AMOS and ANDY Join the Show

Radio Digest

July

Thirty-Five Cents

WILL ROGERS Takes Mike in Hand

Pinch Hitting for FLOYD GIBBONS

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

AUDREY MARSH
CBS—N. Y.
FRENCH LICK... THE AMERICAN SPA

FOR more than a century French Lick Springs in the colorful Cumberland foothills has been the rendezvous of health- and pleasure-seekers. Comparing favorably with the most famous European spas, it adds to the advantages bestowed by Nature, the comforts and conveniences of modern metropolitan hotel life.

The Indians first realized the curative properties of the now-famous French Lick spring water. As the reputation of Pluto Springs grew, the number of visitors who came to enjoy its benefits increased, and the Hotel was built to meet their needs. Today, French Lick is America’s foremost spa!

Nor is it any longer necessary to carry away the invigorating waters as was the custom years ago—Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the Springs—and available all over the world, makes it possible for you to receive its beneficial effects wherever you may be.

Now is the time to renew your vitality in the glorious air of the Cumberlands! Take the rejuvenating mineral baths—enjoy the varied sports. Play excellent golf on two uncrowded 18-hole courses. Ride horseback along shady woodland trails—play tennis—hike in the foothills or simply relax in the sun.

A few weeks here—or even a few days—will make a new person of you!

French Lick is easy to get to, but hard to leave. Quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Write or wire for reservations.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL
FRENCH LICK, INDIANA

T. D. TAGGART, President   H. J. FAWCETT, Manager

HOME OF PLUTO WATER
Now... The FLORSHEIM Shoe FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

The charm of this new and very fashionable line of feminine footwear offers a most pleasing complement to the wardrobe of the well-dressed woman—and combined with the refinement and recognized style authority of the FLORSHEIM SHOE is the added comfort of the Feeture Arch, an exclusive principle that brings most enjoyable comfort to every foot. Regular FLORSHEIM dealers will soon be displaying this new line—for the Woman Who Cares.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY Manufacturers CHICAGO
CONTENTS
SPECIAL ARTICLES

WALTER DAMROSH — Considers Radio
the greatest device of the age to add culture to the millions. Interviewer describes
his daily life and personal characteristics.

WILL ROGERS TAKES MIKE IN HAND
—Chews gum, pinches his nose, scratches his
head and sweats before a mike—but gets his
stuff across in a natural way.

AMOS 'N ANDY JOIN THE SHOW—
Joe Ben, who was first to enroll negro comics in
professional entertainment, tells interviewer how
it happened.

PINCH HITTING FOR FLOYD GIBBONS
—H. I. Phillips, famous columnist for the New
York Sun, describes his reactions when asked to
relieve war correspondent at mike.

SUCH IS FAME—Cartoonist screens names and
those in the Radio limelight, and
plies his pen.

SEEING THINGS BY RADIO—New York
correspondent of Radio Digest visits a television
set and tells what he sees.

OLD HOME WEEK—Veteran Radio Editor
and Announcer Bill Hay meets in Dutch Room
of Hotel WMAQ La Salle, and call back old
times of the game for a memory chat.

TALKIES TAKE THE AIR—Picture stars
who were diffident about broadcasting a few years
ago are now rushing for Big Time on the Air.

FAIR OF THE AIR—Album of charming feminine
Radio stars who delight the eye as
well as the ear.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE—Colonel Taylor
relates some of the advantages of motorauding—
and some of the pitfalls.

SMALL STATION, BIG PURPOSE—An
account of Station WHBY, Green Bay, Wiscon-
sin, which is becoming famous as a power
for entertainment and civic betterment.

FICTION

The EXPERIMENT of STEPHEN GLASK
—Can a mere ironmonger meet a lady socially
without being squelched? Mr. Glask certainly
did his best.

INCOMPATIBLE—The author gives this one
story of a man and wife who drifted
apart only to find that the world was more of
chimera than an insoluble fact.

THE CABIN'S SECRET—She had a dream
that led her to her father's deserted cabin
in search of a will.

HUNTING THE HUNTERS—Helter and
Colisema, two Chicago gunmen strike many
snags in following an intended victim into a
Florida jungle.

THIRTEEN AND ONE—Can the dead return
to life on this earth? Mysterious develop-
ments place the in the storm bound house
with its old guests at Lake Tahoe.

David Ewen 7
Dr. Ralph L. Power 8
Ann Steward 10
H. I. Phillips 18
Xavier Cugat 19
Doty Hobart 20
Evans E. Plummer 26
Special Correspondent 32
Colonel O. N. Taylor 50
Garnett L. Eskew 72
E. Phillips Oppenheim 14
Dana Gatlin 22
Marie K. Neff 25
Will Payne 29
Jackson Gregory 46
Illustrations by Joseph L. Salvo
Illustrations by O. J. Gartin
Illustrations by W. J. D. Koerner
Illustrations by Dudley Glenny Summers

YOU probably know

Yvonne Laroque

as Babs of the

team of Toby and Babs

in the tri-weekly lively epi-

dode "College Daze." She was graduated
from the University of Washington and
is said to retain a good deal of the co-ed

vivacity.

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

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Diamond Award Contest Brings New NOMINATIONS AND VOTES
From Enthusiastic Readers—Everywhere

See Rules and Conditions on page 83

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gene and Glenn on WTAM are the ideal entertainers of the Radio world for Mrs. Frank Rehberg, Maybee, Michigan. In voting for the Willy and Lilly, the KMOX stars of St. Louis, Charles H. Foley, 5303 Landsdowne Ave., Kansas City, Mo., thinks these two entertainers are a better team than Amos and Andy, the reason being mainly that "having a woman character so cleverly impersonated together with the clever, snappy singing, makes Willy and Lilly's act not so dry as the Amos and Andy episodes."

From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 915 Belmont St., wishes it generally known that the Interwoven Pair—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, who broadcast over the N. B. C. chain—should "take the cake."

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

And here, among these few letters in the pile, is one from Anne Woods Hymel, 918 E. 104 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., which shows that among the favorites who broadcast, all are not merely fun makers. Mrs. Hymel thinks that the Pure Food talks of Dr. Alfred W. McCann of WOR, Newark, N. J., are earnest, full of important information and delivered in a most pleasing heart-to-heart manner. Best of all, Doctor McCann's food talks, when taken to heart and acted upon, do lead to improved health. Now that is what we call a most logical reason for voting for one's favorite.

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

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

"Please let us have a picture and write-up of the Smith Family of WENR, Chicago," writes Miss Augusta Collins of Talequah, Oklahoma. The Smith Family's picture was carried (Continued on page 61)

Nomination Blank—Radio Digest's America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest

Popular Program Editor, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate ____________

Station ____________________

(Address)

In America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, Signature ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________

Number 5 Coupon Ballot—Radio Digest's America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest

Popular Program Editor, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) ____________________

(Call Letters)

Signed ____________________

Signed ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________________
Advance Tips

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Across the Desk

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

Dr. Powers tells us in these pages that the darlings of the talkies are fairly tumbling over themselves these days to be heard on the continental programs. Now wouldn't you expect them to do just that! It's perfectly all right and as it should be. We must smile, one teeny weeny bit though, because it seemed to take them so long to wake up to what it was all about. How well we recall the embarrassed or perhaps a trifle bored accents of the great screen deities piping out at us from the loud speaker. Such insanities! Such condescension! "You have been used to seeing me but not hearing me, and now you hear me but don't see me, ha, ha, ha!"

Idols with feet of clay! Profiles of the gods, clacking tongues! But mike walked right up to the stage hand in hand with the camera and gave orders. Skilled continuity writers have rushed to the rescue. The earth moves. The little discs and dials of adjustment click into place. Tranquil ecstasy resumes, the Talkie Stars are in their heaven and all is well with the world.

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

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

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

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

Newstands Don't Always Have One Left

RadioDigest

WILL YOU WANT IT?

Publishers Radio Digest 7-30
510 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

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

Name

Address

City

State

Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now
The Youth, Radio

By M. H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Company

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It took every virtue of youth and some of youth's criticized recklessness to do what has been done in the past ten years to create the greatest system of giving to all the world the best in education, the best in culture, and the best in amusement and entertainment.
WALTER DAMROSE, premier of American maestros, was the first composer of an intrinsically American opera. He is a born musician. He is fond of people. His Radio school thrills him. On the opposite page David Sayen who told you about George Gershwin brings you a close-up view of Dr. Damrosch.
Aids Your Music Appreciation

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

By David Ewen

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

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

Instinctively, however, Damrosch was far more attracted to the educational possibilities of the Radio than to the more visible. For prestige, he was longer held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, conducted the best operatic houses in the world, who had been friend to Liszt and Wagner and who, for forty years, had walked at the side of musical immortals. Frustration never seemed so enticing, especially since he had already so very much. And as a signed contract was returned to the National Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a ten-minute repulse. Sincere regrets were mutual.

Today, Damrosch will tell you—and his pleasant smile will emphasize the fact that he speaking truthfully—that he has never regretted his decision; that of course, the number of the Radio has given him far more happiness than it would ever have been possible for him to attain even at the height of such an unenviable task. He, of course, as the Philharmonic. If you can conduct, he will recite to you a series of figures, which mean so very much to him that he has engraved them indelibly upon his memory and that he is always spouting at the slightest encouragement, figures which, in truth, speak far more eloquently than any words.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 people throughout the country listen in every Saturday night to his weekly broadcast. As the head of the Philharmonic, if he were to conduct every one of the 100 concerts the orchestra gives during a season and to a capacity audience of 5,000 at each concert, he would have to conduct 25 years before he reached the audience he reaches during one Saturday night broadcast.

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

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

shined—dark black with decorative perforations in the front.凡人, indeed, to be in the same room with him.

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

When Walter was five years old his father, in order to make a second career, where Dr. Leopold hoped to attain a musical connection equal to that of his acquaintance, Dr. Theodore Thomas in Chicago. They lived in a small and cramped apartment on 23rd Street near Third Avenue and Walter was sent to Public School 49, on the same street, to receive his early education. It was shortly

after his arrival in America that he made his debut, somewhat inauspiciously to be sure, as an orchestra-member. His father, who, at that time was conducting for the famous “Die Hausliche Krieg” and a passage in the March of the Crusaders required the crash of a cymbal.

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 69)
WILL ROGERS TAKES

MIKE in HAND

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

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

WILL ROGERS, the fearless wise-cracking genius of the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's murder in his eye.
He stalled, he wouldn't, he ducked and dodged, swore to high heaven he would have nothing to do with the bloody thing, money couldn't hire him, and all that—but at last it got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste!
Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clasped hands with royalty and has hobnobbed with the elite. He is equally at home in Palm Beach, Florida, or Palm Springs, California.
Before the footlights nothing daunts Professor Rogers. He can grasp an educated pen in his pudgy fist, or coax along an intelligent typewriter, and produce gems of human literature. When it comes to lassoing wild cayuses or taming garter snakes he is undoubtedly without a peer.
But when it comes to the microphone ... Oh, boy, he's lost, and how!
You can dash around to the corner newsstand and buy a paper with Will's daily dope in it, or maybe a magazine in which he exposes sundry clowns at the world's famous. Or you can blithely trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physiognomy in his first picture, "They Had to See Paris," and possibly his latest, "The Connecticut Yankee." If the mood just can't be shaken off, you can go to the village library and read one of his books.

But even if you do any or all of these things you will discover nary a line about his Radio performances. So this little yarn will tell you something about the human side of this fine American who always does things in a large way—gum chewing, rope throwing, Will Rogers.
No matter how much he writes and talks about airplanes, he can't use one to get in the middle of the metropolitan area, so he rides in the family motor car one of 'em, at least.
You know Will used to live in Beverly Hills. If you read up on history you will find that he was mayor. In back of his mansion was a low range stucco building with red tile roof.
"Come on out in back, boys, and see the barn," Rogers used to say to visitors, and they'd go back into the fine up-to-date structure. But, instead of cow ponies or cattle, there would be a flock of motor cars.
Will would shut his eyes and chant ... eenie, meenie, minie, mo ... open the orbits and pick out one to use for the day.
But some time ago the noted philosopher-humorist sold the place and moved down towards the ocean where he has a ranch in Santa Monica Canyon. Of course, it wasn't much use to stay around Beverly Hills. Will swelled the population of the town until it got in all the papers and the census gave it a big boost.
Then the realtors put up large signs "Will Rogers Lives Here" to let the tourists know it was a good place to settle down in. So, being best mayor with no local honors left, and the folks settling round about too close for comfort, Will herded his kin on a cart and rode down to Santa Monica Canyon.

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

JUST at the present moment the ranch is getting settled and only the help stay there regularly. "Just goin' to build a little shack there this summer," concedes Will, so we can rest assured that his new home will not run over a couple of million dollars and with not more than thirty rooms and sixteen baths.

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

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

Perhaps I ought to stop the story long enough to explain two things. The chambers of commerce will want me to explain that the word "realtor," means real estate expert, and thus definitely setting aside any and all rumors that it is a word taken from el toro, the bull.
Then let me say, for my own satisfaction, that anything in Southern California with more than two things is a ranch. In the early days of the dows it took at least 40,000 acres to call a land grant a ranch.

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

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

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

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

"Did you ever notice that when you hear about the Prince of Wales falling off his horse the horse falls too? How ken you blame the Prince?"
Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the materials form the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection.

The children's rooms benefit from the fact that, of course, in the winter months, this make-shift bungalow life has served its purpose. But they will soon go to the ranch. That is where they have been spending the week-ends all through the spring and spring has been a delightful time for them. But it is time for some changes.

If you join the Y.M.C.A., you'll have a chance to meet and make new friends.

The children's room at the back of the house is on the second floor. The fireplace is made of stone and has a wood-burning stove. The room is furnished with comfortable chairs and a couch. The walls are decorated with paintings and prints.

I sometimes feel that I am being watched by the kids in the room.

The room is also equipped with a small library, a music corner, and a play area for the children. The library contains a variety of books, both fiction and non-fiction, for children of all ages. The play area is equipped with toys and games to keep the children entertained.

I've always loved spending time in the room with the children. It's a special place where they can feel safe and happy.

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

Read About Will Rogers in August Radio Digest
Amos and Andy JOIN the SHOW
Some of Their Early Experiences on the Stage as Told by Joe Bren Who Hired Them
By Ann Steward

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

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

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

“Mr. Bren, will you see me in a minute. Please sit down.”

“Thank you.” I was in Mr. Bren's office on the nineteenth floor of the Masonic building, near Randolph and State streets, Chicago. It was a large and rather luxuriously furnished room. In the subdued light I could see the man I assumed was Mr. Bren talking on the phone at his desk. I gave a momentary glance to the moving, surging scene far below the window and then turned to a red leather chair. It was restful and suddenly I felt at ease.

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

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

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

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

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

“Eight million, nine million, 'even million'—"How much is dat, Andy? Ain't yo' skip a million or two?"
and repeat the same procedure. When unusual talent was discovered amongst the amateurs, the producers usually wrote to me and I investigated the matter. If the performer proved especially good, I would add them to my troupe of regular performers or producers.

"One of these letters came from Davenport, Iowa, telling of a man by the name of Charles J. Correll who was a wizard at the piano and who had some acting ability. I followed up this information and urged Mr. Correll to join my forces. He accepted and came to Chicago with the railroad fare I wired to him. I put him to work on his arrival and instructed him, in the meantime, to put on plays and in short to become one of my producers. He was a clever fellow and one of the finest men I have ever met. He learned the business easily and soon found himself on the road producing shows for me. From the very first, he was successful and popular. His easy good nature got him across more hard places than I have time to tell of and made him a host of friends as well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wrenched in smiles the big one departed with a chuckle, 'that's better.'

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

"'Wal, that guy was the girl's brother. He's a tough one and he would have killed you if you had said anything bad about his sister,' Gosden looked speculatively at the broad back.
"Taxi, mistah? Whah yo' wanna go? De fresh air don' cost no mo."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I SOON found that they both had a bottomless fund of human nature information. We used to write many skits, plays and acts together and what we wrote was always sure fire. Though both the boys were naturally clean minded, it was then they learned that only clean humor would be allowed in the shows, and that only the clean stuff was worth using in the long run.

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

"Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as well as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that reply usually stilled an enemy went on, and I don't think either Correll or Gosden ever, before or after their work with me, put a slightly suggestive joke before the public. That is one of the things that is outstanding in their work. They are honest, they stand the clean humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal mind can get a chuckle out of."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But it's remarkable how unexpectedly and quickly things happen. It is popularly known that the boys first appeared over WEH it then owned by the Herald and Examiner newspaper. That is not exactly true. I had made an appoint-
ment for the boys to give an audition before Mr. Bonell, who was the manager of the station, the Thursday of that particular week, but they went on the air for the first time earlier in the week. We were playing in Joliet the first part of the week and in Rockford the second part. I picked out a one that I don't even remember the call letters. At that time, when Radio was really in its infancy, the studio managers were often hard put to it to find people who could and would break. They would ask players in shows or vaudeville to appear before the microphone to fill up the gaps in their programs. So it was through this medium that the boys first went on the air.

"THE MANAGER of the Joliet station came to me and asked me if I had any talent that I would care to loan him. A friend of mine offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it would give them a chance to familiarize themselves with playing to an unresponsive mike. Of course, the boys were more than happy to give it a try. But when the chance came, the air went, calmly serene, to the little Joliet station to put their voices on the air for the first time in their lives.

They only knew one song well enough to put on the air, so I wrote a little verse with a characteristic smile and remarked: 'Well, Joe, I guess we've struck oil.' He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any of us realize how deep and full that oil well was destined to be.

"While at WGN the boys continued with their singing as well as the Sam 'n' Henry act. Their programs were all tremendously good, and they gave us all a lot of pleasure singing. Prior to their break with WGN they held a weekly feature called the Pepper Party that was mostly dance music interspersed with bits of their own humor, they did the announcer's part on the Sam 'n' Henry act. I do not know how I was able to find more and more of my time and they finally gave everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air.

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

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

"The people are beginning to look on Amos 'n' Andy as friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: 'They've been awful the past week.' But go over to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential grand slam at a certain sport, you find the set tuned to them instead of the Pepper Toothpaste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.

"The people were beginning to look on Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgotten old friends and acquaintances. They still drop in on me and talk over old times. Their success has certainly not gone to their heads, and that proves more than anything else, the kind of men they are. Some are quoted as saying that they don't realize what they have done. They realize, but they don't go around saying that the heavens have closed over it. The public only sees the shiny, but they do more work when two men work as hard as they do, they aren't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. It was coming to Correll and Gosden. They didn't put it under the bed like two of the finest men I have ever worked with or, for that matter, come in contact with, and I have seen a good deal of the world's population.

"At the start of the week, I asked Mr. Bren: 'Do you think Correll and Gosden will ever run out of material for Amos 'n' Andy?'

"'No. They will never run out of material as long as there is news in the world. They use current events of interest in their sketch, such as the census takers, for instance, or income tax of the ages, and so on. They are the ones that any scriptwriter should try to copy. If there's a war, they will enlist their colored characters and continue the sketch. You might as well ask if there is a chance of Sid Smith running out of material for Andy Gump. It isn't possible. As long as the Tribune wants Andy Gump, Sid Smith will write it. As long as the air wants Amos 'n' Andy, Correll and Gosden will write it. And it looks as if these features grow more popular each time one turns around. I think Amos 'n' Andy are here to stay. We'll hear from them for some time, I should say.'

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

"Amos and Andy's Dialect—Is It Real?

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

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

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

"Now that we're on the subject of dialect, just what is the genuine brand? There are four distinct types of negro talk spoken in the United States. One—which we can dispose of at once—is the usual stage dialect. It is as unreal and artificial as possible, the blackface comedian usually saying "ah" in place of "i," and similar fictitious words. Then there is the straight ordinary brand of negro dialect, such as is spoken by the negroes who hail from Virginia, Tennessee, Carolina and the Mississippi Valley. This is by far the most prevalent. Varying in locality from which the negro comes, it is recognizable wherever spoken by real (Continued on page 95)"
The Experiment of Stephen Glask

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

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Illustrations by Joseph L. Sabo

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

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of fir trees—was an old-world new town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in billowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was a picture landscape, perhaps, to excite capture; but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

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

“You know who I am, then?” Sir Austen inquired, dryly.

“Don’t every one in Farningdon know Sir Austen Malcolm by sight?” he answered.

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

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

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

“Why you’re the new ironmonger!” she exclaimed.
man, for which he was entirely unable to account.

"Johnson, I am afraid, neglected his business sadly," he said.

"He unfortunately developed bad habits towards the close of his career."

"Drank a bit, you mean?" Stephen Glask remarked. "Poor old chap! I don't wonder at it. You all of you bought your things from the Stores, sent to London for your cartridges, and got your gas from Swindon. Glad I've met you, Sir Austen. I am a local man now, and I want some of your trade, please."

Sir Austen stiffened a little.

"My chauffeur buys his own gasoline," he said, "and my cartridges are specially filed for me by my gunmaker. As to domestic articles, my sister keeps house for me."

"I'll call in and see her," Stephen Glask declared promptly.

Sir Austen opened his lips—and closed them again. Why should Eve be deprived of an encounter with this

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

"Poor stuff, that," he pronounced, nodding his head towards the volume which his companion was perusing.

The latter stared at the young man, this time in real surprise.

"A POETASTER," he remarked, with faint satire, "as well as a specialist in hardware?"

Mr. Stephen Glask was unabashed.

"I've read those verses, if that's what you mean," he answered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've finished. There are a few pretty thoughts—the snow-storm in the cherry orchard, for instance; but most of the things are too florid, and the fellow hasn't a single original metre. It's the music of Swinburne and Keats to an inferior and uninspired setting—vide the Athenæum."

"You find time to read the Athenæum?" Sir Austen inquired, slowly.

"And the Ironmonger's Weekly Record," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good afternoon, Sir Austen. I wish you'd speak to your chauffeur about the gasoline. I'll call in and see your sister myself about the other things."

Mr. Stephen Glask strolled off, not by
any means an unpleasant figure to watch, although his blue serge suit was ready-made, his boots thick, and his cap shabby. He was a most original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I should love you to!" the young lady exclaimed eagerly. "You seem to know exactly what I want, Mr.—Mr.—" Glask—G-l-a-s-k, her visitor interrupted. "The name's being painted up today. And you won't forget the other things you've promised to buy from me, Miss Malcolm?"

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner. "Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the housekeeper. I am sure—

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner. "Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening slightly. "I will speak to the housekeeper. I am sure—"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A poetaster," remarked Sir Austen: "as well as specialist in hardware?"
“Why, you’re the new ironmonger!” she exclaimed.
The young man smiled genially.
“And I do hope,” he begged, “that you are going to be kinder to me than you were to poor old Johnson. I may as well tell you at once that I shall expect your custom, Mrs. Randale. Miss Malcolm has promised me hers.”

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

“I leave such matters with my husband, Mr. — or Glask,” she said. “By the way,” she added, as the thought struck her, “you are, of course, a member of the Church of England? I do not remember to have seen you there before.”

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

Eve’s face had temporarily disappeared behind the shelter of an illustrated paper which she had picked from the lawn. She had met the young ironmonger’s eye, and there was something there which was certainly most out of place.

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

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

“I’ll guarantee to save you a good deal a week before you know where you are. You’ll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won’t you? I’m hurrying along, or there will be no one to close the shop. Good afternoon, ladies!”

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

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

Eve was wiping her eyes.

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

Mrs. Randale became very severe indeed.

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

“He is good-looking, though, isn’t he?” Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes.

“Who? Austen?”

“No, the ironmonger!”

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

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

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

(Continued on page 66)
Effect of Pinch Hitting for Floyd Gibbons

By H. I. Phillips

Famous New York Sun Dialist (left) and Floyd Gibbons.

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

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

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

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

He asked me why not. I said I was busy every night taking the place of Amos and Andy. He said they don't amount to anything. I said I know, but if I ever give up being Amos and Andy I will be Graham McNamee. (At this point the confession was halted while the accused took a glass of water.)

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

I said: "How about Rudy Vallee?"

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

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

I didn't realize I had done a great wrong at first. Not until the day before the first broadcast. Then I got nervous. I couldn't sleep, eat or drink. I lost thirty-five pounds between sunrise Sunday and sunrise Monday. I thought of running away (Continued on page 65)
AND SUCH IS FAME

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

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

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

The angular pen of Senor Cugat gives straight lines to Miss Ann Leaf, who for the past several seasons has delighted New York audiences with her WABC organ solos. Now she is on the Columbia chain and Cugat finds her famous.
When we begin going places and SEEING things by air our first set will look something like this one used by Dr. DeForest.

It Won't Be Long Now Until

WE'LL BE SEEING THINGS

By Doty Hobart

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the transmission room I was taken to the broadcasting studio where I met the chief announcer for Station W2XCR, John Glyn Jones, and the program director, Miss Irma Lemke. It was afternoon and a program of silent motion pictures was being put on the air. This I learned was the usual daytime broadcast. Every evening a program of living entertainers, whose vocal and instrumental efforts are microphoneed as well as telecasted, is sent out. The microphoneed part of the program is sent by wire to a nearby Radio broadcasting station for air transmission. This means that anyone owning both a Radio receiving set and a television receiving set can see as well as hear the broadcast.
AS THE motion pictures are visioned by specially constructed machines the studio proper was not in use. However, for my benefit, Miss Lemke took up a position in front of the big television camera while I peered with much curiosity, into the business end of a receiving set. The image I saw was unquestionably a reproduction of the features of the dark-eyed Miss Lemke. For a moment or so the image smiled at me. Then, to my great astonishment, the image started making faces at me! Returning to the studio I learned that Announcer Jones had been kidding the young lady, who, in the spirit of self defence I suppose, had resorted to face-making. I must say that it recorded perfectly. Only I wonder what those owners of television sets who happened to be tuned in on the program thought? Believe me, this test I witnessed proved one thing; that when television is broadcast the real players of the concert artists who now enjoy the privilege of removing collars and ties when appearing before the mike will be out of luck. The motion pictures which are now being broadcast from Station WWXR are all short subjects of the silent variety with subtitles. In the laboratory there is under construction a projector for the broadcasting of any standard make of talking pictures. Who will finance the rental of these films for broadcasting? Will the picture producers permit their films to be broadcast? Those are questions which at present are unanswerable. In the early days of Radio the question of who was to own the broadcast of the early stock sound programs was asked. This problem was solved when the commercial advertiser placed the microphone as a medium of sales promotion. The answer to the two above questions in some way will be found as public opinion makes the television broadcaster give it something other than experimental programs.

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

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

Anticipating your many questions regarding this new art now making its bow to a startled public, I will try to give you my honest opinion of television as it exists today. Do you want to know what is in its experimental stages. I saw the television program was in much the same stage of development that Radio was in prior to the memorable broadcast of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in 1921. The only broadcasters in 1921 were amateurs and experimentalists. Television needs to broadcast an outstanding event of national or international importance to awaken public interest. All that is necessary to make it forge ahead is a little push from the ultimate consumer.

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

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

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

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

Just the other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here’s what it was, “How old is Radio?” Can you answer it? I couldn’t at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate off-spring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 James Clerk Maxwell, of Edinburgh, read a paper before the Royal Society, in which he laid out the groundwork of electro-magnetism and predicted the existence of the electric waves that are now used in wireless telegraphy.” This is quoted from the Year Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1887) one answer to “How old is Radio?” can be “At least a hundred years old!”

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

FOR the third answer I am assuming that you mean, “When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market.” Here you have it—September, 1930! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1931, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

We had no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, “There’s music on the air and we’re hearing it.” And the announcements (Continued on page 87)
INCOMPATIBLE

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

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by O. J. Gatten

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

Everyone termed it an ideal match. Everyone liked Sid Fletcher; he was the unassuming, companionable "good fellow" that people find it easy to like. Had plenty of ability, too, and everyone felt he was rich in that sound responsibility that is the best backing ability can have. He was an up-and-coming young engineer, already marked for success at making money, who had practically welded his technical knowledge and abilities on to a solid business base; it was while he was in the Long Island suburb supervising a big construction con-

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

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

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

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

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

And as for Sid, always inarticulate where his emotions were concerned, what coming home to this home meant to him, creep tenderly close to fold them in, they built dreams, as young lovers will, and talked in hushed voices of wonderful things to be . . .

That was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie, the fingers of her free hand stroking back his hair. "I'm very much here!" Then, wonderfully: "It's not like you to let your imagination run away like that. I know—" I got me—for just a second." Then suddenly he caught her to him, held her close. "Oh, Amelie!"

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

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

This was the way they loved each other, what their mere presence meant to each other. And sitting there in the soft summer darkness, while the soft night and the walls of their life come to creep tenderly close to fold them in, they built dreams, as young lovers will, and talked in hushed voices of wonderful things to be . . .

