

Behind the Scenes at



Behind The Scenes at WLS

*SOME intimate glimpses of
the people and programs
at the PRAIRIE FARMER
Radio Station in Chicago.*

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Hello Everybody!!

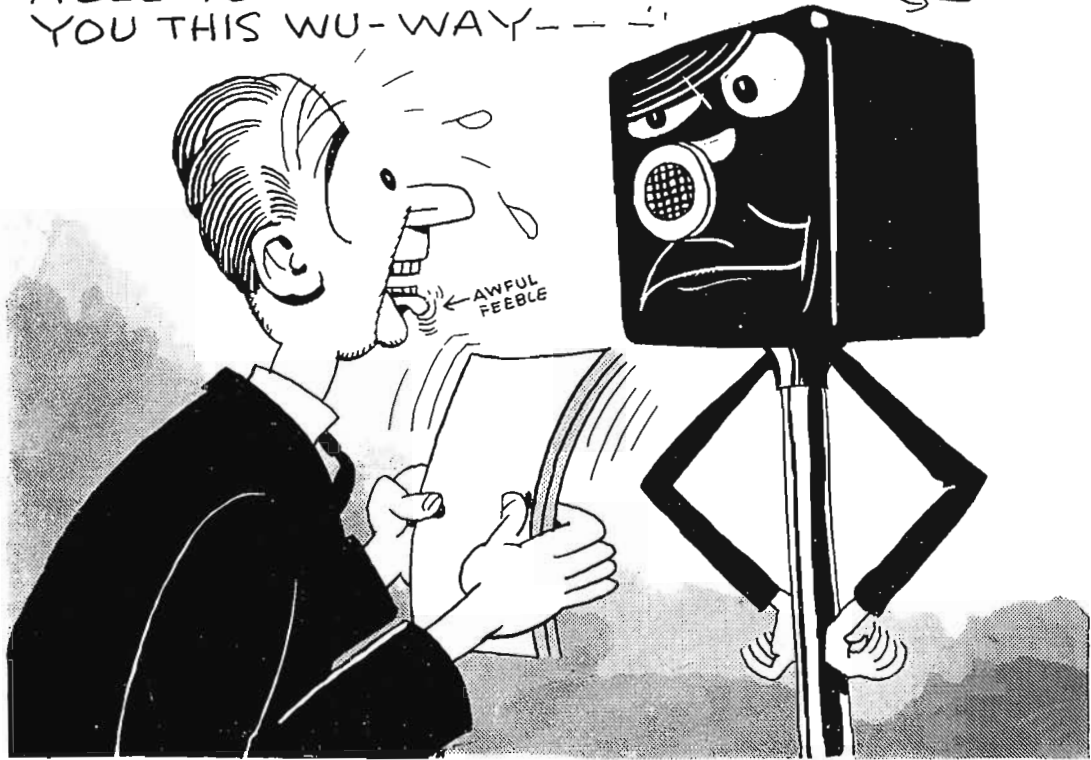
THIS light hearted little book is an answer to your thousands of questions about WLS folks. It's only natural that you should want to know these personal things, because through the loud speaker the announcers and artists become friendly daily visitors in your household.

We have compiled these facts from daily contacts, from little chats over a hasty lunch, from gossip at rehearsals—and so here it is, a glimpse behind the scenes at WLS. Drawings by Ray Inman, words by Margaret Morton McKay, Julian Bentley, Al Rice and George Biggar, gestures by Art Page. So we sign ourselves,

THE EDITORS.

"LA-LA-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE AUDIO RA-RA-RADIANCE ---
I MA-MEAN -RADIO AUDIENCE.
IT IS A PA-PA-PLEASURE TO BE
ABLE TO SPA-SPA-SPEAK TO
YOU THIS WU-WAY ---"

OH
YEAH?
- HEH
HE HEH



How it seems to a man addressing the microphone for the first time.

Meet My Friend "Mike"

MY FRIEND Mike is one of the most attentive fellows in the world. He pays attention to everything, and you can talk or sing to him all day and he takes it all in but never answers you back.

"How do I talk into this thing?" That's the question we hear every time a new speaker comes into the studio to face the microphone for the first time. What we tell them is simply, "Talk as if you were in a quiet conversation with a friend."

If a speaker gets enthusiastic and begins to shout, as he might in a platform speech, it will make a blare in the loud speakers of radio sets in a dozen states, and

probably one of the operators will come out of the control room and pull the microphone farther away from him. If he gets to speaking too softly, the operator in the control room probably will turn the knob up a notch or two, put on a little more power, and send that gentle voice booming out over the prairies like the voice of a giant.

It would be possible to have a speaker stand clear across the room from the microphone, but if the power is turned on strong enough to pick up the voice for that distance, it also picks up a lot of room noises. When the speaker is talking close to the mic-

rophone, it is possible for others to move quietly about the studio without any sound of their movement going out on the air.

The best way to speak before the microphone is not directly into it, but across it. This prevents picking up some of the sound of breathing and other things which tend to distort the voice.

Certain sounds that we pay no attention to in ordinary affairs become of great importance in front of the microphone. Such a little thing as the rustling of paper may become distinctly annoying.

When a quartet or other group sings, especially with an orchestra, you may see a singer hold his hand cupped behind his ear. This is so

he can be sure of the tone of his own voice. Try singing with your ears plugged up, and you'll realize how much you depend on hearing for your accuracy of tone.

In radio there is always this to remember. The microphone detects many things that the human ear passes over. A male quartet, for example, singing on an open stage before an audience, may get by with some member "faking" the harmony, and occasionally hitting a false note, and the audience may never know it. Do the same thing on radio, however, and that sour note will stand out and be very noticeable. It takes a better singer for radio music than singing on the stage.



A rare old print of Ralphus Waldofus Emersonianus, as drawn by one of the contestants in the Philco Tone Color contest. When Ralph was a baby he played with his feet. He still does. (Figure that one out!) Why the fork? For pitch, of course.

The Program Director's Nightmare

EDITOR'S NOTE: When not "in conference," dictating letters, interviewing prospective radio stars, listening to the joys and troubles of staff artists, worrying about future schedules, reading program "copy," or holding telephone conversations about everything from the poultry market to grand opera, a program director sometimes has a few minutes to himself.

George Biggar, our WLS program director, had a dream not long ago—and what a "nightmare" it turned out to be! He was persuaded to put it into doggerel—and—here's the result. (Try this on your piano or guitar, if you wish, to the tune of Mac and Bob's "Twenty-One Years.")

To make it sound just like George, heave a big sigh at each line.

"Why can't we have more time to sing on the air?"
Ask forty-nine artists—both dark-haired and fair;
"You're wanted outside now—some talent is waiting."
(Now, isn't that awful—most exasperating.)

Jim Poole says his market went on late today,
Ridge Runners are asking what pieces to play;
Martha Crane's in a quandary—wants ten minutes more,
While Cline and Jack Tyson have troubles galore.

Bob Gardner can't be here—has a bad cold,
Get Lonnie to play then—he'll have to be told;
The Three Maids are waiting to see you right soon,
John Brown says the pianos are all out of tune.

Clem Legg wants the programs so that she can type,
The Produce Reporter says melons are ripe;
Rube Tronson is booked out for Saturday night,
We need some more fiddlers—(now, ain't that a fright).

Ralph Emerson thinks that he needs longer days,
It's only from six to three-thirty he plays;
While Hal says, "Let's plan out the National Barn Dance,"
Get Eddie five dollars—he needs an advance.

"Let's have a big minstrel, I've got a new gag!"
Speaks up Allen Rice (Prof. Dunck and his nag);
And here is a message from Al, Art, Fritz and Pat,
They're learning a new song—now, can you beat that?

The Arkansas 'Chopper is worried today,
Slept too late this morning—he'd drive a man gray;
And Vick lost his sermon—he's sure in a lurch,
Now what will we do for the Little Brown Church?

Grace Cassidy says, "Tom Rowe can't be down,"
And Jack Holden's in error—that's a verb, not a noun;
And here are ten questions from "Snooper" McKay,
That girl sure will drive me distracted some day.

In the Valley of Kentucky—When the Roses Bloom Again,
I'll see Barbara Allen in her Home on the Range;
If Mrs. Murphy's Chowder don't drive me to tears,
I'll sure go to Nashville for Twenty-One Years.

They Call Us Home Folks

FOLKS write to WLS from many states saying: "You seem just like home folks." Well, we are! One of the secrets dug out especially for this book is that our artists and announcers hail from seventeen states and five foreign countries.

The state with the largest representation is Illinois, where twelve of the staff and artists were born. Next comes Iowa, which was the birthplace of five. Five came from Indiana, four from Missouri and Kentucky. Three each from Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. Two each came from Michigan, Kansas and Tennessee, and one each from Arkansas, South Dakota, Colorado, New Jersey and Georgia.

Panama gave us Margaret Morton McKay, and The Netherlands, Pete Bontsema. Four boys of the band were born in Europe, Christian Steiner in Hungary, Emilio Silvestre in Spain, Louis Marmar in Russia, and Walter Steindel in Germany.

So you see, no matter where you write from, we are really home folks. Here's a list of where our folks were born. See if you can recognize them by their full names:

ILLINOIS

Helen Marrietta Brundage	Chicago
Margaret Gloria Stafford	Chicago
Evelyn Overstake Bechtel	Decatur
Lucille Virginia Overstake	Decatur
Eva Eleen Overstake	LaPlace
Herman Julius Felber, Jr.	Chicago
Sue Roberts	Chicago
Ted Du Moulin	Chicago
Oscar Tengblad	Chicago
Lou Klatt	Chicago
Julian T. Bentley	Big Foot Prairie
Leroy G. Petterson	Evanston

IOWA

Adele Mina Angelica Brandt	Denison
Martha Crane Caris	Mt. Pleasant

Blanche E. Chenoweth	Centre Junction
Philip Blaine Kalar	Sioux City
Roy Knapp	Waterloo

INDIANA

Ralph Waldo Emerson	Elkhart
Homer Edgar Miller	Indianapolis
Frederic William Meissner	LaPorte
Arthur Janes	LaPorte
Al Cameron	Anderson

MISSOURI

Robert B. Cook	Springfield
Patrick J. Barrett	Holden
Glenn Snyder	Grant City
Arthur C. Page	Independence

KENTUCKY

Karl Victor Davis	Mt. Vernon
Hartford C. Taylor	Mt. Vernon
Lester McFarland	Gray
Linda Parker	Covington

WISCONSIN

William Randolph Cline	Chippewa Falls
Harold James O'Halloran	Spooner
Gerrie Vogt	Oshkosh

PENNSYLVANIA

Paul Harman	Danville
John Reed Tyson	Reynoldsville
William Vickland	Du Bois

KANSAS

John Ray Brown	Southern Kansas
Winfred John Stracke	Lorraine

MICHIGAN

Jack Haviland Holden	Alba
Marie Nelson Ranous	Detroit

TENNESSEE

Hugh Cross	Oliver Springs
Robert A. Gardner	Oliver Springs

ARKANSAS

Lonnie Elonzo Glosson	Judsonia
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SOUTH DAKOTA

George C. Biggar	Aurora
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NORTH DAKOTA

Philip Osgood Westley Cooperstown

NETHERLANDS

Peter Henry Bontsema Uithuizen

COLORADO

Anne Williams Heinze Denver

GERMANY

Walter Steindel Stuttgart

NEW JERSEY

Alan Richards Rice Bloomfield

SPAIN

Emilio Silvestre Valencia

GEORGIA

Edward Robert Allen Atlanta

HUNGARY

Christian Steiner Tennevar

PANAMA

Margaret Morton McKay Colon

RUSSIA

Louis Marmer Riga



Behind the scenes at the Eighth Street Theatre, Spare-Ribs (Malcolm Clair) makes up while the Barn Dance gang looks on.

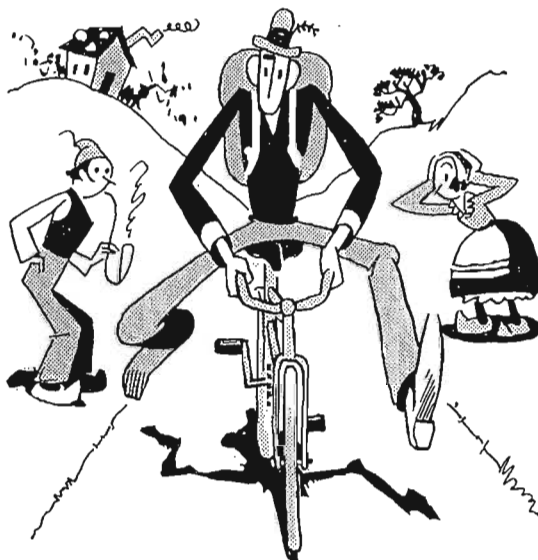
Their CHILDHOOD DREAMS

THERE'S an old saying, "The world sorts and sifts us, and puts us into the very niche which we are best capable of filling," and how true that is, when you consider the radio artist!

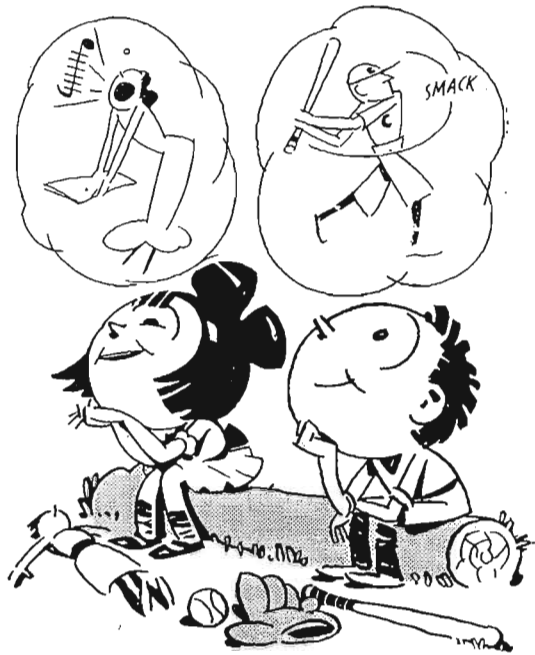
How could they have aspired to become radio entertainers when such a fantastic invention as radio was yet to be developed? In consequence, every childhood ambition of radio people is directed toward some other profession, and it would certainly be interesting to delve into this question. Let's find out just what our WLS folk day-dreamed about when they were "knee high to a grasshopper."

In checking over these aspirations, we find that many of them had their eyes on the stage, which is a sort of twin-sister of radio. Five wanted to be musicians, and four wanted to be either actresses or actors. There is but one person on the staff who was able to say that her ambition was to be a radio star, and that was little Eva Overstake, one of the Three Little Maids, who is just sixteen and hardly past her childhood now.

The next most popular profession turned out to be ballet dancers, poets, editors and writers, but almost every profession was represented.



Win Stracke seeing Europe from a bicycle.



Some wanted to be baseball players, one wanted to be a priest, another an engineer and one had the great ambition to simply grow up.

There were high ambitions and then there were typically childish ambitions. Jack Holden, for instance, wanted an elevating position in the world and chose to be an elevator boy. Just think what fun it would be to slide up and down, up and down all day! Now he wants to be a preacher.

Glenn Snyder, the manager of WLS, who is not heard on the air very often, but is the "man behind the guns," really reached his ambition. He laughed when he told us that from his earliest days he always wanted to be "head man in everything."

"Ozzie" Westley, the tenor of the Melody Men, confessed that he envied the men who ran

threshing machines, and could think of nothing finer than working on a threshing machine, while Phil Kalar, the baritone of the same quartet, and the voice of "Song Portraits" had another novel ambition—to trap otters! Imagine these two boys doing these things today!

Harty Wanted to be a Doctor

Hartford Taylor, of the Cumberland Ridge Runners, desired to administer help to the sick. He was pretty serious for a while about being a doctor, but "old debbil guitar" got him! But, in a fashion, Harty administers a little "sunshine" tonic to shut-ins, through the medium of radio, and there's a lot of satisfaction in that, you know. Especially, when he receives a letter from an invalid or some disabled soldier in a veteran's hospital, who tuned him in.

Eddie Allen, as a little lad, wanted to know all about astronomy, little realizing that some day he would be called a radio star.

Bob Gardner, the Bob of Mac and Bob, thought that life's answer would be found in playing pranks. Life was just too much fun at the time to think of anything else!

Pat Barrett (Ezra, of Wilbur and Ezra), had a terrible time trying to decide between two things. He was Irish and thought that it would be wonderful to be a priest, and then the baseball diamond sort of glittered, too, so he finally ended up by becoming an actor. And he is furnishing lots of happiness this way! But you can still detect an undertone of spirituality in his writing.

Slim Miller thought life would be incomplete unless he become a crack shot with firearms, and practiced by the hour, shooting at tin cans and fence posts!

Win Stracke, the "bottomless bass" of the Melody Men, as a

child wanted to be a lawyer, but as he grew up, his ideas became a little more frivolous and he insists that his greatest ambition now is to ride through Europe on a bicycle. If you could see Win with his long legs, you could appreciate how funny he'd look on a bicycle.

Anne Williams, of Tower Topics, watched the ballet dancers with their fluffy short frocks of filmy lace and net, and was absolutely sure that she'd never be happy unless she could trip the light fantastic on the stage.

Al Rice gazed on Paul Whiteman's pictures and vowed that he would be another Paul Whiteman, less the avoirdupois!

Art Janes of the Maple City Four wanted to be a fireman. At least part of that ambition has been satisfied since he has to roll out of bed before daylight many a winter morning to meet a studio schedule.

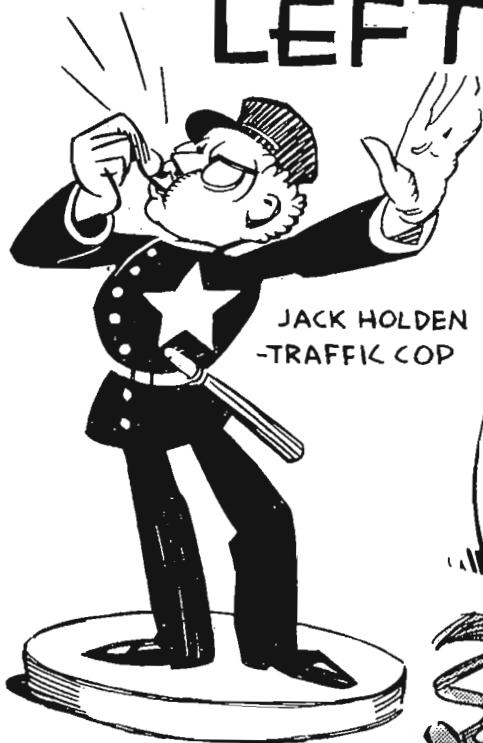
John Still Loves the Farm

John Lee Jones Lair, who has touched so many hearts with his mountaineer sketches featuring the Cumberland Ridge Runners, said that his greatest childhood ambition was to get off the old Kentucky farm, but today his greatest ambition is to get back to the farm. Incidentally, if you want to know something more about John's rare touch of genius, he lists his ancestry as Scotch, English and Spanish.

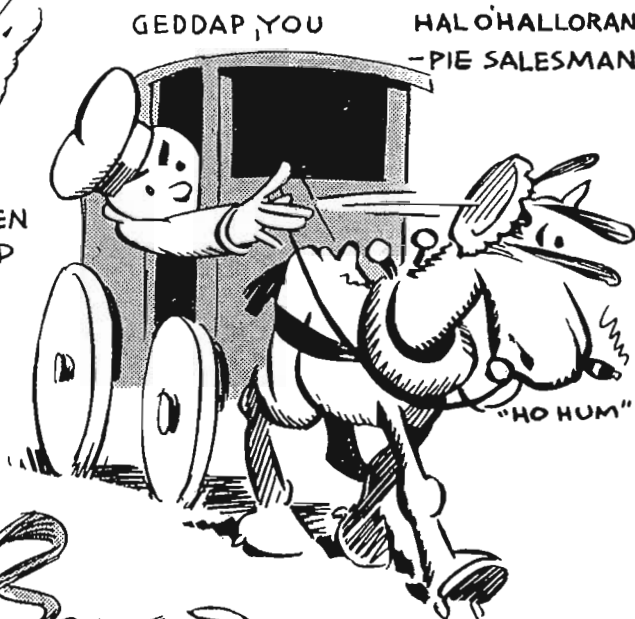
William Vickland, conductor of the Book Shop, is striking very close to his childhood ambition, for he wanted to be a great author. Now he interprets the work of great authors for you.

Hugh Cross, as a boy looking in the courthouse windows at the county seat, decided he wanted to be a lawyer, but his voice was meant for singing, not for argument.

The JOBS THEY LEFT BEHIND -



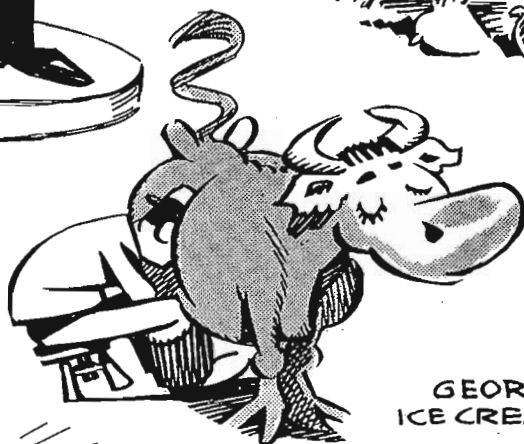
JACK HOLDEN
-TRAFFIK COP



GEDDAP, YOU

HAL O'HALLORAN
-PIE SALESMAN

"HO HUM"



ART PAGE
COW MILKER

BILL CLINE
-LOG ROLLER

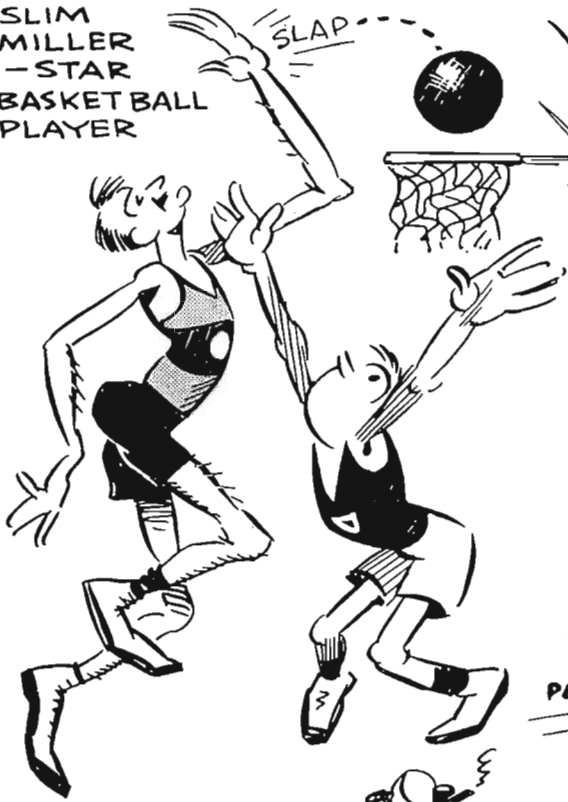


OOPS

GEORGE BIGGAR
ICE CREAM MAKER

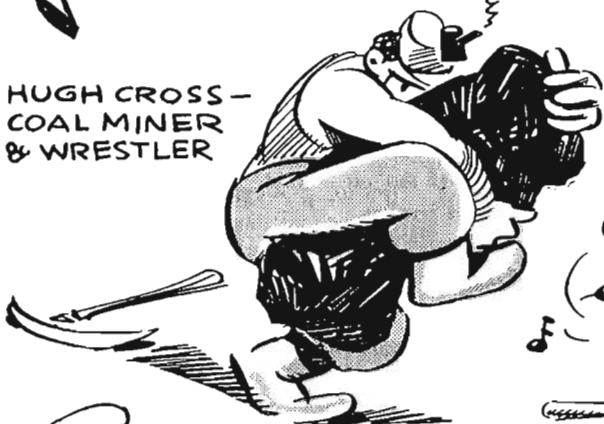


SLIM MILLER - STAR BASKET BALL PLAYER



PETE BONTSEMA - DUTCH NEWSBOY

HUGH CROSS - COAL MINER & WRESTLER



AL RICE - GETTING MUSIC OUT OF PLUMBING EQUIPMENT AND WHAT NOT.

"MR. KALAR - YOUR BISCUITS WERE AWFULLY b TODAY"



PHIL KALAR - COOK IN A MONASTARY

"I'LL GIVE YA 6 BITS FOR THAT HAT"



LEW KLATT - ACCORDION MAKER

What's in a Name?

WHAT'S in a name? A lot when those on radio station staffs find their exact names are heard elsewhere on the air. Perhaps the spelling of the name will not be the same, but if they sound alike on the air, that's all you have to go by.

For instance, our William Cline is an announcer and he spells his name "Cline", but when you tune in on the German Hour at WCFL, and hear it announced by "William Klein," it sounds precisely the same. Yet they are two entirely different persons.

Two Clines, Two Holdens, Two McKays

Then there's Jack Holden, another WLS announcer, who was confused with a "Jack Holden" on the National Broadcasting chain. Even Jack's friends wrote from Battle Creek, congratulating Jack on his singing via the network. Jack does do some vocalizing, but not on the network.

The True Story Hour over NBC made frequent mention of Margaret Mackay, their fashion editor. WLS's Margaret McKay had dabbled with fashions by doing a little photographic modeling occasionally, and has once won a newspaper fashion contest, but she isn't the True Story Magazine fashion editor.

Then there's John Brown. What fun everyone has about John Brown's name, and what puns! Of course you know about John Brown of Kansas, regarded by many older folks as a martyr in the anti-slavery cause. Oddly enough, our John Brown is also from Kansas, so John must just chuckle each time someone jokes about his name.

Then comes Ralph Waldo Emer-

son with his poetic name. Not only is Ralph a relative of the famous poet and philosopher he's named after, but has still another famous poet for an ancestor. That's Lord Byron. If Jesse Crawford didn't already hold the title, it would be logical to call Ralph "The poet of the organ."

Lucky it wasn't Constantinople or Saskatchewan or Oconomowoc

Have you heard the curious manner in which Hartford Connecticut (Harty) Taylor received his name? It's an oft-told tale, but in case some of you fans haven't heard about it, Harty's father and mother were at a loss as to what the baby's title through life should be. Harty's father looked down at the new baby wondering, then he looked up at the calendar on the wall to look at the birth date again, and the name Hartford, Connecticut greeted him. The calendar was an insurance company's advertisement, and their address struck Mr. Taylor as being a good enough name for the new lad, and so that's how Harty became Hartford Connecticut.

There's Paul Harman, who sings harmony with the Melody Men. All Paul would have to do to have a very appropriate name would be to add a "y" to his name—Harman-y. What else should he do but sing harmony with a name like that?

And talking about names, we thought it would be fun to dig up a few family trees and find out who some of our radio artists descended from, in the way of famous people. Naturally, we made a few discoveries that are interesting.

Adele Related to Schubert

When Adele Brandt of the Three Contraltos sings "Ave Maria" she's singing the famous composition of

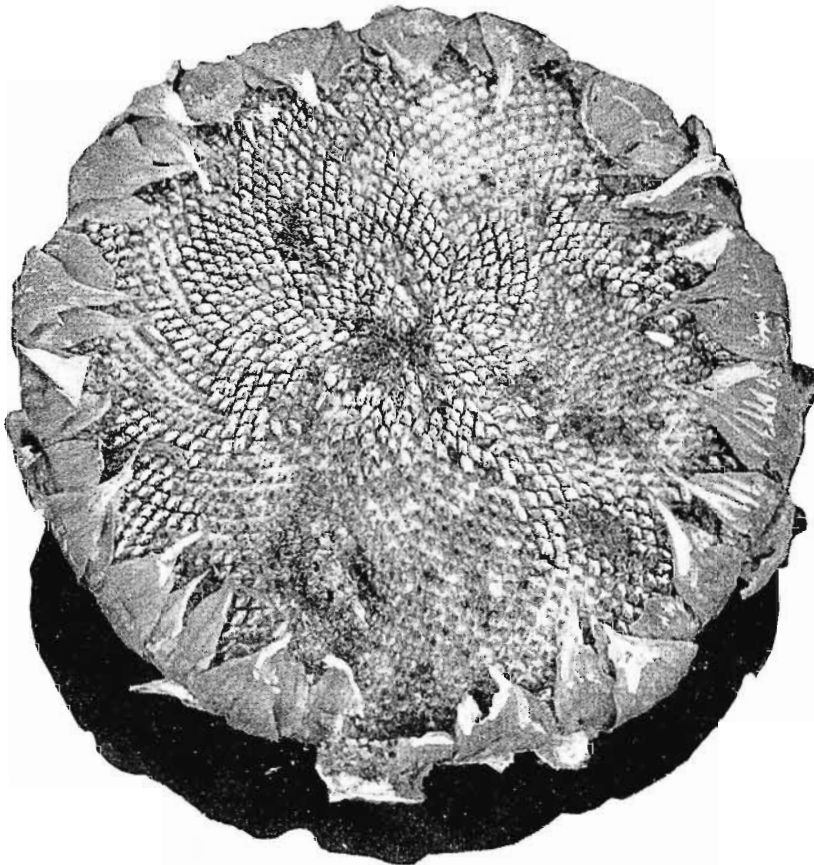
Franz Schubert, who was the cousin of her great-grandmother. Rather far back, but it's fun to know those things! No wonder Adele is musical.

Herman Felber claims relationship to Fritz Reuter, the famous German writer; Marie Nelson, who was "Ma" Gordon of "The Doings of the Gordons," had a great-great-grandfather who was a French chevalier of the Legion of Honor;

Ozzie Westley of the Melody Men has his family tree traced back to King Haakon the Great of Norway; Helen Brundage of the Three Contraltos is a branch of the William Penn tree; Blanche Chenoweth is a descendant of James Espy, the first director of the United States Weather Bureau, whose picture hangs in the gallery of famous ones at Smithsonian Institute.

The Sunflower Club

WLS LISTENERS are going to find out in 1932 how big a sunflower it is possible to produce. Last year on the Prairie Farmer Family Circle program we had reports of many sunflowers, and the biggest one was this tremendous fellow, 15 inches across, not measuring the petals. The ripened head was sent in to WLS, and right then and there we organized the Prairie Farmer Sunflower Club. People from eight states sent in stamped envelopes, and we sent out the seeds, a few to each person. As this book goes to press, reports are beginning to come in that the seeds are all sprouting, and they are on the way toward trying to make a new record for the biggest sunflower ever grown. You will be hearing reports from time to time all through the summer and early fall.



Here's the big sunflower head, from which seed is being planted this year in eight states in an effort to grow one still bigger.

How They Started

By Prof. DUNCK

EDITOR'S NOTE: We receive dozens of letters daily asking, "How can I become a WLS star?" This is a hard question to answer. However, inasmuch as the Right Honorable Professor Dunck, Esq., has taken such a notable part in building up our staff to its present popularity, we asked him to write his story of "How They Got Where They Are." After many wakeful nights and lunchless days, we have been able to translate, decipher, transcribe and re-hash the noted Professor's manuscript into fairly readable form. It is submitted for your information and general education.

THE future of a poor, unsuspecting applicant for a job at WLS is far from being all "Moonlight and Roses." Poor fellows (and poor girls) — they little know of the severe tests in store for them after they say the fatal words: "I want to Become a WLS Radio Star." As a matter of fact, we have the system down to such a fine point that a visitor has merely to look like he wants to become an ethereal celebrity. Then we put him through the tests.

Wouldn't Play the Harmonica? Practice on Sweet Corn!

As an example, I want to tell you of the case of Eddie Allen. When he applied for a job, he was so scared he couldn't speak. I knew he had musical ability—I can always tell. I immediately took him back to Room XYZ, where we have a dinner table set with all the foods a person could wish. I instructed Eddie to sit down and start eating. Little did he realize he was being schemed upon. I watched him as he picked up his knife and fork. No—he wasn't a drummer. I could tell by the way he handled the hardware. I then

handed him a boiling hot cup of tea which he tried to drink. No—he wasn't a singer. I knew he didn't have the vocal cords by the way he yelled "OUCH." Then I told him to eat an ear of corn. Success! The test was over. How that boy manipulated back and forth—from end to end with the rhythm of a genius. A harmonica king had been found! Long live Eddie Allen—the Dixie Harmonica King!

Ain't that So? Well, I don't Know, Said the Old Black Crow

The Cumberland Ridge Runners were brought to WLS by Karl Davis. It seems that Karl couldn't play without Harty Taylor, and they needed a tenor, so found Hugh Cross on top of Smoky Mountain. On the way to Chicago they found Slim Miller doing nothing in Indianapolis, and then at the Union Station in Chicago they found an old neighbor, John Lair, and they all came out to WLS. The bosses were all out to lunch and I didn't much care—I didn't have to pay their salaries. So there you have it and we have them—The Cumberland Ridge Runners!

We would have had Mac and Bob up from Knoxville a long time ago, but they were helping a feller write a song called "Twenty-One Years" and they couldn't get away until last year because each verse took a year to write. (I guess they must have started it about 1910 because when we tried to get the boys in 1930 they still had two more verses to go.) It's a very convenient song besides being popular. If you only like the first and last verse you can listen to the first verse and then go out to a

movie and when you get back they should be just about into the last verse. Fine boys and a great song!

No one seems to know (or care much) how the Maple City Four got its start. All we know is that when someone got the idea of a radio station, they unlocked the studio door and there stood the Four Maples! As they sang "Old McDonald Had a Farm," the boss decided they would be all right for a farm station. Besides, they helped fill the studio so they've been around ever since—six years! My goodness, don't they give pensions to radio people? O.K.M.C.4!

Ralph Waldo Emerson decided he wasn't cut out to be a writer down in Elkhart, Ind., so he took to the street corners with a grind organ and monkey. I guess the depression must have started in Elkhart quite a few years ago because when I asked Ralph why he came to WLS he said that things got so bad that the monkey decided to go out alone with the organ. We are sure glad that happened because our Ralph can make monkeys out of a lot of organists we have heard. He installed the organ himself and got the job playing it because no one else knew how it was put together. Keep it up, Ralphus!

Bring Back Mrs. Murphy's Chowder

I found a young fellow togged out in a lumberjack's outfit in Mrs. Murphy's Boarding House. He told me he was the Arkansas Wood-chopper and was in deep distress because someone had stolen the chowder and he was hungry. I felt sorry for him so I brought him up to WLS to broadcast his sad tale in hopes that the guilty person would feel sorry for him and return the chowder. He's still trying to find it! Good old Arkie!

The case of Hal O'Halloran is typical. He tried running a road

tractor, running a bakery and finally took up the saxophone. His wife threatened to leave him and the neighbors got their shotguns out, so he ran to the WLS studio and got a job as janitor under the name of Ole! One day the regular announcer had to go to the dentist's, so Ole changed his voice and put on a program. The telephones started ringing, but nobody dared to answer and then Hal was made chief announcer. Many Perfect Days, Hal!

Speaking of announcers, I'll never forget how Jack Holden got his job. He got fed up on breakfast foods in Battle Creek so came to Chicago to see the Mayor. Greeter Gaw failed to meet him at the depot for some reason or other, so being disappointed, Jack sought refuge in the Little Brown Church. Bill Vickland called me down to the studio so I bought him a steak and gave him some nursery rhymes to read. Shutting his eyes, Jack read, "Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," backwards twenty times between mouthfuls, so I got the bosses to give him a job. Atta Boy, Jack!

As for the other performers at WLS, I disclaim all responsibility. I didn't have anything to do with hiring them, except for Wilbur and Ezra. They came up to the studio claiming they were opera singers and got in an argument as to which one was the best. I put a "mike" in front of them and the next day the mailman broke his back carrying their fan mail. Long may they live!

Ho Hum, I'm getting tired. Guess I'll take Harry Steele's job so folks will appreciate my worth. Your old friend, **The Professor**.

With apologies to Uncle Pat's tall stories.

Spare Time (If Any)

“WHAT do the radio entertainers do in their spare time?” ask hundreds of letters to WLS. Well, that’s a question! The biggest puzzle is to find them when they do have spare time, what with their rehearsals, their broadcasts, their personal appearances and program planning, but no doubt they manage to squeeze in a few hours of doing just what they like.

It seems that most American people turn to sports for recreation, which is only natural, and certainly a healthful, wholesome form of entertainment. In our radio group, swimming heads the list for popularity, being advocated by both the feminine and masculine members. Football goaled second place, and baseball, tennis and basketball came in for their share applause, in an equal measure.

Perhaps you are wondering, however, what they do outside of sports. They can’t play such strenuous games as football and tennis all of the time. What do they turn to on other days?

You can readily understand Martha Crane’s hobby of collecting old prints and furniture because she’s a homemaker on the air, and you can understand Herman Felber, the director of our WLS orchestra, enjoying visits to art galleries when he’s not painting tone pictures on his violin, but some of our people gave us a few surprises with their favored pastimes.

For instance, who would think that a modern little miss of sixteen, as Eva Overstake surely is, would find pleasure in sitting quietly at home with her embroidery work? And who would think Adele Brandt of The Three Contraltos

would really be earnest about the art of concocting savory soups and other delicacies?

If you are wondering what our blind boys particularly like to do, we find that Lester McFarland, or Mac, enjoys his work as a spare-time job too. He spends hours composing music. Robert Gardner, or Bob, prefers reading, using, of course, the raised letters that are read with finger tips.

Who would ever think that Homer “Slim” Miller could pause from his laugh-provoking antics long enough to paint scenery, or that Karl Davis of the Renfro Valley Boys, would mix his talent for singing mountain songs, with drawing mountain scenes? Then there’s Lucille Overstake, one of The Three Little Maids, who has a hard time deciding whether she wants to fly, in her spare time, or dabble at oil painting. So in good weather, she flies and on rainy days, she paints.

Another popular hobby seems to be amateur photography, with both John Brown, pianist, and Phil Kalar, of the Melody Men, spending their spare time snapping unusual pictures.

Hal O’Halloran, who is on the job at 5 o’clock every morning, talks a good deal about gardening in his back yard, which is solid concrete—says he is going to paint it green in imitation of grass.

George Biggar, program director, finds time to do a lot of things for the church and suburban community where he lives.

Al Rice has a farm back in New York State, which he is building up in the expectation that some time he will make his home there.

What Makes "Arkie" Laugh

A FAVORITE indoor sport at WLS is to break Arkie up in the middle of a song. Antics and acrobatics performed while he faces the microphone are indescribable. The scene pictured below is a mild sample of the goings on that cause the Wood-chopper to forget his words and giggle in the middle of a song. Of course, Arkie is so good-natured that he doesn't mind.



Embarrassing Moments

EMBARRASSING moments! how we recall them with either a blush or a chuckle! Personally, radio artists believe in the chuckling part because, after all, the old adage, "Laugh and the World Laughs with You," has a lot of truth in it. So we've gathered together a few embarrassing moments that our radio boys and girls have experienced, and want you to laugh with them over these times when a "feller needed a friend."

Here's one on Winfred Stracke, the bottomless bass of the Melody Men.

Scene: A crowded beach in the summertime. Win stretched out on the sand. Debates whether to buy popcorn when a vendor passes with a big basket of the tasty stuff. No, not hungry! Five minutes of basking in the sun sharpens appetite to the extent of hailing the next man passing along with similar basket under his arm.

Win shouts out: "Let me have a bag of popcorn." The man looks at Win with puzzled eyes. "Popcorn? Why, I've got a baby in here." Man lowers basket to exhibit a dimpled, sleeping baby.

Beach crowd laughed good naturedly. Win turned color of beets, sheepishly deciding he didn't want any popcorn in the first place!

John Reed Tyson gave us this setting as his most embarrassing moment:

Scene: A big dance in a National Guard Armory. Sweet music. Nice girl. Partner becomes deeply interested in conversation. John Reed likewise. Music forgotten in mad pursuit of the almost lost art of conversation! (Until radio!)

Suddenly a loud burst of applause and much laughter bring them back to the dance. They look around to find themselves alone on the floor. Crowd lined up around the halls watching with much amusement, this exhibition dance being unconsciously given by John Reed Tyson and his partner. The music had stopped three or four minutes before!

Martha Crane's embarrassing moment could have been a serious one!

Scene: College. Her second semester in an advanced writing course. The instructor announces that only those who have some of their writing published would receive a grade and credit for the year. Proof of publication must consist of not only the clipping itself, but the check received in payment.

End of year draws closer. Martha finds herself one of many who have not been able to sell any writing. Finally, in desperation, she writes a column story to the Home Building Department of a Chicago paper telling how she and her husband had bought a house and moved it to a new location. Martha wasn't married, of course, but the contest called for story by a wife. Story was authentic because her father had bought the house and moved it to a new location, but the husband part was—hm-m-m.

Imagine Martha's embarrassment, a week later, to receive a letter from the Home Building page editor, saying they would pay \$20 for the story if she would send them a picture of herself or her husband. She had to have the

check and the story, or no grade in advanced writing! Picture goes in, and appears in the Sunday edition of the paper two weeks later! Martha insists everybody in the college must have read the Home Building page, for clippings of the story and her fictitious husband appeared on every bulletin board on the campus!

A very recent embarrassing moment for Jack Holden happened when:

Scene: The Chicago Symphony Orchestra needed an announcer to do some reading through a microphone, during one of their concerts. Following the first rehearsal a dignified gentleman approaches

Jack and extends his hand. Jack naturally thinking introductions are in order, inquires the gentleman's name. Gentleman smiling very warmly, says: "Bully. Bully." Whereupon, Jack responds: "How do you do, Mr. Bully."

Imagine Jack's embarrassment when he discovered that this "Mr. Bully" was Frederick Stock, the distinguished director of the Symphony Orchestra, and that his remarks had been of a complimentary nature on the rehearsal. The "Bully" was simply an adjective describing his appreciation of Jack's work. Apparently he had not heard Jack's request for his name, but that didn't save Jack from feeling far from "bully"!

Gene Autry

THE yodeling cowboy from Oklahoma, Gene Autry, was born in a little log cabin near Tioga, Texas. His family had been pioneers, and his grandfather was minister of a church. He was still very young when his parents moved to Oklahoma while it was still Indian territory, and as a young lad Gene learned ranch life and was introduced to the mysteries of being a cowboy.

Striking out to get somewhere for himself, he got a job on the railroad, and his boss on this job encouraged him in his singing. This boss was Jimmy Long, and since then the two of them have teamed together in the recording and distribution of many ballads. It's interesting to know that his records have a big sale in England and Australia.

Gene's singing career probably started when as a young lad he sang in the church choir, and then later, in the spirit of adventure, went traveling with a medicine show, supplying entertainment for

the crowds. You like Gene's singing because he sounds so friendly and sincere, and that's just the way he is. Everybody who works with him says he is about the most accommodating fellow in the world. So it's no wonder you like him.

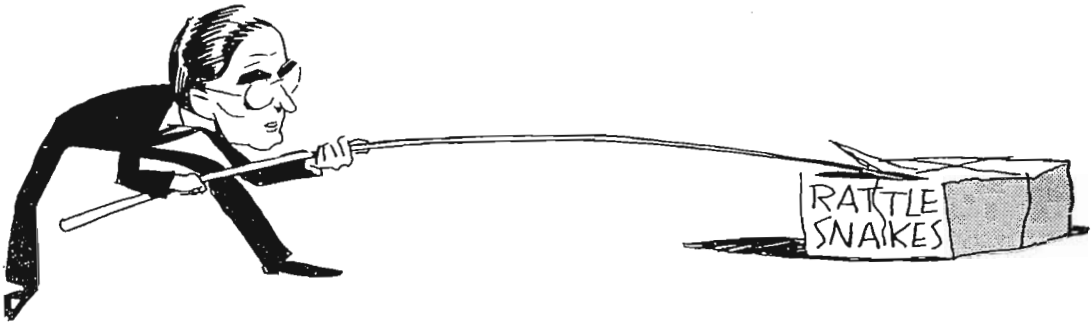


One lady writes that every time Lou Klatt plays a solo on the accordion, her dog sits in front of the radio and howls as if his heart would break. We wonder—well, why does a dog howl, anyway?

What They Look Like

We've been hustling around looking at hair and eyes so we could give you these statistics:

Name	Hair	Eyes	Height	Weight
Al Cameron	Brunette	Brown	5' 9½"	174
Leroy G. Petterson	Blonde	Blue	5' 7"	150
Eddie Allan	Brunette	Brown	6' 1½"	190
Jack Holden	Red	Blue	5' 8½"	186
Homer Miller	Brunette	Blue	6' 2¼"	160
Karl Victor Davis	Blonde	Blue	6' 1"	180
Hugh Cross	Brown	Blue	5' 11"	195
John Ray Brown	Blonde	Grey	6' 1"	185
Helen Marrietta Brundage	Brown	Blue	5' 7"	130
Adele Mina Brandt	Brown	Blue	5' 7½"	160
Margaret Gloria Stafford	Blonde	Blue	5' 6"	125
Martha Crane Caris	Brunette	Brown	5' 4"	118
Robert B. Cook	Blonde	Grey	5' 10"	185
Lonnie Elonzo Glosson	Brunette	Blue	5' 10"	146
Patrick J. Barrett	Brown	Brown	5' 9½"	147
Marie Nelson Ranous	Brunette	Brown	5' 7½"	158
Glenn Snyder	Blonde	Blue	5' 3"	150
George C. Biggar	Brunette	Blue	5' 10¼"	200
Clementine Louise Legg	Blonde	Blue	5' 3½"	112
Julian T. Bentley	Brunette	Brown	5' 10½"	155
Winfred John Stracke	Brunette	Hazel	6' 2½"	180
John Reed Tyson	Brunette	Grey	5' 7"	150
Margaret Morton McKay	Brunette	Brown	5' ½"	100
Frederic Wm. Meissner	Blonde	Blue	6'	210
Virginia Lee	Brunette	Grey-Blue	5' 5"	115
Sophia Germanich	Dark	Hazel	5' 3"	130
Arkie	Sandy	Blue	5' 10½"	175
Harold James O'Halloran	Blonde	Blue	6' 2"	210
Paul Harman	Brunette	Brown	5' 11"	170
Philip Osgood Westley	Blonde	Brown	5' 10"	160
Evelyn Overstake Bechtel	Brunette	Brown	5' 2"	114
Lucille Virginia Overstake	Brunette	Blue	5' 2"	117
Eva Eleen Overstake	Brunette	Blue	5' 2"	111
Hartford C. Taylor	Brunette	Brown	6' 2"	210
Herman Julius Felber, Jr.	Brunette	Brown	5' 6"	135
William Randolph Cline	Blonde	Blue	5' 11"	145
Lester McFarland	Brown	Brown	5' 6"	145
Robert A. Gardner	Brunette	Grey	5' 11"	135
Peter Henry Bontsema	Blonde	Blue	6'	173
Blanche E. Chenoweth	Silver	Blue	5' 6½"	172
Anne Williams Heinze	Brunette	Blue	5' 6"	130
Sue Roberts	Light Brown	Brown	5' 7"	143
Ralph Waldo Emerson	Blonde	Blue	5' 9½"	185
Alan Richards Rice	Blonde	Blue	5' 10½"	150
Philip Blaine Kalar	Brunette	Brown	5' 9"	158
Arthur C. Page	Brown	Grey	6'	157



The Dinner Bell Menagerie

LAST winter listeners began sending in lively bugs, grasshoppers and butterflies to prove how mild the climate was in their neighborhoods. In January somebody in Moultrie county, Illinois, found a big, husky, live bumblebee flying around, and sent it in. We found the bee so healthy and interesting that we made a nice cage out of copper screen, provided honey and water regularly every day, and took her up to the studio for every Dinner Bell program, where she buzzed her greeting at the opening of the program.

We say "she" because our friend "Bob White" (C. L. Duax, president of the Cook County Bee Keepers' Association) told us it was a queen bee, as only queen bumblebees live over the winter.

We asked our listeners to name her, and several hundred suggestions were sent in, the final choice being "Cleopatra." Every day for a month Cleopatra was on the program, and she made a great circle of friends. Someone brought in a little brass bell to tie around her neck—just a trifle too large, however. Somebody else sent in a beautiful little pink silk dress, just about the right size, and then somebody sent a little silk sun-bonnet to match. Somebody else, thinking of the chilly weather of late winter, sent some tiny silk underwear—or were they pajamas?

And finally somebody else sent a little toy automobile, just her size.

Silly, wasn't it? Absolutely! But you know, "men are but children older grown," and we had many a good laugh over that bumblebee at a time when folks needed something to laugh at. She would always buzz just at the right time in front of the microphone—that is, provided we blew on her gently through the screen wire. This is the first time, so far as we know, that a bumblebee ever broadcast regularly over radio.

Cleopatra was really the start of the Dinner Bell menagerie, and from then on folks began sending in the weirdest lot of animals, birds and reptiles ever seen. A gopher curled up sound asleep in his winter's hibernation was dug out of the base of a straw pile. A beautiful little flying squirrel came from out along the Rock River in Illinois. A bat and an owl came in from widely separated localities. A horrible looking pair of black and yellow salamanders came squirming and wriggling out of one box, and the next box had some huge, fat, crawly snails.

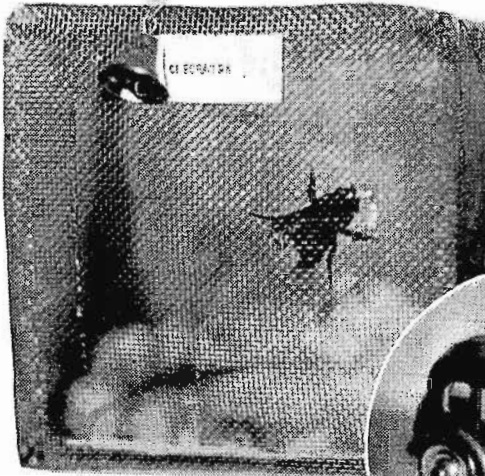
About that time somebody dug up a live, healthy garden snake, and although he was in a glass jar with holes punched in the top of it, he made a quick trip through the mail room. One package came

The WLS

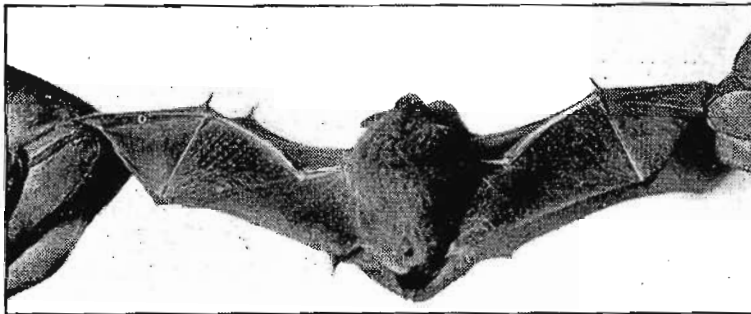
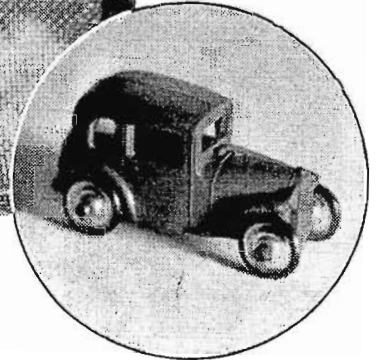
A FEW of the weird and curious things sent in last winter to the Dinnerbell Menagerie. Many of them we didn't get pictures of, so we can't show them here.



Ooo! What a sarcastic look on his face! This must be a hard boiled owl. Note the glove on account of his sharp claws.

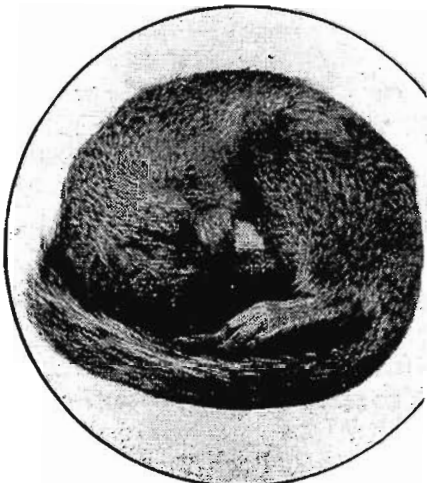


Cleopatra, the Broadcasting Bumblebee, in her cage. Note the tiny auto, just her size.

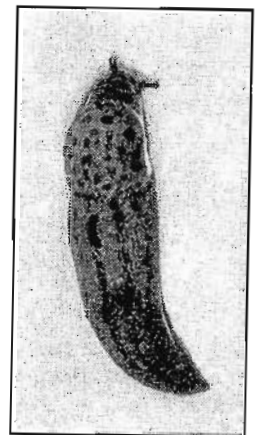


Did you hear the bat chirp and twitter before the microphone?

The gopher, below, was dug out of a strawpile in his winter sleep.



The educated crawdad—pardon us—crayfish. You don't believe he wrote that himself? Huh! Seeing is believing isn't it?

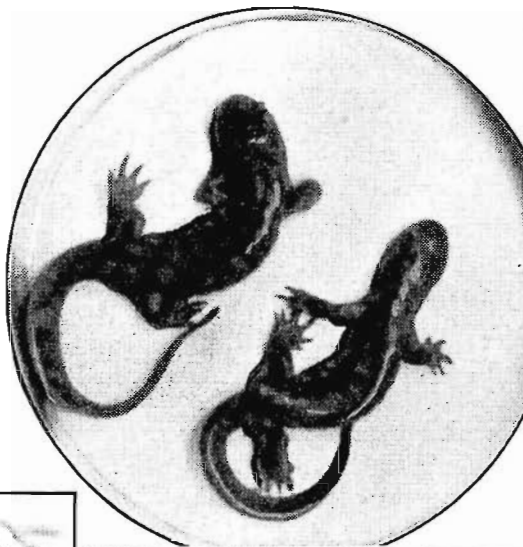


This snail didn't broadcast—in fact he didn't talk at all, only crawl.

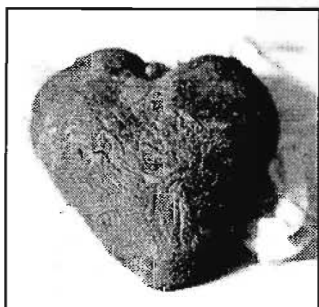
Menagerie

THE girls in the mail room never knew what was coming next. If a box came in with holes punched in it, they hurried it along before something jumped out at them.

The two salamanders were harmless, but they sure were squirmy looking things. We had to take about six pictures before they would stay still enough for this one.



A starling, one of the two sent in. They were released and flew straight for home.



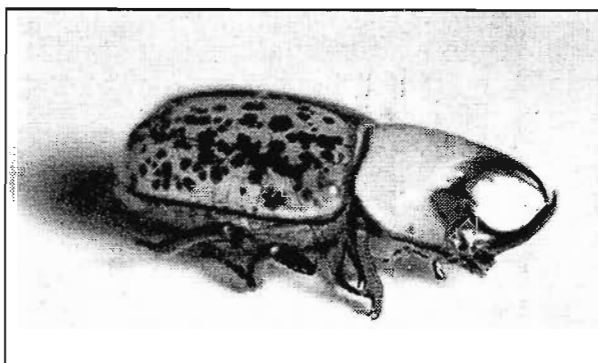
This was a valentine. A potato that had grown just like a heart.



The flying squirrel, above, was the prettiest little thing you ever saw. He was released, with a supply of nuts, in a hollow tree.



Ruth Luce holding the giant lemon that was made into six lemon cream pies.



He wasn't alive when received, thank goodness!

in with two or three lively big green frogs, and Emma Heitman in the mail room almost went through the ceiling when she opened the box and one of them jumped out in her face. And then came a white rat, and next a giant crawfish.

By this time we had begun to expect anything might happen, and it wouldn't have surprised us if somebody had shipped in a kangaroo or a polar bear. Then came a box from a lady down in Central Illinois. It was labeled, "Open with Care — Live Rattlesnake Inside!" The box was hurried from one desk to another. Nobody wanted to keep it. We shook it gently and listened to see if we could hear any sound of the vicious and dangerous inmate. Maybe he was dormant or asleep. So we carried the box out back of the building on the concrete pavement, and armed with a piece of pipe about four

feet long, we gingerly cut the strings, and standing at a safe distance, lifted the top, ready for old Mr. Rattlesnake to jump out any minute. He didn't jump, and finally we crept around close enough to look inside. The box was packed full of delicious doughnuts.

Lots of other interesting things were sent in. One man sent a red bat, which proved to be a red brick bat—the kind that you have to dodge when they fly. Quite a number sent in cocoons of the giant cecropia moth, which were kept and which began to hatch early in May. In spring we had quite a discussion of the English Starling, and two of these interesting new birds were sent in. One of them we photographed for this book.

The moral of our whole experience with the Dinner Bell menagerie is "Stop once in a while for a chuckle, and don't take yourself too seriously."



Among our many friends quite a number are in the business of raising canaries. Several of them have written, apparently in all seriousness, that when the young birds are old enough to begin singing, they place them in front of the loud speaker, and the birds seem to pick up a good many notes from the different musical numbers.

Any canary bird that has received its training in this way from WLS may be expected to burst out singing a mountain ballad whenever someone strikes a chord on a guitar.

What They Like to Eat

SO MANY of you have said that you would like to have different ones of our folks visit you sometime, that we thought it would be a good idea to tell you what some of their favorite foods are, in case the time for entertaining ever comes.

Of course, it's always safe to take a chance on fried chicken and apple pie and strawberry shortcake, but would you be surprised to learn that a lot of our folks are fond of spaghetti? "A lot of them," says Margaret McKay, "spend a good deal of their time trying to unravel the mystery of eating spaghetti neatly." She might have said, trying to unravel the spaghetti itself. A close rival is chop suey, that glorified hash with a Chinese name, which no Chinaman ever heard of until he came to this country.

Ham and Sweets for Arkie

Of course, as you might expect, some of the folks have a preference for Georgia corn bread, and chicken shortcake (Ah, me! it's almost lunch time as we're writing this). And Arkie the Woodchopper, as befits a native Missourian, prefers baked ham and candied sweet potatoes.

John Reed Tyson says he likes hassenpfeffer, but we think he is kidding us—we doubt if he even knows what the word means. Paul Harman likes butterscotch pie (there's a man who appreciates the bigger, better things of life). Little Eva Overstake of the Three Little Maids adores watermelon. (Imagine that pert, smiling face immersed in watermelon!) William Randolph Cline (Mrs. Cline, we're putting this in especially for your information) likes lots of thick

whipped cream. And Phil Kalar, who was once a cook and certainly ought to know, votes for spaghetti and meatballs.

Adele Can Cook, Too

If Adele Brandt of the Three Contraltos stops by, trot out the ice cream, liberally drenched with chocolate syrup. But when Jack Holden comes along, dignified one moment and roguish the next, have a supply of baked stuffed pork chops. Pat Barrett, whom few of you know until we mention his other name, Ezra, of Wilbur and Ezra, specifies ham and new cabbage, but if you should be short of ham, probably corned beef would do.

Finally, we make the discovery that Winfred Stracke, whose stature is as high as his bass voice is deep, has a strong preference for spinach. So if you want the children to eat spinach, just ask them: "Don't you want to be tall and have a deep bass voice like Win Stracke?"

Linda Parker

Have you been hearing "Lindy" Parker, singing old mountain songs with the Cumberland Ridge Runners? If so, you cannot soon forget the wistful tone of her voice as she sings of the loves and sorrows and hopes of the mountain folk. Linda was born at Covington, Kentucky, so she sings of places and scenes that are familiar to her. She's a slender, quiet girl of nineteen, serious faced, often getting a sort of far-away look in her eyes as if she were day-dreaming of that beloved mountain country which she sings about.

Aunt Sally and Betty

ONE of the charming personalities you have learned to love on WLS is Virginia Lee, perhaps better known to you as Aunt Sally and Betty of the Lyon family, sent to you by Monarch Finer Foods.

Some of you will be surprised to learn that Miss Lee is both Aunt Sally and Betty, and sometimes several other characters. We tried to find out from Virginia Lee just how she manages to make the different characters so real, and she said: "The main thing is to live each character as you speak for that character. For instance, when I am doing Aunt Sally, I really think I am Aunt Sally—I suffer for her and am happy with her. It's hard to tell you just how it is, but Aunt Sally really lives for me."

If you wonder how Virginia Lee learned to portray so accurately the character of this old colored woman, the answer is that Miss Lee has spent most of her life in the South, and was brought up by an old colored mammy—kind, good natured, lovable and practical—just like Aunt Sally.

All the stories about the Lyon family are written by Miss Lee.



Virginia Lee

Before taking up her present work she studied for grand opera and did a good deal of concert and theatrical work in theaters throughout the country. Her first broadcasting began in 1925, and she has been heard over both the NBC and Columbia networks.

If you don't know wonderful old Aunt Sally, it's time you are getting acquainted with her.

William O'Connor

You don't have to be Irish to thrill to the singing of Irish songs by William O'Connor. Somehow it seems to take an Irishman to sing of the Emerald Isle and the fairies that everybody knows live there—anyway, you believe they live there when you hear Bill sing about them.

Bill, like John Brown, is a native of Kansas. He started out in life intending to become a lawyer, but it didn't seem to be his

destiny. We feel sure that if he had continued in this line he would always have been a defender, never a prosecutor, for he has a kindly spirit and a ready smile.

Some years ago he came to Chicago, and has won renown as a soloist and as member of several distinguished musical organizations. His voice has been known on WLS for several years, both as a soloist and taking Irish parts in dramatic sketches.

Children in the Family Circle

You must have detected the fact that all the folks at WLS love children, and the reason is that we have a lot of them in our own homes. In the family circle we find that Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Snyder have two, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory have five, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar two, and Mr. and Mrs. Page three.

Ralph Waldo Emerson and Elsie Mae Emerson are the proud parents of a fine boy by the delightful nickname of "Skippy." Hartford Taylor has a tiny daughter; Pete Bontsema has a young son; Hugh Cross has quite a family with two girls and one boy; Al Cameron has a young son; Bob Cook (Wilbur) has a daughter; William Vickland is the father of one charming red-haired daughter; John Lair has a young daughter; Marie Nelson (or "Ma" Gordon, as she is known to most of you) has one daughter; Blanche Chenoweth has a grown son; Phil Kalar has a son.

Jack Holden has one red-headed son; Homer "Slim" Miller has a young daughter; Dorothy "Dolly" Day has a daughter; Hal O'Halloran has two youngsters, a girl and a boy; Herman Felber has two children, a boy and a girl; Paul Harman has a small son; John Reed Tyson has two children, and Tommy Rowe has a quartet of children.

What They Read

What sort of books do radio people read? Their reading tastes vary just as other things do. Some like philosophy, some like detective stories and some like good light fiction. Zane Grey's books seem to be the most popular with WLS

folks, which is only natural. WLS artists are typical American people and they like a typical American writer.

But William Shakespeare has his followers in Jack Holden and John Reed Tyson. Several people like Victor Hugo, among them Osgood Westley and Robert Gardner (Bob of Mac and Bob). Fritz Meissner likes "Seed," a contemporary novel, while Al Rice, his tenor partner in the Maple City Four, likes an old and loved book, "Pilgrim's Progress." John Brown lists "Tolstoy's Resurrection" as his favorite reading, while Karl Davis, a mountaineer himself, admits he prefers the famous mountain story, "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" by John Fox. Ralph Waldo Emerson (the writer and not the organist) has a following with Herman Felber and Bill Cline. Longfellow is especially liked by Art Page and Lester McFarland (Mac). George Biggar, our program director, whose love of the soil is an outstanding part of his character, proved it again by liking "Songs of the Soil," by Frank L. Stanton, best of all.

A school-teacher wrote to WLS recently, saying that her class in American history wanted authentic information on where the famous Indian Chief Black Hawk and his family were buried. We turned to our never-failing source of information—our listeners, and from many places, especially in the Rock River Valley, scene of Black Hawk's activities 100 years ago, came the detailed information. We have yet to find anything that some of our listeners don't know.

“Directed by Herman Felber, Jr.”

THERE'S one man who is right in the center of many programs, a very important part of them, yet ordinarily you know little about him. Would you like to know Herman Felber, Jr., director of the WLS Concert Orchestra?

As leader of the band (we usually say “band” instead of orchestra—it's easier) he must be not only an accomplished musician, able to read and interpret any kind of music at sight, but he must also have diplomacy and ingenuity. Sometimes adjustments must be made and signals passed along to the orchestra while a piece is being played, for the number must come out at the right time and finish exactly on the minute.

Made an Early Start

Herman was born in Chicago and made his violin debut at the tender age of five and one-half in a Chicago church. That same year he played with Hattie Summerfield's Children's Symphony, so we might well say that Herman played a violin before he could write. He won a scholarship to the Chicago Music College, and at 18 joined the Chicago Symphony under Frederick Stock. Herman was the youngest first violinist to ever play with the Chicago Symphony, which is no small honor. Later with the Berkshire string quartet under the sponsorship of Mrs. Frederick Coolidge. This was one of the country's leading chamber music organizations.

In 1927 Herman joined the Navy to learn about the sea, but like the old jingle, “He would have music wherever he goes,” he became director of a 65-piece orchestra and a 65-piece band at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. When the late President Wilson went to the

Peace Conference and returned on the U. S. S. Washington, Herman was in charge of the music on the boat.

Coached by Mischa Elman

Herman made five transcontinental tours as director with the Great Lakes String Quartet, now called the Chicago String Quartet, which is very active now throughout the Mid-West. Herman's parents were both born in Germany, and that makes me wonder why Herman doesn't play with the Little German Band. I guess that's simple to explain, though—German bands don't have violins.

Herman was coached by the famous violinist Mischa Elman—and has played with such renowned violin artists as the late Eugene Ysaye. He married a very charming young woman, a musician in her own right, who won the Stokowski scholarship when she sang with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The Felbers now have two adorable young children—a boy and a girl, and they're both being trained by their father—along musical lines.

Certain little idiosyncrasies crop out in radio artists as in other people, and one of Blanche Chenoweth's is her dislike for cats. Fritz Meissner hates rainy weather.

George Biggar, program director, certainly has a right to his “pet peeve,” and that's conceited radio artists. Perhaps that's why none of the radio artists who work with George Biggar are conceited.

Lonnie Glosson has a perfect right to his greatest dislike because he's had to perform the deed so much back in Arkansas, and that's “hoeing strawberries.”

They Were Real Chicks



Harriet Bingham, Heroine of "Doings of the Gordons"

You will remember this charming young lady who took part in so many interesting adventures on the program sponsored by Corn Belt Hatcheries this year. One of the interesting things about that program is that the commercial announcements were always introduced with the baby chicks themselves chirping their own theme song.

Some people wondered if this was a mechanical sound effect or an imitation, but it was not. Each time the program was put on, a new box of chicks was brought in and set on the announcer's desk. By stirring them gently, it was easy to make them start their cheerful little chirping.

For several years this hatchery has used the same "theme song." So when you hear a bunch of baby chicks, it always reminds you of this hatchery and the interesting stories of the "Doings of the Gordons."

Questions You Ask Us

Will you please send me the words and music for (name of song) that I heard on WLS?

Answer: Because of the numerous requests of this nature, it is almost an impossibility to handle them. Our artists' song books that we announce on the air contain the numbers that we have available for distribution. You might ask your local music dealer for the music or phonograph records of songs that you desire.

May I ask for pictures of some of your WLS artists and announcers?

Answer: Unless an advertising sponsor or an artist specifically offer individual pictures, they are not available. The WLS Family Album (50 cents), published every fall, contains many interesting photographs of our staff performers.

I have written a song. May I send it to WLS to be sung on the air? Will you publish it for me?

Answer: Because of the numerous unpublished music manuscripts that we receive unsolicited, WLS cannot make a practice of broadcasting them. Neither do we publish any songs except those in our artists' ballad books. We recommend that amateur song writers have their music approved by local music critics, and if they seem to have exceptional merit, they might then be submitted to song publishing companies.

We have a violin over 200 years old. Can you tell me what it is worth?

Answer: WLS has no facilities for estimating the value of old musical instruments. Suggest you submit a complete description of it to some large music house.

My friends say I have a good voice. How can I sing on the radio?

Answer: Radio stations are usually glad to try out unusual vocal and musical talent that does not duplicate the type of work or repertoires of present staff entertainers. It is recommended that ambitious talent endeavor to gain experience and popularity on smaller stations before asking large city sta-

tions for auditions. Instrumental acts (using piano, violin, guitar, accordion, banjo, etc.) must be members of the Chicago Federation of Musicians before they can perform on any of the Chicago radio stations.

How can our local theatre, farm bureau or club secure popular WLS artists for personal appearances?

Answer: Write to the WLS Artists Booking Bureau for prices and open dates of the entertainers in which you are interested.

Please send me your daily WLS programs.

Answer: It would be impossible to furnish daily programs to individual listeners. Our programs are listed in the Prairie Farmer, in several Chicago daily newspapers, in Mid-West radio magazines and other publications.

Sometimes I find WLS programs incorrectly listed in the paper. Why is this?

Answer: Our Publicity Department furnishes advance programs to the press from one to two weeks in advance. Revisions are sometimes necessary because of unforeseen circumstances that arise prior to the broadcasts.

I have two friends getting married and want one of your artists to broadcast the wedding march for them.

Answer: With our hundreds of thousands of regular listeners, you can see that it would be impossible for us to make a policy of handling personal requests for special numbers, dedications, etc.

Do you allow visitors at WLS?

Answer: We are glad to have friends witness the broadcasting of our programs from our Prairie Farmer Studio, 1230 W. Washington Blvd., during the morning and afternoon hours. So many thousands wished to see the National Barn Dance on Saturday nights that we now broadcast it from the stage of the Eighth Street Theatre, 741 S. Wabash Ave. Prices and other information about this public broadcast are announced frequently from WLS.

Al and Pete Cut Capers

AL AND PETE, the Nutcrackers, whose comedy and capers interspersed with the simple, sweet harmony they are noted for, come to you from WLS. These two boys are veterans of the air, having been in the broadcasting business longer than almost any other harmony team.



Al and Pete

Away from the microphone they are Al Cameron and Peter Bontsema. Al was born a Hoosier, studied to be a doctor, coached athletics and turned out to be an orchestra leader, until he teamed up with Pete, who was also leading an orchestra. Pete arrived in America from his birthplace, Uithuizen, Netherlands, at the age of five years after a steerage trip. His parents settled in Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he sold papers on the street at six, learned to play on a second-hand organ which cost him the tremendous sum of \$9.00,

became an errand boy, then a bank clerk, advanced to a salesman, and finally returned to his native Dutch country, where he took over the management of the Amsterdam branch of the Palmolive Soap Company. However, he returned to America and entered radio.

Spareribs the Mimic

A tall, angular youth who is rapidly building a great circle of friends on the WLS Barn Dance is Malcolm Clair, better known as "Spareribs." He works in black-face makeup, and his natural southern accent comes into good use. Malcolm is a natural mimic, and after hearing any person talk, can give a perfect imitation. His sister, Ethelyne Clair, will be remembered as Hoot Gibson's leading lady in many motion pictures. When Malcolm was a small boy he had theatrical ambitions which almost led to disaster, when he set his father's barn on fire, using candles for footlights on an improvised stage.

Hoosier Sod Busters

We should call these boys the Harmonica-Busters, for they do just that. Reggie Cross manipulates the chromatic harmonica in expert manner, ably accompanied by his partner, Howard Black, who plays harmonica and guitar. They have their own arrangements of such favorites as "St. Louis Blues," "Peanut Vendor," "Twelfth Street Rag" and the "Repaz Band March." When they appear on the National Barn Dance at the Eighth Street Theatre, they frequently "chime in" with the Cumberland Ridge Runners to put over "Comin' Round the Mountain" or some other rollicking tune with lots of novelty.



The Barn Dance Crew

THE new picture of the Barn Dance crew, shown on the opposite page, shows a number of new faces. Some of the crowd is not there, but this is all we could get together at one time for the picture. See if you can pick out the ones you know from this list.

Top row, left to right: Eddie Allen, Bill Vickland, Tommy Rowe, George Cook, John Brown, Hugh Cross, John Lair, Slim Miller, Hartford Taylor, Karl Davis, Lonnie Glosson, Jack Holden, Ralph Emerson, Clem Dacey. Second row: Bill Cline, Arkie, Pat Petterson, Art Janes, Linda Parker, Fritz Meissner, Al Rice, Ray Fink, Louise Brusoe, Ted Simons. Third row: George Biggar, Bill O'Connor, Tom Owens, Evelyn Overstake, Bob, Eva Overstake, Red Blanchard. Lower: Ezra, Dickie Overstake (mascot), Hal O'Halloran, Rube Tronson.

Grace Wilson

Those of you who have seen Grace Wilson at the Saturday night Barn Dance in the Eighth Street Theatre, must have noticed how completely at home she seemed. Well, of course Grace is always at home in a WLS crowd, but she is also at home on the stage.

You probably remember her best for her spirited singing of "Bringin' Home the Bacon," or "Honey, You Stay in Your Own Back Yard." But Grace started her career at the age of four years, singing and dancing. At the age of five she was playing regular parts, one

of which was in the cast with the celebrated Richard Mansfield. Grace was a beautiful girl and was making great headway as a child performer, when restrictions on child actors in the East stopped her. Then she came west, and was a singing comedienne, often referred to in theatrical news as "The girl with a million friends."

When WLS opened, eight years ago, Grace was on the first program, and she's been here ever since. When you hear her singing you know what a fine, sweet spirited person she is. No wonder she has a million friends!

Grace loves dogs, raises chickens, likes poetry and blue and white dresses. She has blue eyes and golden red hair. She was married to a Chicago surgeon, Dr. Henry Richards, who died, leaving her a widow while still quite young.

John Lair

It's no wonder John Lair understands so much about folks. He paid his way through high school in Kentucky running a trap line. He broke and trained saddle horses, including one world's champion. Was principal of a high school. Edited a newspaper in a small city. Drew cartoons for several city papers and magazines. Wrote poetry. Appeared on the stage with Frank Tinney and helped write the show. Wrote and appeared in a short sketch in Ziegfeld Follies. Worked on a railroad. Raised police dogs and produced one that took third prize in an international show and sold for \$500 as a puppy. And now is medical supervisor of a large insurance company.



RUBE TRONSON

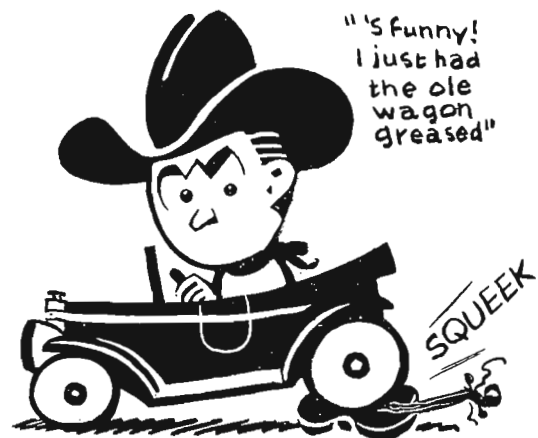
COW BOY
MAESTRO

RUBE TRONSON, the maestro of the band of Texas cowboys bearing his name, first curled his fingers around a fiddle neck in 1906, when he was 10 years old. That was 'way up in Amherst, Wisconsin, where they raise good potatoes and fiddlers. Rube's dad started him out with a fiddle that had been in the Tronson family for generations. Rube developed an attachment for it which lasted until last year, when he backed over it with a brand new car, smashing both the fiddle and the attachment.

Although Rube was born on a farm and lived there 26 years, his chief interest always was centered in machines. He liked all sorts of machinery in general, but was partial to threshing machines and steam engines in particular. After his inquisitive fingers had explored the "innards" of scores of threshing machines and various types of steam engines, Rube decided he needed an opportunity to

work with bigger engines. As a fireman on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, Rube learned some of the things that can be done with a pile of coal, a shovel, a strong back and the fire box of a locomotive. He also learned enough about the inner mysteries of a locomotive to pass his examination for an engineer's license in 1926.

Heaving coal and holding a locomotive throttle, however, had spoiled neither Rube's taste for fiddling nor the nimbleness of the fingers on his left hand. He kept right on fiddling with Dad Tronson's fiddle, and 1924 found him playing second fiddle in Tommy



Dandurand's band over WLS. After some time spent with Otto Gray and his Oklahoma cowboys in Stillwater, Oklahoma, Rube organized his own band. They were first heard via a WLS microphone in January of 1930.

For the first 18 months Rube and his band played for old-time and modern dances in their personal appearances. Then they added theatre appearances to their activities.

This picturesque band, with their ten-gallon hats, high-heeled boots, gaily colored shirts and high spirits, are to be found almost anywhere in the Middle West during the week. They usually manage to arrive at the WLS rancho on Saturday, however, for microphone appearances and to take a prominent part in the two big WLS National Barn Dances at the Eighth Street theatre. The boys recently have been heard on the NBC network to the mutual satisfaction of their listeners and themselves.

Others in Rube's band include Leiseme Bruscoe, champion old-time fiddler of the United States and Canada; Ted Simons, piano accordion; Ray Fink, piano, and Red Blanchard, the 17-year-old cowboy, banjo.

"I'll Be Seein' You"

Harry Steele, the Chicago Evening Post Reporter, started out by winning a national spelling (no, not speling) contest when he was a boy, and then won a national Red Cross Essay Contest. In later years he won a national newspaper award for the best reportorial feat of the year—an interview with one of the survivors of the Titanic disaster. He has gone on winning things, and has won your friend-

ship with his cheerful voice and friendly interpretation of the day's news.

Mr. Steele was born in Kansas City, Missouri (editor's note—ten miles from where Art Page was born, and in about the same year), entered high school at the tender age of twelve, became a reporter on the Kansas City Star, was publicity agent for a theater, war correspondent, and for several years "The Post Reporter." Mr. and Mrs. Steele have five daughters, the youngest of whom does a marvelous imitation of her father's news broadcasts.

John Brown

John Brown, staff pianist at WLS, started out to be a trombone player, then studied to be a singer, but has made his reputation as a piano soloist and accompanist. Born in Kansas, when he was a lad practicing on the piano, his folks had as a boarder the composer Thurlow Lieurance. John tells how this music writer used to send his compositions downstairs for the boy to try on the parlor piano. If they sounded right he sent them along—some of them on their way to fame. So it was little Johnny Brown who first played from the manuscript of "By the Waters of the Minnetonka."

Later John played for the string trio that traveled with William Jennings Bryan on one of his campaigns. He has been heard on Chautauqua platforms, and has been piano soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Sometimes when there's a few minutes between programs on WLS, there's a sudden call for John Brown, and he's always good natured, and always ready to start at a moment's notice.

The WLS Song Shop

TIN PAN ALLEY, the glamorous star-dust trail of song, has been trod by a number of our WLS artists. Within our family circle, there are many composers who have added a bright melody to that famous, mythical alley.

However, the songs penned by WLS artists have been sort of a breath of the beloved ballads of years back. They are mostly mountain songs, hill songs, songs of mother and home, but for variety we have a little of everything in our WLS Song Shop. Just step right up to the counter, and we'll display some of our musical wares!

Al Writes Spirituals

Al Rice has composed countless numbers that you hear broadcast from WLS, among them two very excellent negro spirituals, "I Got a Heap O' Trouble" and "We're Ready Now, Good Lord." That peppy little novelty tune, "Newt and His Flute," is also one of his brain-children, but unfortunately these three tunes are not available in published form. However, his lullaby composition, "Mammy's Precious Baby," is released on music stands. He wrote the "Kitchen Klenzer Prosperity Song," which is used as the musical signature of the Kitchen Klenzer air programs, and is published in the Kitchen Klenzer booklet.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is another composer who found that one of his compositions pleased the public. Do you remember that popular tune, "At the End of the Sunset Trail"? Well, that was Ralph's own musical creation. You'll like Ralph's number!

Hartford Taylor and Karl Davis have been prolific writers of novelty mountain songs, but they have

written them so far only for their own use. When you hear "Wampus," "Looky, Looky Here" and "Song of Old Marie," you're listening to their own tunes.

Lonnie Glosson has whipped out a couple of harmonica specialties for his own use. They are "Old Blue" and "This Train."

Gene Autry is finding his song. "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine," being taken up by many of the celebrated radio stars on both networks. Kate Smith sang it in her own inimitable style one night and Gene and Glenn have added it to their repertoire. Gene also received a letter from Italy. A music house in Rome wished to sell his song over there.

Mac and Bob Are Composers

Mac and Bob are, of course, prolific writers of songs. Their book, which is sold over the air through WLS, is filled with their own song fabrications, such as "Little Home of Long Ago" and "Home Sweet Home in Tennessee."

Hugh Cross is another mountaineer who has completed a long list of songs, both of his own and of collaborations with "Slim" Miller. "Behind My Smiles" and "Ramshackle Shack" are both Hugh's personal efforts, and "Back to Smoky Mountain," his theme song, was a bit of joint work with "Slim" Miller.

Al and Pete have placed a number of best-sellers on the music market. "Needin' You Like I Do" was the theme song of a Mary Nolan film; "What a Perfect Night for You," "When the Flowers Are Blooming in the Springtime" and "Free As the Breeze" are others that you can purchase at your favorite music store.

Uncle Pat's Tall Ones

Uncle Pat has had some marvelous experiences, of which this is one, but he "never gets no credit." As told by Pat Petterson.



BOYS, have any of ye ever had any owl trouble? Hev *you*. Marthy? No? Well, I want to tell you its bad. These spring nights is purty near sure to bring on a bad dose of owl trouble. As a matter of fact Nancy an me is beginning to have just a touch of it right now. Yes sir, but we ain't gonna suffer long, I can tell ye. No sir! Cause I know jest what to do, yes sir. You see, back in the early seventies I was a-workin' up in Wisconsin. It was shortly before Nancy an me was married. I was a-workin' on a farm for Bill Quackenbush when this owl trouble come on. A hull drove of owls got to settin' in the locust trees around the house. They'd hoot and holler and caterwaul night after night till they wasn't none of us could git any sleep. Bill Quackenbush didn't like thet cuz

we was all too tired to do any work next day. So he sez to me, he sez, "Patrick, somethin has got to be done about them pesky owls. Kin ye help us?" "Why, sure," I sez, and I *did*.

I studied the problem fer an hour or so and then I knew what to do. I went out in Bill's corn field and caught a lot o' field mice, yes sir, field mice. Then I put em in a box with a glass top. After this, I put a section of fly paper on one end of the cover. "That's all ye need," sez I. "Why that contraption won't do no good," sez Bill. "Ye jest wait an see," I sez, an I went to bed.

Well, sir, when it come milkin' time the next mornin' everybody got out and went to look at my owl trap. And would you believe it, I hed caught 137 owls, one o' them long-legged shide-pokes and a three-legged tomcat.



“Bessie”



The gentleman seated on the floor is Professor Dunck, sometimes called Al Rice, and an investigation of Bessie's true character reveals, reading from front to back, Fritz Meissner and Pat Petterson of the Maple City Four.

Bessie, the Broadcasting Cow

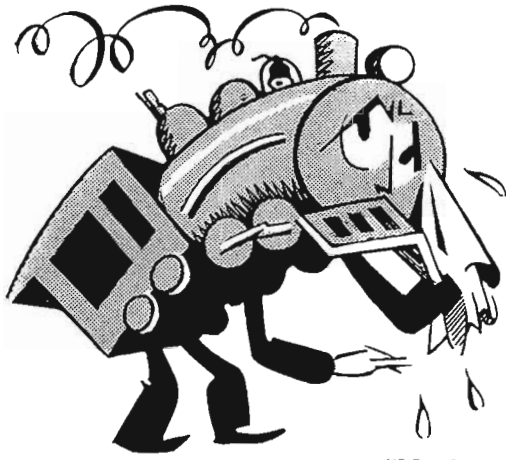
AT GREAT personal risk we have finally been able to secure this wonderful portrait of Bessie the cow and her illustrious keeper, Professor Dunck. You may have heard the gentle mooing of this bovine beauty on Saturday night Barn Dance programs.

Bessie is unusually temperamental and you have no idea how much difficulty we had in getting this picture. Every Saturday night while John Brown plays soft, slow music on the piano, Bessie comes dancing in. This explains some of the shrieks of laughter you hear.

We Got the Oxen

WLS has been called upon to help in many ways, from recovering stolen property to helping rescue work in flooded districts and dispatching trains when wires go down in a storm. One of the most unique requests for help came recently from the management of the Century of Progress Exposition, to open in Chicago in 1933. The management wanted a yoke of

oxen to use in the ceremony of breaking ground for the agricultural building. They asked if we could help them find this almost extinct animal. We went on the air and asked the listeners to help, and within three days had located about thirty yoke of oxen, one of which was obtained and used in the ceremony.



"My long lost brother!"

Lonnie Glosson

Lonnie Glosson, a travelin' troubadour, if ever there was one, made his debut in this world on St. Valentine's Day, 1908, in Judsonia Arkansas. Lonnie would no more think of starting out anywhere without at least one of his harmonicas than he would without his clothes. It was Lonnie's faithful harmonica that enabled him to prove the old saying, "Stone walls do not a prison make," one time down Memphis way.

At fifteen Lonnie had learned to play the harmonica and Jew's harp and started out to see how wide the world is. At Jackson, Mississippi, he took time to learn the bricklayer's trade and then headed northward to St. Louis. There he learned how to ascend a jiggly ladder, carrying a hod without dropping any bricks on the heads of unsuspecting passersby below. This occupied Lonnie for four years, but he wasn't too busy to play his harmonica at KMOX in St. Louis. The first time Lonnie stared a microphone in the face he decided he liked it and so he went south again with the idea of seeing what could be done with his harmonica, a Jew's harp and a good broadcasting station.

Some years ago, due to a misunderstanding, Lonnie was locked up for a short while in a jail cell

at Memphis. As he sat waiting until an investigation would release him, he began to play his faithful harmonica. He had

played the Fox Chase and then branched into the Fast Train Blues. When he was half way through Lost John, the judge had stopped to listen.

"Turn him loose," the judge ordered the turnkey. "You come on with me," he said to Lonnie. Lonnie did and for two days was a guest in the judge's home.

The kindly disposed judge decided Lonnie should have a job and accordingly found him one on a river boat. Later Lonnie started with a southern broadcasting station, and has been at WLS a year.



What's a Kilocycle?

OLD Ray Inman says: "I know about bicycles because I tried to ride one once, and I know about motorcycles because policemen ride on them, but I never saw a kilocycle."

And he never will see one. Maybe you could see them if they didn't travel so all-fired fast. Maybe you don't care anything about the engineering side of radio—or do you?

Prowling around the operating rooms we found old Tom Rowe, chief engineer of WLS, who has been living with kilocycles for the last ten years. We asked him the question, "What's a kilocycle?" and he answered, "A kilocycle is a thousand cycles." Then what's a cycle? We finally found out the answer, and if you children will gather around, your uncle will explain.

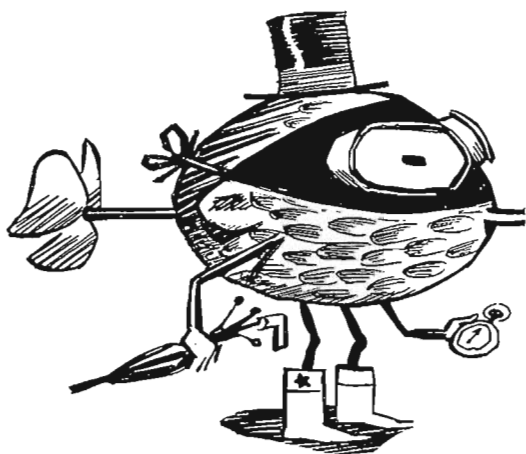
Radio messages travel at a speed of 186,000 miles a second, which is 300,000,000 meters. That's so fast that if I say "Hello every-



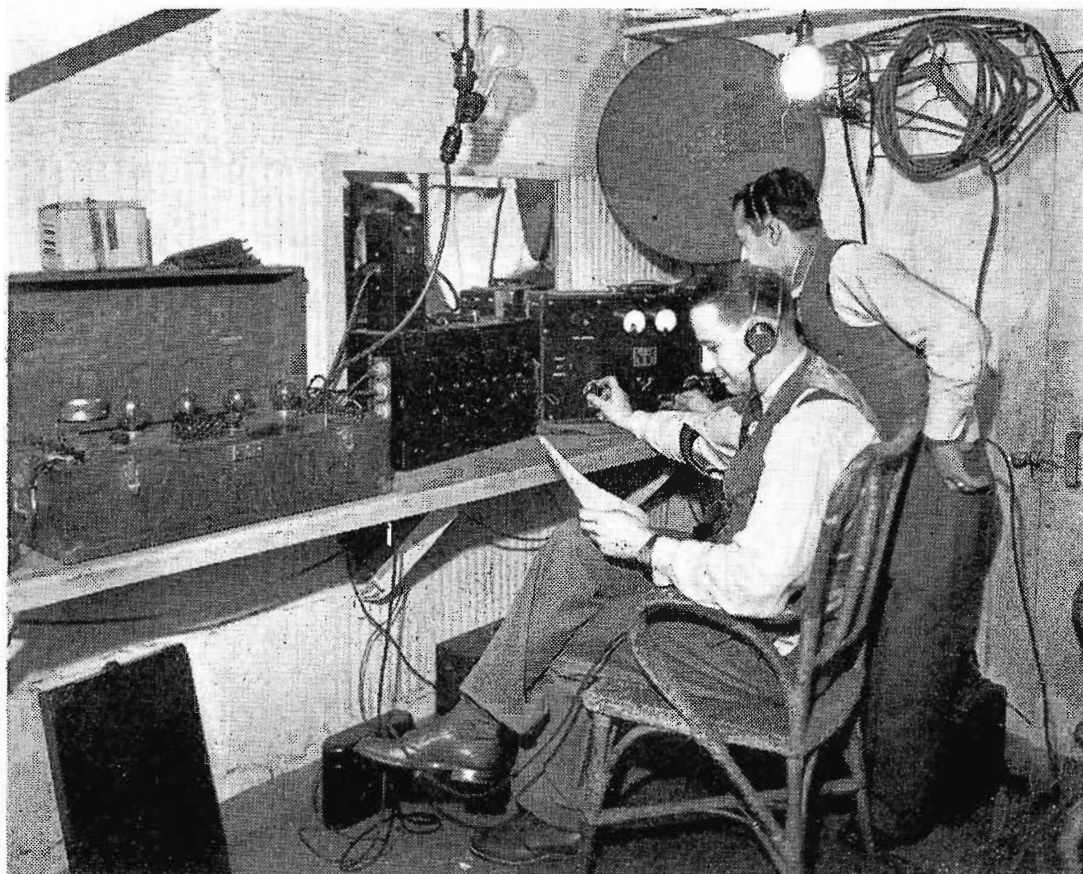
body," just like that, the word "hello" has gone clear around the world three times before I start to say "everybody." That's a fast ride.

Now, these radio words, messages, music, etc., all travel in waves a good deal like waves in water. All such waves, whether from a big radio station or a little one, travel at the same speed, 300,000,000 meters a second. There are long waves, such as are used by broadcasting stations, and short waves as used by amateurs. The wave length of WLS is 345 meters. That's a little more than 1,050 feet. So you can imagine these radio waves from WLS bouncing across the country, over 1,000 feet at every jump.

Now, at a speed of 300,000,000 meters a second, and with the waves 345 meters long, how many waves will pass your house every second? Don't bother to figure it out because I have already looked in the back of the book and found the answer; 870,000 waves will go



After reading the description, Old Ray Inman sat down and drew this picture of a kilocycle. It's equipped for any kind of weather, can travel land, sea or air, is at home in the mansion or the cottage, and most of all, it's built for speed. (Tom Rowe says: "That a kilocycle? Huh! Looks more like a snark to me.")



Control setup at the Eighth Street Theatre.

This is truly "behind the scenes" where Tom Rowe watches every detail of the show, sees to it that the right microphone is open, increases or decreases the volume. Standing back of him is Jack (Half-Pint) Pope, one of the WLS operators.

whizzing by every second. That means 870,000 cycles, but it would be awkward for us to always say, "WLS, The Prairie Farmer Station, broadcasting on a frequency of 870,000 cycles." So we cancel the three ciphers and say, "870 kilocycles," which means the same thing.

Now let's see if we got that all straight. Every time one of these WLS waves, 345 meters long, goes past your house, that's one cycle, and the reason for our "frequency" of 870 kilocycles is that 870,000 of them go by every second.

My goodness, you'd think they would scorch the paint off the house at that speed!

The operators on WLS have conducted broadcasts under all sorts of conditions—up in airplanes and balloons, under the waters of Lake Michigan, from the middle of cornfields, from the menagerie of a circus, the press room of Prairie Farmer, the State Fairs, the middle of the arena at the International Live Stock Exposition, and a dozen other peculiar places.

For the varying conditions they require not only a high degree of technical training, but also must have a lot of resourcefulness and tact. They must be able to do without sleep sometimes, and put up with discomforts in order that the broadcast may come through on time, and reach you sweet and clear.

Sound Effects

RADIO requires a realistic portrayal of complete scenes entirely through the sense of hearing. All action, facial expression, color, must be translated into sound.

Most important of all, of course, is the spoken word and the manner in which it is delivered, but a great deal is added by "atmosphere."

Theme songs and "signatures" are in almost universal use, and after you have heard them a few times they recall to your mind instantly the musical programs or dramatic episodes that have gone before. For example, when you hear the sweet melodious tone of the old-fashioned music box playing "When the Bees Are in the Hive," you know that Wilbur and Ezra, the two old bachelors, are just about to appear.

A great many people, hearing the opening of the Caterpillar Tractor program, have asked, "How do you get that sound so much like the actual sound of the tractor engine?" The fact is, this is an electrically recorded reproduction of an actual Caterpillar Tractor.

It's a Real Tractor

A great many special sound effects now are electrical records of the actual sound. On a few moments' notice the operating department can supply the mumble of conversation, shouting, applause, screams and crashes, fire sirens, airplanes, and a hundred other effects. Such fine technicalities must be noted as the difference between the railroad trains in America and in Europe.

A great many sound effects are produced right in the studio. The drummer in the band has a whole outfit of special sound effects,

ranging from the singing of birds to the rumble of big guns.

When you hear doors open and close in a dramatic production, the door is probably a little one set in a movable panel, which is easily carried in or out of the studio and placed at the right distance from the microphone.

The Organ Is Full of Tricks

Ralph Waldo Emerson finds all kinds of sound effects in the big organ. One day when Bob White was whistling imitations of many kinds of birds, we stumped him by asking him to imitate the sound of a woodpecker, but Ralph ran to the organ and produced a perfect imitation of a woodpecker hammering away on a telephone pole.

One of the peculiar things about listening to a radio program is that you can hear it much better over the loud speaker outside the studio than you can in the studio. The placing of instruments and the arranging of sound effects and voices is designed, not for those listening in the studio, but for the audience on the air. Therefore, some of the parts which sound too loud in the studio may be very much subdued by the time they have been picked up by the microphone and passed through the mixing panel in the control room.

Some sounds, such as those fed in from electrical sound effect records, are not heard in the studio at all. Sometimes, in the midst of a musical number, a person sitting in the studio may see an announcer over at one side speaking softly into a microphone, and although you may not hear a word that he says, the listeners on the air are hearing the music as a subdued background while the voice of the speaker comes out strong and clear.

Hal O'Halloran Is Made An Ojibway Indian

FROM the land of the Ojibways came a party of native Americans early in May, 1932, to take part in the National Barn Dance and to confer the honor of brotherhood upon Hal O'Halloran.

As the first radio man to be taken into their tribe he received the name Ba-Zwa-Wa-Ge-Zhig, which means "Echoing Skies." In explaining the name, one of the Chiefs who took part in the ceremony said: "Radio is like the voice of thunder that echoes in the clouds. It signifies power and mystery. We see and hear but we cannot understand."

After the solemn ritual which has been followed by the Indians

for ages, an Ojibway head-dress was placed on the head of Ba-Zwa-Wa-Ge-Zhig, all of his newly acquired brothers and sisters filed by to shake hands, and then, to the beat of the tomtom they broke into a festival dance, with the new brave taking a spirited part.

The picture below was taken on the stage of the Eighth Street Theatre just after the ceremony, with Hal sitting in the middle.

In recent years three members of Prairie Farmer's staff have been given this honor, Dave Thompson and J. E. Edwards being adopted by the Blackfeet, and Floyd Keepers by the Mandans.



"Don't say Hal, say Ba-Zwa-Wa-Ge-Zhig."

The Most Interesting Job . . .

READING the mail is one of the most interesting things we do. We have received at WLS more than 10,000 letters in a single day, and the letters for one year amount to about three-quarters of a million. Some of this mail is in answer to advertising programs, but a great deal of it consists of just friendly letters from our folks, sometimes addressed to several different people, so they are passed around.

If you would ask a dozen different people around WLS, "What do you like best about radio work?" they would answer you, "The wonderful friendship with lots of fine people." You can scarcely realize how much these friendly letters mean until you have had the experience of talking day after day to the little, cold-looking, unresponsive microphone. You may say something one day straight from the heart, and then you get to wondering, "Does anybody care about anything like that?" And you may keep on wondering until the next day the girl from the mail department brings a handful of letters.

Here's a letter from a blind man who sits all day with the radio as his contact with the outer world. It's a scrawly letter, written in pencil, and he says: "I cannot read what I am writing, but I wanted to tell you how I appreciated what you said." Here's another letter from a man who was down on his luck and discouraged. He had been having one misfortune after an-

other for months, and he says: "Somehow one remark that you made seemed to touch the spot and give me new courage." Here's another letter from a busy young housewife, and another from a dear old lady who remembers clear back to the days of covered wagons. And another from a little home up in the woods in Michigan. And so it goes, and then you know it is true that no good word is ever wasted.

Some of our mail comes on the stationery of distinguished business and professional men; some is in the handwriting of housewives who listen to the program as they work. Some of it is written in scrawly handwriting with misspelled words, and some in the laborious penmanship of little children. We have listeners among the highest and most famous, and among the humblest. When radio comes to a home it does not inquire about wealth or social position, and is as much at home in the panelled library of the mansion as it is in the little family circle in the cottage.

Our mail comes from every state in the Union and every province in Canada, and from numerous foreign countries. We hear from ships at sea, from night watchmen, from railroad trainmen who listen as they speed across the prairies, and from thousands of folks just like ourselves, plain folks who love their homes and who like the things that we like.

Dear Public:

We like you a lot, and you must like us a little or you wouldn't ever have come this far. Just so that we could send an autographed copy, we all signed our names, and you'll find them on the next page. So we say, sincerely yours—

Arkie
 The ^{alcohol} chopper
 John Reed Tyson
 Eddie Aclau
 Ralph Waldo Emerson
 "Uncle" Mac Emerson
 S. J. "Pat" Peterson
 Alan R. & "Uncle" James
 Frederic "Britz" Meissner
 Grace E. Cassidy
 Hal O'Halloran
 The Two Old Bachelors
 "Ezra" ^{Patricia} Barrett
 Wilbur Bob Cook
 Herman J. Felber, Jr.
 Hartford C. Taylor
 The Three Little Maids
 Evelyn
 Lucille
 and Eva Christake
 Lonnie Glosson
 Paul Harman
 Glenn Ayden
 Jack Holden
 Adelle Brandt
 Margaret Stafford
 Helen Brundage
 "Pud" Hanson
 Walter H. Hindsel
 Margaret Merton McKay
 Malcolm Blair
 "Sparembs"
 Osgood Heatley
 Win Strachan
 Phil Kalar
 Sophia Germanich
 Lynn Brown
 Karl P. Davis
 John L. Lair
 James L. Miller
 Theodore Du Moulin
 Wm. Vickland
 Martha Crane
 Arthur C. Paji
 Red Blanchard