AMOS and ANDY Join the Show

Radio Digest

July

Thirty-Five Cents

WILL ROGERS
Takes Mike in Hand

FLOYD GIBBONS
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CBS—N. Y.

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By H. I. Phillips
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CONTENTS

SPECIAL ARTICLES

WALTER DAMROSCH — Considers Radio the greatest device of the age to carry musical 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 E. Brown, who was first to enroll negro comics in professional entertainment, tells interviewer how it happened.

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

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

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

OLD HOME WEEK — Veteran Radio Editor and Announcer Bill Hay meet in Dutch Room of Hotel WMAQ La Salle, and call back old memories 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 motorading and some of the pitfalls.

SMALL STATION, BIG PURPOSE—An account of Station WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, 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 word to her story of a man and wife who drifted apart only to find that the word 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 Colsema, two Chicago gunmen strike many snags in following an intended victim into a Florida jungle.

TEN AND ONE—Can the dead return to life on earth? Mysterious development takes place in the storm bound house with its odd guests at Lake Tahoe.


david Ewen 7

Dr. Ralph L. Power 8

Ann Steward 10

H. I. Phillips 18

Xavier Cugat 19

Dotty 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. Salo

Illustrations by O. J. Gatlin

Illustrations by W. J. D. Keener

Illustrations by Dudley Glanville Simmers


devora Nadvorney first won her fame on the operatic stage. As the contralto lead in Charles Skilton's American Indian opera "Sun Bride" she won further distinction over NBC a few weeks ago.

You probably know Yvonne Laroque of KYA as Babs of the team of Toby and Babs in the tri-weekly lively episode "College Daze." She was graduated from the University of Washington and is said to retain a good deal of the co-ed vivacity.

E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

Harold P. Brown, Editor


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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 type of artist or program voted for, and diversity as to the reason 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 nook or 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 no 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'll get every vote I can corral for you!"

"The delightful humor of Joe and Vi," writes Algira Truska of 196 New York Avenue, Newark, N. J., "is unapproached by that of any other comedian or comedienne, regardless of fame, fatuosity or frivolity. With so many artists and programs, it is hard to make a selection of a favorite dramatist, 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 eulogies 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 Lilly and Willy's act not so dry as the Amos and Andy episodes."

From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 919 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 first 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)
Advance Tips

WE ARE pleased to announce and introduce to you Mr. Garnett 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 New York publishers, Henry Holt and company. Book reviewers throughout the country have unanimously praised his literary talent. He will conduct Indi-gest, station features and contribute special articles.

And because of Mr. Eskew's special qualifications we have shoved over to him the mountain of manuscripts that came in for the Amos and Andy to contest. It was and is a big job—to 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.

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 E. 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 Greene, Namee, Jessica Dragonne, Olive Palmer and many others are spending their vacations and in the way and den of 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. Did you ever hear 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 obliquy 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 tripe 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 on 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 dramatics.

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 page 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

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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—crawling 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 DAMROSCH, 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 Ewen 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 far-reaching contracts—acceptances of one, or rather, 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 Society and was the 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.

The one appealed 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 it limitless educational possibilities—possibilities which Walter Damrosch, even 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 prestige. For prestige no longer held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, conducted his first opera in a concert-house in the world, who had been friend to Liszt and Wagner and who had long walked at the side of musical immortals. Fustige no longer seemed so enticing, especially since he had already so very gently inured his ears and his sympathies to the medium. A contract was returned to the National Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a general inquiry and the same rebuff. Sincere regrets were mutual.

Today, Damrosch will tell you—and his pleasant smile will emphasize the fact that he speaks truthfully—that he has never regretted this decision; that, on the contrary, his work in the field of the Radio has given him far more happiness than it would ever have been possible for him to attain even at the head of such an orchestra as the Philharmonic. If you can't hear... he will recite to you a series of figures, figures which mean so very much to him that he has engraved them indelibly upon his memory and that he is always quoting at the slightest encouragement for 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 20 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 apologue to his enthusiastic recital—that these concerts are listened to, for the most part, not by music-lovers, 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. In short, indeed, he is more like a student than a man of 68.

He comes from a family of musicians. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, his father was one of the greatest conductors of our time—the founder of the New Symphony Society and the Columbia Society of New York the first conductor of Wagner's Ring 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 greatest guest at the last moment 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 whomever was near him—and so he would not blight the life of this newcomer. A substitute was hurriedly procured—and the baby who was supposed to have been called Richard Wagner was named Walter.

When Walter was five years old his family moved to England, where Dr. Leopold hoped to attain a musical connection equal to that of his acquaintance, Dr. Theodore Thomas in London. They lived in a small and cramped apartment on 23rd Street near Third Avenue and Walter was sent to Public School 40, on that same street, to further 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 with great patience contracted his 'Die Hausliche Krieg' and a passage in the March of the Crusaders required the crash of a cymbal.

To hire 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 learned 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 of Father's parts, could raise those two small hands to crash that cymbal. After that performance, Dr. Leopold mumbled 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 place of his father 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 the unassuming lad as one who 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 continue his father's work in other
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 he got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste!

Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clapped hands with royalty and has hob-nobbed 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 cyuses 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 plagues at the world's famous. Or you can bithely trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physigomny 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 rangy 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 been mayor with no local honors left, and the folk's 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," confides 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 rancho 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 rancho. In the early days of the dods it took at least 40,000 acres to call a land grant a rancho.

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 hostelry 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 could 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 can you blame the Prince?"
Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the materials of the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection.

The two-year-old then can. I'd miss him for months, of course, in the winter months, so 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 summer. He's worked overtime for K.H.J., the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System for his Sunday night talks.

But the chauffeur, without any condescending signals to Jenev, sneaks into the rear compartment of the imported machine and speeds silently along the smooth highways and byways for which the golden state is noted.

But as a matter of fact, Mishtu Rogers does nothing of the sort. He jumps in a two-year-old car that has seen much mileage and better days and steps on the throttle and chugs away. Of course he has some extra line cars, but he likes to take the older models out of his barn.

If you arch your eyebrows and mutter anything, Will says sort of sheepish-like, "Lousy old boat, isn't she? But, say, you oughta see her go."

So last we have him on the way to the big city. Will, after all, is intensively, almost fiercely, interested in people. True, he frequently isolates himself for days at a time to keep his distance from curious sightseers.

But Broadcaster Rogers takes keen delight in studying facial types . . . the whims and fancies of folks . . . their apparent trends of thought and what they eat . . . how they dress . . . how they spend their time.

How could he write so simply and yet so enlighteningly on problems of the day without being of and among just folks? On the other hand, he doesn't think of this one on the speech for, he says, "Tain't no use. I wouldn't remember it nohow."

But he does look around and sees the ritz hot dog stands fashioned in architectural style of old Normandy, the gaudy, garish theaters, the live music, the billboards, the ice cream palaces built to resemble the Eskimo igloos, the sidesway orange drink stands erected to look more or less like a real orange . . . and all the other sights that the billboards do not hide. And so he is finally up at the corner of Seventh and Bixel streets at the Don Lee building . . . an eight-story affair with a couple of sub-basements given over to Cadillacs and Lady Luck's.

Does he amble into a parking station? He does not. The family bus is all right on the side street and anyway it's insured. Still, for fear you may think him too frugal, he winks an eye and says, "at last we you needn't think I'm the fellow who spanked his cow so as to get whipped cream."

Into the building he walks briskly and takes the elevator to the second floor. Once in awhile he walks up, but mostly the lift is ready and palpatating to go. Invariably he steps down the stone stairway on the return trip.

On the second floor he wends his way carefully through the cars, not shouting, and peeps around to see what's what and who's hokey. If the station manager is around he says "howdy," and then goes into the studio a full half hour before time to go on.

You ought to see the way they rig the place up for him. He doesn't stay put, so they place two condenser microphones on stands and let him stay between them. He can look into either one and switch instantly, his ears being swift and his voice so that any change is unnoticeable.

Directly in front of where he stands a music rack holds his notes. Then in front of this there is a table on top of which a piano bench rests and on top of that a desk lamp to shine down and light up the manuscript pages.

In case you want to know what the studio itself looks like, I'd say it is about 13 feet wide and a bit more than twice that in depth. At the end is the organ loft separated by an ornate black and silver screen. On the right of it are such surroundings you'd think Will would be at home. But he isn't.

Don't think for a moment that he would admit it. Never. "Never felt more at home in my life. Great place this," he says, but it's a lie.

"You see," he says, "I have all week to think up these gags and when Saturday night comes, just before the weekly bath, I sit down at my rusty old typewriter and punch out these notes by the one finger system. Maybe you think I'm not good on that typewriter. Man alive, I can make that machine talk."

"Then I don't have to think about it any more until I get up here for K.H.J."

All over the country broadcast men are ready and waiting. The zero hour, or whatever it is they call it, approaches. In K.H.J.'s two telephone men are waiting. They have tested and it has been found that a heavy New York line is all clear. The program goes out directly from K.H.J and at the same time goes to the Columbia chain . . . breaking off at perhaps the various stations in Chicago, while from there it goes to New York and goes back to the stations.

A ANY rate that is the way it has been explained to me.

The original scheme used to be for the broadcast to go to New York and then come back, and I believe this is still the case in some of the network events, but for the Rogers program, at least, this "tricky" method, as the engineers call it, works out rather well.

So Will by this time has about twenty minutes. Witness the scene . . . he madly chews gum generously provided by the gum manufacturer . . . snap the carpet with his feet . . . stands before the microphones . . . begins his speech for rehearsal at this time being along in studio "A" with the doors locked, but he never takes the precaution to look in the organ loft for a possible audience.

So he recites to himself. At crucial moments he arches the eyebrows, still chewing choice morsels of gum. Every third minute he changes the script by making a mark or underlining some paragraph. Through all this the rakish look stays on.

For mannerisms he places hands on hips . . . then in pant pockets . . . still later in coat pocket, reversing the process during the rehearsal and also on the broadcast.

So his left eye sometimes goes up and down and when he left hand . . . scratches right ear vigorously . . . pinches nose nervously . . . and goes through these motions five times during the week.

"Naw, sir, I'm never nervous," says Will. But he tells the announcer to keep everybody out and the doors locked. However, about five people at a time can peak through the curtain on the door.

The first night Will was downright nervous. The cues were missed, and the first and last part of his speech missed the air. "Most important," says Will. "You gotta hit 'em at the beginning and end. Awfully sorry those folks didn't get to hear it all."

Fredly Rick and his orchestra played the overture, or whatever it is the symphonic dance orchestra is supposed to play for the big shots of the network. But, like a chump, played for the King and Queen of England so nothing would do but that he must play for Will, too.

THE orchestra is well along to the end of its twelve minutes of playing. Will looks wildly around the sheltered, cloistered walls, at the deep plush carpet, the futurist decorations on the walls, at the book shelves stock piled with left hand . . . scratches right eye vigorously . . . pinches nose nervously . . . and goes through these motions five times during the week.

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So in they trooped. That was what he wanted. He could look 'em over and get reactions, he thought. But they applauded so wonderfully that he thought the announcer had to shush them up for the commotion created confusion, sounded terrible over the air and shortened the actual program.

So they stayed shushed. Since then Will does his talking in solitary confinement. "I don't want folks to think I'm high-browin' 'em," he says, "but you know they get in here and sit still and dumb . . . no facial expression at all."

"I spring a good gag and they're all laughin'. So I think it's a good and I feel bad over it. It affects my expression, that's what the matter." Maybe it is, but just the same Will has a pretty bad case of buck teeth. He is a poor little Mike who wouldn't hurt him a bit even if it could.

The last broadcast of the series he's going to have in studios B and C, he says, where they can crowd two or three hundred people in to see the show. "Then I'll watch their faces," he explains, "just like at the show and if my line doesn't go over I can switch around and make 'em laugh. But this here microphone, you can't tell how it's goin'."

(Continued on page 68)
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 see you 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 among the people of the town, line up the show itself, produce it and then go on to the next town..."
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 him 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 minstrel 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.

"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 towns men 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!'

"Wreathed 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 the Taladega 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 persistence. 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 troopers, 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 out what 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 brand names and I'll bet it's a winner. 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. Bren at headquarters passes on it. We'll telegraph him if you want.

"Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as well as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that reply used to upset an entire circus. There 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 about them. It's all clean humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal mind can get a chuckle out of.

My own two kids 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 everywhere. It's four of those 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 shows, circuses of those, and Elks or 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 most marvelous Glee Club. I planned to use them 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 wonderful 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 successful business. I had done it by 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, the west 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 attach the circus to the train. It was a splendid season. Our first major expense was met 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 don't think their past financial success will have much bearing on their present. While we were on the train, I used to settle my expenses immediately after the show every night so that I would know just where we stood. The performers used to line up outside of my office car any wait anxiously for their money—never knew just how much or how little it would be.

"An after one 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 they knew or cared when they weren't broke or about to be broke. Of course it is a very different story now, but never once did I hear a word or receive a complaint of either one of the boys. I told them 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 soon after we became 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'd have let them go on so eager and new as it was their first Radio appearances which so quickly changed their careers. Although I should hate to think back now and realize that I had 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 WEBS 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. Boneill, 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 Joe Boneill took them down there to play 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 broadcast. The radio auditors played 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 for the future auditions. The boys had 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 willing to go along with the change, 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 they made it a point to get a different song with each...a verse of everybody happy or something to that effect and then swung into a number of popular songs of the day. Correll and Gosden strummed the banjo. They seemed to have made sense naturally and they went out very well. The Thursday of that week they played and sang the same number for Mr. Boneill and it was the song that put them on the air every week through that spring and summer as Correll and Gosden on WBEH.

"I think most everybody is fairly familiar with what happened after that. The fall of their first year on the air, Correll and Gosden conceived the idea of Sam 'n' Henry and WGN accepted it with some misgivings, perhaps, but accepted it nevertheless. I had nothing to do with this skit. Correll and Gosden originated the idea, wrote their own lines and planned their own methods of delivery. I knew of the plan and the boys consulted with me, but Sam 'n' Henry and the subsequent Amos 'n' Andy belongs to them alone and entirely.