This exquisite happiness continued essentially theirs for several years; even after they had made the inevitable discoveries that the most perfectly matched at all points, that deep unities do not give the same tastes at all points. Their tastes in society and social life were not the same, and that is a pretty big item to differ on, but for long it did not matter, and each other of them could have told how or when, it began to come up, this
difference, as if it did matter. Little riffs and politely suppressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began—and as time went on, as Amelie got better, and her spirit matured, they were not so as soon over nor quite as fondly compensated as of old. When you have heard more about them you will understand, except that it is always hard for lookers-on to comprehend the other people’s blind foolishness—or one’s own, for the matter of that!

Our pair were far from being able to fathom what was the main reason for the affair. Things that Amelie truly loved privately pretty clearly in working out the problem; seeing that they truly loved each other, he would have been a long time suspecting that such childishness could make grown-up, seemingly respectable, people so much trouble. Yet he thought, right if he had been such a miracle of tact that he could safely "butt in" at all. But there was no intimate enough even to be known except in the open. The whole thing had been too well-confined to each other in the early time to have other close intimates.

But that did have a "set"—the Country Club crowd. It was not an untowardly "speedy," set—in its liveliness and sophistication and extreme modernity merely typical of the kind of people who make, and who aim to make, their special supposed a "peppy" place to live in. It was a "peppy" age; but Amelie chanced not to care for "pops." She liked dancing, and golf and riding and bridge, but this endless and fevered pleasure-questing she considered abnormous, trite, trumpery, inane. And the people, she felt, with their families, with their unreserved, free-and-easy, contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gosspings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futile. Though, as they were the people Sid’s business and his social position and the influence they had with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too.

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

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

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

"Don’t you, anyhow?"

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

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

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

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

But there was no friction of any kind.

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

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

She was in a mood that almost ached in its yearning tenderness. Sorting out some odds-and-ends she had come upon an old photograph of Sid—taken when he was scarcely more a boy, before he had known her. It was rather funny-looking in the way old photographs, with their past clothes and hair, are funny-looking; but, gazing at those honest boyish eyes and that honest boyish smile, she had felt a sudden wistful tug of loss because she had never known the boy of the photograph—regretted, lamented the years before she had known him. And that rush of tenderness toward the boy she never knew brought with it a wonderful feeling of tenderness toward the Sid she did know—toward the Sid who shared this home with her, Sid her husband.

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

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

Seven years...

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

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

(Continued on page 84)

California’s Own Son’s Son

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

THE CABIN'S SECRET

By Marie K. Neff

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Dick, we must hurry.”

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

“Oh, Dick! Hurry! Do light a candle.”

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

Julia surveyed her surroundings.

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

Just look at the dancing shadows on the wall.”

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

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

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

“How strange that your father didn’t leave a will. You say (Continued on page 89)
"Received a letter from the Hired Hand," said Ev Plummer to Bill Hay (left) as they met in Dutch Room of Hotel WMAQ LaSalle. Many shadow faces of old favorites were their guests.

OLD HOME WEEK

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

By Evans E. Plummer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Dear Mr. Editor:

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

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

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

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

www.americanradiohistory.com
tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in peasan-
ship. We've got to be careful, though, not to take off the old cop-
ies and let the new ones. Uncle Sam has probably got to take  
of them off the press for the old timers, so there's no question about  
the educational value of Radio.

"As for me, except on a few special occasions, I haven't  
annoyed the fans over the country for a year or two. I backed  
away from the scenes here in the studio, but I've been retired  
back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chest-
fieldian Grammar to subside. Maybe I can get back and maybe  
I can't, but some day all of the Radio fans will have the writer's  
creed, 'Let's hear it for WQAM,' to thank me for. So when  
the station is dark, I will probably be asked to return and take  
my place at the mike. Therefore I have hopes.

"Somehow or other I rather reckoned that the duty of  
the Radio announcer was to try to tell the listeners what the  
birds in the studio were doing to go next, but modern advancement  
somewhat complicated the situation. It would have been  
irritating for me to think of doing this, so I have no option  
but to try to get the old sort of jace on my  
tonsils, which would enable me to retell the present-

day events of the old Digest.

"Well, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from  
Orson Stiles, director of WOW, ever since it first came  
on the air as WOAW. 'Twas a bit of unwelcome news,  
but I suppose the two Stileys will settle it straight.  
Gammmons, vice-president of WCCO. I asked Mr. Stiles about  
Leser and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers.  
First, that he says, 'LESER PALMER PROMINENT OMAHA  
MUNIC-
IPAL JUDGE STILL ON WOWS ANNOUCING  
STAFF STOP HAROLD PALMER WELL-KNOWN  
OWING OMAHA AM 
REPLACING ORSON STILES.'

With that combination The Woodmen of the World station  
should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet  
Leser Palmer has his hands full fixing tickets for the station  
officials. Leser must know where to start and finish the show,  
and he's no fool, and I have no reason to doubt his ability in  
that capacity. Bonvil was put in charge of the artist's bureau  
but soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager  
of WTMJ."

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

'Regarding Eleanor Poehler and Paul Johnson, I can tell  
you something about either of them. Eleanor was the first  
woman to complete her medical course at the University of Minnesota about  
two years ago, is married, and I believe serving as an interne  
in some hospital, although I don't know where. Mrs. Poehler,  
I believe, is a well known woman in the Northwest and has retired  
from any kind of public activity during the last two years.'"

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

"I uncovered a few old timers, however, who have been  
absent from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony  
Girls, with Carpenters, Gene and Jack. The Gingerbread  
Waffle doesn't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw  
a harmony girl team at the Granada theater the other night  
billed as the 'Harmony Girls' and for an instant was thrilled  
to the core until I saw they were not the originals."

"Then there's the Ford and Glenn, Gene and Jack affair. The  
former duo was started off on its way to fame by WLS, and  
although it left there after Gene got his 'big break,' Ford  
and Glenn, hearing about it, invited Gene into their act.  
The third thing I knew Ford Rush was out. All I can learn is that he and Glenn just  
got tired of one another. Anyhow, Glenn and Gene are now  
headquarters at WTM, Cleveland, and packing the theaters  
where they make personal appearances. Ford is in Chicago  
right now for 'an extended loaf' he says. But I think he's looking  
for a new buddy. He and Bradley Kincaid did a double the other night at WLS, and I think Glenn and Gene are  
incidentally, is still unable to work, but I hear that treatments  
are bringing his voice back gradually.

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

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

--George D. Hay.
I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played a— with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military Home, Sawtelle, Calif., fighting the old T.B. Lost my voice and haven’t talked above a whisper since January, 1929, but am a long way from ‘out.’ Am feeling fine, beating the old TB with the help of modern medical science. Your letters will draw a line from here. Here’s hoping he licked the ‘bug’ and is microphone-bound once again!”

“...what’s become of Harry Stoogdor, the ‘King of the Ivory’ who was a talking film star once beloved by WLS fans, is no more. Mae’s right name, of course, was Harriet Lee and June’s was Juanita Rae...”

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

“Lee Simms, the other ivory masseur who does so well, is hanging his hat in the WBBM chlockrooms these days, and of course you know he recently changed his name. It’s likewise for life, with Homay Bailey, a tall, good-looking soprano.

“Speaking of team splits, here’s one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan? Haven’t heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separate papers about the same time and then went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Company in its advertising department. Russ remained profession and took the fact that it had hit the Publix publicist circuit with his microphones in shooting distance. Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildey in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songster for the NEW YORKER...”

“I, too, heard a bit of news about Wendell Hall, Bill. You know how hard that boy works and retired to the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine told me that last Wednesday night at the J. C. Penney Program Corporation Chicago office were about to employ him on the manufacturing end of commercial programs. That’s where Jack Nelson is, you know. Jack, the pioneer announcer of WDAP, we Delight All People, and later WDJ, was with the Kastor agency here as broadcast executive before the Judson connection, you remember. And of course you know that he collaborated with two other chaps in writing the Broadway show, ‘Proteus.’ And then he went into the WDAP-WBBM broadcasting studio. Understand the movies bought him rights to it for $50,000.

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

“And two of Jack Nelson’s buds, Norda Neal, who operated WDAP for a long stretch, and Ralph Shugart, once the ‘shelmer’ announcer of WDAP and later engineer for WJJD, are well fixed in the technical end of sound films in Hollywood. Neal is a ‘mixer’ with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while Shugart is making miles on the Paramount lot.

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

“...the list is longer than that. I still have to strike out Harold W. Arlin, KDKA’s pioneer voice, Nate Caldwell, originally billing himself the ‘Joy Digger’ and warbling ukulele ditties, and Val MaLaughlin, ‘Sandman’ for the children of WNAV, MAY, YWCA...”

“Arlin was one of the first to see that there was no future in Radio. Given an opportunity to enter the commercial end of Western Union he opened the KDKA studios for the National field’s Ohio branch in December, 1925, and hasn’t been back since. Wonder if he shouldn’t have stayed in the game?”

“Nate Caldwell, after putting the worn ukulele in its case, in turn, took over for WJJD, WBBM, WTMJ and WBBM. He sort of revolves around WBBM, as you will note. But during the past year he has quit the applause mail to get on the producing end. At this moment he is broadcast advertising manager for the Blackett-Sample-Humment agency here and an expectant papa.

“Val MaLaughlin got to liking the children so well that she married R. P. Van Zile, Fada Chicago branch manager, and set about to raise three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tendered her own children long enough and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedtime stories to.

“But I haven’t heard anything about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland and Charlie Schultz, the (280-pound) tenor. They are rather Mike shye these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the stage with that big wobble, that big wobble, that big wobble skitting it in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Also best wishes to the Honolulu WJW, RKO.”

“...but when I tried to learn by wire a week ago how he was coming along, the institution said he wasn’t there and didn’t know when he was going to be heard from. Jack Nelson...”

“...with a chuckle, ‘How many times do you see a Live looped skit cut with a studio microphone?’

“...and announcer Witten got together.”

“...and conflict reports, Bill. One source told me he was prospering as proprietor of a music store somewhere in the South. I found out Harry was an Associated Press story came through saying Harry was running a chali parlor, at Girard, Ill., and that he was open to a network broadcasting nibble, providing he didn’t have to do his turn from New York or Chicago, which cities he admits he hates.”

“Lee Simms, the other ivory masseur who does so well, is hanging his hat in the WBBM chlockrooms these days, and of course you know he recently changed his name. It’s likewise for life, with Homay Bailey, a tall, good-looking soprano.

“Speaking of team splits, here’s one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan? Haven’t heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separate papers about the same time and then went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Company in its advertising department. Russ remained profession and took the fact that it had hit the Publix publicist circuit with his microphones in shooting distance. Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildey in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songster for the NEW YORKER...”

“I, too, heard a bit of news about Wendell Hall, Bill. You know how hard that boy works and retired to the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine told me that last Wednesday night at the J. C. Penney Program Corporation Chicago office were about to employ him on the manufacturing end of commercial programs. That’s where Jack Nelson is, you know. Jack, the pioneer announcer of WDAP, we Delight All People, and later WDJ, was with the Kastor agency here as broadcast executive before the Judson connection, you remember. And of course you know that he collaborated with two other chaps in writing the Broadway show, ‘Proteus.’ And then he went into the WDAP-WBBM broadcasting studio. Understand the movies bought him rights to it for $50,000.

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

“And two of Jack Nelson’s buds, Norda Neal, who operated WDAP for a long stretch, and Ralph Shugart, once the ‘shelmer’ announcer of WDAP and later engineer for WJJD, are well fixed in the technical end of sound films in Hollywood. Neal is a ‘mixer’ with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while Shugart is making miles on the Paramount lot.

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

“...the list is longer than that. I still have to strike out Harold W. Arlin, KDKA’s pioneer voice, Nate Caldwell, originally billing himself the ‘Joy Digger’ and warbling ukulele ditties, and Val MaLaughlin, ‘Sandman’ for the children of WNAV, MAY, YWCA...”

“Arlin was one of the first to see that there was no future in Radio. Given an opportunity to enter the commercial end of Western Union he opened the KDKA studios for the National field’s Ohio branch in December, 1925, and hasn’t been back since. Wonder if he shouldn’t have stayed in the game?”

“Nate Caldwell, after putting the worn ukulele in its case, in turn, took over for WJJD, WBBM, WTMJ and WBBM. He sort of revolves around WBBM, as you will note. But during the past year he has quit the applause mail to get on the producing end. At this moment he is broadcast advertising manager for the Blackett-Sample-Humment agency here and an expectant papa.

“Val MaLaughlin got to liking the children so well that she married R. P. Van Zile, Fada Chicago branch manager, and set about to raise three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tendered her own children long enough and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedtime stories to.

“But I haven’t heard anything about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland and Charlie Schultz, the (280-pound) tenor. They are rather Mike shye these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the stage with that big wobble, that big wobble, that big wobble skitting it in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Also best wishes to the Honolulu WJW, RKO.”

“...but when I tried to learn by wire a week ago how he was coming along, the institution said he wasn’t there and didn’t know when he was going to be heard from. Jack Nelson...”

“...with a chuckle, ‘How many times do you see a Live looped skit cut with a studio microphone?’

“...and announcer Witten got together.”
WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?
Gangland's Gunmen Trail

The HUNTERS
Man-Eating Alligators, Rattlesnakes and Bullets Add to Mystery

By Will Payne
Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B ODET and Dorman stood beneath a giant live oak—one whole limb had been opened to the open. He had come to it a few minutes after they climbed up on the bank of the island. For twenty feet or so around the huge trunk the ground was quite clear as though the smaller growing things respected the monarch and stood back from him. The shaggy trunk upbore a worldwide—huge limbs as large as trees of a half century growth spreading far over the jungle, and still other limbs, the size of young shade trees, springing from them. Looking up, it seemed a forest world, spreading far and towering into the blue. Long curtains of gray moss hung from the lower limbs; birds flitted. Where the lowest great limb branched from the trunk there was a blemish—a long, gnarled crack, to and from and around which winged dots were darting. Toward that spot Dorman was looking with an expression of deep satisfaction.

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

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

Looking up at that delectable reward of their labors, Dorman got out a crushed paper package of cheap cigarettes, offered one to Bodet, lighted one himself and smoked, in satisfaction, like a man whose race, for that day, had been won.

"Splendid tree," he commented. "Well, I suppose we better kick back to the car now and get some food—and a drink of water. I am dry."

Apparently it occurred to him that his companion might not find the reward of their labors as rich and complete as he himself found it. He chuckled and laid a hand on the companion's shoulder.

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

Well, we set out to find a bee tree and we've found one. It's been a fine day for me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," said Dorman.

"Bee hunting, eh?" said the man.

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

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

"Why, we saw one chap," Dorman explained. "Quadroon or something like that. We like it. Suriy sort of custome, looked as though he might bite. I thought maybe we were poaching on his preserves so I asked him if he had any claim to a bee tree there. He said he hadn't and I told him we were going to find one and he could come along if he wanted to and claim the honey. He did follow us to the tree. Then he went off somewhere. That's the only man we saw. Heard a couple of shots back there a minute ago."
Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot.

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

The men moved on. A moment before Bodet had seen the chauffeur on the embankment by the drainage ditch, as though looking for them. But he now disappeared. Dorman moved toward the ditch very thoughtfully and after a moment he made a sort of confession: "Guess there is moonshining around here. I've heard so anyway. Moonshiners, now... I knew an old fellow in Tennessee—crafty old chap... Oh! I suppose he'd shoot if you attacked him, or if he was afraid you were going to—same's a bee or a snake, you see. Anything'll strike when it's afraid. But otherwise he was an agreeable old chap... Then some of 'em, I guess, are ugly customers—don't mind knocking a man over."

He looked around at Bodet rather uneasily as though there might be some misgivings in his own mind and he needed to justify himself. In that spirit he explained: "But we go openly, you see. Any idiot can see at a glance we're not armed. If we did run into a moonshiner he'd be a fool if he didn't see we weren't after him. There was that chap on the island. I thought pretty likely he had something to hide—looked surly and suspicious. But we just went right up to him in the open and spoke friendly and there was no trouble at all... The devil! Why, if a man's going to sit down and think up all the things that may hurt him he might just as well crawl in a cave and pull the cave in after him! Seems to me the only sensible way is to go openly about your business wherever you want to go and probably nothing at all will happen. Eh?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Help yourself," the man called back.

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

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

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

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

He started it again, opening the throttle, trying to go forward in low or to back. With every attempt the convulsed little car merely sank deeper into the sand. The radiator was boiling when he gave up and climbed out. On his knees, with his hands for a scoop, he dug the sand away from each of the four wheels—hot and maddening work, for the sand ran back into the tire treads. It seemed as if something had given way under his violent attempts to pull out of the sand. He looked under the car seat and found a starting crank; but his attempt to get the engine going with that was futile also. The machine had broken down.

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

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

(Continued on page 88)
PROUD Hollywood, Becoming Mike-Wise, Has Made a Rush for the Broadcasting Studios for Big Time on the Listeners’ Circuit

TALKIES

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

By Special

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ramon Navarro started it with Pagan Love Song.

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

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

Correspondent

them lip a few feeble words through the air.
What a change has come about in the last few years... almost the last few months. Poor, old, much-maligned Radio gets a tender hug and caress from its old-time rival and is eagerly welcomed into the fold to help make more dough for the gouty gentlemen who do business in the crevasse known as Wall Street, in Gotham town, in the far, far East.
Radio experience has been a tremendous boost to screen celebrities and would-be stars. In earlier days they were plumb foolish... blowing kisses to their friends over the air... chanting platitudes about "wish you were here, dear public," "oh, my, I'm thrilled," and other meaningless phrases.

BY THIS time, however, they take the Radio much more seriously. Perhaps the box office angle has something to do with it. At any rate, their boss says "get them on a Radio program," and it's done.
Stars are reaping a much richer harvest through their talkie performances than in the silent films. Good speaking and singing voices enhance their value considerably. And in the

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

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

Being married has not put any serious crimp in the career of Joan Crawford (above), who is the beloved wife of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She comes to you on the screen and then purrs to you from invisible clouds of Movieland.
process of course it was but natural that a few should fall by the wayside.

There was Elinor Glynn. Born in Toronto, educated in England, one must address her by the French title of "Madame." Rivals in the newspaper business may have been in the studio, but her initial radio efforts bored the audience to distraction through the use of flowery words, extreme emphasis and provincialism of speech.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then there was our promotion manager, David Swing Ricker, whose name you well recall for the days of the famous "Swing, too, has passed to the great beyond after an eventful and hectic career.

From the old KWH! Off the air and we were running as a remote to KFI. After anxious moments of waiting, Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, rushed in with a lady whose face was covered with a black veil. The introductions were very made. She did a fine job at the speech.

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

We had pretty good luck with scenario writers, particularly Carey Wilson and Eve Unsell (Mrs. Lester Blankenheim). But we ended up with some writers who thought they could write scenario. It didn't encourage anybody to start writing, but it did a lot of good if it discouraged some.

Then there was Alvin Rawlinson. He used to play the much maligned role of the Universal in '19 or '20. So he tried it over the Radio several times. Of course it was awful, but Herb was so frank in saying that it "really wasn't so much" that folks didn't stick around.

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

Ralph Lewis would nervously pace up and down the room. Hobart Bosworth would pester us with questions on Radio department matters, and even writers on other shows would ask us.

There was also Adela St. John, a Cosmopolitan writer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he was awfully busy about his personal appearance.

But the show didn't always have to have something new every time. This was likewise true of Monte Blue, Milton Sills and Bert Lytcl. Then there was the late Larry Semon, who liked to gag in front of the mike; Norma Shearer, who played "little girl" roles, and David Bathie and Katherine McGuire (now Mrs. George Landy).

HOLLYWOOD did not take Radio seriously until a year or eight or nine months ago. Whether in the studio or later at premiers which were broadcast, a score would pass in review before patient old mike, and saying the identical thing over and over, "Oh, I'm so thrilled. Isn't this too wonderful for words." "Do you know, on the screen you can see me, but can't hear my voice. And now you can hear the symphonic, but can't see me. Isn't that so funny? Ha-ha-ha."

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

This kept up for hours at a time. The audience was bored to tears and distraction. They ceased to dial in for the junior Radio editors began to pan the broadcast of premières and Radio appearance of stars.

Thus, although Will Hays refused to be drawn into the controversy, the studio had cautioned a child actress into joining the spy agents. They began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

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

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

But certain it is that the film people have learned a wealth of experience from the Radio activity. Their talkie duties have been learned on the job, the real job, the job of the live situation, and inversely their Radio work has made them considerably more valuable on the film lot and at location.

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

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

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

There has been this hour, originating at KNX in Hollywood, and switching from time to time to the stage in New York. This hour has shown conscientious effort at arrangement and presentation.

There is the long running Monte program over NBC each Saturday night with stars from some current production. I am told that by the time this reaches print KJH will have a program each Saturday night to send eastward for a year, 11:15 p.m., Eastern daylight time . . . to include all the talkie song hits and theme numbers a month or six weeks before public release. The program plans also to have talkie stars and newsmakers somewhere for the broadcasts.

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

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

The KKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of films as well as of the talent. The studio plans with its new Brunswick amalgamation may go on the air in a big way as it did with its Monday night cross-country Vitaphone hour a year or more ago.

Also a part of an informal hook-up for KNX, 5,000 watt-er which does a continuous ballyhoo act about going up to 50,000 watts, but never seems to get around to it. The station, though, doesn't make a specialty of using film material for its program though it does have a Public Saturday night hour along with KJH, both in the Los Angeles area.

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

Elmer O. Nilsson was a big hop on the Pacific standard time. KFWB has the First National hour and it brings plenty of celebrities to the microphone. Oscar Strauss, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," conducted the symphonic group on one of the programs. Sidney Rittenberg, head of the Foreign Service, was also as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Berniece Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic sopranos, and many others.

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

In between is the group which has been in pictures from the very start . . . people who, without previous stage experience, have followed the film route from the early days of the flickers. With the Los Angeles high school (now a score of senior high schools) some of us used to ride horseback as extras on Saturdays . . . Universal and Biograph having started. Louise Fazenda, with long braided hair, was still in school and she went right into pictures on getting out. Then there was Myron Zobel, who later went back to Cambridge, and now publishes a film magazine. And Zion Myers who does a (Continued on page 87)
OLIVE PALMER certainly is getting stinner, you must admit by observing this, her most recent portrait. She's more youthful and at the same time a trifle more sedate. Palmolive has cleaned up since it started broadcasting and Olive Virginia Rae Palmer certainly deserves some of the credit by use of her immaculate voice.
BERNICE CLAIRE is another exquisite bit of screen femininity won for Radio from the talking pictures. We selected this from half a dozen poses, each as alluring as the other. Bernice is heard singing for the First National Pictures from KFWB, Hollywood, over a continental network of stations. Color here—ruby lips, pearly teeth, eyes!
ARMIDA—and that’s all we know concerning the name of this dark-eyed maiden. She is the newest star of the singing screen and is a protege of Gus Edwards, famous “star maker.” She is also one of the NBC featured artists of the RKO Hour. Any correspondence school detective would deduct from appearances that she’s a real senorita.
BARBARA NEWBERRY is gifted with many extraordinary charms. But you see her here without her legs, which Florenz Ziegfeld has pronounced the "most beautiful legs in the world." Aside from that Barbara can charm you with her voice and wit during the CBS Homemaker Club Fashion Shows and she can pose just like this.
SUE FULTON is a radio singer whose sweet soprano voice is known just about as well in Florida as it is in her home town of Wichita, Kansas, where she is both staff artist and program director for the enterprising station, KFH. Miss Fulton sings in opera and she sings just because she is usually happy and naturally that way.
BARBARA MAUREL knew that she had music in her soul when she started out for a career and thought it must be the piano. Then she discovered that she really could sing. She began cultivating her voice and made rapid strides to fame as a concert artist. You hear her now as the contralto soloist with the Philco Symphony on CBS.
MARIÈ GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Opfinger. Opfinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Opfinger to Finnerog. So she decided she would become Marie Gerard, which was a lucky combination. You hear her on the Kodak Hour, CBS.
At the left we have Andy Sanella, the flying conductor, who leads the famous Empire Builders orchestra, NBC, New York. He operates a steel guitar, saxophone, baton and his own airplane. He began with a sax. His first boss offered him $50 in gold to discard it. He refused and later helped to make Paul Whiteman famous. You never can tell about those things.

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

Angels descend with heavenly music at the Truth Trinity Church, Oakland, Calif., every Sunday morning. And here they are. (Above—not to the right.) They sing at NBC studios in San Francisco, then fly across the bay in time for choir at Truth Trinity. They are the Arion Trio. At right is Harry Horlick and his A & P Gypsies who come to you from the New York NBC studios. Angels too?
Ask Doggonit Henderson.
He drinks to you not only with his eyes but with Coca-Cola, for he is none other than Granland Rice, the Big Sports Writer and Speaker of the Coca-Cola hour. Keen, analytical, alert—you can look into his face here and feel that when he speaks he speaks with authority.

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

Introducing Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. and Mrs., or as the CBS correspondent says, "Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, the only living stage stars who retained the use of prefixes throughout their career; meet the 'Mr. and Mrs.' who are favorites on the Graybar hour and are known by no other name." At left: Billy Carlino, Charles Magnate and Dave Boyd the Cotton Picker minstrels on the Dutch Masters hour.
Ann Leaf (left) stands (when she does stand) just under five feet. She plays the mighty CBS organ. Everyday she acquires some new nickname. Little Organ Annie, Mitsey, Sweet and Low are among the best.

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

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

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

"Please, Uncle Bob, make a noise like a goldfish." That's one of many curious requests that come to Uncle Bob at KTSA, San Antonio. He's a star at imitating. Some of his associates in the picture from left: Cousin Jules, Don McGinnis, Aunt Betty, Uncle Mark and Uncle Bob.
Above is the real Mrs. Stephens, seamstress in the Thompkins Corners Real Folks program, NBC, New York. Her real clothes, real face, but not her real name, which is Elsie Mae Gordon. She also plays the part of the school teacher.

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

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

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

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

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

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Glynne Summers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTHING, it appeared, would drag Gateway away from his present post at Andregg's bedside. Temple, McIntosh and the sergeant bent their heads against the night's wild buffetings. They carried two flashlights, a bunch of keys, an ax, a handful of candles and a fresh supply of matches.

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

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

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

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

"Snacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestedly. "As if we're going to have some living. Something dead and cold and unlovely.

"What's that?" whispered the sergeant, suddenly rigid, leaning toward the gloom, chin thrust out.

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

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

"That door's a flimsy affair. . . . The three of us rushing
Ready?" They blew out their candles, stuffing them into their pockets to be unhindered. "If the door holds, then give it the ax. . . . Nemo'd be off and away with a full minute warning.

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

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

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

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

"After him!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The fragrance of coffee greeted them. "Guess it's pretty near that time of day," said McIntosh, and they went to the dining room.

At the table were Paul Savoy, Lauter-Hirth and Mr. Nemo's man, Mohun.

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

Mohun looked at him dubiously, leaning across the table.

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

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

" Haven't any of you seen him?"

They shook their heads.

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

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

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

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

"Tell me," rasped out Gateway.

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

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

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

Andregg leaped to his feet, crying out excitedly:

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

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

He turned again to Temple, saying bluntly:

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

"You must be crazy!" Temple said shortly, going back to Mr. Nemo's room.
WILL LITTLE, queerly fascinated, drawn by the very
horror which repelled him, evinced a more morbid curiosity
than any of the rest of them. He had stopped at the broken
door at first, drawn two ways. His face was white; beads of
sweat gathered and trickled down his face. Step by step he
drew closer until at last he stood over the bed, looking straight
down upon the still form of the detective.

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

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

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

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

"He needs a doctor; send Andregg."

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

"You're all right, you know, Dicks," said Temple, rather
more tactful and sympathetic than any had looked for him to be.

"Dicks, without the strength to nod, closed his eyes briefly to
indicate agreement.

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

"Or who. . . attacked Parks?"

"Again the effort to say, "No."

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

"No."

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

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

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

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

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

Temple was headed off by
a gloating exclamation
from the door. Then he
stood Gateway waving a
manuscript at them as he
drank deep of one of his
melodramatic moments.
as handy-man for the Inquisition. Andregg is no more guilty than... than Gateway himself."

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

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

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

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

Blount leaned closer, his nose close to Dicks' lips. "He's got whiskey on his breath, already, sir. I'd say he just had a drink."

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

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

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

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

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

Lauffer-Hirth entered the room, looking very troubled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Savoy smiled crookedly at him.

"That's why I spoke as I did. Just whom or what this apparition of yours is..." "Oh, I say," laughed McIntosh. "For a deus ex machina you are not going to give us a ghost, are you?"

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

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

"Of course. Couldn't help thinking of that. A mind like..."

(Continued on page 65)
RADIO TAKES A RIDE

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

By Colonel O. N. Taylor

Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you won't be lonesome long.

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

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

* * *

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

Here goes!

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

Mike: "Sure, begorra, and why?"

