," Londe sighed. "I can't tell which. That is on the knees of the gods. I have twenty pounds left, and I am off to the States—steerage—on Saturday. I am going to see my wife and find work out there, if I can."

"Gambled with it or invested it?" the lawyer repeated, puzzled.

Londe nodded. "Very like," he said, "I shall never know which myself."

WHEN, two years later, Londe found himself once more in Paris, a strange servant opened the door of the little French pension in the Rue de Castellaine. She shook her head at Londe's inquiry. Mlle. Félice was certainly not amongst the inmates of the pension. Londe, bronzed with travel and hard though he was, felt a sudden pain at his heart. He pushed through into the little hall to meet Mme. Regnier, the proprietress. She held out her hands.

"But it is Monsieur Londe at last, then!" she cried. "Welcome back once more to Paris."

"Mlle. Félice?" he asked, eagerly.

Mme. Regnier became suddenly grave.

"Ah, that poor child!" she exclaimed. "She has gone. It is eleven months ago since she came into my little sitting-room one morning. 'Madame,' she said, 'I have finished with music. I have finished with Paris. It is of no use. Never will they make a musician of me. Herr Sveingeld has told me so himself. There are other things.' She left the next day."

"But do you know where she went?" Londe demanded.

Madame shook her head.

"She left no word."

"But why on earth was that?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"Mlle. Félice," she said, "was discreet always, and careful, if one can judge by appearances; but she was far, far too beautiful for Paris and to be alone. The men I have thrown almost from the doorsteps, monsieur, the men who would wait till she came out! For a week there was a motor-car always at the corner!"

Londe set his teeth firmly.

"Do you think," he asked, "that Mlle. Félice has found a lover, then?"

Mme. Regnier once more shrugged her

ample shoulders most expressively.

"ALL I can say is," she pronounced, "that whilst she was here mademoiselle was, of all the young ladies I have ever known, the most discreet. Whether she has stolen away to escape, or the other thing, who can tell?"

Londe went to Herr Sveingeld. The old musician did not recognize him at first. Then he gripped him by the hand.

"I remember you perfectly, monsieur," he declared. "The little lady—she gave it up. She was clever enough, talented in a way, perhaps, but without genius. She worked hard, but there was little to be made of her. Unless they are of the best, there is no call for girls who play the violin, especially with her appearance. A public *début* would only have been a nuisance to her."

"Do you know where she has gone?" Londe demanded.

"I have no idea," Herr Sveingeld replied.

Londe braced himself for the question he hated.

"Do you know anything of any admirers she may have had?"

Herr Sveingeld shook his head.

"Why should I?" he asked. "It is not my business. I think only of music. As for my pupils, they are free to come and go. They can do what they like. I am not the keeper of their morals. I am here to teach them music."

So Londe wandered back to his hotel. He spent three days in aimless inquiries leading nowhere. Then he took the train to the South. He stayed at an hotel in Hyères, and the next morning he hired a motor-car and drove over the mountains and along the straight, white road which led once more to the hills.

HE LEANED over and touched the chauffeur's shoulder as they came nearer to the place where he had first caught a glimpse of the little pink sunshade. The car slackened speed. He looked around him. It was all very much the same. Then the car came almost to a standstill at a corner. They met a market-cart filled with huge baskets of violets, and on a seat by the side of the driver—Félice!

Londe left the car whilst it was still crawling along. He stood out in the road, and Félice looked down at him and gave a little cry. She set her feet upon the shafts and sprang lightly into the road. The only word that passed between them was a monosyllable, and yet a hope that was almost dead sprang up again in the man's heart. Félice was very plainly dressed in trim, white clothes, a large straw hat, and over her dress she wore a blue smock such as the peasants wore in the field. In her bright eyes was still the light of heaven.

"But tell me," he begged, "what does it mean? I went to Paris. No one could tell me what had become of you."

She laughed, the laughter of sheer happiness.

"Listen," she explained. "What was I to do? Half of the money was gone. There was no hope for me. I can play the violin like others—no better, no worse. And—don't laugh—but Paris was a ter-

idea. There was three hundred pounds of your money left. I came back. My father had died. The little house and an acre or so of vineyard belonged to me. Well, I hired more. I am a market gardener. Behold!"

She pointed to the fields. Londe followed the sweep of her fingers. Everywhere was an air of cultivation. The vineyards were closely pruned. A wonderful field of violets stretched almost to the village. In the distance was the glitter of grass, rows of artichokes and peas, an orchard of peach trees in blossom.

"IT IS our business," she laughed; "yours and mine. See. I have no head for figures, but since I returned I have added four times to our capital. We keep books. I have a manager, very clever. I was going to look at a little piece of land which is for sale and leave these violets at the station. It is nothing. Walk with me here up home, and while they get *déjeuner* ready I will show you. Come this way. You must see the almond trees."

They passed across the field, where twenty or thirty blue-smocked peasants were at work. Félice stopped once or twice to speak to them. Finally they entered another gate and passed through an orchard, pink and white with blossom. The air seemed faint and sweet with a perfume almost exotic. The sunshine lay all around them. When they came out, she turned a little to her right and pointed to the road, straight and dazzlingly white—pointed to where it disappeared over the hills.

"After all," she said, "it meant something to me—the road to liberty."

They were at the edge of the orchard. He took her hands firmly in his.

"FÉLICE," he murmured, "it may mean so much to you, if you will, for I have come back—I am free—I am no longer a wanderer. I, too, have worked and I have been fortunate. And the day when I commenced my new life—and the whole reason of it—was the day we travelled over that road together."

She came closer and closer to him, and her eyes were softer, and she seemed to him like the fairest thing on earth.

"I have prayed," she whispered, "oh, I have prayed all my days that you might return and bring back love with you—like this!"

* * *

New Use for Waste

Another use for a waste product of the farm has been found. Insulating wall-board made from cornstalks is being used by the CBS in its new studio in Washington, D. C. The cornstalk board, applied on ordinary wood flooring, will be used to minimize reverberation of sound. This is the first time a cornstalk product has been used in a broadcasting studio.

Don't miss the October issue of RADIO DIGEST

There's the story of Lindbergh's great international broadcast . . . with facts about America's hero you have never seen in print.

President Hoover's personal views and reactions to broadcasting, giving new sidelights on the man who heads the nation.

Heywood Brown, who numbers his newspaper readers and listeners by the million, will have a radio column in October—the first of a series—witty, human, informative and interesting.

How Abe and David, that popular team of broadcast artists, get the material that has made a hit with millions of people.

A mystery story with a surprising and delightful ending.

A score of other features you will like—news and views of Radio stars, announcers, home economics, scientific progress of Radio broadcasting and television.

rible place for me. There were so many foolish people. They gave me so little peace, and it would always have been like that. And then one day I read an article in one of our reviews, and I had a sudden

Programs for Women

(Continued from page 91)

or two prominent women broadcasters revealed two things to the writer: first, the reality of the human equation between listener and broadcaster; and second, the secret of the broadcaster's influence over her unseen audience—sincerity. The broadcaster becomes the friend and counselor of each one of her listeners. She is not only a daily tonic, an incentive to greater accomplishment, a seasoned advisor; she is much more, first and last, a friend. And such she remains, more constantly than a merely "personal" friend, ever ready to assist in any kind of emergency.

MRS. PETERSON, who carries on an immense educational program for the Peoples Gas Company through WENR, is the motherliest mother imaginable, and can unwind stories by the yard of the lives she has touched, some amusing, some pathetic. There was the young woman who called her in a panic, asking how to bathe her baby—"it was so wiggly" she couldn't possibly wash it!—then there are thousands who simply write to express their thanks for the happiness she has brought them; and those who ask for help in family problems—and so on ad infinitum. And anyone who has seen her broadcast understands. The vitality she expends and her absorption in her work tell the story.

Speaking of vitality and magnetism we immediately think of Adele Nelson who breathes out enthusiasm, and who, we believe we can say, is responsible for more than her share in making the female population of the middle west more alluring by her broadcasts over WBBM. One can't talk to Miss Nelson a moment without feeling it's one's duty to be at one's best in looks and actions every minute of the day, for her creed is that "in beauty and charm lie youth, and eternal youth brings happiness, and happiness is the secret of attainment." And she has proved it in her own life.

THESE two are merely illustrative of the type of woman who is representative of the progressive stations throughout the country.

So it is that Radio has lifted Woman out of herself; lessened her loneliness; placed her in her proper relation to the world as it is today. It has brought her a consciousness of the importance of herself as a personality. Through it she has found a life of broadened horizons—and the road to a fuller happiness.

Get Acquainted!

LETTER CLUB—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big list (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society, Box 100-B, Detroit, Michigan.

A Familiar Radio Artist Reappears

A face that was extremely familiar in radio circles in the early days, has again made its appearance at the NBC recently. It is that of Joseph Knecht. As musical director at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, he was one of the first broadcasters.

In 1925, he acted as musical director on the first series of the Atwater Kent radio concerts. At about the same time, the B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Cord Orchestra under his direction, made its first appearance on the air. With this organization, and with the Silver Masked Tenor, a tour of the United States was arranged. Mr. Knecht expects to be again actively associated with radio soon.

Why You Will Prefer Chicago's Hotel KNICKERBOCKER

A smart, metropolitan hotel—perfectly located. Near everything. Located in Chicago's smartest shopping district—adjoining Palmolive office building—and opposite The Drake.

Larger, more cheerful, all outside rooms. Each with bath, shower, circulating ice water—and the most comfortable beds money can buy.

A friendly, cosmopolitan atmosphere—a "personal" service instantly appreciated. Known for good food. Coffee Shop and Dining Room—a la carte service or table d'hôte.

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Send for Descriptive Pamphlet and Interesting Map of New York

"The Wonder Hotel of New York" "A Modern Marble Palace"

This hotel represents the most modern construction, and features every convenience including Servidors and circulating ice-water in all rooms. The hotel contains 2,000 outside rooms, and is the largest in the Times Square section. In the immediate vicinity are all leading theatres and cinemas. The New Madison Square Garden is within one block and the famous shopping thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—is within two blocks. Subway and surface lines at door bring Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations within easy access.

DAILY RATES—NONE HIGHER

Rooms with running water	for one . . . \$2.00	for two . . . \$3.00
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Rooms with bath and shower	{ for one 3.00-3.50-4.00-5.00	
	{ for two 4.00-4.50-5.00-6.00	
Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath 8.00-10.00	

Attractive Weekly Rates

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Help Wanted

Experienced Lady Organist-Pianist wishes staff position; soloist transposing. Ethel Ritchie, 7145 South Lincoln St., Chicago.

Handbook

Radio Announcers, Talkie Actors' Handbook. Secrets of good pronunciation, English and fifteen foreign languages. Studio edition. \$1.00. Microphone Publishing Co., Box 724, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Patents

INVENTORS UNIVERSAL EDUCATOR: Contains 900 mechanical movements; 50 Perpetual Motions; instruction on procuring and selling patents and selecting an attorney, etc. Suggests new ideas. Price, \$1.00 postpaid in U. S. A. Address Dieterich Co., Publishers, 602M Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Songs, Poems, Writers

SONG WRITERS—Address Tommie Malie, RD 4215 North Ave., Chicago.

Salesmen Wanted

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Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike. 10c. Chas. A. Philidius, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

"GET-ACQUAINTED LETTER CLUB"—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society, Box 100-R, Detroit, Mich.

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Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.

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being presented. she sits in the audition room checking voice quality, dramatic effect and microphone placement.

In the talking-pictur . Mrs. Church sees a great future for the successful Radio thespian. So far as production goes, she points out, the director will be on the right track only when he combines the finest the screen has produced and the proved principles of Radio as the studio presents them.

Mrs. Church hasn't allowed Radio to occupy all her time. She has a grown family and maintains a home in Oakland, Calif. Married three weeks after she was graduated from Boston College, Mrs. Church was widowed four years later and was left with two young children. She taught English and drama, directed amateur theatricals, club programs and finally found herself on the Pacific Coast with

Forty-niners of Radio

(Continued from page 92)

a well-established studio of the drama.

Eager to go on the stage, Mrs. Church remained at home because of the boy and girl. At last, came Radio and the dream she had cherished was realized, in its essentials.

GEOORGIA SIMMONS, more widely known as "Magnolia" is another studio pioneer who had the courage of her convictions.

With the advent of Radio, Georgia decided that the idea of good food, well prepared and "sho nuff appetizen" could be presented best by a good old-fashioned Southern Mammy. Born in Zebulon, Pike County, Georgia, Miss Simmons knew negro life and she had the dialect.

"It sho looked like as things wuz made to order." Georgia lapses into her favorite character, Magnolia. "But sellin' the idea didn' come long so good."

Georgia spent several unsuccessful years trying to convince a California producer that she was right. At last a flour company became enthusiastic and Georgia—all wrapped up in a crimson bandana—was the original Mammy Sperry of the air.

ABIT of the typical Southern philosophy of her own mammy and a substantial sum of wit is introduced by Miss Simmons in all her black-face characterizations, which now are many. She is the Magnolia of the "Magnolia, Henry and Charley," group heard in the West every Wednesday morning and she's called upon for many negro dramatic roles. Georgia writes her own continuity as well as performing and finds time also to prepare "Plantation Echoes" and write sketches for a weekly "Minstrel Show".

Georgia's career as an entertainer began before she became Mammy Sperry.

She told "Uncle Remus" stories to a sizable per cent of Georgia youth while she taught school in various parts of the state and for years gave the story featured at the George Chandler Harris Memorial in Wren's Rest, Atlanta.

Two years in social service at Jane Addams famous Hull House, Chicago, and time in Denver teaching followed her desertion of the South. At last Georgia found her way to Los Angeles and went on the air first telling Uncle Remus stories. She also told children's stories and instituted KMTR'S children's hour. Georgia has been with NBC since shortly after the Pacific Division's inauguration.

Dramatic instructor and leading woman in many legitimate stage productions, Pearl King Tanner looks back happily to the "old days" in Radio.

"**S**MLIN' THROUGH" was the vehicle which gave her Radio stardom and brought more letters to KGO, where she then was engaged, than any other production. Miss Tanner went on the air after six years as ingenue and leading woman in stock and road companies and characteristically missed the glamor of the theatre.

"But not for long." Pearl smiles, and then reminds one, "You know my invitation to go into Radio came from Wilda Wilson Church—after she'd seen me working in 'The Royal Mounted' and 'The Great Divide'."

Pearl was born in Eureka, Calif., but came to Oakland as a child with her parents who were members of a pioneer California family. At eight years, she showed exceptional dramatic talent and Maude Turner Gordon was selected to tutor her. Ten years later, Pearl was in New York studying with Louise Hillard at Sargeant School of Dramatic Art.

Pearl King then became widely known in the West as a dramatic director, instructor and producer of amateur theatricals. She interpreted leading roles at the Greek Theatre, University of California, at Berkeley, working with William H. Crane and Emily Melville. Afterward she returned to New York and more training eventually to go on the road.

(Continued on page 128)



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Also built in aerial and ground—and built-in extra light socket!

Magnificent new 1931 Miraco-Mastercrest creation. Send coupon for complete showing including Radio-Phonographs. Low factory-to-you prices.



(Continued from page 126)

THREE hundred performances of "Human Hearts", is one of her unusual theatrical experiences. A fling in the movies in Chicago—back in the days when Selig's headquarters were there—is another "event". "East Lynn" the first Selig multiple-reeler gave Pearl her chance to make her bow in pictures.

And then Peggy Chapman.

"Something is going to come of all this experimenting in Radio," a young brown-haired bride told her husband, one day more than 10 years ago. The husband, Henry Cohen, had written some new songs.

"Why Dear," was one of them.

"Suppose I try singing it into a microphone? the bride asked. I know a studio where they'll be glad to have me."

So "Cookie-California Sunshine Girl" went on the air and she's been a headliner ever since. A year ago, she became known as "Peggy Chapman".

"What with 'Cookie' being a bit out of date now-a-days," to quote her.

PEGGY'S husband encouraged her when she needed it most and it wasn't long until she "made" Radio's Broadway, singing four years in New York City with Major Bowes Capitol Theatre Family and Roxey's Gang.

In San Francisco, Peggy takes time out to make records and write songs. "I'll Only Remember Your Love," is her collaboration with Ben Walker McLaughlin, also of NBC.

"That first appearance," Peggy laughs, "was in a little booth—and the microphone looked like a telephone—that's how long ago it was!"

Helen Webster stepped from the women's page of a San Francisco newspaper, into the half-dozen pages of the NBC Woman's Magazine of the Air broadcast from the San Francisco studios.

She was among the first western women to broadcast house-hold programs in a major fashion.

"It's not romantic," she confides, "but my first job was to make the extermination of cock-roaches interesting. Since then, nothing ever has seemed difficult." Miss Webster, who really is Josephine Bartlett, insists she went into Radio because it gave her the opportunity to exercise the greatest of feminine prerogatives—the right to talk.

"I'd loads rather talk than write," she points out, "and on newspapers, I always had to write what I wanted to say."

And now the masculine "forty-niners"—suppose we discuss them later?

Miss Todd has promised another interesting feature for Radio Digest in the near future.

The New Receivers

(Continued from page 97)

and the tone control makes it possible to have that type of reproduction. Others may prefer it brilliant and again the tone control can be used to accomplish this. I don't know what is the solution if two members in the same family prefer the control in different positions—perhaps the best thing to do is to get two sets!

SECONDLY, the tone control may make it possible in some cases to compensate some peculiar acoustic conditions which may exist in the room in which the Radio is played. For example if the room contains a number of heavy drapes it will be, as engineers say, rather "dead", meaning that the draperies will absorb an excessive amount of the higher notes so the reproduction sounds muffled and drummy. Or perhaps the room will be quite bare of furnishings, with walls of hard plaster—this will make the room excessively "alive" with the result that the high notes will be excessively prominent in the reproduction. In either case the tone control can be used to neutralize the effect of the room and make the reproduction sound more pleasing and natural.

A third use for the tone control will be found during the summer months when "static" is likely to be severe. The noises produced in a loud speaker by static usually predominate in high frequencies so by turning the tone control so as to suppress the high notes, the static noises can be eliminated to a considerable extent.

A FOURTH use of the tone control will be to eliminate any slight high pitched whistles that may be heard when listening to a station. This type of interference is not uncommon in the middle sections of the country. Since the whistle has a high pitch it can be eliminated by adjusting the tone control to partially suppress the high notes. Sometimes this high pitched whistle is continuous, at other times it seems to "wobble" in pitch but in either case it is very annoying and its elimination by means of the tone control indicates how useful this new feature will be to the Radio listener.

AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL

BEFORE describing this feature a brief explanation is necessary. All of us have probably noticed how it is usually

necessary, when tuning from one station to another, to readjust the volume control, since we seldom find that the second station comes in with just the amount of volume we prefer; it is generally too loud or not loud enough. When we tune to a powerful local station we have to turn down the volume and when we tune to a weaker distant station we have to turn up the volume control. Wouldn't it be nice to have a receiver that could be adjusted so as to give the same volume on all stations? We could then adjust the volume control to a satisfactory point and then the volume would be the same on all stations. If we turned the volume control almost full on then all stations would come in very loud. If we just turned on the control a little bit then all stations would come in at low volume, and in either case it would no longer be necessary to readjust the control every time we tuned to another station.

Well this is just what an automatic volume control accomplishes. It is designed to permit the user to adjust the volume control to give a satisfactory amount of volume after which local stations and the more powerful distant stations will all be received at the same volume. The automatic volume control therefore further simplifies the operation of the Radio receiver. This feature is usually found only on the higher priced receivers.

A second advantage of the automatic volume control is that it helps to eliminate "fading"—a gradual increase and decrease in volume that is sometimes experienced when listening to certain stations.

INPUT FILTERS

NOW we are getting technical! Input filters are special devices placed inside a Radio receiver. The user never knows they are there—but if they weren't there he would know that something was wrong. Input filters are used to prevent what engineers call "cross-talk"—the reception of two stations at the same time. To prevent this the preliminary circuits of a receiver must be designed to pick up the one station we desire to receive and eliminate as completely as possible the signals from all other stations. The circuits that do this are called filters. They work in the same manner as a screen placed over a water pipe to catch the dirt and only let clean water through. The input filters are an important technical feature of the modern Radio receiver.

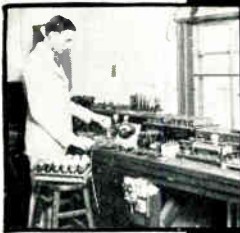
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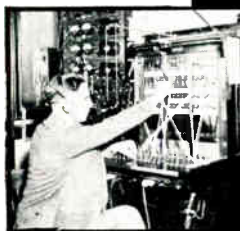


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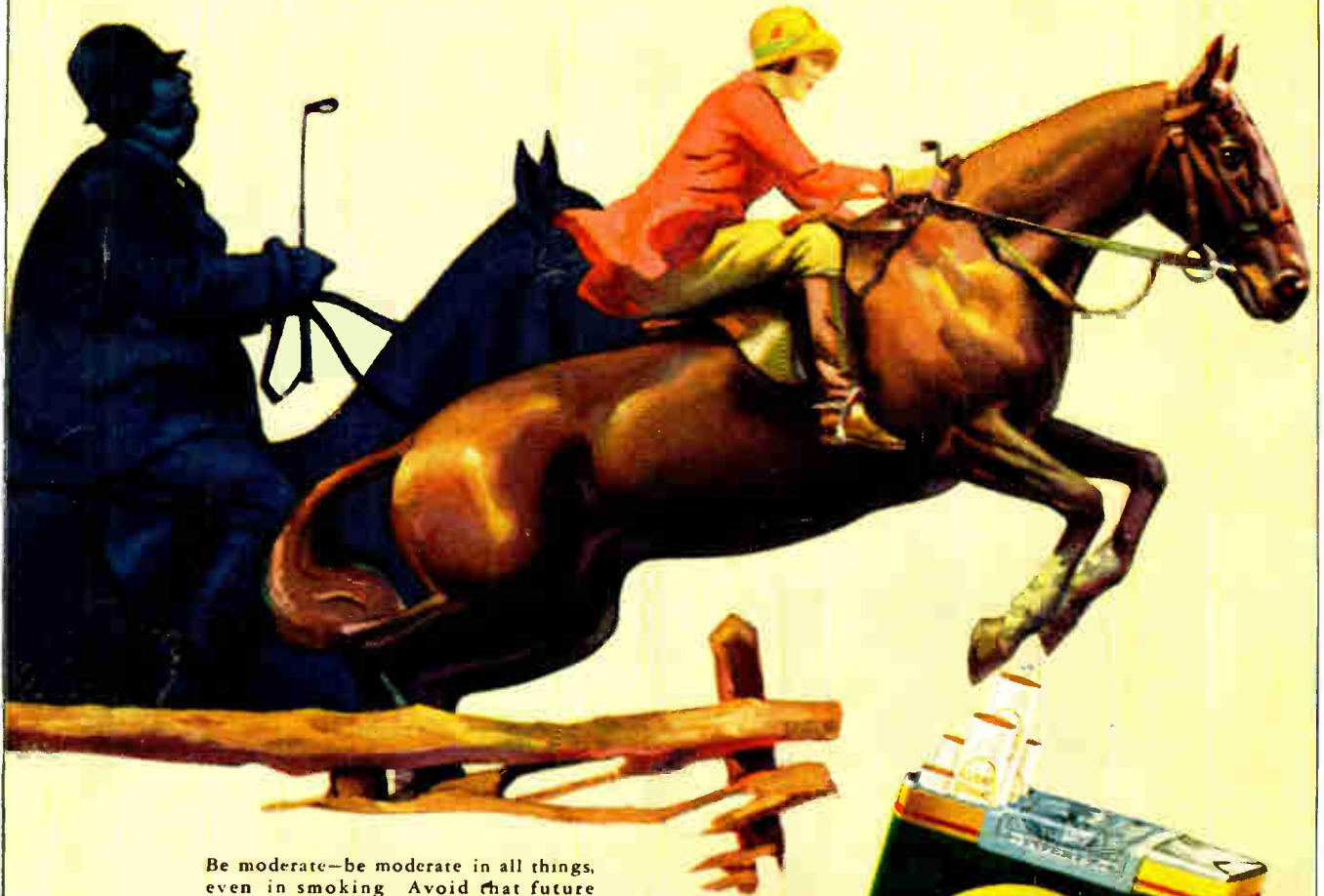
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