"One day after WGN accepted Sam 'n' Henry, Gosden walked into my office with his 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 tremendous and gaining momentum. We had...the Empire 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 actual singing while Correll and Gosden were more and more and of their 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. If anyone thinks they don't work it some time. '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 don't know why they don't try it some more. They're friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: 'They've been awful the past week.' But go out to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential slam at a certain time, they'll have a good laugh. The Amos 'n' Andy Tooth Paste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.

"As far as I know about Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgot 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 does, the kind of men they are. Some are quoted as saying that they don't realize what they have done. They realize, but they do it around homes and friends. They know the public only sees the grays, but they do the work, and when two men work as hard as they do, they don't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. It was coming to them, and was the inevitable result of the work they put into the two 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."

As a last question, 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 taxes, or them. At times, the air may have 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 living 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. Now, 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 'fetched 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 "ar" (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 somewhat with the 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 ne'er-torn, and, a street 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 landscape, perhaps, to excite rapture, but it was typical English country, serene, well-ordered, peaceful.

Up the hill, a little breathless, climbed Stephen Glask, a young man, 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 townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

"Quite a climb up here, isn't it?" the newcomer began, affably.

The voice was pleasant enough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled for. He answered without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:

"It is certainly a considerable ascent."

The young man very properly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken, and a slight rebuke administered. Sir Austen should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncomfortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir Austen Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irritably towards his interrupter. Entirely unabashed, the young man smiled blandly at him.

"Awfully good of you to give these seats," he remarked, in a conversational manner.

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

The young man's eyes twinkled.

"Doesn't every one in Faringdon 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
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 filled 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.

"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 certainly not the original young man, and an exceedingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled.

"You would have 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.

ATTRACTED 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 at the moment 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 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.

"APPARENTLY," 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—we are always most anxious to procure things locally when possible."

The butler opened the paddock gate and walked towards them. Like everything else associated with the Malcolms, he was a most correct and dignified appendage.

"Tea is served, miss," he announced. They all turned together towards the house. The young man, who had lingered for a moment to pick up the golf balls, walked between them. His ready-made clothes and many other slight evidences of his station were there, but never in this world did any young man seem so unconscious of them.

ON their way out they had to pass the tea table. Stephen Glask was obviously hot with his exertions. Sir Austen glanced stealthily at his sister, and found his sister stealthily watching him. Sir Austen coughed. The slight smile which had flickered for a moment at the corners of his lips vanished. He spoke with perfect gravity.

"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 pince-nez which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubicund nose. She greeted Austen Malcolm and his 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.

"AND WHO," the newcomer asked, smiling graciously, "is our 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.
"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 in church 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 do 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 excite me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? You must Essay 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 shoes and stockings. 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 cellars, and there was a smut upon 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 60)
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. I do something, I can’t say, personally. I don’t 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!


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, “I 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.” Then he asked me 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 whom? (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. He 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 63)
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 (ectogentic 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 2050." 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 microphoned as well as televisioned, is sent out. The microphoned 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 studio 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 stations begin employing 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 W2XCR are all short trailers 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 finance the broadcasting of expensive sound programs was asked. This problem was solved when the commercial advertiser used the microphone as a medium of sales promotion. The answer to the two above questions in some way will be found as soon as public interest in the television broadcast is given something other than experimental programs.

DURING the month of April Station W2XCR 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 stone building housing the studio and reception room "The World's First Television Theater," and 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 when 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 was broadcast from the television room General and Mrs. Saw and heard the program in reproduction.

Among those who appeared before the pick-up camera were Eunice Howard and Larry Bolton of musical comedy fame, Ruth Elder, Clarence Chamberlain, Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins and Major George Vaughn. To Earl Carroll, the well known producer of the "Varieties," goes the distinction of perpetrating the first television kiss. And the young lady who assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the airwaves 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.

Is it practical? Yes. But it still is in its experimental stages. I would say that television is 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 are in operation today? I do not know the exact number but there is hardly a country which is not covered in an experimental manner at least. Stations W2XCR, Jersey City, and W2XK, Washington, are on the air several hours a day.

How of 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 W2XCR, 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 humble 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 down the theory 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 may 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, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, 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)
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 singing way. She had 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 at heart; even 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 "like as silk" she was; how others might be as pretty—though not of many complexion— but she stood out from all the rest.

And above all the obvious suitabilities of the carriage, these same prose 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, to feel the air thicken with invisible and fluttering pinions. Strange enough; strangest to the lovers themselves. And 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 flushed world. Then, after awhile, this wasn't enough. And then came the moment, breathless, important and never-to-be-forgotten, when he gathered her into his arms—when she knew the world was bounded by his arms and he 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 a source of delight. She let it be known that 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, during that first halcyon time, was the climax of the unutterable. At night, the changing city and the tension and problems and buzzings of the working day behind him, just to enter the door and to stand with her within those dear familiar walls, just to sit at table with her—then began that strange alchemy seemed to transmute to gold the most ordinary things.

One evening as he sat with his pipe by a window, watching the dusky Sound with its lights like spangles on satin, she came into the room and spoke some trivial thing, putting her hand on his shoulder.

He caught her hand and held it against his cheek, pressed it tightly. Then, with a half-embarrassed little laugh, he said:

"Do you know, I had the funniest feeling just now? Didn't you notice the kind of kink, for a minute."

"What was it?" asked Amelie.

"Oh, I don't know—it seems silly." He sounded somewhat sheepish, being ever slow and shy at emotions; and his emotions, but he held tightly to her hand. "When you came in just then, when I heard your step and you left for a while, when I saw your back, when I saw your back, when I saw your back—"

If I were just sitting here, alone, and knowing that you wouldn't be coming—not coming at all! For a second he felt as though he were at the edge of the only thing that was all he had said, but the husky vibrance 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 was the last day, once seemed happy enough, before he had had her; and told her he, 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 panic. This one lamp, 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 home seemed to be thrilled with the thrill of each other, they could have told how or when, it began to come up, this
difference, as if it did matter. Little rifts and politely suppressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began—and as time went on but did not get better, and periodical lapses were not 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 how 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 matter. But, though a wise and experienced would have 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 rational people so much trouble. He might have set them right if he had been such a miracle of tact that he could safely "butt in" at all. But there was no one intimate enough even to attempt the kind of trouble. The story had been too often 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 unbearably "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 suburb a "peppy" place to live in. It was a "peppy" age; but Amelie chanced not to care for "pep." She liked dancing-and-golf and riding and bridge, but this endless and fevered pleasure-seeking she considered abnormal, frettering, insane. And again, she loved, with their familiar, with their unreserved, free-and-easy contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gossippings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futile. Though, as they were the people Sid's business and his family's position and the Fletchers had with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too.

A richer 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 up just about that time to that way he could not get over by fraternizing with these rich men of the club, and he told Amelie they must go out more—it was good policy.

"All right," 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 good way 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. What?—both of them were after other misadventures, misunderstood 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 voice, that many, amongst 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 liquefaction of every 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 like how extra companionable 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 and their home they had but never before.

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 than a boy, before she had known him. It was rather funny-looking in the way old photographs, with their pastel 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 to-night—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 last 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.

Seventy years.

Those first days and weeks and months seemed to rise again before her. Those first days of ecstasy and sweetness muffled. Before the little complications of everyday living, little difficulties and contentions and readjustments, all seemingly inevitable, had begun to mar that first blinding glory of their love. Love! A strange, bailling, 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 consumes every hope and dream in your heart. Without coherence and beyond all reason. Bringing happiness, of course—endless little quivering fights 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, KMOX 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 deal extra half hour daily from KDKA, but they can get around anything. Their dance rhythms are that kind.
"Well, the worst is over, Dick!" exclaimed Julia Patterson to Dick Marston, her fiancé.

"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 she's 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—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-
tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in penman-ship and radio writing since the old WQAQ days. I used to have to get out the old copy and spelling books before they could enter the Battle for the Samples. If all the stations were to shut down for thirty days, Uncle Sam would have to take off the wagons, and lose many a mile, 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 market when we first entered the field. I went back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chesterfieldian 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 creeds as they showed us how to conquer the world away. It just seemed impossible for me to get the right sort of lace on my tonsils, which would enable me to tell and purr in the present-day style of writing." 

"Somewhere 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 going to do next, but modern advancement has sent us back to the center. And when we got there, we got back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chesterfieldian Grammar to subside."

"That reminds me," said Bill, "of Leo Fitzpatrick, once the Merry Old Chief of WDAF, the Kansas City Star station, who used to make whoopee with Coon Sandwiches' Nighthawks on their late pickups. He's vice-president of WJR, Inc., of Detroit now. Oh, I think I'll make him talk. He's the sort of fellow owner in the station I hear he is doing quite well for himself. The Pat brothers, too, who took charge of WDAF after he left, have been working with him at WJR.

"Tell him, Buck Rayner and all the gang at the Radio Digest that there is a very warm spot in my heart for all of you. Mr. Plummer will remember that we had quite a time in the Fall of 1924 at the finish of the first Radio Digest, and his column covered the Red Cross Boy Scouts in the Big War memories of the presentation in New York. (George Hay won the cup in 1924.—Editor's Note.)"

"I'm sure I'm asham of this as tingly as the best we can do is to try to keep up with it. There isn't much doubt in my mind that it is the biggest publicity medium in the world today. While we are all young in the business, let's pause a minute to pay a special tribute to the old boys who did some excellent pioneering—the Hired Hand, Lambdin Kay, Leo Fitzpatrick, Bill Hay, first at KFRX, later WGN and now WMAQ and NBC, A. W. Sen Kaney who held the last of the NBC high places, with WJZ of course, and Graham McNabre and Phillips Carlin in the old WEAF days when they read the whole list of chain stations tied in, Milton Cross at WJZ, and many others.

"Most of the highest stations left those days. They not only announced the programs, but they got them up, wrote the stories, ad libbed the announcements and, in a pinch, had to supply the entertainment themselves.

"I think that's about as far as I have to say about the poor old Radio announcer. We saw pages on pages of pictures on how to make up an XYZ circuit with an ABC transformer in it, but the program was an incidental feature. Of course, they were right. But gradually the boys and girls who appeared before the microphone came into their own. We've had a lot of timers, but those who also be sure to keep on with the good work so that we may be able to live up to the old proverb, 'And the air shall be filled with music, and the night shall be filled with song,' whatever it was that the Old Prophet wrote.—George D. Hay.

"WELL, Bill, I might as well read this telegram from Orson Stiles, director of WOW, ever since it came on the air as WOA, and George Gammons, vice-president of WCCO. I asked Mr. Stiles about Lester and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers. Here's what he says.

"'LESTER PALMER PROMINENT OHIOAN MUNICIPAL JUDGE STILL ON WOWS ANNOUNCING STAFF STOP HAROLD PALMER WELL-KNOWN OHIOAN A LITTLE OLDER ORSON—OMAHA.'"

"With that combination The Woodmen of the World station should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet Lester Palmer has his hands full taxing tickets for the station office. The one who somehow ruined the old line with us in that capacity. Bonel was put in charge of the office's bureau but soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager of WEBH.

"'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 voice. Paul Johnson was another popular figure in the northwest Radio circles. His announcing voice set many a feminine heart aflutter. First he was heard over WBAB, then WLAG, next WJZ and WEBH. Then he started studying medicine and Radio was only a part-time job with him. You know Gammons, don't you? He writes:

"'Regarding Eleanor Poehler and Paul Johnson, I can tell you a story about either of them or both. Eleanor completed his 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 hear, is well, 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 mule, I thought I had an easy assignment. Instead, the more I investigated, the more I learned were STILL AT THE GAME but 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. To the Harmony Girls, Grace Carpenter and Alice Garner, I've listened with delight each time I saw or heard them they were entertaining right here in the dining room. Since then they've been doing a lot of vande-wire dancing. The Harmony Girls haven't had a complete outing since they moved in two years ago, and they don't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw a harmony girl team at the Grandna 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 left there there was no sign of Gene and Jack being gone. Well, all of a sudden Jack Grady lost his voice. Paralyzed vocal chords. That misfortune broke up the team. Ford and Glenn, hearing about it, invited Gene into their act."

"Speaking of lost voices, remember Lew Farris? Who doesn't! He was one of Radio's first travelling 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 Elfed Tower of Radio.'"

"An excerpt from a letter he wrote to Radio Digest about six months ago:
"I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played a large part in it — and with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military Home, Sawtelle, Cali, fighting the old T. B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since January, 1929, but am long a way from 'out.' Am feeling fine, beating the old T. B. now, but am keeping my fingers crossed that I'll make it a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang. The little Pink Wife is still the best 1'I ever had and joins me in sending you and Buck Rayner and all our old friends the best. Address has been changed at the Home. It's 1307 W. 41st St., Chicago."

"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 where he was. The best the Home knew was that he will draw a line from him. Here's hoping he's licked the 'bug' and is microscope-bound once again!"

"Say, what's become of Harry Snodgrass, the 'King of the Ivories'? I've heard quite a bit about him of late. I'm sure he and Judy would be glad to hear from you."

"Speaking of team splits, here's one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildley and Billy Sheehan? Haven't heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separation papers along with a clause that they went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Company in its advertising department. Russ remained professional andurette on the somewhat crowded wave, while his brother, on the other hand, pledged himself to a strictly business career."

"Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildley in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songwriter for the one and only famous Oscar's 'Merry-Go-Round,' on the air on the Red Network Chicago. Russ is a new program manager and Cable-Plexus theatre circuit with no microphones in sight."

"Say, I heard a bit of a news about Wendell Hall, too. You know the handsome, last year's perch in the Chicago World Counties, has been away from the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine talked to him just last week that it looks as if he'll get a solo spot on the Radio 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 WDC, 'We Delight All People,' and later WJJD, 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 hits, "You Can't Run Away," "Day at the Races," and "The Most Fascinating Gardens" and other night club shows here and began creating costumes for them."