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

* * *

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

* * *

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

* * *

Of course there are a few hindrances to motor Radio. Some legislators, perhaps the grandsons of the boys who introduced the 10 mile an hour speed laws and the one about motorists being required to stop their engines and dismount upon meeting a horse-drawn vehicle, have tried to get bills through prohibiting Radio equipped autos from using the highways. They say such contraptions detract the driver's attention. The same solons should introduce similar motivated bills prohibiting the use of cow ventilators when flappers in silk dresses are riding in the front seats.

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

But, my, how Radio adds to the pickup of a car. Just try driving up to a stop light near a telephone exchange about the time one shift of "excuse-it-please" girls have given their seats at the wrong-number-board to another shift. Tune in
your set to a lively dance tune. Boy you have to fight them off! Of course there is a drawback there, too. They usually want to follow the music through the air and streets to its source and the best music seems to come from places where the conditions are such that the price of a new set of B batteries. (That's also an argument for getting a powerful motoradio so you can drag in music from another state.)

A little cruising around will acquaint you with the places on the outskirts of the city, down shady, unfrequented roads, formerly used by horse and buggy riders and dubbed 'Lover's Lanes.'

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

Reception is usually best on clear moonlight nights.

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

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

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

More time passed. They shut off the dash light and noted that it was only half after nine. The light went off and the boy friend turned the dial in search of the recommended crooning music.

He got it. And added and subtracted the identity of the company of soprano singing Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," the melody stopped and an announcer bent on giving public service disturbed the quietude of the sylvan parking space with:

"The news now 11:30 - the White House presents..."

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

"You are wrong, dearie," said the bum. "The indicator is in Atlantic City."

"Oh, no," answered his lover, "there were two hours difference between Chicago and Atlantic City. WPG has been pounding in to our house too long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set so that the station indicator is in the East. The Electric World of 'Perfect Day' and see how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the direction of home."

AND another tip! Do not leave your Radio set running tuned in to a base-

ball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to get a newspaper or a store. During one of these times the operator may well happen to be in your door. You will be pinch hit for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to find an intently mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to commit mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two out in the ninth inning.

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

Ralph Langley, Radio engineer, points out a curious phe-

nomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such you can hear the same band concert twice.

Try this on your auto Radio.

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

RECEPTION is often affected when driving between two large steel framed buildings. At one point on Washington boulevard in Chicago is a sign—"Zone of Quiet—Hospital."

My Radio always obeys this sign and volume diminishes the minute the car reaches the sign and does not come up loud until the car has passed out of the zone. Although we tell the uninitiated rider that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the metal structure of both the hospital and the buildings across the narrow street.

Pat Flanagan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcasts as a sideline, tells me that he is receiving more letters every day from radio-

ball fans who have caught him on the fly.

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

"I WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a businessman driving a Radio equipped auto got stuck in a snow drift on the outer-drive," tells Mr. Kauf-

man. "Several blocks away he could see one of the radio cam-

mission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program while he waited. He tuned in just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange.

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

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

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

"I tune in the game when it comes on the air and keep it on as I travel. When I hit a store I can enter talking about the players of the game, the team up for the big game, and even select according to the conversation. This pleases the proprietor and it is much easier to sell a man who is thinking along the same lines you are talking to. It is to come in and interrupt him with 'what's the score?'"

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

"The White House, working with the National player, has a convertible cabriolet with radio equipment in which he has radio-ed as he tours all over the country. He used to have his speaker attached to the top of the car. One day, being behind he opened the roof and folded the top over. He then turned-on his radio set and the result was terrible. He had forgotten to detach his loud speaker and he smashed it beyond repair! Now his speaker is under the cowl.

Most modern types utilize an antenna concealed in the top of the car. Fine copper wire mesh is used in most cars. Mine, a special, has a dialed antenna on the kaki top containing the aerial and not injure it or interfere with reception. Batteries, of the B and C type are concealed beneath the car, being reached for replacment through the floorboard. Juice for the A battery comes from the storage battery of the car. By setting up the generator charging rate there is no danger of running down the batteries. Use of a Radio does away with the need of having up our cargo holding the lights on long daylight runs. Just switch on the set and turn that heretofore wasted "juice" into music.

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

There seems to be no directional effect on standard motorradio sets. We have failed to find any fading out of volume when tuned to a station no matter in what direction the car was headed or on what speed it was driven.

This is contrary to experiences with portable and semi-portable sets operated in automobiles. I remember in the early days of Radio, setting out in an automobile to deliver a super-

heterodyne loop set to station WTA1, several miles west of Chicago. Paul Neal, then a Radio engineer and now one of the guys who record squawks in Hollywood, my companions and I were not familiar with that section of the old state. We got the wrong road and could not locate the station. It grew dark and we knew we had driven far enough west to hit the station but could not tell whether we were north or south of it. Paul continued to watch for the track and the tracing of the station with the loop. We found the signals from the station we were seeking to be coming in from either a northeasterly or southwesterly direction. The speedometer that we were far enough west so we doubled back, taking the next cross road to the north and eventually locating the station.

(Continued on page 5)
BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twentieth century on this page almost simultaneously. Perhaps that's why this fair-haired announcer-singer at WTMJ has managed to keep up with the ever-changing entertainment trends of the times, so remarkably.

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

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

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

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

Mr. Corny is heard regularly over WICFL, Mrs. Limpin, and you will find a little story about him on page 60 of the May issue; also a story about Harry Snodgrass. Harry is no longer in the air. Ted Poister is still at WIEL and we shall note in the story on page 61 of the June issue.

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

Brad Browne has had an eventful life and a pleasant one. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show, and most of his relatives are musically inclined. A banjo was the inspiration that sent Brad on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world. He used to plunk away on a banjo, nearly as large as he, back on the farm in North Adams. Then from the banjo, he went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

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

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

We started to tell you the secret and you asked about Myrtle Spangenberg, Alyce. This blond, winsome WTMJ soprano, you will remember, helped to rock the Radio cradle in Milwaukee. Seven years ago a local department store gave a party at which WTMJ was the first broadcasting station in Milwaukee. It was a one-horse affair and they needed artists to help put it across with the public. At that time Myrtle, who had studied voice in Milwaukee and Chicago, was singing in theaters throughout the state. She consented to warble over Milwaukee's first Radio broadcasting station. The venture was a success. Myrille liked Radio. Soon after, when The Milwaukee Journal affiliated with Marquette University to operate WHAD, Myrille joined the staff of that station. She has since followed through with Rust, and is heard, as you know, on many WTMJ programs.

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

Ross is a bit about Jack Shoumen, hisrurous Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of five prize winners. Mr. Shoumen is often seen taking his daily constitutional, accompanied by four or five of the little animals.

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

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

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

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

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

Pavey, nothing in the world matters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming a Radio announcer.
Norman Nelson of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years of age who originally hailed from the East, and says that after high school he was slated for Pennsylvania State College, but, as Norman puts it, the slate must have gotten cracked, for he found himself in a railroad office instead. It was hardly the thing he wanted, however, so he soon traveled across the country to San Francisco, where he took up the study of voice.

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

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

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

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

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

A tall, slender young man of some thirty odd years walks briskly into the studios of KFRC. There is an intent expression in his eyes; his hair is very blond—he is, in fact, an ideal Scandinavian type. You’ve guessed it, Tomo 1to, it is Robert Olsen.

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

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

Bob and his wife were married before either of them were twenty, and they must make a very nice contrast together, for she is as dark as he is fair. There are two youngsters, Bob Jr., 11, and Betty, 9. And those who are really in the know, say that their union is an ideal marriage.

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

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

ANNOUNCEMENT

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

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

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

Beg Your Pardon

The Ashley Sisters have NOT gone to KMOX as stated on this page in the June issue. We had it on good authority that they were still at WLS and the doors were still open at KMOX. There is no truth to the story.

Many thanks to all the kind people who have written in about Ed and Mom. It seems to be a firmly established fact that Ed is a little better than Smiley’s Ed,McConnell of WTAM. And "Mom" wasn’t his wife, ever. This partnership business evidently broke, some way or another, and that is what got us all worried.

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

No, no, no, Helen, Matt Touphins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not one of them, or all of them—no dual personalities.

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

Comingo—WLS in 1925, after editorial work on farm papers, Don adapted his hobby of music to the job of designing Radio programs. In Chicago Radio circles he has gained a reputation for his choral music presentations. Steve Cisler, chief announcer, has succeeded him in the post of program director.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter and ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.
Express Your Own Personality

Individuality and Simplicity Major Factors in Creation of Beautiful Home Interior

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

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

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

By Eve Conradt-Eberlin

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

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

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

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

“Of course,” she hastened to add, “reproductions can be exquisite—so perfect that only the connoisseur can detect them. But it is the avalanche of
cheap and unauthentic early American, Queen Anne, Georgian, and so forth, that I want to warn everyone against. They are in bad taste and are making our homes look stiff and unnatural and uninviting. The clever homemaker will avoid these, selecting instead the things that suit her personality and the personality of her environment.

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

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

Now, let’s look at the placing of the furniture. Does it make sense? Does it have meaning? The most comfortable chair in the room is right where you want to read, should be placed so that the daylight pours all around it. Take it out of the dark corner at the window. If near the wall, see if it won’t look just as well near one of the windows. The couch or divan, on the other side of the room, should be on the opposite side, where it will be out of the sun’s glare when you want to rest.

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

Now, let us take into consideration the nicknacks scattered about on tables and shelves. Like small animals, many small objects distract the attention. There are only two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering affairs, I say: to give some new, sheer beauty or usefulness. A beautiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath, the piece serves a place all to itself, enhanced by a carefully chosen background,” says Miss Barrett. “If you have nothing that deserves a place, but you have elements, harmony and reason in the objects you have on display. Again, express your own personality.

ASH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should be spaced out, and each tray should be harmonious, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow from the flower and candle stands away from each other. Emptinesses are sad things that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming decoration for any table. Keep them in a vase, and any old vase, but carefully chosen blossoms, daintily arranged in the proper holder. Artificial flowers must be fresh and true to nature if they are to be used, and just a few in an appropriate bowl, used to brighten up some dark corner, are enough for any home.

The question of lighting is, of course, of paramount importance. Light fixtures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception rooms. If a room, wall brackets are the only stationary fixtures necessary—and in the smallest home they may add very little, too, in lamps of fabric, and candles for the dining table. Avoid garish, over-decorated fixtures and lamps. The planer of your room, the byword of every home-maker in everything she does. Attractive lamps, in every conceivable color, shape, material and style can be purchased inexpensively, everywhere, today. Both bases and shades can be made at home by the clever home-maker.

Walls come next in Miss Barrett’s inventory-taking. Look about and study yours carefully. Is the color restful, brightening or deadening? Are your wall panels, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they’re papered, is the paper of the right color for your furnishings? If you are not entirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create. Do not be afraid to redecorate; a wall quite easily, yourself.

AND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us when she told us. She always means nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with a hundred prints and pieces of lithography and paintings that awaken no response in you. Expensive art is no excuse. Throw it out, too, if you don’t feel a little happier for seeing it there.

Here’s the way to get your pictures. Go out into your house in the daytime—take the pictures you see on display in shop windows and galleries. When at last you find one that you want to own, make a copy of it. You’ll find an amazing collection of inexpensive French and Japanese prints, etchings, dry points and aquatints of all color and all sorts, among which there will be some you want to live with. Buy them, have them correctly framed, and then hang them carefully in the places you feel they belong. Don’t worry about the ‘rightness’ of your choice. If your pictures please you, they’re “right” for you.

Now, let’s sit down quietly and contemplate the windows with Miss Barrett. The sun does not shine from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are silk, cotton, wool, or other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in your head—floor and rug, and then more and more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings darker than the walls, without too much contract.”

If the window is short, a valance placed about a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is huge that it dwarfs the top, a deep valance from the top of the window will shorten it. If the proportions are good, the most decorative hangings are two straight pieces of material, sewed onto rings, hanging from an ornamental rod, using no valance or edging. If the draperies are allowed to stand on an edge, just do away with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust. If you have a small window, Miss Barrett continued, “don’t use glass curtains, but let the hangings suffice… Then, be sure to keep the panes spotless. If there is no worthwhile view, you’ll need window curtains, of some soft, monotone material, many shades lighter than the hangings; though dark white is the best color for use.

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

Keep the room’s environment with all my heart, for it really adds beauty to the room.

LAST of all, I want to talk to you about something that means a great deal to both Miss Barrett and me—and you, I hope. I have talked about a room that atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing is so helpful as books—nothing. It is the color tone in the room. You need a good mixture of book shelves in open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair;把握 those books and magazines ends on a divan table. Don’t buy your books “by the yard,” according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents only and then set them in place haphazardly, mixing up the various colors so that no one color will dominate. Books you love, books you want other people to love are the sort you want around you.

Probably the most thrilling volume in my library that Miss Barrett told me, are two copies of When We Were Very Young, those charming poems that Christopher Robin and I wrote together for his little son, Christopher Robin. There’s a copy—where do you think?—stuck down between the cushion and arm of my favorite chair, in the livingroom, and one copy on the night table next my bed. That’s my book and it has crossed the ocean several times with me.

If you have this little story just as Joan told it to me because I want to convey to you the atmosphere of a real, lived-in, homey place, I want to share this story. A book down in the side of a chair—just that seems to reveal her home to me. If you have books around, your friends will brooch among them; they reveal you like nothing else will, they help make you give that first touch of reality and beauty to a room which nothing else can impart.

Who Killed Dubronsky?

Swamped with a flood of "fast chapter" theories the judges were unable to give a decision as to author of this cliffhanger. The winner will be awarded and winners announced in the AUGUST RADIO DIGEST

Next month Miss Conradt-Eberlin will tell of her chat with the beauty experts and why they believe personality and definition the true home-maker as beauty in the home. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask regarding your decorating problems, write to Miss Conradt-Eberlin in care of Radio Digest, and she will pass your letters along to Miss Barrett to receive professional advice.
PARADE OF
NEWS and Other Items of Interest
About Artists, Announcers and Programs in All Parts of the Country.

Six O'Clock Finds Nearly All Boston Tuned In

A FRACTION over 96 percent of the approximate 250,000 radio-owning families in Greater Boston are tuned-in to the broadcast programs of the Boston radio stations after six o'clock each evening, according to the interesting statistical information says John Shepard, 3rd, executive in charge of The Shepard Stores Stations WNAC and WEAN, following his receipt of result of the first unbiased radio survey ever completed in the United States. Mr. Shepard continues:

"In the eight years that our stations have been serving the public, there have been many radical changes in programs, music, talent and even in the equipment. All through these years we have been guided, in presenting our programs, only by the letters and requests of a minority group, as to the likes and dislikes of the radio public.

"We have long appreciated the need of some sort of a research to collect valuable facts which would greatly assist our staff in arranging programs to please all the radio audience.

"Recently the opportunity presented itself and the survey was started with a crew of trained, bonded investigators, who came to Boston from an outside city, not knowing for whom they were gathering the data. After two months of strenuous effort, during which they interviewed one out of every 20 radio-owning families in the area comprising 15 miles in and around Boston, their report is now made available.

"As far as we can learn there has never before been a survey of this type conducted anywhere in the country. We were particularly anxious to learn the approximate number of radio-owning families in this district. The hours when the radio is most popular with the average listener—the programs most enjoyed—the types of programs generally preferred, and comparative figures to determine the high and low peaks of radio reception, were among the outstanding phases of broadcasting which we have endeavored to gather through the radio analysis.

"Compiled at an enormous expense the information which has been made available through the survey throws a new light on many angles of broadcasting, in which we have been previously guided largely by good common sense and judgment.

"In carrying out their task the research staff grouped the Greater Boston audience into occupational classes—7.06 percent engaged as merchants, professionals, executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, city-living farmers, small business merchants and those retired; 16.00 percent the families of laborers, domestics, clerks and non-employed.

"One especially interesting fact revealed in the study is this: During the evening when there is a wide choice of stations from which to draw, the type of program apparently plays a greater part in the selection of stations than does the station itself.

"Thirty-three percent of those families interviewed expressed a first choice of stations in answer to the following question: What broadcasting station do you prefer—that is, if all stations were to be closed except one, which would you choose?"

"It is most gratifying to the personnel of Station WNAC to learn that more than 63 percent of the above group expressed a preference for the WNAC programs while 17 percent spoke in favor of WBZ and WBZ-A, and 16 percent were supporters of WEEI. Miscellaneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll.

"Ninety-seven percent of the entire radio audience is tuned-in to favorite programs of the air between eight o'clock and midnight, the analysis shows. On Saturday evening the audience is found to be 81 percent, which would be about the average for any specific night.

"The early evening audience (that is, from 6 to 8 o'clock) is very nearly as large as when the radio is carrying its peak load. This percentage is 96.29.

A jolly group of music makers known to Radio fans as the Merry-Makers. These boys make merry over WBAL every Wednesday evening from 6 to 6:30 (EST). Left to right: Sol Sax (pianist and director); Philip Crist and Edward Jendrek, tenors; Elmer F. Bernhardt and John Hedeman, baritones and Nathan Cohen, xylophonist.
THE STATIONS

INTERESTING PLANS for Future Station Activities. What Artists are Most Popular. Other Facts and Figures

"One surprising revelation (particularly to broadcasting officials), is that the afternoon audience is larger than that of the morning. While the difference is slight, it has always been our opinion that the morning audience was the largest of the daytime hours. The analysis shows that the after-luncheon audience is 50.63 percent as compared with 45.63 in the morning."

"The research report also revealed that seven percent of the total listeners are tuned-in for the after-midnight programs once each week, and four percent follow this practice twice weekly."

"The report discloses that popular music—that is, dance and jazz selections—are exceedingly popular with one-quarter of the entire audience. However, fourteen percent of the listeners favor good music of all kinds. While thirteen percent chose variety there is a twelve percent group who express a choice for the classics."

"Stories, drama and semi-classical program follow in their order. Sketches, dialogues and monologues are popular with 2.81 percent of the fans, while vocal music and comedy sketches are also in the two percent class. Old-time music shares the one percent class with lectures and talks."

Two extremes for you. Last Winter Harry Jordan sat in his cabin in the frozen wastes of northern Quebec and wrote to WTIC requesting the dance tune, Turn on the Heat. About the same time Julia Doyle was writing swing- ing a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Canons. Both heard one of the Mary Oliver concert broadcasts from the New England transmitter.

WHAT is said to be the largest pipe organ ever built exclusively for Radio use has been installed in the studios of WCCO, the Minneapolis station of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It is a three manual instrument which is the result of four years of experiment.

Amateurs in Demand for Radio Entertainers

By Robert Reinhart, Jr.

Master of Ceremonies for the "Checker Cobbies"

A MONTH ago a single column, one-inch ad appeared in the Radio section of one of New York City's evening newspapers. It stated, in simple language, that Radio talent was wanted, and those possessing it should apply to room so and so at a Fifth Avenue address. The following day, the little office looked like the "bread line" in San Francisco after the fire, back in 1906.

Why do we seek Radio talent when there are hundreds of artists available at any Radio station? Why do we delve into the realms of the amateur, rather than the professionals? The answer is—professionals are sometimes too professional. It is a known fact that vaudeville entertainers and the theatrical business, in general, is in a bad slump.

That the talkies have hurt vaudeville and that there are literally thousands of acts that are idle and awaiting booking is a known fact on Broadway. Wouldn't it be easy to grab one-half dozen of these acts, that have been so successful on the stage, and bring them into Radio? What is it that makes a Radio personality so different from any other type of entertainer?

To begin with, as a general rule, everybody prefers the male to the female on the Radio. This is due to the difference in their personalities. A woman's personality is sometimes in her eyes, in her smile, in the movement of her hands, in the changes of expression. A man seldom resorts to these motions or gestures. His personality is usually his voice and so when Radio came into its own, man was at home.

All the pretty smiles and the eye-pleasing ways of the woman were lost on the Radio. Actors and actresses, who have made great successes on the stage, have sometimes proved "flops" or "busts" on the air program, and until television comes in, they are absolutely out.

Even Rudy Vallee's voice is absolutely lost on the stage. If you heard him at the Paramount, New York, and happened to be sitting further back than the tenth row, you had to strain your ears to hear him, and at that he was using his megaphone. On the Radio he can whisper and his crooning style makes many a feminine heart leap.

David Ross, the small boy with the big, deep voice, sounds resonant and powerful through the receiver and his diction is perfect. Yet, in speaking to a hall full of people, his voice does not carry.

If you go to a show once or even twice a week, you hear a few songs and a few gags and the chances are most of them will be different. Sometimes you hear the same song repeated and you are somewhat annoyed.

On the Radio, you are actually going to two or three shows every night and so before the week is over you probably hear every new song and many of the old ones. But then, you are listening in on the Radio. The second or third week you are just bound to hear the same songs and perhaps some of the same wisecracks. The songs you will forgive but the wisecracks never.

That brings us back to the vaudevillians—they prepare one act, and that same twenty minutes goes around three times a day for as many years as they can get booking. All they have to do is to learn a few little gags and a few songs and they make their livelihood on it for years.

How different is Radio! If you are on this week's program which is sponsored between 8 and 8:30 every Tuesday, that means that every single week you must prepare a complete new program. Find new gags. Learn and sing new songs. That is one of the reasons why we seek new talent from the ranks of the everyday industry.

Certain requirements make it impractical for Johnny Doray and Mary Sola to be heard as vocalists on two or three

The breaking waves dashed high, all right, as Ray Wilkinson and his midshipmen docked their good ship WDEL of Wilmington, Delaware. We are unable to determine just what sort of craft that is—a gondola or a Mississippi steamboat; but it makes a striking picture anyway.

www.americanradiohistory.com
Fourteen Years Old and a Seasoned Radio Broadcaster

STILL under fourteen and a seasoned Radio broadcaster. That is the record of little Evelyn Rubin, 1206 Hoe Avenue, the Bronx, New York. Recitations and dramatic readings are Evelyn's specialties; and it is said that her character studies and poems are so well told and in a voice so remarkably musical and resonant for a child of her age that she has become a favorite.

Starting as a talented child often does, by surprising and entertaining her parents and relatives by her recitations and mimicry at home, Evelyn Rubin, when barely nine years old, made her famous in school for her dramatic ability, taking parts in plays and entertainments. However, it was not long before her talent was recognized as not being ordinary, and a relative, realizing this, brought her to the attention of the National Voice Forum.

A teacher in this school arranged for young Miss Rubin to recite before a large audience at the Labor Temple. This is said to be the first gage towards the actual recognition of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn received a scholarship to study for two years at the National Voice Forum. While attending this school, Mme. Bell-Anske, one of her instructors, wrote a series of plays for children. These were performed at the Heckscher and Klaw theatres, New York, with Evelyn taking the leading roles. At the end of this two-year course, the faculty decided to allow Evelyn to remain at the school for further instruction for as long a period as she desired without cost to her.

It was while she was studying at the Forum that Evelyn became interested in Radio work, and applied for an audition at WPCH. Her audition proved satisfactory and she was given a half-hour period on the air for poetry recitals. While at WPCH, she was invited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broadcasts, this, to broadcasting with WMCA, WJZ, WEAF, WGBS, WGBK and WCDA, New York.

Just before her eleventh birthday, Evelyn was invited to play the role of "Lena" in "Playing With Love," the play by Arthur Schnitzler which was presented recently at the Lane Theater by the Players' Cooperative. This was the first time she had ever appeared with a professional "grown-up" cast. She was the only child in the play, taking the part of a little Viennese girl of her own age. Her performance was reported by the newspapers to have been without the slightest appearance of nervousness, her tones well rounded with a keen feeling for the dramatic meaning of her lines.

Although her life thus far has been quite different from that of the average youngster, Evelyn's parents never allow her professional interests to interfere with the normal home and school training. New ideas are required but remember, it has taken many years to build the theatre, and Radio with its over-night mushroom growth has done wonderfully. Television, of course, will change the color of the entire situation but I have reason to believe that television will not be practical for, general purposes, for at least five years, which brings us to the conclusion that we have a lot to do before 1938.

Osborne Has Wide Musical Experience

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a featured guest artist on Major Edward Bowes' "Family" broadcast, is a native of "Toronto," and has been a well-known organist and teacher. Mr. Osborne received his education both general and musical, in that city and is a graduate of St. Andrew's College there.

He began his musical activities by directing the college band which is noted for its excellence. Mr. Osborne has had an eight-piece orchestra for many seasons and has attained considerable success throughout Texas, the Middle West, Canada and also in Germany. He has only been singing for the past four years and his work is very similar to "Rudy Vallee." In fact, eighteen months before Vallee first came to Broadway Will Osborne was touring the West and Canada with a similar organization and interpreting modern melodic themes in the Rudy Vallee manner. For the past six months he has been making an enviable name for himself on Broadway.

Mr. Osborne not only has a voice of great clearness and range but is also a professional pianist and dancer. He is an exclusive Columbia recording artist and is the composer of many successful songs of which the two most popular are "Rudy Vallee's Place" and "I Know We Two Were One." He is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outposts

RESIDENTS of the Magdalens, a group of islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence more or less cut off from regular channels of communication, particularly during the winter months, are now getting a daily news service through the Radio department of the N. B. E. Each afternoon these people, who total about 8,000 and whose principal occupation is fishing, receive a summary of the important news broadcast through CNRA, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Man

GUY FRASER HARRISON, although he serves in no emergency military organization, conductor of the Rochester Civic Orchesta, has earned the title of "real minute man" for a reason. Not long ago he went to Buffalo personal business and left on the return trip to Rochester several hours before he was scheduled to conduct an important commercial program in the Sagamore Hotel Studios of WHAM. A few miles out of Buffalo he noticed that his oil pump was leaking improperly and, being an artist rather than a mechanic, returned to the Bison City. The difficulty and, once more the shores of Lake Erie were left in the distance. Rain fell, froze on the windshield, covered the roads with ice, and Guy Fraser Harrison set out to plow the icy road and in his own words, "to make driving a real minute man" and launched into his opening announcement. As the closing words of his discourse reached the air, Guy Fraser Harrison slipped and lost the grip on his driving gloves, raised his hat, and with the opening chors of the overture, a sigh of relief went up from all concerned.
New Schedule of WJSV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few years has undergone radical changes. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from their new studio suite located in the Doniphen Building, King and 15th Streets, Alexandria, Virginia, that quaint and historical old city just a few miles out from the national capital. For lol these many years Alexandria has been a mecca for tourists. Much of the younger life of George Washington was spent in the old city's quaint and historic Garden Potomac in which he fished and went swimming washes the shores of Alexandria. A very short distance away is Arlington Cemetery, scene of the Lincoln Memorial. But, says J. P. McGrath, manager of Station WJSV, the bulk of the visitors these latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station.

"Our new schedule," says Mr. McGrath, "calls for the opening of the morning program Monday through Saturday at 7 a.m., closing at 1 p.m. Then we resume our broadcasting at 2 p.m. and continue straight through until the sign-off at 11 E. S. T."

A Glimpse into the Radio of Tomorrow

OBSERVERS of broadcasting say that the day is not far distant when countries will be exchanging microphone artists in much the same way that institutions of learning are opening the doors for students of other nationalities. They point out that the radio program of the future is in full study of short waves but is an indication of the efforts of a desire to further international good will.

New Yorkers, they declare, are fortunate, because the metropolis is the mecca of every ambitious artist; that real talent always finds its way to that city, and that it never lets go of them until their usefulness is gone.

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the fires of aspiration. For instance, it is of all nations as well as that of the more mature broadcaster. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of the compensation paid to Radio stars. This is partly responsible for the rush. Fame is another agent and so is the desire to study under internationally known teachers. With education come the world over.

WOR gets its share of the incursion. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, soprano of WFMAA, Dallas, Texas.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MERGELBERG, director of the orchestra of the New York, the oldest symphony in America and one of the oldest musical organizations in the world with a continuous history of another of the internationally famous conductors to be heard on the Atwater Kent Hour.

Willem Mergelberg displayed such musical genius at the age of six that he was entered as a music student in the Cathedral school of his native Holland. He wanted to be a pianist but this ambition was submerged when he became, at the age of twelve, assistant conductor of the City of Lucerne, Switzerland.

In Lucerne he conducted orchestras and choruses, taught music, composed and did all sorts of the multifarious chores. He returned to Holland to become conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw orchestra which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic organizations of the world. After service in Hamburg, London, Paris and many of the leading music centers, and as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony of that city. That organi-

Visitors Entertained at NBC Studios

NEARLY everyone who visits the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company for the first time, is amazed at the number of people actually present within the studios to witness important broadcasts. Those familiar with Radio at all have come to regard a studio that is "on the air" as a sacred sanctuary where angels fear to tread.

"How is it then," they ask, "that witnesses are permitted inside while some of the biggest programs are being staged, for networks from coast to coast?"

The answer is simple—as usual, scientific preparation.

Individual stations, as a rule, do not permit visitors to penetrate within the actual broadcasting studio even during purely local programs. In most cases they provide only reception rooms for the friends of the broadcast-

But their studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York building. More provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the entertain-

But this only provided for casual visitors and friends, and did nothing to solve the more important problems of arranging for the public, without danger to the program.

In designing the studios, plenty of space had been allowed beyond actual requirements, thus making physical allowance for "supercargo." Still, the engineers remained unchained.

So acoustical engineers went to work. Theirs was the task of plotting sound-characteristics of the rooms, and attempting to determine which parts of each studio might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rust-

The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "pulse" of every inch of broadcasting studios, and marked those portions which had best be reserved for performers and orchestras, and chose parts of the room which were relatively "dead" to seat an audience, if audience there must be.

Then special drapes were hung around the audience space to make these sections still more sound-absorbent, and the experiment was made. A party of sponsors was admitted, and by the exercise of ordinary care, did not cause an extraneous sound to reach the microphone.

Gradually the practice was extended, to admit the chosen few who had access to those who could secure them the prized cards of admission. Now an audience is present at nearly every big broadcast, and special cards have been taken to regulate the impossible number of weekly applications for room in studios.

It is not uncommon to seat as many as 400 people in the studio during the broadcast of the Palm Olive Hour and programs of that nature.

But all temporal dimensions of space have their physical limits, and the size of studios after all automatically regulates the number of those to be admitted.

Comes to WTAM Direct from University

WHEN it comes to playing music for Radio broadcasting, Emerson Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WFAA in Dallas, in position to speak with authority. For there are few dance bands which have put in more hours in front of a microphone, or have been heard by more Radio listeners than Gill's.

Beginning way back in 1924 when Radio was looked upon by most people as a mere wonder of mysteries, and when chain broadcasting was yet unheard of, Gill has been playing regularly, season after season through Cleveland stations.

He came to Cleveland direct from Ohio State university with one of those collegiate bands. Gill is an outstanding example of the modern successful dance-band leader. A few years ago it wasn't necessary for dance musicians to know much about music. Jazz was a sort of haphazard affair that depended largely on its novelty to go over.

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the University orchestra. Virtually all of his music could today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of his own first rate fashion.

The backbone of the Show Boat orchestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, bari-

The winners of the Amos and Andy Radio Digest Contest which has attracted much attention these last two or three months, will be announced at this time. Be sure to get your copy and read the results of this most interesting matching of ideas on what the two colored buddies would say to each other under various circumstances. Amos and Andy—read about 'em in the August Radio Digest.
Youngsters of station WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla., enjoy a real show 'nough circus. Here are the elephants, the camel, the big tents and the animal keepers, and we have no doubt there are plenty of peanuts and red lemonade in the offing.

In Behalf of Butter

By C. B. Kingston

E VERY day from 12:45 to 1:00 o'clock the listeners to station WNAX, Yankton, South Dakota, hear the voice of D. B. Gurney, familiarly known as "D. B." in the two Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska and parts of Wyoming and Montana. Says John de Pagler of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, South Dakota: "The territory covered by WNAX is largely dependent upon the dairy industry. In our efforts to increase the sale and consumption of butter we are broadcasting unique programs over WNAX.

"About seven weeks ago D. B., viewed with some alarm the decrease in the price of butter-fat and butter. Realizing that if this decrease continued, it would hit the prosperity of the Middle West quite severely, he started a series of talks, choosing as his topic, 'Butter Is Better.' This series of talks was an experiment, but D. B. bit the nail on the head and the dairy industry, represented by the farmers and creameries of the Middle West, urged him to continue his talks along the same line. Nothing loth, D. B. hammered away, urging people to use more butter, urging the farmers to deliver cream in better condition to the creamery, urging the creameries to make better grades of butter.

"The results of this campaign were quickly felt. In a short time we saw less than five hundred towns reported that butter sales had soared. "WNAX organized the 'Butter Is Better' club and are urging listeners to become members and pledge themselves to banish butter substitutes from their tables and their stores. Dairymen pledged themselves to improve conditions on their farms; to improve sanitary conditions around their dairy cows and separators, and in delivering cream to the creameries, and are undertaking to deliver cream of low acidity and high quality. The creameries are competing with each other to manufacture butter with a score of ninety-two or better, and with all, the effect of this campaign has been most valuable.

"We are putting on two fifteen-minute programs from WNAX between 1:00 and 1:30 every day except Sundays, featuring two of the progressive creameries who are helping WNAX to fight for better butter and less butter substitute. These programs consist of old time music, put on by an organization which we know as The Hired Hands. It consists of Happy Jack O'Malley, old time fiddler; Hazel Olson, at the Baldwin piano; Oscar Kosta, of the Rosebud Kids, on the banjo; Harry Brown, with a mandolin or guitar; and, quite frequently, John Jensen comes in with the fiddle. "Harold Clark, manager of the WNAX hatchery, sings specially written songs and usually your correspondent joins in with him and everybody has a good time. On one occasion, we had the Gurney quartet. It consisted of D. B., Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Company; Chandler Gurney, secretary and treasurer; Charles Gurney, advertising manager and purchasing agent, and E. R. Gurney, the WNAX Philosopher—with 'yours truly' leading the quartet.'

Goldsmith Has Prepared for a Radio Career

A SON of the Middle West, Lee Goldsmith, General Manager of Station WCKY, Covington, Ky., bids fair some day to win a coveted honor, the medal awarded yearly by the American Academy of Arts and Letters to the best Radio announcer. Goldsmith already has been nominated for the competition won last year by Milton J. Cross, and Goldsmith's friends believe that another year or two will see him at the top of the ladder to his chosen profession—Radio executive work.

Unlike the majority of Radio executives, Goldsmith prepared carefully for his career before he entered the field. He received his A. B. degree at the college of Emporia, Kansas, and took a special course in public speaking at the University of Cincinnati.

Then located in a small town in Kansas, he listened to virtually every station in the country over a period of several years, before going to Denver, where he walked into KEXF, hung up his coat and told the proprietor he was going to work there.

Denver listeners liked Goldsmith, but Goldsmith preferred Cincinnati, where he had passed many enjoyable months as a student, and one day he received an offer from station WSAI. He came on, and was employed; but the station was sold a few days later, and Goldsmith lost the opportunity to settle there.

A year later a new broadcasting station was constructed in Covington, Ky., and opening night, last September, found Goldsmith in charge, although identified on the air only as the "Kentucky Colonel."

Charles Onan, Station WDAY, Fargo, past master on the guitar.
Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Loew’s Theatre who broadcasts a daily organ recital over WFJC between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m.

**Skillful Organist at WFJC**

We are indebted to the Kentucky Blue Grass Region for many things—the fine horses, the good liquor and the charming and accomplished women. Among the last named include Miss Estelle Ruth, organist and accompanist, who broadcasts daily over WFJC, Akron, Ohio.

True to her Kentucky birth and rearing, she loves her husband, home and children first. But to these she adds her professional love of music and is enthusiastic in her broadcasting of church, theatre and Radio music.

Withal, Miss Ruth finds time between her two jobs of homemaking and broadcasting to play around with her youngers, of whom she is justly proud.

**College Boys Run KOB**

By Louise Rutz

The most powerful college or university broadcasting station in America is operated and announced entirely by college students. Under the guidance of a faculty director, Prof. Evan Carroon, who is also head of the department of electrical engineering in the college, students of State college, New Mexico, compose the entire broadcasting staff of KOB.

The station has four licensed operators on the student staff, one first commercial, one second commercial and two broadcast limited license holders, with an operator and assistant operator on duty whenever the station is on the air. The chief announcer, as well as the four operators, is a student in the electrical engineering department. Of the five additional announcers, two are women who put on special features of interest to women. One of these young ladies is a senior in the college home economics department. Announcers are selected by competitive trial in which a board, composed of members of the faculty, act as judges.

Students are, of course, paid for their services and thus enabled to earn a portion of their expenses or to add to their spending money while in school, as well as to their knowledge and experience. Marshall Beck, chief announcer, and Harry D. Pickett, chief operator, both seniors in the school of engineering of the college, have paid expenses through school by their service with KOB.

The radio staff members are also active in student affairs. Marshall Beck has been for two years business manager of the student newspaper and student leader in the band; Harry Pickett is a football letter man; Albert E. Coldwell, another operator, is president of the honorary engineering fraternity of the institution; Mort Tolbert, assistant announcer is student athletic manager; and other operators and announcers hold other student positions.

**Diamond Award Contest**

(Continued from page 6)

In our May issue together with an elaborate write-up. But we'll probably have something else to say about them later.

Selecting another letter from down in the pile, we find that Miss Mildred Drahek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, Ill., heartily approves of the cheerful and merry manner in which Everett Mitchell of Station WEWR does his announcing.

From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Ivass, giving her highest approval to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, which she considers superior to any artists on the Radio. And so on, ad infinitum. The pile of ballots increases daily, and with it increases the pile of letters accompanying them. Picking a favorite from the hundreds of Radio artists is not always an easy matter. There are so many artists at each station, and so many stations. One must exercise a considerable amount of judgment and selection to decide upon a favorite artist or program. But the Radio public is willing to take the time to do it, apparently; to decide upon its favorites and send it its votes that those favorites may win the Meritum Diamond Contest Award. Let the nominations and the votes come right along!

**Miss Usselman a Favorite Over WDAY**

Talking pictures disclosed new fields of activity and endeavor for thousands of players. For thousands of attache’s of many picture houses it meant the losing of one’s job. Particularly was this true as regards the pianists and organists in the movie houses. Pictures—the silent ones, that is—had depended so much on the skill and talent of the organist! But in one fell sweep, with the coming of talking pictures, even the most skillful lost their positions in most cases.

There was one young organist, however, out in the Northwest who did not lose her place at the Public Theatres at Moorhead and Fargo, North Dakota. That was Miss Eildegardie Usselman. She is one of the few who were retained. It is said that the reason for her remaining at Publix was simply that her audience, who had come to look for her excellent thrice-weekly broadcast over WDAY, would not hear of her leaving. Formerly Miss Usselman was a pupil of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.

Ever since the inception of WDAY, however, she has been broadcasting. That was eight years ago, and her “public,” which is invisible but none the less real and discriminating, enjoy her more every day. Too bad they cannot see her! We think you will agree that it would add to the pleasure of listing to her.

Of course, one can’t judge absolutely from a photograph, but we’d say off-hand Miss Usselman is a symphony in blue and gold!
Ralph Elvin Disclaims All Special Talent

IT IS too bad Diogenes is dead. That wise old Greek philosopher, who used to travel up and down waving his red lantern and broadcasting his quest for an honest man, should be alive today. Because if "old Diog" were among those present, he could end his search. He would need only to knock on the door of Radio station WKFB, in Indianapolis, and ask for Ralph Elvin.

Radio announcers are supposed to be a temperamental lot, especially those who are addicted to sport broadcasting. "Tis said they love to tell, in interviews, about how hard they worked to develop their "technique," of the fierce struggles they endured while climbing to recognition, and how they "love their art." But when the interviewer leaves an opening of that kind for Ralph Elvin, of WKFB, all the reporter hears is a jolly "horse-laugh."

"O, ye-eh," says Elvin. "Well, as for me, that stuff is the bunk. I got into Radio announcing by accident. I haven't any special technique—wouldn't even recognize a good one if I met it on the street. And while I 'love my art,' it is the nice fat little checks that keep the love-fires burning."

"Luck, that's all. My first appearance was by accident. It took place about three years ago when a banker friend met me on the street and asked if I would go to a fight that night and read an announcement for him over the Radio concerning the R. O. T. C. I said I would. The sport announcer for the station broadcasting the fights let me do it, then remarked that I had a good Radio voice, one of those harsh ones, I guess, that the microphone picks up easily. He asked if I knew anything about boxing, I confessed that I did, and enjoyed fights. He said he hated them, and would like to come down the next week and assist him. I 'loved' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away, and let me have the ring. He said: 'Here, take this and go on.' Just like that, with no warning. There was nothing for me to do but start talking. Fortunately, I didn't get scared until later, when it was over. But some people listened, liked my line and wrote to that effect. Since that night I have sat at a ringside, somewhere, at least once a week."

"So it was all luck, as you see. First, reading that announcement; next, having a voice that carried, and third, being lucky enough to have people like my stuff. The last part still is the big mystery to me."

"My football announcing started the same way."

"So there you are. Luck, first, last and all the time."  

Mart Hays of Portage, Wisconsin is a proud man—pride because one of the country's greatest men has recognized his Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, known as the Si and Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fiddlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resin.

WTMJ's Shopping Guide Aid to Purchasers

WHEN Miss Milwaukee and her mother plan a shopping tour they tune in first on the WTMJ Radio shop-
er, on the air from 9 to 9:30 each morn-
ing, for advance tips on where to go. The housewives who listen regularly cannot be expected to spend an en-
tire day hunting the marts of trade for bargains. Instead the wise only tune in on the Radio and learn just where things may be obtained at moderate prices.

With pencil and pad the fair sex hugs the Radio, prepared to jot down the des-
sirable bargains and places where they are to be had. Perhaps daughter needs a new permanent. The Radio Shopper mentions several shops where she is sure the work is excellent and the rates rea-
sonable. Maybe mother of a new frock or a winter coat for which she has just a certain amount to pay. After listening to the WTMJ Radio Shopper she sallies forth to get what she wants.

The Radio Shopper even offers invaluable aid in meal planning tips for getting the most from vegetables, fruits and rare fowls. She steps to the telephone, takes the Shopper's suggestions and the articles are delivered.

Hundreds of letters are received by WTMJ's Radio Shopper from women who tell her how much she has helped them with their shopping problems. Listeners over The Mil-
waukee Journal station who do not live in Milwaukee are privileged to call or write the Shopper and she will do all their purchasing for them.

In her daily rounds of Milwaukee's smartest shops, the shopping reporter has an opportunity to observe and forecast newest fashions. She predicts that with the new feminine styles and sweeping skirts, short hair is really doomed. A few smart young things may cling to their shorn locks but they will soon be won over to lengthy tresses, she says for the bobbed head is slightly in-
congruous with the broad, formal frocks which spell 1930 chic.

The keynote of all her findings is that it's smart to be feminine. Women are once more reverting to furs and lilies to lace and lingerie touches, ruffles, flares and flounced. The styles have more individuality today than ever before, for each woman expresses her own personality in her apparel.

For evening WTMJ's Radio Shopper predicts a gorgeous formal winter of rich, costly apparel and outlandish jew-
els. Evening gowns will be decidedly decolette and hems will sweep the floor all around. Gloves, an indispensable ac-
cessory of the new mode, are smartest when they match the evening gown. Richly trimmed wraps, or wraps of costly fur will be seen at all smart gatherings."

"Be ornate, be feminine, be individual and you will be chic and charming in 1930" is the advice of the Radio Shop-
ner.

The Radio Joy Boy who announced for WIL some time ago is again scheduled on programs at that station. Ray Lang is in the musical and vaudeville circles and worked for several years in the team of Lang and Ray.

Episodes of Winnie and Bert, heard from WHK Saturday evenings, tell a story of two young people which measures up admirably to the drama of everyday life. These numbers are writ-
ten and directed by Gordon Higham.
R. W. Emerson Plays

Hugest Pipe Organ

WLS Instrument, Larger Even Than Mormons' Mighty Organ, a Fearfully and Wonderfully Made Instrument

The world's largest pipe organ, played by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is being heard in daily programs over WLS each afternoon, except Sunday, at 3:30 o'clock. On Sundays the organ is heard in a classical concert at 3 p.m.

Located in the Chicago stadium, the mammoth organ, exceeding in size even the noted instrument of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, possesses several striking characteristics. Its six manuals and 664 stops are built into a console weighing ten tons. Five separate organs with a central mixing room are suspended among the steel beams of the Stadium's roof, 91 feet above the floor. Between the organ lofts and the console a distance of nearly half a city block intervenes.

A volume equivalent to twenty-five brass bands of 100 pieces each is the possible output of the Stadium organ. Every known musical instrument, from an ancient Egyptian oboe down to the modern saxophone, has its tone represented on the keyboard combinations. A unique system of communication, perfected by T. L. Rowe, WLS engineer, enables Emerson to hear the microphone's output of music and to talk with the monitor operator at the same time, should he want to add a word or more of brass bands crashing out the same tune at the same time, blended into a perfect harmony so that you think it is the music of one band only, then you can grasp somewhat the terrific volume of melody that pours from this gigantic instrument at WLS, Chicago, with R. W. Emerson at the keys.

Among the features Emerson introduces into his programs is a trip through "Pipeville" in which novelty effects of the organ's combinations are used.

New Program Over WJDX, Jackson, Miss.

Much local talent has been developed in the radio world since WJDX, at Jackson, Miss., went on the air December 9th. Two new local programs of interest were recently added, the newscasting twice daily of the Jackson Daily News, and the weekly health talk on Saturdays by Dr. Felix Underwood, director of the state board of health. Local music and dramatic organizations are given every opportunity to appear before the microphone, developing many embryo artists. One night a week is devoted to talent from the four colleges within an eight-mile radius.

Ray Martinez, diminutive director of KFWR's concert orchestra and a master of the strings, has had Cecil Crandall, his first violinist, with him during the past twelve years. When the two team up in a violin duo there's a harmony that echoes more than a decade of unbroken comradeship.
A featured item on WSM's Golden Art Hour at Nashville, Tenn., is this fifteen-piece orchestra known as the Golden Artists who, every Wednesday evening at nine present a series of the latest dance numbers. It is said that this orchestra is so up-to-date that the dance pieces heard over it frequently are heard for the first time by the listening world.

Didn't Know He Could Sing
By Marigold Cassin

Once again the old story about "hiding your light under a bushel" has been revived. Radio is a great little field for that sort of thing, you know. Consider the things checked against us in the way of saxophone players, mouth-harp blowers, and sopranos; not to mention the spinsters who are telling mothers everywhere how to raise their children. All of which has nothing to do with Paul Feddersen.

WOC found him in Belle Plaine, Iowa. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Feddersen of that city, and probably did the usual things when he was a youngster. He went to Iowa University and to Northwestern, and all that sort of thing, and had the idea that he was going to be a jeweler, once upon a time. But all of that is changed now.

When the Central Broadcasting Company assumed the ownership and operation of WHO at Des Moines, and our own WOC here in Davenport, it became necessary to add various members to our staff. That's where this chap Feddersen came into the picture. And the best part is that he was really hired to announce, and nobody knew he could do anything else. We realized that he had a most pleasing baritone speaking voice, and promptly let it go at that.

He'd been with us for about three weeks, perhaps, when a letter commenting on some program or other, found its way to the head office, by virtue of a paragraph which read, "If that is the Paul Feddersen from Belle Plaine, why doesn't he sing?"

That seemed worth investigating, and what a lot that investigation disclosed! Here, in our midst we were harboring a future celebrity, if we were to judge from things he had already done. For that baritone voice not only speaks, but it sings! The interview brought to light the fact that this most modest young man had been seriously studying voice for about eight years, first with one of Iowa's veteran teachers, Ernest A. Leo, and now with one of the most sought after instructors at the American Conservatory in Chicago, Elaine DeSellem.

In the National Federation of Music Clubs Sesqui-Centennial National Contest in Philadelphia, in 1926, he walked off with third place in the baritone class ... quite a victory for a youngster only twenty years old, competing with singers from all over the country. In 1927 and '28 he won first place in the Iowa State Atwater Kent Audition. In 1929 he sailed out and came back with first place for Iowa in the National Federation of Music Clubs "Young Artists Contest."

Land knows what he'll do in 1930! Be that as it may, that's probably enough about what he's done. It's what he is doing that probably concerns him more, right now. That sympathetic quality he has in his voice has made him popular with our elderly fans, who dote on having a boy whom they can "adopt" into their homes. And, as you can guess from the photo, there are reasons why he should be equally popular with the younger set!

"The Memory Book," broadcast at 2:45 CST on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, features Mr. Feddersen's pleasing baritone, and you are most cordially invited to tune in, and meet him!

Instructs Announcers

Voice quality may prove the key to success, in the opinion of Virginia Sanderson, head of the speech arts department of the California state teachers college in San Jose and part-time instructor in speech at NBC, San Francisco.

"We all know that personality plays a large part in the winning of success," Miss Sanderson points out. "After all, voice is no mean part of personality and to it we can lay many failures as well as successes."

Virginia Sanderson has undertaken the instruction of Radio announcers of the National Broadcasting company staff in San Francisco. Each week Miss Sanderson devotes 45 minutes to the NBC announcers, giving them instruction in speech with stress laid especially upon diction, pronunciation and tone.

"Radio is shaping the speech of America," Miss Sanderson insists. "It is the medium which will give us a universal American tongue replacing colloquial English. That is my chief reason for becoming interested in Radio."

One of the most popular year 'round featured programs from KNX is the Sunday afternoon concert sponsored by the Los Angeles Park board.
Radio Takes a Ride (Continued from page 31)

Oh, yes, I mentioned up above that Mrs. Taylor is now sold on the idea of her new motor. Here is how that happened!

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to Chicago within the hour, she accidentally picked up KYW by Hallowe’en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSTD) that morning. The buggy blew 50 miles, and the distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

I left the car standing and the Radio going and Mrs. Taylor listening, while I hiked into town to wake up an ignition man. When I finally returned and told the lady that she could have the car towed into town and take the train to the city, she smiled.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "I may enter into Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-box scarf, Hallowe'en Martin just told about over the Radio. They are on sale today only, she said."

And thus Radio going bye-bye took my pocket book for a ride because it took over the whole show.

It's very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the cow, but the time is coming when we will have to have them in the street. We're not so very green, oh, where shall we put it? There must be room for at least one more opening on the dash. It should be convenient for the driver, who must be able to see out. He must be able to see on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

Floyd Gibbons

(Continued from page 18)

to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a police officer and tried to drive them to them aloud. I couldn't pronounce thirty-four thousand... it came thirty-four thousand, or thirty-four thousand. The cop gave me a schonndam order. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist or service in China or some place. The army didn't answer. *

Well, at 8:30 Monday afternoon I started for the broadcasting building. I drove straight in. Just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drops. The clerk kept saying, "What, sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What, sir?" I said: "Cough drops. He said: "I can't understand what you say." *

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops severely enough; I must say it. I AM GOING INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS OF PEOPLE." But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors, I ate them at 8:30. I went into the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was magic. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palmolive hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear.

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Phibbs..."

Mr. Phibbs: "A man said he can't be the Palmolive hour. The Palmolive hour is in Room 786 playing poker. Then it all flashed on me; I made a mistake. I am not the Palmolive hour."

Mr. Vostomnick: "Have you been hired to give the returns in the billion-dollar million-dollar sweepstakes on whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop's Bodyguard?"

Mr. Phibbs: "Why didn't you say so in the first place?" I said this is the first I knew of it.

The Court: "Go on in your own way, Mr. Gibbons..."

Mr. Phibbs: "Well, four men came for me and led me down a narrow corridor to a dark room. One of them said: "This is the room, if you know what he's done here. If, of course, if the 'dangerous man who would balk at nothing' is Thrall Willeyzinsky... or even the man who..."

Temple was headed off by a glistening exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway, waving a manuscript at them as he drew back one of his melodramatic moments.

"Couple of you come along with me and witness a signature," he invited them. "I've got Andregg's full and detailed confession." Paul Savoy held his hands hopelessly. Blount and Temple were speedily following Gateway to the other bedroom.

The two looked wonderfully, in silence and not without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven ways. They had no paper; an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone from him.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gallows-bird," said Gateway, flamboyant again on the scene of his dominance. "You're the younger, tucked in, tidy men will sign, and you'll be floating on white clouds again with all the little birds singing."

Through Andregg's eyes they could see his spirit grovelling. "Just a scratch of the pen, and you get what you want," laughed Gateway, whose bright, hard laughter was almost stone blind to anything pious and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign swiftly enough. Gateway unbuttoned and tossed to the bed a small packet... the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a groaned sigh. When though he had signed his life away? He had his drug.

"He's happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "I don't mind what he's written here; it suits makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do meantime. I'm off for a look at my pal Dicks."

He didn't put it nicely and put it into his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on Dickens. The others glanced at Andregg with mingled feelings. He lay back on his pillow, his eyes were closed and composed. They left the room in silence. Gateway is pretty much the brute, observed the temple, "but he knows his business."

Paul Savoy looked up with eyes full of disgust as they returned.

"Can't he go home with them? I suppose he had his way and forced the poor devil to sign a page of lies!"

"Go on, Gateway. Andregg admits everything."

"Naturally! Lock a drug addict up, shut him away from his drug, reduce him to a state of torture, a state bordering on insanity. Dictate anything you like, then ask such a man to sign it and of course he'll sign."

"You're inclined to be rough on Gateway, Savoy. Oh, he's a roughneck and a tough specimen, I admit; I guess further a man has to be who's in Gateway's trade. But the confession is genuine enough; the entire detail of it proves that Gateway's got the right man."

"Fine," cried Savoy, astonishing himself at his language, "Fine! And of course Gateway has the million dollars now!"

"He has not, but will," snapped Temple, "Andregg is waiting..."

"I like the idea of laying a handcuff on his shoulder," smiled Savoy. "Did you think if he chose one with his initial, or at least a laundry mark in the corner?"

"Don't be."

"Oh, I'll try not. But let's go on. I'd be interesting to know just how Gateway and Andregg worked out the disposing of the bodies."

"His confession leaves no loophole of doubt," said the captain stiffly. "Oh, certainly not! Well, well. And I doubt course, the man didn't forget, did he, that article which Andregg was seen to snatch up from the floor besides Parks' body? Parks was something that Andregg himself had dropped in his attack on Parks and..."

"Not a cuff-link, by any chance?" asked Savoy innocently. "Not a link of watch chain or..."

"It was a fountain pen," snapped the captain. "A rather peculiar affair which would easily be identified..."

Savoy jumped up, laughing. "I've got a clue now! We'll send for Smith and Dicks. But I'm a fond lover of the long shots of life. Come along with me; let's see if by any weird chance there's anything in it."

I don't promise, this time, the captain added. Temple, always interested in Savoy's odd moments, went with him with never a word, the sergeant bringing up the rear. The way led straight to Mr. Nemo's room from which Dicks had been removed to more satisfactory quarters. Savoy knocked with dancing fingers by the time they got there. They were stopped abruptly by Mohn standing guard at the broken door.

"Master is not found," he said curiously, seeming in some strange awe.

"In his bed. He sleeps. I cannot wake him."

"Drunk?" was Temple's harsh expression as he looked upon the sleeping Mr. Nemo.
"Looks like it. Dead drunk!"
Savoy came close and for a moment looked down on the white face intently. Mr. Nemo seemed scarcely to breathe. Savoy stretched out the fingers of one hand, caught up one of the lax hands, seeking the pulse. There was but a faint flutter.

"DRUGGED! Get him out of bed; jerk him out! To his feet, man; walk him up and down. It’s poison, all right; an opium or some other opium or morphine of the kind. Mohn, get some strong black coffee. Quickly. Of course he’d be drugged; like Mohn was when we found him walking about, only Nemo’s had a bigger, more dangerous dose. On his feet with him; keep him moving. Work his legs; his arms, too. Too much cerebrospinal fluid, he instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen. I mean to merging slowly into the deepest of all comas."

Mr. Nemo’s secretary returned with a cup of stimulating liquid.
"Here, help me get a bit of coffee down him; then we’ll walk him again. It’s pretty far gone, but we can pull him through yet."
"I’d like to know how you know it’s opium or morphine or that sort of thing?," said Temple between whistles.
"Would it be?," queried Savoy. "What with Andregg’s drug on hand, what also with Nemo’s own stuff."
"You mean he’s a hop-head, too?"
"The use of the drug is common in the East as you, a great traveller, know better than I. You know also that there they remain masters, not slaves, of the dream-stuff. No, I don’t say that this man is a hop-head; that would be putting him in an altogether wrong category as poor Andregg. But he uses it, of course. How else was he so quick to guess Andregg’s secret."
"You mean . . . you don’t mean . . ."

"WHEN you keoted Andregg at the table, demanding to know his secret, asking what it was that he had picked up from Parks’ body, you remembered that Nemo invited and secured a private explanation? Easy enough, since already knew! He had but to whisper in Andregg’s ear, ‘Opium,’ and Andregg was ready to tell him. That made them akin . . ."
"But it was a fountain pen!"
"A fountain pen and a glass of water!," snorted Savoy contemptuously. "Not to say ships and shoes and sealing wax!—Here, let’s take shifts at this business; we’re likely to get a judgment."

They kept no track of the time but knew that it was a long, long while before consciousness returned to their patients. Still the worked him up and down; they had the windows wide open by now and the wind blew freely across them while they thought of the room with twigling fresh and vigor-inspiring air. They heaved overcoats upon Mr. Nemo’s wiry form; they emptied top of all the blankets; they marched him on and on and still on.

When at last, certain that victory had been won, in for a brief rest, letting him sit on the edge of the bed from which they meant to snatch him into the first step of any relapse, all eyes focused on him full of question. And they were met by a look in his eyes which was like a mirrored reflection of their own. Question.

BEGAN speaking sharply, adressing Mohn in a tongue unfa
miliar to all save these two. With a first sudden evidence of muscular strength Mr. Nemo whipped up his two hands and began tearing away the wrappings in which he had been swathed. Swiftly he bared his chest; his hands slipped down, inside his shirt, to his waist. A look of fearful rage at his features.

"It is gone!" he cried wildly. "The flower of Heaven is gone!"

They sought to remind him that he had told them that he had not brought the Flower of Heaven with him; he swept their words aside, he sprang to his feet; once more he sprang to his shirtless feet,提高了 voice to ring throughout the old house. Then all of a sudden he collapsed, dropping back to the bed, his face hidden in his shaking hands.

"It is as the master says," said Mohn. "The Flower of Heaven is gone. The master wore it about his body. Desecra
tion has hitherto been the curse of the curse of Curses. The man who has dared shall die!"

"What I want to know," announced Temple impatiently, "is how Nemo was spirited away, or if he went of his own volition. And how he got back, evidently without having anything to say in the matter himself."

"EXACTLY," said Savoy with his queer smile. "He was drugged, of course. How? In the wine he had at his bedside; just as Mohn was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and carried to any dear castle. Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it’s quite simple, you know."
"I refuse to believe when I could strangle you with all the joy in life," said Temple. "Simple? Him? Who in the world?"

"You’ll remember, my dear sir, that I warned you once or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Nemo’s room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the concert-stairs? Dicks and Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed."

Mr. Nemo lifted his ashes face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking ques
tions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Chee-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eyes.

"I may be said coolly, I have some experience with cunningly contrived hiding places. Mohn will look as I direct him. If there is any thing, we shall find it quickly."

"There’s a door of some sort," said Savoy confidently. "That you will find it so readily, I doubt. Why, man, it would take a full convention of architects to gauge the possibilities in that direc
tion of this crazy old building! You’d want a week to measure, to gauge thick
nesses of walls and widths of halls and rooms."

"PATIENCE, if needed, shall not be lacking," Nemo promised.
"An insane man," resumed Savoy, meditatively, "with the cunning to construct such a mechanism, would want something complicated. No, I doubt if you’ll come at his secret at all . . . unless you use an ax on walls, floor and ceiling, and the room is full of hollowness. And with a little patience all this havoc becomes unnecessary. We’re not far from the answer to all our questions; why not sit down and wait?"

"And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. "With, as you more than hint at, a show of madman run
ning wild? How do we know what will happen next?"

"We cannot even guess . . . unless, of course, we use our wits."

"Do you mind telling us what that means?"
"Of course," Savoy laughed at him. "Captain Temple’s treasure, the Seal of Napoleon!"

Temple ripped out a thoroughly hearty oath.

Stephen Glask (Continued from page 17)

onds with uplifted eyebrows, she failed. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, bit
er his lips.

"I want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments. I should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was over those windows, with a sheer mad man running wild. At last the young man paused for lack of breath. His assistant, a son of his predecessor, was listening, rapt in admiration.

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

"YOU have bought just what you wanted, and you have given no more for anything than you would have done at the Stores," the young man replied, with conviction. "Don’t you bother any further. I’ll see that you get the things right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month."

"I pay all the household bills on Monday mornings.",

"Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the golf tournament to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?"

She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer—only it didn’t seem to produce in the least the same effect.

"I always go to the golf tournaments," she answered coldly.

The young man nodded.

"They’ve asked me to play," he remarked.

"But you any good?" she inquired a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently.

"Fairly so," he replied. "I very nearly won the last tournament."

She abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are horribly stuck-up about their golf, and the Thron Sinelairs always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclaire?"

"Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverston’s second son," she answered, "who is the title holder."

"We’ll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.
“Well?” he looked steadily into her eyes. Eve felt her cheeks burn, and snatched up her glove from the counter. “Good heavens, Mr. Glask,” she said, “I can’t see that the things are delivered today.”

“And thanks ever so much for the order. There’s no need of your being so short-tempered.”

“Hope to see you again soon. If I play in the golf tournament I promise you I’ll do my best.”

Eve and her brother exchanged stealthy glances—then they laughed. Sir Austin also laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The young ironmonger had beaten Sinclair with great ease. He was now walking rapidly toward the little house where Mrs. Randale’s daughter lived, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion.

“I don’t know what we shall do with your young ironmonger,” said Sir Austin. “I expect we shall end by asking him to dinner.”

“Your young ironmonger, indeed?” Eve returned, indignantly. “I like that! Who found him first, I wonder, and sent him to how you?”

“I never told him to give you golf lessons,” Sir Austen protested. “I simply sent him to acquaint you with the promptness of our service.”

“He’s sold me more than we can use for three months,” Eve murmured, weakly; “told me the price was certain to go up.”

Once more their eyes met, and once more they laughed. Then Stephen Glask stood up and said:

“I kept my word, you see, Miss Malcolm,” he remarked.

“I noticed it,” she admitted.

“Then my business is a success,” he said. “If you ever see, as I told you, I nearly became a golf pro instead of an ironmonger. By the way, there’s a matter about one of those sales you made to me. As I told you, I have not yet called on you. I think you’d like to explain to you. It’s a question of wick.”

Sir Austen turned away. His sister hesitated for a moment, but finally remained.

“A question of wick?” she repeated, demurely.

“I looked at her with a smile which she was beginning to find delightful. “After all, we need bother about that,” she said. “I need order nothing for this one afternoon. Even Mrs. Randale has shaken hands with me! couldn’t we manage for a little more?”

She glanced toward the seat. It was in a shady spot and had an air of seclusion about it. Really, the whole thing was done also concluded with the stone was watching, and Austin, and—

“Oh, I suppose so,” she answered, “if you want to. I don’t know that anything much matters.”

AUSTEN MALCOLM and his sister let the man go. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and wine. He wore always a low necked dress, and his brother seldom descended to the informality of a dinner jacket. The butler was assisted by a man, whose air was that of a footman, but as of the nuns. Nothing was snapped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family, carried their own cutlery, and in their butler’s and the things which they represented. Even Austen, with his Fellowship at Oxford, his long and leisurely walk to and fro, was a prominent figure in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion. Dinner was a meal and the service of coffee. The servants left the room.

Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey terraced front, across flower bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm, and the sky was growing from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

“With you in the dear Eve,” he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, “to this young ironmonger. You will think it strange bringing him with me for a moment or two?”

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he was smiling—his face was flushed, as though he was pleased to be giving her a cigarette. He turned to Mrs. Randale, the vicar’s daughter, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion.

“T HE fault, of course,” he continued, “was entirely mine. I have been sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me to my irate and irritable. He criticised the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the spring he would variety with the position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was driven to the greengrocer to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutely otherwise than in this case.”

She suddenly looked up at him.

“But is it funny, after all?” she demanded. “Why is it funny? Why should you like it? Because he is a tradesman, that—that there is humor in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He is high through his education were equal to ours.”

“And he has a price list of saucepans in his pocket,” Sir Austen interrupted. “Which means that he can discuss with anyone likely to become a customer, at any moment.”

Eve sighed. Her own lips were beginning to move.

“He certainly does seem interested in his business,” she admitted.

“He is interested in the developed products of our modern system of education,” Sir Austen remarked, didactically. “He represents just a foretaste of the difficulty which any generation will have to grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be kinder—you understand me, I am sure. Eve—if we were to abandon, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man. That matter plainly, I think, it would be better if we kept in his place.”

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless.

“I have no doubt that you are right,” she said, calmly.

“By the way,” Sir Austen continued, “Henshaw is coming down tomorrow for the week end. You will be glad to see him.”

“Of course,” she answered.

She tilted down into the gardens, a few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose garden to the laurel walk, pondering the path which led to the hill, and at the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting.

She hesitated when she saw him and glanced half fearfully towards the house. He vaulted lightly on the iron railing, however, and she had no time to retreat. She looked at him for a moment. She was half flustered, half frightened. She was frightened because she had come, frightened because she had wanted so much to come.

“Mr. Glask,” she protested, “you mustn’t come in here. I mustn’t really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry.”

STEPHEN GLASK looked puzzled.

“But why?” he asked. “I have been to your house before as a guest. Why should I not come here to talk to you. I have something to say—indeed, I have something to say.”

Once more she looked nervously behind her. She rose up to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house and run; the fingers clasped behind her, so keenly left and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel bordered path. She hesitated; so once did her great name sake.

“Please come!” he begged, suddenly lowering his voice. “Won’t you?”

She forgot altogether that she was a Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They passed down the sheltered walk, between the rose bushes and the arch of laurel. She was not ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was only two so that his lips almost touched her hair.

“I think,” he said softly, “that you are the sweetest thing that ever breathed.” His fingers Bennett her.

“You mustn’t!” she murmured. “Oh, please don’t! —I trusted you.”

He released her at once.

“Me, you love you?” he whispered. “Don’t you know that?”

For a moment she was angry—angry with herself.

“You must not talk like that,” she declared. “You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you.”

“I am an ironmonger?” she asked, with a slight twitching at the corner of his lips.

“Tess!” she answered, fiercely. “Because—oh! how dare you be an ironmonger!”

He laughed outright. This time she was really angry. She slanted down a dark path, and before he could perceive her she was on the lawn, the center of a little halo of light streamling out from the street lamp. For a moment it remained standing there, looking through the shadows.

But Eve did not return.

Henshaw arrived on the following evening, and at dinner time they talked about books. In his way he was a very interesting and well known review and reader to a great firm of publishers.

“Enderby’s the man most people are going for just now,” he remarked, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. “Of course, theirs is the commercial point of view, but I must say that for literary work, I find his novels the most interesting fiction of the day.”

Sir Austen nodded appreciatingly.

“Enderby writes English,” he pronounced. “His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike.”

“T HAT’S because he’s so thorough,” Henshaw continued, cracking a walnut. “A month ago there was a tremendous discussion on the effect of a sense of humor upon instinctive and hereditary snobbery. Enderby had a thorough handle on it because he has buried himself somewhere in a small country town, turned himself into a tradesman—an ironmonger, I believe.”

“That’s going into the thing thoroughly,
But we left him rehearsing his act... a trifle nervous and fidgety. Six-twelve, Pacific standard time, New York signs over, the loud speaker in the studio over which he has been hearing the initial part of broadcast is silenced, the red light flashes... instantly Will is all attention.

He keeps the lid on all the time during the talk. At the very beginning it is pulled down to the eyes, but, gradually, as enthusiasm increases, the brim gets pulled up in front... in back, too... finally it assumes a rakish angle and tatters on one side. Some day I'm afraid he will toss it up into the air when he gets excited.

On goes the talk... he looks at the clock... he glances at his watch... head nods or shakes as he wants to give especial emphasis to some point... a variety of gestures by way of variety. Pretty soon the talking is over and he calls it a day... rushes down to the car and back home to take his shoes off and lounge around the parlor until bedtime.

I think Will Rogers' Radio technique is a little different from most others. He only makes his notes and talks from those. A carefully prepared message would be stilted and sound unnatural. His first instinctive thoughts are the best. If you hear him pause, and say "ever" a couple of times it isn't because he is trying to make you think it is ad lib stuff; it really is.

WILL apologetically explains why he does this radio stuff for a living. "Just a racket, young man," he says, "a nice, gentle racket. You know I'm just trying to get along"—whereupon he goes home, clips a few more coupons, and chews more gum.

While he still persists in saying he is never nervous on the air, the plain truth of the matter is that he is. We may as well forgive him his microphonicities—even the mightiest suffer from it, I think if the truth were told neither does he like the people to peek in through the window. "Makes you feel like some sorta wild animal on exhibition," mutters Will.

What does he look like? Well, it wouldn't be Will Rogers without a bow tie. Then there is the soft felt hat, Old, I'd call it, but I suppose he has another at home... dark grey suit... clean shirt with attached collar... no vest... swallows hard and tries to look dignified as a plush horse, but totally without success... tugs at hat brim to pull it down over eyeglasses.

Is Will Rogers a bit temperament? Yes and no. What happened to his efforts at phonograph recordings or electrical transcription when he walked out of the recorders, well, that's just another story, and it doesn't have anything to do with this brief narrative. There must be some side to the situation. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperament, as some believe.

But I think what we believe is his temperamentality is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him continue to chew gum? He doesn't get any more for it. The gum people have already paid him for the testimonials. He doesn't have to endorse the gum and then chew it up to earn the cash. I think it is because it relieves a certain amount of tension, occupies his time and acts as a sort of sedative, just as stale tobacco smoke soothes the nerves of some others.

This bit of nervousness, to my mind, is an integral part of his makeup. Without it, perhaps, he wouldn't be Will Rogers. So it doesn't seem to me to be temperamentality, but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants people to like him, and the fear that they may not keep him on edge at times. I don't think he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the losing of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

O F COURSE, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engagement on the old Hammerstein Roof garden in '05, and his many years with Ziegfeld's Folies, as well as writing, lecturing, and picture work.

Many of the old-timers of stageland never quite got over the feeling that Radio is a young upstart. Although the Rogers family doesn't do so very much listening to broadcasting programs, still I don't think the head of the clan is antagonistic toward it.

As a matter of fact, now that he has a receiving set in his bungalow and in the bungalow at the hotel, Will is getting to be something of a fan. He didn't listen in often until he "discovered" Amos 'n' Andy last week.

"Do you know," he says, "I listen to those two boys' most every time they are on the air now. They have a human touch and the gags are not forced ones... just a couple of ordinary individuals."

How much does he get for these weekly broadcasts? Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask him. My guess would be about $5,000 for each 15-minute talk, and how it all hurt him to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he writes for. At any rate, they are not written out at length. This apparently means that when the sponsors announce that they will have the entire series available in the form that stenographers have been taking down his remarks at the other end of the line and the publishing will be done in the east.

**Will Rogers and Mike**

(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't 'xactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and they want to be entertained. But the other fellow, besides them as don't want to hear you, there are some that just about dare me to entertain 'em. So you get all sorts of people on this microphone idea."

SEVERAL months ago Rogers said that there wasn't enough money to make him give a series on the air, although, of course, he had made a good many single broadcasts, one of which a remote line was even strung to his former home and a mike placed in the library.

So I thought we ought to find out why he suddenly changed his mind. "I'll tell you," he readily said. "You know those isolated talks of mine were all right, but not for a regular diet. You know, if I talked about subjects of the day, same as I do in my little newspaper pieces, I'd have to talk about prohibition, the senate, disarmament conference and tariff every week. People would soon get tired of it."

"That's why I never wanted to give a long series. But one day I got the idea of giving a series on personalities. You know some folks would like all of the talks and others would like some of 'em. I liked the idea and sold the scheme to a sponsor for the series. That's all there is to it."
This her six o'clock isn't so good on the Pacific coast,” vouchsafes Rogers. “On o'clock on the Atlantic coast, and maybe that's a bit late, just as six is early here. The Midwest, where it is eight and nine o'clock.”

This plain-spoken philosopher upsets KJH’S administrative wherewithal when he is on the program. Scores flock to the building, ask to see the famous personage, for he gets there early and stays a few minutes late. One has almost to slip into the studio via the medium of the shuttered glass panel in the portal.

That his audience in and around the Southwest wants to see him at the microphone, and that the switchboard of KJH is swamped with calls when he is on the air is pretty sure proof of his continued popularity. His fan mail is prodigious. It comes from all sections.

I venture to assume the role of prophet just long enough to foresee that Rogers' present series, which will just be coming to an end as this gets off the press, will outstrip the early series, to the chain network and even to Will himself.

His Radio talks seem to have struck a responsive chord, even more than his daily writings in the newsprint. I don't mean by this that anybody could take his newspaper pieces and speak them over to Radio and get away with it. Not a bit of it.

The thing that gets Will Rogers over on the broadcast racket is not entirely what he says, and not as much how he says it... the very evident sincerity, the spontaneous way he has thrown himself into the situation. Rogers is a man of numerous facades, to be sure; he is capable of imitating any mannerisms that all geniuses are supposed to, and do have... and the fact that, no matter how worldly he may get, there is something distinctly sympathetic and human understanding.

It's all right with us, Will. Lock 'em out of the studio, jot down notes on the cuff of your best shirt, chew up all the gum on the market, get temperamental or not, as you wish... and scratch the ear all you want to.

There has only been one Will Rogers... just as history will record only one Al Jolson, one Lydia Pinkham and two Smith Brothers.

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

directions, too. And that same year he assumed the directorship of the New York Symphony Society—a post he held with unique success for forty years.

The best history. The leadership of Wagner's operas was rekindled a few years afterward and from that time on, until 1920, he devoted all his forces to the New York Symphony Society. His achievements as conductor of this orchestra were many.

He gave the first American performance of Verdi's Requiem, the premiere of Tchaikovsky's Pathetique Symphony, of Wagner's "Parsifal," in concert-form (the last act of which was sent to him in manuscript as a gift from Wagner), Mahler and Bruckner, symphonies of Vaughan Williams and most of the "minor." He was the first American conductor to receive an invitation from a foreign country to bring his orchestra abroad—and have it succeed. In Paris and London in 1919 clearly showed that he was now a world-figure in music.

He was the first composer to create an internationally American opera, The Scarlet Letter, based upon Hawthorne's celebrated novel. He was the first conductor to penetrate into the West with his symphony orchestra, in an attempt to spread good music among those aborigines—and encouragingly dealt upon carelessly spent upon the bald heads of the bass players, his trips were successful and it was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer to accept a program at a madrigal as if he were in Fargo, North Dakota, and express his enthusiasm in these robust terms. "Good Lord, I don't know why I like this music—but I do!"

But whenever Damrosch is asked what his greatest distinction is, he will smile sweetly and say: "My wife, Margaret, of course—the daughter of James G. Blaine, the great American statesman, friend and advisor for more than thirty-five years."

Despite the fact that Damrosch treasures less than forty-two cents Damrosch elsewhere in the world, he is really a thoroughly busy individual. He arises at 7 o'clock each morning (it is a lifelong habit) and drives from his home at East 61st Street, New York, to and through Central Park for a full hour, including the heart, in dinner, a breakfast and a thorough perusal of the "New York World," and then, at nine o'clock precisely each morning, he is ready for the day's work.

First of all there is the mail to attend to and despite the fact that he receives something like three hundred letters a week, he reads them all assiduously and personally answers those that require reply.

Then there are the musical manuscripts. Sometimes a manuscript of one or more of them is sent to his desk each week from aspiring young composers who seek criticism, advice—and recognition. At 11 o'clock precisely, Damrosch receives his morning callers.

Sometimes they are interviewers, journalists, newspaper reporters who question him on every existing human problem; sometimes it is a representative from the Society for the Promotion of Peace, seeking support. Sometimes some enterprising young composers come to him personally with their many problems; sometimes publishers, solicitors, authors, seek endorsements or other favors. The most frequent visitors, however, are young musicians who want to know how they can become orchestral conductors.

Once there came to Damrosch a young man who was eager to learn the secrets of music. 

Damrosch took his baton from out the bottom drawer of his desk and handed it to the young man. 

"Take that," announced Damrosch, "is all there is to it. Only, a mischievous light gloomed in his eye: "don't give away the secret to anyone." 

At another time, a potential Stokowski confided to Damrosch that he sincerely felt that he had all the qualities that go to make up the great conductor.

"Have you ever conducted, my young man?" Damrosch asked.

The young man shook his head mournfully.

"Then how do you know that you possess those enviable qualities?"

The young man raised his shoulders high. He had seen—and heard—Stokowski, Toscanini, Koussevitsky. Damrosch, Mengelberg time and time again and he felt; after watching them, that he too was blessed with some of their talent.

Damrosch looked at the young man for a few silent moments. At last he spoke:

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen orchestral excerpts on the piano?"

"No," answered the young man promptingly. "It's not good enough to play at least a half-a-dozen with thorough mastery?"

The answer was just as prompt: "No.

"Have you mastered harmony, counterpoint, harmony, instrumentation?"

"Not yet,"

"Do you know the classics so well that you can give the whole work on the blackboard for a note upon paper from memory?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then Damrosch announced, looking at all the while at the young man, "I guess you have all the requirements necessary for a great conductor!"

Music often, however, Damrosch answers these young men soberly, "Study your music thoroughly with a view towards becoming a composer rather than a virtuoso. When you have mastered every phase of your technique then go to Europe and try to get a post on a small orchestra—it doesn't matter how small or insecure for the moment. If you have a spark of greatness in you, leave the rest to time. A man of talent cannot possibly be obscure for a long time in this glorious age of ours!"

Afternoons are spent in quiet study, in reading, in the preparation of a lecture, week in week, in rehearsing the orchestra of the National Broadcasting Company for the coming Saturday night program. Evenings are invariably devoted to the theatre, to concerts, or at home with agreeable friends.

In all work and no play certainly does not constitute Damrosch's daily program. During the winter, Damrosch's favorite hobby is visiting the elaborate postcard house—designed, decorated and executed by himself. When he was a lad of eight he built a miniature Wagnerian theatre upon which puppets enacted the entire "Rheingold" while he, hidden, played the piano part. His cunning with, and his enthusiasm for, the pianoforte has not waned a bit over the years. Just last winter Damrosch spent six full months in constructing an elaborate postcard house of the ivory of the home that he has having built for his family on Long Island this spring. During the summer his play brings him out of doors—for a little work is gardening.

Although his mansion at Bar Harbor, Maine, is fully equipped with servants and help, he himself attends to all the gardening—of which he is as proud, if not prouder, than the sum total of his musical accomplishments.

But, of course, his great passion remains music. His tastes are very catholic. He confesses that his love for music beyond Wagner and Richard Strauss gives him any happiness—although he was the first to introduce music to our "music for the masses" American audiences. However, he does believe implicitly in the talents of such young men as Arthur Deems Taylor. His greatest admiration among virtuosos is Arturo Toscanini—and he is purposely making a trip to Bayreuth this summer to hear Toscanini conduct "Tristan."

Oh, yes!—he has one other profound admiration: the future President of the United States—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was his best friend for twenty years. And he will often say that if Beethoven had lived in our time and had dedicated his "Eroica" Symphonia to Roosevelt instead of to Napoleon, he would never have had to tear that dedicatory page.
Voice of the Listener

Listen to What the Public Wants
or It Does Not

It is a fact—which must be acknowledged by the Radio broadcasting interests—that many sponsors of commercial programs are demanding advertising that is in the nature of a publicity stunt, because they do not receive adequate returns from such a campaign to justify the heavy expenses.

The solution to this problem is not hard to find, providing one uses the proper procedure. No doubt everyone knows that a business man or enterprise advertisers to create first of all Good Will among the public. When finished he hopes the Radio features must be realized, and is realized, if not by the advertiser and Radio company, by way of the audience which constitutes the potential consumers of the advertiser's goods and services, and he seems to think that the public will accept anything and be thankful for it. The truth is, however, that the public is getting tired of certain aspects now dominating sponsored programs.

Let us look the situation over. For instance, take the average sponsored program. It is to be the advertiser and sponsor to use up the valuable time by ballyhooing a theme song of some talkie, in the name perhaps the Radio financiers are interested? Do the Radio people think the people are so dumb that they cannot see what is going on, and that the Radio company is playing the sponsor for a sucker? All in all, the certain Hope is even going one better. The orchestra leader, who is in favor with the public, is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has to add his voice to the chorus to give importance to his own written, he has to advertise the phonograph records he makes, and he has to put in a good word for the talkie he is participating in, etc. Now, the public is getting tired of hearing that stuff week after week, and at the program sponsor's expense. That is one of the reasons why the sponsor does not get the expected results. It is here that the need for intelligent and advertising talk of the sorters, although a reasonable amount will be accepted, but it is sure to be bad policy to fill up those announcements which do not constitute sponsors with sub rosa advertisements in dis-connection to the sponsoring.

That the wishes of the public are considered of no importance is fully proved by the fact that no sponsor is paid to certain requests. Certain Radio officials say that the selection of program material is under the jurisdiction of the director of the program. This may be true, but the selection of programs business policies be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys. Mr. Radio Program Sponsor, you pay good cold cash for your program, and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Station Operator, you pay good hard cash to your.Enterprise and therefore have the positive right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be better fitted to the public which wants, and thus make a genuine success of your program by doing fair, good will.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

Too Much of Amos 'n Andy

I am a reader of the Digest and it is my favorite Radio book. So wish you would please give us more review and photos of Gene and Gail, Jake and Lena of WTAM. They are real artists. We are having too much of Amos 'n Andy. I have met quite a few people that have said they do not care for this program. Hence this request.—Margaret Runyon, Hazel Park, Mich. • • •

Boys Are Poor Showmen

Why is there so much of Amos 'n Andy—Amos 'n Andy? If they are good, I don't know good from bad. Such poor showmen. The only people who see and listen to them are some poor farmers that do not know what humor is or some housemaids.

We have wonderful artists on the air. Why not give them some publicitee. Gene and Glenn, W. T. D., for your program, and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Operator, you pay good hard cash to your Enterprise and therefore have the positive right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be better fitted to the public which wants, and thus make a genuine success of your program by doing fair, good will.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M.

Too Much of Amos 'n Andy

I am a reader of the Digest and it is my favorite Radio book. So wish you would please give us more review and photos of Gene and Gail, Jake and Lena of WTAM. They are real artists. We are having too much of Amos 'n Andy. I have met quite a few people that have said they do not care for this program. Hence this request.—Margaret Runyon, Hazel Park, Mich. • • •

56,000 Watts for Popular Stations

Nine out of ten programs are with this popular dance music and it really gets monotonous day in and day out. Practically every Monday night on one station has ole man Henderson, KWIR. Most chain stations are cursed and I doubt it is common because of their classic,"high brow" features. I think all of the ten most popular stations should be given 50,000. watts power if they want to permit no other station to use that much. This would give stations something to strive for.—C. G. K. Benjamin, Dayton, Ohio.

New Member of V. O. L. Club

I am a reader of Radio Digest for a long time and please put my name as a member of the V. O. L. Club, as announced in April number. WRUA and WJSV are my favorite stations. These two stations are, I think, the best two on the air.—Anthony Artensaku, Prince Edward Island.

W. K. Henderson Had the Nerve

I regrettably report the fall of W. K. Henderson, as far as the New York Times is concerned. It is a shame. I have always been against the chain store and his station dedicated for the cause of humanity is something no other station has had the courage to attempt.—Mrs. E. M. Offutt, Monticello, Mo.

Many Years of Value Lost

Have always been a hot Radio fan, but until I heard of Digest over KMXX I never had taken much interest in the shows. After obtaining a copy of your wonderful paper, feel rather ashamed to think that I allowed so long a period to pass before hearing it, as I am able, with the help of your paper, to arrange my program ahead of time, and feel that I have been introduced to the Radio artists, which makes the air music much more interesting.—Charles H. Foley, St. Paul, Minn. • • •

Always Depends on KOA

KOA, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon at practically all times. I say "all times," that is any time as long as you have any advertising. I cannot get any of the American stations till about that time. Occasionally we can get them in the morning till 9 a.m., but very seldom. KOA is one of the few stations that does not do too much advertising. Advertising before and after a program is alright, but this everlasting chat between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a person tunes in a station of that nature they generally turn it off because there is not enough music, and dislikes. Hoping you won't be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone can't be pleased, but I really find it much more interesting to have more pictures of Radio artists.

I read in the Digest where you wanted us to write in what we enjoyed in the Digest, and to express our opinions. I have had a few ideas perhaps similar to mine. Wishing you the best of luck and success in the future.—Miss Madalyn Weaver, Seattle, Ill.

Find's Log Indispensable

I have been a loyal subscriber to Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broadcast. Some weeks you are forced to distinguish the call letters of a station, but, by referring to the Official Call Book and noting the frequency the station broadcasts on, it can be identified. The pictures of Radio artists and short accounts of their accomplishments helps to make reception more interesting and gives it a more personal "touch." When television comes into general use it may change this feature to some extent. In order to get the most out of Radio I strongly recommend the "Find's Log" of the National Broadcast Authority."—Harry Nicely, Edgar, Neb.

We'll Talk to WTAM Chief

In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, and in February I wrote to you, expressing a shallow statement. Through it I have found many interesting artists and announcers that I did not know of before. It also gives us many pictures of our friends of the air.

I have heard that WTAM is the greatest station on the dial; not only is it the most powerful, but always has the finest programs from its home studios and some of the bestPerson from NBC network. Certainly I would enjoy some photos of some of the WTAM Radio artists and their programs. They surely have a carved a place in our hearts and home that shall not cease. In closing, may I extend my best wishes and greetings and its staff.—Mrs. J. Davis, 1130 E. Pershing St., Salem, Ohio.

Another Call for WTAM Pix

How about a glimpse into the studios of WTAM with a few pictures, for instance, those of Gene
and Glenn. Note there have been plenty of same showing those of WENN and WLW of late, but not one of WTAM.—W. G. Woodruff, Youngstown, Ohio.

We'll Have to Ask Marcolla

Have been in WOR about a month now, and have enjoyed reading it very much. Would be very good to see and hear all those announcers take the time to find space for them. Also their popular announcers, Pat Kelly, Geo. Higginbotham, Cross, who had the very best of the show. One of a kind. For Bon, Alvin Book, and may I ask, what has become of Frank Van Dyn, who was the best on WOR. I'm reading about them any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cherib" and all associated with his morning broadcasts. 

The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be more so if we could see and hear more on the Air. I am a postman to—Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletown, Conn.

Marcella Says, "Thank You, Thank You"

Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. I am a 36 year old department containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appreciated by me, and I am sure by all others who have learned to know the different artists, and, although this is the first time I have ever read Radio Digest, there is no way I will be a constant reader from now on.

I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have personality and I have heard over the Radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with interest. Certainly, it would be wonderful if they should appear in an early issue. Can photo-graphs of authors of stories be obtained? I would like to know if they may be obtained. [Ed. A. A. Not.] Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interesting magazine, and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 425 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

I like the Radio Digest better than any magazine we take. Couldn’t enjoy my Radio properly without it. Thank you for the announcements, etc. With best wishes for your continued success.—(Miss) Sue Dickens, Lexington, Ky.

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I can tell you, a real friend of the Radio Digest. It is the best Radio book on the newsstand. I can hardly wait each month for it to come out.

WLS is my favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the reason why we like WLS for taking WEND's time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS puts on programs of something different besides the same old jazz music. There is plenty of that on WEND, but WEND didn’t attract me WING instead of WLS. Their programs aren’t any good. WEND sure makes a poor station. It should be turned off. The ham radio people wish it could be put off the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. WLS might as well keep it on 24 hours a day the farmers can be lost and anyone can listen. All our friends think just the same as we do.—Peter Lund, 321 2nd St., Clinton, Iowa.

I have been a Radio fan for more than four years, and know all the important announcers and Radio stars by voice. I am sure you have never given us an article, and a good large picture of Jack Brickley. According to both the New York World and the New York Sun, he is Radio’s youngest announcer. The two paper leaders of the metropolitan area have given him the place as youngest veteran announcer. I kept up my work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always covered it. 

We wondered what had become of him, when he went on the WOR staff. We all agree, and were pleased that a mention in your latest issue prompted us to tune in on WTCI of Hartford, where he is heard by Miss Bertha. According to Harriet Mencken of the New York World, this young man’s photograph should be worth a good space. I hope we hear an announcement. I am glad who would like to know more about him, including myself.—Mrs. M. P. Boyd, Richmond, Va.

Help! Help! for DX Fans!

I have purchased two copies of the origin, and find many interesting letters, but, when I read Miss Caffin’s letter in the March Radio Digest, my interest in it was heightened. I believe that Mr. Freeman’s letter (January issue, folio) was interesting to the nth degree. What kind of a receiver can I be that I expect a "dilf full" of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If they MUST be bad, why is it necessary to have so many of them on the air? and this station not only broadcasting the same thing, however good it may be a reader.

I also believe that Mr. Freeman’s laments were well merited, and certainly his reminiscences of the good old days, of the pre-WW-I era, are well founded. I have read every issue since early 1934, and owe considerable of my success (?) to R. B. Brinkness and his "slow-station". What do you men any importance to the "new stations", "station changes" and all the other information in that department? I wonder if Miss Caffin has considered the many and varied types of listeners, some of which we might class as "Cabinet" listeners or the Damocles supporters, jazz maniacs, chain anti-chains, etc., and last, but not least, the poor minded fools of the world who spend 60 wee hours combing the ether for a "new one". All these must be served, and the present R. D. serves even the last mentioned exception of the last named.

It is very informative regarding various station celebrities, Radio stations and their personnel, Who’s Who, and, in brief, everything, except a good good up-to-date with all the information dear to the heart of the true DX hound. The magazine part of R. D. has improved immensely since the submission of the pre-viously mentioned section, and is that section which is most important to a fair majority of the general Radio audience. I have 727 verified receipts, including at least one from every state except Maine, plus a few from the 56 Pacific Coast stations (including only 40 watters), and various low powered DX receivable, etc. Furthermore, I think there is a fair location (for a GOOD location, move to Califo.), a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log book, and a lessened patience. I would not even wish to change any part of R. D. magazine section and spoil some other station’s work off the little of the vitriol put into it. Even were it terrible, such is the somewhat varied contents of opinion.—Henry T. Tynndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

All of Them, in Good Time

We purchased the February number of the Radio Digest from a new local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We are particularly interested in the biology and the pictures of Radio artists, especially those of Gene Arnold and Paul McIlre and his wife. We would like to see a picture of Marlon and Jim Jordan of WENN, Little Joe Warner, Danny O’Day of the Pickard Family of the Doony-Sanders Orchestra. In the March issue, I read about Mrs. Beech of St. Louis, and about the Smith family, and I would like to send her request.—Mrs. Vinetius Bloom, Freeport, Ill.

Are There 50,000 Watt Boomers?

May I have a wreath of your letter page on this question? I am much interested in the vitriol and vinegar which has been distilling in my system ever since the Federal Radio Commission assumed jurisdiction over Uncle Sam’s broadcasting stations. Sixty years old, a Radio enthusiast of many years standing as years are reckoned in Radio chronology, I had, up to the doleful date of that deplorable Radio cacophony, derived more pleasure from hearing one (full) from the other single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducers are for the most part旷 the same thing as my Radio Digest. I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years . . . . In my good old days it was impossible to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any of the more than three hundred stations, the space between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Nowadays, the same old operation is but slightly greater than in say—1925. I can bring in scarcely a single one of them without their better stick being stuck in the ether. Worse than that: I often have heard during an evening as many as four stations, successively, each for a moment or two, department of the others, without touching the dials; the others out, vague, mysterious and full of vibration or whatever it is that bides the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to widen and contract, all the time, and by the will of God. It is due to the enormously increased power of the wealthiest stations—due to the tremendous good it does for humanity at all times. Dr. Brinkley’s daily lectures, the Medical Question Box, that God-like spirit of the "Loving and Giving." The Sunday talks that Dr. B has on his station are just what the doctor ordered. I wish I had a radio just like his, but I can’t afford it. A few cents or a few dollars is all the help to all who might listen. The music and playing is tremendous and the entertainment is excellent.—Jessie M. Landon, Sarver, Nebr.

Thanks for KSTP

KSTP is the station from which I found out about Radio Digest. I have a few requests. First, I am not an owner of a popular KSTP, as Art White, the Boomerang, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station. Corinne Jordan, Gayle Wood, Slim Randell and his orchestra, and the others. I wish I could hear in this Digest, so that I could enjoy the music and entertainment. Jessie M. Landon, Sarver, Nebr.

A Little Advice, Gratis

I realize that Amos ’n’ Andy do not need any advice to their radio fans—because of their having been "beaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "How to", so here’s one:

The writer of the article knocking Amos ’n’ Andy said it was no surprise to the fanatics because of their bad radio connection. That is a lie, because of their having been "beaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "How to," so here’s one:--here’s theyyyyyy arreeee!

Here’s my advice:—Here to the letterman’s that seems to ever calls himself "Lettin’s my wave," and his wave is not very clear, but a wretched piece of male humanity, hiding behind petticoats. Women do not feel that with Amos ’n’ Andy. Here’s to you, "Lucy," it’s hope somebody puts two big black snakes in your bed some night.—Mrs. R. A. Swanson, Galesburg, Ill.

* * *

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.
THOSE who may believe that the little 100-watt station is not every bit as important, in its way, as the 10,000-watt station is in its way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY, "the little one," (as it is affectionately called), at Green Bay, Wis., whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only earns continually with a catching enthusiasm, but who expresses that enthusiasm by sending out over the air the most varied program of useful and entertaining features that could well be imagined.

WHBY is located at St. Norbert's College, Green Bay. And the commercial studios are in the Columbus Community Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary May 17 with a special Homestead Day season caused Mr. Brannom to add several features appropriate to the occasion. As Director Harold Shannon wrote the editor of Radio Digest, after the event was over:

"The Mother's Day program was the greatest success that we've ever turned out. My own dear little Mother went home in March and it was very much in the nature of a tribute to her that I worked deliberately to perfect this two-hour feature, which is going to remain deep in the memories of those who heard it for many years. We used a symphony orchestra as a basis. Here Herman Daumler, late concertmeister of the Nuremberg Conservatory Concert Orchestra in Germany, was our concertmeister. They emphasized the mother theme in the choice of their selections.

"The program was dedicated to Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, and the first number was a Mary hymn done by the Friars sextette from the Franciscan Monastery here. They also sang Ketelby's 'In a Monastery Garden' with the orchestra, an organ and chimes. "

"Leonor Austin, baritone; Florence Roate, soprano of Lawrence College Conservatory of Music at Appleton, Wis., and Rev. Richard Gordon Londo, tenor, were the soloists.

"Only Mother songs were used. Dr. Leonard Farr, a Congregational divine, and highly reputed as an orator, was the speaker of the evening and 'Hail to the Chief,' by the orchestra signalled something unusual for WHBY — the message of a former president. "

"Mr. Coaldge was invited (because 'of those plain, homely virtues which charm, excite no hope of a rich life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys') to be our guest-speaker, via the remotest of controls — by letter.

"He sent us those paragraphs about his own mother from his Autobiography and they were read by the undersigned, which was his only participation in the program. It would have been a very hard task to work and keep the lump in one's throat down."

The Sunday program, however, was only the start. On Monday a five-hour birthday party got under way at seven o'clock in the evening in the open-air studios atop the roof of the new Community Club. At eight o'clock two old-fashioned brass bands, of the sort the used to delight the musical hearts of Germans in America, took up the theme and presented a series of old-fashioned dance tunes: lancers, polkas and schottisches — lovely dances that have passed away but for the saving grace of the Radio which, in the hands of discerning directors, such as Mr. Shannon, serves to bring them to the ears of the world which otherwise would never have them. The bands were the Pomeranian and the Pilsen Band.

After that, at nine, was broadcast a sort of overture to the revival of the very first broadcast hour over the station, five years ago, in the days when Hank Schmitt, the first announcer held sway at WHBY. Schmitt, who is now an ordained priest, was on hand as the 'guest' announcer. Numerous telegrams of congratulation from senators, congressmen and mayors of cities of

ANNOUNCEMENT of the winners of the Amos and Andy contest, which has been attracting considerable attention in Radio Digest the last two or three months, will be made in the August issue. Therefore, you who are interested — and we believe that includes nearly everybody — don't fail to get your copy. The results will be interesting. Maybe you'll win one of the prizes.

Westphal Has Grown "Gray" in Radio Game

HE HAS been broadcasting so long that he does not remember the exact year he started. Consequently when he was asked about his first Radio experience, Frank Westphal, noted orchestra leader and conductor of the WENR studio orchestra, replied that it was somewhere around 1922 or 1923.

At the time, he had an orchestra at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago, a popular night club and cabaret. The owner, Fred Mann, refused to broadcast seriously and declared, despite Frank's arguments, that it would never amount to much. Nevertheless Westphal became interested and was heard for the first time over KYW, the programs of which were then presented by the same organization that now operates WENR. Later Westphal left the Rainbo Gardens, but he finally saw the day that Mann was convinced that broadcasting was here to stay and would amount to something. This was when the Rainbo Gardens owner saw Station WJQ, which transmitted from the Garden, sold for approximately $50,000.

When E. N. Rowland, head of the All-American Radio Corporation, went on the air, Westphal was invited to come in and take charge of the station. Thus it appears he has been known continuously by Radio listeners since "around 1922 or 1923." He was heard over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS; KYW; WLS and WENR.
### Chain Calendar Features

**Note:** Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

#### Sunday

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eastern</th>
<th>Central</th>
<th>Mountain</th>
<th>Pacific</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**The American Singer:**
- **Key Station—**WEAF (3:00-6:00 est)
- **Meters**
  - 750 WEAF: 1200
  - 500 KMBC: 1200

**Morning Musicale:**
- **Key Station—WABC (2:46-6:46 est)
  - 30.1 9590  WCAU 543.0 1500 WBCF
  - 40.0 1450  WCAU 543.0 1500 WBCF
  - 250.0 1000  WCAU 543.0 1500 WBCF
  - 350.0 1500  WCAU 543.0 1500 WBCF
  - 250.0 1000  WCAU 543.0 1500 WBCF
  - 350.0 1500  WCAU 543.0 1500 WBCF

**RKO Symphony:**
- **Concert—Key Station—WIZ (237.5-240 est)
  - 205.4 1400  KSTP 315.6 550 WRC
  - 215.8 1000  WSB 350.7 710 KEB
  - 225.4 1400  WBAL 350.7 710 KEB
  - 235.8 9590  WBBR 343.9 780 WBBR
  - 245.8 9590  WBBR 343.9 780 WBBR

**National Youth Congress:**
- **Key Station—WIZ (237.5-270 est)
  - 225.4 1300  WBBR 356.7 720 WBBR
  - 235.8 9590  WBBR 343.9 780 WBBR
  - 245.8 9590  WBBR 343.9 780 WBBR

**4 p.m.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eastern</th>
<th>Central</th>
<th>Mountain</th>
<th>Pacific</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Dr. S. Takes a Call:**
- **Key Station—WEAF (1:40-6:40 est)
  - 216.5 1450  WBCW 456.3 630 KOA
  - 226.5 1450  WBCW 456.3 630 KOA
  - 236.5 1450  WBCW 456.3 630 KOA
  - 246.5 1450  WBCW 456.3 630 KOA

**Cathedral Hour:**
- **Key Station—WZEK (9:20-6:20), WABC (14:36-5:36 est)
  - 750 WZEE: 1200 KMOS
  - 500 WZEE: 1200 KMOS
  - 750 WZEE: 1200 KMOS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eastern</th>
<th>Central</th>
<th>Mountain</th>
<th>Pacific</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Davey House:**
- **Key Station—WEAF (1:40-6:40 est)
  - 750 WEAF: 1200 WQX
  - 500 WEAF: 1200 WQX
  - 750 WEAF: 1200 WQX

**Seven Points: Family:**
- **Key Station—**WEAF (3:00-6:00 est)
- **Meters**
  - 750 WEAF: 1200 WQX
  - 500 WEAF: 1200 WQX

**August:**
- **Key Station—WIZ (237.5-240 est)
  - 225.4 1300  WBBR 356.7 720 WBBR
  - 235.8 9590  WBBR 343.9 780 WBBR
  - 245.8 9590  WBBR 343.9 780 WBBR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eastern</th>
<th>Central</th>
<th>Mountain</th>
<th>Pacific</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>1:10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Recommended

**AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for July:**

**Sunday**
- Atwater Kent Hour
- Enna Jettick Melodies

**Monday**
- General Motors Family Party
- An Evening in Paris

**Tuesday**
- Radio Keith Orphen Hour
- Eveready Program

**Wednesday**
- Halsey Stuart Program
- Palmolive Hour

**Thursday**
- Fleischmann Hour
- Arabesque

**Friday**
- Raleigh Revue
- Armstrongs Quakers

**Saturday**
- General Electric Hour
- Paramount-Publix Radio Hour

# Eight Years Old

**Radio Digest** has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It’s career has been the career of Radio. A new idea, a new industry, a new service. Keeping up with the trend of the times it has had to change its policies and format to meet the changing demands. To mark the occasion a very special and replete issue is being planned for next month. You cannot afford, therefore, to miss the

**AUGUST**

**Eighth Anniversary Number**

**Radio Digest**
### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Physical Culture Magazine Hop

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WRAC</td>
<td>550</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Kansas City</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WORC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WRCN</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WRCB</td>
<td>900</td>
<td>1000</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Weather Service

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Popular Music

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Monday**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

### One of Radio's prettiest women and a charming singer—that's Betty Ayres who adorns the Enna Jetick programs on Sunday evenings.

### Around the Screen

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Physical Culture Magazine Hop

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Weather Service

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Popular Music

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Callsign</th>
<th>City</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WAFI</td>
<td>540</td>
<td>783</td>
<td>Chicago</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WQXR</td>
<td>560</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>Detroit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WABC</td>
<td>680</td>
<td>720</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>WRCA</td>
<td>800</td>
<td>970</td>
<td>Boston</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

Will Rogers, cowboy philosopher, has become a regular Radio star. He's heard Sunday nights at 10 o'clock EDT, chatting in his well-known manner about various individuals of note.
Tuesday

8:30 a.m.  7:30  6:30  5:30
Cherubin

Elisabeth Lennox looks as if she were about to say something very nice, indeed, when the camera caught her. Miss Lennox is the winsome starlet of the Palm-olive Hour.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.

Romany Patter, "Around the World with Libby.", Key Station-WJZ (394.5-760), 4:30-5:00 p.m.

Don’t you think there is something just a little foreign about this young lady’s looks? There should be—she has mastered Italian, German, Spanish and French. She is “Peaches” in the Evening in Paris program, her real name is Irma DeBau.
Here is Nathaniel Shilkret caught in a characteristic pose after a recent broadcast. He is one of America’s most distinguished musicians and is the conductor of the Mobillo Concert Orchestra.
Thursday

6:30 a.m.  7:30  8:00  8:30  9:00  9:30

Cheerio.
Key Station—WVEA (64.3-660kc)

201 a 1450  WCKV  339  590  WJAR
206 a 1460  WICR  322  570  WJRH
254 a 1460  WCRF  402  740  WBRQ
251 a 1460  WCRF  402  740  WBRD
250 a 1460  WCRF  402  740  WBRQ
259 a 1460  WICR  322  570  WJRH
259 a 1460  WICR  322  570  WJRH
259 a 1460  WICR  322  570  WJRH

10:00  10:30
Ida Bailey Allen—National Riddle Makers' Club.
Key Station—WABC (1348-660kc)

403  1340  WABC  1348  660  WABC
294  1470  WBWB  258  510  WONO
234  1400  WRFV  391  720  WJED
234  1400  WRFV  391  720  WJED
234  1400  WRFV  391  720  WJED
234  1400  WRFV  391  720  WJED
234  1400  WRFV  391  720  WJED
234  1400  WRFV  391  720  WJED

10:30
Burry Fingers.
Key Station—WABC (1348-660kc)

6:30  7:00  7:30

Radio-Household Institute.
Key Station—WVEA (64.3-660kc)

11:15 a.m.

Radio-Kiosk-Oreham Program.
Key Station—WJZ (134.5-760kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR
12:30  1300  WJZ  1235  590  WJAR

12:30

The Popesden Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (134.5-760kc)

12:30

Fleshmann Hour.
Key Station—WVEA (64.3-660kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

11:30  12:30  12:30  12:30  12:30  12:30

RCA Victor Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (134.5-760kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

11:30  12:30  12:30  12:30  12:30  12:30

Vienna Orchestra.
Key Station—WVEA (64.3-660kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

6:30  7:30  8:00  8:30  9:00  9:30

Columbus Review.
Key Station—WJZ (134.5-760kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

11:45  12:15  12:45  1:15

National Farm and Home Hour.
Key Station—WJZ (134.5-760kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

14:45  14:45  14:45  14:45

Peposden Program, Amos 'n' Andy.
Key Station—WJZ (134.5-760kc)

Meters  Kc  Call  Meters  Kc  Call

14:45  14:45  14:45  14:45

This romantic looking young lady is none other than Muriel Wilson, whose lovely voice you hear when the Maxwell House Melodies go on the air on Thursday nights at 9:30 EDT.
Friday

Here we have the Intervenor Pair in character, more or less. At the least it is Billy Jones, and right is Ernie Hare. They are favorites of the bands of Radio listeners and are heard every Friday night at 9 o'clock EDT.

Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club.

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.

National Home Hour.

Columbia Revue.

National Farm and Home Hour.
This is pretty Edith Thayer. But you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simon’s Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.
OUT OF THE AIR
HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS
By INDI-GEST

GREETING!

ONCE more I greet my many friends!
Each jokesmith and each poet who sends:
The slips and quips and pleasant rhymes
In which the spirits of our times
(The daily times that come and go
Along the waves of Radio)
Are sifted, frequently in vain.
To see what humor they contain,
So that our readers of all ages
Who monthly scan the Digest pages
May separate the grain from chaff
And find, within, the prize—a laugh!
It's good to know you all again,
(I'm from the South; that's mighty plain.)
And one and all I greet you now
And hope you'll write me soon—
and how!
Send to your stuff with joy and zest,
Affectionately, . . . . Indi-Gest

I came from a section of the country where there are plenty of negroes. I was raised up on a diet of hot biscuit, chicken gravy, chine, jowl and turnip greens, not to mention ham gravy and hominy grits, with occasional dishes of sparersibs. The name Indi-Gest is very appropriate. Which reminds me that I must repeat a good story I heard once. I have always liked it, from which you may gather that it is not entirely new.

Two colored women were discussing recent additions to their families.

"I done name dat new baby er mine. "Opium," remarked Martha Brown to Mandy Jackson.

"Why you disqualify dat chile wid a name like dat, Martha?"

"Well, I done look' up de wud opium in de dickshunary and hit say hit mean de seed er de opium plant. And de good Lawd knows dat chile's poppy is sho' wit'!

"Another colored sister came up and snorted.

"Dat ain' nuttin! I done name mah baby Onyx.

"Why dat, Sis Liza?"

"Kaze he come so onexpted! Use yo' haid, gal, use yo' haid!"

You're Darn Right!

Do you believe in clubs for women? Yes, if kindness fails.—Rose Bailey, 129 Grant St., Greensburg, Pa.

Here's the funniest thing I've heard over the air, especially since I am sure it was quite unintentional. It was several months ago during the Crosley Saturday Knights program over WLW. The announcer, who, I think, was Robert Brown, stated that the next number by the orchestra would be "Why Was I Born?" by special permission of the copyright owners. But the way he said it sounded as though it was to be "Why Was I Born?" by special permission of the copyright owners?"—Evelyn Faux, 925 Edgewater Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Station WJBT, Chicago, was broadcasting a church service the other night when suddenly the following words were heard:

"Your throat! Your eyes! Don't struggle! I'm stronger than you are, my pretty last."

The telephone calls poured in by the hundreds.


Wooden Pigs

According to Miss Frances Cherry of Wayne, Nebraska, a teacher asked little Willy to make a sentence with the word mahogany. And Willy said:

"Pa sent me out to feed the pigs but I didn't give the man hog any."

Which goes over all right, Miss Cherry, but that story of yours about the tame fish that fell in the river and was drowned— Well, why resurrect that one? Don Marquis wrote a whole story about that same fish years ago.

The explosion was caused when a young man who was carrying a $5 cannon gun of Naphtha, tripped and fell down the stairs. The announcer then chuckled and said: I should have said, five gallon can."

In the WJZ Children's Hour, broadcast every Sunday from 9 to 10 a.m., a neighbor and I were greatly amused recently on hearing Milton J. Cross read the "Funnies" to the "Kiddies." For several weeks there was a continued strip about the doings of the "Twins," and Mr. Cross always referred to them as the "twins."

This seems even more humorous now, that he has become the winner of the Diction Award.—Mrs. M. J. Stann, 12 Northern Ave., Northampton, Mass.

Red Meat!

Apparently there are still some exponents of cannibalism in Minneapolis as, during a program of phonograph records, last evening, April 29, the announcer said, "Our next offering is, 'Cooking the One I Love for Breakfast.'"

Truly, I think that deserves honorable mention.—R. L. Lithgow, 328 Plymouth Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn.

Would you call this an acrobatic orchestra? A local dance orchestra had played one number, when Everett Mitchell of WENR announced, "The boys now continue with 'Botom's Up.'"—R. Johnson, 11432 Forest Ave., Chicago.

Here is a bit of fun I just heard on my Radio while tuned to KMA of Shenandoah, Iowa. Listening to the broadcast of the "Country School," I heard one of the "pupils" remark:

"Say, teacher, my aunt died last week and left a thousand dollars hid in her bussel." Teacher: "Well, that's too bad." Pupil: "Yes, but wasn't that a lot to leave behind?"—Mrs. W. D. Cooper, 3001 Mitchell Ave., St. Joseph, Mo.

The Last Stitch

Young Girl: Daddy I won't need any clothes this summer.

Daddy: Oh! Oh! I never thought it would come to that.

Cash for Humor!

IT WILL pay you to keep your ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay $5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, $3.00 for the second preferred amusing incident and $1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

The only stipulation is that you must actually have heard the incident as part of some program. Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June 1, 1930.
Force of Habit
A Radio announcer lost his job and got what he believed to be the next best position—that of station train announcer. Had you happened to be in Grand Central Station, New York, you might recently have heard him calling out his first train announcement:

"Friends of Radioland! You are now going on a little journey to all points east. Stations are being broadcast through the courtesy of the New York Central Railway.

"Here she comes, see the glaring lights in the carriages, hear the snorting of the engine. Train for Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and New York.

" ‘Phone in folks and tell Mr. Pullman how you slept—he will be interested. Good night everybody."—Robert G. Shimmin, 364 Fourteenth Street, Portland, Ore.

***

Some Scotsmen not long ago hit upon a plan of saving a little cash. They were listening to an old time fiddling contest coming to them over WLS. In voting for their favorites all thirty-five of these Caledonians wrote their votes on the same sheet of paper and sent it in under one stamp—The Colonel.

Clem Dacey and Harry Hosford, harmony team of WLS, each have a new namesake. The newcomers are young Jersey calves belonging to a farmer who listens regularly to their offerings. Clem is all black and Harry has little white spots on him, it is said.

***

Etiquette
When we wuz eatin’ dinner at Miss Lucy’s house las’ night, Sam, I seen you scratch yo’ haid wid yo’ spoon. Ain’t you got no etiquette? Use yo’ fawk, big boy!—The Colonel.
Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 92 and 94 of This Issue

K

KCRC...Enid, Okla.
KE...Atlanta, Ga.
KDKA...Pittsburgh, Pa.
KDRE...Denver, Colo.
KDUR...Salt Lake City, Utah
KECA...Los Angeles, Calif.
KFBQ...Beaverton, Ind.
KEW...Burbank, Calif.
KFW...Oakland, Calif.
KEAB...Lincoln, Neb.
KPPB...Great Falls, Mont.
KBKB...Sacramento, Calif.
KFBK...Pasadena, Calif.
KFDN...Beaumont, Texas.
KFGY...Abilene, Tex.
KFG...San Antonio, Tex.
KFGU...Denver, Colo.
KFGW...St. Joseph, Mo.
KFG...Boise, Idaho
KFG...Wichita, Kans.
KFG...Los Angeles, Calif.
KFGX...San Francisco, Calif.
KFGT...Spokane, Wash.
KFGH...Long Beach, Calif.
KFG...Forest Dale, Wis.
KFG...Marshalltown, Iowa.
KFG...Oklahoma City, Okla.
KFG...Mandan, N.D.
KFG...Grand Forks, N.D.
KFGA...Del Rio, Tex.
KFG...Fort Dodge, Ia.
KFG...Kankakee, Ill.
KFG...Greely, Colo.
KFGK...Milford, Kans.
KFG...Passaic, N.J.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Rockford, Ill.
KFG...Niles, Ill.
KFGM...Northfield, Minn.
KFG...Columbus, Ohio.
KFGF...Lincoln, Neb.
KFG...Cove, Tex.
KFG...Dublin, Texas.
KFG...Sierra Madre, Calif.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFGH...Blytheville, Ark.
KFG...North Kansas City, Mo.
KFG...Springfield, Ill.
KFG...Spokane, Wash.
KFG...Pomona, Calif.
KFG...New Orleans, La.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Green Bay, Wis.
KFG...San Antonio, Texas.
KFG...San Diego, Calif.
KFG...Orange City, Iowa.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...Cape Girardeau, Mo.
KFG...Toronto, Ont.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...Columbia, S.C.
KFG...Detroit, Mich.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Columbus, Ohio.
KFG...Boston, Mass.
KFG...Washington, D.C.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Sacramento, Calif.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...Los Angeles, Calif.
KFG...Denver, Colo.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...Pittsburgh, Pa.
KFG...Harrisburg, Pa.
KFG...Buffalo, N.Y.
KFG...Fort Worth, Tex.
KFG...Brooklyn, N.Y.
KFG...Richmond, Va.
KFG...Baltimore, Md.
KFG...Pittsfield, Pa.
KFG...Indianapolis, Ind.
KFG...Lowell, Mass.
KFG...Boston, Mass.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...Denver, Colo.
KFG...Louisville, Ky.
KFG...Baltimore, Md.
KFG...St. Paul, Minn.
KFG...Buffalo, N.Y.
KFG...Atlanta, Ga.
KFG...Springfield, Mass.
KFG...Albany, N.Y.
KFG...Albuquerque, N.M.
KFG...Los Angeles, Calif.
KFG...Stevens Point, Wis.
KFG...Miami, Fla.
KFG...Cleveland, Ohio.
KFG...Richmond, Va.
KFG...Minneapolis, Minn.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Harrisburg, Pa.
KFG...Minneapolis, Minn.
KFG...Boston, Mass.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Los Angeles, Calif.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...Denver, Colo.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...Baltimore, Md.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...Washington, D.C.
KFG...Springfield, Mass.
KFG...Cincinnati, Ohio.
KFG...Cleveland, Ohio.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Baltimore, Md.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...Harrisburg, Pa.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Washington, D.C.
KFG...Springfield, Mass.
KFG...Cincinnati, Ohio.
KFG...Cleveland, Ohio.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Baltimore, Md.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...Harrisburg, Pa.
KFG...New York City.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...San Francisco, Calif.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Washington, D.C.
KFG...Springfield, Mass.
KFG...Cincinnati, Ohio.
KFG...Cleveland, Ohio.
KFG...Chicago, Ill.
KFG...Baltimore, Md.
KFG...St. Louis, Mo.
KFG...Harrisburg, Pa.
The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST and will end at midnight, September 15, 1950. All entries must be postmarked by that date to be eligible.

2. Ballooning 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 offered from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts as one entry for one vote.

4. For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at once a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

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

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

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

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

9. Any special ballots that will be 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 will be counted exactly as specified by the following schedule:

10. For the purposes of the contest the United States will be divided into the following districts. Each district, number two, known as the "East Coast," will consist of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Kentucky.

11. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes will be declared the "AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION, or ARTIST" and the program sponsor or organization or artist will then be identified with the Radio Digest Diamond Merit Award. After the grand prize is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest number in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist and each given a Radio Digest Gold Medal. The organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

12. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes the tie will be broken by the use of an independent panel of judges selected by the Digest Editor, and his decision will be final.

www.americanradiohistory.com
Incompatible

(Continued from page 24)
out counting them as loss—all were bearings on their love. Love's seasons. But there was something not beautiful the matter with her and Sid.

O COURSE there were no children! And a pang shot through her—a familiar little pang. Probably that was the bottom trouble. Sid was disappointed—she guessed that, though he hid his discontent. As for that no one dreamed, Sid no more than anyone else, how many secretly she, herself, felt her childlessness.

Yet, withal, didn't they have enough in itself? No, evidently not. But why not? If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wandell acted with men, or if Sid had acted with Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit as Louise Smith was disloyal to Johnny, I was talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talent for getting from her man—she were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet one more thing. In marriage what was everyone disappointed at the best—everyone but the dreadful people who expected nothing? Was married happiness merely love at the best—negation of violently expressed unhappiness—merely not getting abusively done to? Or being abusively unfair or things like that?

But no—a million times no! Not with people who had loved each other as she and Sid had loved each other!

AND then, catching that mental past tense, and turning it to herself, self—that Sid did love her yet—she knew she loved him. But then she said to herself that if a woman seven years married has to answer her husband's love to her own heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she chased away that thought, and supposed she capture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back, one of ineffable tenderness. And, swimming in that tenderness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to find happiness. Had been building Hobgoblins out of shadows. Making trifles too momentous. The little rifts on the surface after all hadn't mattered. Those were bound to be little rifts, occasionally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only question was how much scattered was the rifts but whether the persons still loved each other. And she and Sid still loved each other.

She leaned closer to the window, so close that her forehead brushed the screen. Outside the cricket were at their toil, and back of her a clock was loudly, lazily ticking the seconds. The sounds seemed to intensify the hush hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her sitting—not even children's voices. Her mind wandered, wandered in a memory sudden and with no apparent direct connection; of how Sid had sat beside one big bright room for a nursery—when they first took the house. But that bright room had long since been given over to other purposes. She and Sid never spoke of those old hopes, and Amelie never discovered her disappointment, never admitted it, to anyone.

But there was the deepest reason why she hated certain other childless women of their set who deliberately avoided domestic encumbrances to liveli- ness; for Amelie could not accept any reason for disliking kingship with that blithe and careless "bunch" so prized by Sid. But Sid had no more idea of all this than the laurel wreath didn't want Sid to suspect how much she cared. It seemed to her she could not bear anything more than just lift the curtain on how much he cared.

While, as a fact, Sid suffered no such disappointment as hers. Possessing Amelie he thought he had more than his due, anyway. That the subject was closed between them was part of their misfortune.

Amelie was still waiting for him, cherishing that softened and tender mood, when Sid got home. Her first disappointment. She didn't complain. He had brought the out-town business acquaintance with him; Sid liked to feel free to bring a friend home to dinner and without notice told Amelie liked him to show his freedom—not every prosperous husband has it. Yet, somehow, tonight—oh, lift the curtain on how much he cared.

But she tried to be gracious to this Mr. Jenkins of Sid's, and, when she tried, she could be gracious, indeed; only her feelings beneath remained the same. It came out that Mr. Jenkins was a golf enthusiast and that this was Sid's reason for bringing him to Fair Haven—that he might play over the Club's excellent course the next day, though Sid himself couldn't, hadn't the time. But he would take the visitor over to the Club dance tonight and introduce him to some of the fellows and arrange a game.

TO AMELIE, feeling as she was feeling then, as she had been feeling all afternoon—vaguely wishful and reminiscence of a long, long time to be with Sid —the suggestion of a frolicksome evening at the clubhouse, and especially with Sid suggesting it in that enthusiastic and balanced tone. And because her tenderness was so suddenly dampered, so terribly dampered, she had no desire to respect the mood of the day and that boyish picture had called up. Why bare her feelings—he was obviously eager for this frolic; the time was passing. She recalled with just that constituted his most enjoyable "good time."

The Dictated Letter

ALL might have ended differently if Sidney had not had his stenographer write his letters to Amelie. He had injured his neck, hand, which had prevented him from using a pen. But Amelie didn't think so. She thought he was indifferent, so the breach was widened another notch. Follow this intensely human story, Incompatible, to its conclusion in the August

Radio Digest

Yet, when alone with him in their room, she demurred about the evening's plan:

"I'm sorry we've got to go to that dance tonight."

"Sorry you're sorry, dear—but I don't see any way out of it. Jenkins brought his evening clothes I told him to. The least I can do is go and dance to get him fixed up for tomorrow."

She hesitated a second; then:

"If you must, I won't go. I'm Jenkins—but you want to go to the dance yourself!"

She forced banter into a little laugh, but there was a quaver of something else under it; she had the wondcred sentiment of a tender mood taking itself out in a mask of pettiness. But what could she say to Jenkins? And Amelie was not given to the petty or the pettyish. He answered matter-of-factly:

"Of course I want to go—I like to dance and I'm just in the mood tonight."

Underneath the matter-of-factness was something a little hard, a little cold, and almost hidden beneath geniality, but not hidden from Amelie; a reminder to a critical comment on her attitude, and she—she was only acting to be loved! That was answered with a weary indifference of tone—the eternally foolish feminine—she answered:

"You're generally in that mood, it seems."

"See here, Amelie," and, to add to its decisive effect, "I hear about the dance, you are under a little impatience because of the need to be defensive," "Let's not start that kind of thing now. Don't start acting excited because I'm going to be a good time—you know you like to dance as well as anybody."

"I'll be there, then," she admitted.

"But I like other things, too. And I confess that, at times, I get sort of fed up with people who think life's nothing—but dancing and having a good time."

She was faintly, gently supercilious about it—oh, such a slight, lady-like show of superiority and that was thanks to that strangled-down warmth inside her. But Sid was chilled, rebuffed. And hurt—that tone of hers had straight to the heart of Sid. Sid had stirred more than once, a well of bitterness deep and secret within him: Amelie scorned the bunch," but that wasn't it: there was a certain edge on her scorn, which used to be so amiably slight and humorous, was that she had turned him. Why not, indeed? They were the ones that were his kind, he supposed, even if he had put one over on Amelie when he got he to marry him.

HE WAS hurt as if he had been stabbed. It was not the sense of Amelie's superiority—because Sid, in his genuine humility, had always deemed Amelie high above him; but the suspicion that she was cognizant of his inferiority.

That had been something, this suspicion; he had grown away from through all the little rifts and jars which had marred the last two years. She had got taxed and bored with him.

He was bored with his life more wretched than that of feeling oneself belittled by the adored one. And this feeling, layered with self-contempt, had been recurrently making Sid Fletcher unhappy. So unhappy that all he could do was to put on a deceptive understanding to the world and to himself. Withdrawals to conceal the hurt inside him; and which, according to his idea of his own lacks, must lend all she made some sign, gave him a cue to show himself the lover again. And, of course, to tide himself over, he must hurt himself the more hilariously into those dis-
tractions she belittled. And all the time longing only to feel his Amelie close again to his arms—and her spirit close to him as well.

While Amelie, at such times, would cultivate aloofness, too—a deliberate reserve—undoubtedly love and vanity and of a sheer perversity that she never clearly took in as a part of her make-up. She was so shockingly distinguished, that no one had ever called her perversity any more than she so named herself. Yet she perhaps knew more. Sid loved her better than she owned to herself. But she wanted him to love her so much she could not play indifferent even if he the least. And what she was crying over herself, what she thought, all that pierced her was: "He doesn't love me as he used to love me—I don't count with him as I used to count!"

What tragic comedy life makes out of the emotions of human beings.

Many men in Fair Haven did like to dance with Bess Wandell, even though they refused to be "vamped," by her. Bess was the professional vamp of the Country Club crowd. Slim and dark, provocative and conscienceless, she achieved a great deal of masculine attention.

Amelie privately considered that these conquests were bought at too dear a price. She had her own ideas as to the valuation every woman, because she was a woman, should place on herself; and, to Amelie's way of thinking, women who behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held themselves cheap—cheapened themselves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. Wandell had kept her dainty and modish skirt, and the skirts of3mune to other women; especially when their dubious activities did not cross her own intimate horizon; Sid had never shown any responsiveness to Mrs. Wandell's allurements. But tonight—It was a particularly gay and successful party. The toilettes elegant even if often bizarre; the animation high-pitched but not vulgar in its gusto; the white and gold ballroom, the shining floor, the revolving couples, the strains of waltz or of fox-trot and overtones of talk and laughter. You could sense, even without hearing it, that all that talk was sophisticated and artificial.

The people were sophisticated and artificial, and the setting, and the gayety; but something very pleasant in all the gayety and sparkle. And Amelie had to acknowledge even to let yourself give in to it, to this pleasantness, and you forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found herself in the extent that she'd had a surprisingly good time. Probably she would always have had a good time had she not been feeling that Sid, without any "giving in," was having a better one than she could give him since times had changed with them, since he was no longer the lover he had been.

Sid early spoiled for her any chance of pleasure this evening. The out-of-town Mr. Jenkins was sitting beside her as Sid finished his second dance with Mrs. Wandell—Amelie, though not tired, had evaded the encore.

"Is that dancing with Sid?" the visitor inquired.

Amelie told him.

"She's certainly a beautiful woman."

"Yes," Amelie agreed, "she's considered the most beautiful woman in Fair Haven."

AND a wonder of a dancer! They dance well together, don't they?"

Amelie agreed to this, also. To be fair she had to, Mrs. Wandell danced without any effect of abandon but you caught a peculiar sense of rhythm flowing throughout her thin, supple body—caught it in her flexible shoulders and arms, in the way she stepped as on a fragile surface, in every her knees which you could not see, but in which you somehow divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind that shrouding skirt. Every movement was attuned to the music's harmony—became a part of the harmony.

And Sid, dancing with her in his arms, seemed to become a part of that harmony, too. He looked rapt, absorbed, yet somehow a little wish in his their enthusiasm for enjoyment. There was nothing stiff or constrained about him now—not as danced with Bess Wandell.

Amelie, eying the pair covertly, saw Mrs. Wandell let her hand linger longer than necessary on Sid's arm after the dance was finished. And Sid didn't seem to mind. He laughed and talked with her as if in fine fettle.

When he kept on dancing with her several times more Amelie was sure others were noticing and making stealthy comments.

He danced with his wife also, of course, and not markedly less than usual, but it was less. Amelie was a good dancer even if she were not in the class with Bess Wandell, but, tonight, she found her muscles stiffening every time her husband's arm went round her.

But, thinking hard throughout the evening and throughout the ride home, she decided to "pass it over." She had no real fear of Bess Wandell; the fluctuating episode had been mostly the "vamp's" doing, merely in keeping with her customary behavior. No, she mustn't let Bess Wandell raise an issue between herself and Sid—it was not Bess Wandell—The Hal Roach Happy-Go-Lucky Go Round Two.

KFDV, Culver City, Calif., is, very proud of its jolly trio, the Hal Roach Happy-Go-Lucky musicians, shown above. Their costumes smack of the soil, hey what? Hill-billies or not, they shore can play!
Miss Kathryn June, the lovely and skilled harpist of Station KPO, "San Francisco"

Wandell; anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell; but she was not indifferent to Sid's leering devotion to herself; even though she was still sure of him as against Bess Wandells. But, anyhow, she must stop the continuous raising of these issues. She must try to win back the old peace and security of love.

There was propitiation in her tone and wistfulness in her heart when, alone with Sid again, she said:

"It was a nice party, wasn't it? I'm sorry I made a fuss about going."

BUT Sid was still stung with a sense of her criticism of himself—this retracting light concession did not touch the only hurt he had felt; so his voice held a tinge of reserve as he answered:

"Had a bully time, myself. I like the bunch— they're jolly, and pick you up. I like 'em even though you don't."

If Amelie had spoken from her heart, then, the voice from her heart would have cried out: "My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don't want any bunch to mean as much as home to you; I can't bear them as competitors. That's what eating into me, Sid—my jealousy and fear!"

But she said:

"I noticed you seemed to be enjoying yourself particularly. And then: "Is Bess Wandell as marvelous a dancer as she looks?"

"She's a peach," affirmed Sid succinctly. Perhaps to his other hurts his conscience was hurting him a bit—and contributing only to that brazenness! He added: "She's good fun, too, if you take her in the right way. She's going to ask us for bridge tomorrow night—said she'd ring you up in the morning."

"Oh," said Amelie. She hadn't meant her tone to be so blank. Then suddenly she was saying something that was just the kind of thing she had determined not to say:

"Sid," and her voice was hard because she was holding it against tears, "I don't want to go. And I want you to promise me something—will you promise me?"

"What is it?"

AGAINST the guarded stiffness of this it was difficult to go on, but, a little flurried, she forced herself to bring it out.

"I want you to promise not to let Bess Wandell get a hold over you."

"Get a hold over me—what on earth do you mean, Amelie?"

"Well, you know how she is—how she loves to make fools of men. And she can do it, too—but—"

"Are you implying she can make a fool of me?"

"No, no, not that exactly—you know I don't mean that. But she's the kind that covets any new conquest and will play the game to any extent to make a conquest. And men are sometimes more flattered by a small thing than they realize. It's just that I can't bear the thought of Bess Wandell pickin' on you—flattering you—tryin' to flirt with you—and perhaps winnin' her way with you just a little."

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once, terrrifically sincere. But there was not the kind of sincerity for a woman to betray to a man, who, more than anything else in the world, longed to appear fine and admired a woman's need! And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at just that moment, that moved her into a sincerity which held no tact, she brushed off:

"So I want you not to be very—very responsive to her. If she should ever try to make up to you. Of course I don't mean ignoring her, or anything like that; only don't be—responsive. Don't dance with her so often as to be conspicuous; don't let her make you conspicuous—no not in any way."

"I think you're talking in a very silly way, Amelie. You're not really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it."

"Of course I know it—that's not the point."

"WELL, I don't seem to get the point then," said Sid; and he moved toward the closet to get his dressing-gown.

How could he see the point?—he couldn't read Amelie's insides. But because he failed to read what was hidden and fermenting there—that turmoil of wounded love and jealous doubt, that burning desire she took in his arms and assured that nothing counted or ever would count but herself—because he didn't somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt that, when she thought—no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overwrought to be able to judge between what she thought and what she felt. No, to her, it was that she had shown him her heart only to have him glance at it indifferently, impatiently. She felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to burst into tears. But she would not cry! She regretted a pretty her attempt at sincerity, her impulsiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for control and poise. Regained them—overdid it somewhat.

Sid veered, too; he returned from the closet a little ashamed of himself, miserable, anxious to "make up," and started toward her out; but because he was ashamed of himself, stumbling into the wrong words:

"It's not Bess Wandell, Amelie, that's cut you out," he began.

Now, what woman would like that, unless she were in one of love's radiant moods. When she didn't count anyone. And Amelie's was far from that. She only saw Sid's open arms as she turned, and as she turned his arms dropped, for her expression was amused, well-bred and "superior"; and she was saying:

"You are wonderfully reassuring, Sid; if it's not Bess Wandell, why should mind?"

Sid flung from her room into his without a word. He had found Amelie's delicate anxiety gift when she had now again—and she never used it much—brought it to his help in some conversational impasse where he was getting "balled up." She knew he was not clever with words the way she was. And knew it now, and now . . . The sting went out of all proportion deep.

AND as he tried to get to sleep that night, he was thinking: "She doesn't love me. Oh, she loves me, I suppose—principally because it's her duty—but she knows all about where I fall short. I can't measure up to her standards. I do fall short—but it's the dickens to have her know it so well I wish . . . oh, well. . . ."

There was an ache in his heart, and hunger, and warmth; but there was something that snapped, too—that bade him not show his hurt.

And Amelie, so near him yet so impenetrable, was thinking into the dark: "He doesn't care for me as he used to care. If he did he wouldn't want to go to Bess Wandell—that creature so beneath bothering about! But he shan't know how I care, how I suffer because he's changed—he shan't, he shan't."

What foolishness for two people, married, and truly married—so far as loving each other went. And why so foolish? Perhaps because their need of children to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensitiveness out of them, perhaps a desire to take something from each other life would have, could have, helped them. They had had no struggles together, no sharp pulls of dependence on each other as partners in way. Now, if Sid had fallen desperately ill, it might have sobered Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-tormenting. Certainly, it does appear, it's where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Joe White has a "jinx song." What is it?
2. What "school marm" has the distinction to be the possessress of America's most perfect radio voice?
3. Who originated the phrase "make whoopee?"
4. What was Ted Husing's record, words per minute, in announcing?
5. What American broadcasting station was used by foreign power to convey coded messages by "message girl?"
6. Who wrote the Rhapsody in Blue?
7. What is Olite Palmer's real name?
8. Who used to be known as "the red-headed music maker?"
9. What well-known announcer taught Prince of Wales to play the ukulele?
10. Who is known as the Eiffel Tower of Radio? * * *

Answers to the questions in June issue:
1. S. Parker Cadman. 2. Countess Alban. 3. Will Osborne. 4. Saxophone. 5. Amy Goldsmith. 6. During the World War in a music store in Ft. Worth. 7. He was allowed to pinch-hit for the regular announcer, Yale. 8. Yale. 9. The stage. 10. WCHI.
Talkies Take the Air  
(Continued from page 34)

little directing while, a year or so later, Carmel, his sister, finished school and went into the movies.  

In fact, this entire movement is spreading so fast that it is pretty hard to keep track of it all. Ultimately, however, it looks as though the talkie magnates would hog-tie everything to it - theaters, production units, Radio, song houses, talking machines, electrical transcriptions and recordings. There is almost no limit to it.  

Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pioneered in Radio some time ago, but did not make the present day. Well, a list of those who get a break on the air now, as the talkies take to the air, would read like a who's who of film land.

It would be lots easier to say who haven't been on the Radio instead of reciting those who have. I guess, after all, that practically every one of them has had a break at some time or other. Charlie Chaplin holds out and is a talkie because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the announcer has caught his “good fellows” and used them by the mike stand on his way into Grauman's Chinese on his way to a premiere.  

Talkie stars of the present day do not have the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the stars of the silent films when it comes to Radio. They act lib sometimes, it is true, but mostly they are very business-like in their actions before the microphone. They take it plenty seriously for after all the business side is beginning to realize what a husky henchman and ally Radio can be to the theater.  

One of the smartest things in connection with the Radio and talkies lately has been the series of KFI travel talks by Tom Terriss, who prefers to be known as the assistant director. He has made twenty-six travel shorts for Pathe with the lecture synchronized. The talkies helps and forth with saunter over to the show house to see his talkie talkie.  

Will Rogers’ "Connecticut Yankee" for Fox will show that his commercial broadcast series has not injured the showing of the film. Far from it.  

Paul Whitteman's broadcasts have created a good-sized audience for his "King of Jazz" on Universal. "Amos 'n' Andy" will find that their contract with Radio Pictures will be a big thing.  

That Radio has helped Rogers, Whitman, Gossen and Correll cannot be doubted. But, it must be remembered, Radio did not start them on their careers, and they had a professional background which was further enhanced through Radio experience. Besides all the West coast broadcasts by talkie people, there is the Paramount-Publix hour weekly over C. B. S. At this writing a sponsored affair is on the air daily each Friday via NBC, once for the East and again for the West on account of the four-hour difference in time.  

The WLS radio hour at KJJ which lagged when difference of opinion cropped out between the station and studio. These G-M people claim they ought to get the same tree, while the station thought they ought to put up the cash.  

A movement has been started which has spread with cooperation between theaters and the Radio. Some of the theaters employ Radio contact men who run around to the broadcasters and give them sheet music for orchestras and singers and phonograph records. Of course the song companies would like to see some songs of pictures currently running in the film palaces.

If the stations are tender-hearted, which some of them are, they not only plug the stuff, but also mention the theaters and pictures. But even if they don't, by the last stage of the propagation more than pays for itself.  

This theme song gang is getting a bit tiresome to the public. Yet the fact remains that Tin Pan Alley has been lifted bodily and carted from New York to Hollywood. All the big shots of song plumdog are storming at the doors of the talkies. The gates have been let down for scores of them at fabulous salaries. They might as well make the most of it and get the coin, because their active brains will not grow out stuffy stuff forever.

It is even rumored that some of the producers are going to use the trailer or teaser idea from the theaters and adapt it to the film so into the film palace and see a portion of advance film from something of the next week. The companies now plan to put some dialogue on the screen take advantage of it.

You will hear it over some Radio station, and then they will announce that if you want to hear the whole story you will have to go to the theater to finish the tale.

So, to make a long story short, they've buried the hatchet about the quarrel between Radio, films and phonograph. In fact, Radio has given them all a pretty warm welcome, although it is hard to see how they in turn have done so very much for Radio.

There is the Paramount combination with the Columbia chain, RKO's arrangement with National Broadcasting company and Warner's proposition with Brunswick.

A news dispatch from the east the other day tells something about the making of the Brunswick records in Madison. Mayor La Follette of Madison, Roy Siegel in Los Angeles says that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Hollywood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfeld is in town, the connection between the two items remains to be seen.

Terror  
By Rupert Hughes

A story of white slavery and black slavery in old, very old New York, when it was feared the black slaves would rebel and overthrow the city.

Will Rogers  
By Ann Lecor

Close-up story—first of series—on the career of famous cowboy philosopher.

Vacation Follies  
By Evans E. Plummer

Tells where the bright lunimaries of the Radio spend their vacations. About the rest of the year, when Radio celebrities these summer months.

And these are just a few of the many interesting topics to be found in the AUGUST Eighth Anniversary RADIO DIGEST

These combinations, mergers, amalgamations and what not, are in the press every day. This proposed gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and television interests. Would be essentially a monopoly on film, stage, Radio and movie entertainment and, unless the federal government objected strenuously, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to control some of the royalties on home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it is in lock hopel, the Act bet acts are up that nothing will be done about it.

It doubtless is true that this great interest, in the interests of directors, producers, patent holders and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of many fans and many others, but no one would applaud the whole plan.

Incidentally, instead of rivaling phonograph, Radio has brought to the talking machine the combination Radio phonograph set on which phonograph recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Radio has not displaced the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity is through the medium of broadcast, either direct campaign or the more subtle ways and means devised by hawk-eyed press agent. And, too, Radio principles have ‘made the talkie possible.’

What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Television will be for the theater rather than for the home, partly because it is not so practical for the fan to have expensive outfit and keep them in repair, but more because the home television equipment leaves chance to by which to select for the programs.

The talkies take the air. Yes, and how.

It Won't Be Long Now  
(Continued from page 21)

"This is WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ, WJZ. We will now play a phonograph record to give the listeners a chance to get their set properly tuned, after which we will repeat the call letters that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hills, New Jersey, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow this little yarn I'm about to tell, you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I also am of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research corporation will hand you a genuine surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman respon-
sible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

On January 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated ship, Kitsap, named by the S.S. "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the darkness a saving ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those who were thrilled with the news were the postmasters of the heroic de Cuisine de Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested in communications more and more after his strange method of communication—wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthusiastic that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the mail and read at noon.

By the time he finished school young Powers, as a result of his application to wireless operation, was able to pass the right examinations and get a berth as an operator on a New York-Boston passenger steamer. His next move was to the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Powers, even yet hardly more than a boy, impressed the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station XE and the formation of the American Radio and Research corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Powers.

During the war broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operation (October 1st, 1918). The amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and WGI (the new call letters assigned to Station XE) was issued with a vengeance as distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days that he (Dr.'utilent, Harold!) at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon. Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the one too sturdy stick-ticker down.

Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks, with the Montreal Express his express, he stepped away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip. Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and filled his horn to warn the then passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked on the bottlenecker, buzzed gently against a horizontal and thoroughly protruded broadcasting antenna mast. In its trip to earth the tower had cut through several telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the traffic which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumping his nose at it every time he passed!

The Hunters (Continued from page 31)

Colisemus's plight with neighborly interest and the driver of the road car "looked in his lassion inquiry, "Stuck?"

"I got stuck in the sand here," Colisemus muttered back stupidly, for his brain was wholly absorbed by the hole.

"Bad road fer a car less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks," the friendly man remarked out of his car. Bustling and loquacious he examined Colisemus's stalled machine, opening the hood, looking to the spark plugs known to be faulty in the hole.

"Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can give you a new one if you want one.

Colisemus then heard three pistol shots, faint but unmistakable, off to the southeast, in the direction where he supposed the man hunt to be going forward. It was not philanthropy that made his nerves so sensitive to Helter's situation, for there was no Dannon and Pythias bond between them. He felt Helter's situation so acutely because he knew exactly how it was himself—the getaway being for beer. For his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hitch. He knew how that was himself—and the sudden thought of finding that a confederate had failed, leaving one in a trap. He and Helter stuck together not out of altruistic loyalty but because each could feel himself in the other's shoes in a crisis. Helter would be fleeing to the road now. There must be a car for him.

So swarthy and burly Colisemus, with his round head and comfortable padding of flesh, stepped back to the brick road between the friendly man and his new green car. The friendly man was smoking-a cigar, or so appeared to be—his face was at least partially hidden in a wool cap. Something black appeared in Colisemus's right hand.

"Stay where you are," he commanded. "Don't move. Keep still."

He backed to the new green car, climbed into it and drove away, leaving its occupant huddled on the edge of the road. Then the owner caught his breath and started at a gallop toward the family. Colisemus had passed fifty rods before coming to the disastrous woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In one bound he had almost caught over the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would beat it by the first good cross road, avoiding Bocaganza. The shooting having been done, a car to get away in was an absolute necessity. He had the car and noticed that it performed very satisfactorily.

Approaching the general scene of the man hunt, he stepped off into the pine timber at the edge for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Presently he came to the rough road into which Helder had turned that morning, and along which Helder had followed on foot. There he stopped, nervous and to get out of the car and his stand in the middle of the road which ran straight for quite half a mile to the north. Coming out to the road the man could stretch Helder would recognize his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car. With taut nerves Colisemus waited there ten minutes or more. Surely by that time Helder should have reached the road. Forbidding, Colisemus got back into the car and went slowly south; but he had only driven a few yards when he discovered the scene which overlooked the burned area between drainage ditch and thick timber along the lake. That was all open country. Colisemus might have expected to see it flee across. Puzzled, Colisemus stopped again.

The scene was a dilemma. Colisemus was acutely aware of Helder's situation, in case Helder should then be making his getaway. But he was also acutely aware of his own. Only a little over twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed since he commandeered this shiny green car and he was only now on the locality of the crime. Poles and wire were all in good shape along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helder appear? He thought it over in the back seat, looking back the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day...

A vehicle was approaching from the south along the brick road. An officer might have been somewhat disinclined; but this vehicle was a ramshackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, dogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once on the locality of the crime. Poles and wire were all in good shape along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helder appear? He thought it over in the back seat, looking back the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day...

A vehicle was approaching from the south along the brick road. An officer might have been somewhat disinclined; but this vehicle was a ramshackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, dogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once on the locality of the crime. Poles and wire were all in good shape along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helder appear? He thought it over in the back seat, looking back the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day...

A vehicle was approaching from the south along the brick road. An officer might have been somewhat disinclined; but this vehicle was a ramshackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, dogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once on the locality of the crime. Poles and wire were all in good shape along the brick road; that meant telephones. Why didn't Helder appear? He thought it over in the back seat, looking back the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"?

He was pondering that in nervous uncertainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day...
"Probably it’s just a coincidence." He turned to Coliseum, explaining: "Mister, there was two shots fired on the island, and I was the messenger. This man here had two guns on him. One of 'em’s a plain seven shooter revolver. The other one, new, fancy automatic. He says it’s his gun, and he's had it for quite a spell. But it's a dead mate for the gun that was took off you—twins brother.

He paused for any comment the prisoner might choose to make. Helter had cast no alluring glance to Coliseum's gun. Coliseum's heavy-lidded eyes turned to the quadroon. For a moment the two strangers looked at each other and seemed to pass messages in the eye. For far apart as their lines had been cast they were not in any dissimilar way of living; to both of them being in possession of wealth and much the same as being in possession of his scalp. The quadroon's thick lips were parted as he smiled for the combat. But Coliseum merely muttered, "I don't know anything about it."

Then for an instant his eyes and the eyes of the other companion held together. This other companion was Ben Bodet, who was to have been killed that day without fail. The deputy sheriff spoke to Bodet: "Prob'ly them guns is just a coincid- dence. I'm going to send out a description of them if he's wanted anywhere. But anyhow, stealin' that car will let him in for three, four years—highway robbery, larceny, grand theft auto."

But the three visitors were already at the cell door and Coliseum heard no more.

"Helter nothing further was heard. But an imaginative person, those genial, sub-tropic days, might have fancied that the big alligator, sunning himself in the mud bank, wore an expression of benevolent satisfaction with the world as he found it.

The Cabin's Secret  (Continued from page 25)

he was supposed to be wealthy and yet, no one knows what he had, or where it was.

"Dad did leave a will somewhere, Dick. He was too generous and thoughtful not to have done so. If you had only known him when you were a boy."

"Well, darling, I'm not marrying you for money, you know. I'm the luckiest man in the world to get you just as you are and to have all this in this idea of yours that he might have left a will hidden up here in this sacred tent of God."

Dick looked around the room but failed to see anything wrong. Suddenly he remembered the door had been closed and now it was open.

"W HY, it's just the door blown open right in the front, Julia."

"Oh, yes, I see," she stammered. "But Dick, let's go and come back tomorrow when it's light. I'm just imagining all sorts of things."

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart. There's not a thing in the world to be afraid of," he assured her. "See, we're just getting used to the car. I'm afraid now that it's Julia, finally composed, walked over to a large box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How many rooms are there, dear?" Dick asked.

"This room and the one you just came out of is the attic above. I used to climb up there on a ladder when I was five years old." Dick scanned the place.

"Is that the ladder over there in the corner?"

"Why yes, I believe it is. But it looks rather wobbly now, doesn't it?"

"Darling, it's just to keep this place and keep it looking better for your dad's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would never have been so careless as to see it going to ruin this way."

"The dust must be an inch thick. I almost wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now there's no use it doesn't seem to be any place to look for a will and it is so damp and chilly. Let's go, Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded.

"Then we can see if it is a bit. As you said, daddy would be very unhappy if he knew it was so neglected."

"You and your dad must have been great pals, Julia."

"He was the dearest father a girl ever had—so proud, Dick; and so proud of me."

"I was a tiny baby when mother died. Dad had to be mother, and father to me. He used to call me his little girl and was proud of his king. I think I won't ever quite get over losing him—my memory of him is so precious. I suppose I should be grateful for that."

"Dick put his arm around her.

"I understand, sweetheart. She rested her head on his shoulder. Dick realized it was in the dimmest shut of light.

"Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage around a bit in some of those boxes over there," he continued.

"All right, dear. But let's hurry."

Julia opened the cupboard and another scream rent the little cabin.

"Oh, Dick! Quick, quick, there's a mouse in this cupboard."

"Good Lord! Not one but a whole nest of them. Haunt me, trick, dear."

And soon the family of mice were extinct.

"There now, how's that?" asked Dick when he had chased the last one.

"There's not a thing in those boxes, dear. Just a lot of old newspapers, some nails and a bit of string. Did you find anything in the cupboard?"

Julia replied laughing, "Yes, a lot of mice."

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head in disapproval when he finished. Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"O H, DICK, it was probably all foolish- ness but—well, I'm going to 'fess up. Last night I dreamt about dad and in my dream he told me to come up here. There was a hurt look in his eyes—just as though he were disappointed but I had come down before and yet, as though he were glad I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about it because I did not want you to think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, so let's go now."

"No, Julia. I don't think you're silly. There's one place we haven't looked and that's the attic. I'll get the ladder and look around up there—then we'll go.

Dick managed to lift the door in the ceiling and braced the ladder against the opening.

"We'll be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes."

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She did Dick walking low over her head.

"Are you all right, dear?" he called down.

"Yes, I'm all right," she answered.

Dick continued to poke his way through the debris in the attic.

Finally Julia heard a strange noise and ran to the opening calling up, "What was that noise, Dick?"

"Nothing, honey, just missed a bat that's flying around here. Just a minute. I see an old trunk."

"Do hurry, Dick," Julia called, "I've got some things down here and I'm afraid I'll miss something."

"I'll have the trunk open in a second."

Much to his surprise Dick found the trunk partly filled with old newspapers and letters. Down in a side pocket of the trunk he found an oil-skin packet. With nervous fingers he untied it and found that it was just what he had been after. It was the will of Julia's father. It was on the tip of his tongue to call to her when he noticed how it began. Instead he continued to read:

"M Y PRECIOUS child, Some day you will come back here it won't be soon—and I want it that way, for I want a few years to pass before you know that I was not your father. You must be brave, dear child, for you and I were very close. You were left on my doorstep years ago, Julia, and I took you into my home and into my heart. Dick sat motionless for a moment and then read on: "You were the sunshine throughout all these years of my life, Julia, and I was never made so sad to you. You were daughter and mother to me. Contrary to what most people thought, I never seas a rich one, but I still sell all I have, ten thousand dollars, deposited in the State Bank at Fairchild which I bequeath to you. I am putting this letter here in the attic of this old retreat where I spent so many happy hours alone, and I'm not quite sure whether I hope you will ever find it or not."

Julia became more and more impatient. For goodness sake, Dick, what are you doing? I'm sure he meant that I could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crammed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.

10 1ST PRIZES OF $600.00 EACH

SURELY YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THEM

If you've never won before, here's your chance: For years we have promoted the biggest and most successful biggest and most successful automobile prize parties, but have given only one first prize at a time. Now, in our latest advertising plan, we are offering an automobile prize party in which YOU have a chance to win one of the big first prizes—$600.00 cash or ten new 15th Chevrolet Sedans. You can see for yourself that this is the biggest prize party ever held, and it is to be one of those that cannot be missed. If you insist that you couldn't win a first prize, surely you can be one of the first, now. If you don't believe it, just look at the picture. Exactly the same big idea. Then don't miss it. Every girl and boy who plays the game and carries the leaflet will be qualified for this opportunity and will receive a prize. You see, the prize is not only a prize, but it is also a pay-off. If you don't win, it is of no benefit to you, but it is of benefit to you.

FIND THE TWINS! Right are shown here. There are two differences, but two are distinctly alike—TWINS! Look at the last one. One of the twins has a red shirt on, the other has a blue one. If you find the twins, you will be qualified for the prize of $600.00 cash. If you know which one is the right twin, you will be qualified for this opportunity and will receive a prize. No other prizes to be given. Find the correct one before one o'clock. No prizes are awarded for the wrong answer. This is a free offer of this nature. No purchase is necessary. No obligation. Free to everyone, but DO NOT PRINT PHOTOS.

J. F. LARSON, Dept. 14, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.
"Did you find anything?" "Not a thing other than these old letters." She immediately dashed to the trunk and leaning over the lid tried to read them too. They proved to be business letters. "Well, I guess my dream was only a dream after all. Come on, let's go, Dick." They closed the trunk lid. As Dick descended he tried but failed to find a happy ending for the letter in his pocket. "Watch your step, Dick. Should he take away her pride and the memory of the man whom she believed to be her father—for ten thousand dollars—or should he destroy the letter?"

And thus the Hamilton-Brown Sketch Book closed, asking its listeners to complete another page of life as they would want it.

Old Home Week (Continued from page 28) new weekly Elgin program over the NBC system. The trials and tribulations of the young violinist bear a rather close similarity to the adventures of Don Amaizo.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announcer, has quit the symphony and embarked on commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know how a newspaper man first after graduating from college, and then WLS brought him here to Chicago to fill the vacancy created by George Hay's departure for WOR. Don in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assurance. Of Worcester, Mass., and Steve Cisler, long announcing at WLS and previously at a number of other midwestern stations, has taken his place. You know, sometimes station financial difficulties affect the staff artists and scatter them about. The new defunct WHT did just that. Gail Banfield and Frank Chididd had a popular pugilist team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in Topeka, Kan., and is still in business, doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

Al Carney, Pat Barnes and Jean Sargent are also WHT favorites. Now Al Carney, the popular organist, has built his own very wonderful organ in a studio in the Hollywood Hills and is broadcasting through WCFL at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and is still quite popular. He's been married for some time, you know—a WHT studio manager and a pretty little daughter, Barbara. The Barneses live at 3000 Sheridan road. Speaking of WGN reminds me of Jean Napier, but I'll be back to that later.

The third member of the AI, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air but practically on. That is, although she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's only a few years after interior designing and such, so the next thing I knew I bunched her into the elevator of a loop office building.

"How is the world treating you?" I asked.

"Splendidly," she replied. "You know I'm Janice Perry on the Chicago Evening American now and write and write daily articles on furnishing the home." I didn't, and told her I was surprised to learn of the change. The way she is on the air is under the nom de plume of Janice Perry. She gives talks afterwards over WBO with which the Evening American co-operates. I said I'd come back to Jean Napier. You recall, Jean, the Blenko and Nod harmony team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air while you were managing that station. That's the old Napier, Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay. Whatever became of Jean?"

"He was an announcer Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch broom with a fresh charge of tobacco. "I hear he's doing well as a member of the Four Rajas male quartet. The group is quite popular and often siags, I believe, with the Vincent Lopez band."

In the present edition of Winken, Blenko and Nod is on KYW, isn't it?"

Yes, but it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Ben- son. Speaking of trios, do you remember way back when KYW had the World's Championship of Trios for an hour a day? Three announcers took turns of eight hours each and read and resefies most every hour for a five-minute period. "Let's see," Bill continued, "the original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Boroff and Steve Trumpbull. Steve off to being public rela- lity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Boroff is commercial man- ager of WERN, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too has backed away from the microphone. He's been selling adver- tising for the Evening American for several years. You could write a book on the adventures of the Harper family since he quit Radio and up to the time he re- entered the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Neal on a commission basis on the Pacific coast, didn't you? I thought you must have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hos- pital for months. Then, he and Neal both decided it was time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW structure. Ed Doven, one of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sally, as you know, and has been there ever since. Harold Isbell, who migrated twice between the Pacific coast, Miss, and WGN, didn't you? I thought you must have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hos- pital for months. Then, he and Neal both decided it was time to try some other business for a change.

Herbie Mintz went there for a time, too, and Morgan Eastman, who conducted the Edison programs over KYW, joined WGN. Where's Herbie Mintz these days?"

"I understand he has an orchestra of his own," Bill filled in. "New other orchestras are directed by Frank Sylvano and Bob Nolan. Bob, you rec- call, was the sweet lyric tenor who war- bled the kind of songs regularly for Ray Miller's orchestra a year ago when that band was broadcasting over WBBM. Sylvano did the same sort of thing with the McGraw-Beck, you know, which have been on the air in the past."

"What has become of Pete McAr- thur?" Bill inquired. "Those who resigned long before, at the B. J. Palmer's WOC microphone, and 'Gloomy Gus' Gayle Grubb, of KFAB, Lincoln."

"They're all on radio strong. Pete is in charge of affairs at KFV, Rockford, Ill., I hear, while Gloomy Gus is boss of WKY, Oklahoma City. Richard V. Haller, who you'll remember from the old days as director of KGW, Portland, Ore., is still on the job there. "Happy" Harry Geise, ex-WOJ-KSTP, was last heard from at KMTR, Hollywood, Calif. Fred Smith, pioneer Radio playwright and director for years of WLW, Cincinnatii, is in New York in charge of pre- parations for the new homes news continuity for the Magazine of Time."

"Yes, in speaking of Radio starts going into the whole business, you know one, Bill. Remember Vi Bradley? Well, she's directing a nine-piece girls' orchestra at WCHI here. She calls it Vi Bradley and her Debut- tantes."

"Ev, I'll bet you another cup of coffee you didn't know we used to give her a sartorial treat of Radio, who used to keep the WOAF phones busy taking requests, is hanging his hat," Bill chal- lenged.

"I'll buy the coffee. Where is he?"

"He's at WHO, Des Moines, now. Most of his schedules are on the Ameri- season, however, because the channel fills the night pretty well. Maybe that's why you haven't heard him. And Tony Wans, of Tony's Scrapbook fame. You know he was at WLW for eight months last season. I saw him several months ago, as he was on his way to Eagle River, Wi., for a fishing trip, a pic- ture taking and fishing and philosophizing. He tells me that perhaps one of the networks will have him in the Fall. Both are nibbling, I hear."

That's interesting. Know where John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the Bona Moore for Harper? They're on the NBC system but on a division of it that doesn't reach this far East on many occasions. They're working out of the San Francisco studios."

"Great Scott," Bill approvingly ex- claimed. "I've been chimneying here with you for two weeks. I say it's time to be back at the studios to look over a final rehearsal. I must be going."

"Wait a minute, Bill. I've got to get a bit more gossip off my chest for the benefit of Radio Digest's 'Old Home Week' readers, and then we'll go. Here's this Grace Wilson, who's still on the job with her contrasto voice over WLS and WCFL. Kay Ronayne, the crooning band interpreter, is working at the B. & K. Pub. Federation, too, having just gotten in an occasional broadcast at WIBO and WGES."

Eddie Mavin, Ray Cavenagh, the Gaelic Twins and KYW pioneers, are a regular morning feature of WIBO. Art Linick, creator of 'M. Schlagnhauer', who's been with the Evening American— is generally to be found at WCFL. Harry "Dream Daddy" Davis still ping hitches around, but Bill has done the best directing for him. Jack McFarland (an- other) Wilson on the children's program of KYW, although his main interest in life is fancying public English Sheep dogs. Grace Wilson, who's still on the job, has been the regular host for this little kid show in this part of the country devoted to that variety of blue ribbon winner."

Bert Davis, who originated the "Clown of the Air" act at WOJ years and years ago, has returned to Radio after several years. He's back doing the afternoon programs of KYW. Jerry "Chi-CAW-go" Sullivan, original WQJ director-announcer, has been holding the reins of the "Chi-CAW-go" program and not long ago added a new Mrs. Sullivan to his household. Eddie Seger, incidentally, is at WFLA- WUS.

"Well, Bill, that covers a lot of ground, but there are many old timers I know I've neglected in this. We couldn't get a line on them. We'll have to hold another reunion for them, eh?"

"Yes, Ev, and before we go, let's not forget Charleese Greinest, John B. Daniel and William Lynch. They gave their best to the advancement of Radio. May they rest in peace."
NEVER EXPECTED HE'D BE REJECTED

He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"—quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits—and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be——a Freak!

PARIS Garters . 25c to $2
PARIS Suspenders 50c to $5

No "SOX" Appeal—without PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you
Keep UP your good appearance
Always pause long enough to ask distinctly, for PARIS; it will mean many months of satisfaction for you

© 1930 A. STEIN & COMPANY CHICAGO - NEW YORK - LOS ANGELES - TORONTO
Official Wave Lengths

### Kilometers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kilometers</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Call</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>159.8</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KD6</td>
<td>Santa Barbara, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160.0</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KBC</td>
<td>Corpus Christi, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160.2</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KGY</td>
<td>Richmond, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160.4</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KFR</td>
<td>Fort Worth, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160.6</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KGP</td>
<td>Scottsburg, Ind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>160.8</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KPI</td>
<td>Plainfield, Ind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161.0</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KCQ</td>
<td>Junction, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161.2</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>KTH</td>
<td>Richmond, Tex.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161.4</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WDB</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161.6</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WBC</td>
<td>Washington, D.C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>161.8</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WCR</td>
<td>Long Beach, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162.0</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WCB</td>
<td>Long Beach, Calif.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162.2</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WDE</td>
<td>Lebanon, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162.4</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WDI</td>
<td>Louisville, Ky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162.6</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WLM</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>162.8</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WMR</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>163.0</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WPG</td>
<td>Brooklyn, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>163.2</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WOF</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>163.4</td>
<td>1,500</td>
<td>WPX</td>
<td>Philadelphia, Pa.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Kilometers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kilometers</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Call</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>215.6</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFIR</td>
<td>Everett, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216.0</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFR</td>
<td>Las Vegas, Nev.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216.4</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFR</td>
<td>Las Vegas, Nev.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216.8</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFQ</td>
<td>Tucson, Ariz. (day)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>217.2</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFT</td>
<td>Phoenix, Ariz. (night)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>217.6</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFB</td>
<td>San Antonio, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218.0</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFB</td>
<td>San Antonio, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218.4</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFO</td>
<td>San Antonio, Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218.8</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KFD</td>
<td>San Antonio, Texas (night)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220.0</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KGL</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220.4</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KGO</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220.8</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KGP</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>221.2</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KGR</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>221.6</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KGS</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>222.0</td>
<td>1,370</td>
<td>KGT</td>
<td>Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Kilometers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kilometers</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Call</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>230.6</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KVL</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231.0</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KWI</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231.4</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>WDD</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231.8</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>WDD</td>
<td>Portland, Ore.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232.2</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232.6</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233.0</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233.4</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233.8</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234.2</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234.6</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>KDF</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Kilometers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kilometers</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Call</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>240.8</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241.2</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241.6</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242.0</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242.4</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242.8</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243.2</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>243.6</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>244.0</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>244.4</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>244.8</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>245.2</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>245.6</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>246.0</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>246.4</td>
<td>1,200</td>
<td>KFC</td>
<td>Colorado Springs, Colo.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Kilometers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kilometers</th>
<th>Watts</th>
<th>Call</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>259.6</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>WDD</td>
<td>Woodhaven, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>260.0</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>WDD</td>
<td>Woodhaven, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>260.4</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>WDD</td>
<td>Woodhaven, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>260.8</td>
<td>1,300</td>
<td>WDD</td>
<td>Woodhaven, N.Y.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**Notes:**
- Kilometers and Watts are nominal values for broadcast purposes.
- Location refers to the city where the broadcast originates.
- The table provides a sample of broadcast frequencies and locations for educational purposes.

---

**Disclaimer:**
- The information provided is for illustrative purposes and may not reflect current broadcasting practices.
- Always consult accurate sources for up-to-date information.
HOTEL NORWOOD
6400 NORMAL BOULEVARD

Away from the Loop In

CHICAGO

A Refined and Exclusive Residence for those who Come to Chicago

Near Lake Michigan and Lincoln Park Away from the noise and turmoil of the business district, yet within fifteen minutes from the Loop ~ Most convenient transportation ~ WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

KNOWN FOR GOOD FOOD ~ Famous Dollar Dinner Served Daily

TRANSIENT RATES ~ $2.50 TO $4.00 PER DAY Reduced Rates by the Week

The Monterey
Apartment Hotel
4300 Clarendon Ave.

CHICAGO
Ideal for Women with Children Traveling Alone
OPERATED UNDER THE WELL KNOWN STILES MANAGEMENT

RATES
$2.00 TO $4.00 DAILY
$10.00 TO $18.00 WEEKLY

CAFE in CONNECTION CLUB BREAKFASTS 25c to 50c

ALL EASTERN and SOUTHERN TRAINS STOP at 63d ST. STATION ~ JUST 5 MINUTES from HOTEL

20 MINUTES TO THE LOOP ALL TRANSPORTATION
**RADIO DIGEST**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kilometers</th>
<th>Call</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>City, State, Zip Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>248.8 1,200</td>
<td>WHBC Canton, Ohio</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WHTB Columbus, Ohio</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WHTL Columbus, Ohio</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WLUH Columbus, Ohio</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WORC Columbus, Ohio</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WOXY Cleveland, Ohio</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WSPR Lockport, N.Y.</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WJJO Uniontown, Pa.</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WXRK Westfield, N.Y.</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250 1,200</td>
<td>WRTA York, Pa.</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>WBBQ Delray, Fla.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**In Chicago stop at The Hotel Belmont**

**THE HOTEL BELMONT**

**Delightful and Convenient**

**The Choice of Wise Travellers**

On Sheridan Road, directly overlooking Belmont Yacht Harbor, only 15 minutes by bus or taxi through Lincoln Park to the Loop! 18 hole golf course, bridle paths, bathing beach, boating—at your front door. The ideal place to spend your vacation in Chicago or to stay while on business. Complete housekeeping apartments (with kitchenette) for permanent occupancy. 650 large, outside rooms, with showers and baths. Transit rates, $4 and up; double rooms, $5 and up; suites, $10 and up. Special monthly rates. Wire collect for room reservations.

**The HOTEL BELMONT**

Sheridan Road at Belmont Crosses the

Belmont Yacht Harbor

B. E. de MUGG, Manager

The Ritz Carlton

New York

Telephone Bittersweet 2100
Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real (Continued from page 13)
	negro as simply "negro dialect." In any case is known as

Gullah, and is a strange combination of
tative African and English, with the

Afro-English evidently predominating. It is
spoken only along the Georgia and
South Carolina coast and marshlands.

And a rather jejune mixture, too, most

difficult for outsiders to under-

stand.

And then finally there is the Congo

(Gorilla) spoken by the

 negroes of southern Louisiana in which

the impinging of native African upon

the French spoken by the cultivated

Crooks has resulted in a humorous

linguistic conglomeration.

Undoubtedly the three have spread

somewhat in the United States and each

must have had some influence upon the

idiom of the others. Whether the talk of

the Fresh Air Taxicab gentleman is

any one of these or a mixture of them, we
do not undertake to say.

If you have any ideas on the subject

we should be glad to hear them.

A number of our readers are of the opinion that "Amos" Gossen's " negro"
talk is just about right. Well, it ought
to be. Gossen came from the Richmond area

the Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation

(long since dethroned) in which the

negro population was pretty nearly as

large as the white. And other words, Richmond

was the center of the Confeder-

acy, its soul. Hence, the dialect of the

Richmond negro should, like the reputed

beauty of Richmond girls, leave nothing
to be desired. Whether the dialect of the

Richmond blackface comedian possesses

a satisfactory eccentricity would require a

more astute linguist than the

present writer. It sounds pretty good

we would all admit. For instance, when

Amos says "What do it say, Andy?" or

sometimes "Umph-umph. Ain't did humpin?" A reader from Richmond so-

journing in the North cannot help feel-

ing a homesick tug at his heart.

WOMT Big Little One

MANTOWOC, Wisconsin, boasts a

"big little station," WOMT, which

operates on 100 watts. Owned and oper-

ated by Francis Kadow, the station has

been very successful since it first went

on the air in 1925. With this low power,

and operating on 347.8 meters, WOMT

has been heard in every state in the

Union.

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is
divided by the six remote controls which

are operated during the Winter months.

Five orchestras are heard regularly, and

three different brass bands appear before

the microphones. Organ and piano mu-

sic, as well as soloists, are on the

station staff, while basketball games and

other features are picked up occasion-

ally.

Chat and His Gang is a regular fea-

ture over WOMT. This crew, three in

number, travels about the town from a

mouth organ to a bass drum, and have

a large following in the Middle West.

Other headlines include Claude Geiger

and his Chicago Ray and Kings, and

Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of

the Radio.

* * *

Julia Mahoney, another exclusive

Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellow-

ship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at

elephants in the Central Park zoo, books

and art galleries.

* * *

Majoric Horton, long famous in the

eyes of the Radio public as a great

soprano, has joined the Columbia system as an exclusive artist.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each

insertion. Name and address are counted.

Two insertials count as one. Cash must

accompanied order. Minimum of ten words.

Objectable and misleading advertisements

not accepted.

Agents Wanted

STRAIGHT BATTERY COMPAGING immediately.
Eliminates old method. Gives new life and pep. 50 cents.
Galion free. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Art Photos

Amos 'n Andy Art Reproduction Photo. 11x14, showing these two famous artists as they are today in a picture suitable for framing. Send 25 cents stamps to pay for cost of picture and mailing. Radio Digest, Dept. A, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Patents

INVENTOR'S UNIVERSAL EDUCATOR: Contains 806 mechanical movements; 50 essential Motion Instruction on pronun-

ciating and selling patents and selecting an attorney. Price whether private or business, $1.00 paid in cash, $1.50 postage in U. S. A. Address: Dor-

ister, Co., Publishers, 6625 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Songs, Poems, Writers

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brill-

iant opportunity. Write W. VanBuren, 1921 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

Radio Announcers, Talkie Actors' Hand-

book: Secrets of good pronunciation in English and fifteen foreign languages. Studio edition $1.00. Microphone Pub-

lishing Co., Box 724, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MELODY WRITERS, real lyric proposi-

tion. Herman Bogott, Crab Orchard, Neb.

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two

alike. 10c, 25c, 50c East 129th St., New York, N. Y.

QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish smoking. It's not possible. Here's a

brand new drug which helps you give it up when you wish.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR

TOBACCO HABIT (60 cts. a day) is a

brand new drug which helps you give it up when you wish.

FREE Минимальный стартовой набор по 100 таблеток плюс $10 cash back guarantee.

WHY YOU WILL PREFER CHICAGO'S

HotEL

KnickERBOCKER

A smart, metropolitan hotel—perfectly

located. Near everything! Located in

Chicago's smartest shopping district—

Magnificent Mile department buildings—

and opposite the Drake.

Larger, more cheerful, all suite rooms.

Each with bath, shower, circulating ice-

water—and the most comfortable beds

money can buy.

A friendly, cosmopolitan atmosphere—

a "personal" service instantly appreci-

ated. Known for its fine Food, Shop and

Dining Room—a la carte service or table

service.

Wonderful Rooms

with bath $3.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Stop at Hotel Knieckerbocker

WALTON PLACE—Just off Michigan Ave.

J. L. McDowell, Manager
It's Here Radio As You Ride

AUTOMOBILE RADIO

Take Your Radio Entertainment Along—Wherever You Go!

Radio for EVERY motor car! America's two greatest pastimes combined! For popular appeal there never has been anything like it.

The U. S. Automobile Radio is the universal radio for all cars, from Ford to Rolls Royce. Fits all makes and models—reasonable in cost—and quality far beyond its price! Built into it is the same electrical and mechanical excellence to be found in all products of the United States Radio and Television Corporation.

The U. S. Automobile Radio is a neat, compact 5-tube screen grid receiving set, easily installed under the cowl or hood out of sight and out of the way. A single dial control is on the instrument panel, conveniently reached and operated. The speaker, scientifically constructed to give tone quality and volume in an automobile, is located to give best reception. The aerial is so arranged that reception is not affected by direction. "A" battery current comes from the regular automobile battery while "B" batteries are housed, dirt-and moisture-proof, beneath the floor boards.

The U. S. Automobile Radio adds new zest to motoring. No matter where you are, you can enjoy your choice of good music and good entertainment—ball games, stock market reports, news events. No longer need you miss the daily episodes of Amos 'n Andy, or other popular serials.

Miles speed by twice as fast—even traffic jams lose their irksomeness when there is radio entertainment to hold the interest.

The touring season is here. Go to your radio, motor car or automobile accessory dealer today. Ask to see the new U. S. Automobile Radio.

UNITED STATES RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.
MARION, INDIANA
LEONARD revolutionizes the refrigerator industry! Brings a new sureness of food safety—a new measure of health protection!

First complete All-Steel All-Performance line of ice refrigerators on the market!

Of surpassing quality construction. No warping—No cold leakage—Foodworthy in fullest degree—New beauties to add richness and brightness to your modern kitchen.

The leader is the great "Foodmaster," with these exclusive features: Automatic Self-Opening Door—A foot-pedal touch and the door opens; no rehandling of dishes. Food Safety Signal—Tells the exact temperature conditions inside food chamber. Daylight Base—Ample air and broom room. Every LEONARD 1930 refrigerator has the LEONARD Approved Insulation. Each is a food storage house of thorough dependability, assuring right temperature to the right food. Adapted to Ice, Electric or Gas refrigeration. See the display at Refrigerator Headquarters—the LEONARD dealer's in your city.

Get the All-Steel Refrigerator Booklet
Tells of newest ideas in food protection. Illustrates the new LEONARD All-Steel Line. Write for a complimentary copy. Address LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 424 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan. Makers of LEONARD and Ice Way Refrigerators.

A Good Leonard Refrigerator at the Price You Can Afford to Pay
Any Leonard may be purchased on easy deferred payments
The only Balance° pen and pencil is Sheaffer's

Sheaffer alone has the government right to use the words: Balance° and Lifetime°. 'Balance°' ends pen top-heaviness, brings speedy, relaxed writing. 'Lifetime°' means that your pen will serve for your life span. There's a Lifetime° pen point for every handwriting style; try writing with the correct point, and see what Balance° did for writing!

At better stores everywhere

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed unconditionally for your life, and other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship.

SHEAFFER'S
PENS·PENCILS·DESK SETS·SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
New York . . . . . . . Chicago . . . . . . San Francisco
Wellington, N. Z. • Sydney, Australia • London, Eng.


SAFETY SKRIP.
Successor to ink.
Skrp-filled, 25c,

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO