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Radio Digest

March

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E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown,
Editor

March, 1930

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YOU have been hearing and reading about Don Clark's Night Club Romances. This is a picture of the heroine, Martine Burnley, who appeared in many of them. She was featured with Good News as it played across the continent and in Australia. She likes Radio and her work at WABC.



GO TO Hollywood blindfolded, stand on any corner, stretch out your hand and grab the first girl that comes along. It's a safe bet she'll be a beauty. But one special prize would be Jeanette MacDonald, famous in talking pictures, and one of the Hollywood stars featured recently by the Columbia System.



THERE'S a witchery to June Pursell's eyes that seems to creep into the KNX microphone, Hollywood, and the best part of it is the feminine listeners are as fond of her as the male. She made her Radio debut in October, 1924, so you can see she has learned a little of mike technique. She's The KNX Girl.



THIS little flash of Welcome Lewis of the NBC is a gross injustice to her beauty. Wait until you see her smiling face as depicted by Bradshaw Crandell on the April Radio Digest cover! Miss Lewis is heard during the RCA Victor program and other high class broadcast features. Her voice has a delightful lure.

Seek Most Popular Program

Diamond Meritum Award to Be Presented to Contest Winner:
Radio Digest Readers and Listeners to Elect Favorite
for All-American and District Recognition

WHICH is America's Most Popular Radio Program? In a mammoth voting contest, starting this issue, readers of RADIO DIGEST are given the opportunity of deciding this question. By means of their ballots, the listeners will determine just what Radio program, organization or artist, is AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR. To the program chosen by popular vote will be given the RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD, emblazoned with the name of the winner, a truly enviable honor.

A Gold Award of the same design will be presented to each of the runners-up in the various sections of the country in recognition of being voted the East's Most Popular Program; the South's Most Popular Program; the Middle West's Most Popular Program; the West's Most Popular Program, and finally, the Far West's Most Popular Program. The Radio program, organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes in each district after the Diamond Award grand prize winner, will each be given a Gold Award and the title of Most Popular Program, organization or artist, for its section of the country.

RADIO DIGEST in sponsoring this great undertaking to select America's Most Popular Radio Program is carrying out its policy of encouraging the best of Radio entertainment and determining the attitude of the listening public, that broadcasters may better determine the material to be put on the air.

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

It is by no means the program from the largest station that may justly be called the most popular. RADIO DIGEST is interested in finding that program which has the staunchest friends, friends who are enough interested in their favorite to stand up and fight for its honor and success.

Everyone who owns a receiving set, and many who don't

have one program they prefer to all others heard over the air, one program that invariably draws their attention when it is on. Some one broadcaster seems to you to offer a better entertainment—it may be a black face team, a barn dance fiddler, a dance orchestra, a yodeler, a classic soprano, or any one of a wide variety of programs, but it IS your favorite. Give this fellow a break, don't be satisfied to just sit back and think how good he is, but help to bring him international recognition.

The Diamond Award contest will give every listener an opportunity to show his appreciation and express his judgment on the programs which are sent to him over the air. By clipping ballots in RADIO DIGEST and by votes given on paid-in-advance subscriptions to this magazine he may help bestow an honor of inestimable value on his favorite Radio entertainer.

ALL that is necessary for you to do to place your favorite Radio program, organization or artist in nomination in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, is to clip the nomination ballot at the bottom of this page and mail it to RADIO DIGEST. This places the program, individual or team in nomination and assures immediately the active support of thousands of other listening admirers of your favorite.

A voting ballot will be published in each issue of RADIO DIGEST, starting with this March issue, and continuing until the September issue, inclusive. They will be numbered consecutively from one to seven. The ballots clipped from the DIGEST will count for more in votes if they are saved and turned in at the end of the contest. If they are turned in singly they will count for only one vote. 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.

Now, if you want to reward your favorite Radio program, organization or artist for the many pleasant hours they have given you, just fill in both coupon blanks below and mail them to the Contest Editor. For complete rules and conditions see page 99 of this issue.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____
(Call Letters)

in the World's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) _____ (Call Letters) _____

(City) _____ (State) _____

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

On the Air or Off the Air— Hear Them Whenever You Wish!

LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You're sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you'd like to hear them when they're off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly "like life itself."

<i>Ted Lewis and His Band</i>	Constantly sought for broadcasts, but as yet too busy in Keith-Albee circuit, musical comedy, and Warner Bros. films.	
<i>Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra</i>	Old Gold Hour	N. B. C.
<i>Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians</i>	Robert Burns Hour	C. B. S.
<i>Ben Selvin and His Orchestra</i>	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	} C. B. S.
<i>James Melton</i>	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	
<i>Ipana Troubadours</i>	Ipana Hour	N.B.C.

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Last Call for the

Gold Cup

WENR Lead Contested by Many as Closing Date Nears

LAST CALL! Fill in the coupon at the bottom of this column, gather up the other ballots you have been saving and send them to the Popular Station Editor today. On Thursday, March 20, at midnight, the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Contest comes to an end. Unless you have mailed all of your votes by that time you will have lost your opportunity to help bring honor and reward to your favorite broadcasting station.

As the Gold Cup Contest goes into its last lap this month, sixteen stations are closely hunched in the lead, with WENR still holding a slight margin. From every part of the country come thousands of votes from loyal listeners, putting their favorites within touching distance of first honors. WCOA, WDAF, WAPI, KGA, KFNE, KWKH, KFOX, WSM, WLS, WLW, WJAS, WBBZ, WWNC, KFI, and WNAX are in the fight, with a number of others so close behind that it is impossible at this date to hazard even a guess as to who will eventually win the Gold Cup.

A single day's mail may give some one station what seems like a commanding lead, while the next day another contestant leaves the former leader far behind. And it is not the big station which may spring the surprise, either, as is evidenced by the list of those at the top now.

Among the other stations that at this time are closest to the sixteen leaders are KMOX, KHJ, WTAM, and KDKA. Tomorrow's ballots may put some other station at the top. It's not too late, send in your votes now and help to reward the man who has done so much for you.

DON'T forget that there are two chances for your favorite to gain world-wide recognition in this contest. Not only will the station receiving the greatest number of votes be awarded the Gold Cup, but the broadcaster receiving the largest vote in each district of the country, the East, the South, the Middle West, the West, the Far West, and Canada, will receive a Silver Cup and the title of Most Popular Station in his district. No one station will receive more than one award.

Be a Booster! Don't just sit back and say to yourself or to your friends, "that certainly is a good station—I wish they would win the Gold Cup. They certainly are deserving of every honor, and nothing could mean more than winning this award." Vote—send in your ballots today!

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of your fellow listeners throughout the United States and Canada have nominated and are supporting YOUR favorite station. Some of them may be a thousand miles away, while you are next door, or vice versa, but you have one thing in common, a deep and sincere admiration and appreciation for the service this broadcaster has given you. Perhaps you think his station is too small to have a chance, but yours may be the votes that will decide the issue and bring the Gold Cup to the broadcaster who has done so much for you.

If you want to see how the stations stand, look on page 110 of this issue.

Winners of the World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest will be published in the May issue of Radio Digest. Full details as to the outcome of the race will be found in the June issue.

Number **6** COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's
**WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION
GOLD CUP CONTEST**

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please credit this ballot to:

Broadcasting Station.....
(Call Letters)
.....
(City) (State)
Signed.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Advance Tips

ANOTHER big step forward will be the April Radio Digest.

Old Jap Gideon had starved and deprived himself of the luxuries of life in a long unsuccessful hunt for gold. Finally he struck it. Got \$15,000 and decided to go after the things he had always wanted and never had—"travel, a clean collar and white pants." He cut loose completely and woke up in Honolulu. It's a scream of a story. Lowell Otus Reese, the author, calls it "The Sucker," but you'll have a tear for the old codger as well as many a lusty laugh. And it is just one of the gilt edged bits from the exceptionally big and attractive April issue of Radio Digest.

ALICE GAMMELL was a young woman in a little "Illinois" town on the banks of the Mississippi. Her husband was a steamboat pilot. She saw before her a purposeless humdrum existence. Then came the exciting news of the discovery of gold in fabulous California. Gold! Hope! A change! It took artful persuasion and cunning to persuade her husband to convert their all into one unit of the great endless caravan heading into the Mytic West. In a small Ohio town a brilliant young doctor had been swept off his feet by an unworthy woman. He, too, joined the caravan—alone. Fate led these two to meet before they had reached their goal. Rupert Hughes tells the story in his "New Laws for Old" in this issue.

What is a "Radio Racket?" That is not a facetious question. A racket in the modern sense of the word is a holdup that may range anywhere from a small time graft to bombs, blackjacks and guns. Harry Mack, who has had years of experience in Eastern broadcast studios has informed us that he is preparing an article called "Radio Rackets." He probably will expose some of the rackets and racketeers. He may get his head blown off in the exposing but he is a brave man and will give a good account of himself. Coming in April.

"Out of the Blue" is the name of a story that has to do with airplanes and a conscientious deputy sheriff "who seen his duty and done it." But you couldn't blame him for putting the sand burrs to good purpose. Will Payne wrote it. We're hoping to get it in that cram-packed full April Radio Digest. If not, you get it later.

GO OVER to the calendar right now and put a red ring around the 24th of March! That's the day the April number of Radio Digest appears—and something brand new about Amos 'n' Andy. We are pledged to secrecy as to just what this new story about Amos 'n' Andy is going to be—but you are going to get a lot of fun out of it. Remember, the 24th!

Henry Barbig, who gets the biggest individual mail at the Columbia key station, WABC, New York, and whose greetings to Norman Brokenshire as "Mr. Brokenwire" are known from coast to coast, is going to have his picture and quite a piece about him in that April Radio Digest.

Across the Desk

WHAT'S the matter with the daily routine program? The world is waiting for some genius to come forward and throw something big and new into the air. That Amos 'n' Andy have skyrocketed to such sudden popularity may be attributed in part to the fact that the listener is hungry for something different. Music doubtless will continue to be the meat and substance of the program but there is room for other diversion. What shall it be? Who is going to come through with another Amos 'n' Andy? Fame and fortune are waiting.

Apropos of programs we thought it would be interesting to get up before breakfast on a Sunday morning and see what the air had to offer. Pipe organs all over the country were blowing in every tempo, with the more ponderous tones predominating. None of it was very good. The organ at the University of Chicago chapel was positively doleful. There is no use in punishing a good pipe organ to make it adhere to the long-faced sanctimoniousness with which some of our forefathers used to vest the Sabbath day. We felt inspired and more in tune with the spirit of the Almighty from a series of concerts broadcast from records by WMAQ. The feminine voice announcing was well adapted to the microphone, was neither shrill nor loud. We did feel a bit annoyed that she seemed to find it necessary to repeat over and again before and after every record that it was a record and finally with a distinct tone of apology to state that it seemed to be the best way to get a variety of music for that particular time. No apology was necessary with the best musical artists in the world giving of the best that was in them. The reproduction was perfect.

A BIG DRIVE has been gathering force to incorporate in the April Radio Digest the Greatest Radio Magazine that has ever been published. Do not fail to get your copy. You may subscribe by filling out the blank below or make sure of your copy by buying it from your newsdealer the day it is out, March 24. It will have complete Radio information, splendid articles and fiction by the greatest authors.

MODERN receivers are built so that one almost inadvertently tunes in distant stations without definite intention. This has revived interest in DX hunting. We are intrigued by a strange voice and strange names and tarry, waiting for the call letters before swinging over to the station we were particularly expecting. We tarry—and we tarry a plenty. What station is it? Surely we will get the call letters with the next announcement. But no. Bill Blahblah starts chortling again and we fancy, well it's a Southern accent—or maybe it's Eastern. Now that certainly comes from Texas! Song, fiddle, string trio, and local advertising roll along and still no station call! The writer had this experience waiting for a Cleveland station a few nights ago. But that is only one of forty others. It's time the listeners formed a league for demanding more frequent announcement of call letters—even if it is only just the call letters. Voicing "WAWA" right up close to mike in a large whisper after every selection wouldn't seriously interfere with the artistic presentation of the programs—especially local programs. Listeners are invited to write to the editor, stating specific instances where it has been necessary to wait longer than 15 minutes for a station announcement.

Newsstands Don't Always
Have One Left

WHEN YOU WANT

Radio Digest

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Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.

Name

Address

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

A-39

Where Do We Go?

By Elsie Robinson

THIS business of life after death—what a superstitious mumbo-jumbo we have made of it.

We have, of course, no absolute proof that we go on but if we do—and we're all banking on that probability—why shouldn't we treat such future existence as a normal phase of evolution, a natural passing into a richer maturity, as natural and inevitable as the passing from infancy to youth and from youth to age?

That would seem to be the natural and comfortable theory. But instead we insist that life entirely changes its character after death and becomes a purely religious experience.

Which may be orthodox but it certainly isn't alluring.

You know as well as I do that it is not in the nature of man to enjoy a perpetual religious session. How long can YOU stay in church without wriggling or napping? Thirty minutes is my limit. And yet we're expected to twang harps and compare souls for eternity. Naturally we haven't warmed up to the prospect.

Also, to some of us who lack the orthodox viewpoint the whole scheme sounds unreasonable. Personally I never could see how I could do enough good or evil in a short three score years to save or damn me for eternity. Why, most of us have hardly learned to act at table by the time we come to die, much less how to act with God!

It seems to me that this insistence that the future life must be utterly unrelated in character to our normal existence has done an immense amount of harm.

We do need to know whether we go on. We need to know desperately. A practical proof of a future life, and even the slightest contact with our lost loved ones, would alter everything for us. It would glory and dignify every act in life. Of all problems, this is the greatest and most poignant.

And yet we can't tackle it because of this religious aura with which it has been invested. The thing has been put beyond our grasp, and we're not sure that we'd enjoy it even if we could grasp it.

So between inertia, fear, despair, and bitter disbelief we mug along and get nowhere.

Now I'm sure that we could get somewhere if we once became really interested and hopeful and set ourselves to the job.

Suppose that instead of feeling that we are about to achieve harps or griddles, we should feel that we shall sometime leave our inconvenient cubicles and go on a thrilling journey into a far country. And that in that country we shall adventure as we have done here, we shall work and play and make merry—we shall, in short, live very much as we have always lived, only we shall live "more abundantly" with a greater freedom and a wider vision—

If we could feel that way about the future life the whole matter would at once assume a different complexion. We would be thinking in terms which we could understand, and which would enlist our interest and enthusiasm. And we would forthwith tackle the problem as we have tackled the other great scientific problems which have balked us. With, in all probability, the same measure of success.

For, after all, if life is really a matter of force and vibration, as we're beginning to suspect, then it should not be any more difficult to discover how men can persist without bodies than it has been to discover how words can persist with bodies.

One hundred years ago the theory of the Radio would have been regarded as an insane hallucination and the perpetrator probably executed for witch-craft. Yet we now receive and broadcast words from and through the "empty air."

We do this because we desired to do it and came to believe that we might be able to do it and searched for a practical instrument toward that end.

What of that other greater Emptiness which we have not dared to penetrate? If we allow ourselves to desire—and to believe—and to search—may we not also find that for which we search?



GEOERGE GERSHWIN, who wrote symphony into jazz and created a new kind of American music, since exemplified by Paul Whiteman. He sometimes plays for the national Radio audience and most recently was heard over the Columbia system during the Majestic Hour.

King George of Tin Pan Alley

He Wouldn't Practice and Mother Gershwin Almost Despaired—Then He Got a Job and Made a Million from Rhapsody in Blue

By David Ewen

A WAN and nervous lad of sixteen applied at Remick's Music Publishing House for a position. Did they need the services of a jazz-pianist? The manager eyed the young applicant quizzically for a few silent moments. Then, at last, he spoke. Yes, the firm was in need of a good jazz pianist. (The word "good" so strenuously emphasized added to the boy's discomfiture). Would the young man care to sit down and play something? The boy, with a nervousness that was rapidly growing into fright, sat at the piano and, with his heart beating a loud and rhythmic accompaniment, began to play a popular ragtime number. But things did not go so well. His trembling fingers insisted upon playing mischievous pranks on him and more than once they stumbled clumsily during the flight of the song. Exasperated by his own timidity and realizing that he had made a complete mess of this audition, the lad banged his fist angrily upon the keyboard and then, without a word or even a look at the manager rose to leave.

"You'll do, young man," his surprised ears heard the manager call after him. "You can come in tomorrow morning."

There was rejoicing that night in the impoverished home of the Gershwins. George had actually gotten a job! Mother Gershwin strutted about the rooms, declaiming proudly that she always knew her George would amount to something in the world and picturing with her mind's eye how neatly she could use George's income. Little Frances could now get a sadly needed dress; George and Ira would get new suits for the holidays; she could even get some new chairs and a new set of dishes for the home! Pa Gershwin was busy calling up all the relatives and telling them the good news. All of George's sins were, for the time being, forgotten. For one precious evening, he was happily playing the role of the family hero.

But the first week soon passed, carrying with it all the delight of obtaining a first position and all the thrill of drawing a first pay. After that, only the drudgery of a hack-pianist's life remained. All day long, George banged away a few good and a mountain of execrable jazz-tunes, until his thin fingers almost split. Here, he absorbed jazz, breathed jazz, perspired jazz. His ears heard nothing but the eternal wails of jazz; his lips were puckered only to warbles of jazz-melodies; from his fingers there bounced jazz rhythms. For three interminable years, George's life was one endless jazz rhapsody. But he passed through his initiation bravely and then, at the end of three years of apprenticeship, George Gershwin was a fully confirmed son of Tin-Pan Alley.

EARLY in 1923 George Gershwin, a composer of jazz-songs, met Paul Whiteman, a leader of a jazz-band, and a friendship between the two was struck at once. Paul Whiteman, a graduate from the ranks of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra where he had been cellist, had some vague ideals about the future of jazz—ideals with which George Gershwin, himself a serious student of music, could sympathize completely. More than one evening did they spend discussing at length the future of jazz. George Gershwin felt that he could compose a jazz-music that would likewise be symphonic and Paul Whiteman felt that he and his band could perform such a composition as no other orchestra in the world could. And so, they would confide to one another their secret hopes.

But one day in 1924 Paul Whiteman decided that he had been dreaming long enough, and that it was time for him to act. He called his band together for a series of long rehearsals; he commissioned his friend George Gershwin to create a long

symphonic-jazz composition; he hired the Aeolian Hall for a certain Sunday afternoon; he sent mysterious notes to the press about a certain "All-American Music Concert" he was planning. All-American Music Concert, indeed!

The skeptics answered with laughter, musicians retorted with groans, friends urged Paul Whiteman to drop the futile adventure. But Paul Whiteman continued rehearsing his band at the Palais Royale, long after the dancing had stopped and until the early hours of morning; and George Gershwin continued working on a long symphonic-jazz composition which was to be featured on the program.

Rehearsals continued in full swing every night in the week and, after four strenuous weeks, the entire program was ready—with the exception of Gershwin's symphonic-jazz composition. Patiently, Paul Whiteman waited for Gershwin to send in the manuscript but as the days flew by his patience dwindled and he was rapidly becoming frantic. Would that infernal work never be finished? Somewhere in the niche of Whiteman's heart there lurked the terrible fear that, perhaps, the work was beyond Gershwin's capabilities and that there would be no symphonic-jazz composition ready for the concert. This fear rankled him so, that, in one sleepless week, Paul Whiteman lost more than ten pounds and his friends were beginning to notice streaks of gray in his hair. Frantically, Whiteman kept Gershwin's telephone ringing perpetually, kept Western Union messengers running incessantly to

Gershwin's house. But always did he receive the same complacent answer. The composition required more time and more revision.

A WEEK before the concert . . . and yet no sign of Gershwin's work. In despair Paul Whiteman himself invaded Gershwin's house and swore that he would not leave without the composition in his hand. Regretfully, and with the lingering feeling that it was not so good as it should be, Gershwin surrendered the music. Whiteman seized the manuscript, with savage eagerness, taxied hurriedly to his office before Gershwin could change his mind and then, that very night, held the very first rehearsal of the work. By the time the composition was performed half-way, Whiteman stopped his vigorous conducting and was merely listening with open mouth and alert ears and then when the saxophones began to sing out the seductively lyrical slow-section, his baton fell out of his hand and he was practically quivering with excitement.

"Dammit," he said breathlessly, after that first rehearsal, "and he thought he could improve on it!"

Despite all the groans, the skeptical snickers, the dissuasions that Paul Whiteman's first announcement evoked, the first "All-American Music Concert" took place and to a capacity audience. Paul Whiteman confessed that when he saw the people swarming into the hall—among whom he recognized his best friends, famous musicians, literary people, the critics of the press—he was tempted to escape, then and there, out of the city, rather than make a fool of himself before such a celebrated assemblage. Only his love for Gershwin's new jazz composition and his debt to Gershwin kept him from yielding to this mad desire. George Gershwin came late to this concert because it took him all morning and a great part of the afternoon to summon enough courage to go and see how that erudite audience would react to his new composition. And when, finally, he did arrive at the concert hall he lingered for a few moments outside of the doors of the parquet, pricking his ears in an attempt to hear any sounds of laughter or derision.

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GO OVER to the tenement districts of the lower East Side of New York any summer day and see long, dirty streets that squirm and wriggle with noisy care-free children. Whatever of music could come from all this wrangle and clamor? Twenty years ago you would have found young George Gershwin in this motley crowd of youngsters. He seemed no different than other boys. His mother wanted him to learn to play the piano. He wasn't interested. But she kept him at it. He has composed many great things since then—*Rhapsody in Blue* alone made him rich and famous.

Peeking Through the Window at

AMOS 'N' ANDY

Bill Hay Declares His Two Black Boys

"Grew Up" from Kinky Kids Parade

—Sam 'n' Henry Only a Name

By Mark Quest

"WHY don't you give Bill Hay a break in this Amos 'n' Andy duo-biography?" demanded Marcella in carping tones. "And what was the matter that you chopped off so abruptly in the February number telling about them being in San Francisco? You left poor Andy with his foot hanging over the rail of a ferryboat and—"

"That's all right. I admit the charges. What's the fine?" It certainly is galling to have a girl like Marcella telling an Interrogator like me what to do. But you see Freeman Gosden, who everybody now knows is the little guy, Amos, promised me that he would write the finish to the story himself and furnish newer and lovelier pictures of Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. Then after I had sent him the copy as it was he sent it back, said it was complete and he didn't know of anything he could add. In the meantime I had steamed away to New York.

"But what about Bill Hay?"

Well, we will come to that right now.

NOW you would almost suppose, wouldn't you, that a couple of young fellows like Amos 'n' Andy might have their heads turned with such sudden and overwhelming popularity. Imagine 75,000 people writing to know why any mere mortal had dared to change one party's hours of broadcasting! It cost the Pedsoient people 75,000 photographs and considerable stationery and stamps to answer those request. But Amos 'n' Andy are the same level headed happy-go-lucky pair that they were before the shining hand of Fame had lifted them above the horizon. They are sensible, too. They are making hay while the sun shines—and Hay is making them while the moon shines.

That's one way of bringing Bill Hay into the picture, though somewhat reprehensible. Bill deserves his share of glory. He had a very important part in making Amos 'n' Andy what they are today. In fact, he is the real impresario. He works behind the scenes, before the curtain and during the intermission. The organization should be called Amos, Andy and Bill. But Bill would be the first to disclaim any such a billing.

A few weeks ago Bill doubled up under the strain of working day and night and they carted him away to a hospital where he spent an unpleasant fortnight. A substitute took his place at the mike to give Amos 'n' Andy the air. The substitute did his best, but the fans couldn't see it. Without Bill Hay, Amos 'n' Andy were something else again. They protested some more. And what a glad day it was when Bill came back and sat down at the mike and they heard him say just as of yore, "Here they are."

Nobody has ever been able to say those three words just the way Bill says them. Plenty have tried and failed. Amos 'n' Andy wept on either shoulder for sheer joy when he came back to them. They even did a buck-and-wing hornpipe to satisfy his highland heart.



"Yu'se a fool to write an' comprise yo'self wid a woman, Amos. She kin make you feel bad about dat."

Way back under the luxurious visitors' gallery in the WMAQ studio, Chicago, Amos 'n' Andy do their stuff when they are at home. It's very secret. Not even their wives ever get by the vigilant doorkeepers who watch suspiciously every visitor who strays into the vicinity.

"Shh-hh, come with me and say nothing," said Amos when I dropped in there a few nights ago, just before their early evening broadcast. "You want to get behind the scenes and tell the Radio Digest readers what's what don't you? Come on."

Miss Davies, the ever courteous WMAQ hostess looked at me with frank surprise. I was going to the inner shrine—the holy of holies. No outsider ever before had been invited into that curtained-in back studio made expressly and exclusively for Amos 'n' Andy.

"YOU want to get a glimpse back stage and I'm going to show you just exactly what we do and how we do it," said the

spick and span young man with sandy hair, whom you always fancy as a skinny young negro, cowed and bedeviled by the gruff and overbearing Andy.

There were two microphones on a small black marble topped table. The mikes were housed in black enameled boxes about four inches square and eight inches upright.

"The one that we use," said Amos is this one right at the edge of the table. Andy sits right down here with his mouth about two inches away and says, 'De trouble wid you Amos is dat you always axes too many questions,' in a deep bass voice. Now I sit over here in this chair and when I am Amos I lean way back so you see I am about four feet from the mike and I say, 'And I's got tu axe questions If I's goin' to find out sompin', aint I?' And Kingfish he comes in here about two feet from the mike and he says, 'Well, boys, de brudders of de lodge has appointed you on de committee to raise money faw de benefit of de Chineese orphans.'

"How do you manage to get the distance exactly right to create the illusions of different characters?"

"Just practice. It gets to be a habit."

"I should think it would keep you hobbing when the conversation gets hot between Amos and the Kingfish."

"That's where the real acting comes in—a different distance from the mike for each character. If three or four people are talking I have to dodge back and forth like a jumping jack. But as I say, it becomes a habit and after long practice I am able to gauge within an inch the exact distance my mouth has to be from the mike instantly."

If you find that hard to believe, try thinking of Amos and Kingfish as one and the same man the next time you hear them and imagine Amos bending forward a couple of feet to answer his own questions in another voice. It seems almost impossible to believe that they are truly the same person—and yet that is one of the unique microphone technicalities that makes it pos-

Back Stage at WMAQ



Two bright upstanding young showmen are Freeman F. Gosden (left) who takes the part of Amos, and Charles J. Correll, who plays Andy.



sible for a single talented actor to double for many characters.

AT THAT moment—and it was then four minutes to 6 when the Amos 'n' Andy sketch is presented for the first broadcast over the Eastern network—Charles J. Correll, the Andy of the team, came into the room waving a newspaper all marked up with a red pencil.

"Looka here!" he exclaimed. "This certainly is hitting the high spot. Here is an article that says the theatre discovered a lot of their patrons were leaving in time to get home to hear Amos 'n' Andy on the Radio. Then you see this ad?" He pointed to a big display ad by the theatre in question. It stated that the Amos 'n' Andy episode would be broadcast from the stage as a part of the show.

"Well, I'll be doggone!" said Gosden lapsing into the Amos jargon. But the incident was passed in a moment as Mr. Gosden explained to Mr. Correll that he was demonstrating what went on behind the scenes during the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast.

"Now you sit down and show Mr. Quest how it goes," he suggested. The clock showed one minute to 6 and I felt nervous.

But Andy sat down just as Amos had explained and I heard him talk. His voice did not sound one-quarter as gruff and rough as it does when it comes out of the amplifier. In fact, I noticed that there was no particular difference in the timbre of the voices of the two men in their ordinary conversation. This would further prove that the varying distance from the microphone is the factor that makes it possible for the same person to take the part of various characters.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I'll see you later," I apologized and made for the door. I didn't want to be told to go and I could see the engineers lined up for action through the window. I had already met Mr. Charles Pease, in charge of the operating department.

Mr. Pease has three assistants in handling the Amos 'n' Andy broadcast and his position is the real back stage—it looks something like the backstage of a theatre except, of course, the operating room is not encumbered with the miscellany of stage properties to be rolled out front as they are needed.

The three operators stand before a long high panel covered with every assortment of switches, levers and signal lights. Each of the three men has a headset. The first man sits, the center man stands and watches the studio and the third man keeps his fingers on the modulation knobs. He is seated.

"The first man," explains Mr. Pease, "has charge of switching the mike openings between the studios—first for Bill Hay and then for Amos 'n' Andy and then back to Bill and the musicians. The center man is the contact man between WMAQ and the National Broadcasting company network distribution. It is a very intricate detail this spreading out of the pick up from a couple or three microphones—sometimes widely separated—over a network that covers the continent from coast to coast."

ALL THE while he was explaining this to me a narrow bit of partition prevented me from seeing Amos 'n' Andy at work. I could see Bill Hay in the other studio. He was smiling and gesticulating slightly as he talked into the microphone but I could hear not a word of what he was saying. The operating room speaker was tuned in to the regular WMAQ broadcast for that time of day and would not get the Amos 'n' Andy program until 10.30.

"Will I get shot if I walk down to the end of the room and back?" I asked.

"Go ahead. But don't get too close to the window where they can see you."

I remembered what Gosden had said about the reason for their exclusiveness. "It isn't that we have any self consciousness," he said, "but while visitors are looking at us there is almost an unavoidable tendency to play up what we say and do to the ones we can see listening to us rather than to the audience we must please beyond the range of our eyes. By actual experience we have found that we can do far better work when we are absolutely by ourselves. That is the real reason we have made it a hard and fast rule to bar the doors to our own little studio while we are broadcasting. That applies to the arrangements for broadcasting while we are on the road making stage appearances. We never broadcast from the stage but have one of the dressing rooms fitted up for a studio. Conditions are duplicated there just as you see them in this studio. We are strictly alone and undisturbed. A through wire is rented by the week for our fifteen-minute go twice of an evening."

I walked along the panel and looked unobtrusively through the window where as a rule only the NBC operator can see them. Sure enough, there was Amos bobbing back and forth toward the microphone as he argued with Andy and the Kingfish—

Andy: "Amos, you go an' git out here. I'm gain' to bust you in de nose an' knock you flat on de floah."

Amos: "If you does dat, Andy, you hurry up an' git away fast 'cause you better not be here when I gets up."

That was when Andy and Kingfish were both very much "regusted" because Amos would not invest his \$126 savings in the new bank just opened by Kingfish, with Andy as one of the "delayed stockholders."

BILL HAY has no time to waste. The moment he finishes with glorifying Pepsodent tooth paste and has properly launched Amos 'n' Andy on their adventures his microphone is out off and he plunges into a mess of papers piled on the desk before him beside the microphone.

He is rather thin and has a boyish personality in spite of his quite dignified style over the air. How he keeps up that genial spirit is a mystery to me. I never saw a broadcaster with so many personal responsibilities. He supervises all the commercial activities of WMAQ, calling on the accounts, writing continuities and attending to an infinite number of miscellaneous details incident to a day's work in and out of a great broadcasting station. And of course he has his Auld Sandy as a con-

stant program feature. All in all Bill Hay finds his time fully occupied from 10 in the morning until 11 at night—and often he is on the job even longer than that. No wonder he had to go to a hospital for a rest up.

Seeing him thus occupied while Amos 'n' Andy were doing their stuff I felt a bit squeamish about breaking in and burdening him with my demands for information such as he alone could furnish about Amos 'n' Andy behind the scenes. But one time doubtless would be as good as another, so I nailed him.

"I guess the boys really figure that I am a part of the act and it's all right," he said when I had stated the object of my call. "I have been with them from the beginning of their first broadcasts."

A violinist came in and began hammering a key on the piano while he tuned his instrument. Other musicians came in and began tuning up. A young woman came in with tragedy staring out of her eyes. Bill answered her beckoning finger as she numbled excitedly into his ear.

"It's OK. By chance I happened in there today and got a copy of the continuity." He reached into his hip pocket and pulled out a folded script. "You know this isn't the first time they have forgotten to send over their stuff. I was afraid it might happen again and took care of it. Just luck I happened to be going by there. Now get over the big panic and we'll have to see to it that somebody watches this account and follows through for the continuity without depending on them to send it over."

The girl sighed as a broad smile of relief spread over her features and she rushed out of the room with the paper clutched tightly in her hand.

THE musicians were making so much noise Bill could hardly hear what was coming from the cone on the wall. He walked over to the window to the Amos 'n' Andy studio and pulled the curtains apart a tiny crack while he peered within.

Then he motioned for silence as he took his seat before the microphone. He glanced at a script spread out on the table beside the other papers.

"I've not read the thing through," he explained to me, "and so I will have to listen to what they say at the end and take my cue from that."

The voices from the next room were now clearly audible from the cone. Andy had been sitting on a patch which Amos had just placed on an inner tube.

"Whu whut's de mattah heah? Whut's a stickin' to me?"

"Well, I'll be doggone, Andy," piped Amos, "de cee-ment has squeeze frum de parch and has stuck de tire to yo' pants."

"Pull it away!"

"Get ahold, Kingfish, help pull!"

Rip-tear-rrr-rrr!

"Awa! Awa! Awa!"

"Well it looks as though Andy has come to more grief," said Bill as the sound of Amos' piping voice faded out of hearing. And then there was the regular concluding hoorah for Pepsodent. If Don Becker of WLW had been in Bill Hay's place he might have said something to the effect that "as the rubber cement made the rubber stick to Andy's pants so sticks the film to your teeth unless it is removed by the gentle action of Pepsodent, which does not tear the enamel in shreds as do the coarse abrasives."

"There is no use for us to try to do any talking here, let's go down to my office," said Bill when the signal light reading "Silence" had flicked off in the studio.

On the floor below a faithful secretary offered to bring Bill a sandwich or some hot chocolate. He had no time for dinner. He declined this little service with an appreciative smile. I felt mean, but he assured me that even if I were not there he would not go out and it would only be something else and besides he would much rather talk. He lit his old briar and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"There is no question about it, Amos 'n' Andy have established the greatest hit in the history of Radio," he said. "They have made Radio history. Going over the network has only emphasized in a larger way the big hit they already had established here. I am glad to have been associated with them from the beginning."

"Remember when they used to sing the Kinky Kids' Parade and interpolate a little dialog of their own during the song? That was when they were announced as Correll and Gosden." This recollection came to me as I thought of the old days when

More 'bout Amos 'n' Andy

BILL HAY says, Amos 'n' Andy have made Radio history with their inimitable negro sketches. They write from fifteen to eighteen hundred words to each episode. Charles J. Correll (Andy) was born in Peoria, Ill., 1890. Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) was born in Richmond, Va. There's a little Gosden in the Gosden apartment, Chicago . . . no little Correll. You will find another interesting article about Amos 'n' Andy in the April issue of Radio Digest.

I first heard and recognized the voices of Correll and Gosden while they were at WGN of the Chicago Tribune, maker and loser of great names.

"THAT was five years ago," said Bill. "I think that is where the boys showed their aptitude for broadcasting negro dialect. It was their first broadcast experience but they had traveled about the country together organizing and staging amateur minstrel shows since the year after the World war.

"They had their headquarters here, Gosden's home was in Richmond and he was the first of three generations of Gosdens to make his home outside the state of Virginia. So you see he

had plenty of opportunity to naturally acquire his background for what he is doing today. As a matter of fact his mother had taken a darky boy to raise along with Freeman. The boy was called Snowball and after wards Snowball became one of the characters heard with the team. Amos is in fact in many respects the true character of Snowball all over again.

"Rooming together in Chicago they listened to the Radio and became enthused with the idea of doing a little harmony singing for themselves. Their audition caused a favorable impression in the studio at old WEBB. And when it came to the Kinky Kids' Parade some time later at WGN, I knew we had two good characters for broadcasting.

"Meantime they wrote a skit for Paul Ash, and called it Red Hot. It was a great success. As a result they decided they would jump their old jobs and go on the stage as a vaudeville team. But before they had signed up for their first booking we had them under contract at WGN.

"We were looking for a feature for the air to correspond to the comic strip in the paper. We felt that Correll and Gosden were the right ones to do it. They did not feel adequate to the domestic idea of the Gumps although that was the plan first considered. Neither was married at the time. But out of their years of experience with minstrel shows they worked up the two characters, Sam 'n' Henry.

"For a while we endeavored to keep their private identities a secret but a great many people recognized their voices from the Kinky Kids song which they had put over so tremendously. The mails were loaded with requests for that number and although the boys themselves became terribly weary of it the Radio fans besieged them to repeat and repeat it. And you might say that Sam 'n' Henry grew up from the Kinky Kids."

Bill drew, reflectively on his old briar pipe and a quiet smile curled at the corners of his mouth. He had forgotten the high pressure of momentary cares.

"SAM 'N' HENRY seemed to strike a very quick and appreciative audience. The boys were elated. They developed the two characters with eager enthusiasm, always on the watch to keep them natural and free from cheap vulgarity. Anything that savored of the wise cracking smart aleck sort was studiously avoided.

"Through it all they kept their heads. And that same natural good fellowship they still have. I think they have continued

to grow in favor because they have maintained that attitude through all their success. They are saving their money and making more money and I say that is a good trait, not because I am a well advertised Scotchman, but because we have seen it happen so often that when some people suddenly grow affluent they lose their heads, become wasteful and then lose those very qualities that have been responsible for their success."

"Did you get the boys to leave WGN and join you here, Bill?" I asked.

"A great many people seem to have that impression," he answered. "But the real truth is it happened as a coincidence, although to our mutual joy and satisfaction. We happened to

begin broadcasting at WMAQ on the same day. So far as my change over from WGN is concerned it seemed to be the hand of Fate to keep me in alliance with these boys. They left WGN at the conclusion of their second one-year contract because they wanted to syndicate their sketch to other stations on records and WGN would not allow them the privilege."

Bill did not say so, nor did the boys, but WGN is well known in Radio circles for its self-sufficient attitude. With the wealth and bulk of the Chicago Tribune behind it the station not infrequently deviates from the spirit of public service to determine a course of its own that seems expedient to a whim or narrow prejudice of some individual in control.

So the Tribune, as it appears to me, snapped its WGN fingers at Correll and Gosden, and told them they could go when and where they pleased but Sam 'n' Henry were the two black slaves of the corporation to remain as such forever and a day. Of course they soon discovered it wasn't WGN nor the Chicago Tribune that really made Sam 'n' Henry, but two young fellows who had put a verity of

blood, soul and brains into the characters that could not be successfully imitated by other flesh and blood.

GHOSTS of the old Sam 'n' Henry continued to emanate feebly from WGN but Correll and Gosden went to the Chicago Daily News and a worried world of listeners soon found them in the characters of Amos 'n' Andy. It was a happy day, and old Bill Hay was right there with them, to make the reunion complete. With new freedom for expression and expansion Amos 'n' Andy soon cast an exceedingly dark eclipse over the old Sam 'n' Henry and it was not long thereafter before Sam 'n' Henry ceased to be other than a memory, and a bit of legal document tucked away in the musty archives of a great corporation.

"Are the boys happy over here?" I asked.

Bill blew a mouthful of smoke toward the ceiling and looked at me in surprise.

"Happy? Did you ever see a couple of kids on Christmas morning more happy than those two boys are tonight?" Bill had not been thinking along the lines I had of the old environment.

"Of course I don't see so much of them as I did in the old days," he added. "They have their own office where they write their scripts undisturbed. I don't know how they get along.

(Continued on page 91)



Bill Hay, the bonny lad who has had much to do with the growing fame of Amos 'n' Andy from the time they were in the Kinky Kids Parade, through Sam 'n' Henry to now.

Fatal Lure of the Nonius Opal

THIRTEEN and ONE

*While the Storm Rages Grim Tragedy Stalks
Into the House of Ghosts Which Shelters
an Unlucky Number*

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THE House stood far apart from all of its kind, a monster and monstrous thing crouching at the edge of the great black pine forest, with a narrow strip of white sandy beach in front of it where one of the deepest-indented coves of beautiful Lake Tahoe lay hidden between high mountains.

If it be fact or legend that a sequence of tragic misfortunes had followed the acquisition of a great Opal, it still remains to be shown that even an Opal, despite all the dread tales of baneful influences thronging about so lovely a lodestone, could positively be said to attract evil. Also, if this Opal had ever been, what had become of it? Why had only the talk of it lingered and nothing of the stone's self? Queer, those fancies which had lasted so long; fancies to be banished lightly of a summer noontide—and to come flocking back like so many birds of ill omen on a night like this one.

In any case the House itself, though remodelled once or twice, remained in essence what it had been in the beginning, a pile of gloom, a labyrinth of many rooms, hallways and closets in queer places, all embraced by time-defying log walls on the outer surfaces of which, like so many barnacles, were its porches and balconies and crooked staircases.

At this season of the year, mid-winter with snow piling up against the first floor windows which were a good ten feet above ground, the House was not meant to be inhabited. It was and had been during several years the summer home of none other or less than Mr. Mainwaring Parks himself. No use seeking him here (as a rule) after the first poplar leaf by the Truckee River turned from emerald-green to topaz-yellow. (Curiously enough, and no doubt purely by way of coincidence, he was a fond lover of emeralds and had an instinctive dislike for topazes, which reminded him of the eyes of a black tomcat.) Look for him then during the winter further south, in Pasadena, in New Orleans; frequently on the Riviera; at times when it was a matter of "business" in Brussels or Amsterdam. So this time he was breaking all rules of nomadic habit by being now in the Sierra Nevadas.

SHARING Mr. Mainwaring Parks' storm-smitten solitude at this particular exceptional time was as misfit a company as one can readily imagine snared at one cast of the net of circumstances. To begin with naturally there was Mainwaring Parks himself, host to the several guests; it was a curious thing, becoming apparent later on, that whereas each of these guests began of the opinion that everyone knew all about Mainwaring Parks he ended on the admission that he himself knew nothing intimately of his host. If there was one exception to this rather odd lack of knowledge on the part of those entertained—yes, entertained—under this ill omened roof-tree, it existed in the secretive brain of Detective Dicks. All others shared only those externals which may be considered as negligible. Dicks alone could have told all that had been said in an earlier interview at the St. Francis Hotel, which terminated in an invitation being extended and promptly accepted.

Besides these two, who may be considered as being head and tail of the company, there were Dr. Andregg, seedy and cadaverous, who had been Mainwaring Parks' guest during the late summer and who, it appeared, had lingered on after the House was really shut up, to act as a gentleman caretaker. It was Dr. Andregg, with his large limpid black eyes, unkempt wiry black hair, pasty and ill-shaven jowls, who bade the first of the new arrivals come in, explaining that not yet had



Mr. Parks himself arrived. He handed them over to one or the other of the two Filipino house-boys and stared in his queer, ill-humored fashion after each one as he was shown to his room.

Paul Savoy, stamping loose snow from his arctics, was the first to come in at the wide door and under the ice and fire of Dr. Andregg's eyes. He accepted Dr. Andregg as a most thoroughly undesirable butler—and without remark acceded to Andregg's request in the name of Mr. Parks to sign the guest book in the front hall as he came in. Though his hands were stiff in their wet gloves he made no demur; pulling gloves off while studying the book and noting its oddity, he wrote swiftly:

"Paul Savoy. Drudge of a millionaire during office hours. Between whiles, Seeker after the Truth."

HE WAS quite a young man, fine face, thin, intellectual with broad and thoughtful brow. He carried a small black case in his gloved hand, retaining it while he wrote, carrying it himself as he followed his Filipino guide to his allotted room.

"Oh, yes; by all means," he said to the lingering Filipino. And tray, bottle and glass arrived with smooth frictionless swiftness.

He passed a thoughtful hour by his fire. Now and then he went to a window looking out through vistas of pines across a white world.

He did not know that these were to be other guests. One, yes; but he had had no inkling of the plural number. Himself; Mr. Mainwaring Parks; and "Mr. Nemo." This "Mr. Nemo," by all means; else Paul Savoy never would have thought of this thirty mile adventure of lurching sleigh and spray-smothered launch. He was here primarily to meet this "Mr. Nemo," the whole matter having been arranged through Mainwaring Parks. Oh, yes; there would be one other; Paul Savoy had thought little of him, though. This was only Amos Laufer-Hirth; he was to be a silent though naturally interested spectator unless called upon, because of his expert knowledge and profound experience, for an opinion. He was to be expected along with Mainwaring Parks himself.

Paul Savoy, having smoked and idled and bathed and meditated, changed from dressing gown to informal dinner clothes and strolled down the hallway, looking for a large comfortable living room somewhere. The lights were on; electric lights evidently of a private plant. They were "jumpy," like a neurotic man's nerves; they blinked and threatened at every moment to go out for good. It was reassuring, however, to note that the establishment did not depend on them with any blind and foolish faith; there were coal-oil lamps bracketed against the walls and on tables and stands. Many of the rich black old beams were set with candle sticks all in readiness.

He found the room he sought half way between front and rear of the house, occupying a generous portion of the southern side; the glow and crackle and resinous smell of a big pine fire drew him into a chamber of high-beamed ceiling, soft rich rugs and chairs which lured like so many little isles of Lotus Eaters. A man was standing with his back to the open fire, warming his hands. He started forward eagerly.

"MR. PARKS?" he exclaimed questioningly. Then he appeared to hesitate. "No, not Mr. Parks—"

Paul Savoy came on into the room and was in no great haste in answering. When he spoke it was to say rather curiously:

"No. I am not Mr. Parks. Merely a guest, you know. I—ah—was just about to ask if you were Mr. Parks!"

The other stared at him and in his look there may have been either curiosity or suspicion, or both; certainly there was nothing in it of pleasure.

He was a man of perhaps sixty-five; hard-bitten, lean with the leanness of adventure and hardship. Tawny little mustache and old-fashioned imperial were graying. The head was thin at the temples, aggressive of lower jaw, with eyes which had looked upon many strange lands and stranger human happenings and were cold and aloof behind lids which drooped noticeably.

Dr. Andregg came in walking jerkily, his bony hands twitching, his voice sounding sharp and querulous to the others.

"It was Mr. Parks' wish that if any of you gentlemen chance to meet before he got here, I should introduce you, Captain Art Temple, Mr. Paul Savoy."

He started jerkily away, then half turned on his heel and added:

"Mr. Paul Savoy, Sergeant Tom Blount," and hastened away.

Still another man, until now hidden in the generous depths of one of the hospitable chairs, got to his feet. A short, powerful, blunt square man with mahogany skin, snapping red-brown eyes and the look of an orderly.

The three men, each with his own kind of nod, acknowledged the queer form of introduction.

Paul Savoy spoke first and with a half-smile.

"Odd to meet this way, eh, Captain Temple? Odd, too, that neither of us appear to know our absent host personally!"

"I know who you are, of course," said Captain Temple.

"And, equally of course, everyone knows of the renowned Captain Temple of the many thrilling exploits," rejoined Savoy, equably. "Beyond that shall we not go?"

"Shall we leave that for the mouth of Mr. Parks. When—and if ever—he comes! Sergeant, a word with you."

SAVOY idly watched the two as they stepped away together to a far end of the room, conversing confidentially. His little amused half-smile returned.

"Rude? Merely disgruntled? Or, as the French have it, set-upside-down? And what the devil are Captain Art Temple and his man at arms doing here?"

He ensconced himself in an inviting chair, his back turned on the two who held his thoughts, and took a book at random from the table close at hand. "Kunz's Curious Lore of Precious Stones." He opened it carelessly; rather the book opened itself, the leaves falling apart at the beginning of the fifth chapter. Savoy was familiar with the book. Here was some speculation on the "Ominous Stones." At the head, in large type, was the word to be expected in such a position: "The Opal."

Come to think of it, if you picked up at random, in any reading room, club or private home, a chance tome devoted to such a subject, and allowed the volume something to say for itself in the matter of what page it should reveal, with an even break it would turn up diamonds or opals.

But here again returned Captain Temple.

"I'm afraid I was a bit rude, Mr. Savoy, just now. I'm sorry. Didn't really mean to be—or want to be, you know."

"Fine," said Savoy, and put the book aside. "We were both a bit surprised. Had a drink yet?"

AT THE moment there was a commotion toward the front of the house bespeaking fresh arrivals; much stamping, a deep, cheery voice singing out lustily, the tones whipped along down the hall by the wind which with the newcomers

had got in at the front door.

"That'll be Mr. Parks now, without a doubt," said Temple.

"Not alone, either, I'll wager."

"It's the devil's own night, gentlemen," said a high, metallic, vibrant voice, and the speaker with two men at his side turned in at the living room door. Just behind them, never more tense than now, came Dr. Andregg. The sergeant reappeared and stood stiffly at the side of his chair, like a sentry popping out of his box.

The man who had spoken stopped just within the door and stood looking from one to the other of the three men already occupying the room. Both Savoy and Captain Temple knew him for Mainwaring Parks, arriving at the swift, sure knowledge by eliminating his companions. One of these, he of the bluff, cheery voice heard from the moment he came in at the outer door, was already expected; expected, it turned out, by both Savoy and Temple.

This was Amos Laufer-Hirth who was to San Francisco what Tiffany had long been to the East. An expansive man as to body and mind, he lifted his graying brows, then chuckled and brought his bulky form lightly forward on a pair of small, shapely feet, extending two hands at once and crying out:

"Paul Savoy! Captain Temple! Well, well, well. This is fine."

"Perhaps," said Mainwaring Parks with a humorous quirk at the corner of his mouth. "you'll be so good, Amos, as to introduce me to my own guests here! I've long anticipated the very keen pleasure of knowing both Mr. Paul Savoy and Captain Art Temple."

Further introductions were informally made; even the sergeant was impelled to come forward and be shaken by the hand all around. Then:

"Come here, Andregg," sang out Parks. And to those who already had come in contact with that individual, he explained lightly: "An old friend of mine, Dr. Andregg. No doubt you have had a word or two with him, but it's ten to one he's allowed you to think of him as a butler, or whatever else you chose of him, never speaking up to set you right about his real position here."

LAST of all to be made known to the company was the man who had entered the room in company with Parks and Laufer-Hirth. It was as though for the moment Mainwaring Parks had quite forgotten him and now was cordially eager to make amends.

"I almost forgot! But then everyone ought to know Dicks, here. Herman A. Dicks, none other! Once ablist of Pinkertonians—and now just his own incomparable self. Gentlemen all, Detective Dicks!"

More than one eyebrow shot up; be sure that those keen blue eyes of Detective Dicks marked which one. Mainwaring Parks too marked and laughed.

"We're off to our rooms to freshen up a bit," ran on Parks. "Lord, what a night I've brought you into! You'll be starved. I fancy? Well, I've got a prince of cooks, high artist of Orientals. And I trust you've not languished of thirst? Say half an hour and we meet at table?—By the by Amos, where's that man of yours?"

Still another man? And already there were more here, many more, than most of the company had expected.

Amos Laufer-Hirth laughed his big genial laugh.

"Oh, Will Little? Likely you'll find him in the hallway, fainted away. This night of yours, Parks, has got his nerves."

But Will Little repudiated the accusation from somewhere in the hall.



"That night, an hour after the arrival of the Opal, if ever it did arrive, there was double murder committed right here."

"I'm just segregating the bags and traps in general, Mr. Laufer-Hirth. I thought—"

"It's no time for thinking and segregating, man!" boomed his employer. "We're just going to have drinks all round. Come ahead."

They had their drinks and, aided by the two Filipino house-boys, separated to their rooms. Once again the living room was occupied solely by Savoy, the captain and Sergeant Tom Blount. The sergeant promptly did his vanishing trick.

"Will you tell me," muttered Savoy "why the devil Parks wanted to bring that fellow Dicks along?"

Captain Temple, obviously of no mood to talk, snorted contemptuously and reached out for glass and bottle, conveniently left on the refectory table. At that moment the lights flickered and went out. Save for what light was afforded by the fires in certain of the fireplaces, the House of the Opal was plunged into darkness.

IT WAS a gay dining room, no matter how the thunder and wind boomed and screamed outside, and a gay company after their round of cocktails, with bottles on the massive sideboard winking at them from deep cool beds of snow in bright silver buckets. Gay, at least, on the surface, for a sober interest underlay the casual outer semblance.

"With all my heart I want you boys to understand that I appreciate the honor you are doing me. What man ever gathered under his roof at a single time such rare individuals? On the wide green earth there is just one Laufer-Hirth; I've got him here! There's just one Paul Savoy; I could put out my hand and touch him. The world knows but the one Captain Temple; he is ours tonight."

"And, my dear Parks," cried out Laufer-Hirth, "if it be true that you have actually under your roof a certain Mr. Nemo—"

"Shall I speak my own words or shall I not?" expostulated Mainwaring Parks, with an expectant glance over his shoulder toward the open door. "He is indeed under my roof, this gentleman whom at his request and in our earnest desire to meet even his unspoken wishes in all things we call tonight Mr. Nemo. We all know who he is and what he is and what he represents. And so in my log house in the woods, is a brilliant company crowned by the illustrious. We make history, gentlemen; not mere sordid, vulgar, popular history, but such, intimate, sparkling regal history as that which is enacted behind curtains in the courts of kings."

He had been the first to hear the step in the hall. And now as the step, soft and quick, came on to the door, he lifted his voice and, with glass held high, cried in a note between hearty welcome and high respect:

"Gentlemen—Mr. Nemo!"

The man who entered, outlandishly garbed, stopped just within the door and regarding them all with a pair of brilliant black eyes. His meagre form swathed in a scarlet robe, his dark head turbanned, a jewelled curved knife, blue unsheathed steel gleaming wickedly, swinging by a slight silken cord at his side, he struck an impressive Eastern note in this ultra-Western setting. He was neither young nor old, neither stern nor affable. Scrutinizing all others, he himself remained inscrutable. His race? From India, from Persia? From China? There was more, much more than a mere hint in him of old Mother Egypt. Strains had commingled, long ago, and from them had sprung this—Mr. Nemo.

Behind him came Mr. Nemo's man; secretary and valet and servant; one almost said slave. Shorter than his master this man was three times his breadth and girth and looked, in his darker, plainer robe, a squat, ugly giant.



AUDREY
SLOYA
SUMMERS
1930

Mr. Nemo kept his hands folded, out of sight in his ample sleeves, while Mr. Parks presented his several guests, merely inclining his head gravely. This ceremony ended, Mainwaring Parks unhesitatingly introduced everyone to Mr. Nemo's stalwart shadow, who was to be known as Mr. Mohun and was to be treated as an equal, and they sat down.

OVER the nuts, raisins and wine, Captain Temple gave a deft twist to conversation which resulted in turning it toward a certain general field which, though so far unplowed by any spoken word, was at every moment just out of sight around the next corner—namely the subject of precious stones. Captain Temple's remark was:

"By the by, Parks, we've all of us heard more or less of your place here. Garbled stuff, of course. You won't refuse us the true tale, will you?"

Parks grinned impishly. "The Tale of the Opal?" he chuckled. "You're welcome to it. That is, provided Amos here doesn't object. There's nothing I know of unluckier than opals."

the wind howl! It or the lightning has put our electric lights out of commission, but defiant as any Laufer-Hirth ensconced behind a talismanic carbuncle, we'll defy it to bring our log walls down. And I am to tell my little tale of horror."


He sat silent a moment, twisting his glass-stem, and gathering his thoughts.

"Here it is then; short and to the point. Let it be known as The Tale of the Opal of Nonius. Now, some forty years ago this house of mine was no house at all, but constituted a noble part of the forest; these log walls were big ripe pines reflecting themselves placidly in our queen-gem of mountain lakes. There came a man with a queer name and a queer nature, one Thruff Wilicyzinski, mad as a hatter, and caused the slaughter among the big pines, to create this house of mine.

"WITH all this room (and I have added but little to it), this Thruff Wilicyzinski lived here a great part of the time in absolute solitude. And at times filled up the whole place; had a dark fat woman for a wife, a couple of sons and several daughters, and friends, if that's what they were, by the dozen. They whooped it up pretty disgracefully, I'm afraid. At any rate they got themselves a devilish nasty reputation. Now enters the Opal of Nonius. Among the guests of Mr. Wilicyzinski upon the historic occasion in question, was one of your own trade, by which I mean a very jewel of jewelers!! But this man was, I am afraid, rather more—or less—than just that. There is every reason to believe him an out-and-out rascal, a thief and far, very far worse."

"The rest," admitted Parks regretfully, "is as vague cobwebs by moonlight. Bearing the Great Opal of Roman Nonius came the rascal of a jewel merchant. As to that particular stone, there's a Pliny in my library; you may have his "Naturalis Historia" either in the original or in translation, as you prefer; and you will learn how the Senator Nonius, incurring the wrath of none other than the great Antony himself, all because of a certain wonderful opal 'as large as a hazel nut,' fled into exile, taking with him that stone alone. And how the stone was valued at nothing less than two million sesterces—a good eighty thousand of our dollars. And you may trace, here and there in legend, the adventures of this fateful gem until at last—it vanishes."

"And that is the opal in question?" demanded Dicks, with a look in his eye which warned that he was never the man



They caught up what weapons they could snatch in their head-long rush, and raced with wind-blown candles down the stairs.



Laufer-Hirth blinked at him like a fat old owl.

"Not unlucky for me," he retaliated unctuously. "May he for you, Parks, but I'm protected."

"You are a superstitious devil—"

"Speaking of superstitions," began Paul Savoy.

"Later, if you like," cut in Parks with a snipe. "For there is no doubt that the night was made for such discussion. Hear

to swallow the first fairy tale told him.

"I wish that I knew!" admitted Mainwaring Parks.

"You bought this place," ran on the detective's insistent

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Whole Complexion of Fighting By RADIO IN THE Famous Headline Hunter and Veteran From Diplomacy to Battles Will Hinge By Floyd

HELLO, everybody!
When I bumped into my old friend Hal Brown just the other day and found out that this old headline hunter and old pal of mine from the war days down on the Mexican border, had left his customary pursuits of newspaper work and had gone over to the Radio field, I began wondering whether American journalism was not getting more and more up in the air.

Hal told me he had deserted the columns of the Fourth Estate to edit Radio Digest. He asked me if I still did any writing for publication, and I told him that I had been talking so much in the last eight months without writing a single newspaper dispatch that I feared I had lost the touch.

"Well, if you can't write it, then I would like you to talk an article for the readers of Radio Digest," Hal said.

"What subject?" I asked.
"You ought not to be at a loss for a subject," he replied.
"The way I figure it out you have in the last eight months talked a bout two hundred thousand words through that poor abused National Broadcasting company's microphone without repeating yourself, and it seems to me that anyone who can do that and avoid getting tangled up for facts or dates ought not to be at a loss for a subject."

"Maybe that's the very reason," I replied. "Maybe I'm talked out. If you'll just suggest something new to talk on, I'll be very glad to give it a whirl."

"All right," he replied. "You are a headline hunter, a war correspondent and a broadcaster. Combine your experiences in those three fields of achievements and project yourself into the future. Broadcast an article for Radio Digest on the subject, 'Radio in the Next War.'"

THE request frightened me. No trinity of words in all the languages spoken in the world carries greater foreboding of ill or produces more unpleasant reaction than those meaning "The Next War." Women always have dreaded it—modern men fear it; everybody hates it.

As a war correspondent, it has been my job for a number of years to participate in wars in the capacity of an observer whose duty and function it was to report information to millions of newspaper readers in many different languages.

Human dead on battle fields are just as ghastly a sight to me as they are to any professional pacifist, and no one has greater abhorrence of such a spectacle of human waste than I have. No one has greater hope than I have that there will be no next war. But in the event there is one, I will undoubtedly be somewhere in it, although I do know from actual experience that wars can be personally painful. I am for peace.



Floyd Gibbons readily adapts himself to his environment anywhere in the world. This is how he appeared when on the African desert.

I firmly believe that Radio offers the newest, the latest and the greatest instrument that man has yet perfected in the direction of World Peace. The air is international, better still, it is neighborly.

Green, red and pink splotches on maps are hemmed in by frontiers and boundaries usually bristling with forts. The standards of living and working among these separated peoples differ greatly behind their border barriers. The things they eat and drink, the clothes they wear—all these may be different, but the air they all breathe is common to all of them.

AND this same common, neighborly, fluid element provides, with the assistance of the Radio, the new medium by which the separated peoples of the world will come to know one another better, and every step in that direction is one closer to peace.

Interposed, however, between the realization of that much desired ideal, is the lesson ever before us in the history of man's rise from the primitive days when he fought with fang and claw.

Every advancement of his knowledge since those days, every new instrument or utensil fashioned from his ever enlarging intelligence, man has always employed as a weapon against his fellow man. It will be no different with Radio.

This great boon to civilization and international amity will be one of the first and most important weapons that will be brought into use in the event of war. When the world is next afflicted with its spasms of violence, man will avail himself of every facility at hand to defend his life, and at the same time he will employ that same facility offensively to destroy the enemy that attacks him.

The first rumble of modern war emanates from the channels of diplomacy. When that sound is next heard, it will come first to our ears by way of the air. The veracity and underlying purpose of the minds of origin will be more easily determined.

Radio listeners around the world will be able to hear and to judge the sincerity and value and the honesty of purpose of the international exchanges of opinion launched diplomatically by Radio for the purpose of preventing the catastrophe.

Centuries ago these pourparlers were conducted by personal couriers, who carried the signet ring of their monarch and made personal overtures of peace before the enemy court. Later the negotiations were speeded up by the exchange of written notes, and later still, as in the World War, it was the telegraph wire, or the wireless Morse code by which the foreign offices of the war-threatened countries communicated frantically with one another to avoid the holocaust.

Will All Be Materially Changed

NEXT WAR

*Correspondent Predicts Future Conflict
on the Control of Electric Ether Wave*

Gibbons

IN THE next war the personally responsible individual heads of all of the governments over which the war cloud hangs, will speak to one another directly from lip to ear across thousands of miles by Radio.

Kings and presidents, emperors and dictators, potentates and princes will plead their cause directly to one another by word of mouth—not by word symbols or code symbols on messages that would have to be translated and read from cold type, but by all the force and influence of that greatest medium for the expression of personality, the human voice.

And I believe that the representations made by the head of each government will have to be true to the wishes of the people of that government because by reason of the very lack of privacy in Radio communication, which has been so bitterly criticized heretofore, the ears of the governed will be tuned in to the words of the governing. There will be less opportunity and temptation for personal ambition or a greed for power to dominate the desires and policies of governmental heads.

There will be less possibility for disastrous delays in the dispatching or decoding of vital communications—delays which were responsible in the past for the outbreak of many wars that could have been avoided.

Before the materialization of that next war, there will take place by way of the air, the greatest international debate in the history of the world. It will be a debate in which the interests of humanity will be superior to those of nationalism; it will deal with national aspirations and necessities; it will include peace aims and promises, sacrifices and concessions to common good; it will plead honesty and high moral intentions, and it will expose and excoriate war guilt.

That debate continuing night and day will be held before the greatest forum that ever existed in history, and the reward and the prize that will be sought by the debaters will be the esteem of the public opinion of the world and peace.

It just occurs to me that one possible, although deplorable, outcome of such an extended debate might be that the listeners all around the world would finally get so bored with the unending flow of oratorical argument, that there would be a popular rush to arms just to stop the talking. This might produce the curious paradox of people going to war just to have a little peace.

BUT in spite of its great possibilities for maintenance of the peace as a speedy adjunct for diplomacy, it would be unwise to look upon Radio as a cure-all for war, or as a sure-fire preventative. We know that two men, between whom there is a bitter dispute, can meet face to face, and in spite of voice, facial expression and gestures, it is sometimes impossible for them to understand one another to the extent of a mutual agreement, and in many of these instances we know that the conversational preliminaries suddenly result in an exchange of blows and the fight is on.

And it is quite possible that this might just as well happen in Radio diplomacy. The exasperated foreign ruler might reach the point in the air-wave discussion where he would invite the then occupant of the White House to take a jump in the Potomac, and the gentleman receiving this insinuation might come back with the suggestion that his Royal Whoop-de-Whoop would please the world at large if he took a royal jump in the Arctic ocean and forgot to come up. All of the

(Continued on page 48)



Gibbons dressed this Mexican's wounds. The hat was pierced by two bullets.

He Saw and Loved Her as

The GIRL IN GREY

Hungry for Companionship He Stepped into a Garden of Romance and Discovered a Maid of Mystery

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

IN THE days before the fire San Francisco was the garden of romance. Venice in the heyday of the Crusades saw no bolder adventurers than those who use to pass along the sidewalks of Kearny Street. The imaginations of old Bagdad's turbaned raconteurs conjured no stories stranger than the things which took place in the picturesque neighborhoods where the hills reach down to the most beautiful of bays.

In this city of bold spirits and gay hearts, where laughter ruled and everyone knew how to play, love thrived and the tide of events often ran swiftly, sweeping men into bizarre situations. The cafes, where the pleasure loving people used to gather, saw the sudden beginning of impromptu acquaintanceship which sometimes blossomed into heart stirring entanglements.

These restaurants were themselves as picturesque as the neighborhoods where they were to be found. French and Italian, Spanish and Basque; some of them occupied four floors; with the atmosphere losing more of its sedateness with every story; and in some the diners gathered round a single long table, to dip their soup from one tureen. Of all there was none where the spirit of boisterous and clean hearted merriment, characteristic to old San Francisco, was as much in evidence as at Sanguinetti's. Here the crowd laughed and sang over their thin red wine every night, and changed places at the tables as the fancy seized them.

IT WAS on an evening when he was feeling particularly lonely that Culver happened into Sanguinetti's for the first time and saw the Girl in Grey.

The splendid eagerness of youth belonged to him and he was ready for youth's rightful heritage, which is romance. One of that tall, wide shouldered breed with clear eyes and tawny hair which grows among the golden hills and generous valleys of northern California, he had been but recently transplanted into a San Francisco office. But the buoyant city which had given him good opportunity in his profession had offered him none of its famous hospitality as yet. And, when his work was done, he often wandered through its streets, thinking of the little town up in the Mother Lode country, where everyone knew him by his first name, and of the crooked dusty street where the neighbors would be calling greetings across the rose covered paling fences while they awaited the arrival of the evening stage.

So it was with him tonight and he was walking for the sake of walking, aimless as a lost dog, when he found himself in the silent cobblestoned thoroughfares north of the old red brick customs house, where the odors of Italian cheeses and spices and red wine hung among the weather-stained buildings like ghosts of the departed day's activities. Iron shutters masked many of the tall windows, patterned in squares of green and black, relics of the years when the city was in its infancy. The fog had crept down the hillsides, blurring the gas lamps at the corners. Culver's footfall was the only sound for blocks at a time.

The hunger for companionship was heavy within him when he passed under an old fashioned wooden awning which spanned the sidewalk, and looked through a wide window into

Sanguinetti's shabby dining room where the faces of the men and women at the tables were all alive with warm merriment.

It was a strange discovery among the solitudes of these dim streets, an oasis of light and laughter surrounded by silent neighborhoods where the rats scuttled across the sidewalks undisturbed. Culver stepped to the narrow door; he opened it and, as he stood upon the threshold, the noise of many voices swept over him like a warm gale. He looked through a blue haze of tobacco smoke down the long room, with its sawdust covered floor and the colored pictures of Italy's royal family on its dingy walls, and he drank in the spirit of the place as a thirsty wanderer drinks from a desert spring.

IT WAS the spirit of gaiety as native to San Francisco as the tang in the west wind which rushed through the city



every afternoon; the indomitable love of a good time which was forever cropping out—in the cafes, among the crowds of Sunday picnickers who jammed the decks of ferry boats, on the sidewalks near Lotta's Fountain on New Year's eve; the boisterous spirit of a people who instinctively knew how to play, without self-consciousness and without offense.

Near the door, at this end of a bar which spanned the room, Steve, the proprietor, was standing, bull-necked and thick of body, with one eye missing; his shirtsleeves rolled up to the elbows. There was that in his appearance as he surveyed the diners which suggested a benignant spider. He raised a hairy arm in an abrupt and superior gesture and waddled on before his new guest to an unoccupied table.

A pair of darkies were hanging out a popular air on resonant banjos; their heads were flung back and their teeth were agleam; it was as if they were playing for fun and not for hire.

Several groups nearby were singing the refrain. Across the room a blond, high collared youth with nose glasses and neatly parted hair, was drinking with ostentation to one of the girls in this impromptu chorus. Without stopping her singing she raised her tumbler of red wine to her lips in a responsive flourish.

Culver had drunk his first glass of the thin claret which Steve served with the fifty-cent dinner, and his heart was beginning to warm to the careless crowd about him, when he happened to glance toward the door. The Girl in Grey was standing on the threshold. Of a sudden as he looked on her, a wistfulness for the romance to which his youth entitled him, awoke within him.

A SLIP of a girl. Her tailored suit and rakish little hat were of the same dove color; and the hat was trimmed on one side with a gay cockade of bright hued feathers. The coat collar was edged with fur, rising high about her chin; so that her face was as a dainty heart shaped flower, set off by the fur beneath it and the mass of blue black hair sweeping low above. Her eyes seemed to be black when he first saw her standing there in the doorway; but as she came forward, with an impersonal smile and a bit of a nod to old Steve, to take her seat at a table near the end of the bar, Culver found that they were grey with a green light playing in their depths like sunshine in sea water.

The laughter and the talking and the twanging of the banjos were growing louder. A fat man was standing on his chair making an unpassioned speech to which none listened. The youth with the nose glasses was now sitting beside the girl to whom he had been drinking. Men and women were leaving their places to join groups whom they had never seen before and might never see again. But Culver had ceased to

heed these others whose free and easy joy had warmed his heart like wine.

Since she had come into the door his whole regard had been centered upon The Girl in Grey. While she was passing across the room his eyes had remained upon her until he realized that his eager gaze was growing obvious, and he had turned them elsewhere. Where she was sitting, with a small husk covered flask of red Chianti beside her plate, he had her little face in profile and now he was able to steal many a look without her knowledge, drinking in her beauty, with no offense to her.

Long after he had left Sanguinetti's that night, the vision of this slip of a girl with the flower-like face and green lights playing in the depths of her grey eyes, remained with him. It came between him and his work the next day and the day after. And on the second evening it drew him back to the noisy old restaurant. He walked with an eager stride through the deserted streets and his head was high in the hope that he was going to look upon her again.

SHE was sitting at the place where he had seen her before watching the other diners, seeming to partake of their enjoyment, yet remaining apart from them. And on other evenings he saw her always at this same table near the bar, always alone. Save for the little nod and smile which she bestowed on Steve when she entered, she never spoke to anyone. Sometimes she would be late and he would hold his eyes upon her empty chair, growing more and more out of tune with the rollicking crowd around him as the moments dragged on by, until she appeared in the narrow doorway. Then his heart would beat more swiftly and he would find himself laughing with the others again. Occasionally she would not come at all, and when he had departed, disconsolate, wondering with whom she was dining this night, he would shake off his disappointment by



She smiled and the little flecks of light danced in her eyes while she seemed to hesitate.

turning his hopes to the next evening, telling himself that he would surely see her then.

Often in that free and easy dining room, he saw another following some whim of sudden fancy, pick up his bottle of red wine and join the group of strangers at a neighboring table. But the good natured advances of those who sought acquaintance with The Girl in Grey always remained unanswered; she raised her glass to none nor responded to any smile. During the office hours when his mind should have been on his work, Culver liked to think of that. Yet he did wish, with all his heart, that he might dare to leave his place some night and take the empty chair across the table from her.

So the weeks went on and his loneliness was gone; San Francisco had become to him the city of romance. And there arrived a memorable evening when he entered Sanguinetti's to find all the places occupied save one. His eye fell on the empty chair across the small table from The Girl in Grey. He took a step toward it, then paused; but in that moment of his hesitation she glanced up and, when she saw him standing there, she bestowed upon him the same impersonal nod and smile which he had seen her give old Steve so many times. He hastened forward and, as he was taking his seat,

"I was afraid some stranger was going to get that place," she told him. With which they fell to talking as naturally as if the two of them had dined together many times. That evening, on his way to his lodgings, Culver discovered it was true that a young man can walk on air.

This discovery he confirmed on another evening two weeks later. An evening when the usual complexion of the crowd in the restaurant was freshened by a sprinkling of younger faces, and the swinging choruses of the University of California had replaced the music of the darky entertainers. He was talking to The Girl in Grey and some remark of his had made her look into his eyes; so he was quite unconscious of all else. And he did not realize that a hush had fallen upon the room until she placed her fingers on her lips.

"THE boys from Berkeley" she whispered across the table, "they're going to sing The Holy City."

Then the four leaders of the college glee club began the sublime old song which they used to sing sometimes at Sanguinetti's and the rich young voices filled the hearts of all the pleasure loving crowd. The careless mirth was gone, the boisterous fun forgotten; a tide of solemnity engulfed the room. When the last clear note had died away in a silence where one could have heard a pin drop, Culver saw the lips of The Girl in Grey trembling; her eyes had softened with emotion. Involuntarily his hands went out across the narrow table and covered hers. For a moment she allowed them to rest there. Long afterward he used to get a reverential joy in living over those fleeting seconds when he had felt her little fingers lying warm beneath his palms.

From the beginning he was importunate to know more of her, but whenever he led their conversation toward an opening which would give him a vista into her life, she deftly turned it to some new direction.

At last, grown bold by longing, he put the issue straight to her.

"I wish you would tell me your name."

She smiled and the little flecks of light danced in her eyes while she seemed to hesitate.

"I only know you as 'The Girl in Grey,'" he went on eagerly.

"The Girl in Grey," she repeated softly and her eyes darkened; tenderness came over them which made his heart give a sudden bound. "I like that name." Then, nodding as if the matter were settled, "Let me be just 'The Girl in Grey' to you."

"But there are," he persisted, "so many things about you which I want to know. Won't you tell me where you live and—" She had raised her glass of Chianti while he was speaking.

"Let's drink to our companionship here," she bade him and, when they had set their glasses down, "It is pleasant for us both, just as it is. Don't you find it so?" To which he had to agree, stifling his desire for the time being.

Another night when they had reached the corner a few yards from Sanguinetti's door, where they had always parted heretofore he would have remained by her side, but she halted and shook her head at him.

"Is this all that our friendship is ever going to come to?" he asked her disconsolately. She laid her hand upon his and it seemed to him that the touch of her slender fingers was the sweetest thing he had ever felt.

"It is so good just as it is," she told him quietly and then as his troubled eyes met hers, her voice dropped to a half whisper. "Some day, maybe. But not just yet." With that she left him.

SO SHE remained The Girl in Grey, who came at times from somewhere in the carefree city, to dine with him at Sanguinetti's and departed after their hour together leaving new fragrance in his memory.

Perhaps the longing to know more of her hastened his love. But he had discovered enough in their talks across the table—her taste for beauty and her quick imagination, the charm of

her vivacity, and above all a multitude of small provocative appeals by voice and look—to make him count the days as mere periods of waiting for the hour when he would see her sitting opposite him, in her grey coat with the fur trimmed collar framing her face and the mass of blue black hair sweeping low beneath the rakish little hat. The desire to tell that love in one hot rush of words was only held in check by the fear that he would frighten her away from him.

Then on an evening in September she announced that he was not to see her for a week.

"I'm going over to Marin county to visit friends," she said. It was the first allusion she had ever made to her life away from him.

"A week is a long time," he told her when they parted at the corner an hour afterward. "It will be hard to wait." He thought—it might have been his imagination—that there was a wistfulness in her smile when he said that.

"Next Thursday evening I'll be back." Her hand was resting on his as she made her promise. "I will come straight to Sanguinetti's from the ferry. We will see each other then."

His week of waiting had still one day to go, when Culver was walking up Montgomery street through the early twilight. Walking for the sake of walking, aimless as a lost dog and as lonely; for San Francisco seemed to have grown cold again since she had left it. The banks and office buildings were silent, old buildings many of them, landmarks of the days when the Vigilantes tamed the turbulent young city. Ahead of him on the other side of the street the Montgomery Block stood among the newer structures like a grey old man who meditates upon his past, heedless of those about him.

Culver halted to look upon the stone walls which, in their own time, had looked upon some of the wildest scenes of San Francisco's history. His eyes went to the deep old fashioned entrance at the corner of the two streets and he was thinking of the men who had trodden that threshold: bearded leaders of the Vigilantes, bold hearted visionaries of the fifties on fire with projects of the overland mail and the pony express, newly moulted millionaires from the Mother Lode with callouses still on their fingers and the brogue untarnished on their tongues, and giants of unborn industry planning the first transcontinental railroad.

AS SHE was lingering there across the street he became conscious of a man where the rays of the corner gas lamp parted the deep shade in the recess of the old doorway. Then he forgot the vanished forms of other years, for in this lean figure, clad in a hue so dark that it had seemed to be a portion of the surrounding shadows, there was a suggestion of the sinister. It came in part from the black slouch hat pulled low over the forehead, and there was something in the lurking attitude which made Culver think of a cat waiting for a bird. So he remained where he was, and a moment later the head was thrust around the corner of the entrance. The rays of the gas lamp fell upon the face, revealing the dark eyes, the swarthy skin, the thin shred of moustache with a foreign twist at the waxed ends. The head shot back and the body glided into the shadows. And Culver saw a girl on the sidewalk almost opposite the spot where he was standing.

She had emerged from the narrow side entrance which led to the upper floors of the old building, the doorway through which men had carried James King of William upstairs to die from the gambler Cora's bullet many years before, and by his death to kindle the flame of San Francisco's first reform; now painters and art students trod those stairs. A slender girl and, although she had already turned her back to Culver going up the street, he felt a fierce tug at his heart, for she was dressed all in grey.

He was telling himself that he must be mistaken, remembering how his Girl in Grey had been explicit in saying she would be absent from the city until the next evening, when he recognized the cockade of bright feathers on the rakish hat—and—she was drawing nearer to the corner gas lamp now—he saw the sweep of blue black hair beneath that little hat which he had come to know so well. It passed through his mind that she had often betrayed a knowledge of paintings and a love of pictures in their talks at Sanguinetti's. That would account for her presence at this place. But to see her in San Francisco when she was supposed, by her own statement, to be elsewhere, disturbed him. It was, however, he reminded himself, no right of his to question her comings and goings. She had her own reasons for changing her plans.

SHE had reached the opposite corner by this time leaving the cross street between her and the old grey building and he forgot this small disquietude. For the lean foreigner in the slouch hat had left his hiding place in the deep doorway. There was something evil in his walk, a flexing of the knees and a litheness in the slim body, which needed only a naked knife in his hand to set it off, as he started up the cross street after the girl, keeping always to the wall where the shade was thickest.

For a moment Culver was on the point of overtaking him, but an encounter would probably bring bystanders, in which event he would have to make explanations. These would in-



The hand which held the knife was turning slowly... it gleamed against the sky like a streak of silver The man in the slouch hat was lying in a huddle, sobbing bitterly.

evitably involve The Girl in Grey. And he was reluctant, even through accident, to violate her incognito. So he made up his mind, if it were possible, to be her cavalier tonight, without disclosing his presence to her. As long as she appeared to need him, he would keep her in sight.

He followed the man in the slouch hat, a half a block behind. Now and again he saw the slight grey figure of the girl far ahead of him; and once he got a glimpse of the bright cockade of feathers in her hat under the rays of a gas lamp as she turned northward in Kearny Street.

"We'll see now whether he's following her or not," Culver assured himself. A moment later the man slunk round the corner after her.

A group of rat faced race track touts and pallid exquisites of the half world blocked the sidewalk before the entrance of a saloon. When Culver picked up the trail again at the corner the girl was almost out of sight; the man in the slouch hat was almost a block away.

A trio of well groomed, wide shouldered detectives swaggered slowly by Culver as he hurried northward; a pallid dope fiend whined for alms at the mouth of an alley. Pawnbrokers' shops were growing numerous. Two negro dance hall women on their way to work, in gaudy silks with huge golden hoops in their ears, flashed their white teeth at him when he went by. It seemed strange that The Girl in Grey should walk through such a neighborhood.

He crossed Pacific Street with the glare of the Barbary Coast in his eyes and the roar of the dance halls all around him. And he would have turned back here, certain that she would not have passed through the crowd of sailors and soft handed night birds who jammed the sidewalk, if he had not caught the flash

of the little feathered cockade far ahead of him on the steep slope of Telegraph Hill. The man in the slouch hat was climbing the cleated sidewalk half a block behind her.

THEN Culver toiled upward past doorways filled with olive skinned children who might have posed for Raphael or Titian, past basement flights which reeked with the smell of sour red wine, and tiny grocery stores redolent of cheese and garlic, with colored prints of Garibaldi in the windows. On up around a corner into a street where grass was growing between the cobblestones, and dilapidated little shanties took the place of the dirty wooden flat houses. Until he reached the summit of the tallest hill in San Francisco.

Off to his left a deserted old wooden beer hall, built in imitation of a Rhine castle, looked down through shattered windows at the beacons of Alcatraz and Angel Island flashing over the hidden waters of the bay, and the remote lights of the three cities on the eastern shore. A nocturnal goat was prowling among the rubbish heaps between two ramshackle cottages near by. The man in the slouch hat was vanishing among the shadows which obscured the depths beyond the brow of the slope. Culver plunged on after him, down narrow runways of cleated planks in zigzag paths, past the last board shanty; into the clumps of ragged brush at the brink of the sheer cliff which fell away more than one hundred feet. Here, in the shadow of a cluster of tall bushes, he paused with a strange catch at his heart.

The murmur of a woman's voice sounded close by. Two figures passed before his eyes, near the edge of the cliff, outlined against the sky, bathed in the reflection of the city's myriad

(Continued on page 21)

HEARING IS BELIEVING IF

*To Deceive the Ear With
Or Burble Vocally Like
Is New Kind*

By Doty



WILD horses stampeded through the fifteenth floor of a building on Fifth Avenue in New York City! "The man who bit the dog" has nothing on the above statement as a news item. But like the story of the man and the dog the report of that stampede never reached the desk of any city editor, even though the stampede did take place.

Of course, no one actually saw those horses, but the fact that millions of wide awake witnesses heard them trot, gallop, canter (or whatever it is wild horses do), should be sufficient proof that the unprecedented occurrence happened. Oddly enough the event was not unexpected. Perhaps I should qualify that. The stampede was no more unexpected than was the sight of innumerable rabbits, doves, bouquets and flags being hauled out of a magician's hat. Thrilling but anticipated! Great days, those, when seeing was believing.

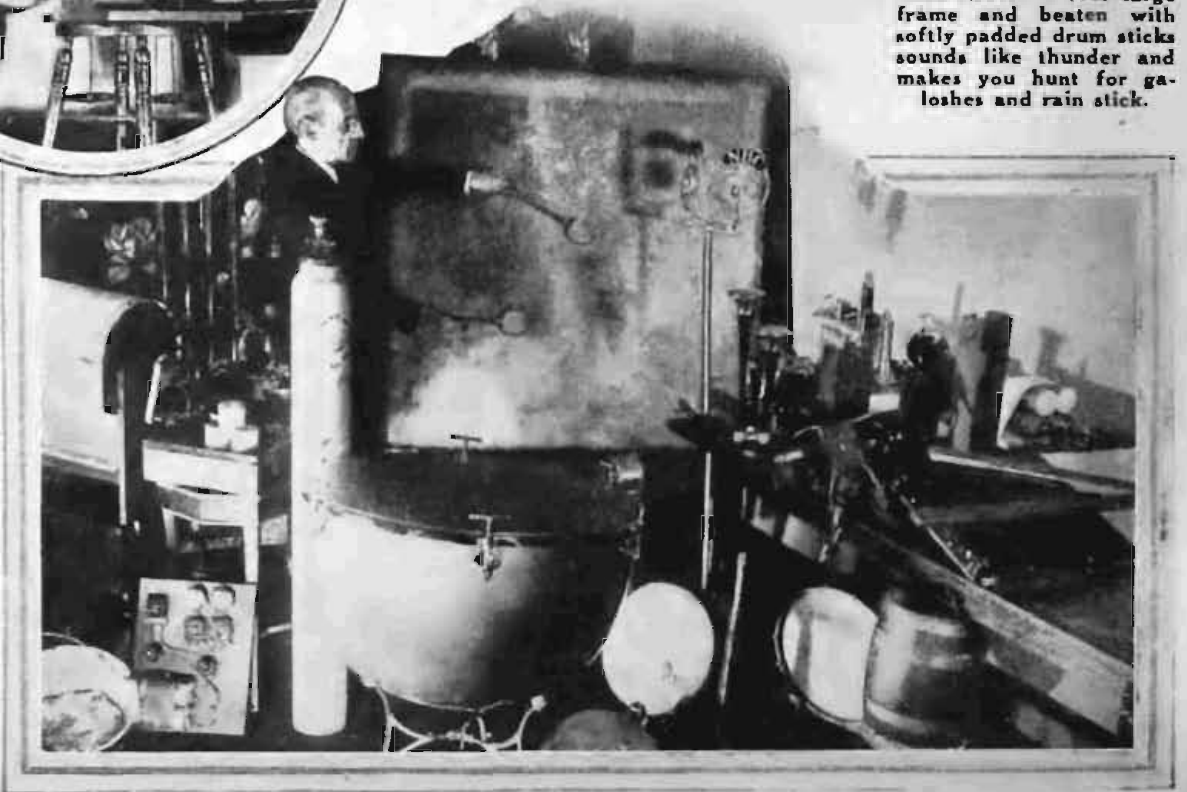
Now we have a new way of getting a thrill. Instead of going to the theatre to get an eyefull of mystifying magic we sit around the Radio and take it on the ear. And when we hear a pistol shot carom off the loudspeaker we are quite content to believe that, for all intents and purposes, another Indian has bit the dust. If the hand can fool the eye the sound effects produced in a broadcasting studio certainly can play tricks on the ear. All of which is as it should be. If the microphone recorded actualities only then the drama of the air would be a pitiable thing; as uninteresting as an armless magician. (Maybe I'm wrong about that particular chap being uninteresting, but if his hand is quicker than the eye, sue me!)

But to get back to those wild horses. The reason for their microphone appearance started in the productive brain of a writer of sketches in the editorial department of the National Broadcasting company. The location of the story this author was preparing was on the Western plains. The development of the big moment in this drama, for an Empire Builders' program, hinged on the realism of a stampede. So,



"Siss-choo! Siss-choo - choo!"
Arthur R. Fasig,
NBC Sound Engineer,
is starting
Radio locomotive
with kettle drum
and compressed
air. Left shows
airplane sounds.

Hide stretched over large
frame and beaten with
softly padded drum sticks
sounds like thunder and
makes you hunt for gal-
loshes and rain stick.



SOUND EFFECTS ARE RIGHT

Imitation of Lion's Roar
Sizzle of a Frying Egg
of Radio Art

Hobart

without a moment's hesitation, into the script went a description of the stampede. A copy of the script was sent to the engineer of sound effects.

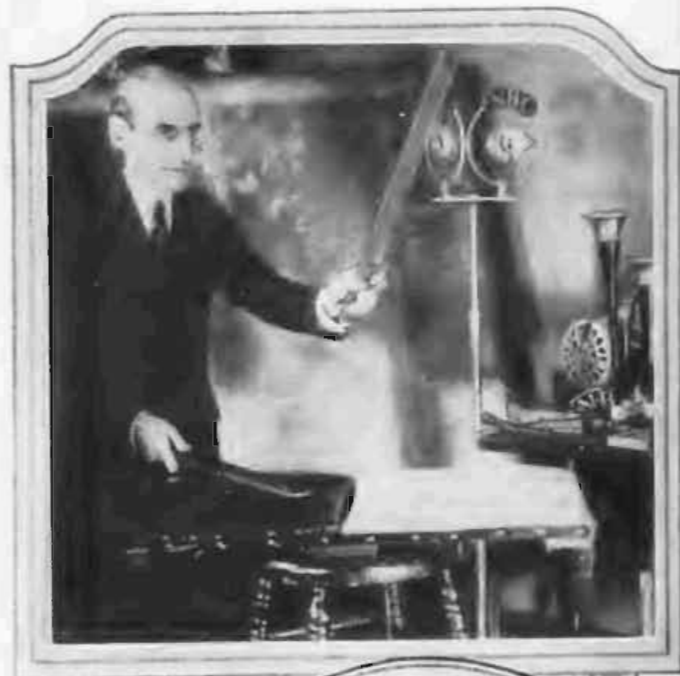
ON THE top floor of the National Broadcasting company's home on Fifth Avenue is a little room, tucked away off in one corner. This hideaway, to my way of thinking, is the most interesting place in the building. It has all the resemblance in the world to our conception of Saint Nick's workshop so filled it is with strange toys. The spritely gentleman in charge wears no whiskers. He denies any relationship to the old toymaker. His name is Arthur R. Fasig and he carries rather well the official title of Engineer of Sound Effects. This room of his could be mistaken for a nursery but you are quite correct in assuming that these toys cannot possibly be the playthings of anyone blessed (or damned, as the case may be) with such an important sounding title. The toys are the tools of his craft. For "Sound Effect Fasig," as he has been dubbed by one studio wit, is a master craftsman.

Mr. Fasig received a copy of the script which called for the stampede. The program was scheduled to take the air a few nights later. It was up to him to get busy. He scratched his head and looked about the little workshop. Nowhere in sight was anything that bore the slightest resemblance to the hoof beats of that many horses. His stable was limited to a pair of coconut shells. These were used to imitate shod hoofs clattering over paved streets. The combination of wild horses and the turf of Western plains was something else again. But the ingenuity of Sound Effect Fasig saved the day.

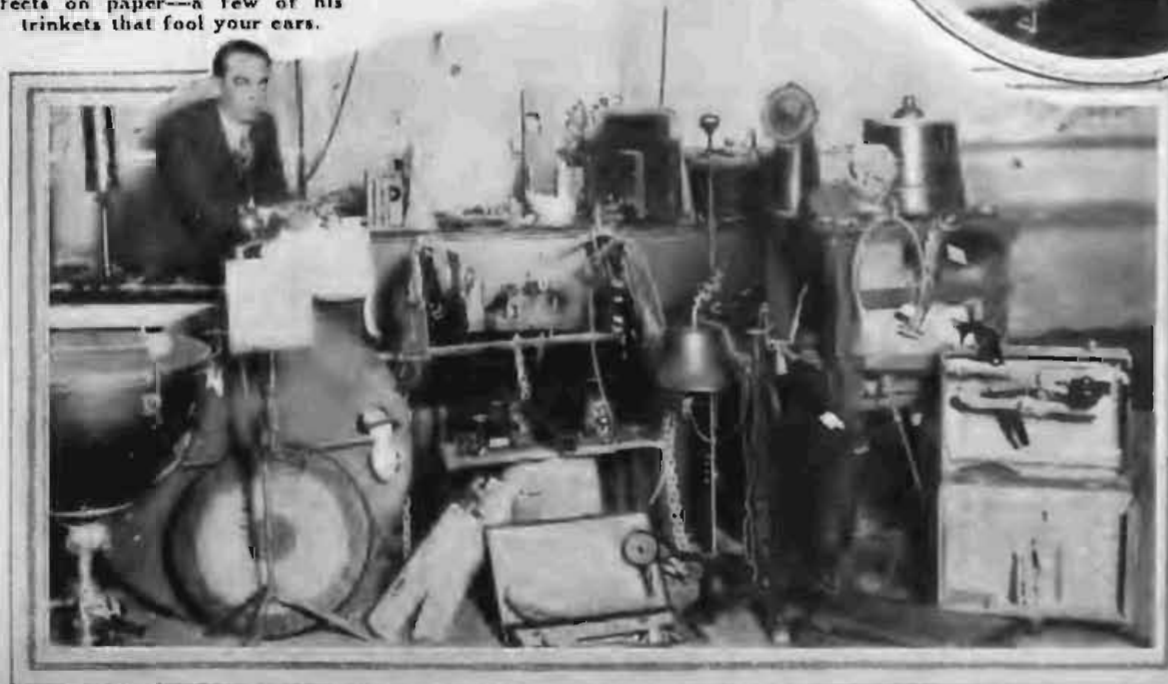
On the night of the broadcast ten men were on their knees before the microphone. Twenty hands held twenty objects never before seen in a studio. At a given signal these twenty objects started beating a galloping tattoo on the thick carpet. The microphone, aided and abetted by the colorful dialog preceding this event, picked up and recorded a faithful reproduction of a stampede of wild horses.

(Continued on page 105)

Harry Swan, sound expert in CBS laboratories, dopes out his new thingamajigs for sound effects on paper—a few of his trinkets that fool your ears.



"Pop! Bang! Bang!"
When there's shooting to be done Mr. Fasig takes a couple of paddles and lays into a couple of specially stuffed pads. That "Yerp-yerp" of the Cliquot Eskimo dogs comes by pulling their "tails" as at right.





LYDIA DOZIER, coloratura soprano with the Cincinnati civic opera, is also frequently heard over WLW. To hear her is to be charmed; to both see and hear her is to be captured and carried away a willing slave. We wonder, Lydia, how you escaped these pages so long!



MAURINE McCULLEY is one of the mysteries in the eight episode serial just drawing to a close at KFWB, Hollywood. "Oh, look what I got!" exclaimed the photographer, sneaking up behind. And, womanlike, Maurine looked. Another mystery solved!



VIRGINIA GARDINER, who became a Radio dramatic headliner over the NBC circuit within six weeks after her debut. You hear her of a Monday night with the Empire Builders, another Fair of the Air.



*J*EANNE DUNN has decided to take off her coat and go to work. She'll croon a little at KFI, Los Angeles; a lot of distant fans will perk up and be happy; then she'll put on that California coat again and call it a day. Arduous is the day of a blues singer!



VAUGHN DE LEATH, known everywhere as the Original Radio Girl. There is plenty of evidence to prove that she was the first professional singer to be heard over the air. She is today one of the most popular soloists of the National Broadcasting company.



***ELEANOR MASQUELET** has a habit of snuggling up to a microphone and pouring soft sweet blue notes on the air in a way to make the Voice of Labor sound like a hymn of joy. You hear her frequently from the Chicago Federation of Labor station, W'CF'L.*

Cugat Depicts

Sketches Nation's Great Starting Classroom Chain Hookup of



XAVIER
CUGAT

Errant pupils who don't attend to their lessons seem already to have left the mark of worry on the brow of W. John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

With the School of the Air added to his troubles, Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur's long face appears preternaturally grave to Cugat.

School Chiefs

Leaders as They Join in
of the Air Over Vast
U. S. Broadcasters



Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce and one of the advisers of the school, looks up from his calculator long enough for a quick picture of his keen face.

Dean of the faculty of the Air School, Dr. William C. Bagley's big brown eyes are bigger than ever when he thinks of his problems and opportunities.

DID BARRIE FIND

A *AMERICAN Editor Lets Friends Wait While He Sips Tea and Hears Sir James Tell Story of Rescue of The Twelve Pound Look—Obtains Glimpse of Private Treasure Drawer Where Author of Peter Pan Keeps His Brain Children Until He Decides to Give Them to the World*

By William C. Lengel

Associate Editor *Cosmopolitan Magazine*

I *T WAS* a late winter's day in London. The rain seemed colder than sleet seems in Chicago and came beating down with a driving insistence.

Yet as I walked the two blocks from the Strand to Adelphi Terrace I was conscious of neither rain nor wind nor fog. For I was on my way to see James M. Barrie. To see and talk with the man who shared his dreams with the world when he wrote *Peter Pan*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *Mary Rose*, *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*.

There were so many stories about him, stories that had become legends, myths, almost. He was shy and retiring, resented intrusion, visitors were far from welcome. Even American editors.

And I was an intruding, intrusive American. An American editor come to annoy him, no doubt. My first letter asking to see him was either unanswered or answered with polite evasiveness by his titled lady secretary. After a reasonable delay, I wrote again saying that surely he would not permit a pilgrim from America to go his way without seeing the British writer best-loved in America.

Now I was to see him. At three o'clock. It lacked a few minutes of that hour. Here was the *Savage Club* in front of me, a club that for its good fellowship is unequalled. I would stop here for a moment, have a whisky and soda to bolster my courage.

I stood at the tiny bar, without removing my overcoat. Not only was my engagement with Sir James only a few moments away, but at three o'clock the bar would close, close for two hours.

"What's your hurry?" asked a brother *Savage*.

"I'm due at Barrie's at three o'clock," I answered.

Whereupon there was much hearty British laughter.

"He's going to see Barrie," said one fine fellow.

"Well, we'll just order him a drink before the bar closes and keep it waiting for him," said another equally fine fellow.

I suppose I looked somewhat puzzled.

"You'll be back here in ten minutes," I was told. "Sir James will ask you how you are and you will ask after his health. Then the two of you will sit—or stand—looking at each other, he being a shy Scotsman and you being a shy sort of egg for an American, neither of you having anything to say, you will do the only thing left for a gentleman to do, you will bid Sir James adieu, and we will be here waiting to welcome your return, with a good sound drink to revive you."

Well, I consoled myself, I will at least have seen Barrie. That will be a memory to carry back to America.

T *HE* lower portion of the building in which Sir James has his flat is occupied by a warehouse. Across the street, in an equally unpretentious structure, lived George Bernard Shaw. Shaw with his quizzical, jesting air, getting as much kick from



pulling a British wise-crack as he would from a royalty statement. I had had that experience; however, that's another visit and another story. But at that time, those two seemingly dissimilar men, yet so similar because they express the same ideas in vastly different ways, could have looked from their respective windows and passed the time of day.

Through a doorway that looked almost disreputable, up a staircase built in a cold dismal well; into the warmth and comfort of living quarters that seemed all windows.

"Sir James will be in in just a moment," said the maid. I went over to the front windows. There was the misty magnificence of the Thames; the solemn dignity and beauty of Waterloo bridge. In the distance, across the river, the new London County Hall, on this side the rear of Whitehouse Court in which lived H. G. Wells, Countess Russell, better known as "Elizabeth," and beyond that the noble Parliament buildings themselves. All through that gray, sometimes golden haze, a view and a vision that only a myopic Turner could paint for you and which no mere descriptive words could make you see or feel.

I saw it—that picture—and I felt it, that breath-taking spell of London, so keenly that when I heard myself greeted by a soft, rather high-pitched voice, I could only find tongue to murmur something about the "wonderful view."

Barrie shook hands, cordially enough, but as if he were just as glad to have it over with. Many writing men dislike shaking hands. Theodore Dreiser avoids it when he can and neither Wells nor Arnold Bennett makes it a ceremony.

an ESCAPE from LIFE?



And this little man sitting there looking like a bird, at ease yet alert; at ease yet poised as if for flight.

Now I said something about my enjoyment of his work, of all America's enjoyment of it and how happy I was to meet the author of Peter Pan.

He appreciated that, he said. And then there was a pause. A long awkward pause. Were the fellows at the club right? Would this be the end? Suddenly I longed for that waiting whisky and soda.

Then Barrie said, "Would you like tea?" And do you prefer India or China?"

WE SAT down before a calm fire in the grate. (Why is it, I wondered, that English grate fires burn so calmly, so evenly?) This spacious, gracious room, so unobtrusively furnished, you were unconscious of furnishing, only of a sense of comfort. And through a wide doorway another spacious room, and at the far end of that room a grand piano, a vase of yellow jonquils.

And this little man, sitting there utterly relaxed, yet looking like a bird, at ease, yet alert! at rest, yet poised as if for flight. Something in the set of that head, sunk a bit between the shoulders—yes, like a bird. The eyes, tired, yet ready to snap with fire. Self-possessed, yet defensive. So thoroughly assured of his place in the scheme of things and of his importance in the world of letters. And yet so modest, so self-deprecating.

What did I have to say that would be of interest to him?

This wise little owl-like Scot who had turned the cruelty that tore his soul, into phantasy for your delectation—and mine.

Then, suddenly, it seemed we were talking. We were both talking. About books, about people, about plays, about the movies. I had lost the fear that what I might say could be of no importance or interest to him. I talked excitedly I know, as is my wont, or my fault, when I become intense.

Why, this man was not shy. Or had I by chance come upon him at a time when he felt the need of human companionship; when he simply had to talk to someone?

He liked the movies, and went often—the Tivoli Theatre in the Strand was just around the corner. I seldom go to the movies. I was impatient with their shortcomings; he saw the vision of their possibilities.

Had he ever seen Maude Adams as Peter Pan? No, he never had, but they had carried on a correspondence, and unless my memory is at fault, he said Miss Adams had planned to come to London that summer. And he would see her then.

BUT THE thing that interested me most and which I knew would interest all of America, was what, if anything, Barrie had written or might be working on.

Nothing, he assured me, absolutely nothing. Then he recanted that statement. He had written nothing he felt was any good. The war had done something to him. The war had done

(Continued on page 90)



So Peter Rabbit himself turned the page while Aunt Sally (Mrs. Pasco Powell) read another garden adventure to the children of WBT, Charlotte, N. C.

"Heck, this peanut cap and bow tie make me look like a baby—but it's character, you know," explained old Don Hughes, 12, now doing drama parts at WABC over the CBS. "Now, back in 1925, when I was with Channing Pollock's, *The Enemy*, or even when I was with Leonore Ulric in *Mima*—"

"All set for *Arabesque*!" called the director, and old Don shuffled out with a hop-skip.

"Smile as you plunk," advised lovely Anita Page, as she borrowed a guitar from one of the Biltmore Trio during the *Voices from Filmland* program over CBS.



Having a studio a mile high above sea level isn't enough for KOA, Denver. They must have their flying studios and here's one about to sail aloft for a program.

Queen Joy and her court of Imperial Joycasters appear about to do something important here as we see the director maintaining that solemn hush which precedes the nod from the operator's window that "you're on."





What makes the Indian wild? What makes anybody wild? Lookit what he's got! Sometimes Phillip Arkansas (above), full blooded Ute, comes down from the Cherokee mountain reservation to give the paleface brothers blue medicine from his sax at WWNC.

Kay Austin can well afford to rest on her laurels as crooning xylophonist at KMOX—and she looks cute while doing it.

Frank Black, director and accompanist of the Sieberling Singers, is still wondering why Elliot Shaw, Lewis James and Wilfred Glenn (seated) are smiling at James Melton, tenor.



Now comes the Big Moment in the Farm Fiddlers' hour at WCFL, Chicago, when Mary Lynch whirls around from her song at the mike and launches into her sole music—tippity-tap!



Wonder who gets the spanking at WFBL, Syracuse? But why bring that up when everybody seems so happy and anxious for a slice of that birthday cake dainty Miss Piazza baked with her own hands!



Every Tuesday night if you happen to be listening in at 10:30, EST, over the CBS, you will get a bit of old Russia from this quartet. They began singing together in Moscow before the Red regime.



Dirty work at the cross roads and you can depend on Josh and Si to ferret out all the skullduggery goin's-on. Listen to 'em over WTIC, Hartford. (Ed Dunham as Josh and Bennett Kilpack, Si.)



Ah! Ha! None other than the Mysterious Doctor Q. of KSTP!



Believe it or not Bill Cope was a serious long-faced Englishman until he discovered an old broken-down banjo one day. Now see him! He's at WSM, Nashville.



Hark! Hark! Everything seems to indicate that Jesse Stafford's Jungle Symphony is about to burst forth into gladsome sound. It happens now and then over KPO.



Maybe you think this isn't broadcasting but Leo O'Neil sure knows how to make his shoes click during the WLW Billikin Trouper program.



Ups and downs in the WEEL, Boston, studio when Announcer Carlton Dickerman takes a hard bottom chair to introduce Gordon Graham and other long leggers.



When Don Warner's orchestra plays Weary River at KFVB, Hollywood, the gentleman with the oversized horn plays the Weary part in the above fashion.



Jack Soanes, English actor, as Scrooge over WABC.



"Sh-h-hh, dear reader, betcha can't guess who we are! Yep! We're Polly and Anna of the WLW Glad Club—and—and—did you know—Sh-hhh—?"



"Howdy folks. We jest got in from WIBW, Topeka. Most ever'budy knows us there as Hiram and Henry. We're goin' to sing and josh awhile now at WLS before we mosey on."



"Tut! Tut! Il n'y a pas de quoi!" says Mme. Suzanne Classon when one of these hard working NBC announcers pulls a boner while studying French for the correct pronunciation.

THEY WANTED TO MARRY

So He Made

NEW LAWS for OLD

By Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

WHEN RUPERT HUGHES delves into history he invariably brings up something to make us all gasp. He cleaves away mossy traditions and shows us visible human beings. And here is a tale of "The Great Migration" the insane rush for gold across the American continent in '49. It is a close-up of the moral musings of a lonely woman in a covered wagon that followed a grisly trail, and the behavior of a chivalrous doctor who dared to love when the Old Laws said he shouldn't.



SHE was so far from being the seventh son of a seventh son that she was the tenth daughter of a twentieth child. So Alice Gammell had no right to expect good luck exclusively. She used to think that she was the victim of bad luck exclusively.

She thought so especially when she had to sit on her shabby porch in Pike County, Illinois, and hear Mother Sarah Cheevers tell for the hundredth time of her birthplace on a thirty-thousand acre farm in the blue grass of Kentucky, and of the famous family reunion there on a balmy Christmas day in 1817.

As if she had never met her daughter before, Sarah would repeat the same old tune with ever-fresh enthusiasm.

"Lordy, Lordy, how time does fly! Here it is 1848 and me settin' here in Illinois when I had ought to 'a' stayed in Kentucky with my folks. Here I am a widder for the second time and only ten children to show for my life, and my paw at my age was the father of twenty.

"Folks had right smart families in the good old days. You'd ought to been with me that Christmas when we all got together in paw's home. A hundred and twenty-four of us set down at once in the dinin' room—eighty foot long it was. And ever' last one of us came from paw.

"Me—I was the youngest of his own children, the twentieth, but they was only ten of his children that could get there that day: some was dead and some had moved off into the wilderness or went East. Anyways, there at the head of the table set paw, and at the foot of it set maw—she was his second wife, but she give him ten children just like his first wife done. And—well, between paw and maw on both sides the table they was three great, great grandchildren, and ninety grandchildren, and ten own children. And that makes a hundred twenty-four or I miss my count.

"**L**ORDY, Lordy, the vittles we et and the cider and B'urbon we drank! We had so many slaves waitin' on us it looked like it was going to rain. Thirty-thousand acres there was in paw's farm.

"And I could have lived there in peace and comfort, but I had to go and marry a restless man and he drug me off to Illinois. And he didn't do so good as he allowed he would, and our children turned out such a shiftless lot that when he died I had to marry your paw, and he was worse yet. And now you had to go and marry a steamboat pilot. And the best I can say about him is that he ain't home much."

Alice sighed. After all it was a poor and shabby lot she had drawn. Her ancestors had been lords of a great domain and here she was stranded on a sandbar of fate, with a husband whose chief virtue lay in his long absences.

The porch faced west and she could look across the Mississippi into Missouri. Her soul had a westward urge. There were vast free lands beyond and she longed for elbow-room, for any escape from the torpor of her existence.

What was her life but an unmerited sentence to an indefinite term in jail? The very picket fence in front of her village cottage stood for the bars that pent her up. Yet all she had to do was arise and leave, but whither and for what?

And then the gleaming word Gold! came floating back from beyond the mountains. There was gold in California! It rang like a bugle of reveille. It set the whole nation in motion, waking thousands on thousands of sleepers from stupor to the frenzy of a crusade.

Gold! Gold in California! Tantara ta ta! Tantara ta ta! Gold! Get up and go! Go get your gold! There's gold in California! In California! There's Gold! Go—go—go—Gold!

When Tom Gammell came home now from his work on the freight boat, he found no longer the listless woman who had yawned as he told of snags encountered, and cargoes delivered, and of races with rival steamers. He found a woman who teased him with the dream of gold, a siren who sang to him of wealth and palaces and freedom.

"You're stuck in the backwash here, Tom," she pleaded. "We're in an eddy: we just go round and round and round and round. You stand up in a little cabin all day, and turn a wheel and ring a bell for the engineer, and I sit here and rock back and forth in a rockin'-chair. All we've got to do is to walk over and pick up the gold that's waitin' for us."

"Right smart of a walk," said Tom. "A couple o' thousand miles is all."

"Well, we can ride, can't we? We can buy a prairie schooner and you can pilot that."

HE ALWAYS mocked her to her face but her words haunted him; and while he studied the swirling, dimpling currents of the Mississippi he dreamed of the California rivers where one had only to dip in a pan and rock it gently and gather the golden sediment; a land where one stumbled over ledges of yellow wealth, and threw nuggets at jack rabbits.

Other pilots were deserting the packets and dashing West.



He shouted back as he drove his wagon across the gang plank: "So long, Nat; when I come back home I'll bring ye a solid gold hat."

It was hard to find a first or second mate to curse the roustabouts. Everybody was on the run to California.

At last, with the worst possible grace, Tom growled to Alice: "Oh, all right. I'll take a look at Califoray just to get shut of your everlastin' gabble."

By the time he was ready, everybody in the village seemed to be ready. Tom's two brothers, Jim and Jake, and Alice's half brothers, Esek and Eleazar, and her second cousin Sarah Cheevers, and her husband who was blind and had never seen half of his four children, and Mrs. Cheevers' crippled mother, and her stepson Bill Broshears and his epileptic daughter Molly—all made up one train.

They crossed the river in the boat that Tom had lately piloted and Tom, from below looked down on his successor in the deck house above:

"Poor Nat," he laughed. "He ain't got enough git-up-and-git in him to brush the smoke out of his eyes. I bet when we come back rich we'll find him up there just spinnin' the old wheel round and round and jinglin' the old bell to the injine room."

He shouted back as he drove his wagon across the gang-plank:

"So long, Nat. When I come home I'll bring ye a solid gold hat."

But he did not keep his promise. Tom rarely kept his promises.

Across the first miles in Missouri they flew as briskly as the March wind. But there were so many miles. They had expected to be rich and at ease in less time than it seemed to take them to traverse this one state. And they were then only at the jump-off.

At St. Jo they crossed the shallow brown Missouri river and took up the drudgery of the Kansan and Nebraskan plains. The trail was already so populous with wagons that they were trapped in an endless funeral procession. They might not have complained so harshly of the monotony of dreary reality if they had foreseen the grisly horrors preparing for them.

THEY were making history, making nations, and earning immortal if anonymous honor as pioneers in the epic of the Great Migration. They were riding the crest of that human tidal wave, but they could not watch themselves from the heights of the sky or from the all-softening, all-enchanting distance of posterity. They knew only the churning, the turmoil, the dirt, the confusion. What historians marvel at as the astounding speed of their conquest was to them the despondent trudge of starving snails.

The name then for the ocean of prairie between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains was "the Great American Desert." Ridiculous as it sounds to their descendants it was no misnomer to those footsore, heartsore pilgrims. Distance was to them a treadmill that fell away back of them only to appear again before them forever and ever. The grasshoppers and the buffaloes were swarms of equal peril. The quicksands and the rattlesnakes, the bogs and the sun-scorched fields, the interminable levels and the recurrent streams that must be crossed again and again seemed to be placed there for their annoyance.

Ahead was uncertainty; about them care and care; behind them only was there anything comfortable. And many of them had not even that solace of homesickness, for they were fleeing from the law or from poverty, from discontent or from unhappy love.

For women like Alice it was especial wretchedness. They



were still tormented by old-fashioned customs of delicacy, of modesty, of cleanliness and coquetry. But on the long, thronged road there was no privacy, no ceremony, nothing that would once have been considered the absolute minimum of decency.

Ladies formerly accounted dainty and exquisite, now floundered, limped and sweated in the same dirty tattered clothes week after week, without change, without bath, without perfume. They slept in the stable yard of innumerable buffalo or in a filthy wagonbed. When they were racked with the jouncing of the springless wheels on the abominable roads, they could climb down and hobble in the dust among the weeds, the stifling gnats and locusts, the gliding snakes and the scattered garbage of the host that had preceded them.

There are no pages in the books of the saints and the martyrs to tell of the torments endured from sore feet, tight or broken shoes, corns, bunions, blisters and chilblains. But the pangs of disprized love are no harder to accept and Alice would have given her right arm for the bliss of sitting on her despised front porch in the lost paradise of her rocking-chair. In this fenceless welter of space even the old pickets that she had called her prison bars would have looked beautiful. When she caught cold, she could cough till her cough stopped of exhaustion. When she and her companions were bruised, or suffered broken bones or strained tendons, or the various disgusts of indigestion, and the derangements of all the functions that society so cunningly provides for with so many polite disguises—then these ladies and gentlemen could make the best of it. They could no longer draw down the bedroom curtains and send for the doctor and his prescriptions. There were no bedrooms, no curtains, no doctors and no drug stores.

BLIND Mr. Cheevers could never become familiar with his environment, since it changed incessantly. He had to be cared for like a child. Mrs. Cheevers' crippled mother, Mrs.

... She hailed him and asked if he were a doctor. He swept off his hat and said: "A poor one, madam, but such as I am I'm at your service."

Broshears, brought along her sciatica like a rat caged in her hip. Even in her sleep she moaned about its gnawing, and in the daytime her whimpers of pain were as regular as the unending creaking of the ungreased wheels. To vary this music came occasionally the uncanny noises of Molly Broshears having one of her fits.

Whatever happened they must go on and on and on. The alternative was to keel over by the wayside and die there of starvation or dysentery or of chill, and let the coyotes, the wolves and the buzzards serve as the undertakers.

The crusade was for gold. The first one over the mountains with the most supplies would soonest know the ease they denied to their companions as they denied it to themselves.

So they fled with the look and the mood of refugees from plague rather than of seekers after hidden treasure. And then came a plague, and it followed them, overtook them, walked among them.

A new word drove out the bugleword that had mustered this vast host. They forgot to talk of Gold ahead. They talked of Cholera alongside. They thought no more of wealth. Just to live would be enough—just to escape! Better any hardships from without, than that sudden uneasiness within, that turning to water and blood and poison; that filthy death in which one was more loathsome to oneself than to the recoiling witnesses.

And now a change came over the aspect of the endless roadside. Hitherto it had been decorated like a garden walk with an endless burlesque border of rubbish from thousands of wagons; splintered wheels, rusty tires, snapped wagon



tongues, yokes, broken stoves, kettles, pans, skillets, flour-barrels, hats, shoes, boots, corsets, bonnets, carcasses of horses, oxen, mules, bison, or their bones. It had been a familiar sight to see families or groups turned aside to mend a fractured axle, to sweat on a loose tire, to revive a sick beast of burden, to unharness a dead ox and put a cow or a horse in its place; to cook a meal or dress a wound, or for any other reason.

But soon after they passed Fort Kearney the roadside was edged with scenes that tried the hardened hearts of the hardest wayfarers. Cold slashing rains whipped their faces as they drove, yet it was not easy to drive on while some miserable woman, or man, or child staggered drunkenly into the dripping weeds and fell writhing. It was dangerous, however, to go to the rescue. It imperilled not only one's own life but the life of one's family. Samaritanism here took on the look of a supreme selfishness.

Alice had a gentle soul. When she saw a young mother toppling out into the prairie with a besotted doggedness, drunk with pain, Alice cried out:

"Stop the horses, Tom, and let me down. I can't let her die like that."

"What do you want to do, you fool? Go out and fetch the cholery back, so's all of us ketch it? Well, not so's you could notice, you won't!"

WHEN Tom Gammell was afraid he tried, as the rest of us do, to hide his fear under a pretense of wrath. Alice knew him as only wives know men, and she laughed:

"What are you afraid of, Tom? You're white as a clean sheet." This filled him with a rage of shame and when she made

ready to drop off anyway, he seized her wrist in a grip that left it black and blue. And he raised his fist above her to strike. But he had the lines in that hand, and the gesture frightened the horses. They bolted from the muddy road and before he could bring them down to a trot and turn them again to the highway, the sick woman was far behind.

But Alice had not forgotten the threat of the blow and she said:

"Who do you think you're shaking your fist at, Tom Gammell? You're not on a packet boat and I'm no darkey deck hand. You lay your fist to me just once, and you'll wish it was only the cholera that struck you."

He scowled and held his wrist. But when camp was made that night, he told the rest of the circle what Alice had tried to do. All of them rounded on her as if she were a traitor and a criminal, and covering in drenched misery about the sputtering fire warned her that if she ever went near a cholera victim, she should never come near any of them again.

After that when they saw anybody in the ghastly wrestle with the invisible fiends, they whipped up their horses, prodded their cattle on and held their breaths in dread of the very air.

Alice was helpless. She felt herself unworthy of the name of woman for passing by such unbearable grief as had the highway more and more thickly, but she was chained to the cowardice of her company. They broke camp early of mornings now in their haste to outrun the cholera. She grew afraid with a new fear and she pleaded with her husband:

"We started out for gold and we've left the golden rule behind! It's all very nice to run away from poor sick folks, but what if you get sick yourself? You may find yourself doubled up with the cholera and holding out your hands to the crowd, and then how will you feel when you see the crowd go by you without paying you any attention?"

"I'll take my chance on that," he muttered.

"I guess if I got sick, you'd dump me off the wagon and drive on, wouldn't you?"

"Let's not talk about us gettin' sick. I don't feel none too good as it is."

"Maybe, I'd better throw you overboard now and whip up the horses," she persisted.

"You prob'ly would, at that," he growled. "Second husbands seem to run in your family."

He laughed at his raw joke and made it worse. "But don't git your hopes up. If the cholery nabs me, it will nab you, too, and you won't last long enough to look round for a handsomer feller—haw, haw, haw—oh, Gawd, look at Bud Ellery! And him and I was together only this mornin' ketchin' a runaway hoss."

HIS guffaw of laughter had ended in a sob of fright, for he had seen his crony struck as with the black lightning and sent skirling out into the open prairie, clutched and tearing at his body as if his clothes were on fire.

Alice watched him closely and said: "I'll hold the hosses while you go help him." "Hold nothin'!" said Tom, and drove on, cursing the slow cattle that he must not leave behind and shrieking to the Cheevers children to bring them up on the run.

He kept a murky silence save for yelling at the horses and the children. After a time he ceased even that noise and sat hunched up in his own shoulders. Then suddenly he started, grunted, "Huh?" and turned sharply round. He saw nothing but the inside of the wagon. His eyes were red with panic as he caught the searching stare of Alice, and he mumbled as he shot a stream of tobacco juice across the road.

"I kind o' thought I heard somebody call my name." "Maybe you did," said Alice, studying him. "Maybe your own name was called."

(Continued on page 114)

WEAK END SATIRES

By Natalie Giddings

FULL-FLEDGED from the brain of a ukulele player has sprung the Irrational Broadcasting Company and its "irreproachable, irresponsible, unbreakable, one-piece Lavender Network."

An obvious satire on broadcasting practices, the Irrational Broadcasting Company has been on the air for more than a year with the strangest collection of commercial sponsors, "jest announcers" and entertainers ever conceived. It's a WLW feature, known by the generic title of "Weak-End Satires," and presented every other Sunday night during the Musicale Novelesque hour.

How appropriate that a ukulele player, most satirized character in Radio broadcasting, should be the originator of a continued burlesque of every Radio undertaking. Accustomed to being the brunt of every joke, Don Becker, ukulele virtuoso of the Crosley Stations, had the nerve to do what less callous performers never would have had the temerity to attempt. He dared to make fun at the expense of the "angel" of broadcasting: the commercial program.

Like all ukulele players, Becker had a yen to "get ahead." Two years ago, he was only a ukulele player on the staff of WSAI (soon after its control had been taken over by the Crosley Radio Corporation for operation with WLW). It was his burning desire to prance up to a microphone and say, "There Will Now Be a Brief Pause for Station Announcements," that gave the radio audience its big laugh at broadcast programs.

With something resembling occult powers, he deduced the fact that it would be a long time in the life of a ukulele player before he would be an announcer. So he fooled them. He started a broadcasting network of his own of which he could be announcer, entertainer, staff.

HIS first satire was written to liven up the 15 minutes of ukulele playing he did each day for WSAI. He hit upon the idea of representing his appearances as "offered through the courtesy of the Dolly Dimple Steam Roller Corporation of Podunk, makers of the Flatenemflat '8' whose motto is, 'A Steam Roller in Every Home.'"

That gave him a chance to be his own announcer, for between ukulele strummings, he inserted such modest commercial announcements as this:

"Just supposing mother is washing: her wringer breaks. Easy. Just drive your dainty Dolly Dimple Steam Roller into the basement, place the clothes on the floor, and let little Georgie or Anthony ride around the basement. Suppose your tooth paste apparently is all used up, and you haven't

time for to get more. Roll over it with your Dolly Dimple Steam Roller and you will be surprised. Is it any wonder that our motto is 'A Steam Roller in Every Home.'"

Then Becker found in his mail box a summons from Ford Billings, director of the Crosley Stations. The youth had visions of a blue slip in his pay envelope.

"What's the idea of being funny about radio programs?" Billings demanded when Becker tiptoed into his presence.

"Why I . . . I. Why I was just trying to have a little fun," Becker stammered.

"Well, make them funnier and make them longer," Billings shocked the youthful satirist.

It was Billings' idea that commercial broadcasting was so well established that the "Weak-End Satires" would be a compliment.

"**W**HEN commercial programs were not firmly established, recognized, or respected, any fun at their expense would have fallen flat," he explained. "People do not understand nor appreciate a caricature of an unfamiliar idea."

"To travesty a program known but not accepted, would be to draw ridicule upon it. But to fabricate a fantasy as an exaggeration of something known and admired, is to draw favorable attention to the original."

Those directions by Billings to make the Weak-End Satires "longer and funnier," were music to Becker's ears. He needed no further urging.

Immediately the Dolly Dimple Steam Roller Corporation burst forth with this "theme song:"

"If you find it hard to smile,
If your eyes refuse to twinkle,
Use our roller for a while:
Banish every frown and wrinkle

If your face is rendered plain
By an unattractive pimple:
Simply roll it out again,
With the latest Dolly Dimple."

The Weak-End Satires were given a place first on WSAI's Night programs, and then they were boisterously received by that station's audience, they were shifted to WLW, to give them more listeners.

As the Lavender Network added such commercial contracts as the Blah-Hoocy Importing Company, the Pansy School for Discontented Cows, and the Amalgamated Associa-



Don Becker Works Up from Poor Uke Player to Command of Dolly Dimple Steam Roller and Dictator of Lavender Network

tion of Weiner-Wurst Manufacturers, Becker had to enlarge his staff. At first the Blah-Hooey Importing Company's Fool-Harmonica Orchestra consisted of drums, ukulele, and kazoo. But that wasn't enough. He worked a piccolo player and a bass horn soloist into helping him out.

Imagine "Scars and Gripes Forever" (Stars and Stripes Forever) played on the Piccolo and Bass Horn with assorted dissonances to add variety. In the studio the combination is so funny, that piccolo and bass horn must sit back to back to keep from exploding with interrupting laughter.

NOW on the Musicale Novelesque, the entire Novelesque orchestra riotously plays slightly out of key as incidental music for Lavender Network programs. It's harder work than playing a Beethoven Symphony, they say, but they love it. Staid symphony men beg to play their most hated solos so that they can vent their spleen in "Blue" notes. One 'cello player swoons with joy whenever he is permitted to play "The Swan" a la Blah-Hooey Hour.

As the Satires began to be noticed, Becker emerged from a mere ukulele player into a personality. He began to haunt the publicity office with stories of approaching broadcasts. Days before the next satire was written, Becker could recite it verbatim to anyone who would listen, and to others who would not. Convulsed with laughter at his own originality, Becker even now has a way of getting staff members, and even Radio listeners, to suggest more comical ideas for his programs. His recitation of cherished plans, invariably inspire his auditors to humor. These spontaneous outbursts of: "Why don't you say this . . ." and "You ought to call him. . . ." Don gracefully accepts and incorporates in his continuities with gratifying results.

Somewhere along the way in his creation of a complete imaginary "national mixup of assorted gasoline stations," Becker envisioned a president for the Irrational Broadcasting Company: one J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, Jr. J. Cornelius gives talks on the Lavender Network on such subjects as "Commercial Programs and Why they should be Paid For." But more than that, he sends inter-office memos to WLW engineers, entertainers, and publicity staff informing them of approaching paroxysms.

Days on end, Becker quotes no one but J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder until he has become so real to the staff of WLW, that they would be not the least surprised to see J. Cornelius walk into the office any day. In fact, many are there who believe that Becker and Fishbearder are one and the same, but which is which or who is who, no one will venture to say.

MOST recently according to Becker, Fishbearder discovered he could buy "phoneygraft prescriptions" at the ten cent store. IBC's first recorded program was in behalf of the International Mosquito Farms. Their slogan: "Because You Love Nice Stongs." Their offer: International Mosquitos all the year round with voices in different pitches to suit the occasion. Only unfortunate part of the recorded experiment: the "Phoneygraft" stuck on such lines as "every mosquito is not an International . . . not an International . . . not an International . . . not an International . . . not an International," and "remember, you can get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime . . . get bit anytime."

So entranced was J. Cornelius reported to be with his records that he intends to fire his whole staff of announcers and entertainers and turn the records himself.

What a shock that would be to the Radio world to be deprived of these Irrational Broadcasting Announcers who have been so long associated with the Lavender Network: Alarge Gorilla, Kinda Kross, Fullof Carbon, Graham Smack-



Don Becker, master mind of the Irrational Broadcasting Company.

atmeec (the famous sports announcer) Woolworth Announcing-Fence Fickett, and other names reported to have made various nationally known radio personages writhe with agony at the idea of being satirized. If J. Cornelius goes through with his determination to be rid of all his staff to make way for "phoneygraft electrical prescriptions" (as various alarmists feel that all Radio stations will do) what a wealth of musical talent will be silenced: Daniel Hillfret and his Foolharmonica Orchestra; the world's greatest violinish, Yassir Hi-Kits; Jessy Go-drag-em-Out, and Callon Some-More, the celebrated 'cellist' Outa-Tunna; the Silver Flask Tinner; Dolly Dimple's own Fi-Fi Horn Artist; Mr. Treatserruffsky, Piano Virtuoso and many more.

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HUMOR in the NBC STUDIOS

Quips and Bits From the Funny Folks Who Bring You Smiles

ALINE: Did you get up at 5 a. m. in time to hear King George broadcast?

Cub Reporter: How silly! Not me! I can get better talent at a better time. Who cares about these stretch-and-yawn periods? And where did King George ever do his stuff on the air? Let him make a reputation first. What can he do, yodle, play the mouthharp, do a croon or play a ukulele? And I should get up at 5 o'clock in the morning!

Aline: So you have a real set now?

Cub: Yes, indeedy! And I hear you sold your old battery set to John, the boy?

Aline: Yes, I was lucky to sell it.

Cub: You were. John is sore, he says you stung him with a "B" battery.

Aline: But it's alright now. I've honeyed him up and he isn't sore any more.

Paul: What do you think you could do in a broadcast station?

Al: I's a railroad man.

Paul: Why'n you go to a railroad station den?

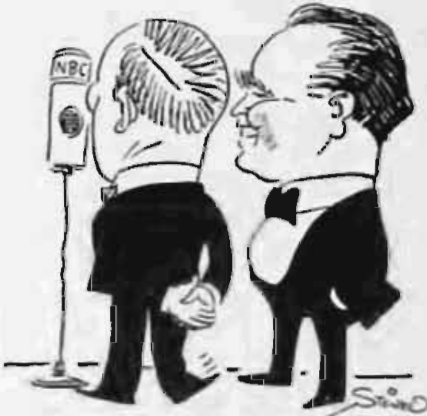
Al: I want to fire de engine I hear's makin' de grade on de air.

A lady wrote to Curt Peterson, NBC announcer, saying her canary always sang when it heard his voice over the air. Curt thought this was nice until the lady added at the end that the canary

also responded to the hum of the vacuum cleaner and the sound of a Ford steaming up to pull away from the curb.

She: "I suppose you're going to the Harvard-Yale Boat race?"

He: "Of course not! That's a shell game."



Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the Interwoven Pair, National Broadcasting company comedians and entertainers.

Jerry: "That endurance flight story I went out on yesterday ended early."

Doris: "What happened?"

Jerry: "The flier was a Scotchman and he remembered at 5,000 feet that he'd left the pilot light on his gas stove burning."

Jerry: "You know, sweetheart, I could just die dancing with you."

Doris: "Not here, big boy—this is a living room."

Paul: "Just what kind of job is your father looking for?"

Al: "I think he'd like a job calling the stations on an ocean liner."

Paul: "Why is English called the 'mother tongue' in your family, Al?"

Al: "Because father don't get a chance to use it."

Al: "Why did your wife hit you for calling her maple sugar?"

Paul: "Somebody told her maple sugar is refined sap."

Ray: "How'd you get that grease on your face?"

Bestos: "O, I had trouble with my brakes and tried to fix 'em."

Ray: "I didn't know they used red grease on automobiles."

Bestos: "You should eat fruit."

Ray: "I know—bananas—they're so much safer than fish, because there's no bones in them."

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The Cub Reporter and Aline in "The Cub Reporter," weekly NBC program, as they appear to Jolly Bill Steinke, of the team of Jolly Bill and Jane.

Tck! Tck! SHOCKING EXPOSE!

MARY and BOB are NOT MARRIED

TRUE STORY of True Story Couple Revealed Here with Real Names for First Time

By Jean Campbell

MARY AND BOB—Mental mates—but NOT, as yet, MARRIED MATES! However, dear reader, be warned! This, told-for-the-first-time, true story of Mary and Bob, must in all honesty remain, yet a while, a sort of unfinished life-symphony. Because, it is quite evident, that the "finale," to the harmonies-of-temperament that exist between these two, known as Radioland's most loving and lovable young couple, cannot yet be written!

Now that the truth is out—it should be explained on behalf of both Mary and Bob, that neither of them ever fostered the illusion in the minds of millions to the effect that they are, indeed, married in all reality. Nor has anyone else, except their Radio and personal appearance audience, been responsible for this idea. (*Tut! Tut! Jean—Somebody at CBS told Radio Digest that Mary and Bob were married and the article was published in good faith!—ERROR.*)

It was born, purely and simply, out of the realism of their dramatic ability to simulate married-mates while "in character," and about the business of traveling, for the purpose of making personal appearances, or, about the business of journeying, before the microphone, in their unique dramatization of a weekly search for real life stories for the True Story Hour.

And yet, it is pleasant to know, that this "illusion" about Mary and Bob, has actually a true basis in that they are, most assuredly, mental affinities in the truest sense of that term. They are agreeably aware of this fact—and the best of pals during recreational hours, as well as the best of dramatic partners during working hours, because of this mental affinity. And so, after a bit of adroit questioning, and a bit of strenuous and cautious coaxing, we have cornered each of them, in turn, and brought to light at last the true story of Mary and Bob.

Mary comes by her "character name" quite honestly. Her own name is Mary

Best of pals, at work and at play, Mary and Bob.

Nora Stirling. She is proud of a thoroughly Scotch ancestry and parentage. Her father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Stirling, came with Mary's eldest sister Janet to America from Edinburgh, Scotland, long before Mary was born.

The Stirlings settled their new home at Atlanta, Georgia, and there their next child, Alexa Stirling, was born and reared and attained fame as the holder of the National Women's Golf champion title which she held for five years. Mary, the Stirlings' youngest, had small interest in out-of-doors sports, excepting her love for horse-back riding. She was a dreamy, stay-at-home child, who began at the age of three to dramatize and imitate her elders and the characters of the visiting natives—who exchanged calls with her mother at her Atlanta homestead.

Her father, is a noted Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist.

No one in Mary's family had ever been on the stage. The idea of her becoming an actress was thought of with some misgivings but her very genuine talent for that and for nothing else, unless it be for writing, won parental permission to forego college in favor of several terms in a school of dramatic expression, the Alberti School at Carnegie Hall. This she followed with several seasons of experience in a dramatic stock company, as a member of Mrs. Fisk's repertoire company, and as a member of the New York Theatre Guild.

Mary's childhood schooling was accomplished at a private girls' school at Atlanta. Her high-school period was spent at the fashionable Washington Seminary of the National Capital city, and during a return to their old home Mary enhanced her educational advantages by a term or two in an Edinburgh academy.

Being still very young when she assailed Radio as a medium for her dramatic expression, she hardly knew just what part she would aim at, until by accident she heard of the True Story Hour when it was being planned.

And so it happened that a petite, red-haired, girl in a shy but thoroughly dramatic manner approached the
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Radio in the Next War

(Continued from page 19)

talking following such an exchange of compliments would be done by the respective armies, navies, marine corps and air forces.

The next ultimatum of war will come to the people of the world by Radio. After every effort in the direction of peace has failed, the nations involved will broadcast their causes to the world, and with diplomatic expressions of regret will be forced to admit that no other medium of settlement exists except force. As I see it any war that breaks loose in the next score of years will commence as I have just outlined. But the outbreak of hostilities on land and sea will bring peace in the air by no means.

The Radio verbage of the diplomatic preliminaries will be doubled, if not tripled, by the cloudburst of imprecations, charges, threats, defenses, alibis and the Niagaras of propaganda that will fill the ether immediately.

It is quite easy to understand this because whereas during the preliminaries only one nation spoke at a time, and the rest listened, during the conflict all of the belligerent forces will be speaking at the same time. The only difference in the implied metaphor is that each nation will be listening as well as speaking, and both at the same time. In that difference lies just one more kernel of hopefulness and usefulness for Radio in the direction of peace.

RIGHT at this point rises a question of vital concern to America. There are more Radio sets in operation in America than in any other country in the world. And there is no control of those sets or their owners by the United States government. The Radio propaganda bureau of the enemy country could address itself night and day with thousands of words of subtle argument calculated to lower the

popular morale, to cultivate the obstructiveness of opposition political groups and to arouse the active antagonism of dissatisfied minorities.

Just as Germany in the last war spread the seeds of revolt in Ireland, Egypt and Tripoli, and even proposed an alliance with America's next door neighbor, Mexico, so in the event of another war, it may be expected logically, that the enemy country, whatever it be, will appeal by Radio to any diverging or dissenting groups among the one hundred and twenty million people of the United States. Any and all manner of political rewards would be offered to these groups by the enemy in return for any efforts made by the groups to disrupt the national unity of their own country and to retard or delay the vitally essential mobilization of man-power and industries for the defense of the country.

Washington would then face a problem of dealing with this dangerous situation. The government would either attempt to call in all the Radio sets, or would endeavor to answer the enemy propaganda word for word over the air, or would develop some counteracting electrical device by which the ether would be charged with destructive waves that would have the effect of jamming the air, and making it impossible for the enemy's broadcast propaganda to reach the ears of American listeners.

But the enemy country would not be handicapped with such a problem. In almost every other country in the world, every Radio receiving set in use is licensed by the government, and its exact location and ownership is a matter of government record. The foreign owners of Radio receiving sets must have special legal permits for them, just as in America it is supposedly required that every possessor of a firearm must have a special permit for the privilege.

THUS if America attempted to counterbalance the enemy propaganda by broadcasting American propaganda to the



A brief rest in the home of an African potentate.

enemy people, the enemy government could block this attempt completely by calling upon all of their licensed holders to turn their sets in to the authorities. This would have the effect of plugging the ears of the people to any presentation of its case that America might make over the air.

But in spite of this handicap the country would turn to the duty and task of defending itself. There would be the inevitable spy scares resulting from the widespread possibility of enemy agents in our midst receiving instructions via the air.

At the actual front, as soon as the attacking and defending forces came in contact with one another, new and surprising uses for Radio, both in offensive and defensive action, would be revealed. Let's begin with the infantry, for example.

A platoon of doughboys is advancing to the attack of an enemy position. The line stretches right and left across a field. The men are hugging the ground closely to escape a hail of machine gun fire. Slightly in the rear of the center of the line, a young lieutenant commanding the platoon lies on the ground, his eyes studying the contours of the field across which his men must advance.

The minute of the charge approaches. He unhooks a small metal device the size of an oyster from his Sam Brown belt and holds it to his mouth. It is the microphone of the small portable, shortwave transmitting set. He switches on the current from the batteries carried in small tubes connected up like cartridges in his belt.

Now he is talking in an ordinary conversational tone into the microphone. He is giving commands and instructions to the corporals of his squads, each one of whom has a receiver strapped to one ear under his metal helmet. Here is the command:

"TWO minutes to go men, hold steady and lie close. Olson, you on the left detail a rifle grenade man to that irrigation ditch on the edge of the field. Have him start dropping a few eggs on that machine gun nest on the edge of the trees.

"Corporal Murphy, on the right advance your men ten or fifteen feet and you will get the better protection of that slight rise in the center of the field.

"Corporal Smith, you in the center, tell that damn fool in your squad, who keeps poking his head up, that he won't have one in a few minutes if he keeps doing that.

"Hold steady everybody now, thirty seconds and you will hear the guns, and then up and at 'em. Tell the men to keep spread out—keep the measured steady pace, you know, not too fast and—here are the guns, let's go everybody."

A downpour of shells crash on the enemy line on the edge of the forest. The doughboys rise to their feet, bayonets fixed and rifles extended, advance across the field, joined by the lieutenant who advances with them. Some fall, but the survivors continue. They reach the machine nests and man to man the advance revolves into a hand to hand combat, with bayonet, rifle butt and pistol and hand grenades, until the resistance is beaten down and the position occupied.

And there the platoon commander, crouching down in one of the former enemy nests, unhooks the microphone at his belt again, issues the necessary instructions to his men for consolidating the line, and then addresses his report through the microphone to his company commander several hundreds of yards in the rear. He reports the number of the casualties, the remaining strength of his platoon, the exact position it occupies on the edge of the forest, and the new position to which the enemy has fallen back, all valuable information which the officers and the men of the old A. E. F. had to deliver by individual runners and message carriers, who in order to cover the distances were forced to expose themselves to enemy fire, with consequent great loss of life.

AS OFTEN happened in the World War, positions taken at great costs in casualties had to be immediately abandoned for strategic reasons unknown to the little commanders in the actual front-line trenches, so with the lieutenant of our patrol, he might well receive back from his company commander by way of the air, instructions somewhat as follows:

"Lieutenant Jones, withdraw your platoon immediately from the position you have just taken and resume the position you formerly held. This is necessary to straighten our line. Your platoon is exposed on both flanks, and your men will soon be subject to an enfilade fire. Before retiring, you will locate the enemy commanders front line dug-out and plant in it one of the G.2.D. microphones.

"Be sure and hide it well so that its presence will not be discovered when the enemy reoccupies the position. Attach all of the batteries you have to it, so that it will operate as long as possible. We want to hear what those birds are talking about."

And so Lieutenant Jones retires with the survivors of his group. But he leaves behind an active and operating portable transmitter and batteries hidden deep in the dugout wall, and attached to a microphone equally well secreted. For the next several days, depending upon the strength of the series of batteries attached, the hidden mike will be reporting back to the Amer-

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Craig Kennedy Springs the Trap

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

CAPTAIN RYDER SMITH Meets His Accusers Face
to Face and Tells How Rum Row Killers Destroyed
Pretty Lola Langhorne by Green Death

Illustrations by
Charles Ropp

By Arthur B. Reeve

Chapter XVI THE LAST LINK

THERE was a tenseness in the atmosphere in the big living room of the Hancock bungalow as if it were charged with the very electricity that was on the air. What would Kennedy ask? There was the man he had been seeking—somewhere, some twelve or twenty miles, out on the ocean—the missing link in his chain of evidence.

"I have the 'Geronimo'—they're standing by!" announced Craig with the wireless apparatus over his ears. He turned to us. "Walter—McNaught—cover every door and window—no one must get out of his room—no one. Now, Don—come across—make good! Where is he?"

Donato smirked around at the rest of them in the room. He was not in any hurry to surrender the center of the stage.

"Cut the dramatics, Don," urged Kennedy sharply. "Everyone in this room is covered by McNaught's men outside, and McNaught and Jameson are at the doors. You are perfectly safe. Only you've got to be on the level, yourself, with me. I've got enough on you—and the Rum Castle is the least of it. I'm holding you only long enough to see that what you tell is the real goods. Where's Ryder Smith?"

"Out there—in the new Rum Row."

Kennedy shot something off on the air, then turned to Don impatiently. "Yes; but where? What boat? You know!"

Donato knew he could hold it back no longer. "On the Owllet," he said grudgingly as if unwilling to give up what was both making him the center of the picture and was at once also his trump card of protection for himself.

Kennedy turned again from the wireless apparatus. "Is that an American boat?"

Donato smiled. "British registry. Sailed from Halifax and has just come up with a cargo from Nassau."

Kennedy studied his face a moment. "That's not a frank answer, Don, although it sounds like one. Where is the real ownership of the 'Owllet'—in New York?"

Don the Dude studied Kennedy's face. It might have been a poker face. But it was also the face of a player who might hold the cards. Kennedy had surprised him before with the extent of his information. He was not to be trifled with.

"Yes; Broadway and Forty-second street."

Kennedy nodded. "Deitz's syndicate."

Don agreed. "I don't need to remind you, Mr. Kennedy, you have a certain moral obligation yourself in this."

Kennedy smiled. "No; you don't. And you need not worry. I am merely trying to keep this matter straight in case anything ever involves the United States Department of State. If it's British soil honestly that is one thing. If it's as it is, that's another. As for Deitz and you and the Syndicate, they're not interested, except," he added, "they might be better off without having this man on one of their boats, of course, in case anything should happen. Nothing will happen as far as I am concerned. I'm interested only in Captain Ryder Smith—and you."

JAKE MERCK was looking at Maisie, then he shot a look at Trixie. There was nothing by which I could get an inkling of what was passing in their minds.

"That's right," broke in Jake, "he's on the 'Owllet' and that's how the 'Owllet' sizes up, too."

"I see," Kennedy nodded. I knew that Craig was not betraying any of the satisfaction he felt. These people were cracking up under the strain, and ready to run to cover, tell all they knew, each to save himself.

He turned to the sending apparatus and there was an interchange of messages between himself and the revenue boat.

"The 'Geronimo' knows just where the 'Owllet' is located. They'll get Ryder Smith off it—and have him ashore tonight. In the meantime they will let me know." Kennedy was discarding the apparatus. "Now, McNaught, all we need to do is to take care of these people I have gathered here, until Ryder Smith supplies the missing cut-outs in this cut-out puzzle. I suppose this is just as good a place as any in which to entertain them."

"But, Mr. Kennedy," interposed Judy, a bit alarmed. "Suppose father should come in? What will he say?"

"He'll be pleased to see you getting out of such company," replied Craig quickly.

She shot a quick sidewise look at Eversley Barr.

"Do you think that's quite fair, Kennedy?" he asked.

"It's something you'll have to settle with Mr. Hancock, not



with me. I know what I'd do if Judy was my daughter or sister or anything to me. I'd see that she exercised better judgment in picking her intimates so that they wouldn't get her involved with people who took possession of my house and planted Scotch in her car and—"

"Score one! You got me on that, Kennedy. But I'm sorry. I just didn't think. Besides, it's my loss as far as money is concerned."

"Huh?" This was Donato interrupting.

"How about me?" cut in Merck. "Didn't I put more in it than you did? It was all I had!"

"Me, too," chimed in Trixie.

"There's no one payin' me for the time I'm losing at the hotel," asserted Maisie.

"And you got me in bad with the enforcement; how about that?" sullenly observed Warner Davis, turning to Jean Bartow, "to say nothing of her, too."

Jean nodded her head vigorously. "We might have known that would happen with a lot of amateurs! I'd say we're the heavy losers. We stand to lose a good living."

"I THINK Lola's the one we ought to be thinking about most," put in Judy. "At least we're all alive. But Lola lost her life. Whatever any of us lost we can get back. But Lola—"

There were tears in Judy's voice as she broke off. There was a silence: nothing much to say to that.

"It's an extra hazardous occupation," growled McNaught from the porch doors. "I don't mind a guy going into it if he can afford to lose what he's got—his money, or his life or his reputation, or whatever it is. But you've got to be a sport about it—or stay out. It's just put up and shut up. Anyone who wants to go into it from your end is welcome, as far as I'm concerned. Only I don't see it. Maybe, if you're a racketeer you might as well get bumped off or do a stretch in the stir this way as well as any other. But it's my personal experience that the same amount of brains and money and work put into something legitimate would make a fortune for those that are putting it in. I'm not saying what I may think of the law and the general idea back of it. That's not for me to say. I'm just a prohibition cop. And yet," he shook his head, "every day there are more going into it in one way or another. If you feel that way about it, why not get into the distilling of commercial industrial alcohol—and let someone else take the risks of getting the denaturing out of it, and so on? There are others I could name right in Barr's own class who are doing it decently and without risk. Or maybe you'd like to become a grape grower and ship the juice from your presses by refrigerator cars all over the country, with high pressure salesmen who can tell you how to use your two kinds of patent corks, and even carbonate the stuff and make it champagne. Anything's better than the gag you're playing!"

McNaught shook himself as he finished the delivery of his long indictment of conditions as they were.

"I agree with McNaught," remarked Kennedy, quickly. "You are a fine bunch of oil cans! You wanted a thrill and you've got it. I'm supposed to unscramble the eggs—only there's a rotten egg in the omelet, somewhere. I'm supposed to get that, too. But it won't any of it bring back Lola."

"No," nodded Barr sadly. "I could stand the money loss and the loss of the Gigolo—all but getting little Judy here in bad—if it hadn't been for the—the tragedy. Lola was so sure of herself and her ability; you couldn't keep her out of things. But little Judy—that's different. I could kick myself that I ever let her come in. That was my fault, just my fault, pure and simple. Yes, Kennedy, you said something. If you had a daughter or a sister—or a—a little girl you thought the world and all of, you ought to cut off your right hand before you'd drag her into a mess like

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"Alla sudden I hears her say, 'And you look yellow to me,' and she stops sudden like."

RADIOGRAPHS

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

By JEAN CAMPBELL

OVER the air waves and across mile upon mile of land wires the voices of world-famous entertainers come to you from the main studios of the great chain broadcasters. Jean Campbell tells you little intimate stories about these people each month. Watch for her stories, and if you have a favorite you would like to read about write to Miss Campbell.

LOIS BENNETT—until recently they called her "The Quaker Girl," but by the time this is read you'll all be referring to her as "Sally," of the Philco hour. And lest you be wondering just who she really is, and just what her proper title, I'll tell you that both of the above are quite correct, for in her Radioland life she leads not only a dual but sometimes a triplex and thoroughly successful existence.

Such is her success that her dramatic impersonations and her mezzo-soprano voice are in constant demand and sometimes consecutively gracing half a dozen programs, besides her regular weekly performances with the Armstrong Quakers, at National, and with the Philco group now at Columbia broadcasting station headquarters.

But of course you are acquainted with Lois, both as the Quaker Girl and as "Sally," and, perhaps, as well, in many of her other myriad Radio characters. And so it is Lois Bennett, as just herself, that you now meet.

When she was a little girl her teasing playmates used to run her round the block singing after her, "Red-head, red-head, ginger-bread head," and it made her thoroughly mad. But with a bit of added age the "carrot top" has taken on the subdued hues of a very admirable light-auburn. Her eyes are laughing at you or, perhaps with you most of the time. They have a changeable quality, governed apparently by her moods—sometimes they seem grayish-blue, sometimes hazel.

Lois confesses that she has no hobbies, has no time for any. If she ever has time to assume a hobby she will collect rare books and rare etchings.

Another hobby that Lois would succumb to, if she only had the time, would be an all but unending tour of the world, made as thoroughly and as slowly as complete leisure and a love for getting acquainted with all sorts of strange peoples and places would inspire.

Her one recreational love is music—all sorts of it, but especially playing the piano and singing—and dancing, too, for good measure. She loves the show business—and is a thorough trooper, although she quit a successful musical-comedy and vaudeville career for Radio. She does not regret that move. One might ask, knowing her complete success and the amount of her engagements, how could she?

But a yearning for success was a secondary thought with Lois when she went into Radio about three years ago. She had already quit the stage after enjoying success, and had retired to a quiet

home in one of Chicago's nearby suburbs.

She was intent on just one thing, thinking up some other thing she could do that would permit a measure of success, a lucrative career, and a chance to have a permanent home, the sort not vouchsafed show folk. For Lois wanted the admiration and the constant companionship of her baby daughter, left as her only solace in young widowhood, more than she wanted any of the things that Broadway or the bright lights of theatrical life elsewhere could give her.

Thanks to Radio, she got what she wanted. Hers is a busy but quiet, successful and lucrative career. Her work



Lois Bennett

is within almost a stone's throw of her beautiful studio-type apartment on West Fifty-seventh street. It's just a five-minute walk to either National or Columbia studios and if her beautiful six-year-old baby Joan should want or need mother Lois, it's just as easy to get right back home.

Little Joan is a beautiful study in dark brown, and she is a quiet mite when at home and seriously studious over her books from the fashionable Horace Mann private day school.

Lois warns you, however, that baby Joan has her lively moments. These she spends in the happily adjacent great Central Park playground accompanied by a watchful governess maid. The latter has a hard time keeping up with her young charge, who sometimes disappears on her beloved bicycle or roller skates, when the more fleet vehicle has been forbidden.

Baby Joan is a pet subject with Lois. All good mothers are like that, however, and so it was with pleasure that we heard that baby Joan is a born actress, even at this early age showing inherent dramatic ability. She has, too, a surprisingly good voice, not at all weak

or wabbly, as we can truthfully attest. As a matter of fact she has learned most of her mother's favorite Radio numbers and sings them with great gusto and many dramatic gestures.

There's a theatrical career in store for Joan if she wants to follow one when she grows up.

"Why, of course, I want my daughter to be an actress, and I'll see to it that she's a good one, if she wants to be one. I was one and I got much joy and much experience out of it, good experience. But, of course, I was well prepared—well educated, in the right sort of home before I started out in the world bent on a theatrical career. And that's the thing that counts, the background. Joan will have that before she begins on any career, that's why I'm in Radio now!"

Thus speaks wise little mother, Lois Bennett.

Lois Bennett was born at Houston, Texas, moving with her parents at the age of five to settle in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. There she finished grade and high school and thereafter took up a very thorough study of music, specializing finally in vocal work.

She began to study the piano at the age of five, and she sang at the same age at the commencement exercises of the State college. Later, she sang every year at Christmas parties given to the convicts at the State penitentiary. These inmates were the first public audience that she remembers. She is indebted to them for their encouragement since they requested her presence on every Christmas program for many years.

Neither of her parents was a professional. Her father was chiefly interested in ranching and in oil wells, and did not encourage her stage career until after her mother's endorsement and actual "urge" toward it had sent Lois on toward her present path.

Lois confesses that as a child she had an easy-going, quiet, luxury-loving disposition, not disposed to exerting great energy toward anything in particular. Had it not been for the energizing influence of a mother who believed in developing talents to the nth degree, she might never have been prepared to earn the living that she and baby Joan now enjoy through her great achievements.

When Lois, with a social background that stood her in good stead, first came to New York, about ten years ago, she studied for concert work and then got side-tracked when the illustrious Carrie Jacobs Bond heard her sing and insisted that Lois was the girl to interpret her vocal compositions in a vaudeville tour on the Keith and Orpheum circuits.

After this Ziegfeld took her up. At the suggestion of Jean Buck, famous composer of musical comedy numbers, Lois found herself in the enviable role of prima-donna of the Follies. Other seasons of success followed; then marriage; then motherhood; then widowhood—and then Radio and the renewed success of today!

I am indebted to Mr. Milan O. Welch for the following:

RUDY VALLEE is still a favorite with the listeners, the talkies notwithstanding.

Night clubs, vaudeville and the talkies may claim him, but Radio made him and it is a debt that this blond crooner of the Croon that Conquers, is only too happy to acknowledge. He said as much the other night to the thousand and first interviewer who had lured him to a table in the Villa Vallee, that ultra-ultra supper club on New York's aristocratic East Side where this remarkable young man from Westbrook, Maine, holds forth nightly. More than that, he will include that same acknowledgment in the book he is now preparing for early publication.

"We are first, last and always a Radio band," Vallee told this interviewer. "Radio gave us our start, Radio must be held responsible for all of the success that has been and is ours and, in the final analysis, I think that I can safely say that it is on the air that we are at our best."

This statement, perhaps, is characteristic of the commonsense attitude with which this 28-year-old Yankee from Maine is accepting a success that might pardonably turn the head of a less balanced man. Hubert Prior Vallee may be an egotist, as successful men are apt to be. But he is not conceited. Let the Vallee bank roll mount as it will, you may be very sure that the Vallee feet will remain firmly planted on the ground.

Rudy Vallee, at first meeting, impresses one as a young man who knows what he wants and intends to get just that thing out of life. Ten years ago he was a schoolboy in Westbrook, Maine, the oldest son of a prosperous and contented small-town druggist. Even then young Hubert was quite persistent at getting what he wanted, even when it meant running opposition to parental desires. There was the time when the youngster, rather than wed himself to the drug business, ran away from home. A stern parent relented, then unconditionally surrendered, and the youthful Hubert from then on, was free to toot a saxophone unmolested.

THE WORLD WAR came along while the youngster was a freshman in high school and led the rebellious future master crooner into another run-away from home—an adventure that ul-

timately found him an enlisted goby in Uncle Sam's navy, where he served some six months before the naval authorities, discovering he was still under sixteen, sent him back to Maine with an honorable discharge.

By the time Vallee graduated from high school he had already made an enviable name for himself in Maine dance circles as a saxophonist of exceptional ability. Attending the University of Maine for a single year he was a positive campus sensation. Transferring to Yale he continued his education, his trusty sax always paying the bills. A year at the Hotel Savoy, in London, was interspersed with his collegiate career at New Haven, after which he returned to graduate from Yale.

Collegians are generally pictured as invading New York with a sheepskin tucked under their arm. Rudy Vallee, however, came to New York with a saxophone tucked under his arm and Broadway is still trying to figure out just where and why he got the "break" that made him into showdom's greatest drawing card.

Vallee says, and after all he should know, that it was his broadcasting from the old "Heigh-Ho" club that brought him the first recruit in the present great army of Rudy Vallee fans.

RIGHT now, riding the crest of the wave, Vallee is the subject of praise that is almost idolatrous and of criticism that, too often, is nearsighted and stigmatic. In their frantic effort to analyze and understand him countless interviewers have endowed him with a hundred and one personalities that, clashing and conflicting, obscure and hide the real Vallee.

Up and down Broadway you can hear a hundred Vallee stories in as many minutes. He is high-hat. He isn't high-hat. His real name is Vallee. His real name is O'Brien. He's just a lucky accident that happened. He is a hard worker who deserves his success. He's a punk. He's an artist. He can sing. He can't sing.

As a matter of fact a great deal of the confusion that attends reportorial psycho-analyzing of this remarkable young man is probably due to the fact that he is working sixteen and twenty hours a day and, as a consequence, must be seen and talked to by inquiring reporters, more or less "on the jump." The full and complete story of Rudy Vallee will probably not be written until this hard-

est of hard workers can take a three-months' vacation and, at his leisure, live, play and talk with a biographer. Only in that way can a true portrait be sketched.

Here, however, are a few facts that are facts. They are vouched for by the boys in his band and by members of his personal staff who have known him since he was a youngster "up in Maine." At the outset, Rudy Vallee is not high-hat. To be sure, he is totally devoid of that jazzy, slangy sort of personality that is generally practiced by the loud-talking back-slappers of Broadway. He is conservative. He is quiet and well-mannered. He is a believer in that old adage that "old friends are the best friends." He does not give friendship lightly. He does not take it back easily.

Himself no respecter of time and hours, he is an exacting young man to work for. With him anger can come quickly and go as quickly. He has all the temperament of the artist. Yet he is generous and impulsive; he can be criticized as fearlessly as he himself criticizes. He is no stickler for form or ceremony and it is a significant fact that the personnel of his band has remained unchanged and intact since he started his first engagement at the Heigh-Ho Club a little over a year ago.

DISGRUNTLED critics who have often reminded him of the transitory quality of the popular fame he now enjoys aren't telling him a thing. "I don't think that I will ever completely lose my following," he says, "and yet I realize that nothing endures forever. Up home in Maine they have a homely saying about 'making hay while the sun shines.' That's just what I'm doing right now. I want to make a million and then I'll be more than satisfied to take a vacation that I think I've already earned."

Future plans, however, include a summer in France and England and a tentative plan contemplates a world tour with his Connecticut Yankees.

"For that matter," says Rudy, meditatively, "you want to remember that when I was in college I had no idea of a career such as I have enjoyed. At Yale, you know, I majored in Spanish and fully intended to seek my future in the business world of South America."

So who can tell? The Maestro of Saxophonia, the Crooner of the Croon that Conquers, may yet enjoy his noonday siesta as a tired business man of Latin America.



Whosis? Why, of course! It's Rudy—Rudy Vallee and his bandmen gathered around an NBC microphone. The gentleman at Rudy's left is none other than Graham McNamee. This is the same band that has been with Vallee since the first days of wonderful success at the Heigh-Ho club.

Says "Beauty Wisdom" Is BIG SECRET FOR HAPPINESS

TIMES Change and Women's Interests Change and Expand but Ruling Passion of All Ages and Conditions Is Still Beauty, Says Authority

MISS ELSIE PIERCE—distinguished Beauty authority who has brought Beauty to thousands of women via the Radio—recounts some of her experiences here. She feels that Beauty is one of woman's chief interests and Radio the quickest medium for bringing Beauty within every woman's reach. Miss Pierce's voice is well known to women the country over—her sound advice is already being carried out by thousands.

By Elsie Pierce

"**T**IME changes—and we with it." Once women's interests were classified as: Cooking, children and church—

But—now! In this mechanical age, this age of adventure and progress—what are women's chief interests? They still steer the little ship called "home" but they also determine big business deals, they pilot aeroplanes, they achieve a new rank through the Radio. Yet—we wonder—whether there is not one thing—one chief interest that dominates their lives.

What is it, you ask? A difficult question, indeed, to answer. Perhaps this picture will do it.

Hundreds of Radio dials have turned. In answer to Radio announcements, yes. But, in answer to a more urgent, more impelling force, first. A woman's voice is brought over the air—a single voice—and there are hundreds and hundreds of listeners eager to catch every word of the vital message. What proof—you say? The next day's mail. A hundred—two hundred—a thousand letters in a single mail. Several thousand in one day—representing as many delightfully feminine creatures—women!

All women, short women, "oh, so stout" women, "painfully thin" women, women naive, and sophisticated, women rich and poor (we learn all this from the letters, of course) all motivated by a single force, all dominated by a single interest, a peculiarly-involved interest, at once selfish and unselfish, at once "ever-old, yet ever-new." All—seeking Beauty. All realizing that the Radio will summon Beauty more quickly than any other medium.

And so, when we find the masculine mechanic tampering with tubes and muttering "what do women care about the Radio"—we are, rightfully, "up-in-arms."

FOR, have we not these letters? Let us glance through them. What do they indicate? Don't they tell us that woman is no longer the backward creature waiting for news only from her lord and master? Don't they paint a crystal-clear picture of woman keeping step with man and his mind and his inventions? And as for Radio, isn't that indeed the quickest way for the modern, alert woman to get the latest news—feminine news—beauty news—whatever it is that she is interested in? For—whether she is in the grand whirlpool of New York or tucked away on a little farm in Oshkosh—won't a turn of the dial put her in quick, close touch with the world—



"Radio will summon Beauty more quickly than any other medium," says Elsie Pierce, New York authority, who receives thousands of letters and inquiries daily as a result of her broadcasts from WOR.

her world?

We take up one letter:

"I am a grandmother—almost sixty—have always been tied down to my home and children. Have never given enough time to myself. Now I have a little more leisure. My skin is dry and lined and heavy looking. I listened-in on your talk this morning—and I was thrilled. I am wondering whether it is too late to begin now. If not, won't you please tell me just what I need to care for my skin. My hair still looks thirty—my skin, seventy. And—how I would love to look ten years younger."

A grandmother, almost sixty. She probably remembers the days of knitting needles and bicycles and buggies. But now she can quickly take up the

tempo of modern life.

Another letter:

"I am seventeen years old—and feel so self-conscious. Blackheads and acne are the bane of my existence. I hate to go to parties—I hate to meet people. So many, many things I have tried—but I am not yet satisfied with my face. Your Radio talk gave me a new lease on life. Please, please tell me what to do.

Dear, discouraged Miss Seventeen. Life isn't as dark as it seems. In another year she will learn that. In another few months, in fact. But here again it took the Radio to bring the cheery message to her.

More letters—more human interests, feminine interests revealed—even visits
(Continued on page 120)

SIMPLY SUSAN GOES SHOPPING

WITH MILLIONS

"**W**HILE walking along Main street yesterday afternoon I was attracted by an unusual window display," and so Susan takes countless thousands of women on a shopping tour from WTIC each day, accompanied by her Early Birds.

Susan of WTIC is one of the leaders of women's hours on the air. From Hartford, Connecticut, she talks to eager listeners, not only throughout New England, but all over the country. Here is a typical broadcast of "Shopping with Susan" just as you would hear it in your own home.

ANNOUNCER PAUL LUCAS—"Jack, where the deuce is Susan? Hasn't she come in yet? Here it is 9:15—time for her to be on the air."

Announcer Jack Brinkley—"You know Susan, Paul. Just at this moment she's probably in some lingerie shop or jewelry store getting all the dope on 'le dernier Cri' in the line of lovely things for lovely ladies."

Announcer Lucas—"Dash into the small studio and tell Norm Cloutier and his Early Birds to strike up a lively number to fill in the breach."

DANCE SELECTION—THE EARLY BIRDS

Announcer Lucas—"Here she is, Radio friends. Susan has just entered the studio—so excited and bubbling over with enthusiasm about the things she has to tell you, that we really ought to give her a chance to get her breath. But we shan't. We shall connect you with her microphone right away and let her explain everything herself."

Susan—"Good morning, friends. I understand I'm in disgrace for being late this morning. I have been told that immediately after our little chat, I must stand in the corner of the reception room for 15 minutes with eyes to the wall. But really, the fun I've had is compensation for the penalty."

"You know, I got out of the wrong side of the bed this morning, feeling at odds with the world. Not that this experience was anything unusual with me. It wasn't. But what was unusual about it this morning was that I found a cure. You'll laugh when I give you my little prescription—but, believe me, it works."

"If you are feeling down-in-the-mouth I suggest that you take yourself downtown and buy that new hat you've wanted so long. There are beautiful models on display now. I won't have time to tell you about all of them—there are so many—but I can describe three of those I saw this morning."

"A hat they tell me is being featured all over the country just now is called 'La Danseuse.' The title suggests its place in your wardrobe. The model I saw was all silver-metallic, designed in the close-fitting, popular skull-cap effect, with little ripples in front and a large silver bow hanging low in the back."

"Another striking model was in softly folded black velvet, with its long side accented by a white flower, highly glazed and peeking out from underneath. The third was in red fox soleil, with a high rippled cuff brim folded into a long side, where it was finished with fur tails dyed to match the hat. A most unusual creation!

I WAS struck with the predominance of felts and soleils. It seems that we American women will never give them up—and for comfort and snappiness of



From Hartford, Connecticut, through the voice of WTIC, Susan talks to thousands of women in New England and all over America with tips on shopping

style, there are really very few models that can take their place.

"I don't think there is anything that can give a woman more real enjoyment or a greater feeling of good-will toward the world in general than to stroll down the street in a new hat which she knows becomes her perfectly. Haven't you often felt that satisfaction? If you haven't, it must be because you haven't found the hat. Of course, there is everything in that. It must be a hat that brings out all the good features of your face—one that makes your eyes bluer, if they are blue, or sparkling if they are brown or black. It must be one that makes you the acme of sophistication if you are of the dark-eyed type, or one that gives you the appeal of an ingenue if you are one of the blue-eyed unsophisticated sisters."

"A smart new hat has an almost incredible effect on your general outlook—just try it once and see if you do not agree with me. Remember, though, I said it must be THE hat—I am sure you can find yours among the many varied models on display in the shops now."

"... And now while I get that breath Mr. Lucas wouldn't allow me I'll ask The Early Birds to play a lively fox-trot for us."

DANCE SELECTION—THE EARLY BIRDS

"While walking along Main Street yesterday afternoon, I was attracted to an unusual window display. Forming a background for a number of pretty jewels and trinkets, any one of which would make an ideal gift, was a marble reproduction of the Taj Mahal, located in Agra, India—the most faultless edifice ever constructed."

"Fascinated by this miniature, I entered the store for the purpose of learn-

ing more about it. The owner, who had visited the famous structure many times, told me that its builder was the Mogul emperor, Shah Jehan. So much did the Emperor idolize his wife that after she died he built this beautiful tomb in her memory. It took twenty thousand men almost twenty years to complete it. All India contributed something to its construction. Ceylon, Thibet, Persia and Arabia furnished sapphires, agate, onyx, turquoise and carnelian. The entire building was inlaid with costly, rare gems and in the very center of the mausoleum a circular screen of alabaster was installed—six feet high and sixty feet in circumference—carved with such skill that it suggested lace rather than stone. Sometimes over one hundred stones were inlaid to represent a single flower."

"Upon leaving the store, I stood gazing for several minutes at the peerless monument of love which Shah Jehan had reared to the memory of his wife, and I wondered why it is that so few men pay tribute to their dear ones while they live. As I walked up the street, I thought of the many really beautiful gold, silver, and diamond gifts displayed in that shop, and I determined to tell my Radio audience about them. I sincerely recommend your visiting this shop. You'll recognize it when you see the exquisite miniature of the Taj Mahal."

"Before we go on to the next phase of our shopping tour let's ask The Early Birds to play an appropriate number, 'The Song of India.'"

"Did you ever stop to think that there is scarcely any occasion where an 'opera' pump is not in good taste—always excepting cross-country hikes, of course. There is something
(Continued on page 116)

MARCELLA

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

PAUL McCLUER, sunshine hour announcer of WENR, Chicago, whose feminine fan mail has always been unusually large, has gone and done it.

He's married. Last Summer, Mr. McCluer made a trip East for the station. While in New York, he was introduced to Marjorie Marlowe Ryan, New York society girl. After he returned there was a constant stream of wires, telephone messages and letters between Chicago and New York. Just before Christmas Paul slipped away to New York, where the ceremony was performed. Mrs. McCluer is petite in size and has captivated the rest of the staff with her charms.

Mr. McCluer is a graduate of the University of Illinois and for a time was employed by the Commonwealth Edison company, later coming to WENR in his present capacity. He is a nephew of William B. McCluer, who is well known in Chicago society.

Following the announcement of his marriage over the air, the young couple received thousands of congratulatory messages.

The Maple City Four are a riot, individually and collectively, not only professionally, but privately. You know, don't you, that they are Al Rice, Pat Patterson, Art Janes and Fritz Meissner, four very personable young men? And their ages, by and large, come to a nice average of about twenty-five. And more good news—they're all still unmarried. So girls, for the present at least, you can imagine them free from any marital entanglements, playing around over at WLS, keeping the gang over there in one long continuous uproar.

Help! Help! WHERE are the Eccelle Sisters who used to sing over WSOA at Deerfield, Illinois? One of our readers is frantic to locate these sweet singers and I, unfortunately, haven't been able to find them for him. So won't you all help, please.

Hope you're not too sad these days, Mathiede and "Radio Fan," since you don't hear Norman White sing as often as you used to. But you see now that he has entered the executive field in Radio he is so busy with contracts, program arrangements and such like that he doesn't have much time for the mike. "Spect you know, tho", that just before he goes to lunch every day, for half an hour, he gathers together his old gang of singers, and they present WJR's luncheon song revue at Motor City studio. And I guess you'll agree that Norman sings popular love songs with all the tenderness that set the girls' hearts fluttering in the old days when his only role in Radio was that of star entertainer. Since Norman has embarked on such a sedate business career, perhaps you'll be very surprised to know that he's still not married.

Here is a lit story for you—Madge,



Knowing that thousands of my readers and friends would be simply crazy to see Paul McCluer's new wife, I had this specially made up. Like it? I know you're going to like Mrs. Paul, or Marjorie, I should say.

Ruth, Stephania and all the others who have been asking about Everett Mitchell, chief announcer of WENR. I'll try to dig up a picture for another time. Chicago can claim him for her very own, for he was born there and has lived there all his life, a life which has been a varied one, too. Professional entertainer, insurance adjuster, bank employee—these are some of the things which have gone to make up his past. Singing became one of his special joys and it was in this way that he drifted into broadcasting. His first microphone appearance was over WGJ, Chicago. He has also been heard over WIBO, and has been known to the public for his concert work and because of his connection with the Billy Sunday organization. He's five feet ten inches tall, and his eyes and hair are brown. And, yes, he is married. He likes golf and motoring and his favorite actor is the movie star, Dick Barthelmes. I have a little story for you, too, that may be a bit out of date by the time you read this, but in case you wondered why he was off the air for three days shortly after Christmas you'll want to know. On Christmas Eve Mr. Mitchell was delivering a basket of food to a poor family when his car was partially wrecked by another automobile. It was about a week later when he discovered that two of his ribs were broken and that was when you missed him.

Sorry, Mrs. R., but we can't seem to keep track of Jerry Johnson and his orchestra, heard over WBAP last spring. Perhaps some of our readers can help you out.

Three years of experience on the vaudeville stage lie back of the pleasant manner in which Gene Hamilton, WAU announcer, introduces that station to its Ohio listeners.

Gifted with a fine baritone voice and a personality that can only be described as Gene-ial, he supplements his duties as announcer by broadcasting several programs of popular songs each week, accompanying himself on the guitar, and further proves his versatility by taking the male lead in the weekly dramalogues featured by WAU.

Another Rudy Vallee—but it's no use, girls. He plans to take the fatal step ere long, and who's to blame him? Rumor has it that her name is Jane, and she's a Minneapolis miss.

Thanks, Thelma, and all the rest of the kind people who wrote me about Paul McCluer. Hope all like the picture of him in this issue.

And now, Rosie, if you will look in the front of the book you will find the loveliest surprise for you—yes, about Don Becker! There's more, too. Of course it's probably not news to you that he's handsome, in a different, interesting way, tall and dark with coal black eyes and black-brown straight shiny hair. He dresses beautifully, most of the time, and tho' I hate to dazzle you with tales of splendor, those who are in a position to keep accurate count say that he's had



no less than seven new suits in the last four months. But sometimes, just sometimes, he goes off on an aesthetic spree and buys a black and white suit with checks eight inches square and knickers reaching almost to his shoe tops. And would you think, to hear his clever Weak-End Satires over WLW, that he was only a youngster of 21? Forgot to say that this talented child got his start at the Club Alabam in Chicago, playing the ukulele and singing.

Here is your "Wee Willie" of KPO, Southern California. Listeners-In. He's otherwise known as William H. Hancock and is really not "wee" at all. You'll be surprised, I guess, to know that he stands six feet and is of rather stocky build. His eyes are blue—and I don't need to tell you about that dimple which makes his nice smile all the more sniley. He was



born in Cowbridge, Wales, in 1890, a little hamlet near Swansea. At the age of four years he was brought to America by his parents, who settled in Michigan. There he received his schooling and a thorough musical education under the tutelage of his parents, both of whom were musicians of some ability. His mother taught him organ and piano and he became famous as a boy soprano, and yet today he is one of the West's finest baritones. When he was twenty his family moved to Duluth, Minn., where he continued his study of music. And then a few years later the World War found him in service of the YMCA, doing his part in cheering the nation's soldiers. He saw service at Camp Donovan and Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was then transferred to Camp Fremont, Menlo Park, Calif. After the signing of the Armistice he came to San Francisco, where he met the famous "Dobbsie." Dobbs recognized his musical ability and they formed the team which is well known today. Wee Willie still plays the little Kimball-Reed organ on which he received his first lesson years ago and can't be persuaded to get another more up-to-date instrument. "Not on your life," he says, "they don't make 'em any better."

No, Jerry, so far as I know Elise Cohen, middle name Lee, was never born in Chicago. She's a Baltimore girl, even though she has spent a good deal of her time abroad, having lived in London. As afternoon program director for WBAL she has charge of securing and arranging features for day time broadcasting, and in addition is herself a talented recitalist. You probably have heard her in short story dramatizations and other special programs. She studied this work in Baltimore, New York and London, and while abroad often appeared as a guest artist.



Several Hoosier girls have inquired concerning Howard Ackley, chief announcer of WOWO and WGL, the popular Fort Wayne stations. As Little Jack Little says, "Here 'Tis." Two years ago a good-looking young man started to work as bookkeeper for the Main Auto Supply company, owners of WOWO and WGL. After about a year of promising experience the young man, in an emergency, made an announcement about a lost dog over WOWO. The directors of the Radio station did not notice the "lost announcement" but

did notice a very pleasing voice. The young man was none other than Howard Ackley, blonde and blue-eyed, who is now the chief announcer of the Fort Wayne stations.

Gather round all ye admirers of Marsha Wheeler, for I'm simply bursting with things to tell you about her. In the first place, of course, if I had the whole magazine to do it in I couldn't possibly tell you everything, for she is interested in such an infinite number of things that we couldn't ever keep up with her. And in her appearance she is as vivid and energetic as all we know of her. Only five feet two; slight; dark hair and complexion; and the darkest eyes in the world. "Marsha Wheeler" is her Radio name, but few of us remember that she is really Mrs. Marjorie Moellering. And here she is with her five year old son, Billy Marshall Moellering.

She and Billy live in a most attractive seven room house which is filled with a



Marsha Wheeler Moellering and Billy.

quantity of lovely antiques—and it's always "open house" for numbers of interesting people. At present she's terribly interested in horseback riding. She wears a tailored blouse and skirt to the studio so that she can slip into her natty riding habit at a moment's notice. Her tie pin is a miniature riding crop and her leather crop is apt to be used on her desk as a paper weight or book mark.

There's a story, a true one, about how she was once thrown so hard that her hip was dislocated and she suffered for two weeks. But, and this is characteristic of her, she went back and learned to "jump" that same horse. And the nicest thing is, my dears, that when she's always looking out for new experiences, new friends, new ideas—she's at the same time thinking of her Radio friends and planning on how she can hand it all on to them.

In the first place, Bea and Friends, DON'T you mean George Osborne? If so, you heard him over KSTD. George is assistant conductor of the National Battery Orchestra and was formerly leader of the Casino orchestra at New York and has played with Ben Bernie

and his orchestra over WEAF and WCZ. And you DO think he is a second Rudy Vallee!

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

How do you like this nice picture of Thora Martens, contralto, who is heard in solos, duets and sketches over WENR?



Miss Martens started out like many another girl by doing secretarial and sales work. But as an ardent Radio fan she became interested in broadcasting, and perhaps you'll remember that she was first heard over KYW in duets with Dorothy Wilkins. Since that time she has appeared on the stage in "The Student Prince," and has sung before the microphones of KYW, WOJ, WHT, WMAQ, WBBM, WLS, WEBH, WIBO, Chicago, and WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis, and WOW, Omaha—whew! that was a big order! She's a lady of rather majestic bearing, with five feet nine inches to her credit, and has eyes that you can't call either gray or blue but which make a lovely combination with her soft light brown hair. She likes swimming, motoring, golf and ice skating, but claims that her two real hobbies are good cooking and shopping. And she'll tell you, all in one breath, that her favorites are Jane Cowl, the late Frank Bacon, Louise Homer, Friml, Victor Herbert, Romberg, strawberry shortcake and Emil Ludwig. And she is, by the way, one of the finalists in a contest to pick out a girl who will play a principal part in a Chicago sound movie.

The "Little Boy Blue" that you heard over KMBC and WLS some time ago. Mildred, is just a little boy singer who is flitting around from place to place with no regular station tie-up. Sorry to have to disappoint about the picture, but can't get one till the little boy stops his wandering.

Here's James Burroughs, the heart breaker of Los Angeles. You'd think Jim would have a pretty tough time of it with all the competition afforded by Hollywood's screen idols: if he does I haven't heard of it. You see, Jim is something of an idol himself. Course, you may not admire his type.



I must admit that I'm not exactly crazy about it myself, but as to the man—that's a different story. That trick mustache of his is real, though it looks trick enough to be painted on. Brown eyes, smooth, rather dark complexion, the slickest hair ever, and there's his picture. At last reports there was no frau. What's he do? I most forgot. He's the comic opera and concert tenor of KFI. Wouldn't you know it?

I'm sorry, Marguerite, to say that I can't tell you where your friends Tag and Leen are. Certainly will agree with you that it's hard to keep track of them.

Yes, Millie, the "Gene" you saw on page 11 of the December issue is the very Gene of the old "Jack and Gene" team at WLS. But Gene Arnold of WENR is an entirely different proposition. All clear?

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.

Gossipy Items About Friends

"I'm Glad to Know You!"

WHEN you turn on your Radio in the comfort of your own home old friends that you hear from day to day, week in and week out, come to help pass away a leisure hour, pep you up when you feel blue and entertain you when in a happier mood.

These Radio entertainers are human, just as you and I. While at work they have their fun, as well as when at play. They would like to know you, and surely you would like to know them.

In this section of Radio Digest each month you will find short, gossipy stories of what they are doing. If your favorite station, or favorite star isn't mentioned, won't you write to them, and to us, and we will do the best we can to make you acquainted.—D. B.

Air School Under Way

INAUGURATED February 4 with seventy-five of the leading educational authorities of the country advising and participating in its work, the American School of the Air series of the Columbia Broadcasting system is well under way. A faculty of sixteen of the most distinguished American educational leaders is passing upon the broadcasts before they are put on the air.

A complete bibliography of the subjects presented has been prepared and issued to every library in the United States. This enables teachers to assign parallel readings to students who listen in. At the special insistence of Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur the entire series is to be subjected to an exhaustive scientific evaluation and criticisms by educators close to the schools of the nation.

Each Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 there is presented a dramatization based on the important historical episodes surrounding the lives of persons who loom large in America's history. These are written by Henry Fiske Carleton and William Ford Manley, famed for their "Great Moments in History" broadcast series. The series ends on May 15 with an international goodwill program.

Naegele Called a "Find"

CHARLES NAEGELE, an American pianist who has been heard on the *Baldwin* programs over the NBC, is the child of artistic parents. His father was a painter and the mother a descendant of an old New England family.

Something of a child prodigy, he started his piano studies at the age of nine, and was pronounced a "find" by Paderewski at the age of sixteen. A year later he won a competition which entitled him to an appearance in Aeolian hall with the Young Men's Symphony orchestra. So favorably was he received that Arnold Volpe, conductor, invited him to tour with the orchestra.

After the war he resumed his studies with Isidor Phillips in Paris and Arthur Schnabel in Berlin. His debut as a concert artist was made abroad.

He played in Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Christiana, London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Bournemouth. Returning to America he made his New York debut in November, 1924, in Aeolian Hall. Since then he has appeared extensively in the United States and Canada and has been

Meet Entertainers of the Air Away an Hour or Two a Day as Scenes at Your Favorite

engaged as soloist with the following symphony orchestras: the New York, Chicago, Detroit, and Newark and Boston.

Diplomats Are on the Air

DIPLOMATS, ambassadors and foreign ministers stationed in Washington are giving a series of goodwill programs designed to last over a period of fifty-four weeks over the Columbia Broadcasting system. During this time it is planned to have listeners in the United States and Canada hear all of the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the United States.

"This series of fifty-five weekly broadcasts by ambassadors and ministers should touch the racial heartstrings of nearly every person in America," says William S. Paley, president of the CBS. "I regard this series as offering a splendid opportunity to the Columbia system, as a public institution, to promote international understanding. I believe Radio can serve no higher purpose than to help eliminate misunderstandings which cause international difficulties and sometimes war."

In addition to going out over Columbia's nation-wide network, these programs will be carried to ears across the oceans by means of Columbia short wave transmitter, W2XE, New York City.

"Life Not Very Exciting"

MODEST, unassuming, almost shy, Genevieve Irene Rowe, winner of the National Radio Audition of the Aswater Kent Foundation, says that her

life "hasn't been exciting or intensely interesting."

Miss Rowe was born in Fremont, Ohio, August 28, 1908. "In high school I sang second soprano in the girl's glee club for the special training. I have had but one singing teacher, under whom I began studying when a freshman in high school," says Miss Rowe. "I have studied the piano since I was six years old. However, I have always wanted to sing, and my highest ambition is to be an opera singer."

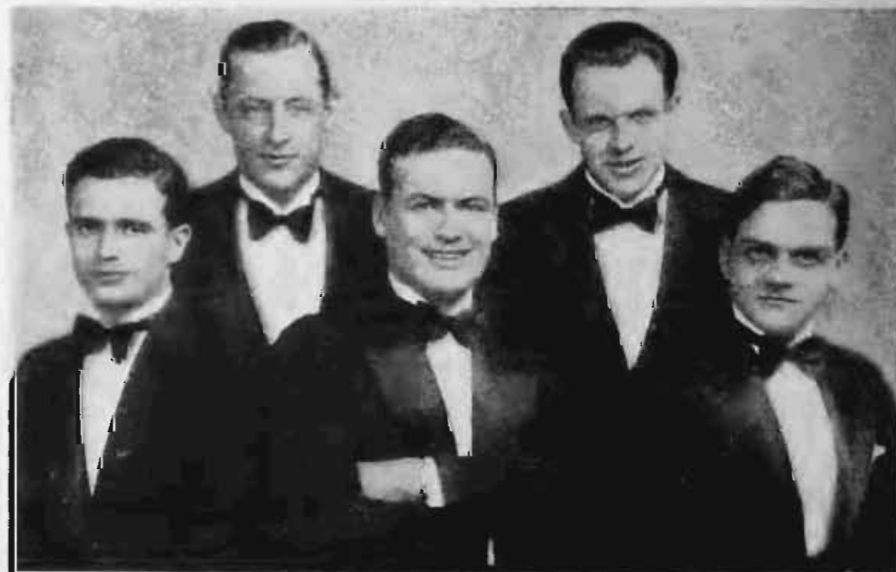
"I have never sung much in public, except as soloist of the girls' glee club. I have been a member of Westminster choir for the past four years. I belong to an oratorio society, which has produced works such as 'The Messiah,' 'Elijah,' 'Faust' and 'Aida.' To obtain a degree of bachelor of music one must give a junior and senior recital. I have given the former, and next spring I hope to give the latter."

Miss Rowe's song in the finals with which she won the first prize of \$5,000 and a two-year music scholarship, was the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah."

Werrenrath Now at NBC

WITH the appointment of Reinald Werrenrath, noted American baritone, as vocal supervisor of the National Broadcasting company that organization has added another great musical name to its ensemble. Walter Damrosch is musical counsel, supervising symphonic and other instrumental presentations.

Arrangements completed with Werrenrath provide that he be heard on the air only through the NBC networks, and that his advice and counsel will be applied to the company's programs as a



Another famous quartet of Radio. They are the National Cavaliers, featured with the Cities Service orchestra over the National Broadcasting company chains on Friday evenings.

in Studios Both Near and Far

Who Come to You to Help Pass They Work and Play Behind the Stations from Coast to Coast

whole. His activities at NBC will not interfere with his concert appearances.

"We are negotiating with several other nationally known persons and expect to obtain their services for the development and direction of our many programs," says George Engles, vice-president of the NBC.

"No sensible person will deny that Radio is playing a greater part each year in the musical education and the cultural development of America," says Mr. Werenrath. "It is a great privilege to be in a position to help a little in that development."

Mr. Fate to the Rescue

FATE played a prominent part in organization of the Maxwell House Dixie trio, popular feature of the Maxwell House Melodies program. Had the long arm of coincidence not stretched out as it did, Radio fans would probably not now have the opportunity of hearing the interpretations of these young singers every Thursday night in the Maxwell program.

Victor Hall, "daddy" of the trio, is one of Radio's first stars, having sung over the air when Radio-owners were few. He recognized the future of Radio, and started to organize a group of male voices which would be flexible enough to handle every sort of music from opera to jazz. He tried out a number of singers, but none fitted his conception

of what a trio should be.

Meanwhile Kenneth Christie was working in the WOR studio as announcer and studio accompanist, a job for which his all-round musical education fitted him. One night he did the announcing and accompanying for a young singer named Victor Hall. Hall was impressed with Christie's ability, and vice versa. The nucleus of the organization was promptly formed. Coincidence number one!

Randolph Weyant, now first tenor of the trio, was at that time phlegmatically carrying on his duties as assistant superintendent of property at New York university in the daytime, and doing some concert work in the evenings. At a fraternity convention he was introduced to a fraternity brother who was in Radio work and liked the songs Weyant had sung informally at the piano. The fraternity brother was Kenneth Christie. Coincidence number two!

Since Christie, in addition to arranging and accompanying, had a perfect baritone voice, the trio was now complete, but it was felt that Christie should center his attention on the arranging. So when Weyant, walking along 57th Street, ran across a chap named Leonard Stokes who had studied with him under the great voice instructor, Oscar Segal, a new baritone was added and the search for singers was over. Coincidence number three!

Uncle Sam Takes Time

UNCLE SAM is on the air with the various departments of his government more than any organization or individual in this country, according to figures compiled by M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company. In the first ten months of 1929 245 government officials, including the President, were on the air over the NBC. More than 300 hours of broadcasting time were utilized by every branch of the government except the judicial.

This information was compiled following the suggestion of Radio Commissioner H. A. Lafount that special broadcasts by government officials be attempted to determine the interest of the Radio audience in governmental activities.

President Hoover, during the ten month period, made ten addresses which were broadcast; the vice-president spoke twice, every member of the cabinet was heard, except Secretary of State Stimson and Secretary of Treasury Mellon; 28 Senators made addresses; twelve members of the House spoke, and more than 150 chiefs and sub-chiefs of the various governmental bureaus appeared before the microphone.

An old favorite is now being heard in a new program, for her, Jessica Dragonette is now on the Cities Service Hour every Friday night over the NBC, and it is said that her contract places her among the highest paid Radio artists in the world.



Isobel Fancher, soprano soloist, has been featured on many special programs from KGU, Hawaii, for the past two and one-half years. Voice and beauty beautifully combined, don't you think so?

Tiny Tots Wee Theater

AN INNOVATION was heralded at WABC when the Tiny Tots Theatre of the Air—a modern theatre in miniature—was opened in the main studio of the Columbia Broadcasting system. The Tiny Tots Theatre of the Air comprises a stage twenty feet in width and amply large enough to accommodate any Radio cast; a pit in which the orchestra sits, and chairs for audiences up to and including 200 people. Spot-lights are used in the rear of the studio during broadcasting to give the effect of a real theatre. Microphones are placed at strategic points along the stage but do not interfere with the audience's view of the production.

The idea was conceived by Morris Littmann, sponsor of the Mountainville True Life Sketches. The theatre was designed especially for these Mountainville skits so that listeners could be invited to the studio each Monday night and actually see the players who have become so familiar to them over the air.

Each week the Tiny Tot's theatre is assembled in studio 1 for the presentation of the Mountainville sketches. Radio listeners are invited to write to WABC for free tickets to the "Tiny Tots Air Theatre." These are furnished to a limited number (200) of listeners each week.

To give greater effect to the broadcast, speaking from a visual standpoint, the main studio lights are put out and only the "spot" lights were employed. The cast learns its script so there is no need for lighting other than regular "spots."

About 150 Radio listeners attended the premiere performance. The orchestra, Milt Shaw's "Detroiters," played in the newly created pit, on the studio floor level several feet below stage. Both juvenile and adult players performed before the microphone in full costume.

Out of the twenty-two announcers on the NBC staff, nine are baritone soloists.



A very recent but nevertheless charming addition to the stage, Helen Charleston was starred in the RKO hour over the NBC system one Tuesday night no so long ago.

"Pinch Hitter" Is Protege of Star

INCLUDED among the great army of Radio performers who broadcast not only daily, but many times each day, is Marie Opfinger of station WABC, a student at the Juilliard Graduate School of Music and a protege of Mme. Sembrich.

Still very young, yet a veteran in length of service to Radio, Miss Opfinger's unusual lyric soprano voice was heard over the air as far back as 1924, when she broadcast from the now dismantled studios of a station which gave many Radio performers their start.

Bed-ridden and paralyzed, as a child, Miss Opfinger found much of her entertainment in the rising young medium of amusement, Radio. With a child's insatiable curiosity to know "what made the wheels go 'round'" the little listener read everything she could lay her hands on which related to Radio, and had an enviable stock of information on the subject while an unkind decree of nature obliged her to be merely a "fan" and not an active participant in the field which so attracted her.

With improvement in her health, Miss Opfinger studied music with a tutor, and found her naturally fine voice developing so rapidly that she had no trouble securing an engagement in a Broadway motion picture theatre.

"I'm only a pinch hitter, I know," laughs Miss Opfinger, but I'm glad to be even so small a part of the business of Radio until such time as I have trained my voice sufficiently to warrant my being featured." And if the letters which come to Miss Opfinger from her fans through the country are any indication, there are many listeners who are glad to hear the voice its owner slightly refers to.

* * *

Just twenty-eight years after Guglielmo Marconi sent the first wireless message across the Atlantic ocean he spoke into a microphone in London and his voice was heard all over the United States via NBC wires and hookup.



Dramatic actress and writer as well, Georgia Backus has played in numerous stage productions. She is now a member of the CBS continuity staff, and appears before the mike three times a week.



Harvey Hays has the part of the "Old Pioneer" in the Empire Builders, NBC feature. This pose is one of the few "polite" pictures ever taken of Harvey.



Alfredo Oswald, Brazilian pianist and son of the famous composer, is a featured artist on the "At the Baldwin," NBC Sunday program.

Up From Medicine Show

DAVE ELMAN, producer of "Show Folks," contends that he is the first Radio artist who has come from the old time Medicine Show. Elman has the credentials in writing. Among these are what he calls some of the earliest hieroglyphics which, when examined, prove to be fan mail. They are tributes to his impressive acting from the people of Main street, in little towns of five hundred souls which were visited by the patent medicine man and his troupe.

"Dave" emphatically says, "those were the days! They were really the days, when the canvas chair creaked under the weight of spontaneous laughter; when the 'lead' wore his plug hat to dress rehearsal as well as to bed and where the label 'Take before and after meals' was born.

"But don't misunderstand me," he went on. "The audiences of those days were just as critical and equally as enthusiastic as those of today. They were willing to be 'taken' as long as they were amused. Among New Yorkers over on Broadway tonight you have the same group of folks transported from Iowa and the Dakotas. They pour out of the theatres muttering 'rotten.' They have been infected by the sting of disappointment and due to the press and swift moving life of the metropolis, their thoughts are distracted by other matters.

"But back there it was different. The medicine show was an affair anticipated and dwelt upon for a long time after its passing. When a year passed and it was to come back, records were researched and without the stamp of approval on past performances (and that also went for the medicine) there would be no show."

These troupers were versatile and could present as many as fifteen different dramas in a week.

"And the thing that impressed me most with these country people was their sincerity. So rarely did they stray from their fireside that the acting of a Barrymore made no difference to them. In fact Jeffersons, Forrests and Booths were non-existent—never even heard of. Laughs, sobs, melodrama and comedy were what they wanted."

Sports Hold "Spotlight"

SPORTS broadcasts have proved so popular that national chains and individual stations have laid plans for more extensive programs devoted to baseball, boxing, football and other events this year. All of the Radio interests, including broadcasting, manufacturing and distributing branches of the industry, have co-operated in connection with putting on the major sport features at all seasons of the year.

Through the arrangements of the great national chains and the co-operation of the local stations the public is assured that every national sporting event of 1930 will be put on the air. Although some promoters are disposed to limit or prevent broadcasting, this is largely a local problem, and on the whole these men are glad to co-operate in putting their events on the air as has been evidenced this last Winter.

There is no reason for concern on the part of the listening public that sports events will not continue to be a major feature of Radio entertainment, as arrangements made by broadcasting interests insure broadcasting of splendid future athletic entertainments, says B. G. Erskine, chairman of the broadcasting committee of the Radio Manufacturers association.

* * *

Following in the footsteps of his author-playwright father, Julian Street, Jr., is author of a series of dramatizations presented by the NBC. The younger Street is the author of some of the sketches of New York life heard in the Rapid Transit programs, and of the dramatizations, Golden Legends, presented by the NBC on the Pacific Coast. His father collaborated with Booth Tarkington in "The Country Cousin."

* * *

WHEN Germany sent Christmas greetings to the United States it was the first time a German program had been heard on an American network. The rebroadcast had not been planned and was put on the air through the NBC system without preliminary announcements.

Fans Turn to "Good Old Days"

*Program Chiefs Find Most People Are Sentimental;
"Around the Melodeon" Typical Case*

By Gene V. Brown



Just a few little things to do for Mrs. Morton Harvey. She's Aunt Betty, contralto of the Children's Hour, and of the Shopping Basket, pianist, and director of the Ladies' Quartet, all at WBBZ.

Quality Is Slogan at Station WHAM

THIS is Rochester where Quality Dominates," is the daily greeting sent out by WHAM to its thousands of listeners. This slogan is sponsored by the Rochester Chamber of Commerce to advertise Rochester products. However, it might well apply, with equal appropriateness, to the radio entertainment provided by WHAM. Quality is the prime requisite in any program, daytime or evening, which is presented by WHAM.

It might be stated here, not in an apologetic way, but with a certain amount of justifiable pride, that WHAM in the past has not been a money-making station. With pride, because artistic endeavor has never been sacrificed to monetary gain. Many programs and contracts have been refused by WHAM, without regard to the cost in lost revenue, because they would not measure up to the station's standard of entertainment.

One reason why WHAM is able to present programs of the same high artistic standard maintained by the best stations in the Metropolitan centers is that it is located in Rochester, New York, recognized throughout the country as a musical center. Here is talent of the finest kind for nearly every kind of program desired. Here are located the Eastman School of Music, and such outstanding musical organizations as the Rochester Civic orchestra and the Rochester Philharmonic orchestra with their internationally known conductor, Eugene Goossens, and his able assistant, Guy Fraser Harrison.

MOST people are sentimental, Radio has discovered. Program supervisors, feeling their way around the dial to find the most popular features, have found that the majority of listeners respond as one person to the program that takes them back to the "good old days" when they were young, though "Maggie" may now be far, far away from her girlhood home and, perchance, be living in some remote corner of the country or in some big city, caught up in the whirl of every-day life.

Programs that have heart appeal, such as those including the old songs, the quaint old-fashioned sort of philosophy, the simple methods of living, these are the ones that touch the Radio listener most deeply, a statement that is proved by the influx of mail that follows such homely, simple broadcasts.

At WBAL, not so very long ago, there came on the air a new studio feature which Frederick R. Huber, director, and Gustav Klemm, program supervisor, decided to call "Around the Melodeon." The very name typified the feature—that of depicting musically and with the aid of a clever continuity script, the days of yesteryear.

And so each Saturday night from 9 to 9:30 o'clock, (EST) listeners to this station gather "Around the Melodeon" and once again find themselves in the old lamp-lit parlor "back home" with the horseshair furniture placed "just so" on the brussels rug; you see yourself and a group of other young people from down the road or the village who have "dropped in" for a taffy-pull and incidentally, some music, gather "around the melodeon," and leaning over the shoulders of the one sufficiently talented to play the instrument, you once again hear yourself and the others singing the old songs—"Annie Laurie," "Seeing Nellie Home," "Coming Through the Rye," "Darling Nellie Gray," "O, Susanna," "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs" and others which were at that time the popular hits of the day.

The songs are sung by the WBAL mixed quartet which includes Jane Kirby, soprano; Maud Albert, contralto; John Wilbourn, tenor, and Walter N. Linthicum, baritone. In addition to the quartet numbers there are also various solos—just as frequently happened in the old days when you all got together; you remember how Charlie Thorp, who sang tenor in the church choir, always used to sing something all by himself, and then not to be outdone by Charlie, Grace, who could reach the highest note in town, and Mazie, who sang alto in the choir, would follow with something of their own while Howard, the bass, never failed to sing "Asleep in the Deep" or something.

When WBAL broadcasts these "Melodeon" programs John H. Eltermann, staff organist, presides at the "Melodeon." The continuity script is done by Broughton Tall, Supervisor of Literary Research at the big Baltimore station, and a writer of considerable reputation, having several plays, one-act sketches, and dramatic articles to his credit.



Savigny Atkinson

A VOGUE in song presentations has been created by Savigny Warren Atkinson, four-year-old Buffalonian who dramatizes lyrics so they remain dramatized the rest of their natural life.

Every Wednesday night in the middle of the Atkinson-Leff program, which is broadcast over Station WKBW of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation at 6:30 o'clock, a box is placed before the tall microphone and Savigny mounts it with all the dignity and poise of a true artist and gives the listening world another bit of his a la Atkinson entertainment.

Now, don't think Savigny is doing this just because it is the wish of his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Atkinson of Kenmore, N. Y. He's entirely serious about the business of broadcasting, and he spends all his idle time in vocal runs, for if there must be a Davy Lee of movie fame there also is going to be a Savigny Atkinson of Radio fame.

Worcester Now Boasting

WHEN WORC of Worcester, Massachusetts opened its new studios late last Summer, Radio listeners sat a little closer to the loud speakers and sat a little straighter in their chairs. The reason for this awakening was that the new studios of this station, formerly operated as WKBE at Webster, Mass., are conceded to be the second most beautiful in New England, and the quality and reception of programs were greatly enhanced.

The Worcester station is on the air fifty-five hours every week with an excellent variety of programs, and has over 75 excellent commercial accounts.

Among the popular features heard from WORC are: Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School, the Frost Office Boys, and the Black Face team of Mose and Henry.



None other than Eugene Goossens, world-renowned conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, and who has been guest conductor of most of the noted orchestras in America and Europe. Heard over WHAM.

"EFA" Is a True Pioneer of Radio

ARTHUR F. EDES, WEEI program director known as "EFA," can rightfully be termed a pioneer. It was in February of 1924 that Edes was first introduced to the Radio audience. Since opening the Boston studio of WBZ at that time Edes' career in Radio has been outstanding and extensive.



After remaining with WBZ for nearly two years "EFA" joined the staff of WEEI as chief announcer and very shortly after became program director and studio manager.

In addition to announcing and arranging programs, "EFA" made a trip around the world in 1926 and called at all the important Radio stations of the different countries visited. Shortly after returning from this trip in 1927, another trip was taken and that time to Africa, Italy, France and Spain.

Many members of the Radio audience hear this announcer most every evening but are unaware of it. The discovery was made that "EFA" was able to compete with most anyone as a "protean voice actor" and now in many skits and plays the WEEI program director is heard but it is not known, for "EFA" refrains from using his name. In fact it has always been "EFA" and never "This is Arthur Edes speaking." Weekly, on Monday evenings, Edes does the part of the pompous stern judge in *The Night Court*. To avoid conflict with another announcer's initials in the early days of Radio Edes reversed his own and has been backing up to the microphone ever since when announcing his air signature.

In eight appearances before NBC microphones in recent months Buck O'Neil, sports writer, made one hundred predictions regarding major sporting events, ninety-seven of which proved correct.

New York Italian Station Stresses Education

By A. J. Palange

DESPITE the fact that Station WCDA operates on a wavelength of 222.1 meters it is one of the most popular stations in Greater New York.

Known among Radio fans as the "Italian Station" it is owned and controlled by the Italian Educational Broadcasting company and devotes much of its time to giving educational talks as well as musical features.

For instance, on Sunday evenings, WCDA presents its weekly "big feature" of Grand Opera. Since the Fall season got under way it has presented four Grand Operas, featuring prominent operatic artists.

Alba Novella, seventeen-year-old soprano, who, in her debut at the Starlight Stadium, New York, in "Pagliacci" was heralded by critics of the New York press as a promising star, is the featured artist on all operatic presentations over this wave length and has built up a tremendous following. She has a pleasant Radio voice and holds her audience. Her personality is conceded by everyone.

The Italian station, which, by the way, is the only station in the United States which makes announcements regularly both in English and Italian, is popular with those who love Italian music.

All operatic presentations are under the capable direction of Maestro Carlo Peroni, formerly Conductor for the San Carlo Opera company. Fortune Gallo, nationally known as the general director of the San Carlo Opera company, is President of the Italian Educational Broadcasting company. Through his knowledge of music his station has forged ahead considerably. John Bellucci, who was formerly with the Metropolitan Opera house is program director. He knows every artist personally and is at all times in close sympathy with everyone at the station. He has been with the station since its inception in 1927.

Another feature which has enjoyed much popularity over WCDA is "Neapolitan Moments." This period is made up of typical Neapolitan folk songs with an orchestra of mandolins and violins. Nicola Mercorelli, tenor and Ester Liquiri, soprano, supply the vocal entertainment in this feature. A presentation, which appeals solely to those of Italian extraction, is a commercial period sponsored by the White Star line. It is a half-hour of Italian comedy—a trip on one of the Line's steamers to Italy, of an Italian who returns to his fatherland.

The regular English lessons and citizenship talks to those of Italian extraction have been going on since the station's first day on the air and WCDA boasts of helping many Italians to become good Americans. Very little time is devoted to jazz, not that the directors do not approve of it, but because they feel they are in a position to give classical and operatic presentations superior to that of any of the other stations.

The studios of WCDA are comparable with those of any station in the United States. The main studio is 25 feet wide and 32 feet in length. When the famous Vatican Choir came to this country recently they made their Radio debut in New York over WCDA. Studio, No. 2, is somewhat smaller and is ordinarily used for piano recitals and lectures. Three reception rooms furnished with loud speakers are maintained for the convenience of visitors. A staff of three announcers who speak both English and Italian is always prepared to introduce programs.

Some of the artists who are listed

among the stations stars are: Evelyn MacGregor, mezzo soprano; Lillian Stout, soprano; Unique Cello quintet; Louis Calbi, versatile musician, banjoist and cellist; and many others including Dan Poleman and his dance orchestra.

Kriens Calls Ricci, Prodigy, a Master

AN APPRAISAL of the genius of Ruggiero Ricci, boy violinist whose sensational performances have brought him fame, has been made by Christian Kriens, Radio maestro who amazed Europe in the 'nineties by his precocity. Mr. Kriens made some interesting comments on child prodigies.

Nine-year-old Ruggiero Ricci started music critics when he performed with the Manhattan Symphony orchestra and more recently in a recital alone in Carnegie hall. Christian Kriens, who is now musical director of WTIC, became world-famous at the age of 14 when he conducted the Amsterdam Symphony orchestra and toured Europe giving recitals in Beethoven's works on the piano and violin.

"There can be no doubt of the genius of Ruggiero Ricci," said Mr. Kriens. "He is probably a greater master of technique than many famous violinists of mature age. His is a case of what we might call 'accelerated absorption.' One person learns more quickly than another person in any line of endeavor, and genius, which has been defined as the infinite capacity for work, may be present in the same degree in some persons at age nine as in others at ages 19 or 29. What a prodigy may absorb in two years might take others six or ten years."

Mr. Kriens asserted that the majority of child prodigies are not heard of after their twenties. He mentioned a few exceptions, such as Hoffman, who made a Continental tour at the age of nine, and Mozart, who began composing for chorus and orchestra at the age of ten. He pointed out, however, that Hoffman was forced to retire for six years after his strenuous childhood because his health failed. His retirement may have saved him and his art from oblivion.

* * *

Said a letter received by the NBC: "I have a beautiful collie dog named Rudy Vallee who has puppies which I call the Connecticut Yankees."



A classic soprano singer on the staff of the "Italian Station," WCDA, Alba Novella is always popular with her audiences.

Schools Use Radio in Class Concerts

WEEKLY Radio concerts by the musical organizations of the public schools of Baltimore were recently inaugurated by station WCAO, and are bringing an enthusiastic response from its many listeners.

These programs were made possible through the co-operation of John Denues, director of music in the Baltimore public schools. Mr. Denues had under consideration for sometime the broadcasting of school concerts. On several occasions the high school orchestras and glee clubs had broadcast from Baltimore stations. The public, as well as the school officials, evinced considerable interest in the concerts and Mr. Denues decided to make them a regular weekly feature, feeling that the microphone experience obtained through the regular broadcasting of their musical organizations would be excellent training in developing talent and self-assurance among children in the schools.

In order that the broadcasts would not conflict with school work, Friday afternoon, between 4 and 5, was the time selected.

Each week the pupils from a different school make their Radio bow. The programs are of a classic nature, and are presented by glee clubs as well as the school orchestras and bands.

Uses Wood Exclusively

FROM the wooden oil derricks which are such a familiar sight throughout Northwestern Pennsylvania was conceived the idea of using wooden towers

and wooden "guys" in the construction of the antennae towers of WLBW. So far as is known this is the only station in the world using wooden construction throughout in its towers. This construction as well as the founding of the station was the work of William S. Paca, one of the country's pioneer telephone engineers, and now general manager of the Petroleum Telephone company, as well as general manager of WLBW.

There are no other stations within approximately 100 miles of this station of over 50 watts power. Located as it is right in the heart of Oildom and rich Northwestern Pennsylvania serving forty-two towns and communities, WLBW is truly an unusual station in an unusual location.

New studios, offices and control room have been built into the Keith-Drake Theatre building.

Here Is Original "Ham"

THERE are still a great many amateurs in the country, and they are still referred to as hams. That term, far from being as uncomplimentary as it sounds, is really quite an honorable title. At least so thinks the owner of WNBH, at New Bedford, Mass. Irving Vermilya, the gentleman in question, is the proud holder of the title "The Original Ham." And well, he might be proud, for he holds the first operators' license ever issued by the Department of Commerce. Back in those dim dark ages, it was not called a license, but a "Certificate of Skill" and this man holds "Certificate of Skill, No. 1."



The photographer caught this group of announcers as they agonized through the tender strains of "Sweet Adeline" in the studio of WCAO. Left to right you see: Bill O'Toole, Bert Hanauer, Bob Thompson, Don M. Hix, and Ham Whaley, staff pianist.

Radio Wins in the Battle With Sea for Glenn

A SEA captain or a great singer—which would he rather be? Commander of a great sailing vessel, who could visit strange ports and experience the thrill that comes of guiding hundreds of souls to safety through stormy seas, or a celebrated concert artist, who could hold vast audiences spellbound with the magic of his voice? That was the problem that confronted Wilfred Glenn, famous basso of the Seiberling Singers, some twenty-five years ago.

Today, thirty million Radio listeners are richer in musical experience because "Bill" decided in favor of a vocal career. For "Bill" is the owner of what masterful bass voice—the singer of real "he-man" songs who thrills the Radio world on Thursday evenings when the Seiberling Singers go on the air. Every other week the Seiberling programs, broadcast over the NBC, feature a bass solo by Mr. Glenn, or an arrangement for four voices in which the deep, rich tones of the basso predominate.

Glenn is by no means a newcomer on the air. He was a member of the first organization to sing in person over the Radio. This was way back in 1923, over station WOR in Newark, New Jersey. Besides recording and Radio work, "Bill" has made many appearances on the concert stage, in oratorio work, dramatic stock, light opera and grand opera.

"Bill" was born on his father's ranch in California. He showed an early interest in music, and spent much of his time in singing and studying, by himself, the rudiments of voice culture. He was also fascinated by the sea and sailing vessels. When he was about eighteen, his interest in the sea proved a bit the stronger of his two "ruling passions" and he ran away from home and shipped for Alaska.

After an exciting voyage and several months of hard work at an Alaskan fishery, the old desire to sing came back. Bill delighted his shipmates with his deep bass voice, and found himself dreaming of the time when he would face a metropolitan concert audience. The ambition to be a sea captain began to lag.

So "Bill" returned to America with his mind made up to become a great singer. A few months of study and

many long hours of practice, and he was ready to set out for New York to make his mark in the music world. Like most successful artists, he has an amusing story to tell about his first audition.

It was before the great Gatti-Casazza, in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. As Glenn appeared on the stage, he noticed that several other basses and baritones of the great opera organization were present. His heart began to sink. Then, as the accompanist modulated into the "Aria" from "Gioconda," Glenn's eyes fell upon a smiling face in the handful of people gathered for the occasion—the very artist who sang the role that Bill was trying for was present. "I knew then," Bill admits, "that I didn't have a chance. I was so nervous that it was an ordeal to go through with the tryout." But he finished, receiving the usual brief "Thank you," following the hearing. After the tryout Glenn met a friend from the West who had been present at the opera house. "Bill," said the friend, "that was absolutely the loudest noise I ever heard in any theater!"

Although he never heard from that particular tryout, it was not long before Glenn secured an engagement. His first important public appearance was at the Worcester, Mass., festival, where he was accorded great recognition. Other similar engagements and concert appearances followed. It was with the Shannon Four, well-known phonograph record quartet, that Glenn first sang over the Radio. Since he has been appearing with the Seiberling Singers, he has gained a host of new admirers through his rendition of such compositions as "The Flea," "In Tiefen Keller," "The Big Bass Viol," "When Big Profundo Sang Low C." and various other numbers of classical as well as lighter vein.

A NOVEL piano program by "Major Minor" given over WAAM every Friday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock, has become a very popular feature of the station.

"Major Minor" took his first position at an early age; for about five years he played in a Brooklyn moving picture house, using all his spare time to form an orchestra. Later, he left the theatre and with an orchestra appeared on the stage. The unit he brought together became very popular, and, after playing at theatres from Canada to Texas, they received callings for private engagements. Finally, the orchestra disbanded and "Major Minor" returned to motion picture playing. He is now situated in Metuchen, N. J., where he presides over the console at the Forum Theatre.

CAROLINAS Demand CLASS

For Air Programs
WNRC Typical

TAKE the population per capita, North Carolina seems to have more first-class broadcasting stations than any other state in the Union. In town, out of town, up and down the highways and by mountain trails Radio means something more than a plaything of the moment. It is a serious proposition.

As a typical example of North Carolina broadcasting let us step over to Greensboro for a visit at WNRC. Let's say "Howdy" to Wayne M. Nelson, director. Nelson knows his station and he knows his people and he is a man of unusual importance because of the position that he holds.

Nelson probably takes seriously the old saying of the evangelist who contended that it was his policy to lay down his oratorical barrages close to the ground so that all classes of society could take advantage of them.

WNRC is on the air from 12:30 until 3 o'clock every day except Saturday. The evening program starts at 7 o'clock, Saturdays excepted, it being a silent day. The station maintains a church service, broadcasting two each Sunday.

WNRC has gone into the broadcasting game with the idea of giving the fans a variegated program, free from frills and any attempt at high-hatting. The fans of Greensboro, away over on the Atlantic coast, have a keen sense of appreciation, and the mail received at the station would indicate they are unhesitating in their desire to pass words of praise.

Wayne Nelson has been more or less—probably more—identified with Radio since he was a youngster. When Radio was young and consisted of something with possibilities rather than with any qualities that could be considered as realities, Nelson began to work with wireless.

Right, Wayne Nelson, director and announcer, WNRC. Below, Kitty and Bobby O'Connor, Ukulele Ladies.



Above, Miss Madelyn Hall, organist.



In 1912 he began building amateur sets, and by degrees he became more and more interested in Radio until he took up the direction and announcing assignment at Greensboro.

WNRC has a well-balanced staff of artists, one of the snappiest teams in its studio being the O'Connor Sisters, Kitty and Bobby. They have been aptly named the Ukulele Ladies. In the accompanying picture they are shown in costumes they used to feature the famous clown song, Laugh, Clown, Laugh. Bobby is a tall

blonde and Kitty is a brunette. Are they married? Not yet.

Another star in the studio of WNRC is Madelyn Hall, organist at the National theater. Madelyn has been featured in a series of recitals and she is another valuable member of the staff.

Other features of the programs at WNRC include late news flashes, sports reports, stock quotations, furnished by the Greensboro Daily Record, with Harold Essex announcing.

Following the regular evening program WNRC usually indulges in a series of presentations for the night owls and these continue beyond the midnight hour. Letters from this band of followers prove beyond a doubt the appeal of the owl programs, and have revealed the interest of many nocturnal fans who make it part of their routine to tune in on WNRC for these features.

As a director and announcer, Wayne Nelson has built up a select clientele along the Atlantic coast, and the name WNRC is being carried further westward with each succeeding day. Nelson has not striven for big things so much as to excel in the ordinary things which appeal to the masses of people.

A visit to the station of WNRC is an inspiration, and a casual study of its studio operation discloses the fact that the details for the day's work have been worked out to the nth degree. The man behind the station, whose personality fairly radiates throughout the studio, is Wayne Nelson, who is young in years but old and rich in experience.

On Getting Acquainted With Bill Mundy of Gawja Voice

By Doris Campbell

THE soft, likable drawl of the southern voices seems to hold a peculiar fascination for most of us northerners, and if he is to be heard often—and it seems like that he is—on chain broadcasts, which we all admit reach to every farthest corner of this land of the more or less free, you'll want to be getting acquainted, won't you, with that particular Southern Voice we heard assisting Mr. McNamee with that Miami thing, sometime back, from WSB?

It belongs, as you doubtless know, to Billy Mundy, sports writer on the Atlanta Journal, the daily, Sunday, tri-weekly publication that "covers Dixie like the dew"—or so it claims—and whose voice WSB is.

The Sharkey-Stribling broadcast was his first big one, of a major boxing affair, and he told me that he very much enjoyed working with the gentleman whom Phillips Carlin calls Graham. "McNamee is a wonderful chap personally," the southern scribe declared, "and is without a peer anywhere in announcing any event, I sincerely believe." He's not alone in his belief, either, I'm sure. Tho' I did think Mr. McNamee wasn't quite up to his usual mark that night, but perhaps it was the fight—or the lack of one; it's never a really BIG time, you know, unless this McNamee person is on the verge of passing out at least twice during the event. But . . . this is Mr. Mundy's story.

W. C. Munday, Jr., is his formal signature. His association with the Atlanta Journal dates back to 1919. In 1924 he was graduated in law from the U. of Georgia, and was admitted to the bar, but instead of practicing he preferred to resume his work in the newspaper profession. "I knew that a young lawyer did not practice law but merely read it, while he practiced economy," he explained. Imagine a kid of twenty-one being that wise! In fact, imagine a kid of twenty-one being admitted to the bar! Oh, I suppose there have been—and will be—others, but it seems rather unusual to me."



Seated in the studios of WPCM you see Frank J. Kroulik, manager and announcer, Miss Gwen Friedrich, staff pianist, Pat Sheehan, tenor, and Mrs. Grace Calhoun, pianist, and an unnamed friend.

Blue Yodel Creator Visits "First Love"

JIMMY RODGERS, the "one and only" creator of the "Blue Yodel," visited Asheville, North Carolina, last December, and spent some time entertaining the audiences of Station WWNC, the place where he got his start.

The success enjoyed by Jimmy Rodgers deserves a prominent place in the chronicles of those to whom Radio has brought recognition of particular individual talent. Three years ago the Asheville Chamber of Commerce decided that the city should have a Radio station. Steps were taken to bring about a realization of that need, and, after a spirited campaign, funds were secured, the equipment purchased, and on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1927, WWNC embarked upon its career. Among the first to broadcast, was a long, lanky individual whose crooning, simple melodies brought an avalanche of requests every time he stepped before the microphone. Jimmy Rodgers at that time was an unknown. To hear him tell it one realizes that he was decidedly up against it. Taxi driver for a season, member of the police force, member of the fire department, and there you have the Jimmy Rodgers of three years ago.

Jimmy would come to the studio with one of the many "fiddle bands," and with them, would play mountain tunes. His singing of "Sleep Baby Sleep" brought calls for more. Then he organized a little company of entertainers and started out on a barnstorming trip through the mountains and up to Bristol, which is that town located astraddle the Tennessee-Virginia state line. It so happened that there was a representative of the Victor Talking Machine company doing some scouting around Bristol, and there Jimmy got his big chance. His work over the Radio had been heard by the head of that company and they gave him a test. He sang "Sleep, Baby Sleep" and one of his own compositions, and that first record achieved the greatest sale of any first record ever made by a Victor artist.

From that day to now—well, Jimmy Rodgers has traveled a "fur piece." His record sales have established records and have already reached the staggering total of over twelve million. Needless to say, Jimmy does not have to worry about the wolf outside HIS door—yet he has not forgotten, and his first

thought upon getting back to Asheville, up in the "Land of the Sky," was for the folks who gave him a start along the highway to success. He gave several programs from Station WWNC, informal little affairs in which the desires of the listeners were the guiding hand. Requests were given the same impromptu reception that they used to receive back yonder when Jim was not famous—and when the station, itself, was not so well known.

Today—well, Jimmy Rodgers is known wherever there is a phonograph. And WWNC is a prominent member of the Columbia Broadcasting system with a schedule that begins at eight in the morning and that continues through each day until midnight. Quite a contrast to the time three years ago when programs were more or less occasional—when there was practically no daytime broadcasting, and when there was no such thing as a chain program available.

It would be quite interesting to know how many artists who today are amongst those who have "arrived," got their start as did Jimmy Rodgers, through the magic medium of a broadcasting station.

He Uses His Irish Wit

ONCE there was an Irishman—how many stories start out like that? Right the first time. But there is an Irishman, and his name is Tom Mooney, and he lives in Nashville, Tennessee, U. S. A. And the pride of his life and the joy of everyone who tunes in to WSM on Saturday nights at seven o'clock is the Tom and Joe Minstrel Show.

From the pen of Tom Mooney flows the fast stepping line of jokes and quips on a wide variety of subjects, including everything from Broadway to the local barber shop.

Joe Combs is an old time minstrel man who appeared with Al Fields, and several other topliners. He has a tenor voice of remarkable quality, and while the old black-face business has given away to more staid enterprise in Nashville, Joe still likes to keep his hands in the minstrel work. And so it's Tom and Joe and their Minstrel Show.

Station WJDX in Jackson, Miss., has been added to the National Broadcasting company system. The addition of the southern station brings the total served by the NBC to 73 stations.



Bill Nye, Jr., may or may not take after his famous namesake. Douglas, for that's his right name, sings over WWNC at Asheville, home of Bill the First, his father.



A couple of charming girls featured in piano duos twice weekly from WREC. Marguerite Bass and Mildred Wadley are a part of "The Voice of Memphis."

Whoopee on Tap at WAPI Birthday

NEW YEAR'S EVE found WAPI at Birmingham celebrating its first anniversary as a super-power station. The old year expired and 1930 was five hours old before the transmitter was given a well earned rest. With George D. Hay of WSM, Nashville, and H. A. Hutchinson of KVOO, as guest announcers, the Radio audience was bombarded with a twenty-two hour broadcast which ran the gamut of microphone entertainment. That there was an audience was attested to by the thousand telegrams and the many long distance calls which poured into the studios. Drawing in the announcers from WAPI's two remote control studios, Auburn and Montgomery, the entire staff was on hand to celebrate the event.

Beginning with a banquet at the Tutwiler Hotel at six o'clock, which was featured by brief addresses by the Governor and the heads of the three institutions of higher learning owning WAPI, the Alabama Polytechnic institute, University of Alabama, and Alabama college; and Hon. J. M. Jones, president of the City Commission of Birmingham, the celebration went on through the evening and ended at five o'clock New Year's morning.

WAPI began operation December 31, 1928, as part of the extension service of the Alabama Polytechnic institute and operated in cooperation with the city of Birmingham, but on February 27, 1929, two other state owned institutions of higher learning, the University of Alabama and Alabama college, were admitted to ownership and the station was committed to an educational policy in which it has met with remarkable success.

In March of 1929 WAPI joined the ever growing list of stations associated with the National Broadcasting company, using at first only special programs offered by that network but gradually enlarging this department of broadcasting until at the close of the year the station was presenting thirty-six hours weekly.

The year just ended, though WAPI's first as a high power station, was a year filled with innumerable services to the people of Alabama. Outstanding in the year's activities was the handling of the

relief work of the great flood disaster during the month of March, which swept the entire state of Alabama and especially the southern part. The station was on almost continuously during the greater part of a week. The appeal was responsible for the raising of approximately \$200,000.00 in food, clothing and cash funds.

The year saw the addition of Henry and Percy, an exclusive comedy team, whose popularity has been increasingly evident. In the Autumn an unusually interesting feature was added when a group of studio players presented "The Valiant", judged as the best one-act play ever written and which has taken more than seventy-five first prizes.

WAPI was unusually active in the world of sports broadcasting during the year, presenting to the Radio audience all of the road games played by the Birmingham Barons, the World Series, the outstanding Southern football games, and a number of boxing matches.

Late in the Autumn the board of control of the station authorized application to the Federal Radio commission for permission to broadcast on a power assignment of 50,000 watts.

Big Cart Loads of Mail

PROBABLY no attempt to reduce a station's power or take away its wave length ever aroused more general interest than the effort of W. G. Skelly and Republican National committeemen from Oklahoma, to obtain the frequency long used by KWKH of Shreveport, the mouthpiece of the far-famed W. K. Henderson.

Skelly complained to the Federal Radio commission at Washington that Henderson was so uncouth as to be unfit to be on the air, and it was admitted that 85 per cent of the KWKH programs consisted of phonograph recordings.

But Henderson swamped Mr. Skelly and his cohorts under an incredibly large pile of affidavits from listening admirers. He brought 167,000 supporting affidavits to Washington, and the Radio commissioners told Skelly to forget it.

Skelly carried his case to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals. Henderson's affidavits went along, too. In three large cart loads they went. It took half a dozen men nearly a week to string them together, for the court rules require that each segment of evidence be in one piece. Skelly lost the appeal.

Carillon Descends From Middle Age

FROM early medieval times in the Netherlands, Belgium, and the north of France, watch towers were erected from which sentinels could see the flooding of the dykes or the coming of invaders. In such a crisis the blowing of a horn by the watcher would summon the people to meet the threatened danger.

Gradually a bell replaced the horn, and as the years passed more bells were added, a clock joined the group, and from the lowly beginning of the primitive watch tower grew the carillon or "singing tower."

Through the centuries man's control of the elements grew until at last he could transmit and receive sound through the air. A little over a year ago, February 1, 1929, to be exact, perhaps the finest carillon ever constructed, that at Edward W. Bok's Mountain Lake Sanctuary, near Lake Wales, Florida, was dedicated. Now the ethereal beauty of the voice of this singing tower is heard through Radio station WFLA.

The carillon is played every evening at sunset, from 4 o'clock to 4:30, from December 1 until May 1, and also at 12:30 noon on Sundays during this period. Recitals are given on special occasions, as Christmas, the birthdays of Washington, Lincoln, and General Robert E. Lee.

The carillonneur is the famous Anton Brees of Antwerp, Belgium. He has played most of the great carillons of the world, and was recently carillonneur for John D. Rockefeller at the Park Avenue Baptist church, New York.

There are 71 bells in the Mountain Lake singing tower, comprising 53 notes, or four and one-half octaves. The total weight of the bells is 123,264 pounds. The tenor bell alone weighs eleven tons, and the smallest twelve pounds.



Orin Gaston left his home sweet home in Indiana a quarter of a century ago to seek fame and fortune in Nashville, Tennessee. There he has found popularity at least, and a host of friends. As director of the concert orchestra, he has been with WSM for the past year, and throughout his life in Nashville has been an outstanding figure in musical circles.

Obstreperousness Leads TO RADIO FAME

*IF GEORGE HALL Had Minded His Own Business He Might
Never Have Joined the Maids of Melody, and Made the
Third Member of the WLW Team of Donhallrose*

By Dianne Dix



Marie De Ville, petite WTAM singer who was the National Air Race Girl for 1928 at Cleveland, has been asked to function in the same capacity for the 1930 Races at St. Louis

Ohioans Discover Columbus A. D. '25

COLUMBUS discovered America in 1492, but it wasn't until station WAIU was established, on November 2, 1925, that the people of Ohio really discovered Columbus.

Located in the heart of the Buckeye state, this station, owned and operated by the American Insurance Union, dispenses information regarding the current activities of the various state departments, in connection with its other programs, and keeps Ohioans in close touch with their capital city.

In addition to a daily noon hour program covering the markets, the world's news, and the weather, and throughout the year other programs of value to all classes of listeners, from the literary, musical, and educational standpoint, WAIU reviews sessions of the Ohio Legislative body each week; presents farm talks by a representative of the Ohio Farm Bureau, the State Grange, the Ohio State Department of Agriculture, and the National Farm Radio Council; and places its microphones at the convenience of the Governor.

The city government of Columbus and the Chamber of Commerce are afforded the facilities of this station at will, and each Sunday a religious program is broadcast under the auspices of the Franklin County council of churches, without regard to denomination. A daily program from the Ohio State Penitentiary is one of the most popular features from WAIU.

These periods, together with a daily morning devotional hour, a recipe exchange, book reviews, health talks, children's hours, and frequent Columbia chain programs, justify WAIU's title, "the Service Station in the Heart of Ohio."

Much of the popularity of station WAIU is due to the people behind its microphones. Fred A. Palmer, studio director, has a vivid personality and a "voice with a smile in it," which have made him the idol of countless listeners.

Gene Hamilton, WAIU announcer, daily wins new friends for the station with his beautiful speaking voice.

IF HE hadn't been obstreperous, George Hall probably never would have developed into a Radio vocalist. He minded someone else's business rather than his own, and the Donhallrose vocal trio was the result.

Making the reader wait a while for the thrilling story of how George poked his finger in the right pie, let's go back and find George in the class with those great Russian violinists whose fathers gave them miniature violins while still in their cradles.

George got his first violin when he was four. A half sized violin, it was, and he learned to play it all by himself. He had that kind of an ear for music. He played whatever came into his mind, or anything he heard anyone else play.

When he was big enough his parents gave him a real violin and sent him to music school. What a disappointment he was to his father and mother and to his teachers. He studied the violin for only three years and then refused to take any more lessons. He wanted to play "jazz" and he went along picking up ideas from everyone he heard.

He went through high school absolutely absorbed in his music. Rehearsals and performances of the high school orchestra, of which he, in time, was director, were his favorite amusements. When he graduated from high school at the age of 16, he went to North Carolina and played in a theatre, but he was homesick in a year and came back to Norwood, Ohio, where he was added to the staff of WSAI (before it became a Crosley station).

At the same station were Hortense Rose and Grace Donaldson, broadcasting as the Maids of Melody. The girls picked him out as an assistant and had him playing violin solos on their programs, for his music was of the same type as their crooning voices. George then was announced as the Phantom Fiddler.

One afternoon George sat in at the rehearsal of the Maids of Melody. The piece was new then—"My Blue Heaven."

"I tried to interest myself in a book while the girls were learning the tune but they got into an argument over the

harmony," George tells it. "They were so disturbing about their fuss that I couldn't read. And then big hearted George tried to settle the difficulty by remarking snootily that there were at least two different sets of harmony notes all through the number."

According to George, Grace challenged him in no sweet tone to sing a third harmony if he were "so smart" and to keep off her notes.

Having decided to "let George do it," the three plunged into the number that was to settle the discussion of harmony. They went through the tune so smoothly and their voices blended so well that they called off all two-part harmony arguments and decided to have all future alterations in triplicate. Three days of hard work followed and then they went on the air together.

Not content as the third voice in a trio, George went singing about the studio alone until Grace Raine, then musical director of WSAI, and now vocal director of WLW and WSAI, put him on the program for solos. Up to that time he had been playing the piano for his own enjoyment. Then he found that if Hortense Rose exerted 90 per cent of the effort at the piano, he could contribute another 10 per cent with startling effect.

Perhaps to assure themselves of two-part harmony the rest of their lives, George and Hortense were married not long ago. They spend all of their time either in the studio practicing, or with Grace Donaldson planning new arrangements of vocal music.

The three sometimes sing as the Rhythm Rangers, and George and Hortense have a program on which they perform as the Two Keys—Black and White.

The major portion of their effort is now devoted to station WLW, which they joined when WSAI became a Crosley station. They are heard on many of the station's largest commercial programs.

Jerry Cammack has left WIL. This popular entertainer got itchin' feet, but it is hoped he will be back before too long.

Five Billikens, all of St. Louis University, help make the world a jolly old place. If you want to hear them, tune in to WEW about five o'clock some Friday evening.





This interested looking couple, the cows, walked from Vermont to St. Louis to broadcast over KMOX. With them are Katheryne McIntire of KMOX, and William Phillipsen and Robert Chapman, who accompanied their bovine friends.

Announcer Helps Build Up Hoosier Station

By M. Lee Forgy

MARTIN W. HANSEN, personable young chief announcer of WGBF, has been an important factor in placing Evansville, Indiana, on the Radio map, aiding materially in the steady growth and development of the station.

And, being a versatile young person, not only does he announce but adds his power of song on various programs, all of which has made him most popular among listeners at home and abroad.

One of his outstanding accomplishments in other entertainment is the Hoosier club, which he organized to the delight of the silent audience. With "meetings" staged every Saturday night, it has proven an interesting way to acknowledge telegrams and telephone calls to the studio, which, by the way, are increasing weekly, coming from all parts of the country. Nor is the mail for the most part from DX hunters, or the hands of novices not yet calloused from twirling the dials. Mexico, Saskatchewan, Nova Scotia and San Diego listeners, Hoosiers or no, attest the popularity of the programs.

Announcer Hansen, an Iowan by birth, for several years was an editor on the leading Evansville newspaper, which talent or training lends itself to preparation of effective continuities for all programs.

Six years ago WGBF, then an insipid infant, was marked by a bit of haywire and some temperamental generators installed on the third floor of a furniture company.

Today, from a pasteboard booth studio with a tin-roof antenna, the station has developed into a civic and state-wide institution and an ultra-modern transmitter has been built on a national highway about 10½ miles from the city, a powerful flood light topping each 150-foot steel antenna tower. The studio today, with broadcasting rooms and smart office suite, occupies eleven office spaces on the floor of a downtown office building. And the Radio Commission has granted the station double power

and a wave length and frequency well up on the dial.

Mr. Hansen became chief announcer of WGBF after the station was purchased from the furniture company more than a year ago, and immediately made it a point to aid in changing the unreliable source of potluck entertainment with its hit or miss arrangement to programs of such quality as to prove emblematic of all Hoosierdom.

The great influx of responses from Radio listeners proves his success.

Director Is a Composer

FAMOUS not only in broadcasting circles but in the greatest musical organizations in the world, Henry Francis Parks, program director of WCFL, is truly a great man.

A well known composer, Mr. Parks has many published numbers to his credit. His "Fantasticus" was played by the Peoples Symphony orchestra last season, and a new number for ballet, "The Love Dance of a Doll," is scheduled for this season by the same organization. Mr. Parks has appeared with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and at Ravinia park, the world-famous home of outdoor opera, where he will appear again next summer.

He is also a music critic and special writer for several national music magazines. For over a year he was a member of the staff of the Chicago Daily News, conducting the column "The World of Theatre Music."

Mr. Parks is not without a versatile experience over the air, for he has given major organ programs at WLW, and has been music director at WWAE.

A BIG TIME! That's all in capital letters, and even that can't begin to express the gala programs and hilarity that went out on the air and went on behind the scenes at WOWO when the new studios and offices were dedicated.

Starting early in the morning and continuing until late at night leading celebrities, men of nation-wide repute and artists of high calibre appeared before the mikes.

Uncle Ed Looks at Michigan Pond

OBSERVATIONS of a backwoodsman on his first visit to a big city like Chicago proved interesting broadcast material on WLS' annual Harvest Home Festival. "Uncle Ed" Shackelford, old time singer and fiddler from KTHS, Hot Springs, was a guest on the three days of frolic at WLS, and kept the studio people constantly in an uproar over his homely observations on Chicagoans and their ways.

"Waal, I wuz only out of Arkansas onct before, and that wuz jest across the line into Texas. Sez I to myself, sez I, if ever I git back I'll come to this conclusion: if this world be as big on the other side as it wuz on the Texas side—it'll shore be a whopper," said Uncle Ed.

When asked what he thought about the bustle and hurry of Chicago's loop, he replied that "Arkansawyers like me can't run as fast as these Chicago people kin walk." Lake Michigan appeared to the old singer as "the doggonest biggest pond I ever see."

The personality of Uncle Ed as an old time singer who is "different" was brought to the attention of Steve Cisler, chief announcer of WLS and himself a former Arkansawyer, by Campbell Arnoux, director of KTHS. Arnoux has used Uncle Ed for several years on his old time music frolics with a great reception from listeners. When Cisler visited Arkansas last summer in search of fiddlers, Arnoux sent him on a hunt for Uncle Ed. Two days of driving up narrow wood roads, visiting road and lumber camps, finally turned out the old singer at his cabin home.

Shackelford has been out of the state only twice, and the Chicago trip counts for one. He was born in one of the southeastern counties of Arkansas, and later moved to his present home in Garland county.



Lucile Snoor has recently become a member of the staff of WJJD (The Loyal Order of Moose Station), as announcer and program director. She has charge of the Mooseheart studio, from where we hear the "Voice of the Child," from kindergarten age to high school graduates.



One of the most popular acts on the air, the Weener Minstrel Show from WENR is going "great guns" with the Radio audience. Here they are, with Gene Arnold, four of his End Men, band, singers and everybody.

Wild and Wooly West to Radio His Advance

By Ada Lyon

FROM the wild days of the true Wild West to civilization's newest achievement, the Radio, is the leap which Clarence Koch, announcer for KFEQ, has taken. When he's not announcing, he's manager for KFEQ, so he comes as near to eating and sleeping Radio as anyone can. But he has jumped further than fellow devotees, for he looks forward to the day when the Radio will be developed to a degree considered almost impossible now. He thinks it will not hit its real stride for fifty years and sees its future in a rosy light.

As for leaps, he says a manager must

always think two jumps ahead, in order to keep up with the public's changing preferences. Jazz he considers on the wane, and looks forward to more and more educational features in the Radio of tomorrow.

It was as telegraph operator that he was in the Wild West. He was eye witness to a killing that would do credit to any Western movie. It wasn't a casual Chicago shooting, but the result of an ancient feud. Koch's testimony is a matter of court record, however.

For a while he was operator at Wallace, Kan. The town consisted of two families. Its chief attraction was a big store, closed in 1880, with its stock intact. Wallace had been a thriving town, but when the Union Pacific changed its division point, moving its division offices elsewhere and the government, almost simultaneously, removed its fort from there, Robidoux, the store's owner, was disgusted. He did not sell his stock, but turned the key in the lock, saying he would open his store again when the government brought back the soldiers and the U. P. brought back its offices. They never did, so there the store remained, a monument to other times, until purchased, untouched, by a curio dealer, just a year or so ago. The town was lonely for Koch as telegraph operator. The only excitement at several of his posts in Western Kansas consisted of dust storms. Sometimes they were so heavy that snowplows were necessary to clear the railroad tracks.

At Kit Carson, Colo., one of Koch's predecessors had been killed by the Indians and was buried at the station, his grave being the only spot of bluegrass for many miles around, when Koch was there, a grim reminder of the need of devotion to duty.

Clarence Koch was born in Fairbury, Neb., and it was at Oak, Neb., that he helped make one of the first broadcasting sets in that part of the country. A 100 watt set, it was the plaything of J. L. Scroggin of Oak, but grew, like other play sets, by leaps and bounds. It is still Mr. Koch's hobby, but it is his vocation as well. That spells success.

Henry Burr is the new director of the artists bureau of the CBS. Leroy C. Mountcastle is assistant director, and Claude E. McArthur another assistant.

Students Crowd Studios

MOOSEHEART, ILLINOIS, studios of WJJD, are always busy, as groups of students are trained for their daily appearances before the microphone.

One is likely to burst in upon a rehearsal of the glee clubs of eighty members, or watch the senior band or junior band of fifty members each, preparing for a concert, or find the members of the Philharmonic orchestra perspiring as they prepare for a program—not mentioning meeting the smaller group rehearsals such as string quartettes, clarinet solos, pipe organ numbers and vocal combinations.

Indeed, Lucile Snoor, announcer and program director, keeps busy. She came from South Bend Indiana, where she was well known as a soloist.



Henry Parks, composer and music director of WCFL, is to be one of the featured artists at Ravinia Park, world-famous home of out-of-door Summer grand opera, next season. Under his direction many new features are being added to the Federation of Labor station in Chicago.



Peggy Sliester, charming singer of "Blues What Am," joined the staff of KMOX about six months ago. Peggy has had considerable experience in public entertaining and in musical comedy as well. She asserts, declares and otherwise that Radio is her favorite of them all.

HUNDRED Thousand Boosters in Yankton Studios and Hello Girl Is Lost When Programs Go On Air Full Time.

POPULARITY SWAMPS

STAFF at WNAX

By Charles H. Garvey



Earl C. Reineke, manager and chief announcer of WDAY at Fargo, North Dakota (left), and C. H. Reineke, manager of KLPM at Minot, N. D., who early last summer followed in his son's footsteps in Radio broadcasting work.

Dad Reineke Treads In His Son's Footsteps

MUCH has been said of sons who follow in their father's footsteps. Out in North Dakota there is a real story—a father following in the footsteps of his son.

In 1907 Earl C. Reineke became interested in Radio—wireless it was then called. He fiddled around until in January, 1922, he established a Radio transmitting outfit in Fargo, North Dakota. In May of the same year he received a license for WDAY. He has been connected with the station since then and now is manager and chief announcer.

Last July he received a construction permit for a new station to be erected in Minot, N. D. The station, known as KLPM, was built and put into operation on October 28, 1929, with C. H. Reineke, father of Earl, as manager.

Although C. H. Reineke is interested, financially, in WDAY, he has never been active in its management and when he assumed charge of KLPM he was making his actual debut in Radio.

Folk Music True Index

FOLK music, springing from the heart of a people is one true index of a nation's character, and expresses better than anything else the economic, social and emotional trends of the country. The gaily naive melodies of France reflect the enjoyment of a nation that knows liberty. Russian folk-music, wrought to

the strumming of the balalaika sings the nostalgia of an oppressed race. Scandinavian music is austere and cold, the snow-bound surroundings imparting a restraint to expression. English folk songs are rollicking and breezy, reminiscent of the ale and roast beef of Elizabethan days.

American folk music, according to Chandler Goldthwaite, internationally known concert organist and musical director of the new Davey Tree hour, is a medley of all these elements, with a predominating tone of gaiety that reflects the wholesome happiness found in the finest of living conditions. America's gaiety, said Mr. Goldthwaite, is seen in such old-time tunes as "Turkey in the Straw," now synonymous for pep and dash. A certain repression dominates in the rhythmic Negro spirituals such as "Deep River," while simple melody sparkles in bright tunes like "Dixie." And the entire world has paid tribute to songs as moving as "Swanee River."

"When all other music fails to charm, these songs never lose their power, for they bring up memories of the past and our childhood," Mr. Goldthwaite explained. "It is for this reason that we have decided to feature these songs and others of that ilk on the Davey Tree programs. There is an increasing demand from listeners all over the country for the music of love, of the home or pastoral scenes. The public is getting tired of 'jazz' and is haugrily turning to those more wholesome melodies of another day."

"**L**ISTEN to WNAX most as they give valuable service along several lines, and good entertainment." Yes siree, Boh. We found that in the Radio columns of a recent issue of a big farm paper—and, by George—here is another from another party and printed in a farm publication: "I am not saying exactly which station is best, but I do admit the program part that WNAX, Yankton, gives, is in this community the most appreciated."

Thanks for them kind words, but for heavens sake, what is this: A request that WNAX supply 500 words for a story in Radio Digest. "Story requested by readers." Quick George, a glass of water. What can this mean? Do they actually mean that such is the popularity of WNAX throughout the north-west?

Since receiving full time on the air WNAX has become a busier place. Entertainers come and go from six o'clock in the morning until midnight, possibly thirty to forty combinations, ranging from the stag orchestra to a single man trying to make a string band all by himself.

It was a Saturday when WNAX went on for full time. The telegraph operator tried to handle both phone and wire messages but gave up when he could not decide which way to run—he thought of roller skates to carry the request messages to the announcers' booth. Kemp didn't have skates so he drafted one man for the phone and another to run with the messages—and what fun they had. Sunday it all happened again and Monday the boys went into a huddle.

That night the "hello" girl stayed at the switchboard till the strains of the closing selection faded in the distance. Tuesday morning she yawned and tried to cover a gaping mouth behind her little hand. Came night, and with it the return of the same little girl to shout into the phone in answer to calls from other cities. "Hello. Yes. What is your name, please? What number do you want?" Gosh, that sounds like Cohen on the telephone. Again, she stayed on the job till midnight and, despite the many calls, how the time did drag—sleepy, oh boy.

Yep, this is Wednesday. Who is the new doll at the switchboard? An angel from heaven, silly. She works the night shift from now and henceforth. You can't expect two girls to do it all, not the way calls come in. And will you look at the mob in that auditorium! Big men, little men, fat men, lean men, and women—ever so many. Where they all come from heaven knows.

At the front of the studio is a table with a crowd around. Surely, they are dedicating numbers to their friends at home and distant points. What a popular place; that was a slip of the tongue, we spoke our thoughts. We meant to say, "Is this really such a popular place?"

Recently during a special occasion in the institution of WNAX, the public was invited to come in for the festivities; everyone was threatened with a free feed during the festival. There was no way of checking to learn how many



Here once more are the Seven Aces. All Eleven of 'Em. Yes, sir, and yes, mam, they're the very same original Seven Aces who won the Radio Digest Popular Orchestra award when playing at Fort Worth. Now you can hear them whenever you will by just tuning in to KOA at Denver.

people heard the invitation that was extended over the air, but during the seven days of the festival men were stationed at the doors. They were counted, one thousand, five thousand, fifty thousand, one hundred thousand; yes, one hundred and seven thousand strong were guests in the studio and seventy-six thousand sat at the tables and enjoyed the feed of their host, station WNAX.

In the big improvised dining room, bands that were off duty in the studio played, as waitresses rushed about looking after the wants of friends from many states. No, the visitors were not local people for there are hardly seven thousand souls in Yankton, the home town of that station.

Can it be possible? Is WNAX actually filling a big place in the lives of the people of the northwest? That has been the aim, but it is not for us to say, but for the public to decide.



A student at Yankton college, Hazel Olsen, also acts as accompanist at WNAX, besides singing with the girls' harmony team of Esther and Hazel.

Days in Ol' Kaintuck Lead Way to Big Time

DOWN in old Kentucky some years ago a little boy listened to the crooning of his old negro mammy and planned to be a great minstrel comedian some day. There in the old Southland, Honeyboy (George) Fields, creator of the characters Honeyboy and Sassafras in a blackface skit presented daily over Radio Station KSAT, "soaked up" the local color that makes his Black Panther Detective Agency series convincingly real.

"I always planned to be a showman," Honeyboy said. "I used to listen to the negroes talk and try to figure out how they thought. I used to imitate them. I used to go to every one of the Friday night 'literaries' and I liked to speak negro dialect pieces best."

That Honeyboy did master the psychology of the negro mind is evident in his skits, which he writes himself and which he and Sassafras (Johnnie Welsh) present nightly. "You see, Sassafras is the levee type of negro—lean, lanky, active. I am the Alabama 'blue gum' negro—slow, sloppy, lazy," Honeyboy will explain. "Humor in negro skits depends upon three situations. A negro to be funny must be either broke, hungry or scared and the problem for the creator of blackface comedy is to stick to these situations and still furnish sufficient variety."

Honeyboy declares that minstrel parts, after his eighteen years in the show business with experience in every type of show except a carnival, are still his "favorite kind of opera." The minstrel was his goal when he ran away from home when he was seventeen with a one-night stand show to carol "Sold out, doctah!" for the medicine vendor. During the eighteen years on the stage, Honeyboy has been featured in several prominent minstrel shows such as Al G. Fields Minstrels.

Sassafras is a native of Dallas, Texas. He has been in the show business for about six years, playing during that time many minstrel parts. He was for some time with the Leroy Lassus White Minstrel Company.

Honeyboy and Sassafras have other accomplishments than blackface comedy. They have composed several well-known songs: "Honey Gal," "She's my Honey Bee," the Cocoa Cola song, which will be used in national advertising, and the famous Krawdad song. Recently in an interval of 56 minutes (26 telephone

calls and telegrams were received requesting the Krawdad song. These and other songs are frequently presented on the all-night "Flying the Sunrise Trail" programs of the station from 12 to 6 A. M. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights. They're quite a treat—try them out some time if you don't believe it.

OPERATING two short wave stations, officials of the Columbia system are carrying on exhaustive tests and experiments to determine the possibilities in two way broadcasts in communication service between America and Europe.

The second short wave rebroadcast station of the CBS, W3XAU, was opened early in January at Philadelphia, with transmitter at Byberry, a suburb. This station uses two wave lengths, 9590 kilocycles, and 6060 kilocycles.

All Columbia programs routed to WCAU at Philadelphia are being broadcast simultaneously from W3XAU.



Here's Tommy Tucker, Uke artist of WAAW, who plays 2,000 tunes from memory. Try him out. And Jimmy's boss, Franklin Whipperman, by the way, is one of our very best friends. He says every broadcaster should consider Radio Digest his own publication and further it with as much sales promotion and supporting material as possible. Get a load of that!



"Here's the lowdown, boys," says Boyd Shreffler, as his Merrymakers gather 'round the old bass drum to get an eye full of the latest hit they are to broadcast over WIBW.

Historic Western Days Heard Over WBAP

HISTORIC dramas in the winning of the West, such as the discovery of Pike's Peak, are now heard from WBAP and NBC stations. This program, sponsored by the Continental Oil company of Denver, is the first national network which has been conceived and written in Texas.

Each Tuesday night the Conoco Players enact a different dramatic sketch, giving the historical background of some section of the West. The series is expected to quicken the interest of motorists in visiting the historic spots of that section of the country.

Unusual effort has been made by the producers to obtain exact detailed historic facts, and much historical research has been carried on.

Singing and Snobbery Not Pals, She Learns

YOU can't be a singer and be a snob—especially in Radio!

This is a truism with Mildred Kyffin, a Daughter of the American Revolution, descendant of a First Family of Virginia, relative of the great Chief Justice Marshall and contralto soloist with the KOA Light Opera Company.

But she had to learn it—and who wouldn't with such an ancestry—and its acquisition has made her one of the West's most demanded Radio artists.

She discovered that painting a picture for her listeners, which she considers to be the function of her singing, could not be done from a pedestal. If this were true, then hearts must beat alike in immigrant and patrician!

The discovery—made in Radio where the microphone detects much more than sounds alone—made a democrat out of an aristocrat and an artist out of a singer.

AN ARTIST who probably has been heard in more countries than any other Radio performer, Mlle. Lucienne Radisse, has returned to America and

is appearing before NBC microphones in a number of programs.

The "flying cellist" has played before microphones in France, England, Spain, Germany, Belgium and Holland, while on an extended tour of Europe. On her return to Europe after filling engagements in this country she plans a trip to northern Africa and Egypt.

In her native land, France, she has long been associated with Radiophonie Francais, the leading French broadcasting organization and has organized and directed Radio programs as well as played in them.

Each week more than 175 aspirants for solo jobs are heard by the auditions department of the National Broadcasting company, according to the latest count. This figure does not include actors, of whom nearly 100 more a week are given microphone tests.

Special Program for Canada WDAY Bill

A SPECIAL program, "The Maple Leaf Hour," consisting entirely of request numbers received from listeners in Canada, has been inaugurated by WDAY at Fargo, N. D.

On November 30, 1929, WDAY received a frequency change which gave it a preferred position on the dials. It enables the North Dakota station to "bat" into Canada with such volume that thousands of letters from Winnipeg and other Canadian listeners have been received. These letters led to establishment of the "Maple Leaf Hour." The hour opens weekly with "The Maple Leaf Forever," Canadian song, and then consists of Scotch, English, Irish and Welsh offerings.

Eric Bark, world traveler, writer and announcer who was born in Stockholm, Sweden, and left there for America only seven years ago, has been added to the staff of WDAY. Mr. Bark has inaugurated a weekly feature, "Your Scandinavia," which has proved highly successful. In this period Mr. Bark discusses news of interest to the Scandinavian members of WDAY's audience in Minnesota and North Dakota.

Reading of a serial story, a full length novel by Dr. D. T. Robertson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Fargo, a chapter at a time, is to be attempted soon by WDAY. Whether the feature will be continued depends on listener response. Dr. Robertson's story deals with the early West and has been especially adapted for broadcast purposes. It will be presented in three weekly periods, a chapter to be read at each sitting. The author will act as announcer during this period of program broadcasts.

Robert E. "Uncle Bob" Sherwood, last of Barnum's clowns and principal in Dixies Circus, weekly NBC program, believes he originated the hatless fad. For twenty years "Uncle Bob," now more than 75, has never worn a hat. Last summer he startled fellow artists around the studios by appearing attired in knickers and minus hosiery.



Honeyboy and Sassafras, famous blackface team of KSAT, caught in a normal mood and in white man's clothes for a change. Even here their natural good spirits are bubbling over, to judge from the grins.

Story of KPO Coloratura SPELLS ROMANCE

MARRIAGE Brings True Love, Opportunity and Success to Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery, or as She Is Known to Pacific Coast Radio Fans, Eva De Vol.

By C. Thomas Nunan



One of the Hollywood crew of KFVB, Lucille Scott is a talented pianist appearing exclusively at the Warner Brothers' Station.

KDYL Presents a Talkie

WHEN the talking picture "Condemned" had its world premiere in Hollywood, it was simultaneously opened at the Capitol theatre in Salt Lake City.

The Columbia chain broadcast from the premiere at the Chinese theatre in Hollywood was released by KDYL, and at the same time was sent to the Capitol by private wire and put through the giant vitaphone horns so that the audience could witness the Hollywood affair, after which they premiered the picture.

This is the first time that this stunt has been accomplished. KDYL was the first to broadcast a complete talking picture when it presented "Show Boat" directly from the vitaphone.

Sentiment and beauty is transformed into music during the KDYL Sunset Hour on Wednesday evenings, which is heralded by the sound of the old grandfather's clock striking nine, and opening with the bugle sounding Tattoo.

The history of furniture is beautifully dramatized over KDYL on Sunday nights. Stories of different periods in furniture and the interesting developments surrounding them are given by a talented cast and assisting musicians.

NOVEL holiday greetings were extended by KOIN, its affiliated advertisers and entertainers. A full page spread in the Portland News reproduced photographs of each of the artists at the station, together with several studio scenes, and listed in a box in the center of the page all of the local advertisers on KOIN.

Listeners in the Far West are getting an added thrill out of their loud speakers these days. With the development of communication work between airplanes and ground stations much vital as well as interesting work is carried on.

Another station in the Far West has been added to the coast-to-coast networks of the National Broadcasting company, KEGA, the latest addition to the chain, is number 72 on the NBC books. KEGA, which is a 1,000-watt station, is the seventh National Broadcasting system station in the Far West.

OVER in Baltimore Park, Marin County, California, she is known as Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery—to Radio fans of KPO as Eva De Vol. We refer to KPO's leading staff coloratura soprano, an artist whose exquisite voice has thrilled thousands with its charm.

The story of Eva De Vol is as intriguing as it is romantic. It reveals a determined struggle to overcome great odds—with success as the climax.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, this shining light of Radio was one of five talented and gifted children of musical parents. Her father was a bandmaster, her mother a singer and both gained considerable recognition in their respective fields. At five years of age little Eva was making public appearances in New York, doing the proverbial singing and dancing act with which parents are wont to associate their children. Then she was taught the tricks of string and bow, but Miss Eva preferred to sing and although she mastered the violin and played it for many years, she now devotes her entire time to singing. At the tender age of 15 years Eva ran away from her home and when her parents heard from her, which was a week later, she was in New Mexico, married and happy. There was no parental interference—the family was a large one and furthermore, they had met Frank Avery and recognized in him a man of sterling qualities. They knew that the young Scotchman would make a splendid husband. Through the years he has more than proven their faith in him.



Fortune wasn't as generous to him in those days as it is now, but with a wily Scotch ability he managed to set aside enough of his earnings to assure his wife a real and thorough training in vocal art. His faith, encouragement and inspiration have been well rewarded, for few voices in the nation today can match Eva De Vol's in quality, expression or musical worth.

Their home in New Mexico was very lonely when he sent Eva to Duluth, where she was to study with George Tyler, then to Chicago where she graduated from the Chicago Musical college under Herman Devries and then to New York to study under the great Oscar Sanger.

When she made her debut in opera with the National Opera company of New York in 1919, none rejoiced more or was happier than the man who had made it possible, even though he again faced a long term of loneliness while Eva was to gain a world reputation behind the footlights of the operatic stage. Among the many operas in which she starred were "Faust," "Rigoletto," "La Boheme," "Carmen," "Andrea Chénier," "La Amico Fritz." At the conclusion of several seasons of successful opera, Miss De Vol was induced to enter into a vaudeville contract and was billed as "The Girl With the Voice of Liquid

Silver." She was a sensation and the world applauded her.



Refa Miller is presenting the First Radio Golf Tourney trophy to Dobbise (Hugh Barrott Dobbs), personality man of KPO.

The wonder of it all is that in the busy life she was leading Eva De Vol had time to care for and raise her two daughters, a fact made possible only by that remarkable husband of hers. He insisted she carry on with her career while he looked after the family. Her eldest daughter, Eloise, now 16 years of age, is a student at Marin Junior College, where she is studying writing and dramatics. She recently wrote and produced the school pageant. Her other daughter, Avis, 11 years old, is a pianist of brilliant ability and has been heard in several recitals.

A few years ago, while visiting the West, the Averys made a trip through Marin County's scenic wonderland and there found a home that suited them, with the result that they moved here and have settled permanently at Baltimore Park, which nestles at the base of majestic Tamalpais.

Miss De Vol has not only one hobby, she has lots of them—swimming, boating, horseback riding, motoring, fishing, tennis and entertaining her many friends at her beautiful Baltimore Park home. And flowers! They run riot in a meadow of gorgeous colors on the spacious grounds that surround the Avery home.

If you would listen to Miss De Vol, or Mrs. Frank Avery, whichever you wish, you can hear her Sunday night during the KPO evening musicale, 7:00 to 7:45 o'clock, when she will appear as soloist in a group of beautiful classics, or as a member of the North American Mixed quartet, 8:00 to 8:30 Sunday evening, or on Thursday nights, 8:00 to 8:30.

KFVB in Culver City, Calif., has a novel daylight feature that has attracted considerable listener interest. G. Allison Phelps, well known through California as a Radio philosopher, conducts a daily feature from his own home, a line, panel and microphone being right in his own living room. Informal home-like evening programs can also be broadcast from the G. Allison Radio home, adding the atmosphere so necessary to successful broadcasts.



Tap, tap, tapping away the excess poundage. The fears of fat-and-forty years are disappearing under the direction of Sylvano Dale and Wilda Kimble tap-dance instructors from KGO and the Pacific NBC.

Fat-and-Forty Years Trimmed by "Tapping"

PACIFIC Coast Radio fans—especially the feminine—are dancing away the fears of the fat-and-forty years.

Sylvano Dale, vaudeville performer, and Radio tap dancer, has opened an aerial dancing class broadcasting instructions every morning at 8:00 o'clock through the NBC System station, KGO, Oakland.

"Tap dancing provides the greatest of all means to reduce," Dale contends. "It brings into play nearly all of our 600 body muscles."

And so dancing is replacing the famous Hollywood Diet and smart society watches young and old learning the clogs which formerly belonged to the song and dance men of the vaudeville and minstrels.

Dale has been tap dancing a year for the audience of the NBC Pacific Division stations. Recently he decided to teach the art aerially. Already a substantial number of audience letters has convinced studio executives that his idea clicks.

Wilda Kimble, debutante pupil of the Radio instructor, demonstrates the intricate taps while he lectures each day

before the microphone. An especially fashioned mat of maple and canvas is employed to carry the sound of her dancing feet to the invisible audience.

"Well, there must be a first time for everything," Dale grins. "Not long ago, folk scoffed at the idea of teaching music appreciation via the Radio. Now it is accepted universally as a logical regime. Then why not dancing? It's a great thing."

* * *

The Russian-American Art Club of Hollywood lends a truly Bohemian atmosphere each Saturday night for the program broadcast over KNX, Hollywood station of Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express. Candle lights stuck in bottles beam faintly. Attendants are dressed in Cossack uniforms or those of Russian peasants. And Michael Vavitch, famous Russian basso, president of the club, looms fiercely in the dim light as his sonorous voice rings through the microphone.

* * *

KMO has extended remote control wires to the beautiful club house of the Elks Lodge here, wiring in to the lodge room, for the purpose of broadcasting the band concerts each week.

Artist, Organist in "Brother Act"

By Dick Creedon

COOPERATION and inspiration are household words and the foundation stones of success. Perhaps one of the most interesting occasions of when these two talents joined is the occasion when an organist helped a world-famed artist paint a canvas from a photograph, and that canvas helped one of the Pacific Coast's most prominent Radio organists compose an original organ selection.

An organ's soft melodies poured out of a loudspeaker in a Hollywood apartment. A few minutes before an announcer's voice had said: "This is KHJ. You will now hear an informal organ recital by Wesley B. Tourtellotte of the Don Lee staff."

The man in the apartment was Charles Emerson Conway, international artist and illustrator. In his hands were two unusual photographs—one of the break of dawn, with flares of sunrise colors shooting into the eastern skies. The scene was taken across the tops of the White mountains in the famous Owens' Valley in California. The other photograph, taken a few seconds after the other, but shooting into the west, showed the first rays of the morning sun striking the top of Mt. Whitney, 14,501 feet high, the highest peak in the United States, and its sister peaks in the great Sierra range. Both photos had been made from the same spot—one shooting into the east, the other shooting into the west.

As Conway studied the photographs, the organ music swept his artist soul into far-off places of the world where he had painted—Africa with its silver-golden moonlight nights at Johannesburg, Durban and Nairobi, the jumping off places for big game hunting parties; Australia, Hawaii, the Philippines, the Dutch Indies, the tropics and other far-off spots where color rules the universe.

Model Delivery System

MODERN department store methods of collection and delivery were demonstrated when KLV put on a party for the poor children of Oakland last Christmas. The problem of handling 120 children from widely scattered homes where English was often spoken imperfectly, if at all, was a stiff one.

Girls of the classified department of the Oakland Tribune, which sponsored the party, volunteered their cars. Each child wore a shipping tag bearing the number of his car, the letter of his house in that car's territory, and his own number in the family (in one case 10). By careful checking of route lists the precious freight was all returned in good order and a receipt therefore duly collected.

Sounds like so much rigamarole that all the fun would be spoiled, doesn't it? But every one of the children reported the time of his life, and judging from the expression on their faces, they had it. The station contributed the entertainment, and the listeners of KLV gave the presents, of which there was a host.

* * *

O. D. Fisher, president of the Totem broadcasters at KOMO, was elected one of the two vice-presidents of the National Association of Broadcasters at their last annual convention. This organization comprises 125 stations throughout the United States.



Don Warner's tantalizing tune ticklers of KFVB, at Hollywood. Standing you see Don Warner, himself, and seated on the piano at his left is Ann Grey, singer of popular songs. Next to Ann is Buster Dees, ballad tenor on FVB programs.

School to Discover Trouble with Movies

WHAT'S wrong and what's right with the movies—that's an old question and one that comes up in every home, social circle and corner grocery cracker barrel gang discussion. But here's a new angle on it. The Radio school of the University of Southern California, through station KEJK is carrying on a course of lectures on the general topic of "Motion Pictures and Their Influence on the daily life of the entire World."

This series, which started last January and continues until March 26, is a sociological study, and is the first time such a study has been carried on via the microphone. Work is carried on under the Southern California triangular system consisting of twelve Radio lectures of one half hour each, twelve written lessons, two conferences with the instructor, and a supervised final examination. As a special feature the course is supplemented by two inspection tours of Hollywood studios.

Units of credit are given for the course which can be applied toward certificates and degrees awarded by U. S. C.

Band Leader Seeks Golf Scalps of Musicians

JESSE STAFFORD, popular leader of the Palace hotel dance orchestra, which broadcasts regularly over KPO every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday evening, 10 to 11 o'clock, has come forward and issued a challenge to any musician in San Francisco who believes he can defeat him in the ancient game of golf. Before coming to San Francisco, Stafford was recognized as the champion musical golfer of the southland. Now he has determined to add the scalps of local musicians to his "tee" victories.

Golf is a hobby with Jesse the same as music is second nature to him. It is claimed by his friends that if he were not so wrapped up in his music he would be golfer in the class with Hagen, Jones, Smith, Diegel and other

world famous champions. When not taking Chinese, Burmese and Egyptian music with its few varied notes and minor structures and weaving them into rhythmic melodies that are startling and irresistible in their musical beauty, Jesse will be found haunting the links together with his pianist, Gene Rose, and "Dubby" Kirkpatrick, banjo and guitar player of the orchestra. Both are easy pickin' for Stafford, although they are capable golfers and swing a neat niblick.

Now its up to San Francisco musicians, whether or not Jesse Stafford's claim of the musicians' golf championship is to go unheeded, or if some local melody pusher is to rise up and ask "how come?"

Dan Gridley, formerly a tenor on the staff of KNX, is now a soloist with the New York Symphony.



This good-looking lad is Tom Brennan, originator and owner of "Tom and His Mule Hercules," the rib-tickler heard from KNX.

Gift of Toys Gives Al Pearce New Idea

By Monroe R. Upton

JUST as a joke a facetious listener sent some toys to the artists on KFRC's afternoon Happy Go Lucky Hour. The toys not only provided amusement but they released an idea from the fertile brain of Al Pearce, the program's master of ceremonies. Supposing they asked for toys, and then when Christmas rolled around a month later, they distributed them to the children in hospitals, orphanages and needy families! Supposing hundreds of toys were collected and hundreds of children made happy! Whereupon Norman Nielsen sang "Sposin," Mac did a cowboy number, Pedro said Merry Christmas in Mexican, Edna O'Keefe sang like a baby doll, Jean Wakefield sang "The Animal Fair," "Simply Fitts" rode thru the studio on a dog sled and the undertaking was launched, the first of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

It didn't work out as expected. Not hundreds of toys, but thousands of toys were received. The day before Christmas a truck was kept busy all day visiting hospitals, orphanages and needy families.

The toys were almost without exception new and many were expensive. Although no actual count was made the estimate was between five and six thousand.

KFRC is owned and operated by Don Lee, and is part of Don Lee's Pacific Coast chain which in turn is a unit of the Columbia Broadcasting company's nation-wide network.

When Chief Yowlache, full-blood Indian, who has two braids hanging straight down his back, went on the air over KNX, Hollywood station of Paramount Pictures-Los Angeles Evening Express, he had listening in a mountain fastness of Washington one of the most interested persons possible. It was his mother, who hadn't heard the chief's voice since he left the wigwam several years ago to make his way in the world of the white man. And her radio was one sent to her by the chief.

EVEN CHML Transmitter and Studios Overlook Countryside as They Send Out a Variety of Programs

High Spots Vogue at ONTARIO STATION

By Donald Burchard



A fiddle or more, a horn or two or three, and a few other instruments and you have an orchestra, but THESE are the IMPERIAL JOYCASTERS. Under the direction of Simeon Joyce are heard from the King Edward hotel through Station CKGW.

John Moncrieff, Star of Opera, Canadian Son

JOHN MONCRIEFF, heard in CNR chain programs, was born in Winnipeg, the son of John Moncrieff of the editorial staff of the Winnipeg Tribune. His early boyhood was spent around the town of Selkirk, Manitoba. The Moncrieff family originally came from the Shetland Islands, and Moncrieff Senior was for many years conductor of the Winnipeg Oratorio society. He was also a well-known singer and his daughter is a very fine pianist. The entire family has played a prominent part in all of the musical activities of Winnipeg for several decades, and great credit for the development of music there is due them.

John Moncrieff, when only a boy, did survey work in the northern areas of his native province. Only seven years ago he took up singing. After many discouragements he finally achieved some degree of success, touring the country, appear-

ing in many moving picture theatres.

For some years then he gave up singing, until he met Rosing in Vancouver. Rosing was so impressed with his voice that he granted him a scholarship at Rochester conservatory, where he studied for three years.

His first engagement on leaving the conservatory was to understudy Chaliapin. When the American Opera company was formed in New York, Mr. Rosing chose Moncrieff for the principal bass roles. Now as a leading figure in the American Opera company, he is a great credit to his native country.

Noted English Singer Is Heard Over CNR

DURING January the CNR Radio department brought to Canada the celebrated English contralto, Muriel Brunskill. This leading contralto of Great Britain has sung for every musical society in the old country, including the London Symphony, the Royal Choral, the Royal Philharmonic, the Halle Choir in Manchester and the Royal Choral Society in Edinburgh.

Miss Brunskill broadcasts frequently and regularly for the British Broadcasting corporation. On Elgar's 70th birthday she broadcast from 2LO, London, when the music was conducted by Elgar himself. She was also the feature artist on the 1300th anniversary of the founding of York Minster.

The rapidity of Miss Brunskill's rise to fame has been remarkable. She is in great demand not only in Great Britain but on the continent. At a recent appearance in Amsterdam and at The Hague she was presented to the Queen Mother and Princess Juliana after her appearance in Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."

Miss Brunskill made her debut in 1920 at the Aeolian hall, London. In 1922 she joined the British National Opera company, and for five years sang the leading contralto roles. She has a voice of commanding power and has achieved her greatest successes as "Delilah," "Aneris" in "Aida" and as "Carmen." Her first operatic success was made as "Alcastic."

During her tour of Canada in January Miss Brunskill appeared with the Toronto Symphony orchestra.

HIGH spots, in the way of excellent programs put on the air, location of transmitter, and building in which the studio is located, are the vogue for CHML, Hamilton, Ontario.

The Piggott building, in which the recently occupied new studios are located, is a landmark for the entire countryside. It is visible for miles, not only in the day time but also at night, for the great tower is brilliantly illuminated, and a giant searchlight revolves all through the night from the top, sending powerful beams of light for many miles.

The aerial and transmitter are situated on the peak of Hamilton mountain, reaching a height of approximately 550 feet above the level of Lake Ontario.

Operated by the Maple Leaf Radio company, CHML is also associated with the Trans-Canada Broadcasting company. Several of the chain programs of the latter organization are put on from Hamilton, including the Imperial Joycasters, and the Canadian National railway's symphony hour.

One of the most popular artists at CHML is Harry J. Allen, whose organ recitals are heard and enjoyed in many parts of Canada and the United States. Other entertainers who are favorites of the Canadian audiences are Madeline Pedler, whose sweet soprano voice is heard regularly from this Hamilton station, Morgan Thomas' dance orchestra, the Waddington Venetian ensemble, the Leonard Old-Time orchestra, and the CHML Instrumental Trio.

Hamilton itself is the center of an old and thickly populated section of Ontario, with a population of 135,000, and another seven or eight hundred thousand within a radius of fifty to sixty miles.



Here you see Gordon W. McClain, chief announcer of the Toronto Daily Star station, CFCA, which has been on the air continuously since March, 1922.



This winsome miss is Madeline Pedler, very, very popular soprano of CHML.



Led by Gladys Foster, one of Alberta's most talented violinists, the Sunshine Orchestra of CFAC regularly puts on dance programs. From left to right: Bert Fisher, an unnamed pianist, Miss Foster, Jack Rushton, and Art Kneeshaw.

Appeal to Scattered Populace Brings Aid

By Hal Miller

OUT in the more or less open spaces of the sunny province of Alberta, Canada, the matter of collecting a huge sum of money for charity in a limited time presents a big problem. But that problem was simplified somewhat when the Calgary Herald broadcasting station, CFAC, under the direction of Fred Carleton, took a hand.

The charity project was the annual Sunshine fund of the newspaper. Money had been coming in rather slowly, in response to the campaign for funds. So Mr. Carleton decided that something must be done.

Banding together local entertainers, he arranged a series of three benefit Radio programs. Utilizing the certainly not unknown "Radio sleigh ride" he and the musicians went to work one evening. The event had been well publicized in advance of the concert so that the public was generally expecting it.

So soon as Radio fans telephoned or wired requests for a seat on the imaginary sleigh that was destined to tour a large part of the province, their names and the amounts they had agreed to contribute to the Sunshine fund were broadcast. Meantime Cecil Brown, secretary of the Calgary Y. M. C. A., who was assisting on the broadcast, kept the mike hot with suitable entertaining patter, and the 8-piece Sunshine orchestra, with Cecil Kappey and Jim Holden, each at a piano, provided music when necessary.

Telephone calls and telegrams literally deluged the studio. Special telephone accommodation was afforded by ten operators busy on the Herald switchboard telephones, but at the busiest times they were unable to cope with the flow of requests and contributions that came in.

"It was difficult to imagine where all the money was coming from," said Mr. Carleton. "Contributions ranged from 50 cents to \$115, and when one broadcast ended, after 2 o'clock the next

morning, a total of \$1,015 had been collected for the Sunshine fund. Altogether we obtained \$1,425. That amount in comparatively sparsely settled Alberta is a splendid total to be raised by individual contributions in such a Radio programme."

The Radio sleigh must have been miles in length, he said. And it must have traveled far, for request calls were received from every section.

When the broadcasts were finished special prizes were awarded to contributors to the charity fund. A special draw was held and more than 20 articles, contributed by local merchants and business houses, were awarded.

Station CFAC, of the Calgary Daily Herald, was one of the pioneers in providing Western Canada with the great boon of radio entertainment. Since inauguration in May, 1922, CFAC has adopted new innovations as they have been produced and today is one of the most up-to-date stations in Western Canada.

* * *

Armistice Day services at Whitehall, London, were broadcast throughout Canada by seven stations of the CNR.

Orator Is Radio Speaker

SHORTLY after winning the Fourth Annual International Oratorical contest at Washington, D. C., Roch Pinard went on the air as the guest of the Canadian National railways. Pinard, who is only eighteen years old, was featured during the French-Canadian hour of music by the CNR.

He repeated over the air the address which brought him fame and earned the praise of President Hoover and M. Paul Claudel, French ambassador to the United States. The young orator was victorious over the champions of the United States, England, France, Germany, Denmark, Mexico, Cuba and Peru.

In response to an overwhelming demand on the part of Canadian Radio listeners as expressed in petitions, telegrams and letters, CKGW at Toronto, has been added to the National Broadcasting company network. Using 5,000 watts, CKGW is owned and operated by Gooderham and Worts, and serves an estimated Canadian audience of 2,000,000 persons, who in turn own 100,000 receiving sets.



The LaPresse Little Symphony orchestra, under the direction of Edmund Trudel, is heard Sunday afternoons at two o'clock over a network including CKAC, CKNC, CFRB, and C.J.C.C.

Anna Peterson IS a Character

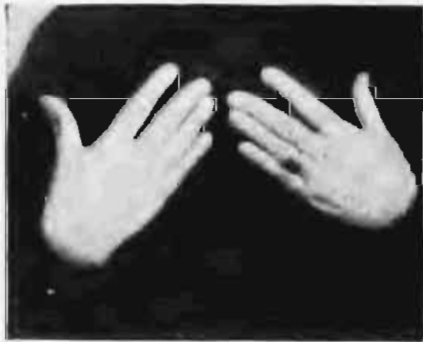
WENR Cooking authority called one of the busiest women in America. She commutes daily from Elgin to Chicago and is constantly on the go.

ALMOST invariably whenever any comment is made around the WENR studios regarding Anna J. Peterson, someone speaks up and says, "Well, she certainly IS a character"; and although she regards life with a kindly, tolerant eye, it probably irks her from time to time that each day is not more than twenty-four hours long.

It has been said of her that she is one of the busiest women in the United States and although she has long since passed the flapper stage, her energy and pep would put to shame most younger women.

It would seem that Mrs. Peterson is never still. From the time she gets up in the morning on her little farm near Elgin until she finally retires late at night her day is made up of a series of activities, any one of which would exhaust the average woman. She has her regular morning talks on cooking and home service over WENR. She is head of the home service department of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke company, and there are few days when she does not appear before women's clubs, societies, or other organizations to give lectures.

In broadcasting, Mrs. Peterson is one of the best known of the home economics experts, having been before the mi-



Not a "come to me" gesture, but a close up of the backs of the hands of a real cook. Capable hands they are, gnarled and wrinkled, but beautiful in their capability.

crophone for a number of years. She started giving recipes and advice for the home over KYW, Chicago, when that station's programs were given by the present owners of WENR. Invariably her morning greeting to her audience is "Good morning, boys and girls, isn't this a glorious morning?" with the accent on the "glorious." It may be snowing, raining or foggy outside, yet to her each day is a "glorious day."

Thousands of women from Chicago, Peoria, New Jersey, New Mexico; in fact, from all over the country, tune in to hear Mrs. Peterson's broadcasts. They do more than that, they swear by her recipes, and her advice on any household problem is accepted as gospel, much to the ultimate satisfaction

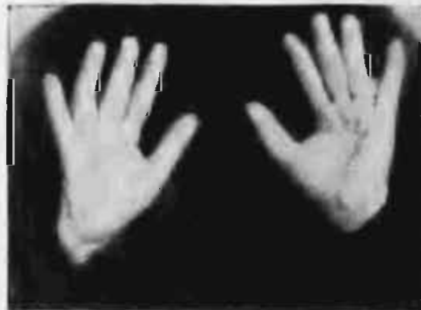


Mrs. Anna J. Peterson herself, head of the home service department of the Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co., Chicago, who broadcasts advice on the home over WENR.

of the rest of the household and all ultimate consumers of the products whose preparation she has directed.

Mrs. Peterson has worked hard all her life and she never gives out recipes that she has not tested herself. She is a practical as well as theoretical cook and those who have been invited to her home come away with fantastic reports of meals that are beyond compare. She practices what she preaches.

Mrs. Peterson was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, and for a time lived in the East in Haverhill, Brockton and Boston, Massachusetts. She has been a teacher of home economics and studied domestic science at Fannie Farmer's school and Columbia university, New York. She is the author of an important book on cooking and has lectured at most of the leading universities in the United States. She has a common sense, almost brusque, manner of speaking and is very much disinclined to use five words if two will suffice. On



The palms of Mrs. Peterson's hands are even more revealing than the other view. Here the deeply engraved lines and callouses are more in evidence. Don't they look capable, though?

THE Old-fashioned cooky jar is coming back into general use and the popularity of old, due to modern air travel, avers the busy Mrs. Peterson.

her farm at Elgin, Illinois, she raises vegetables, flowers and garden truck.

She is the soul of generosity and many of the members of the staff of WENR have eaten plum puddings, cakes and pies prepared by her skillful hands. She loves a good argument and members of the staff always welcome her appearance at the studio because they know that she will generally start some kind of an argument before she leaves.

"The old-fashioned cookie jar is coming back, in fact it is about to be elevated to a position of honor in the world of aviation," says Mrs. Peterson, which statement certainly does not detract from her popularity with Mr. Average Man.

Her conclusion was reached after an intensive survey covering a period of two months into the question of what kind of food is best adapted for aviators and air passengers. She also made diligent search for foods that will offset air sickness.

This is her answer: "Try a glass of tomato juice, strained or unstrained; a glass of orange juice or a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon added, but no sugar. These will neutralize the excessive acid, which is one of the great causes of air sickness."

Says Women Realizing Budget Importance

THAT women today are realizing the importance of financial budgeting has been proved by the nation-wide requests Miss Marjorie Oelrichs has received for the clothes budget she has planned for her Radio audience. Miss Oelrichs, Fashion Director for the Columbia Broadcasting System, tells her feminine audience what is being worn by the best dressed women in her intimate fashion talks every Monday and Friday afternoon.

Miss Oelrichs has found out that by budgeting she has been able to reduce her yearly wardrobe expenditure considerably. The budget which Miss Oelrichs has planned for her Radio audience includes many helpful hints regarding the actual planning and purchasing of a complete wardrobe as well as the cut-and-dried figures of all financial budgets.

"Of course it was necessary when planning the budget for my Radio audience to start from 'scratch,'" Miss Oelrichs explained. "However, every woman has some clothes on hand which can be worn for at least another season. Therefore, I have recommended in the budget that the sums allowed for duplicated items should be used for luxuries such as furs, accessories not accounted for, or the very special dress for the important occasion which always bobs up to upset the best-planned budget.

"However, rather than allow these extra sums to dribble away in unwise purchases, every woman should have a

(Continued on page 120)

Voice of the Listener

Pick Short Go Winner

CONTEST editor, judges and staff were all entirely snowed under when the first Short Go contest came to a close and prizes were awarded. It might be thought that a short breathing spell was in order, but not so, for a fresh flood of entries made the first month's contest seem picayune. The number of letters and the high standard of practically all of the suggestions received has been maintained.

After due consideration of each of the thousands of entries in the Short Go contest, the judges finally unanimously awarded the first prize of \$25 to James A. Farquharson, Railroad Young Men's Christian Association, Capreol, Ontario. The second prize of \$15 goes to Mrs. I. E. Lamping, 1782 East 100th street, Cleveland, Ohio, while the third prize is given to Miss Lillian Kleinbrodt, State Hospital No. 2, St. Joseph, Mo.

So highly meritorious were many of the entries, and so keen the contest for first, second and third prizes, the judges unanimously voted to award honorable mention to the following contestants: Mrs. Agnes Morgan, Box 135, Pewee Valley, Ky.; E. M. Driscoll, Kirkland, Ill.; Edward Crotty, 4203 Sibley avenue, Silverton, Ohio; Mrs. H. G. Davis, Box 174, Elgin, Texas; Florence Pry, 921 East Warren street, Bucyrus, Ohio; Louis R. Jacobs, Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Walter Haegge, 953 Rice avenue, Lima, Ohio; Ruth E. Cederberg, Firth, Idaho; Wilbert Dunmire, Latrobe, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Goggins, Lincoln, Neb.; Sarah M. Shields, Topeka, Kans.; Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.; William Strathern, Oskawa, Ontario, and Edna Shepard, Cordova, Alaska.

* * *

Back Issues Are Available

I wish you knew how happy I was when I got my first copy (the December issue) of Radio Digest. It was by mere chance that I learned of your wonderful magazine. I heard it advertised over the Radio and I knew that it was just the magazine I had dreamt of but didn't believe could exist. It's just too wonderful for words.

This fall I started a scrap book of Radio artists, announcers, etc. That is one of the reasons why I treasure the Radio Digest so. In every number there are so many wonderful articles and pictures—pictures of the artists we hear every day, or every week, and whom we come to know almost personally. The pictures help us to become better acquainted with artists we already know and to inform us about those we do not know so well.

But my one regret is that I haven't the October and December issues. I certainly would have them now if I had known about the "Digest." The same announcement that I heard about your magazine should be broadcast from every station in the country so that the many hundreds of persons who have not become acquainted with it could know what they are missing. I suppose it is a rather insane idea to write to a publisher for copies of last year's magazines, but I am willing to try anything. Anything worth having is worth trying hard for. So if you have copies of the October and November, particularly the October, issue, I would certainly like to know. If you have I will send the money or postage stamps, or what you will. I promise faithfully I'll never miss another issue, either.—LUCILE BURNHAM, Minneapolis, Minn.

A Friend from Cuba

I am enclosing herewith postal stamps for which I would appreciate your sending, to the address down below, your November number. I profit by this opportunity to state how much I enjoy my Radio by using your useful magazine, with which I was acquainted recently; it certainly is very, very convenient for any Radio fan. Wishing you a prosperous year, I am.—ROY E. OLAGUIBEL ZAPOTES, 99, Stos. Suarez, Havana, Cuba.

* * *

Likes Us as We Are

Well, I must say Mr. Freeman is some "booster." If he wants all that technical stuff, he can certainly find it in plenty of other Radio magazines besides the Digest. For my part, that's the reason I'm so crazy about your magazine. I don't know a thing about the technicalities of Radio, so I want a magazine that isn't devoted to that. Yours seems to be the only one that isn't. I read your magazine when it was—let's see, twice weekly, wasn't it, and in sort of newspaper form—and liked it awfully well even then, but of course skipped the articles about building a set, for, although I wish I knew enough about Radio to build one, I don't; so that's that. I always enjoyed Indi-gest and Condensed. Maybe this paper was a weekly. I don't know. But I know it was a lucky day for me when I discovered there was such a thing as Radio Digest.

G. B. Hanson's letters brought back memories to me, too. I remember when my brother and I used to stay up to listen to Coon-Sanders and their Night-hawks. I always liked WTAS—Willie, Tommy, Annie and Sammie—and the dance orchestra they used to have there. Oh, whose was it? The name has vanished. But the music was good. And I too recall hearing "the King of the Ivories" from WOS, and wasn't it WOS who broadcast the chimes from the clock near the studio?

Well, aren't the chain programs good? If they're not, they don't live very long. Look at Philco Hour and Collier's Hour and lots of others. I know I'm just one of the multitude who wait for Friday night and Jessica Dragonette, but that doesn't make me like her any the less. Just as you say, it's nice to have the old-timers stick by you (the Digest) when they don't know why they do. Bet Mr. Freeman wouldn't miss an issue of the magazine if he could help it, despite all his ravings.

Please don't change your magazine—I mean, of course, don't change it to make it like so many of the other Radio magazines. They're all right in their own field, but I don't like that field.—MARIAN CANNIFF, 2112 S. Cedar st., Lansing, Mich.

* * *

Welcome to the V. O. L.

I wonder how many "old timers" remember when it was "Jack and Paul, Little and Small" barnstorming Radio stations over the country. Now it is the incomparable Little Jack Little, and Paul Small is heard over important New York chain broadcasts.

And if "Real Folks" and "Seth Parker" are not the same, who is guilty of voice plagiarism?

Do you remember when Neal Torney held his "Little Red Apple Club" w-a-a-a-y up on the thirtieth floor of the Boak-Cadillac, and was interrupted by Station KOP sonorously inviting D.

S. R. trucks to "call dispatcher at once?" And isn't the "Voice of the Listener" a lot of fun? And may I join the club? —ELIZABETH STURGEON, Wichita, Kans.

* * *

Help for Mr. Ustick

In the January number in V. O. L. there is a DX query by C. T. Ustick, of Clarinda, Iowa, who asks about a station operating on 410 meters. We think that the station he has heard would in all likelihood be that of one of our Canadian stations in the Province of Quebec. Station CKAC, La Presse, at Montreal, operates on this channel and of course the announcements are made in French and also in English. . . . We offer this suggestion to Mr. Ustick and hope we are right in our assumption that it was CKAC that he heard. We have been subscribers to Radio Digest for about five years. We are indeed glad that you have seen fit to return to the monthly publishing of your magazine and wish you every success in the coming year.—HADLEY SIMMONDS, Hamilton, Ontario.

* * *

Wave Lengths Forever!

Reading "Voice of the Listener" of January Radio Digest has made me desire to become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

I believe it was in November, 1924, that I bought my first Radio Digest, when it was a weekly. Then I was a subscriber for two years, and after that bought my copy at newsstands.

I don't remember having missed a single number, whether it was weekly, semi-annually or quarterly, and since it has become a monthly publication.

Although not perfect, I believe it is by far the best publication for Radio fans that is being published.

Radio Digest has grown with the Radio industry and the requirements of Radio listeners as no other publication of the kind has done.

Articles on our favorite artists, such as Jessica Dragonette (l'incomparable), Little Jack Little, Norman Brokenshire, with Milton Cross and the late J. B. Daniel, the best announcers ever heard over the air—does certainly please your readers; fiction, provided not overdone, adds to the interest of its perusal; Marcella's descriptions of artists and people worth while at different broadcasting stations is cleverly done and is the spice that should make the finest flavored dish for a Radio fan.

But there is something missing in Radio Digest now, as it was missing when you were a weekly: You do not publish a complete list of official wave lengths as you were doing up to October.—JOS. POULIOT, Chateau St. Louis, Quebec.

The Good Old Days?

I happen to read some of those "Away Back When" letters in the last issue of the Digest and it sort o' made me think back, too.

I have before me a Digest dated January 6, 1923, Volume 3, No. 13, with a head line, "Flewelling Makes Hit."

Among the news items listed was WJZ's new transmitter using one thousand watts, also KYW performed the unusual by picking up Isham Jones' orchestra at the College Inn and broadcasting it from the Sherman. In these days of remote control and short wave rebroadcast it appears a minor detail, but then (seven years ago) a news item of importance.

Herbert Hoover was called the "Czar of Radio," and he recommends the White Bill be passed in Congress as the situation was terrible and, as he expressed it, "perfect pandemonium in the ether," and "we undoubtedly need new legislation as soon as possible."

The call list in this number gave the meters, which were 350, 360, 380, 400, 485 and 525, with an occasional 600. In place of power, the mileage was given, evidently the distance at which the station might be heard. I was never sure whether this was a boast on the part of the station or a guess by the editor, as good or bad as it might be.

The stations on the air were plentiful. I have checked a list of some 70 stations made years ago, which include WSY, Birmingham; KFFQ, Colorado Springs; WDAP, Chicago; WTAS, Elgin; WGV, New Orleans; WMAK, Lockport; WHAM, Rochester; DMZ, San Antonio; WRAL, St. Croix Falls, Wis.; WQAQ, Abilene, Texas, and KGW, Portland, with its Hoot Owl Club.

What a kick we used to get—some wisecracker informed the world the fisherman would have to look to his laurels, as the Radio fan was going to be the biggest liar.—G. P. GAGE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Service from V. O. L. Friend

This is my first contribution to your valued column maintained for the Radio listeners, who can voice their sentiments. I have read your magazine since I first knew of it, which was during last summer, and since that time I have carefully perused the column known as the "Voice of the Listener."

C. T. Uslick wishes to know what foreign stations are located at about 410 meters. I have been receiving that station quite clearly when conditions are good, and I have a verification from them. It is station CMK, Hotel Plaza, Havana, Cuba, and they broadcast at 411 meters and 730 kilocycles with 2,000 watts.—CHARLES RESIGNA, New Haven, Conn.

Try Official Wave Table, Page 100

Radio Digest beats all Radio magazines in every way. I would like to see some pictures of Alois Havrilla, Marcello, L. J. Barnes at WGY, Quinn Ryan at WGN, L. T. Pinman of WCSH, Alwyn Bach, Phil Romanoff's and Herb Gordon's orchestras from Albany, N. Y., via WGY. Could you tell me what station comes between WQR and WLW at 3 a. m.?—ROBERT B. WARD, Jamestown, N. Y.

Strong for Little Fellows

Can it be that Arthur Moulton, of Kittanning, Pa., is one of the new Radio fans and fails to realize that "mighty oaks from little acorns grow?" We always will have a warm spot in our hearts for the 50 and 100 watt stations. Some of the most interesting things heard over Radio, about far off sections of the U. S. and Canada, have been brought to our home by the small stations. . . . The old log book is chock full of interesting things that have come to us over the air. We still get the same kick out of picking up new stations, whether they be large or small, and through all of our days with Radio since the beginning, Radio Digest has been our side kick.—DIAL TWISTER.

Watch for Bob and Don

I am writing in to tell you how much I like the book. I saw the November issue in the window, so I bought it. Now I have just bought the December one, and I think it is wonderful. I wonder if you could get pictures of Bob Pierce and Don Carney. I am very in-

terested in your book. I will be waiting for the January and all other issues.—CALVIN HYDE, Unionville, Ore.

We'll Try to Please You

I think we all hear the chain programs and would like to see more pictures of the stars on these programs. I like the new idea of pictures with the printed programs, but we want more of them. Also I would like to see more pictures of the announcers of both the N. B. C. and Columbia chain. We hear them so much and they are heard over such a wide range of stations that I am sure many would be interested in them. Expressing again my appreciation of the magazine that has helped me find many interesting programs.—MRS. L. R. WILLIAMS, New Providence, Iowa.

This Issue Has It

I have been a reader of the Radio Digest since several years back, when it was a weekly, and have always enjoyed it. Now a suggestion. I notice the new Digest does not have the complete log now. Will this be discontinued? I always depended on it so much at the office. I always recommend it to the Radio "bugs" there as being the best for a reliable log.—C. A. TROUTMAN, Hannibal, Mo.

A Short Wave Fan

I get every copy of the Radio Digest from the newsstands and think it is the best Radio publication going. I am another fan who agrees with A. J. Catto of Quebec, Canada, who says he would like to see you publish a list of "short-wave" stations, giving location, wave length and call letters. I, too, think the Radio public is becoming more and more interested in short wave receivers. Possibly, though, your space in the Radio Digest is more valuable, and can be used to interest more people in another way.—ALVIN OLIVER, Houston, Texas.

Can Anyone Help Find WBI

While listening to the Radio between the hours of 1 and 2 a. m. this morning (December 30) I heard a station put on a test program and use the call letters of WBI and the town of Lavana. The station broadcast on a wave between 530 and 550 kc. I could not find this station or town on any of three Radio logs and I would like to know if you can help me.—CHARLES L. WALKER, Moline, Illinois.

The Smiths Are Coming

I have only recently been getting the Digest and perhaps you have written up the "Smith Family" of WENR. If not, I wish you would do so. They are a very interesting family, and we think we have the identities of all excepting "Joe Fitzgerald," but know nothing concerning them. The nationalities are understandingly written and well portrayed. To my way of thinking, the "Smith Family" comes next to "Amos and Andy" in popularity in this locality. We would also like to know who plays the violin for "Morris Rosenberg." I am a semi-shut-in and a Radio addict and enjoy the Digest very much.—MRS. DORA D. BREECH, Sterling, Ill.

Where's Coon Sanders' Club?

You have had articles about Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Guy Lombardo—so why not one about Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders and their Nighthawks? If you could but realize how wonderful the Nighthawks are, what perfect music, and how much good Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders have done, you would have a real long article about them. They are right in Chicago where you can reach them easily. So PLEASE, let's

have an article about the only Perfect Orchestra in the World—Coon-Sanders' Original Nighthawks. PLEASE!

Do you, by any chance, know of a Coon-Sanders' club? If there is one please let me know. Please ask your readers if they know of a Coon-Sanders' club. I would like to belong to it, if there is one.

Saying adios for this time. Remember, I'll always be a listener to Radio and a reader of the Radio Digest.—VIRGINIA "JINNY" PETERS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Have You Logged This One?

Can anyone help me on this? I received a station on New Year's morning about 5:15 o'clock. The announcer spoke a foreign language, signing off about 5:30 without announcing his call letters. It comes on my log at 440 meters.—JOE SHUSARZYK, 221 Elm st., Meriden, Conn.

13-Year-Old Enthusiast

I certainly do like the Radio Digest and never fail to get a copy each month. I am thirteen years of age and quite a Radio fan. My favorite entertainers are Jack and Gene, but since Jack lost his voice I listen to Gene, Ford and Glenn. I still remember Jack and Gene when they first sang over WLS. They both had very beautiful voices. I still remember "way back when" Ford and Glenn had such big times at WLS, especially on Saturday nights, and with their "Lullaby Time" and "Hello kiddies; how's everybody tonight?"—"Alright," "That's good." Of course, I like "Amos and Andy," but most of the Radio Digest fans know about them. I like the Wee-wee Minstrel Show at WENR each Wednesday night very much. . . .—L. L. W., Wilmet, S. D.

Listen to Listeners

It is a real pleasure to me, and I believe a duty also, to thank you for the satisfaction I get from the reading of your periodical; it is now my only log book, which has been of a great help to me in the "pick up" of 64 different stations. I also appreciated very much the pages reserved to the Voice of the Listener, and I let you hear from me a petition that you will pass on, I hope, if you judge it sound and worthy of your interesting publication.

I believe 75 per cent of the Radio fans are also DX hounds, and that the greatest pride for such an amateur is to show to relatives and friends a written proof from the distant station he has heard. Few stations are really helpful.

Of course I understand that a big 50,000 watt broadcasting station cannot answer daily some 1,500 letters; but there a choice should be made, and when a radio fan sends his comments from 1,000 miles or more, if he speaks the truth, I believe that he deserves a short answer.—D. GADOURY, Montreal.

Distance Was Wanted

Why not ask also for ideas of what the "Digest" should contain, more than it does regularly? I think you have a wonderful magazine, but fans may want something that is not included. For instance, a good map of America so arranged as to show distances of all of North America and the U. S. possessions. An airline chart of distances between cities of North America and the U. S. possessions. Tonight I was listening to San Juan, Porto Rico. I have no way of finding out the distance. I mention this as only one example.—C. O. TYDINGS, M. D., Louisville, Ky.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Eastern 11 a.m. Central 10 Mountain 9 Pacific 8
Voice of Columbia. Meters Kc. Station-WABC (348.6-860kc) Kc. Call

Eastern 12:45 p.m. Central 11:45 a.m. Mountain 10:45 Pacific 9:45
National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760) Meters Kc. Call

8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
Cbeerio. Key Station-WEAF (454.3m-660kc) Meters Kc. Call

2:30 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 11:30 a.m.
Patterns in Prints. Key Station-WARC (348.6m-860kc) Meters Kc. Call

Tuesday

11:15 10:15 9:15 8:15
Radio Household Institute. Key Station-WEAF (454.3-660) Meters Kc. Call

7:00 6:00 5:00 4:00
Voters Service. Key Station-WEAF (454.3m-660kc) Meters Kc. Call



Elsie Baker is the featured artist of Golden Gems, which comes to you on the NBC network each Tuesday night at 10:30 (EST).

8:00 7:00 6:30 5:30
True Romances. Key Station-WABC (348.6-860) Meters Kc. Call



Lucille Husting, who came to Radio from the dramatic stage, making her debut in Show Folks

10:00 9:00 8:00 7:30
Harbor Lights. Key Station-WEAF (454.3m-660kc) Meters Kc. Call

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour. Key Station-WEAF (454.3m-660kc) Meters Kc. Call

11:30 10:30 9:30 8:30
Longline's Correct Time. Key Station-WABC (348.6m-860kc) Meters Kc. Call



A master of dansapation is Ben Selvin, who directs the orchestra heard in the Kolster Radio hour, Wednesday evenings, over the Columbia system.

Eastern 11:30		Central 10:30		Mountain 9:30		Pacific 8:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
384.4	780	WMC	483.6	620	KGW	405.2	740	WSD
405.2	740	WSD	483.6	620	WFMJ	447.5	670	WMAQ
461.3	650	WSM	508.2	590	RHO			

Thursday

Eastern 8:30 a.m.		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
49.2	870	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	302.8	990	WBZ
336.9	890	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR			

Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Eastern 10:30		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
49.2	870	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	302.8	990	WBZ

Du Barry Beauty Talk.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Eastern 11:30		Central 10:30		Mountain 9:30		Pacific 8:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
49.2	870	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	302.8	990	WBZ

Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Eastern 11:45		Central 10:45		Mountain 9:45		Pacific 8:45		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
49.2	870	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	302.8	990	WBZ

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 12:45 p.m.		Central 11:45 a.m.		Mountain 10:45		Pacific 9:45		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
227.1	1320	WABC	384.4	770	WBMM	238.3	1260	WLBW

Eastern 2:30			Central 1:30			Mountain 12:30			Pacific 11:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWO	209.7	1430	WHP	267.7	1120	WISN

See "10:30 CST" Listing.
The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 7		Central 6		Mountain 5		Pacific 4		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
238	1260	WJAX	305.9	980	KDKA	260.7	1150	WJAM

Fleischmann Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Eastern 8		Central 7		Mountain 6		Pacific 5		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR	225.4	1330	WSAI

Champion Sparkers.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA	245.8	1220	WREN

True Detective Mysteries.
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Eastern 9		Central 8		Mountain 7		Pacific 6		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WGWO	215.7	1390	WBK

Seiberling Singers.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Eastern 9:30		Central 8:30		Mountain 7:30		Pacific 6:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
206.8	1450	WFJC	336.9	890	WJAR	225.4	1330	WSAI

Maxwell House Melodies.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 10		Central 9		Mountain 8		Pacific 7		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	234.2	1290	WJAS

Atwater Kral Mid-Week Program.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 10:30 p.m.		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WJAZ	222.1	1350	KWK

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 10:35 a.m.		Central 9:35		Mountain 8:35		Pacific 7:35		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	234.2	1290	WJAS

Music Appreciation Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Eastern 11:00 a.m.		Central 10:00		Mountain 9:00		Pacific 8:00		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	234.2	1290	WJAS



Mme. Luda Bennett, Russian soprano who was a guest soloist one Thursday night with the Columbia Ernest Naftzger's "Something for Everyone."

Eastern 10:00		Central 9:00		Mountain 8:00		Pacific 7:00		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
508.2	590	WEEI	535.4	560	WFOJ	508.2	590	KGO

Longine's Correct Time.
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 11:00		Central 10:00		Mountain 9:00		Pacific 8:00		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990	WJAZ	260.7	1150	WJAM

Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—Chicago Studios

Eastern 11:30		Central 10:30		Mountain 9:30		Pacific 8:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
202.6	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WKY	205.4	1460	KSTP

Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club.
Key Station—WE (449.2-6120) WABC (348.6-860)

Eastern 10:30		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
215.7	1390	WIK	275.1	1090	KMOX	227.1	1320	WABC

National Home Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Eastern 10:30		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WJAR	279.3	790	WGV

Music Appreciation Hour.
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Eastern 10:30		Central 9:30		Mountain 8:30		Pacific 7:30		
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	234.2	1290	WJAS

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency, Wave Length and Operation Hours
Will Be Found in Evening Schedules, Official Wave Lengths
and State and City Index Tables on Pages 96 to 103

K

KCRC..... Enid, Okla.
 KDB..... Santa Barbara, Calif.
 KDKA..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KDLR..... Devils Lake, N. D.
 KDYL..... Salt Lake City, Utah
 KECA..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KEJK..... Beverly Hills, Calif.
 KELW..... Burbank, Calif.
 KEX..... Portland, Ore.
 KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.
 KFBB..... Great Falls, Mont.
 KFBE..... Sacramento, Calif.
 KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.
 KFDY..... Brookings, S. D.
 KFEL..... Denver, Colo.
 KFEO..... St. Joseph, Mo.
 KFGO..... Kansas, Ia.
 KFH..... Wichita, Kans.
 KFI..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFIO..... Spokane, Wash.
 KFIZ..... Fond du Lac, Wis.
 KFJB..... Marshfield, Wis.
 KFJF..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KFJH..... Astoria, Ore.
 KFJM..... Grand Forks, N. D.
 KFJY..... Portland, Ore.
 KFJZ..... Fort Dodge, Ia.
 KFKA..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.
 KFKA..... Millard, Kans.
 KFKA..... Lawrence, Kans.
 KFKA..... Chicago, Ill.
 KFVL..... Rockford, Ill.
 KFVL..... Galveston, Tex.
 KFVX..... Northfield, Minn.
 KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.
 KFNR..... Lincoln, Neb.
 KFPO..... Long Beach, Calif.
 KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.
 KFOU..... Holy City, Calif.
 KFOV..... Seattle, Wash.
 KFOZ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFRC..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KFRR..... Columbia, Mo.
 KFSD..... San Diego, Calif.
 KFSG..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFUL..... Galveston, Tex.
 KFUM..... Colorado Springs, Colo.
 KFUP..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KFUP..... Denver, Colo.
 KFUP..... Culver City, Calif.
 KFVS..... Cape Girardeau, Mo.
 KFVB..... Hollywood, Calif.
 KFVF..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KFVW..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KFVW..... Oakland, Calif.
 KFVX..... Denver, Colo.
 KFVX..... San Bernardino, Calif.
 KFVY..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KFVY..... Flagstaff, Ariz.
 KFVY..... Abilene, Tex.
 KFVY..... Bismarck, N. D.
 KGA..... Austin, Wash.
 KGB..... Tucson, Ariz.
 KGB..... San Diego, Calif.
 KGB..... Ketchikan, Alaska
 KGBX..... St. Joseph, Mo.
 KGBZ..... St. York, Neb.
 KGC..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGC..... Watertown, S. D.
 KGC..... Mandan, N. D.
 KGD..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGEF..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGER..... Long Beach, Calif.
 KGEW..... Ft. Morgan, Colo.
 KGEZ..... Kalispell, Mont.
 KGF..... Alva, Okla.
 KGF..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KGF..... Corpus Christi, Tex.
 KGF..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGF..... Pierre, S. D.
 KGF..... Picher, Okla.
 KGGM..... Albuquerque, N. M.
 KGH..... Pueblo, Colo.
 KGH..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGI..... Billings, Mont.
 KGI..... Twin Falls, Idaho
 KGI..... Butte, Mont.
 KGIW..... Trinidad, Colo.
 KGIW..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KGBB..... Brownwood, Tex.
 KGBL..... San Angelo, Tex.
 KGGK..... Wichita Falls, Tex.
 KGO..... Oakland, Calif.
 KGR..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.
 KGW..... Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGW..... Portland, Ore.
 KHJ..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KHQ..... Spokane, Wash.
 KICK..... Red Oak, Ia.
 KID..... Idaho Falls, Idaho

KIDO..... Boise, Idaho
 KIT..... Yakima, Wash.
 KJBS..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KJR..... Seattle, Wash.
 KLR..... Little Rock, Ark.
 KLS..... Oakland, Calif.
 KLV..... Oakland, Calif.
 KLZ..... Denver, Colo.
 KMA..... Shenandoah, Ia.
 KMBC..... Kansas City, Mo.
 KMIC..... Inglewood, Calif.
 KMI..... Fresno, Calif.
 KMJ..... Clay Center, Neb.
 KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.
 KMXX..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.
 KNX..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KOA..... Denver, Colo.
 KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.
 KOH..... State College, N. M.
 KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.
 KOH..... Reno, Nev.
 KOIL..... Council Bluffs, Ia.
 KOIN..... Portland, Ore.
 KOL..... Seattle, Wash.
 KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.
 KORE..... Eugene, Ore.
 KOY..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.
 KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.
 KPO..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KPOF..... Denver, Colo.
 KPO..... Wenatchee, Wash.
 KPRC..... Houston, Tex.
 KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.
 KPWF..... Westminster, Calif.
 KOV..... Pittsburg, Pa.
 KQW..... San Jose, Calif.
 KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.
 KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.
 KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.
 KSAC..... Manhattan, Kans.
 KSAT..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 KSCJ..... Sioux City, Ia.
 KSD..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KSEL..... Pocatello, Idaho
 KSL..... Salt Lake City, Utah
 KSMR..... Santa Maria, Calif.
 KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.
 KSOO..... Sioux Falls, S. D.
 KSTP..... St. Paul, Minn.
 KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.
 KTAF..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KTAR..... Phoenix, Ariz.
 KTBL..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KTRR..... Portland, Ore.
 KTBS..... Shreveport, La.
 KTHS..... Hot Springs, Ark.
 KTM..... Los Angeles, Calif.
 KTN..... Muscatine, Ia.
 KTS..... San Antonio, Tex.
 KTSI..... Shreveport, La.
 KTW..... Seattle, Wash.
 KUOA..... Fayetteville, Ark.
 KUSD..... Vermillion, S. D.
 KUT..... Austin, Wash.
 KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.
 KVL..... Seattle, Wash.
 KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.
 KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.
 KVOS..... Bellingham, Wash.
 KWCR..... Cedar Rapids, Iowa
 KWEA..... Shreveport, La.
 KWG..... Stockton, Calif.
 KWIJ..... Portland, Ore.
 KWK..... St. Louis, Mo.
 KWK..... Kansas City, Mo.
 KWKH..... Shreveport, La.
 KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.
 KWVG..... Brownsville, Tex.
 KXA..... Seattle, Wash.
 KXO..... Portland, Ore.
 KXRO..... El Centro, Calif.
 KYA..... Aberdeen, Wash.
 KYA..... San Francisco, Calif.
 KYW..... Chicago, Ill.
 KZM..... Hayward, Calif.

W

WAAF..... Chicago, Ill.
 WAAM..... Newark, N. J.
 WAAT..... Jersey City, N. J.
 WAAY..... Omaha, Neb.
 WABC..... New York City
 WABZ..... Bangor, Me.
 WABO..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WABT..... New Orleans, La.
 WADC..... Akron, Ohio
 WAUI..... Columbus, Ohio
 WAPI..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WASH..... Grand Rapids, Mich.

WBAK..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WBAL..... Baltimore, Md.
 WBAP..... Fort Worth, Tex.
 WBAX..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBBC..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBBL..... Richmond, Va.
 WBMM..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBRR..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... Ponca City, Okla.
 WBZM..... Bay City, Mich.
 WBZS..... Boston, Mass.
 WBZY..... Hackensack, N. J.
 WBZY..... New York City
 WBZV..... Terre Haute, Ind.
 WBZC..... Birmingham, Ala.
 WBZD..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBZL..... Tilton, N. H.
 WBZO..... Wellesley, Mass.
 WBZT..... Charlotte, N. C.
 WBZU..... Springfield, Mass.
 WBZA..... Boston, Mass.
 WBZC..... Storrs, Conn.
 WBZD..... Canton, N. Y.
 WBZE..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WBZH..... Columbus, Ohio
 WBZI..... Lincoln, Neb.
 WBZJ..... Northfield, Minn.
 WBZK..... Camden, N. J.
 WBZL..... Baltimore, Md.
 WBZM..... Asbury Park, N. J.
 WBZN..... Rapid City, S. D.
 WBZO..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WBZP..... Burlington, Vt.
 WBZQ..... Allentown, Pa.
 WBZR..... Zion, Ill.
 WBZS..... Baltimore, Md.
 WBZT..... Springfield, Ill.
 WBZU..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WBZV..... New York City
 WBZW..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBZX..... Coney Island, N. Y.
 WBZY..... Covington, Ky.
 WBZZ..... Long Beach, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... Kenosha, Wis.
 WBZZ..... Joliet, Ill.
 WBZZ..... Culver, Ind.
 WBZZ..... Pensacola, Fla.
 WBZZ..... Meridian, Miss.
 WBZZ..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WBZZ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBZZ..... Portland, Me.
 WBZZ..... Springfield, Ohio
 WBZZ..... Tampa, Fla.
 WBZZ..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WBZZ..... Amarillo, Tex.
 WBZZ..... El Paso, Tex.
 WBZZ..... Fargo, N. D.
 WBZZ..... Roanoke, Va.
 WBZZ..... Orlando, Fla.
 WBZZ..... Wilmington, Del.
 WBZZ..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WBZZ..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
 WBZZ..... New Haven, Conn.
 WBZZ..... New Orleans, La.
 WBZZ..... Cranston, R. I.
 WBZZ..... Tuscola, Ill.
 WBZZ..... New York City
 WBZZ..... Ithaca, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... Providence, R. I.
 WBZZ..... Columbus, O.
 WBZZ..... Duluth, Minn.
 WBZZ..... Cambridge, O.
 WBZZ..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... Beloit, Wis.
 WBZZ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBZZ..... Boston, Mass.
 WBZZ..... Evanston, Ill.
 WBZZ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WBZZ..... Berrien Springs, Mich.
 WBZZ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBZZ..... Gloucester, Mass.
 WBZZ..... Woodhaven, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WBZZ..... Dallas, Tex.
 WBZZ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WBZZ..... Cincinnati, O.
 WBZZ..... Altoona, Pa.
 WBZZ..... Collegeville, Minn.
 WBZZ..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... Indianapolis, Ind.
 WBZZ..... Baltimore, Md.
 WBZZ..... Flint, Mich.
 WBZZ..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WBZZ..... Hopkinsville, Ky.
 WBZZ..... Akron, O.
 WBZZ..... Clearwater, Fla.
 WBZZ..... Freeport, N. Y.
 WBZZ..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WBZZ..... Evansville, Ind.
 WBZZ..... Scranton, Pa.
 WBZZ..... New York City
 WBZZ..... Gulfport, Miss.
 WBZZ..... Newark, N. J.
 WBZZ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WBZZ..... Newport News, Va.

WGHP..... Detroit, Mich.
 WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
 WGR..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WGST..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WGY..... Schenectady, N. Y.
 WHA..... Madison, Wis.
 WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WHAM..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
 WHAZ..... Troy, N. Y.
 WHB..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WHBD..... Mount Airy, N. C.
 WHBF..... Rock Island, Ill.
 WHBI..... Sheboygan, Wis.
 WHBO..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
 WHBY..... West DePerre, Wis.
 WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
 WHDH..... Gloucester, Mass.
 WHDI..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WHDC..... Rochester, N. Y.
 WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
 WHIS..... Bluefield, W. Va.
 WHK..... Cleveland, O.
 WHN..... New York City
 WHO..... Des Moines, Ia.
 WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 WIAS..... Ottumwa, Ia.
 WIBA..... Madison, Wis.
 WIBM..... Jackson, Mich.
 WIBO..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBS..... Elizabeth, N. J.
 WIBU..... Payson, Wis.
 WIBV..... Topeka, Kan.
 WIBX..... Utica, N. Y.
 WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn.
 WIL..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WILM..... Urbana, Ill.
 WILM..... Wilmington, Del.
 WINR..... Bay Shore, N. Y.
 WIOD..... Miami Beach, Fla.
 WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WIAC..... Johnston, Pa.
 WIAG..... Waco, Tex.
 WIAG..... Norfolk, Neb.
 WIAR..... Providence, R. I.
 WIAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WIAX..... Jacksonville, Fla.
 WIAY..... Cleveland, O.
 WIAX..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBC..... La Salle, Ill.
 WIBI..... Red Bank, N. J.
 WIBL..... Decatur, Ill.
 WIBO..... New Orleans, La.
 WIBT..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIBU..... Lewisburg, Pa.
 WIJD..... Chicago, Ill.
 WIKS..... Gary, Ind.
 WIR..... Detroit, Mich.
 WISV..... Washington, D. C.
 WITW..... Mansfield, Ohio
 WIZ..... New York City
 WKAR..... E. Lansing, Mich.
 WKAV..... Laconia, N. H.
 WKBB..... Joliet, Ill.
 WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind.
 WKBH..... La Crosse, Wis.
 WKBN..... Youngstown, O.
 WKBO..... Jersey City, N. J.
 WKBO..... New York City
 WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill.
 WKBV..... Connersville, Ind.
 WKBW..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKEN..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa.
 WKRC..... Cincinnati, O.
 WKY..... Oklahoma City, Okla.
 WLB..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WLB..... Kansas City, Kan.
 WLBH..... Petersburg, Va.
 WLBH..... Stevens Point, Wis.
 WLBW..... Oil City, Pa.
 WLBX..... Long Island, N. Y.
 WLBZ..... Bangor, Me.
 WLEX..... Lexington, Mass.
 WLEY..... Lexington, Mass.
 WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WLOE..... Boston, Mass.
 WLS..... Chicago, Ill.
 WLSI..... Providence, R. I.
 WLTH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WLW..... Cincinnati, O.
 WLWL..... New York City
 WMA..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WMAF..... Dartmouth, Mass.
 WMAK..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WMAJ..... Washington, D. C.
 WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMAZ..... St. Louis, Mo.
 WMAZ..... Macon, Ga.
 WMAA..... Newport, R. I.
 WMB..... Detroit, Mich.

WMBD..... Peoria, Ill.
 WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
 WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
 WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMBJ..... Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WMBL..... Lakeland, Fla.
 WMBQ..... Auburn, N. Y.
 WMBQ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
 WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMCN..... New York City
 WMSG..... Fairmont, W. Va.
 WMSG..... New York City
 WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
 WNA..... Boston, Mass.
 WNA..... Norman, Okla.
 WNA..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WNA..... Yonkers, N. Y.
 WNRH..... New Bedford, Mass.
 WNRH..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WNI..... Newark, N. J.
 WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNR..... Greensboro, N. C.
 WNYC..... New York City
 WOA..... San Antonio, Tex.
 WOAN..... Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
 WOAX..... Trenton, N. J.
 WOB..... Charleston, W. Va.
 WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
 WODA..... Paterson, N. J.
 WOI..... Ames, Ia.
 WOKO..... Beason, N. Y.
 WOL..... Washington, D. C.
 WOMT..... Manitowish, Wis.
 WOOD..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
 WOO..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WOR..... Newark, N. J.
 WORC..... Worcester, Mass.
 WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
 WOS..... Jefferson City, Mo.
 WOW..... New York City
 WOWO..... Omaha, Neb.
 WOWO..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WPAP..... Fallside, N. I.
 WPAP..... Pawtucket, R. I.
 WPC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WPH..... Hoboken, N. J.
 WPG..... Atlantic City, N. J.
 WPS..... Norfolk, Va.
 WPS..... State College, Pa.
 WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
 WQAM..... Miami, Fla.
 WQAN..... Scranton, Pa.
 WQAO..... Palmdale, N. J.
 WQBC..... Utica, Miss.
 WRAF..... La Porte, Ind.
 WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
 WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
 WRBO..... Greenville, Miss.
 WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
 WRC..... Washington, D. C.
 WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
 WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
 WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
 WRNY..... New York City
 WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
 WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
 WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
 WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
 WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
 WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
 WSB..... Fall River, Mass.
 WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va.
 WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WSB..... Chicago, Ill.
 WSBT..... So. Bend, Ind.
 WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSH..... Springfield, Tenn.
 WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WSM..... New Orleans, La.
 WSPD..... Dayton, Ohio
 WSSH..... Toledo, Ohio
 WSSU..... Boston, Mass.
 WSSU..... Iowa City, Iowa
 WSYR..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
 WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
 WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
 WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
 WTAP..... Eau Claire, Wis.
 WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WTAV..... College Station, Tex.
 WTPF..... Topeka, Kan.
 WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
 WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.
 WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
 WWL..... New Orleans, La.
 WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
 WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
 WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.

Radio in the Next War

(Continued from page 49)

ican company commander on the other side of No Man's Land every word of conversation taking place in the enemy dugout.

This form of electrical espionage was practised in the last war when the dictaphone was put to the same use, but then it was necessary to connect the instrument up with the receiving station by many hundred yards of wiring, always subject to discovery by the enemy or destruction by shell fire.

These same portable transmitting sets will be used by the artillery liaison officers occupying forward observation points. These keen-eyed observers will report through their microphones the firing data necessary for their batteries located two or three miles, or even more, to the rear.

THEY will be able to direct the fire of our guns on vital points or trench intersections, cross-roads, etc., behind the enemy's line. They will also be able to keep the rolling barrage of our guns well ahead of the advancing lines of infantry in an attack, and the all essential line of communication between the observer and the battery will be indestructible, and not subject to disruption by an enemy shell at any time, as was the case with the ground wires which the front line observer had to depend upon in the World War.

The occupants of tanks employed to protect infantry lines advancing across zones of fire will be in constant Radio communication with the infantry commanders. But there will be other tanks, not the big fellows, but little ones, not big enough to contain a single man, but sufficiently large to carry tremendous charges of explosive.

These tanks with their own automotive power and employing caterpillar treads, the same as their old time predecessors, will be in reality nothing more than land torpedoes. Under remote control by Radio impulse, their motors will be started, their gears put in operation and their steering devices controlled, as they lurch forward across the shell torn uneven ground toward the enemy line.

Armored against machine gun bullets, and possibly against all shell fire with the exception of direct hits, the tanks will be directed by Radio control to the desired target, at which point the directing observer, several thousand yards away, or possibly in an aeroplane overhead, will press the Radio trigger that will explode the entire mechanism with terrific effect.

In this respect the effectiveness of the Radio-controlled land torpedo as an offensive weapon will exceed that of the old torpedo used in the Navy, which was detonated by contact only.

WAR correspondents of the future might well report the curious spectacle of a charging line of these metallic robots waddling across No Man's Land, crashing through barbed-wire entanglements, climbing over trenches and driving all human resistance before them. It will be a bitter combat between men and machines.

As on land, so on the sea, and under the sea. Radio will play a new and most vitally important role in the naval operations of another war. Although the subject did not assume as prominent a position in the deliberations of the delegates to the Arms Limitation Conference in London as the item of battleships and cruisers, it is safe to say that no

single item in the naval armament of any of the five conferring nations occupied the interest and close scrutiny of the experts more than the employment of Radio in sea power.

Constantly before them was the ever present lesson of the Battle of Jutland, the last great naval engagement. Naval experts of all nations, after digesting the millions of words of reports and opinions published from all sources during the last twelve years, are almost unanimous now in the belief that the superior British fleet at Jutland lost the chance for victory by its failure to realize and to take full advantage of the greater facilities for communication offered by wireless.

The organization of modern fleets, by reason of their many different categories of war vessels, offers tremendous complications, particularly in maneuvering at high speed. Only the facilities of equally speedy inter-ship communications by radiophone will make it possible for the commander in the sea battle of the next war to handle all of the diversified moving units of his fleet under his centralized control.

It will seem almost like a return to those historic days of sea fighting when the ship's commander, with sword in one hand and megaphone in the other, shouted his orders directly to his men engaged in the melee on the bloodstained decks of the vessels lashed side by side.

IN THE conning tower of his flagship the fleet commander in the next sea battle will be able to speak directly to the officers in command of his battle cruisers, his airplane carriers, his light cruiser squadrons, his destroyer flotillas, his submarines and airplanes, although at the time of the conversation they might well be so far away as to be completely out of visual observation.

Into that nerve center and brain center of that modern fleet will come word-of-mouth reports and observations on the progress of the battle, and from this wealth of first-hand and fully detailed information, the admiral and his staff will be able to pick out the weak spots in the enemy's defense and issue the orders necessary for the delivery of the blow calculated to bring victory.

With the increased development and use of Radio, the submarine fleets of belligerent nations will operate along the sea lanes of the world with greater and more fearful destructiveness in the event of another war. The frightful weapon of blockade by undersea forces will be invoked once more, and some better system than convoys of ships will have to evolve before nations, dependent for food supplies from abroad, will be able to surmount the menace of the deep.

Submarines lying submerged miles off to the side of the convoys will be able to direct torpedoes against the food ships, and by Radio control, guide and propel these weapons of destruction to the target they seek.

Undersea spies submerged off the coast will report the passage in and out of all war vessels as well as freight carriers, and by the modern improvements of Radio they will be able to transmit this information more expeditiously than they did in the World War.

At the same time Radio listening posts located along the coasts will be tuned in night and day waiting for these reports, and direction finders of marvelous precision will enable the defending forces to chart the exact locations of the communicating submarines and send destroyers to the spot.

THE development of Radio communications in conjunction with com-

mercial aviation during the tremendous development of this new mode of transportation in the last twelve years, means that military and naval air forces in the next war will have increased their defensive and offensive value many times that which they demonstrated in the last war.

The direction of artillery fire by Radio signals from airplanes in 1917 and 1918 will appear as out of date and archaic as the savage signal fires, when the modern perfections of the radiophone are applied to all military planes.

But in addition to this improved facility of communications, all estimates concerning a war of the future must seriously consider the transmission of electrical energy by Radio. It is quite within reason to expect that planes will be perfected (if they are not perfected already) which will receive their power out of the air. With receiving sets tuned in night and day to a central distributing station, they will receive over the air waves the energy necessary to keep their propellers whirling and keep them afloat for unlimited periods.

Unhindered by the additional weight of heavy loads of fuel, or the necessity of frequent refuelings in the air, these planes will be able to hover continually at enormous altitudes, high above positions which they desire to keep under observation. I believe that these planes will be completely closed in and as airtight as submarines, and the occupants of the planes will manufacture a continual supply of life-giving oxygen on board.

Just as the submarine extends its periscope above the surface of the water to make observations, so these aerial scouts of the high altitude, will lower periscopes thousands of feet below them to penetrate the veil of clouds and reproduce the continual picture of what is transpiring below.

And for the coordination of all of these new developments of Radio as applied to the land, the sea and the air branches of national defense, I can see the general staff of a nation seated in a darkened room, hundreds of miles away from the front, but seeing, illuminated and animated on a large screen before them, the moving reproduction of everything occurring in the battle at the front. Television and Radio transmission bring this possibility within the borders of immediate realization.

If there is to be another war, and unfortunately the world today lacks sufficient reassurance that there will not be, I, as a lover of peace, hope that Radio by its speeding up of all the forces of violence, will shorten the period of carnage and bring to the embattled nations all the quicker that day of armistice when, instead of a white flag appearing between the blazing lines of the front, the Radio will carry the conversations and negotiations necessary for the cessation of hostilities and the restoration of peace.

I feel certain, however, that one of the clauses of that armistice will be the occupation of the broadcasting stations of the vanquished nation, either by the armed forces of the victor, or the representatives of benevolent neutrals, who could guarantee their silence until the signing of the peace treaty.

It's all possible, but I certainly hope it doesn't happen, and Hal, old kid, I can think of no better wish with which to close this, my first broadcast, on Radio in the Next War.

Have you read Thirteen and One? Don't miss t.'s thrilling master of mystery stories by Jackson Gregory, on page 14.

Expect Program Director to Have Traits of Solomon and Napoleon

By A. H. Eskin

Director Radio Programs, New York City, Y. M. C. A.

IF YOU want to put some exploitation on the air, or have your director's board meeting broadcast from the banquet hall, you will come up against an individual at the Radio station who is the "thumbs down" man of the broadcasting personnel. He is the program director. This personage is a mixture of brass tacks, artistic temperament and Mussolinic tendencies. He is supposed to be a Solomon, a Napoleon and a John Barrymore, all in one. He must have a silver tongue, a hard head, and under no circumstances cold feet. It is he who is responsible for keeping the busy little microphone filled up every minute of every day, year in and year out. He must satisfy advertisers, placate artists, and keep his finger on the eccentric pulse of the public at the same time that he is overseeing the mechanics of the station, the office details, the announcing staff, the accompanists, and anything else that requires attention.

Only 150 to 165 Radio stations of 500 watts and upwards can operate simultaneously in the United States with success. Each of these stations has two or more program directors, so the members of this very new and select profession are not numerous. This job of Radio program direction has sprung full grown into being almost overnight. Pioneers in the field are recruited from all lines. For example, Leonard Cox, program director at WOR in New York City, has been everything from hobo to aviator, and is doubling on his job even now by being author and producer of the popular "Main Street" skits given weekly over WOR. Louis Tappé, director of WRNY, where television flourishes, used to be a school teacher, then the job of bank clerk didn't like him, so he became an actor. Now he feels perfectly at home in program directing.

The things Radio program directors have to know almost by instinct are many. First, it is generally recognized that Radio stations have individuality, just as magazines and newspapers do. Radio fans in New York City tune in on WEAF, WABC or WNYC just as they prefer to subscribe to the Century Magazine, Saturday Evening Post, or the Morning World. Each station has its own following. Program directors realize and use this primary fact. One New York station is known for its "smarty" tone. It is the naughty American Mercury of the air, with a healthy sting in the quips and bouquets it furnishes. Another station is the Time of the Radio lineup. It keeps the public abreast of modern happenings and digests news hot from life for avid ears. Another is the fashionable high brow's station, and so on down the line. The Radio fans' preference plays all around the dial. One happy feature is that there is always an audience for every station.

SOMETIMES a station program director forgets to exploit this fact of the individuality of his organization. Stations have lost their personality by trying to please everybody at the same time. No one station can do this, any more than one newspaper or one magazine can satisfy the whole American public. The sooner station directors learn this, the happier for them. They

must decide which slice of the public they want to appeal to, and begin to stress the side of life that section is most interested in. Individuality of a station grows in this way. If a syncopated jazz number follows an address by the president of Columbia University, and a Training the Children course is followed by a saxophone band, in a mad effort to please everybody, your station director will (theoretically) hear the dials clicking all down the line as disgruntled people tune off his station. Consistency is the dough from which the bread of success can be made.

Having decided which class of humans he will appeal to, whether the intellectuals, the low-brows, the rural element or the Broadway beaux, the Radio station director has to survey the various hours of his particular listeners' days. Mother is listening in the morning. If he is broadcasting to the Jewish mothers on the East Side, his recipe hour must not be for dainty tea biscuits and caviar truffles. Speakers of the afternoon must be of the popular type with a homely vocabulary and many jokes. His music and entertainment features of the evening must be "hot stuff," not classics; they must be brass bands, not chamber music.

The Radio program director is in close touch with newspapers. It is hardly possible that the Radio could duplicate the newspaper. Radio has well-recognized limitations. There is no need for jealousy between Radio and newspapers concerning the invasion of each other's territories. Even in advertising this is true. The fact is that they can act excellently as complements to each other. Indirect advertising over the Radio makes a fertile ground where the seeds of direct advertising in the newspapers can fall. Flashes of news from the broadcasters send listeners scurrying for newspapers to get all the details. Although the Radio has made the old-fashioned newspaper scoop look slightly sick, the first enterprising publisher who can get out a special on the terrible Maiden Lane scandal, news of which the gasping Radio has broadcast almost while the deed was smoking, will swell to a prodigious shout the prior squeal of the announcing Radio's voice.

KEYED ads in newspapers go out like bloodhounds on the scent and bring in the quarry, or come limping back with failure written all over their dejection. Program directors know that Radio talks or entertainments at not-too-often intervals, approximately in the same manner, can be "keyed" to find out the public's response. The reaction to an offer of a free booklet or some small prize offered in the talk will show to a certain percent, all factors such as hour, position on the station's sequence, time of year, and public psychologic attitude considered, the extent of the listening public on that particular feature.

Money spent on Radio advertising, program directors point out, can learn much from the hard lessons taught to newspaper and magazine advertisers, older brothers in the field. Just as a third page spread, or a back cover ad gets the highest bidding, so time on the air after a speech by Coolidge, or a great symphony number, is at a premium. The poor little no-use hours, such as

the last periods in the day, very early morning hours, or programs at the same time as national interest programs, are often charitably disposed of to the welfare organizations and others requesting free time for public service. A program director must exercise diplomacy. When an advertiser in whom he has little confidence takes an hour, it is up to your director to follow it by something which will win back any audience lost, in order that the next hour may be commercially valuable to the next advertiser who will pay for it.

The Radio program director's job is no bed of roses. It is more in the nature of an exciting gamble with forces and factors still shadowy and changing.

* * *

Mary Hale Martin, Household Economics expert of the National Broadcasting company, will have an article in the April Radio Digest and a picture of the ideal kitchen she has been describing over the air.

Barrie's Treasure Drawer

(Continued from page 35)

something to almost every writing man of his generation in England. It had killed something within him. It had killed something in his heart. No, he had done nothing.

It was sad; terrifying in a way, to hear him. I called his attention to an address he had made at Dumfries Academy and which had been published in England and America. And how fine it was.

"Oh, but that was for my school," he said. Then he admitted that he had written a piece for the school magazine but had thought so poorly of it that he had never had it published.

Of course he must have known from my letterhead that I was no literary lion hunter; that I was quite likely to ask him to write something for the magazine I represented. I felt sure he would not be unprepared for a request from me for an article.

And I had come with a specific idea in mind, a definite request to make. But it was a suggestion that would require courage—or nerve—to make. It was on a topic that might offend his sensibilities and hurt him greatly.

Here was a man to whom material happiness—or at least what we regard as happiness—had been denied. He had been denied the children his heart longed for; he had been denied the happiness of love and of a family, and of the sort of home that only family life can give.

And to compensate for this loss he had found an escape from the cruelty of life by creating a world for himself—a world of illusion, a world of fancy and of phantasy.

How many could wish for the power to do the same for us? So I asked him if he would not write and tell how he had found such an escape, how he had begotten the children he longed for. Wasn't he himself the Old Lady in the Old Lady Shows Her Medals? Wasn't he really Wendy?

HE SAT there silent. How long he was silent! Had I offended him so deeply?

Presently he spoke. "That," he said, "is the first sensible suggestion I have had made to me in fifteen years. It is the only topic suggested to me in the last ten years I should like to write."

How my spirits rose! How excited I was! And how my excitement increased when he added:

"Yes, that interests me. I shall probably write that . . ." There was another long pause. Then he smiled. "But

you will never see it. No, you will never see it."

"But why?" I asked.

The war again. It had done something to him. He could not write anything that seemed satisfactory to himself. Then he got up from his chair, and went to a desk in the middle of the room. He opened a lower drawer, a deep drawer it was. It was almost completely filled with manuscripts, some folded, some rolled, some loose.

"Here is where your story will go—if I write it," he told me. "In this drawer do you recall a little play called *The Twelve Pound Look*?"

I told him I did recall it. That I had seen Ethel Barrymore in it.

"Well, one day Granville Barker came to see me as you have come to see me today. He was looking for a play. I opened this drawer. He came to the desk and plunged his hand into the drawer. The manuscript he drew out was *The Twelve Pound Look*. He would not give it back to me. He took it with him and that is how it came to be produced. I did not think well of it myself after I had finished it . . . Yes, I may write your piece, but it will go into this drawer."

NEVER have I been so tempted to commit larceny. Why should I not emulate Granville Barker and plunge my hand into that chest of literary treasures? A good newspaper reporter of the type who "never comes back without his story," no doubt, would have done some such thing. But Granville Barker was a privileged friend. It had been easy for him to take a liberty of this kind. No, I could not do it.

I spoke these thoughts aloud. Told Barrie how sorely tempted I was. He smiled again, gently, closed that drawer and resumed his seat before the fire.

We talked some more. But what our talk was about, I do not now recall; it was such an anti-climax. I looked at my watch. It was five-thirty. I had been there two hours and a half. And my visit with him was to last ten minutes! He went to the door with me. Followed me from the warmth and comfort of his flat into the cold hallway. Yes, he must have been a lonely man that day. I had been lucky to find him in a mood that called for companionship. There in the cold we stood talking until, fearful of his health, I urged him to go inside. And beyond him, as he closed the door, the last thing I saw was that desk. It haunts me to this day. And I wonder if the drawer now has added to it the manuscript of how James M. Barrie found an escape from life?

The Girl in Gray

(Continued from page 23)

lights which reached away beneath their feet into the south. The figures of two lovers with their arms entwined and as they stood there in the faint pulsations of the glow which rose to envelop them, the girl turned her head. Culver saw the bright little cockade of colored feathers which he had come to know so well. It seemed as if the pang which gripped his heart had stopped its beating.

THEN the man in the slouch hat arose as if from out of the earth before him. His dark face was twisted with passion. A knife glimmered in his hand. He darted toward the pair at the cliff's edge. The girl's scream smote Culver like a blow as her lover leaped from her side.

The two men closed. Their forms became a single dark blur, outlined against the starry sky, a grotesque black silhouette,

which moved with bewildering swiftness, taking on new shapes which in their turn dissolved into fresh postures as suddenly as they had come. The scrape of feet on the hard earth and the whistle of their breathing were the only sounds. The knife blade flashed upward with their two outflung arms beneath it, and Culver could see the figures of one twined about the other's wrist. There followed a moment when they leaned far out until it seemed as if they must fall over the cliff's edge.

The hand which held the knife was turning slowly; the arm began to twist in the grip of those fingers on the wrist, like a green stick strained to the breaking point. A groan came through the twilight; and the knife blade gleamed against the sky like a streak of silver as it fell into the darkness beyond the brink. Then the clipping thud of knuckles on bare flesh, and the black blur resolved itself into two forms.

The man in the slouch hat was lying in a huddle, sobbing bitterly. The other was standing over him.

"Can't you see she doesn't want you any more? She belongs to me now," he said. Then he stepped back into the shadows and Culver saw the girl's arms go out to him.

The man in the slouch hat rose to his feet; his face was distorted with weeping. Culver remembered moving silently into the shadow of the bushes to let him pass and that was all. When he found himself walking into the blaze of light where Kearny Street ends at Lotta's Fountain, he did not know how he had come there.

AS ONE who struggles in the thrall of a bad dream, unable to awaken, Culver came to Sanguinetti's the next evening. Why he came he could not tell. He only knew that he could not believe what he had seen and heard; that some longing, born of the love which would not die within him, was pulling him to this place where they had met so often.

There was the usual Thursday evening crowd with its sprinkling of youthful faces in the dingy dining room. Light and laughter, and many young voices ringing in a college song. He was walking as a man walks in his sleep when he passed among them to take his place at the small table by the end of the bar. The hour had come when she was due; it was some minutes past. The door opened and he saw her on the threshold.

It seemed to him that she had never been so beautiful as she was now; the flower-like face had never held so delicate a bloom; the light in her eyes had never been so soft and so illusive. He watched her coming across the room, with her bit of a nod and her impersonal smile for old Steve, and then, as her eyes met his, the smile became bewitching in its tenderness.

But he was only vaguely conscious of these things. He was staring at her suit and hat; they were of grey, but a full shade darker than those in which he had always seen her before. The hat had a wide drooping rim and, instead of the cockade of bright feathers, there was a cluster of green, the same tint as the lights which played in the depths of her eyes.

"Tell me," he asked with strange abruptness as she was taking her seat, "the grey suit you used to wear, and the little hat; what has become of them?"

It was the trouble in his eyes, more than all else, which made her draw aside the veil, revealing in her answer some of the life which it had been her whim to withhold from his knowledge. For she could see that for some reason he was suffering.

"Why I gave them to a model in the life class where I am studying. A little

Italian girl." Then as she saw the change that came over him, "Why do you ask me that?"

During the dinner he told her and, as she listened to the story, she read, between his words, some measure of his blind young faith which had held through all that he had seen and heard. And because, during these days of her outing, she too had shared the loneliness which he had felt, she reached both hands impulsively across the table as he ended.

The four young fellows from the glee club were singing the Holy City. The solemn hush, which had come over the crowd, remained for some moments after their clear voices had died away. In that silence, as he had once before, he took her hands in his now. And this time she did not withdraw them. So, the noise of the laughter and the boisterous fun found him, when it swept back across the room, looking with the joy of his new hope into the eyes of The Girl in Grey.

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 13)

but they get along all right, I'm sure of that. I'll never forget one day when they had been having a terrible time over one page of their script, and they came to me with it. They were both mad. They simply could not get together with their idea on a certain situation. They had spent three hours working over that page. I took the page and tore it up. They started over again from a different viewpoint and had it in a few minutes.

"Correll is the pianist and perhaps because he is used to fingering a piano keyboard, it falls to him to tap the typewriter. But they start to work from a point where they left off the day before, and carry themselves along in character acting as though the situations were actual and real. In that way the wording of the script comes natural. They may polish it up after it is typed, with a few high points but they give each script the best that is in them. That is why it seems real to the listener and convincingly true.

"Their plan for making records for broadcasting worked out splendidly, and in many of the cities where the use of records was rather a new idea, the broadcasters, after a fair trial put the question to a vote on the part of the listeners whether they wanted to continue with the Amos 'n' Andy records. In every instance, the response was immediate and overwhelmingly in favor of Amos 'n' Andy whether they were on records or in person."

IT WAS an advertising representative of Radio Digest who first broached the subject of Amos 'n' Andy as a vehicle for the Pepsodent program. When the deal was closed for the broadcast over the coast to coast network of the National Broadcasting company, it was found that previous bookings of sponsored programs interfered with the old established broadcast time of Amos 'n' Andy, at 10 o'clock C.S.T.

The period was set forward for the early evening. Such a roar went up from all sections that within a week the Pepsodent company had received 75,000 letters asking that the schedule be restored to the later hour.

That's a pretty big heap of letters if you stop to think about it, and the request could not be ignored. Amos 'n' Andy themselves were too distressed for words. At last they found a solution to the problem by arranging two broadcasts of the same program each day. The eastern network gets the program at 6 o'clock, C.S.T., or 7 o'clock in the

East, and Chicago gets it over the home station, WMAQ (which otherwise, is a CBS station) and KYW, the NBC Herald and Examiner—Westinghouse station, at 10:30 C.S.T.

When the plan was first conceived it was thought by the Eastern headquarters of the National Broadcasting company that New York and Atlantic coast cities would not be interested in a Radio program originating in the Middle West. So the locale of the Amos 'n' Andy episodes was pictured in Harlem, the New York black belt.

It is doubtful if this arrangement had any appreciable effect in the interest taken in the East in the Amos 'n' Andy programs. They have been accepted in every section because they strike a responsive chord to the native American sense of humor. In using the word "American" it is taken in the continental sense, for Amos 'n' Andy are nowhere more appreciated than by our Canadian neighbors across the border.

At first NBC put the program through twenty-six stations. But soon the demand became so great that their program was extended over thirteen more stations, taking in practically every station of the network.

"It is hard for me to single out anything in particular to tell you about Correll and Gosden," said Bill after we had wandered on and off from the subject for nearly an hour. "They are just part of my life. They are two of the finest friends I ever had. I don't know of anything I could suggest in which I could wish that they were any different than they are. They are much better behind the scenes—or back stage, as you say, than they are before the mike. That's because they are themselves. Correll is not domineering like Andy and Gosden is not cowering and subservient like Amos. They are both upstanding men, self respecting and respected by others."

When Bill scraped out the ashes from his pipe and looked at the clock he had already missed making his scheduled opening announcements for the evening program. But there was an able assistant on the job. I was not sorry I had dragged him away from his routine.

And I hope by all that's holy, that this episode is ending to Marcella's complete satisfaction. Moreover, there will be other Amos 'n' Andy facts of interest in the April Radio Digest, and I will give you hint as to its nature by the question:

WHY DID AMOS LAUGH IN THE BROADCAST OF NEW YEAR'S EVE?

See the answer Amos has promised for publication in the April Radio Digest.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 17)

voice, "hoping that it was? And that it had been left behind."

Parks shrugged.

Here's all I know of the end: That night, an hour after the arrival of the Opal, if it ever did arrive, there was double murder committed right here. The jewel merchant and a foreigner whose nationality was never identified so far as I know, were stabbed to death. The Opal in a little wine-red silk-covered case, vanished. And our friend, Mr. Thruff Wilczyński, was a raving mad man.

"What became of him?" asked Dicks, as sharp and insistent as ever.

"Why, as to that, no one knows!"

"Followed the Opal?" jeered Dicks.

"Just—vanished?"

"**S**PEAKING of superstition—" observed Paul Savoy, "I've been

thinking. Superstition implies a credence in the so-called supernatural. The supernatural is but a silly term fastened at random. There was, for instance, a 'superstition' that certain light-rays were beneficial; modern medical science explains, utilizes—and lo and behold! that superstition steps, unchanged, into its newer and more reputable position."

"And so," queried Laufer-Hirth, plainly at a loss to know how serious Savoy was and being quite sober in the matter himself, "if, say in the matter of the opal, one holds certain superstitions—"

"There is something in those superstitions. Or perhaps I should say under or behind them. Some would attach importance to the fact that there are just thirteen of us beneath this roof!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mainwaring Parks briskly, "let's forget that; we all know why we are here. I should like to hear your wishes. Shall it be now?"

Mr. Nemo was the first to answer. "I suggest that what we have to do await another day. It grows late; some of us have traveled far and in the storm. Also, I should like a word or two with you first, and altogether at your convenience; a word, also, with another gentleman here."

He did not specify which other gentleman, though the air bristled with unspoken enquiry. Parks, with a swift glance up and down the long table, nodded his entire accord with Mr. Nemo's "suggestion."

"By all means," he said heartily. "I am sure that that is the sensible thing and that we, all of us, agree. And now as Mr. Nemo also reminds us it grows late and it's been a hard day. For those who want to chat, perhaps to speculate upon madmen, murder and opals," he added with that impish grin of his, "there is the living room and a good fire. For those who would prefer repose there are beds which I trust may be conducive to sound sleep. First, however, if you will bear with me, there is

just one thing. Almost in the nature of a confession!"

HE DREW from his pocket a small parcel with a bit of yellow manilla paper and a slight rubber band about it, opening the thing up as he concluded bluntly:

"Bad taste, maybe; but this is straightforward anyway. There is to be among us tomorrow morning certain business; it is entirely tenable by you that I should play only the role of host, remaining on the side lines when the battle begins. Frankly, I can't do it. There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify just now. For my part, there is this. I've strained myself to do what I've done." He flipped open the packet revealing the yellow bank notes. "A cool million dollars there, gentlemen."

He dropped the bank notes to the table and picked up a cigarette while they stared at him in sheer wonderment. With his cigarette lighted he sprang to his feet and gathered up his treasure which all had seen plainly.

"I'll add just one more thing," he said and they saw now that his mouth was set and grim. "I am going straight now to my safe; it's in the little room off the library and whatever goes into it tonight will be there tomorrow morning, and the safe won't open until the time lock on it says it can open. If any of you gentlemen care to put anything in there along with my stack of chips, why then, come along."

No one offered to accept the invitation while all regarded him curiously.

"I'll add this," he blurted out, "though I had meant to keep my mouth shut. I don't know; I have the maddest reason for even suspecting such a thing; it's an intolerable thing for a host to speak before his guests, such honored guests as mine are. But, gentlemen, there is such an enormous risk—I am afraid that there is in the house right now a very dangerous man who would stop at nothing—nothing!—to achieve what he is here to do."

THEY stared at him variously, more than one with an expression hinting that he hoped it would turn out that this was some foolish jest. Parks, silent now and grown tense, thrust his money into his pocket and stepped back from the table. Chairs were shoved back; singly or in pairs the startled guests deserted the room.

"Look here, my boy," muttered Laufer-Hirth, catching up with Parks and throwing an arm over his shoulder. "What on earth—"

"Later, Amos; tomorrow, if need be."

They and Detective Dicks went down the long hallway, and into the little room where the safe was. Parks opened it and tossed into it the manilla-papered packet which he was determined not to keep on him tonight and, when Laufer-Hirth and Detective Dicks shook their heads, set the lock and closed the safe. He sighed then and ran a hand over his forehead. Then smiled, saying only:

"Maybe I'm a fool. Time tells. And maybe, friend Amos, I'm not altogether free from superstition myself as I've thought. Good night; good night. Come ahead, Dicks. I want a word with you. And your room adjoins mine anyway."

There was to be no prolonged session in the living room, cheerily invitational as it was. Man after man of them went to his room, silent and perplexed—and locked his door after him. And it was not a full half hour after Mainwaring Parks said good night that a terrible cry burst out to go echoing through the old

(Continued on page 104)

Cash for Songs

ALITTLE extra money comes in handy almost any time. Here is a chance to pick up a few extra dollars each month.

RADIO DIGEST

will give three cash prizes for three best lists of ten songs that are the most popular today. These may include the latest popular hits, or old-time favorites, anything from "Old Black Joe" to "Sweet Georgia Brown" or "Hollywood."

\$5 First Prize
\$3 Second Prize
\$2 Third Prize

You don't have to be a musician. Just sit down and write a list of your favorite ten songs, the ones you think are the most popular today. Send them to the Popular Song Editor, Radio Digest, before April 20.

All entries will be submitted to a jury of competent judges, whose decision will be final.

Who's Who In Broadcasting

NOLL, Lou, Tenor, Bonnie Laddies, NBC, Nordlund, Rudolph, KSTP, Second Violin and Banjo, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Northcutt, J. R., Actor, NBC San Francisco studios.

Nourse, William Ziegler, Combines architectural genius with a strong fancy for poetry and drama. Mr. Nourse broadcasts poetry for WMAQ and in past seasons directed the WMAQ Players in Radio drama.

Novak, Frank, Tenor, WCCO.

Novis, Donald, Tenor, KMTR.

Nye, Harry G., Announcer of Setting-Up Exercises of Early Risers' Club, KSTP, is Physical Director of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A.

OAKLEY, Iris Martinson, Contralto, KOIN. Oakley, John, Bass, National Broadcasting Company.

Oakley, Victor Dale, Announcer, WFAA.

Oaks, Daisy, Soprano, WFLA.

Obermann, Frank, Violin, Viola and Piano, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Oberndorfer, Marx and Anne, Musicians, Composers, Students, Teachers and quite a lot of other things, too. The Oberndorfers give WMAQ fans entertaining and edifying accounts of the romances in the lives of great composers and the music these masters wrote under the inspiration of the romances. At present they are studying in the MacDowell artist colony at Peterboro, N. H. They return to the air Sept. 16.

O'Brien George, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.

O'Brien, Howard Vincent, Literary editor of the Chicago Daily News and conductor of the book broadcasts over WMAQ.

O'Brien, Johnny, Harmonica player, NBC San Francisco studios.

Orhl-Albi, Nicholas, Cellist, KNX.

O'Connor, (Billy) William, Tenor. Mr. O'Connor has been a staff artist of WLAC for the past ten months, and has won for himself great popularity as a soloist. He is a member of the team, "Billy and Bob, the B. B. Boys." WLAC.

O'Connor, Stanley, Baritone, KOIN.

O'Connor, William, the "Irish Tenor" of WLS. Sings everywhere. Used to be lawyer in Kansas, even ran for county attorney. Loves the ballads.

O'Dea, Margaret, NBC contralto, devoted especially to operatic roles. Margaret was one of the first singers signed by NBC when the Pacific Division was inaugurated.

Odell's Hottentots, Orchestra, WLAC.

Ogle, Lady Ruth, Ballad and Blues Singer, WLAC.

O'Grady, William, Tenor, KTSP.

O'Hallorann, Harold, Chief Announcer of the Voice of Labor Station. He was chosen for this position because not only has he a very pleasant voice over the air but he has a very good bass voice which is heard regularly. He can sing any sort of music from the popular to the most classical. Tune in and hear him at WCFL.

O'Name, Dick, Popular Singer, WHB.

Old Hickory, KSTP, Iowa minstrel, plays guitar and sings old-time favorites, "Decker's Iowaans."

Olds, Ferd, Banjoist, WCCO.

Olds, Dorothy, Pianist, KVOO.

Olds, E. L., Technical Director, KTSH.

Old Town Duo, Dinner music each night from WLS. Rose Vitto Sherman, violinist, and Marie Ludwig, harpist. Play from Old Town Coffee Room, Hotel Sherman.

O'Leary, Joseph, Leader of O'Leary's Irish Minstrels, WEEI.

Oliver, Alheda, Mezzo-Soprano, KNX.

Oliver, Julian, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Oliver, Simeon, Eukimo Pianist, KMOX.

Olivotti, Eva, Light Opera Prima Donna, KMTR.

Olsen, Al, and his Whispering Guitar, WBAF. Olsen, Hazel, student at the Yankton College Conservatory for the past three years. Accompanist for Herbert Lemke, singer of German songs from Radio Station WNAX at Yankton, South Dakota, also Happy Jack, Nancy and Glenn, John Sloan, Eddie Dean and other artists from this station. Miss Olsen also sings with the girls' harmony team Esther and Hazel.

Olsen, Robert, Tenor, Victor recording artist, has won a unique place for himself in the hearts of Radio fans with his beautiful voice. His entire career has been on KPRC.

Olson, Mrs. Clara, Soprano, WCCO.

Olson, Clarence, Orchestra Leader, Violinist, WCCO.

Olson, Mrs. H. O., Cellist, WLAC.

O'Malley, Happy Jack, Old time fiddler, WNAX. Started Radio work after winning 13 old time fiddling contests. With WNAX since 1927. Manager Happy Jack's Old and New Time orchestra.

O'More, Colin, Tenor, NBC, New York.

O'Neil, Helen Margaret, Program Director for KPRC. This unusually active, ambitious and talented young lady is responsible for much of the progress KPRC has made in the good graces of Pacific Coast Radio fans. She was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and received much of her schooling in a convent. She has had eight years' experience in musical comedies. Likes her work best of anything and has a decided dislike for "tears." Her favorite composers are Debussy and Chopin.

O'Neil, Lucille, Soprano, WJAZ.

Opie, Everett George, Announcer, Continuity



writer, dramatic director WJJD, has celebrated his seventh year in Radio work. He began with KYW, then worked with WMAQ, WQJ, WIBO in Chicago and then went to WJZ, then to KSTP. Mr. Opie has announced everything from market reports to grand opera. He is one of the originators of continuity programs and, with his keen sense of musical appreciations, has brought the right relation between the spoken and musical portion of Radio production in WJJD programs.

Optimistic De-Nuts, KNX.

O'Reilly, Ed, KSTP, Harmonica player, former river boat captain on Mississippi.

Oriental Male Quartet, WLS.

Orlofski, Clare, Contralto, WFLA.

O'Rourke, Leo, Tenor, NBC, New York.

Orowitz, Eli M., Weekly Movie Broadcasts, WPG.

Orr, Mrs. Jones, Violinist, WLAC.

Osborn, George, KSTP, Assistant conductor and cellist, national Battery Symphony orchestra. Leader Casino orchestra, recently returned from New York, where they played with Ben Bernie, WEAF and WJZ.

O'Shea, Sylvia, KSTP, Quartet pianist.

Osima, Sophia, Pianist, KVOO.

Oswitz, Bertha, Lyric Soprano, KWK.

Otey, Florence Walden, Member of Trio, WBAL.

Otto, Walter, Baritone, WFLA.

Owen Brothers, Freddie and Harold, Duets. Owen, Delos, Theatrical man of long experience with many musical shows and a host of popular tunes to his credit. In charge of WGN's popular programs. Came in WGN January 1, 1928. This is his first Radio work.

Owen, Robert, Chief Engineer, KOA.

PACE, Dorothy Jean, KSTP, Member cast, Krank's Varieties and KSTP Players.

Page, Billy, NBC juvenile star at San Francisco. The 10-year-old prodigy has been starred in "Memory Lane," a comedy-logue of mid-western life and is heard every Thursday night. He also is on other programs requiring a juvenile lead.

Pagliari, Nicholas, Music Director, WHEC.

Palce, Ellsworth, Bass, WGY.

Palce, Raymond, Conductor, KHJ, KPRC.

Had charge for two years of musical activities at Paramount theatre, Los Angeles. Born in Wisconsin, active in musical work all his life. Graduate of American Conservatory, Chicago.

Palacios, Senor, Director of Spanish Orchestra, KEX.

Palmer, Fred, Studio Director, WAU.

Palmer, Harold, Announcer, WOW.

Palmer, Lester, Announcer, WOW.

Palmer, W. G., "Bill," WCOA.

Parlue, Mrs. E. L., Soprano, WLAC.

Parsonus Trio, Strings, NBC, New York.

Parsons, Chauncey, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.

Parsons, Mrs. Pollard, Accompanist, WLAC.

Pascocelle, Robert, Piano, NBC, New York.

Patrick, Frances, Pianist, WSM.

Patrick, Thomas, President and Manager, KWK, St. Louis.

Patt, James, Secretary, WDAF.

Patt, John P., Program Director WJR.

Panlist Choristers, WLWL.

Favey, Richard, WLW announcer, also is a baritone of such excellence that he also sings on WLW programs, particularly with the Antelus Trio and also with Henry Fillmore's concert band. Favey started out to be an opera singer, but found his eyes too bad to enable him to appear on the stage without glasses. The microphone conceals the glasses and the Radio audience is permitted to enjoy the voice.

Payne, George, Tenor, WIAM.

Pearson, John A., Announcer, KEX.

Pearson, Ted, Announcer, NBC, Chicago.

Perry, Harold, NBC tenor at San Francisco.

Pease, Charlie, Debonair and Red Headed Operator at WMAQ.

Peck, Curtis, Chief Announcer, KPO.

Pecorara, Joseph, Piano, NBC, New York.

Pedigo, Speck, Program Director, KFJP.

Pedroza, Alfonso and Sophia P., Spanish Bass, Soprano, WGN.

Perry, Harold G., Technical Director, KPRC.

Peet Trio, John Holder, Violinist; William Warner, Guitarist; Mrs. Helen Shea, Pianist, KOIL.

Pelletieri, Vito, and His Orchestra, WSM.

Peneke, William, Baritone, WFLA.

Pennington, "Ten," Book Reviews, WFLA.

Pepper Maids, NBC feminine harmony trio heard in blues songs at San Francisco studios.

Perfetto, John J., Trombone, Baritone, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Perkins, Rev. J. R., Station Chaplain, KOIL.

Perkins, Omar, Director Playmate, Popular Orchestra, WHB.

Perrin, Father Claude J., S. J., "Twenty

Minutes of Good Reading," KYW.

Perry, Bess, Contralto, WHAM.

Perry, Henry L., Director Vocal Ensemble, KPO. Former newspaper man. Developed rich bass voice in Berlin. Choirmaster for 3 years at St. Pauls, Oakland. Active in other work.

Perry, Mrs. Robert, Pianist, WFLA.

Perry, Jr., William, Tenor, WSM.

Perry, William S., Tenor, WLAC.

Peterson, Alma, Soprano, NBC, New York.

Peterson, Curt, Supervisor of Announcers, NBC, New York, was born in

Albert Lea, Minnesota, February 12, 1898. He was graduated from the University of Oregon with the degree of Bachelor of Science

in 1920, after serving in the World War as a Lieutenant of Infantry. Before entering

the field of Radio Mr. Peterson, a baritone, was a singer and a teacher of voice at Miss

Mason's Castle School for Girls. He is married and has two children, Stephanie French Peterson, six years old, and Janeth French Peterson, three years old. Mr. Peterson is

six feet in height, weighs 180 pounds, and has light hair and fair complexion. His hobby is golf.

Peterson, Lewis W., KSTP, Concert tenor. Organizer Brahms quartet, Chicago, which received favorable commendation from Dr. Frederick Stock, conductor Chicago Symphony orchestra, and other critics. Experiences abroad cover field of concert-atorio and church selections of the best song in literature.

Peterson, Walter, "Kentucky Wonderbean," Harmonica, Guitar, WLS.

Petway, Mrs. Jake, Pianist and Member of the Crystal Quartet, WLAC.

Peyer, Joe, Orchestra Leader, WCCO.

Pfabler, Fred, Announcer, WTAR.

Pfau, Franz, the Pianist whose solo choruses and special arrangements add much to the popularity of the concert orchestra. Pfau is also heard in solo recitals of his own from time to time over WMAQ.

Pheatt, Dick, Junior Announcer, WSPD.

Pheatt, Merrill, Manager, Commercial Department, Senior Announcer, WSPD.

Phelan, Charles W., Director Cooperative Broadcasts, WNAC.

Phelps, G. Allison, Announcer, KMTR.

Phi Delta Chi Music Masters, KSTP, College entertainers.

Phillips, Phil, Director of Springtime Serenaders, WFLA.

Phillips, H. O., leader of Bessemer Hawaiian Orchestra, WAPL.

Phillips, Pete, Tenor, KTSH.

Phillips, Ronald, Clarinetist, KOMO.

Phillips, Christine, Violinist, NBC, New York.

Phlips, Jack, Actor, NBC San Francisco studios.

Piano Twins, Pines, Lester and Pascocelle, Robert, NBC, New York.

Pirkard Family, Southern Folk Songs, NBC, Chicago.

Pie Plant Pete, WLS; plays a harmonica-guitar combination, known on the air as the "Two-Cylinder Cob-Crusher"; sings old-time songs, too. Claude Moya is his name.

Pierre, Bob, Specialties, NBC, New York.

Pierre, Mrs. C. B., Classic Pianist, KFEG.

Pierre, Jennings, Chief Announcer at the NBC San Francisco studios. "Jip" was the first Westerner (and he's a native son of California) to talk during a transcontinental broadcast from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast. "Jip" announced the Hoover referen-

nomination when the chief executive accepted nomination of the Republican Party and has handled all other important coast-to-coast hook-ups from the West, including the broadcast of the arrival at Los Angeles of the Graf Zeppelin.

Pierce, Rachel, Soprano, WFLA.

Piggot, Elisea, Soprano, National Broadcasting Company, Pacific Coast Network.

Pine, Joseph, Clarinetist, Saxophonist, KOMO.

Pinke, William, Operatic Tenor, WFLA.

Pinnney, Katherine, Accompanist, KOMO.

Pironi, Ruth, Soprano, KOIN.
 Pitcher, J. Leslie, Tenor, KJFR.
 Pitman, Linwood T., Announcer and Commercial Representative, WGSB.
 Pittenger, Theodore, Violinist, KVOO.
 Place, Lester, Piano, NBC, New York.
 Plank, John, KSTP, Whistler and college entertainer.
 Platt, Dick, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.
 Plumb, Myrtle, Soprano, WFLA.
 Points, Freddie, Pianist, Player of Mouth Harp, KOIL.
 Polk, Marshall, Tenor, WSM.
 Pollack, Ben and His Park Central Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.
 Pollack, Muriel, Pianist, NBC, New York.
 Polokoff, Eva, Violinist, WIBO.
 Pontius, Ernest, Announcer, WREN.
 Poole, Jim, Chicago Livestock Exchange announcer of markets, WLS. Knows his livestock and how to tell the folks about the markets. Is on several times each day and has been since WLS opened.
 Pool, R. S., Director, WFAA.
 Pop Twins, Dorothy Drakeley, Soprano; Rose Quigley, Contralto; WHAM.
 Porch, J. W., Harmonica and Guitar Artist, WLAC.
 Porta, Josephine, Soprano, WFLA.
 Portal Players, WCCO.
 Portell, Marjorie, Leader of the Friendly Maids, Instrumental Quintet, WEEL.
 Possum Hunters, Dr. Humphrey Bate, Director, WSM.
 Post, Myra, Pianist, WFLA.
 Powell, Loren, Conductor Loren Powell's Little Symphony, KMTB.
 Powell, Tom, WDBW, is one of the most noted Scotch dialect singers and impersonators in the amateur ranks of entertainers. He has the ability to put across to his Radio listeners all the quaint humor and homely philosophy of the Scotch folk-songs, in a manner which makes one wonder if he is not listening to Harry Lauder.
 Powell, Verne, Saxophonist, KFAB.
 Powers, Alice, Pianist, WFLA.
 Powers, William, Colored tenor at the NBC San Francisco studios. Heard on Southland program.
 Pratt, Russell. Humor, hoakum and harmony are pleasingly intermingled when Russell Pratt together with Ransom Sherman and Joe Rudolph, clown over The Daily News program. The three "phee dees," specialists in amusements of any kind and pure bunk of every kind, stage the Musical Potpourri. In addition, Russell is the organizer of the Topsy Turvy Time radio club for boys and girls. The club, with almost 300,000 members to date, is broadcast over WMAQ.

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 Pregg, Herbert, Orchestra Leader, Violin, KOMO.
 Preston, Walter, Baritone, NBC, New York.
 Preston, Walter J., Director, WBBM.
 Price, Miss Elizabeth, Teacher of Piano, WLAC.
 Price, Georgia, Harpist, NBC, New York.
 Price, Priscilla, KSTP, Violinist.
 Priestley, Harold W., Announcer, WWJ.
 Priner, Lurinda, Contralto, WLAC.
 Pritchett, Coc, Farm Talks, KFEQ.
 Progressive Music School, KSTP, broadcasting variety programs, vocal and instrumental.
 Provensen, Marthin, Assistant Announcer, WENR.
 Pulitz, Lois Zu, Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System.
 Pulley, Katherine, Ukulele, Banjo, Guitar, WIL.
 Pullis, Gordon, Trombone, WFLA.
 Quinn, Inez, Soprano, WHAM.
RADER, C. B., Market Announcer, KPFI.
 Radley, Verne, Orchestra, KTHS.
 Rafferty, William J., Fan mail director of WCAU.
 Railite Y. M. C. A. Band, under the direction of John G. Miller, WLAC.
 Raine, Grace, director of vocal music for WLW-WSAI. Mrs. Raine was the musical director of WSAI before it was taken over by the Crosley Radio Corporation. The vocal destinies of both WLW and WSAI now are in her charge. Her arrangements of quartette and vocal ensemble literature have helped to make WSAI famous for its vocal offerings.
 Ramond, Ray, KTAB's famous "Brother Bob," boasts a program that features a staff of artists all under 20 years of age. Of course, this is with the exception of Barney Lewis, who hovers around the age of 26.
 Randall, Art, Director of Royal Fontenelle Orchestra, WOW.
 Rand, George, NBC actor, Pacific Coast Division.
 Rapp, J. C., Announcer, Operator, KMA.
 Ratcliffe, Clarence, Tenor, NBC, New York.
 Raui, Helen, Pianist, WIBO.
 Ray, Bill, Chief Announcer, KPWB.

Ray, Joan, KTAB staff contralto, has the rare distinction of having been featured at the famous Covent Garden in London, and has starred at the old San Francisco Tivoli. Miss Ray's Australian successes have included her status as one of the leading recording artists of that country and concert engagements here and abroad have brought a wealth of experience to this popular singer.
 Raybestos Twins, Al Bernard and Billy Beard, both sons of the Sunny South, are the originators of the Raybestos program, which is a weekly feature on the NBC network from WEA-F.
 Raymond, Joseph, Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Dance Band.
 Reckow, Cliff, KSTP, Concert Master National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Red Cross, Announcer and Staff Pianist, WYWC.
 Reddy, Laurence, Baritone, WCCO.
 Redfern, Gene, Tenor, KVOO. Also director of A. B. C. Safety Club and guitar and violin soloist.
 Redund, Albee, KSTP, Organist.
 Redmond, Aidan, Chief Announcer, WBZ.
 Red Peppers, Frank Slisby, Director, KVOO.
 Reed, Crawford, Violinist, WAFB.
 Reed, Norman, Chief Announcer, WPC.
 Reedy, Dorothy Heywood, Pianist, KVOO.
 Reep, Philip, Tenor, WHAM.
 Reeves, Wenona, Contralto, KWK.
 Rehberg, Lillian, Violin-Celloist, KYW.
 Rehberg Sisters, Irma and Esther, soprano and contralto, WLS, Chicago products. Favorites with WLS listeners on day programs. Sing old ballads in solo or duet.
 Reichentach, Paul, KSTP, 12-year-old violinist, "Children's Hour."
 Reid, Lewis, Announcer of WOM. He came to the broadcasting world from the silent drama and is, perhaps, the handsomest man in Radio. In spite of the fact that he gets a heavy mail from his invisible audience and in spite of the fact that he was a favorite on the screen Lewis Reid remains a very modest man. That is probably the reason he is so popular. His most exciting adventure was getting lost in Central Park, and he was driving the car, too. After driving through the park he came out where he went in and had to drive around it.
 Reil, Marguerite, Pianist, KMOC.
 Reineke, Earl C., Manager, Chief Announcer of WDAY. In Radio since 1907, when he built first wireless outfit in Northwest. Founded WDAY in January, 1922, first station in Northwest.
 Reinuth Trio, Vocalists, WCCO.
 Reinsch, Leonard, Announcer, WLS. "Slow and Smiling." Been writing and playing sports. On the football mike and on the sidelines of track meet broadcasts in the spring.
 Reisinger, Hazel and Eileen, Harmony Team, KVOO.
 Renard, Jacques, Director of Coconut Grove Orchestra, WEEL.
 Rendina, S. F., Pianist, Director of K. C. Artist Trio, Director of Concert Orchestra, WBB.
 Reuter, Tiny, Soloist, WDAF.
 Rennick, Henry L., Advertising Manager, KVOO. Educated University of Illinois. 18 years' newspaper experience, including eight years in foreign service of Associated Press. Immediately preceding connection with KVOO was managing editor of Tulsa World. Also widely known as a writer of short mystery stories. Directs publicity for KVOO and handles continuity.
 Reseburg, Walter, Baritone, KOMO.
 Reser, Harry, Director Cluquet Club Eskimos, National Broadcasting Company.
 Ress, George F., Musical Director, Announcer, WRC.
 Resta, Francis, Director of the 17th U. S. Infantry Band, WOW.
 Retting, Buryl, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.
 Retner, Kathleen, KSTP, 9-year-old Scotch singer, "Children's Hour."
 Revellers, Popular Songs, NBC New York.
 Revere, Everett, Bass, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.
 Rayner's R. V. B. Trio, Jack Thompson, Comedian; Ed Ricks, Bass; Edgar Sprague, Tenor, KDKA.
 Reynolds, Al, Comedian, Dialect Stories, KTHS.
 Reynolds, P. W., Announcer, WHAM.
 Rhies, Frank, Pianist, KVOO.
 Rhodes, Dusty, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.
 Rhys-Herbert Male Quartet, WCCO.
 Rhythm Kings, Charles Fitz-Gerald, Director, WJL.
 Rice, Effie, Pianist, WADC.
 Rice, George, KSTP, Clarinet and Saxophone, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
 Rice, Gladys, Character Singer, Roxy's Gang, National Broadcasting Company.
 Rice, Glen, Assistant Manager, KNX.
 Rice, Grantland, NBC, New York.
 Rice, Lew, Operator at WMAQ, who pinch hits as Sports Announcer when Hal Totten runs out of words at the big league baseball games and in the fall at the football affairs.



Richardson, Betty Joe, "Sweetheart of WBBZ." Only four years old and has been broadcasting for one year.
 Richardson, Harry K., Announcer, KVOO. Has been connected with radio and newspaper work for eight years. Formerly Radio Editor the Daily Oklahoman. Schooled in Vanderbilt and Oklahoma Universities. Also assistant director of continuity and publicity for KVOO.
 Richardson, Mrs. Henry E., Contralto, WSM.
 Richie, George T., Announcer, Station Accompanist, KOA.
 Richison and Sons, Old Time Fiddlin' Music, KVOO.
 Richley, Tom, Staff Xylophonist of WLW-WSAI. He plays xylophone solos, is drummer on the concert programs, and takes care of the popular programs for Mr. Stoess. Mr. Richley is a graduate of Ohio State, where he started playing the xylophone with the Glee Club. After college, he organized his own dance band. However, annoyed by his unprofessional attitude of his men, he fired them all and devoted himself to a season of intensive musical training. Since then, wherever he has traveled with orchestra, he has "stopped the show."
 Richter, Dr. Francis, KSTP, Blind organist. Played organ since boyhood. Pupil of music masters of Europe. Received degree of doctor of music in Vienna. Organ vespers.
 Richter, Michael, Flutist of Ensemble, WBAL.
 Riddell, Jimmie, Director of Ensembles, KOMO.
 Rideout, E. B., Meteorologist, WEEL.
 Ridley and Adkins, Guitars, KVOO.
 Ridley, Bob, Steel Guitarist, KVOO.
 Riemer, LeRoy, Assistant Manager and Announcer, KFEQ.
 Riesinger, Hazel, "The Sooner Girl," Staff Singer, Assistant Director, KFFF.
 Riley, J. V., KSTP, Assistant librarian.
 Riley, Julian C., Announcer, KOA. Taught romance languages in high school after graduating from University of Denver. Plays violin in KOA Concert orchestra and Elitch Gardens Symphony orchestra. Married, has two year old daughter.
 Rines, Joe, and his Elks Hotel Orchestra, WEEL.
 Rippon, Willard, Junlor Announcer, WSPD.
 Riseman, Jules, Concert Master, WNAC.
 Risworth, Thomas, KSTP, One of America's youngest announcers. Senior in Dramatics, University of Minnesota, earning college expenses as announcer. Director "Early Risers Club."
 Risinger, J. L., Announcer, KPDM.
 Ritchie, Albany, Violinist, KPOA.
 Rivers, V. C., Publicity, KJR.
 Rives, Winona, Contralto, KWK.
 Rix, Iona Pastor, Soprano, KPO.
 Rizzo, Vincent, director of one of the most popular dance orchestras in Philadelphia and exclusive WCAU artist.
 Roberts, Albert, Baritone, WSM.
 Roberts, "Bill," Fiddler, WLAC.
 Roberts, Helen Duster, Organist, WBAP.
 Roberts, M. E., Manager, KTAH.
 Roberts, Rae Foster, Contralto, WHAM.
 Robertson, Lonnie's Greenback Old Time Fiddlers, KFEQ.
 Robinson, Bob, Is an old vaudeville trooper though young in years, being just past 30. He served overseas during the World War, in the 36th division of the 129th field artillery, and after the Armistice was signed, his gift for entertaining brought him an engagement to entertain for wounded soldiers in the hospitals overseas. Upon his return to the United States he was on the Keith-Orpheum circuit for eight seasons. He was in the theatrical work playing grand opera, such as Robin Hood, Chocolate Soldier, Naughty Marietta, and Bohemian Girl, afterwards spending two seasons in musical comedy, in Chicago and New York; fifteen weeks with the Swathmore Chautauqua. Bob has a lovely baritone voice, is a talented tap-dancer, entertainer, and an outstanding personality, which designates him as a "good mixer." He makes all visitors feel at home in WJRW's studio.
 Roblson, C. C., Old-Time Fiddler, WOC.
 Robinson, Irving B., Technical Director, WNAC.
 Robinson, Jesse, Announcer, Director, WEHS.
 Robinson, Lloyd, Bass, KFAB.
 Rocco Grella's Saxophone Orctet, WFLA.
 Rochester String Quartet, Allison MacKown, Celloist; Carl Van Hosen, 1st Violinist; Abram Hounie, 2nd Violinist; Arthur Stillman, Violinist; WHAM.
 Rock, Vincent, Soloist, WDAF.
 Rodda, John, Tenor, WDBO.
 Rodgers, Mrs. R. L., Coloratura Soprano, WFLA.
 Roe, Thelma, Violinist, KVOO.
 Roelofsma, E., Clarinetist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
 Roentgen, Engelbert, Celloist, WCCO.
 Roesch, Anna, Pianist, WLAC.
 Roester, George, Announcer, Commercial Manager, KOIL.
 Roger Williams' Club Quartet, KVOO.
 Rogers, Betty, KSTP, Continuity Writer, Children's Hour, member KSTP Players and Northwest Limited Program.
 Rogers, Ellen, Jazz Pianist, Blues Singer, KGW.
 Rogers, Naylor, Manager, KNX.

Rogers, Ralph, Universal Radio Features, Director of "Mr. and Mrs. Skita," WEEL.
Roller, Larry, Publicity Director, WHK.
Rolling, Bobbie, Known to listeners of the south as the "Million Dollar Personality Girl of RadioLand," whose Radio career began four years ago when she began singing over KPUL at Galveston, Texas. She has been featured over many stations throughout the south, including WDSU, WSMB, KPRC and has been on the staff of KMOX for the past several months, where she is fast gaining popularity. Miss Rolling is a native of New Orleans and has done considerable night club work in St. Louis and New Orleans prior to joining the KMOX staff. She is heard at different intervals daily.

Romano, Pasquale E., KSTP, Baritone Soloist.
Romayne, Kay, Blues Singer de luxe at KYW. It's hard to dub Kay a singer merely because she also accompanies her songs with plenty of piano. Like famous "Hard Boiled Mama" of popular song fame—"when she robs a bank, the bank stays robbed," so it is with Romayne; "when she sings a song, the song stays sung." "Acquitted," says the Radio-audience-jury.

Romayne, Mary C., Assistant Program Director, WEEL.

Ronning, Russell, Saxophonist, KSTP.
Rose, Fred, Staff KYW songwriter, pianist, recording and Radio tenor of long standing. Fred is responsible for "Red Hot Mama," "Honest and Truly," "Don't Bring Me Posies," "Deep Henderson" and many other hits, new and old, that he sings either alone, or as a partner in the famous team "The Tune Peddlers." When Fred isn't singing over the radio, he's home eating steaks that are two inches thick. Yes'm, he's married.

Rose, Hazel Coate, Pianist, WSM.
Rose, Hortense, Soprano, Pianist, WSAI Maids of Melody.

Rosell, Johnny, Director KDYL dance and concert orchestra.

Rosenthal, Francis, KSTP, Bass soloist.
Rosenwald, Margaret, KSTP, Soprano soloist.
Rosine, Beulah, Conductor of WBBM Concert Ensemble, WBBM.

Ross, Lanny, Tenor, NBC, New York.
Ross, Mrs. R., Coloratura Soprano, WFLA.
Rothermel, Charles, Banjoist, WGES.
Rounders, Myron Neisley, 3rd Tenor; Dick Hart, Baritone; Armond Girard, Bass; Dudley Chambers, 1st Tenor; Bill Cowles, Pianist; Ben McLaughlin, 2nd Tenor; Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

Rouse, Gene, Chief Announcer, KYW-KFKX. Born Boulder, Colorado. Educated in Denver, Colorado, grade and high school. One of first seven on the air. Engaged in amateur and professional boxing while in school. Took up scene painting 1913, later became actor in stock and road productions in Denver, Kansas City, Des Moines and Omaha. Toured south and middle

west as member of road shows. Deserted stage for newspaper work in 1918, Kansas City Star, reporter, The Associated Press, editor, Denver, 1919, Dramatic Editor Rocky Mountain News, 1920, Publicity and Advertising Manager Fox Theaters, Denver, 1921. To Omaha Daily News to cover First International Aero Congress, 1922. At close of air meet, became director Omaha's pioneer Radio station, WNAL. Moved to WOA-W when station opened 1923. Left WOA-W February, 1926, and joined the Chicago Herald and Examiner staff; designated director-announcer WJJD, operated by the Herald and Examiner, 1927. Made Chief Announcer of KYW-KFKX when Herald and Examiner took direction of the stations September 15, 1928, specializing in sports and feature broadcasts. Gene has broadcast all important boxing bouts staged in Chicago the past three years, earning the sobriquet of "World's Champion Fight Announcer." He is also heard in the Herald and Examiner presentation of the Kentucky and American Classic and Derby horse races, all Big Ten and inter-sectional football games in Chicago, besides all other sport broadcasts. He is equally at home with the programs of classic or jazz. Also writer of playlets and short stories which sold. Married? An' how! Hobby: Broadcasting.

Rowe, Thomas L., Chief studio engineer, WLS. An ocean-going "sparks" before broadcasting nabbed him. Been with the station five years. Keeps the eight WLS studios going in tip-top shape.

Rowell, Glenn, of Ford and Glenn.
Royle, Capt. "Bill", World War flyer, entertainer and master of ceremonies at NBC, San Francisco.

Rubes of the Hobdoux, Old Time Music, Bernard Marcell and Clyde Mackay, KFEQ.
Ruby, Bernard, Member of Ruby Trio, KMA.
Ruby, Floyd, Member of Ruby Trio, KMA.
Ruby Trio, KMA.

Rucker, Stanley, One of the Cornhusker Trio, NMA.

Rudolph, Joe, WMAQ fans know Joe for many reasons. He plays the piano and sings popular numbers. He is a member of the Three Doctors who stage the Musical Potpourri. He announces and now his own dance orchestra is bringing the Chicago Daily News fans dinner time syncopation.

Rudolph, Walter J., KTAB's program director, is the possessor of three diamond medals awarded him by the Chicago Musical College. Mr. Rudolph bears the distinction of being the only person to ever receive this medal, the highest award given by the college, for three consecutive years. Mr. Rudolph was born in Chicago and started his music studies at the age of eight. His teachers were such masters as the following: Oscar Schmill, Hans Von Schiller, Rudolph Reuter, Bernard Ziehn, Felix Borowski, Adolph Brune and other masters. Walter Rudolph completed his studies at the Chicago College of Music, where he received the degrees of Master, Artist and Bachelor of Music. He has appeared with such artists as Schumann Heink, Sebald, Mischa Elman and others of equal note in public concerts. Having won international recognition through his concert appearances, Walter Rudolph was the first one to introduce the American type of orchestral music in Australia. A half hour piano recital is rendered by Mr. Rudolph on Thursday and Saturday evenings between 7:30 and 8 over station KTAB.

Ruff, Olga, Soprano, KOIN.
Ruffner, Edmund, Announcer, National Broadcasting Company.

Ruboff, Fred, KSTP, Viola, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Ruhoff, Herman, KSTP, Violin and Banjo, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Ruppel, Vera, Soprano, WMAK.

Rush, Ford, of Ford and Glenn.

Russ, Matilda Bigelow, Soprano WGY.

Russell, Elaine, Blues Singer, KWK.
Russell, Jack, WMBB-WGK.

Russian Native Orchestra and Art Troupe, WCCO.

Russo's String Quintet, WDAF.
Ruth, Estelle, Pianist, WADC.

Ruydael, Basil, Announcer, WOR.

Ruzink, Ann, Lyric Soprano, WFLA.

Ryan, Al, KTAB's daytime announcer, is the possessor of a rich baritone voice, and his fan mail is one of the heaviest on the station, although he only makes one appearance a week in the role of singer.

Ryan, Frank, Sports Announcer, WEEL.

Ryan, Kathleen, Contralto, at WGN since early in 1925. A fixture in the WGN Mixed Quartet, WGN.

Ryan, Quin, Director of Feature Broadcasts, Feature Announcer. "Been at it" in Radio since 1923. One of original directors of WLS and heard before that in special broadcasts over WMAQ. Came to WGN in middle of 1925. Known to thousands as one of the most vividly graphic and entertaining of the country's sports announcers. Has broadcast everything from a senatorial debate and an evolution trial to a high school football game. His stories of Army vs. Navy (1924), the Dayton Evolution Trial, Chicago vs. Illinois (Red Grange), 1925, are regarded as classics in Radio reporting, WGN.

Ryan, Russell, Assistant Announcer, WDAF.

Ryberg, Elsie, KSTP, Secretary to general manager.

SACHSE, Albee Warren, Program Director, WFG.

Safford, Harold A., Assistant Director and Announcer of WLS. Into Radio a year ago from the newspaper field where he was for the last eight years managing editor of the Sioux Falls, S. D., Daily Argus-Leader. A violinist for many years and did much professional playing in theatrical and concert orchestras. Graduate South Dakota State College, Brookings, S. D. In U. S. forces during World War. Master of ceremonies at National Barn Dances at WLS and "Captains" of the WLS Showboat. Finds time in addition to program duties to keep his hand in the newspaper game by directing publicity work for the station.

Sagamore Hotel Orchestra, Hughie Barrett, Leader; Mort Adams, Johnnie Wade, Freddie Menzer, Saxophones; Charles Jacobs, 1st Trumpet; Fred Wagner, 2nd Trumpet; Norman Booth, Trombone; Frank Smith, Banjo; Fred Kay, Bass "Drip" Ward, Percussion; Frank Skultety, Piano; Bob Hemming, Piano; WJAM.

Sager, Elizabeth Davis, Pianist, WLAC.

Sainsbury, Rev. Dr., Democrat of the Dinner Table, KSTP.

Salathiel, Leon, Bass, NBC, New York.

Soleruo, Lawrence, Italian Baritone, WGN.
Saltzman, Marguerite, Lyric Soprano, WSUN Quintet

Samanisky, Cello Soloist, Russian Arts Troupe of Danvers, Musicians and Vocalists, KSTP.
Sam and Petunia, KFOA.
Samelle, Andy, Saxophonist of the Ipana Troubadours, National Broadcasting Company.

Sampson, H. P., Announcer, WABC.

Samson, Dewey J., Tenor, WCCO.

Sample, Ruth, Program Manager, WIBW.

Sanders, Mrs. De Page, Pianist, WLAC.

Sanders, Ruby Taylor, Violinist, WLAC.

Sandman Song-Bird, WBAL.

Sandrock, Helen, Violinist, KWK.

Sands, Jane Sargeant, KTAB.

Sands, Robert A., KSTP, Member KSTP Players.

Santord, Harold, Music Director, National Broadcasting Company.

Sarber, John (The Ghost Walker), The man "behind the checks." He is the cashier of WIBW and the most enthusiastically welcomed visitor at WIBW. No one has ever seen him gloomy or grouchy, and his cheery smile makes one know at once "He's real folks."

Sargent, Jean, Director, Women's Club, WNAC.

Sari, Al, Ballad Pianist, KWK.

Sartain, Daisy, Pianist, WLAC.

Satley, Mac, Impresario of Popular Shows.

Saugenig, J. Dudley, Studio Director and Announcer of WGSN. His "Why Stay Up North?" coming to you, probably during a snowstorm, in the middle of February, from "The Land of Sunshine and Oranges—With a Temperature of 72 Degrees," brought walls of "protest, last winter, from Northern listeners not fortunate enough to enjoy the Florida sunshine."

Mr. Saugenig is of the newer school of broadcasters.

Saunders, Harold, Violinist in Saunders' Bachelor Old Time Trio, KSTP.

Sautter, Gwendolyn V., Xylophone and Piano.

Sawil. Has appeared on many vaudeville and concert stages.

Savage, Mrs. Henry, Soprano, WLAC.

Sawyer Saxophone Group, WJR.

Sax, Sol, Audition Supervisor, WBAL, came to Baltimore from his home in Pennsylvania several years ago to continue his musical career, being a widely known pianist. Prior to coming to Baltimore, he had done a great deal of concert and Chautauqua work. In addition to having charge of all the auditions at this station, he is also staff pianist and accompanist and is frequently heard on the air as a soloist and in special programs. One of the few pianists on the air who has a real flair for showmanship, a number of his programs having attracted special attention for their unusualness; for instance, he recently played a "continued musical story" and in another program he presented a musical dramatization of a Chinese love story. Mr. Sax attracted much attention not long ago by the statement that but approximately ten per cent of the talent seeking radio auditions is worth listening to.

Scenck, Lois, Home Maker's Hour announcer at WLS. Edits women's page for Prairie Farmer.

Schaeffer, Bill, Leader of Country Club Arcadians, Orchestra, WAPL.

Schaetgen Trio, Instrumental, WCCO.

Schellier, Max, Violinist, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

Schenck, Charles A., Producer, National Broadcasting Company.

Schenck, Richard, Operator, WLW.

Schenk, Doris, Staff accompanist at KYW, though one of the youngest members of the studio staff, is an "old timer" in Radio. An organist of exceptional ability, she made her first Radio appearance in that capacity, and later became staff organist at WBBM. For more than a year her organ work was one of the most popular features of WCFM. Suddenly developing a unique piano technique, she was engaged as pianist for the Herald and Examiner station. Brunette and attractive, possessed of a sunny disposition, she is known as "The Sweetheart of No. 19."

Scheurer, Karl, Violinist, WCCO.

Schilling, John T., Announcer, Director, has been with WBE since it went on the air in 1922. Kansas City fans have never tired of his voice which is a compliment in itself. This is no doubt due to the fact that he is thinking of his inevitable audience rather than himself. Mr. Schilling has a i w a y s stood high in any announcers' contest. He maintains the same high standard of programs.

Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the April Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.



Evening Schedules of Favorite Stations

CENTRAL TIME

Add one hour for Eastern time, subtract one hour for Mountain time and two hours for Pacific time.

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Akron	WADC	227.1	1320	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Akron	WFJC	206.8	1450	500	6:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Akron
Albuquerque	KGGM	243.8	1215	500	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	Albuquerque
Amarillo	KGRS	212.6	1410	1000	5:00-6:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	6:00-12:00	Amarillo
Amarillo	WOI	468.5	640	5000	5:15-6:15	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Amarillo
Asbury Park	WCAP	234.2	1280	500	7:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	Asbury Park
Ashville	WVNC	526.9	570	1000	5:00-9:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Ashville
Atlanta	WGST	336.9	890	500	Silent	9:30-10:30	Silent	7:00-8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Atlanta
Atlanta	WSB	405.2	740	1000	5:00-9:15	6:00-10:45	5:30-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	6:00-10:45	Atlanta
Atlantic City	WPG	272.6	1100	5000	5:00-12:00	7:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	7:00-11:00	Atlantic City
Austin	KUT	267.7	1120	500	7:00-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	6:30-10:00	Silent	Austin
Baltimore	WBAL	282.8	1060	10000	5:00-7:00	5:00-6:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Baltimore
Bangor	WLBZ	483.6	620	250	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Bangor
Bay City	WBCM	212.6	1410	500	Silent	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	Bay City
Beaumont	KFDM	535.4	560	500	7:00-9:00	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	6:30-10:30	Beaumont
Berrien Springs	WEMC	508.2	590	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Berrien Springs
Beverly Hills	KEJK	422.3	720	500	11:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	Beverly Hills
Billings	KGHL	315.6	950	500	8:30-11:00	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	7:00-9:30	Billings
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1140	5000	5:00-8:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	12:30-3:00	Birmingham
Birmingham	WBRC	322.4	930	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Birmingham
Bismarck	KFYR	545.1	550	500	Silent	5:00-9:00	5:00-7:30	5:00-9:00	5:00-7:30	5:00-9:00	5:00-11:00	Bismarck
Boise	KIDO	239.9	1250	1000	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	6:00-11:00	Boise
Boston	WBZ	242.8	1000	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Boston
Boston	WBZA	302.8	990	500	5:00-10:45	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:55-10:23	5:00-10:22	Boston
Boston	WEEL	508.2	590	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:35	5:00-10:05	5:00-10:05	5:00-9:35	5:00-10:15	Boston
Boston	WNAC	243.8	1230	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Boston
Brookings	KFDY	545.1	550	1000	Silent	5:00-6:30	5:00-6:30	6:30-9:00	6:30-9:30	9:00-11:00	6:30-8:00	Brookings
Brooklyn	WBBC	214.2	1400	500	6:00-9:30	9:30-11:00	8:00-9:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:30-11:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WLTH	214.2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brooklyn	WSGH-WSDA	214.2	1400	500	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Brooklyn
Brownsville	KWVG	238	1260	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	Brownsville
Buffalo	WGR	545.1	550	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKBW	204	1470	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Buffalo
Buffalo	WKEN	288.3	1040	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Buffalo
Buffalo	WMAK	333.1	900	750	7:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-10:30	Silent	Buffalo
Burbank	KELV	184.4	780	500	Silent	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	7:00-10:00	Burbank
Calgary	CFAC	434.5	690	500	8:00	10:00-11:30	11:00-12:30	9:30-10:00	7:00-1:00	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Calgary	CFCN	434.5	690	1800	8:30-10:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	6:00-7:00	Calgary
Calgary	CHCA	434.5	690	500	10:15-11:30	8:00-9:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-12:00	9:30-2:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Calgary
Calgary	CHCA	434.5	690	500	6:00-7:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Calgary
Calgary	CJ CJ	434.5	690	500	7:00-8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	12:00-1:00	Silent	8:00-9:30	9:00-1:00	Calgary
Calgary	CNRC	434.8	690	500	11:30-12:30	11:30-12:30	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Calgary
Camden	WCAM	238.2	1180	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	Silent	Camden
Camden	WCAD	245.6	1220	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Camden
Charlotte	WBT	277.6	1080	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Charlotte
Chattanooga	WDDP	234.2	1280	2500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Chattanooga
Chicago	KYWK-KFKX	293.1	1020	5000	5:00-12:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-2:30	5:00-3:00	Chicago
Chicago	KYWA	293.1	1020	1000	Same as KYWK-KFKX	Same as KYWK-KFKX	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WAAF	325.9	920	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WBBM	389.4	770	25000	5:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	10:00-12:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	8:00-10:00	Chicago
Chicago	WCFL	234.2	1280	1000N	5:00-7:15	12:00-1:00	5:00-7:15	12:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	30000	5:00-6:00	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	5:00-7:15	Chicago
Chicago	WENR	344.6	870	30000	8:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	9:00-2:00	9:00-2:00	11:00-2:00	11:30-2:00	12:00-2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WGES	220.4	1360	500	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	5:00-7:00	Chicago
Chicago	WGN	416.4	720	25000	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	9:00-10:30	Chicago
Chicago	WIBO	535.4	560	1000	5:00-12:00	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-11:00	8:00-12:30	8:00-12:00	8:00-12:30	Chicago
Chicago	WJBT	389.4	770	25000	9:30-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WJL	265.3	1130	20000	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-8:30	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447.5	670	5000	6:00-8:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-9:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-11:00	5:30-12:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMAQ	447.5	670	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Chicago
Chicago	WMBI	277.4	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	10:15-11:15	12:00-1:00	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WORD	202.6	1460	5000	5:00-7:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	7:00-8:00	Chicago
Chicago	WPCC	535.4	560	500	3:00-12:00	Silent	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Chicago
Chicago	WPCW	214.2	1490	500	6:00-8:30	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	6:00-10:00	Chicago
Chicago	WQCR	545.1	550	500	3:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Chicago
Cincinnati	WCN	293.1	790	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	225.4	1330	500	5:30-9:45	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-9:30	5:30-10:00	Cincinnati
Cincinnati	WSAI	225.4	1330	500	5:30-9:45	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-10:00	5:30-9:30	5:30-10:00	Cincinnati
Clairinda	KSO	217.3	1380	500	Silent	6:10-10:00	6:10-10:00	6:10-10:00	6:10-10:00	6:10-10:00	6:10-10:00	Clairinda
Clay Center	KMMJ	405.2	740	1000	Silent	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	Clay Center
Clearwater	WFLA	483.6	620	1000	Silent	6:00-1:00	Silent	6:00-1:00	Silent	6:00-1:00	Silent	Clearwater
Cleveland	WEAR	280.2	1070	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WHK	215.7	1390	1000	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-1:00	Cleveland
Cleveland	WJAY	483.6	620	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Cleveland
Cleveland	WTAM	199.8	750	3500	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-1:00	5:00-12:00	Cleveland
College Station	WTAW	267.7	1120	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	College Station
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1270	1000	Silent	6:00-11:30	6:0					

LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Spokane	KGA	284	1470	5000	7:00-1:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	Spokane
Spokane	KHIQ	588.2	590	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-5:00	5:00-2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302.8	990	15000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio	WC50	296.8	1450	500	Silent	7:30-9:30	6:00-8:00	8:10-10:10	5:10-7:10	6:00-8:00	5:10-9:00	Springfield, Ohio
State College	WFSC	242.6	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College
State College, N. M.	KOB	254.1	1180	10000	6:00-10:00	6:00-8:30	6:00-8:30	6:00-9:00	6:00-8:30	6:00-9:00	6:00-10:00	State College, N. M.
Stevens Point	WLBL	333.1	980	2000	Silent	9:30-11:00	9:00-10:00	9:30-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	Stevens Point
Superior	WIBC	232.4	1290	1000	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Superior
Syracuse	WFLB	333.1	900	1000	5:00-10:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Syracuse
Tacoma	KMO	348.6	860	500	Silent	11:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	11:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	Tacoma
Tacoma	KVI	394.8	760	1000	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Tacoma
Tampa	WDAE	741.8	1240	1000	5:00-9:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Tampa
Tilton	WBRL	209.7	1430	500	6:00-8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tilton
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-11:30	Toledo
Topeka	WIBW	230.6	1300	1000	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	5:30-12:00	Topeka
Toronto	CFCA	356.9	840	500	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CFRB	312.3	960	4000	5:00-11:30	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-10:15	5:00-12:15	Toronto
Toronto	CHNC	356.9	840	500	Operating on Phantom	License only	License only	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
Toronto	CKCL	517.2	580	500	6:00-7:30	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434.8	690	5000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKNK	517.2	580	500	8:00-9:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-10:00	Toronto
Toronto	CNRT	357.1	840	500	Silent	Silent	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-11:00	Silent	Silent	Toronto
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1280	500	6:45-8:15	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Trenton
Troy	WHAZ	230.6	1300	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVOO	263	1140	5000	5:00-8:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Tulsa
Urbans	WILL	336.9	890	500	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	5:00-6:00 7:30-8:00	Urbans
Vancouver	CNRV	291.1	1030	500	11:00-12:30	12:00-1:00	11:00-2:00	12:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	9:30-2:00	Silent	Vancouver
Vermilion	KUSD	336.9	890	500	Silent	8:00-9:00	8:00-9:00	8:00-9:00	Silent	8:00-9:00	Silent	Vermilion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	329.5	630	500	9:28-11:00 each Month	10:00-12:00 8:30-9:30	8:00-9:30 1:00-2:00	8:00-9:30 1:00-2:00	8:00-9:30 1:00-2:00	10:00-11:30 1:00-2:00	8:00-9:30 1:00-2:00	Victoria, B. C.
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	Silent	8:30-9:30	8:30-9:30	8:30-9:30	8:30-9:30	8:30-9:30	8:30-9:30	Waco
Washington, D. C.	NAA	434.5	690	1000	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	6:45-7:00 at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WMAL	475.9	630	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WRC	315.6	950	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	Washington, D. C.
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1490	5000	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Westminster
Wheeling	WWVA	258.5	1160	5000	6:30-7:45	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-5:15	5:00-6:15	10:00-2:00	Wheeling
Wichita	KFPH	330.6	1300	1000	5:00-5:30	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-12:00	Wichita
Winnipeg	CJRX	25.6	10000	2000	Silent	7:30-11:30	On Air at 9:15	7:30-11:30	Silent	7:30-11:30	7:00 and 10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000	Silent	7:00-8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	6:30-7:30	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	384.4	780	5000	Silent	7:00-8:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:00	6:30-7:30	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Yankton	WNAX	826	570	1000	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-12:00	Yankton
York, Neb.	KGBZ	322.4	930	500	5:00-6:00	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	York, Neb.
Yorkton	CJGX	475.9	630	500	7:00-8:30	7:15-8:00	7:15-8:00	7:15-8:00	7:15-10:00	8:30-10:00	7:15-8:00	Yorkton
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	626	570	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-6:00	3:00-9:00	9:00-11:00	5:00-9:00	Youngstown, O.
Zion	WCBD	27.6	1080	1000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct... 14.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct 8.00 225 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 12.00 500 votes

4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 16.00 750 votes

5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct 20.00 1,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 40.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Kilo-	Call	Location
Meters	Signal	Location
cycles	Watts	
243.3	1,200	10 WHBC Canton, Ohio
		100 WBBY West Des Moines, Ia.
		100 WBBX Utica, N. Y.
		250 WIL St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100 WIL St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100 WJBC LaSalle, Ill.
		100 WJBL Decatur, Ill.
		30 WJBW New Orleans, La.
		100 WJRC Worcester, Mass.
		100 WKJC Lancaster, Pa.
		30 WLAP Okaloosa, Ky.
		250 WLBC Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100 WLBC Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250 WMT Waterloo, Iowa (day)
		100 WMT Waterloo, Iowa (night)
		100 WNBQ Washington, Pa.
		5 WNBW Carbondale, Pa.
		10 WNBX Springfield, Va.
		100 WPRC Harrisburg, Pa.
		100 WRAF La Porte, Ind.
		50 WRBL Columbus, Ga.
		100 WWAE Hammond, Ind.
252	1,100	100 WICC Easton, Conn.
		5,000 WOIA San Antonio, Tex.
254.1	1,180	3,000 KEX Portland, Ore.
		10,500 KOB State College, N. M.
		500 WGBS New York City
		500 WHDI Minneapolis, Minn.
256.3	1,170	5,000 KINT Muscatine, Iowa
		10,000 WCAU Philadelphia, Pa.
258.5	1,160	10,000 WQWO Fort Wayne, Ind.
		5,000 WVVVA Wheeling, W. Va.
260.7	1,150	5,000 WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
263	1,140	5,000 KVOO Tulsa, Okla.
		5,000 WAPI Birmingham, Ala.
265.3	1,130	5,000 KSL Salt Lake City, Utah
		20,000 WJJD Mooseheart, Ill.
		1,000 WOV New York, N. Y.
267.7	1,120	500 KFSG Los Angeles, Calif.
		500 KMIC Inglewood, Calif.
		50 KRSC Seattle, Wash.
		500 WBAK Harrisburg, Pa.
		1,000 WDBO Orlando, Fla. (day)
		500 WDBO Orlando, Fla. (night)
		350 WDEL Wilmington, Del. (day)
		250 WDEL Wilmington, Del. (night)
		250 WHAD Milwaukee, Wis.
		250 WISN Milwaukee, Wis.
		500 KTRH College Station, Texas.
270.1	1,110	3,000 K500 Sioux Falls, S. D.
		5,000 WRVA Richmond, Va.
272.6	1,100	50 KGBS Stockton, Calif. (day)
		100 KJBS San Francisco, Calif.
		5,000 WLWL New York, N. Y.
		5,000 WPG Atlantic City, N. J.
275.1	1,080	5,000 KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
277.5	1,080	10,000 WBT Charlotte, N. C.
		3,000 WCBD Zion, Ill.
		1,000 WMBI Chicago, Ill.
280.2	1,070	100 KJBS San Francisco, Calif.
		300 WAAT Jersey City, N. J.
		50 WCAZ Carthage, Ill.
		100 WDZ Tuscola, Ill.
		1,000 WEAR Cleveland, Ohio
		1,500 WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
282.8	1,060	500 KWJJ Portland, Ore.
		10,000 WBAL Baltimore, Md.
		1,000 WJAC Norfolk, Neb.
		50,000 WTIC Hartford, Conn.
285.5	1,050	5,000 KFKB Milford, Kan.
		5,000 KNX Hollywood, Calif.
288.3	1,040	10,000 KRLD Dallas, Texas
		10,000 KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.
		1,000 WKAR East Lansing, Mich.
		1,000 WKEN Buffalo, N. Y.
293.9	1,020	50,000 KFXX Chicago, Ill.
		50,000 KYW Chicago, Ill. (day)
		50,000 KYW Chicago, Ill. (night)
		500 KYWA Chicago
		750 WRAX Philadelphia
296.9	1,010	500 KGGF Picher, Okla.
		500 KQW San Jose, Calif.
		250 WHN New York, N. Y.
		300 WNAD Norman, Okla.
		250 WPAJ New York, N. Y.
		250 WQAO New York, N. Y.
		250 WRNY New York, N. Y.
299.5	1,000	1,000 KECA Los Angeles, Calif.
		1,000 WHO Des Moines, Iowa
		5,000 WOC Davenport, Iowa
302.6	990	15,000 WBZ Springfield, Mass.
		500 WBZA Boston, Mass.
306.9	980	50,000 KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa.
309.1	970	5,000 KJR Seattle, Wash.
		1,500 WCFB Chicago, Ill.
314.6	950	1,000 KFVB Los Angeles, Calif.
		500 KGHL Billings, Mont.
		2,800 KMBC Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		1,000 KMBC Kansas City, Mo. (night)
		500 WRC Washington, D. C.
319	940	250 KFEL Denver, Colo.
		1,000 KGU Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000 KGIN Portland, Ore.
		500 WCHS Portland, Me.
		1,000 WDAY Fargo, N. D.
		1,000 WFIW Hopkinsville, Ky.
		750 WHA Madison, Wis.
322.4	930	500 KFVI San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000 KFWM Oakland, Calif.
		1,000 KGBZ York, Neb. (day)
		300 KGBZ York, Neb. (night)
		500 KMA Shennandoah, Iowa
		1,000 WBRC Birmingham, Ala.
		500 WDBJ Roanoke, Va.
		50 WIBC Elkins Park, Pa.

Kilo-	Call	Location
Meters	Signal	Location
cycles	Watts	
325.9	920	1,000 KOMO Seattle, Wash.
		300 KFEL Denver, Colo.
		1,000 KPBC Houston, Texas
		250 KFNE Denver, Colo.
		500 WAAF Chicago, Ill.
		1,000 WWJ Detroit, Mich.
333.1	900	500 KCBU Ketchikan, Ala.
		1,000 KHJ Los Angeles, Calif.
		250 KSEI Pasatiello, Idaho
		1,000 WJAX Jacksonville, Fla.
		1,000 WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
		2,000 WBLB Stevens Point, Wis.
		750 WMAK Martinsville, N. Y.

Kilo-	Call	Location
Meters	Signal	Location
cycles	Watts	
352.7	850	10,000 KWKH Shreveport, La.
		5,000 WVOI New Orleans, La.
361.2	830	12,500 KGB Denver, Colo.
		1,000 WHDH Gloucester, Mass.
		5,000 WRUF Gainesville, Fla.
365.8	820	10,000 WHAS Louisville, Ky.
370.2	810	10,000 WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
		300 WPCH New York, N. Y.
374.8	800	50,000 WBAP Ft. Worth, Texas
		5,000 WFAA Dallas, Texas
378.5	790	7,500 KGO Oakland, Calif.
		50,000 WGY Schenectady, N. Y.
384.4	780	500 KELW Burbank, Calif.
		1,000 KTM Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500 KTM Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		250 WBSO Wailley Hills, Mass.
		500 WEAN Providence, R. I. (day)
		250 WEAN Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000 WMC Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500 WMC Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500 WFOR Norfolk, Va.
		500 WJAR Norfolk, Va.
389.4	770	5,000 KFAB Lincoln, Neb.
		25,000 WBBM-WJBI Chicago, Ill.
394.5	760	1,000 KVI Tacoma, Wash.
		1,000 WEW St. Louis, Mo.
		20,000 WJZ New York, N. Y.
399.5	750	5,000 WJR Detroit, Mich.
405.2	740	1,000 KMNJ Clay Center, Neb.
		1,000 WSB Atlanta, Ga.
418.4	720	25,000 WGN Chicago, Ill.
422.3	710	500 KEJK Beverly Hills, Calif.
		250 KFVD Culver City, Calif.
		1,000 WHB Kansas City, Mo. (day)
		5,000 WOR Newark, N. J.
428.3	700	50,000 WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
440.5	680	2,500 KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo.
		5,000 KFO San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000 WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
447.5	670	5,000 WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
454.3	660	500 WAAW Omaha, Neb.
		50,000 WEAF Bellmore, N. Y.
461.3	650	5,000 WSM Nashville, Tenn.
468.5	640	5,000 KFI Los Angeles, Calif.
		500 WAHU Columbus, Ohio
		5,000 WOI Ames, Iowa (day unlimited)
473.9	630	500 KFRU Columbia, Mo.
		500 WGRF Evansville, Ind.
		500 WMAL Washington, D. C. (day)
		250 WMAL Washington, D. C. (night)
		1,000 WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (day)
		500 WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
483.6	620	1,000 KCW Portland, Ore.
		300 KTAR Phoenix, Ariz.
		2,500 WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla.
		(day)
		1,000 WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla.
		(night)
		500 WLBY Bangor, Me. (day)
		250 WLBY Bangor, Me. (night)
		2,500 WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis. (day)
		1,000 WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
491.5	610	1,000 KFRC San Francisco, Calif.
		1,000 WDAF Kansas City, Mo.
		500 WFAN Philadelphia, Pa.
		500 WIP Philadelphia, Pa.
		500 WJAY Cleveland, Ohio
499.7	600	1,000 KFSD San Diego, Calif.
		250 WGBS Stars, Conn.
		250 WCAO Baltimore, Md.
		500 WMT Waterloo, Iowa
		500 WDA Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
		1,000 WREC Memphis, Tenn. (day)
		500 WREC Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		500 WSUI Iowa City, Iowa
506.2	590	1,000 KHQ Spokane, Wash.
		1,000 WCAJ Winston, Neb.
		1,000 WEEI Boston, Mass.
		1,000 WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich.
		1,000 WOW Omaha, Neb.
		1,000 KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (day)
		500 KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (night)
514.5	580	200 KGFV Pierre, S. D.
		1,000 WIBW Topeka, Kan. (day)
		500 WIBW Topeka, Kan. (night)
		500 WXAQ San Juan, P. R.
		250 WOBH Charleston, W. Va.
		250 WSAZ Huntington, W. Va.
		250 WTAG Worcester, Mass.
529	570	500 KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (day)
		250 KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (night)
		500 KNTR Hollywood, Calif.
		500 KQAB Hillsdale, Mont.
		500 KXA Seattle, Wash.
		750 WEAQ Columbus, Ohio
		500 WKBW Youngstown, Ohio
		1,000 WNAJ Yonkers, N. Y.
		250 WMAK Casper, W. Va.
		500 WNYC New York, N. Y.
		250 WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
		1,000 WWNC Asheville, N. C.
535.4	560	1,000 KFDM Beaumont, Texas (day)
		500 KFDM Beaumont, Texas (night)
		2,500 KFEG St. Joseph, Mo.
		1,000 KJZ Dupont, Calif.
		1,000 KTAB Oakland, Calif.
		500 WEBW Beloit, Wis.
		500 WFI Philadelphia, Pa.
		1,000 WBO Chicago, Ill.
		500 WLIT Philadelphia, Pa.
		2,000 WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (day)
		1,000 WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (night)
		500 WPCC Chicago, Ill.
		1,000 WQAM Miami, Fla.
545.1	550	1,000 KFDF Brookings, S. D. (day)
		500 KFDF Brookings, S. D. (night)
		500 KFJM Grand Forks, N. D.
		1,000 KFUD St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		500 KFUD St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		500 KFYE Bismarck, N. D.
		1,000 KOAC Caswell, Ore.
		500 KSD St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000 WGR Buffalo, N. Y.
		500 WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio

Murder!

FROM whose voice, from which room of the queer old house did that terrible cry come? Men rushed about, finally bursting into a dimly lighted room.

There, half in the bedroom, half in the bathroom lay a man's body, a great stain across his chest, dyeing his pajamas scarlet. In a chair close by was a second body.

A few moments later both had disappeared.

Don't miss this greatest of all mystery stories by *Jackson Gregory*. Watch for the April issue of Radio Digest—

THIRTEEN AND ONE unfolds new developments that will keep you tense.

336.9	800	1,000 KFNE Shennandoah, Iowa (day)
		500 KFNE Shennandoah, Iowa (night)
		250 KGFJ Little Rock, Ark.
		500 KUSD Vermilion, S. D.
		500 WGST Atlanta, Ga.
		400 WJAR Providence, R. I. (day)
		250 WJAR Providence, R. I. (night)
		500 WMAZ Mason, Ga.
		500 WMIN Fairmont, W. Va. (day)
		250 WMIN Fairmont, W. Va. (night)
		500 WILL Urbana, Ill. (day)
		250 WILL Urbana, Ill. (night)
340.7	860	500 KFKA Greeley, Colo.
		500 KLLK Oakland, Calif.
		500 KPQF Denver, Colo.
		1,000 WCOC Meridian, Miss.
		250 WCBT Scranton, Pa.
		500 WQAB Scranton, Pa.
		500 WSMI Iowa City, Ia.
344.5	810	50,000 WENR Chicago, Ill.
		5,000 WLS Chicago, Ill.
348.5	800	250 KFQZ Hollywood, Calif.
		1,000 KMO Tacoma, Wash. (day)
		500 KMO Tacoma, Wash. (night)
		10,000 WABC New York, N. Y.
		5,000 WBOQ New York, N. Y.
		500 WHB Kansas City, Mo.

New Mexico

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Albuquerque (KCCM 243.8, 1,230, 500), Raton (KCGF 218.8, 1,370, 50), State College (KOB 254.1, 1,180, 10,000).

New York

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Amherst (WKBW 204, 1,470, 5,000), Albany (WMO 218.6, 1,370, 100), Bay Shore (WINR 247.8, 1,210, 100), Binghamton (WNBF 199.9, 1,500, 50), Buffalo (WGBR 228.9, 1,310, 200).

North Carolina

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Asheville (WVNC 526, 1,000, 1,000), Charlotte (WBT 277.6, 1,080, 10,000), Greensboro (WNCR 208.2, 1,210, 500).

North Dakota

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Bismarck (KFYR 545.1, 550, 500), Devils Lake (KDLR 247.8, 1,210, 100), Fargo (WY 419, 1,000, 1,000).

Ohio

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Akron (WADC 227.1, 1,320, 1,000), Bellefontaine (WBHD 218.8, 1,370, 100), Canton (WHBC 249.9, 1,200, 10), Cleveland (WEAR 280.2, 1,070, 1,000).

Oklahoma

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Alva (KGF 211.1, 1,420, 100), Chickasha (KOCV 214.2, 1,400, 500), Enid (KCRC 218.8, 1,370, 100).

Oregon

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Astoria (KFJI 218.8, 1,370, 100), Corvallis (KOAC 545.1, 550, 1,000), Eugene (KORE 211.1, 1,420, 100).

Pennsylvania

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Allentown (WCBN 208.2, 1,440, 250), Altoona (WSAN 208.2, 1,440, 250), Carlisle (WFBC 228.9, 1,310, 100).

Texas

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Abilene (KFYO 211.1, 1,420, 2,500), Amarillo (KQRS 212.6, 1,410, 1,000), Beaumont (KFDM 535.4, 560, 1,000).

Utah

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Ogden (KFUR 218.8, 1,370, 50), Salt Lake City (KDYL 232.4, 1,290, 1,000).

Vermont

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Burlington (WCAX 249.9, 1,200, 100), Springfield (WNBX 249.9, 1,200, 10).

Virginia

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Mt. Vernon Hills (WJSV 205.4, 1,460, 10,000), Newport News (WGH 228.9, 1,310, 100), Norfolk (WBBW 249.9, 1,220, 100).

Washington

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Aberdeen (KXRO 211.1, 1,420, 75), Bellingham (KVO5 249.9, 1,290, 100), Everett (KFBL 218.8, 1,370, 50).

West Virginia

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Charleston (WBOB 516.9, 560, 250), Fairmont (WMMN 336.9, 890, 500), Huntington (WSAZ 316.9, 560, 250).

Wisconsin

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Beloit (WEBW 535.4, 560, 500), Eau Claire (WTAQ 225.4, 1,330, 1,000), Fond du Lac (KFIZ 211.1, 1,420, 100).

Alaska

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Anchorage (KFQD 243.8, 1,230, 100), Juneau (KFTU 128.9, 1,310, 10), Ketchikan (KCBU 351.1, 900, 500).

Hawaii

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Honolulu (KGHB 227.5, 1,320, 250), KGU 319, 340, 800.

Philippines

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Manila (KZIB 260, 1,150, 20).

Porto Rico

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes San Juan (WKAQ 136.9, 560, 500).

For April RADIO DIGEST will bring you a galaxy of fiction and special writers that will be a sensation in themselves. Rupert Hughes, Jackson Gregory, Will Payne, and others. The same dependable regular services and station news, with new features that will delight you. Be sure to get the April issue.

Rhode Island

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Cranston (WBWF 247.8, 1,210, 100), Pawtucket (WFAW 247.8, 1,210, 100).

South Carolina

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Charleston (WBBY 240.9, 1,200, 75).

South Dakota

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Brookings (KFDD 545.5, 550, 1,500), Dell Rapids (KGRD 218.8, 1,370, 50), Pierre (KCFX 516.9, 560, 250).

Tennessee

Table with columns: Call, Meters, Kc., Watts. Includes Bristol (WOPI 199.9, 1,500, 100), Chattanooga (WDOD 234.2, 1,280, 1,000), Knoxville (WFBC 249.9, 1,200, 50).

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 92)

house, a cry weird and strange with a bubbling, strangling sort of note that was almost unearthly and whose one intelligible word was:

"Murder!"

THERE were some moments of the wildest confusion. That cry, electric and fearful, whence did it come? From what room, from whose throat? Men rushing out of their rooms into dark and devious hallways did not know which way to turn. Everything was strange here; a single scream like that one was enough to convert the crazy old house into a perfect labyrinth.

Matches scratched; candles were lighted. Someone ran out of his room carrying a lamp. There were sharp questions, no answers. Figures huddled at the bottom step of the stairway leading to the second floor.

At the time no man was quite sure of his neighbor jostling at his elbow. They saw a dim light above and like great dark moths rushed upon it. A door was open; the uncertain light streamed out of a bedroom, gleaming vainly upon the newel posts.

They burst into that room, some two or three of them together. The light, murky and ghostly, streamed out from a single lamp here. The wick had been turned too high, smoking the chimney; then had been turned low and was now like a pale star in a thin wrack of mist. Yet it sufficed horribly.

Here was a big, strangely gloomy bedchamber with dark panelled walls and with monster hewn beams across a lofty ceiling. A bath adjoined this room; its door, too, was wide open and its white tiles and gleaming hardware had the effect of drawing to themselves what little light there was. And there, half in the bedroom, half in the bathroom, clothed in white pajamas, gruesomely still, horridly inert, lay stretched a man's body. Some four or five figures hastened to him. One man was down on his knees.

"It's Parks! My God, it's Parks!"

They stooped to see and shuddered at what they saw. He lay on his back, white and still, all white save for the great red stain across his half exposed chest, dying the cloth of his pajamas scarlet. One arm was flung out from his side to the floor; the other, with sleeve ripped away, was across his chest, the lax hand close to the wound as though it had striven to fend off the death he saw coming. That wound was directly above the heart and from it projected the handle of the knife which had not been plucked away; the horn handle of a big hunting knife.

IT WAS Andregg down on his knees. He peered close, he put his own shaking hand upon the still white hand which lay with such dread eloquence across Mainwaring Parks' chest.

"Dead!" he whispered. "Cold as ice already! It must be—"

There was an interrupting gasp from further back.

"Here's another! Here's murder again—it's Dicks!"

"Andregg! Andregg! Come here. See if he's dead."

Andregg sprang to his feet. About to turn, something caught his eye. On the floor, close to the outstretched hand extended from the body of Mainwaring Parks, lay a small, bright object. Andregg was not alone in seeing it, but he saw it first and snatched it up.

They turned, all together, to where Detective Dicks half sat, half lay in a

big arm chair. He had evidently been sitting, facing the open bathroom door, perhaps chatting with Parks when the thing happened. Now he lurched to one side, a hand trailing the thick-carpeted floor. Across his right temple was a wound such as must have come from a crushing blow; the skin was torn, blood had streamed down his cheek and was still trickling slowly.

They called to Andregg in anxious voices. And Andregg, visibly trembling, made a second hurried examination. He sought a pulse, he put his ear to the detective's chest, he laid quivering fingers against the wound itself.

"Not dead yet, but dying. I think. The skull seems crushed—it must have been a terrible blow. There's a faint flutter of life but—"

He straightened up, shaking his head and looking about him like a man in a nightmare.

"Whoever did this thing," came a sudden sharp voice, a cool voice at last, "is still here. There's been no time to get away."

They turned toward him. It was Captain Temple, half dressed. From him they looked wildly at one another. Those words of Mainwaring Parks', spoken so short a time ago, leaped back into their minds. There was someone, someone in the house, who would stop at nothing—

"LOOK around," commanded Temple curtly. "The assassin may still be here. In the bathroom, in the next room."

There was no one in the bathroom, but a second door gave from it to still another bedroom, a duplicate essentially of the first. It, too, was unoccupied, and its door to the upper hallway stood wide open.

"No man can get away tonight." It was Paul Savoy speaking for the first time, and very thoughtfully.

"You're crazy," snapped Laufer-Hirth. "What's to stop him?"

"The snow. He'd leave a trail that would lead straight on to him. Even if it snows all night it would never fill such a furrow as he'd have to plow. We'd get him in the morning."

"But why should he leave the house?" demanded Captain Temple in a sneering, contemptuous way. "It's one of us. We all know that. But which one? Who's ever to know?"

"Let's get poor Dicks to a bed. Maybe the doctor can do something for him. And Parks—"

The suggestion, coming from Savoy, broke off sharply there, interrupted by a sudden dull boom of sound which startled them afresh. It broke upon their ears from some far part of the house, a muffled roar as of a shotgun in a confined space; a heavy detonation exploding with a shock which they seemed to feel, as well as hear. With one accord they rushed into the upper hall.

"It's downstairs! Our man's down there!"

They caught up what weapons they could snatch in their headlong rush, a poker by the dead fire in Dicks' room, a golf club in a corner, and raced with wind-blown candles down the stairs.

"It's the safe! The safe's been dynamited."

"By whom, gentlemen?" mused Mr. Nemo.

"By one of us," said Temple stubbornly. "One of us eleven. I'm counting the servants in, for full measure. One of us eight, I might hazard."

"That may be true," admitted Paul Savoy thoughtfully. "It has the ring of truth as you speak it." He lighted a

cigarette before adding: "But we'd best remember we're not sure of anything yet."

"WHAT'S to be done?" demanded Laufer-Hirth nervously. "Poor old Parks!"

"Two things, I think," returned Savoy. "One is to see if we can get through to the proper authorities by telephone. The other is to find out if there is anything we can do upstairs. Andregg, will you—Where's Andregg?"

No one knew. They hadn't missed him until just now. And, with speculation just beginning, Andregg came into the room.

"Here I am," he said quietly. "I'm just going upstairs. I'll need a couple of you to help me. Will you come, Captain Temple? And you, Mr. Savoy?"

There was something about the man that was forever whipping up surmise. Here, to be sure, was the same Andregg, and yet again there was some subtle difference. Did the man change with every passing hour? He was always tense, like a man under a strain, yet now when they looked to see that tenseness at its zenith they found it at ebb. With nervousness growing upon others, markedly upon Will Little, it seemed dimishing in him.

"Coming?" snapped Andregg, conscious of the eyes upon him.

"I'll phone," said Laufer-Hirth. "You boys go with the doctor."

At the door of the bedroom, Andregg put his hand to the knob.

"Well?" snapped Temple. "What are you waiting for? Why don't you go ahead?"

Andregg turned a curiously white face toward the two who had joined him.

"I can't!" he whispered. "It's—the damned thing's locked!"

"Nonsense. You're as frightened as that sissy Will Little. Full of fancies as a kid fed up on witch tales. Stand out of the—By Gad, Savoy, it is locked!"

"Just caught, no doubt," said Savoy, but a quick flash of fire in his eyes belied the words.

"Try the other door; the one into the other room, beyond the bath."

It, too, was locked. They began shouting. "Our man's up here! Bring an ax!" Again there was a rush of feet up the stairway; an ax handed forward by a trembling Filipino boy was wielded in great flashing strokes by Captain Temple, showering splinters about them. The door fell and they entered, every man on guard and watchful. Once in the room, hushed and fearful they stood in a close-packed group, drawn close together as affrightened children huddle. Where the body of Mainwaring Parks had lain there was now nothing except a darkly glinting pool of blood and a broad-bladed hunting knife, red to the hilt. Where Detective Dicks had sagged in his chair, there was nothing!

A blood-curdling scream burst from one of their number. There followed a strange moan and the man who had screamed out seemed to wilt under their perplexed eyes and fell to the floor, face down. It was Will Little; he had fainted.

WHO had committed this double murder, and then in the few minutes the room was empty, done away with the bodies? Which one of the guests in this House of Ghosts was a mad killer? Be sure to follow this enthralling murder mystery in the April number of *Radio Digest*.

Humor in the NBC Studios

(Continued from page 46)

Bestos: "A scientist has discovered a way to make plants intoxicated."

Ray: "That's nothing, the plants at our house have always been potted."

Bestos: "There goes one lucky man."

Ray: "How's that?"

Bestos: "He has a wife and a cigarette lighter, and they both work."

Billy: "I think your friend took a long walk."

Ernie: "What makes you think so?"

Billy: "He's smoking a certain brand of cigarette."

Ernie: "Why have you got your socks on wrong?"

Billy: "I danced so much last night my feet got hot, so this morning I turned the hose on 'em."

Billy: "A friend of mine fell down and broke his jaw the other day."

Ernie: "And I suppose he's been talking broken English ever since."

Ernie: "Don't you find living over a howling alley rather noisy?"

Billy: "On the contrary, it's so quiet at times you can hear a pin drop."

Humorous Incidents

LISTENING to broadcasts from your favorite stations, or perhaps chain programs that come to you from distant points, you many times have chuckled over humorous incidents, intentional or accidental.

It's going to pay you to remember these amusing moments.

RADIO DIGEST will pay \$5.00 for the first selected incident heard on a Radio program, \$3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident, and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed. The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as the part of some program put on the air from some broadcasting station.

It may be something planned as part of the entertainment, a situation pre-arranged by the director, or it may be one of those many little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

Keep your ears open—it will pay you. Send your contributions to the Humor Editor, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. Remember, the time is short, your letter must be received not later than February 15.

Mechanics of Sound Effects

(Continued from page 25)

The strange objects in the hands of Mr. Fasig's assistants were rubber suction cups, you know the kind I mean, such as are used in your home when the sink trap becomes clogged!

NEARLY every orchestra has a musical theme as its air signature. The Cluquot Club Eskimos were the first to add novelty to the signature by introducing the barking of a dog and the ringing of sleighbells. The sleighbells,

you hear are sleighbells, but the barking dog is (if you will pardon the metaphor), a horse of another color. Did you, in childhood's happy hours, ever make a devil's fiddle out of an old tin can, a button and a piece of string? Rover or Prince, or whatever the Eskimos call their dog, is a devil's fiddle with a hide bottom. From the center of this hide extends a heavy cord tail. When the trap drummer rubs a rosined piece of leather along the tightly pulled tail this dog woof-woofs in high glee! A strange way to pet the beast—but a Radio dog is a most unusual animal.

For several years all sound effects were worked out by the program directors and the trap drummers in the orchestras. About a year ago dramatic presentations began to take the ether in quantities. Sound effects became a necessary part of these programs. The two big chain systems were not long in recognizing the importance of microphonic realism. Both National and Columbia created a department devoting its time and labor to the inventing, developing and handling of sound effects exclusively. Harry Swan is the magician in charge of this department at WABC, the key station for the Columbia system.

Many and varied are the noises requested by dramatic writers and the sensitive microphone is put to severe tests before the desired vibratory response on the audition speaker in the control room brings the welcome nod of approval from the program director.

Several of the effects used in the theatre have lent themselves readily to electric transmission on the air waves. The wind machine, a revolving slatted cylinder over which is draped a piece of heavy canvas, is probably the most important backstage property to find a home in the broadcasting studio. The wailing of the wind, in all its various moods, is produced by turning the cylinder at different speeds. The uncanny whistle, which is caused by the slats rubbing against the canvas, will cause you to grab your hat and decide to take the winter flannels out of the moth balls.

Another stage effect welcomed by the microphone is that of the surf breaking against either sand or rocks. Peas or shot are rolled across a drum head or, if the waves are supposed to lap the shore gently, across a wire window screen.

MANY of you will remember those delightful "Buccaneer" programs put on by Harry C. Brown for Columbia. Just as important as the characters of the pirates who gathered weekly in their rockbound hideout was the sound of the breakers at the entrance of the treasure cove. Speaking of the "Buccaneers" reminds me of the talkative "Polly" in that presentation. This parrot, which so frequently got the captain's goat, was portrayed by no less a celebrity than Redfern Hollinshead, the Radio tenor.

While on the subject of the sea let's take a studio trip aboard a ship.

As we watch the four gentlemen in tuxedos standing at the microphone in the beautifully appointed studio to sing a chantey it is difficult to picture ourselves a guest on a fishing vessel.

The song ends. The effect man brings forward a ship's bell and strikes it twice.

"Two bells, and all is well!" speaks a character near the microphone.

"Two bells, and all is well!" repeats a gentleman twenty feet away—and you have the effect of a man on duty at the far end of the ship.

Dialog which paints a descriptive picture for you now takes place between hardened seamen. Such phrases as "Lazy lubber," "Rouse out, Matey, I smell salt pork frying in the galley," or "Hit the deck, all you swabs" coming

from the lips of the white collared thespians seems incongruous to us. But if we close our eyes the sea, the fishermen become real and studio actualities become unreal. The ears have it. But let us open our eyes and see what is going on at the mike.

We are invited to accompany some of the fishermen in a dory. The oarlocks squeal—a violin string is looped tightly over a hollow, well rosined fiber cone which is rotated slowly.

Now we are on the fishing grounds and the net is being put out, this action being described in dialog.

ONE of the men, a greenhorn, falls from the dory into the sea—a small piece of wood is splashed in a basin of water.

There is a confusion of excited voices. The man who went overboard gives a gurgling cry for help—by ducking his lips below the surface of the water in the basin, much to the amusement of the gentlemen in the orchestra.

"There he is—there! Where those bubbles are rising!" The effect man, near the mike, blows gently through a rubber tube the end of which is submerged in a tumbler of water.

One of the fishermen dives into the sea—two pieces of sandpaper caress! It was a perfect dive, for we heard him cut the water without a splash.

The man is rescued—by dialog.

After a musical interlude we find ourselves back on the fishing smack. The net, with its precious load of fish, is being hauled aboard and we hear the ratchet of the winch—the effect man holds a cheap watch near the mike and turns the winding stem backwards!

The haulers and pulley-blocks squeak under the strain—the fiber cone is again rotated, this time with a bass violin string looped over its rosined surface.

Homeward bound. A transoceanic steamship passes. Her deep toned whistle is heard—over in the corner of the studio the effect man blows into a hollow, oblong wooden box! This odd-looking box is about two feet long, with sides four inches by two inches. This piece of property comes from the theatre stage. Its technical name is "the steamboat whistle," and I might add that it comes in all sizes—from tugboats on up to Leviathans.

THE PROGRAM directors and the effect men are working hard to give the Radio listeners realism that cannot be questioned. Sound effects must sound authentic. The other day I saw two men in conference. One was Jimmy Whipple, who writes and directs the "Forty Fathom" programs for Columbia. The other was Harry Swan, the effect man. I listened in on the conversation. It seems that Jimmy is anxious to pull a storm at sea but he refuses to do a half-hearted job. He wants to make it a real honest-to-goodness storm with all the trimmings. He must have the sound of heavy seas pounding and crashing on the deck of his ship. This two man conference was the result of Jimmy's desire for realism. Just where it will lead I do not know. But I'm willing to wager it won't be long now until you are an ear witness to the drama of a storm at sea so faithfully presented it will make you reach for that bottle of seasick remedy.

The "choo-choo" of the railroad locomotive starting a heavy load is another adopted child of the theatre. Wire brushes in the hands of an expert trap drummer are scientifically applied to a kettle-drum. No engineer ever opened a throttle with more telling results to the ear. Train whistles look very much like the property steamboat whistles. Escaping steam or air is an easy sound to pro-

duce. A tank of compressed air is set up in the studio and a valve opening makes it possible to regulate the intensity of the hiss. Freight cars bumping together as a train starts or stops is duplicated in sound by rolling two small solidly built boxes, fitted with metal casters, along a board—bumping the boxes together occasionally.

Any sound with a musical tone in its makeup is produced, whenever possible, from the natural causes. For instance, the clink of a spoon in a glass is just that. Automobile horns and sirens (I can't vouch for the live variety), play their own parts. Animal cries register perfectly but animals are not reliable actors. With few exceptions they are taboo in a studio. The canaries which sing as the spirit moves during a Levatow musical program are always welcomed. But these songsters do not work on cue. Arthur Fasig told me that one of his present assignments was to capture the trumpeting of an elephant. But, believe me, that's all he wants to capture. He doesn't want the elephant.

THERE is a man in New York who is so proficient with larynx, or what have you?—that he sells his voice imitations to broadcasting companies, recording companies and producers of sound pictures. His name is Bradley Barker. If you are a talkie fan you are, without knowing it, familiar with one of Mr. Barker's imitations. Whenever the Metro lion, the screen trademark of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, opens his mouth the resultant sound which vibrates through the theatre came originally from the throat of this man. He can imitate nearly every animal sound. And, at one time or another, these imitations have been microphoned either for the air or for records.

When the change from movies to talkies took place producers were caught napping. Many silent films, ready for release, were on their shelves. These pictures were sent to the laboratories of recording companies where music and sound effects were synchronized with the action portrayed on the film. Mr. Barker's long experience at the mike in broadcasting studios made his services of real value to the film producer who desired to make his silent film noisy. Mr. Barker, therefore, was sent to the sound laboratories to imitate, microphonically, nearly every conceivable noise. Many of his experiences were decidedly unique.

At one time a film starring Jack Holt was in the process of being synchronized with music and effects. In one sequence Holt was shown cooking over an open fire. The effect man for the recording company tried to imitate the sound of frying eggs by inserting a plumber's soldering iron, when red-hot, in a pan of water. A playback of film and record disclosed the eggs spluttering away merrily in the hot fat. And for a few seconds you could hear them frying, too. But not for long. The iron had refused to hold its heat throughout the length of the scene.

Barker was appealed to. "On that next take you'll have to give us those fried eggs, Brad!"

"That's a quick order," Barker replied and went outside to practice being a fried egg. When the film was released in the theatres throughout the country Jack Holt played the lead but Bradley Barker played the eggs in the frying pan.

JUST the other day a recording company sent for Barker to make the air signature for the manufacturers of Tom Cat Peanuts, whose products will be advertised on the ether by the time this

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who was the "Quaher Girl" and where is she now?
2. With what great Radio artist is the song "Memories" especially associated?
3. Where was Walter Damrosch born?
4. Who was awarded the crown of the World's Most Beautiful Radio Artist at the Radio World's Fair last Fall?
5. Has Rudy Vallee ever been married?
6. What coloratura soprano whose voice is heard from coast to coast claims a direct descent from Edgar Allan Poe?
7. Of what collection, very feminine in character, is Vaughn DeLeath the proud possessor?
8. What famous announcer also sings Scottish tunes, recites Scottish poetry, and is Scotch and proud of it?
9. What is the name of the girl whom Roxy calls "Radio's Sweetheart"?
10. What woman holds the unique distinction of being the only prominent musical comedy and movie star to own her own broadcasting station?
11. Who won second place in the contest to pick the World's Most Beautiful Radio Artist at the Radio World's Fair?
12. Who is the famous announcer that St. Paul can call her son?

article is published. The air signature, played from a record every time this program is broadcast, is a carking good cat fight—both cats played by the same man! So remember, when you hear the felines in battle, it's not the cats' meow—it's Bradley Barker.

Among some of the odd imitations he has done before the recording mike are the pump in the picture "Submarine," the quarrel of the South Sea Islanders in "White Shadows" and the voice of Emil Jannings in "The Patriot."

Jim Corbett, the ex-heavyweight champion and stage favorite, has been on several Radio programs under my direction. One night the dialog in our studio presentation described the location in which the party was being held as a gymnasium. It was natural to have one of the characters ask Gentleman Jim to try his hand at the punching-bag. We tried out several methods of sound duplication. The best results were obtained in a novel way. One of the actors, his coat drawn tightly across his back, stood close to the mike while the trap drummer, using his fingers only, patted the man's shoulder! For an hour after the broadcast Corbett's friends were calling the studio to tell Jim how much they enjoyed hearing him punch the bag. And Jim never disillusioned them!

Another time I had to create the sound of dice being rolled between the palms of the hand. This effect was used during a program featuring The Two Black Crows. Two pencils with hexagon sides

were rolled between the hands. No colored gentleman could have mistaken the invitation!

The jail routine of Moran & Mack called for a prisoner working with a hammer on the rockpile. I tried out the genuine articles and the result on the audition mike was pretty sour. It sounded as much like a hammer on a rock as my singing of an Irish ballad would sound like a rendition of the same ballad by John McCormack. And that's not very close, believe me. But when we substituted a cold chisel for the hammer and (get this) the hammer for the rock the loudspeaker delivered the goods.

THE REAL fun starts when a mysterious drama is given the air. The effect man and his assistants are in their glory. The long table, covered with sound "props," gives a studio the appearance of a bargain basement in a department store.

When a window shade suddenly flies up or is drawn down a genuine roller shade attached to a board is manipulated in like manner near the mike. When you hear someone tapping on the window pane someone actually does tap a piece of glass. A telephone bell is a telephone bell. A doorbell is a doorbell. A telegraph instrument is a telegraph instrument. A voice coming from the receiver of a telephone is not a synthetic reproduction. It actually takes place. The speaker stands about twenty-five feet from the microphone and reads his lines into the mouthpiece of a telephone instrument. The person receiving the message at the other end of this short distance connection holds the receiver near the mike. In this way a perfect two way telephone conversation is broadcast. A crash of falling beams or walls is duplicated by standing half a dozen wooden music racks in a row and pushing the first one against the second in line, which causes the others to go down in turn. An elevator door opens—a piece of wire is drawn across the mouthpiece of a harmonica. Paper is crushed in imitation of a small fire. A crackling fire—six or eight drumsticks rolled about in the hands.

Let us assume that our hero and his friend, the detective, have trailed the heavy to an old deserted house. In semi-whispers the dialog of these two actors carries us down the dark hall. We know from this dialog that the man they are after is in a room at the end of the hall, that the door to this room is locked and that our two adventurers are going to break down the door in a surprise attack. When the door is wrecked a hatchet, previously driven into a piece of wood, pries off a good sized splinter; this is followed by the crash of two folding wooden chairs as they are dropped, one on top of the other. The tearing of the wood by the hatchet gives a perfect illusion of a door being ripped apart by the impact of the bodies hurled against it.

"STICK 'em up, Scar Face. We've got you this time!" says the detective. "Come around from behind that table and don't reach for no rod. Come on, show a little life."

"Look out! The lamp!" Shouts our hero. "He's upset the table!"

The table is overturned and the lamp breaks—two heavy pieces of wood and a glass dish (from the five and ten!) are dropped into a box, with disastrous results to the dish.

Shots are fired as revolvers come into play. And here we take leave of the actors to tell you of one of the cleverest of Radio illusions. It is clever because of its simplicity, because of its naturalness and because it protects the delicate

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transmission equipment. A genuine shot or explosion cannot be recorded with any degree of accuracy. The rush of air causes what is known as a "blasting of the microphone" to take place. Without becoming too technical it might be explained as an overloading of the mechanism which transfers sound vibrations to electric vibrations. A charge of powder, small enough to preserve the equilibrium of the controls, would when exploded make no more noise than a gently spoken "Phut!" And it would sound just as much like a shot as that "Phut" you tried to say just now.

A property cushion, known as a shot pad, when struck with a flat stick becomes Radio's revolver. This cushion is made of a piece of leather, some horse-hair padding and a piece of board. The board acts as a backing and holds the padding in place. When the ruler-like stick is applied to the cushion, after the manner of father and son in the woodshed, each sharp blow registers a microphonic revolver shot. For a heavier sounding explosion, say that of a shotgun, a canvas covered shot pad is used.

The snare, the bass and the kettle drums are used in reproducing various explosions. The thunder drum is a specially made instrument. It is a massive affair with a hide covering stretched taut across a heavy frame four feet square. Two soft, fuzzy woolly balls on the end of drumsticks are the implements used in producing the rolls and blasts of thunder from this drum. The thunder and bass drums serve also as the studio cannon.

Listen to that airplane motor! Get that drone? Now, take a look inside a studio where an air-minded program is in progress. An electric motor rests on a high stool. A square block of wood, from the corners of which extend pieces of rawhide four inches long, has taken the place of the fan on this motor. Now watch. The effect man has picked up an oriental drum. He switches on the current and the motor starts. Now he brings the drumhead in contact with the flying ends of the rawhide strips. Wow! What a roar. It's a takeoff. He moves the drumhead away, oh, so very slowly—and the plane disappears in the distant sky. There's a reason for using an oriental drum. This instrument is not only headed with hide but its circular side-wall is also made of hide. When struck it gives off a certain tone vibration which makes it possible to add the drone of the airplane motor to the tattoo of its exhaust.

THE TIME has come when a sound detail, no matter how trivial, receives sincere consideration. One of the dramatic scenes in a Westinghouse program called for the crunching of a pocket compass beneath the heel of a shoe. While the action could have been, and was, reported in dialog the program director wanted his unseen audience to hear it. Mr. Fasig experimented for two days in order to perfect the illusion. In the center of a box of earth he placed a small flat stone, slightly below the level of the dirt. On this stone he placed an empty penny matchbox. The matchbox was crushed beneath a block of wood padded with corduroy. This padded block was then twisted about against the earth. All very simple you may say. But so is any riddle when you know the answer.

Another and more elaborate request handed Mr. Fasig, who seems to be credited with more ingenuity than Mohamer, was that he bring a waterfall to the microphone. And he very nearly filled that order literally. With several tubs of water surrounding the mike and

watering pots in action the actors in the dramatic sketch found themselves working in a very natural atmosphere. At least they had to watch their steps as well as their lines lest any one of them suddenly do a water fall on his own account!

Ever try holding a conversation beneath an elevated structure on Sixth Avenue in New York while a train passes overhead? Try and do it. You would hardly think anyone would care to buy that racket. But the Columbia Broadcasting system paid for the capturing of a good, full-grown, healthy elevated train roar. They didn't pay much, it's true. Roller skates are not expensive. Nor did the box platform on which the skates are rotated by hand cost very much. When a Columbia program director decides to make his listeners hear an elevated train he makes them hear it—and how!

And now that the microphone has gone to Hollywood the producers of talkies have adopted the slogan, "Hearing is believing." Here's the inside

New Laws for Old

RUPERT HUGHES has dipped into his vast store of historic background and given readers of *Radio Digest* a great classic in this story of "The Great Migration." When the Prairie Schooners carried that great army westward, new conditions were met and new laws made to meet these conditions. In April, Rupert Hughes tells how one man made happiness for himself and his beloved.

story of a mike stunt which comes from the West Coast. In *The College Coquette* one scene shows Jobyna Ralston falling into the opening of an elevator shaft. You do not see the actual fall of the lady but as she disappears you hear her screams die away in the distance. In recording the scream Miss Ralston did not move. She stood on a platform twenty or thirty feet above the studio floor. A microphone, suspended by a long rope from the ceiling some distance away, was held near the actress. When she started her scream the captive mike was released. Like a pendulum is swung down and away from the stationary Miss Ralston. Her scream was recorded during the down swing of the mike. When the scene is thrown on the screen the effect is thrilling for we have audible proof that Miss Ralston did fall down the elevator shaft.

SPEAKING of screams, I am reminded of the night Edith Thayer was playing a part in one of my Radio sketches. The script called for a sudden scream from a character she was portraying as she sees a ladder falling on a man. There was nothing in the dialog to forecast the action and Miss Thayer was afraid she would not be able to make the scream sound natural. But I want to tell you it was about the most genuine scream ever broadcast. Just at the right moment and in just the correct spot Frank Moulan, also taking part in the sketch, kicked the lady!

In that particular instance the scream was sincere to both the actress and her audience—but the cause in each case was quite different. Mike is a trickster who makes the listener live, temporarily, in a world of "let's pretend" where hearing is believing.

Sound effects are not the only things a Radio audience hears and believes. Sometimes an etherized statement, while absolutely true, is accepted so literally that a humorous aftermath results.

When Graham McNamee was in Pittsburgh broadcasting "blow-by-blow" (check me if I'm wrong) description of a world series game he happened to remark that the smoky city came by its nickname honestly enough. "I am wearing the last clean collar I have with me. If this game lasts much longer I'll never be able to buy a new one to wear this evening. The stores will all be closed." When he returned to his hotel he found several packages of collars—all shapes—and all sizes!

During a Soconyland Sketch Arthur Allen, one of the actors, was introduced to the air audience by the announcer who remarked, "Mr. Allen's hobby is collecting antique clocks." The statement was true. Clock owners, in all parts of the country, wrote Mr. Allen about their possessions. He was swamped with letters. Most of the writers offered to forward their ancient timepieces on approval! Needless to say Mr. Allen did a lot of hurried correspondence in an effort to ward off the influx of clocks.

OCCASIONALLY the shoe is on the other foot. Realism is all right in its place but when it slips out over the air at an inopportune time it can be much more starting to the artist in the studio than it is to the listeners outside. The other morning Mrs. Julian Heath, the pure food expert, was at the microphone just ready to broadcast. She had been introduced and was about to speak when a terrific blast from a cornet filled the studio. Mrs. Heath turned in startled amazement to discover a musician, who had entered quietly from an adjoining studio, deftly running the scales on his instrument. The man had not seen Mrs. Heath and had taken it for granted that the studio was empty. Believing it a good place in which to test out his lip before joining his orchestra for a morning rehearsal he tooted a toot or two. Shooing the much perturbed gentleman away Mrs. Heath returned to the microphone and explained the situation to her air audience. At the time I am sure the listeners enjoyed the joke much more than did the surprised lady. It was all too real to have been mistaken for a musical signature—and too, Mrs. Heath does not double in brass.

Frank Moulan, acting as toastmaster one night, told the Radio listeners that he had broken his gavel. Several of these little wooden hammers came to him in the mail. In one of the "Main Street Sketches" produced at WOR the little imaginary pig belonging to one of the imaginary characters was credited with having died an imaginary death. A little live squealer came by express two days later—addressed to the imaginary character!

It's a great game—this disbursing of air entertainment. The rabbits and the doves and the flowers and the flags really didn't come from the hat of the stage magician but "seeing was believing." And now that Radio has brought its bag of tricks into the amusement field we find, even though we no longer believe in Santa Claus, that "hearing is believing."

It's a marvelous game—this game of "let's pretend."



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WENR Still Leads Popular Station Race

(Continued from page 4)

FRIENDS of Station WENR have been the most persistent to date in the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station contest. Week after week they have consistently sent in their ballots and kept their favorite station in the lead by a slight margin. Now and again another station will sweep into prominence, only to have its total vote cast into oblivion by still another contender.

Judging from the number of ballots received in every mail, this Gold Cup award is going to be the most hotly contested race ever sponsored by Radio Digest.

Among the outstanding contenders for the Most Popular Station award, besides WENR, are WDAF, WCOA, WAPI, KGA, KFNF, KWKH, KFOX, WSM, WLS, WLW, WJAS, WBBZ, WWNC, KFI and WNAX, with KMOX, KHJ, WTAM and KDKA, together with a number of others, close behind.

If you haven't voted or your favorite broadcasting station yet turn to page 4, clip and fill in the coupon and send it to the Popular Station Editor today. Remember, this contest closes at midnight March 20.

Standing of the stations to date:

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	2987
WBZA	Boston	1864
WPG	Atlantic City	2714
WABC	New York City	2680
WCAU	Philadelphia	2006
WEAF	New York City	2514
WGR	Buffalo	2134
WHAM	Rochester	2469
WOR	Newark	1937
WRC	Washington, D. C.	1539
WTIC	Hartford	2080
WJSV	Washington, D. C.	1638
WBAL	Baltimore	1543
WEEL	Boston	928
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	843
WGY	Schenectady	2814
WJAS	Pittsburgh	6076
WJZ	New York City	2318
WFBL	Syracuse	1520
WMAK	Buffalo	1584
WNAC	Boston	1483

South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pensacola	5248
WFLA	Clearwater	1960
WHAS	Louisville	1438
WSMB	New Orleans	2016
WSM	Asheville	6024
WSM	Nashville	4265
KWKH	Shreveport	6410
WSB	Atlanta	4090
WJBO	New Orleans	1394
WDOD	Charlottesville	1410
WMC	Memphis	2162
WREC	Memphis	2740
WCOC	Columbus	1474
WRVA	Richmond	1739
WDBJ	Roanoke	1320
WLAC	Nashville	1544
WLAP	Louisville	1425
WBT	Charlotte	1180
WTAR	Norfolk	1817
WAPI	Birmingham	6708
WPTF	Raleigh	1260
WJAX	Jacksonville	2364
WBRC	Birmingham	3425

Middle West	City	Votes
WTAM	Cleveland	3624
KMA	Shenandoah	1411
WCCO	Minneapolis	2104
WCBD	Zion	1140
WAIU	Columbus	1772
WCAH	Columbus	1586
WJAY	Cleveland	1379
KMOX	St. Louis	3021
KSTP	St. Paul	2947
KYW	Chicago	2675
WBBM	Chicago	2238
WFBM	Indianapolis	1642
WGN	Chicago	1784
WIID	Chicago	1980
WJR	Detroit	1644
WHR	Cleveland	1936
WLS	Chicago	2280
WMAQ	Chicago	2897
WTMJ	Milwaukee	1902
WOWO	Fort Wayne	1524
WHG	Des Moines	1489
KOIL	Council Bluffs	2745
KFKB	Millford	2234
WOS	Jefferson City	1683
KFEQ	St. Joseph	1760
WENR	Chicago	7540
WWJ	Detroit	2324

Middle West	City	Votes
KFNF	Shenandoah	5289
WOC	Davenport	1775
KWK	St. Louis	1325
KSO	Clarinda	1011
WDAF	Kansas City	6470
WCAZ	Carhage	990
WLW	Cincinnati	5405

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	2039
WBAF	Fort Worth	2240
KVOO	Tulsa	1838
KSOO	Sioux Falls	1402
KGCU	Mandan	1606
WOAI	San Antonio	1378
WFAA	Dallas	1762
KFAB	Lincoln	664
WOW	Omaha	2174
KOB	State College, N. M.	1120
WNAX	Yankton	4210
WIBW	Topeka	1576
KMMJ	Clay Center	1940
KPRC	Houston	1804
KFYR	Bismarck	995
KFKB	Millford	2345
KGIR	Butte	1789
WBBZ	Ponca City	4941
KRLD	Dallas	1368
KTHS	Hot Springs	1360
KTSM	El Paso	1214
KPH	Wichita	1525

Far West	City	Votes
KDYL	Salt Lake City	1798
KSL	Salt Lake City	1611
KFI	Los Angeles	5888
KJR	Seattle	2269
KOMO	Seattle	2164
KGA	Spokane	5901
KIDO	Boise	1521
KGW	Portland	2302
KOIN	Portland	2629
KFWB	Hollywood	2412
KGO	Oakland	2346
KPO	San Francisco	2921
KFOX	Long Beach	6144
KFRC	San Francisco	1424
KFII	Astoria	1298
KHJ	Los Angeles	4068
KPWN	Oakland	1380

Canada	City	Votes
CFAC	Calgary	1509
CFCA	Toronto	1630
CFQC	Saskatoon	2119
CHCS	Hamilton	1546
CKGW	Toronto	1417
CHWC	Regina	1125
CJCA	Edmonton	1316
CJCT	Calgary	1776
CJRM	Moose Jaw	1018
CKAC	Montreal	1603
CKUA	Edmonton	1064
CNRM	Montreal	1471
CNRV	Vancouver	1386
CKCK	Regina	923
CKCL	Toronto	960
CJGC	London	1272
CFRB	Lawrence	765
WREN	Toronto	1086

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 51)

this—just because we all thought it was smart and a thrill and all that bunk. I—I—

"Well, that's mighty handsome of you to say it, Ev," interrupted Judy Hancock, her eyes sparkling and her fine young face animated. "But it seems to

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me I went into this when I ought to have known better. I haven't anyone else but myself to blame. No one made me do it, as I told Mr. Kennedy. I don't blame you, no matter what anyone else may say or think. It was strictly up to me and I could have—"

I was watching the faces of both Judy and Barr with a great deal of interest and did not see Kennedy raise his hand for silence as he grabbed the receiving paraphernalia of the Radio.

We waited breathlessly, as Kennedy consulted his watch several times in the interchange over the air.

Finally he turned to us. "They got Ryder Smith off. They were glad to give him up. One less to divide with, I suppose. They're bringing him ashore and I'll have him by six o'clock. Meanwhile he has made a part of his statement—and it will enable me to tie up the one loose end there is left in my case!"

Chapter XVII.

TIING LOOSE ENDS

"TIE a loose end?" repeated McNaught. "And that is—?" He paused in the question.

"Possession," answered Kennedy. "Most cases fall down on that. Possession of the poison. It's all very well to prove that a person has been poisoned, to prove that there was a motive and an opportunity and all that for another person to poison them. But prove that that person actually had the poison in question with which to do it. Many an otherwise perfect case has broken down on that."

"Well, seeing that I don't know what the poison was nor who the person was, I must say I am as much in the dark, Kennedy, now as I was when I looked through the port of the Gigolo and saw that beautiful girl in the cabin, alone, dead." McNaught looked around at me reproachfully as if I had been holding back something from him.

"I can assure you, McNaught," I hastened to alibi myself, "I am in pretty much the same position myself."

Kennedy smiled. "In fact I think Dr. Gibson, the coroner, knew no more about it than either of you." He paused, looking around keenly at them all. "Of course," he resumed, "I am going to leave you all in the custody of McNaught and his men until six o'clock when they assure me they will have landed Captain Ryder Smith and turned him over to me. That being the case, I can see no harm that will come of revealing at least some part of what this missing link of possession of the poison may be. . . . Who is 'the Turk?' Donato—no, perhaps you, Merck, can answer best. Taxi drivers know everyone. Who is 'the Turk?'"

"The Turk?" repeated Jake, then hesitated.

"Go on, Jake, you tell 'em," urged Don with a sort of fiendish glee. "I had to tell about Ryder Smith. Now you tell!"

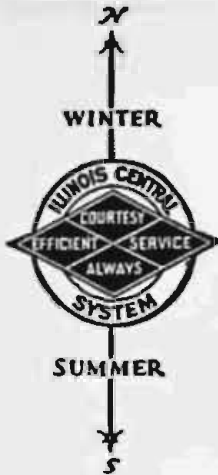
"Come across, Merck. Who is the Turk? I will find out—but you might save me a half hour or perhaps an hour."

It was not so much that Jake did not want to tell as it was that he revolted against having to tell. It was the instinct of the gunman and racketeer who would rather die than reveal even who it was who shot him.

I could well imagine what was going on in Merck's mind. He would never have breathed a syllable any more than Don the Dude would have done about Ryder Smith had the Turk been a member of his gang.

"Come across," repeated Kennedy. "There's nothing you can gain by shielding him—much you can lose."

Merck scowled. "O' course you're



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right. He ain't even in the city—much less in the gang. You know the little fruit store on East Main Street?"

"What—Greco's?"

"Yes. We all call him the Turk. He's swarthy and looks like one, anyhow. That's the fellow."

KENNEDY nodded. "I gathered as much from what Ryder Smith just told me. Runs a speakeasy back of the fruit store, eh?"

Merck nodded.

Kennedy was considering something. "I suppose he has to know you pretty well if you are going to get in."

"Oh, yes. No strangers get in there. He just grins and doesn't know a thing when you talk about wine."

"But you know him."

"Certainly."

"I thought as much. The surest way to find a drink is always to get in the good graces of a taxi driver. Naturally, they know them all. Well, McNaught, Merck, is one you will have to release to me for a little while, after I have committed him to your care. I will be responsible. Come on, Jake. Walter and I haven't become so well known here yet that we mightn't be a couple of good thirsty fares for whom you can vouch."

"Yeah," pulled back Merck. "But what am I gettin' out o' this? Maybe a knife in my back some dark night, later?"

Kennedy shook his head reassuringly. "No; there's nothing the Turk has done that incriminates him. He was an innocent tool in the affair." Merck was at last bestirring himself. Kennedy leaned over and whispered something to McNaught. "It just means you'll have to be doubly careful with them all, Mac. Keep your eye on them, every one. There's enough authority for holding them—material witnesses, and all that."

"Oke!" agreed McNaught. "I don't know what you expect to get but I hope you get it."

Outside we departed in one of the cars and as we came into the town Kennedy signed to Jake to stop and park the car around the corner on Main Street. "We'll walk there. Then he won't see you're not driving a taxi. Pin your taxi badge on your coat. There. Now, Walter, just a little bit exhilarated—as if we had to have more!"

"Hello, you big Turkey!" greeted Merck as we came to the fruit stall around the corner. "I got a couple of good spenders—all the way out from the city. The sky's the limit. O. K., Turk. I know 'em for years." He turned and introduced us.

The fruit vender sized us up carefully. We certainly did not look like cellar sniffers or even secret agents. His scrutiny seemed to satisfy him. He paused in the back of the shop for a couple of muttered remarks to pass between him and Merck, then unlocked what looked like a closet door but was really a cellar door. We followed him down, not into a cellar exactly but into a basement, almost on the level with a yard in back of the store, due to the slope of the land.

HERE was as complete a bar as I had ever seen, brass rail and everything, even to the mirror back of the bar with a landscape painted on it with soap and Epsom salts.

We had a drink, and another. The Turk proved to be not a bad sort of boniface. He bought and treated on the house. We began to get chummy, so much so that Kennedy was emboldened to rally him on his nickname and his looks.

"My mother, she was a Turk," he confessed. "You know my father was in the army." He was off to a proud recital of the family's military prowess.

A nudge from Kennedy once when the Turk was away back of his bar and I gathered that Merck and I were on any pretext to become so chummy that we left Craig and the Turk to themselves.

There was nothing to do but to overcome my curiosity and give Kennedy his chance, for he was getting along famously apparently with the fruit vender.

Merck and I started to roll the bones, much to my discomfort, for I found he shot them very much too well for me and I was fighting off the danger of being cleaned by him into the bargain.

"White grapes—and you were to put them in a basket," I caught wafted over from Kennedy once in a lull in the game.

I knew he was getting somewhere. These must be the grapes we had discovered on the table before Lola in the cabin of the "Gigolo," half eaten, seeds and all.

We resumed our rolling the bones. But that made it twice as difficult as before for me. For not only was I feeling the potency of the Turk's liquid refreshment, but I was consumed with curiosity to catch some next fleeting remark from Kennedy.

"Now, tell me about the Turks—you've been in the Levant of course?"

"Oh, yes. Now I tella you. . . ."

THE next interchange was lost to me. Kennedy and the Turk were becoming more and more confidential.

"I'll make you a little side bet, Jameson, that I—"

"Shut up!" I ground out between my teeth. "You're taking my money fast enough without any side bets—while I'm trying to get an earful of this. Now, shut up—and shoot!"

" . . . sure, Mister, and everything looks yellow to them . . . sure . . . turn green. . . . I have seen them with my own eyes. . . ."

"Don't snap your fingers, so, Jake. You can buy baby a new pair of shoes without making all that noise over it. Come to papa! There, now match that! Only don't wag that infernal tongue of yours so loud when you do it!"

" . . . over there last year. I brought some back . . . just curiosity . . . all of it yet except that little bit I told you about. . . . I don't care if I do . . . if you pay me. . . ."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the Turk go back of the bar and bend down. I rose to light a cigarette. He was on his knees twirling the combination of a country safe. I did not dare look longer, but as I resumed the crap game I saw him return to Kennedy with a little paper of something, hand it to Kennedy who in turn passed over a crisp Treasury note, regarded the white paper in his hand as he unfolded it, looked is at something, then folded it again.

" . . . three of them . . . that one . . . the one you have . . . and I have the other in the safe. . . . Oh, I collect strange things wherever I go abroad. In Syria . . . a little silken cord . . . you know that was an idea they brought back during the Crusades and in Spain they made what they call yet the Garrote Chair. . . . I could go on all day about the strange customs of the East. . . . Have another, gentlemen?"

Kennedy agreed. But I understood now why he was watching us all so closely but covertly. A good part of what was supposed to have slipped down his throat had slipped surreptitiously into the spittoon under the table. It is one very successful way of keeping your head when the drinks are coming fast. And Craig was only at the beginning of a big job.

He glanced at his watch. "Oh, by Godfrey, Merck! Look at the time! And I

had an appointment at six. If I'm paying you to drive me I'm paying you to think for me, too! So long, Tony! I'm coming out to see you again. I like to talk to you. I learn so much!"

Chapter XVIII.

THE GREEN DEATH

"THEM double-crossin' devils!"

Bitterly and distinctly, even if he was muttering, Captain Ryder Smith ground out the words, the first he uttered as he saw us driving up the steamboat dock to which the "Geronimo" had tied up only a few minutes before we appeared driven with taxicab recklessness by Merck.

"What double-crossing devils?" I demanded.

"Just a moment, Walter. Now, Captain, not a word until we get over to the Hancock bungalow. I have them all there, with McNaught, all but Merck, of course."

"And did you get what I told 'em to send yer over the air?"

"I did. That's what made me a little late. Having too good a time with the Turk." Kennedy took the little white paper packet from his breast pocket, then replaced it carefully, patting his pocket. "I could have proved it by my own autopsy, of course. I knew what to look for. You knew where. This makes it perfectly open and shut."

Merck was burning up the road. Now and then his lips moved. I could not catch a word. But I knew that he, too, had a hate in his heart and was perfectly willing to pay off an old score.

"This road would break a snake's back!" I gritted as I clung to the seat as Jake took the curves between the Port and St. James.

It seemed merely a matter of seconds before we were let into the big living room of the Hancock bungalow.

"There, Mr. Kennedy, it happened just as I told you it was going to happen! Dad did come in!" Reproachfully Judy greeted us, and behind her Mr. Hancock, while over in the corner a very crest-fallen Eversley Barr was slumped in a big chair and a much subdued group of amateur and professional rum-smugglers were draped nervously about the room.

"Them double-crossin'—"

Kennedy swung about and forcibly interposed his weight between Ryder Smith and those in the room.

"Now, not a word, Smith, until I ask you to speak, not a word! You know, you are a partner in the crime, in one sense. The rum-running case against you is perfect. And here's McNaught. Please, just a minute."

Ryder Smith subsided, muttering under his breath.

"What was it killed her, Kennedy?" insisted Hancock. "Coke?"

"Hardly," replied Craig. "Cocaine would hardly account for the strange effect that the drug had on her."

No one betrayed even by a look knowledge of what Kennedy was driving at, although I knew that someone must know. All were looking keenly at him now.

"IT WAS a queer poison from the Levant," he said suddenly. "It was a poison that a speakeasy proprietor brought over on his last vacation abroad. It was santonin, which has the strange effect of making the victim literally see yellow and green—and finally turning the victim himself yellow, then green!"

"But I was talking to Dr. Gibson," put in Hancock. "He told me he could find no trace of any poison in the stomach contents!"

"Perhaps not. Nor in any scratch or wound. But Dr. Gibson failed to remem-

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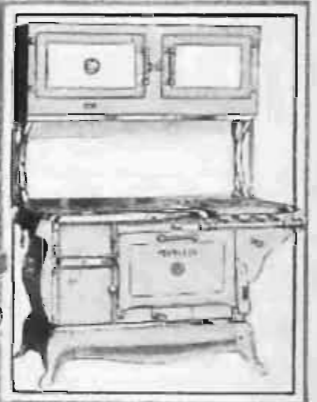


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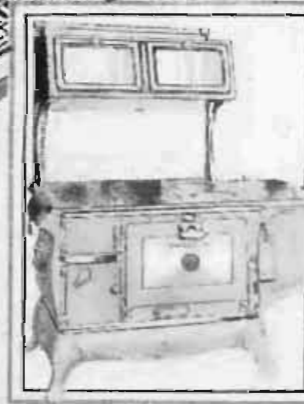
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ber something that should have been obvious to him as a physician. If he were treating intestinal disease there is one kind of capsule he would use, a coating that is not dissolved by the acids of the stomach juices but which is dissolved only by the digestive fluids of the intestine. He fell into an obvious trap!"

His little audience seemed literally to gasp as Kennedy proceeded with the elucidation so simply of what had been insoluble. He drew the little white paper packet from his pocket and balanced it carefully between his finger and thumb.

"There I have one of three packets of this strange poison, santonin, brought back by a certain person from the Near East. One packet he still has in his safe. The third he sold to the murderers of Lola Langhorne! Carefully, that poison was placed in the seeds of a bunch of white grapes, purchased from this same person by these same murderers. I am prepared to show the poison in some of the seeds that were eaten and found in her intestines with the coating over the seeds still undissolved by the intestinal juices. I am prepared to show the poison in the seeds that had been carefully extracted from some of the still uneaten grapes and replaced, coated with the same intestinal capsule coating. It is a perfect case—all but the possession of the poison with which to perpetrate the murder. And within the last hour I have been with the one person in the world who unwittingly sold both the poison and the grapes to parties on whom now I am able absolutely to prove possession—the one rock upon which so many poisoning cases have been wrecked. This case will not be wrecked on that rock!"

"Them double-crossin'—"
Kennedy swung about again quickly and Ryder Smith cut the words short.

"Beg yer pardon, sir, I wasn't meanin' any offense!"
"It's all right, Cap'n," smiled Kennedy. "I know that, I know also that you are eager to clear yourself of the murder, whatever else may be hung on you. Go ahead! Now is your time. Tell it!"

"THEM double-crossin' devils!" The old sea-dog drew himself up to his full height. The withering scorn of his voice was as nothing to the withering scorn of his eyes. Whatever he might have done in his life he had the scorn of the sea for a traitor.

"Mis' Lola—she found 'em out!"
It was like a burst of a searchlight through the darkness as one sails a boat or of the headlights of a car as one rounds a curve in the blackness. Here was the hidden motive for the murder of the beautiful girl as plain and simple as daylight.

"What double-crossing devils?" demanded McNaught leaning forward eagerly as if he had suddenly half out-guessed the old seaman.

Captain Ryder Smith drew back, uncertain whether not to include McNaught himself in the contempt he felt.

"Them revenooers!" he boomed viciously. "That there Warner David and the gal, Jean Bartow! You ought to know who I mean! They was goin' to get the lion's share of that cargo for themselves before it was over. They took me and Jake Merck and his gal, Maisie, in, they did. But I switched and I switched quick when I seen they done that murder on that Lola Langhorne, I did—just because she got on to them and they knowed their game of double-crossin' was up if she lived to get to shore. They double crossed Ev Barr, they double-crossed all the rest of us, they double-crossed the Government that was payin' 'em—and I just beat it out to Rum Row where it was safe, I did, until I heard how things really was from Mr.

Kennedy. Then I was perfectly willin' to come back an' tell what I knew."

"Tell them how it was done, Captain," prompted Craig.

"How it was done?" he repeated. "Easy enough! You've told 'em more'n I could tell about the poison. I didn't know nothin' 'bout that, 'cept that there was a poison of some kind and it was given in some way and I knowed they hung out with the Turk and you might get a line on it that way."

"Yes; but I mean what you saw. Your direct evidence."

"WELL, it was like this. You know Mr. Barr places me in charge of the Gigolo with Mis' Lola, bringing in as much stuff as we could carry each trip from the All Alone. This Davis and the Bartow woman was in the dory doin' the same thing. They was comin' back from shore empty and passed me with Mis' Lola comin' in with a load. They musta been lookin' for us in the Sound, for they signaled and I slowed up and they got aboard."

"Now, Mis' Lola was always eatin' grapes, white grapes mostly. She loved 'em. We all knowed that. And she was in the cabin havin' her lunch, which was mostly grapes, as usual. They has a little basket of grapes. I don't know what they done. Maybe they switched the grapes. Maybe they just give 'em to her. I wasn't there."

"But, by and by, I hears loud voices in the cabin. So I slows down again and goes aft to it. I couldn't help hearin'. She was accusin' them of bein' what they was—double-crossers. Some friend o' hers had put her wise and she was just waitin' to face 'em out when she saw 'em. They musta knowed it. She was nervous and eatin' grapes kinda rapid and they was all talkin' at once."

"Alla sudden I hears her say, 'And you look yellow to me—' and she stops, kinda startled like. Then she catches sight of me. 'Cap'n,' she says and her voice was funny, 'there's somethin' wrong with me—get me to shore—and to a doctor—things are turnin' green!' I looked and her face was green. Before I knowed what to say, this Davis had a gun poked at me. I ducked just as he fired and, believe me, I didn't waste no time goin' overboard, I can tell ye! Some gal, that Mis' Lola. None o' the rest of yer knowed it. But she's wise."

"They fired at me a couple of times in the water, but they didn't get me. When I dropped overboard I was swimmin' around and I cut a tender loose. But I didn't dare get in it. They was still lookin' and firin'. Then they seen somethin' and they got off in the dory right smart. I was swimmin' toward the little tender when I see what it was they seen. It was the revenoo boat. I don't know why the revenoo boat don't see me, but they don't. They was lookin' for the Gigolo so hard, I guess. I made the little skiff and there I was tossin' about until a huckster goin' out to the Rum Fleet seen me, and picked me up. They musta set the Gigolo headed for shore when they got back in the dory and started out to the All Alone for an alibi. Anyhow, I didn't want to go ashore and this huckster took me out to the boat where he was goin', the Owllet, and I stayed there. I figured it was safer till this blowed over, or somethin'. I lets Don and Jake know where I was and to tell Deitz the fake revenooers ain't in it no more if they tries to shake him down."

Slowly, as Captain Ryder Smith told it, with some show of pride and virtuosity at what he wouldn't stand for, I saw it, the double-crossing planned by Warner Davis and Jean Bartow and discovered by Lola. They had removed her, as they thought, with no suspicion on

themselves. It was they that had done the informing on Ev Barr, to appear on the job while plotting to get the stuff for themselves. It was they on their last trip that planted the case in Judy's car and tipped off the officers to get her.

The relief of Judy and Ev Barr was overwhelming as the two thoroughly frightened young people now stood beside Kennedy, begging him to intercede with old Mr. Hancock for them.

"And, Dad, I promise, we'll settle down after the honeymoon—"

McNaught was a tabeau to watch. He stood, arms akimbo, one clenched fist on each hip, legs wide apart, as he faced the cowering Davis and Jean Bartow.

"I'll—be—damned!" he bellowed at the top of his voice. "Who's going to reform the reformers!"

New Laws for Old

(Continued from 43)

"Shut up, damn you! what are you gittin' at?"

He shivered and a pain went through his loins. He hoped it was fear, but he was afraid it was something worse.

In a dumb longing either for companionship in terror or in the grave, he took Alice's hand in his and would not let it go.

She felt that she was doomed as well as he, and that their fate was ghastly prefigured in the wriggling of the repulsive victims they passed. She wanted to do something kind for somebody before she died, but she was ignorant of what to do. She longed to go among the perishing as a sister of charity but she did not know how to help them.

In the earlier stages of their journey she had tried to comfort the blind Mr. Cheevers, by describing the comedy and the beauty they passed. She had wept with sympathy for him for what he could not see. And now she envied him his blindness.

Alice had left Illinois with the thought only of wealth and travel. Her book of love, she supposed, had closed with her marriage. It had been a dull book and promised to be monotonous to the end, but she was prepared to plod to the finish with dogged fidelity.

The flare of gold in the West had opened a new promise, but the way of it had been so long and doleful that it could never repay its cost. She had heard it said that humanity always puts into its mines more than it takes out; and she had proved it, for no splendor could efface the memory of this squalor.

Fag and fright counselled her that she would never even find a nugget of gold. She was sure that her weary body would end its pilgrimage in a roadside pit for scavenger animals to mine with their paws. She was so weary that she sighed: "The wolves are welcome to my poor body. I'm tired of it."

She was persuaded that Tom would leave her there in a muddy ditch and go on to riches to be spent on other women. She was not jealous of them.

Or perhaps they would both perish and passersby would look at their twin headboards and think sweetly of their devotion. This made her smile with acidity.

Or Tom might die and leave her a widow; and this would be no better. She had no heart for freedom; her heart was too tired to crave any more of the weary disappointments of love. Yet single blessedness in this rough world offered no rewards, either.

AS THE sun was nearing the peak of the cloud-webbed sky, Tom Gammell began to cry aloud in pain. His brothers peered round the hoods of their wagons and made ready to take their last look of him. But they were also

“Unaccustomed as I am—

“I...er...er... don't know just what to say on the subject.”

“I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak.”

“Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can.”

“Er... that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do.”



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

“What's the trouble dear?”
“Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!”

“John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!”

“I don't think so. But, Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!”

“But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!”

“Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!”

“Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?”

“Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free book entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?”

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.



Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates

were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. “Go ahead with the plan,” said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. “I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!”



And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

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smitten with mortal pangs. Children and women began to scream and twist.

Alice caught the lines from Tom's twitching hands and turned the wagon off into a swale. It was damp but sheltered with dripping branches. The other wagons of their train withdrew from the staring multitude and came to a mournful halt. Those who drove the cattle beat them away from the road and checked them in a huddle.

From the wagons men and women and children tumbled or were helped. Some were in throes of hateful anguish and their bodies were broken vessels of wretchedness seeking relief in blundering shameless haste.

They bobbed and doubled up and made a Punch and Judy show of puppets jerked about on unseen strings by a ruthless hand.

Tom Gammell was the most afraid. He was a giant in a schoolgirl frenzy of terror. He started at Alice with glazing eyes imploring help that she could not imagine how to render. Blind Mr. Cheevers kept clutching and whimpering. "What's the matter? What ails everybody? Where are we at? Why're we stoppin' here?"

The epileptic Molly tried to answer him and began to bark like a dog and flop like a chicken with its neck wrung off.

As if a fulfillment of prophecy, Tom Gammell began putting out his hands to the dusty wagon trains, huskily calling for help—a doctor—water—help—in Gawd's name.

And the drivers slashed their horses or prodded their oxen. One young matron on a wagon's front seat started to get down, but her husband yanked her back with an oath.

Few of the throng paused for a word, and they only called to the survivors, "Hurry on!" "Leave the dying to the dead or you'll go next." "Save yourselves." "Don't stop to bury the dead; for nobody will bury you!"

Alice stood in a coma of ignorance wishing she could think of something to do.

One old one-legged man hobbling by on a mended crutch and urging on a sick cow, paused to shout:

"They was a man in our camp last night that folks said was a doctor. I seen him ride on ahead. He's a big feller on a tall mule—name o' Birney or suthin' like that."

Alice stared down at Tom where he wound and unwound himself in the torment of a snake with a smashed head. Suddenly she unhitched one of the horses from the wagon, and climbing aboard him with difficulty, set off to find that doctor. She was no horsewoman. She had no riding skirts. The horse was no saddle-horse and had no saddle.

And the ground outside the highway was no bridle path. But she stuck to the rough-gaited nag somehow in pain and in shame for her unwomanly appearance a-straddle a big horse harnessed for a wagon.

FOR an hour the horse alternated from a trot to gallop to rack with an occasional effort to buck and bolt. But its spirit was cowed with long servitude, and it could not shake off even so un-schooled a parasite.

After two hours of search, Alice came upon a group of men drawn aside for a noon snack. One of them was mounting a mule when she hailed him and asked if he were a doctor.

He swept off his hat and said: "A poor one, madam, but such as I am I'm at your service."

She explained the massacre of her little community, and he turned back. He offered her his mule or his saddle but she declined. She sat sideways on the

way back, and told Dr. Birney many things about her husband and herself. But he told her nothing about himself except his reason for being here.

"It wasn't the gold fever that got me so much as a mania to get away from where I was. I studied medicine and built up considerable of practice back East in Ohio, but a doctor has a mis'able life. All day and all night you're called to see ailing women with imaginary troubles or troubles you can't cure; sick babies that hadn't ought to 'a' been born, but it hurts to lose; broken and misfit folks. You don't know what's the matter with 'em, or you do. And it don't make much difference. Most of 'em would get well anyway if you let 'em alone and lots of 'em are bound to die no matter what you do. And nearly ever'body hates to die—leastways up to the last moment. And then they're too weak to care.

"Well, I felt so humiliated all the time and so useless, I vowed I'd light out and never let on I was a doctor. I brought along my surgical instruments and a medicine case just from force of habit. I guess. And Gawdamighty but it was grand not to be wakened out of sleep



with a call to go and watch a baby die. You can't imagine how nice it was to be called 'Mister' instead of 'Doctor' or better yet, plain Dave or Birney.

"I was just sayin' to myself that I didn't care if I never saw a streak of gold. My freedom was worth the trip. And then me and my mule rode into the cholera, and I haven't had much rest since. I had a touch of it myself but I took it in time and nobody suspicioned it.

"Now, though—well, it's a good thing I bought a mule instead of a hoss, for I'd 'a' rode a dozen hosses to death. I started out to keep a diary, but at night I'm usually too beat out to write in it more'n a line or two."

She had an idea that he was chattering away to keep her mind from her own woes, and she was grateful to him. She felt that under his self-deprecating homeliness of manner there was great wisdom, great strength.

But neither strength nor wisdom availed him much when he reached the little pest-house by the roadside and joined battle with the unseen squad that had selected this group for its malices.

Tom's brother Jake was already dead and Tom was insane with fright. He outbabbled the sick women and children and besought the doctor to give his whole skill to him. Alice despised him for a while, then pitied him, and when he died, wept for him with a double sorrow for his fate and the poverty of courage for which he was not to blame.

He made a poor contrast to Mrs. Cheevers' old mother, Mrs. Broshears,

who let go her feeble clutch on life with a simple plea to the doctor:

"Never mind me. I'm gone a'ready. But look after my daughter with the blind husband and my stepson and the pore little uns. Don't waste no time on me, I tell ye. But don't desert the young uns. And good-bye, all!"

FROM morn to sunset and on through moonrise to midnight and on till the sun came up with the slow stupidity of an ox, Doctor Birney toiled without rest or sleep.

He made the others take what rest they could and while they drowsed or died, he drove a spade into the earth, stretched out in their last beds those who had finished their wanderings, and spread over them their final coverlets of earth.

Seven graves he finished and rolled heavy stones over them for a hillside against the wolves.

At half past four Alice heard some one gallop up and call for the doctor. She looked out from her wagon and saw him mopping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand as he laid down the shovel.

She slipped to the ground and caught him before he flung his long leg across the hack of his mule.

"They're all restin' easy now," he whispered. "Some of 'em easier than others. You'd best get some sleep and don't try to start too early tomorrow. Easy is what does it."

She hated to ask him his fee for his priceless labor, but she hated more to take it as a charity. She stammered a timid "How much do I owe you that I can pay you?"

"Oh, that's all right. I'm not doctorin' now as a business."

"But please!"

He understood that, unlike some of his patients, she would feel the obligation less than the payment and he said:

"Well, I guess about eight dollars and six bits would be about right—if you don't think it's too much. It ain't every doctor that would bury as many patients for the price."

She counted him out the money and he rode away, with his new customer. Later, he began to wonder how Alice would manage. He had learned the family history pretty thoroughly in the course of his prolonged visit, and it came over him that she would have no one to care for her or even to drive her wagon.

He was too busy riding back and forth along the line to give her more than intermittent thought, but she kept recapturing his heart. And at last he went far back to where her shattered camp still lingered.

WILL the doctor come back? Will they find gold, or will they find another kind of happiness? What was the doctor's story? The concluding episode of this typical Rupert Hughes life drama will be found in the APRIL number of Radio Digest.

Susan Goes Shopping

(Continued from page 55)

about its simplicity that fits in with any sort of costume at any time or in any place. I went into a shop yesterday intending to see some of the 'operas,' but I had no idea there could be so many variations of this graceful shoe.

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You may be interested to know that I am now Radio Service Manager for the H. N. Knight Supply Co. who are distributors for Eberly Radio Instruments in the State of Oklahoma, and I live in Muskogee, with an increase in salary of about 33 1-3%, since I enrolled with your school. Thanking you for your letter you have shown to me, and your wonderful course. Love, Earl F. Gordon, 618 East 4th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.



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Haven't forgotten you. How would I make as high as \$25 per day and have waste \$100 in two months from Radio work. That's not all but when I enrolled and on a small one. I just looked over the catalog you sent me before I enrolled, and you did about all you said you would and about as much more.—R. T. I. Student, R. F. U. 2, Box 37, St. Joe, Ind.

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I had always thought of an opera pump as being shorn of adornment or with the addition of cut-steel buckles for occasions demanding less severity.

"The first deviation from my idea of an 'opera' was a combination of brown kid and fox-skin—a new type of leather that is altogether charming. The Louis heel of this step-in pump is of brown kid, as is the vamp and it carries a little buckle of its own, made up of the two leathers. This same model comes in a combination of patent leather and gray snakeskin that is equally smart for evening wear in black crepe with the little buckle arrangement in black crepe and silver kid.

"Three models which have the modernistic trend are the very last word in opera pumps. Can you picture a velvety brown or black suede with a little dash of lizard on one side of the vamp leading up to a cross-piece that comes from nowhere and just stops there? It is so dashing! Then there was another with a patent leather vamp, a heel of gunmetal kid and black suede quarter that had a brief motif on the outside of lizard and kid which swung around gracefully to pipe the instep of the shoe. An unusual version had a quarter and heel of gunmetal kid with a vamp that combined gray lizard and black kidskin in a sort of chain-lightning effect which seemed to have been stopped in its course only by a tiny loop at the instep in which it wound itself quite daintily.

"You will be enchanted with a black crepe model carrying a tiny bow of black kid and silver at the end of a delicate silver kid piping that starts at the tip of the toe and continues to the instep—just below the bow effect nestle four little dashes of cut steel beads.

"For wear with your evening gowns you will undoubtedly want an opera pump in a matching shade. A white crepe opera adapts itself perfectly to dyeing—just take in a sample of your gown, into any smart shoe store and you will be shown a pair of pumps to match your gown in very short order.

"The operas that I have spoken of all carry the high Louis heel. There are three models in the plain pump that carry either the high Louis heel or the well-liked junior Louis heel for those who prefer this type—they come in black calf-skin, black patent-leather and black satin. Any one of these three shoes would lend themselves very well to buckles.

"Every wardrobe should contain at the very least one pair of opera pumps. . . . My goodness! When I talk about footwear, I hardly know when to stop. Slippers and pumps are my weakness. I'll give you a little relief from my chatter by asking The Early Birds to provide a musical interlude."

"THE observation has been made by an Englishman that American women spend five million dollars annually to keep themselves beautiful. He added that they get results.

"It is very true that American women have taken good-grooming seriously. The result is that they are more universally beautiful than the women of any other nation—not because they are naturally more beautiful, but because they enlist the service of science to enhance and maintain their natural beauty.

"There are over a thousand beauty parlors in New England—all doing their part to fill the demands of American womanhood. There are located in Hartford some of the largest and most advanced institutions for beauty culture in the East. The outstanding shops have a permanent-waving division, which con-

tains almost every type of machine that has proved commercially practical. These machines are thoroughly tested as they are received and put into use for particular purposes. One machine is especially practical for a particular texture of hair and a particular type of wave. Another may be taken to the customer's home and the waving performed in her own boudoir. Special operators are taught the treatment of certain types of hair. You see, some of these salons feature a group of specialists using specialized equipment. This is not true in permanent waving alone. You've heard me tell of the contouration facial, the most advanced scientific process of facial rejuvenation—and then the cosmetics bar which features the compounding of cosmetics for the individual, giving every woman her own personal prescription for cosmetics to match her complexion."

DANCE SELECTION—THE EARLY BIRDS

Announcer Lucas—" . . . And so we say goodbye to 'Susan' until Thursday morning, when she will return at 9:15 o'clock to give another of her shopping talks. 'Susan' is happy to answer any questions on shopping problems that the Radio audience sends in to her. Just write to her in care of Station WTIC in Hartford, Connecticut, and she will answer as quickly as she can.

"This is Paul Lucas announcing, and we shall turn the microphone over to Jack Brinkley, who announces a short program of popular selections by The Early Birds."

Mary and Bob Not Married

(Continued from page 47)

director of the True Story Hour asking for an audition and a chance to be considered for the part of the "wife," in the dramatization of the true story search.

When she had proven her dramatic ability as the successful contestant for this role, of course she met her "husband." And after being "married-in-character," these two in the natural course of events became fast friends and found themselves truly akin as mental affinities.

"Why, it seemed, at first, absolutely uncanny, how many things we actually had in common . . . things pertaining to our personal histories, as well as to our tastes.

"We were reared in much the same environment. For instance, Bob's father is a Doctor of Divinity, (he is rector of a fashionable New York Church of Episcopal denomination) while my father was a Doctor of Medicine. Bob was reared in a quiet, New England country-home environment. Bob was born at Hartford, Connecticut. He gave early signs of being different in talents from the rest of his family, showing as I did, at a very early age, a distinct taste and talent for dramatics.

"He went to private school and then to Princeton, graduating from college, during the time that I was studying at the Alberti Dramatic School. However, this seeming divergence in career history is only slight, because Bob readily admits that his greatest interest, even while in college, was in dramatic work. He always appeared in leading roles in the university productions. His vacations were spent, as were mine, in gaining dramatic stock-company experience. And his secondary tastes, the things he reads—philosophy, histories of comparative religion, Huxley, Biographies, Conrad—are the things that I chose to read.

And, my goodness, what lively, sometimes heated, discussions we get embroiled in concerning these subjects." But let Bob tell you all the rest! "We're . . . sorry, about the 'illusion', that we were actually married . . . but not too sorry. Now that the truth is out, you might say that we are very fond of each other and enjoy our work together."

Thus ended, in complete embarrassment, and with becoming blushes that made the few little freckles on her nose stand out, as much of the story of Mary and Bob . . . as Mary would tell, or rather, admit . . . since her telling was merely a matter of confirmation of facts that were already known before this interviewer invaded her charming bachelor-girl apartment.

BOB, manlike, was a bit more chagrined at the unseemingly expose of his private life and affairs, than was Mary. But he stood it with good grace and finally, reluctantly, admitted to the truth of all that Mary had confirmed about them, as a Radio-couple, and to the following few facts about himself individually.

"Bob" is not his true name. His business name is William Burton, but he was christened William Brenton. He makes his home with his father, the Rev. Brenton, and spends much of his recreational hours in reading, playing the piano, in which he shows great talent for music. Recently, he added the diversion of "tap-dancing," which he now is daily practicing. Whenever he can find the time he "does a disappearance act" . . . and hies himself to Curtis Flying Field where he has secretly become proficient in "solo-flying-purely-for-pleasure."

A likeable, well-set-up lad just past 23, is this "Bob," or William—as you like. He is a six-footer or thereabouts in height, has a deep resonant voice, a sure-of-himself attitude and an engaging smile in his deep blue eyes. His hair is light brown. In dress and manner he is the well-reared, well-read, son of refined, conservative, American stock . . . at a glance.

"Bob" adds to Mary's statement . . . an assurance that they both like to get the Radio-fan letters that pour upon them in thousands. That they both, now, prefer Radio performance to the hardships of stage performance. But, he also adds that, they both have a sort of hankering to see their audiences . . . and also . . . someday soon perhaps to turn their talents towards the talking-moving pictures in their same True Story vehicle if possible!

P. S.—As an afterthought, let me remind you that Mary and Bob are indeed not married to each other or to anybody else. They're both young and make a charming appearance together and they are undeniably mental complements of each other.

Mental Affinities is the proper term for them. And possibly you recall that in a certain good book it says something about: "The Twain Shall Be Made One."

And also a certain inspirational poet has it that marriage according to the Divine plan is only perfect when there are met—"Two Souls With But a Single Thought . . . Two Hearts That Beat as One." Meaning spiritual-mental as well as physical affinities, of course.

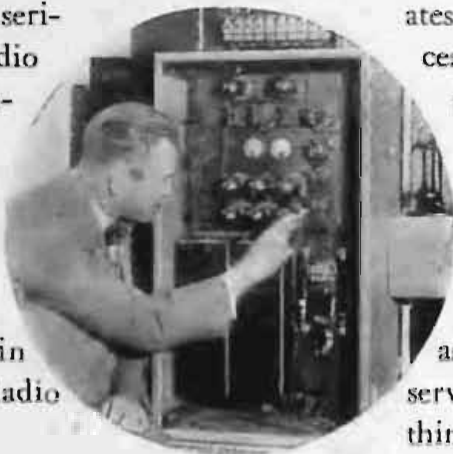
"No," say Mary and Bob, in unison, "we're not engaged to each other nor, either of us, to anybody else." And that, is all that they do say!

But, may an honest interviewer add, at the end, as at the beginning, what may only be a good guess on her part? "the FINALE, is not yet . . . cannot yet be written to the life-symphony that is the true story of Mary and Bob."

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Budget Is Important

(Continued from page 78)

special 'clothes savings account' at her bank. Into this should go every cent which can be saved from the yearly budget. If you are honest with yourself and your budget has been wisely planned, you will never spend more than you have allowed for each item, though often less. The money that goes into the bank can be added to the allowance for a winter coat, for instance, and a fur coat bought in its stead. This is certainly much more satisfactory than investing a few dollars here and there in cheap costumes, jewelry, an extra pair of stockings or gloves, or anything else that is really not necessary.

"My fan mail has proved conclusively that women are at least inquisitive about budgeting. I know from personal experience that they will find they can dress better and without the worry and indecision of former days if they will only give budgeting a fair trial. I certainly advocate it for every woman, whether she spends \$200 or \$2,000 a year for her clothes."

Beautify for Happiness

(Continued from page 54)

from women, bringing their confidences personally—little personal problems—family quarrels—unappreciative husbands—ungrateful children—or, happily—conquests—self-confidence—pride—friendships.

I remember the visit of a mother—unhappy because her daughter considered herself 'homely', would not mingle with young folks, was melancholy. We took her in hand, her intelligent mother and I. A visit to a very good hair specialist, an individual hair cut, a few new clothes, not expensive, but colorful and most becoming, and a few treatments. These were supplemented by regular home care. And, how this little 'ugly duckling' was transformed! Her skin had been stimulated to new life and beauty, her eyes took on a brilliant sparkle, all her latent loveliness seemed to beam forth—and the poise with which she mingled with the young folks of her set—truly a new being!

How many more discontented young girls are there, I wonder, how many more beauty-wise debutantes and their charming mothers. Thousands and thousands of letters come to me—I wish there were more.

And, my special part to answer their inquiries, to solve their problems, to tell the debutante how she can preserve her delightful, delicate charm and the society matron how she can correct little difficulties and keep looking lovely in spite of busy, active days.

TAKE those dear, young things, for instance. Seventeen, or eighteen—proverbial peaches and cream complexions, flawless, fair, smooth—in a word, lovely! How quickly that youthful charm can be marred by lines and wrinkles, sallowness or eruptions—if neglect is allowed to play its bit of havoc. How endlessly that beauty can be retained if proper, personal care is continually called upon. Just a few minutes every night—and again in the morning—just three preparations, three scientifically-compounded essentials to conform with the three fundamental health and beauty rules. First—quick cleansing with cleansing cream. It liquefies, seeps down, down into every little pore, cleanses it thoroughly of every bit of dust and make-up. Second—brisk patting with the skin tonic, upward, outward, around on the neck, up on face, chin, cheeks,

forehead. Is your skin tingling? That indicates that your circulation is being stimulated, your skin is being exercised. Now the skin is ready for nourishment and the preserving cream that is the perfect nourishing cream. Leave a little of it on over night, if you wish. In the morning just a little of the cleansing cream and skin tonic again, and you have a perfect "wake-up" treatment. Your skin glows, your eyes sparkle, you feel confident and fit because you look your loveliest.

Now let us turn our attention to the business woman, for a few minutes. Often, all too often, the busy executive is prone to believe that her quick, keen brain is all that is necessary to success. But, genius alone is not enough in this day of progress, and what, I wonder, makes for success more quickly and surely than that happy and rare combination of brains plus beauty. My firm belief is that "no woman can be lovelier than her skin"—and that no matter what her features, every woman can look truly lovely if her complexion is clear and young.

And, even the social leader, does she not need charm and poise in addition to her knowledge and gracious manner to continue as leader in her circle? Indeed, I am more and more convinced that birth or money alone is not sufficient to command the position of prominence for all time. Think of the woman who leads your own little smart set. Is she not a fascinating creature? Is she not lovely? Continually, we find ourselves repeating that word "lovely"—but, truly, isn't that the sum-total, the very superlative of all feminine charms?

One of my aunts is a mother of four grown-ups—a happy mother, a charming woman. All who know her love her, and as for her children, mingled with that warmth and love that we all have for our mothers, there is a definite sense of pride. And I am sure that one good reason for this is the fact that their mother has always tried to be companion to them, has kept step by step with them, has tried to understand the new generation, and, above all, has kept physically and mentally "young." One envies the invincible combination of youthful charm mingled with the experience and dignity that comes with maturity. And—one wonders—

BUT the answer is simple. Fortunately, this mother has realized that time and worry must take their toll. But she has prepared against them. She knows that every emotion will write lines into our faces, but, there is an astringent oil that will ward off these lines and erase them before they become deep wrinkles. With age, our facial muscles will droop, the facial contour sag unbecomingly. But corrective treatment and tie-up with balsam astringent will lift these muscles to normal firmness. All this she knows, and she gives diligent, careful, regular attention to her daily regime. No frantic, overburdening treatment "now and then," she has set aside a definite, daily fifteen minutes a day as a duty to beauty. And what a reward! Not only her outward beauty and charm, but

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think how much that inward feeling of self-confidence is worth; and can anything buy the reverence and pride of her children?

One of life's little ironies—the mother who gives her every minute to the comfort of her children, without saving a thought or a half-hour a day for herself! Unselfish, yes, but drab and dowdy, too. And as the children grow up, does she retain their full measure of devotion? If we could get a very frank answer from them, they would surely tell us that they envy Mrs. Lovelymother—so young—so beautiful—so altogether radiant and charming.

And so, as I write this, the thought occurs to me: Beauty is not only the all-absorbing interest of woman. Men, too, and children, instinctively turn their attention to Beauty. Small wonder, then, that woman, that delightfully sensitive creature whose lot it is to dress and disguise even the most prosaic little commonplace into a thing of beauty, who is ever striving for lovely effects around her, should be profoundly interested in retaining her own loveliness.

Woman's interest may vary. Miss Modern may be selling stocks, while her neighbor sings the baby to sleep, or carefully strains the spinach for her young son. Yet Beauty still strikes a harmonious and familiar chord with every woman, no matter how far from the original limited course she has steered. And, if a twist of the dial will bring Beauty to women, need we wonder that thousands spend every bit of their leisure time "listening in."

Old fashioned and modern women, young girls and their grandmothers, the wealthy social leader and her personal maid, all are eager for the cheery message of beauty, all are bent upon a single purpose, all are listening to a single voice. What a panorama the Radio discloses. Woman plays no small part in it. And, no wonder! For though "Time changes, and we with it," Beauty alone retains its stronghold among feminine interests.

King of Tin Pan Alley

(Continued from page 9)

But the audience which had been so skeptical before the concert did not laugh at Paul Whiteman's concert. It listened, in fact, very seriously. The early ragtime numbers of 1890 and 1900, the first shadows of jazz, the early and primitive jazz-tunes of 1914 and then the famous jazz-melodies of 1923 passed in rapid procession—and with each number there was a marked and growing interest among those of the audience. By the time the concert had reached intermission, some of the audience were even beginning to wonder if, perhaps, Paul Whiteman might not be right; if, perhaps, there were not something to this jazz after all.

Then came Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." And the rest is history.

THE "Rhapsody in Blue" made its composer a rich and famous man. It became more famous than any other jazz-hit and, all along Broadway, one could hear and still can hear, people whistling that marvelous melody in the slow-section. The royalties came pouring in: from sales of records, from sales of sheet music, from performances all over the world. Some estimate that Gershwin received as much as a million dollars from the "Rhapsody in Blue." At any rate, it made Gershwin the most famous jazz-composer in America; it made him America's great musical hope; it made him the king of Tin-Pan-Alley. He could now demand higher royalties from his musical comedies and

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Back view of 5-tube A. C. screen grid tuned Radio frequency set—only one of many circuits you can build with the parts I give without extra charge.



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gives rock bottom prices on full "IDEAL" Line of Quality Incubators, Brooders, Brooder Houses, Feeders, Waterers, Sprouters, Remedies, Ration, Sewing Machines, Flower Boxes, Paints, Varnishes, etc. It also gives the successful methods used over 41 years in hatching, feeding and caring for Baby Chicks until fully grown. This 1930 edition is up-to-the-minute and it's FREE. Send for your copy NOW.

GET YOUR COPY NOW—FREE!

from the sales of his sheet music. He could now move all his belongings and his family to a sumptuous home on Riverside Drive and 103rd Street and he could now purchase a beautiful Mercedes car.

Gershwin's reputation penetrated beyond the confines of the jazz-realms into the select musical circles. Walter Damrosch, the gifted leader of the now-defunct New York Symphony Society was so pleased with the "Rhapsody" that he commissioned Gershwin to compose a Piano Concerto to be performed the following season. Gershwin, exhilarated by success and by the clamors of approval which were echoing in his ears, applied himself with an added gusto to the composition of the Concerto and, during the three months of summer, it was planned, sketched and completed. On December 3rd of the same year, 1925, it received its first performance at the New York Symphony concert under Walter Damrosch and with Gershwin himself at the piano.

Even concerning the outcome of this work, so satisfyingly mature, Gershwin was doubtful. Immediately before the concert, he paced the length and width of the rest-room of Carnegie Hall nervously, slipping his fingers through his long, black hair or else stopping in front of the piano to bang out a few aimless chords. Those who were with him in that rest-room tried to reassure him. "If only you'll play the Concerto half so well as it deserves," whispered Ernest Hutcheson, now dean of the Juillard Foundation, "then you'll come away with flying colors." And Walter Damrosch, as he slipped his right hand around Gershwin's back, added: "Today, my boy, you'll show them all a thing or two."

George did. That afternoon everyone learned a thing or two—from a composer of supposedly trivial jazz-melodies.

AFTER that concert, Gershwin's name, naturally enough, was heralded round the world. Elaborate eulogies appeared, lauding this young man and his jazz music to the skies. He was called a genius, a great genius, America's great musical hope. It was inevitable, then, for many to search with avid interest for the details of Gershwin's life. The discoveries they made, however, were undoubtedly disappointing. He was born in Brooklyn in 1898 and, at a tender age, moved to the lower East Side. Here he spent his early childhood and boyhood—playing on the busy, dirty streets of New York. As a boy, his favorite pastime was punch-ball and he would spend feverish days on the gutters pounding out base-hits with his trained fist. And his ambition was not more exalted: Gershwin's great life-ideal, at that time, was to become a pitcher for the New York Giants.

When he reached his tenth birthday, it was decided that he should take piano lessons. An old, decrepit piano was his instrument; and an old, decrepit human-being was his teacher, charging the munificent sum of fifty cents a lesson. Nor did George deserve better musical conditions. Time and time again did his mother run down the streets to stop a heated punch-ball game in order to drag the captain of the team by the ear to the piano. Angrily, George would bang out his lessons with his two forefingers waiting for his mother to busy herself with cooking in the kitchen. Then, when he felt the roast was clear, he would slip down stairs and the punch-ball game would be resumed.

Soon enough, his mother was disgusted with his lack of interest for the

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SONGWRITERS: Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on publisher's acceptance. New booklet, "Song Requirements of Talking Picture," sent free. Newcomer Associates, 778 Earl Bldg., New York.

Patents

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Manufacturing Company, 555 Enright St., St. Louis, Missouri.

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Phildrus, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

Songs, Poems, Writers

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brilliant opportunity. Write VanBuren, 1866 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

Maps

New Radio Map and Log. We are now able to supply our readers with a new radio map and log, showing location of stations. List of all stations by call letters. Send 25 cents, stamps or coin, to Shopping Service, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

piano and threatened to stop instructions. To her surprise and to the surprise of the entire family, George, instead of rejoicing, began to scowl and rage and fume. The threat, therefore, was never carried out and, from that time on, he applied himself with diligence to his piano. His progress, now, was rapid and a better teacher was secured. In two years he was already a skillful pianist; in four years, he began to compose.

Added instruction became necessary and Rubin Goldmark was secured to teach the boy elements of harmony. George devoted himself so eagerly to his harmony that his work evoked doubtful praise from the master. One day, George was tempted to show Goldmark a movement of a quartet which he had composed long before he had begun studying under the great teacher. Goldmark studied the work carefully and then proclaimed the verdict: "Very good, very good, indeed. Already I see that you are learning much from my instruction!"

At the age of fourteen, George composed his first jazz song. It was a little, undeveloped jazz fragment which, strangely enough, embodied all the rhythmic energy of jazz-dances and the sonorous lyricism of classical music. At sixteen, he became allied with Remick's where he received his thorough instruction and apprenticeship in jazz and where he definitely became associated with Tin-Pan-Alley. At nineteen he composed his first musical-comedy, "La La Lucille."

And then his musical career was launched.

But despite George Gershwin's frequent excursions to the land of the classics, he remains, primarily, and will always remain Broadway's minstrel—the composer of Broadway's most tuneful dance numbers. There is that in his blood which will force him to compose those delicious tunes that are whistled and that are danced to upon that famous avenue. He is a son of Broadway and being a true son he has pledged his gifted pen towards interpreting it in some imperishable bars of music.

Weak End Satires

(Continued from page 45)

Becker was not content to limit his Lavender Network to commercial programs for companies like the Blah-Hoey Importing Company, "distributors of the Portable Pontoola, the portable parking space for motorists; the Collapsible Colletta, the collapsible sidewalks for small towns, portable golf courses, portable landing fields for airplanes, and the new Portable Hooney-Ooney Tea Garden, complete with Chinese Lanterns and Chinese Waitresses."

He must work up some colossal sporting events for his patrons.

AND what sporting events they are! A puff-by-puff description of the underweight boxing contest between Muscle-Foot Gilbert and Turnip-Head Sullivan direct from the Haigh-Haigh Punch Bowl, and paid for by the Breath of Africa Tarlett Water Company (this when sponsored prize fights were giving generous credit to their paying "angels").

The first Snort-by-Snort description of a Bull-Fight was also Irrational's scoop on the rest of the broadcasting systems. Sponsored by the Pansy School for Discontented Cows, the broadcast was direct from Heifers-on-the-bench Arena at Hoot-Nanny-Ga-Booh-La Spain. It was a "Pay-off" especially when the Torador grabbed the



CINCINNATI'S FINEST

ONE of the Nation's outstanding hotels embodying every modern convenience that so attracts travelers throughout the world.

Rates: \$3.00 and Up

JOHN L. HORGAN
Managing Director

Hotel Sutton
CINCINNATI

AGENTS: \$14 a Day

Our wonderful new plan will put you in the \$5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.

New Plan—Big Profits

We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Work spare time or full time. No capital or experience required. Free outfit. Free automobile. Write now.

American Products Co.
764 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



CULTURED SPEECH

AT LAST! Something New!

Learn Cultured Speech and Correct Pronunciation quickly from phonograph records. Also increase your vocabulary this new easy way. Be a fluent talker—cultured speech in a social and business asset of the first importance. This new "learn by listening" method highly recommended by leading educators. Records sent on free trial. Write for information and free Self-Test. No obligation.

THE PRONUNCIPHONE INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2861, Chicago



WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Soaked letters guide your hand. Correct your penmanship in one week. Big improvement in one hour. Positive proof sent free. Write, C. J. Ozment, 17, St. Louis, Mo.

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunity now to advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Constant demand for our graduates. Well established school. Low tuition—easy terms. Send for free booklet of interesting information. Page-Devils School of Advertising Dept. 2812 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

New HOTEL LOCKERBIE

121 SOUTH ILLINOIS STREET

Newest and Most Modern Hotel in the City

ALL ROOMS OUTSIDE AND EACH WITH BATH

\$3.50 AND UP DOUBLE
\$2.00 AND UP SINGLE
RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

ARTHUR ZINK
Managing Director



INDIANAPOLIS

SUBSCRIBE to Radio Digest NOW. Don't miss the great station features, the excellent fiction and the interesting special articles appearing every month.

LIFE-TIME DX AERIAL



Guaranteed Double Volume and Sharper Tuning

No. 30—LENGTH 30 FEET: Assembled ready to string up. Brings in volume of 150-ft. aerial but retains the selectivity of a 30-ft. aerial. Rings are heavy gauge solid zinc. Duplicates in design and non-corrosive materials the aerials used by most of largest Broadcasting Stations. Design permits using this powerful aerial in 30-ft. space, (preferably outside). Sharpens tuning of any receiving set because of short length but has enormous pick-up because 150-ft. of No. 14 enamelled wire is used. Made for owners of fine radio sets who want great volume on distance without destroying sharp tuning. (Also used by many owners of short-wave outfits.) "Makes a good radio set better."

PRICE \$10.00

No. 60—LENGTH 60 FEET: Assembled—ready to string up. "BIG BOY" Size. (Same description as above except that 300-ft. of wire is used making this the most efficient and powerful aerial possible to manufacture.)

PRICE \$12.50

Manufactured by
THOROLA RADIO PRODUCTS
1014 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

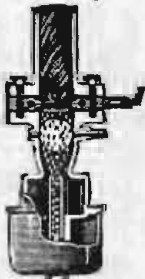
"Kill" That Static
With Kilostat or NO COST



Guaranteed to improve reception—local or distant—by 50% or it doesn't cost you a cent. Better Volume, Selectivity, Distance, Tone and more Stations. Sharpens tuning. Every set needs one. Easily attached. Send no money—just your name to 20th Century Co., 9587 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and you will be sent this \$3.00 Kilostat Unit, postpaid, for only half price—just two for \$2.00, on 15 Days' Trial. If you would part with it, the price paid the postman would be refunded. So write today.

450 Miles on a Gallon of Gas!

According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.



NEW GAS SAVING INVENTION ASTONISHES CAR OWNERS

A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, gives instant starting, quick pick-up, and eliminates carbon.

FREE SAMPLE and \$100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today to E. Oliver, Pres., for this free sample and big money making offer.

WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.
899-148-A, Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

ROBT. E. LEE HOTELS

ST. LOUIS
1814 and PINE. Opened May 1918. 150 Rooms

KANSAS CITY
134 & WYANDOTT. A Hotel of America. 100 Rooms

SAN ANTONIO
A CITY OF CHARM. On the OLD SPANISH TRAIL

LAREDO
On the RIO GRANDE in TEXAS. (EAST OF THE MEXICAN BORDER)

A MATTER OF **DOMINION** ECONOMY

WE QUOTE OUR TOP RATE EVERY ROOM with PRIVATE BATH AND CEILING FANS

PERCY TYRRELL

GARAGE SERVICE

AN OPPORTUNITY TO EASILY Earn \$100 a Week Profits in Advance

Sell Gibson extra fine men's made-to-order all-wool suits at \$23.50 and \$31.50 direct to wearer. Biggest values—Most liberal commissions, with bonus, to producers. Frequent opportunities to get own clothes at no cost. Wedeliver and collect. 6 x 9 cloth samples—over 100 styles—complete outfit in handsome carrying case furnished FREE to ambitious men who are willing to hustle. Write today.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc.
600 S. Third St. Dept. Q-488, Chicago

RUPTURES
Need firm but comfortable support

The patented Brooks Appliance retains securely without annoying springs or hard pads, and promotes healing as it holds. Worn and praised by active men and women in every walk of life. Over 3 million sold. Sent on 10 days' trial. Not obtainable through any store or agent in U. S., but made to individual measurements and sent direct from Marshall. Full information and free 28-page Rupture booklet sent in plain sealed C. E. Brooks, Inventor envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 90C State St., Marshall, Mich.

bull by the tail and swung him over into the next county and made his victor's speech in German, concluding with the words "Cigarette manufacturers are hereby notified that I shall review their offers for testimonials tomorrow."

Endurance flying gave Becker a wonderful chance for a "Weak-End Satire." In the height of the Endurance Flying fever, he hooked up the Lavender Network for a celebration at John Barleycorn field for the Greek Flyers, Gusto and Enthusiasm, who had been in the air a total of four years three months, two weeks, six days, 72 hours, 64 minutes and two and three quarters. Reason given by Gusto: he couldn't come down on account of bill collectors waiting on the field for installments on the furniture. Reason given by Enthusiasm for coming down in four years: "we burned everything we could burn on de crate including the wings after we runned outta coal . . . aintchu? I was just about ready to toss Gusto into de boiler when we got word that Gusto's frau took out de Pankruptsee law and en we wuz set . . . donit?"

In any of these sporting events a la IBC, almost anything in the sporting line is apt to be heard . . . chuckers . . . holes in one . . . rumps or what have you? For instance, this excerpt from the Bull Fight:

"The bell for the last half. Toreador's seconds are pleading with him to be merciful. He's carrying a gas pipe. The bull is dancing merrily around the ring catching cantaloupes on his horns thrown by over-enthusiastic spectators. The bull grabs Toreador by the leg . . . he's chewing his arm off . . . no he isn't . . . he's shaking him (pop). Toreador gets a 250 yard drive straight down the dairway, giving him a birdie on the bezer. Toreador comes back with a vicious boot to the hoofs (sock). Oh, Toreador is on top of the bull. He's beating him with his fists. He's riding him! Round and round and round they go. Toreador has caught three brass rings and slipped them on the bull's snoot. The bull is frantic. He has forgotten what to do next. Oh, oh, oh, what a party. By the way, this is Graham Smackatmee at the microphone."

Surely Don Becker's Weak-End Satires represent the first authentic humor that is purely Radio-inspired. Where various writing humorists have poked exaggerated fun at Radio announcers, have experimented with fake call letters like station WBUGG, Station NUTS, or Station PUNK, or have written elaborate travesties of bed-time stories, they have been outdistanced by Don Becker because he knows how funny Radio broadcasting might really be. His satires all have been actual broadcasting situations reduced to the ridiculous. His burlesques have included the foibles of announcers: their sometime inordinate desire to get their names before the Radio audience, their propensity for reading every word in a continuity including directions and punctuation marks; their proclivities toward misreading words and then correcting themselves in confusion.

Becker has caricatured such necessary accompaniments of broadcasting as time announcements, stock reports, weather announcements, the brief pause for station announcements that finally become so annoying that networks themselves did away with them for a musical chime cue, and this gave Becker a chance to use five notes that are an insult familiar to every musician.

In his Satires, Becker also has picked out the amusing weaknesses in advertising in general . . . advertising that elaborately promotes any product

Win \$3,500.00!

To advertise we are going to give over \$7,160.00 in prizes. Charles Henning, between 60 and 70 years old, won \$4245.00 in last offer; Joe Hanslick, 15 years old, won \$900.00; Mrs. D. H. Ziller won \$1800.00. You can win \$3500.00 now.

CAN YOU FIND THE TWINS?

Be careful! Don't make a mistake! It's not as easy as it looks because two, and only two, of the seven pictures are exactly alike. Find them—mark them—or send numbers on post card or letter. Over 25 prizes this time, and duplicate prizes in case of ties! Send no money. Anyone who answers correctly may receive prizes or cash. You can have cash or Waro airplane, or automobile, or new horse. If correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

\$625.00 Extra For Promptness

—making total prize you can win \$3500.00. Find twin boys and send answer today. First prize winner gets \$325.00 cash just for promptness. Rush.

J. D. SNYDER, Publicity Director
64 West Illinois St. Dept. 452 Chicago, Illinois

Find the **Twins**

7,160.00 in Prizes

Reply Today



WHAT
CONSTITUTES A TRULY MODERN MOTOR CAR?
 PICTURE A \$20,000 MADE-TO-ORDER AUTOMOBILE
 COMPARE THAT CAR WITH STUTZ OR BLACKHAWK
 CHECK YOUR OWN ANSWERS TO THESE FOURTEEN QUESTIONS

Suppose you were willing to pay \$20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your \$20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

- I would* Ordinary glass
have Safety glass

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

- I would* Ordinary three-speed transmission
have Transmission with four speeds forward

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired back-rolling on inclines?

- I would* Ordinary car without Noback
have The added protection of Noback

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the increased efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

- I would* Conventional type, L-head engine
have Advanced type, valve-in-head engine

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

- I would* Conventional push-rods and rocker arms
have Stutz silent overhead camshaft

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each

cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

- I would* Single ignition
have Dual ignition

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

- I would* A single carburetor
have Dual carburetion

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

- I would* Ordinary oil and grease cups
have One-thrust lubrication system

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your \$20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

- I would* Ordinary headlights
have New and improved Ryan-Lites

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

- I would* Conventional rear axle
have Worm drive rear axle

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

- I would* Conventional car, relatively unsafe
have Safety Stutz with low center of weight

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

- I would* Ordinary chassis frame
have Massive double-drop frame

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

- I would* Running boards suspended on brackets
have Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

- I would* Ordinary conventional brakes
have Feathertouch Booster Brakes

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a \$20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

Stutz has them all and instead of paying \$20,000, you pay \$2,995 to \$8,500 for a Stutz or \$1,995 to \$2,735 for a Blackhawk.

In no other American car will you find this combination of features, this advanced engineering which has made Stutz the embodiment of performance-with-safety.

NEW SERIES
SAFETY STUTZ
 AND
BLACKHAWK
 CARS

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

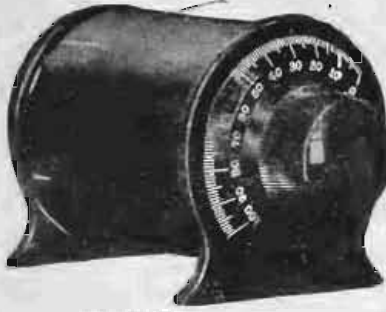
Use a REESONATOR for

Trade Mark

Sharp Tuning

Distance Power

Over 30,000 Satisfied Users



\$4.75 Complete

Bring your set up to date! For all sets using an untuned floating or antenna tube, such as Arwater Kent Models 30-32-35-37-38, Victor, Silver, Knight, Temple, Crosley Bandbox, Radiola Models 16-17-18-51-33-333, Dayfan, Apex '28 Models, and many others. Attaches across aerial and ground leads without tools in less than a minute.

It will enable you to tune sharper and plays with dance volume, stations which are barely audible or sometimes entirely inaudible without it. Requires tuning only when additional selectivity or power is required. Attractively constructed from hard rubber and bakelite in a highly polished rich mahogany color. Guaranteed against defects in material and workmanship for a period of six months. Get a Reesonator from your dealer today, or order direct, giving dealer's name.

Dealers! Over sixty leading jobbers carry this item. We guarantee satisfaction. Try one for three days at our risk. If not thoroughly satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Ref., Fargo Nat'l Bank, Dun's or Bradstreet's.

SEND COUPON NOW

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES

Dept. 107 Fargo, North Dakota

- I enclose check or money order for \$4.75 for which send me a Reesonator postpaid.
- Send Reesonator C. O. D.
- Send Dealers' Proposition.
- Please send Literature.

Name

Address

State

QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco users have, with the aid of the Keeley Treatment, found it easy to quit.



KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT

Quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. B-410, Dwight, Ill.

Master of the famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.

BORN WITH Club Foot

How Harry McGuire's deformity was corrected at McLain Sanitarium is shown by photos and father's letter:

Our boy was born with a Club Foot. Plaster Paris was used and the foot operated on without satisfactory results. Finally we took him to your Institution. His foot is now straight and he walks, runs and plays as though he never had a crippled foot. We will gladly answer letters.



LEONARD MCGUIRE, R. R. No. 8, Mt. Vernon, Illinois

McLain Sanitarium (established 1895) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKS

"Deformities and Paralysis," and "References," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Also illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM

867 Ashert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

Learn at home to fill a BIG PAY JOB in ELECTRICITY

ELECTRICITY needs you, wants you, and will pay you well. Hundreds of "Cooke Trained" Electrical Men are making \$80 to \$100 a week—some even more. Why slave along on a small job when you can learn Electricity the L. L. COOKE Way in your spare time at home!



QUICK AND EASY TO LEARN
No experience—no higher education necessary. In 12 to 14 days you will be able to make and repair all the electrical work in your home. You will be able to make and repair all the electrical work in your home. You will be able to make and repair all the electrical work in your home.

GET READY FOR BIG PAY
Many fellows are smarter than you so you are making \$10 to \$15 a day and up in Electricity. Why don't you get ready for a big pay job in this great field. Act today. Send for Big Pay Illustrated Book of Facts. Write today sure.

L. L. COOKE SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY

Dept. 283, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hundreds of COOKE TRAINED MEN ARE MAKING \$3000 to \$5000 A YEAR

whatever. Witness this list of "clients" of the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and its "irreproachable cook-up of assorted gasoline stations."

The Pansy School for Discontented Cows, which for years and years has been catering to every high-class cow in America and points west, making their diary lives brighter, teaching them to fall in love with milking machines, tuning their horns to play "Annie Laurie" making them produce eggs, watermelons and other things outside of their regular line of milk, and milk that is so rich it retires at the age of 30. Its theme song obviously had to be "You're the Cream in My Coffee," played by the Pansy Holstein Discontented Synthetic Orchestra.

A Halfanhour and Co., distributors of the world famous Tellastory Wonder Watches . . . each time you look at one of these famous watches, you just wonder what time it is.

The Razzle-Dazzle Doughnut Hole Converting Corporation, converters of high-class doughnut holes for the past 46 years. One of the greatest achievements in the Doughnut Hole World, as announced by the IBC, is the "Razzle-Dazzle Hole-in-One for Golfers." Instead of practicing for years and years to make a hole-in-one, golfers now mail \$1.50 and a stamped envelope to Razzle-Dazzle and their Hole-in-One for Golfers comes to them complete with six score cards attested, together with a complete list of articles given away by different sporting goods houses for the feat.

And what of this Don Becker who confuses himself with the president of an imaginary Lavender Network. In age, 22; in action, an incorrigible child. In appearance, tall, dark, romantically sloe-eyed. He lives, eats, sleeps Weak-End Satires. Quotations from J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, Jr., and the Irrational Broadcasting Company plans continually are on his lips.

He gives promise too, of developing into a real satirist, one who will be known some time with the greatest of wits. At the moment he burlesques anything that comes to his attention. For the Nation's All-Night Parties that last from midnight of Friday until Saturday's dawn, Becker has originated a new network . . . the Kah-Lumsy Broadcasting System with Darnin Brokentires and Dead Boozing as "cheese announcers." Proof that it has met with the approval of the original is the record of a telephone call from New York from Norman Brokenshire congratulating Darnin Brokentires on his Kah-Lumsy Broadcasting System announcing. Also for the All-Night Party, Becker writes satires on WLW programs of which he is Tires. Chime Reveries has become Crime Revclries, and others are to feel the application of his slap-stick.

Nothing is sacred to the rapier-thrust of his perverting humor. In his desk is a brochure called "Behind the Screams at WLW," a palpable exaggeration of WLW's commercial brochure and its fan book which is titled "Behind the Scenes at WLW." In his brochure, Don had impaled every staff member and every program in ludicrous photographs gleaned from no-one-knows what sources.

Aside for his talent at Buffoonery, Becker is really a remarkable musician, if ukulele playing and vo-do-de-o singing can be called musicianship. Paul Whiteman called him "the Paderewski of the ukulele." More than that, his fellow staff members deign to listen to him; proof enough that as a ukulele player and a humorist he is the proverbial "wow."

HOTEL MANGER

Seventh Avenue
50th-51st Streets
NEW YORK CITY

"The Wonder Hotel of New York" "A Modern Marble Palace"

This hotel represents the most modern construction, and features every convenience including Servidors and circulating ice-water in all rooms. The Hotel contains 2,000 outside rooms, and is the largest in the Times Square section. In the immediate vicinity are all leading theatres and cinemas. The New Madison Square Garden is within one block and the famous shopping thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue—is within two blocks. Subway and surface lines at door bring Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations within easy access.

DAILY RATES—NONE HIGHER

Rooms with running water	for one	\$2.50	for two	\$3.50
Rooms with private shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50	for two	4.00 - 4.50
Rooms with bath and shower	for one	3.00 - 3.50	4.00 - 5.00	
	for two	4.00 - 4.50	5.00 - 6.00	
Suites of parlor, bedroom and bath				10.00 - 12.00

IN THE MOORISH GRILL
Famous Hotel Manger Broadcasting Orchestra



Wallflower!

SITTING in a corner, looking on . . . alone, while others dance! Wallflower!

Muddy complexion, lassitude, *unattractiveness*, are often due to constipation. Faulty elimination is the underlying cause of so much misery!

And yet constipation yields so readily to proper treatment.



When Nature won't, Pluto will

Simple water-washing effectively conquers this age-old foe. Everyday drinking water would be excellent, were it not for the fact that it is absorbed and passed

off through the kidneys before it has a chance to reach the intestines. But Pluto Mineral Water, with its mineral content greater than that of the blood, goes directly to the location of the trouble, flushing all the poisonous waste matter before it.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs—America's greatest spa. Thus the benefits of this famous resort—the mecca of thousands each year—are brought to you . . . in your own home.

Pluto Mineral Water acts quickly and easily. Thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time required for relief, even in the stubbornest cases. Physicians everywhere prescribe Pluto Mineral Water.

Use Pluto Mineral Water in two ways—either as an immediate relief measure, or as a *preventive* of constipation. A small quantity, diluted in plain hot water, taken upon arising each morning keeps the system up to par, prevents dangerous accumulations of waste poisons; safeguards against colds and influenza.

Pluto Mineral Water is sold throughout the country at drug stores, and at fountains.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL

Years before the white man came, the Indians knew the medicinal properties of the springs at French Lick. Here, in the heart of the Cumberland foothills, has sprung up America's foremost spa. An 800-room fireproof hotel . . . accommodations and cuisine of the finest; complete medical staff in attendance.

Golf (two 18-hole courses), horseback riding, tennis, hiking, all outdoor sports. The health-giving waters, the rejuvenating baths at French Lick Springs attract thousands yearly.

For reservations, etc., address French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind. T. D. TARRANT, President. Booklet free.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water



He begged hard but she said "No"!



It stunned him! He was sure her answer would be "yes." But he failed to consider her insistence upon *neatness*. She, too, was a girl with a fine pride and imagination. She visioned her friends suppressing a laugh and whispering to each other—"Poor Mary, it's tough luck for one so neat to marry a chap who lets his socks run wild over his shoe tops." If he had only known what a difference a pair of Paris Garters meant he would have bought them by the dozen.

NO SOX APPEAL · WITHOUT



PARIS

GARTERS

No metal can touch you



DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED



This is now quite the vogue

Another delightful European custom—the cheese tray—is rapidly gaining favor in America, in fact it is quite the vogue—the smart accessory of the dinner.

But over there the ever-present cheese tray, with its assortment of selected favorites, is considered indispensable. For there cheese is eaten as a food, not as a mere tidbit or dessert. One never fully appreciates the diversified deliciousness of cheese until one has become familiar with the many appetizing varieties.

Now that Kraft Cheese has taken the uncertainty out of cheese buying and made it possible to purchase in fresh, economical portions, this healthful food is taking its rightful place in the American diet. And when you buy selections for your cheese tray you may be sure that each type will have a flavor true to that particular variety, if you say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

The Kraft Cheese Tray

The assortment we here suggest for your tray is:

*Kraft American
Kraft Swiss
Kraft Imported Roquefort
Castle Brand Camembert
"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese,
candied fruits, stuffed dates—
served on galax leaves.*

The wide range for choosing from among the many other varieties of Kraft Cheese, permits of any number of different combinations to suit the individual taste. Jams, jellies or preserves may be used in place of candied fruits.



Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

FREE ILLUSTRATED RECIPE BOOK SENT ON REQUEST



Just the Taste
of Mint you like



AFTER EVERY MEAL