"One night they needed another chorus in a show, so Ruth obligingly stepped in as a chorus girl at $25 a week. She was quite popular on the Radio. Paul Ash, then here at the Oriental, spotted her and put her on his stage. She decided stage costumes didn't suit her and the next stage star was better, so she signed for vaudeville and movie tours from coast to coast and began making phonograph records. Radio didn't see much of her those days."

"Ruth Etting, few people know, was already married when she came to Chicago from David City, Neb., a little city about ninety miles from Omaha and seventy from Lincoln. I think her first Radio bow was at WLS. Meanwhile her main purpose in life was to complete a course in stage costume design at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. Her blues songs were still clicking at WLS when she finished her course and took her diploma. But once she put on those "Gar-"en's" and other night club shows here and began creating costumes for them."

"The networks nowadays have a habit of getting her to 'guest star' on some one of their big commercial hours, so last night she returned to her first love, the microphone."

"Joe White is his right name, he's married and has three children. Just added the third last month—a boy named George. After Meeting Mae Black, the girl he married, White has been a sustaining or non-commercial star on the NBC payroll. He is featured in at least one program a week out of the New York studios for WBBM, WTMJ and WBBN. He is a sort of rule. He likes to see himself on some big program again, wouldn't you?"

"Godfrey Ludlow is another old favorite who is just coming back into the spotlight, although he's not been off the NBC charts ever since you can well imagine. He's the kind of man whoDateTime along. But now a very similar continuity brings Ludlow to the fore again. He's cast as a struggling young violinist in the..."
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

O GET Bodet!" demanded the gang chief in Chicago. He talked to his gun team of Helter and Colisemus—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 Colisemus.

"Nothing phoney, kid. You gotta travel. This Bodet is the key witness in our case and they have him stashed in the jungles down in Florida, see? You got to go down there and knock him off. No bunheling, a clean job an' you'll get your jack 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 Colisemus 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 Colisemus followed them in a rented car. Helter, lean and sallow, took up the trail on foot. Colisemus 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. His gun was clogged with alligators 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 bank, too far away for a bee 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.

BODET and Dorman stood beneath a giant live oak—one of those which lofty tops Dorman had marked from 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 all the smaller growing things respected the monarch and stood back from him. The shaggy trunk upbore a world—huge limbs as large as trees of a half century growth covering 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.

"Well, sir," he repeated presently, with a little 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 smell.

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, Dor-
Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot.

The sultry-eyed man rubbed his chin a moment and remarked: "We heard the shots, too. We're hunting some ourselves. Not booj—moonshine. There's a 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 know 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 bank. 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 me 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 reckless!"

With care Dorman selected the largest dill pickle, speared 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 woodlore. Then they hushed, "In a sudden awe—"

"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 dusty little car which they had rented at Bocagana 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 hasty 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. He was thinking to himself 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 enjoyed going farther both to the north and to the south before turning, finally covering six or seven miles.

Not far south of the place he stopped 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 farm. 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, attached to the pump. In the well that fascinated Colisemus, 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 Colisemus 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.
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 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. Where’s that saw?”

Colisemus drove on to the northern limit of his beat and so missed the two first pistol shots which Bodet and Dorman 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 dooryard looked up at him curiously—he thought. Certainly 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 gurgled 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 tiny crevices. Evidently 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 Hebler 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 Hebler 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 coastless man whose leathern face was deeply wrinkled. He surveyed Colise-
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 were: Frederick Warde, distinguished interpreter of Shakesperean 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, pugilist 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.

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 lisps 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 Cucoons? Their air venture entitles them to membership in any local branch of the great American Radio Cucoo club.

Remember John Boles' skyrocket to fame in the Desert Song?

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.

Lovely Marilyn Miller, star of stars of Ziegfeldom, has made her bow to the Radio audience and been accepted as one of the air divinities.
process of course it was but natural that a few should fall by the wayside.

There was Elinor Glyn. Born in Toronto, educated in England, one must address her by the French title of "Madame." Right from the start she was the center of public attention and speculation and 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 which they could understand maybe it was the noise so, not understanding them, thought they were the berries sure enough.

Carmel Myers was terrible when she sang something about the good old days. 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.

I am afraid we are somewhat hazed upon the little Balzac always the unsung in the field of youngsters in the films. Some of her Radio work was too mechanical. She did everything exactly as the script told. It was simple and natural and never had a silly smirk on her face while expressing the idea of some of the child performers of today.

Little Johnny Fox was the easiest of the boys to handle for microphone work. It is surprising how these kids have certainly grown up the last few years! Johnny now lives with his mother down below in Highland Park (which the writer can see as the lines are being written) in a little cottage on top of the little brownstone. He has graduated into long pants and has been going through high school. No, he didn't chew terebaccia in The 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 for it by carefully cleaning out the tiny quarters and showering the place with so many flowers that our expense accounts were drained flat for some time.

"We," included 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, who lives now in the far-off land of the family. Swing, too, has passed to the great beyond after an eventful and hectic career.

In the old days the KWH was off the air and we were running as a remote to KFI. After anxious moments of waiting, Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, munched in with a lady whose face was covered with a black veil. The introductions were 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 Fazenda has actually descended 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). Both of them were extremely good at their trade and indeed showed how it wasn't necessary to start writing, but it did a lot of good if it discouraged some.

Then there was Harold Rawlinson. He used to play the much maligned role of the Universal in '38 or '39. 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 know how to laugh.

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 many of them had to be repeated. Ralph Lewis would nervously pace up and down the room. Hobart Bosworth would pester us with questions on Radio department and Q-Nilsen was a big hit for the first time because of nerves. So also was Adela St. Johns, a Cosmopolitan writer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he was awfully fussy about his personal appearance.

In the old days, before the days of having to invent all of something new every time. This was likewise true of Monte Blue, Milton Sills and Bert Lytell. Then there was the late Larry Semon, who liked to gag it up from a script, which was always somewhat dazed and nervous: Betty Blythe and Katherine McGuire (now Mrs. George Landy).

HOLLYWOOD did not take Radio seriously until a year or eighteen months ago. Whether in the studio or later at premieres which were broadcast, a score would pass in review before the camera or the microphones, all saying the same thing:

"So glad to be here. Wish you were here, too." "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 me speak, 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 junk. Radio editors began to pan the broadcast of premiers and Radio appearance of stars.

Thus, although Will Hay's refusal was to be drawn into the controversy, the public in general had become bored with the stunt and it was time the idea was dropped. They began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

The things began to wind-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 talkies of the future. Radio programmers were progressive in their thinking.

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 personality 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 broadened because of the Radio situation, and they are appreciated more on the film lot and at location.

Now there 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 startles at 8 p.m., PST. The station, owned by Warner Brothers, also has frequent appearances of stars during the week.

Whether there is 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.

The "Radio Parade" 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 week during the season and 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 prosperity songs of the day.

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 special one on New Year's 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 Sid and others of his crew take a petite microphone how every once in awhile.

The KKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of films as well as of their stars. For the first time 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.

Warner Brothers has had a lot 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 the microphones for its programs, though a "Prom-ent-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 the picture preludes 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.

The KFWB's "Night Flight (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. Signorine Rouch and Charles Cillman, both of the music department, as well as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Berniece Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic soprano and many other milling about the studio.

Most of the stars who get a break in the talkies, and double up for the Radio, are new ones. But some, of the older stars 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 glamour of the film world. A lot of them are very good . . . like the radio set when you have 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 Zoel, 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 slimmer, 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 Rac 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 Show 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, Kan., 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.
MARIE GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Oppinger. Oppinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Oppinger to Fingeroff. 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 Grantland 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 Splivalo, 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 have 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. Every day 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.
America is proud of its Bills and Berthas 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.

Folks, reckon youh-all likes them cow boys ballads an' sich, that yuh gits 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.

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.

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

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.
PRECIOUS stones, including the Nonius 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 mist. 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 trail. 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 cheer: "Good night." But no consumption was to materialize from this 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 shriaked. "We know there are strange, unexplained influences hanging about many precious stones. . . . How did the thing come on the table downstairs? Who put it there, and why? . . . Can't 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. "Superstitious! 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 hit 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 buffeting. 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 arctics on another veranda, dark and bleak and piled high with drifts. They sent their two circles of light dancing here and there until the outlines of a room's window were revealed. The window was heavily shuttered: bits of snow caught by an intrush of the wind, 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 flicker 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 sprouts of flame rose from the match-ends; a more genial yellow glow spread out from the three candles which they lighted.

"Snacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestedly. "If we're we're doing something. Something dead and cold and unlively."

"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 tip-toe 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 cars 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
it, it'll go down like a paper screen.

Ready? They blew out their candles, stuffing them into their pockets to be unhampered. "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 hurried 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 banish the dark, or much of 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 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-bent 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 watching 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 about 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 ask if we've been trying ourselves.

The fragrance of coffee greeted them. "Guess it's pretty near that time o' day," said McIntosh, and they went to the dining room. At the table were Paul Savoy, Lauter-Hirsh 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 stonily, 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?"

IT APPEARED that no one knew. If any man had entered, he had done so unseen.

"That's pretty bad news," crowed Temple. "He has slipped in quietly and gone to room. If he pulls the blank face when I find him, I'll . . ."

The three hurried through the house toward Nemo's room. From a remote room they heard a voice, high-pitched and shaken; Andregg's voice in supplication or menace. Gateway, evidently, still stood by his torture rack. And presently they reached Mr. Nemo's room.

"And there he is," Temple gasped, for all along he could not greatly believe in his own prediction. 'Pretending to be asleep and to know nothing of any night's escapade.'

He whipped back the blankets . . . then fell back with a sharp ejaculation of amazement. Tom Blount and McIntosh thrust forward. Then from Blount burst a shout which went echoing crazily through the old house and brought men running.

"It's Detective Dicks' dead body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"
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 upstairs, 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 Laufer-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 panic flight. The eyes of Detective Dicks were wide open; they turned slowly; they rested, full of dull question, on face after face.

Temple shouted excitedly.

"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. Dicks, with an obvious effort, shook his head.

"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 barely 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.
as handy-man for the Inquisition. Andregg is no more guilty than ... than Gateway himself."

Laufer-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's 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."

Laufer-Hirth entered the room, looking vastly troubled.

"I'm having the perfect devil's own time with Little," he announced from the door. "His nerves have blown all to pieces. He's carrying on like a crazy man. I ... I'm actually afraid for his reason. If anything else happened— even 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.

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

"YES!" responded Savoy, certainly never more wapsish.

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

"Look here, Amos," he said soberly, possibly not hearing Laufer-Hirth's question. "Don't you think you 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. Laufer-Hirth mopped his troubled brow. "I'll go and sit with him."

All day someone remained with Dicks. 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 quietly, "you've heard of the original owner and builder of his place? A certain Thraff Willeyzinski?"

"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 just 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 Thraff Willeyzinski," pursed 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)"
Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you won't be lonesome long.

**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

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

"Quite right, sir. 'Motoradio' is what I have in my car, sub, and 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 cowl, 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 ones 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 forbidding the use of cowel 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 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 squaky 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 light 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 commercial managers charge 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 best spots around town for good reception. Usually these places are on the outskirts of the city, down shady, unfractured roads formerly used by horsey and buggie riders and dubbed "Lover's Lanes."

Get a girl real interested in Radio and suggest a trip to one of the places in the interest of Radio science. She will be there, and arrive there 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 motto 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.

Then they switched on 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 as a result had no trouble to obey the command, so sangen by 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:

"Tuesday night, 11 o'clock, "You big bum," cried the little bitty girl. "You have fixed that clock again. Take me home."

"You are wrong, dearie, that announcer is in Atlantic City."

"Oh my! Where was there two hours difference between Chicago and Atlantic City? WPG has been pounding to our house too long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set so it doesn't talk."

"The Easterner of a '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 baseball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to see if the auto in the lane one of twain or maybe both, will happen to you. You either will be pinched for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to an interrupted mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to comment mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two outs in the ninth inning.

Colored districts are also good places to stay away from when parking with running Radio. Pickanninies need only a whip 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 phenomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such one 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 the instant the music is created because the Radio wave bring 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 uninhibited rider that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the dead structure both the hospital and forholding across the narrow street.

Pat Flansgan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcast widely from the club game, whether at home or abroad, tells me that he is receiving more letters every day from radio ball fans who have caught him on the fly.

Told there by Bob Evans, 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.

"IT WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a business man driving a Radio equipped auto got stalled in a snow drift on the outer-drive," tells Mr. Kaufman. "Several blocks away he could see one of the early trans- mission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program pull him out. He was just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange.

"This man had many hours of preparatory study, then to what had been a dull market up to that day. What he heard was far from dull. Unusual activity in certain stocks had placed his win holdings in jeopardy. He shut off the Radio, locked his car and hit off across the 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 toehoggen. 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 he has 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 shops are all equipped with radio sets pulling in baseball broadcasts, and baseball is the topic of the counter crowd.

"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 position of the game. He gets the right up to the play and can play right into the conversation. This pleases the proprietor and it is much easier to sell a man who is thinking along the 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 Ricardo of this administration) 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 officious 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.

Both of Chicago's big cabs, the cabriolet and the limousine, 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, he was heading north opened the top and folded the top back. 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 of them. I think mine, a spacial model I find the its back the kahki 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 rearward by the floor Probably in the rear corner or the A battery for a car comes from the storage battery of the car. By setting up the generator charging rate there is no danger of running down the battery. Use of a Radio set does away with bookkeeping our cargo bringing the lights on long daylight runs. Just switch on the set that 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 motoradio sets. I have failed to seconds of fading or gaining in volume when tuned to a station no matter in what direction the car was headed or at 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 WATW, several miles west of Chicago, Mr. 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 local streets. We went in the wrong road, couldn't get cars to 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 conceived the idea of mapping the local streets and tracing 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. We trudged the speedometer that we were far enough west so we doubled back, taking the next cross road to the north and eventually locating the repair.

(Continued on page 65)
BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twen-
tieth century boy on this page, are 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 neighbor-
hood, 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 sought 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 became 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 micro-
phone got him, and we certainly can't say we're sorry. How about it, little Miss M. R. A. R.?

** * * *
Al Carney is heard regularly over WCEI, Mrs. Euphronio, 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 on the air. Ted Poister is still at WJR, as e., the story 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 hand at a variety of thing before eventually finding himself in Radio. A floorwalker in a department store, pitting a bowling alley, a law student at George-
town University, these are a mere frac-
tion 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 rumpus ... Oh, but we weren't going to talk about that! Phil was born in
Ghousworth, the stickiest section of town, years ago—all of which makes him an honest-to-goodness Scotchman. But a very attractive little lady on the staff of
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 Spanberg's Alyce. This blond, winsome
WTMJ operator, my dear, helped to rock the Radio craddle in Mil-
waukee. Seven years ago a local de-
partment store produced a first broad-
casting 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 theatres throughout the state.

She consented to warble over Mil-
waukee's first Radio broadcasting sta-
tion. The venture was a success. Myr-
tle liked Radio. Soon after, when The
Milwaukee Journal affiliated with Mar-
quette University to operate WHAD,
Myrtle joined the stuff of that station. She has since followed through with Radio 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 the pet peeve of this singer—can you blame her?—is a cold
in the head!

** * * *
Here's a bit about Jack Shannon, hilari-
ous Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of prize winners. He is often seen tak-
ing 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 be-
cause he was educated to be a grand opera singer. He might well have been,
too, had not his eyes failed him, neces-
sitating 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
Cincinnati 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 mei.tulousness
which is an intrinsic part of him. He is very
satisfactorily bearded. Ask are—He has
brown eyes, brown hair, and a musta-

** Phil Stewart
we can't quite resist, at least hearing it at.
Fan letters have come pouring in asking
all about the new announcer whose voice is
just like, ... and here again we are forced
to stop out of respect to the wish of Mr.
Hogan, general manager of KYW, who has asked us not to tell. However, we can say that his voice is very similar to
that of a certain famous Scotch an-
nouncer who is heard from another Chi-
cago station in conjunction with Ayes
'n Andy broadcasts. But shh... shh.
Even if you do guess, don't tell anyone.
When he came to this country about
seven years ago Phil entered the the-
ATRATRES profession and was successful
on the vaudeville stage. Some time later
his Radio debut was made over WJAS in
Pittsburgh, Pa.

In case you haven't heard this dis-

turbing voice, you must listen in on the
Merrymakers some afternoon or on one of
the various evening programs.

** Donna, my dear, don't you know that
WJR doesn't seem to like us (me) very
well. They won't accept Marcella socially, or something, and that's why I can't econ-
ge with the pictures you want. And to answer
your other question, please don't worry about Rudy Vallee. I haven't heard any
rumors that should disturb you.
Norman Nielsen of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years of age. He is originally 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 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 Guitarists 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, Tom. 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 to keep 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 help liking. 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 there's an ideal marriage.

In his college days at Georgetown University he was engaged in drama and also in the 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.

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. He forgot to say that Bill was born in Albany, New York, and received his early training and high school education in Schenec-tady, 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. Brison, 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 barroom reached by an alumni staircase, 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, but when all was said and done, they couldn't hear to leave Chicago, so are still at WLS.

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 none other than Smilin' Ed McNellon of WTAM. And "Mom" wasn't his wife, ever. This partnership business evidently broke, some way or other, 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, Mat Toumpkins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not any of them, or all of them—no dual personalitarians here.

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

A Coming to WLS in 1935, 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, and Dorfman has gone to the post of program director.

Yes.

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, in the last two weeks, 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 works for the Homemakers Hour over WBRC 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 "Homenaker" 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 no avail, for this immensely popular fellow 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 53,000 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 WGHF.

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. Bill is the Junior member of the Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA who is professionally known as William A. Farren is interested in many, many other things besides bridge, however, like swimming, for instance, or tennis, or recitation work, or announcing.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, 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
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 you have created fits 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’ve got to have a decorative color, for instance, that always creeps into your clothes. That color suits you, it adds to or takes away from 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 may pick up every time he wants a cigarette, a magazine, or some place to set a glass. Give the most conspicuous place of your pleasures, 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. Interiors, you know, are made up of many small objects that attract the attention. There are two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering and often of no use, those very decorative, sheer beauty or usefulness. "A beautiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath. The prime serves a place all its own. Enriched, by a carefully chosen background," says Miss Barrett. If you have nothing that deserves a special place, let the harmony and reason in the objects you have on display. Again, express your own personality.

ASH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should have a practical purpose, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow of empty vases in a recess or throw them away. Empty vases are something that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming decoration for the table. Place any mid-sized flowers in 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. Fixtures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception room. If they are used, wall brackets are the only stationary fixtures necessary—and in the smallest home, to make the proper way with, too, in favor of lamps, and candles for the dining table. Avoid all garish, over-decorated fixtures and lamps. The plug-in tube of the former has the byword of every home-maker in every-thing 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 your carefully. Is the color restful, bright and gay, or gray and pale? Is the wall paneled, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they're papery, is the room a picture background for your furnishings? If you are not entirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create clear and colorful. If you do not care to go to the expense of professional labor, you can remove the old paper, and redeco-rate the room quite easily, yourself.

AND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us to see how sincere she was when she says, "Miss Barrett, you mean nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with ahetectic collection of prints, lithographs and paintings that awaken no response in you. Expense '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 onto the street, study the pictures you see on display in shop windows and galleries. When at last you find one that you want to own, make it yours. You'll find an amazing collection of inexpensive French and Japanese prints, etchings, dry points and aquatint. Select the color, illus-tration from all sorts, among which there will be some you will 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 are "right" for you.

Now, let's sit down quietly and contemplate the windows with Miss Barrett. You've got to have your draperies chosen. Let's say you live from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are of silks, crepe, chintzes, or any other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in mind: The floor and rug, then more then more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings lighter than the walls, with-out too much contract."

If the window is short, a valance placed a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is so huge that it dwarfs the room, 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 arranged on a pole, the pole may be tucked away, with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust. If you like, have the "useful 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 sort, monotonous material, many shades lighter than the hangings, though dark white is setting the general style."

The very prettiest glass curtains I have ever seen are those Miss Barrett used in the main room of the Radio Home-Makers Club. They are made of fine celoneoise 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 tautly, gathering it on a rod attached to the window sill. The other side is gathered, and drawn to the other side of the rod, giving a lovely criss-cross effect.

The room is a perfect arrangement 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 you'll find it a room that of atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing so helpful as books. Books are the color that sets the tone; in-open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair; books that hang on the shelves under a divan table. Don't buy your books "by the yard," according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents of a big book 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 thumb-worn volume in my collection is the one I am told me, are two copies of When We Were Very Young, those charming poems you write for your 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."

Tell you this little story just as Joan told it to me because I want to convey to you the atmosphere of a real, lived-in home. I hope it helps you through this story. A book down in the side of a chair—just that seems to reveal her home to me.

When you have books around, your friends will browse among them; they reveal you to me nothing else will, they help you make the most touching 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 winnern of this contest this month. The prizes will be awarded and winners announced in the August Radio Digest.

Next month Miss Conradt-Eberlin will tell you of her chat with the beauty experts and why they believe some homeowners might make the home-maker as beauty in the home. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask regarding anything you have seen in Miss Con- radt-Eberlin in care of Radio Digest, and she will pass your letters along to Miss Barrett to receive professional advice.
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 13 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—7.90 percent engaged as merchants, professionals, executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, city-living farmers, small business merchants and those retired; 18.90 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 62 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 WEL. 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."

![Harold Clyde Wright, at present with Roxy's gang, is the most recent of the Radio stars to get a fat contract to make talking pictures.](https://example.com/harold_wright.jpg)
"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 had 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 of the classics."

"Stories, drama and semi-classical program follow in their order. Sketches, dialogues and monologues are popular with 28.11 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 vainly swinging a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Copers. 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 Cabbies"

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 308 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 voice, 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, many women were at home.

All the pretty smiles and the cycle-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, perhaps 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 a new week program which is sponsored between 8 and 9:30 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 world.

Certain requirements make it impractical for Johnny Doray and Mary Sola to be heard as vocalists on two or three
different programs every week. Of course, this is a musical harvest. Conceptionists, saxophonists, cornetists, pianists are permitted to run from one program to another, but for greatest make no particular difference. They are good musicians. As the general set-up and arrangement of one band is always consistent from the next one they can get away with it.

Good Radio talent is wanted. It is needed. 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 pardonably well. 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 1935.

Fourteen Years Old and a Seasoned Radio Broadcaster

STILL under fourteen and a seasoned Radio broadcaster. That is the record of little Evelyn Rubin, 1303 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 name 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 proved to be the first step 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-Anse, 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 on WPCH, she was invited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broadcasts, this is due to broadcasts from WMCA, WJZ, WEA, WGBS, WKBQ, and WCDA, New York.

Just before her eleventh birthday, Evelyn had the part of "Lena" in "Playing With Love," the play by Arthur Schnitzler which was presented in New York 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 of the average little girl of her age received. Until she was eleven, Evelyn attended school in the Bronx. Last year her mother engaged a tutor for private instruction; but this year she is attending the Professional School for Children in New York.

Evelyn’s chief worry now is her middle name which is "Stella" (a name not to her liking) and her red hair. When interviewed, Evelyn revealed that her ambition was to be a dramatist, and with the good start she has already made, it is most likely that her dream may some day be realized. Evelyn Rubin is now thirteen years old. She is actively engaged in Radio work, and besides is the youngest member of Eva La Gallienne’s Civic Repertory Theatre Apprentice Group.

Osborne Has Wide Musical Experience

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a featured guest artist on Major Edward Bowes’ Capitol “Family” broadcast, is a native of Toronto. He is a well-known organist and teacher. Mr. Osborne received his education both general and musical, in that city and is a graduate of St. Andrews 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 the last three seasons and has attained considerable success throughout Texas, the Middle West, Canada and also in the United States. He has only been singing for the past four years and his work is very similar to that of Rudy Vallee’s—in fact, eighteen months before Vallee first went 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 drummer. He is an exclusive Columbia recording artist and is the composer of many successful songs of which the two most popular are perhaps “Remember the Night” and “I Know We Two Were One.” He is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outposts

RESIDENTS of the Magdalenas, 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 Navy. Each afternoon these people, who total about 8,000 and whose principal occupation is fishing, receive a summary of the Canadian press bulletins broadcast through CRCN, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Man

GUY FRASER HARRISON, although he serves in an emergency military organization, conductor of the Rochester Civic Orchestra, has earned the title of “Radio’s Real Minute Man” for a reason. Not long ago he went to Buffalo on 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 operating properly and, being an artist rather than a mechanic, returned to the Bison City. He was delayed, 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, who operates on the side of the road to the other side was forced to drive cautiously. The miles slid by, practically unobserved except for the minute at which he saw them, the time for the important program drawing nearer. As the clock said seven-fifteen, William Fay signalled for silence in the studio and put on his "mike," and launched into his opening announcement. As the closing words of his discourse reached the air, Guy Fraser Harrison slipped out, dropped his driving gloves, raised his hat, and with the opening chords of the overture, a sigh of relief went up from all concerned.

Few youngsters can boast a record comparable to this little girl’s. She is Evelyn Rubin and at fourteen has broadcast over eight stations — WEAF, WJZ, WGBS, WKBQ, WCDA, WPCH, WABC, WMCA. She is besides a junior member of Eva La Gallienne’s Civic Repertory Theatre Group.
New Schedule of WJSV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few days of August has undergone a rather radical change. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from a new studio suite located in the Donophen Building, King and E Streets, N.W., Washington, D. C., the building having been occupied by NBC's usual. Thus, the old situation has undergone a double-barred, p. m., switch, and in the new studio quarters of his station, Mr. 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 8, but resumes 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 Metropolitan Opera, in New York, has undertaken a study of short waves is but an indication of the efforts of a desire to further international good will.

New Yorkers, the 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 till its usefulness is gone.

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the enthusiasm of an incitation as well as that of the moral nature of the broadcast. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of thecompensation 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 ambitions of their own.

WOR gets its share of the incision. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, who are all sorts of the staff musical sopranos of WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MENGBERG, director for the orchestra of New York's oldest symphony orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, was a visitor in the studios of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, in Philadelphia, Pa., the last season. He returned to Holland to become conductor of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw orchestra, in which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic orchestras of the world.

After service in Hamburg, London, Paris, and in other European cities, he was appointed by the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony. The Philharmonic and the organ-ization merged with the Philharmonic he became one of the conductors and later its principal director.

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 sort of a sacrosanct chamber where even 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—2 usual. Scientific preparations.

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 reception rooms for the friends of the broadcasters, and sometimes even install soundproof windows so that visitors may look in without existing.

But studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York beacon. Special provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the enter-tainment they were paying for. And with thirty-five large studios, directors and even a few friends must be ac commodated.

So there was nothing for it but to work out a method of accomplishing this without sacrifice of quality on the air.

First, a lavish reception floor was fitted out just for visitors, and double plates with air space between looked down into the studio without permitting sound to penetrate.

But this only provided for casual visitors and friends, and did nothing to solve the most important problems arranging for witnessed inside 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 engineer was challenged.

So acoustical engineers went to work. Theirs was the task of plotting sound-characteristics of the rooms, and attempting to determine by the properties of each room might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rustlings or scraping the sensitive "ears" of the microphone.

The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "palse" of every inch of soundproofing in the studios, and marked those portions which had best been reserved for performers and orchestra, 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-absorbing, 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 steps have been taken to regulate the impossible number of weekly applications for room in studio.

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 the 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, one can imagine David Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WATAM in Cleveland, is 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 novelty 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 flourished largely on its novelty to go over.

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the Cleveland Symphony orchestra. Virtually all of his output in the field today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of his work in first fashion.

The backbone of the Show Boat orchestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, baritone and guitar player, and Gill recently celebrated their fifth anniversary together. Five other members of the orchestra have been with Gill more than three years, and the rest of them for two years.

The winners of the Amos and Andy Radio Digest Contest which has attracted much attention these last two months will be announced in the August issue. 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 another under various circumstances. Amos and Andy—read about 'em in the August Radio Digest.
EVERY 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. hit 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 no 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 out 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."
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; Paul Tolbert, assistant announcer, is student athletic manager; and other operators and announcers hold other student positions.

**Diamond Award Contest**
(Continued from page 3)

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 WENR does his announcing.

From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Ilvass, 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 attachés 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. And that was Miss Eldegare 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 "pub," 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 listening 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!

**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 C. Carron, 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 judge.

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

Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Locow'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, organ soloist 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 youngsters, of whom she is justly proud.
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 WKBF, 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 WKBF, all the reporter hears is a jolly "horse-laugh."

"O, ye-e-a-h," 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 me 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 'owed' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away and sent me to pick up the things. 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 listening, 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—proud because one of the country's greatest men has recognized him. Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, as far as Si and Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fiddlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resins.

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 morning, for advance tips on where to go. Home housewives honest enough to admit that they cannot be expected to spend an entire day hunting the marts of trade for bargains. Instead the wisest ones tune in on the Radio Shopper 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 desirable bargains and places where they are to be had. Perhaps daughter needs a new permanent. The Radio Shopper mentions several stores where she is sure the work is excellent and the rates reasonable. Maybe mother is in search 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 men's clothing. Details on the bargains in fresh 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 Milwaukee 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 report of Milwaukee's smartest shops, the shopping reporter has an opportunity to observe and forecast newest fashions. She predicts that within the next week 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 incongruous with the tattered, formal frocks which spell 1939 chic.

The keynote of all her findings is that it's smart to be feminine. Women are once more reverting to laces and lingerie touches, ruffles, flares and frinences. 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 and rare jewels. Evening gowns will be decidedly decolette and hems will sweep the floor all around. Gloves, an indispensable accessory 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 both charming in 1939" is the advice of the Radio Shopper.

* * *

The Radio Joy Boy who announced for WIL some time ago is again scheduled on programs at that station. Billy Lang is well known on the artistic 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 written 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 2:30 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 864 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, while you can imagine a score 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 news-casting 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 KFWB'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 duet there's a harmony that echoes more than a decade of unbroken comradeship.

The Versatile Roy Cowan has many things to occupy his time. By profession he is an advertising man.

WFAA, Dallas, Has Staff of Accomplished Artists

Some men are camera shy who have no cause to be. Others are all too anxious to have their faces shown when there is really no particular reason for it. Adams Colhoun, popular announcer at WFAA, belongs to the former class. He has had only two photographs taken in the last eight years. One is reproduced herewith. The other was taken in 1922 on the occasion of the birth of WFAA at Dallas. He may be camera shy, but the mike does not seem to worry him, does it?

Composing the Bel Canto Quartet, masters of harmony, at WFAA, are an undertaker, a surgical instrument worker, an optometrist and a full-time musician. In the order named they are Fred Shelton, first tenor; T. K. Johnson, second tenor; Marcel Jones, baritone; Martin Thomas, basso. Their diversity of activities does not prevent their being in perfect harmony when it comes to broadcasting. Ask anyone who listens to the programs over WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

With WFAA also is Roy Cowan, who is said to have one of the most pleasing Radio voices in the Southwest and to have a recognized dramatic ability. Mr. Cowan, special announcer over WFAA, has charge of the commercial programs. By "trade" he is an advertising man. His decided leaning towards dramatics has been shown in the performances of the Dallas Little Theatre for several seasons. Between times he finds opportunities to direct WFAA's Southwestern historical dramas every Tuesday night. Then, of course, there is some routine announcing thrown in for good measure.

A philosopher said,
The discontented man can find no easy chair.
Be seated, won't you?

Adams Colhoun, sometimes known as the Voice of WFAA, was not aware that this picture was "being took," but it just as well for Adams is not virously camera shy.
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, 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 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 younger 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 3:45 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 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 51)

Oh, yes, I mentioned above that Mrs. Taylor is now sold on the idea of the family motor. Here is how that happened!

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to Chicago, I found myself space-occupied by KYW by Hallowe’en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSTD) that big buggy blew 3 miles condensed to distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

I left the car standing and the Radio and Mrs. Taylor listening, while I hiked into town to wake up an ignition man. When I finally returned and told the lady that we would have the car towed into town and take the train, she smiled.

"Don't miss the train," she said. "I must get to Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-fox scarfs, 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 my car.

It's all very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the bow, but the time is coming when we will have to have the car screen. Where, oh, where shall we put it? There must be room at least one more opening on the dash. It should be convenient for the driver to see how the car is keeping 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 purse in Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-fox scarfs, 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 my car.

It's all very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the bow, but the time is coming when we will have to have the car screen. Where, oh, where shall we put it? There must be room at least one more opening on the dash. It should be convenient for the driver to see how the car is keeping on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 49)

Thraft Willeynzinski's would be all pit- potted and powdered with hidden cubby- holes; he'd create himself a dwelling like a rabbit into a burrow. Where, 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 to see how the car is keeping on the road while he views the scene with the other. Will someone page that great specialist of the age, Chic Sale?

A COUPLE of you come along with me and witness a signature," he invited them. "I've got Andregg's full and detailed confession.

Paul Andregg and his hands hopelessly. Blount and Temple were speedily following Gateway to the other bed-room.

The two looked wondering, in silence and without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven weeks, but you couldn't break an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone. Temple was one of those with a Piccadilly eye and a Piccadilly nose.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gawloys-bird," said Gateway, flambuoyant again on the scene of his dominance, "and you're meat in a pot; the men will sign, and you'll be floating on nice 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 eye translated all things into gold; a stone blind to anything pitiful and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign swiftly enough. Gateway unpointed and tossed to the bed a small packet... the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a groan. Who knows what though he had signed his life away? He had his drug.

H E'S happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "it's just an ol' scrap over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do meantime, I'm off for a look at my pal Dicks." He put the thing cleverly in his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on Dicks. The others glanced at Andregg with mingled feelings. He lay back on his pillows, his eyes clear and resolute. They left the room in silence; Gateway is pretty much the brute, observed Mr. Temple, "but he knows his business."

Paul Savoy looked up with eyes full of disgust as they returned.

"What he's going to do," he told them. "I suppose he had his way and forced the poor devil to sign a page of lies!"

* * *

"You're inclined to be rough on Gate-way, 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 definite detail of it proves that Gateway's got the right man."

F I N E! cried Savoy, astonishing them, and going to his feet. "Fine! And of course Gateway has the million dollars now!"

"He has not, but will," snapped Temple. "Andregg explains everything else. He got the money, but he was foxy and tied it up with a hankie, and threw it as far as the course from his window, out into the snow. It would be simple enough to get it later, when the trouble blew over; if even he wanted to spring a thaw, or to full summer, he'd get it all right!"

I like the idea of tying a hankie with it," smiled Savoy. "Did he say if he chose one with his initial, or at least a laundry mark in the corner?"

"Oh, I'll try not. But let's go on. It'd be interesting to know just how Gateway and Andregg worked out the disposing of the two bodies?"

"His confession leaves no loophole of doubt," said the captain stilly.

"Oh, certainly not!... Well, well. And all the course was there when he didn't find, did he, that article which Andregg was seen to snatch up from the floor besides Parks' body?"

"It was something which Andregg himself had dropped in his attack on Parks and..."

"Not a clue, by anyone?" asked Savoy into the silence. "Not a link of watch chain or..."

I T 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; 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 won't promise, this time," he said, curiously, seeming in some strange awe.

"In his bed. He sleeps. I can't 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 let the drug he had him to take go down 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 overdose of opium or some similar thing of the kind. Mohun, get some strong black coffee. Of course he'd be drugged; like Mohun was when we was only walking him, only Nemo's had a bigger, more dangerous dose. On his feet with him; keep him moving. Work his legs; his arms, too. Try and keep him talking," said Savoy.

"The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen and go slowly into the depest of all comas.

Mr. Nemo's secretary returned with a cup of steaming liquid.

"Here, help me get a bit of coffee down him; then we'll walk him again. He'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 slices.

"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 unjust, justly, put him in some 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 hectored Andregg at the table, demanding to know his secret, asking what it was that he had picked up by Parks' body, you revealed—well, Nemo invited and secured a private explanation? Easy enough, since already he 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!?" snorted Savoy contemptuously. "Not to say ships and shoes and sealing wax!—Here, let's take shifts at this business; we're likely to a long loafing."

They kept no track of the time but knew that it was a long, long while before consciousness returned to their patient. Still they walked him up and down; they had the windows wide open by now and the wind blew freely across them, with cold air tingling the room with tinglingly fresh and vigor-inspiring air. They heaped overcoats upon Mr. Nemo's wiry form; they emptied top of all the mahogany blankets; they marched him on and on and still on.

Then at last, certain that victory had been won, for he allowed him a brief rest, letting him sit on the edge of the bed from which they meant to snatch him into the car, if the first one of his relapses; 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.

He began speaking sharply, addressing Mohun in a tongue unfamiliar to all save these two. With this 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. Suddenly he hared his chest; his hands slipped down, inside his shirt, to his waist. A look of fearful rage and horror on 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; taking sudden shrill 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 Mohun. "The Flower of Heaven is gone. The master wore it about his body. Desecration has happened. He has called out 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 Mohun was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and any dear car away.

Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it's quite simple, you know. "Prefer not to say when I could strangle you with all the joy in life," said Temple. "Simple! Hmm! Who in the world..."

"You'll remember, my dear sir, that I've warned you or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the murder of Dicks?"

"And, Mr. Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed."

Mr. Nemo lifted his aching face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking questions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Choo-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eyes.

"I may be said cooly, "I have some experience with cunningly contrived hiding places. Mohun will look as I direct him. If there is anything, 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 direction of this crazy old building! You'd want a week to measure, to gauge thicknes 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, as well as in the masonry. And, with a little patience all this havoc becomes unnecessary. We're not far from the answer to all our questions; why not speak and when?"

"And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. "With, as you more than hint, a with a sheer mad man 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. She returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, bitting her lips.

"I want some kitchen lamps," she said; "a saucepan, if you have the sort we use; and a few other oddments, should like, too, to compare your prices for oil."

For a quarter of an hour Eve was overwhelmed with a sheer flood of elo-

quence. 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 you want. 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-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.

"Are you any good?" she inquired a little eagerly.

He smiled at her confidently. "Fairly so," he replied. "I very nearly won in the last open!"

And she abandoned for a moment the attitude which she had thought well to assume.

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairfield. They are horribly stuck-up about their golf, and the Trench Simelars always play for them."

"What, Charlie Sinclair?"

"Eve stiffened again.

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who is the title holder."

"We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.
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 damp, and a few golden moths were coming from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged.

"With Sir Malcolm and your dear Eve," he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, "to this young ironmonger. You will have to account for him to me for a moment or two?"

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he seemed very pale—his cheeks were in a heavy flush of the sort which had stolen into her cheeks. She bent over her finger bowl. Her eyes were very bright. She was perhaps angry.

"The fault, of course," he continued, "is sometimes accused by my critics of being deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me in myself. He really was irresistible. He criticised the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the shape he breathed. I let him expound a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was croucking to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all persons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and absolutelyسبقته цветами."
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, gradually, as enthusiasm increases, the brim gets pulled up in front... in back, too... finally it assumes a rakish angle and totters 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... make gesticulations 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's 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 would sound unnatural. His first instinctive thoughts are the best. If you hear him pause, and say "er-er" a couple of times it isn't because he is trying to make you think it is ad lib stuff; it really is.

Will Rogers and Mike
(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't exactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and the club to be entertained. But on the Radio, besides them as really wants to hear you, there are some that just want to 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 separate disarmament conference and tariff every week. People would soon get tired of that.

"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!"

Is Will Rogers a bit temperamental? 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 a to the situation. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperamental, as some believe. But I like what one person believes is his temperamentality is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him continue chews gum? He doesn't get an 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 all 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 a 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 too temperamental but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants people to like him, and the fear that they may not keep him on edge at times. He thinks he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the lessening of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

Of course, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engagement on the old Hammerstein Roof Garden in '95, 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 get over the feeling that Radio is a young upstart. Although the Rogers family doesn't do so very much listening to broadcast programs, still I don't think the head of the clan is antagonistic towards it.

As a matter of act, 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 a few weeks back.

"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 they tell 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 he is going to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he ever writes for Will Rogers, and that they are not written out at length. This apparently means that when the sponsors announce that they will have the entire series available in booklet 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.
The article discusses the life and work of a music conductor, specifically Damrosch, and his relationship with various music composers and audiences. It explores Damrosch's leadership roles, his orchestral conducting, and his contributions to the preservation and promotion of music. The text highlights Damrosch's passion for music and his dedication to championing various composers' works, particularly Wagner, whose operas and symphonies he conducted with enthusiasm and devotion.

Some key points from the article include:

- Damrosch's leadership in conducting Wagner's operas and symphonies,
- His role in introducing audiences to Wagner's music through various platforms,
- Damrosch's relationship with prominent composers such as Beethoven and Wagner,
- His conduct of Wagner's operas in New York and other locations,
- Damrosch's dedication to music education and promotion through radio and newspaper columns.

The article paints a picture of Damrosch as a pivotal figure in the music world, known for his efforts in bringing Wagnerian music to American audiences and his commitment to music education and appreciation.

The music appreciation segment focuses on the conductors of the New York Symphony Society, mentioning names like Damrosch and others. It highlights the role of conductors in preserving and promoting orchestral music, emphasizing the importance of their work in creating a rich cultural environment for listeners and musicians alike.

In summary, the article portrays Damrosch as a dedicated musician and conductor, deeply connected to the world of classical music, and underscores the significance of his contributions to the music community through his leadership and programming.
Medical Question Box over the Radio Dr. Brinkley is giving the greatest possible service to mankind—that which relieves pain and suffering, often-times both physical and mental, for this splendid doctor not only ministers to the ailments of the body, but to those of the mind as well when troubled at times with worry.

—Mrs. Louis Wielchman, Hastings, Neb.

Rates First Three Stations
Received the March number of Radio Digest. So many interesting pieces in it, lots of space, too. Promised, for this splendid magazine, to send not only minisaters to the ailments of the body, but to those of the mind as well. I am I am truly sorry to hear others say the same. WENR comes in next and next WGN—Mrs Ada M. Hunter, Moline, 111.

Voted for Pictures, Not Fiction
I enjoy your magazine very much. I hope you will have pictures and writeups of the entire studio staff of WENR. I am certainly going to try not to miss a copy of Radio Digest, and please have plenty of pictures as we can get plenty of fiction in any magazine—Mrs. L. L. Stoneking, Hannibal, Mo.

WENR Broadcasts Personality
When one listens to the voice of any artist, it seems to me that the human voice is the most interesting. While other stations have good programs you have to hand it to WENR, as for being ahead of any of the rest when it comes to putting real personality on the air.—Mrs. W. W. Fimm, Terre Haute, Ind.

56,000 Watts for Popular Station
Nine out of ten people like to be entertained with this popular dance music and it really gets monotonous day in and day out. I think the station should give it more air time, but only one station has ole man Henderson, KWKH. Most chain stations are cursed with radio and don't use the talents that have used the radio air time, but only one station has ole man Henderson, KWKH. Most chain stations are cursed and have nothing better to do than use the talents of the famous artists. This would give stations something to talk about for—G. D. (Joe) B. Betten, Dayton, Ohio.

New Member of V. O. L. Club
I have been 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 Arsenault, Prince Edward Island.

W. K. Henderson Had the Nerve
I read Stephen J.褪驼s, of which W. K. Henderson is a member, as far as the most popular stations are concerned, for this splendid station is not afraid to go against the chain store and his station dedicated for the cause of humanity is something no other station will do in the United States to try and get to.—Mrs. E. M. Offutt, Latrobe, Mo.

Many Years of Value Lost
Have always been a hot Radio fan, but until I heard of Radio Digest over KMOX I never had taken much stock in the advertising stations. After obtaining a copy of your wonderful papers, feel rather ashamed to think that I allowed so long a space to escape before buying it, now I am able, with the help of your paper, to arrange my programs ahead of time, and feel that I have been introduced to the Radio artists, which makes the air concerts much more interesting.—Charles H. Foyle, St. Louis, Mo.

Always Depends on KXAI
KOA, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon at practically all times. I say "all times," this means that our Baldy has been known to go 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 "ballyhooing" between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a program goes in a station of that nature they generally tune out of it after a while and ask what it is all about.—Margaret Harrison, Glenleash, Sask, Can.

Your Favorites Are Promised
I am a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and enjoy it heaps. I understand that we were to get a picture and a short story of each popular artist, and I enjoy more pictures and less stories. I have been making a scrap book, and find Radio Digest affords me heaps of pictures for my book, as well as reading about the different Radio artists. I have made it rather a serious task, for I am a bit of a photography and dislike. Hoping you won’t be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone cannot be pleased. But I really find it 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 ideas and opinions. I have had ideas perhaps similar to mine. Wishing you the best of luck and success in the future.—Miss Madalyn Weaver, Bethany, Ill.

Finds Log Indispensable
I have been a subscriber of Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broadcast. Sometimes a Radio Digest can 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 have always carried a copy of "Radio Digest," "The National Broadcast Authority."—Harry Nisley, Edgar, Neb.

We’ll Talk to WTAM Chief
In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, and it is one of the best things I ever purchased. I think it is a better read and shorter. It is a better way of keeping up with the programs on the radio. I have been finding many interesting articles and announcers that I did not know of before. It also gives us many pictures of our friends of the air.

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 showings from WENN and WLW of late, but not a one of WTAM.—W. G. Woodruff, Youngstown, Ohio.

We'll Have to Ask Marsella

Have been missing Marsella at least a year or more, and have enjoyed reading it very much. It would be very glad to see and read more of it. Perhaps you can find space for it. Also their popular annoucements, Pat Kelly, Geo. D. Johnson, Anne Stimson, etc. and John Nicholls was a favorite of mine. Rain in Fairborne Bond, and may ask I, what has become of Frank Voules of Fairborne, and how are they any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cheerio" and all associated with his morning broadcast.

The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be so if we could see and hear much more of the material to which my attention is directed. —Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletown, Conn.

Marsella Says, "Thank You, Thank You"

Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. I enjoyed Marsella's column containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appreciated by me, and 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, I am sure you will be a constant reader from now on.

I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have a personal artist that I have never heard over the radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with interest. Certain columns in the Digest I wonder of, and hope they will appear in an early issue. Can photo-
tograph the "cheek" of any artist, how can it ever be individual, and, if so, how may they be obtained? (Ed.: Afraid not.) Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interests, etc., and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 422 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

I like the Radio Digest better than any magazine we take. Couldn't enjoy my radio properly without it. Many of the artists, announcers, etc. With best wishes for your continued success.—(Miss) Sue Dickerson, Lexington, Ky.

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I have enjoyed the Radio Digest. It is the best radio book on the news. I can hardly wait each month for it to come.

WLS is our favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the reason why we like WLS. I have a grudge against WENN for taking WLS's time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS the best station possible to have anything before the old jazz and religious stations. WENN didn't attack WGN instead of WLS. Their programs aren't the farmer's. Any good WENN makes a poor station. They are all good. We would like to be put off the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. WLS is the station we listen to. If the station were in a hill, no one could wish them. All our friends think just the same as we do.—Peter Lund, 321 2nd Plt., Clinton, Iowa.

For Five O'clock Hawaiians

I am writing to tell you how I enjoy your magazine. I like the stories and seeing pictures of your radio stations. I would like a copy of the picture of the Five O'clock Hawaiians of WLW. I have often wondered what they were like.—Nelle Maye, Carthage, Indiana.

Help to Working People

I find most of these magazines very good and a great help to us poor hard-working people. We are generally too busy to sit down and read an evening paper, and so little money to spend on pleasures. Yet we can sit at home in an easy chair and be entertained, as these magazines are dramatized, and in the daytime, when we workers are folks at work in our home we can tune in and be entertained. Just a small way to get in our work or mending, or whatever our duty may be, and there are lots of helps and hints directed against our work, Mrs. W. Van Oas-
ten, Des Moines, Iowa.

Favorite Traced in the Digest

If I am a regular reader and almost a "student" of the Radio Digest I do not know whether I have upon a marked improvement, with every issue lately, before I offer an adverse criticism. 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 that you have given us an article, and a good large picture of Jack Brickley. According to both the New World and the New York Sun, he is Radio's youngest announcer. Several metropolitan newspapers have given him the place as youngest veteran announcer. I keep up on work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always listened to his broadcasts.

We wondered what had become of him, when he left WOR, and now we were pleased that a mention in your current issue prompted us to tune in on WTIC of Hartford, where he is now. According to Harriet Mencink of the New York World, this young man's photograph should be a good specimen, I think, of all the artists who would like to know more about him, including myself.—Mrs. M. P. Boyd, Richmond, Va.

Help! Help! for DX Fans!

I have purchased a "DX" tube of its original, and find many interesting letters, but, when I read Miss Cansill's letter in the March Radio Digest, methinks she is right. I believe that Mr. Freeman's letter (January issue, folio) was interesting to the nth degree. What kind of a receiver can it be that they get a "dial of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If they must be had, why is it necessary to have so many? A DX station should be one of the most powerful stations all broadcasting the same thing, however good it may be.

I also believe that Mr. Freeman's laments were well merited, and certainly his reminiscences of the long-ago DX days are well founded. I have read every issue since early 1924, and owe considerable of my success (?!) to R. X. So if there is any question concerning its "new stations," "station changes" and all the other information so valuable to the DX'er. I wonder if the DXer of the Carnaby and varied types of listeners, some of which we might classify as the D. A. (Discriminating Anarchists) supports, jazz manias, chain and anti-chain addicts, etc., and last, but not least, the poor misguided D. B. (Dial Benders) and the wise seven (or eight) hours combing the ether for "a new one." All these must be served, and the present R. X. serves every one except the person 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 data good upon my local situation. With all the information dear to the heart of the true DX hound. The magazine section of R. D. has been improved very much. I have the previously mentioned section, and it is that section which is most important to a fair majority of the governing members of the Radio Digest, the DX members! I have 772 verified receptions, including at least one from every continent with the exception of the 56 Pacific Coast stations (including four 100 watters), and various low powered DX receptions, etc. Few of the DX stations are a fair location (for a GOOD location, move to Calif.) a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log and we learn to lengthen our patience and study. I would not ever wish to change any part of R. D. magazine section and spoil other portions. It takes work off a bit of the vitreous put back to its perfection of former years, or on par with the other two or other Radio Combinations, in this respect. Going back to Miss Cansill's letter, I well remember WTAS at Elgin (and also WCEC, "Cough Out Those Old Daddies" and "Eveyday" and the King of the Irvines).—Charlie Erbstein and Harry Snodgrass were favorites of mine, but I'll bet that there were a few more of you that were terrible, such is the somewhat varied consensus of opinion.—Henry T. Tyndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

All of Them, in Good Time

We purchased a "DX" tube in the Radio Digest for the first time from a local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We were par- ticularly interested in any article and the pictures of Radio artists, especially those of Gene Arnold and Paul McCreath and his wife. We wish you would publish a picture of Marion and Jim Jordan of WENN, Little Joe Warner, Landis and Thaxton of the Pickard Family and others. Sandusky-Sanders. In the March issue, I read about Mrs. Beech of Southeast Missouri, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and the Smith Family, and I would like to second her request.—Miss Vineta Bloom, Freeport, Ill.

Are There 50,000 Watt Bows?

May I have a wee corner of your estimators' page of June? I am interested in the vitreous and which has been distilled in my system ever since the Federal Government 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 despicable Radio catalase, more pleasure from the munching of a nut than from any other single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducer is for the most part a "Redskin" for a time. I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years. . . . In the good old over-the-air days, I was able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of more than three hundred stations, with little variation between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Now, of course, the same is not the case, and it is operation is but slightly greater than in—say 1925, I can bring in scarcely a single one of them with- out the aid of the most modern type of receiver. Worse than that: I often have heard during an evening as many as four stations, successively, each for a moment or two at a time, due to a succession of the others, without touching the dials; they ether reave, mere tremors of vibration or whatever it is that bridges the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to wear a very curious little mask. . . .

It is to be hoped that this condition is due to the enormously increased power of the wealthier stations during the past few years. . . . Why should a few stations be permitted to stand conspicuously like drunken booms at a community social—and casters to be outstanding in the minds of the public, regard to the rights and privileges of more conservative stations and without regard to the property owners? There is a legal provision that it is a super-power station whose sole purpose of existence is to sell peanuts, cigarettes or toothpaste. . . . Why is there no provision for an educational lecture, or perhaps a religious service, to bruit the excellence of its wares in stemming the tide? I cannot help but wonder if all the people are at the moment asleep and by what force of power the next generation is in penal servitude.—Don Quixote, New Britain, Conn.

A Little Advice, Gratis

I realize that Amos 'n Andy do not need any- thing more of the kind. We would like to see a bit of their old style brought back because of their having been "heaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "how-to" pieces, "How to save twelve," so hereeeez thizzzzzzyyyyy aarreee:

Do you remember the article on "keeping Amos 'n Andy better stick her tongue out about eighteen inches and show it to some good physician who may be able to tell if the poor soul is suffering from ITIS" in its worse form. The only remedy for that is a self administered gun-powder of bicarbonate of soda. You will, I think, find that this is quite popular, is Art White, the Beachcombers, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station, Corinne Jordan, Gayle Wood, Stan Randall and his orchestra, and the others.

Here's to you, "Lucky," it's hope somebody puts two big black snakes in your bed some night. —Mrs. R. A. Swartz, Galena, Ill.

Write a letter and become a member of the V.O.L. Correspondence Club.
A Small Station With a Big Purpose

WHBY, Green Bay, Wisconsin, Is Both a Civic and Entertainment Force for Good

By Garnett L. Eskew

Those who may believe that the little 100-watt station is not every which way important, in its way the 10,000-watt station is in its way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY. ("WHBY" is the call it for short), at Green Bay, Wis., whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only burns 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 Coleman Community Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary March 31. The weather and public season caused Mr. Brannon 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 thing 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 desperately 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 and a choir in a whiz. Herr 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.

"LeBaron 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. Coolidge was invited (because of those plain, homely virtues which chat to privatize and public life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys) to be our guest-speakar, 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 thing 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 that 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 schotisches—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 band are Romy Goetz Bohemians and the Pilzen Brass Band.

"After that, at nine, was broadcast a sort of parades of numbers of the reviews 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 congratulations 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.

the Land of Lakes showed that the surrounding country is awake to the manifold activities of WHBY and joined in the occasion.

But the usefulness of this little 100-watt station in the Land of Lakes is not confined to the broadcasting of numbers of more entertainment of any kind. Carrying out a suggestion made not long ago by the Federal Radio commission that the rural and small-town stations develop a sort of "speaking-newspaper" aspect, WHBY has been doing its part to aid the unemployment of many.

Mr. Shannon continues:

"We have a tie-up with the Free Employment Bureau here and in two weeks trebled their number of placements. They tell us what kind of men and women they can place and, brother, we use them. They tell us of men and women (needy ones we insist) who are finding it difficult to get work.

"We try to get work for them. Results have been instantaneous, particularly in temporary work. We asked all of our listeners to forego the exercise of taking off their storm windows, varnish their doors, clean their basements, cleaning the basement, and engage some poor workless father to do it for them just to get a few more dollars into circulation. And of course they had a few more men, self-respecting as earners.

"The calls for such help for a few days broke the employment bureau record, with the result that we have a letter from the Department of Labor and a very much treasured "memorial" signed by hundreds of jobless men. Some one of them started it and every fellow who got a job signed it. We prize it highly in our 'public service' section which is our 'trophy case,' so to speak.

"Then, in the same "news category," there is a feature on WHBY known as "The Town Crier, the newspaper of the air," in which the announcer gives the local happenings of interest to everyone in that vicinity. Nor is that all. Shannon has also a spoken shoppers' guide which enables the frugal and thrifty housewife to visualize what is on sale at the various stores before going out to purchase.

This live station and its director of features have known how, when it wants it, and goes after it. Recently when it was found that the editor of Radio Digest could, at the last moment, go up to WLS in Chicago for the anniversary celebration, Mr. Shannon was ready with an airplane to take him up!

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 take broadcasting 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 WQJ, which transmitted from the Garden, sold for approximately $60,000.

When E. N. Rowland, head of the All-American Radio Corporation, went on the air from Chicago 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 a regular over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS, KYW; WLS and WENR.
Eight Years Old

Radio Digest has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It's career has been that 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**
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### National Farm and Home Hour

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### The Program of the President, A P. A. and N.

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### Roxy and His Game

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### Monday

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**Cherubin**

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**Edna Bailey Adams**

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**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

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 DeBaun.

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### Elizabeth Lennox looks as if she were about to say something very nice, indeed, when the camera caught her. Miss Lennox is the winsome young contralto star of the Palm-olive Hour.

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### Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

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### Rhythm Kings

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### Voters Service

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### The Popenlop Program, Amos "n' Andy.

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### 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 DeBaun.
### Thursday

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**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.**

## Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program

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### Columbia Review

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### National Farm and Housewives Hour

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### 5:00 p.m.

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### 6:00 p.m.

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### Longines' Correct Time

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### 12:00 noon

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### Peepsdon Program, Amos 'n' Andy

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## Notes

1. [Central Studio](#)
2. [Mountain Studio](#)
3. [Pacific Studio](#)

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**Eastern Central Mountain Pacific**

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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.
Here we have the Interveneded Pair in character, more or less. At the least is Billy Jones, and right is Ernie Hare. They are favorites of thousands of Radio listeners and are heard every Friday night at 9 o'clock EDT.

**Armstrong Quakers**, Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-600kc) 205.4 1460 WJZ 325.6 910 KOMO 207.1 1470 WJZ 315.8 840 WABC 203.9 1440 WJZ 350.3 890 KDFW 206.3 1450 WJZ 321.9 880 WINS 204.7 1480 WJZ 360.8 860 WOR 204.7 1480 WJZ 360.8 860 WOR

**Armour Program**, Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-600kc) 205.4 1460 WJZ 325.6 910 KOMO 207.1 1470 WJZ 315.8 840 WABC 203.9 1440 WJZ 350.3 890 KDFW 206.3 1450 WJZ 321.9 880 WINS 204.7 1480 WJZ 360.8 860 WOR 204.7 1480 WJZ 360.8 860 WOR

Mary Hopple who frequently sings roles with the National Light Opera Company and various NBC presentations, is heard regularly with the Armstrong Quakers on Friday nights at 10 o'clock.
This is pretty Edith Thayer. But perhaps you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simon's Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.
GREETING!

ONCE more I greet my many friends!

Each joksmith and each poet who sends
The slips and quips and pleasant
rimes
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 from 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 in 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 sperberibs. 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 en-
tirely new.

Two colored women were discussing re-
cent additions to their families.

“I got the same new baby er mine
‘Opium,’” remarked Martha Brown to
Mandy Jackson.

“Well, I disqualify dat chile wid a name
like dat, Martha?”

“Well, I done look’ up de wud opium in
de dickshunny and hit say hit mean de seed
ever grow, And de good Lawd knows
dat chile’s poppy is sho’ wile’!

* * *

Another colored sister came up and
snorted.

“Dat ain’ nuthin’! I done name mah baby
Omx.”

“Why dat, Sis Liza?”

“Kaze he came so onxypected! 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 permis-
sion of the copyright owners. But the way
he said it sounded as though it was to be
“Why was I born a special permission of
the copyright owners?”—Evelyn Faus, 925
Edgewater Ave., Fort Wayne Ind.

Here’s a chuckle I’d like to pass on to
the other folks: Art Kassel’s orchestra
(“Kassel’s in the Air”) have a feature on
their “Whoopie Hour” called the “Canadian
Medley” which includes:

I’m a Drinker Montreal
(I’m a Dreamer, Aren’t We All)

Canada Jungle
(Chant of the Jungle)

Lover Quebec to Me
(Lover, Come Back to Me)

—Rose Gerone, Turtle Lake, N. Dak.

* * *

It is easy to make slips. Every broad-
caster of whatever kind knows that it is
much easier to make a mistake—a lapsus
linguæ, so to speak—than to stop, go back
and say “beg your pardon.”

And in this connection, should one stop
and apologize, or go straight ahead?

Says Mrs. J. B. Gross, 125 Bayly Ave,
Louisville, Ky.: On April 17th there was a horrible ac-
cident here in one of our local quick service
clothes pressing shops, which resulted in two
deaths from fire.

In announcing the catastrophe over
WHAS that night, the announcer, Steve
Lewis, said:

“The explosion was caused when a young
man who was carrying a 5 cannon gal 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 two twins.

This seems even more humorous now, that
he has become the winner of the Diction
Award.—Mrs. M. J. Swann, 12 Northern
Ave, Northampton, Mass.

Red Meat!

Apparantly 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
Bldg, Minneapolis, Minn.

* * *

Would you call this an acrobatic orches-
tra? A local dance orchestra had played
one number, when Everett Mitchell of
WENR announced, “The boys now con-
tinue with ‘Bottoms 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 “pu-
pils” 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!

I T WILL pay you to keep your
ears open and your funny bone
oiled for action. Radio Digest
will pay $3.00 for the first selected
humorous incident heard on a
broadcast program, $3.00 for the
second preferred amusing inci-
dent and $1.00 for each amusing
incident accepted for printed.

It may be something planned
as part of the Radio entertain-
ment that tickles you, or it may be
one of those little accidents that
pop up in the best regulated sta-
tions.

The only stipulation is that you
must actually have heard the in-
cident as part of some program.

Keep your ears open for chuck-
les—send your contributions to
the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chi-
cago, 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. Goodnight 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

#### States

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The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscription applications 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 direct will be known as a "SOLICIT" will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number four, known as the "BEST," will comprise the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number five, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of Nevada, Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico. District number six, known as the "FAR WEST," will comprise the states of Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

4. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes may be given the label "AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST" and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be given a Radio Digest Gold Merit Award. The organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

5. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes, the prizes will be divided among the artists so tied. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes, the prizes will be divided among the artists so tied.
Incompatible
(Continued from page 24)
out counting them as loss—all were bearable if she was loved. 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 much she acutely, she herself, felt her childlessness.
Yet, withal, didn't they have enough in each other?
Nor evidently not. But why not? If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wendall acted with men, or if Sid were less, Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit as Louise Smith was disloyal to Johnn, it's forever talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talent was derived from the her own mediocrity; or if Sid got drunk and abused her,—or even if he were insignificant but insufferably pompous and smug like her husband—there were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet one more moment in marriage, which was everyone disappointed at the best—everyone but the dreadful people who expected nothing? Was married happiness the best that the best negation of violently expressed unhappiness—merely not getting abusively done, not getting 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!

A
ND then, catching that mental past tense, she tried to recall, herself that Sid did love her yet—she knew she loved him. But then she said to herself that if a woman seven years married to has to assign too much of her husband to herself, heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she chased away that thought, and quickly capture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back, those moments of ineffable tenderness.
And, swimming in that tender-ness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to find Sid—than he had been building hole-goblins out of shadows. Making trifles too momentous. The little rifts on the surface after all hadn't mattered—there were bound to be little rifts, occasion-ally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only question was whether the rest of 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 crickets were at their best. Her back and behind of her a clock was loudly, lazily ticking the sec-

onds. The sounds seemed to intensify the heavy. Outside, this dense, clutched hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her waiting—not even children's voices. Her heart must accept a standing that was wounded with a memory sudden and with no ap-parent 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,
Yes, he threw it there of malice pre- 
pence, because he wanted to show that 
there were pretty women who liked him, 
ordinary and commonplace as he was. 
His were like a hurt little boy's feelings 
on one side, but on the other, the side 
that showed, he was grown-up mascu-
line enough.

And everyone felt that Sid was such a 
simple heart; creature that no one, not 
even Amelie, suspected he had this much 
of the actor. It is well to remember that 
the simplest human can be a well of 
duplicity and of historionic talent—where 
love, wounded love especially, is the 
stage-manager.

M ANY 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,
enticing and conscienceless, she 
achieved a great deal of masculine at-
tention.

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 them-
seves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. 
Wandell had kept her dainty and modish 
skirt, in all other respects; and it was 
not Amelie's way to voice 
censure of 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 success-
ful party. The toiletstes 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 with-
out 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 it; once let yourself give 
in to it, to this pleasantship, and you 
forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found her-
self relating to 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, with-
out any "giving in," was having a better

one than she could give him since times 
that 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.

"Who's that dancing with Sid?" the 
visitor inquired.

Amelie told him.

"She's certainly a beautiful woman."

"Yes," Amelie agreed, "she's consid-
ered the most beautiful woman in Fair 
Haven."

A ND 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 
could a peculiar sense of rhythm flow-
ning throughout her thin, supple body—
called it in her flexible shoulders and 
arms, in the way she stepped as on a 
fragile surface, in every knee which you 
could not see, but which you some-
how divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind 
that shrouding skirt. Her every move-
ment was attuned to the music's har-
mony—became a part of the harmony. 
And Sid, dancing with her in his arms, 
seemed to become a part of that har-
mony, too. He looked rapt, absorbed,
yet somehow buoyed in his sheer enthu-
siasm of enjoyment. There was nothing 
still or constrained about him now—not 
as he danced with Bess Wandell.

Amelie, eyeing 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 trili-
tations 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, anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell, but she was not indifferent to Sid’s lessening 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—there’s 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 come out: “My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don’t want any bunch to mean as much to you, I can’t bear them as competitors. That’s what’s 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 basqueness! 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 management but more distant and stiff than ever.

“OH, no, not that exactly—you know I don’t mean that. 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 something than they realize. It’s just that I can’t bear the thought of Bess Wandell picking on you — flattening you—trying to flirt with you—and perhaps winning her way with you just a little.”

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once terrishing. This 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 ways! And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at just that moment, drove her into a sincerity which held no tact. She rushed on:

“So I want you not to be very—very responsive to her. If she should ever try to make up to you to-day. 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—not in any way.”

“I think you’re talking in a very silly way,” he was really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it.”

“Of course I know—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 merely to be taken in his arms and assured that nothing counted or ever would count but herself—because he didn’t somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt rather different. If she thought so, no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overpowered to be able to make any division 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 her overtures, her attempt at sincerity, her impassiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for control and poise. Regained them—overdressed it somewhat.

Sid veered, too; he returned from the closet a little ashamed of himself, miserable, anxious to “make up,” and started toward the door; but out: 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 moments, or was of a heart that count anything? 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, a tissue; a pretty gift when she had now and again—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 his eyes, and his heart; but there was something a little smarted, too—that bade him not show his hurt.

And Amelie, so near him yet so immaterially distanced by going 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 him! But heshan’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, besides its need of children, to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensiveness out of them, perhaps a deeper need of love and the life that would have, could have, helped them. They had no struggles together, no sharp pulls of dependence on each other as partners in any way. Now, if Sid had fallen desperately ill, it might have sobered Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-torture. Certainly, it does appear, it’s where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.

---

**Miss Kathryn Juley, the lovely and skilled harpist of Station KPO, San Francisco**

**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 “passion” of America’s most perfect radio voice?
3. Who originated the phrase “make whoopie?”
4. What is Ted Husing’s record, words per minute, in announcing?
5. What American broadcasting station was used by foreign power to convey coded messages?
6. Who wrote the Rhapsody in Blue?
7. What is Ollie Palmer’s real name?
8. Who used to be known as “the red-headed music maker?”
9. What was known announcer taught the Prince of Wales to play the ukulele?
10. Who is known as the Eiffel Tower of Radio? **End**

Answers to the questions in June issue:

1. S. Parkes Cadmon. 2. Countess Alhani. 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. 8. Yale. 9. The stage. 10. WCHI.
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 Locra
Close-up story—first of series—on the career of famous cowboy philosopher.

Vacation Follies
By Evans E. Plummer
Tells where the bright luminaries of the Radio spend their vacations. About the rest of the World. These are just a few of the many interesting topics to be found in the AUGUST EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY RADIO DIGEST

little directing while, a year or so later, Carmel, his sister, finished school and went into the movies.

In fact, this entire movement is spread out to sea and 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 their imagination.

Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pioneered in Radio some time ago, but did not stick to it to 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 stars.

It would be lots easier to say who hasn't been on the Radio instead of reciting all 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 sticks to it because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the announcer has caught his "good-bye" whispers. It is rumored that he may stick around a while, perhaps establish his name in the film palaces and then return. There has been a good-sized list, but the propaga-
danda more than pays for itself.

This theme song gap is getting a bit wearisome 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 plumdom 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 get out snappy 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 air. We have seen into the film palace and seen a portion of advance film from something of the next week. The companies now plan to put some dialogue before their audience. 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 big lift. You might think it 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 Broadcast 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 Massgegon. More rumors in Los Angeles say that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Hollywood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfield is in town. A connection between the two items remains to be seen.

These combinations, mergers, amalgamations and what not, are in the press every day.

The accepted gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and their various interests. It would essentially make Radio and music entertainment and, unless the federal government objected strongly, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to bring some of their failures at home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it is in a lock box, it will be opened. Act bets are up that nothing will be done about it.

It doubtless is true that this great interest in the filming of celebrities, patents and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of radio actors, theater patrons and others who see in the movement a trend to completely choke art and substitute a lot of mechanical short cuts.

Incidentally, instead of rivalry the phonograph, Radio has brought to the talking machine the combination Radio-phonograph set on the market. It combines recording and reproduction with better quality and volume.

Radio finally placed the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity 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 pictures.'

What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Television will be for the theater rather than the home, partly because it is not so practicable for the fan to have expensive outfits and keep them in repair, but more because the home television equipment leaves a big item by which to collect 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 Hillside, Medford, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception on a large scale."

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do you hear? It didn't. And you think the old yankees about to tell, you will understand how this non-commercial organization was able to function. I am also 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-
THE HUNTERS

(Continued from page 31)

Colisemus's plight with neighborly interest and there was no further mention of his in his laconic inquiry, "Stuck?"

"I got stuck in the sand here," Colisemus muttered back stupidly, for his brain was in a peculiarly chilly state. "Bad road for a car 'less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks,' the friendly man shouted out of his car. Bustling and loquacious he examined Colisemus's stalled machine, opening the hood, looking to the spark plugs knowingly, then back to the throttle. "Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can give you my car if you want."

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. There was no Damon and Pythias bond between them. He felt Helter's situation so acutely because he knew exactly how it was himself—the getaway—while fleeing for his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hitch. But then he thought, "That was against the law!—and the sudden agony 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 SWARTHLY 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 evidently unguarded, this time, and had his pistol still in his arm. 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 the old machine standing in the edge of the road. Then the owner caught his breath and started at a gallop toward the farm. Colisemus had passed fifty rods before coming to the disastrous woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In the excitement of the chase he had reached out over the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would best 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 being abandoned, he coasted off into the pine timber at the east for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Presently he came to the rough road into which Helter had turned. Colisemus noticed that much hoof-marking and along which Helter had followed on foot. There he stopped, nervous as to which way to go out of the car, standing in the middle of the road which ran straight for quite half a mile to the north. Coming out to the road again Colisemus stretched Helter would recognize his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car. With taut nerves Colisemus waited there

"All Sold," from the news stand man missing one of the important numbers of Radio Digest. Subscribe now!
"Probably it's just a coincidence." He turned to Colisemus, explaining: "Mister, there was two shots fired on the island today. This man here had two guns on him. One of 'em's a plain seven shooter revolver. The other is a..." He described a twelve-bore to Colisemus's gun. Colisemus's heavy-lidded eyes turned to the quadroon. For a moment the two strangers looked at each other and the quadroon in the light of the lamp, for apart as their lines had been cast they were in a not dissimilar way of living; to both of them being in post said solemnly, "I'm the same as being in possession of his scalp. The quadroon's thick lips were parted as if to say it for the moment. But Colisemus merely muttered, "I don't know anything about it."

Then for an instant his eyes and the eyes of his black companion held together. This other companion was Ben Bodet, who had to be here at that place. He was the same as being in possession of the world as he had found it.

The Cabin's Secret

(Continued from page 25)

he supposed to be wealthy and yet, no one knows what he had, or where he left it.

"Dad did leave a will somewhere, Dick. He was too generous and thoughtful not to have done so. If you had only known how he thought of you, I mean of me," he added, "I think you'd have found the place." He looked at the quadroon for a moment, trying to express of beneficent satisfaction with the world as he found it.

"Nothing, new, should have been," he answered. "Last week I used to climb up 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?"

"Daring, then! I think I'll climb up this place and keep it looking better for your 's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would feel badly to see it going to ruin this way."

"The must be an inch thick. I almost wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now that we've been here I don't seem to be any place to look for a wild and it is damn sleepy. Let's go. Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded. "Then we can start early." 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, too. He held me in his arms when mother died. Dad had to be father and mother to me. He used to call me his little bambino from my knees. 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 getting late.

"Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage around a bit in some of those boxes over there," he said, "I found it over here.

"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! Hand me that stick, dear!"

And soon the family of mice were extinct.

"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 stick. 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 when he finished.

Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"Oh, Dick, it was probably all foolishness but—well, I'm going to 'fess up. Last night I dreamed about dad and in my dream he told me to come up here. There was a hurt look in his eye as though he were disappointed I hadn't come before and yet, as though he knew I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about it because I thought you would think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, 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.

"Can't be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes."

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She couldn't tell Dick walking to and fro before her head.

"Are you all right, dear?" he asked.

"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 was lying around there. Just a minute. I see an old trunk."

"Do hurry, Dick," Julia called. It's lonesome down here and I'm afraid."

"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 he was not to search for. 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. He continued to read:

"MY 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 come. I was not your father if 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 through all the years of my life, Julia, and it was my blessing to you. You were daughter and mother to me. Contrary to what most people thought, I never had a richer possession. You will find all I have, ten thousand dollars, deposited in the State Bank at Fairfield which I bequeath to you. I am putting this letter in the attic of this old house as a retreat where I spent so many happy hours alone, and I'm not 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 now? I'm tired of this kind of read-along with that he could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crushed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.
Janice Perry. She gives talks afternoons over WIBO with which the American co-operates.

I said I'd come back to Jean Naper. You recalled, Blinken, Winken and Nod harmony team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air when you were managing that station. That was the debut trio. Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay. Whatever became of Jean?

"He was the announcer Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch briar with a fresh charge of tobacco. "And he's doing well at a member of the Four Rajahs male quartet. The group is quite popular and often sings, I believe, with the Vincent Lopez orchestra."

The current edition of Winken, Blinken and Nod is on KYW, isn't it?"

Yes, it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Benson. Speaking of trios, do you remember way back when KYW had the World Criers on duty twenty-four hours a day? Three announcers took turns for the six hours each day and read news flashes every half hour for a five-minute period."

"Let's see," Bill said. "The original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve's office—oh, this is publishing publicity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Borroff is commercial manager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too has backed away from the air. He's been selling advertising for the Evening American for several years.

You could write a book on the adventures he had since he quit Radio and up to the time he returned the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Nealon in a commercial enterprise in 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 hospital for months. Then, he and Nealon both decided it was time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW staff, you know. One of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sallie Menken, who had been here since the 1920's, is still there in Chicago, 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 on the west side, and is broadcasting through WCPF at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and is quite popular. He's been married to 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 Naper, but I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air at the moment. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's one of the ex-studio interior decorators, and such, so the next thing I knew I bumped into her in 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 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

"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."

They closed the trunk lid. As Dick descended he tried but failed to find a happy ending for the letter in his pocket. Will you stay? Should he tell 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 marked similarity to the adventures of Don Amiazo.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announcer, has quit the soapbox for the limelight."

"Yes, Don has entered commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know he became a newspaper man first after graduating from college, and then WLS brought him here to Chicago to fill the vacancy created by McGee's Hay's departure for WSN. Don's in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assur- ance company as an insurance agent. 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 now defunct WIT did just that—Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix had a popular piano song team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in Toledo, but he was still in Chicago, doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

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"Let's see," Bill said. "The original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve's office—oh, this is publishing publicity for the Chicago Columbia system offices, and Borroff is commercial manager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

Oh, Harper isn't far away, but like the Hired Hand, he too has backed away from the air. He's been selling advertising for the Evening American for several years.

You could write a book on the adventures he had since he quit Radio and up to the time he returned the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Nealon in a commercial enterprise in 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 hospital for months. Then, he and Nealon both decided it was time to try some other business for a change.

Not much left of the original KYW staff, you know. One of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sallie Menken, who had been here since the 1920's, is still there in Chicago, 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 on the west side, and is broadcasting through WCPF at present, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WGN as announcer and is quite popular. He's been married to 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 Naper, but I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air at the moment. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's one of the ex-studio interior decorators, and such, so the next thing I knew I bumped into her in the elevator of a loop office building.
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
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**Official Wave Lengths**

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**Call**

- KBP9: Santa Barbara, Calif.
- WNBZ: Corpus Christi, Texas
- WBBY: Grand Forks, N. D.
- WRBJ: Northwall, Mass.
- WOCL: Tucson, Ariz. (day)
- KGCI: San Antonio, Texas
- KSAN: Mobile, Ala.
- KBVY: Binghamton, N. Y.
- WBBY: Dayton, Ohio
- WBBY: El Centro, Calif.
HOTEL NORWOOD

Away from the Loop In

CHICAGO

6400 Normal Boulevard

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

4300 Clarendon Avenue
TRANSIENT HOTEL ROOMS
AND FURNISHED APARTMENTS

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
**RADIO DIGEST**

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**94**

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**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 Opposite the Belmont Yacht Harbor

B. E. de MURGO, Manager

The Ritz-Carlton

New York

Telephone: Bissertows 2120
Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real
(Continued from page 13)

The negro as simply "negro dialect," but there remain two other types spoken in America. One is known as Gullah, and is a strange combination of native African and English, with the African evidently predominating. It is spoken only along the Georgia and South Carolina coast and marshlands. And a very queer jibberish it is, too, most difficult for outsiders to understand.

And then finally there is the Congo (or Congo "jive") spoken by the negroes of southern Louisiana in which the impinging of native African upon the French spoken by the cultivated Crevos 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 gentlemen is any one of these or a mixture of them, we do not undertake to say.

If you have any ideas on the subject which we have not, tell us what you think.

A number of our readers are of the opinion that "Amos" Gosden's "negro" talk is just about right. Well, it ought to be. Gosden came from Richmond and so the Gees, a city once the seat of a nation (long since dethroned) in which the negro population was nearly as large as the whites in other words, Richmond was the center of the Confederacy—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 backface comedian possesses a genuine corrective which would require a more astute linguist than the present writer. It sounds pretty good we would all admit. For instance, when Amos says "Whut do it say, Andy?" or sometimes "Umph-umph. Aint dat sumpin'?" A reader from Richmond cordially joining in the North cannot help feeling a homesick tug at his heart.

WOMT Big Little One

MANITOWOC, Wisconsin, boasts a "big little station," WOMT, which operates on 100 watts. Owned and operated 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 348.8 meters, WOMT has been heard in every state in the Union.

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evidenced 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 music, as well as soloists of note, are on the station staff, while basketball games and other features are picked up over.

Chat and His Gang is a regular feature over WOMT. This crew, three in number and presided over by a mouth organ to a bass drum, and have a large following in the Middle West. Other headliners include Claude Geiger and his Chicago saxophone Kings, and Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of the Radio.

***

Julia Mahoney, another exchange Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellowship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at elephants in the Central Park zoo, books and art galleries.

***

Majorie Hunt, 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 Nickels counts as one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

Agents Wanted


Art Photos

Amos 'n Andy Art Boteography Photo. 1x1t, 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 900 mechanical movements; 50 Perpetual Motion; instruction on procuring and selling patents and selecting an attorney. Price $1,00 postpaid in U. S. A. Address Dietrich Co., Publishers, 6035 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

Songs, Poems, Writers

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brilliant opportunity. See Van Duren, 221 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.


MELODY WRITERS, real lyric proposition. Herman Bogott, Crab Orchard, Neb.

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chase, A. Philibus, 510 East 120th St., New York City.

QUIT TOBACCO

Don't try to banish your urge to puffs, say the experts. Try a Krinkellite substitute. It is so mild and genuine that you will find it as pleasant as tobacco. Ask your dealer or write Krinkell at Joliet, Ill.

KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT—Easy, simple, painless. For strong or weak smokers. No ill effects. Money back guarantee. Begins in 3 minutes. Guaranteed for 60 days.Works by Keeley Institute, 44 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill. Two dollars at the leading drug stores.

KIRKLAND—Unique. Good for the voice, throat, and lungs. The peeble is made of the upper leaves of the Cactus. The peebles have a fine tuning. This ingenious little device is made in the shape of a bell. It is a delight to the ear and a positive help to the throat. Only $1.50 per box. Kirkland Co., 330 S. Wells St., Chicago.

WHY YOU WILL PREFER CHICAGO'S

Hotel KNICKERBOCKER

A smart, metropolitan hotel—perfectly located. Near everything. The chicest, most urbane of Chicago's smartest shopping districts—department stores building—and opposite The Drake. Larger, more cheerful, all outside rooms. Each with bath, shower, circulating hot water—and the most comfortable beds money can buy. A friendly, cosmopolitan atmosphere— a "personal" service instantly appreciated. Known in the House of Knick, Club, Shop and Dining Room—a la carte service or table d'hote.

Wonderful Rooms

with bath $3.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Stop at Hotel KNICKERBOCKER WALTON PLACE—Just off Michigan Ave. J. I. McDonell, Manager
Take Your Radio Entertainment Along—Wherever You Go!

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

A Good Leonard Refrigerator at the Price You Can Afford to Pay
Any Leonard may be purchased on easy deferred payments.
The only Balance\textsuperscript{o} pen and pencil is Sheaffer's

Sheaffer alone has government right to use the words: Balance and Lifetime\textsuperscript{o}. "Balance" ends pen top-heaviness, brings speedy, relaxed writing. "Lifetime" means that your pen will serve for your life span. There's a Lifetime\textsuperscript{o} pen point for every handwriting style; try writing with the correct point, and see what Balance\textsuperscript{o} did for writing!

At better stores everywhere.

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime\textsuperscript{o} is guaranteed unconditionally for your life, and other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship.

\textbf{SHEAFFER'S}

PENS-PENCILS-DESK SETS-SKRIP

\textbf{SKRIP}

\textbf{SAFETY SKRIP.}

\textbf{SUCCESS TO INK.}

\textbf{SKRIP-FILLED, 30c.}

\textbf{THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO}