

COLONEL LINDBERGH Tells the World

Radio Digest

October

Thirty-Five
Cents

Ginger Rogers
WABC—C.B.S.

HERBERT HOOVER ANECDOTES
Heywood Broun + Rupert Hughes + J. S. Fletcher
PET SUPERSTITIONS OF RADIO STARS



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too soon MIDDLE AGED ?

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Any mouth may have Pyorrhea,
and at forty the odds are
4 out of 5

Forhan's

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HEALTHY
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WATCH IT GROW..**

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SAYS *Frances Ingram*

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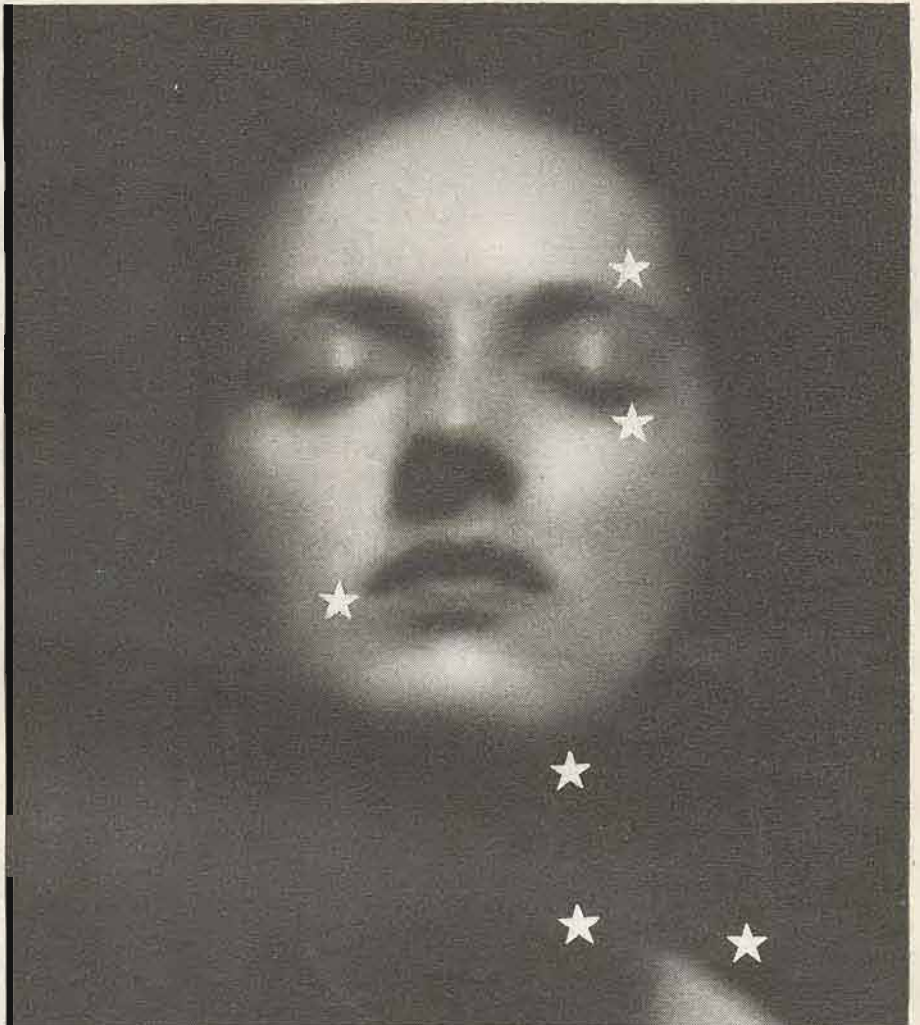
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MY MANNEQUIN SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"



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★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

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Frances Ingram, Dept. R-100
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Address _____

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

October, 1930

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RUTH LFON . . . There's nothing wrong with her picture although you know her by that tag. She's the soprano of the Columbia Green River Beverage Feature, "What's Wrong With This Picture."



LITTLE MURIEL LARBATER faithfully eats her Cream O' Wheat cereal every morning so that she'll be able to be her usual entertaining self. Yes, she's little June who plays with Jolly Bill over NBC.



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MABEL NORMA GREER is her sweet and natural self at all times . . . even when things all go wrong. That's why the staff pianist is so popular down in WCKY, Covington.

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for Every Radio Trained Man

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Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City State

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

GOODBY Baseball, hello Grid—October and football are here again. High powered journalistic reporting of outdoor sports has done much to encourage the individual who cares less for the esthetic in his Radio and more for the clash of human will and brawn on the field of action. See Ted Husing's story here next month.

Along with the autumn sports comes a new series of political talks. Major General James G. Harbord, "big shot" of the army and of Radio affairs threw the first ball in the series. Time will be properly apportioned between Mr. GOP and Miss Democracy, on the chains and on most of the individual stations.

New little Floyd Gibbonses are being reported every day to the National Broadcasting Company. Fond parents are naming their new offsprings after the great Headline Hunter whose Radio broadcasts have become so universally popular. Wait till they start talking!

After all contests do bring out important qualities in the winners. Four years ago Ginger Rogers, the girl on our cover, was a demure little Texas lass with a burning ambition to go places and see things.



So she decided to kick herself into the path of Opportunity by entering a Charleston contest. She won—first locally then the Texas state championship. After that she was signed up for a tour in vaudeville. One triumph followed another. A little over a year ago she made Broadway and was featured in the musical

comedy *Top Speed*. She was the hit of the show. Paramount-Publix engaged her for a series of sound pictures—first the *Young Man of Manhattan*, then *Queen High* and later with Jack Oakie in *A Sap from Syracuse*. She is still in her teens. You hear her sometimes over the Columbia WABC station. And the rollicking ol' Charleston jes done kicked her right up the ladder to fame an' sign lights.

A thousand apologies to our readers, Mr. C. B. Kingston of Bridgeport, Conn., and last but not least Mr. P. W. Morency of Hartford. In the September issue of *Radio Digest* it was erroneously stated that Mr. Kingston had become manager of WTIC at Hartford. Whereas it was intended to announce that he had become manager of WICC at Bridgeport. And of course Mr. Morency continues as manager of WTIC which with its 50,000 watts now ranks as one of the most important broadcast stations in the country. Very, very sorry that this happened. It was, so far as we know, the most serious mistake that occurred as a result of moving our editorial office from Chicago to New York in the course of preparing this issue. Gentlemen, the Havanás!

"The thing that impresses me most as I look back at those hazardous hours is the Radio," wrote Dieudonne Coste for the *New York Times* almost as soon as he and Maurice Bellonte came to earth from their flight from Paris to New York. "If one can picture the sensation of being seated in an open cockpit, hour after hour—age after age it seemed to us—with nothing about one but rain and mist, one may obtain a hazy picture of what those little vacuum tubes, coils and plates meant to us. It was as if we were not in midair far from help. We could talk to other persons . . . in the event of mishap others would speed to our aid." That's worth a thought in passing by, don't you think?



Our own Lindbergh was not so well equipped when he made his historic flight. Elsewhere in this *Radio Digest* you will be reminded of the flight of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. The event is recalled as a result of his use of Radio in urging a more comprehensive plan for international aviation. His entire speech appears on page 128.

WE ARE informed that there is in the United States at present an audience of 25,000 receiving television broadcasts daily. Twelve important broadcasting stations are now equipped with television transmitting apparatus. A sound-and-sight program was recently broadcast by the Jenkins television station W2XER, Jersey City, synchronized with the DeForest sound transmitter. The program included many stage notables and was available to thousands in open air demonstration centers.

Speaking of television some of our best Radio talent is now being sifted to make allowance for physical appearance before the microphone. Some high figured contracts are not being renewed because of an excess of adipose tissue. Read about it in November *Radio Digest*.

Another Einstein theory meets the hearty endorsement of *Radio Digest*. The theory seems to be that Radio Can Kill War, which was the subject of an editorial published in the September *Radio Digest*. Said Dr. Einstein at the Radio exposition in Berlin: "Radio has the unique function of reconciling nations. Until now, what nations knew of each other has been almost invariably derived from distorting mirrors of their respective press organs. The Radio shows the way people really live and in most cases their best sides. The Radio thus helps in removing mutual misunderstandings which so often turn into active distrust and hostility." The idea spreads and becomes cumulative.



Station Popularity Contest for

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

A Chance to Vote for Your Favorite Stations

EVERY Radio listener for purely selfish reasons wants to see his favorite programs continued. The best way of insuring more of the kind of programs you like best is to give a vote of confidence to the stations that are giving you the most pleasure. After all that is small recompense for the wonders of the air that are being given free by the broadcasting stations of the nation.

Naturally the institutions which are paying upwards of \$50,000,000 a year for their Radio presentations are interested in seeing that their money is spent in a manner most agreeable and satisfying to the great Radio audience.

By voting for the stations which are most popular with you these stations will be encouraged to carry on in a better and bigger way than ever.

In this great contest conducted by RADIO DIGEST every participant is given the opportunity to nominate four stations in his order of preference. But each and every voter must nominate stations located only within the borders of the state wherein he resides.

RADIO DIGEST will present to the four winners of each state beautifully inscribed medallions signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion also will be presented a handsomely engraved scroll certificate indicating the degree of popularity the stations hold within their state. In conclusion a full report of the results of the contest will be published in RADIO DIGEST.

Stop and think for a minute. Which are YOUR four favorite stations within your state. This new state contest provides a fair trial for every station in the country. It promises to be the greatest contest ever offered in the history of Radio to determine the standing of Radio stations all over the country in their own respective communities. To be called the most popular station in the state by actual vote is an honor to be esteemed highly—an honor above price. Second, third and fourth places are not to be considered lightly.

In sponsoring this unique contest RADIO DIGEST continues with its old established policy of encouraging every effort to promote the best that broadcasting has to offer. Only by your directly indicated choice can the owners of all broadcasting stations ascertain the type of program policy you prefer.

Personality is an asset to every broadcasting station. The person-

ality of the station is the reflection of its personnel. The individual characteristics are more important than the power of the transmitter. A little station may have more friends than its neighbor station with fifty times more power. It is that indefinable something that you alone can discern as the otherwise disinterested listener. Support from you for that station in the way of votes for the State Championship can be of great benefit by giving that station the prestige so important in making it an artistic and, necessarily, a financial success.

Do this for the stations of your choice as a slight appreciation of the hours of pleasure it has afforded you. Never before has any effort been made to ascertain actual popularity standing of stations within their respective states. All you have to do is send in your nominations, then fill in the ballots as they appear from month to month. Special bonus votes are allowed as you will note under the rules and conditions appearing on page 71.

At the bottom of this page you will note two blanks to be filled out and mailed to the RADIO DIGEST Contest Editor, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City. The Nomination Blank is at the left. Fill in the call letters of the four stations which you like best in your state. Put them in 1, 2, 3, 4 order according to your preference. Then mail this blank at once as indicated.

Now comes the actual business of voting. If you save all seven ballots to be published and send them in together you will be allowed an extra bonus of 75 votes.

A voting ballot will be published in each issue of RADIO DIGEST starting with this October number. The series will be continued through for seven numbers until April issue, inclusive. The ballots will be numbered consecutively from 1 to 7. If

They are turned in singly they will count for but one vote each. A bonus of five votes is given for two consecutively numbered ballots sent in at one time; a bonus of fifteen votes for three consecutively numbered; a bonus of twenty-five votes for four consecutively numbered; thirty-five for five consecutively numbered; fifty for six consecutively numbered, and seventy-five bonus votes will be given if the entire series of seven consecutively numbered ballots are turned in at one time. Votes will also be given for paid in advance subscriptions for RADIO DIGEST sent in direct in accordance with the rules. Send your nominations now. (See rules and conditions page 71.)



Design for medallion emblem

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state).....

First (call letters) City

Second (call letters) City

Third (call letters) City

Fourth (call letters) City

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Number COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's 1 STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) City

Second (call letters) City

Third (call letters) City

Fourth (call letters) City

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Victor Herbert

America's Immortal Composer

Victor Herbert

“As I Knew Him”

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to his art and his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs

IN THE life of every man there is one individual who is the ideal. My ideal—the man who, though he is dead, still holds my greatest friendship and admiration—is Victor Herbert. For eighteen years I worked with him and had his friendship. I knew him when he was gay and happy, and also when he was sad, which was seldom. I knew him when he was successful; and I knew him when people said that Victor Herbert was a “has-been.” I still think he is the greatest man I ever knew.

This is not a history of Victor Herbert. The textbooks and the encyclopedias will give you that data. This is merely my impression of a great musician.

HUNGER caused me to meet Victor Herbert. That was in 1906. I had come to New York as a musician with a Henry Savage operetta, “The Student King.” The show was not a success and closed in two weeks. The conductor of the orchestra, Arthur Weld, advised me to try for a place in Herbert’s organization. To me it was a daring suggestion. Since my childhood, Herbert had been an ideal. But I couldn’t force myself, just a violinist, to ask the maestro for a job. For four weeks I tried to find work in New York, but there wasn’t any work. Finally, hungry and discouraged, I went to Herbert.

“Let’s see what you can do with these,” he said, after I had met him. He tossed me some orchestrations to complete. I went to work and did them as best I could. He looked at them later.

“You are hired,” he said, “but don’t forget, you will have to work.”

AT THAT time he was writing the score for “The Tattooed Man.” I found a place in his orchestra and stayed with the production until it closed. Two weeks after the production had opened, he saw me during rehearsal.

“You need a scarf pin,” he said, and

By

HAROLD SANFORD

he handed me one. I did not know it then, but I found out later that Herbert was a stickler for conventions in dress and at that time a man without a scarf pin was in practically the same category

For eighteen years Harold Sanford, popular conductor for the National Broadcasting Company, was right-hand man to Victor Herbert. Sanford worked, played and lived with the celebrated composer and undoubtedly knew him more intimately than did any man now living. This is his own story of Victor Herbert as he knew him.

as a man today without his trousers. “The Tattooed Man” closed, as must all shows, and I thought my contact with Victor Herbert was over. But the following year he had another production and he sent for me. From that time until his death I was never away from

him for any avoidable length of time.

I was just a violinist in his orchestra when I started. Later I became concert master for most of his light operas and had the privilege of helping him with his arrangements. From him I learned practically everything I know about orchestrating and composing.

Victor Herbert had one great love, and that was music. Every hour awake was devoted to music and, while he was devoted to his wife and was very fond of his son and daughter, his compositions took precedence over all personal affairs.

He had the background of an artist. His greatest influence during his early life was his grandfather, Samuel Lover. Although Lover is best known as an Irish novelist, he also was an accomplished painter and a musician. Herbert grew up, not in Ireland, his birthplace, but in smart, sophisticated London, and in France and Germany. His earliest acquaintances were the great men of art and literature. From them he absorbed idealism and standards.

HAD he cared to be, Victor Herbert would have been ranked with some of the world’s greatest masters and, in many respects, I think he deserves such a ranking. He was a great composer and yet throughout his life he preferred to write music that appealed to the millions rather than to the extremely cultured thousands. He believed that the really great music was that which had the widest appeal. He considered *The Blue Danube Waltz* by Johann Strauss one of the greatest pieces of music ever written. Despite his preference for music of a more popular vein, he could conduct the classics with depth and insight.

The fox trot, that modern dance tempo, was no mystery to him. I have heard him play fox trots as toe-teasing as any written today. He did not particularly care for them yet his native sense of rhythm made irresistible any fox trot

(Continued on page 105)

DURING the early days of broadcasting, Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, was czar of the air. His word was final. Probably no man alive understands the intricacies of Radio in public relations better than the President.

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN is credited with being a teller of parables; Ulysses Grant is pictured with a fat cigar in his lips; Theodore Roosevelt was our "rough-riding" big game hunter; Calvin Coolidge is known as "the silent one."

Occupants of the White House invariably leave the stamp of their personalities impressed on public fancy. Biographers and historians revel far more in portraying traits of character which express the qualities of the man than in setting down the diplomatic acts of the statesman.

For the past year and a half President Hoover has gone about his executive duties in such a business-like manner that the affairs of state have all but submerged the human side of the man. How will he be remembered in the years to come?

He doesn't tell stories, smoke cigars, hunt big game, and he is not silent. Of course, it is just as well that none of these qualifications apply to our present incumbent. We like our Presidents to be different. It would never do for one of them to wear the mantle of a prodessor. And we are confident that, sooner or later, the man now living in the White House will make his bid to fame by establishing a personality through some human characteristic or through an interest in some outstanding activity. Perhaps that active interest may be in Radio. Who knows but Herbert Hoover may be known to later generations as "our radio-minded President"? If that should come to pass it would not be surprising inasmuch as radio, to date, has played an important part in his life.



Herbert

Anec

Back in 1921, when the voice of this so-called infant industry was proclaiming lustily its right to live, the control of American Radio broadcasting was in the hands of the secretary of commerce. From the time he was appointed to that office in President Harding's cabinet, nine years ago, until the present day, Mr. Hoover's interest in Radio never has waned.

IN ORDER to familiarize himself with broadcasting the newly appointed secretary of commerce delved far below the surface. He felt that a laboratory knowledge of Radio was essential if he was to understand the broadcasters' problems. The study of the technical side of the industry was no hardship for this man. The trained mind of an engineer was fascinated with the

subject. Studio control rooms were visited. Receiving sets, earphones and loudspeakers were much in evidence in his home and, with the head of the house showing the way, the Hoover family joined the rapidly growing ranks of Radio fans.

An act of Congress in 1927 established the federal Radio commission and the secretary of commerce was relieved of his Radio duties. Disgruntled ones had termed Mr. Hoover, "the Radio dictator." You may recall that several politicians voiced the opinion that Mr. Hoover, because of his interest in the broadcasting situation, would feel the loss of his power. They predicted all sorts of battles be-



Hoover

dotes

tween the secretary of commerce and the commissioners. Just how incorrect they were in their judgment of the man was shown last December, shortly before this esteemed body was scheduled to cease functioning. At that time President Hoover signed the bill which was instrumental in extending the life of this valuable commission.

MR. HOOVER always has had a warm spot in his heart for the amateur broadcasters. No one realizes more than he that the pioneer work of these enthusiasts assisted greatly in bringing about a speedy recognition of

MANY interesting incidents of the President's more recent contacts with Radio are related here for the first time in print. He is shown as a plain American individual with very human characteristics.

By

Doty Hobart

ceiving set. I had one question ready. "I wonder if you know the date and the occasion of Mr. Hoover's first appearance at the microphone?" I asked Mr. Akerson.

"It's odd you should ask me that," he replied, "because I put the same question to the President only the other day. I was not only curious about the date but I wanted to know what his reactions to the microphone were at the time. Mr. Hoover thought for a moment or two and then admitted that he could not recall the occasion. Perhaps Radio, even though young in years, has been identified so closely with his public life ever since he was secretary of commerce that it seems to have been with him always.

"**I**N ALL my association with Mr. Hoover," Mr. Akerson continued, "I have never known him to be worried over a pending broadcast. As for the broadcast itself, well, the only thing I can say is that the microphone apparently holds no terror for him. Its presence does not annoy him. Just the same, he confesses to a preference for a visible audience. I believe this is the true confession of every public speaker."

As every listener knows the President makes no pretense of being an orator. He delivers his messages quietly rather than attempt to stress their "high spots" with any high-powered vocal or physical accompaniment. The sincerity of his convictions as expressed in his evenly modulated tones is so evident that he makes an exceptionally good microphone subject. The unanimous opinion of every control operator who has worked on a Hoover broadcast is, "he sure knows his microphone."

A specially constructed standard with a green felt-covered top, equipped to hold



five or six microphones, is used when the President speaks to a seen and an unseen audience simultaneously. For these public addresses the loose-leaf pages of a pocket-sized notebook carry a typed copy of the final draft of his speeches. While the top of the combined table and microphone rack is broad enough to accommodate a much larger document the use of the little leather-covered book makes the President's references to his copy much less conspicuous to the visible audience. This standard was built for Mr. Hoover's personal use only by the NBC engineers and is housed in the studios of Station WRC at Washington.

It has been said that "nothing unusual ever happens when Mr. Hoover broadcasts". Unfortunately that well-meaning statement tends to present the man in the light of an automaton and is far from true. Many interesting incidents have occurred before, during and after his broadcasts which prove Mr. Hoover to be decidedly human.

When making his speech of acceptance from the stadium at Palo Alto, California, the sound of suppressed laughter came to Mr. Hoover's ears. He paused in his delivery. The laughter immediately became unsuppressed. Following the gaze of the crowd Mr. Hoover saw the cause of the merriment and smilingly gave the floor to his rival of the moment. Totally unconcerned about the attention he was attracting and unmindful of the solemnity of the occasion, a mongrel dog was making his way across the stadium field. He moved slowly but with an apparent confidence that assured everyone of an ultimate, though mysterious, goal. The aristocratic walk of the pup, all alone in the center of that gigantic arena, would have stopped any show. When quiet was restored Mr. Hoover continued his address. This little episode, far from annoying the speaker, added to his enjoyment of the day.

I AM indebted to Ted Husing, CBS announcer, for the above story. Husing said he came in for severe criticism from letter-writing fans who took exception to his cutting in on the dignified address of a President-elect to give a humorous description of a dog! As a matter of fact his quick witted action in making a Palo Alto canine nationally famous saved the listeners a long wait before silent loud-speakers. Mr. Hoover was not speaking while Husing's description of the promenading pup was being given.

Here is an interesting little episode which shows our President's attitude toward Radio. At a dinner given by the Daughters of the American Revolution the President was a guest speaker. He promised the chain broadcasters that they might carry his speech on the networks. The President's address was the only one to be broadcast nationally and a specified time for this speech to start was desig-

nated in advance. Knowing full well the value of Radio time Mr. Hoover makes his speeches fit a predetermined number of minutes. Also he realizes the necessity of a zero hour for starting a broadcast over a national hook-up.

AT THIS particular dinner the speakers who preceded the President finished with their part in the program about three minutes before the networks were scheduled to tune in. The chairwoman arose to introduce the guest speaker but as she rapped for attention with her gavel Mr. Hoover caught her eye and shook his head. The Greater Audience was not ready.

Across the hall the Radio operators, wearing headphones connected to telephone lines, waited for the word from the key stations which would tell them that the networks were set to accept this program. As the President and the chairwoman carried on a conversation in low tones Mr. Hoover kept his eyes on the operators.

A hum of subdued voices filled the room. Those present, annoyed at the delay, were guessing the cause. These Radio people! It was their fault that the guest speaker should be left cooling his feet at a public gathering. A most unethical procedure! Especially when the guest speaker happens to be the President of the United States. How embarrassing! Why didn't he go ahead and start his speech? The Radio people could tune in their old microphones later if they weren't ready now. It would serve them right to be taught a lesson.

A ripple of laughter broke the tension. The President smiled an acknowledgment of the humor of the situation.

At the appointed time the signal from headquarters was received by the operators. They nodded to the President and Mr. Hoover's entire address was broadcast—as promised.

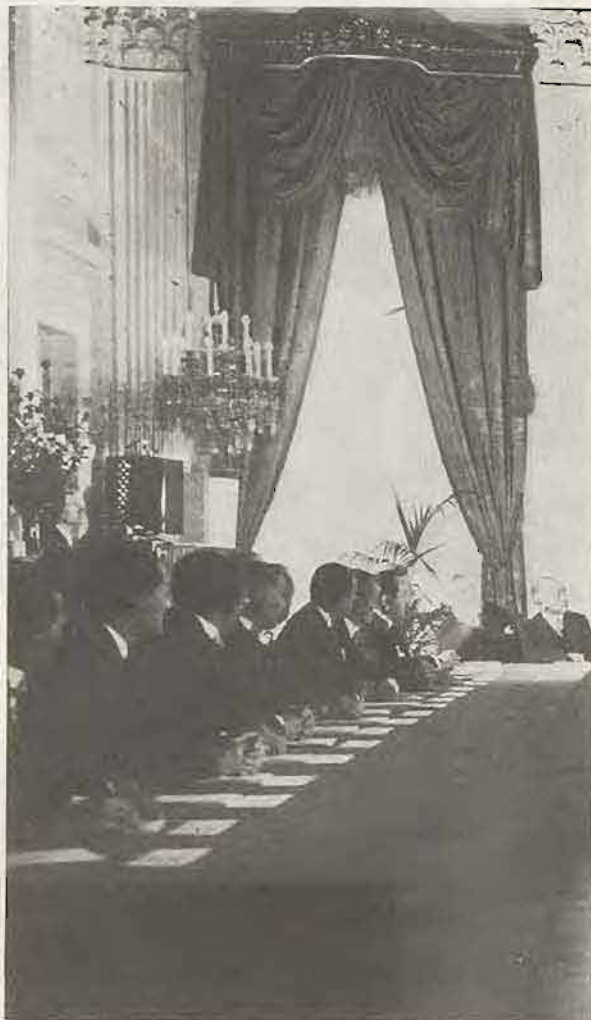
Memorial Day, 1929, was an exceptionally hot day for that time of year. At the ceremonies held in Arlington cemetery at the Tomb of The Unknown Soldier everyone was exposed to the blistering rays of Old Sol.

It was some little time after the arrival of the Presidential party that Mr. Hoover's address was scheduled to take place. The seats occupied by the President and Mrs. Hoover were unsheltered and, what is more, were so close to the Tomb that the reflected heat from the highly polished

white marble was added to the direct heat of the sun.

The heads of all the men present were bared. Hardly had the impressive ceremonies started when Mrs. Hoover opened her parasol. The President aided her in holding it over their heads. It was a signal for all others fortunate enough to have brought parasols or umbrellas to raise them as a protection against the scorching sunlight. Oddly enough the parasol held by the President and Mrs. Hoover was exceptionally outstanding. It was the only green one in sight!

Perhaps I should not mention the fact



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that the President once fell sound asleep in public. But this man so frequently is pictured as being cold and unemotional that I am anxious to portray him as he really is—a thoroughly human person.

I will not mention the occasion for fear of embarrassing others who were present. It happened after one of his 1929 broadcasts. He had been in the White House only a few weeks, but long enough to feel the pressure of his office. Added to his executive duties was a keen interest in the promotion of a worthy issue, inherited from his Quaker ancestors—World peace; embodied in the Kellogg Peace Pact, at that time in its formative stage.

His customary nightly rest had been cut in half and when the hour of the scheduled broadcast rolled around a President, worn and tired from loss of sleep, approached the microphone. He read his speech clearly and easily. No one realized that the man was battling fatigue with sheer will power.

OTHER addresses followed that of the President and, as is his courteous custom, Mr. Hoover remained to hear them. His work for the day was over. The warm air in the hall was indu-

not more than five or ten minutes. But this little period of complete relaxation seemed to refresh him for, without effort, he remained awake the balance of the evening.

An unprecedented incident happened when Mr. Hoover addressed the signers of the Kellogg Peace Pact in July of the same year. As Frederic William Wile, who was present at the time, gives a colorful account of this misadventure in his article within the covers of this issue of Radio Digest I will not attempt to compete with an eye-witness in giving a detailed description of the incident.

sight yet the importance of the occasion held in check those who might have rectified the error. Not until he had finished did the President realize that the microphones were not in position to pick up his voice.

Later he asked why someone did not stop him as he started to make the address. No one could give a satisfactory answer.

The climax created by the accomplishment of a great purpose had cast a dramatic spell over everyone present. The realization that an instrument advancing world peace was about to become an ac-



The forgotten microphones! A nation waited in vain to hear the President's voice speaking to the Kellogg peace treaty signers. Photographers had cleared the table for a picture. The mikes were not replaced before the President began speaking. He was not heard beyond the White House walls.

cive of drowsiness and as he relaxed in his chair the man was fighting off a desire to close his eyes. While the time and place was not particularly auspicious for a chief executive's slumber it was a relief to his associates to see the man relax after those days and nights of exhaustive work.

As he tried to listen to the speaker who followed him Mr. Hoover's eyelids closed. His head nodded forward. Nature no longer could be denied. The President was asleep.

His nap was short-lived. It lasted

Briefly, however, this is what occurred: Before the scheduled broadcast was to take the air photographers requested that the microphones, which interfered with a clear view of Mr. Hoover, be removed from the table temporarily. The request was granted. The moment the cameramen retired the President arose and started his address. The microphones were still on the floor. He had forgotten to wait until they could be replaced on the table. It was a tense situation. Everyone realized that it was an over-

tual force made all other normally important details insignificant by comparison.

MR. HOOVER took it upon himself to shoulder the entire blame for neglecting to have the microphones replaced. He was extremely sorry and apologized to those in charge of the broadcast. His disappointment was genuine. Nor was it because of any desire for self glorification which his voice on the air

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Jessica Dragonette

ACTORS, actresses and vaudeville performers, like gamblers, have long been a superstitious folk. Where they "got that way" and when has not been traced by this investigator, but I've an inkling that it all originated back in the medieval days when knights were bold and Thespians were merely wandering minstrels.

Thanking the supernatural forces for their preservation from the spear points of the lances of black, green and pink knights, it is not to be wondered that the histrionic forefathers went in large for astrology and other less scientific means of forecasting the immediate future, for charms, potions and signs.

Radio, the ten-year old stripling which has invaded probably more homes in the past decade than the encyclopedia, has been inheriting some and originating other (distinct and unique traditions and superstitions. "The show must go on," command the stage and mike alike, but enough of traditions. 'Tis superstitions we must concern ourselves about in this month of Halloween.

Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony, among the world's earliest actors—if a spectacular military general may be called that—would never go into battle should they venture forth in the morning after



Pet Super of Radio



Phillip Carlin

their ham and eggs to witness a flight of crows headed their way.

Should the late and much publicized Arnold Rothstein have seen a cross-eyed person, or perhaps glanced at his shadow in the moonlight, just prior to the game which proved fatal to the notorious gambler, he probably never would have been interested in any game of chance for the next twenty-four hours. "Honest" gamblers are heavy believers in superstitions as a general rule; sharpers rely on their crooked skill.

And this thirteen business which we all know—where did it start? I have read that it began with Christ's famous Last Supper. There the Master dined with his twelve disciples, making thirteen at the board. And so the number between twelve and fourteen became taboo! Why

Fetishes of Middle Ages tables of the air—Hoo—Artists and Announcers Luck and bring suc-

I even know of one office building in Chicago which caters to lawyers and politicians as tenants and which has carefully omitted the thirteenth floor. No fooling! The elevator jumps right from the twelfth to the fourteenth floor and doesn't travel two floors to do it. But thirteen isn't bad luck for everyone. Phillips Lord or "Uncle Abe"



Phil Cook

stitutions Stars

By Evans E. Plummer

still survive to jinx no-doo charms used by to woo the Goddess of cess before the mike

thrives on it. But we'll come to more of that particular story later.

First nights on the stage are very delicate affairs, according to the players and producers. Likewise in the broadcasting studios they are apt to be ominous unless properly protected by the thoughtful artists who bring their rabbits' feet, good luck jewelry and other jinx-charms along



Carmen and Guy Lombardo



Vaughn de Leath

But you don't even have to be present at a Radio first night to see a lot of queer things going on. If you were a casual observer of a program in one of the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City, you probably would be puzzled to see the announcer walk twice around the microphone before he started to announce the presentation. Perhaps he wants to be sure he knows where the microphone wires are before he begins. But why walk around twice? Why isn't once enough?

The reason, I am told, is so that he will announce smoothly. "Walk twice around a microphone before broadcasting and you won't stumble over a word," my informant advises. Hah, Floyd Gibbons must have to trek many a dizzy circle about Radio's tin ear Mike!

The mike-encircling. Demosthenes-



Floyd Gibbons

manufacturing tours are becoming quite the thing in the NBC studios. Even some of the most blasé announcers are doing it. Where the superstition originated no one can say. Perhaps it was a poker-playing adjectiveeer who first did it, and it's origin might be traced to the trick of walking around a chair to change one's luck in a card game. At any rate, the procedure has travelled the rounds of the 311 studios with the rapidity of a forest fire, and now you know what it's all about.

And whatever you do, never read the last line of a dramatic script exactly as it is written until you are on the air! If you do, it's just too bad.

Here is a true tradition of the stage transplanted by the roots to the studio. The veteran actors and actresses brought the superstition of garbling the last line of the play—or "tag" line as it is called—during rehearsals. To use it then would be bad luck, according to foot-fight beliefs. So the Radio actor changes the wording of the line during rehearsals and reads it for the first time as it should be when the show goes on the air.

Or if you are to sing, be especially careful not to hold your sheet music so that it is upside down when you first glance at it.

Vocalists all will warn you of the mi-



fortune awaiting you should you neglect this simple precaution. Watch them as they remove their selections from the music cases. See how the singers carry the sheets so that they know they will be right side up when they sing.

EITHER on concert stage or in the studio a reversed sheet of music might cause an embarrassing delay of several seconds and resultant confusion. Sure it's bad luck to bring trouble on yourself. Personally, I've always thought that the old one about not walking under ladders was a particularly good thought. Or haven't you ever had a painter overhead splotch paint on your favorite suit or dress? Painters, window washers and other artisans who start at the bottom rung daily and climb to the top are not always as careful with their tools and materials as they might be. There's a thought.

So much for studio sorcery. Now for a few personal foibles of the royalty of the Radio artists. Floyd Gibbons, always has

a magic stone, given to him by a witch doctor in darkest Africa, in his pocket when he broadcasts. Just before going on the air he will always be observed sticking his hand in his pocket to make sure his good luck piece is with him.

Amos 'n' Andy, who've received from Radio admirers enough left hind feet of graveyard rabbits (killed at midnight in the dark of the moon) to provide sufficient material for the fur coats for the 1934 classes of Harvard, Yale and Princeton combined, claim no particular superstitions except possibly one. That one is that they always feel more confident, they say, when they know that Bill Hay, their veteran and favorite announcer, is at the microphone.

And now about Phillips H. Lord, the author of "Sunday at Seth Parker's" in which he plays Seth, and "Uncle Abe and David" in which he is Uncle Abe. Lord loves the number thirteen. He was born on July 13; there are thirteen letters in his name counting his middle initial; his first Radio appearance was on June 13, 1928; there are thirteen members of the cast in "Sunday at Seth Parker's"; his contract for "Uncle Abe and David" was signed on June 13, 1930, and now he is heard on the air thirteen times each week—twice each night except Sunday in "Uncle Abe and David" and once each Sunday night in "Sunday at Seth Parker's."

W i l l
Rog-

ers admits no superstitions, yet he will always be found to be doing one of two things at the mike. He is either palming a large silver coin between the fingers of one hand or else jingling a bunch of keys. Call it habit or nervousness if you wish, but I'll bet the hole in a doughnut that he'd be lost with neither coin to play with nor keys to jingle.

Jessica Dragonette, who likewise denies she is superstitious, wears a tiny brooch shaped like a bird. Someone gave it to her saying, "As long as you wear this you will be lucky." It's

a pretty bit of jewelry and becoming to the tiny soprano star.

PHILLIPS CARLIN, program executive and announcer for NBC, usually delays shaving until just before an important broadcast. Then, within the hour before going on the air, he sprints to the most convenient washroom and shaves. He explains that it "freshens" him. But you wouldn't expect a Phi Beta Kappa to admit that he had a pet superstition.

Charles "Chic" Sale has a hat fetish. Years ago he came into the possession of an ancient hat through a friend. The friend of the stage and air comedian had noticed the shabby top piece on a farmer in a field as he motored along the highway. Stopping to enquire about the road he was travelling, he asked the farmer where he had obtained the hat and how old it was. The farmer told him he didn't know how old it was; that his father had bought it and when the old man died, he came into possession of it. The friend bought the hat from the farmer, presented it to Sale, and the famous comedian cherishes the hat as a potent good luck charm.

Vaughn de Leath is another believer in thirteen bringing good fortune. She likes to sign contracts on the thirteenth of the month. The
(Continued on page 117)

"It's a pipe," says James Melton (left). "And hard luck if you miss," answers Wilfred Glenn, the human tee.



A
RADIO COLUMN
 By
HEYWOOD BROUN

In which the famous columnist, who broadcasts regularly over the Columbia network, expresses unconcern over his social status, but

I AM a little disturbed tonight because one contributor—D. D. of New York City—seems to have been digging into my past. He writes: "Some time ago you said you were a Socialist. I don't believe it because with my own eyes I spotted your name amongst the four hundred in the society columns. Norman Thomas never sipped tea with the blue bloods."

As far as I know there is nothing in Socialism that says where you must drink your tea—even if you happen to like tea. And I think Mr. C. is mistaken about the society page. If he has the clipping I wish he would let me look at it. I love to see my name in the papers. But I don't believe it was the society page—I think Mr. D. C. has become confused. It was probably the sport page or the want ads.

But I did have my name on the society page once. That was a year and a half ago. A friend of mine took me to Palm Beach and somebody with a big house gave a party and asked everybody. He was just starting in on society himself and he took the names from the hotel registers. I got invited. And then for almost forty-eight hours I waited anxiously for the New York papers to arrive. One of them had two whole columns about the party. Just scads and scads of names. I strained my eyes going through that list—Mr. and Mrs. and the Grand Duke and the Prince and the Princess and several generals. Colonels galore. All the way from the top of the page down to the bottom. And I read on and on hopefully. And eventually I found a small paragraph down at the very bottom of the story. It said: "Among those who came in after dinner were Thomas K. Jones, Charles Smith and Howard Brown."

I did come in after dinner so I think that "Howard Brown" was me, and that was the only time and the only way I ever got on the society page.

But I was in the New York Social Register once. Just for a year. After that they dropped me. I have never been able to come back. I don't know why I was dropped. Maybe it was something I ate.

Naturally I miss the Social Register, it was so much fun to say, "You can find me either in the telephone book or the Social Register." But I wish they never had put me in at all. After being used to it I find it so hard to get along just with the telephone book. The same thing happened to Gene Tunney. He was in for just one year. Maybe I was on trial. But they did not tell me. If they had I might have acted more circumspectly.

I DON'T believe that swimming party did me much good. Everything went wrong that week-end. I was invited to a vast estate on Long Island. I went. I was glad to go. It doesn't make any difference to me how much money a man has. I am not snobbish that way.

Saturday was all right but on Sunday the New York Times came out with an editorial in which it said that I was no better than a bomb thrower. It seems I had written something violent in the paper. But I am sure I did not say anything about bombs. That was just the interpretation of the Times. Still it worried



my host. He began looking at me suspiciously and locking up his silver at night. I think he got the notion that I was going to suggest that we pool our money and divide it up.

It wouldn't have been easy. It is so hard to make twenty-three cents come out even.

BUT I did have a return trip ticket. That was fortunate because on Sunday night I committed the unforgivable sin. It was a hot, stifling night and our host got licked in a bridge game and went to bed early. A few of us were left and somebody suggested that it would be nice to go swimming in the indoor pool. I jangled a bell and a man came and I asked him to turn on the lights over the pool. He said he would and as we were walking along he told me, "I wish I could go in swimming too." I said, "Why don't you." It was a hot night and he seemed a very amiable man. I guess he was the butler and he could swim all right—he could do the Australian crawl and his bathing suit was not more than twenty-five inches above his ankles—or whatever the regulation is—and so it seemed to me all right.

We had a nice swimming party. But the host's room was just over the pool. He heard all the racket. As I remember, the butler got into a splashing party with one of the lady guests. The host was informed by somebody of what I had done. He did not like it at all. I have never been invited to that great estate again. Or any other. I just go to my own farm which is going to be called the White Chip or Rowdy House. I haven't decided

(Continued on page 120)

Colonel Lindbergh

LEAVING little Wee fast asleep at home, Daddy and Mamma Lindbergh, with some of the neighbors, jumped into a car and rolled in from the country and up through the crowded streets of Manhattan. It was a very important occasion, if you must know. Daddy Lindbergh was going to make his first prepared speech on the Radio.

Of course Little Wee didn't know much about that but he'll probably read all about it some day. Because when Daddy Lindbergh starts out to do something through the air he always does it in a Big Way. And when the papers heard that he was going to make a speech they hurried to let everybody know. The cables under sea carried the news to Europe, and to Africa, and to Australia and to South America and, in fact, to all the world.

PROBABLY little Wee never thought a thing about it but IF he did he probably was saying "Why shouldn't everybody listen? He's my papa."

The Radio people got terribly busy when they heard that Colonel Lindbergh was ready to make his bow to Mr. Mike and the great Listening Audience.

"Come up to our house please," said Mr. Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Do come and do your talking at our house," urged Mr. National Broadcasting Company.

"Thank you, thank you," said Colonel Lindbergh.

"We'd be pleased to have you come to our house," shouted Mr. British Broadcasting Corporation from across the sea at London, England.

And then the other nations on the other side of the world intimated that they would feel slighted if Lindbergh wouldn't speak at their stations.

So Colonel Lindbergh found that to please everybody he'd have to tell the whole world what he had to say.

Never before was there so much activity on the part of everybody to make it possible for one private citizen to make his remarks public—and Colonel Lindbergh isn't naturally inclined that way in the least.

But Little Wee was home fast asleep when Daddy, Mamma and their friends drove up in front of the tall new building of the Columbia Broadcasting House.



Photo by Alton Jones

"What's the matter?" asked a stranger who happened along there about the same time the Lone Eagle arrived.

"Colonel Lindbergh is going up to broadcast to the whole world," said a nervous young fellow who stood at the curb tentering on his toes trying to look over the heads of a whole crowd of people who had gathered around the door.

THEN the Lindbergh car came gliding along.

"Just look at that crowd," said one of the friends in his car to the Colonel.

"You won't catch me trying to break through that crowd," said the young father.

"What'll we do?" asked somebody else.

"Let's go in from the other side."

"Yes, we can go in the side door on 52nd street and slip up the back elevator without being noticed."

And that's just what they did. When a man is going to talk to the whole world at one breath and the same time it takes considerable Friendly Co-operation. So, although Colonel Lindbergh decided he would speak at Columbia, he was also assured that National would be permitted to help spread the talk. Mr. Jesse Butcher, who was one of

Leaves Baby Wee at Home
Greatest Hook-up of Broadcast

the hosts at Columbia tells you all about what happened in the studio on another page in this magazine.

Now, Mr. Lindbergh is pretty young yet even if he did cross the Atlantic all alone in an airplane, and is a colonel, and is a daddy, and is a National Hero. He likes to get away once in a while like any other young fellow and he just Slim, like he was before he made the acquaintance of the Spirit of St. Louis.

Sometimes he probably thinks of those gloomy and rather foreboding hours when he hid himself away in the hangars in long deadly silences waiting for half-way favorable weather reports before zooming into the East over the long, long sky trail to Paris. He wasn't so sure he'd make it, and if he didn't—good-by world and everything.

YOU would almost suppose that everything he had ever done had been printed once, twice or thrice. But there are stories and stories that probably never will be told—those air jaunts into Mexico when he was calling on Baby Wee's mother when she was Anne Morrow—and—well here's one by

Tells the World

While He Makes His Bow to
Stations in the History of Radio



a man who is not a professional writer, and has no ambition to be. It's just a story that might have been anybody's experience—only it happened to be that of a Mr. J. F. Weintz, who was out traveling for a New York firm and call-



ing on customers in Kansas and Iowa. He chanced to see in a newspaper that

Colonel Lindbergh would probably drop in at Wichita, Kans.

While Baby Wee is still asleep and while you are waiting for Mr. Butcher to tell you what happened in the studio imagine yourself, if you please, in Jacob Weintz's place when he took a fickey taxi out to the Wichita Airport just to see Lindy, and wound up taking Lindy away from the field in his taxi.

ON MAY 28th, 1928, I took a Pullman in Denver for Wichita, Kansas. The week previous I had had my first airplane ride with Harry T. Watts, business manager of the Des Moines Register Tribune. We were guests of the visiting "Travelair" cabin ship which helped to dedicate the new

flying field in Des Moines. In Omaha, Leo Wilson, then advertising director of the Omaha Bee-News drove me out to the airport—there to see the new Boeing ships and observe the splendid hangars of the Western Air Express. My interest in aviation, although only that of a layman, was growing, and when I reached Wichita I was very pleased to read at the top of an editorial page that Wichita was the

"Air Capital of the United States."

When I called on the Wichita Eagle, Bill Allen told me some very interesting things about aviation development, and later when I saw Governor (now Senator Henry J. Allen) of the Wichita Beacon I was given additional data which aroused my interest to the point of wanting to see some of the factories where the ships were made. I was told to meet Walter Beech of Travelair and Clyde Cessna of Cessna Aircraft. Both of these gentlemen deserve a world of credit for being patient with a curious and quizzical public. On my way out to the Cessna plant, I

stopped off, bought a copy of a newspaper which carried the headline "Lindy Probably Due in Wichita Tonight."

It appeared that he had left New York early on the morning of May 29th, 1928, to make a reconnaissance flight to the west coast for the purpose of plotting the TAT course. The Associated Press dispatches reported that he had stopped at Columbus, Ohio, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, Missouri, and had departed from the last named port "flying in a south-westerly direction, destination unknown."

When I asked Mr. Cessna how long it would take him to fly from St. Louis to Wichita, I discovered that if Wichita really were his destination, he would arrive about 8 P.M. Then I asked where he would probably land and was told "at the Swallow Airport—he always lands there."

After a courteous farewell at the Cessna

factory, I walked back to the Broadview Hotel and ate dinner. After a while I stood out in front of the hotel and smoked a cigar. A taxicab was alongside the curb. Its motor was hitting on three cylinders and the chauffeur was wiping a rather dusty windshield with his not too clean handkerchief.

I approached him and asked how far it was to the airport where the Travelair plant was located.

"What do you want to go out there for?" he asked.

I said, "Oh, I just thought I'd like to see what it looks like."

Then I added, "You know Lindy is coming here tonight and we've got to bring him in."

He laughed. "Lindbergh wouldn't ride in this thing—it's only hitting on three and besides he wouldn't ride in a cab."

I almost admitted that he was right but in a spirit of pleasantry still trying to look serious I said, "Well—be careful as we come in, won't you?"

In due course we arrived at the field. I asked the chauffeur if he had ever been in an aeroplane factory. When he said "No"—I said, "Shut off the motor and I'll get you a pass."

So he did and I was really fortunate in finding a hospitable foreman who let the boy into the huge, modern factory.

THEN I walked out on the field in the direction of a hot dog stand. There, I believed, I possibly would find a man or two who knew Lindbergh. Sure enough one man with a wholesome lack of adulation admitted that he had met "Slim" and liked him—"just a plain, fine sort of man." When pointing to the newspaper headline, I remarked, "Do you think he'll land here tonight?" he shook his head and replied with an air of finality, "No—I guess he'll go out to Hutchinson—it's a good night to fly."

However, I still had vague hopes of seeing Colonel Lindbergh.

At this point I might add that probably forty or fifty automobiles had brought out the usual evening group of citizens who came out either to fly over the city at very nominal cost or to watch their friends. I wandered about the grounds a while—and there was plenty to see—and then returned to the hot dog stand.

My attention was drawn to some mottled clouds in the east where dimly a red and green light appeared. I asked "What's that?" "That's him," the genial proprietor, between bites, replied.



"You mean Lindy?"

"Yes."

So, eagerly, I watched and as the outline of the ship became distinct I saw it circle the field quite low and then soar up and away.

AS IT rose I heard my friend say "He's gone—no Wichita for him tonight"—but scarcely had we gone ten steps toward the taxicab when the ship returned and landed out in the field. The small crowd of excited spectators who had remained spilled from their cars and rushed out on the field. The careful and considerate Lindbergh turned his ship, speeded up the motor and threw a cloud of dust toward the crowd. Instead of criticising him for that, I praise him. Too many foolish people unnecessarily risk their lives in mad rushes everywhere.

I walked away from the field down toward an empty hangar where an air express ship had only an hour before been housed. In a very few minutes Lindbergh had taxied to the door and sat at the controls smiling. Never before had I seen him or his ship although in my travels I had frequently been a day ahead or a day behind. Of course I was thrilled to be a witness to this landing, for he was making history—he was charting a transcontinental course over which thousands, yes millions, would later fly.

WHEN the first man to alight got out and stretched himself I noticed that he looked all around—casually but none the less searchingly. I walked toward him and said "Are you looking for a taxicab?" He said "Yes". Then I replied "I have the only one on the field and it's yours if you want it." He said "Are you with the Associated Press?"

"No."

"Either of the newspapers?"

"No, sir."

"Who are you?"

"Just a salesman from Chicago consumed with curiosity to see just what I have seen."

Then he said "My name is Breckenridge—Colonel Breckenridge—and this is Major Lanphier." The Major, dressed in golf togs, was unloading two suit cases. I was happy to be of some service and carried the luggage into the hangar.

Lindbergh, at the controls, sat motionless while the ship was rolled into the hangar and the hangar doors closed. After skilled mechanics had made a thorough inspection I noticed that Lindbergh himself took a flashlight and went over every inch of the fuselage, the motor—everything! That is one of the really characteristic things about him which explains his usual and complete success. He is not a "stunt artist" but in the execution of his plans he does startling things—all of them reasonable and logical.

After looking over his ship I was introduced to him. Colonel Breckenridge explained that the party would ride in my taxi and I was asked to go out and sit in the taxicab. Then Colonel Breckenridge followed, sitting opposite me, and Major Lanphier sat opposite Colonel Lindbergh.

As we started off and got fairly well down the road Lindbergh asked where his map case was. It had not been removed from the ship so we turned back. At no time did Colonel Lindbergh or the other members of his party show any desire to exchange my rickety taxi for luxurious cars, several of which were placed at their disposal by hopeful and prominent citizens. As we rode into town the first question Colonel Lindbergh asked was "What news from the 'Italia'?" I told him it was still lost. Major Lanphier wanted to know the baseball scores and Colonel Breckenridge was interested in the Chrysler-Dodge merger which was announced that day.

On the way in Colonel Lindbergh said "We will not want the best rooms at the Hotel Lassen, Major—just plain rooms with bath."

As I left my distinguished friends at the hotel entrance I was very happy to accept the thanks of each member of the party individually and I formed an opinion then, which I still hold, that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is every inch a gentleman and entitled to the privilege

of every other American citizen—the right to mind his own business and live his own life in his own way.

Although I was a total stranger to all three, Colonel Lindbergh and his friends accepted my chance hospitality with the same gratitude and appreciation I would have expressed under similar circumstances, had our places been reversed.

IT WOULD be a gracious act on the part of all Americans to let the Colonel and his family now live as simply and freely as they wish. They have proved their appreciation of public affection—now let us give them their individual rights to personal happiness. Why people should expect him to be "on parade" all the time I do not know and I am mighty glad that I had a first hand opportunity to see how he meets ordinary people with whom he is not in any way previously acquainted.

There you have it—some people do get the breaks just like Mr. Weintz. He can tell you more details he didn't write down here because he didn't want to have anyone think he wanted to call any special attention to himself. He said:

"When they started upstairs Colonel Lindbergh came back, shook hands with me, called me by name and remembered to pronounce it correctly—although hardly anybody else ever did."

JUST because Lindbergh comes to mind again through his Radio broadcast a whole grist of interesting incidents might be mentioned. A good friend of Radio Digest who was very close to the activities preceding the flight of the Spirit of St. Louis told how Lindy inspired the men who financed the flight. He has been described as coldly calculating but one of the things he requested was that the judge would withhold the actual decree of incorporation until "the Spirit was in the air headed for France". His wish was solemnly complied with.

"At lunch the next day," says our correspondent, "a group of us gathered with

(Continued on page 119)

Lindbergh Honors Radio

By Jesse S. Butcher

*Director of Public Relations
Columbia Broadcasting System*

WHAT seemed to interest Col.

Charles A. Lindbergh most in the Columbia Broadcasting System studios in New York on the occasion of his first formal Radio talk on August 8th was the master control room and the particular push button on the sounds effects machine which he was informed would simulate the sound of an airplane. What interested us, on the other hand, was the fact that he was familiar with Radio programs and had his favorites even as you and I.

His maiden talk completed, the final sound of his voice having died away on the microphone, this interesting young man eagerly accepted an invitation to study the background of an enterprise which carries amusement, education and news and sports sidelights to the millions. There was something refreshing in the intelligent questions his tour developed.

This interlude of recreation followed the Colonel's formal debut on the air, the debut of one of the world's most interesting personalities. Once or twice before only, during receptions and dinners which he attended after his flight from New York to Paris in 1927, did he speak a word or two informally. This, however, was his first scheduled, formal appearance. He had had many invitations to speak over the air in the past, but with that modesty



Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh

which characterizes him and that well-known dislike for focusing attention on himself rather than on aviation, to the furtherance of which he has set himself, he had repeatedly declined these offers. When the time arrived that he felt he had something constructive to say over

the air, he was not adverse to using this medium for reaching the greatest number of people.

That time came early in August shortly after he had sent a memorandum on international aviation to the League of Nations, which memorandum the League made public to the press of the world. Feeling that through elaboration he could enforce the strength of his views on this far-reaching subject, he elected Radio as his aid and accepted the invitation of the C. B. S.

IN ORDER to reach various parts of the world at a convenient time, the suggestion was made to Col. Lindbergh that he deliver his address twice—the first at 4:25 P.M. New York time (9:25 P.M. London time) for the benefit of British and Continental listeners over the international telephone circuit of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and short wave W2XE of the Columbia System; the second broadcast at 11 P.M. New York time for the edification of the Radio audience in the United States and

Canada, this also to be carried by W2XE, for listeners in Australia and South America. He readily agreed. So far as known, this was the first occasion that a speaker has repeated a talk to meet the time requirements of other countries.

(Continued on page 122)



Arthur Allen as "David"



Phillips Lord as "Abe"

Uncle

ABE

*Quaint New Englanders
in the Big City Bring
from the Atlantic*

By Wade

ONE languid afternoon not very long ago, a National Broadcasting Company continuity writer was seated in a New York barber shop, treating himself to the infrequent luxury of a much-needed manicure.

Said the young lady across the white enamel table:

"By the way, do you happen to know Uncle Abe, in this new Radio sketch about the two rural characters?"

"Why, you mean Abe, of Uncle Abe and David. Of course I know him. Uncle Abe is Phil Lord, who not only plays the part of the New England store keeper, but writes the show as well."

"Well, he's certainly a rube, all right," rejoined the young lady of the finger bowl and buffer. "He was in here the other day, and you can take it or leave it, he never had a manicure before in his life."

The continuity writer smiled knowingly, and made no comment. He knew something about Phil Lord's methods of gathering material, and had his own suspicions concerning the dark purpose of that visit to the manicure.

But perhaps the young lady's assumption wasn't so far wrong, at that. True, even the most sophisticated New Yorker would scarcely accuse Phil Lord of outward rusticity. In speech, dress, or manner there's nothing of the conventional "rube" about Phillips H. Lord, college graduate and erstwhile school teacher. Yet those who know him say that he hasn't changed very much since the day two years ago when he stood before the planning board of NBC and had jestingly described himself as "a country boy, just trying to get along in the big city."

In those days, Phil Lord was an unknown, with a (deep-rooted) belief in an idea. And he was telling the designers of network features about that idea, describing his first nebulous plan to build a program around the homely, sincere "hymn songs" which are so characteristic a part of the religious life in northern New England communities. Today that idea, embodied in "Sunday at Seth Parker's," has become the common property of millions. But Phil Lord is unaltered, still as close as ever to the "Down East" folks he has created, still just the country boy trying to get along in the big city.

And now has come "Uncle Abe and David," Phil Lord's latest exploration among the New England personalities whom he loves so well. In this new venture, the creator of Seth Parker conceived

and

DAVID

*and their Adventures
Chuckles to Listeners
to the Pacific*

E. Arnold

the program idea, and develops the situations and writes the script. The role of David in the nightly adventures of the two New England store keepers is taken by Arthur Allen, whose "Down East" portraits in Soconyland Sketches and in the old Re-told Tales series have made him perhaps the best known character actor on the air.

It was inevitable that at some time Phil Lord and Arthur Allen would work together. When Seth Parker first came on the air, Allen was already established as one of Radio's outstanding actors. A native of upstate New York, he instantly recognized the authenticity and simple sincerity which marked the new Sunday night program. In fact, he prophesied a great future for "Sunday at Seth Parker's" long before he knew its author.

Many months passed. Then one day, in the casual elbow rubbing among artists at the NBC studios, Phil Lord and Arthur Allen met. They discovered their mutual admiration. Phil Lord, it developed, had been an ardent follower of every broadcast in which Allen appeared. They struck it up immediately, exchanging anecdotes and laughing reminiscences of the "Down East" types they knew. Lord, the practical organizer, suddenly remarked:

"Did it ever occur to you that we might make a good team?"

ALLEN musingly agreed, and there the matter rested. The plan to do something together on the air incubated for many months, and Allen almost forgot about it. Then the opportunity to build a team program came suddenly to Lord, and his first impulse was to call Allen. A few weeks later, radio listeners were sitting around the cracker barrel of Everybody's Equipteries, the general store in Skowhegan, Maine, while Uncle Abe Stetson and David Simpson, the proprietors, drawlingly discussed their plans for the vacation in New York which they had been deferring for thirty long years.

Uncle Abe and David have been in the metropolis long enough by this time to be feeling quite urbane and sophisticated. Their days have been full of strange experiences, and the big city has, at times,



shown a disposition to laugh at or lose its patience with the two "Down East" rustics. But the retired proprietors of Everybody's Equiperies always come up smiling, to give the lie to the old adage, "you can't teach an old dog new tricks". And each night they tell their listeners about it over two National Broadcasting Company networks.

Lord, the author, and Allen, who frequently suggests ideas and situations, have found that writing a script each day necessitates a somewhat new technique in conception of their material. It's a matter of keeping their eyes constantly open, recognizing possible situations in the bustling routine of everyday life, rather than sitting down with furrowed brow and conjuring up funny scenes.

For example, when faced with the story of the perplexed manicurist, Lord grinningly admitted the ulterior purpose of his visit.

"SURE, I asked her all the silly questions I could think of. Of course I confessed I'd never had a manicure before in my life. It had just occurred to me as I passed the shop that Uncle Abe's reactions to a manicure might be amusing."

Or another instance: Allen was walking along a crosstown street in New York when he chanced to notice the one-way traffic signs for automobiles.

"Well, now, as David Simpson," he drawled to himself, "I'd probably guess that those signs were meant for me—that I'm not allowed to walk on these sidewalks except in one direction." The idea was incorporated in Lord's plans for future sketches.

Being thus on the alert for dramatic situations implies a thorough-going knowledge of the characters of Uncle Abe and David. Lord and Allen early realized this necessity. At dinner together, swapping anecdotes, conversing frequently in character, they've discussed them, given them logical histories and backgrounds, even developed to a fine point the personalities of the folks in the family circles of the two men.

Abe is a bachelor, David is a widower. Despite their partnership of thirty years they've preserved with Yankee stubbornness the contrasting elements in their dispositions. Abe is easy-going, affable, unruffled. David is nervous, excitable and curious, forever prying into the new and unknown. Abe is generous to a fault, always giving the preacher 20 per cent discount on merchandise from the store, and paying the difference out of his own pocket. David, in contrast, is the dickerer, the shrewd Yankee master of the hard-driven bargain.

Uncle Abe is thoughtful, quiet, and a great admirer of his name-sake, Abraham Lincoln. David is vital and energetic, invariably eager to take charge in any situation; but his managerial bent doesn't always please Abe. Witness David's confident assumption of authority on their trip

down to New York: the spry and busy partner unloaded them at a station which he insisted was Gotham's Grand Central—and it turned out to be Springfield!

Then there's Aunt Bertha, the nemesis, the symbol of their Puritan conscience, who has railed all along against the stupid folly of these two old youngsters setting out at their age for a spree in the city.

Most network sketches depicting rural programs on the air have presented the characters in their native environments. In Uncle Abe and David, Phillips Lord has deliberately made a new departure. Taken out of their "Down East" village at

characterizations. In fact, it was this conviction which brought Lord into Radio. It was his resentment of the conventional, vaudeville "hayseed" sort of rural characterization which really inspired "Sunday at Seth Parker's."

Allen, too, learned early the importance of making his Radio characters real. During his first Radio performance, he noticed that absence of make-up, costume and stage setting place the Radio actor under a handicap. So when he received more parts, he took each script home and laboriously rehearsed the roles, with action and stage business. Absolute authenticity in voice, accent, situation and



"Gotcha now, David" says Uncle Abe (left)

the age of sixty-odd, the two old cronies may, at times, react to strange metropolitan situations in a manner which seems almost burlesque. But burlesque is far from Lord's conception of the comedy.

"I'M MERELY trying to depict," he says "the way in which these two lovable old rustics, 'ducks out of water,' so to speak, might behave in a new environment."

Both Lord and Allen are fervid exponents of genuineness and integrity in Radio

dialogue is the aim of Uncle Abe and David.

Phrases like "gosh all hemlock" and "by crackie" are sore points with Phil Lord. He always winces when he hears them, because he knows that country people don't use these vaudeville versions of rural dialect. But, occasionally, in conversation at the NBC Studios, a "by crackie" or "gol darn it" creeps into the speech of some city dweller who wishes to impress Uncle Abe with his own knowledge of "Down East" life.

"I'd like to drive these burlesque idioms

out of the popular consciousness," Lord declares. "And I think that my Radio sketches have been successful because I carefully steer clear of such expressions. Some times my situations may be overdrawn a mite for the sake of dramatic emphasis. But I try at all times to make my reactions and dialogue authentic—absolutely true to life."

Indeed, Phil Lord's scripts are veritable glossaries of New England colloquialisms. He wants to preserve the picturesque—and sometimes eloquent—expressions of rural Maine.

"Here are a few of the descriptive adjectives and similes which add color to

meeting of mice'; 'madder 'n' snakes at haying time', (because of the scythes and mowing machines); 'no bigger 'n' a pint of cider'; 'poor's poverty in a gale of wind'; 'so stupid he don't know enough to lap salt'; or 'six of one and half dozen of the other'."

Then too, Uncle Abe and David episodes are full of references to quaint New England institutions, and sometimes these allusions have amusing results.

For example, in a sketch not so very long ago, Uncle Abe complained to David that it's impossible to find old-fashioned sulphur matches in the big city. Almost over night, boxes and cartons of sulphur

anecdote to Phil Lord and Arthur Allen after returning from a motor trip through New England. On one of their side trips, they had drawn up to the curb of the principal thoroughfare in Skowhegan, Maine, and asked a lone pedestrian why the streets were so deserted.

The man grinned. "You never find anyone on the streets at this time of day," he explained. "Folks are all inside, listenin' in on the radio to Uncle Abe and David. Don't you know this is their home town?"

Which incident Phil Lord regards as sufficient testimony in itself to bind him to his credo of radio craftsmanship.

Lord and Allen are both glad to have joined Amos 'n' Andy, Phil Cook, and the other features which have adapted the "two-a-day" vaudeville routine to Radio.

"Despite the hard labor involved, I'm enthusiastic about the daily sketch on the air," Lord says. "This business of dropping in on folks each evening makes us feel as though we were next-door neighbors to millions. It's more intimate than the weekly program."

Allen says that playing two performances a day has made him "audience conscious" for the first time since he became a Radio actor. Or perhaps we should say, it's made him "geography conscious." At 6:45 o'clock, when Uncle Abe and David are playing to New York and the eastern area, he feels that the audience is close at hand; he has an intimate, "across the footlights" feeling. However at 11:15, when they're broadcasting over the more remote middle western network—

"WELL," says Allen. "I feel they're so far away, I almost ought to talk louder into the microphone."

In the studio, unlike Amos 'n' Andy, they use solo microphones, because of the vastly different manner in which they address the instrument. Engineers have found that each must be monitored separately. And as the second hand creeps around toward their "curtain time," and the announcer adjusts his headphone and awaits the program cue, Lord and Allen as individuals exchange the characteristics of Uncle Abe and David. Lord is the nervous, excitable member of the team, attentive to every detail, wondering if Allen has the right script, if the microphone placement is right, and Allen, who in a moment will be the busy, nervous David to Radio listeners, lolis back in his chair, the picture of untroubled indifference.

And so they continue to rollick through their daily adventures—Phillips Lord, farm-reared boy from Maine, graduate of Bowdoin College, who at 28 is one of Radio's best known character actors and authors; and Arthur Allen, product of up-state New York, graduate of Oberlin College in Ohio, and veteran of stock, Broadway and Radio.



David: "Well, I swan."

'Down East' speech," says Lord. "One frequently hears these old characters using 'smart', 'spry', 'slick', 'yearling', or 'kinky'. Among the comparisons one hears: 'It's worse than being sick a-bed in the wood box'; 'fat's butter'; 'fat's a tick'; 'pale's a dish washer'; or 'as accommodating as a hog on ice', the point of this last being that a hog on slippery ice can be easily caught.

"Oh, the list of priceless 'Down East' idioms is endless," Uncle Abe continues, warming to his favorite topic. "They frequently say, 'excited as a cat at a prayer

matches began pouring into the studios from sympathetic listeners. How so many had been hoarded, Lord couldn't imagine. But a mischievous means of using them occurred to him. He happened to recall that sulphur matches give off a decidedly noxious fume. So he decided to use them in lighting pipes and cigarettes for his friends around the studios. The first victims found burning fumes mixing unpleasantly in their tobacco smoke, and it wasn't long until "no smoking" rules were in order when Lord was around.

A party of New Yorkers relayed this

Jerry Buckley

Radio's First

MARTYR



NIGHTLY, the Great Common Herd in Detroit bows its head to the memory of a voice.

Weeks have passed now since Gerald E. (Jerry) Buckley, WNBC radio announcer and political commentator, was shot down at 1:50 a. m. in the lobby of the LaSalle Hotel. He had gone there because a woman's voice had asked him to come. In Jerry's work, that of relieving the suffering of the poor and the exposition of crime, many people wished to talk with him. This phone call was just like many others he received daily.

WEEEKS have passed, but Jerry's memory is none the less green to the thousands of Detroiters who loved to class themselves in the group Buckley called his "Common Herd." Weeks have passed and still the public letter boxes in the newspapers are filled with letters from his admirers, praising him, defending him from those who would stain his character, demanding that his killers be found and punished.

Jerry Buckley died at the close of Detroit's recent bitterly fought recall election when the voters said they no longer wanted Mayor Charles Bowles in office. During the campaign the radio announcer, in his comments, talked much of

crime and placed much blame on the administration. There are those who see his death as the direct result of this free speech, this fearless uncovering of crime and criminals.

But Jerry Buckley was known long before the recall election served to make him the possible target of gunmen. He was known as the man who was a friend to the poor, who sought out the hungry

and fed them, the man who clothed the ragged and warmed the homes of the freezing. His was a life of service.

There is the story of the \$5 gold piece for instance.

His friends knew that Jerry had carried a \$5 gold piece in his pocket for months. At his death the story came out. Early in his relief work, during a winter marked by much distress and suffering,



They all come—men, women and children—to bow at the bier of their friend

*The voice that was heard nightly
over WMBC in Detroit has been
forever stilled by an assassin's bullet,
but the memory of a man who died
for a cause lives in the minds of
hosts of friends*

By Robert L. Kent

Special Correspondent, RADIO DIGEST

an aged couple, celebrating an anniversary, sent Jerry one of the \$5 gold coins which had been sent them by friends.

"Use this as you see fit," a note which accompanied the coin, said.

He saw many ways to use the money. In the usual Jerry fashion, there flashed across his mind a picture of a destitute mother and five ragged little youngsters who had not had enough food for a long

time. To think was to act with Jerry.

Bringing the family in a taxi to the store, Jerry saw that they were outfitted from head to foot. Then came time to pay the bill. Jerry called the manager over and told him the story of the \$5 gold piece. He offered it as "payment on account."

The manager listened gravely and then the coin dropped back into Jerry's pocket.

Thus for many weeks the magic gold piece bought many things for those who needed them—yet it remained always with Jerry—a lucky coin for the needy.

Then came the recall election. Up until this time the power of radio in elections had not been given great consideration. Jerry talked with the candidates and proved to them that the sound of their voices would go into many homes where they might otherwise be unknown. The Bowles forces and the opposition began buying time. Speeches began.

THIS tame approach to the voter's hearth lasted only a short time, however. Soon charges and counter charges began to literally fly through the air. More skeletons than the great common people had heard in years began shaking their bones. The veteran politician, Robert Oakman, and the Bowles lieutenant, John Gillespie, became quite personal in their remarks over the Radio.

Radio had become a real force in political campaigns. The people heard and reasoned and decided of their own accord. In the thick of this fight was Jerry Buckley. Each night at 6 o'clock he talked to his "Common Herd", telling them of the sweep crime was making in the city, telling them of the unemployment, poverty, suffering that might be prevented if the administration so willed.

He was very happy when the voters decided against Bowles. He felt that he had acted for the benefit of the people whom he loved. And then, less than two hours after he received the news which gave

(Continued on page 108)



The Langthwaite Pearls

She Started Out to Elope, then Her Maid, the Man and the Family Jewels Vanished — It was a Big Job for a Good Detective

By

J. S. Fletcher



Drawing a cobwebby handkerchief she burst into tears.

KILLINGSLEY, my one clerk, had just come back from his lunch. I heard him moving about in his room—the first of the three rooms in which I carried on my business in Jermyn Street. As for myself I was reading a new essay on certain characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte; it was clever, and in many respects original, and I had no wish to be disturbed.

Killingsley came in a moment later.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," he said.

"In the usual way, Killingsley," I said, rising.

Now, I had a habit, during the comparatively short time in which I carried

on this business of taking care to see my clients before they saw me. I have said that I occupied three rooms; the first was used by Killingsley as a sort of office, and contained an American roll-top desk, a typewriter, and Killingsley's collection of light literature; the second was fixed up as a luxurious waiting room; the third was my own apartment. And between it and the second was a cunningly devised and quite secret arrangement by which I, unseen, could take minute stock of any person who called upon me.

Often I kept my clients waiting impatiently in that room while I watched and studied them; I was all the more ready for them when I admitted them into my presence.

I was at my port of vantage when Killingsley ushered a lady into the waiting-room. A tall woman of perfect figure and distinguished carriage, and I learned much in one minute from her movements. She examined her surroundings as a caged

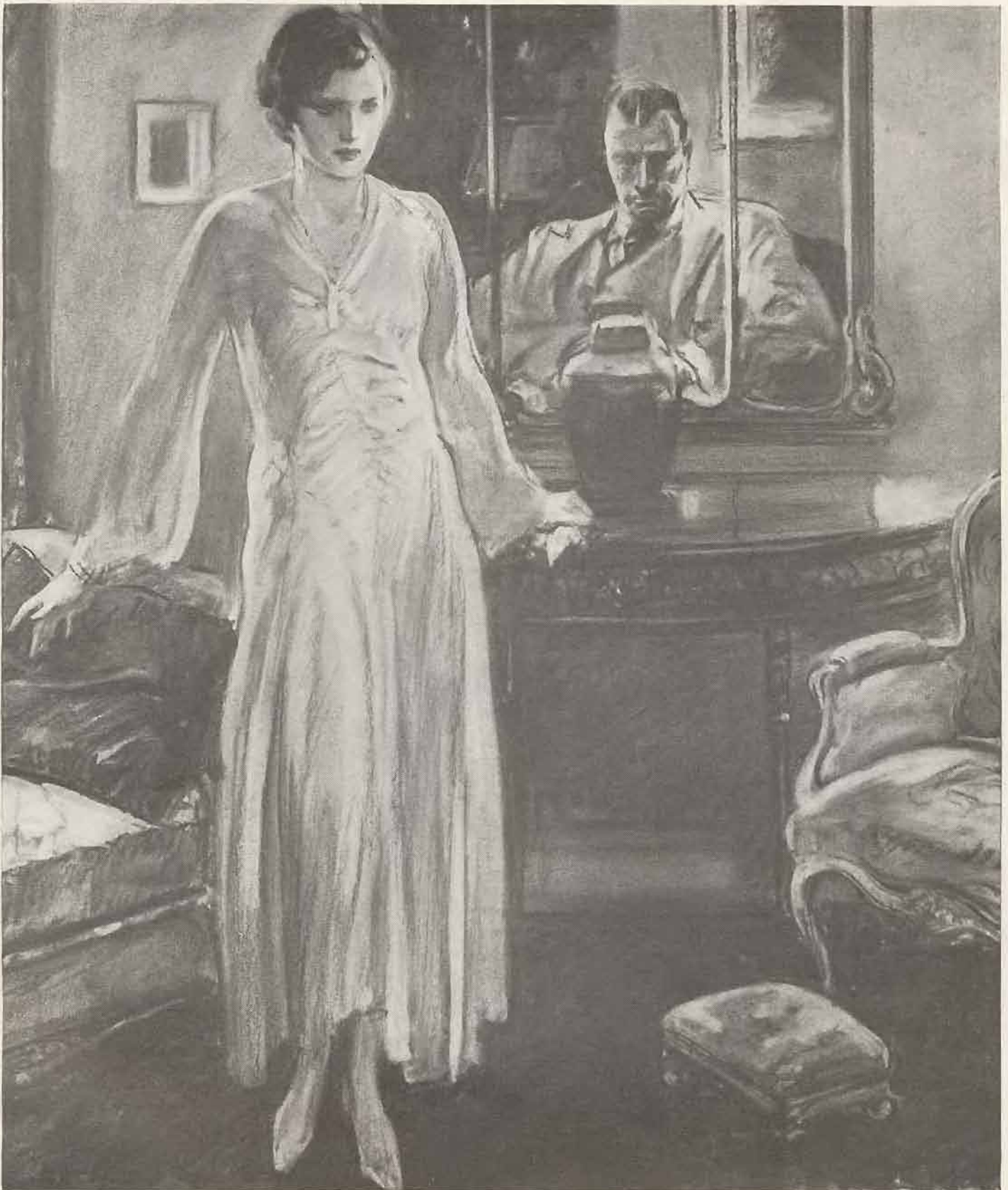
thing might look around its den; impatiently she turned over and tossed about the newspapers and magazines which lay on the table, impatiently she kept glancing at the door which led to my room. From the quickness of her movements I knew that she was young, impetuous, and ardent; from her impatience I knew that she was much agitated.

I stepped to my door, had opened it, and was bowing to her before she was aware of my presence. She passed me quickly with a slight, somewhat condescending nod, and, entering my room, sank into the easy chair which I placed for her.

"I am at your service, madam," I said quietly. "But perhaps I had better explain that I never undertake any commission until I am made aware of my client's identity."

She sat for a moment in silence, her slender fingers, perfectly gloved, tapping the arms of her chair.

"I am the Countess of Langthwaite."



Leaping to her feet she looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart

she began. "I understand, Mr. Campen-
haye, that whatever is said to you is said
in the strictest confidence. That is so?"

"Whatever is told me by my clients,
Lady Langthwaite, is regarded by me as
sacred," I answered. "But in return I ex-
pect my clients to tell me the plain, literal
truth, even to the merest detail."

"I—I suppose I had better begin at the

beginning," she said. "And now since you
know who I am you will know that we
—that Lord Langthwaite has a place in
Yorkshire."

I nodded.

"I left Langthwaite at nine o'clock this
morning on my way to town, and arrived
at King's Cross just after one o'clock,"
she continued. "My maid, Antoinette

Marcel, was with me. I left Antoinette
in the station—she was to lunch in the
refreshment room. She had with her
some smaller luggage, bags, and—my
jewel case.

"I left the hotel at a few minutes to
two and crossed to the station," she went
on. "In the booking hall I passed a por-
ter who had charge of my trunks. He

told me that Antoinette had left the smaller bags with him, and had gone to the refreshment room. I went there to find her—she was not there. Nor could I find her anywhere about the station."

"Of course the jewel-case had disappeared with Antoinette," I said. "But please tell me the rest, Lady Langthwaite."

"THERE is nothing, or scarcely anything to tell," she said. "Of course Antoinette had the jewel-case. That is why I came to you. I want to—I must recover it!"

"Naturally!" I remarked. "I suppose you informed the station people and the police at once?"

"No-o," she faltered. "I—I was advised not to do so."

"Now, Lady Langthwaite," I said, settling down to work, "you will bear in mind that you are to tell me everything. And, first of all, who advised you not to mention your loss to the rail-

way authorities and the police?"

"A—a friend," she replied.

"Man or woman?" I asked.

"A—a man," she answered, still more reluctantly.

"Who must have had strong reasons for giving such extraordinary advice," I commented. "However, we will leave that for the moment. Now, what did the jewel-case contain?"

At this question the Countess almost wrung her hands, her beautiful eyes became suffused with unshed tears.

"Oh!" she answered. "It is terrible to think of! It contained five thousand pounds in bank-notes. I don't mind the loss of the money at all. But it also contained all my jewelry—all. And—and the

family jewels." Her voice faded.

"Not—not the famous Langthwaite pearls!"

I almost shouted.

She bent her head, and I thought she was going to burst out crying.

"Yes!" she whispered. "Yes!"

"Of course you have communicated with Lord Langthwaite?" I said. "You would wire to him at once?"

She shook her head



The Earl of Langthwaite entered.

ning away from him!" she answered.

It has always been one of my greatest ambitions to be able to preserve an unmoved countenance under any circumstances, and I flatter myself that I usually do so. But I must have betrayed the most intense surprise, not to say utter astonishment, on this occasion, for my beautiful client suddenly turned crimson, and drawing out a cobwebby handkerchief, burst into genuine and abundant tears. I rose from my chair.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Langthwaite," I said gently. "I will leave you for a little while."

I got up and went into the next room. As I stood there, waiting until her ladyship had got the better of her emotion, I rapidly memorized all that I knew of her and her husband, and applied my recollections to the present situation.

WILLIAM GUY CARTER-JOHNSTONE, sixth Earl of Langthwaite, was a pretty well-known man. Tall and clean-shaven, with the face of an ascetic and a pair of the most piercing black eyes I have ever seen, Lord Langthwaite was about forty-eight years of age.

It had often been said of him that he was never going to marry, but three years previously he had suddenly taken to wife the daughter of a north country clergyman. Whether it was a mutual love-affair Society was not permitted to know; as the

miserably, despairingly. Her hands quivered.

"No!" she answered. "No, Mr. Campenhaye."

"And why have you not communicated with the Earl, Lady Langthwaite?" I asked.

She made an effort, and at last faced me resolutely.

"Because, Mr. Campenhaye, I was run-

bridegroom was forty-five and the bride scarcely twenty, Society thought not. However that may have been, there was no doubt that the Earl of Langthwaite was

Hotel?" I said, watching her narrowly.

She nodded but said nothing.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said. "You will have to tell me his name if I am to help you."

She glanced at me quickly, hesitated, and hung her head again while her fingers tugged nervously at the handkerchief.

"Captain Molesworth," she said at last.

I betrayed no surprise there, at any rate.

But I made a mental contrast between the worth of Lord Langthwaite and the utter worthlessness of Cap-

tain Molesworth, but I did not tell him about the—the pearls."

"But you were—or are—running away with Captain Molesworth," I pointed out. "Why bring the family pearls—hair-locks?"

She almost tore her handkerchief at that, and her face expressed something like physical pain.

"Don't torture me, please!" she exclaimed. "What am I to do—what is to be done? I dare not—dare not tell Lord Langthwaite—it would kill me!"

"Dare not tell him—what, Lady Langthwaite? That you have lost the pearls or that you were running away with Captain Molesworth?" I asked, watching her keenly.

She made no answer to that, but regarded me as if I, and I alone, were the arbiter of her fate.

"I am wondering," I continued, "if we cannot work out a little plan which will save the situation. Can you not go to Lord Langthwaite, invent some little story of a sudden necessity for coming to town, and of bringing the pearls with you for safety? Then we might get the police to work in a search for your maid."

She pondered this proposition for a moment and then shook her head.

"Lord Langthwaite would not believe that Antoinette had stolen the jewel-case," she said. "We had implicit faith in Antoinette—she has been with me ever since—since I was married."

"BUT Antoinette and the jewel-case are missing," I said. "Now, tell me this—did your maid know that you were running away?"

"No! No!" she answered.

"Did she know the precise contents of the jewel-case?" I asked.

The Countess shook her head.

"No?" I continued. "She would merely think, then, that it contained just the ordinary amount of jewelry with which you travel usually, which would not be much—that is, in comparison with what really was in the jewel-case."

"Yes," she answered.

"Lady Langthwaite," I said suddenly, a new idea having occurred to me, "where did you get those bank-notes?"

"From the bank of Saxonstowe yesterday," she answered. "The Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank, where I have an account."

"Of course, you haven't the numbers of the notes?" I suggested. "No, I thought not—fortunately, the bankers will have them."

And I seized a telegram form and wrote out a message.

The message was in Lady Langthwaite's name, and requested her bankers to wire her at once the numbers of the notes. I went out and sent Killingsley off with it; and then returned to ask her a few more questions.

"When, Lady Langthwaite, did you mention to Captain Molesworth, that you

(Continued on page 109)



passionately fond of his young wife, whom he introduced to the world of fashion with great pride.

And this was the lady who sat weeping in my room!

I went back after a decent interval and found Lady Langthwaite composing herself.

"I beg your pardon," she said, dabbing her eyes. "I am very sorry, Mr. Campen-haye."

"We must see what can be done," I said, resuming my seat.

"Now, Lady Langthwaite, let us be business-like. Tell me the truth—all the truth. You say you were running away from your husband. Why were you running away from him?"

"Because—because our temperaments clash," she answered with some hesitation.

"I see. And usually, in these cases, one finds that there is some one with whose temper one's own is compatible," I suggested.

She hung her head and twisted the damp handkerchief.

"I suppose that is so in your case, Lady Langthwaite?" I said.

"Yes," she murmured.

"And I suppose that is the gentleman whom you met at the Great Northern

tain Molesworth, whose reputation was known to me.

"Then of course it was Captain Molesworth who sent you to me?" I said.

She nodded an affirmative.

"And counselled you not to tell the police and the railway people?" I continued.

"He said it would not be wise until I had seen you," she answered.

I considered a good many things in a remarkably short space of time, having more on my mind than the mere finding of Mademoiselle Antoinette and the jewel-case.

"DOES Captain Molesworth know what was in the jewel-case?" I asked.

She looked at me with some surprise. "No-o," she answered. "I told him that it contained the bank-notes and my

The Pickards

*Rollicking Folksongs of Merry Mountaineers
Reveal Henry Ford as Jews Harp Virtuoso*

By Garnett Laidlaw Eskew

IF RADIO had done nothing else than preserve to us and make familiar to the general listening public certain old songs and other music which would otherwise have fallen into oblivion, it would have justified its existence. And chief among the various classes of this good music which radio has preserved to us is the American folksong. Folksongs constitute an important part of our native music.

All of this merely leads up to Dad Pickard—head of The Pickards. And if you don't know who the Pickards are you may assure yourself that you have missed something worth the time it takes to tune in on the NBC network every Friday at 8:05 EST. That is the hour the Pickards put on their show. The Pickards are honestly all one family. Dad Pickard, who was christened Obediah; Mrs. Pickard; Bub, who is Obediah junior; Ruth, whose nick name is simply Sis, and baby Anne. In other words, Dad, Mother and the three children, all one family, Tennessee born and bred, "fotched up" in all the wholesome traditions of that more-or-less isolated section of Tennessee made

familiar by the old Maxwell house, tales of the redoubtable John Sevier, and the city of Nashville.

It is a section settled by pioneers of the purest Anglo-Saxon and French Huguenot stock. To a remarkable degree the states of Tennessee, Virginia and the Carolinas have retained their racial homogeneity—particularly in the mountain sections. And it is in such regions as these

that the folksongs and ballads flourish. By the same token—since these lovely old folksongs and ballads have depended for their existence upon being handed down through generations by word of mouth, sung on winter nights before the fire or on summer nights under the stars—they must of necessity have shortly passed away as civilization advanced.

But there is where radio and radio artists, such as Dad Pickard from Tennessee, who know and love the old ballads, play the important part referred to at the beginning of this article.

For the ballads and folksongs of the South can now be held and kept inviolate for future generations—something that, without radio, would have been impossible.

What is a folksong? What is a ballad? For the most part a folksong or ballad is a type of song which grows up in countries that have old traditions back of them. America would have none to boast of had not the early settlers from England or France brought them over. Others have grown up in this country from those early importations.

But we were talking of Dad Pickard and his family. Dad says he has a repertoire of 5,000 old-time songs from his native southern haunts! In this vast array of "program (Cont. on page 116)



Dad Pickard, Ma Pickard and the younger Pickards who bring the simple home songs of the South to millions of Americans over the NBC Network



Gene Carroll (left) and Glenn Rowell work out a script for their mirthful skit, Jake and Lena.

GENE *and* GLENN

*Famous Lullaby Songsters Return to WTAM as Jake and Lena—
Combination Represents Strange Working of Fate in Radio Romance*

SEPTEMBER, "harvest month" in Charlemagne's calendar, may be fruitful of many things up and down this broad land, but to thousands of Radio listeners throughout America it meant the return to the air over WTAM, Cleveland, of that famous team of playboys Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell.

Even as this is being written, Gene and Glenn, together with "Jake" and "Lena", have been growing bronzed and clear of eye under a Michigan sun and breeze at their summer camp.

The return of Gene and Glenn to WTAM for the fall and winter seasons brings the inevitable question to the lips of all Gene and Glenn fans, "What will 'Jake' and 'Lena' do this season?" During the past winter and spring the quartette of Gene, Glenn, "Jake" and "Lena" probably drew more listeners from early

By Hal Metzger

morning beds and kept more evening engagements in abeyance than any other program on the air in this section.

A FEW years ago had some one approached these two boys and hinted that the days were not far distant when they should be classified as one of the greatest acts on the air, they would have howled with laughter, even as they now are given to slight incredulity when attempting to visualize the magnitude of their success.

Today Gene and Glenn have become almost that which borders upon a cult. To speak disdainfully or indifferently to

a Gene and Glenn fan is the same as offering personal insult. A Radio listener who confesses that he has not heard of Gene and Glenn, unless he be beyond the confines of a reasonable reception, is regarded in the same light as one who has spent the major portion of his life in some far land or dungeon and who for the first time gazes upon the advancements of civilization.

Success begets a tremendous intrusion into the personal life of a Radio artist. "How did they accomplish this, where did they emanate from, how do they live, what do they look like and what chance is there of seeing them in person?" the listeners demand. Reverse the tablet marked "present" to that faint indication marked "past" and the wealth of material concerning Gene and Glenn is so alarming that one's sense of selection is challenged.

The scene is Chicago, the time the late 90's. The Carroll family looked at the tiny bit of wistful humanity in his mother's arms and decided that Gene was to be his name. Gene possessed all the idiosyncrasies of any child.

HE REFUSED to like vegetables and created a scene if forgotten where dainties were to be had. But the boy Gene looked at the blue overhead and at his playmates with a look of conjecture in his eye. His treasures were not a baseball and air gun, but rather a small mouth organ and jew's harp. Boy friends attempting to induce him to come along swimming only received a negative shake of the head as with cheeks full blown he continued to wail odd tunes on his favorite instrument. He had an infinite respect for the curly-haired brown-eyed girl who lived next door. Together these children of five passed long hours away in understanding silence, the autumn leaves and the more subdued delights of childhood. Gene the boy was already developing into Gene the showman. He had a natural bent for the "make believe" and looks back with pride to the time he played "Cobweb" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Hence from the past do we trace his aptitude for portraying the feminine role of "Lena" today.

Years passed and when the curtain lifts again we find Gene Carroll touring the country in musical comedy and vaudeville.

Glenn, portly, with a perpetual smile hovering about his lips and eyes, grinned at his parents from the cradle in the town of Pontiac, Illinois. As a boy he flew kites, knocked a baseball through the neighbor's window and was soundly thrashed for his pains and gave his parents much concern until the age of thirteen when it became known that he was blessed with a soprano voice of unusual beauty. The knowledge of this probably came as much of a surprise to thirteen year old Glenn as to Mr. and Mrs. Rowell. At any rate, Glenn overnight became recognized in the art of music and in addition to voice begged his parents for a violin and later was to take up the piano in serious fashion. School days over he joined a stock company where he gained experience to stand in good stead in Radio.

Both boys, unknown to each other, now were being swiftly brought together by a destiny with which they concerned themselves not at all.

This portion of the tale must needs bring in a third character who, while today he is no longer associated with Gene and Glenn, played some part in their lives, and the person was none other than Ford Rush.

Glenn teamed up with Ford in St. Louis and together they made their debut over WLS. In the two years they were to remain at this station, they gave

little thought as to what the future held. They were successful, and what matter the morrow.

A turn in the road brought them into a Chicago theater where their act was featured. Gene Carroll was then touring. One night in the lobby of a western hotel he met an old friend in the show business, and the pair teamed up as Jack and Gene. That unseen guiding hand pulled a string and Jack and Gene one morning found themselves at the door-

Touchdown!

TED HUSING, premier of all famous grid announcers takes the ol' pig for a smash all the way down the field and plants it square between the pegs.

It's a brilliant flash of his famous Sportslants written especially for you. And you'll find it with pictures and all in the November Radio Digest.

Other good sport subjects in this remarkable Thanksgiving number. Be sure you get your copy of November Radio Digest.

way of WLS where they were to make their Radio premier. The quartette was brought together at WLW, Cincinnati, but Jack's throat troubled him and he was unable to continue singing. Ford and Glenn, sensing the tragedy, invited Gene to come with them, and when they were heard for the first time over WTAM last year, it was as Gene, Ford and Glenn.

But now Ford tired of the road and Radio. He had purchased a fruit ranch in California and to this he hied himself. The characters of "Jake" and "Lena" created by Gene at this time grew into adult proportions overnight.

Gene finds it difficult to tell the story of "Lena's" derivation. Possessing a voice of unusual inflections, he discovered one night that he had a flare for doing the treble feminine and some one around called his newly created character "Lena."

"Jake" and "Lena" have their roots in the very foundations of the average American family life. Small wonder that they cropped into immediate favor. Added to this, "Jake" found himself in love with "Lena"—in love with all the tempestuous adoration and timidity of the great love, while "Lena", sensing that coyness would bring her more than any other form of procedure, enlivened the plot. Day after day the story grew. Few persons cared to miss an episode in the affair. High comedy, clean and sparkling with homely humor, made the broadcast interesting and approved entertainment for youth as well as adult. The great Radio wedding of the air was celebrated on the night of April 1st and another page in the book brought new highlights to the adventure.

Then, briefly, there is the memorable week when Gene and Glenn playing the RKO Palace Theater at Cleveland, broke all house records up to that time anywhere—drawing capacity audiences.

A personal inventory of Gene and Glenn, their habits, likes and dislikes is occurring in one of WTAM's "green rooms", following an evening's broadcast.

Gene drapes himself across a chair while Glenn slouches on a large divan. Both boys gaze at each other with a supplicating look.

"How old are you, Gene?" the interviewer queries.

"Thirty-three," the answer comes with a slow grin.

"What was your childhood ambition?"

"To be a tightrope walker," comes the reply, sending both boys into gales of laughter.

"What is it now?"

"The same," echoes both.

"What is your favorite amusement, sport or recreation?"

"Tightrope walking," shouted Gene and Glenn.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Yes, falling off a tightrope," answered the creator of "Jake" and "Lena" ducking.

"How do you feel about early morning broadcasts?" the questioner grimly continued.

At this both men dropped their nonsense and became enthusiastic.

"AT FIRST we were a bit dubious," Glenn explained, "but we came to enjoy those hours more than anything we did. It meant getting up at least two hours before the program in order to be in good voice and awake to the situation, but that did not prove a great hardship after we started."

"Anyway Gene reads most of the night, and it did not bother him," Glenn declared.

The life of this celebrated pair of Radio entertainers is constantly tempered with moderation. Golf and automobiles are their only hobbies.

A STAR in three firmaments is this fair haired maiden who first plays on the musical comedy stage, then scintillates from the talking pictures and again is heard over the coast to coast lines of the Columbia Broadcasting System. You will perhaps remember Miss MacDonald best in her recent picture, *Let's Go Native*. She sings from the Los Angeles sector of the system.



Jeanette MacDonald



Irma Glen

JUST one year ago this charming young Chicagoan (left) won second place in the Radio World's Fair, New York, as the most beautiful entertainer of the air. Perhaps by the time you read these lines she will have won the first prize of 1930. She is heard as pipe organ soloist and in various dramatic sketches at WENR in the Mid-West metropolis.

Helen Nugent

THERE are so many notable programs over which the voice of this charming young woman (right) is heard, to read them is like looking at the complete CBS New York schedule for the day. However, you will recognize Miss Nugent most conspicuously in The Voice of Columbia, Manhattan Modes, Ward's, Mardi Gras, Light Opera and Quiet Harmony.





Christine Lamb

BUT for Radio it is possible that Miss Lamb's (left) sweet voice might not have been widely known outside the circles of Nashville where she lives and has her being. But the Solemn Old Judge of WSM discovered her and introduced her to the Radio audience and now she has become a person of renown with thousands of unknown admirers writing her daily.

©Schumaker Studios

Nell Vinick

MISS VINICK has resumed her beauty talks over the Columbia system from WABC, New York. She states that the modern girl "is not nearly as black as she is painted—nor as pink as she paints herself." In her Lessons in Loveliness to the listener she sometimes presents famous artists such as Alfred Cheney Johnston who made the photo-study of Miss Vinick on the opposite page.





Photo by Eugene Hutchinson

BROADCAST history was made by Pat Barnes who introduced Buck Private on Leave to the Radio audiences and then a score of other successful characters. During the past year he has become most famous for his interviews with Old Timer at WGN, the Chicago Tribune station. The Old Timer is none other than Pat himself as you may note from this double exposure photo.

Pat Barnes and Himself

Mary Worley

SOME historians claim that broadcasting really began in San Diego at about the time this young lady was beginning with her ABC's. So Miss Worley who sings at KFSD in this California town rather grew up with it. Her Friday matinee ballads are especially popular.





Loraine Belmont

THERE is a decided tendency toward the Radio stage on the part of the best talent. At WPAP, Palisades, New Jersey, for instance, may be heard such theatrical notables as Miss Loraine Belmont of the musical comedies *Blue Birds*, *Happyland Girls* and *A Night in Paris*.

Louise Groody

LEAVING Miss Belmont in Jersey we find Miss Groody, famous Broadway headliner, appearing at WEAF in the luxurious studios of the National Broadcasting Company on Fifth avenue. Of course WEAF carries Miss Groody's song through a network of stations all the way to KOMO, Seattle and KFSD, San Diego. Sixty cities a second!



Pluck and Luck

IT TAKES a lotta pluck to stick it out for 360 hours at a stretch in the crotch of an apple tree. But Eebee Landry did it at Oakland, California, and won the Western tree sitting championship. The luck followed when he was visited by Billy Page (right) of the NBC who brought a contract for Eebee to make some money by telling how he did it.

Miggles Champ

THERE'S more competition in the marble shooting contest, and here you see James Lee (left) who won the Eighth National Marble Tournament at Ocean City, N. J., telling the California folks how he did it in another of Billy Page's interviews at the San Francisco NBC studios.



Four Corners

YOU gotta fake your hat off to Hi, Si and the Old Home Town Orchestra when you hear 'em spiel over KMOX at St. Louis. Rural Missouri and farm folks all the way up and down the Mississippi valley think they are the best musicians on the air. What if they do hit a sour note now an' then—makes the others sound all the sweeter! Been at it three years now.



Horse Fly

AS YOU travel westward from the Mississippi valley you come to still another type of national music represented here by Horse Fly (left) and His Wranglers, heard nightly from KNX at Hollywood.





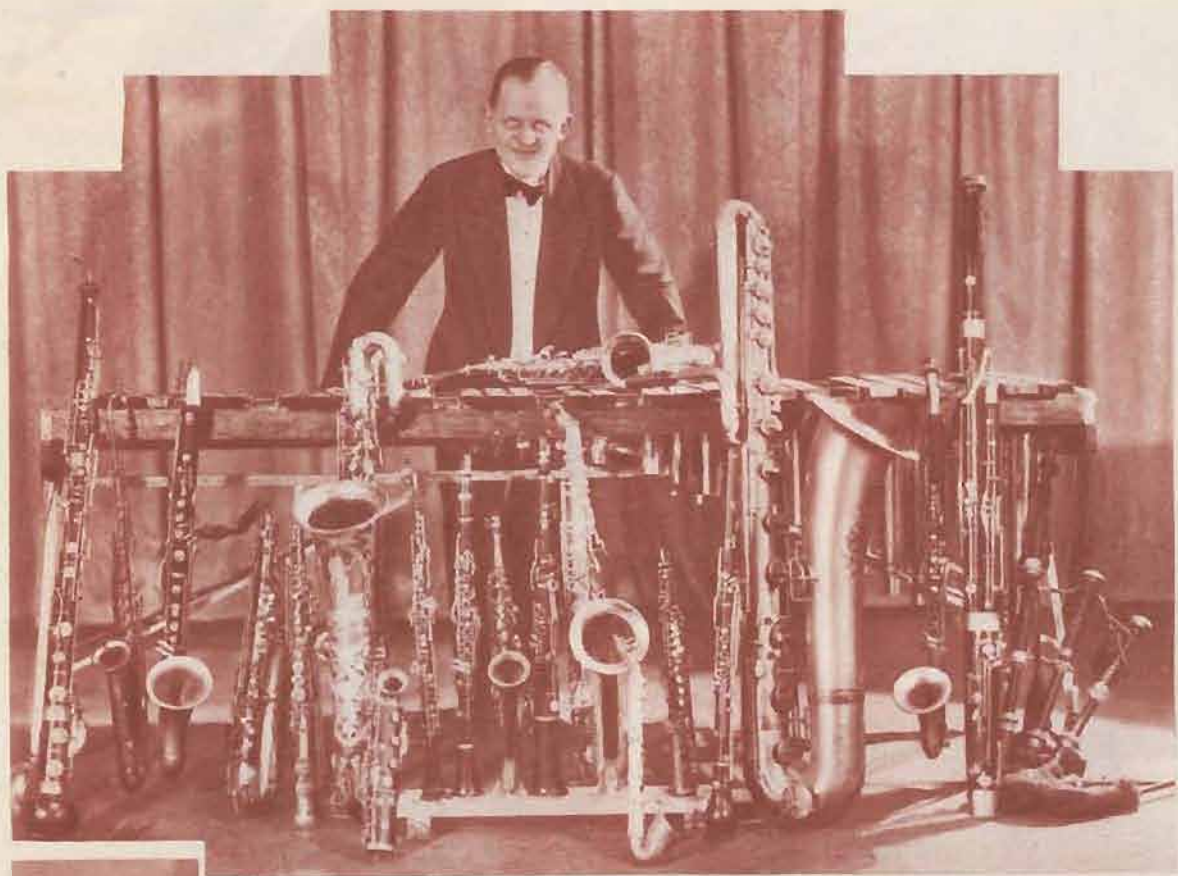
Rahmin

ORIENTAL fantasy lends itself admirably to a broadcasting theme. And here we have Rahmin, the beautiful singing slave of the dream maker, Kahlmar, who barter her lovely voice for worn out fancies in the Nissley Dream Shop at WLW, Cincinnati.



THE Forty Fathom Trawlers is known to the listeners of the two large broadcast chain systems of the country. Many will remember the magnetic voice of the young heroine in the dramatization of the Irving Reis story, The Song of the Deep. It was Miss Harrington—Radio dramatic star of WABC.

Dorothy Harrington



ROSS GORMAN (above) is considered one of the most versatile artists on the air. He plays all of these instruments—27 of them—at one time or another during the Lucky Strike program over the NBC network.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE probably has the largest Radio fan audience of any broadcaster in the country, judging from the letters he receives. He plays and croons just now at WLW, Cincinnati. (The WLW staff looks on).



A LIVING voice speaking over a bridge of 156 years was heard by NBC listeners when Zaro Agha, who fought and was wounded in the war Napoleon waged in Egypt, was introduced by Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley. Zaro has a firm voice and spoke in the Turkish language. His English was limited to "How do you do" and "Good bye". There is a story about him elsewhere in this Radio Digest.



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Zaro Agha



Around the Samovar

MME. DORA BOESCHER, who comes to America with the training of the Odessa Municipal Opera, is the soloist you hear in that haunting exotic bit called Around the Samovar. They are all Russians in this classic from the New York studios of the Columbia System.

Did you hear

Zaro Agha?

*Turk, 156 Years Old, Greets Listeners—
Was Soldier Against Napoleon—Fought
Against Russia at 103. Now He Enjoys
Radio and Has a Taste for Apple Pie*

By Mark Quest

I HAVE looked into the living face of a man who marched against Napoleon Bonaparte more than a century and a quarter ago. I have received this man's military salute and heard his voice, have asked him questions and received his prompt alert answers for readers of RADIO DIGEST. It seems incredible that such a human being could be alive and traveling jauntily half way round the world in this year of 1930.

Perhaps you too heard the voice of Zaro Agha when he was introduced to millions of American listeners over the network of the National Broadcasting Company last August. You probably did not understand much of what he had to say. He speaks scarcely any English. But you may have recognized the salutations "How do you do" and "Goodby". He was introduced by Bob Ripley of Believe-it-or-Not fame. You could scarcely believe that Zaro Agha would be parading around a microphone after 156 birthdays. But there he was. And you couldn't doubt about his age because the public documents are in existence to prove it.

TURKEY has been using Zaro as a model young man for over a hundred years. He never smoked and he never drank. He swore off on meat about fifty years ago. When he was 103 he reenlisted in the Turkish cavalry. He had seen a lot of

Zaro is up-to-date in the use of mechanical exercisers. His great-great-great grandson, Ahmet Mussa, beside him.

fighting and was always ready to fight for his country. While all the other young men of his age some generations ago were taking a new bride every year or so he stuck by his first wife. The harem idea never appealed to him. He has had eleven wives but he only had one at a time and he kept married to the one he had until in the natural course of events death intervened. His last child was born shortly after Zaro had celebrated his ninety-first birthday. The progeny descended from this man—well, anyway he would need all of Madison Square Garden to hold a family reunion.

WHAT is he doing over here? At this writing it seems something of a mystery. Calvin Harris, his American manager, is non-committal. He has



Zaro Agha, 156-year-old broadcaster

a leaning toward Hollywood. Maybe you'll be seeing his name in the bright lights over the picture theatres before the winter is over. His life is insured for \$50,000 for five years. The medical examination gave him a blood pressure of a man in his forties.

I met Zaro in a room in the Pennsylvania hotel, New York. One of his great grandsons, Ahmet Mussa, was with him. Ahmet is a slight looking young man but Mr. Harris says he is recognized as one of the best lightweight boxers in the Crescent domain. Ahmet and Assin Redvam, Zaro's interpreter, met me at the door. There was a little hall, then a room with twin beds and there in a comfortable chair by a window that opened onto a court I saw this remarkable patriarch. He arose as I entered. A tall erect figure of a man, sturdy and solid he seemed. His skin was dark and the hair was thin on his head. He smiled a little and brought his hand to his forehead with military snap. Then we shook hands—long lean fingers closed rather loosely over mine.

WE ALL sat down. I knew a little of the ancient's history. He was born in Bitlis, February 16, 1774—a little before the birth of the United States of America. His father had lived to the age of 112, his mother 75.
(Cont. on page 115)

*Fanatical Frenzy Reaches Its Height and
Mary Burton Comes into
the Reward of Her
Ghastly Fame*

*Illustrations by
Joseph L. Sabo*



By Rupert Hughes

Summary to date:

THEY are all dead now, of course. They have been for close onto a couple of centuries. But life was very real and very earnest when a ship brought little Mary Burton and Tom Wilson to old New York in the Forties of the Eighteenth Century.

Bonded to a British sea captain to work out her independence Mary began a bleak existence at the Hughson tavern—a rendezvous for negro slaves brought

in by fighting vessels which ravished the Spanish shipping. And Tom left her to join another ship about to sail.

It was nearly two years before he returned and they met again. The Hughsons had become involved in a theft. Hughson's slave, Caesar, had acted on a maudlin story Tom had told of Spanish gold in the store of the Hoggs. Peggy, Caesar's white sweetheart and a member of the Hughson family, had become embittered toward Mary because she re-

mained aloof from her evil associates.

Then came the rumor of a plot on the part of the negroes to burn the homes of their white masters and take possession of the city. Mary Burton was called before the Grand Jury to relate all that she had heard in the Hughson tavern as to the supposed conspiracy. Her stories became embellished with imaginary details. She was the talk of the town. All of her old tormentors were made to suffer execution by fire.

T E R R O R

Through all of this Mary was thinking only of Tom Wilson, the boy who had come across with her from England. She watched eagerly for his return.

To substantiate Mary's story the police placed Arthur Price, a sneak-thief, to mingle with the slaves and trick them into confessions.

And Mr. Hughes continues:

OF COURSE he came forth with a pack of stories so numerous that he had to have a clerk to take

And over all, like a mad priestess of cannibalistic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations.

down the others by sworn testimony.

Peggy's alternative was a living death in the swarming dungeons with the gallows as the only outlet, and so in a throes of fatigue and despair she made a confession as good as the best of them.

While she was at it, she might as well destroy her enemies; so she involved John Kumm and his wife and few slaves not mentioned before; and described meetings in the Romne shoeshop at which a handful of grandiloquent negroes planned to erect an African king-

dom. Caesar dropped in clattering chains.

Both protested that they were innocent as all criminals do—and are, perhaps, in a better sense.

Almost two months had gone now since the slaves had destroyed the governor's house and tried to destroy so many others, and not a single black soul had been punished; so the distraught good people thought it advisable to seek comfort from heaven. The 13th of May was proclaimed as a day of public fasting and humiliation, "the shops were all shut up and persons of all ranks resorted to their respective places of divine worship, and seemed deeply affected with a sense of the calamities which were most likely to awaken us to our duty and a due sense of our demerits."



them down. He told how Peggy with many an oath and much obscenity confessed her knowledge of the plot, and of how Hughson's daughter had confessed hers. He brought forth everything his employers sent him in to get.

And they believed him because they must believe him or confess that the whole talk of the conspiracy was the madness of the wise. They must open the jail doors and release as martyrs the objects of their scorn or give credence to the thief. Their choice was no less inevitable for being unjustifiable.

They confronted Peggy with her words as Arthur Price reported them and hinted that she might save her life by confirming his testimony. They promised her a full pardon if she would con-

firm on the embers of New York in the face of the British army and navy. But she cleared her friends the Hughsons of all guilt and denied all knowledge of the ceremonies Mary Burton had described in such detail.

FORTHWITH Margaret Romne and all the negroes Peggy named were arrested and paraded before Mary Burton, who was surprised into admitting that she had seen none of them at Hughson's.

Though Peggy had vowed the innocence of her Caesar, it did him no good, for he and Mr. Aubeynean's Prince were tried for the felony of robbing Mr. Hogg. And they were duly hanged.

THUS strengthened and shriven, the judges took up their tasks with a new ardor. They were inspired to action by the arrival of great news from up and across the river. In Hackensack, one morning, seven barns had been found afire at once. Two negroes had been promptly charged with setting them afire. One of them confessed and one denied the guilt; but both of them were tied up and burnt to death with a commendable promptitude.

The citizens of New York nodded their heads. This was the way to put an end to men who started fires—start fires under the men!

The news of the public mood soon reached the jail where the slaves squirmed like fishing worms in a tin can. The can was to be held over live coals. Offensive slaves were generally toasted at the stake and there was a turmoil of mad fright in the strong upper cells of the City Hall. The prisoners began to denounce one another in a last hope of saving themselves from the flames. Some of them, for greater prestige, accused others not yet arrested; and these as they were brought in, sought to curry favor by naming still others still outside. A black boy named a black woman and she another. The judges gave them hints and told them what others had testified and they strained their poor wits to improve upon what their predecessors had contrived. The plot grew and grew until it became a diabolic

scheme more than a year old. Contradictions and absurdities did not disgust the judges. They selected what enhanced the danger and themselves as the rescuers of the doomed populace.

THE constables were worn out with hunting down new prisoners and the jail walls were almost bursting with the swarm. And still the constables went out for them till the murmur rose that all the gentlefolk in town would have to fetch their own tea-water and wash their own linen.

When Peter Jay, John Roosevelt, Adolph Philipse, Catherine Wells and others came in to testify to the good behavior of their slaves and to furnish them with alibis, they were politely bowed out of court as incompetent and the judges went sternly on about their grave duties.

With magnificent eloquence the attorney, Mr. Smith, told how justly the slaves had been tried, and how carefully their testimony weighed. Even though it would have been a profanation to administer the oath to such heathen, they had been warned of the perils of false witness: "The being and perfections of an Almighty, all knowing and just God, and the terrors of an eternal world, have been plainly laid before them and strongly pressed upon them. But, gentlemen, the monstrous ingratitude of this black tribe is what exceedingly aggravates their guilt. I fear, gentlemen, that we shall never be quite safe till that wicked race are under more restraint or their number greatly reduced within this city.

This was the kernel of it all! There must be fewer blacks in town.

Two of the slaves, Quack and Cuffee, on being found guilty were asked "what they had to offer in arrest of judgment why they should not receive sentence of



When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

death, and they offered nothing but repetitions of protestations of their innocence.

So the judge flogged them with polysyllables they could not understand and ended in simpler words that they could: "You and each of you shall be chained to a stake and burnt to death; and the Lord of his infinite mercy have compassion upon your poor wretched souls."

On May 30th Quack and Cuffee were taken out into the commons to a place

where two iron stakes stood up in the midst of two big piles of wood. They were chained there chin-deep in fuel to the delectation of a great throng of impatient spectators gathered and seated on the fences, cracking jokes about the warm weather that was coming on.

When it was suggested that the promise of a reprieve might bring from the ague-stricken, slaving, whimpering rats confessions that would inculpate other..

criminals, Mr. Roosevelt went into the fuel and talked to his slave Quack and Mr. Moore to his man Cuff. The well-disciplined well-whipped hounds were glad to yammer what they thought was wanted.

THEY were not saints dying for a creed. They were idiot infants on the brink of a furnace and being promised a reprieve so they uttered imbecile things through chattering teeth. The spectators, being busy people, resented the delay, but the outpourings of the blacks were carefully "minuted down in the midst of great noise and confusion."

Mr. Moore asked the sheriff to take the prisoners back to jail according to the agreement, but the citizens were so infuriated at the postponement of the show that the sheriff did not dare disappoint them.

In the quiet dignity of the chronicle: "The execution proceeded."

That is to say, the sheriff lighted the kindling, the woodpiles roared; the blacks, betrayed, shrieked in vain for mercy to flames that came rollicking on to whip their poor ribs and to the writhing smoke that finally muffled their ululations. Providence sent not

even a "moderate shower" as it had done when His Majesty's House set fire to the chapel and to the town.

The confessions of the incinerated dupes were naturally confusing, but they wanted the arrest of a whole drove of negroes and negresses, including Burk's wench Sarah, "one of the oddest criminals amongst the black confederates." She foamed at the mouth and denounced a score of slaves wholesale. Later she retracted most of the names but this did not discredit her credibility.

The three Hughsons and Peggy were duly brought to trial and Mary Burton

was forced to repeat her testimony against them while Hughson and his wife were "crying and bemoaning themselves and embracing and kissing their daughter Sarah. In order (as may be supposed) to move compassion in the court and jury, Hughson's wife brought thither a sucking child at her breast, which was ordered to be taken away."

The obliging inexhaustible Mary testified to Bible oaths of conspiracy, to swords and guns and pistols gathered for the insurrection, and to bribes of silks and golden rings offered to her. Her stories were bettered with every repetition. She was educating herself as an

must suffice all the ends of justice.

On June 9th four more negroes were burned alive. Three days later three negroes were granted the gentler death of hanging, and alongside them Hughson and his wife and Peggy were swung. The daughter's execution was put off in the hope of extorting a confession from her.

On the way to the gallows Peggy had acted as if she were about to speak, but "Mrs. Hughson gave her a shove and she kept silent." The ox-cart that carried them was drawn under the beam, the hangman slipped the nooses around their necks, the teamster whacked the flanks of the oxen and the cart moved on, leaving its passengers dancing on air. Later John Hughson's body was hung up in chains and the town was "amused" to watch the peculiar changes of color it underwent in the course of time.

The story now was started that Mrs. Hughson and Peggy were both really "papists." No more ferocious condemnation could be hinted in that colony, although, as Justice Horsmanden says, "it was of little significance what religion such vile wretches profess." But the suggestion added a new spice to the prosecutions.

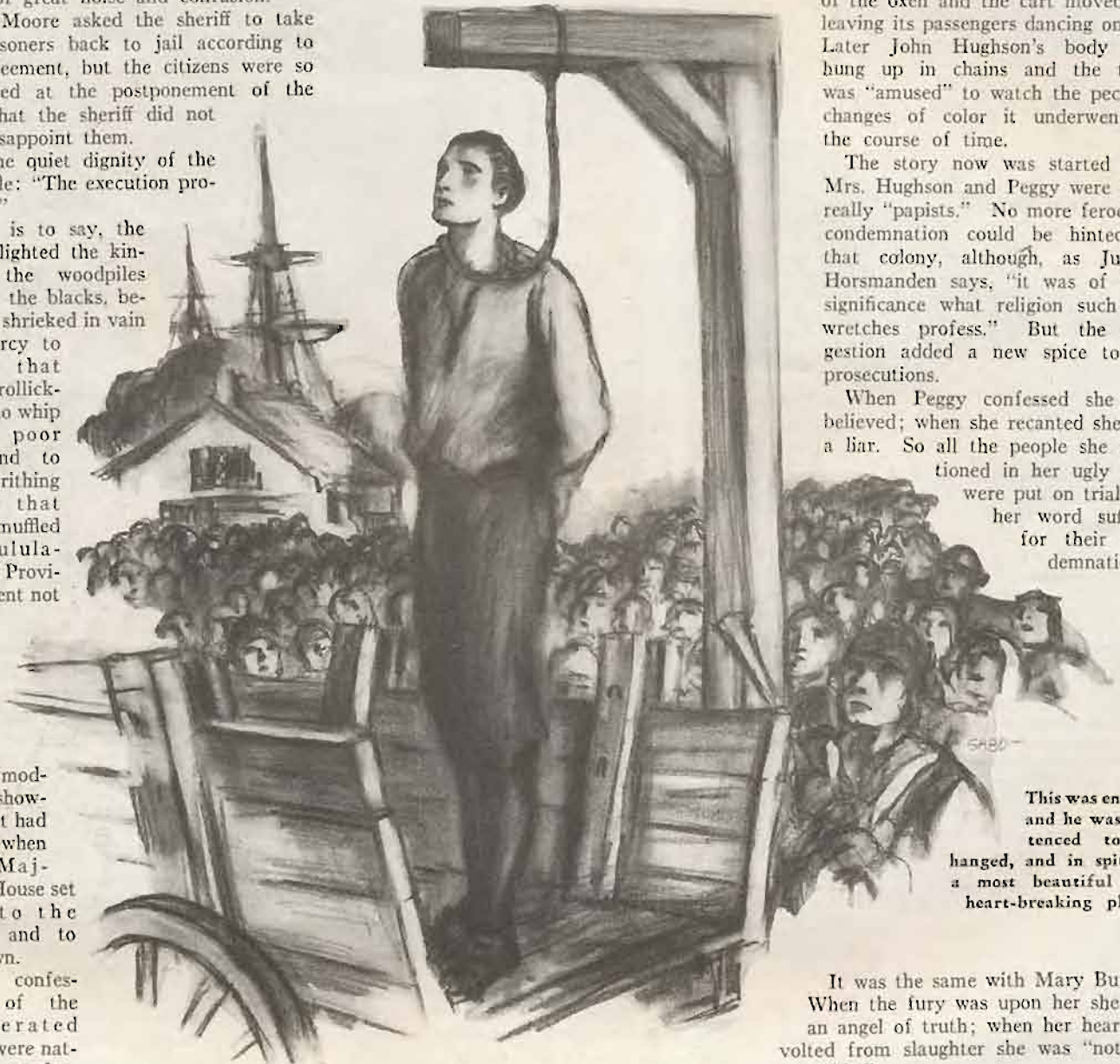
When Peggy confessed she was believed; when she recanted she was a liar. So all the people she mentioned in her ugly hour were put on trial and her word sufficed for their condemnation.

This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea.

It was the same with Mary Burton. When the fury was upon her she was an angel of truth; when her heart revolted from slaughter she was "not dependable."

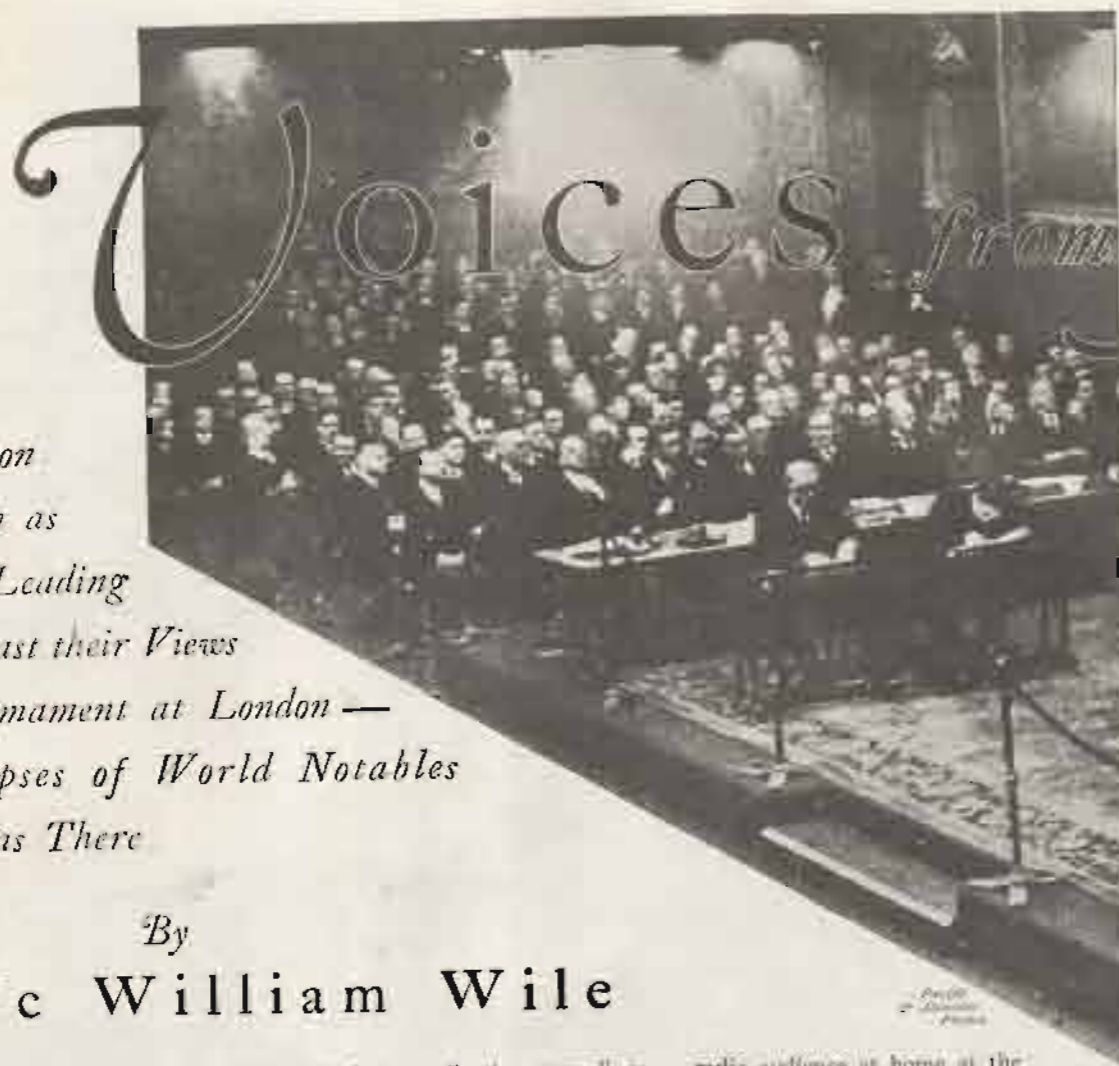
YET what better advisors had the child to take counsel from than the grave and reverend justices who towered over her with insatiable demands for new victims? At times they seemed huge spiders sucking the blood from her heart as they poisoned it; but whither could she

(Continued on page 112)



artist at the general public expense.

The Hughsons cast up their eyes and said she was a very wicked creature and they brought witnesses to testify to their character, but who cared what they said? A pardon had been drawn up for Peggy, but she had recanted her confessions and exonerated all she had accused. The judges would have killed her twice for her treachery if they could. But once



Voices from

Nation
 Listens to Nation as
 Diplomats from Leading
 Countries Broadcast their Views
 on Naval Disarmament at London —
 Intimate Glimpses of World Notables
 By One Who Was There

By
Frederic William Wile

AMERICA'S best-known broadcaster of politics, Frederic William Wile, political analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is about to embark upon his eighth successive year on the air. Mr. Wile, internationally famed newspaper correspondent and author, is entitled to the distinction of having remained uninterruptedly on the air, as a political broadcaster, longer than anybody else in the profession. His weekly talk, "The Political Situation in Washington Tonight" was inaugurated in November, 1923, and is still a regular program feature. Mr. Wile established another record this year when he became radio's first Transatlantic political reporter, having been sent to London by Columbia to "cover" the proceedings of the Five Power Naval Conference. Wile's experiences at London are told for the first time in this article.

WHEN the London Naval Conference became a certainty, following the visit to Washington of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, it occurred to me that it would be an epochal achievement — mechanical facilities permitting — for Columbia to arrange to



Ramsay MacDonald at the British mikes.

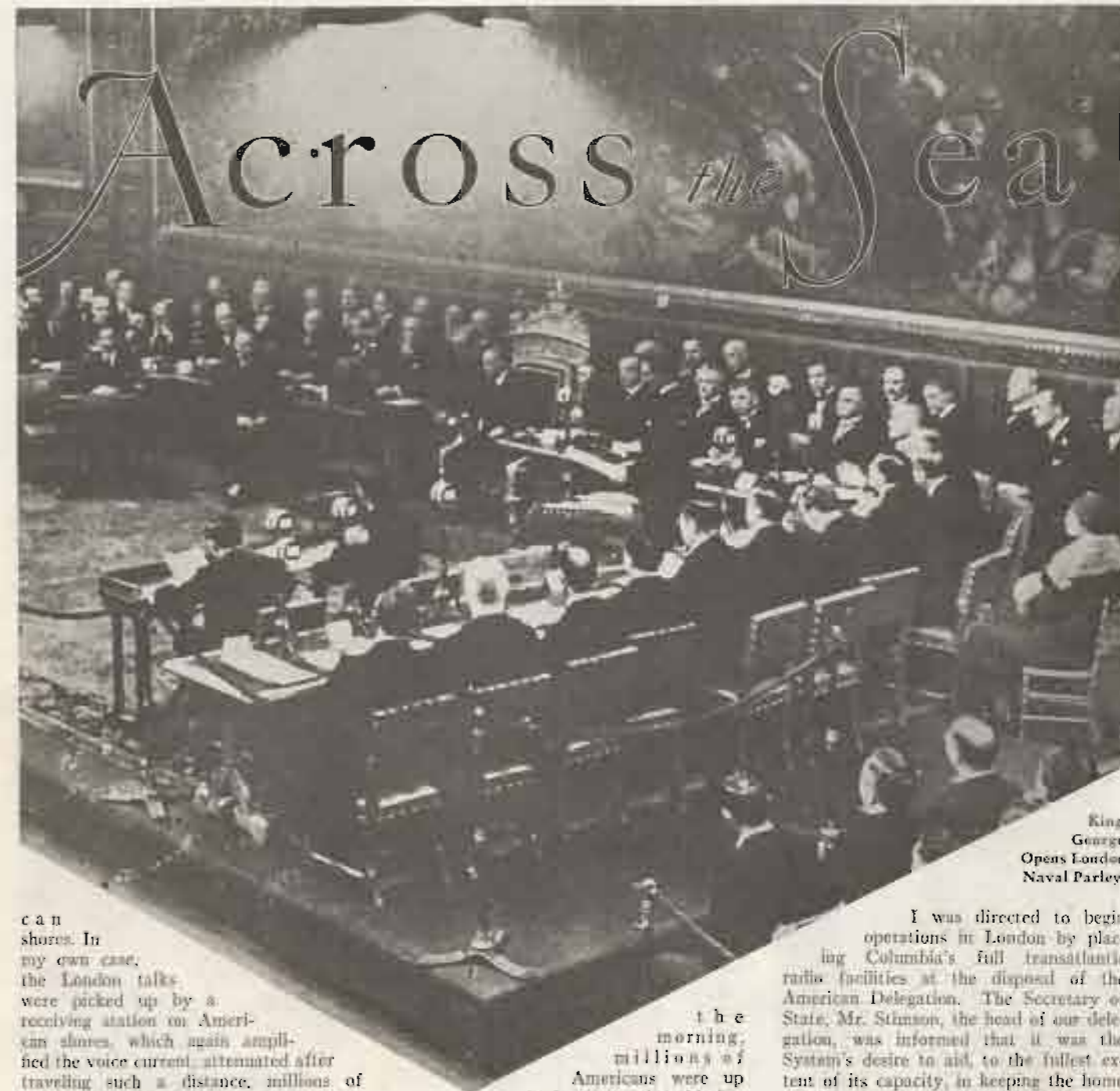
report regularly by radio the proceedings of the parley. I volunteered to go to England and serve as the world's first transatlantic broadcasting reporter.

My Columbia friends assented instantly and unhesitatingly to the suggestion to report the London Naval Conference by radio. "Larry" Lovman, fellow-Hoosier, who is Columbia's director of traffic, proceeded at once to effect the necessary arrangements with the British Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all radio transmission in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as a semi-government monopoly, and with the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, through which it was necessary to work, as far as transatlantic radio telephone facilities were concerned.

While these vital preliminaries were under way, I sailed for England with the American Delegation aboard S.S. George Washington from New York on January 9th, 1930. My assignment was not only to go before the microphone once a week in London and broadcast conference proceedings, just as I am accustomed to "cover" the political situation in Washington week by week, but also to persuade distinguished Americans and Britons in London to broadcast conference messages to the United States from time to time. For the sake of "continuity," Columbia scheduled my own talks from London so that I would be communing with the

radio audience at home at the same hour they were accustomed to hear me from Washington, viz., at 8:15 o'clock on Thursday evenings, Eastern Standard Time. It was so ordered. But it required me to keep awake until 1:15 o'clock a.m., Greenwich time, Fridays, so I chalked up yet another radio record—that of talking on Friday morning and being heard on Thursday evening.

I AM not informed in detail of the technical nature of the London broadcasts, but what happened was something like this. I went to a microphone in the London studios of the "B.B.C.", as the British Broadcasting Corporation is popularly known, located on Savoy Hill, just off the Strand and overlooking the Thames Embankment. There I spoke into a microphone, which was really a telephone receiver, to Rugby, England—familiar to several generations of English-reading schoolboys as the scene of "Tom Brown at Rugby." In that town is the radio telephone transmitting station of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, whence phone messages from Great Britain are wafted across the Atlantic to the United States. At Rugby the voice current is amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current powerful enough to bridge the wide gap across the herring pond to Ameri-



can shores. In my own case, the London talks were picked up by a receiving station on American shores, which again amplified the voice current, attenuated after traveling such a distance, millions of times. Altogether there was, between London and New York, a radio circuit of roundly 3,600 miles. As the talks were re-layed across the United States, they eventually traversed nearly 7,000 miles by the time my words were winged to the Pacific Coast.

The Naval Conference was ceremoniously opened in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords at London at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of January 21. As all the world remembers, these formal opening proceedings were broadcast around the world, including the addresses of King George, Prime Minister MacDonald, Secretary Stimson, Premier Tardieu, Foreign Minister Grandi, Mr. Wakatsuki, of Japan, and other conference dignitaries. The transmission to our own country was well-nigh perfect. Although reception in the United States, owing to the difference in time, took place at 6 o'clock in

King George Opens London Naval Parley.

the morning, millions of Americans were up betimes, to enjoy this immortal exhibition of the wondrous powers of radio in the realm of international relations.

TWO days later, on Thursday, January 23, I began, from the B.B.C. studios in London, the series of weekly talks in review of the Naval Conference's proceedings. On successive Thursday evenings, up to the middle of March, I kept the American radio audience abreast of developments. It was not always easy to dramatize a stalemated situation, for news was conspicuous by its absence. With few exceptions, reception in America was excellent, though the day-time transatlantic transmissions on Sundays turned out to be considerably more satisfactory than the night-time transmissions on Thursdays.

I was directed to begin operations in London by placing Columbia's full transatlantic radio facilities at the disposal of the American Delegation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson, the head of our delegation, was informed that it was the System's desire to aid, to the fullest extent of its capacity, in keeping the home public informed of Conference progress and maintaining interest in it. To that end I invited Secretary Stimson to designate some of his colleagues to take the transatlantic air at regular intervals. In due course, this was done. In the order named, the following Americans, on successive Sundays at 5:30 London time (12:30 p. m., home time), addressed the American radio audience over the Columbia network: Senator Robinson, of Arkansas; Senator Reed,



Sir Philip Snowden — an important factor at the conference.

of Pennsylvania; Secretary of the Navy Adams; Ambassador Hugh Gibson and Secretary of State Stimson.

Among the prominent Britons whom I was privileged to introduce to the American radio audience across the Atlantic, were: Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald; Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden; Viscountess Astor, M. P.; Viscount Cecil of Chelwood and Wickham Steed, former editor of the London Times.

BRITISH public men and women are no less "radio conscious" than our own, so it was not difficult to sell them the idea of participating in so pioneering an enterprise as broadcasting across the Atlantic. Prime Minister MacDonald, having his American visit freshly in mind, expressed an instant readiness to talk to his Yankee friends by air on the subject of the Naval conference. MacDonald has a God-given radio voice and personality. His Scotch burr carries magnificently. No one can say "wur-ruld" quite like him,

privileged to come, ever and anon, that they may not forget that grass grows, flowers bloom, and birds sing."

Mr. MacDonald infuses into his radio talks that transparent sincerity and compelling conviction which characterizes all his public utterances, and which brought him for the second time within five years to the leadership of the British Empire. Within sixty seconds of his closing words at Chequers, through some magical process of which I was never made aware, a mes-

Mr. Snowden broke up his coveted week-end of rest in the country to drive nearly a hundred miles into London for a 5:30 p.m., Sunday talk at the B.B.C. studios. He was accompanied by his charming and equally brilliant wife. Nobody in England ever speaks of "Philip Snowden." It is always "Mr. and Mrs. Philip Snowden." Their public careers have been intertwined through a quarter of a century of uncommon connubial bliss. Mrs. Snowden happens to be the only woman "governor" of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Like her husband, she broadcasts frequently, being an experienced public speaker with a proud record, as she boasts, of a dozen lecture tours in the United States. Despite his frail body, Snowden has a resonant oratorical style. His voice seems to have thundered through transatlantic static in resounding fashion, judging by the congratulatory cables that deluged him next day. He concentrated on the burdensome cost of war and reeled off some tragic figures of the thousands of pounds the World War is still costing



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

Lord Robert Cecil (left)—the "Warrior for Peace." Lady Astor and her daughter Phyllis talked across the Atlantic. Frederic William Wile who gave daily broadcast reports of conference from London of Columbia System.



sage was flashed back from America that my introduction and the Prime Minister's address had rung across 3,000 miles of oceanic space "clear as a bell." MacDonald was visibly pleased, for he had spoken at a psychological moment and made a critical pronouncement. Next day's London papers carried his speech in full. It sounded the deathknell of France's hopes for the inclusion of "military guarantees" in the naval treaty.



Photo by Bachrach

when he pronounces the word "world."

The British Broadcasting Corporation has installed an emergency transmitting station at Chequers, official country-seat of John Bull's prime ministers, in Buckinghamshire, 30 miles northwest of London, for the heads of His Majesty's Government periodically use the "wireless" (the British don't know "radio", in the American sense) and usually choose the quiet of week-ends, when they are in residence in Chequers, to face the microphone. MacDonald began his Columbia broadcast to the United States on Sunday, March 9th with a quaint allusion to Chequers' landscape beauties. "I am sitting here," he said, "amid these glorious Chiltern Hills, to which prime ministers are now

OF HARDLY less stature in the British Labor government than MacDonald himself is Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Crippled since youth, with a body racked with incessant pain, Snowden hobbles through life on a pair of canes. His infirmities have turned him into somewhat of an acetic, but notably failed to wither his intellectual power or political acumen. Universally Snowden is considered to be the brains of the British Labor party. I was particularly anxious to have him broadcast on that aspect of naval limitation with which he is specially identified—its finances and economics.

Britain every hour of the day. An American commentator said Snowden's broadcast came through with the fervor and eloquence of "a great sermon."

Many of my American radio friends have told me that Columbia's star of stars at the London Naval Conference was the Viscountess Astor, the former Nancy Langhorne, of Virginia, first woman M. P. to sit in the House of Commons at London. A temperamental bird is this dynamic daughter of Dixie—a rather spoiled darling, as prima donnæ are apt to be. But she yielded when she learned she would be the first of her sex to broadcast across the Atlantic. "The Women's Will To Peace" was her text—the theme of New York's comedy craze, "Lysistrata,"

but differently treated, perhaps it is not necessary to add! Lady Astor was keen as mustard about the transoceanic talk—claimed she'd put more time and worry on it than on any speech she'd ever delivered in Parliament. Through the oversight of a secretary, the Viscountess turned up at the B.B.C. studio on Savoy Hill an hour ahead of time. But, as a true daughter of Uncle Sam, she didn't dream of letting it go to waste. When I myself appeared, fifteen minutes before the hour set, I found Lady Astor sturdily rehearsing into a dead microphone, in order that she would be sure to sit just the right distance away, modulate her voice to the correct pitch, and not exceed her allotted thirteen minutes.

HER diction is a quaint combination of Southern American and British drawl. Whether she learned to do it in school, in Virginia, or acquired it as an affectation in England, I observed that the vivacious Viscountess drops her "g" in the last syllable of words ending with the seventh letter of the alphabet, viz., "speak-in'", "tryin'", etc. The English branch of the once-famed quartette of Langhorne beauties got a flapper's thrill out of her broadcast to America, and especially out of the messages which rained in on her from the United States, by cable, letter, and even by transatlantic telephone. Word from kinfolk on the Pacific coast delighted her no end.

One of Lady Astor's playmates is none other than the great Bernard Shaw. He frequently adorns her luncheon and dinner parties at her mansion in St. James's Square, London, and at the Thames-side Astor suburban place, Cliveden. I asked the Viscountess if she thought I could beguile "G.B.S." to broadcast. I yearned to land him because of his cast-iron inhibition against appearing in America "in person," despite constant lecture-engagement offers worth a King's ransom. "Try it, by all means," she said, "but he'll probably want a fat check."

My early approaches to Shaw were fruitless. I had written him, inviting him to do one of the Columbia's Sunday afternoon talks. "I never take on Sunday jobs," was the characteristic reply. That did not close the incident from my standpoint, because I rejoined that we'd be honored to have him do the "job" any day. Thereupon he gave me an appoint-

ment at his apartment in Whitehall Court, overlooking the murky Thames on the Embankment near Northumberland Avenue. For years I had pictured Shaw as a bear. I was aware of his cynical attitude toward America and Americans. I expected to be lectured, bullied—and turned down. I also was prepared to be held up—if Lady Astor's hint about a fat check meant anything. I was destined to be disillusioned all along the line.

Never in thirty years of professional chase of the nimble item in many lands have I met a more delightful person, or encountered a more gracious welcome

as near as we came—despite Viscountess Astor's warning—to mention of anything so sordid as remuneration. I offered no honorarium, and G.B.S., in no wise, directly or indirectly, proposed one. I was told that when he broadcasts in England, as he does occasionally, he is paid for it, though on no such scale as American stars of his magnitude probably could command in the United States.

Finally, at the end of an hour's stimulating conversation about books, plays, America, and international politics, Shaw consented to fill one of my Sunday periods. I was elated. Shaw imposed only

two conditions—that we could hit upon a date that would not conflict with his other engagements, and that his friend, Prime Minister MacDonald, would assure him it would be all right for Shaw, a wholly unofficial personage, "to butt in, as you Americans would say," he added, with a twinkle in his blue Irish eyes. "Let's see," he said, pulling a memorandum book from the pocket of his Cardigan waistcoat. "How about Sunday, March 23rd?"—he had apparently scrapped his inhibitions about a "Sunday job." Gleeefully, I accepted that date, and left Whitehall Court, the tall, lanky, white-bearded "G. B.S." escorting me, as if I were some life-long friend who'd called to renew an old comradeship, down the long hall to the elevator.

SHAW to broadcast across the herring-pond to Columbia's family of listening millions—it was a thrilling prospect! I felt myself on the air—walking on it—as, transmuted to the seventh heaven of delight, I raced down Northumberland Avenue to the

cable office in Trafalgar Square—the very one in which, thirty years earlier, I had filed my London dispatches as a cub correspondent covering the Boer War—to flash word to "Bill" Paley in New York that I had bearded the lion in his den.

My exaltation was doomed to be short-lived. Ten days later—it happened to be March 17, St. Patrick's Day, that Ireland's most gifted living son chose for breaking my heart—Shaw sent me a brief note, saying that as the Naval Conference seemed definitely destined to dwindle into a Three-Power affair, instead of the Five-Power plan amid which it was so promisingly born, he had decided not to participate in the radio transatlantic forum. H

(Continued on page 124)

AYOT ST LAWRENCE, WELWYN, HERTS.

STATION: WHEATHAMPSTEAD, L. & N.E.R. 2 1/4 MILES.

TELEGRAMS: BERNARD SHAW, CODICOTE.

TELEPHONE: CODICOTE 18.

17th March 1930.
 On reflection I think I had better hold my tongue about the conference. It is now clear that it will end in a Three Power Pact (England, U.S. & Japan); and I see no good in spreading that fact more emphatically than the papers will.
 So for the present my broadcast is off.
 G. Bernard Shaw.

First publication of note George Bernard Shaw addressed to Mr. Wile during the London parley.

than awaited me at the hands of "G.B.S." He is the most lovable of old gentlemen, though the term is a rank misnomer for a septuagenarian of his youthful spirit and vigor. Shaw as completely belies his 74 years as anything imaginable, and as utterly challenges the popular conception of him as an unapproachable misanthrope. "G.B.S." did not resent my observation that in America we look upon him as the outstanding figure in the field of English letters. As his newest play, "The Apple Cart," then drawing all London, was in the midst of its maiden run in New York, I ventured the suggestion that a Shaw broadcast to the U. S. A., might not be devoid of certain professional advantage. He agreed. That was

Radio Is Destroying

THE Constitution of the United States is dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal. From time immemorial, however, people of the world, meaning both men and women, have been constantly struggling to attain and maintain social supremacy of one sort or another.

Throughout the ages money has been a chief factor in establishing and preserving social discriminations. Without material wealth at their command even kings and queens have sunk into social oblivion. In current times many royal descendants are finding it difficult from a society standpoint to make their titles gloss over a lack of pecuniary resources; hence the not infrequent marriages of convenience where a millionaire affiliation overshadows a wedding of hearts, insofar as the main motive for a union is concerned. To be sure, all the great civilizations of the world have developed an intellectual culture which is in itself the true measure of social supremacy. Nevertheless we find that social standing in the accepted use of the phrase, still denotes monetary well being far more than it indicates the victory of mind over matter. We are all becoming better educated and in consequence are slowly but surely setting up new standards for measuring the relative social importance of individual people. The press undoubtedly has been the greatest single factor in this development, but the achievements of science, particularly along such lines as transportation, communication, moving pictures and mass production as represented by machinery, have made gigantic contributions to both the size and momentum of the movement, and the modern improvements in banking methods have also played a significant role. The evolutions which we have been witnessing in national governments are a result of factors such as these rather than a cause on their own account.

Now we have Radio—which came to us as a child of unknown possibilities and later grew to an adolescent whose future attainments are almost, if not quite, beyond the grasp of human imagination. There are many things about Radio as we carry on with it today which offer wide latitude for the projection of ideas and thoughts into the future—religion, education, culture—all such are subject to new de-

velopments not easy to comprehend but nevertheless undelivered. When we add television we are proceeding by progressive multiples instead of by simple additions. No longer can the human mind deal with definite equations—we are literally forced into the realm of conjecture.

While society is in this state of flux, with the average of intelligence creeping slowly but irresistibly forward like molten lava from a volcano, it is difficult to judge accurately and fully the relations between the press and Radio. They are directly supplementary of each other we know and apparently each is rapidly augmenting the power and influence of the other. The more people read about specific men and women or about specific things and events, the more they want to meet them "in person" over the Radio. On the other hand, the more people meet famous individuals and attend outstanding events via the microphone, the more they want to read and learn about them via the printed word. "Interest follows familiarity" has long been a fundamental trait of human nature and explains why these two great media are arousing the appetite for more news, information and knowledge from both sources.

IN this magazine we are naturally dealing for the most part with Radio and, hence, the balance of this discussion will relate to how Radio is destroying social barriers with a speed and directness heretofore unknown.

First, let us set down some of the things which have long been identified with society in the popularly accepted sense of the term. In other words, let us deal with those things which have long been associated with people of royal blood, acknowledged wealth, or people who are said to have acquired social caste by right of inheritance. What has been their more or less exclusive lot which has not also been the lot of the so-called "common herd"? Grand Opera. Symphonic Music. Trips around the world. International yachting. Box seats at football games. Ringside seats at championship boxing bouts. Horse races from the Jockeys' Club. Personal presentation to kings and queens. Dining with stage celebrities. Personal contact with premier sportsman and athletic champions. Dance music by famous orchestras in night clubs with terrific cover charges. Private seances with astrologers like Evangeline Adams. Personal meetings with famous people like Col. Lindbergh, Thomas Edison and President Hoover. Uninterrupted visits with great authors, great painters, great lawyers. First name acquaintance with great bankers.

In other words, social caste and the position of wealth which it implies have brought, with relatively few exceptions, the opportunity "to go places and do things" and to meet people who have won reputations in every walk of life whether it be achievements of the body or of the mind. The question then comes up: "What is Radio doing to extend the privileges which have so long been regarded as belonging to the four hundred and not to the four million?"

In the first place, Radio is taking us to events before they



The Editors' Page

Old Social Barriers

are finished, viz., while the outcome is still in doubt and hence the thrill of suspense almost as intense as if we were present in person, and certainly much keener than is possible were we to read reports about events that have happened. World Series baseball games, boxing bouts like that between Firpo and Jack Dempsey and well announced football games are good examples of this new type of opportunity. While it is freely granted that the thrills and reactions are substantially greater when one can personally attend such affairs, we know that no written description can equal the thrill of hearing the actual happenings *simultaneously with their occurrence* as is now possible over the radio.

This new ability is in a material sense breaking down social barriers because it is enabling people who cannot afford to attend such events, by reason of the travel and admission expense involved, a chance to experience the thrill of "witnessing" absorbing events *while they are happening*. More than that, the technique of announcing such affairs over the air has been developed to a point where the picture conveyed through the microphone very nearly parallels what can be seen only by those who are occupying the equivalent of ringside seats—which, generally because of the cost involved, falls to the lot of the four hundred or at least those of sufficient wealth who aspire to belong to "the select". In other words, the public has been moved up by radio from bleacher seats to the sideline *while an event is actually going on*, and this progress in itself represents a breaking down of class barriers.

NOW let us consider Grand Opera. The finest operatic productions have been possible in only a few large centers and even then have required substantial private underwritings to keep them going. While there are generally upper galleries in the opera houses, the best seats have been occupied on a traditional basis by society and its aspirants. Admission has been generally expensive and there have been other prerequisite costs such as evening clothes, and transportation, plus hotel bills for out-of-town devotees. Nowadays, thanks to Radio, the greatest operatic stars can be heard in person right in the homes of those farthest removed from the social apex whether by taste or by necessity. Again, social barriers are being demolished. The same change applies in the case of great symphonic music by the foremost conductors, as well as to the art of the leading artists of the concert stage and the finest church music. Also the most popular dance orchestras, generally found in night clubs with the highest cover charges and highest prices for food, not to mention White Rock and ginger ale, are now playing in the homes of the public at large thanks to Radio.

IT generally costs money, and considerable of the type of "drag" which money secures, to get close to such happenings as the arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton in America, the anchoring of the Graf Zeppelin, arrival of the great

French aviators, Cowie and Bellonte, the winning of golf championships by Bobby Jones, and other similar news features built around single individuals. Today the microphone men are permitted "inside the ropes" to give the American people as a whole an intimate picture of what is going on while incidents and events are still happening. Generally also the principal figures are brought before the microphone and in this way a personal acquaintance between the lay public and such celebrities is established. This new opportunity of meeting famous people *while they are still in the midst of their achievements* is a second vital contribution which Radio is making toward the elimination of class distinctions.

Similarly, the American people are now given an opportunity to hear the President of the United States talk to them in person and to hear the rulers of other countries, like King George of England *talk in the first person*. No matter in what line men or women become famous, the fact that they have won recognition in their chosen endeavor assures their being brought *in person* via the microphone before the public.

So much for the human, i.e., personal side. There is also the deeper mental side relating to what is said by the host of great authorities who talk over the Radio. With many people, it is easier to whet cultural appetites by word of mouth than by words in print, though in the end the person who is ambitious for the higher and deeper pleasures that come with knowledge and culture, becomes a prolific reader and thinker, as well as a good listener.

It would be easier to write a book on the subject of this editorial—so vast are the social effects of Radio. As an instrument for developing common lines of thought and conviction among the people of a nation—as a means of destroying ill founded partisanship and prejudice—as a medium for helping to elevate the average of public intelligence which in turn assures our political, economic and spiritual future—Radio presents enormous possibilities, already realized in part, but still relatively undeveloped.

But as a factor for developing a true type of social democracy Radio now already stands unique because of its ability to bring to the mass so much that has hitherto been available only to the class. R. B.



The Editors' Page

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

KELVIN KEECH, NBC's handsome announcer (one of NBC's handsome announcers. I should say, for of course there are many handsome ones. Announcers, please bow.) now sends his voice where he used



Kelvin Keech

to go himself. Not quite that. For Kelvin's voice, announcing the Seth Parker, Fuller Brush, Happy Wonder Bakers, American Radiator, and Raleigh Revue programs, takes in only the United States and Canada. And Kelvin has travelled over them, and a good bit more of this earth's surface, too. And very probably someday radio network will carry his voice to those other far-off places where he has been—Hawaii, Europe, Asia-Minor.

And because he went to Constantinople and there fell in love with a Russian girl is the reason he's in New York now standing before a microphone instead of

before an orchestra on the Bosphorus. But, to begin at the beginning.

Kelvin was born in Honolulu, where his father was in the sugar business. He says he used to climb mango trees long before tree sitting became the fashion and that he was as much at home in the water as out of it. A great deal of his present breath control comes, he thinks, from his childish habit of seeing how long he could hold his breath under water.

His father wanted him to be educated in America. So he came to the University of Pennsylvania. He has the usual tender memories of his alma mater, but he says his most exciting day was when he saw his first snow storm. About the time he was graduating a Hawaiian troupe came through the town and Kelvin "went native" to the extent of joining them.

In 1917 he enlisted and went overseas. He was in two offensives. Demobilized, he got together an orchestra and sang and played his way through Europe. Deauville, Paris, Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, London, all danced to his band. The "White Lyres," this popular Continental group called itself.

While in Paris, Kelvin received a wire to come and play in a club in Constantinople. Off went the "White Lyres" to Turkey. Constantinople at that time was still in the hands of the allies, and its streets were colorful with British, French, and Italian uniforms. No, he didn't see any harem ladies, but he saw the whirling dervishes, and he was fascinated by the muezzin calls from the minarets. It was in Constantinople that he met his future wife, one of the "white" Russian refugees who had fled from the persecutions of the bolsheviks.

According to the Cable Law then in force, a foreign born woman who married in Europe did not take the citizenship of her husband. In order that she might become an American, Kelvin and his wife came to New York. "And," says Husband Keech, proudly, "on the eleventh of November she'll be a full-fledged American citizen."

Kelvin had had some radio experience in London, and his friend, May Singhi

Breen, the "Ukulele Lady," said to him, "Kelvin, why don't you become a Radio announcer?"

So Kelvin took the announcer's test. He was scared to death. His knees shook. Worse, his voice shook. The verdict was: "Not fitted. You just haven't got it in you."

Kelvin reported the news to Miss Breen. "Did you do your best?" she asked. "No, my worst." Ordered Miss Breen: "Go back and try again." Just to please her, but feeling there was no hope, Kelvin did try again. And since he knew in his own mind he didn't have a chance, he wasn't nervous. He talked into the mike as if it were a friend. And the result was that Kelvin Keech became one of NBC's most popular announcers. His smooth, beautifully modulated voice is heard over half a dozen coast-to-coast networks and on many local programs.

He is of medium height, has prematurely grey hair, young fresh skin, and clear cut features—a handsome man.



Freddie Rich

He speaks French and Russian fluently, and, as he says, "Spanish and Italian passably."

Freddie Rich

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage lady interviewer. I'd been trailing Freddie Rich for days—elusive individual. Finally he gave me an ap-



Ann Leaf

pointment for four o'clock on a Friday afternoon. And Friday afternoon just as I was stepping into the door of the Columbia Broadcasting Building, I looked across the street and there was Mr. Rich going into a drug store. The traffic lights were against me or I should have dashed across after him, but I presumed he would be back in a moment and went on up to the main reception room on the twenty-second floor.

I waited and I waited. The charming young thing at the call desk tried to appease me. "He probably just wanted a soda. He has to be back at four-thirty for a broadcast."

"I can't talk to him while he's broadcasting, can I?"

"Oh, no." Such ignorance on my part.

Wait some more. Tap my foot. I conclude I hate Mr. Freddie Rich. Of course he does have about sixteen programs a week, and twice that many rehearsals, besides all his individual arranging, but to be forgotten for a soda. An appointment is an appointment.

The elevator door slides open. Out pops a medium-sized, brown-haired, brown-eyed young man in a most awful hurry. Three minutes to four-thirty. No time to talk. No apology for forgetting me. Probably doesn't even remember that he has forgotten. I follow him into Studio 5 where his twelve Thirty Minute Men are tuning up. I'm squashed against the wall between the violins and the piano.

Freddie Rich mounts the platform. I decide quite definitely that I hate him,

that he's funny looking, that I don't like the color combination of his light blue shirt and dark blue tie.

Don Ball's voice announcing. "WABC, W2XE. Ready, advance, and give the pass word. The Thirty Minute Men will now play 'Sing You Sinners.'"

Well, it is a fine orchestra.

"I'm in the Market for You." Still hate him, but he's not so bad looking.

"Why?" In fact, he's almost handsome.

"Down the River of Golden Dreams." Maybe I just dislike him.

"We Would Be Exactly Like You." The tie and shirt are really becoming.

"Sing a Song to the Stars." Like the way he smiles at his musicians.

"Take Along a Little Love." Like him.

"St. James Infirmary." He's perfectly charming.

"Dancing to Save Your Sole." Last piece. Break appointments with me any time; Freddie Rich, but never, never stop giving music like this.

And that was only his twelve piece orchestra. What would have been the effect with his forty-five piece one?

He didn't have time to talk to me after the broadcast as he was dashing off to a rehearsal for a new program. But here

are a few facts about him gleaned here and there.

He was born in New York's lower East Side in 1900, one of a family of ten children. He started playing the piano at five and did his first professional playing in a Second Avenue motion picture house. He went to the Damrosch Conservatory of Music where he studied with George Gershwin under Charles Hambitzer. For seven years he directed the orchestra at the Hotel Astor. He toured Europe, having the honor to play before the King and Queen of England. And in England romance came to him as well as honor, for it was there he met the girl who later became his wife. All of his family are musical. He also has three brothers who are in the

New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Ann Leaf

"ANN LEAF," said Mr. Taplinger, who is the nice bespectacled young man up on the 19th floor of Columbia and who seems to have the whys and wherefores of all CBS stars right at his finger ends, "why don't you do Ann Leaf?" He fished through a huge filing drawer filled with photographs.

"Here she is."

He held up for my gaze a picture of a dark-haired smiling little girl who couldn't be over fourteen years old, or fifteen at the most.

"You'll find her every night in the organ room of the Paramount Building. Twelve-thirty's the hour. I'll tell her you'll be there. O.K.?"

O. K. it was. That night just as the theatres were emptying their crowds into the streets and newsboys were shouting their morning headlines, I threaded my way down brightly lighted Broadway towards the Paramount Building.

The black marble of the foyer, the gold doors of the elevator, the doorman who didn't want to let me by, the long circuitous trip down and up narrow stair-

(Continued on page 114)



Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

MARCELLA

She Hears All, Sees All—and Tells Everything

Merciful heaven's will we ever get settled! I have hardly had time to catch my breath since coming to New York.

From Marcella's window in the Graybar Building I can look into the windows of the tallest edifice in the world—that is—it's the tallest today. You know, building agents in New York are always "keeping up with the Joneses" in erecting tallest buildings. But at this moment, the Chrysler Tower lifts its graceful and majestic head far above such pygmies as the Woolworth, Whitehall and Singer buildings.

I have never experienced the joy—if joy it be—of looking at a king—but something of that thrill I get when I am near this Chrysler Tower. My gaze wanders way, way up until it rests on the beautiful silver crown which covers this building as a sign of its royal power.

Everyone knows how a railroad train joggles. Even the best of them joggle, and the RADIO DIGEST family did come on one of the best. But the rumbling and sharp turning didn't agree with our neatly-wrapped files tied up with pink and blue ribbons—and everything just came apart.

Pity your poor Marcella all snowed under a very undignified and awry pile of letters—searching and excavating through this great mass of material for answers to Waxie, Mrs. Alice W., MCRK, Miss Ruth D., L. M. W., Mrs. Senior M., Ruth A, Pat, Paul S, Mrs. W. D. LeS, Miss A.B.C., and scores of other inquirers.

THE dilemma of Jos. E. "Sarge" Farrell, Nebraska, is indeed an unusual one. As a composer of some very popular songs, among which are "Wondering if I'll Always Be Wondering" and "At Night", Mr. Farrell used as his inspiration the former Marguerite Cole. Having just made this young lady Mrs. Farrell, who is going to be his inspiration now? It is interesting to note that this *affaire de coeur*

had its beginnings in the schoolroom. Perhaps it was his skill in whittling sticks that made him a hero or perhaps it was the nice shiny apple and chewing gum that helped him win his way to the heart of Marguerite, but whatever it was, this knight and lady were able to continue their courtship through the trying high school years. Then Sarge began to write songs. From his first composition, "Wondering if



"Sarge" and Mrs. Farrell. She looks pretty set to remain the inspiration

"I'll Always Be Wondering" to his latest, "At Night", Marguerite was his theme. It is, therefore, not surprising that wedding bells rang for them a short while ago.

Much of the gloom of the hospital atmosphere has been dispelled by Sarge's happy broadcasts through which he has won his way to the hearts of the physically afflicted.

A few lines of his latest song, "At Night," run as follows:

"Somehow I'm not so lonely while I have the sun
But when day is done I sigh
With ev'ry little star a mem'ry comes to me
Of the times that we played so happily."

must borrow their music from her eyes.

★ ★ ★
THIS will announce the engagement of Will Osborne, Columbia orchestra leader, to Miss Margaret Eckdahl, who was chosen as Miss America for 1930. No balconies were used for this Romeo and Juliet affair. All serenades and ballads were wafted over

VIRGINIA ARNOLD is one of the staff pianists at the Columbia Broadcasting System, who plays alike for king and peasant. She provides the accompaniment for notable singers and artists who broadcast over that network as well as for nervous novices in the throes of their first audition. Miss Arnold is a composer and arranger of music and, as a pianist, executes compositions, classic and jazz, with skill and brilliancy. Her fingers



Will Osborne



Margaret Eckdahl

the Radio. The romance sprang from a request for a number which Miss Eckdahl sent to Mr. Osborne. Then followed more requests, and Mr. Osborne's songs became enriched with the spirit of devotion knowing that there was this particularly interested listener at the other end.

THE radio neighbors know her as Martha Crane—her next door neighbors know her as Mrs. Ray Caris. This picture portrays her as Martha Crane weaving a hooked rug as she broadcasts—what one might call "spinning a yarn". Performing the work during the broadcast is the secret of the success of women's programs, Mrs. Caris believes. Mrs. Caris not only direct women's programs over WLS, Chicago, but also maintains her own home on Chicago's North Side.

TO YOU, Lloyd R. I can only say that the radio waves in this vicinity have been searched and plumbed but with no news of OLD MAN SUNSHINE alias Bob Pierce. The contract which he had with the National Broadcasting Company and by which he was able to ride up and down the wave lengths, has given out, or expired, in legal terms. So he is probably on some desert isle awaiting another contract to rescue him. But no matter what you say, nothing can hide OLD MAN SUNSHINE very long, and we'll probably be hearing of him again one of these days.

BERNIE Q, allow me to introduce you to Billy Sunshine—Bernie Q. Now that you have made each other's acquaintance. I am sure Billy Sunshine will want you to know him as Jack Owens. Sue Fulton,



Jack Owens

Program Director of Radio Station KFH, says he is only 18 and that the girls are all crazy about him. He attends Wichita University and the remaining precious moments of the day he plays the role of Billy Sunshine, crooning and playing the piano. And if Vallée and Chevalier ever want to hear themselves, all they have to do

is to ask Jack Owens Billy Sunshine for an imitation. Hasn't he clear brown eyes, Bernie, and the flush of spring is still in his cheeks.

THE S. O. S. call about Cecil Wright has been heard. Arline writes on the prettiest two-tone gray stationery that a Cecil Wright is now playing over KFRC, San

Marcella Shields and Helene Handin
The Inseparable Troupers

Mrs. Ray Caris or Martha Crane as she is known by WLS listeners



Francisco. I don't think he is any other than the Cecil Wright. Thank you Arline, for your helping hand.

TO M. J. I can only say that Howard Roth is still going strong over WBBC under the name of the Hudson Bay "Racrooner". Mr. Roth "racroons" on this program every night. As the "Doctor of Sunshine" Mr. Roth broadcasts over WGBS, WPCH, WRNY and WBBC fre-

quently during the week. It looks like a monopoly in restraint of art. Mr. Roth has his own orchestra during the winter season and his musicians are college students. This unit is known as Howard Roth and his all-American Collegians. All of this at 24! And no matrimonial bonds!



Howard Roth

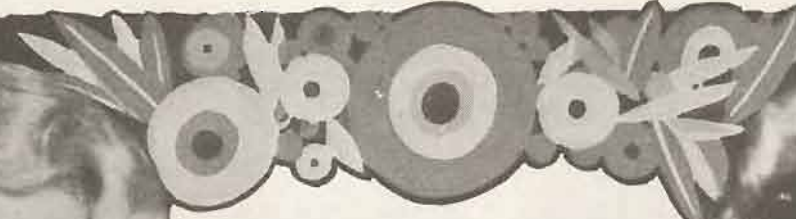
HELENE HANDIN and Marcella Shields can outdo Floyd Gibbons any time when it comes to velocity of language in their act "The Two Troupers" over the N. B. C. And my, how the words do fly. One almost has to wear the helmet of salvation to avoid being hit. Marcella's winsome smile and captivating eyes have made their conquest in the person of W. Bruce Macnamee of the N. W. Ayer Agency, and Marcella took over this name either the first week of August or the last week in July. Mr. Macnamee's secretary was not sure. It's a shame how business men conceal such things from secretaries. I hardly believe that he even asked her if she approved of Miss Shields. By the way, Marcella of the "Troupers" is not the Marcella of this printed page. As for Miss Handin, she could not be reached at her hotel at this writing. She is probably trouping after Marcella who has never in her life failed to be late for an appointment. I think it must have been Helene Handin who was responsible for Marcella's promptness at the Pahson's.

MISS Elsie K, it isn't very often that anyone follows a career chosen at the mature age of six years. Most young men of six summers look longingly for the day when they can drive chugging and clanging fire engines through busy streets and be proclaimed heroes in some daring and thrilling rescues. Not so with this young man at our right here.

Art Kassel has persisted along his selected course for let me see—he looks to be not over 25 years—and beginning at six—that makes it 19 years. He is therefore qualified with this background of almost a score of summers, to conduct any musical program successfully. At present he is conductor of the (Cont. on page 121)



Art Kassel




Vie for
Honor
of Most
Beautiful
Radio
Artist
in
America

JUDGING from these samples of pulchritude, picking the winner of the silver loving cup for the most beautiful Radio artist in America isn't such an easy task. However, such was the lot of the judges at the Radio World's Fair held in Madison Square Garden, New York, from September 22nd to the 27th.

Perhaps broadcasting studios are selecting artists with an eye to beauty as well as an ear to talent, with thoughts of television. At any rate there is more feminine charm around the studios these days than ever before.

Emily Hardy, (upper left, page 64) San Francisco, "The Golden Girl in KPO", a stunning blonde, of the athletic type, who performs as well astride a horse, or breasting the waves of the Pacific as she does in KPO's Studio.

Down in Miami, Radio Station WQAM, the "Voice of Tropical America", has this lovely creature to entertain its audience. She's Eloise McAllister, (upper right, page 64) soprano, pictured in the role of the "Duchess" in "Masquerade", which is broadcast every Friday night.



Frances Collette, (lower left, page 64) on the dramatic staff of WABC, New York City. She appears on the "Land o' Make Believe" and "Forty Fathom Trawlers" programs. Miss Collette drifted into Radio after a brilliant career on the stage in such musical shows as "Show Boat" and "Globe Trotter."

WHEN the leaves of WMCA's musical Scrap Book are turned each week, June White, (lower right, page 64) is found on every page.

Bernadine Hayes, "The Redhead of the Air", (upper left, page 65) who sings red hot songs in the blue manner, over WBBM, Chicago in the O' Cedar Time Program.

Jane Froman, (upper right, page 65) has sung "blues" songs for more than a year over WLW, Cincinnati, and on Saturday nights she is heard in the Crosley Saturday Knights program which WLW now sends to WGBS, New York City.

Miss Rhoda Arnold, (lower left, page 65) is the star in the Ohrmach Hour over WOR. As prima donna for that station Miss Arnold has been taking leading parts in its productions for three years. She's also soloist in the Bamberger Symphony Hour, and star in the Moonbeam Hour.

San Francisco and Oakland are backing beautiful Amette Hastings, (lower center, page 65) a soprano whose voice has been heard over KGO, San Francisco and the NBC network for two years.

Even Bill Hay, the Canny Scott who announces Amos 'n' Andy, risks an eye every time Betty McLean, (lower right, page 65) enters WMAQ's big studios in Chicago. She's one of the country's leading Radio dramatic players.





They Prove Pittsburgh Isn't Smoky—Notice the *White Trousers!*

... Peter Greco's Pittsburgher's at KQV

Radio Orchestras, as a rule, play either to the ear or the feet. Seldom, if ever, do they stress both effects and rhythm. Peter Greco and his Pittsburghers have solved that problem, effectively and well. They combine dancing rhythm with beautiful "ear effects" on their bi-weekly programs from KQV at Pittsburgh.

Peter Greco, standing to the left of the tuba, realized the importance of rhythm, so he deserted his chosen instrument, the violin, and mastered the tuba, turning the conducting of the orchestra to his brother. "Pete" rehearses the band, and while on the air he sits in such a position that all of his men can watch the movements of his free hand.

* * *

Mahlon Merrick, who directs the dance orchestra for NBC on its west coast Camel Pleasure hour, first started to broadcast in 1922 at the State College of Washington, Pullman, where the call letters are now KWSC.

Since he was graduated in fine arts and education, naturally he continued musical studies and went to Chicago to study with Leo Sowerby at the American conservatory of music.

Heading a traveling band in the Orient, later for two years he directed instrumental music in the Kalamazoo, Mich., schools. Later he entered Radio and was with stations in Spokane and San Francisco before signing up with the NBC studios in Frisco. Violin, drums, clarinet, saxophone . . . Mahlon's musical taste is a wide one. His chief interest and study

has been in harmony. "Blue Lover" is his latest brain child. He wrote it in collaboration with Chuck Thode and Larry Yoel, and he has edited numerous piano pieces.

* * *

James Knight Garden, formerly KGFJ announcer and heard as guest announcer from several stations, is being heard in playlets from KFI. Looking like a staid and solid business man . . . gold tooth and all . . . Garden's richly dramatic voice is easily recognizable wherever he may speak via Radio.

* * *

Broadcast of Air Races Provides New Problem for Broadcaster KYW

New problems are continually bobbing up for broadcasters. Even pioneer KYW often has its problems in finding the best way to pickup some event never before attempted.

This year's most difficult was the National Air Races at Chicago. New sound devices, new ways of placing microphones and new everything was the order when plans were made to broadcast the air races.

Although the actual time of broadcast was but a few minutes each "shot" and three or four of these reports per day—for the major events—engineers were on hand at least a week ahead of time trying out various positions of microphones and installing telephone connections. In conjunction with NBC engineers the KYW technical staff finally worked out what was considered the best

pickup at the field by those who listened.

NBC engineers stood by with a special short wave broadcast set aboard a small truck, to be used in the event of a smashup.

* * *

Winnie Fields Moore, known as KFI's nomad novelist, has never visited most of the places she describes on her daily afternoon Radio travelogues. But, she says, "being gifted with a vivid imagination and a student of world countries, many people tell me that I have such an eye for detail that my broadcasts are more vivid and real than if given by one who has actually seen the places described."

* * *

Twice a week Charles F. Lindsley, head of the speech education department at Occidental College, Los Angeles, gives a musical reading at KHJ with organ background. He first began to broadcast six years ago . . . left the field for three or four years . . . and is now back again with his baritone voice in dramatic readings of high order.

* * *

Mary Pasmore, KFRC Violinist, Has Strange Experience

Mary Pasmore, first violinist in KFRC's prize concert orchestra had an interesting experience when vacationing a year or so ago. Says she:

"One of the most unique concerts I have ever appeared in took place several years ago when my sister and I were on a camping trip in Oregon.

"Passing through an Indian reservation we were persuaded to stay over and give a concert. As our clothes were in a dilapidated condition, we scoured the Indian store for suitable raiment and appeared that night garbed somewhat as follows: my sister in a blouse that had

been laundered in the camp and dried au-natural and soiled knickers, and myself in a black dress borrowed from the store-keeper's wife, who must have weighed 250 pounds.

"Whether the Indians enjoyed the show or not has always been an enigma. They did not, at any time, betray the slightest emotion but listened in absolute and complete silence. There was only an occasional wail from a papoose.

"When it was all over they stalked out without comment. The three white people present, however, told us that they must have liked it or else they would have left the hall in a body before the concert was finished."

* * *

G. Donald Gray, dramatic reader for KPO, is a native of England but has long since been naturalized during his residence in this country. Six feet in height, about 180 pounds, deep set blue eyes, his hair is snow white and has been, he says, since the early twenties.

Mr. Gray does his Radio reading mostly on the afternoon programs although sometimes it is on the evening broadcasts as well. He never wears a hat, is addicted to sports raiment and indulges in horseback riding as a favorite pastime. Often he forsakes the Radio drama to become fourth member in a studio male quartet—The Capers.

Cecil Wright of KFRC Is Harmonica Devotee

Cecil Wright, of KFRC, calls himself the "Country Boy Entertainer," and everything about him lives up to the name. He says: Having lived in Arkansas and Oklahoma 'most all my life, and mainly in the country, I have had a good deal to do with the type of music I play, although, of course, I do like jazz, too. I can sing and play more than 200 songs and musical numbers from memory and most of these entirely by ear.

Young Wright, twenty-two summers and winters, straps a harmonica in a frame around his neck, places a guitar in his lap and when he isn't singing with guitar accompaniment he blows on the harmonica. Before going West he was with KTHS, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and he has earned his living by singing since he was fifteen.

* * *

Bill Sharples, known as "The New Idea Man" (KMIC and KMTR) has moved lodgings over to KTM where he gives an early morning two hour broadcast every day in the week at 7 a.m., Pacific standard time.

* * *

John Te Groen, who worked his way through college by playing the xylophone as a solo instrument and also with hotel

orchestras . . . including the Alexandria, where Paul Whiteman got his start . . . is now with KMPC, in Beverly Hills, exclusive neighbor of Los Angeles.

Lean and lanky, with a melancholy demeanor somewhat like an old-fashioned deacon, John plays a mean xylophone; does solo work, too; directs the studio dance group; and even has a string trio which bears his name.

* * *

Arthur Shaw, KTM organist, passed away during the summer months after a long illness. Previous to that he had held the same position at KTAB, Oakland, and while studying in Trinity college, London, took honors in music for three consecutive years.

* * *

They Shake Hands Below Mike and Herman of WENR

"Herr-mann" seems to have done something to win plaudits for a change, for here is Mike congratulating him instead of giving it to him hot and heavy.

This is the well-liked comedy team of WENR, Chicago's most popular station according to the recent contest.



What GOOD MUSIC HAS TO OFFER

By WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

ANY one is at liberty to say, and most people do say at frequent intervals, that we live in a wonderful age. I shall not try to swell the chorus, but content myself with gently murmuring, "How well I know it." Edward Bellamy wrote a book during the last decade of the nineteenth century called "Looking Backward," which depicted an imaginary socialistic state of the year 2000 or thereabouts. One of the blessings to be enjoyed by the lucky inhabitants of this Utopia was music from a central broadcasting station, delivered free to every household, and made available merely by turning a switch. It was a lovely idea, and thousands who read the book during its years of popularity must have wished that they too might go to sleep and wake up in the year 2000 to find a symphony orchestra on tap all day long; but no one ever thought it would come true.

Still it has come true, without our having to wait either for the year 2000 or for a socialistic state. We have Radio broadcasting. To-day the performance of the Philadelphia, or of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, or of the Chicago, or of the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, can be picked up and delivered to



William Braid White

you and to me, in astonishing fidelity and with effects quite remarkably like the real thing. But what are the millions going to do with all this opportunity to hear the performances of these great organizations? That is what I should like, quite seriously, to know.

All sorts of attempts have been made by broadcasting stations and networks to discover the truth about public taste in the matter of what is called, rather inaccurately, "classical" music. I think that there can be no doubt as to the changes that have taken place in this taste during the last few years. But at the same time, although the American people are taking more kindly each year to music of the more serious kind, there is still an awful amount of ignorance among them on every side of the subject. Of course it is open to any one to say that it is the business neither of me nor of any other person to reproach the American people for preferring dance music and sentimental sloppy songs to the works of the great masters of music. I am quite willing to admit that this is so; but at the same time there is no getting away from the fact that the accomplish-

ment of appreciating intelligently great musical expression is one of the most delightful, soothing and satisfying that this restless age knows. He or she who knows how to listen-in with sympathetic appreciation to the performance of symphonies by a great orchestra or of the masterpieces of piano, violin, choral or chamber music by eminent musicians, and to understand what it is to which he listens, has acquired a sovereign remedy for nearly all the mental ills to which flesh is heir. And really, the job is by no means either difficult or painful. Appreciative understanding of the fine art of fine music can readily be obtained by any man, woman or child who is willing to take a little trouble.

* * *

Of Course It's Worthwhile

It is hardly worth arguing the question of worth-whileness. It ought to be enough to know that it would be impossible to write a list of great statesmen, scientists, financiers, writers, or philosophers without including the names of sincere lovers of music in its highest forms. Frederick the Great played the flute and wrote music for it, Thomas Jefferson played the violin, Goethe,

(Continued on page 73)



Gen. Charles G. Dawes



Thomas Jefferson

GRAND OLD MAN of the SEA

*Sir Thomas Lipton
Shakes Hands With
Mayor Jimmy Walker
and Gets "Mike-fright"
at Welcome Party*



THE great international yacht race is over. The equally famous cup reposes in the victor's place of abode. And withal Americans have come to know a certain man not only as a sportsman but as a good sport.

Of course to the lucky ones who have burned hands hauling on main sheet ropes, grown dexterous cleating port and starboard stays, and sweat lustily while

breaking out spinnakers it is no news that sail boat racing develops not only yachtsmen but also good sports. Even the best at the game have to be good losers nearly as often as they are good winners, and by the same law of averages America's percentage of victories might be smaller if the one man who comes over from the other side always met the same opponent.

Be that as it may, let the cup rest in

all glory with the winner. But regardless of who won, the public's interest in and sympathies with dramatic Sir Thomas Lipton have grown deeper. So gallant and persevering a challenger—such a distinctive face—has created for us all a memory of a lovable personality. Another "grand old man" has come into his own. Hence it is a real pleasure to give some close-up impressions of the man himself. Here is the story as told by the special representative of Radio Digest who was a member of the official delegation which welcomed Sir Thomas Lipton to the United States:

SIR THOMAS arrived in New York on the Leviathan with a heavy coastal fog as the main reception committee. To be sure the mayor of New York City, "Jimmie" Walker, sent a delegation down the bay under the command of Grover Whalen, New York's official greeter, along with a ship load of motion picture sound men and their cameras, close to fifty news camera men, reporters on New York papers, and an energetic crew of three Radio operators, with their equipment.

Every one in the wide world knew that Sir Thomas Lipton was arriving in New York harbor, from the instant he stepped from the gangplank of the Leviathan, to the S.S. Macom, (the city's official welcoming boat) until the time he wearily stepped into an automobile at the Battery on his way uptown to his hotel. One Radio announcer, with the combined stations of the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, the official station of the city of New

(Continued on page 89)



© International Newsreel Photo

Microphone was one of the first to seek a word with Sir Thomas Lipton on his arrival. Left to right: Thomas Cowan, (announcer), Sir Thomas Lipton, Grover Whalen, Thomas Mann and Wm. H. Rankin.



Janet Crose Stanley of KFSK, whose rich colorature tones are heard on Monday nights.

Allan Fairchild, some-time announcer for KMTR, KFI, KFQZ and other southwest stations, has gone back to radio again after selling automobiles for a year or more. He is now with KGFJ with his musical voice. Yes, he's married, tall, inclined to be thin, coal black hair, sparkling eyes and a dynamic personality.

* * *

Bill Simmons, aged thirty-one and happily married, now lives in San Leandro, California, but he often croons cowboy songs via KROW, San Francisco. When Bill was a youngster he lived on his father's ranch and thought the place was a real Utopia. But his fond parents hustled him off to New York for schooling when he was about ten and the boy was sad and disconsolate.

However, he lived through it all, but, when the schoolhouse doors closed with a bang when it was all over, he promptly hiked westward and worked on a ranch in Colorado. What a treat the cattle had . . . harmonica, guitar, fiddle, yodels and everything. Now he does Radio work and phonograph recordings for a living and is happy once more, even though his favorite cattle ranch is far, far away.

* * *

KYA's violinist and member of its studio instrumental trio, Fred Heward, used to teach violin and harmony at the

University of Washington. For some reason or other, he dropped out of the teaching angle to devote most of his time to Radio although he still gives private lessons in the San Francisco bay district.

* * *

Paul Lanning does some fancy whistling for KFRC's Blue Monday Jamboree and he learned it all in Chicago where he used to live. He left college in the junior year to do some circuit touring for vaudeville and finally landed in San Francisco. In everyday life his business has to do with automobile mechanism so whistling is a hobby.

Another hobby is by way of imitating birds and wild game. He is six feet tall, weighs a trifle less than 150 pounds, big brown eyes, black hair, and a tooth brush mustache.

* * *

Kitty Brown, continuity scribe for KGER, is double jointed. How do we know? Well, she took part in a Laurel and Hardy comedy not so long ago. A graduate of the University of Washington, she once wrote a song which was published by a national sorority. Song writer, circus acrobat, radio writer . . . what will Kitty do next? She is of the buxom type, brunette, weighs 198 on the hoof, starting to lose her girlish figure . . . only 24 and unmarried.

* * *

Everett Hoagland and his Troubadors once more do the wandering minstrel act. First they were at the Santa Ana, California, station. Then they journeyed to KFWB, in Hollywood, then to KFOX and finally to KGER where they are



Henry Temple of WNBO poses after his return from a trip as guest announcer in the East.



Meet KHJ's popular studio manager, Van C. Newkirk, known also to fans as a singer.

heard twice nightly playing by remote control from down the beach at Balboa.

Hoagland, looking very collegiate . . . lithe, spritely, trim mustache . . . has a fine orchestra of collegiate youths and their music is said to be the most popular of any group just outside Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, of course, George Olsen, Ben Bernie, Gus Arnheim and Earl Burnett all vie for first honors with all rights and privileges pertaining thereto.

* * *

Gasoline Rebellion Launched by WNAY

Almost from the beginning the federal Radio commission has taken the stand that community broadcast stations perform a valuable service to their listeners. Pertinent to that theory the Gurney seed company, which operates WNAX at Yankton, S. D., decided to take up cudgels against the high price of gasoline, which they considered oppressive to their farmer listeners. This was just one more burden—in fact the proverbial straw.

Mr. D. B. Gurney, president of the company, hired investigators to find out whether the arbitrary price of 21 cents was justified. The reports indicated that it was not. Acting in behalf of his company he thereupon announced to the WNAX listeners that he would bring in good gasoline to sell at a fair price, which was established at 17 cents. After arranging for equipment and his independ-

ent supply he told the listeners they could now buy their gas at the low rate. Almost immediately the old companies cut their rate to meet the broadcaster's, but the farmers, according to the Gurney announcements, have consistently stood by and many of them drive as far as fifty miles to buy their gasoline supplies from the nearest WNAX gasoline station. This South Dakota station has won two Radio Digest popularity prizes.

* * *

Ray Bailey of KMTR Resembles Whiteman

Ray Bailey, KMTR musical director, says he may look like Paul Whiteman but he's glad to weigh a hundred pounds less than Paul during the warm summer weather just passed. Ray . . . with tricky mustache that wiggles from side to side . . . somewhat pot bellied . . . sporting flashy neckties . . . does some violin work for the talkies but is always up at KMTR's studios by nightfall to direct and rehearse his studio groups and ensembles. By way of hobbies, he has made a special study of sound effects for Radio and has invented several unique devices for this type of work.

* * *

The Luboviski trio, famed KNX musical instrumentalists, is minus a cellist since Walter V. Ferner resigned in the



Gunnar Wiig of WHEC

summer. It is said that a new member will not be picked until the fall months. In the meantime, the violinist and pianist have done solo numbers. Calmon Luboviski, one of the four Luboviski brothers at the station, small in stature, is a master violinist. Claire Mellonino, pianist, is plump, witty and premiere classic pianist of Radio in Hollywood . . . also the wife of Pierre Mellonino, KNX studio manager.

Gunnar Wiig Makes Hit as Radio Reporter

"Here is the wind-up . . . here it comes . . . Wheee—there it goes!" That's a phrase everybody in Rochester knows even better than most people know "Sho! Sho!" or "T's regusted" or "Aint dat sompin'!" They have become used to it through hearing Gunnar O. Wiig's broadcast of the ball games over WHEC in the Kodak city.

Gunnar Wiig has been making Radio history in the northern New York territory and on the Canadian side of the border. He is an enthusiastic Radio reporter. He has the happy faculty of bringing the listener to the game as he sits at home, or in front of the Radio store where the progress of the game is being reported. Mr. Wiig is equally proficient in broadcasting a game from the ticker tape.

His good sportsmanship has created a reputation for himself among the junior element. His voice is something mysterious and wonderful to the young boys who have abandoned the peck-hole in the ball-park fence for the receiving set at home.

Here is evidence which proves beyond a doubt the fact that this reporter's popularity is grounded on solid, hard rock. Not long ago a special day was set apart as Radio Fans' Day—a special occasion for the set sitters to come out and show their appreciation for the free games they had attended by their receivers at home. The occasion was a marked success for it was attended by 15,000 fans.

New Popularity Contest starts with this issue of Radio Digest!

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid-in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct. . .	\$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year		

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 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 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

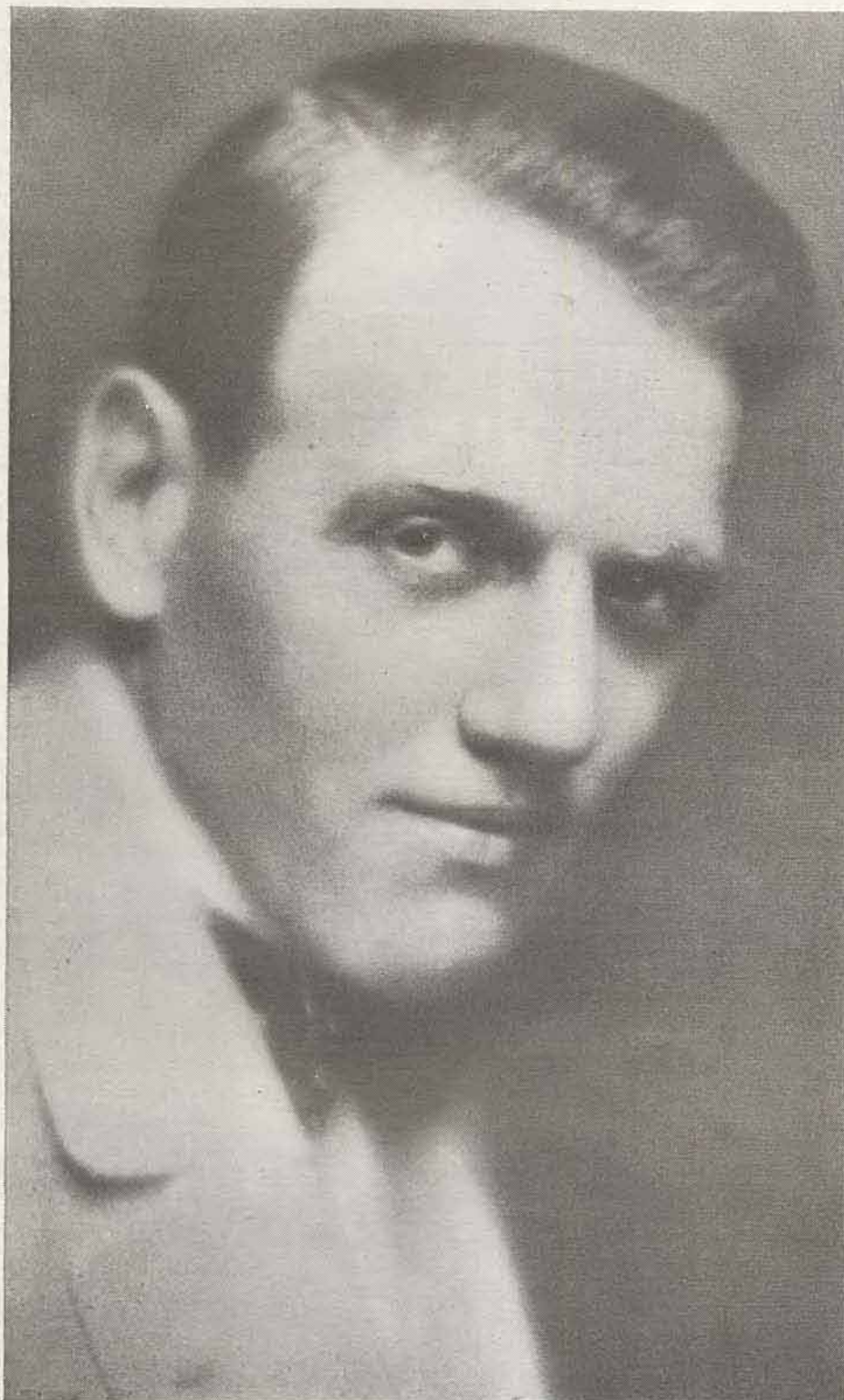
The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

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.

Willard Robison's Haunting Harmonies



Willard Robison who brings the croon songs and spirituals to listeners throughout the country.

*Spirituals and
Blues Songs Turn
Dials to Maxwell
House Hour from
Coast to Coast*

A RED second hand creeps resolutely past its black brothers on the face of an electrically synchronized clock. The red hand is ticking inevitably toward a program cue in the large studio on the thirteenth floor of the National Broadcasting Company building in New York. In twenty-eight—sixteen seconds, says the hand, it will be 9:30 o'clock. Another weekly program of Maxwell House Melodies will be vibrating radio speakers in thousands of homes from coast to coast.

But only one man in the studio is watching the seconds as they vanish toward the "zero" hour. He is the announcer, Alwyn Bach, who listens through his earphones and spares one eye for the lights in his switchboard while he observes the red hand out of the corner of the other.

For everyone else in the studio, there is a more absorbing, vital object of attention. Twenty-three musicians, four young vocalists, half a hundred guests admitted by ticket to this sanctum of sound, are watching a slender, blond young man who is slouched indolently against a grand piano by the conductor's stand. He is Willard Robison, the director, famous exponent of the syncopated spiritual and hauntingly harmonized "blues" song, whose original Deep River Orchestra has been swallowed up in the enlarged Maxwell House ensemble.

THE sixteen seconds pass. Lights flash in the switchboard. Bach turns from his announcer's microphone and drops his hand—the gesture signifying "on the air". With the soothing strains of "Peaceful Valley", one of Robison's own compositions, the orchestra begins its program, and the audience relaxes after its expectant wait.

But Robison, the director, becomes

What Good Music Has to Offer

(Continued from page 68)

alert, intense. His interest in the proceedings, however, is not that of the conventional director. He doesn't wave a baton, and his hair remains unruffled. In fact, he may not move from his piano during all of the signature song. Only his attitude of careful listening, or perhaps a lifted eyebrow in the direction of the 'cellos, indicates his constant scrutiny of the performance. For Willard Robison, who brought haunting croon songs and spirituals of the Southwestern Negro to jazz weary New York, belongs to a new school of radio conductors.

Robison is an ardent student of the technique of broadcast music. He places his emphasis on painstaking rehearsals, on meticulous perfection of the balance of his orchestrations in terms of their reproduction on the air.

But let's turn back to the progress of this program just begun, to this typical Thursday night concert by Willard Robison and his Maxwell House ensemble.

First may come a rhythmic spiritual entitled "We'll Have a New Home in the Morning", a composition by Robison whose title suggests that it is a sort of epilogue to his "Cottage for Sale", the song which first brought him fame in New York. Then comes an example of the new idiom in Negro spirituals, "Aunt Hagar's Chillun", by W. C. Handy, the father of the "Blues".

Next, perhaps, the impresario himself goes to the piano, and leans over toward the solo microphone which is swung across the piano-top on a two-by-four plank—a studio "set-up" designed especially for Robison's own crooning style. He goes into one of his most notable studies in modernistic harmonies, "Head Low". Breathing softly into the microphone, he becomes an old revivalist, busily "rasslin' with Satan and savin' souls!" Camp meeting is in full swing after the first few bars; traffic is heavy on the sawdust trail.

Then evening shadows lengthen in the swamplands, lights twinkle in the cabins as dusk falls in the canebrake, and a song of lament rises from the lowlands. Willard Robison's orchestra plays Rube Bloom's prize-winning "Song of the Bayou".

Released from the misty spell of the Mississippi swamps by the inevitable "brief pause for station announcements", heralded nowadays by the melody of chimes, listeners next hear the voices of four young men, lullingly keyed to the strains of "Oh, Miss Hannah". The fact that they are carefully attired in dinner jackets, singing into a metal box in a room with modernistic appointments, fails to destroy for listeners the atmosphere of the Deep South. The young men in this quartet, incidentally, are Victor Hall and Randolph Weyant, tenors; Ken Christie, baritone, and Bob Moody, bass.

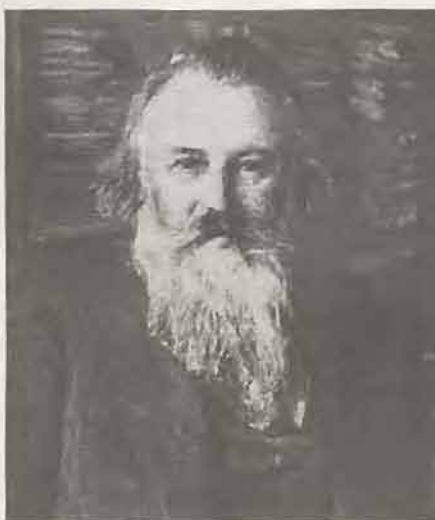
By way of sparkling conclusion, Willard Robison may choose as his finale for this characteristic Maxwell House period a syncopated medley from a current New York musical show.

Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, were lovers of music and amateur musicians. Gladstone loved music. Balfour played the violin very well. Among the famous Americans of today, one only need mention Edison, General Dawes, Otto Kahn. In New York or Chicago you will find among the audiences which crowd to hear the great symphony orchestras, bankers, clergymen, presidents of great industrial corporations like Charles M. Schwab.

* * *

Musicians As Men

There is a notion that only long-haired dreamy eccentrics can either play or com-



Johannes Brahms

pose music. There is no more pestiferously silly notion. Every great composer of great music has been a magnificent mental and spiritual engine, giving forth from his highly specialized brain thoughts too deep and sweet to be uttered in words and visions too profound and rare to be seen by the eye. Such a man (and every great composer has been a man, strange as it may seem) is necessarily strong, mentally and physically. One of the best examples is Brahms, last of the great musical thinkers of the age just past. One sees him in the mind's eye, the stocky sturdy old bachelor, with the big cigar between his lips, the old black derby on the back of his magnificent head and the long splendid grey beard sweeping over his chest. "There," the people of Vienna might have said as they watched him walking each afternoon down the street from the modest apartment where he had worked all day long composing, writing down, correcting

proofs, "there goes a man." And a man he was, every inch of him, a man of immense physical and mental powers, a man who lived life through and through, who was thinker, reader, artist and exponent of masculinity, all rolled into one.

I am going to try during coming months, to introduce as many of my readers as will accompany me to that delectable land of tone which holds for those who have the key to its golden gardens, satisfactions and joys which no pen can describe and no money can buy. Radio broadcasting brings each day to millions at least some examples of great art-music, beautiful in itself and beautifully played. On how many deaf ears is all that beauty wasted! Yet the ears of the deaf can be unstopped and the magic fairyland be thrown open to each and every one. How many of you will take the journey with me? You will find it interesting and delightful every step of the way.

* * *

And This Is How

Happily for us all, Radio broadcasting gives us almost an unlimited amount of opportunity to hear all the best in music. I intend to draw a great deal upon the advance programs of the big broadcasting chains. I shall talk this winter about the symphony concerts which are to be broadcast from New York, about the operas which will also be available and about the many, many chamber music recitals which can be heard from one or another of the better stations almost all the year round. You know, chamber music, that is music in the smaller concerted forms such as trios, quartets, quintets and so on, is really in some ways the loveliest of all music, for it appeals by its own sheer beauty to those who know how to listen to it; nor does it need the noise and bombast of a great orchestral mass to carry it through.

As I said, I am going to carry on these talks with my readers in a genuine effort to bring a great many more of the Radio Digest's family into an understanding communion with great music. As a general rule I shall divide each month's chat into two parts: one a little talk about music in general or some form of it and the other a short notice of some musical work which one of the big symphony orchestras will be broadcasting. I shall talk about musicians too, as men and as artists, how the musician thinks in terms of tone; and all that sort of thing. I shall do my best to be neither dull nor trivial and hope you will all be pleased.



A chafing dish supper of rarebit, stuffed olives and coffee before an open fire is a fitting close to a perfect evening.

Interesting hints about arranging parties may be gleaned from this interview with Grace White, dietician and entertainment counsellor of the Radio Home-Makers Club

IN THE fall a woman's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of entertaining. The heat of summer is gone and we find ourselves energetic once more and eager to display our newly returned abilities. Like as not, new curtains are up, freshly cleaned carpets are down and our homes in general have taken on a more cozy aspect, all of which we are also eager to display. But just as soon as we begin to think of parties, we are burdened with the task of inventing new menus, new games, novel ways of making our parties just a little bit differ-

ent to make them interesting.

Realizing this, I called on Grace White, the dietician and entertainment genius of the Radio Home-Makers Club, where I was sure I could learn the very newest wrinkles to pass on to you. And I was not disappointed. Here's the result of our conference:—

"Entertaining," Miss White said, "must be thought of in two distinct categories—that which we do alone and that which is done with the help of domestics. Servants can easily be dispensed with, as these days of strict immigration laws and high prices

Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

By

Eve M.

Conradt-Eberlin

*Style Advisor of Columbia Broadcasting
System*

have proved. However, I would not advise anyone to give a formal dinner party without the aid of servants."

We both agreed, on the other hand, that delightful, informal dinner parties can be given in even the smallest apartments and that there is no more truly hospitable form of entertaining. Of course, such a party must be small; say four, or at the most six diners. The menu cannot be elaborate. Four courses, consisting of soup or an appetizer, a roast, salad and dessert, are all that can be easily handled alone. And it is quite enough. As a matter of fact, even women who entertain on a grand scale have long since drifted away from the interminable meals of twenty years ago. Our knowledge of calories, vitamins, balanced rations, and the new fashions have shown us the folly of gourmandizing.

An excellent idea for these intimate little dinners is to serve a grill plate for the main course. Sectioned dinner plates—blue plates, as they are called—are invaluable assets to every household. In small apartments where there is no room for large dining tables on which to set innumerable dishes, the grill plate is especially welcome. The meat and vegetables can be arranged on the individual plates in the kitchen and only the gravy, relishes and compote have to be passed at the table.

Miss White suggests the following menu for a small dinner party. It is easy to prepare and serve and will leave the smallest amount of work to be done after the guests are gone. First, mock or real turtle

soup, flavored with sherry, served in cups; for the main course a grill plate consisting of a french lamb chop, fried tomato topped with a large broiled mushroom, mashed potatoes and fresh peas; a salad course of hearts of lettuce with rocquefort cheese dressing, and a frozen fruit salad and petit fours for dessert.

The soup can be bought canned or in a glass jar. If it is not already flavored, a small bottle of cooking sherry can be purchased at the same time and added to taste. Remember, cooking sherry is very salty, so proceed with care. Have the soup in the pot ready to heat at the last minute and add the sherry just before serving. The soup, in consomme cups, should be at each place when the guests come to the table. Small, round, salt wafers should be on each bread and butter plate for the soup and salad courses.

THE chops and mushrooms can be broiled while the soup is being heated and left in the hot oven while the first course is eaten. The mashed potatoes should be kept hot over a pot of boiling water. The fresh peas, from which the water has been drained, can be kept piping hot in the same way, a generous lump of butter added to them so that they do not dry up. The blue plates standing on top of the oven will be handy and hot when the main course is to be served. After the first course is removed from the table, the blue plates are carefully prepared, garnished with cress or finely chopped parsley. Hot finger rolls should accompany this course.

The hearts of lettuce on individual

How would you like to give a company dinner with a table set like the one at the bottom of the page? The candlelabrum is wreathed with bits of laurel and bayberries. The red vases are filled with narcissi. The first course is in position.

Afternoon bridge is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The table or tea wagon should be prepared beforehand. Dainty sandwiches and small iced cakes are the usual repast.



salad plates should be ready in the ice box, together with a bowl of dressing to be passed with the salad.

BEFORE serving the dessert, the table is cleared of everything but glasses, mints and salted nuts. The dessert, which is really a delicious fruit parfait, can be frozen in an electric refrigerator or a regular freezer. It can be placed on the individual plates before going to the table where the small cakes are passed with it.

Just before the dessert is served, the coffee pot, filled beforehand, should be set on the fire. If you have an electric pot it is much cozier to bring it into the livingroom after dinner and let it percolate in there, where the coffee will be served.

If your guests are congenial to one another—and a wise hostess takes great care to invite only those who are—if the table is prettily decorated with gleaming damask, flowers, candles and shining

for with it each course can be removed or served in one journey. Don't allow anyone else to help you for this is so apt to break up conversation at the table. And after all, the success of any dinner party, large or small, depends as much on the conversation as the food.

Serving the coffee away from the dining table has a two-fold purpose: first, it gives the hostess a reason for suggesting that the guests leave the table when dinner is over so that she can quickly remove everything to the kitchen to be cleaned up quickly when the guests are gone; second, it is indispensable in continuing the mood of the dinner table. Over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, conversation flows with the same cheerful intimacy that inspires it at the table. Later on, cards may be in order or the radio can be turned on and the carpet rolled back for dancing.

THERE is no more delightful place to entertain friends than

hot and tempestuous, change the subject discreetly. Never discuss your own worries and cares, and when your guests are comfortable in what they are doing, don't suggest something else in your anxiety to please.

IN THE autumn there are many excuses for giving special parties, if one needs any excuse at all. Besides these, there are the little luncheons, afternoon bridges and teas which women love to give,—maybe to honor a visitor or to introduce a new neighbor to your friends, or just to gather some congenial souls together.

First let us think of Hallowe'en, a holiday that inspires us all with the spirit of fun and youth. Though it is to a great extent the children's day, adults can release their feelings and rollick, too, in an atmosphere of witches, black cats and ghostly "spooky" and mysterious revels.



A smart luncheon table. The doilies and center bowl of flowers give a touch of distinction to the table that is enhanced by the simplicity of arrangement.

silver and glassware, you can take all the time necessary to prepare each course artistically before bringing it to the table, secure in the knowledge that the diners are having a good time while they are waiting for you.

The work should be done without flurry and with enough time to arrange each course prettily. A tea wagon is an excellent aid to the servantless hostess

in the intimacy and quiet of the home, but the hostess must lend all of her efforts to make every one feel relaxed and entertained. To do this, it is important first to feel that way yourself. Plan even the smallest party carefully so that you will be unfurried and at ease before your guests. Mix with them. If one seems to be left out of things, draw her into the circle. If discussions get too

Grace White told me of an invitation which she received last year to a grown-up Hallowe'en party (grown-ups do have such parties, you know) and which was made of a strip of black paper, 20 inches long and 4 inches wide. The paper was folded up in inch widths and a line of the following invitation was written in each fold in white ink:

(Continued on page 125)

FRANCES INGRAM *on**Personality*Beauty Expert Talks
To Women Listeners

(Editor's Note: Believing that it is impossible for all listeners to hear all programs of merit and believing further that many listeners like to have a written record of certain programs they hear, Radio Digest is planning to print a number of programs, particularly those of a prose nature, in virtually verbatim form.)

MISS INGRAM is as usual in her own studio—a distinctly feminine room done in rose and silver gray. She is busy dictating letters to Marion, her secretary—letters to women all over the country who write to her in response to her radio talks for advice on their complexion troubles.

MARION: There's one here from Detroit that's awfully interesting—to me anyway. Here it is.

Dear Miss Ingram:

I have been listening to you every Tuesday morning for the last month. I'm writing to you because you always are so optimistic and so encouraging. I need to be encouraged because I have no job. I did have a pretty good position which I've held ever since I was graduated from college two years ago. I was assistant buyer in the misses' department in one of the largest department stores here in Detroit. I like my work and I was good at it, but in the past six months three other girls who had not been in the department as long as I were promoted over me. The head of the department never did like me, I know. I went to see her to find out why the other girls had been made buyers while I was still an assistant. The only reason that she gave me was that I lacked personality. She admitted that I was capable, but she said that I didn't act efficiently and I lacked personality. So I resigned. It's the unfairness thing I ever heard of. But since listening to you, I've been wondering if maybe my appearance affected my chance of promotion. There's nothing much the matter with my com-



Feminine listeners eagerly tune in to hear Miss Ingram

plexion that I can see although it's a little dull. I don't suppose you can tell me how to develop personality, can you, or how to act efficiently? Sincerely yours, —

FRANCES INGRAM:—That last sounds like a challenge, doesn't it, Marion? Of course, I can't develop her personality for her, but it is possible to tell her how to do it herself. Take this letter to her, please. (Dictation) I know how bitter and discouraged you must feel, and I am glad that you have given me this opportunity to help you, for I think I can. Please don't allow yourself to think that you cannot alter any aspect of your nature. You can. You become what you think. You know that old saying—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are"—well, this one applies in your case, too—"Tell me what you think and I'll tell you what you are." A new paragraph, Marion. You say that the head of your department accuses you of having no personality. We use that expression a lot these days and it isn't strictly accurate. When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality.

MARION: Most people believe personality is a natural endowment. And you really think that if you don't have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: That's a large order. Personality is hard to define. I'd say that it was that indefinable something that makes a woman radiant, attractive,

likeable.

MARION: And you really think that if you don't have a good personality you can make one?

FRANCES INGRAM: I certainly do. This is an age of self-development—particularly self-development for women. And one of the things women can develop is an attractive personality—as I was about to tell this girl we're writing to. Let's see—what had I said last?

MARION: Oh "When we say a person lacks personality, what we mean is that she lacks vivid or attractive personality."

FRANCES INGRAM: Oh, yes. A new paragraph, please. (Dictation) You can develop a vivid and attractive personality if you really want to. First, as a foundation on which to develop personality, it's advisable to have perfect health. Occasionally you will find invalids with strong, vibrant personalities, but they are the exception, not the rule. To be radiant, you need splendid health. Too many women are content to spend their lives in a sort of twilight of subnormal vitality. They aren't really ill, but they aren't well either. Often this condition is due to the fact that all is not as it should be internally. Lack of internal cleanliness drains animation and makes women look old even when they aren't. Personally, I am enthusiastic about the saline method for internal use in this connection. (To Marion) Enclose two booklets in this letter, Marion,

(Continued on page 89)

Budget *Your Way to* Prosperity

The road to happiness and contentment stretches before those who have learned the secret of restrained spending

By Anne B. Lazar

TO THOSE impracticable souls who reach down in their reticules, handbags or purses to the tune of the alluring shades of hosiery, the bewildering varieties of gloves and other such objects of delight and who find at the end of the week that the money roll needs a substantial breakfast, Ida Bailey Allen recommends the prosaic, but important expedient of a budget.

The budget may be a stern, formal regulation and its object may be to still the ceaseless cravings of the feminine nature, but its mission in the world is a very worthy one. If faithfully obeyed, the budget makes possible the attainment of many things—from that trip to Europe, the hope of which is entertained by every woman, to the complete and harmonious furnishing of a home.

Ida Bailey Allen, founder and president of the Radio Home - Makers Club, gives helpful budget talks and practical advice on the intelligent apportioning of incomes every Tuesday and Wednesday at 9:45 a.m. EST over Radio Station WABC. These bi-weekly Wanamaker programs are very helpful to those who are anxious to clip the ambitious wings of this thing called the dollar, and who need something more practicable than inspired moments to open bank accounts.

Mrs. Allen has this to say about the subject: "A home organized on a budget basis is a far pleas-

anter place to live in than one where financial uncertainties are in the air. Rent or mortgage payments are taken care of automatically. Every member of the family is a self-respecting individual, responsible for the spending of a definite share of the common fund. There is no wheedling or complaining. Instead, a loyal spirit of team-work prevails and the family works as a unit."

The effects of budgeting are manifold. It establishes a common interest among the members of the family. It disciplines the wayward taste for gewgaws and novelties of apparel, and it makes possible, as aforementioned, the attainment of higher aims.

But, it may be asked, how can one learn

conference should be called first. Calculate the amount you can actually depend upon for your income. Then make a list of the necessary yearly expenses of each member, and apportion them fairly according to the established plan. Some minor adjustments may have to be made here and there, but the fundamentals agreed upon, they should be made to stay.

Mrs. Allen points out the mutual confidence that will thus be established between husband and wife, the manliness it will develop in boys, and the spirit of cooperation which the children will evidence in being actually allowed to cooperate with the grown-ups.

The most practicable way to outline this year's budget is to base it upon the

expenses of the previous year. However, on the opposite page is a table to guide you, in the event that you have no knowledge of last year's expenses.

Under the general headings of the budget tables the following subdivisions should be included:

Savings

- a. Insurance (life)
- b. Mortgage amortizations
- c. Investments
- d. Savings

Home

- a. Rent
- b. Taxes (when not specially provided for)
- c. Interest on Mortgage
- d. Heating
- e. Repairs and upkeep of house or apartment
- f. Fire insurance (on house itself)

Food

- a. Groceries
- b. Fruit and vegetables
- c. Dairy products
- d. Meat and fish
- e. Lunches

Clothing

- a. Husband's clothes
- b. Wife's clothes
- c. Children's clothes, etc.



Photo Courtesy John Wanamaker, New York

A one-room budget home for the single person of small income—piano desk, \$375; decorated ritz daybed, \$150; plain arm chair, \$51; calico covered arm chair, \$60; gateleg table, \$23; nest of 3 tables, \$28; total, \$687.

to budget? The only way to learn is to begin. According to Mrs. Allen a family

Housekeeping

- a. Fuel for cooking
- b. Ice
- c. Light
- d. Laundry
- e. Household linen, equipment and upkeep
- f. Telephone
- g. Servants' wages, uniforms, etc.
- h. Fire and burglary insurance on furniture
- i. Cleaning materials
- j. Accident and health insurance
- k. Incidentals

Recreation

- a. Vacation and travel
- b. Social clubs
- c. Gifts
- d. Automobile—purchase and upkeep
- e. Radio and phonographs
- f. Amusements
- g. Sports

Health

- a. Medical attention
- b. Dental attention
- c. Medicines, etc.

Education

- a. Tuition
- b. Books, music, etc.
- c. Lectures—cultural clubs
- d. Newspapers, periodicals

Personal

- a. Carfares (daily)
- b. Candy, tobacco, etc.
- c. Toilet articles
- d. Haircuts, shoe-shines, manicures, etc.
- e. Loans
- f. Church and charity
- g. Incidentals

Using these charts for your guide, apportion your income to suit your individual needs. Each pay day the first thing to do is to deposit at the bank the amount allotted for saving. Then divide the balance, according to your budget, into the other eight divisions. Money that is not to be used immediately can be kept in a cash box, or in a checking account if there is one, until the end of the month when rent, bills, etc., are due. Other sums, such as vacation money, taxes, and the like, which are not to be used for some time, should be put in the savings bank after being credited to the right accounts.

To be sure to get the full benefit from your clothing allowance, each member of the family should make up a list of every sort of necessary article to complete his clothing equipment for the entire year. After each item put down the approximate cost.

Each week the clothing allowance should be put aside until there is enough to buy one or more of the necessary articles. In this way

you will sidestep the temptation to allow the gold and silver pieces to dribble away in unnecessary purchases of those enticing lace handkerchiefs, the colorful ties and other objects that attract your gaze when coins jingle in your pocket.

Budgets for single persons include many types—the independent and self-supporting man or woman, the widow, who often is

	Incomes Approximating \$1200	Incomes Ranging from \$2400 to \$5000
Board and Lodging—including lunches and carfare	55% \$ 660	45% \$1080 \$2250
Clothing—including laundry, pressing and repairing	20% 240	18% 432 900
Advancement and Recreation	15% 180	17% 408 850
Savings	10% 120	20% 480 1000
	100% \$1200	100% \$2400 \$5000



Photo Courtesy John Wanamaker

The homes that budgets build—sewing machine (used as dressing table), \$111; chair, \$16; bed, \$40; table, \$23.50; chair, \$45; total, \$235.50.

reduced to a slender income and the widower, who suddenly finds himself in the position of managing a household. Then there are the single young people who, contemplating marriage, can "budget" themselves into the great venture and take part in this fascinating game.

The following plans have been worked out by the Wanamaker Home Budget specialists for single persons:

Plan your budget, obey its firm commands. Then worry and sleeplessness, co-partners of unrestrained spending, will be displaced with joy and freedom. Don't give up the battle and don't lose courage, for the errors of the first year will prove to be stepping-stones for next year's progress.

At the end of the year you will experience the unspeakable joy of having money in the bank and of having dissolved little debts which seem so harmless but which gnaw at you like little mice.

Plan a budget, and its stern limitations will prove to be the discipline that so many need. Budget your way to fascinating trips, to furnishing your home, to accomplishing the many glorious things which you entertain in hope but which you fear are so impossible of realizing, simply because at this moment you have not the means.

The system of budgeting has a far greater sphere of influence than most people suspect. During his presidential term Calvin Coolidge said, "I believe in budgets and I am head of the organization that makes the greatest of all budgets, that of the United States."

This prevents the possibility of Congress having to apologize to veterans of this, that and the other war: "So sorry, Mr. Veteran, don't know how it happened but there just simply isn't enough to go around to you folks." Through the budget system the butcher, baker and candlestick maker are paid promptly.

\$1800 A YEAR—\$150 A MONTH				
	Number in Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	\$ 27.00	\$ 21.00	\$ 15.00	\$ 10.00
Home	30.00	20.00	22.00	22.00
Food	37.00	44.00	51.00	58.00
Clothing	30.00	20.00	21.00	22.00
Housekeeping	11.00	12.00	12.00	12.00
Recreation	10.00	9.00	8.00	7.00
Health	6.00	6.00	5.00	5.00
Education	6.00	6.00	5.00	5.00
Personal	13.00	12.00	11.00	9.00
Total for Month	\$150.00	\$150.00	\$150.00	\$150.00
\$3000 A YEAR—\$250 A MONTH				
	Number in Family			
	Two	Three	Four	Five
Savings	\$ 68.33	\$ 56.66	\$ 43.00	\$ 32.00
Taxes	1.67	.34		
Home	30.00	30.00	35.00	35.00
Food	40.00	48.00	56.00	64.00
Clothing	30.00	33.00	36.00	39.00
Housekeeping	25.00	30.00	32.00	32.00
Recreation	19.00	17.00	16.00	16.00
Health	9.00	9.00	8.00	8.00
Education	9.00	9.00	8.00	8.00
Personal	18.00	17.00	16.00	16.00
Total for Month	\$250.00	\$250.00	\$250.00	\$250.00

Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

Sensible placing of modern equipment saves time and energy and banishes the drudgery of the "good old days"

By Evelyn Gardiner

Director, KDKA Home Forum

THE kitchen has at last come into its own. No longer do people think it necessary to have the kitchen in the back part of the house shut off from all the other rooms and a room into which no one outside of

much time out of a day in this room, why shouldn't it be the best room in the house? And as the health and comfort and happiness of the entire family rest so largely upon the products of the kitchen it ought to be the best equipped room in

she couldn't cook in these new-fangled kitchens, because there wasn't sufficient room. She liked a big kitchen where she would not feel cramped. Yes, I recall the kitchen to which she referred. It was the old-fashioned kind, all right. The



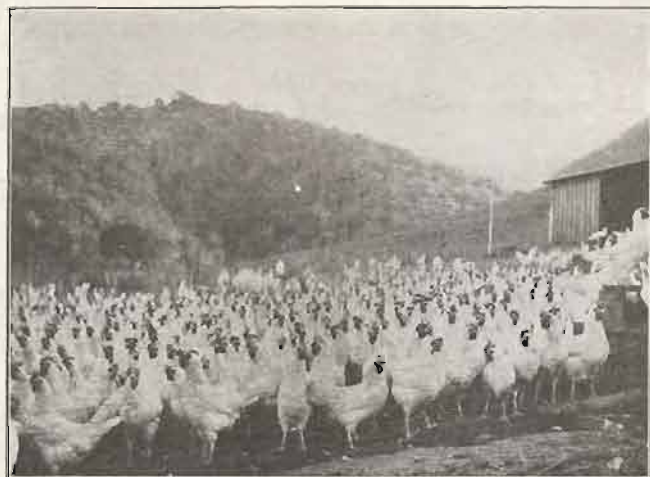
That tired feeling often is the result of the needless steps taken because of unscientific arrangement of the kitchen. Note the convenient placing of equipment in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen.

the family dare look. Of course many people have for years had a comfortable, convenient kitchen. But too often it is the one room in the house in which little or no effort is put forth to make it attractive. When a housewife spends so

the house. How about it? How many agree with me? Is your kitchen convenient?

Some may still cling to the good, old-fashioned kitchen. Habit rules most of us. I heard a woman say recently that

stove was on one side of the room near a dark corner. The work table was on another side quite near the stove but miles away from the sink and supply cupboards. The sink was opposite the
(Continued on page 118)



CAN YOU FIND
THE ROOSTERS
IN THIS BEAUTI-
FUL PEP FLOCK?

Look the picture
over carefully.

THESE bright-eyed, alert birds are proud of their red combs and snowy plumage. They are even prouder of the delicately-flavored, fine quality PEP eggs they are "laying for you."

About those roosters, though . . . that is a little joke. You can't find them . . . because there aren't any. Roosters are not allowed among the PEP laying flocks.

PEP poultrymen can thus guarantee the infertility of every PEP egg. These infertile eggs are the answer of nature and science to the housewife's desire for a perfect egg. They do not contain the life germ which causes the inferior food quality of fertile eggs.

Every PEP egg tastes just like every other PEP egg—and, oh, how different from ordinary eggs!

PACIFIC EGG PRODUCERS

COOPERATIVE, INC.

SAN FRANCISCO

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

Seattle, Los Angeles, San Diego, Detroit, Pittsburgh,
Panama, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Lima, London, and Glasgow

"The Egg with the Reputation"



David *with the* Goliath *Voice*

Announcer Ross at CBS is Poet, Writer, Book Lover and Athlete. An intimate glimpse into his past

HIS fluent and vibrant personality cannot be cramped into the confines of a stereotyped category. He is too vital for that.

He is a native New Yorker. His manner is typically Continental.



His early days were spent in poverty as a ragged newsboy. For ten years he arose at five o'clock every morning to deliver his papers. The cold, gray dawn always found him singing—to keep up his courage. Now he buys the news from almost every poor

vendor he passes on the street.

When he was fourteen he was in love with a girl who lived near the park. She did not know him. On Sunday mornings he would skirt the park, going two miles out of his way, with the rickety baby-carriage that he used to carry the news. This was to avoid the humiliation of being seen by "her."

The warmth of the school room made it difficult for him to keep awake and his exhausted person often thawed out quietly in slumber. Once the teacher disturbed his dreams by asking him to spell "field". Startled, he gasped "F-E-E-L-D". He considers it one of the darkest moments of his life.

AFTER going through grammar and high school, he matriculated at the College of the City of New York. He later enrolled for an agricultural course in a New Jersey College but this proved distasteful to him. He left.

A scholarly doctor gave him his first insight into the fine and profound when he allowed the eager youth freedom of his large library. Through the same benefactor's phonograph he was introduced to the best in music.

Became secretary to a Russian Baroness. Once when invited out to a fashionable dinner with her, he proceeded to lift the finger-bowl containing fresh-cut pansies to his lips. He thought it was another

extravagant drink of the rich. The Baroness gave him a timely kick in the shins. This wounded his flesh but preserved his table dignity.

One time he sold a batch of epigrams on "Success" and received a dollar and a quarter for them. This was after they had completed the rounds of a dozen publications. Commenting on this he said, "The writer's failure is the post office's success."

Has a fondness for garlic. He relished an excess of that condiment during a meal that preceded his first appearance on the stage with that prominent actress, Eva Davenport. His part called for violent love-making. She almost swooned as he embraced her. At the end of the act he was called to her dressing-room for a severe rebuke and was dismissed with a warning never to eat garlic while an actor. He is glad the microphone has no olfactory nerves. He still likes garlic.

Has written many reviews of books and plays. His poems have appeared in *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *The American Caravan* and other publications.



He blundered into Radio four years ago. He was in the studios of WGBS when a scarcity of talent resulted in the use of his services as a dramatic reader. Immediately an announcer's position was offered

him. It was accepted without hesitation.

Holds hand over ear when announcing. Unconsciously does this when conversing with friends. It is a habit with him.

He is short. Has difficulty reaching microphone, which usually has to be lowered to meet the needs of his stature but his voice has unusual volume and resonance. His hair is chestnut color. It is luxuriant and wavy—the envy of the opposite sex. His moustache is the pride of its owner.

Made a "talkie" short recently. The Kleig lights affected his eyes and he had to remain in a dark room for forty-eight hours.

He is married and has a son and a daughter. He wooed his wife with King

Solomon's Song of Songs and still reads her poetry. He claims she is his best friend but, as they have no radio, she is not his severest critic. For the latter he is very grateful indeed.

David, Jr. has been to the studios but once. This caused the father to stutter all over himself. For old felt hats he has a profound attachment, but lacks the courage to wear spats or carry a cane. Always wears soft collars that are several sizes too large—even when in evening dress.

HAS a pathetic weakness for fiddlers and cellists who grunt during difficult string passages. Wonders if there was ever a drummer who left home because he had to carry large packages from the store for his mother.

Most of the programs he announces are of the classic and dramatic type. He gives a highly commendable reading of the poem that opens *Arabesque* every week.

Like every other broadcasting artist, he enjoys reading his fan mail. He is the recipient of many communications from war veterans who remembered him from war days. Once a lady wrote him that, if he were bald, she would lose some of her high esteem for his voice. Now he is certain that his reputation "hangs by a hair" but he is not worried about that.

Browsing among old and rare books is his hobby. He is particularly interested in athletics—especially football.

He is very emotional. When he tells of an incident, it is enacted in voice, expression and gesture for his listeners. He is always himself. If a faint trace of tears are seen in his eyes upon learning of some unfortunate happening—he means it.

He is not an impromptu individual. He thinks and weighs every word. When he speaks it is with considerable nervous energy. Greatly admires anyone who can "Ad Lib" over the air for five minutes.

Life, he believes, is as one fake's it. He never does.



A “Cottage For Sale”



THE
“Cot-
tage
for
Sale” has been
taken off the
market.

There is an actual building, you know, which formed the inspiration for the song heard over a

million loudspeakers. It is decidedly no longer for sale, although doubtless the nation's Radios will continue to advertise it nightly; nor will it ever, if its present owner has anything to say about it, be placed on the market again.

It is a very pretty cottage, set in a glade in Crestwood, a residential development in Westchester County, New York. Behind it a host of tall trees marches up a steep hill, casting deep, cool shadows; beside it a tiny brook runs, purling a continuous song. It is such a cottage as everyone has visualized at one time or another as the perfect abode.

And now it is the property of Willard Robison, Radio's latest find. He is heard every Thursday evening over a nationwide NBC network in the Maxwell House Ensemble program, which he directs. He is also, incidentally, the composer of a “Cottage for Sale.” He is highly enthusiastic about Radio, for had it not been for Radio his cottage would still figuratively be ‘on the market.’

“A Cottage for Sale” was not the first opus from Robison's pen. From the age of eleven, when he played—not pounded—a piano in an early nickelodeon, music has been his entire life, and the song hit

Creator of the Song Reclaims Little Home He Lost when Hard Times Came a Knockin' at the Door

By Lester S. Rounds

of the season had many predecessors, none of which seemed to make the slightest dent in the musical consciousness of the American public.

They were written at odd places in the south and southwest, from bits of life Mr. Robison observed while traveling with his Deep River Orchestra. The orchestra, organized long before he reached man's estate, had made something of a local reputation for him, and there were few major hotels between the Mississippi and the Rockies in which he had not played.

It was in Omaha, Nebraska, that Robison's feet were set upon the somewhat round-about road to nationwide fame. Paul Whiteman, grand rajah of the orchestra world, heard Robison sing, and was impressed with the deep simplicity, the charm, that marked his talent. He reversed Horace Greeley's advice.

“GO East, young man, go East,” he told Robison. “New York is looking for talent like yours.”

Robison went East. He packed his trunks and marshalled his family, consisting of beautiful, dark-eyed Mrs. Robison and his little daughter, came to New York, and found his coming premature. Equally premature was Whiteman's advice, for if the glamorous metropolis of the country was eagerly searching talents like his, it

was woefully blind to the existence of the young man who knocked so valiantly at its doors for his great opportunity.

This discovery was not made immediately. Before bringing New York to his feet, he had first to provide for his family, and together he and his young wife scoured the city for the place that was to be their home.

THEY found it, about fifteen miles outside of the city. It was their idea of the perfect home, and with his family settled in Crestwood, Robison set about cajoling Fame and Prosperity to his fireside. But something went amiss; although he blew his trumpets thrice, the walls of the city failed to crumble. Several published songs made not the slightest impression. Gotham seemed not yet ready for what he had to offer. Failure stared him in the face.

It was a situation which could not continue indefinitely. Any bank-roll will wither away with everything going out and nothing coming in. Inevitably the day came when Robison turned the key in the door of his cottage for the last time and moved to a less expensive apartment in the city—a heartbreaking experience.

The experience made its impression, for his home, his existence, had been
(Continued on page 121)

Milton G. Hall of KTRH Has Had Adventurous Life



"Milt" Hall

Like Scotch Jokes? Listen In On KMPC

Dan Maxwell, billed as "The King of Scotland," does a fifteen minute talkie over KMPC each week day. Robust, sporting a wing-type collar and a pink complexion, Dan does pretty well, thank you. Of course he tells the old wheeze about going back home one summer only to find his brothers wearing whiskers. Dan had gone to America and carried the razor with him.

* * *

Charlie Lindsey now directs two orchestras for KGER the Cavaliers, which is a dance group, and the Mariners, which is the concert group. Charlie was first director for the KNX musical aggregations when that station opened up six years ago. Married, somewhat bald, always good natured, not so very tall.

* * *

Curt Peterson, assistant Eastern program manager for the National Broadcasting Company, was a voice teacher in two fashionable girls' schools for two years before he entered Radio as an announcer. He originally sought a position in Radio just to pass away the summer vacation.

MILTON G. HALL, Program Supervisor of KTRH, the budding young station of Southern Texas, insists that he should be a very "rustic" farmer, raising the luscious and well known Texas fruit, watermelon . . . and wending his way to a little brown church on Sundays to meetin'. But he may be spoofing.

Milt Hall is a slender, tall man with quiet eyes (except when he is amused), who has swept through an amazing assortment of experiences which have afforded him a splendid background for his position as program supervisor. A Texan by birth, he has always had that insatiable desire for color and adventure, and has most assuredly succeeded in tasting the spiciest dishes of life's activities.

He has lived the rigid life of the soldier, he has written feverishly to make a midnight deadline, he has hossed roughnecks in the oil fields, he has spanned the skies as an aerial photographer during the war. Now he is responsible for the KTRH programs and this particular task is the one that he enjoys most because it is a happy combination of all the other things he has done.

Brimming with youthful ambition, Milt left Texas for Rochester, New York, where he worked on the Rochester Demo-



"Will you remember the day . . . when we were happy in May . . ." Sigmund Romberg, composer of *Maytime*, *Blossom Time*, *Student Prince* and other beautiful operettas whose music is well known to Radio listeners, will join KFVB in their Sunday night broadcasts.

crat and Chronicle, and eventually gravitated into Radio, as manager of WHEC at Rochester and later as commercial manager and announcer of WMAK in Buffalo, New York. Just before returning to Texas, Milt was an announcer and continuity writer at Station WTAM in Cleveland, Ohio.

He is very enthusiastic about KTRH. Outside of his program duties he enjoys broadcasting sports best of all. He likes the crowd's cheering, the quick action of men in the field, whether on the football gridiron, the boxing ring, the baseball diamond or the race tracks. For recreation there is nothing he would rather do than to motor down to a certain little shack on the banks of a nearby lake to fish and swim, and participate in a good old game of quots.

The inevitable question of an interviewer, "Are you married?" was put to Milt Hall and the answer is "yes," and not so long either. Mrs. Hall, nee Niobe Vitello, is a very attractive young woman, an accomplished pianist doing quite a bit of broadcasting on her own.

* * *

Rolly Wray does many things for KFOX. Sometimes she sits in the office and acts as secretary. Every day she has a twenty minute piano request period. In the evenings she has a girls' trio which does vocal harmony as well as string work. In private life, still in the early twenties, small and diminutive, decided brunette, excellent cook, old fashioned enough to believe that woman's place is in the home. Oh what a priceless gift for some world weary bachelor ready to settle down!

* * *

Ray Martinez, KFVB, Trained In Circus

Ray Martinez, roly-poly conductor of KFVB'S concert orchestra, got his start in the circus. In fact, his father owned a circus and side show traveling menagerie and, at the tender age of four, little Ray was a juvenile acrobat. Later he did music duties, studied extensively, concertized a bit and now directs the KFVB musical groups and does a good deal of work for the talkies.

* * *

This summer, for the first time, the San Diego civic symphony was on the air, although the group has been in existence for three summers. KFSD did the broadcast for eight successive Tuesdays with considerable success. It played from the open air pavilion in Balboa Park—famed as the locale for the 1915 exposition.

"Old Timer"

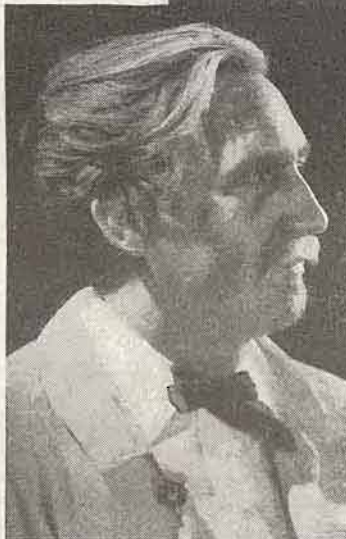
Signs Off

Pat Barnes, Famous for Many Radio Characters, Says Farewell to Broadcast Mike

PAT BARNES is a man of "character" to practically all Radio listeners. Some like him best as "Mister Kelley," the Irishman who recalls the shades of great musicians. Others swear by his "Rookie" episodes, with their five great characters; still others chuckle gleefully over the misadventures of "Abner," a hoary ancient from the sleepy community of Middlesex, who keeps the town band under his thumb. But none of these, popular as they are, have won the acclaim enjoyed by Pat's "Old Timer."

The "Old Timer" is the logical development of Pat's own Radio career which began on April 25, 1925, incidentally the birthday of Marconi, father of all this giddy broadcasting business. Pat's own idea in presenting a Radio program is, as he says, "to put a thought behind it," and the "Old Timer" is as full of thoughts as a sieve of holes.

Pat began broadcasting the "Old Timer" over WGN, Chicago, shortly after he joined the staff in 1928. There was a "spot" on Sunday at 7 o'clock that had to be plugged, and



Pat Barnes from his most recent portrait is seen above—a genial, courteous character in himself. At the left he is seen in his latest and perhaps most popular role as Old Timer. At the right he appears in his well-remembered role as a Buck on Leave.



By

David
Winsome

plugged with something that would be appropriate for early Sunday evening listening. Pat's original conception was something allegorical—experienced age counselling rash youth—but it came out on the air as the philosophizing, advising, gently humorous "Old Timer," answering the youthful questions of the irrepressible Pat.

The feature has been occupying twenty minutes and is supposed to take place right in the Radio studio. The Old Timer is a Sunday evening visitor who drops in to see his friend, Pat Barnes, and Pat is always ready with a barrage of questions that starts the Old Timer off on his favorite subject, Humanity and its Foibles. The Old Timer counsels, advises, suggests, or gives examples that will be helpful to everyone in making this high old world a better place in which to live.

Pat had been carrying the idea for the "Old Timer" around in his head before it finally came to light on the Radio. Pat, as most listeners know, is a small-town product. He was born in Scrant-
(Continued on page 106)

Amos 'n'

Andy

In Hollywood

By Dr. Ralph L. Power



HOW do Correll and Gosden like Hollywood and what are they doing? Well, to be brief, they haven't had time to see Hollywood and, secondly, they are working.

Amos 'n' Andy get up in the morning at six o'clock. This is just about the time the Hollywoodians are turning in for rest . . . some of 'em at least.

A cool shower, brisk rub-down, shave, and by quarter to seven they are having breakfast. This is a light meal for them and is soon over. Seven-thirty sharp brings them over to the RKO studios on Grower Street where the portals open wide to admit them within the sacred precincts of "movie land".

Just at this time a line is forming in front of the casting office and scores of extras and others line up in their ambition to get into picture work.

But Amos 'n' Andy walk briskly from their car to the dressing rooms and it takes them an hour and a half to get the make-up on. This, to the uninitiated, may seem like a long time. But it isn't. The various greases, concoctions and lotions preparatory to putting the actual make-up on takes plenty of time, and especially for film work must the job be thorough and painstaking.

Nine o'clock and all set to go. So far, all of their work has been on the lot and they haven't found it necessary to go outside on location.

The sound stages take up all of their time until noon. In the day of the silent films ordinarily their work would mean

that crowds of studio employees . . . office form, technical men, props force and others . . . would congregate and clan around to watch the proceedings.

But with the advent of the talkies the old order changeth. Only the actual participants get an eyeful and earful of the actual shooting. Once on the sound stage and ready to shoot, the doors are barred and all is silence.

The lights are focused on the scene . . . the microphones, just out of the camera focus, are in perfect working order . . . and the boys go through the motions, and dialogue . . . practice and the finished performance, takes and re-takes.

CORRELL and Gosden, I think, have stood up remarkably well under the obvious strain of their new activity. But the pace is telling. When they get back to the hotel at midnight they are all in. No social activities, no business conferences, in fact, nothing can be allowed to interfere with their present picture work for there aren't enough hours in the day.

But we left them at noontime. At mid-day the duo takes enough time for another repast . . . not a heavy meal, for the California climate at this time of year is not conducive to heavy stuff. Light meals, dainty sandwiches, nourishing salads, make the best mid-day feast.

A few moments before the performance time everything is quiet. The boys go into the sound booth especially constructed for their work. Nobody can get

in there except them. As a matter of fact, no one can even get in the stage room within which is the sound booth.

The reason for this is obvious. Things must not only be quiet from the broadcast angle, but the boys themselves are keyed up to such a pitch, they are a bit self-conscious, too, that the slightest noise would tend to snap them out of character—which would mean a re-take.

So there isn't a chance of any annoyance or interference when they are doing their stuff. I am told that through all of their work, since creating the Amos 'n' Andy characters, they have done their Radio act in solitary confinement.

It has often been written that Correll and Gosden fairly live the characters which they portray when they are doing the Radio stunt. This is unquestionably true. Great beads of perspiration on their manly brows at the end of their twelve minutes on the air well attest to the seriousness with which they attack each episode.

OUT on the West Coast one of the indoor sports, besides listening to the actual Amos 'n' Andy program, is to put up bets on whether the boys will make a mistake in voice. But they never have as yet. I suspect they never will.

This is just another reason for the particular efforts made to keep them in seclusion during the broadcast time. The least sound would unnerve them. As it

(Continued on page 127)

Grantland Rice Interviews

Sultan of Swat

Famous Diamond Hero Tells Listeners How He Makes a Baseball Hop Grandstands and Bleacher Walls

THERE are arguments for and against Thirteen as a lucky number according to Mr. Plummer in his account of the superstitions of the stars. But it sure was a bad date on the calendar when the listeners on August 13th tried to hear Captain Hawks tell about his record breaking flight across the continent on that day when just a few notches further on the dial you could tune in Grantland Rice's interview with Babe Ruth, home run king of American big league baseball.

A great many sporting fans were eager to hear both. A Radio Digest representative, anxious to please the subjects of the great Sultan of Swat, took the interview down in shorthand. Then he got a picture of the Babe, Mr. Rice and Graham McNamee together and here they are for you.

Mr. Rice bronzed and smiling stepped up to the microphone. The Babe was near another mike nearby. Said Mr. Rice:

RICE—For me to try to introduce Babe Ruth would be much like trying to bat for him with the bases full, and four men needed to win the game. But the big fellow is a modest cove and he doesn't want to talk about himself. I will have to tell you that he is now within 17 home runs of his best record—60 in one season—and he'll break this record sure if he doesn't break his neck or back. And knowing the Babe, even that might not stop him. At that I think he has to spend more time with his fountain pen than he does with his bat. He has to answer from 10,000 to 12,000 letters a year

and he autographs enough baseballs in the course of a season to pave Texas with horse hide. How many baseballs do you autograph in the course of a season Babe?

and a few millions who are not kids, would like to know just how you can hit so many home runs? What is the main basis of your home run hitting?



At the left Grantland Rice stands on deck with Graham McNamee while the Bambino is "at bat" with mike.

RUTH—Too many. I'd say about 18,000. I had to sign 1,000 in Omaha once at one stand and 2,000 in Chicago. But as long as the kids want it, it's O. K. with me until my wrist falls off. You can't be a piker with the kids.

RICE—Babe, I know that a lot of kids,

RUTH—First of all I would say that it is the right use of hands and wrists. The wrists play a big part in any sport that calls for club swinging. If they don't work, the shoulders and the body get in too quickly. The body must work with the hands and wrists. It must be back of the blow, not in front of it. I swing all the way through. I start the bat in motion and I let it go. But it is a mistake to try to hit in too much of a hurry. You must take your time—even with a fast one coming up to the plate.

RICE—Do you step into the ball, Babe, as it comes up?

RUTH—I stand at the plate with my back almost to the pitcher. My right shoulder is well around. I am in position then to let my body turn with the swing and not get ahead of the swing.

RICE—Down in Tampa, Babe, I saw you hit a home run in 1919 that was about as long as any I ever saw. What was your longest?

RUTH—Think that Tampa wallop was. It carried 560 feet across a race track beyond the ball park.

RICE—I see Hack Wilson of the Cubs is still chasing you. What do you think of Hack?

RUTH—Hack is a great hitter and a great hustler. He's a short, stocky fellow but he can swing that bat. He knows how to use his hands, wrists and arms.

(Continued on page 124)



B. A. Rolfe

A Master of Dance Rhythm

*B. A. Rolfe, Conductor of the
Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra,
Makes Millions of People Want
to Dance When He Plays*

IT'S a long step from backyard trumpet practice to boy soloist with John Philip Sousa and a tour of Europe. And it's a far cry from trumpet soloist to vaudeville and motion picture production.

And there's a big difference between being a movie impresario and leading the "hottest" dance band in Radio.

But B. A. Rolfe took the steps. They were made over a period of many years, but he considers every one a natural move in the progress of modern music.

Today, at fifty-one, Rolfe stands on his conductor's platform looking back at these experiences, and is glad, the while he is injecting a saw, a tin whistle or two pieces of sand paper into the orchestra.

He knows it is the fruits of these experiences which give him courage to introduce jews-harps or other instrumental novelties. No one has ever attempted to keep from Rolfe the fact that it is these novelties which contribute largely toward making the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra outstanding in its field.

In addition to being fifty-one, this master of rhythm is rotund and ruddy. There is a placid light in his eyes and an air of serene assurance about his every movement. There is no regret in his mind for the highlights of the past. He is content with the present and ponders only on the wonders of the future.

"I learned music from the varied career of my early youth, music such as I could have learned in no other way. The most important thing I learned is that humor is the essence of dance music. Dance music is gay without restraint, gay with the humor of the ages. To be good it should invite people to dance, make them want to dance," Rolfe says.

"Rhythm and rhythmic values are my chief study. Unusual rhythms, rhythms growing and forming one out of the other. Rhythm for the dance should be like a rubber ball, bouncing into the air only to fall again, and going on and on. That is dance rhythm."

ROLFE almost never uses a baton in directing his orchestra for its semi-weekly National Broadcasting Company programs. The sweep of a clenched fist—maybe two of them—an upflung finger, or the spread of both hands he considers more expressive than the lifeless wood of a baton.

To watch him at work is to see a calm and peaceful individual revert to a whirling, animated figure with eyes and ears for every note from each of the almost fifty instruments in his band. The most inconspicuous flute player in the group may suddenly feel the Rolfe eye and see the clenched Rolfe fist urging greater volume in support of the musical saw, at the moment in the solo spot.

Rolfe may throw musical dignity into the scrap heap to gain desired effects, but musical traditions are things not to be tampered with, in his opinion. "Setting the classics to dance rhythm is musical vulgarity, not only in bad taste, but inexcusable," he says.

This fifty-one-year-old leader of NBC dance conductors was an accomplished cornetist when he was seven years old. A son of A. B. Rolfe, himself a noted bandsman, the boy was steeped in music appreciation from his earliest childhood in Brasher Falls, N. Y. At ten he was featured soloist with Sousa's Marine Band, and a year later the young gentle-

man toured Europe as boy trumpet wonder.

Followed several years in school, and the young musician started for New York. But an offer to lead the Lowville Silver Cornet Band at Lowville, N. Y., presented itself, and the journey toward Broadway was interrupted.

Rolfe eventually reached Broadway, but it was several years later, and he came as a builder of vaudeville productions. With Jesse L. Lasky, a youth from California, he took the conventional song and dance turns of the two-a-day and with tinsel and colored lights and pretty girls converted them into feature presentations.

A venture into the then infant industry of motion picture production followed. Rolfe was sure of the brilliant future ahead, but Lasky was doubtful. The latter thought motion pictures could be made best in his California home, and the pioneers parted, Lasky to produce pictures on the Pacific Coast, Rolfe to produce them in New York.

THE latter thrived. His thirty-six pictures a year represented a major portion of the output of the old Metro Company, now the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Among the stars appearing under his banner were Bushman and Bayne, Harold Lockwood, Viola Dana, Ethel Barrymore, Gloria Swanson, and other popular favorites.

But music again lured and Rolfe turned his back on the motion picture. He tried his hand at vaudeville again, but once more turned to his music. He has been with NBC since 1926. At present his band is heard Thursday and Saturday nights over a hook-up which includes many large and popular stations.

Grand Old Man Of the Sea

(Continued from page 69)

York, WNYC, and the short wave broadcast on Columbia's 2XE, carried the arrival of Lipton to every corner of the earth. Thomas Cowan of WNYC was the announcer, while the distinguished yachtsman broadcast from aboard ship as shown in the photograph.

Sir Thomas, for the first time in his life, was suffering from a bad case of stage fright, and only when Cowan told him that the whole world was listening in, including the folks back in Glasgow; and that his neighbors at Southgate, England, had been waiting up all night to hear his voice over the air, did he slowly draw a crumpled piece of paper from an inside pocket, and with the remark that he had prepared a short speech for the Radio, start to read it. He prefaced his remarks by saying, "tell 'em I won't make a speech 'til after the race . . . maybe not then," he added as an after thought.

The passengers on board the Leviathan were cheering and yelling "Good luck, Tommy!" Sir Thomas, though a trifle hard of hearing, stopped his prepared speech for a bit to say "Tommy sounds better to me than 'Sir Thomas,' and I hope the folks back home hear 'em."

His talk over the air finished, Sir Thomas turned as if to go into the cabin, when he thought of some things he wanted to say, and turning to the mike again, spoke of the first time he arrived as an immigrant at Castle Garden, about 55 years ago, "and now I am being received with a band and a reception committee . . . I'm getting to be a real swell." He said that the reason the folks in Boston threw the tea in the harbor was because it was not Lipton's.

When asked if he had ever been taken off the Leviathan before, Sir Thomas quickly replied, "Not by the police."

SIR THOMAS, more than 80 years old today, is just as enthusiastic about the winning of cups as ever. In fact he remarked to Mayor Walker later that there is really no use to keep the famous cup in America with nothing to put in it.

One purpose of Sir Thomas in calling on the mayor was to invite him to be his guest during the races off Newport, on board his steam yacht, "The Erin". "I'll put ye up for fifteen pence a day," he said, "bed and breakfast included."

"These are hard times," said the mayor, laughing, "That's a lot of money."

"Well, then, even if I am half-Scotch," said Sir Thomas, "I'll knock off the thrupence and we'll make it an even shillin'."

"I shall be very proud to accept," said Jimmy, "but I'm not a good sailor; how about the weather; can you assure it?"

"No, me lad," was the rejoinder,

"but we've plenty o' buckets aboard the Erin."

When the name of Lord Dewar came up, Sir Thomas said: "He was a very generous man—for a Scotchman. He once sent me a long cable from Africa—he sent it collect—telling me that for three pounds o' my tea he could buy me six wives, and he wanted to know why I should remain a bachelor. I cabled him back—also collect—that I was putting up a number o' three pound packages, ready for an emergency, but he didn't answer."

"How many pounds of tea would it cost to get rid of them after you had 'em?" asked the mayor.

"No wonder it's a great city with a mayor like that," said Sir Thomas, as he moved away. "My heart is surcharged with gratitude at the splendidly generous attitude displayed toward me, who have for some many years been fighting with all the sporting blood I've got, to wrest the America's Cup away. I have the boat now that I think will do it; I have a great captain and crew; a

wonderful designer and above all, I have the will to win; and now, with New York's best wishes and even Mayor Walker's hope for my success, I feel the good old cup tottering on its shelf. And I have one more reason for hoping to win, and that is that you'll have to come over to my country to try and win it back and that will give us a chance to repay, in some small measure, the boundless American hospitality that has almost overwhelmed me. But, win or lose, New York has won my heart."

On the committee that took Sir Thomas down to see the Mayor were William H. Rankin, his advertising agent for the United States; Gilbert T. Hodges, President of the Advertising Federation of America, Frank Harwood of the American Tobacco Company and Charles E. Murphy, President of the Advertising Club; with Sir Thomas was one of his private secretaries, Mr. Waghorn of London; Mr. A. M. Kracke, one of Sir Thomas' friends from Chicago was also on the committee.

Frances Ingram on Personality

(Continued from page 77)

"Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young"* and

MARION: "To Clarice In Quest Of Her Youth."*

FRANCES INGRAM: Right. And check page six, please. And now start a new paragraph. (Dictation) Probably the most important way in which you can begin to develop your personality is to build up your health. And don't forget your skin health. For skin is the very first thing people notice about you. When a woman has a bad complexion, people notice it immediately, and they have to get past it before they really like that person. You may be well-dressed and have beautiful eyes, but in spite of that people will find it hard to forgive an unsightly skin. You tell me that there isn't much the matter with your complexion—that it's just rather dull. But I believe that the dullness of your complexion may have reacted on your subconscious in such a way that your confidence in yourself has become impaired. When our skins are radiant and glowing, our minds respond, you know. There is a definite mental reaction. Internal cleanliness is important in improving the dullness of your skin, but external treatment is also important. Will you read that back to me, Marion?

MARION: "Internal Cleanliness is important in improving the dullness of your skin, but external treatment is also important."

FRANCES INGRAM: Yes. And in the same paragraph add this—Thorough Cleansing is the most important treatment any skin can have. Naturally you must cleanse your skin regularly. Women

with beautiful skins are women who have character enough and will power enough to cleanse their skins every day. FRANCES INGRAM: Among my own friends I have found that lack of personality is frequently due to shyness, and that this shyness often shows itself in a very reserved, stand-offish manner. If this is part of your trouble, remember "You can catch more bees with honey than you can with vinegar." I don't mean that you're to be hypocritical. I mean that I think that it would undoubtedly be wise for you to cultivate that very feminine asset—sympathy. Sympathy is in a way only a feat of the imagination. Imagine yourself in the circumstances of others and you will feel sympathetic toward them. So many thousands of girls are living, striving, just as you are. Be sympathetic toward them. In a surprisingly short time you will find that this reaching out of your personality to establish contact with other personalities has expanded yours. And before you know it, you will have developed a personality that is attractive, radiant and glowing. (To Marion) Speaking of developing, this letter is developing into quite a lengthy one, isn't it, Marion?

MARION: Why I don't know I've been so interested that it hasn't seemed long.

FRANCES INGRAM: You've hit on another secret of personality there.

MARION: I?

FRANCES INGRAM: Yes. People always like a good listener.

* A copy of these booklets will be mailed to readers of Radio Digest on request.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

Coincidence! Two big ear specialists, one from the East and one from the West, have complained to Indi-Gest. It seems that their offices are crowded to the doors with a new kind of patient. The symptoms of the disease are large, distended ears, combined with itching



palms. So many Radio fans have strained their ears listening for Hits, Quips and Slips that these specialists haven't time to listen in themselves to compete for that \$5.00.

Well, it's no use anyway. Here's an old contrib who gathers them in on an R.F.D. route out West—her four good ones take the laurel wreath this month.

FOUR HOT ONES FOR FIVE DOLLARS

A couple of weeks ago there seemed some brief difficulty in making KOMO connection with "Amos and Andy". It lasted just long enough to get past the opening strains of the Perfect Song and into the middle of Bill Hay's Pepsodent remarks. As a result we were informed, (KOMO announcer) "And now, Amos and Andy! (Bill Hay) are the cause of many of our dental troubles." Ain't dat sumpin'?

During a "Jazz vs. The Classics" program—Mr. Average Citizen, "Does this orchestra play Offenbach?" Announcer, "Oh yes, Beethoven, and, often, Bach!"

During a pipe organ concert by an organist who happens to be a blond, the number "I'd like to be a Gypsy" was announced, and the announcer added, "Gypsies are always brunettes, Betty, so you can't be one until you die (dye)!"

In a "Meet the Folks" program of the Pacific division, N.B.C., Cecil Underwood, announcer, and Mahlan Merrick, orchestra leader, were telling of an embarrassing moment. The orchestra program was coming by remote control, Mr. Underwood in the studio, received a request by telephone for a special

dedication, and informed Mr. Merrick, but evidently neither thought of waiting for an appropriate number. Mr. Underwood went to the microphone and said, "The next number is dedicated to Mrs. — who is today celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday." And the orchestra played "Just Another Day, Wasted Away"—*Mary E. Hasken, R.F. D. 1, Alderwood Manor, Wash.*

XXX! **XKL!!! **!

(Station WJAY) Heard that perfect Knutt (Heeza) give out to his lady friends, this clever receipt:—

"Delicious Custard" 1 cup milk; 2 cups flavoring; 3 eggs; 4 cups cement. Mix altogether and you'll have the best li'le custard that ever cussed. — *Imp, Grosse Ile, Mich.*

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 second preferred amusing incident and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

Even that fancy cement custard sounds pretty good to Indi-Gest. After two weeks of camping out and subsisting on willy and spuds, except when there was an obliging pickerel or bass around, any kind of custard would hit the spot. (Remember, though, it's dangerous to send custard by mail—doughnuts or cake would be better).

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES IT

Heard on KDKA in the Morning Parade:

Father (to boy friend) What do you mean by bringing my daughter home at this hour?

Boy Friend: Listen, I gotta be at work at eight o'clock!

No, of course, he doesn't catch the worm, he gets it from Pa. And this one is after the wedding:—

Wife: Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry?

Henry: Well, do you begrudge me even those few words?—*Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.*

DO YOU WANT MORE LIKE THIS?

He is willing to risk his amateur standing, he says, by accepting a check, large, medium, or small (medium it is—\$3.00), and says there is more where this came from.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE LANDSCAPE

(With Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air

With its harsh, discordant noises that would drown you out for fair
Then it truly is a pleasure just to sit and listen in

Without any interference from the static's summer din.

And you hear far out in distance with both voice and music clear

Though its many miles a-coming through the still, cold atmosphere.

Then the set you thought was hopeless seems to reach out everywhere

When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air.

In the still cold nights of winter then your radio gets good

As you sit beside the fireplace with its blaze of coal or wood

When the smoke from out your chimney goes straight upward in the air

Where the bright stars look from heaven with a cold and glittering stare.

When you get a distant station then you feel an added thrill

That's a sort of compensation for the dreary winter's chill

And you find a world of pleasure as you snugly nestle there

When the frost is on the landscape and the static's left the air.

Adam P. Nutt(?) from Indiana



During the Hunter Brothers' endurance flight over Sky Harbor, Harold Faire (C B S) made this slip —

"You have just listened to Casey Jones, who has to his credit 4300 years in the air."

That would be some record to beat. We wouldn't wake up every morning, stretch for the paper, and discover that a new crew of aviators had beaten the previous record and were still at it. But just picture Poor Casey at the end of the 4,300! His beard would probably be long enough to use as a rudder. Or perhaps he would be sailing up over Sky Harbor with a white robe, a halo and a harp.

NOW WE COME, AS USUAL—TO RUDY

You men whose girls think Rudy Vallee is wonderful and marvelous, will get a laugh from this radio incident. Every morning except Sunday between 7:00 and 9:00 Chicago time, KYW presents a program of phonograph records; and during five minute intervals the correct time is given. While listening to this program Tuesday morning, August 5, I heard the following: Rudy Vallee (by phonograph record) was singing "I'm called the song without a name", and while crooning "I'm—" the music stopped and the clock in the studio sounded the hour with "cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo".—*Rudolph Wilikowsky, 1437 Parnell Street, Chicago Heights, Illinois.*

And this one too. However, we don't know whether to blame it on the golden-haired crooner or not. His diction is so good that perhaps it was a couple of other guys who sang it.

For several weeks, I understood the last line of the chorus of the Maine Stein Song to be "The college of our hard-boiled days." It was only a short time ago that I learned that it was "The college of our hearts always." Listen and see if it doesn't sound so to you!—*Mrs. H. A. Dannecker, New-castle, Ind. Box 328.*

This next is offered as an antidote to all those whose fingers itch to grab a pen in defense of their idol. Remember now, after this, Indi-Gest doesn't want a flock of briefs for the defense of the famous culprit.

So Rudy has been dubbed,
No singer, no sax player,
With an ugly, ugly mug.
His picture not fit for the press,
Or even for Radio Digest.
Oh, Mrs. Johnson, of Jacksonville,
Despises poor Rudy with might and will,
Altho—'tis within her power,
To tune out the Fleischmann hour.

Rudy's music and songs are divine
And acclaimed as the best of all time,
By listeners-in, far and near.
They bring melody and good cheer.
A criticism like Mrs. J's,
The public will meet with many "Nay,
Nay's."
For Rudy is Rudy, with no competition,
May his pictures appear in each "Digest"
Edition.

Florence May, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOT SUCH A TOREADOR

Clem and Harry over the Columbia Broadcasting System:

A would-be hero was proposing when he caught sight of a ferocious bull ap-

proaching. He, taking to his heels, left the feminine half to face the bull. She later reproved him thus:

She: I thought you said you loved me so much that you would even face death for me!

He: Yea! but that bull was still alive.

We believe all the Middle Western announcers have been in training—swimming, running, hurdling, learning to take long breaths and get out what they have to say in one spurt, like Floyd Gibbons. Otherwise, things like this wouldn't happen!—

"We shall now become a link in that great chain of the National Broadcasting Company for Amos and Andy."

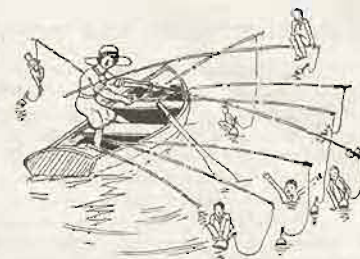
Both the quip and the slip come from Juanita Rickey, 6774a Manchester, St. Louis, Mo.

WHOOOPS! MY DEAR

It lives, it breathe, it talks—Indi-Gest's favorite cartoon. Pansy and Abigail, Peter Arno's Bustle Girls, do their whoopsing every night over the C.B.S. net work at 6.45 E.S. Time. (Ye Chief Ed will scold Indi-Gest for lack of editorial impartiality but Pansy is Indigest's light-o-love.) Here is their picture drawn by their creator, himself. Ain't they grand?



"Whoops! Mind the omnibus, Dearie!"
"Gor! 'E Nearly caught me a pretty one in the bustle, the scorcher!"



THIS ONE NEEDS A LICENSE

Last Thursday while listening to the Fleischmann Hour, which was coming from Green Bay, Wis., the announcer was describing the town. He finished up by saying:

"Green Bay is in the heart of the fishing country. This is a special hook-up, etc." It made me think of fish-hooks!—*Elizabeth Trayner, Wynnewood, Pa.*

Of course, by now you know that we mean a fishing license! Although, perhaps Betty (do they call you that?) doesn't need one. We've never fished in Pennsylvania, but Indi-Gest was surprised to find that New York State allows the ladies to fish for trout, black bass, minnows or sun-fish sans permission and sans payment of license fee. Then, of course, there are the bigger fish—the poor fish—that they dangle on their hooks unmercifully in every state, waiting for the word to get the license. And they talk about equality of the sexes!

SOMETHING NEW! SCENTOVISION

Talk about television—I have a case of scentovision to report. Here it is:

"On Monday evening, August 25, the dial was turned to WENR. The Smith Family soon appeared and of course little "Morry" along with them. Alas for poor Morry! an auto trip that they were taking ended very unhappily for him. While Ed Smith was fixing a flat tire Morry took a stroll, and caught for a pet a black "squirrel" with a white stripe down its back. Poor, ignorant Morry! One learns only by experience! As the story closed and the station was tuned out the scent could actually be smelled in Verona, Wisconsin, and fearing to be laughed at and told it was our imagination nothing was said by anyone. Later we discovered that the twin of Morry's little black (and white) "squirrel" was in the neighborhood. It had arrived at the same time as did Morry's—making the story very realistic!"—*Dorothy M. Hinrichs, Verona, Wis.*

That one from Verona was a mean one—the office boy who slit the envelope, the editor who read it (me, Indi-Gest), the typist who clicked it out with her lily-white fingers, the compositor who set it on his little linotype, all had to keep violet-perfumed handkerchiefs to their nasal appendices during their respective duties.

RADIO ENTHUSIASM AND HOW!

CERTAINLY enjoy reading the comments offered by different readers of "The Radio Digest," which I wouldn't miss for worlds. A month is no long to wait.

Cannot understand why Lucy Barrett is so unjustly criticized for her comments about Amos 'n' Andy. Surely she is entitled to her likes and dislikes. I myself am not crazy about them. Everyone—or rather every radio listener—will have to admit they are clever, and hard workers. All due respect to them.

There are certain announcers that I would rather listen to than any programme—but I do enjoy Jones and Hare—love Vaughn DeLoach—and enjoy the Palm Olive programmes always and numerous others. Taking it all around, my Radio is a thing of beauty and joy forever. The cost of one is small considering the entertainment one gets just by electricity (Edison's donation to the world), and by a twist of the dial. Long live Radio and the Radio Digest!

—M. C. Roberts, El Paso, Tex.

PAGING J. E. FARRELL, RADIO ARTIST

WOULD you please give me some information concerning the whereabouts of J. E. Farrell—a composer, banjo and guitar artist of no mean ability.

I used to enjoy his work a lot but have lost track of him. I am sure he must be broadcasting somewhere. Just a note in your magazine would be sufficient as I have been getting every copy since first published.

Thanking you, I am sincerely yours,
—Dr. H. G. Swanson, Dentist in Charge, Lincoln State Hospital, Lincoln, Neb.

READ THIS, MISS BARRETT!

Dear Mr. Editor:
The enclosed letter is in answer to one from Lucy Barrett of Chicago, published by you in your April issue.—

MY Dear Miss Barrett:
In answer to your letter to the Radio Digest, which was published on page eighty of the April issue, I would like to remark that you are getting into pretty deep water when you attempt to specify or delineate the type of people who listen to, and enjoy the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast.

Personally, I happen to be an English-Canadian with a rare English sense of real humor, which I find indispensable to my happiness, and I am quite sure no one would consider me an "old toby!"

So you see I rather resent your insinuating what type of person I am. I also believe there are a few other people who consider themselves reasonably intelligent who listen to Amos 'n' Andy.

Sincerely,
—Winifred M. Barker, 124 Washington Ave., Glenside, Cal.

SHE PLAYS NO FAVORITES

UNTIL I received the first copy of Radio Digest I had ever seen, I was always wondering about my favorites on the air. Now I need only to get my Digest out and I have something about a good many of them. I have all my copies complete. They make a nice "scrapbook" that way.

We haven't really any stations we like best. Some of course, we like better than others, but we have no "best." WTMJ, WLS, WMAQ, and WBBM all rate the same.

I have a few favorite artists and announcers though. Jesse Crawford being foremost, with Rudy Vallee a close second.

Voice of the

Among announcers, I think Fred Jeske of WTMJ is one of the best, rating with Duval Ross, Frank Knight and Milton J. Cross.

Amos 'n' Andy are beginning to be boring. Leave them out of our issue for a change.—Doris V. Barthelme, Fond du Lac, Wis.

WHO IS NIAGARA NELL?

OH, for some of "Niagara Nell's" poetic talent—what a "poem" I could do, about you, (help! she rhymes—but accidents will happen!) and a few others who tickle my ribcages—but aback and alas, I ain't got none. The lady done got herself copyrighted or something and she jes' didn't leave none left.

"Niagara Nell" always puts me on to do things that everybody knows I can't do! Her name is familiar to all followers of an early morning radio presentation which frequently inspired her to exceedingly clever and amusing bits of verse—one of the high lights of the program which its director generously shared with all listening friends, and he it said, to our everlasting delight! The studio shed its dignity and rocked with infectious mirth which rapidly spread to those on the other side of the "mike." Frequent relapses followed each contribution from this tantalizingly innocent, and if the studio is still intact, it is entirely due to the careful hand at the helm belonging exclusively to the genial Master of Ceremonies, the courteous and suave Ernest W. Nafziger, whose long record as a daily dispenser of good cheer reaches its eighteenth month on the 4th of August!

But this is the burning question—is "Niagara Nell" a bona fide lady? Is she? I ask you—but don't tell me because I don't believe anybody any more—not since I discovered, on a tour of a magazine office, a more or less famous feminine authority on women's problems reclining in a swivel chair, with his feet gracefully arranged upon the polished desk before him, sporting a big, fat, black cigar between his pudgy fingers!!! Right then, I KNEW that there wasn't no Sandy Claws or nuttin' and hadn't never been! But whoever "Nell" really is, I heartily welcome her again, with open arms, in the August edition of Radio Digest, and my enthusiasm has taken the form of an appreciative epistle, built especially to fit a lady, which I am entrusting to your tender care. If she responds to your kind invitation to partake of a check, will you kindly slip the enclosed effusion along with the check—under no consideration deducting it from amount of said check. But if the lady turns out to be a gentleman, please stamp down on your waste-paper basket and make room for one more contribution, because—well, jes' because.

The case rests—and meeting's adjourned. With advanced indications of aggravated gratitude, I insist upon receiving.

Yours—E. H. S., Newburgh, N. Y.

ONE FOR RUDY

THIS is my first letter to the V.O.L. and is written especially for the benefit of Mr. Johnson of Jacksonville, Fla.

Just because you don't like Rudy Vallee, Mrs. Johnson, you don't need to insult him so. Don't forget, there are a great many people who do enjoy his singing, and who are proud of it.

Rudy came home recently for a short vacation, and he charmed everyone with his wonderful personality. I don't believe you could find one single person who saw him that would tell you he is "a convicted boob" or "the most disgusting, ugliest snob in New York."

He has worked hard, and deserves all the success he now enjoys, and I am sure that there are a great many Vallee fans who, like me, are not tired of "his everlastingly sweet sugar-coated voice."

He has many loyal friends in Maine, and all over the country, for that matter, and we'll always stand by him, won't we, Rudy fans?—A Rudy Fan and Proud of It, Portland, Me.

TWO FOR RUDY

IN the August issue of Radio Digest, I read a letter from a Mrs. Johnson of Jacksonville, Fla. She said that Rudy Vallee couldn't sing or play a saxophone. If he and his orchestra were not considered first class they could not demand the money that they do.

As for Vincent Lopez, his orchestra is good but in my opinion Rudy Vallee has a better one. Rudy's voice is not what you would call a well trained voice but it is very soothing and restful, and he is certainly an artist in his own line.

I consider your magazine very interesting and I want to compliment you on having a Union printed magazine.—Helen Baker, 2060 Forest Street, Denver, Colo.

THREE . . . ALL FOR RUDY

I SEE an item in your August Radio Digest about Rudy Vallee. Give us more of Rudy as he is wonderful! I don't believe he is any snob at all. If we could do what he can maybe we would be a little that way. But it isn't the people who have something to be mads over who get that way usually—and he sure has. I wish my son had the talent for music that Rudy has. Hurrah for Rudy!—Mrs. McCabe, Towanda, Pa.

AND ONE AGIN' HIM

THIS magazine seems to feature all southern and far western radio stars. All the pictures are either of Amos and Andy, or some California performers.

I would suggest that you continue giving the histories of famous orchestras such as Art Kessel, Fred Waring, Al Katz, Dan Russo, Johnny Hamp and Buddy Fischer. Please forget Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne for awhile at least.

I do not think Rudy Vallee's orchestra can be placed on the same plane as Guy Lombardo's. Carmen is a much better crooner and what's more he has pep when pep is required.—Yours truly, Wazoo Danner.

Listener

SEE SEPTEMBER, DOROTHY

WE were introduced to Radio Digest over WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, and find it to be just as they represented it. But why is there so little material featuring that station? Your May number gives the chief announcer one line, and other announcers who are but assistants on smaller stations get several. Whose fault is that? Your Wisconsin circulation would show a marked increase if you could get pictures and stories from that splendid station.—Very respectfully—Mrs. Dorothy M. Dawson, Appleton, Wis.

WHO IS THIS IRISHMAN?

I HAVE taken Radio Digest since the first monthly number last October and think it is a wonderful magazine. As Radio Digest goes to all parts of the United States, I am wondering if you will publish this letter in V.O.L. in hopes that some one will see it that knows the facts about the following described program.

On the morning of May 24 between 2:30 and 2:45 A. M. Eastern Standard Time, while tuned on 1440 kilocycles, I heard a fine Irish singer just finishing a song. This he said, "When I first came over from Ireland I stayed around New York for a while. Then I came west and now own a fine ranch in the Imperial Valley." He went on to say he liked to drop in at the Mission and say "Hello" to Uncle Tom and sing some of the dear old Irish songs. Said he hoped some day to step out at San Pedro and sail back to Ireland. Then he sang "Where the River Shannon Flows." When the song was nearly ended, WNRC, the station to which I was listening when I first heard the Irish singer, came on again and drowned out the other so I couldn't get any station announcement or any more of the program. If any one sees this that knows what station it came from and who the singer was will they please write to me.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

PATIENCE! MORE WILL COME

I TAKE the Radio Digest regularly and I we think so much of it we don't see how it could be improved! Only I think you should give us more of WLW's artists—Brook & Ross, Singing Sam Mansfield and Lee—their pictures in the Digest and also stories about them. It is fun for reference when you keep each number on file.

Hope this will be of interest to you.
—C. R. Sandy, Winchester, Ind.

WHO'S WHO—COMING

MY first copy of Radio Digest was sent to me by a friend, and I enjoyed it so much that I am a constant reader now. I am busy most of the day playing the keys of my typewriter, and I find it one of the most interesting things yet, to relax in an easy chair in the evening and read about my favorite artists, while I listen to them.

One of the most interesting features of your magazine is, "Who's Who in Broad-

casting." At least I enjoyed it more than the other, as it gives one short biographies of the artists and helps one to know them better. I sure did miss it in the July number. Would you please continue to run it in your magazine?

Thanks to the friend who introduced me to the Radio Digest. Much success to the magazine, and I am hoping I shall have the pleasure of reading "Who's Who" in your next issue.—Thelma Chaney, Shawnee, Okla.

REBUKING MRS. JOHNSON

I READ in "Voice of the Listener" for August the article by Mrs. Johnson, who thinks Rudy Vallee is terrible and can't stand him. How anyone can help but like Rudy is beyond me. I think he is perfectly wonderful, I have seen his pictures, got his book, and most of his records. As for missing of the Fleischmann broadcasts, that's an impossibility! I think Rudy is the very best on the air, bar none. He has a marvelous personality, and most of my friends like him, also.

I don't want to slam Coon Sanders' orchestra, but I don't see how anyone can compare the two. They are two entirely different types.

As for confusing Rudy with Will Osborne, any one who hears Rudy regularly, knows there is a lot of difference.

I think Radio Digest is very good, as I get it every month and can hardly wait for it to come out.

I hope you publish this in "Voice of the Listener" as I am sure there are many who will agree that Rudy is as near perfect as I think he is. Here's to him!—Blanche Royden, Pasadena, California.

ATTENTION OF H. L. MOHLER, GARY, INDIANA

NOTICED you wished Amos 'n' Andy sooner than 10:30. I always hear them at six o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through station CKGW, Toronto.

If this information would be of any value to you, CKGW broadcasts on 634.5 m., 600 K.C. and of 5400 W.

More power to Amos 'n' Andy.—H. Hammond, Ont., Can.

A BOOST TO THE ROYAL CANADIANS!

IF I CAN attain the two ends for which this letter has been written, I shall be more than happy. My first desire is to become a member of the V. O. L. and my second is to praise Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadian all I can (if that is possible).

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra that has ever been on our off the air. Is there any one who can doubt me? If so, please give me the "lowdown" on any other orchestra who can produce the effects, as this orchestra does, in the arrangement of "When The Organ Plays at Twilight." What orchestra is there that is so original and versatile in all of their arrangements?

Nothing can induce me to ever miss any of

their programs. Parties, theatres, all things are turned down if they mean missing these half hours. However, at the end of the half-hour I feel more than amply repaid.

All this may seem like a lot of talk, but I mean every word. This orchestra deserves all the honoring and praise possible, so come on all you Royal Canadian Fans, let us hear from you and be thankful for a real orchestra.—Lorraine Brunner, 4210 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

WE PAT OUR BACKS

WE ENJOY every copy of your Radio Digest. It is just "check full" of interest—nothing better! We enjoyed the write ups of Amos 'n' Andy. I am your interested reader—Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Cartersville, Ga.

THANKS FOR THE KIND WORDS

I WISH to voice my appreciation of the August number of Radio Digest. The articles are interesting—especially those about Phil Cook and John S. Young. I also enjoyed the good pictures in the rotogravure section. I am glad that a great part of the magazine was devoted to the artists appearing on the radio programs, as I am more familiar with them. When I bought the June Radio Digest I was rather disappointed as so much space was given to programs and artists of stations which it is impossible to reach in Chicago to tune in. Since reading the August Digest, I have decided to become a regular reader, however. I hope to find interesting articles soon in the "Voice of the Listener" about Jessica Dragonette and Guy Lombardo.

Mrs. Johnson of Florida, bets that everyone is tired of Rudy Vallee. I am afraid she is wrong, as five members of our family, including my two brothers, enjoy his program. Mrs. Johnson, in her preference for Vincent Lopez and Coon Sanders' orchestra, seems to forget that they invariably play the numbers that Mr. Vallee has made most popular. I have even heard, at times, a singer in the Lopez band whose style is reminiscent of Rudy's. However, I think my desire of Rudy Vallee is needless, judging by his obvious popularity.—M. G., Chicago.

"HURRAH FOR VALLEE"

I WAS reading Voice of the Listener, and I saw an article about Rudy Vallee, which pleased me very much because I feel exactly the same way as Mrs. Vera Goldmann.

Then glancing over some other articles I read another entitled "All Fed-Up on Vallee." This was too much for me, because I am for Rudy in any way. I always listen to him over the Radio. One of the main reasons why I buy Radio Digest is because I had interesting pictures and articles of Rudy.

I think it is bad enough to think, what Mrs. Johnson wrote to be published. Any time I hear Rudy's name I am right there, ready to fight for him if necessary.

He is wonderful. Every sensible person would say so too.—Virginia Jackson, Little Rock, Arkansas.

SHE CRIES "MORE ABOUT RUDY"

HAVE been taking this magazine for some months now, and I think it is great. I just find one fault with it. I do wish you could possibly put more in about Rudy Vallee. He certainly is wonderful and I have never missed one broadcast of his. I would so like to read more about him and see more of his pictures.

Hoping that you will grant this request I remain, a sincere fan.—Betty Prior, 274 Tuller St., Toronto, Ont.

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

The Tube and Its Work

ON APRIL 10, 1912 a new giant ocean liner left Southampton, England, on its maiden trip across the Atlantic. As it slowly moved from its pier the passengers, flushed with excitement, lined the deck rails waving to friends and relatives on the dock. No one realized the tragedy that lurked in those last farewells. But a few days later, as the great ship forged through the ocean some thousand miles from New York, it struck an iceberg. A short four hours later the waters closed over the ship, leaving a scene of horror and devastation. The dead numbered about 1,500. Some 700 of the passengers and crew were saved by the Carpathia whose radio operator had picked up the distress call from the liner, with the result that the Carpathia's course was immediately altered and she headed, under full pressure, to the aid of the passengers on the stricken liner.

THE name of the liner was the Titanic and many will recall the horror of its sinking. The saving of over 700 lives was a tribute to radio, for it was the "wireless" that enabled the Titanic to send its message of distress fifty-eight miles across the ocean to the Carpathia.

The disaster marks, in some ways, a turning point in radio's career. The Titanic's radio equipment was useful over distances up to about 400 or 500 miles. Today passenger liners are equipped with transmitters that can span the ocean. It was not long after the Titanic sinking that a government ice patrol was formed to guard the shipping lanes against the dangers of icebergs, and maritime radio was placed under government supervision.

But consider the developments that have taken place in the eighteen years that have elapsed since 1912. In back of all that development is the tube, first invented in 1904 by Dr. James Ambrose Fleming and then greatly improved by the addition of

aircraft pilots to keep in constant communication with the ground. A pilot can fly "blind", taking off, flying along a radio beacon, and landing in another field, guided only by the instruments on a panel in the cockpit—instruments made possible by the vacuum tube.

The few pieces of metal that we enclose in a glass bulb and call a "tube" enables us to place a picture in a machine, pick up signals from it, transmit them, and at another location, thousands of miles distant, reproduce a copy of the picture so perfect that it is difficult to distinguish it from the original.

THE tube is used to guide ships across the ocean, to automatically stop trains if they pass a danger signal, to locate oil and ore deposits in the earth, to detect and amplify heart beats, to produce artificial levers to control traffic, to count the number of automobiles crossing a bridge or entering a tunnel, to detect flaws in metal castings, to standardize colors, to measure the opacity of a substance, to measure the moisture content and weight of paper, wood and other substances, to detect foreign metal particles in a substance, to sort good products from bad, to count production, to separate different grades of

material, to prevent accidents in factory workers, to detect fire and automatically sound fire alarms, to automatically turn on electric signs at dusk. Such is the work of the tube, the device which during a court trial some years ago was termed by the District Attorney, "A piece of glass—without merit."

But to-day a million dollar industry has been built on his idea.



Dr. Lee De Forest Examining the First Audion Tube.

the grid by Dr. Lee DeForest in 1906. Time has shown that DeForest's addition of the grid to the tube gave science one of the most valuable tools that has ever been invented.

To-day the tube forms the foundation of all radio receivers and transmitters. The transcontinental and transoceanic telephone would be but dreams were it not for the tube. The tube makes it possible for

of the Radio Arts

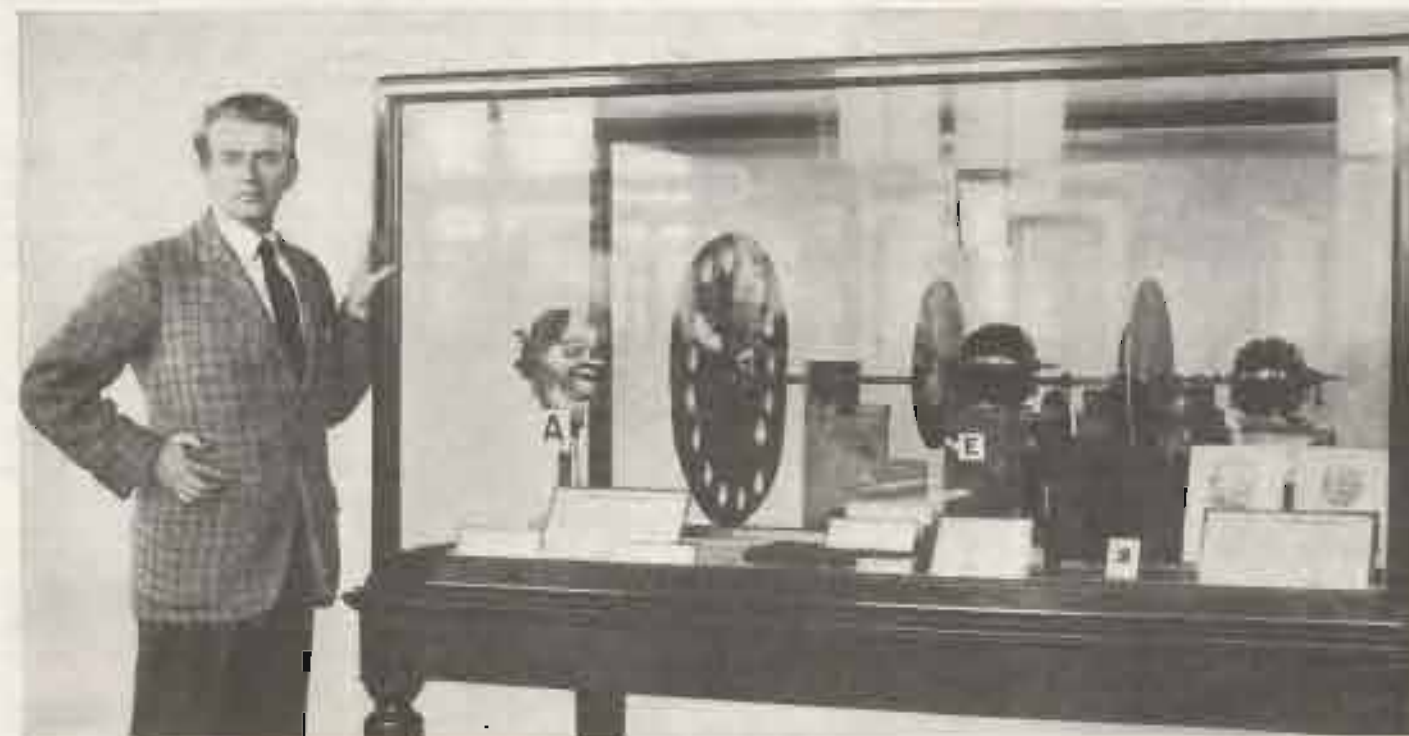
Television In The Theatre

DURING the week of July 28, 1930 television was made part of the regular theatre program at the Coliseum, London, the system used being that developed by the Baird Television Corp. On the program the event was listed as, "Television: the Baird English Invention" and it proved to be the most interesting item in the program. The demonstration was a part of the show for the entire week and its use as

person being televised was "painted" on the screen. The radio transmitter used to send the signals from the Baird offices to the theatre operated on a wavelength of 362 meters and its power was 2 kilowatts.

Since this demonstration was undertaken as part of a regular theatre program, the factor of prime interest is the public's reaction to the show. In this connection we purchased a number of English newspapers containing reviews of the demon-

Baird English Invention" . . . The experiment so successfully undertaken at the Coliseum is not essentially miraculous; it is exactly what one has long expected. It ought not be necessary to state that the experiment is as yet in a stage which can only be called wildly experimental. The pictures thrown on the Coliseum screen were blotched, smudged, and unflattering to their originals . . . But this was only to be expected, and they are very foolish



John L. Baird and the Apparatus With Which the First Demonstrations of Moving Scenes by Wire and Wireless Were Accomplished.

a regular feature of the Coliseum's program marks an important event in the history of the science.

At the theatre the television images appeared on a screen measuring five feet high and two feet wide. Various well-known figures in English public life took part in the "act". Their faces were televised at the offices of the Baird Television Corp. located a short distance from the theatre, the signals being transmitted by radio to the Coliseum. The screen consisted of a large number of tiny lamps arranged in rows, the total number of lamps being about 2100. These lamps glowed dim and bright in accordance with the television signals and in this way an image of the

stratation, and the comments of the various reviewers are interesting and important, as they reflect the attitude of the theatre-goer to television. Some excerpts from these reviews are given in the following paragraphs. The reader will appreciate that space is not available to print these reviews in full. We have endeavored, therefore, to pick out some of the more important statements and these will be found sufficient to give a good idea of how the demonstration impressed these reviewers.

The August 3rd edition of the Sunday Times (London) stated:

"By far the most interesting thing in last week's programme at the Coliseum was the seventh item, "Television: the

people who will pretend that television cannot be perfected . . ."

IN THE *Daily Express* of July 20th we read, "Television advanced a long way yesterday, when J. L. Baird's invention formed part of the ordinary Coliseum program . . . Television obviously has a long way to go, but it proved last night that its young Scottish inventor has got something which will soon arrest the attention of the world".

From the *Daily Herald* of July 19th. "Of course the invention is still very imperfect, but it is good enough to show (Continued on page 125)

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

Radio "Police" Station

IF WE were to closely study a map of the United States we would find that Grand Island, Nebr., is located at the geographical center of the country. This spot has therefore been chosen for the location of the Federal Radio Commission's "police" station to daily check and report on the Radio transmissions from all American stations, ashore and afloat.

Radio stations of every kind are licensed by the Federal Radio Commission to operate on a certain frequency or wavelength. If they stray from their assigned frequency they are almost certain to cause interference with some other station and it will be the task of this centrally located monitoring station to immediately report to the Federal Radio Commission at Washington any station that is not operating on its assigned frequency. In the broadcasting band considerable difficulty has been experienced

from improper station operation. The fact that the monitoring station will continually be checking the transmissions from all broadcasting stations will, it is hoped, cause station operators to exercise the greatest care in making certain that their station is always operating on its assigned frequency.

Many of the large modern broadcasting stations are held on their correct frequency by means of a small thin piece of quartz crystal. Twenty years ago scientists had to delve through ancient, dusty, unused text books to find what little was known about piezo-electricity, which simply means electricity produced by pressure. These old text books said that if certain crystals (quartz for example) are squeezed that a small amount of electricity was developed on their surface; the amount of electricity so produced was so small that engineers must have laughed at the idea of putting it to any practical

use. Yet to-day these very crystals are used to control the thousands of watts of power developed by a broadcasting station. Not all stations use crystal control however and it is these transmitters, especially, that tend to wander over into some other station's channel. As a result, interference is produced and listeners within the range of the station hear a continuous melancholy whistle, varying slightly in pitch from minute to minute, and well calculated to drive sensitive persons crazy. It is this type of interference that accurate frequency control will eliminate, providing for clear reception.

THE station at Grand Island will check all types of transmitting stations, including all government stations on land and sea, television, photoradio, amateur, aircraft, experimental, and broadcasting stations.

The "Stenode Radiostat"

IN ENGLAND remarkable claims have been made for a new radio receiving system, designed by Dr. James Robinson, and known as the Stenode Radiostat. With this system it is claimed that radio broadcasting stations need be separated by only one kilocycle—one-tenth the present separation—and yet each station may be tuned-in without interference from another station operating on an adjacent channel, and without loss in quality of reproduction. If this is true it means that ten times as many stations can be placed on the air without causing interference, than is possible using present methods.

It is too early to give any definite opinions regarding the claims for the system. If it does work it certainly means that our present theories regarding radio transmission and reception must be revised—but theory has gone wrong, and it might be wrong again. Current theory states that when a broadcasting station is transmitting a program, music for example, "side-bands" are produced whose transmission and reception are essential

if high quality reproduction is to be obtained; and it follows that if the side-bands are gradually eliminated we would first lose the high notes, then the middle register, then the bass notes and finally we would hear nothing at all—though the musicians kept sawing and thumping at their instruments and the tubes at the transmitter kept pushing "juice" into the antenna! In other words the side-bands are the conveyors of the music and even their partial elimination will lower the quality of the reproduction. These side-bands have the effect of "spreading" the wave transmitted by a station and it is for this reason that all broadcasting stations are separated by ten kilocycles to permit this spreading effect to take place without causing interference.

THE claim for the Stenode Radiostat system that it can separate stations only one kilocycle apart implies that this "spreading-out" effect does not take place, that side-bands therefore do not exist—or at least that they are not

necessary for satisfactory reproduction.

Such a claim is altogether in disagreement with present theories, in disagreement with engineers in all countries who have the task of allocating radio stations, in disagreement with radio set designing engineers who work day and night to produce receivers that will pass all the side bands, in disagreement with all engineers who have worked on the problem of television and realize that the task of satisfactorily receiving all the side bands is one of the major problems hindering the realization of television.

Although the claims of very great selectivity without loss of quality have been made for the Stenode Radiostat system it is unfortunate that these claims have not been substantiated (so far as we know) by any definite laboratory tests. Such tests are not difficult to make and would prove conclusively whether the claims made for the system are true. Until such tests are made and definite quantitative figures are published it is not possible (or fair to its designer) to discuss in detail the merits of the system.

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Radio Digest's November Number for New
Official Log and Call Book

K

- KBPS.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KBPM.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
250 w.—1370 kc.
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.
KEX.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.
KFB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFIM.....Beaumont, Texas
1000 w.—560 kc.
KFJD.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KREL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.
KFGG.....Boone, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
100 w.—1300 kc.
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1120 kc.
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa
250 w.—1200 kc.
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KFJL.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KFJY.....Port Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.
KPLX.....Galveston, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.
KPOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.
KPOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KPLP.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.
KFQD.....Anchorage, Alaska
100 w.—1230 kc.
KPOU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KPOW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFRS.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.
KFSB.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.
- KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas
500 w.—1290 kc.
KFUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KFVD.....Calver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KFWL.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.
KFXF.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—920 kc.
KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.
KPYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
500 w.—900 kc.
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KGC.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGCN.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.
KGD.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGDH.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.
KGDH.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGF.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGFQ.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGFJ.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGFV.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KGPX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGGP.....Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.
KGFH.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGH.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KGHM.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.
KGR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGIN.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGIJ.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.
KGBK.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KGM.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.
KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.
KGNU.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.
KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—900 kc.
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.
KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.
KLP.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—930 kc.
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.
KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.
KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.
KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.
KOLN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.
KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.
KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
1000 w.—1380 kc.
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa
2500 w.—1330 kc.
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.
KSOU.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
1000 w.—1110 kc.
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.
KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.
KTHS.....Hot Springs National
Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.
KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.
KTN.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.
KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.
KTTA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.
KTSJ.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.
KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.
KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.
KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.
KVL.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
- KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
500 w.—1220 kc.
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.
KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.

W

- WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.
WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.
WABI.....Banger, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.
WAIU.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1400 kc.
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
10,000 w.—800 kc.
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.
WBMM.....Chicago, Ill.
25,000 w.—770 kc.
WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.
WBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.
WBN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1230 kc.
WBMS.....Haekensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—860 kc.
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WBSO.....Wellesley Hills, Mass.
250 w.—920 kc.
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
5000 w.—1080 kc.

WBTM Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WBHC Emory, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WHN New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.	WLBG Petersburg, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WOL Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—640 kc.
WBZ Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.	WEHS Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WHO Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.	WBL Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.	WOKO Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.
WBZA Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.	WELK Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WHOM Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WLBW Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.	WOL Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WCAC Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.	WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich. 100 w.—590 kc.	WHLP Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WLBX L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WOMT Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCAD Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.	WENR Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.	WLAS Ottumwa, Iowa. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLBZ Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.	WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.
WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.	WEPS Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WLBA Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WLEX Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WOPI Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WCAH Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.	WEVD New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.	WIBM Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WLEY Lexington, Mass. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WOQ Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
WCAJ Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.	WEW St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.	WIBO Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—560 kc.	WTLB Elgin, Ill. 25000 w.—720 kc.	WOR Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.
WCAL Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WFAA Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.	WIBU Poynette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WLIT Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.	WORC Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WCAM Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WFAN Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.	WIBW Topeka, Kansas. 1000 w.—580 kc.	WLOB Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WORD Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.
WCAO Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.	WFBE Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.	WIBX Utica, N. Y. 300 w.—1200 kc.	WLS Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—870 kc.	WOS Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.
WCAP Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WFBG Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WICC Bridgeport, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.	WLSI Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WOV New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.
WCAT Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFBM Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WIL St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WLTH Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WOW Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.
WCAU Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.	WFBP Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1270 kc.	WILL Urbana, Ill. 500 w.—890 kc.	WLVA Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10000 w.—1160 kc.
WCAX Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFBR Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WILM Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLW Cincinnati, O. 50000 w.—700 kc.	WPAD Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.
WCBA Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.	WFDF Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WIOD Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WLWL New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.	WPAP Cliffsides, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCBD Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WFDV Talladega, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WIP Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.	WMAC Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.	WPAW Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCBE Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.	WFDW Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.	WIS Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.	WMAF Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WPCC Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—560 kc.
WCDA New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.	WFL Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WISJ Beloit, Wis. 500 w.—560 kc.	WMAK Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WPCH New York City 500 w.—810 kc.
WCFL Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.	WFLW Akron, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.	WISN Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.	WMAL Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.	WPEN Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1500 kc.
WCGU Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WFLA Clearwater, Fla. 2500 w.—620 kc.	WJAC Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMAQ Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.	WPG Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.
WCKY Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.	WGAL Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WJAG Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.	WMAY St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WPOE Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WCLB Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WGBB Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WJAR Providence, R. I. 400 w.—890 kc.	WMAZ Macon, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.	WPOR Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.
WCLO Kenosha, Wis. 100 w.—1290 kc.	WGBS Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WJAS Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.	WMBA Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WPSC State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.
WCLS Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WGBF Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.	WJAX Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.	WMB Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WPTF Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.
WCMA Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WGBI Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.	WJAY Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.	WMBD Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQAM Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.
WCOA Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.	WGBS New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJAZ Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.	WMBF Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WCOB Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.—880 kc.	WGCM Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WJBC La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCOD Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WGCP Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.	WJBL Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WCOH Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGES Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—1360 kc.	WJBO Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WCRW Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGH Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WJBT New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WCSC Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.	WGL Fort Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WJBT-WBBM Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.	WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCSS Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WGM St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WJBU Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WCSS Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.	WGN Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.	WJDX Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.	WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WDAE Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1220 kc.	WGR Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.	WJFD Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.	WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WDAF Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.	WGST Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.	WJGS Gary, Ind. 1250 w.—1360 kc.	WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WDAG Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.	WGY Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.	WJIR Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.	WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WDAH El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.	WHA Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.	WJIS Alexandria, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.	WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WDAY Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WHAD Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.	WJW Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WDBJ Roanoke, Va. 500 w.—930 kc.	WHAM Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.	WJZ New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.	WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WDBO Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—1120 kc.	WHAP New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WKAQ San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.	WMBD Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WDEL Wilmington, Del. 350 w.—1120 kc.	WHAS Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.	WEAR E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WMBF Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WDGY Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.	WHAT Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WKAU Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.	WHAZ Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.	WKBB Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WDRS New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.	WHB Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—860 kc.	WKBC Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WDSU New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WHBD Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBF Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WDWF Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHBF Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WKBH La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.	WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WDZ Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.	WHBL Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WKBK Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.	WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WEAF New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.	WHBO Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WKBQ Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WEAL Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.	WHBU Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WKBQ New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.	WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WEAN Providence, R. I. 500 w.—780 kc.	WHBY Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WKBS Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WEAO Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.	WHDF Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WKBV Connorsville, Ind. 150 w.—1500 kc.	WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WEBC Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.	WHDH Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.	WKBW Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.	WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WEBQ Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHDL Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.	WKJC Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WEBR Buffalo, N. Y. 200 w.—1310 kc.	WHEC Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.	WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.	WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WEDC Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WHFC Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WKY Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.	WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WEEI Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.	WHIS Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLAC Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.	WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
	WHK Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1390 kc.	WLB Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
		WLBW Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBJ Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBK Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBL Peoria, Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
			WMBP Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQDV Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
			WMBG Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAN Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
			WMBH Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQAO New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
			WMBI Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQBC Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.

WSJS... Winston-Salem, N. C.
100 w.—1310 kc.
WSM... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—650 kc.
WSMB... New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.
WSMK... Dayton, Ohio
200 w.—1380 kc.
WSPA... Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.
WSPD... Toledo, Ohio
1000 w.—1340 kc.
WSSH... Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.
WSUI... Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.
WSUN... Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.
WSYR... Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.
WTAD... Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.
WTAG... Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.
WTAM... Cleveland, Ohio
50000 w.—1070 kc.
WTAQ... Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.
WTAR... Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.
WTAW... College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.
WTBO... Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.
WTFI... Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.
WTIC... Hartford, Conn.
50000 w.—1090 kc.
WTMJ... Milwaukee, Wis.
2500 w.—620 kc.
WTNT... Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.
WTOC... Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.
WWAE... Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.

WWJ... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.
WWL... New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.
WWNC... Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.
WWRL... Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.
WWVA... Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.
WXYZ... Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 50w.
CPCA - CKOW - CNRT, To-
ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc,
500w.
CFCP, Montreal, P. Q.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-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., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CPLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CPNB, 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,
930 kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880 kc, 100w.
CHWC-CPRC, 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.
CJCC-CNRI, London, Ont.,
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P.
Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B.
C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.

Toronto, Ont., 517.2m,
580.4kc, 500w.
CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKI, Wolfville, N. S.,
322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKJC - CHCT, Red Deer,
Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg,
Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
357.7m, 840kc, —w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m,
622.4kc, 50w.
CMBO, 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,
923kc, 250w.
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, 9143.kc,
250w.



Comparatively few women's voices are really adaptable to broadcasting no matter what culture and training is back of them. In the above picture may be seen four women who have been able to blend their voices in harmony for Radio listeners so that they have become known from coast to coast. They are the Aerial Four of KHJ, Los Angeles. Many letters have been received from listeners along the Atlantic seaboard stating that they had been heard from the City of the Angels.

Chain Calendar Features

See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 104

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
CHEERIO— 8:30 a.m.	7:30	6:30	5:30
WEAF	WEEI	WCKY	WRC
WJAR	WJAR	WGY	WCSH
WCAE	WVJ	WOW	WDAF
KSTP	WAPI	KPRC	WFI
WBR	WJAX	WPTF	WTAG
WQAI	CKGW	WIOD	WHAS
WFLA	WSUN	WTAM	WSM
WVIC	WIBO	WJDX	

Sunday

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
8:00 a.m.	7:00	6:00	5:00
WJZ	WJR	WBAL	KWK
WIBC	WBC		

THE BALLADEERS—	7:00	6:00
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

MORNING MUSICAL—	7:00	6:00
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

LAND O'MAKE BELIEVE—	8:00	7:00
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—	8:50	7:50
10:50 a.m.	9:50	8:50
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

JEWISH ART PROGRAM—	9:30
12:30 p.m.	11:30
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—	10:30
1:30 p.m.	12:30
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

BALLAD HOUR—	11:30
2:30 p.m.	1:30
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

PAUL TREMAINE AND HIS ORCHESTRA	12:00
3:00 p.m.	2:00
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

THE FRIENDLY HOUR—	1:00
3:00 p.m.	2:00
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—	1:30
3:30 p.m.	2:30
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

CATHEDRAL HOUR—	2:00
4:00 p.m.	3:00
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WJR	WBAL	KWK
WIBC	WBC		

MYSTERY HOUSE—	5:00	4:00
7:00 p.m.	6:00	5:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

EL TANGO ROMANTICO—	5:05	4:05
7:05 p.m.	6:05	5:05
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—	5:30	4:30
7:30 p.m.	6:30	5:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—	5:35	4:35
7:35 p.m.	6:35	5:35
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—	5:45	4:45
7:45 p.m.	6:45	5:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

ENNA JETTIC MELODIES—	6:00	5:00
8:00 p.m.	7:00	6:00
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—	6:05	5:05
8:05 p.m.	7:05	6:05
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL ORCHESTRA—	6:30	5:30
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—	6:30	5:30
8:30 p.m.	7:30	6:30
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

JESSE CRAWFORD—	6:45	5:45
8:45 p.m.	7:45	6:45
WABC	W2XE	WEAN
WLBZ	WCAU	W3XAU
WMB	WHP	WNC
WRC	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ
WVJ	WJAX	WVJ

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
5:00 p.m.	4:00	3:00	2:00
WJZ	WJR	WBAL	KWK
WIBC	WBC		

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—	6:15	5:15
9:15 p.m.	8:15	7:15
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

IN THE TIME OF ROSES—	6:45	5:45
9:45 p.m.	8:45	7:45
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—	7:15	6:15
10:15 p.m.	9:15	8:15
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

AROUND THE SAMOVAR	7:30
10:30 p.m.	9:30
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

MUSICAL MEMORIES—	7:45	6:45
10:45 p.m.	9:45	8:45
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—	8:30	7:30
11:30 p.m.	10:30	9:30
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

CORAL ISLANDERS—	9:00
12:00 Mid.	11:00
WABC	W2XE
WLBZ	WCAU
WMB	WHP
WRC	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX
WVJ	WJAX

NOCTURNE—	9:30	8:30
12:30 a.m.	11:30	10:30
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

THE MANHATTENS—	9:00	8:00
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

MAJESTIC HOME—	9:00	8:00
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—	9:15	8:15
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		



F. Channon Collinge, Music Director of CBS. Conducts the Cathedral Hour every Sunday at 4:00 p. m. EST

MORNING MELODIES—	7:00	6:00
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKLES MAN—	7:00	6:00
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—	7:00	6:00
9:00 a.m.	8:00	7:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—	7:30	6:30
9:30 a.m.	8:30	7:30
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

THE MANHATTENS—	8:00	7:00
10:00 a.m.	9:00	8:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

MAJESTIC HOME—	9:00	8:00
11:00 a.m.	10:00	9:00
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—	9:15	8:15
11:15 a.m.	10:15	9:15
WEAF	WOW	WSB
WTCM	WTAM	WHO
WOC		

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
CHILDREN'S CORNER
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WKHW WADC WAU WBNB
KMOX KOIL KMBC
WCOO WBOB WSPD WMT
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

BACK FENCE—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WKHW WADC WAU WBNB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHES-
TRA—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR
ORCHESTRA—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45
WJZ WHAM KDKA WJR
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

WARDMAN PARK HOTEL ORCHES-
TRA—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

THE MERRY MAKERS—
4:15 p.m. 3:15 2:15 1:15
WEAF KSD WOC WHO
WCAE WTAG WDAF WWJ
WRC WGR WTAM

ERONY TWINS—
4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MANHATTAN TOWERS—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

CARL RUPP AND HIS WXYZ CAP-
TIVATORS
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
WJZ WBAL WSM KWK
KOA KSD KGO KOL
KFBK KGW KPO WLW
CKGW WRC WHAS KDKA
KSTP KFSB KTAI WAPI
WFAA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
UNCLE ABIE AND
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WEEI WTG WJAX
WFI WRC WCAE WTAG

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
AMOS 'N' ANDY—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJZ WBZA WENR KDKA
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WFLA
WSUN WIOD WKY WRVA
WPTT WJAX WBAL WHAM
KDKA WRC WCAE WTAG
WREN KFAB WTMJ KSTP
WSB WSM WIBC WSMB
WJDX WQAL KTHS 'KVOO
KOA KSL EGO KECA
KRW WRC KOMO KHQ
KFSB KTAI KPRC WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

SINCLAIR OIL—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
WABC WADC WCAO WGHF
WMAQ WKRC WHK KOIL
WMAQ KMOX WSPD KSCJ
KRLL

ROXY AND HIS GANG—
7:50 p.m. 6:50 5:50 4:50
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KWK WSB WSM WKY
KGO KFAB KOA WFLA
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S
CAPITAL—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WEAF WIOD WPTT WJAX
WJAR WTAG WLIT WCHS
KSPD KSD WRC WCAE
WGR WJG WJ WSAI
KSD WOC WDAF WTAM
WOW WHO

A. & P. GYPSIES—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WTG WJAX
WTIC WCHS WLIT WRC
WGY WGR WCAE WJG
WSAI WGN KSD WOC
WDAF WTAM WOW WHO

U. S. NAVY BAND CONCERT—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WJR KYW KWK
WSMB WREN KSTP WIBC
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MINNEAPOLIS HONEYWELL SYM-
PHONY HOUR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC WCCO WISN WPG
WBT WMAL WCAU WSPD
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAX
WCHS WTAG WLIT WCHS
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
ROBERT BURNS
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WHAM WJZ WBZ WBZA
WHEN KDKA KRW EKW
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

SIGN OF THE SHELL—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAX
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC KLZ WKBN WHY
KOL WNAX WHP WKRC
KFPY WCCO WSPD WBBM
KPRC WDAF WJAZ WADE
KDYL WCAH WCAU KOIN
KSCJ KTAI KHJ WMT
WLBW WISN

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE
ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

HEYWOOD BROWN'S RADIO COL-
UMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WEAF WCAE WRC WGY
WGR WFLA WSUN WFI
WCHS WJAX WJG WJG
WAPI WOV WTAG WJDX

CHEERIO—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WEAF WEEI WFI WRC
WGY WGR WCKY WPTT
WTIC WJAX WTAG WCHS
WGY WGR WCKY WPTT
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACK-
BLS MAN—Phil Cook—
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WLV WLS WRC WOC
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

MORNING MELODIES—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WFI WRC
WGY WGR WCKY WPTT
WTIC WJAX WTAG WCHS
WGY WGR WCKY WPTT
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

U. S. ARMY BAND CONCERT—
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU
WMAI WHP WLWB WKWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS—
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
WLW WREN KFEX WJH
KDKA KWK CKGW

O'CEDAR TIME—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WJZ WBZ WEAN WNAC
W3XAU WCAU WMAL WJAS
WLWB WFBW WKBB WADC
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
KDKA WCKY KWK KSCJ
WMC WSB WAPI WSMH
WREN KSTP WBCO WRVA
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

"YOUR CHILD"—
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

THE METROPOLITANS—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00 a.m.
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

RHYTHM KINGS DANCE
ORCHESTRA—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

PETER ARNO'S WHOOPS SISTERS—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
WLBW WIBC WKWB WHK
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLWB WIBC WFBW
WADC WKRC WKBN WKBW
WMAQ KMOX WISN WCCO
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROYAL
ORCHESTRA—
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
WJAS WLWB WIBC WFBW
WADC WKRC WKBN WKBW
WMAQ KMOX WISN WCCO
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ WBZ WBZA WFLA
WSUN WIOD WKY WRVA
WPTT WJAX WQAL
KOA KSL EGO KECA
KRW WRC KOMO KHQ
KFSB KTAI KPRC WFAA

BLACKSTONE PROGRAM—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
WMAI WHP WJAS WLWB
WVNC WDBJ WGST WDDO
WRFC WLAB KRLL KLRA
WXYZ WPG WBT WDAY
WORC

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
THE FLORIAN	WFLA	WFLA	WFLA
8:30 p.m. 7:30	6:30	5:30	
WEAF WJR WTAG WCHS			
WFI WRC WGY WGR			
WCAE WJW WSAI WGN			
RSD WOC WJO WNY			
WDAF WFTS WFTS WFLA			
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA			
WSM WMC WSB WSMB			
WJDX KTHS WDAF KPRC			
WOAI WKY KOA KSL			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WTAR WDBJ WGST WDDO			
WREC WLAC KLRA KLZ			
KPRC KFPY WXYZ WPG			
WBT WMAX WDAY			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
WMAL WHP WJAS WLRW			
WHEC WKBW WADC WBRB			
WKBN KMOX WISN WCCO			
WIBW RFH WBCM WMT			
WVNC WDLJ WBRB WDDO			
WREB KLRA KIZ KDYL			
KFPY ROL WDAY WORC			

Eastern	Central	Mountain	Pacific
PALMOLIVE HOUR			
9:30 p.m. 8:30	7:30	6:30	
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR			
WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC			
WGY WGR WCAE WJL			
WJL WGN KSL WOC			
WOW WSMB KSTP WTMJ			
WHAS WSM WMC WHO			
WSB WJAX KVOO WOAI			
KOA KSL KGO KGW			
ROMO RHQ WFAA KECA			
KPRC			

Wednesday

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT PROGRAM—
8:45 a.m. 7:45 5:45

WABC KJL WGST KMOX		
WGHF KOL KLZ WTOC		
WEAN WIK KFPY KRLD		
WDBO WJAS WKRC KVI		
WDSU WQAM WCAU WMAQ		
KPRC WLAC WDAE KOIL		
WKBW KDYL WCCO WMAL		
WLBW WJAX WFLA WBT		
WSPD KMBC WCAO WPG		
WFBG WOWO WADC		

HENRY AND GEORGE—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WHP WJAS WFLB WFBM		
WKBW WADC WIK WKRC		
WXYZ WQOW WJAX KMOX		
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO		
KPH WSPD		

EVEREADY PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WEAF WEEI WJAX WRC		
WGY WGN WCAE WTAM		
WJL WCR KSD WJO		
WDAF WHAS WSM WMC		
WJAR KOA KSL KGO		
KGW KOMO KHQ WSMB		
WJDX WCHS WJFC WSAI		
WOW WOC		

HAPPY WONDER BAKERS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WEAF WJAX WEEI WTAG		
WCHS WJL WGY WKRC		
WCAU WTAM WJFC WJL		
WJAX WJAX WFLB WJAX		
WDAF WTMJ KSTP WERC		
WHAS WMC WSB WSMB		
KVOO WKY KOA KSL		
WJDX KGO KOMO KMA		
KGW KHQ WHAP WFI		
KPRC WOC WOW		

THE PHILCO SYMPHONY CONCERT—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WADC WHK WKRC WOWO		
KMOX KOIL KMBC WSPD		
WXYZ		

GRAYBAR'S MR. AND MRS.—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC		
WXYZ WQOW WJAX KMOX		
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL		
KMBC WISN WCCO KPH		
WSPD WJAX WFLB WDBJ		
WGST WTRC WREC WLAC		
WDSU KRLL KLRA KFPY		
KTSA KLZ KDYL KJL		
KPRC KOIN KVI KFPY		
KTRH KOL		

WESTINGHOUSE SALUTE—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

KDKA WIZ WJL WJAX		
WBAI KDKA KYW KWK		
WERC WJAX WHAS WSM		
WMC WSMB KGW KPRC		
KOA KSL KGO KHQ		
WPTP WTMJ KOMO WHAM		
WREN WJVA WDAI WCAE		
WSP KECA WCKY		
KVOO WFLA WSUN KSTP		
KTAR KFSB		

CUDDLES AND MONTY—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15

WEAF WEEI WJAX WRC		
WCHS WFI WGY WGR		
WCAE WJW WSAI WGN		
RSD WOC WJO WNY		
WDAF WFTS WFTS WFLA		
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA		
WSM WMC WSB WSMB		
WJDX KTHS WDAF KPRC		
WOAI WKY KOA KSL		

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX HOUR—
10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC		
WXYZ WQOW WJAX KMOX		
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL		
KMBC WISN WCCO KPH		
WSPD WJAX WFLB WDBJ		
WGST WTRC WREC WLAC		
WDSU KRLL KLRA KFPY		
KTSA KLZ KDYL KJL		
KPRC KOIN KVI KFPY		
KTRH KOL		

RADIO-KEITH-ORPHEUM PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

WEAF WEEI WJAX WTAG		
WCHS WFI WGY WGR		
WCAE WJW WSAI WGN		
RSD WOC WJO WNY		
WDAF WFTS WFTS WFLA		
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA		
WSM WMC WSB WSMB		
WJDX KTHS WDAF KPRC		
WOAI WKY KOA KSL		

HEYWOOD BROWN'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WKBW WADC WHK WKRC		
WXYZ WQOW WJAX KMOX		
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL		
KMBC WISN WCCO WJAX		
WSPD WJAX WFLB WDBJ		
WGST WTRC WREC WLAC		
WDSU KRLL KLRA KFPY		
KTSA KLZ KDYL KJL		
KPRC KOIN KVI KFPY		
KTRH KOL		

CHEERIG—
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

WEAF WEEI WJAX WRC		
WCHS WFI WGY WGR		
WCAE WJW WSAI WGN		
RSD WOC WJO WNY		
WDAF WFTS WFTS WFLA		
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA		
WSM WMC WSB WSMB		
WJDX KTHS WDAF KPRC		
WOAI WKY KOA KSL		

BETTY CROCKER—
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

WEAF WEEI WJAX WTAG		
WCHS WFI WGY WGR		
WCAE WJW WSAI WGN		
RSD WOC WJO WNY		
WDAF WFTS WFTS WFLA		
WJAX WIOD WSUN WFLA		
WSM WMC WSB WSMB		
WJDX KTHS WDAF KPRC		
WOAI WKY KOA KSL		

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45

WEAF WEEI WTAG WRC		
WGY WGR WCAE WJW		
WTMJ KSTP WMC WJBC		
WVVA WSM WHAS WJDX		
WAPI WIOD WKOA WIOD		

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00 noon

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WHP WFLB WMAK WADC		
WKRC WAU WKBN WJAX		
WJL WGR WFLB WJAX		
KPH WBCM WSPD WJAX		
WTAR WDBJ WGST WBRB		
WDDO WREC WLAC KLRA		
KLZ KJL KFCB KVI		
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT		
WDAY WORC		

MUSICAL ALBUM—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WHP WMAK WADC WHK		
WKRC WAU WKBN WJAX		
KMBC WISN WCCO WJAX		
WGL WBCM WSPD WMT		
WJAX WFLB WDBJ WGST		
WDDO WREC WLAC KLRA		
KLZ KJL KFCB KVI		
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT		
WDAY		

FOOTNOTES—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00

WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO		
WMAK WHP WFLB WADC		
WKRC WAU KOIL KMBC		
WJL WGR WFLB WJAX		
WMT WJAX WFLB WDBJ		
WDDO WREC WLAC KLZ		
KRLL KLRA KLZ KDYL		
KFCB KVI KFPY WXYZ		
KOL WBT WDAY		

TEA TIMERS—
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30

WEAF WRC KSLA WSB		
WSM KOA WHO WAPI		
WTAM KGO KGW WGY		
KTAR KFSB WTAG WOC		
WIOD WJDX		

COLUMBIA MALE TRIO—
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45

WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO		
WMAK WHP WFLB WADC		
WKRC WAU KOIL KMBC		
WJL WGR WFLB WJAX		
WMT WJAX WFLB WDBJ		
WDDO WREC WLAC KLZ		
KRLL KLRA KLZ KDYL		
KFCB KVI KFPY WXYZ		
KOL WBT WDAY		

"BILL SCHUDT'S GOING TO PRESS"—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO		
WMAK WHP WFLB WADC		
WKRC WAU KOIL KMBC		
WJL WGR WFLB WJAX		
WMT WJAX WFLB WDBJ		
WDDO WREC WLAC KLZ		
KRLL KLRA KLZ KDYL		
KFCB KVI KFPY WXYZ		
KOL WBT WDAY		

JACK ALBIN AND HIS HOTEL ROBERT ORCHESTRA—
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA—
6:05 p.m. 5:05 4:05 3:05

WEAF WRC WGY WGR		
WCAE WOC WHO WRC		
WJAR WTAM		

OZZIE NELSON'S GLEN ISLANDERS—
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15

WABC W2XE WCAO WMAL		
WHP WJAS WLBW WKBW		
WAIU WKBN WBBM KMBC		
WISN WGL KFH WBCM		
WMT WJAX WFLB WDDO		
WREC KRLL KLRA WJAX		
KDYL WXYZ WBT WDAY		

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00

WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO		
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Marcella Shields in the "Old Witches" NBC Wednesday at 8:15 a.m. EST

PHIL COOK—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		

"BACK OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

WEAF WRC KOA WTAG		
WCHS WFLB WJAX		
WGY WCAE WJFC WJAX		
KGW KOMO KFSB WOC		
WDAF WFLB WFLB WFLB		
WAPI KTHS KPRC WKY		

"DIC-A-DOO ENTERTAINERS"—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		

ESKIMO PIE PROGRAM—
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

WABC WCAO WNAC WHK		
WKBW WMAO WBRB WJAX		
WJAS KMOX WFLB WJAX		
WHEC CKAC WCCO WBT		
WGST WBRB		

MANHATTAN MOODS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ		
WAIU WQOW WFBM WBBM		
WISN WCCO KFH WSPD		
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC		
KRLL KLRA KFPY WMT		
KDYL KJL KFCB KVI		
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT		
WDAY		

EAST OF CAIRO—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

WEAF WCHS WGR WOC		
WDAF WJW WJDX WSMB		
WJAR KGO KGW WBO		
WEEI WTAM		

GOLD MEDAL FAST FREIGHT—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WABC W2XE WFAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ		
WAIU WQOW WFBM WBBM		
WISN WCCO KFH WSPD		
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC		
KRLL KLRA KFPY WMT		
KDYL KJL KFCB KVI		
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT		
WDAY		

WADSWORTH PROGRAM—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		

O'CEDAR TIME—
9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15

WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		

CAMEL PLEASURE HOUR—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		
WJL WBAI WREN KFAB		

LA PALINA SMOKER—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC		
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL		
WJAS WLBW WFLB WMAK		
WADC WHK WKRC WXYZ		
WOWO WMAQ KMOX KOIL		
KMBC WISN WCCO WSPD		
WREC		

COCA COLA PROGRAM—
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAR		
WTAG WCHS WLIT WRC		
WGR WCAE WJL WSAI		
WOC KYW WJAX WFLA		
KSTP WRVA WJAX WIOD		
WSM WSMB WKY KTHS		
KPRC WOAI KOA KSL		
KGO KECA KGW RHQ		
KOMO WJDX WGY CKGW		
WDAF WHAS WTMJ KYOM		
WTAM WHO WOV KFSB		
WVIC WSB		

BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO		
WLBW WQOW WFBM WMAQ		
KOIL KMBC WISN WCCO		
WJW WBCM WSPD WMT		
WVNC WTAR WDBJ WGST		
WBRB WDDO WREC WLAC		

Eastern Mountain Central Pacific
COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—

Table with 4 columns: Time, Station, Program, Station. Includes programs like 'THE LADY NEXT DOOR' and 'INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST'.

Table with 4 columns: Time, Station, Program, Station. Includes programs like 'UNCLE ABE AND DAVID' and 'THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM'.

Table with 4 columns: Time, Station, Program, Station. Includes programs like 'EVANGELINE ADAMS' and 'PHIL COOK'.

Table with 4 columns: Time, Station, Program, Station. Includes programs like 'NIT WIT HOUR' and 'TRUE STORY HOUR'.

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Table with 4 columns: Time, Station, Program, Station. Includes programs like 'UNCLE ABE AND DAVID' and 'THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM'.

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Victor Herbert—"As I Knew Him"

(Continued from page 7)

or dance tune that he chose to conduct.

That Herbert was a genius goes without saying. He never stole a melody, consciously or unconsciously, and he never repeated himself. At the same time his compositions have a definite character, a certain something that makes them instantly recognizable.

He worked hard. His day started early. During his last years at Lake Placid I was with him. Long before anyone else in the house was awake he was up and was strolling around the

time and then, lunch finished, he went back to work until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then he tossed aside his work and again went for a long walk. At such times I always went with him. We would climb hills or try difficult trails. This walk, except in midwinter, always ended in a swim in Lake Placid. The lake is cold at all times of the year and especially so in the spring and fall. Yet I have seen him dive into the water when it was so cold that my teeth were chattering. He was a good swimmer

Grove in Philadelphia he never used a score unless he was conducting a selection for the first time. He knew perfectly all the intricacies of the most complicated scores. Once he heard a composition he never forgot it and, if asked to play any part of anything he had ever written, he could do it instantly.

He was fond of children and dogs. He did not like cats.

"Cats are treacherous," he used to say to me. One of his favorite anecdotes concerned a serenade that drove away



One of Victor Herbert's favorite pictures, taken in 1923.

Underwood & Underwood

grounds. After a long walk, he would return to the house and have breakfast. Then he would go to work.

HE WORKED alone. Members of the family and close friends were forbidden to enter the room in which he was composing. There was a piano in that room and occasionally one could hear the strains of a melody being born. Most of his music, however, came from his head and went on paper before it was played. He didn't get his melodies by fingering piano keys; they first came from his mind.

He worked from breakfast until lunch

and, next to walking, that was his favorite recreation.

He never played golf and he hated cards. He considered the latter a waste of time.

After his swim came dinner. Then a few hours more of work and he was ready for conversation. The day always ended with conversation—preferably accompanied by liquid refreshments. He disapproved of prohibition and predicted that dire things would result from it. How right he was still is a matter of general argument.

I have seen few men with a memory for music that equalled Herbert's. When he conducted his orchestra at Willow

the family cat. He enjoyed telling it.

February 1 was the day of his birth. A number of years ago the Twenty-second Regiment band decided to serenade him on his birthday at his home on Park Avenue. The band gathered in the street in front of his home. It was so cold that the valves on the brass instruments froze and the serenade was impossible from the street. The band crowded into the lobby of the house in which he was living, and struck up a Herbert march.

THE family cat, sitting on a window sill, heard the first blast of the brasses. The cat, according to Herbert,

went right through a pane of glass and was never seen again. As he had never liked the cat and had only permitted it to stay around because Mrs. Herbert liked it, he considered the serenade a complete success.

Herbert was the most genial and generous man I have ever known. On the other hand, at times, he displayed considerable temper. If things did not go right, he was difficult to pacify. Yet every man in the orchestra adored him, and they would sit patiently until his composure returned. A few minutes later he would be apologizing for his outburst.

He was always "the old man" to his musicians. Even to men twenty and thirty years older, he was "the old man." Yet, when they addressed him face to face, he was always "Mr. Herbert."

He enjoyed his audiences and always played up to them. He was a great showman and had an Irish accent that he used before an audience.

HE CONSIDERED that his greatest light opera was "Eileen," an operetta set in his native Ireland and composed in a distinctly Irish vein, but with all original themes. He was most proud of his grand opera "Natoma."

"The Irish Rhapsody" was a favorite composition, but he did not claim credit for it, as the composition was based on Irish folk tunes. While it was Herbert who collected and arranged the themes to the point where he was the actual composer of the selection, he always pointed out that he was merely the arranger.

Herbert was meticulous in his dress and was a strict observer of all conventions. He had but one peculiarity: he always wore a green knitted tie excepting when in full dress. When conducting a concert he worked so hard that he invariably found it necessary to slip out during intermission and make a complete change of dress clothes.

He was a great admirer of the Viennese tradition in music. During his youth he played first cello in an orchestra directed by Johann Strauss.

He was an incurable optimist. No matter what he was composing, he was sure it would be a success. His "Red Mill", one of his most famous operettas, opened in Rochester. It was branded a failure. However, Herbert insisted that

it was a good production. The following week it opened in Buffalo, where it was heralded as a great success. It eventually became one of the biggest hits that Herbert ever had.

His best known selection, perhaps, is "Kiss Me Again" from "Mademoiselle



Harold Sanford

Modiste." The number was added after the show had opened. For some time Fritzi Scheff, star of the production, refused to sing it. It wasn't suited to her voice, she said. Herbert finally prevailed upon her to try it. Since that time "Kiss Me Again" and Fritzi Scheff have been synonymous.



A Group of America's Leading Composers. Left to right: Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, Victor Herbert, Gene Buck, John Phillip Sousa, Harry Von Tilzer, and Charles K. Harris.

Victor Herbert died all too soon. He could have given much to Radio broadcasting. He would have liked broadcasting, for he liked anything that gave him a vast audience. He would have fitted well into broadcasting, for he had

the ability necessary to meet the insatiable demand of the Radio public for more and better music.

I believe that the greatest tribute paid Victor Herbert is the enthusiastic response of Radio listeners to all his compositions and their oft-repeated requests for "more Victor Herbert."

"Old Timer" Signs Off

(Continued from page 85)

ton, Pa., and shortly after his birth, his family moved to a still smaller town, Sharon, incidentally, the original for the town of Middlesex in the "Abner" series. It was in Sharon that he came into contact, as a boy, with a garrulous old Irishman, who seemed the embodiment of wit, humor and aged wisdom.

LISTENERS who have missed the Old Timer since Pat's departure from WGN will be interested in learning that he contemplates resuming the dialogues in a new recorded program.

Pat first sprang into prominence back in 1926 when he rolled up sufficient votes to take second place and win the silver cup in the Radio Digest's contest to find the most popular announcer. In 1927 he came back to win first place and the gold cup. He has been on the air nearly 20,000 hours. He came to Radio after a successful career as a playwright and actor in his own show, "A Buck on Leave," which he first produced before the A. E. F. in France, and then sent on a highly successful tour of this country.

Pat had this to say about his departure from WGN:

"I had some reason to believe that my efforts at WHT were appreciated by the Radio audience, but I never knew how widespread popularity could be until I joined Station WGN. Its tremendous audience took me to its heart at once.

"I left with the deepest of regrets. If you've stood on the sidelines like I have and wondered about WGN's never-failing popularity, you will understand it only by becoming a part of its organiza-

tion and coming into contact with the men who direct its programs. Where most Radio stations depend on the inspirations of one man or a small group, WGN can boast of a staff that is the equal of any in the country."

Herbert Hoover Anecdotes

(Continued from page 11)

might bring. He had made the broadcasters a promise that he would speak before the microphone. It was the breaking of his faith with them that made him regret the occurrence, unintentional as it was.

His consideration for a visible audience was evidenced at the formal opening of the Ohio river's newly-dredged deep-water channel. A heavy rain was falling when the President's party, on board the Steamer Greenbrier, arrived at Louisville. In fact the rain had accompanied the steamer on her entire trip up the river. Mr. Hoover was scheduled to speak from the deck of the Greenbrier as soon as she docked. His address was to be broadcast and the Radio engineers were waiting to bring the microphones and their communication wires aboard.

On the docks and river bank many crowds were standing in the cold penetrating rain. Umbrellas afforded but little protection against the elements. Dry feet were at a premium. Even the weather was adding its bit toward making the channel which was about to be dedicated an inch or two deeper than specified by the navy engineers.

Rather than expose these people to further discomfort, with the possibilities of an aftermath of illness, the President requested that the exercises be transferred to an interior location. Arrangements were made immediately for the ceremony to take place that evening in the American Legion auditorium in Louisville. The crowd was dismissed. The time for the broadcast was shifted accordingly.

The weather was still extremely moist when the time came to start the sheltered ceremony that evening. For this reason the huge hall was filled to about one third of its capacity. It was a dismal failure as a public appearance for the President but a tremendous success as a Radio broadcast. Those who ordinarily would have been present remained with their feet in front of the well known fireside and their ears in front of the equally well known loud-speakers.

BECAUSE of this unsatisfactory ending to a scheduled ceremony Mr. Hoover decided to make all future speeches, whenever possible, from the White House by Radio. Had this procedure been followed at the dedication of the Ohio river deep-water channel the rain-water interference would not have made necessary a last minute change in the arrangements. That part of the program which included the President's address would have been a Radio broadcast only. Not a personal appearance. It was his presence on board the steamer

which brought out thousands of eager spectators to stand in the downpour. To Mr. Hoover this seemed an unnecessary exposure now that Radio has become an institution in the American home. When that same Radio made it possible



© Henry Miller

A special standard with a bracket of microphones has been made for the convenience of the President in broadcasting.

for them to listen without being present at the postponed address the President held the absent ones blameless. The situation only served to strengthen our President's conviction in the ability of Radio to handle the majority of all addresses in better shape than public appearances.

White House broadcasts take place in the Lincoln Study. About four minutes prior to the time set for the start of one of these broadcasts Mr. Hoover enters the room and takes his place at the desk, where the microphones already are arranged. He reads the first few sentences of his speech just as he will read them for the actual pick-up and the Radio engineers set their controls. This short rehearsal makes it possible for them to

adjust the volume so that the President's first words will not be lost to the listeners while the operators are seeking to find the proper level for his voice.

During the last presidential campaign the Republican party made eight national broadcasts. Mr. Hoover took part in two of these.

The President is certain that Radio, more than any other one medium, was responsible for the exceptionally large vote cast on election day. The Radio made it possible to place before an interested public a clear understanding of the issues at stake. It awakened a desire in the listener to take a personal part in deciding these issues. And as the years go on Mr. Hoover is of the opinion that Radio, more and more, will become a recognized factor in deciding international as well as national political issues.

THE broadcasting of the the daily doings at the Disarmament conference in London unquestionably served its purpose in clarifying that particular international problem in the public mind. That it was instrumental in forcing the ratification and signing of the pact in this country assuredly is true. Expressions of people from all parts of the country gave Congress its cue to act. The will of the majority governed America's final decision. And Radio played a vital part in creating this will of the majority.

It seems strange that after having been commercialized for eight years, an industry could become as important as Radio without giving us something more than a general idea as to just how far reaching it really was. Although everyone respected its powerful influence no attempt to obtain any real statistical data about the ears of Radio until this spring. All broadcasting stations were known but the number of receiving sets and their geographical distribution was a matter of conjecture. The federal Radio commission wanted first hand information. So did the heads of other governmental departments. To this end the director of census added the inquiries concerning receiving sets and potential listeners to the 1930 questionnaire.

How many receiving sets are there in the White House? Seven or eight, I am told.

Is the President a frequent listener to air programs? Yes, indeed.

His favorite programs are speeches of a political or an educational nature. He enjoys the news flashes, too. He is an appreciative listener to programs of good music. All in all, he seems typically American in his choice of programs.

Mr. Hoover is strongly interested in the

development of future programs along educational lines. At no time in the history of the world has the public been privileged to enjoy the advantages of an institution equal to Radio as a distributor of knowledge. This public includes the layman of any age. That the Radio of the future will become the "college of the air" as well as a carrier of diverse entertainment features is the fervent hope of our Chief Executive.

The President never has been a believer in censorship. His policy toward those who have sought to bring about legislative censorship of Radio programs has been "thumbs down." He feels and always has felt that the broadcaster has too much at stake to jeopardize his own reputation and that of his station by permitting objectionable programs to reach the air. There always will be self appointed reformers, usually with a personal grievance, ready to claim that they have heard air material offensive to their sensitive ears. However, the Radio Commission reports that few such complaints are received today.

THE future of Radio as a carrier of commercial and personal messages internationally is of tremendous interest to our President. In February of this year Mr. Hoover exchanged greetings with President Ibanez of Chile to formally open the radio-telegraph system now in operation between the United States and that far away republic. Two months later he extended the greetings of our country to the Presidents of both Chile and Uruguay at the inauguration of radio-phone service to South America.

Oh, yes. There is another reason for the President's interest in Radio. A purely personal one. You see, a young gentleman by the name of Herbert Hoover, Jr., holds the position of director of Radio operations with the Western Airway Express. It is only natural that a son's vocation engage the attention of his father.

Beyond the question of a doubt President Hoover is radio-minded.

(For the cooperation received when gathering material for this article, Mr. Hobart wishes to express his appreciation to K. H. Berkley, manager WRC; George Hicks, NBC announcer; Jack Norton, CBS engineer; also those to whom credit has been extended in the text.)

Gene Rouse, chief announcer of KYW, Chicago, claims a record as the result of his five years and five months of service for the Herald and Examiner in broadcasting 5,000,000 words of news. This, according to some statistical demon, is the equivalent of one hundred average length novels. Twenty-one days of steady reading, twenty-four hours a day, would be consumed by an average person in reading these volumes. Some record!

Jerry Buckley, Radio's First Martyr

(Continued from page 25)

him joy, he was shot down in the lobby of the hotel where he had been making his home during the campaign. He had lived there because of the many threats against his life; he wanted to go on living until his work was done.

WHEN news of his death found its way throughout the city the people refused to believe Jerry had been killed. As one man expressed himself: "It just couldn't be possible." But when the newspapers came out with the story there was no doubting.

A few days later came the funeral; a quiet morning, a darkened home. Suddenly came cars by the thousands, mostly cheap and battered little cabs—the motive power of the Common Herd. Trucks, delivery wagons, a coal cart, patient children, overalled men who were tired from long walks clear across the city—men who had not worked in a long time and to whom carfare meant a fortune—all had come to bow at the bier of their friend.

There were far more dresses of calico than silk; more faces lined with care than bright with success; more hands blackened by toil than fresh with leisure.

Thirty thousand men, women and children came, passed through the darkened house, and out again into the drear realities of life.

"His voice seemed to rest me so when I'd come home from work," a woman sobbed. A man behind her crossed himself.

"I'd have gone crazy this spring—with no work or nothing—if I hadn't listened to him," a man said brokenly. "He made me think there was somebody who cared for me."

And so they came—and went—back into life. And those who carried Jerry to his grave were judges and men who had worked with their hands, believers and non-believers. The services were military and in charge of the Spanish-American War Veterans.

NOW that he is gone his spirit still lives. Thousands of letters to WMBC and to the newspapers continue to pour in. From a hospital comes this: "Many times Mr. Buckley has brought into our lives a load of sunshine and his every appearance here was a time of great rejoicing. Now he has gone, but I am sure that in the hearts of all the patients there always will be a corner reserved for our true friend, Jerry Buckley.

And another—from a member of the Common Herd:

"These days, I hardly know how to act when 6 o'clock comes. I feel as if I had lost a loving friend. Jerry Buckley was the only man in Detroit who was so strong for the common people. Will these people forget him. They will not. There will always be a memory of him, our friend. May God rest his soul in heaven."

The Isle O' Blues—an Oasis in a Desert

While cruising over the wave lengths, we find the Isle o' Blues in a bay of the raging seas of dance music, standing out, verdant and fertile, as a sort of haven for those who are weary of the cut and dried jazz the Radio carries so much and so often. If we stop off at this little island we are greeted warmly by thirteen unsuperstitious men of whom Lloyd Huntley is king and leader.

In other words, Lloyd Huntley's Isle o' Blues Orchestra, numbering thirteen talented musicians, is a panacea for those who like dance music and yet weary of the commonplace. Lloyd Huntley, himself, the young maestro of this gathering, went to Colgate five years and received two degrees there before he came to the conclusion that music was to make him his fame and fortune in the world. His orchestra is the outgrowth of a band he organized when he was struggling as an undergraduate to meet his college expenses. And his present popularity can also be termed as an outgrowth of these same first years which brought him so many successful intercollegiate engagements that at one time he made the purchase of two specially built Cadillacs to carry his orchestra hither and yon to the parties at which their auspices were demanded.

The Isle o' Blues, at one time playing in the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, N. Y., broadcast over WGY, keyed to the National Broadcasting Chain. That is one of the things that caused all of the trouble last New Year's Eve. Lloyd Huntley was delighting the dancers at the College Inn, whose programs were broadcast over WBBM early this year. Another chain wanted him for its programs. The result is already known. National Broadcasting placed Huntley on their Dancing Across the Continent program.

The Langthwaite Pearls

(Continued from page 29)

had this money and your personal jewelry in the jewel-case?" I inquired. "Was it before or after you missed it?"

"Oh, as we were walking across to the hotel!" she replied. "I said to him that I hoped Antoinette and the jewel-case would be all right and mentioned what was in it."

"Didn't Captain Molesworth think it a dangerous thing to risk valuable property in that way?" I asked.

"No; he said Antoinette was not likely to let anybody rob her."

"By the way," I said, "did Antoinette see you with Captain Molesworth?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "She met us in the booking-hall at King's Cross."

"This is a rather delicate question, Lady Langthwaite," I said, "but it is easily answered. Was this maid of yours in your confidence?"

"No!" she replied promptly. "She knew nothing."

"And suspected nothing?" I suggested.

"I do not see why she should," replied Lady Langthwaite.

"During the time you were in the hotel at King's Cross did Captain Molesworth ever leave you, Lady Langthwaite?" I inquired.

"He left me for a little while to send a telegram," she replied.

"How long?" I asked.

"**A**BOUT a quarter-of-an-hour," she said, staring at me. Then suddenly bursting out, she exclaimed, almost angrily: "Why do you ask these questions about Captain Molesworth? What has he got to do with it?"

"Those are questions which you must not ask me, Lady Langthwaite," I answered. "Let us forget that you asked them. One more, and I have done. You, of course, lunched with Captain Molesworth in a private room at the hotel. Now, after you entered that room, did you leave him alone in it?"

She stared at me more wonderingly than ever.

"Yes, for a few minutes," she answered.

"That was before he went out?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, half peevishly.

I rose from my desk.

"Very good, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "That is all we can do at present. Your object is to recover the jewel-case and to avoid all knowledge of its loss coming to the ears of Lord Langthwaite."

"Yes,—oh, yes!" she exclaimed.

"And yet," I said, "if your original plans had been carried out, Lady Langthwaite, the Earl would have heard of his loss in—less pleasant fashion."

She hung her head at that and said nothing.

"I am to understand, I suppose, that

the original plans will now be altered, or postponed—?" I asked, regarding her keenly.

"Oh!" she burst out. "I don't know what to do—I am so wretched, so miserable! Everything has gone wrong. Even if I were to go and tell Lord Langthwaite, I am frightened to death of doing so—he has so often been angry with me for allowing Antoinette to take charge of the jewel-case, and only last week I promised that I would never allow it out of my sight."

"**A**H!" I said. "I see—I see! Well, now, Lady Langthwaite, be guided by me. Where are your trunks? In the left luggage office at King's Cross? Very good—now go there, collect them, and drive to some hotel and remain there until you hear from me this evening—and in the meantime see no one, not even Captain Molesworth. What hotel will you go to?"

"I will go to Claridge's," she answered. "But—why may I not see Captain Molesworth? He will be anxious to know the result of my interview with you."

"I will inform him of that myself," I said. "Leave all to me, Lady Langthwaite—go to Claridge's and remain in absolute quiet until I call this evening. I hope—and I believe—I shall be able to relieve your anxiety in some way. But you must obey my wishes."

She hesitated a little, but finally promised to do what I wished. I took her downstairs, and put her into a cab for King's Cross. And that done, I went back to await the wire from Saxonstowe, and to reckon up the precise value of the information I had received from my foolish client.

Captain Molesworth! Well that gentleman was known to me. I know nothing of an absolutely criminal nature against him, but I did know that he was on his last legs from a financial point of view, and that the country was getting a bit too hot for him. A friend of mine, engaged in similar pursuits to my own, had told me only a few days before this adventure that Captain Molesworth was very much in Queer Street; and could it be possible that at such a juncture he was going to saddle himself with all the trouble which would necessarily arise from running away with a young peeress, the wife of a famous nobleman? My own opinion was that he was after what ready money the Countess of Langthwaite could get together.

Naturally, I had formed a conclusion while Lady Langthwaite was with me. That conclusion may seem a very obvious one, but obvious conclusions are usually safe ones. I believed that Molesworth had gone off with Antoinette and the

jewel-case. It seemed to me that it came to this; he had known that his cousin would carry a considerable sum in cash and in jewels with her; he had found out that all this wealth was in the jewel-case left with the maid. Leaving Lady Langthwaite in the hotel he had gone back to the station and arranged matters with Mademoiselle Antoinette, who had forthwith taken her departure. Packing his cousin off to me, where he knew she would be engaged for some little time, he had repaired to the Frenchwoman and they were now no doubt in the first stages of a flight.

Such was my theory, and I think most people would have formed it on the facts. Obviously, with such a theory, I must seek Captain Molesworth.

But first I wanted the telegram from Saxonstowe.

It came soon after four o'clock. The five thousand pounds had been paid to Lady Langthwaite in fifty notes of one hundred pounds each, the numbers of which were given in the telegram.

I had my own idea as to the precise value of this telegram. I put it into my pocket-book and went off to the Bank of England.

That solemn establishment was already closed, of course, but I had means of entrance to its high places. And within a very short time I discovered that Lady Langthwaite's notes had been exchanged for gold at the West-end branch of the Bank of England at ten minutes past three—just about five minutes after the time at which the Countess began to unfold her woes to me in Jermyn Street.

I suddenly saw what I conceived to be the true light on this matter. Molesworth, when he left Lady Langthwaite at the hotel on the pretext of sending a telegram, must have gone straight to Antoinette, procured the jewel-case on some pretext, abstracted the notes, and returned the jewel-case to the maid. This upset my first theory, but it was obviously more correct, this second one. But if it was—where was Antoinette?

TO CONVINCING myself that it really was Molesworth who had dealt with the notes I sent to the West-end branch where they had been exchanged for gold, taking with me from Threadneedle Street certain credentials which immediately procured me audience of the agent. His staff was still on hand, and I had no difficulty in getting the information I wanted. The notes had been brought to the bank by a commissioner, who, assisted by the driver of a taxi-cab, had carried away the gold in a strong leather bag. The clerk who had dealt with the matter gave me a description of the commissioner, and in less than half-an-

hour I ran him to earth outside a famous restaurant in the St. James's district. And then I found that it was certainly Captain Molesworth who had dealt with the five thousand pounds' worth of notes. He was well-known to the commissionaire, whose return from the bank he had awaited at the St. James's Street end of Jermyn Street. A cool customer, I thought, to carry on his operations under the unconscious nose and eyes of his beautiful and much-duped cousin!

A MAN cannot conveniently carry five thousand pounds of gold about him, much as most of us would cheerfully do so for the mere possession of it. What had Molesworth done with this gold? Why had he been in such haste to change the notes? I learnt from the commissionaire (who was communicative enough when I disclosed my identity) that he had gone off in the very taxi-cab that had brought the gold from the bank. And the commissionaire added that he knew the driver of that cab very well by sight; and that he was bound to come back to a stand in St. James' Street, sooner or later.

As luck would have it, the driver came back while the commissionaire and I were talking. Questioned, he made no objection to giving me the information I wanted. He had driven Molesworth to a certain well-known *bureau de change*, had helped him to carry the gold inside, had been paid off, and had left him. How long since was that? Oh, well, about two fares since. It would be about half-past three, he said, when he set Molesworth down. I glanced at my watch: it was now well past five o'clock.

I told this man to drive me to the *bureau de change*. There I met distinct opposition, a direct rebuff. They showed me, not quite metaphorically either, the door. I was in a vexatious plight.

I WALKED out into a by-street, wondering what to do. I felt confident as to what Molesworth had done. He had changed that gold into Continental paper money—most likely French bank-notes. He would be off to the Continent. But when, where, and how? He was scarcely likely to go openly from Charing Cross or Victoria, or any of the London stations, for he would know that sooner or later suspicion must fall upon him. For it seemed to me that the position was now clear—the thief was Molesworth, and the loss of the five thousand pounds was a mere flea-bite compared with the loss of the famous Langthwaite pearls.

But where was that Frenchwoman—Antoinette? Was she in it, or was she out of it? Well, Molesworth was certainly in it, and I must go for him. I jumped into the car, and bade the driver take me to Claridge's Hotel.

I purposely assumed a very solemn and serious expression of countenance as I was shown into Lady Langthwaite's sitting-room.

As the door was closed behind me she came forward with eager eyes.

"You have heard something!" she exclaimed. "You have discovered something!"

"Yes, Lady Langthwaite," I replied at last. "Yes—I have heard something and discovered something. Please sit down and hear what I have to say. My news is very serious."

"You have heard of Antoinette?" she said, sinking into an easy chair and regarding me with a tense expression.

"No," I said. "I have heard nothing of Antoinette, Lady Langthwaite. But I have discovered who abstracted the bank-notes from your jewel-case this afternoon—have discovered it with ridiculous ease."

"Yes! Yes!" she exclaimed. "Who was it?"

I watched her keenly for a few seconds and then decided to tell her the truth straight out.

"Captain Molesworth," I answered abruptly, keeping my eyes on her.

IF I had any doubts as to the Countess of Langthwaite's possession of spirit I had none now. She turned pale, flushed crimson, turned pale again, and leaping to her feet clenched her fists and looked at me as if it would have given her the greatest pleasure to drive a dagger through my heart.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "How dare you? This is unbearable, this is—"

"Lady Langthwaite," I said quietly, "the bank-notes which you obtained at the Saxonstowe and Normanchester Bank yesterday, and brought in your jewel-case to King's Cross this morning, were exchanged for gold by Captain Molesworth at the West-end branch of the Bank of England soon after three o'clock this afternoon. That, unpleasant as it may sound or be, is the truth."

She went paler and paler as I spoke, and once I thought she would have fallen in a faint; instead, she sat down, clasped her hands tightly together between her knees and rocked herself to and fro.

"He may not have meant—" she began hopefully.

"Don't try to excuse him, Lady Langthwaite," I said. "The whole affair was well planned. Now answer me one or two questions. This—this elopement was doubtless arranged while your cousin was staying at Langthwaite?"

She nodded sullenly.

"Did he ask you what money you could bring away with you?" I went on.

"Yes, because he had so little," she answered. "We meant to realize on my jewels."

"And on the pearls?" I suggested.

"No! No!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, no! I was mad to bring them—I meant to send them back."

"I'm afraid that is too late," I said rising. "Now, Lady Langthwaite, let me give you the soundest advice you could

possibly hear from anyone. Go and tell your husband everything. Then we can put the police on this man's track."

She stood tapping her foot on the hearth-rug, and staring at me out of her great frightened eyes. And I saw the exact moment wherein to play my great card had come.

"My own impression," I said, half-carelessly, "is that Mademoiselle Antoinette is with your cousin. Tell Lord Langthwaite the whole truth, and let us set the police to work. They cannot have got far in so short a time."

I saw a dull flame creep into her eyes and her hands clenched themselves.

"Please go away," she said, in a half-choked voice. "Come back in—in two hours. I will decide on what to do by then. I must have time to think."

She closed the door on me herself, and I heard her lock it.

It seemed to me that that decision could only take one form. With those pearls missing the Earl must be informed of what had happened—and his wife must be the one to tell him.

I returned to my office as soon as I had dined. Killingsley was the most obliging of clerks; he never went away as long as there was a chance of my wanting him. Now, as I entered, he handed me a sealed letter which was addressed in an unfamiliar writing.

"This was brought by special messenger an hour ago, sir," he said.

I carried the letter into my private room and cut it open. I drew from it a sheet of note-paper destitute of any address—the communication upon it was hastily written in pencil. I glanced first at the end and saw that the letter was merely initialed. The initials were "G. M."

"Captain Guy Molesworth," I said to myself, spreading the sheet out. "Now for some more light—or darkness."

"DEAR Sir," ran this precious epistle, "I sent my cousin to you this afternoon in relation to the loss of her jewel-case at King's Cross Station somewhat earlier. As I don't wish her to remain in suspense longer than is necessary I write to you as to what I know of this affair. You will kindly communicate to Lady Langthwaite what I have to say.

"I may as well be brutally frank, and confess that when my cousin told me of the existence of the five thousand pounds in notes in her jewel-case, I made a very hasty alteration of my plans. It had been my original plan to obtain the five thousand pounds from her this evening; her remark that the sum was in the jewel-case left in the maid's custody, showed me a better way, and also a way which would not involve Lady Langthwaite any further with me.

"On entering the private room at the hotel to lunch, my cousin left me for a few moments. She also left, lying under her hand-bag, a bunch of keys, one of which I knew was that of the jewel-case. I took the keys, made an excuse

to her when she returned, and went back to the station. The maid, who knew me very well, made no objection when I said that her mistress wanted the jewel-case. She handed it over at once, and I carried it to the hotel, possessed myself of the notes, and took the case back to Antoinette. I saw Antoinette then pass into the refreshment-room carrying the jewel case with her.

"WHEN Lady Langthwaite and I went to the station after lunch, we found that Antoinette had disappeared. I immediately saw that it would be very awkward for me to join in any search for her. My own object was attained, and after sending my cousin to you, I set about my own business.

"That business is now finished, and I am off. I may as well tell you that it would be as impossible to track me, or to find me, as to resuscitate Queen Anne. My plans are perfected. I shall never be seen again; I am starting a new life. But I want you to let my cousin know that wherever they may have got to I did not appropriate her jewels. All I wanted was the five thousand pounds. With that I shall make myself a man again.

"That's all—except that I hope Antoinette and the jewel-case will come to hand. I understand that it only contained my cousin's personal adornments—what a catastrophe if the celebrated Langthwaite pearls had been in it!

"G. M."

I folded this communication into its cover, and having looked at my watch, departed for Claridge's. The two hours stipulated for by Lady Langthwaite had gone by, and I was prepared to give her my final advice.

The letter from Molesworth I regarded as a bluff—the most impudent bluff I had ever known of. Did he really think that I was to be taken in by it?

I was admitted at once to Lady Langthwaite. It seemed to me that she had been through a scene with herself: she was very pale and her eyes were unnaturally bright. I lost no time in handing her Molesworth's letter. She read it through, and handed it back to me without comment but with trembling hand.

"Well?" she said.

"LADY LANGTHWAITE," I replied, "there is only one thing to do. Lord Langthwaite must be informed of what has happened. You must inform him yourself in your own way. I have no doubt whatever that Molesworth and your maid were in collusion, and that they met after he left you. The police must be employed, and in order that they may be called upon you must tell your husband of what has happened."

"Then I shall have to tell him—everything," she said. "And that will mean—oh, I don't know what it will mean! I have been a fool, and now—"

"Pardon me," I said, "but I don't know that everything need be told. It was natural for you to travel to London; it was natural that your cousin should meet you. If he and the maid were in collusion, what better proof of your innocence can you have? And again—"

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Before I could proceed further there came sounds outside the door; a deep voice said "This room?" the door opened, and a tall man walked in.

The Earl of Langthwaite.

It was said that the Earl had a reputation for cynical humor which was really not ill-natured. He smiled now as he nodded to his astonished wife and looked rather slyly at me.

"Well, my dear," he said pleasantly, "as I was passing I thought I would call in and ask if you intend staying here or coming round to Berkeley Square. I see, however, that you are engaged with Mr. Campenhaye—I know you by sight Mr. Campenhaye, as I do by reputation—and I have no doubt it is on important business. Eh, my dear."

I bowed to Lord Langthwaite and turned to his wife. She had flushed a little, but she regarded her husband steadily. And with a sudden resolve she came straight to the point.

"William!" she said. "I have lost my jewel-case."

The Earl gave a start of surprise.

"Ah!" he exclaimed.

"It is all my fault," she said. "I—I broke my promise to you. I let Antoinette carry it."

"Ah!" again exclaimed the Earl.

"Antoinette has disappeared with it," continued Lady Langthwaite. "And, William—the family pearls were in the jewel case."

The Earl had turned his back upon me and his wife, and appeared to be studying a picture on the wall. It seemed a long, long time before he faced Lady Langthwaite again.

"You have no doubt suffered greatly because of this?" he said.

She flashed a quick look at him.

"I have been—miserably contrite!" she answered.

I could swear that the Earl's eye twinkled as he regarded her.

"When children say that they are really sorry and have suffered," he said, "the only thing to do is—to forgive them. So we will go home, and see if we cannot find Antoinette and the missing jewel-case."

The Countess looked at him quickly. So did I. The Earl chuckled dryly.

"THE fact is," he said, giving me an arch look. "Antoinette and the jewel-case are at Berkeley Square—safe. You see, I happened to go to King's Cross to meet a friend this afternoon, and I encountered M'am'selle Antoinette strolling out of the refreshment-room with the jewel-case, and as I remembered your promise, my dear, and my warning, I determined to give you a sharp lesson. So I bundled Antoinette into my car without ceremony. She and the jewel-case are quite in safe keeping. Now put your things on and we will go to them."

The Countess left the room in a great hurry, and the Earl turned to me.

"You can keep secrets, Mr. Campenhaye," he said, "so I'll tell you an interesting one. My wife thinks that the real Langthwaite pearls are in that case. They are not. What is in there is a magnificent imitation set, which only certain experts could tell not to be the real ones. I keep that set down at Langthwaite. But the real ones—ah, they are safely locked up in the vaults of the Bank of England."

Terror

(Continued from page 53)

escape from the web of circumstances?

The arrests and trials went ever forward. On June 15th two Catos and one Fortune were condemned to be hanged and a Ben and a Quack to be burned to death. On this same day five Spanish slaves were brought to trial and they complained, through an interpreter, Mr. Gomez: "since Mary Burton was the only white evidence against them and they could speak only in a tongue she could not understand, how could she tell what passed between them?"

But the court suspected that the masters of the slaves had put them up to this clever fetch.

Mary Burton came into court and swore that Antonio had spoken to her often in English and said that "while the New York negroes killed one, the Spaniards could kill twenty."

THE masters of these slaves came into court and swore to their good characters. Mr. Delancey took his oath that her man Antonio had frozen his feet at his farm and could not walk at the time of the plot. A surgeon testified that he had dressed the man's feet.

None the less, the jury found all the Spaniards guilty, though out of courtesy to their masters they were sentenced merely to be hanged.

To encourage the slower-witted slaves, a proclamation was issued now, offering mercy to each and every one who confessed and discovered other guilty ones. This sent all the negroes scurrying to change their pleas from "Not Guilty!" to "Guilty!" and new names began to tumble from their scatterbrains. The judges felt the need of speed for the summer was coming on apace and the fetid jail grew ominous as the source of a plague more dangerous than the fire. The gentlemen of the bar were invited to divide up the negroes in batches for simultaneous confession.

Again the lawyers sacrificed themselves for the town and devoted weary hours to transcribing the maunderings of fear-maddened zanies. But not one lawyer sacrificed himself for the cause of truth; not one threw down his quill and cried:

"I will record no more of this poor wittol's nightmares of fright. The plot is disproved of itself. The town was to be burned at night, yet all the fires occurred by day, a week apart, and all of them were easily quenched."

The trials went on and the flesh-burnings made such a stench that the citizens found them hard to endure. The slaves must have found them still harder.

On the fourth day of July, a date that

meant nothing then, as the negro Ward's Will was broiling and even as the flames purled about him, he set his back to the stake, lifted a brown leg and laid it on the fire, and introduced a novelty.

He cried out that Kane and Kelly, two white soldiers at the fort, had part in the conspiracy. He was one of the more boisterous slaves and he may have risen to the sublimity of a posthumous ironical revenge. If so, it was because he knew his masters better than they knew themselves. These Irish names suggested both discontent in an English garrison and papistry. And papistry was the utmost possible rallying cry for prejudice.

The judges turned to the inexhaustible Mary Burton and she took the hint. She remembered for the first time that Kane had been present at the grand councils of the damned.

She brought in also a solemn young scholar named John Ury, who had never been to the tavern until after the Hughsons were jailed and it had been taken over by a man named Campbell.

Of course Ury was arrested and though he swore he had never met Mary, she answered him doggedly and told of prayers he had held among the negroes. She swore he had heard confessions, too, and had promised the blacks absolution for their sins. He had even told Mary that, no matter what her sin might be, he could redeem her; and had offered her silken gowns if she would take part in the plot to destroy the English and let in the Catholic Spanish and French.

NOW the town, jaded with the incense of smoked negroes, rejoiced in a new wrath. The evil of all evils was at work and the powers of hell were leagued against them under the archfiends of Popery. Once a man was accused of papistry anything inhuman or superhuman could be believed of him, except a decent motive.

The shoddy taproom of the dead Hughsons grew and grew into an anteroom of Rome. Black masses were held there; orgies of ritualistic worship; renewals of all the old fires and slaughters that had seared themselves on Protestant memory.

The clamor often arises and is especially loud today, that crime increases because the courts are slow and lax, too careful of the rights of the accused, too deliberate in execution and too hospitable to appeal.

Let those who raise this bloody cry read in Judge Hirsmanden's book "The New York Conspiracy" what happens when the courts are quick and eager to

condemn, impatient of the defendant's ruses, swift to avenge and deaf to appeal. For there is no room here to recount the climbing fire of persecution, the gluttony for blood increasing to delirium until the judges were but maniacs in ermine.

As the fire in His Majesty's House ran here and there, flung blazing embers across wide spaces and started new fires, so the ferocity of the citizens mounted and leapt across the barriers of reason to flare up in unexpected corners and spread thence to the most unforeseen destructions.

And over all, like a mad priestess of cannibalistic savages, towered little Mary Burton, pouring forth her cursed accusations, pointing this way and that; now breaking back to girlhood and weeping that all she said was lies and everybody hated her; now frothing at the mouth with new deliriums.

Beneath her deadly finger the people cowered, white and black. The negroes bubbled and squeaked in an orgiastic fugue "Not me! but him! I didn't want to! He made me! Don't burn me! Oh Gawd, don't chain me up and blister my poor hide! Take him! or her! or them! but not me! not me! not me!"

And the judges and the jurors sat high, catching the very spittle of rabies, and writing it down as evidence, pointing out this and that and those for the throttling rope or the red-hot chain.

The documents carried the majestic words "The King against Ellison's Jamaica, and Meyer Cohen's Windsor and Murray's Jack" "The King against Bound's Jasper and Duane's Prince and Bosch's Francis" "The King against Mrs. Carpenter's Albany and Marston's Scotland and Burk's Sarah and the negro doctor Harry" "The King against Quamino and forty-one other negroes."

The 18th of July was a gala day. Othello was hanged, along with Venture, Frank, Galloway and Walter's Quack who had been heard to laugh.

FORTUNE behaved at the gallows like a mountebank's fool, jumped off the cart several times with the halter about his neck as if sporting with death." But Doctor Harry even in the lighted pile averred that "he knew nothing of the plot, though if he did he would discover it to save his soul."

On August 15th a Spanish negro Juan de Sylva was hanged, "neatly dressed in white shirt, jacket, drawers and stockings, behaved decently, prayed in Spanish, kissed a crucifix, insisting on his innocence to the last."

The judges were wearying of hanging

and cooking negroes. They released a few for want of "evidence" just to show that the word was still in use. But they loaded the ships with the rest, sending them out shackled to a more degraded slavery in Hispaniola, Madeira, Curacao, St. Thomas.

THE lust of the city now was for the blood of Catholics. Kane the soldier from Athlone in Ireland swore that he knew none of the conspirators, but confronted by Mary Burton, changed his tune and dragged in other soldiers and "the priest, the little man" and a peddler who was arrested and "trembled and cried, but denied."

Mary Burton began to pour forth none but white names now, soldiers, a dancing master, another dancing master.

Sarah Hughson was condemned to hang and respited, condemned again and respited, and finally confessed what she was desired to confess, recanted it all and re-confessed it. She dragged in poor John Ury's name and made him out a mixture of priest and demon.

John Ury asked to be confronted by Mary Burton and Sarah Hughson and his questions and her answers prove, to one who reads today, their perjury. But he was found guilty of the capital offense of "being an ecclesiastical person made by authority pretended from the See of Rome" and of coming into New York province and celebrating masses.

This was enough and he was sentenced to be hanged, and in spite of a most beautiful and heart-breaking plea, which may still be read, his young neck was stretched from the gibbet. He had devoted his final hours to the composition of a farewell address exquisitely worded and thorough. He left it for his epitaph and repeated somewhat of the substance of it before he was turned off.

It began: "Fellow Christians. I am now going to suffer a death attended with ignominy and pain; but it is the cup that my heavenly father has put into my hand and I drink it with pleasure; it is the cross of my dear redeemer, I bear it with alacrity, knowing that all that live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. . .

"I am to appear before an awful and tremendous God, a being of infinite purity and unerring justice, a God who by no means will clear the guilty; in the presence of this God, I lift up my hands and solemnly protest that I am innocent of what is laid to my charge: I appeal to the great God for my non-knowledge of Hewson, his wife, or the creature that was hanged with them; I never saw them living, dying or dead; nor never had I any knowledge or confederacy with white or black as to any plot; and upon the memorials of the body and blood of my dearest Lord, in the creatures of bread and wine, I protest that the witnesses are perjured; I never knew the

perjured witnesses, but at my trial."

He went on to deny that he believed it in the power of man to pardon sin, and accounted the pretence of it the unpardonable sin against the Holy Spirit. He called upon the sinners who watched him die to take thought for their own souls and repent before it was too late.

"In fine, I depart this waste, this howling wilderness, with a mind serene, free from all malice, with a forgiving spirit, hoping and praying that Jesus will convince, conquer and enlighten my murderers' souls, that they may publicly

JOHN GARLAND THE DELIVERER

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confess their horrid wickedness before God and the world."

The result of his eloquence was that the judges still believed what Mary Burton said of him, denounced him as a fiend who debauched slaves to his hellish purposes, and concluded that, while Mary Burton might have exceeded the bounds of truth at times and was probably tampered with towards the last, "but for her, next under the interposition of divine providence, this city would in all probability have been laid waste in ashes."

They resolved that "we ought once a

year at least to pay our tribute of praise and thanksgiving to the Divine Being, that through his merciful providence and infinite goodness, caused this inhuman horrible enterprise to be detected and so many of the wicked instruments of it to be brought to justice, though we have not been able entirely to unravel the mystery of this iniquity; for it was a dark design, and the veil is in some measure still upon it."

The bulk of the townspeople were now fagged out with the whole dreary business. The cynics grew bolder and it was time for a new fashion.

Weariness rather than justice or mercy led the justices at last to give over the burnings and hangings and transportations. There were further alarms and excitements but they were merely flickers in the ashes and the Hughsons and Peggy and John Ury were the only white folk put to death. Only thirteen negroes were baked and only seventeen turned off the cart.

On September 2, the Common Council voted that Mary Burton, "the evidence who detected the conspirators" should have her hundred pounds minus nineteen pounds paid "for the freedom and other necessaries to and for the use of said Mary."

And now the maid of sweet sixteen, rich beyond all her dreams, had only to wait for the final reward of her grisly drudgery. The townspeople had no gratitude for their little savior and she was as lonely as Judas with his thirty pieces of silver. But she hugged her eighty-one pounds to her lonely breast and waited for Tom Wilson to return and help her make a home. She almost prayed that he would come home penniless so that she might lift him from despair to luxury.

But sailors take a deal of waiting for; and the blacks and whites in town glared at her with equal spite now that she was no longer either a terror or a guardian angel. So she retreated to Long Island to watch for the masts of the *Flam-borough*.

It chanced that the ship stole in at dusk one night and Tom Wilson went ashore in haste to seek her at Hughson's tavern. He found new names and faces there and learned in a few appalling hours what devastation had been wrought by the little barmaid.

HE HAD run away from her pitiful helpfulness in tears and remembered her as a child afraid and alone. He came back to find her pictured as a gory harpy dripping with the blood of wretches who had done her no harm. Because of her, the jails had been crammed with frightened innocents; the gallows had been festooned with jumpingjacks that had been men and women; because of her that luckless thirteen had watched their own flesh sputter and fry.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 61)

There was a smell of smoke and of carrion about her, and he thought of her with all the loathing he had acquired for the stool-pigeon, the snitch, the renegade. He had been a thief and had feared the gallows and despised the sneaks who betrayed their fellows with an utter abomination. And his sweetheart had sent men and women to the gallows and the transport ships in droves!

The alehouse keeper Campbell gave him a copy of John Ury's outcry from the grave. It bewitched him with its pathos, its unbearable pity.

THE next day Mary Burton in the prettiest clothes she could buy came over to town to find him. She came soon enough on his trail and traced him all too easily by the hideous things he had said of her. His words were repeated to her with no softening and no more pity than she had shown.

When she found him at last by the waterside near a ship where a *Flamborough* small-boat was moored, he was fighting a squad of sailors who were dragging him back to the ship. He was fighting them with maniac ferocity, but they held him till he caught sight of Mary. Then he stood fast till she ran to him crying:

"Tom, Tom! my darling! I'm free. I'm rich! We can be married. See all the money I have now."

For a moment a look came into his eyes that made his captors grip him with frenzy and brace themselves against his plunge. But there was so much to say that there was nothing to say. His eyes blazed with an ire that burned them out. His nostrils flared with loathing.

Then he seemed to understand that it was only fear that could have dragged the poor, pink, shy, tremulous thing through the deepest hell she had travelled—some hurricane of frightfulness that had tossed her as his ship had been flung at the gale's mercy through no fault of its helpless captain.

He was only a boy and she was only a girl and the world had never given them anything but the worst of it. His eyes filled with tears for her and for himself. He put forth his hands so gently that his friends forbore to restrain him.

And Mary ran into his arms.

When they had ceased to weep together, the sailors had left them and they began to laugh the curious foolish sweet laughter that follows upon tears.

He had a moment's nobility. He seized the money from her hands and flung it into the bay.

But the gesture exhausted his heroism, and he dived in after it and came up with it, dripping and sobered, and greatly in need of warmth.

He handed her her treasure with a silly snicker: "God knows we've earned it!" They embraced once more.

ways into the dungeon-like organ room, the mighty notes of the organ itself, all contributed to give the experience impressiveness. "She can't possibly be as little and child-like as that picture," I told myself.

But she was. "Little Organ Annie," one of her fans named her, and little she is. An absurdly childish figure sitting perched high on the organ bench, her arms and legs stretched out in almost acrobatic positions as she reached for hand and foot pedals and worked the various stops.

It was still her rehearsal time. After a smiling greeting she went on with her playing, working out the combinations that give such richness to her playing. A chubby-faced organ boy was taking her directions. "Number four, add bass to the pedal. Number five, take off solo. May I have the four foot piccolo. Take off the sixteen foot tuba." The organ boy would go behind the organ and do various mysterious things to a board covered with what looked like rows and rows of little safety pins. It was Greek to me but I suppose the above-mentioned bass, solo, piccolo, and tuba were properly added and subtracted.

ANN continued playing, the shutters of the organ room opening and shutting. I could see the rows of pipes which were producing music at Ann's direction.

Every night Ann's *Midnight Melodies* come over WABC closing the day's broadcasting for the Columbia System. Then there are her concerts during the day. She gives twelve programs a week.

She was born in Omaha, Nebr., on June 28, 1906. (But look at her picture, and she looks just like her picture, too, and see if you think it can be true.) She doesn't remember that far back, of course, but she says her family told her that the first step she ever took was in the direction of her sister's piano.

She was only eleven when she made her first public appearance, playing a Mozart concerto with an orchestra. She studied music both in Omaha and in New York with the Damrosch School of Music.

The organ intrigued her and she started out to make herself an accomplished organist. When her family moved to Los Angeles she applied for a position in one of the city's movie theatres, and despite the fact that she had never played a Wurlitzer before, obtained, and more important kept, the position.

Her most difficult position, Ann told me, was playing in a pre-view picture theatre. Without knowing anything about the film she had to play appropriate music. This was where her marvelous memory stood her in good stead.

For Ann, "Go west, young man," was changed into "Go east, young woman." She came to New York, and through Paramount had an introduction to Columbia. Columbia, knowing a good thing when it saw it, or heard it, signed her on for twelve programs a week.

Esther Leaf, Ann's sister, is also a very talented organist, and substitutes for her during her vacations.

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit

Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. They're married, so we can put their names together. And you may hear them every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock over the Columbia network in the Blackstone program—two stage people who have gone over to Radio. And do they regret the footlights. Well, they've named their home in Springfield, "Dunrovin."

"Oh," says Julia, "to be able to stop living in suitcases."

"Oh," says Frank, "to be able to send the laundry out and have it come back before we leave."

Not that they don't like the stage, but they like Radio more. Radio lets them eat their cake and have it too. They can sing and act and still have their own hearth fire.

They live in Springfield, only three and a half hours from New York by the Boston Post Road. When they are through with their program they get in their car and are home by one o'clock. "Yes," says Julia "we're home. And there we stay for the rest of the week. We don't have to pack and unpack trunks and suitcases. They can talk about Radio bringing back the American home, that the family now gathers around the loud speaker, instead of going in various directions, but it's also making possible a home for the people who are broadcasting. And at the same time we reach a vaster audience than we ever could from the stage. And then," with a glance around the studio, "it's so much like a big family down here. So friendly."

BOTH Julia and Frank have had many years of stage experience. Julia, having an actor father, found it easy to make her debut at fourteen. Frank, after graduating as an electrical engineer, made straight for the vaudeville stage. In "Tangerine" Julia teamed up with Frank, and they liked the combination so well they decided to make it permanent. As husband and wife they have played in "Moonlight," "No, No, Nanette," "Queen High," and "Oh, Kay."

Julia is small and blonde and exotic looking. Frank is tall and brown and "outdoorsy." Both please the eye.

Have You Heard Zaro Agha?

(Continued from page 49)

Of the eleven wives who succeeded each other in the life of Zaro there were born twenty-nine sons and seven daughters. His oldest son, Eshref, by his first wife died in Bitlis in 1900 at the age of 101. Osman, a son by his fifth wife died in Bitlis at the age of 97. Zaro was 91 when his last child was born.

"I have seen twelve sultans come and go in Turkey," said Zaro through his interpreter. "The first was Ahmid and I remember him from the time I was a boy of 12."

"You were quite a fighter in your youth?" I inquired.

"**Y**ES, yes, yes," or the equivalent for that word he nodded when my question had been repeated to him. "I was in six wars. I helped drive Napoleon out of Egypt—that was a very savage war."

"You were lucky your days didn't end there."

"Some luck, and by the grace of Allah," he muttered.

"Did you ever see Napoleon in person,"

"No."

"Ever wounded in battle?"

"**B**ullah! Bullah! Bullah!" At least that is how it sounded to me. He tapped his right ankle with his long fingers, then he tapped vigorously on his right leg, just above the knee. I asked about his weapons. He went through as fine a pantomime as ever I saw, showing me how he poured powder into a barrel of an old musket, pounded it down with a ramrod, then aimed, crooking his forefinger to indicate the movement of the hammer as he fired.

"Ever been sick?"

"In a hospital 26 days from a wound," said the interpreter.

It was in 1877 that Turkey declared war on her old enemy, Russia. Now that he had achieved some fame as a centenary Zaro was looked upon as patriarch, Ahmid explained. I turned a little away to look at the slim young Turk who sat on the edge of one of the narrow beds.

"He enlists at 103. Very good effect on young men to fight for their country. He rides a horse—a cavalryman. I hear much about that. I am very proud of him."

I felt an impelling look as one often will under an intense gaze. Zaro was studying me intently through half closed lids while his grandson talked.

"He seems alert," I said.

"We just returned from a trip to Washington and down to the Virginia country home of John Armstrong Chaloner. Zaro was guest of honor at a garden party. He also was entertained by the Turkish ambassador at Washing-

ton, D. C. But he is not at all fatigued."

"He is active—"

"Quite. He becomes restless if he has to sit too long and will exercise by walking up and down in the hall."

"How about his food?"

"He touches no red meat. He eats fruit and vegetables mostly. Now he has taken a great desire for apple pie, which he tasted for the first time since coming to this country."

"What would be his typical diet for a day?"

"For breakfast he would have fruit salad, oatmeal, stewed prunes and buttered toast. Water would be his drink—never any liquors. At noon he will have some string beans, spinach, green peas—and possibly a little fish. For dinner he will have some pea soup, or chicken soup, French pastry, apple pie and a glass of milk."

"How about his teeth?"

"Oh he has just been fitted out with new teeth by your New York dentist, Dr. Julius Sheinman. It is his third set. This is guaranteed for 75 years to come, then he is coming back for a new set. He is quite serious about it. He enjoys life—likes good clothes and always takes pleasure in meeting new friends."

"Still a ladies' man?"

"In one way, perhaps. He has always been highly respectful of women, was way in advance of his times as regards higher recognition for them. Kemal Pasha is a man after his own heart for his attitude toward the women of Turkey, and he is glad to be alive to see his country advance with civilization. Kemal Pasha gives him a banquet each year. He is also frequently feted by other dignitaries of the nation."

I could not tell whether Zaro was able to follow any of our conversation. But I imagined there was a slight flicker of his heavy lids at the mention of the word ladies. He ejaculated a few short words. Assim stepped over and put a hand on his shoulder and there followed a brief conversation that was entirely Turkish to me. Then the interpreter turned to me.

"He says that he danced with some of the ladies while he was in Washington. As I stated, he was the guest of the Turkish Ambassador, Ahmet Muhtar Bey."

I asked about his hours of sleep.

"**Z**ARO usually goes to bed about 10 at night and is up at 5:30 in the morning. Sometimes he will drowse for half an hour in the afternoon. You asked if he was ever sick—I forgot to mention that he was a bit seasick during the 21 days he was on the voyage here."

I looked at the old man. Something interested him from the window. It was time to give a man with 156 years behind him a little rest. As I got up to leave he stood up and gave me another salute. Just imagine—156 years old! You were lucky if you heard him on your Radio.

Television in the Theatre

(Continued from page 95)

that within ten years television will be as accepted as telephoning . . . In the center of a dark curtain you see a small frame of light. Into the frame comes a human face. Flickers pass across it so marked that one almost has the impression that it is seen through the slats of a Venetian blind; and it sways up and down like the waves of the sea . . . Nevertheless it is undoubtedly somebody. You could probably recognize the person if a near relation . . . Altogether, a memorable event and the Coliseum is playing its part in the making of scientific history."

In all of these reviews we find several common thoughts. First, that the demonstration was viewed with much interest by the public; secondly, that the demonstration was looked upon as an experiment; thirdly, that the images were not "perfect".

Without pretending to have a passport into the sanctums of the Baird company we feel that it is probably true that these tests were undertaken, in part at least, to show what could be done in the transmission and reception of television images from an ordinary broadcasting station. They do not represent the best results in television that can be obtained, for if the transmissions were made using short waves, where broad channels are available, much better quality of reproduction could have been obtained.

SUCH demonstrations, imperfect as they are, always are a part of the history of the development of any new device. When the talkies started but a comparatively short while ago someone referred to the quality of the reproduction as resembling, "the bellowing of sea-lions", but to-day that appellation would be entirely undeserved. The development of television may be slow, it may be rapid, but it will certainly advance and demonstrations similar to that given at the Coliseum will form part of that growth. The Baird Television Corp. deserves much credit for having undertaken this important demonstration.

To Broadcast Football

Followers of pigskin clashes will be glad to hear that there is plenty of entertainment in store for them at the hands of Graham McNamee and William Munday, the "Georgia Drawl." NBC plans to paint action pictures of two games every Saturday during the entire season, with the aid of these two word painters.

A novel feature of the broadcasts is designed for the fair sex exclusively. Miss Carmen Ogden of Rochester will describe the smart costumes appearing at each stadium, down to the last button.

The Pickards

(Continued from page 30)

material" are folksongs, negro songs, steamboat songs and old hymn tunes. Characteristically, he accompanies himself on the fiddle, varying that frequently with the banjo, guitar, jews-harp or harmonica.

"A few weeks ago," Dad explained to me recently in his pleasantly indolent drawl, "we got a letter from Mr. Henry Ford's right hand man at Detroit to come out and give a personal appearance before some of the Ford employes. That was easily arranged under the good "artist service" arrangement we have been able to make with NBC. And we gave a pretty good performance too, if I do say so myself, as shouldn't. While we were playing away there for a number of the employes, a slender quiet man slipped into the room. I noticed my wife, who was playing the piano, began to get a little nervous and then I glanced up. It was old Henry Ford himself! and he was listening with a smile on his face as wide as Lake Michigan, and (you know he's crazy about those early American songs!) his foot was tapping out the time on the floor and his head was swinging to the time of the music! Yes, sir!

"I MIGHT have been scared under other conditions—playing before the richest man in America right there in his own domain. But do you know I wasn't scared a bit; it seemed the most natural thing in the world! He got so interested I thought he was going to dance, but he didn't! He just stood there, as interested a listener as the Pickards ever had. And then just as we were playing that famous old reel-tune Sourwood Mountain . . . You know how it goes—

*"I got a gal on Sourwood Mountain
Dum diddle di do, diddle diddle dee!"*

blamed if he didn't jerk a little jews-harp out of his pocket and play with us! And he could play, too! Just as natural as could be! It's a fact, or I hope I may never!

"It was worth the trip out there to Detroit just to see Henry Ford standing there in his office playing that jews-harp and keeping time to Sourwood Mountain. He came over and talked to us afterwards and said some mighty nice things about what we played.

"Did we like him? Yes sir, he's simply fine—the pleasantest spoken, most modest man you'd find in ten states! I swear he reminded me of the old-time southern gentleman that I used to know down in Tennessee . . .

"I am mighty glad of the opportunity to play and sing these old ballads and folksongs. I feel that we are doing something

worth while, for we are helping to preserve something very sweet and fine which otherwise would be lost. The favorites among the old ballads are *Barbara Allen* (twelve different versions to that song!) *Red River Valley*, *Kitty Wells*, *the Little Rosewood Casket*, *Sourwood Mountain*, *Froggy Went A-Courtin'*. Then there's a bunch of old negro songs that are favor-

In NOVEMBER RADIO DIGEST the story of a Radio City

The greatest cultural center of modern times is being planned for New York. It will cost \$250,000,000. It will be a city of wonders. The next issue of Radio Digest will describe in detail the many marvels this great Radio Center is to contain.

Don't miss this number.

ites. And when I say old negro songs, I mean old ones—not "blues" and jazz baby stuff. There was one that was called Old Zip Coon, a hundred years ago. Later they changed the name to *Natchez-Under-the-Hill*, and you could hear that old song on the steamboats any time, down on our little Cumberland River or on the big Mississippi too. That tune can still be heard most anywhere in America but by a different name. It is now dignified by the title *Turkey in the Straw*.

Mr. Pickard claims that neither he nor his family ever learned these old songs. They simply have always known 'em. From the time his mother sung them to him when he was a baby he has been acquiring and absorbing ballads and folk-

songs. At first that was only because he liked them, not because he felt he would ever find a use for them professionally. Dad used to be a traveling salesman or, as they called it in those days, a drummer. Stopping one day to listen to a program broadcast by WSM at Nashville, he heard George Hay interrupt his rendition of the *Solemn Old Judge*, to ask:

"Will Obediah Pickard, now traveling somewhere in rural Tennessee, return immediately to his home in Nashville. His daughter is seriously ill."

That was Dad Pickard's introduction to Radio. It was a sad introduction, for his little daughter died, but it led to a personal introduction. And shortly thereafter the Pickards were playing over WSM, Nashville, regularly, and Dad had given up his traveling job. Later the Pickards went to New York and formed their present NBC connection. After a short residence in New York City, the family moved out to Chicago, where they now live and broadcast.

Though the extensive Pickard program includes far more than the "hill-billy songs" from old Tennessee, that is the class of music Dad likes to specialize in. And he makes no bones about saying so.

Radio Music Practical Aid to Study

College students can study better when they are listening to Radio music while going over their books, according to tests completed at the University of Minnesota by two experimenters of psychology in cooperation with KSTP.

Two sophomore students, James Copeland and Robert McBrady, conducting experiments in psychology with varied groups, found that students can accomplish more, and are less distracted when they are listening to Radio music than under normal conditions.

In conducting these experiments, the subjects were given several groups of problems in mathematics to solve under varied conditions. When a thrilling story was put on the air the students had difficulty in concentrating on their work and solved fewer problems, but when jazz selections were played, experimenters expecting the same results, were surprised when they found that more problems had been solved while the music was played than when conditions were quiet.

In attempting to account for this unusual result, one of the experimenters said he thought it was due to "practice effort". "The student may have been distracted by the music but tensed himself and concentrated on his work in order to combat the distraction," the experimenter said. Because of this the experimenter believed that the subject used greater effort than he normally would, thus increasing the total number of problems he was able to work in a limited time.

Pet Superstitions of Radio Stars

(Continued from page 14)

popular contralto studies the program she is to sing, decides its general mood, and then selects a pair of earrings to harmonize with that mood.

Alwyn Bach, 1930 diction award winner, always announces with his left hand in his trousers pocket. More of a habit than a superstition, though, he claims, and explains that it makes him feel at ease and as if he were talking to people he knew extremely well.

MARCELLA SHIELDS always carries a handkerchief she has embroidered herself. Practical-minded Marcella claims this trait acts as a reminder that she can do things, and reassures her.

Phil Cook, the multi-voiced Quaker Man, has a lucky coin he always carries and he often rubs it just before going on the air. Ray Perkins, the Old Topper, is deathly afraid of running into black cats on the way to the studios and has been known to turn about face and change his route simply because a dusky feline has crossed his path.

Paul Dumont, of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, is a step-counter. Going up or down any steps, he always counts them, and if he doesn't reach the top or bottom with his right foot, the fact worries him.

Even the production men believe in the time-tried omens. John Wiggin, of the NBC staff, has never believed it just the proper thing to do to open an umbrella in a house, and if he sees someone bring a "rain-stick" into a studio, he is horrified to a deathly pallor.

Probably the outstanding superstitions of Radio artists are invested in musical numbers, believed to be forerunners of bad luck when played or sung. The artists themselves will absolutely refrain from the rendering of songs which they believe are their individual jinxes. Many orchestra leaders of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who will hardly admit to being superstitious, confide that there are compositions which they absolutely refuse to conduct.

Mayhew Lake, the band-leader who has composed or orchestrated over 5,000 selections, will never play Ase's Death from Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite. He considers it the greatest lament ever composed and a work of great beauty, but for him it has a sinister portent, a hint of impending disaster.

Perhaps for the same reason Freddie Rich avoids Tosti's Goodby and The Rosary. These two selections are the bane of a great number of musicians and singers. Rich not only refuses to conduct an orchestra in these two numbers, but won't even listen to them. Once when the program department scheduled The Rosary on his ballad hour, Rich, who

had no time to leave the studio, sat in his chair with head bowed and hands clasped tightly over his ears until the conductorless orchestra had finished. His utter dislike for these two pieces is attributed to their association with several unfortunate occurrences in his life.

Vincent Sorey, director of several ensembles, believes that Schubert's "Serenade" ranks with the most beautiful and touching of compositions—yet it is an impossibility to persuade him to play it. Persistent questioning revealed the fact that this selection was predominant the night he parted with his fiancée a number of years ago in Italy.

Although he attributes no special reason for his antipathy toward Suppe's "Light Cavalry" overture. Nat Brusiloff, director of WABC's novelty orchestra, dismisses the subject with "It's a jinx. The boys say it's so, and that's my reason for never playing it."

Emery Deutsch, whose gypsy music is heard regularly over the same station, finds his so-called disastrous number, not among his native Hungarian airs, but in "Ye Who Have Yearned Alone," which fills him with some unexplainable fear whenever it is played.

THE conductor of the Philco and Grand Opera programs, Howard Barlow, recalls an unusual incident that occurred at a concert in the old Aeolian Hall, New York, some eight years ago. As Barlow was about to raise his baton for the playing of the Meistersinger Overture, he was seized with a premonition that this was his last appearance in the place. He conducted the orchestra through the selection with a heavy heart. A short time later the musical landmark was demolished to make way for a skyscraper office building. Barlow has not given a rendition of the Meistersinger Overture since that time because he deeply regretted the passing of the famous music hall.

The Volga Boatman, whose mournful and vivid chant is known to all, is never played by Claude MacArthur. He contends that it depicts too much misery and suffering to bring anything but ill luck. He admits it is a silly superstition, but refuses to deviate from his belief. MacArthur's faith in evil omens is a heritage from the years he spent in the show business as conductor for numerous musical comedies. As with many theatrical folk who will not tolerate whistling in the dressing-rooms or back-stage, MacArthur bans whistling in the Radio studios. He recalls the occasion when he was bodily ejected from a theater by Gallagher and Shean, then playing in The Rose Maid, because they had heard

him whistling a few bars from the show.

To the Crockett Mountaineers the playing of Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, is a forewarning of an impending tragedy. No offer of money or favor can induce them to give a rendition of this song. Mark Warnow, musical director of the Ward's Tip Top program, says that Over There, which recalls the war-time period, is his jinx number.

WILL OSBORNE, Guy Lombardo, Ozzie Nelson, Ted Fiorito and other dance orchestra leaders all admit that while they are not exactly superstitious persons there are certain songs which they will never play or, if possible, listen to, because they feel that these pieces are bound to bring them bad luck.

James Melton, first tenor of the Revelers, has an aversion to cruising in his motor boat in uncharted waters. Other owners of cabin cruisers may enjoy the extra thrill that comes from exploring strange waters, but not Melton. "It may be that I am not adventurous or it may be that it's common sense, but I am superstitious about leaving the charted course. I am a land animal and I don't want to defy Neptune too much."

Wilfred Glenn, bass of the Revelers, refuses to hunt on Sunday. "I am fond of hunting, but when I was a kid, it seemed to me that the sound of a gun exploding was too much of a disturbance on Sunday. So I deny myself the fun of Sunday hunting even though that is the only day I can find to go after the ducks in season."

So you see Radio does have its superstitions, mostly the old ones, however, for sorcery is an ancient art and broadcasting is entirely modern magic. But call off your witches and voodoo doctors a minute while I extoll a few 1930 model superstitions for you. Mr. Setowner, yourself:

1. Never fool around with the power tubes or power pack of your set while the current is turned on. Otherwise your vocabulary is apt to become swollen and blue.
2. Always keep the volume control turned to "soft" after ten P.M. especially if your neighbors are larger and stronger than yourself.
3. Never attach your aerial to a power line pole or run it across power lines. Your friends hate to sit in morticians' folding chairs.

4. Buy Radio Digest (this adv. will go big with the editor) every month.

Next issue—November—will bring another interesting article by Mr. Plummer. He promises to tell what and how the air stars cook and perhaps what they will be eating on Thanksgiving day. Stand by and keep tuned in.

Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

(Continued from page 80)

stove across the large room and far away from the supply cupboards, dish cupboards, table and stove. Another work table was near the third wall and two doors, but there was nothing else. The dish and supply cupboards were close to the dining-room door but were a long distance from the stove, sink and tables. As the room was quite large it meant walking countless steps to do any little task in the kitchen. But this woman liked space, light and air and plenty of room in which to move around. She also found that this large room was a sort of gathering-place for all the family and for neighbors as well who often dropped in while she was cooking in the morning.

DO YOU think such a kitchen ideal? And yet in a small, compact kitchen where one could reach stove, refrigerator, table and cupboard in a few steps, this old-fashioned housekeeper was lost. Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that the refrigerator in this old-fashioned kitchen was placed on the back porch. This made additional steps necessary. When I hear or think of the good old days, I am often reminded of Edgar Guest's poem called—When Mother Cooked With Wood. Do you too miss the rare old days? But then Edgar Guest himself did not have to cook on the old wood range.

What makes a kitchen convenient? Size is one consideration. A small kitchen is much more efficient than a large one. If your family is of average size, you will find that a kitchen 8 by 12, 9 by 11, 11 by 11, or 10 by 12 is large enough. The size will depend upon the kind of fuel used. If you use a gas or an electric range it need not be as large as if you used a coal or wood range. Not only does the range require more space but there must be a place to store the fuel. And then furniture may be placed closer to the gas and electric ranges than to the others. Our Test Kitchen is long and narrow. This is a very convenient size as it is compact and it saves unnecessary steps. After size the next considerations planning a convenient kitchen are light and ventilation. It certainly is not healthy or wise to work in a hot, poorly ventilated, poorly lighted kitchen. How can you feel fit at the end of a day if you have worked under such circumstances?

THEN the floor and walls are important because of the care they require. I wish you were all as fortunate as we are here in the KDKA Home Forum Test Kitchen. The walls and floor of the kitchen are made of tile, the most sanitary and most easily cleaned material. This white tile covers the floor and walls nearly

to the ceiling. Of course this is not always possible in a home. The next best material is linoleum because it can be washed easily. Avoid wood as it is difficult to clean and usually absorbs grease unless treated with hot linseed oil. Then there are composition materials made of asbestos, cement or rubber which are applied to the floor the same as cement. Walls should be of such material that they may be washed frequently and easily.

What pieces of equipment shall we have in our kitchen? What piece seems to you the most valuable? To the woman who does her own cooking, the range is the most valuable piece of furniture not only in the kitchen but in the whole house. When you think of the time spent using this range, it is only right that it should be of the very best kind of material and just the size to fit your needs. Of course at the KDKA Home Forum we think that there is nothing quite as fine as our new electric automatic range. I do wish you could all see it and cook on it. It is a joy and comfort. When a dish is put into the oven we can go about our other work and forget it. If you were in another part of the house the alarm would tell you when to take out the food. The guess work and uncertainty are eliminated when cooking with this range. As our range has a heat regulator we know that the food will not be spoiled by incorrect or changing temperature. There are many fine features about it which save the housewife's time and energy.

THE next important piece of equipment is the refrigerator, and, of course, there is nothing better to keep food at the exact temperature than an electric refrigerator. We are mighty proud of our refrigerator. It has a temperature-selector which may be set to give different temperatures for various purposes. The motor runs very silently and is an enclosed one. The refrigerator stands on legs thus facilitating cleaning. It is easily cared for and it keeps the food in excellent condition.

The third important piece of equipment in my opinion, is the electric mixer. Of all of the large pieces these three, range, refrigerator and electric mixer, are, I believe, indispensable to the housewife. The heavy beating, whipping, stirring, mixing, chopping, slicing, grinding and countless other tasks are taken from the weary shoulders of the housewife and she is thus enabled to enjoy housekeeping and homemaking, instead of feeling the usual fatigue.

Why should we be tired at the end of a day's housework? Surveys indicate that the housewife spends 1,125 hours each

year (over three hours a day), in cooking and baking and it is generally agreed that she is entitled to some energy-saving devices.

To return to the electric mixer let me say that it may be bought with or without all of the extra pieces of equipment, and as many parts as necessary may be purchased. The beater is essential, as it mixes cakes, mashes potatoes, and creams butter, cheese and sugar and other things. The whip is also necessary as it beats cream, mayonnaise, eggs, meringues, boiled frostings, etc. Two mixing bowls come with the electric mixer. There are many other pieces, such as the dough hook, pouring chute, hot water jacket, vegetable slicer, ice cream freezer, slicer plate, ice chipper, food chopper, colander, sieve and roller, fruit juice extractor, coffee and cereal grinder and oil dropper for making mayonnaise. This equipment may be used with a kitchen cabinet or its own cabinet which has a white enamel top and cupboard space for many of the small pieces. The whole thing takes up very little space and is a wonderful time and energy saver. Who is there who would not consider cooking a joy if such a servant were at hand?

OF COURSE you must have a cabinet in your kitchen and, if possible, this should be one that is built-in. There are many excellent cabinets on the market which meet every need, but if one is in the process of building a house, I would suggest that the cabinet be built at the same time in order that it may be used to the best advantage. Economy of time and space is thereby effected. Instead of having the cabinet protrude into the room, it may be set back, leaving an even working surface. You will want space for food supplies, working top space, a place for dishes, a compartment for cleaning supplies, and room for linen, cutlery and pots and pans. Wood cabinets are easily cared for if they are finished in enamel but the metal cabinets are more sanitary, although noisier.

We have considered the four biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, the range, the refrigerator, the Kitchen Aid, and the cabinet. No doubt, you will want a worktable and one on which supplies may be laid while you are working at the cabinet. An enamel-top one is very easily cared for and it looks clean and attractive. If your space is small, one with drop leaves is handy. A chair is necessary, in the kitchen, not for visitors but for the housewife who may wish to rest between her labors. More chairs invite loitering and we are usually too busy in the kitchen to visit. A stool and stepladder combination is very handy to have, especially if you

are small and cannot reach the top shelves of your cupboards and cabinet.

One article so often overlooked in the kitchen is a bookshelf of some kind. This is the housewife's workshop, so why not have all of the tools within reach? A built-in bookshelf and desk combination is the best. Have shelves above for books and magazines and a drop-leaf which will form the top of a desk when it is down. Here the family meals may be planned, the bills filed, checks made out, market lists compiled and other similar tasks cared for. Such a place is as necessary to the housewife as it is to her husband at his office. The kitchen is your workshop just as the office is your husband's workshop.

Have your tools suit your needs. It is very handy to sit at my desk in the Test Kitchen and work, answer the telephone without getting up, typewrite, reach for something from the bookshelf or files and even turn around on my leather upholstered swinging chair and be able to reach the range. But what does the housewife generally do? The desk may be in the living room, the telephone on the stair landing, bookshelves upstairs and all of them at a long distance from the range or cabinet where she is working. Think of the steps saved to have things within easy reach.

The sink is another important and very necessary piece of equipment in the kitchen. One with a double drainboard and garbage-pan attached to it is very convenient. Be sure that your sink is at the right height for you to do your work with as little back strain as possible. Sinks are generally too low.

Now that we have selected the biggest pieces of kitchen equipment, namely, the range, refrigerator, cabinet, sink, Kitchen Aid, bookshelves and table, how shall we place them? Work out a plan in your kitchen that is the most convenient one for you. In the beginning of this article we described an old-fashioned and very inconvenient arrangement of a large kitchen. Think over the tasks which have been pointed out, especially those which require the equipment to be placed closely together. Examine the arrangement of the equipment in the illustration of the KDKA Test Kitchen. You will note that the range is placed near the window where the housekeeper may receive good light and air. The ventilator in the window keeps the air circulating and prevents a draught on the food in the oven. The cabinet is between the range and refrigerator. Pans, kettles, utensils, and food may be reached in a very few steps.

OPPPOSITE the stove is a desk with bookshelves above. This is the office unit of the kitchen where the book-keeping and meal planning are done. The Kitchen Aid is across from the cabinet and near the range and refrigerator. The work table is directly across from the refrigerator. Here it receives the groceries

when they first arrive. It is convenient to the Kitchen Aid and other equipment.

Every kitchen is different and calls for a different arrangement. Analyze your needs and place your equipment to suit best the size of your family, the size of the room, nearness to the dining room and your own comfort. Save as many steps as you can and you will conserve your time, energy and retain an ever-cheerful disposition.

We have just begun the discussion of the convenient kitchen, haven't we? Our small equipment is not yet in place and that is quite necessary. Have you just the right tool in your workshop for efficient work? Perhaps you are planning a new home or wish to know how to make your present kitchen more convenient. We want to consider the construction, efficiency, utility and economy in the selection of our kitchen utensils.

Before you select these utensils, decide what you need. We might give you a suggested list but it would take too much space. And then each person's tastes and needs vary. We might include a coffee percolator in our list but suppose you don't drink coffee. Or the list might include a griddle and you may not care for griddle cakes. At best such a list would be but a guide.

WHETHER or not our lists would be similar, let us consider some of the materials of which our kitchen utensils are made. Shall we buy aluminum, tin or other ware for a cake or a muffin pan? How shall we decide which is best? Is there any best?

We mentioned before the fact that construction is important to consider. By this we mean the size, shape, material, type of construction, and general durability. For instance, if you are buying a knife you will want to be sure that the handle is long enough for the required purpose. How is it fastened to the blade? Is it fastened so that it will be sanitary? For example, if the handle is of wood, is one end open to allow food to enter? Of what material is the handle made? Will it give good service?

Or you might be buying a cover for a pan. Will it suit your purpose? Has it a well constructed handle? Can it be easily cleaned?

Efficiency is next in importance to the construction of a utensil. The tool must fit the job. If you want something done daintily, you use a small utensil. An egg beater or knife should save your time and labor and not increase it.

We want our kitchen utensils to wear a long time so that it will not be necessary to replace them too often. Think of this when you are buying a "bargain". Is it really cheap, in price alone, or is it also cheap in construction? Although we should not expect an endless life from any utensil we should expect a reasonable term of service. To check up on the wearing qualities of various utensils, keep a

household record book and record the name of the utensil, the time purchased, the name of the store and the price. In this way you are able to test the service of the different makes. Consider the use given by the utensils as well as the care which they received.

Have you thought about selecting your utensils on the basis of the temperature to which they must be subjected in the kitchen? Some materials will stand a higher temperature than others.

BESIDES convenience in the use of your kitchen utensils, we should think of the convenience of their placing. Do you jumble everything in a drawer? Or do you have a place for each item? Hooks, shelves and drawers in convenient places will greatly aid the housekeeper. Place those things which you use while working at the stove on a shelf over it and on hooks beneath. This is more convenient than the lower cupboard of a cabinet across the room. Divide the drawers of your cabinet into sections to be used for different utensils. There are other things we need by the sink. Place them on a shelf near the sink and on hooks beneath the shelf. You may think a kitchen looks better with no pots, pans or spoons visible. But let us think of the convenience first of all.

"The satisfaction with which the owner enjoys the kitchen is due to the wisdom with which the equipment is bought and the judgment with which it is arranged."

Lindbergh Tells The World

(Continued from page 18)

the maps and charts he had made for us. Food was forgotten as we tried to picture him over the course, and the remarkable thing about it all was that subsequently events proved that he had scarcely deviated in the least, and passed within 50 miles of the point over the British Isles indicated on the chart.

"His return is unforgettable history. "His mother told me he was so well guarded in New York that when she slipped out of the apartment to go on a shopping tour and telephoned the apartment later from a Fifth Avenue store to speak to her son she was told that 'Mrs. Lindbergh is still in the room with her son' and therefore the request must be from a fraudulent person. She had considerable trouble to prove her identity."

There were countless letters of proposal from infatuated girls. Two young women walked 35 miles and slept in the corridor of a hotel where he was stopping in Portland, Ore., to make sure they would not miss seeing him when he left.

* * * *

What was that? Baby Wee—Shh-h—
he's off to a new flight through the realm
of Dreamland.

(See Lindbergh's Message on Page 128)

A Radio Column by Heywood Broun

(Continued from page 15)

yet. I like the White Chip better but maybe you can suggest something. Broadcast Manor wouldn't be so bad.

I DON'T believe Mr. D. saw my name on any society page lately. Not since I was expelled from the Social Register for conduct unbecoming a member of the four hundred. But of course it isn't really the four hundred. There must be about ten thousand names. That makes it all the more cruel to be expelled. Anybody's likely to figure that he has a chance if they are going to pile up a list like that. In fact this business about exclusiveness is very much over-rated. The Social Register cannot expect to make itself exclusive just by throwing me out.

Anyhow I am still a prominent club man. That is I am a joiner. Whenever anybody in any organization says, "I think if I make a special point of it I might get you in," I say "Sure." I love belonging to things. Right now I am in ten different organizations and I am not counting the two where I am suspended. That is not on account of any unworthy conduct on my part. It is just for non-payment of dues. An oversight, so to speak.

I like secret grips and badges and hatbands. In fact I am wearing three hatbands this Summer. The other seven clubs haven't got any hatbands. I have only one hat and so I have to wear the three bands one on top of each other. If I am in Club A, I show the colors of Club B, because the people around must know that I belong to Club A or I wouldn't be in there. I wear the Club A band when I go to Club C. It keeps my fingers all cut up getting the pins out.

I am afraid that some of these exclusive clubs aren't really so very exclusive. There is one where my father put me up for membership when I was five years old. That sounded exciting and romantic. I felt, "If I ever get in there I will really be a society man." And I would like to be a society man,—if you can do it by shaving every other day and never leading any cotillions. I haven't ever seen any cotillions. I have read about them in papers a lot but I can't quite figure out what happens. Where does the cotillion leader lead them? Does it mean that if he walks on his hands everybody in the ball room has to do the same thing? Even being in the Social Register—for one year—never got me into any cotillion.

I MIGHT interrupt right here to say that this is going to go on about like this for the rest of the fifteen minutes but that I am going to close the

week tomorrow by doing a serious talk on unemployment. At least that is my plan. No guarantee goes with it.

I was talking about being put up for membership in an exclusive club when I was five years old. As a child I pictured it as being ever so swanky and a little mysterious. Some nights my father did not come home to dinner. He would phone and say he was going to stay at the club. And when you are a child a place where you can stay up and away from home until ten or eleven o'clock at night seems pretty dazzling. And so for more than twenty-five years I waited to get elected to this club. And finally, in a moment of absent mindedness, the membership took me in. A good many very old gentlemen kept dying and they had to take somebody in.

BUT we haven't got as many old gentlemen as some of the clubs in New York. Just after the war a young French officer came over here and a friend put him up for two weeks at a club that nobody is likely to get in until he is seventy. I do not know whether that is a rule or just a custom. The young French officer went there for lunch twice and then fled to Paris. When his American friend arrived in Paris the next summer the Frenchman sent him a note. He said, "It was very kind of you to put me up at your club. I want to square the obligation. I will take you to the tomb of Napoleon."

And we have romantic legends about our club too. Way back in the gay nineties a prominent member drove up to the door in a hansom cab. And because he had been *dining* he decided that it would be a good idea to take the horse out of the shafts and ride him right into the club. But the veteran doorman, he is still there, barred the way. "What is the matter, Charles," said the distinguished clubman. "Why are you stopping me. I am a member of this club."

"Yes, sir," said the doorman with rare presence of mind, "but your horse is not."

I have a pretty strong inferiority complex and what with all these legends about this club and the fact that I had been waiting twenty-eight years I was excited when I got the notice that I hadn't been blackballed. I decided that I would go down and walk around the exclusive premises and that probably from this time on I would have a civil word for no man but just go through the world giving people the stony stare and saying "Oh really!"

Unfortunately at the desk somebody gave me a book containing a list of members. It was about as big as a volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—from Ab to Booh. That gave me, as you might

say, pause. "Can we be," I thought, "so terribly exclusive, when according to this book there are something like ten thousand members. Is there enough blueblood to go that far round?"

BUT I did go up to take a Turkish bath. I was rather figuring that maybe they would have rose petals in the pool. They did not. It was just like any other Turkish bath. In the cubicle next to me there was another aristocrat getting ready for the plunge. And as he took his shirt off—maybe it was two shirts—I observed that across his chest was tattooed an American flag, three green serpents and a large pink heart pierced by an arrow which had a tag on it. This tag was inscribed in rather gaudy purple tattooing. That seemed to me the one false touch. Just that extra bit of ostentation a gentleman should avoid. Black tattooing or red tattooing—oh, yes—but not purple. The label was entirely simple and inoffensive. It merely spelled out "Genevieve." That is a nice quiet name. His devotion did him much credit. After all with the start he had it might have been Cherie, or Fifi or even Little Egypt. Just the same I couldn't help looking at the flag and the snakes and the arrow and thinking, "Is this the exclusive and aristocratic and high toned club that I have been waiting to get into all my life!" I imagine society is like that. If I were in the society pages every day it would all be just so much dust and ashes to me. But now—say Mr. D are you sure it was me, and what was the date and what newspaper. There wasn't any photograph, was there?

I GUESS blue blood is just about the same as any other sort of blood. I don't believe a radical has to say that every rich man is a deep dyed villain. I am a radical but I don't think that. The sort of Utopia I think about and dream about is one where nobody is barred. Anybody can join, anybody can help—everybody can hang around. I don't think the Brotherhood of Man is just an empty phrase. It does mean something and that something is as wide and as deep as God's mercy. If all men were created free and equal—all men and that has got to mean *all*—let us start right now to get them on that basis.

* * *

A veteran actor, is Charles B. Hamlin, cast as "The Old Settler" in WTMJ's Sunday evening "Now and Then" program, a feature contrasting life twenty-five years ago with that now.

A "Cottage for Sale"

(Continued from page 83)

centered in the little cottage. To Robison the four words, "a cottage for sale", told as graphic a story of human tragedy as an entire book-full of words. And, since he expresses himself with notes rather than words, he wrote a song about it.

The song was wistful and haunting and strangely melancholic. There were no words to it, but the melody was written around the four words "a cottage for sale". He put it away and forgot about it, and took up his labors where he had left off.

He turned to Radio, to which he was no newcomer. He had been the pianist in the old Night Hawk gang from Kansas City, once the goal of ear-phones all over the country. So he reorganized his Deep River Orchestra, and played programs of the better kind of popular music, injecting his own material on every program.

Needing fresh material, he dug out his wordless melody, and gave it to Larry Conley, song writer, to whom he explained his feeling about the poignancy in a cottage for sale. Conley took the song, created an imaginary unfortunate love story, and handed back the song as we know it now.

It was published, without any great expectations. And then, unexpectedly, sales hit 10,000. Radio orchestras started playing it. Sales passed 20,000, bounded up to 30,000, reached the 50,000 mark. Royalties started getting fat. Sales reached 90,000. Robison made his first appearance on a nationally sponsored program. Sales passed 125,000, and Robison was achieving real Radio recognition. He was given a contract to appear on the Maxwell House program, one of the oldest and best-known on the air. His ideas, musically sound, were to be given free play in the program he was to direct.

His place in Radio was made. Thousands of letters were received congratulating him on this or that phase of the program. The Warner studios signed a three-year contract with him to write songs for the talkies. Early in September he started a contract with Radio-Keith-Orpheum theatres. His song, musically superior to other opuses of his entirely unknown, had something that appealed to the public, and was making a fortune for him.

A short time ago a very important real estate transaction took place in Westchester, in Westchester. The owner of a pretty little cottage was surprised to receive an offer from the same man who had accepted just half as much for the same house only a few short years before. The deal was made gladly.

To-day little Miss Robison takes her dolls canoeing in the little brook along-

side the house, while Mrs. Robison fusses around the fire-place in the living room. There also may be found the somewhat battered piano on which the young musician composes his songs.

And not so long ago, on a Thursday night Maxwell House program, Willard Robison himself sang the plaintive words of "A Cottage For Sale" in honor of the sale of the 200,000th copy. At the conclusion of the program he turned to the writer and said, his hand resting affectionately on his special microphone; "You know, Radio's a wonderful thing ..."

Marcella

(Continued from page 63)

well-known program, "Kassels in the Air" broadcast every Monday night from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Kassel is not what one might term a law-breaker, but it does seem as if he has annihilated the law of gravitation in keeping his castles in the air. He is the composer of such popular song hits as "Around the Corner" and "Doodle de Doo."

ISN'T it just like Floyd Gibbons to have chosen Washington, D. C., for a birth-place, L. O. F.? It evidenced a great deal of foresight, it seems to me. No wonder he is on speaking terms with Presidents, Congressmen, Senators and the like. And it was on July 16th, 1887. We have no history book available to see what other great happenings fell on that date, but we are sure that all other events faded into insignificance with the appearance of Floyd Gibbons on *terra firma*. And now for a little disappointment. He *has been* married! That's the way it was put by our adviser. I queried, "But *is* he married?" "He *has been* married", was the kind but firm reply. So use your judgment, L. O. F. As far as I am concerned, that settles the question in my mind.

IT WILL do your heart good, Joseph B., to refer to the January issue of Radio Digest, for there is just one grand big writeup of Little Jack Little. It begins on page 9, continues on page 104, and then intrudes for more than a column on page 105. Think of it—just two and a half pages of "the greatest piano player on the air", and a full page on page 8 of

that edition. And if you will turn to the rotogravure section of this magazine, you will find your favorite artist seated at the piano, surrounded by the admiring staff of WLW. You see, Radio Digest catches great broadcasting artists in its noose sooner or later.

* * *

IT SEEMS as if the story of Arabesque in the September issue was written especially for you, Mrs. F. E. O. And Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

* * *

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Letter asking about Blue Steele. Come home to Marcella and read: Blue Steele, of all things, is on his way to California—that is on August 2nd he was on his way—he's most likely there now—to make a picture with Charles Farrell. Texas is his home town, don't you know, and hob-nobbing with cowboys is probably his specialty. Eddie Utt ran into Blue-Steele at Amarillo, Texas, and that is why we all know now about the picture with Charles Farrell. And here's a little something about Eddie himself. He is a versatile recitationist and is broadcasting over Station WDAG in Amarillo, and loves to talk to children. I'm sure that the children love to listen to you, Mr. Utt, and hope you will continue in your fine work. Do you think you can send along a picture for this "colyum"? Thank you.

* * *

ONCE upon a time a very gentle woman was captured by a very great big monster. True, she put herself in the way of being captured, for she knew that in this new captivity she would neither hunger nor thirst. This lovely lady had a young son and they had both been traversing the desert of human longing for a long time. When they finally came to a spring, they found this monster who demanded in exchange for food and water interesting stories to fascinate him and his subjects.

The heroine of this short tale is Yolande Langworthy, well-known author of "Arabesque". The figurative, benevolent monster—the Columbia Broadcasting System. Now, all of the facts about Miss Langworthy's future work have not been revealed, but I have gleaned this much—that a very substantial offer of gold has been made to Miss Langworthy to adapt her stories to the talking films. I don't know how many bushels of gold and silver will be measured out by this very large picture company, but it will be enough so that Miss Langworthy and her boy will never have to cross the desert again.

* * *

Lindbergh Honors Radio

(Continued from page 19)

The National Broadcasting Company with Columbia participated in broadcasting the evening address. The actual speech was delivered from Studio Six on the 22nd floor of 485 Madison Avenue, headquarters of WABC, and was carried by telephone to the main office of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at 24 Walker Street. From that point it was relayed to the main office of the National Broadcasting Company at 711 Fifth Avenue and thence to the transmitting stations WEA, WJZ and approximately seventy stations on the National Broadcasting chain. The hookup in the United States, which was the largest in point of the number of stations broadcasting ever accorded to a studio feature, was distributed as follows:

Columbia	74 stations
National (red and blue networks)	70 stations
Total	144 stations

In addition to these, a London broadcast was arranged for a network of twenty-one stations affiliated with the British Broadcasting Corporation and through that corporation arrangements had been made to rebroadcast in Sweden over the Radiojaest, Stockholm station. Interest in Sweden was particularly keen because of the fact that Colonel Lindbergh's father was a native of Sweden and in that country America's "Lone Eagle" is still regarded as one of Sweden's sons.

Three short wave stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company also carried the speech, an advance copy of which had been sent to Germany for reading through stations of the Reichs Rundfunk Gesellschaft, the German broadcasting organization. A station in Sydney, Australia, planned to pick up and rebroadcast the National transmission.

The National Broadcasting Company's short wave stations are W3XAL, Bound Brook, N. J., W8XK, Pittsburgh, Pa., and W2XAD, Schenectady, N. Y.

ATTEMPTS have been made to estimate the potential Radio audience of this hookup. It is probable with so notable a speaker before the microphone that the listeners numbered between 75,000,000 and 100,000,000, including those in remote parts of the world who picked up the address by short wave transmission.

The mechanical alignment whereby the broadcast was sent abroad makes an interesting story in itself. Picked up at the A. T. & T. office in New York, it was amplified and sent over a direct circuit to one of that company's Radio telephone transmitting stations. The A. T. & T. has two of these stations—long wave at Rocky Point, L. I., and short wave at Lawrence-

ville, N. J., and uses whichever one is most suitable under the prevailing atmospheric conditions. Rocky Point broadcasts on a wave length of about 5,000 meters and Lawrenceville on a short wave between 14 and 33 meters.

At the telephone company's Radio station the voice currents are amplified millions of times and "blended" with a high voltage current, powerful enough to bridge the gap to England. Colonel Lindbergh's words were picked up on the other side by one of the receiving stations of the British Post Office which operates the telephone system of Great Britain—either the long wave station at Cupar, Scotland, or the short wave station at Baldock, England. These receiving stations again amplify the voice currents, attenuated,

so poor that the British Broadcasting Corporation could not rebroadcast the speech to its listeners. The reason the broadcast failed was heavy static occasioned by intense electrical storms at some point in the Atlantic. This is a somewhat rare occurrence and was the first time an international broadcast had been completely silenced by weather conditions.

COLONEL LINDBERGH'S first Radio talk accordingly was heard by a comparatively small audience in the studio of WABC, a few short wave receivers in the United States and on ships at sea, and a vast audience in South America and Australia.

He expressed regret that the afternoon European broadcast had failed and seemed pleased when officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System invited him to speak to the British audience on another occasion. Phonographic records of the speech were made and rushed the following day by mail steamer to London, where they were available for rebroadcasting.

The second broadcast made six hours later from the same studio was a complete success. The National Broadcasting Company added its contribution to the happy occasion by assigning Gene Mulholland of its staff to be present and extend his capable services in making Col. Lindbergh's address a memorable one. This address was transmitted to Radio listeners in this country over the usual long wave networks and virtually monopolized the air. The newspapers of the country in the main carried front page accounts of the broadcast the next day.

Colonel Lindbergh, who is as much a public idol now as he was three years ago, found crowds of admirers gathered at the studio for both appearances, and police lines were formed to make a lane for him and his party from the studio entrance to his automobile. The distinguished aviator was accompanied by Mrs. Lindbergh, Col. Henry Breckinridge, his friend and attorney, Mrs. Breckinridge and Miss Nancy Guggenheim, a daughter of Harry T. Guggenheim, Ambassador to Cuba.

His speech had been written by him in advance and copies had been sent to all newspapers for publication immediately after the broadcast. It was about 1,200 words in length and with the studio announcements, effectively made by Frank Knight, required ten minutes for presentation. Colonel Lindbergh spoke into two microphones, a precaution in case of mechanical defect interfering with either one. He declined to sit at a table and broadcast, preferring to stand for his address.

Both times an audience of about a dozen people was in the studio. Colonel Lindbergh, although a novice at broad-



Jesse S. Butcher

after traveling such a distance, millions of times. From the receiving stations, the speaker's words travel over a wire line through the London "trunk exchange", the Post Office's long distance center, to Station 2LO, key station of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The Radio circuit here used bridges a distance of approximately 3,400 miles. With the wire links this makes a combined wire and Radio circuit between Columbia headquarters and the British Broadcasting Corporation's station of more than 3,600 miles.

Unfortunately for British listeners, atmospheric conditions were unfavorable and only about half of the address was received in London. The reception was

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Lindbergh Honors Radio

(Continued from page 122)

casting, spoke in a well modulated voice. His words came over the air distinctly with proper pauses for emphasis and the even tone that is one of the requisites of a broadcasting voice.

Prior to the address, photographs were made of him standing in front of the microphone and these were rushed in response to a demand by special service to newspapers in all parts of the world, in itself an indication of the tremendous interest in everything that America's most famous young man does.

THE talk in the evening once over, his own natural liking for mechanics, the scientific curiosity in him, made him ask questions. Anxious to inspect the various pieces of apparatus, particularly did the master control fascinate him—the meaning of the various dials. Reluctant, at last, however, he had to bring his casual inspection to a close, but not before he had assured the officials he would come back again, perhaps many times, to learn completely all the secrets still undisclosed.

Voices from Across the Sea

(Continued from page 57)

proved a good prophet. France and Italy soon proclaimed their refusal to make it a quintuple pact.

So it remains for my scholarly friend and colleague, Cesar Særchinger, whom I left in charge of Columbia's European interests and who is now its general representative "over there," to magnetize Bernard Shaw to the microphone. Whenever that happens, Radio will register a new high.

Viscount Cecil's was the only address not devoted to the naval conference. He delivered an eloquent 15-minute address on the occasion of the national memorial services in honor of the late Chief Justice Taft, including a moving tribute to Mr. Taft's services in behalf of world peace. The Chief Justice's family directed Columbia to inform Lord Cecil that nothing said on the occasion of Mr. Taft's passing had moved them more profoundly than his broadcast from London, delivered at 12:30 P.M., American time with complete clarity.

NEVER in the history of international relations—of course, not at all over the air—has so eminent a galaxy of personages addressed themselves within a brief span of time to a subject engrossing the world's attention. Here were the two chief actors in the naval drama at

London—Stimson and MacDonald—communing by word of mouth directly into the ears of uncountable American hearers. MacDonald, speaking from Chequers, chose his Columbia broadcast on March 9th for the occasion of the first important, decisive announcement of the whole Conference, i.e., Britain's refusal to give France "military guarantees." That utterance marked the turning-point in affairs at London, the beginning of the end of the Five-Power negotiations and the paving of the way to purely Three-Power arrangements.

The Department of State, both in London and at Washington, caused to be issued regularly under its official auspices all copies of speeches broadcast by members of the delegation. Those utterances became part of the official history of the Conference of 1930. They are prima facie evidence of the importance with which statesmanship dignifies this new means of enlightening public opinion and solidifying international friendships—this magic medium of the microphone and the short-wave which has become its equally magical and reliable handmaiden.

Grantland Rice Inter-views Sultan of Swat

(Continued from page 87)

If he passes me I'll be the first to send him a stick of dynamite.

RICE—Just why are there so many more home run hitters today than there were in the "good old days" of baseball?

RUTH—The game's different. In the old days pitchers could doctor the ball and make it dance in the air. I'll give you another example. In the old days they only used five or six balls during a game. Now they use from 45 to 50 so you are always hitting at a new, white ball that is harder to throw. As a result about everybody is gripping the bat down by the end of the handle and taking his full cut. They are swinging from the ground at everything that comes up to the plate where most of them used to grip the bat well up and chop or punch. I'd say that was the main reason.

RICE—Do you ever get tired of baseball, Babe?

RUTH—No. I play about 180 games a season, counting all the exhibition games. But I get a big kick out of every game I play in.

RICE—Who was the fastest pitcher you ever faced?

RUTH—Walter Johnson. He was the fastest of them all in his day and don't let anybody tell you different. He could make that baseball look like a golf ball shot from a gun.

RICE—Who is the best young ball player developed in the big leagues this year?

RUTH—Lopez, the Brooklyn catcher. He's a star in every way and he's been a big factor in keeping Brooklyn up.

RICE—What two teams will be in the next world series, Babe?

RUTH—The Athletics have too big a lead with only 38 games left. They look to be about over the line. But the other race is still a battle. The Cubs must clean up this month if they are to win again for the Giants and Dodgers finish at home. I think you'll see a close finish here right down the stretch.

RICE—What advice have you got for the kids who are playing baseball and want to improve?

RUTH—It's hard to tell anybody how to play a game. Most of the good pro golfers are ex-caddies who watched and studied good professionals. I'd suggest that every kid watch and study the methods of good ball players at every chance and then work out his own game. Don't get discouraged too quickly but keep on trying. Don't tighten up and try too hard. Just be easy and natural—and keep hustling.

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Achieving Perfection in Informal Entertainment

(Continued from page 76)

Now what on earth
Do you suppose
Is in this
Little folder?
Just keep right on
And you'll find out
Ere you're a
Minute older.
A few more turns
And then you'll know—
I hope that you're excited—
We entertain
On Hallowe'en
And this means
You're
Invited.

Name.....

Date..... Time.....

Place.....

Such a novel invitation prepares your guests for an equally novel evening, and they must not be disappointed.

On the evening of the party when the guests arrive they are confronted by a large placard hanging just inside the entrance door which reads: "SILENCE. DO NOT SPEAK TO ANYONE AFTER PASSING THIS SIGN." Have a large cardboard hand pointing in the direction the guests are to take to leave their wraps. On one door hang a sign for the ladies and on another door one for the men. In each room have a pile of sheets and over it place a sign ordering each guest to wrap himself in one. Nearby have a pile of black masks, one for each guest, and on a dressing table some grease paint, powder and rouge. A large sign reading: "DISGUISE YOURSELF AS COMPLETELY AS POSSIBLE AND THEN GATHER IN THE LIVINGROOM" should hang in a conspicuous place in each dressing room.

The livingroom should be decorated in keeping with the spirit of Hallowe'en and dimly lighted with candles and mystic blue lights obtained by burning wood alcohol in brass bowls. Have the necessary card tables set up with a sign on

each reading: "ONE WORD BEFORE 9:30 WILL COST YOU YOUR FORTUNE. BE SEATED. IF YOU CAN'T DEMONSTRATE YOUR BIDS WITHOUT TALKING, WRITE THEM ON THE BACKS OF SCORE SHEETS. BEGIN TO PLAY AT THE CHIME OF THE BELLS."

When the tables are filled, give the signal to start playing with a raucous cow bell or an alarm clock. A heap of fun will ensue when the players try to invent signals to signify their bids. If anyone speaks, he loses ten points from his score each time—the host quietly marking down these penalties.

By the time the alarm clock rings at the time signified to break silence (one hour after the playing starts), everyone will be dying to talk and the success of the party will be assured.

A simple buffet supper of assorted sandwiches, olives and pickles, doughnuts, cheese bits, apples, raisins, nuts, cider and hot coffee can be served at midnight. Or, if something more elaborate is desired, the dining table should be amusingly decorated and a course supper of creamed tomato soup in cups, ham and sweetbread patties, and hot pumpkin pie with cheese might be served.

If you do not care to play bridge, a hundred other ideas for Hallowe'en can be thought up. Unconventionality should be the keynote of the evening and everything should be conducted in an unusual manner. Costumes are always fun and there is no better time to give a costume party. An "old clothes" party, a "baby" party, a "literary character" party can



"No, Jim—I've stopped smoking.

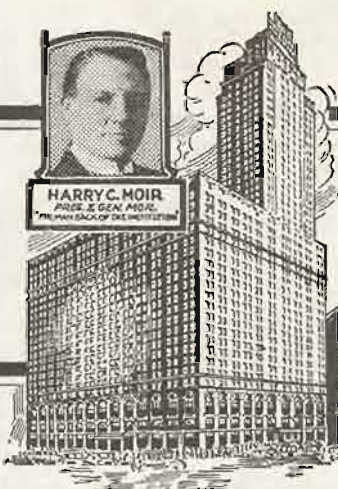
Gained six pounds in a week. You know how I used to smoke—a package of cigarettes and a cigar or two a day—it sure had some

hold on me. I tried to stop many times but could only quit for a few days. But I'm through forever now—took a scientific home tobacco treatment—fixed me up in two weeks.

"Wasn't hard on me at all—noticed improvement the first day—I feel like a new man. It didn't interfere with my work—didn't leave any druggish after-effects—the money I saved in the last two weeks has paid for the treatment alone.

"Why don't you take it? It has entirely banished the tobacco habit for many thousands of men like you and me. It has been successfully used for over fifty years and comes to you with a money-back guarantee—it is a doctor's individual prescription that sure fixes you up. Write for full information NOW. No obligation. All correspondence is strictly confidential."

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be the world's largest
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Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 4170, Chicago

be counted among the many suggestions that mean no extra expense for your guests. Fortune telling is an indispensable feature of the evening and many ideas for mystic readings of the future can be found in entertainment books at the public library.

Another unusual party for the fall suggested by Miss White is a football dinner. This should be given following a football game, of course, and lucky, indeed, is the hostess who can count one of the players among her guests. Someone who stayed at home—mother, usually,—should have the dinner ready when the football enthusiasts arrive, ravenous and exuberant after hours in the open air.

The dining table should be decorated with the colors of the home team, or both, if any rooters from the other side are to be present. Chrysanthemums and autumn leaves banked in a low mass in the center of the table make a beautiful center piece. Miniature footballs holding place cards are attractive favors. A hearty dinner, as elaborate as the hostess wishes to make it, will surely be relished. An ambitious dinner would be cream of celery soup, shrimp, lobster and oysters creamed in patty shells, roast turkey with chestnut dressing, mashed potatoes and turnips, cranberry sauce, endive salad with french dressing, and hot mince and pumpkin pies. After such a hearty meal the guests will be glad to sit quietly over a cup of good hot coffee in the living room before starting bridge or dancing. During the coffee it would be a fitting climax to the football game to start an old-fashioned "sing" ending with the college songs of both teams.

Thanksgiving parties are usually family affairs. Decorations and menus, too, follow a time-honored tradition. But after Thanksgiving dinner is over—preferably in the middle of the day so that the home-maker can have time to rest and

relax before evening—a good idea is for the older members of the family to meet at one home for a quiet evening of conversation or cards and the younger ones to meet at another house for an evening of old-fashioned games, a marshmallow roast, popping corn, and the like. After the hearty turkey dinner of the middle of the day, no one will want much in the way of supper. A buffet holding doughnuts, cheese tidbits, apples, nuts, raisins, and cider will be all any one will want.

LUNCHEONS, teas and bridge parties are among the most delightful forms of informal entertainment for women. The wise luncheon hostess will prepare a simple meal, keeping in mind the dieting habits of her friends. Heavy luncheons make us dull and sleepy, whereas a light, appetizing repast puts us in an expansive frame of mind.

A cream soup, a main dish of some broiled fish and green peas, and a light dessert such as prune whip, constitute the sort of meal women enjoy. This should be served on a colorful and gay table with a low bowl of fresh flowers in the center, place doilies or the more fashionable crossed runners, freshly polished silver, gleaming glass, colorful china. Candles should never be on the table at lunch time or at any time before nightfall, for that matter. And paper napkins should only be used at large buffet parties or at late night suppers.

Luncheon should be taken leisurely, for the real purpose of it is talk—the exchange of ideas and news, civic discussions, the theatre, books, club news, fashion news—the things in which women are interested and not the petty affairs of the day, nor the gossip uninitiated men suspect us of. The tactful hostess will always lead the conversation away from dangerous personalities. Luncheons served at one usually end about three, giving the hostess time to clear everything up and rest a while before starting dinner.

Afternoon bridge, to which guests are usually invited at about two-thirty, is usually followed by tea served in the same room. The hostess should have her tea wagon prepared beforehand—with cups and saucers, plates, tea napkins, spoons and forks, tea pot, tea cannister, the pot for boiling water, sugar, cream and lemon. It is quite fashionable nowadays to have a double compartment dish containing cloves and candied cherries on the tea tray for those who like their tea with an exotic flavor. Colored pieces of sugar in the shapes of diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs are also amusing novelties. Dainty sandwiches cut in odd shapes and small iced cakes are the usual tea-time repast.

While the players are adding their scores and settling up, the hostess makes the tea at the wagon and one of the guests, chosen beforehand, passes the refreshments to the guests. Bridge should

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stop not later than five o'clock, giving an hour for the enjoyment of the tea before the guests take their leave at six.

Probably the most intimate and jolly form of entertainment is the late supper party. After the theatre, lecture or club meeting, for instance, it is fun to invite people to your home for a midnight bite. Everyone is in an expansive mood and just physically tired enough to want to sit quietly and talk of cabbages and kings. This is Grace White's favorite kind of party and she told me that she never lets a chafing dish recipe escape her shears. She keeps a special scrapbook in which she pastes suggestions for midnight snacks.

Two things are indispensable for midnight parties: a chafing dish and the ability to make extra-good coffee.

* * *

If you have any questions about entertaining that are bothering you or if you'd like to have some help with a party which you're planning, write to me care of Radio Digest and I'll be glad to help you out. You can also get lots of new ideas about entertaining and every other phase of home-making from the morning broadcasts by the Radio Home-Makers Club. These are given every weekday except Saturday between ten A.M. and noon over the Columbia Broadcasting network.

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Amos 'n' Andy in Hollywood

(Continued from page 86)

is, they use their Amos 'n' Andy tones, snap into Van Porter and the Kingfish and others, in rapid succession and never miss out.

When the afternoon performance is over, they go right back to work on their sound stage and keep it up until six o'clock. This gives them an hour and a half and, since taking off make-up is quicker than putting it on, in this time they can change attire and have their next meal, a bit more substantial than the other repasts.

Mostly they are still in the studio lot. But sometimes they dash back to the hotel, though not often. Comes seventhirty and they repeat the episode for the benefit of the western audience.

That accounts pretty well for their time. But wait, for they are not through. From then on until midnight they work on future adventures of Amos 'n' Andy, and rehearse tomorrow's Radio act. This takes an hour or two, and the rest of the time is spent in practising their dialogue for the next day's picture work.

So far as the listening public is concerned, there isn't a second's delay in switching from Chicago to Hollywood for the act. But the Radio officials, at the first, had a couple of fits because in the switching process there is an interval of two seconds between Bill Hay's "And here they are," to the time Amos 'n' Andy begin to expostulate.

But this two seconds interval is absolutely necessary to make all the plug-ins for the affair. Not being too technically minded, I never catch the fact that there is a two second interval, and I don't think the audience does either.

SO THERE you have a pretty accurate picture of what Amos 'n' Andy have been doing during the summer months.

Do they like Hollywood? Well, they just know the route from the hotel to RKO's lot. Over towards the mountains they can see the hillside homes and colorful street lights at midnight as they wend their way back to rest after the day's activity.

But the pace is a terrific one. Sometimes they dash out at eleven o'clock and get an extra hour of sleep. Once in a while they sneak in fifteen minutes more during the morning.

But the boys are punctual and never miss out on the work schedule. They will be glad when it is all over and the rush subsides. Over at the studio they tell me the picture will be released about the middle of October.

So perhaps by the time you are reading this you will have a chance to see their initial talkie effort. I think it will not be their last.



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LINDBERGH'S MESSAGE

By Col. Charles A. Lindbergh

THROUGHOUT history the progress of civilization has been dependent upon the development of transportation. Centuries ago men found they could live better by engaging in trade with one another. They discovered that an article which was plentiful in one locality was often scarce and in great demand in another. It became apparent that life could be made simpler and more worth while by trading the surplus of a district suited to agriculture for that of a natural manufacturing community. As methods of transportation improved it was found impossible for the individual or the community to remain completely independent of other individuals and communities. Contact with foreign countries brought about an intellectual development together with the commercial. Men became no longer content with the bare necessities of existence and the luxuries of ancient commerce grew into the everyday necessities of a more modern world. The intercourse which sprang up as a result was responsible for the banding together of larger and larger communities under one central government and eventually brought about the comparatively high standard of living.

EVERY great advance in transportation has forecast a greater unity in world government. Directly or indirectly, whether by peaceful negotiation or by warfare, the demands of commerce have made it both impossible and undesirable for an entirely independent community to exist permanently. Thousands of years ago it was found advisable to form local organizations to regulate trade. The development of shipping and foreign commerce caused the adoption of a central government by groups of communities for advantages in trading with foreign countries. Transoceanic traffic with its worldwide commerce brought about the necessity of international regulation and agreement. In every instance the advantages of cooperation and exchange broke down the barriers of sectionalism.

Foreign relations were originally greatly hampered by artificial obstacles imposed in the form of local tolls and taxes. Communities were fearful lest their neighbors obtain some advantage in trade. Better transportation brought intercourse and mutual understanding and gradually caused the local taxes to be removed, thereby greatly stimulating internal business. Wherever new methods of transportation brought people in contact with one another and made it possible through cooperation for them to obtain a better

living with less effort, artificial obstacles gave way before the advantages of trade.

The Twentieth Century brings a third dimension in transportation to a world which has not yet had time to become accustomed to the more recent developments of the steamship and the railroad. The airplane and the airship are placing time and distance on a new scale of relativity. Aviation as it is today is having a worldwide effect on communication. If we attempt to envision what it will be



Each year the French government issues three bronze medallions honoring individual accomplishment. These medallions are sold through the Louvre in Paris. The medallion illustrated above was issued last year and is the first time such a tribute has been paid to an American.

after a century of modern scientific development it is difficult to find precedent for what it may bring to civilization.

Aviation has not gripped the imagination of the world solely because man has at last found a way of flying. Its fascination lies far more in the changes it is bringing about in existing methods and policies. Possibly the most important effect will be on international relations. When measured in hours of flying time the great distances of the old world no longer exist. Nations and races are not separated by the traditional obstacles of earthbound travel. There are no inland cities of the air and no natural obstructions to its commerce.

The last few years have seen the extension of airlines over every continent. The next few will bring transoceanic routes to unite these continental services into a network covering the entire world. To realize the full significance of this development, however, it must be considered as a part of the whole system of modern transportation. For unless some radical scientific discovery revolutionizes

our present aircraft we cannot compete with ships and railroads in the movement of most articles of commerce. The airplane augments rather than replaces ground transport. Its mission is to simplify intercourse between countries by rapid transportation of passengers and documents; to bring us in closer contact with other people and to facilitate the negotiations necessary for mutual understanding and trade.

If we accept the principle that life today is preferable to that of ancient times then it is logical to assume that any future improvement in transportation will result in a corresponding advance in methods of living. As people grow accustomed to flying a new sense of distance will develop and foreign countries will not seem so far away. Men instinctively judge the distance of places by their accessibility. In consequence we have formed many false impressions of geography. Aviation will replace these old ideas with a true order of location. The ease of travel between Canada, Mexico and the United States, for instance, will undoubtedly bring about still closer cooperation between them. Even today there is a well established airway between North and South America. It is no longer a difficult feat to fly between the two continents and as flying activity increases there will be a regular traffic of aircraft north and south through the Isthmus of Panama and the West Indies. The Western Hemisphere is by no means unique in aeronautical development. European airlines have been equally active in their extension through Asia and Africa.

AVIATION brings with it the necessity of uniform regulations. Aircraft often cross several international boundaries in the space of a few hours and non-uniform local regulations would greatly hamper the development of airlines. One of the most important factors contributing to their rapid expansion in the United States has been our federal supervision and consequent freedom from local restrictions. The maximum advantages of air commerce can be obtained only by international adoption of uniform flying regulations and in this day of education and progress it seems unnecessary to permit fear and misunderstanding to retard commerce between nations as it retarded that between individuals in ancient times. We should be able to replace an evolution of necessity by a program of intelligent encouragement. The conquest of the air should bring with it a new era of international commerce and agreement.

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