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WILL ROGERS Takes Mike in Hand

July

Pinch Hitting for FLOYD GIBBONS By H. I. Phillips

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

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RADIO DIGEST



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E. C. RAYNER, Publisher

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

Harold P. Brown. Editor

A N accomplished vo-calist with a lovely contralto voice, Veronica Wiggins may be heard regularly when the Gold Strand Crusaders broadcast their melodies over CBS.



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SPECIAL ARTICLES

TE

July, 1930

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.

O

- 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 Bren, who was first to enroll negro comics in professional entertainment, tells interviewer how it happened.
- PINCH HITTING for FLOYD GIBBONS -H. I. Phillips, famous columnist for the New York Sun, describes his reactions when asked to relieve war correspondent at mike.
- SUCH IS FAME Caricaturist scans names and faces of 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 timers 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. Special Correspondent 32
- 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 motoradioing 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 witho t being squelched? Mr. Glask certainly E. Phillips Oppenheim 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 Colisemus, two Chicago gunmen strike many snags in following an intended victim into a Florida jungle.
- THIRTEEN AND ONE—Can the dead re-turn to life on this earth? Mysterious develop-ments take place in the storm bound house with its odd guests at Lake Tahoe.
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DEVORA NAD-WORNEY first won her fame on the operatic stage. As the c on tr al to lead in Charles S kilt on's American Indian opera "Sun Bride" she won further distinction over NBC a few weeks ago. NAD-



YOU probably know YOU probably know Yvonne Larue of KYA as Babs of the team of Toby and Babs in the tri-weekly lively e p is o de "Colle ge Daze." She was gradu-ated from the Univer-sity of Washington and is said to retain a good deel of the cocd wiracity. vivacity.

Diamond Award Contest Brings New **NOMINATIONS AND VOTES** From Enthusiastic Readers-Everywhere

See Rules and Conditions on page 83

HEY ARE beginning to come in now with a vengeancethe nominations and votes for favorite artists, announcers and programs in the Meritum Diamond Award Contest as announced in the April issue of Radio Digest. From 185 nominations announced last month, the number has jumped to 256 at the present, and the end is a long, long way off. The

pile of letters which accompanied the ballots lies on the desk before us, and we should like to read every one of them to you here on this page; save that the exigencies of time and space prevent.

Running through those which lie on top of the pile, one is able to get an idea of the extreme diversity which has prevailed in the voting-diversity as to the type of artist or program voted for, and diversity as to the 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 A1. Walker, Bir-mingham, Ala., entertains not the least doubt in his mind (and there are many who agree with him) that Coon Sanders and his Nighthawks are champion entertainers of



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

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, fatuousness 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 abundance of unusual predicaments so compatible and appealing to our avarice for unique amusement, they must 'receive such typical and applicable laudations as these.'" (Whew!) Reduced to the least common denominator one would rather guess that

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST
POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. I Nominate
Station (Call Letters) in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.
Signed Address
CityState

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 enter-tainers 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."

Andy episodes." From way down South in old Vicksburg, Miss., Mrs. L. A. Ledbetter, 912 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"

cake." "There are many good pro-grams 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

Meritum Award Meritum Award 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 taken to heart and acted upon, do lead to improved health. Now that is what we call a most logical reason for voting for

Now that is what we can a most logical reason to the bar of 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 "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)

AMERICA'S MOST PC	
DIAMOND AWA	ARD CONTEST
POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicag	
Please credit this ballot to:	
(Name of Program)	(Call Letters
(City) Signed	(State)
Stghea	
Address	

Advance Tips

4

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 the 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 sketch contest. It was and is a big job—too big and too important to be decided hastily. But Mr. Eskew says positively that he will be able to award the prizes and announce the winners in the August number of Radio Digest.

* *

* * *

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

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

* * * Evans 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 where Graham Mc-Namee, Jessica Dragonette, Olive Palmer and many others are spending their vacations and what they are doing to spend them. It will be intimate and especially interesting.

When Will Rogers was a boywell, 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 tumultous times in the next Radio Digest. Remember, Rupert Hughes is the author.

Across the Desk

R ADIO 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 doner. 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 ceremonious 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 trifle bored accents of the great screen deities piping out at us from the loud speaker. Such inanities! 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 ecstacy 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 play in literature, lying somewhere between it and the novel. This book has been prepared with a double purpose in view: The prompt book idea of the separate paragraphs for each action, movement and sound. Stage direction has been employed as an aid to the director, but the numbering of scenes has been avoided lest it confuse the reader.

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

	Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.
WHEN YOU WANT RadioDigest	Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscrip- tion to Radio Digest.
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Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now	Address

⁶ Jhe Youth, Radio

By M. H. Aylesworth

President, National Broadcasting Company

ADIO 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.

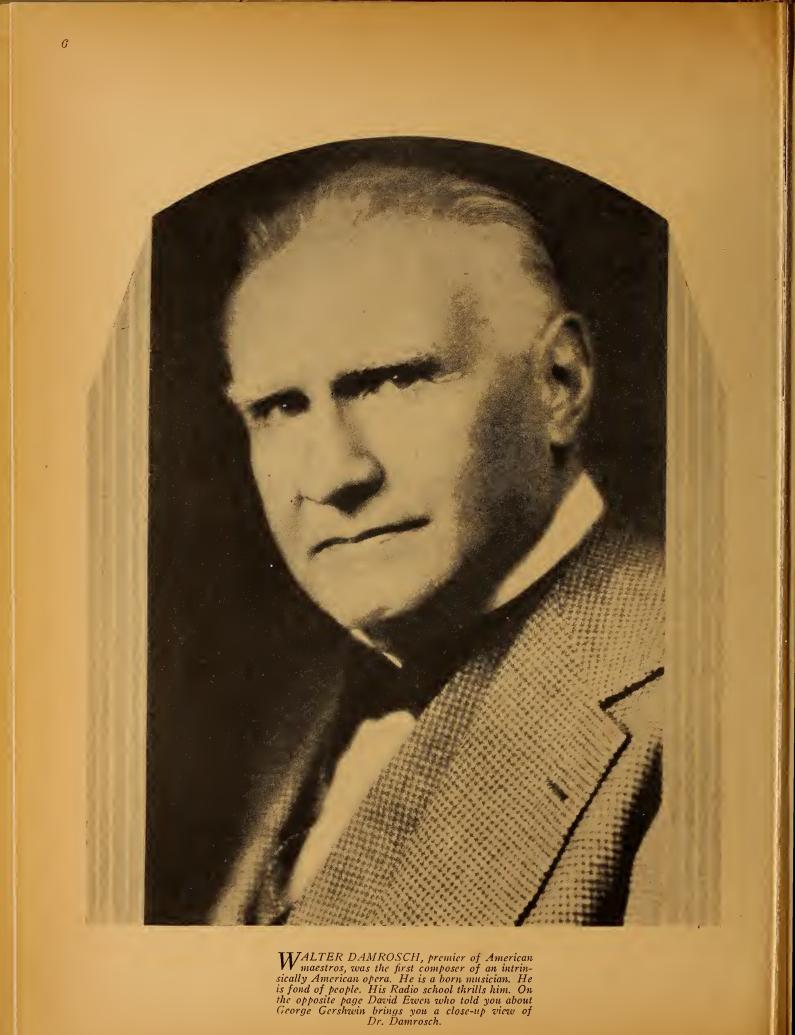
Youth is a creative age. It is an age when precedents are disregarded, old forms are scorned, and amazing experiments are conducted. Radio is an industry in which precedents are disregarded for there are no precedents, where old forms are scorned because they do not fit the new medium, and where amazing 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.



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

WO years ago, Walter Damrosch was approached with two flattering contracts. Acceptance of one precluded, of course, acceptance of the other—and both were of a 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 Phil-harmonic Symphony Society of New York, offering him the enviable post of principal conductor at a still more enviable salary. The other was sent to him by the National Broadcast-ing Company of New York, where he has been identified. The one appealed strongly be-cause it brought with it the prestige of conducting the world's greatest and most celebrated orchestra; the other offered an infinitely. larger

other offered an infinitely larger audience than any concert orchestra could and, therefore, brought with it limitless educational possibilities — possibilities which Walter Dam-rosch, ever the messenger of good music, was keen enough to perceive at once.

Instinctively, however, Damrosch was far more attracted to the educational possibilities of the Radio than to prestige. For prestige no longer held that glittering attraction for this silver-haired, pleasant-faced musician who, at twenty-three, con-ducted in one of the greatest opera-houses in the world, who had been friend to Liszt and Wagner and who, for forty years, had walked at the side of musical immortals. Presthe side of musical immortals. Pres-tige no longer seemed so enticing, especially since he had already so very much of it. And so, a signed contract was returned to the Na-tional Broadcasting Company—and the Philharmonic had to satisfy itself with a gentle and benign re-fusal. 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

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 care to listen, 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 spouting at the slightest encouragement, figures which, in truth, speak far more elo-quently than any words.

encouragement, figures which, in truth, speak far more elo-quently 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 3,000 at each concert, he would have to conduct 26 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

This, of course, does not include the 5,000,000 children who listen to him eagerly in schoolrooms every Friday morning. And when one remembers — Damrosch will continue as an enthusiastic epilogue to his enthusiastic recital-that these concerts are listened to, for the most part, not by trained music-lovers, but rather by novices, people who are now being intro-duced to good music for the first time, then do we realize the true importance of his work. Through the microphone Dam-rosch is making American construct music to a set the set. rosch 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 im-pressive. He dresses immaculately. His yellow tie (he has a preferance 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. He seems, indeed, to be in the very prime of life. He comes from a family of musicians. Dr. Leopold Dam-rosch, his father was one of the greatest conductors of his time—the founder of the New York Symphony Society and the Oratorio Society of New York the first conductor of Wagner at the Metropolitan Opera House, a musician of international repute. His older brother is Frank Damrosch (christened by none other than Franz Liszt) who is now head of the Institute of Musical Art, New York. He was born, not in America as so many believe, but in Breslau, Germany, and on the day of his birth the fore-most musicians of Germany were at

 $D^{AMROSCH}$ loves leisure and yet he is always busy with a day that is chronicled with active work. His habit is to arise at 7, dress precisely (with preference for a plain yellow tic) and start out for a stroll through Central park. He walks for an even hour before sitting down to a hearty breakfast. Then comes the morning paper and at 9 o'clock he is ready for business which begins with the mail. He reads every letter sent to him by Radio listeners from all sections of the country. Callers are received at 11 o'clock -embryo philharmonic conductors, composers, interviewers, young musicians trying-to-getalong and social representatives. Afternoons are devoted to quiet study and reading. In the evening he goes to a concert, a theatre or is at home with congenial friends. Mr. Ewen presents you with a most intimate introduction to this great maestro who was one of the first of the most distinguished artists to recognize the art of Radio.

most musicians of Germany were at his home to commemorate the event. Richard Wagner was supposed to be the godfather but at the last moment Wagner demurred because, having christened another son of Dr. Leopold, a son who died shortly afterwards, Wagner firmly main-tained 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 babe who

riedly procured—and the babe who was supposed to have been called Richard Wagner Damrosch was now named Walter. When Walter was five years old his family migrated to America where Dr. Leopold hoped to attain a musical connection equal to that of his acquaintance, Dr. Theodore Thomas in Chicago. They lived in a small and cramped apartment on 23rd Street near Third Avenue and Walter was sent to Public School 40, on the same street, to acquire his early education. It was shortly a that he made his debut, somewhat

on the same street, it was shortly early education. It was shortly after his arrival in America that he made his debut, somewhat the same as an orchestra-member. His father

after his arrival in America that he made his debut, somewhat inauspiciously to be sure, as an orchestra-member. His father was at that time rehearsing Schubert's "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 excite-ment was of such a great strain to the young musician that. ment was of such a great strain to the young musician that, ment was of such a great strain to the young inisitian that, when the strategic moment arrived for him to crash his 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 effort on Walter's part, could raise those two stiff hands to crash that cymbal. After that performance, Dr. Leopold mumbled angrily that Walter would walke a for better shoemaker than musician in later life! 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 baton for a short while until a permanent conductor could be found. But there was found in his baton something of the power and

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 and unanimously decided that the son was fully capable of carrying on the work of the father. He was offered \$8,500 a year—and he accepted eagerly. His unique success as the head of the Wagner forces at the Metro-politan soon inspired him to continue his father's work in other (Continued on page 69)

(Continued on page 69)

WILL ROGERS TAKES MIKEin HAND

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

8

By Dr. Ralph L. Power.

Special Representative of Radio Digest

ILL ROGERS, the fearless wise-cracking genius of the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's

the age takes mike in hand—AT LAST! And there's murder in his eye. He stalled, he wouldn't, he ducked and dodged, swore to high heaven he would have nothing to do with the bloody thing, money couldn't hire him, and all that—but at last it got him. Will Rogers and Squibbs tooth paste! Poor William. At last he has met his Waterloo. The homely philosophic sage has clasped hands with royalty and has 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 lassooing wild cayuses or taming garter snakes he is undoubtedly without a peer. But when it comes to the microphone ... Oh, boy, he's lost,

But when it comes to the microphone . . . Oh, boy, he's lost,

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 glances at the world's famous. Or you can blithely trip into the town picture palace and see Will's noble physiognomy in his first picture, "They Had to See Paris," and possibly his latest, "The Connecticut Yankee." If the mood just can't be shaken off, you can go to the village library and read one of his books.

B UT even if you do any or all of these things you will dis-cover nary a line about his Radio performances. So this little yarn will tell you something about the human side of this ine 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.

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

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, having been mayor with no local honors left, and the folks settling 'round about too close for comfort, Will herded his kin on a cart and rode down to Santa Monica Canyon.

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

J UST 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



"Did you ever notice that when you hear about the Prince of Wales falling off his horse the horse falls too? How ken you blame the Prince?"

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 hull. taken from el toro, the bull.

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 dons 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 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

Art Gallery when he no longer needs it, for the material forms the nucleus of a genuinely worthwhile collection. The children have been going to school, of course, in the winter months, so this make-shift bungalow life has served its purpose. But they will soon go to the rancho. That is where they have been spending the week-ends all through the spring and the place from which Mr. Rogers sets forth on a Sunday night for KHJ, the key station of the Columbia Broadcasting System for his Sunday night talks. T'd like to be able to say that he nonchalantly signals Jevnes, the chauffeur, squeezes into the rear compartment of the imported machine and speeds silently along the smooth high-ways and byways for which the golden state is noted. But as a matter of fact, Mistuh 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 fine cars, but he likes to take the older models and drive himself.

take the older models and drive himself.

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 at 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 . . . what they eat . . . how they

apparent trends of thought . . . 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 way to the city he doesn't think of his notes or the speech for, he says "Tain't no use. I wouldn't remember it nohow." But he does look around and sees the ritzy hot dog stands fashioned in architectural style of old Normandy, the gasoline stations designed to simulate feudal castles, the ice cream palaces built to resemble the Eskimo igloos, the wayside orange drink stands erected to look more or less like a real cream palaces built to resemble the Eskimo igloos, the wayside 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 LaSalle sales and service. 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, "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 palpitating to go. Invariably he steps down the stone stairway on the return trip.

stone stairway on the return trip.

On the second floor he wends his way carefully through the cars on the showroom floor and peeps around to see what's what and who's hooey. If the station manager is around he says "howdy," and then goes into the studio a full half hour before time to go on.

OU ought to see the way they rig the place up for him. He You ought to see the way they fig the place up to microphones on stands and let him stay between them. He can look into

either or neither and yet his voice carries out okeh. 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 15 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 grill. The studio decorations are lavender and a jade green.

a jade green. There are deep, plush carpets, inverted lighting, a Theremin, and a baby grand and upright piano. In 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 pretty hard to believe it. "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 here 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 in old KHJ."

here in old KHJ." All over the county broadcast men are ready and waiting. The zero hour, or whatever it is they call it, approaches. In KHJ's rooms two telephone men are waiting. They have tested and have been in touch with New York. The lines are all clear. The program goes out directly from KHJ and at the same time goes to the Columbia chain . . . breaking off at points to various stations west of Chicago, while from there it goes to New York and goes back to the stations.

A^T 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 pro-gram, at least, this "tricky" method, as the engineers call it, out rather well.

So Will by this time has about twenty minutes. Witness the scene . . . he madly chews gum generously provided by the gum magnate . . . taps 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 hat stays on.

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

More mannerisms . . . rubs left eyebrow with left hand . . . scratches right ear vigorously . . . pinches nose nervously . . . and goes through these motions five times during time on

the air. "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 peek 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 a punch at the beginnin' and end. Awfully sorry those folks didn't git to hear it all.

Freddy Rich and his orchestra played the overture, or whatever it is the symphonic dance orchestra is supposed to play for the big shots of vaudeville like Rogers. Rich, by the way, played for the King and Queen of England so nothing would do but that he must play for Will, too.

 $T^{\rm HE}$ orchestra is well along to the end of its twelve minutes of playing. Will looks wildly around the sheltered, clois-tered walls, at the deep plush carpet, the futuristic decorations on the wall, at the furniture fashioned in modernistic trend.

On the first night of the series he gasped once, gulped twice, fluttered his hands in a silent gesture of despair and finally waddled to the door and beckoned to a group of studio habitues and the idly curious to come on in and get an earful, to say

nothing of good-sized eyeful. So in they trekked. That was what he wanted. He could look 'em over and get reactions, he thought. But they applauded so wildly and generously that the announcer had to shush them

so while and generously that 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-browing '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 afraid to laugh. So I think it's no good and feel bad all over it. It affects my expression, that's what's the matter."

that's what's the matter.

Maybe it is, but just the same Will has a pretty bad case of microphonitis. He's afraid of poor little mike who wouldn't. hurt him a bit even if it could.

nurt him a bit even it 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 micro-phone, you can't tell how it's goin' over.

(Continued on page 68)

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

Amos Amos JOIN the SHOW

Some of Their Early Experiences on the Stage as Told by Joe Bren Who Hired Them

By Ann Steward

HY 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 I only knew that it was his executive acumen—or

famous.

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 dis-covered 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,

foor 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

"Eight milliun, nine nilliun, 'leven mil-liun''—"How much is dat, Andy? Ain't yo' skip a milliun or two?"

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glance to the moving, surging scene far below the window and then turned to a red leather chair. It was restful and suddenly felt at ease.

The receiver clicked slightly and Mr. Bren faced me inquir-ingly. "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

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:

"A BOUT eleven years ago I was in business as a manager of home talent shows. I had under my direction, young men who traveled the country and were called producers. It was their duty to enter a town where a show was to be given, arrange for the talent amongst the people of the town, line up the show itself, produce it and then go on to the next town and repeat the same procedure. When unusual talent was dis-covered amongst the anateurs, the producers usually wrote to me and I investigated the matter. If the performer proved especially good, I would add them to my troupe of regular

especially good, I would and them to my troupe of regular performers or producers. "One of these letters came from Davenport, Iowa, telling of a man by the name of Charles J. Correll who was a wizard at the piano and who had some acting ability. I followed up this information and urged Mr. Correll to join my forces.

"Take it easy, Amos. Yo' is goin' fast." too

He accepted and came to Chicago with the railroad fare I wired to him. I put him to work on his arrival and instructed

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 busines 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 espe-cially clever as a black face end man in minstrel shows and his negro dialect was enviable. I put him down as a chap who would make something of himself before long, but I never foresaw the lasting brilliance of fame that surrounds Amos 'n' Andy.

oresaw 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 towns folk." 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 head. He was always pleased, but his natural role as a hard worker was never deserted.

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

"Gosden was very much the same way. However, he had many funny experiences, due to his inability to play the piano. One almost got him into serious trouble, but when I recall it, I can't help laughing. It shows Gosden in his true light, ear-nest, eager to please and forever funny, no matter how serious the situation. He was to produce a show in Taladega, Ala-bama, 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 peo-ple who could manage a piano and the only possible applicant was a young lady who was not so good even though she was

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was a young lady who was not so good even though the was the best available. That evening after the practice, Gosden was talking to a group of townsmen about the show. Someone

was taiking to a group of townsmen about the snow. 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.

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.'

After the faithin, filtury filter had been very state 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 solicitious 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 chuckled, 'that's better.'

'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'.".

retreating down the street and rubbed his chin reflectively. "'Aw, she's not so bad,' he was heard to murmur.

"THE SHOW went on in time and Gosden escaped from 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 "But Correll and Gosden not only saved the day for them-

selves often enough, they did several good stunts for me. time the boys and I were together playing a show in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Just after the show went on a tornado with all South Dakota. Just after the show went on a formado with an the accompanying stage affects burst into town with angry persistance. The lights went out, the storm raged and the audience was panic stricken, but Correll and Gosden took mat-ters 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 troupers, they were. "Well, about this time, I put Correll in full charge of the

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"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 close we metter how involvement them around the hoter or in plans, no matter how inadequate they proved to be later on.

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

"I SOON found that they both had a bottomless fund of human nature information. We used to write many

skits, plays and acts together and what we wrote was always 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, "Sometimes men would come to them and say: 'Listen, I know a grand gag, it's a little off color, but it's good. Once there were two traveling salesmen, see?' They'd listen re-spectfully 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 like.' "Of course that was only a stall, because they knew as well as I what was acceptable and what was not, but that reply usually called an end to the matter. The joke never went on, and I don't think either Correll or Gosden ever, before or after their work with me put a slightly suggestive joke

or after their work with me, put a slightly suggestive joke before the public. That is one of the things that is out-standing in their Amos 'n' Andy. It's always good clean humor that no one criticizes and everyone with a normal mind

can get a chuckle out of. "My own two kids won'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 been due to be one the country for the 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 something I have always maintained 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

"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 or minstrels, were either Shriner or Elk performances. It was through the two brotherhoods 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 marvelous Glee Club. I planned to use this chorus as a background to the minstrel show in which I was to use my very best performers. Correll and Gosden were the end men and I led the orchestra. It turned out to be a 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 one of the best pieces of business I had done up to that time. The Elks National convention I had done up to that time. The Elks National convention was to be held in California that year and I decided to take my Minneapolis show intact to California, Glee Club and all, and give four performances there during the convention. Those shows were to be gratis. The expenses for the trip, I hoped to make by giving the here and there along the route, both out and back both out and back.

"We chartered a special train of fourteen cars for the-whole thing, which was a big expense, but it was the only possible way we could attack the job ahead of us. It was a splendid season. We scraped 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 difficulties will have much bearing on their present. While we were on the trip, I used to settle my expenses immediately after the show every night so that I would know just where we stood. The performers used to line up outside of my office car and wait anxiously for their money—we never knew just how much or how little it would be.

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

"And then soon after that came the Radio and its popu-larization. It was the beginning of the end for our road shows. Even then, I don't think I foresaw what would happen to my two best end men, and perhaps if I had, I wouldn't have been so eager and ready to push them into their first Radio appearances which so quickly changed their careers. Al-though I should hate to think back now and realize that I had described America of two of its most popular and best liked 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 WEBH then owned by the Herald and Examiner news-paper. That is not exactly true. I had made an appoint-

ment for the boys to give an audition before Mr. Boneil, 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 that week. There was a Radio station there then, so small 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. They often asked players in shows or vaudeville to appear before the microphone to fill up the gaps in their programs. So it was through this medium that the boys first went on the air. 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. With the future audition of the two boys in mind, I offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it offered the services of Correll and Gosden, for I realized it would give them a chance to familiarize themselves with play-ing to an unresponsive mike. Of course, the boys were more than glad to grab at any chance to get on the air and they 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 sang that. It was a medley starting with some sort of a verse about everybody happy or something to that effect and then swung into a number of popular songs of the day. Correll played the piano and Gosden strummed the banjo. They seemed to have mike sense naturally and they went out very

seemed to have mike sense naturally and they went out very well. The Thursday of that week they played and sang the same number for Mr. Boneil and it was the song that put them

on the air every week through that spring and summer as Correll and Gosden on WEBH. "I think most everybody is fairly familiar with what hap-pened 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 deliverance. I knew of the plan and the boys consulted with me, but Sam 'n' Henry and the subsequent

boys consulted with me, but Sam'n' Henry and the subsequent Amos'n' Andy belongs to them alone and entirely. "The day after WGN accepted Sam 'n' Henry, Gosden walked into my office with his characteristic smile and re-marked: 'Well, Joe, I guess we've struck oil.' He said it simply and quietly, without the slightest boastful swagger. Little did any one 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 tre-mendously popular, but after a while they gave up so much 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 announcing and some of their songs. But Sam 'n' Henry demanded more and more of the comic strip of the air.

everything else up in favor of the comic strip of the air. **G** RoR 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, and if anyone thinks they don't work, try 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 hesitate to say that Amos 'n' Andy are the most popular entertainers on the air and I predict that their place as a feature will never be usurped by anyone.
"The people are beginning to look on Amos 'n' Andy as friends and intimates. You may hear someone say: 'They've been awful the past week.' But go over to their house and if ten-thirty comes in the middle of a potential grand slam at a cent a point, the bridge game is overlooked while the Pepsodent Tooth Paste feature wanders deliberately into the room and presents Amos 'n' Andy for fifteen minutes. It happens in the best regulated families.
"I want to say a word about Correll and Gosden themselves. Each has always been the highest type of man. They haven't forgotten old friends and acquaintances. They still drop in on me and talk over old times. Their success has certainly not gone to their heads, and that proves more than anything does, the kind of men the vare.

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 don't go around with their heads in the clouds over it. The public only sees the gravy, but they do the work, and when two men work as hard as they do, they aren't apt to be completely unconscious of or bewildered by success. Ît was coming to them and they're taking it like men. All in all, they are 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



"I is Andrew Brown, president of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated."

is news in the world. They use current events of interest in their sketch, such as the census takers, for instance, or income tax worried them a short time ago and so on forever. If there tax worried them a short time ago and so on forever. If there is 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 pos-sible. As long as the Tribune wants Andy Gump, Sid Smith will write it. As long as the air wants Amos 'n' Andy, Correll and Gosden will write it. And it looks as if these features grow more popular each time one turns around. No, 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 appallingly 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 "spiel" over WMAQ, speak real negro dialect or not. We have some letters on the subject.

"Spiel" over what, speak rear negro dialect of and some letters on the subject. "If Amos and Andy would only speak *real* negro dialect," writes Miss Margaret Johnston of Brunswick, Ga., "the illu-sion of sho' 'nough colored folks talking over Radio would be greatly enhanced. For my part, I have never heard negroes (and I was 'fotched up' among them) talk as these two come-dians talk."

Similar protests have been received from dwellers in Vir-ginia, Louisiana, Mississippi and elsewhere. Particularly do the correspondents say that "Andy" Correll's use of the letter "r" in place of "d" (*regusted* instead of *disgusted*, for exam-ple) is out of place.

ple) 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 prev-alent. Varying somewhat with the locality from which the negro comes, it is recognizable wherever spoken by real (Continued on page 95)

13



An Unforeseen Circumstance Adds Complications

By E. Phillips Oppenheim Illustrations by Joseph L. Sabo

IR 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 Horbwerg hat he was entirely satisfactory. His air of 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

At his feet—he was sitting on the summit of a considerable hill, crowned by a plantation of fir trees—was an old-world market town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-

market town, a picturesque medley of greystone buildings, red-tiled, melodious, without a single modern discordancy. Beyond, yellow cornfields and green meadows rolled away in billowy undulations to a line of low hills fading into a blue mist. It was not 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 of somewhat pleasant appearance, humbly dressed, as fitted his station, but carrying himself with a certain not unbecoming ease. After a moment's survey of the view, he sank with a brief exclamation of content upon one end of the seat occupied by Sir Austen Malcolm. There were other vacant seats not far away—and the baronet was obliged to uncross his knees. He turned and glanced at the newcomer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the

his knees. He turned and glanced at the newcomer. Sir Austen was, without doubt, as his appearance indicated, the great man of the neighbor-hood; 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 accustomed to a great deal of respect from the townspeople. He was perhaps satisfied to observe that this intruder was a stranger to him.

"Q UITE a climb up here, isn't it?" the newcomer

Y isn't it?" the newcomer began, affably. The voice was pleasant e nough, but its affability seemed to Sir Austen Malcolm a little uncalled for. He an-swered without removing his eyes from the pages of his book:

book: "It is certainly a consider-able ascent."

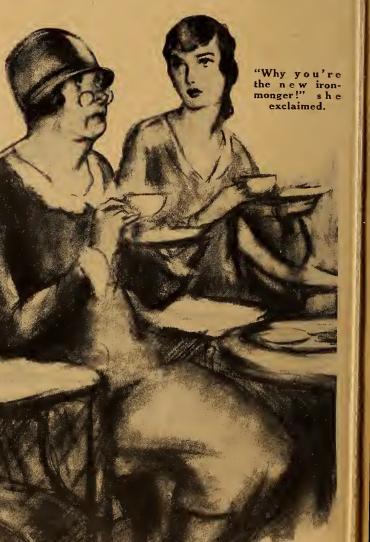
able ascent." The young man very prop-erly remained silent. The affair might reasonably have ended there. A slight liberty had been taken and a slight rebuke administered. S ir A u st e n should have gone on with his reading and the young man, after a few moments' uncom-fortable reflection, should have passed on his way. As a matter passed on his way. As a matter of fact, however, things turned out differently. Sir A ust en Malcolm, after a vain effort to return to his former train of thought, glanced a little irri-tably 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.

"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."

 $S^{\rm IR}$ 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

"He unfortunately developed bad nabits 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.

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

"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 an-swered; "and you'll think the same as I do of them when you've

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

> finished. There are a few ninshed. Inere are a few pretty thoughts—the snow-storm in the cherry orch-ard, 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 Athenaum." "You find time to read the

SABQ-

"You find time to read the Athenœum?" Sir Austen inquied, slowly. "And the Iromonger's Weckly Record," Stephen Glask admitted, cheerfully. "I have a catholic taste in literature. Good after-noon, 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."

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 a most original young man, and an exceed-ingly difficult one to put in his place. As he disappeared Sir Austen suddenly smiled; his eyes positively twinkled. "I would give," he murmured to himself, "a great deal to be at home when he calls on Eve."

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.

TTRACTED by the sound of voices, he crossed the tennis-A lawn and turned into the paddock. Here he came to a sudden and stupefied standstill. Eve, with her sleeves rolled

up and a mashie in her hand, was obviously receiving a golf lesson from—Mr. Stephen Glask! "Look out, Sir Austen!" the latter exclaimed, pleasantly. "We're approaching on to the lawn there, and you're just in the line."

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

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

"A PPARENTLY," he said dryly, "you are a young man of "Ob Line and 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 marking down purposely for Miss Malcolum if sha'll allow me."

for Merton's clubs—best irons in the World—and 1 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-1-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 circl emild at him in a comewhat purzled menuer

The girl smiled at him in a somewhat puzzled manner. "Certainly not, Mr. Glask," she assured him, stiffening ightly. "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

Malcoims, he was a most correct and dignified appendage. "Tea is served, miss," he announced. They all turned together towards the house. The young man, whô 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.

O N their way out they had to pass the tea table. Stephen Glask was ob-viously 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 after-noon."

The young man accepted the suggestion without hesitation. Further, he 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 com-plexion was florid, and she wore a *pince-nez* which seemed always balanced on the extreme tip of a rubicund nose. greeted Austen Malcolm and his sister with the easy familiarity of old acquaintance. It was just about this time that a longdormant sense of humor in the former leaped permanently into life.

"A ND WHO," the newcomer asked, smiling graciously, "is our young visitor? We see so few strangers in Faring-

don." "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 triffe 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 iron-mongery business, you know. You very likely saw them painting the name up." Mrs. Randale was not used to shocks, neither had she any

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.

"A poetaster," remarked Sir Austen . . . "as well as specialist in hard-. . . ware?

"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."

T THIS precise moment Sir Austen strolled away, with a AT THIS precise moment on rusted success by any and 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. - er Glask,"



"So you've come after all !" he exclaimed. "I'm to be forgiven then ?" She gave him her fingers and smiled . . .

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

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 reli-gious impulses, and not their self-inter-est which brings them to worship."

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

"I LL guarantee to save you a good deal a week before you know where you are. You'll excuse me now, Miss Malcolm, won't you? I must hurry 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 ofter him blandly.

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 ex-plain! Has Austen turned socialist?"

Eve was wiping her eyes.

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 car-tridges 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 in-

deed.

"My dear Eve," she said, firmly, "Austen ought to be ashamed of himself! No wonder the lower orders forget them-selves! Austen, too, of all men; the most punctilious, the most aristocratic person.

He ought to be ashamed of himself!" "He is good-looking, though, isu't he?" Eve faltered, still wiping her eyes. "Who? Austen!"

"No, the ironmonger!"

STEPHEN GLASK pushed his assist-ant out of the way. He had seen the pony-cart stop outside, and he was be-hind the counter, ready to greet Eve,

when she entered. "Good morning, Miss Malcolm!" he exclaimed heartily. "I am glad to see you. I thought you'd be coming in one morning."

Eve looked at him steadfastly. She wore a fresh white linen dress, a charming straw hat wreathed with flowers, and white buckskin driving-gloves. Her shoes and stockings were, as usual, per-fection. She looked exactly what she was — a thoroughbred young English-woman with an unusual knack for wear-ing 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 tum-bled, for he had been in the cellars, and there was a smut upon his cheek. She white buckskin driving-gloves. Her 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 66)



Effect of Pinch Hitting for FLOYD GIBBONS By H. I. Phillips

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

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

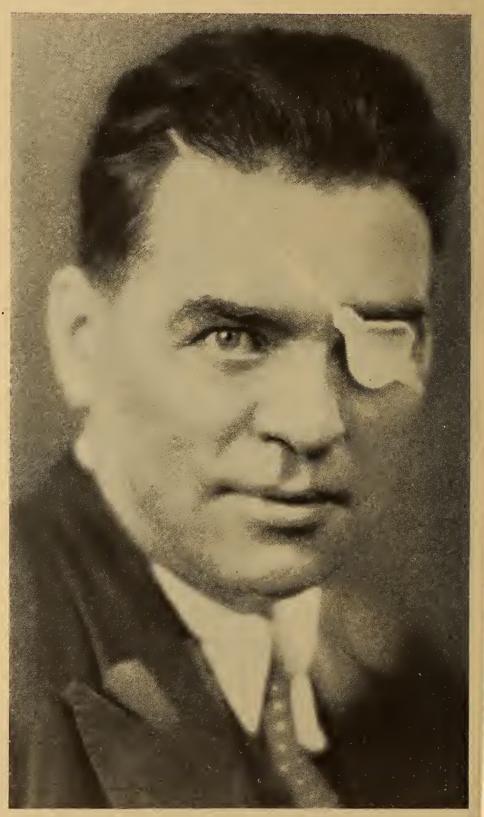
HEY tell me I spoke, or nearly so, on the Radio. In the Literary Digest hour . . . or some-thing. I can't say, personally. I dunno anything about it. I remember being escorted down a cold corridor, taken through a little green door into a brilliantly lighted chamber . . . there was a chair . . . I sat in it . . . I don't recall being strapped. . . Then everything went black, your Honor! My name is Floyd Phillips . . . beg pardon . . H. I. Gibbons. . . . No, that can't be right, either.

My name is Floyd Phillips . . . beg pardon . . . H. I. Gibbons. No, that can't be right, either. The following is a true confession: A fellow called me on the telephone. He said his name was Sullivan. He was an official of the National Broadcasting company, he said. He wanted to know if I would take Floyd Gibbons's place on the Literary Digest program. I looked at the calendar. It was too late for April Fool's day. I asked him to repeat what he said. He said: "Will you take Gloyd Fibbons's—my mistake—Floyd Gib-bons'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? Eloyd comes first.

place first and then go on with your Amos and Andy? Floyd comes first, anyhow?" I had never thought of that before.

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

I said: "How much do I have to pay?" He said you don't have to pay. He said we pay you. This sounded interesting, if true. I came up for air and asked: "How much do you pay me?" He said \$500. I said no. Not a cent less than \$300. 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 65)





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

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

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

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

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.

mental 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. A T 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 outit, 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 directress, 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 daylight 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. A S 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 comes into its own the concert artists who now enjoy the privilege of removing collars and ties when appearing before the mike will be out of luck.

The motion pictures which are now being broadcast from Station W2XCR are all short subjects of the silent variety with subtitles. In the laboratory there is under construction a projector for the broadcasting of any standard make of talking pictures. Who will finance the rental of these films for broad-casting? 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 demand forces the television broadcaster to give it something other than experimental programs.

URING the month of April Station W2XCR installed a D broadcasting studio and a reception room in Lincoln Park, New Jersey. In the reception room several television receiving sets were in operation. The studio officials named the quaint stone building housing the studio and reception room "The World's First Television Theatre." The public was invited to come and witness both broadcasting and reception of television. The public came and so did many men with scientific minds. For one week 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 instrumen-talists was broadcast from the theatre while in the reception room General and Mrs. Public 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 "Vanities," goes the distinction of per-petrating the first television kiss. And the young lady who assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the size assisted in making the distribution of this feature on the air-wayes 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 devolvement that Badie was in prior to the memorable broads

development that Radio was in prior to the memorable broad-cast 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 inter-national 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 section of the country which is not covered in an experimental manner at least. Stations W2XCR, Jersey City, and W3XK, Washington, are on the air several hours a day.



Home of the first Radio Vision Theatre, Lincoln Park, N. J., where practical television had its birth.



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

HOW does one tune in on a broadcast with a television receiving set? In much the same way one tuned in a Radio program in the early days. At the studio I visited the announcer gave out the following statement: "This is Station 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 equip-ment. As soon as this picture has been broadcast the announce-ment of our regular program will be made." ment 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

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.

are three. As you probably all know, Radio is the child of wireless telegraphy, not a step-child either, but the legitimate off-spring of a very hale and hearty parent. So, if you would know the age of the family tree, the exact date of the planting of the seed, we will have to confess our inability to make a positive statement. However, this much I can say, that in 1867 "James Clark 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 Book of Wireless. As the beginnings of this discovery are traceable at least forty years back of this date (1867) one answer to. "How old is Radio?" can be "At least a hundred answer to. years old!"

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

F OR 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 apprecia-ble numbers were really' attracted to this new-fangled play-thing. 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!

DX pearls! We had no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcast-ing 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)

JNCOMPATIBLE

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

> By Dana Gatlin Illustrations by O. J. Gatten

HE 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 "That was a silly feeling," murmured Amelie.

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 contract 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 with dwindling fortunes. seed"

Amelie was unusually pretty, beautiful even, in a softly sparkling way—darkish hair with bright chestnut lights, large sparkling way—darkish hair with oright 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 to look at; even matter-of-fact, prosaic people were moved out of their usual ruts of expression to try to say

things about her lovely nature and gracious charm; how she was not just like the other girls; how "fine as silk" she was; how others might be as pretty-though not many of 'em-but she stood out from all the rest.

And above all the obvious suitabilities of the marriage, these same prose realists were moved with everyone else to believe this couple would live happy ever after because they were so tremendously, ro-mantically, 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 D poets have sung of love and men have tried to de-fine it and analyze it. But little do words ever tell of that ecstatic tumult which two can create for each other. The things that can happen at the sudden meeting of eyes, at the touch of a hand—when merely to be in the same room together is to surcharge the air with invisible and tingling currents, is to feel the air thicken with invisible and fluttering pinions. Strange enough; strangest to the lov-ers themselves. But it is 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 hirst it was enough just to be together, to meet by day and to know, by night, that the same great canopy of stars while, this wasn't enough. And then came the moment, breathless, importunate and never-to-be-forgotten, when he gathered her into his arms 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 during that first halcyon time, was the climax of the unutter-able. At night, the clanging city and the tension and prob-lems 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 some 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.



Bess was the professional vamp of the club . . .

was thinking as she worked to build that little shrine of beauty and comfort and rest; she was thinking of Sid; she wanted to be a specific to the sound of the sound of the sound of the sound any extravagance, but Amelie had succeeded singularly in im-parting to it her own sweet charm. Every room, every object, every vista seemed mutely but eloquently to say: "Here is a home—here is Amelie's home." But it was not of herself she was thinking as the worked to build that little shrine of beauty and comfort and rest; she was thinking of Sid; she wanted to and comfort and rest; 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.

ND as for Sid. always inarticulate where his emotions were A ND as for Sid, always manufacture where the energy home meant to him.

HIS exquisite happiness continued essentially theirs for several years; even after they had made the inevitable discovery that the most perfectly mated pair in the world are not perfectly matched at all points, that deep unities do not give the same tastes at all points. Their tastes in society and social life were not the same, and that is a pretty big item to differ on, but for long it did not matter; and then, neither of them could have told how or when, it began to come up, this

He caught her hand and held it against his cheek, pressed it there tightly. Then,

with a half-embarrassed little laugh, he said:

"D'you know, I had the funniest feeling just then-a kind of kink, for a minute.

"What was it?" asked Ame-

lie. "Oh, I don't know—it seems silly." He sounded somewhat sheepish, being ever slow and shy at revealing his emotions; but he held tightly to her hand. "When you came in just then, when I heard your step and your voice, all of a sudden it sort of flashed over me how it would be if you *never came*. If I were just sitting here, alone, and knowing that you wouldn't be coming – not coming at all! For a second the feeling gave me a sort of turn.

"T HAT was a silly feel-ing," murmured Ame-lie, the fingers of her free hand stroking back his hair. "I'm very much here!" Then, wonderingly: "It's not like you to let your imagination run away like that."

"I know. But it got me-for just a second." Then suddenly he caught her to him, held her close. "Oh, Amelie!" That was all he said, but the

husky vibrance of those two words, the jealous intensity of that embrace, with mute elo-quence 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 now appeared those past days, once deemed happy enough, before he had had her; and told her how, henceforth, her love would be the one lamp to guide and cheer him down the otherwise dark path

of Life. And Amelie, divining all the things he did not say, holding him even dearer for this panicky little "kink" 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

difference, as if it did matter. Little rifts and politely sup-pressed and soon forgotten chills and strains began-and as time went on these did not get better, and periods of alienation were not as soon over nor quite as fondly compensated as of old. When you have heard more about them you will underold. stand, except that it is always hard for lookers-on to compre-hend other people's blind foolishness—or one's own, for the matter of that!

Our pair were far from being able to fathom what was the matter with them, though a wise observer would have helped 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 reasonable 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 suspect there was trouble. They had been too all-sufficient to each other in the early time to have other close intimates.

BUT they did have a "set"—the Country Club crowd. It was not an untowardly "speedy" set—in its liveliness and sophistication and extreme modernity merely typical of the kind of people who make, and who aim to make, their special 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-questing she considered abnormal, frittering, inane. And these people, too, with their familiarities, with their unreserved, free-and-easy contacts giving opportunity for continuous and broad gossipings, these people seemed to her pretty shallow and futile. Though, as they were the people Sid's business and their general position and fortunes naturally threw them with, she was content to play with them—when such gayeties were in order. And had a fairly good time, too. But, after 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 waked up just about that time to the way he could put business over by fraternizing with these rich men of the club, and he

told Amelie they must go out more—it was good policy. "And," said Sid, "it's not only good policy, but it's good for us. We mustn't get so taken up with each other that we have no sociability. And I like the bunch myself."

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

"Don't you, anyhow?"

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

B UT 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 *about*?—both of them were rather miserably wondering this. For early, they were not going to care at this late 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!

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 veil. The women, 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.

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m T}_{
m water;}$ the lawn with its brightness and long stretching shadows told of peace and leisure and beauty; the soft lique faction everywhere which comes on a summer evening, and the branches and leaves responding gently to the gentle evening breeze—the friendly trees which had kept them company for seven years! The breeze touched the curtains, stirring them, making them, too, seem somehow extra companionable. And behind her, all around her in the darkening room, she had the sense of dear and intimate and familiar things. Her home and Sid's-the home they had built together.

She was in a mood that almost ached in its yearning tender-ess. Sorting out some odds-and-ends she had come upon ness. 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 *passé* 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 lake tonight, but, her softened mood lingering, she sat by the sunset window waiting for him; thinking of him.

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

Seven years.

Those first days and weeks and months seemed to rise again before her. Those first days of ecstacy and sweetness unal-loyed. 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, baffling, inexplicable thing was love— so woven of ecstacy and torture! A thing beyond reason and without coherence. Of a sweetness more poignant than any-thing on earth—and of an all-devouring despair that consumes every hope and dream in your heart. Without coherence and 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 terrific 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 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 wheedle an extra half hour daily from KDKA, but they can get around anything. Their dance rythms are that kind.



Dick had slipped the will in his pocket.

7HE CABIN'S SECRET By Marie K. Neff

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

ELL, the worst is over, Dick!" exclaimed Julia Patterson to Dick Marston, her

fiance. "The climb certainly was steep. I'm just panting for breath." She looked all around and finally

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.

Arm in arm they walked on until they came to a clearing. By this time twilight was just hovering over the horizon and

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



Marie K. Neff

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 weather beaten shack

lit up the weather beaten shack.

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."

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

"W ELL, hello there, Bill Hay," I almost shouted as I spied the beaming Scotch face of WMAQ's com-mercial manager and the nightly introducer of Amos 'n' Andy strolling down Madison Street to-ward 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 Sentember

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 appen-dix?" "First rate, Ev," the burly and burry voice that first made itself famous at KFKX, Hastings, replied. "And how have you and the wife been? We shouldn't let a dirty little thing like the Chicago river separate us so long. How about having lunch together? Have you an engagement?" "Bless you, no," I answered. "That's a capital idea. Just headed out for lunch alone when I spotted you. They keep me pretty busy writing Radio yarns for The Herald and Examiner, but I always manage to take time to eat. The wife and family are great. I trust Mrs. W. G. is likewise, and that her lemon fluff pies are still up to standard." "They sho' are, check and double check," Bill replied. "Mrs. Hay has been feeling quite well lately, thank you. Let's drop down to the Dutch Room here at the Hotel LaSalle." And so it was that a pair of Radio's old timers went to lunch together and reviewed times gone by for Radio Digest's "Old *Home Week*" issue.

"YOU know, Bill," I said, "I had an interesting letter the other day from Harold Hough, the 'Hired Hand' and 'substitute announcer' of WBAP, the Fort Worth Star Tele-gram. 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 say where you have also caught the favor of asking some

"I see where you have also caught the fever of asking some-one 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 fol-lowing the signoff, I commenced to write letters as requested by the cream puff, silver throated batch of announcers. I'm still writing!

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

We may not have advanced very far in enterem the stamps.

tainment, but we have certainly made great strides in penman-ship. A lot of Radio listeners who have forgotten their letters have had 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 half his mail cars, 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 mike before they shoved me away. It just seemed impossible for me to get the right sort of lace on my tonsils, which would enable me to pet and purr in the presentday style of coaxing for mail. "Somehow or other I rather reckoned that the duty of the

"Somehow or other I rather reckoned that the duty of the Radio announcer was to try to tell the listeners what the birds in the studio were going to do next, but modern advancement soon showed me that I was entirely mistaken, so I have re-tired back to the boiler room, waiting for the wave of Chester-fieldian Grammar to subside. Maybe I can get back and maybe I can't, but some day all of the Radio fans will have the writer's receive then methy there given the party and when r cant, but some day an other the ratio rans will have the writer's cramp, then maybe there won't be any more Radio, and when the station is dark, I will probably be asked to reurn and take my place at the mike. Therefore I have hopes. "And say, I can remember way back in the Dark Ages when even the reliable old Radio Digest told us more about pro-

grams and circuits and less about angles and curves. —The Hired Hand of WBAP."

"A IN'T that sumpin'? You know, Bill, I've always had a sneaking idea that Harold Hough was as good or better a wisecracker than a certain other fellow by the name of Will Rogers. I'd sure like to get them cracking at one another some day and see which one would win. Radio always was sort of an avocation with Hough. His big job is treasurer and circulation manager of the Carter Publishing Company which

sort of an avocation with Hough. This hig foo is the least if and circulation manager of the Carter Publishing Company which publishes the Star-Telegram and other papers. I'm not sur-prised he has so little time for Radio these days." "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 Sanders' Nighthawks on their late pickups. He's vice-president of WJR, Inc. of Detroit now, although he's seldom on the air. As half owner in the station I hear he is doing quite well for himself. The Patt brothers, too, who took charge of WDAF after he left, have been working for him at WJR." "And say, Bill, you know of course about 'Tot' (Lambdin) Kay, the drawly 'Little Colonel' of WSB, the At-lan-tahhh Jun-nul? He's still piloting the Radio affairs there but there has been a big change. He got married a year or so back. And now, I hear, that fruit jars full of sweet corn are a thing of the past. In the meantime Tot's proteges have been show-ing that they had good training. Look at Bill Munday, the Atlanta Journal sport writer and broadcaster. He's quite a crutch for NBC these days." "Have you heard from the 'Solemn Old Judge,' George Hay,

"Have you heard from the 'Solemn Old Judge,' George Hay, lately?" Bill asked.

"I sure have. Brown wired him for me too. You know, of course, that he's been director of WSM, Nashville, ever since he left WLS, and that puts him right back in his old stamping ground, for he first made his name for himself at WMC, Mem-phis, before WLS imported him. I'll read you his letter:

OUR wire arrived just a little while before I was sched-

"YOUR wire arrived just a little while before I was sched-uled to take a trip to Dallas for the opening of the 50,000-watt transmitter of WFAA and WBAP. You asked for some greetings for your 'Old Home Week' article which is being prepared by my good friend Evans Plummer. "Tell him, Buck Rayner and all the gang at the Radio Digest that there is a work warm spot in my heart for all of you.

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 Gold Cup contest. Buck, no doubt, will have fond memories of the presentation in New York. (George Hay won the cup in 1924.— Editor's Note.)

presentation in New York. (George Hay won the chip in 1924.-Editor's Note.) "Radio is progressing so rapidly that 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 our respects to the old boys who did some excellent pioneering—the Hired Hand, Lambdin Kay, Leo Fitzpatrick, Bill Hay, first at KFKX, later WGN and now WMAQ and NBC, A. W. 'Sen' Kaney who helped KYW along and is with NBC in Chicago now, Graham McNamee 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 boys had to work single-handed back in 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. "Radio Digest was the first paper that offered any solace to the poor old Radio announcer. We saw pages on pages of pic-tures on how to make up an XYZ circuit with an ABC trans-former 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. "Let's take off our hats to the old timers, but let's 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,' or 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 first came on the air as WOAW, and a letter I have here from E. H. Gammons, vice-president of WCCO. I asked Mr. Stiles about Lester and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers.

Lester and Harold Palmer, the two announcing brothers. Here's what he says: "LESTER PALMER PROMINENT OMAHA MUNIC-IPAL JUDGE STILL ON WOW'S ANNOUNCING STAFF STOP HAROLD PALMER WELL-KNOWN YOUNG OMAHA LAWYER.—ORSON STILES." With that combination The Woodmen of the World station

should be able to stage a good mock trial broadcast, and I'll bet Lester Palmer has his hands full fixing tickets for the station operators who somehow always have a weakness for watching meter indicators and speedometers swing over as far as they

will go." "WOAW was where Gene Rouse made his name, wasn't it?" Bill asked.

it?" Bill asked. "Gene really started at WAAW, Omaha," I answered, "but WOAW soon picked him off. Since leaving Omaha he an-nounced for and directed WJJD while Bob Boneil had the duplicate position at WEBH when both stations were under the management of The Herald and Examiner. Then in Sep-tember, 1928, the paper merged WEBH with KYW and KFKX and made Gene chief announcer and, of course, he's still with us in that capacity. Boniel was put in charge of the artist's bureau but soon afterward resigned to become commercial manager of 'WTMJ, Milwaukee. "Remember the old days when WLAG. Minneapolis 'The

"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 WBAH, then WLAG, next WCCO and finally KSTP. He was studying medicine and Radio was only a part-time job with him. You know Gam-mons, don't you? He writes:

mons, don't you? He writes: "Regarding Eleanor Pochler and Paul Johnson, I can tell you little about either. Both are out of Radio. Johnson com-pleted 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. Pochler, I hear, has not been well, and has retired from any kind of while activity during the last two works? public activity during the last two years.'

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

Radio. "I uncovered a few old timers, however, who have been absent from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony Girls, Ruth Carpenter and Grace Ingram, for instance. Last

absent from the waves for some time. There are the Harmony Girls, Ruth Carpenter and Grace Ingram, for instance. Last time I saw or heard them they were entertaining right here in the dining room. Since then they've been doing a lot of vaude-ville trouping for Radio-Keith-Orpheum, but their contract doesn't allow broadcast appearances. Incidentally, I saw a harmony girl team at the Granada theater the other night billed as the 'Harmony Girls' and for an instant was thrilled to the core until I saw they were not the originals. "Then there's the Ford and Glenn, Gene and Jack affair. The former duo was started off on its way to fame by WLS, and after they left there, Jack and Gene took the vacant place. 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. The three toured the stations a bit and the next thing I knew Ford Rush was out. All I can learn is that he and Glenn just got tired of one another. Anyhow, Glenn and Gene are now headquartering at WTAM, Cleveland, and packing the theaters when they make personal appearances. Ford is in Chicago right now 'for an extended loaf' he says. But I think he's looking for a new buddy. He and Bradley Kincaid did a double the other night at WLS and sang old hymns. Jack Grady, inci-dentally, is still unable to work, but I hear that treatments are bringing his voice back gradually. bringing his voice back gradually.

"S PEAKING of lost voices, remember Lew Farris? Who doesn't! He was one of Radio's first travelling enter-tainers. 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 travelled. Stood six feet eight inches in his sox and appropriately billed himself as 'The Eiffel Tower of Radio.' "Here's an excerpt from a letter he wrote to Radio Digest about six months ago:

about six months ago:

Address is, besides just the Home, Annex 2, R58.—Lew Farris. "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 had gone. Perhaps this 'old home week' story will draw a line from him. Here's hoping he's licked the 'bur' and is missenbaue bound area casin."

"bug' and is microphone-bound once again!" "Say, what's become of Harry Snodgrass, the 'King of the Ivories,' who used to twist all dials to WOS when he and Announcer Witten got together?"

"I've conflicting reports, Bill. One source told me he was prospering as proprietor of a music store somewhere in the South. Then just the other day an Associated Press story came through saying Harry was running a chili parlor at Girard, Ill., and that he was open to a network broadcasting nibble, providing he didn't have to do his turn from New York

or Chicago, which cities he admits he hates." "Lee Sims, the other ivory masseur who does so well, is hanging his hat in the WBBM cloakroom these days, and of likewise for life, with Homay Bailey, a tall, good-looking soprano.

"SPEAKING of team splits, here's one. Recall the Ray-O-Vac Twins, Russ Wildey and Billy Sheehan? Haven't heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their heard them lately, have you? Well, the boys signed their separate maintenance papers about sixteen months ago. Billy went to work here in Chicago for the Cudahy Packing Com-pany in its advertising department. Russ remained profes-sional and took a fling at the B. & K. Publix theatre circuit with no microphones in shouting distance. "Well, less than six weeks ago who should I see but Russ Wildey in the KYW offices with Freddie Fisher, songster for the past several years on the station. 'Now it's Russ and Freddie, piano-song duo, on KYW Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons. They're going big, too. "Say, I heard a bit of news about Wendell Hall, too. You know since he left the production job for Majestic hour, he's

know since he left the production job for Majestic hour, he's been away from the mike entirely. Living in Wilmette, Ill., and doing a bit of magazine scribbling. Well, a friend of mine told me just last week that it looks as if the Judson 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 WDAP, '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 melodrama, 'Remote Control,' a play woven about broadcasting studio. Understand the movies bought film Understand the movies bought film broadcasting studio. rights to it for \$50,000.

"Speaking of movies reminds me that N. Dean Cole, the one-time popular announcer of WHO, is away from the Radio

mike, but close to one hitched to a talkie recording machine. He's with Warner Brothers' Brooklyn studio. "And two of Jack Nelson's buddies, Paul Neal, who oper-ated WDAP for a long stretch, and Ralph Shugart, once the 'sheik' announcer of WDAP and later engineer for WJJD, are well fixed in the technical end of sound films in Hollywood. Neal is a 'mixer' with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer while Shugart is manning mikes on the Paramount lot.

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

Wait, the list is longer than that. I still have to strike out Harold W. Arlin, KDKA's pioneer voice, Nate Caldwell, orig-inally billing himself the "Joy Digger" and warbling ukelele ditties, and Val MacLaughlin, "Sandman" for the children of WOC, WOAW and WLS.

Arlin was one of the first to see that there "was no future in Radio." Given an opportunity to enter the commercial end of Westinghouse, he deserted the KDKA studios for their Mansfield, Ohio, branch in December, 1925, and hasn't been back since. Wonder if he shouldn't have stayed in the game?

Nate Caldwell, after putting the worn ukelele in its case, in turn became announcer for WBBM, KMOX, WBBM, WTMJ and WBBM. He sort of revolves around WBBM, as you will note. But during the past year he has quit the applause mail to get on the producing end. At this moment he is broadcast during for the Plackett Sample Hummert agency here and an adviser for the Blackett-Sample-Hummert agency here and an expectant papa.

Val MacLaughlin got to liking the children so well that she married R. P. Van Zile, Fada Chicago branch manager, and set about to raise three of her own. Right now I am informed by Stuart Dawson, WIBO director and cousin of the lady, that she feels she has tended her own children long enough

and is looking for a radio outlet to find others to tell bedtime stories to.

Talking about Nate reminds me of Charlie Garland and Charlie Schultz, "the (2)80-pound tenor". They are rather mike shy these days. The pair have a Radio skit for the stage which keeps them quite busy and has had no trouble getting bookings. And Fred Jeske, another whoopee lad who tamed down to singing and announcing. Know where he is? Well right now you can tune him in on WTMJ, Milwaukee. He has been vibrating between there, WBBM, WGES and WIBO

been vibrating between there, it being these past few years. Say, I saw Harriet Lee's picture on the May cover of Radie Digest. That reminds me—the old girl duo of Mae and June once so beloved by WLS fans, is no more. Mae's right name, of course, was Harriet Lee and June's was Juanita Rae. Juanita married John Brown, WLS staff pianist, but that didn't cause CBS New York sudios. Result was that Juanita, but that durit cause the "Chicagoettes," a girl trio which may be heard harmonizing in the Publix movie theaters here. Harriet has been featured on a number of Columbia programs. Nearly every week she is scheduled for the Paramount hour on Saturday nights along with Paul Ash and his troupe, and they show her off at the

Paramount theater, too. Incidentally, Paul Small is one of the Ash troupe. remember when he first plugged songs years ago at the old KYW Hearst Square studios. His right last name is Lougher.

Why he changed it is interesting. Here's the story. Tonmy Malie used to be a partner of Little Jack Little in years growing fainter in my memory. A team split up caused Jack to look about for a new partner, and Paul Lougher was Jack to look about for a new partner, and l'aul Lougher was elected. To make a good team name he adopted the name "Small" so the act could be known as "Little and Small." Mrs. Tea Little decided Jack could do better all alone, except for her, so when she married him and had the right to make sug-gestions, she took over Jack's management, budget, etc., and put Paul Lougher-Small out "at first," so to speak. But they both got ahead, together and separated. Where Tommy Malie is no one knows. Some say he is still singing

Tommy Malie is no one knows. Some say he is still singing down East.

down East. The wedding bells stop some of the girl stars, and others go right on ahead. There doesn't seem to be any sort of rule. There's Marie Tulley, of WENR fame, and Ruth Etting, who was started on her way by WLS, to prove my point. Marie left Purdue university with a diploma, a good voice and knowl-edge of the piano. She was one of WENR's most popular stars. Well, when cupid changed her last name to Fendley, Marie deserted the mike and is now home-making down in Danville. III Danville, Ill.

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. Meantime her main purpose In his 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 112 pounds of blondness and blue eyes to the "Marigold Gar-dens" and other night club shows here and began creating costumes for them.

One night they needed another chorine in a show, so Ruth obligingly stepped in as a chorus girl at \$25 a week. She stuck. Already 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 costume designing was all right but being a 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.

Her next big break came when Flo Ziegfeld heard one of the records, summoned her to appear before him, and starred her in the Follies of 1927 and 1928. Then she blossomed out in in the Follies of 1927 and 1928. Then she blobbened lady to "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor and now she's right hand lady to Ed Wynn in his latest edition.

The networks nowadays have a habit of getting her to guest star" on some one of their big commercial hours, so of 'guest star' late she has returned to her first love, the microphone. "Say, Ev," Bill remarked, "what ever became of the 'Silver

Masked Tenor,' one of the first big favorites of the chains?'

Joe White is his right name, he's married and has three children. Just added the third last month—a boy named Graham after McNamee. Since Goodrich quit the air 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 WEAF with a limited Eastern network. I'd like to see him on some big program again, wouldn't you?

him on some big program again, wouldn't you? Godfrey Ludlow is another old favorie who is just coming back mto the spotlight, although he's not been off the NBC chain. If you will remember, he was "Don Amaizo," the wan-dering violinist, "wizard of the bow and baton" as the con-tinuity said. The sponsor went off the network and onto wax transcriptions, taking Ludlow's skill and the Amaizo character along. But now a very similar continuity brings Ludlow to the fore again. He's cast as a struggling young violinist in the (Continued on page 90)

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

Gangland's Gunmen Trail

^C/he

HUNTERS

Man-Eating Alligators, Rattlesnakes . and Bullets Add to Mystery

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

V 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

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 an' knock him off. No bungling, a clean job an' you'll get your jack on the barrel. Bodet is a big heel an' we gotta get rid of him."

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 patroled 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 path was beset by alligators and rattlesnakes. He discovered Bodet and Dorman carried no firearms so there could be no alibi of an accidental shootno hrearms so there could be no alloi of an accidental shoot-ing. Then he saw them wade into the water and disappear up a distant bank, too far away for a good shot. He plodded through mud and slime to get at them from another direction. Suddenly he found himself face to face with a stout dark man in a calico shirt who eyed him suspiciously. He had no time for argument. A gun cracked.

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man got out a crushed paper package of cheap cigarettes, offered one to Bodet, lighted one himself and smoked, in satis-faction, like a man whose race, for that day, had been won. "Splendid tree," he commented . . . "Well, I suppose we-best go back to the car now and get some food—and a drink of water. I am dry . . ." Apparently it occurred to him that his companion might not find the reward of their labors as rich and complete as he himself found it. He chuckled and laid a hand on the companion's shoulder.

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

been a fine day for me." The last statement seemed to imply a question and Bodet answered in utter sincerity, "One of the finest!" "Good!" said Dorman. "Everybody satisfied, including the bees. We'll go back to the car and have some grub--and a drink. I am dry." He looked at his watch. "Half-past one now, but that's plenty of time for a hunter to eat." They waded the lake, struck through the belt of timber, recovered their pole and box and started across the half mile of open, burned over land between the timber and the drainage ditch. Then they heard a shot back of them and to the east.

drainage ditch. Then they heard a shot back of them and to the east. "Dunno what anybody'd be shooting over there now," Dor-man commented. "Swamp hawk, probably." They walked on a few moments and heard another shot. That was all from that direction; but a little later Dorman remarked, "Hello! Company coming." Six men in a body were advancing rapidly toward them from the drainage ditch. It occurred to Bodet that they looked militant. As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes which suggested that he meant business. Bodet and Dorman wore only heavy shoes, overalls, dark

that he meant business. Bodet and Dorman wore only heavy shoes, overalls, dark shirts, caps. Anyone could see at a glance that they were unarmed, carrying only a pole and a little box. The man who had stepped forward glanced at those objects and asked brusquely, "That your car back there?" "Yes," said Dorman. "Bee hunting, eh?" said the man. "We found the tree, too," Dorman assured him; adding, not without vanity, "over on the island."

B ODET caught a surprised glance among those who formed the background. The man ahead rubbed his chin and replied: "Island, eh? See anybody over there?" "Why, we saw one chap," Dorman explained. "Quadroon or something like that, I take it. Surly sort of customer, looked as though he might bite. I thought maybe we were poaching on his preserves so I asked him if he had any claim to a bee tree there. He said he hadn't and I told him we were going to find one and he could come along if he wanted to and claim the honey. He did follow us to the tree. Then he went off somewhere. That's the only man we saw. Heard a couple of shots back there a minute ago."

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

The sultry-eyed man rubbed his chin a moment and remarked: "We heard the shots, too. We're hunting some ourselves. Not bees--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 get-ting 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 arou The sultry-eyed man rubbed his chin a

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

toward the ditch very thoughtfully and after a moment he made a sort of confession: "Guess there is moonshining around here. I've heard so anyway. Moonshiners, now . . . I knew an old fellow in Ten-nessee—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."

E LOOKED around at Bodet rather uneasily as though H there might be some misgivings in his own mind and he needed to justify himself. In that spirit he explained: "But 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 apol-ogize for having led his guest into danger. So the detective laughed from the bottom of his heart and clapped his companion on the shoulder, repeating, "It's been a fine day!"

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

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

With care Dorman selected the largest dill pickle, speared it, laid it on a sand-wich 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 Dor-man know whether or not the bribe softened his heart.

They ate leisurely and lighted pipes, gossiping wood lore. Then they hushed, in a sudden arrest. "By George!" Dorman exclaimed. "Shooting for fair!"

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

OLISEMUS also heard those three C shots. Nearly five hours had then elapsed since Helter left him to follow elapsed since Helter left him to follow their quarry into the woods afoot. In the dungy little car which they had rented at Bocaganza for the adventure, Colisemus had cruised slowly up and down the brick road, always listening for a shot, always looking off to the east. expecting to see Helter's slim figure gliding out from behind a clump of palmetto. Hours passed, the high sun shedding down strong rays. Colisemus shedding down strong rays. Colisemus shedding down strong rays. Colisemus was hungry, having eaten nothing since a hasty early breakfast, and he was tor-mented 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 dan-e ditch or getting stuck in the sand.

place to turn a car around without dan-ger 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—other cars passing him every 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 conspicuous, he lengthened his beat, going farther both to the north and to the south before turning, finally covering six or seven miles.

farther both to the north and to the south before turning, finally covering six or seven miles. Not far south of the burned over tract stood one of the several poor farm houses—a warped and unpainted frame dwelling with ramshackle outbuildings. A man and a well grown boy were at work there, building a primitive lean-to shed at the end of the barn. There was a well in the yard with a little rusty iron pump and a tin cup. At the hitching post in front of the gate stood a bony and melancholy horse, drows-ing in the heat, attached to a topless buggy. But it was the well that fascinated Colisemus for he was parched with thirst. 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. Acknowl-edging the hospitality with a "Much obliged," he returned to the car and drove away.

T HE man-lank, sun baked and with a mat of short grizzled beard - had scarcely looked at him, being busy with his rude carpenter work. But the boy had been more curious and observed to his father, as Colisemus drove away: "He's got one of them automatic guns. I seen it in his hip pocket when he was pumpin' -a big one."

His father, who was evidently of a grim habit, replied casually: "Them as wants newfangled shootin' irons can have 'em. If I gotta shoot I'll take a double-barrel shotgun and two fingers of buckshot. 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 ir ritated and perplexed. Why this endless de-lay? 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 any-thing. Coming south again he passed an-other 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 fol-low it for a short dis-tance 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.



As the men came near one stepped forward as though to challenge them. He had a long jaw, a red mustache and there was something sultry in his eyes.

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 excavations like water seeking a level. At length, it seemed, he had the wheels sufficiently free so that by a powerful effort in reverse he might get back to the brick. He climbed into the car again but the self-starting apparatus refused to function. Evidently something had given way under his violent attemps 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.

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 Helter 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 Helter been so canny? Why hadn't they spent more money to hire a better car?

A small brand new green car came along the brick road and stopped. It contained only the driver, a lean and coatless man whose leathern face was deeply wrinkled. He surveyed Colise-(Continued on page 88)

 $\mathrm{C}^{\mathrm{OLISEMUS}}_{\mathrm{again,\ stared\ at\ it\ in\ a\ kind\ of\ furious\ incredulity.}}$ Had it

DROUD 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

Ramon Navarro started it with Pagan Love Song.

ALKIES are taking to the air with a new rush. Film celebrities vie with one another to make the best speech,

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 sta-tions 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 stu-

in front of the old button or carbon microphone in our stu-dio was Frederick Warde, distinguished interpreter of Shakesperean roles; Eugene Biscailuz, then county under-sheriff 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 Whit-nall, director of the City Plan-ning Commission, and others. ning Commission, and others.

But the movie talent predomi-nated. 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.



Vivienne Segal (above) was first glorified by Ziegfeld and one of the very good reasons why visit-ing buyers paid \$8 for eye treat-ment at the Follies. Her excel-lent voice is now broadcast from Helluwerd Hollywood.

Luscious Clara Bow is a natural when it comes to Radio. When she snuggles up to mike audiences are thrilled. Her voice has a mag-netic lure.



Mary Brian has been making pictures for years—sweet, dependable and always at-tractive 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 lisp 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. them lisp a few feeble words through the air.

BY THIS time, however, they take the Radio much more seriously. Perhaps the box of-fice angle has something to do with it. At any rate, their boss says "get them on a Radio pro-gram," 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 Cucoos? 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?

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.

Nancy Carroll has just been going through her Most Wonderful Year with one success after another. The fans can-not see her enough, so she broadcasts regu-larly larly.

> 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.

the wayside. There was Elinor Glyn. Born in Toronto, educated in England, one must address her by the French title of "Madame." Ritzy to the extreme in dealing with us in the studio, her initial Radio efforts bored the audience to distraction through the use of flossy words, extreme emphasis and provincialism of speech.

Renee Adoree was a triffe 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 the audience thought maybe they were risque, and so, not understanding them, thought they were the berries sure enough.

understanding them, thought they were the berries sure enough. Carmel Myers was terrible when she sang something about the lonely old shack! But 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. In the juvenile line little Baby Peggy was about the most unspoiled in the field of youngsters in the films. Some of her Radio work was too mechanical. She did everything exactly as the parents admonished her. But at least she was simple and natural and never had a silly smirk on her facial expression like some of the child performers of today.

like 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 cer-tainly grown up the last few years! Johnny now lives with his mother down below in Highland Park (which the writer can see as these lines are being written) in a little cottage on top of an overgrown hilltop.

He has graduated into long pants and has been going through high school. No, he didn't chaw terbacca 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 by thoroughly cleaning out the tiny quarters and showering the place with so many flowers that our expense accounts were drained flat for some time. "We," includes the able technician, Bert Heller, who later bought the old KWH, jazzed it to 500 watts and called it KPLA. He passed away early in life before his career was really started. Then there was our promotion manager. David Swing Ricker

Then there was our promotion manager, David Swing Ricker, who was well groomed for the arrival of the famous visitor. Swing, too, has passed to the great beyond after an eventful and hectic career.

and hectic career. By this time the old KWH was off the air and we were running as a remote to KFI. After anxious moments of waiting, Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, mushed in with a lady whose face was covered with a black veil. The introductions were made. She did a fair job at the speech. But, alas, it was the wife of the late Holbrook Blinn, famous exter who develue for blazier of the speech sizes that times

actor, who doubled vocally for Marion although since that time Miss Davies has actually condescended to make a Radio appearance once or twice.

We had pretty good luck with scenario writers, particularly Carey Wilson and Eve Unsell (Mrs. Lester Blankenfield). Both had an extended series on how to write scenarios. Perhaps

it didn't encourage anybody to start writing, but it did a lot of good if it discouraged some. Then there was Herb Rawlinson. He used to play the much maligned uke out at Universal in '10 or '12. 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 seem to mind.

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

Ralph Lewis would nervously pace up and down the room. Hobart Bosworth would pester us with questions on Radio deportment. Anna Q. Nilsson was a big flop the first time be-cause of nerves. So also was Adela St. Johns, a Cosmopolitan writer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he

wrifer. Adolph Menjou must have anticipated television for he was awfully fussy about his personal appearance. Francis X. Bushman took the most pains of all to have some-thing new every time. This was likewise true of Monte Blue, Milton Sills and Bert Lytel. Then there was the late Larry Semon, who liked to gag in front of the mike; Norma Shearer, who 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 patient old mike, all saying the identical 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, or the screen you can see you but can't hear my woo and

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 premieres and Radio appearance of stars

Thus, although Will Hays refused to be drawn into the controversy, public opinion molded a little sense into a few publicity agents. They began to write some pseudo-continuities and to scribble out notes for the talks.

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

Few, if any Radio artists, have had much of a break in the talkies. A good deal of this is traceable to the fact that they lack the poise 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 helped them become amenable to discipline in the Radio station, and inversely their Radio work has made them considerably more valuable on the film lot and at location.

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

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

THERE is KFWB's First National-Warner Brothers hour on Sunday nights with a galaxy of stars and starlets at 8 p. m., PST. The station, owned by Warner Brothers, also has frequent appearances of stars during the week. Then there is the Paramount-Publix hour, originating at VNY in the Warner device the transmission of the start of

Then there is the Paramount-Publix 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. A new series is the Del Monte program over NBC each Saturday night with stars from some current production. I am told that by the time this reaches print KHJ will have a program each Saturday to send eastward for a year... 11:15 p. m., Eastern daylight time ... to include all the talkie song hits and theme numbers a month or six weeks before public release. The program plans also to have talkie stars and composers on the hour. and composers on the hour. 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, too, was the M-G-M Wednesday night frolic at KHJ which

has been off the air for some time. Hal Roach has an informal tie-up with KFVD and Our Gang, Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Harry Langdon and others of his crew take a petite microphone bow every once in awhile. The RKO hour over NBC is another national broadcast of

film, as well as stage celebrities, and perhaps Warner 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.

Paramount has sort of an informal hook-up for KNX, 5,000 watt-er which does a continuous ballyhoo act about going up to 50,000 watts, but never seems to get around to it. The station, though, doesn't make a specialty of using film talent for its programs, though it does take the Paramount-Publix Saturday night hour along with KHJ, 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 KGER, V film talent. Its old standby, Bill Ray, has gone to KGER, Long Beach 1,000 watt broadcaster, and something seems to be missing from KFWB for he has announced all the film talent and theatre premieres 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. Sunday night at eight (Pacific standard time) KFWB has the First National hour and it brings plenty of celebrities to the microphone. Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Sol-dier," conducted the symphonic group on one of the programs. Signund Romberg has aired his talent there too as well as

Sigmund Romberg has aired his talent there, too, as well as another librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, the "sweetheart team," Alexander Grey and Bernice Claire, Alice Gentle, operatic soprano, and many others.

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

start on the legitimate stage years ago. In between is the group which has been in pictures from the very start . . . people who, without previous stage experience, have followed the pictures from the early days of the flickers.

When Los Angeles had only two high schools (there are now a score of senior high schools) some of us used to ride horse-back as extras on Saturdays . . . Universal and Biograph hav-ing started. Louise Fazenda, with long braided hair, was still new started. Louise razenda, with long bladed nait, was shift in school and she went right into pictures on getting out. Then there was Myron Zobel, who later went back to Cambridge, and now publishes a film magazine. And Zion Myers who does a (Continued on page 87)



OLIVE PALMER certainly is getting 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 Rae Palmer certainly deserves some of the credit by use of her immaculate voice.



BERNICE CLAIRE is another exquisite bit of screen femininity won for Radio from the talk-ing 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!



A RMIDA—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, Kans., 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 saul when she started aut far a career and thought it must be the piana. Then she discovered that she really could sing. She began cultivating her vaice and made rapid strides ta fame as a concert artist. You hear her now as the contralta salaist with the Philca Symphany an CBS.



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M ARIE GERARD started out on her growing Radio fame as Marie Opfinger. Opfinger was a stickler for a majority of the fans. The first ten letters she received had it all the way from Off-finger to Fingeroff. So she decided she would become Marie Gerard, which was a lucky combination. You hear her on the Kodak Hour, CBS.

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.

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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, s e c o n d t e n o r. You recognize the names.

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

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!

"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.

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A merica 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 caow boy ballads an' sich, thet yuh gits over the big air ranges. Well, sir, these here fellers is the Hill Billy Boys that canters-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 R e a 1 Folks program, NBC, New York. Her real clothes, real face, but not her real name, which is Elsie Mae Gordon. She also plays the part of the school teacher.

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

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

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

By Jackson Gregory Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

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 to-gether 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 momentus night. As the guests dispersed to their various rooms there was a cry of murder. The host and his body guard were found dead or dving. An explosion in another bodyguard were found dead or dying. An explosion in another 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 vic-tims had been spirited away. No trace could be found of either of them. Two detectives mysteriously appeared from out of the night. Gateway immediately set upon Dr. Andregg and promised to get a confession from him. Then it was found that Nemo, another of the guests had disanneared from his room 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 dis-tance away. But Paul Savoy, who strangely had predicted the arrival of the detectives, laughed and said they would not find

"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.

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

Third Degree. Laufer-Hirth spent hours again with his hands full, minis-tering 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 Laufer-Hirth rid himself of the opal. "It's bad luck, I tell you!" he shrilled. "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? . . . Go get rid of it; else you'll be next to go. You or 1 . . . For God's sake!" Laufer-Hirth took the thing out of his pocket and stared at it with a most peculiar look in his eyes. Superstitions? Will

with a most peculiar look in this goes. Superstitions? Will Little shrank back and fell to shivering as though with a chill that bit to the bone. Laufer-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 hid the thing." And from his look and tone it might have been gathered that he, almost as fervently as Will Little, was relieved.

NOTHING, it appeared, would drag Gateway away from his present post at Andregg's bedside. Temple, McIntosh and the sergeant bent their heads against the night's wild buffetings. They carried two flashlights, a bunch of keys. an ax, a handful of candles and a fresh supply of matches. 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 Main-waring 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 door and window were revealed. The window was heavily shuttered: blown snow, caught by an The window was heavily shuttered; blown snow, caught by an inrush 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 light focused upon the keyhole while Cap-tain 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 spurts of flame rose from the match-ends; a more genial yellow glow spread out from the three candles which they had lighted.

had lighted. "Smacks of the tomb in here," ob-served McIntosh, holding his candle high and staring about him interestedly. "I think we're going to find something. Something dead and cold and unlovely."

"WHAT'S that!" whispered the ser-geant, suddenly rigid, leaning to-ward 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. of the hall. On tiptoe and as noiseless as phan-

toms they crept to the closed door, being of equal nind to burst without warning upon their quarry. Captain Temple set his hand to the door, turning it ever so softly. He found the door fastened from within. The three put their ears close; never a sound. They drew back at Temple's urge, listening to his whispered word. "That door's a flimsy affair. . . The three of us rushing

"It's Detective Dicks' body, lying here in Nemo's bed!"

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it, it'll go down like a paper screen. . Ready?" They blew out their candles, stuffing them into their pockets to be un-hampered. "If the door holds, then give it the ax. . . Nemo'd be off and away with a full minute warning." They drew close again, then hurled them-selves in a commact attack like one man

selves 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.

B UT 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, rather making a murky gloom of it. At first they feared that their man had fled, or had already gone when they charged toward him. But a moment later they saw him.

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

had seen of him was merely a crouching form. "It's Nemo!" the captain contended sharp-ly..."After him!"

ly. "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 an-nounced. "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 watch-ing 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 enjoying ourselves."
The foregraphic of fee greated them "Guess it's pretty."

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, Laufer-Hirth and Mr. Nemo's man, Mohun.

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

Mohun looked at him 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 shock their heads. "Then who did come in?" he fairly shouled at them. "We followed some man here; we saw his tracks; he came in at the front door. Who was it?"

T APPEARED that no one knew. If any man had entered,

I TAPPEARED that no one knew. If any man had entered, he had done so unseen. "That's pretty thick," growled Temple. "He has slipped in quietly and perhaps gone to his 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 faculation 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!"



"Smacks of the tomb in here," observed McIntosh, holding the candle high and staring about.

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

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

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

Andregg, sitting on the edge of his bed now, half dressed and looking white and shaken and sick. "Tell me," rasped out Gateway. "It's Dicks' body, all right," growled the captain. "Don't ask me how it got there. . . Maybe the damned house is haunted."

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

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

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

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

He turned again to Temple, saying bluntly: "This bird is beginning to break, and he's going to break fast. This happening brightens him up a bit, but he'll relapse

all the faster when it's over." "You must be crazy!" Temple said shortly, going back to Mr. Nemo's room.

PAUL SAVOY lifted his brows sharply, muttering under

■ sharply, muttering under ins 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.

Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

WILL LITTLE, queerly fascinated, drawn by the very horror which repelled him, evinced a more morbid curiosity than any of the rest of them. He had stopped at the broken door at first, drawn two ways. His face was white; beads of sweat gathered and trickled down his face. Step by step he drew closer until at last he stood over the bed looking straight down upon the still form of the detective. Then, all of a sudden, a wild yell burst from him and he turned and fled from the room. They heard him dashing up-stairs, heard his incoherent and meaningless jibbering, then the slamming of his door. "Your little friend is on the raw edge of insanity," said Temple, looking gravely at 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 pan-icky 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."

"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

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 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 uncon-scious 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

"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

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 flown 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.

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

"Yesponded Savoy, certainly never more waspish. "Something else is going to happen." "You know what this coming event is?" From Laufer-Hirth

"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

All day someone remained with Dicks. At an early note 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.

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

"MAN alive!" A soft whistle followed McIntosh's excla-mation. "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. . . ."

"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 Willcyzinski," pursued Savoy, one of his dreamy moments upon him, his eyes fixed in the way they knew so well upon the star sapphire ring, "is refreshing. Mad; a murderer long years ago; vanished. Hasn't it dawned on you that any man with so crooked a mind as to construct so vast and crooked a house, must inevitably have indulged in secret rooms?"
"Nothing new there," said Temple. "Blount and I have been looking for just that sort of thing." "Of course. Couldn't help thinking of that. A mind like (Continued on page 65)

(Continued on page 65)



Drive up to the curb in Darktown with your motoradio set to a blue program and you wont 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'? asked the Inquiring Reporter of Colonel Taylor. "Quite right, suh. 'Motoradio' is what I have in my car, suh, an' I assure you it is correct."

IGHT 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 one about motorists being required to stop their engines and dismount upon meeting a horse-drawn vehicle, have tried to get bills through prohibit-ing 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 cowl 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 squeaky sopranos between those three points." * * *

Well, she does and likes it! After the set was installed she had but one cutting remark to make. Our car is a bit loud in appearance, I admit. A Mexican torquoise blue with orange wire wheels and pipings. Riding home through a park the first night with the Radio banging out a band playing "The Bill-board," 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." * * *

 $B\,{\rm UT},$ my, how Radio adds to the pickup of a car. Just try driving up to a stop light near a telephone exchange about the time one shift of "excuse-it-please" girls have given their seats at the wrong-number-board to another shift. Tune in

your set to a lively dance tune. Boy you have to fight them off! Of course there is a drawback there, too. They usually want to follow the music through the air and streets to its source and the best music seems to come from places where the cover charge is equal to 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, unfrequented roads formerly used by horse and buggy riders and dubbed "Lover's Lover's Lanes.

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

Reception is usually best on clear moonlight nights.

But don't get into the jam a Chicago boy did while on one of these scientific expeditions. He had a great big date with a little bitty girl whose 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.

More time passed.

More time passed. Then she turned 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 he and she were about to obey the com-mand of a soprano singing Victor Herbert's "Kiss Me Again," the melody stopped and an announcer bent on giving public service disturbed the quietude of the sylvan parking space with: "The correct time is now 11:30." "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, yeah, since when was there two hours difference be-tween Chicago and Atlantic City? WPG has been pounding in to our house too long for me to swallow that stuff. Tune that set to a station playing "The End of a Perfect Day' and see how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the how good your reception is at 60 miles per hour headed in the direction of home."

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A ND another tip!

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A Do not leave your Radio set running tuned in to a base-ball broadcast when you draw up to a curb on a business street and get out to buy a cigar. If you do, one of two things, and maybe both, will happen to you. You either will be pinched for blocking traffic on the sidewalk or you will return to find an interested mob hanging all over your new chrome plate and ready to commit mayhem if you drive away with the score tied, the bases full and two outs in the ninth inning.

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

* * * Ralph Langley, Radio engineer, points out a curious phe-nomena brought about by Radio in automobiles. Through the use of such you can hear the same band concert twice. Try this on your auto Radio. Drive up to a position on the windward side of a band stand from whence a broadcast line is running. Tune your receiver to the station broadcasting the band. Listen! You hear the band almost the instant the music is created because the Radio wave bringing you the music travels at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. A few seconds later you hear the same music after it has traveled through the air on slow sound waves.

RECEPTION is often effected when driving between two 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 unnitiated rider that the Radio is a sign reader and believer, the real cause is the steel structure of both the hospital and the building across the narrow street. the building across the narrow street.

Pat Flanagan, sports announcer for WBBM and CBS, who broadcasts all Chicago Cub games, 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. Then there is one told by Bob Kaufman, former automobile and Radio editor, and now president of K-B Motoradio, one of the pioneers in this radio-as-you-go business. In fact, I think Bob deserves credit for starting the craze.

"I WAS during the big spring blizzard that hit Chicago and a business man driving a Radio equipped auto

got stalled in a snow drift on the outer-drive," tells Mr. Kauf-man. "Several blocks away he could see one of the park com-mission snow plows slowly working its way to him through the snow. So he decided to sit and listen to a Radio program pending its arrival and his release. He tuned in a local station inst it is here to be a set of the section.

pending its arrival and his release. He tuned in a local station just in time to hear a news announcer reading the opening quotations on the New York stock exchange. "Having many holdings he proceeded to listen 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 own 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 toboggan. But his selling order had been re-ceived in time and his motoradio had saved him thousands."

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

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

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 progress of the game. I am right up to the minute on the play and can enter 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 than 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 Richey, one of the President's secretaries, 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. Cowboy Weston, world's champion billiard player, has a convertible cabriolet with radio equipment in which he has radio-ed as he tours all over the country. He used to have his speaker attached to the top of the car. One day, it being burned on his radio set and the result was terrible. He had forgotten to detach his loud speaker and he smashed it beyond repair! Now his speaker is under the cowl. * * *

* * *

* * * Most modern types utilize an antenna concealed in the top of the car. Fine copper wire mesh is used in most cars. In mine, a sport phaeton, I find that I can fold back the kaiki 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 replacement through the floor boards in the rear compartment. Juice for the A battery comes from the storage battery of the car. By setting up the gen-erator charging rate there is no danger of running down the battery. Use of a Radio set does away with the need of burn-ing the lights on long daylight runs. Just swifch on the set and turn that heretofore wasted "juice" into music. * * *

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

There seems to be no directional effect on standard motoradio sets. I have failed to notice any 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-port-able sets operated in automobiles. I remember in the early able 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 WTAS, several miles west of Chicago. Paul Neal, then a Radio engineer and now one of the guys who record squawks in Hollywood, my companions and I were not familiar with that section of the country. We got on the wrong road and could not locate the station. It grew dark and we knew we had driven far enough west to hit the station but could not tell whether we were north or south of it. Paul conceived the idea of hooking up our cargo 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 knew by the speedometer that we were far enough west so we doubled back, taking the next cross road to the north and eventually locat-ing the station. ing the station.

(Continued on page 65)

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

BERNARD BURKE, the snappy-eyed youth you see here, and the twen-tieth century arrived on this sphere 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

The Keep up with the event the changing entertainment trends of the times, so remarkably.
 Back in the days when one of Edison's cylinder talking machines was the marvel of the neighborhood, Bernard was imitating the rhythmic steps of the dance-loving negroes in his native town of Natchez, Mississippi, and piping, in a childish voice, the spirituals they sing.
 As his limbs became longer and his voice waxed stronger, he was 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 Hemming in Chicago in "This Thing Called Love."
 The little boy who copied the shuffledances 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 microphone got him, and we certainly can't say we're sorry. How about it, little Miss M. R. A. K.?

Al Carney is heard regularly over WCFL, Mrs. Empson, 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 WTAM as you will note in the story on page 61 of the June issue. * *

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

Brad Browne has had an eventful life and a pleasant one. He was born in North Adams, Mass. His father was the end man in a minstrel show, and most of his relatives are musically inclined. A banjo was the inspiration that sent Brad on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world. He used to plunk away on a 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 be-fore 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, pin boy in a bowling alley, a law student at George-town University . . . these are a mere fraction of Brad's past experience. And you know the rest.

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 tell about that! Phil was born in Glasgow, Scotland, some twenty-seven years ago—all of which makes him an honest-to-goodness Scotchman. But a very attractive little lady on the staff at KYW confided in me that he has become amazingly Americanized, pay-ing luncheon-checks for the studio fair-sex and sharing cigarettes without a sex and sharing cigarettes without a wince.

We started to tell you the secret and



Phil Stewart

we can't quite resist, at least hinting at it. Fan letters have come pouring in asking 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 Scoth an-nouncer who is heard from another Chi-cago station in connection with Amos

nouncer who is heard from another Chi-cago station in connection with Amos 'n Andy broadcasts. But ssh...sh. Even if you do guess, don't tell anyone. When he came to this country about seven years ago Phil entered the theatrical 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-

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 secm to like us (me) very well. They won't accept Marcella socially, or something, and that is why I can't oblige with the pictures you want. And to answer your other question, please don't worry about Rudy Vallee. I haven't heard any vumors that should disturb you.

You asked about Myrtle Spangen-berg, Alyce. This blond, winsome WTMJ soprano soloist, my dear, helped to rock the Radio cradle in Mil-waukee. Seven years ago a local de-partment store set up the 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.

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 staff 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, hilarious Master of Ceremonies at WOR. His hobby is Boston terriers and he is the owner of ten prize winners. He is often seen tak-ing his daily constitutional accompanied by four or five of the little animules. * * *

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, i. e., the very little girls. Elderly people find comfort in his voice and little girls find romance. They name their dolls for They name their dolls for him.



Classic programs are

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.

Sings in the quarter 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 meticulousness which is an inviting on the set of him. He is which is an intrinsic part of him. He is very satisfactory to look at. He has brown eyes, brown hair, and a mus-

For Pavey, nothing in the world mat-ters but his wife and his two-year-old baby, a beautiful little boy who has shown no tendencies toward becoming Partice expression a Radio announcer.

Norman Nielson of KFRC is a good looking, agreeable young chap of about twenty-six years. He originally hailed



from the East, and says that after high school he was slated for Pennsyl-vania State College, but, as Norman puts it, the slate must have gotten cracked, for he found himself in a railroad of-fice instead. It was hardly

the thing he wanted, however, so he soon trav-eled across the country to San Fran-cisco, where he took up the study of voice.

His first job on the stage was in comic opera, with Hartmann and Stein-dorff. He was with them for three seadorff. He was with them for three sea-sons 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 Berg-man? 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 Scandi-navian type. You've guessed it, Tome Ito, it is Robert Olsen. Bob is so idealistic and serious that he is always busily occupied with his

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, decid-edly likable fellow with a sense of humor.

His popularity is no doubt due to that sort of tender quality in his voice that people just can't resist. And he is mak-ing 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, 10. And those who are really in the know, say that their's is an ideal marriage.



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

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

ANNOUNCEMENT

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

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

How would you like to have

(that is, if you happen to be a man), a dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, dressing room with racks for 100 shirts, 100 neckties; a fancy barroom reached by an aluminum staircase; a bed to live 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 Broad-casting 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 bear to leave Chicago, so are still at WLS.

Many thanks to all the kind people 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 Smilen' Ed McConnell 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 worried. *

For your information, F. T. C., Mar-cella Roth is no longer at WSMB and, as far as we know, is not on the air at present.

No, no, no, Helen, Mat Tompkins, Seth Parker and Luke Higgins are not the same person. Not any of them, or all of them no dual personalities here.

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

Coming to WLS in 1925, after edi-torial work on farm papers, Don adapted his hobby of music to the job of designing Radio programs. In Chicago Radio circles he attained a reputation for his choral music presentations.

Steve Cisler, chief announcer, has succeeded Mr. Malin to the post of program director. * * *

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



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

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

Cheerio—so many people have been writing about him that I did my best, and almost to no avail, for this im-mensely popular individual who broadcasts an early morning inspirational program six days a week through the NBC has been successful in throwing a complete veil of mystery about him-self. He absolutely refuses to tell anyone 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 per-sonal 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 evi-denced by a recent total of 52,000 letters in less than thirty days.

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

Can't you just tell that Bill Farren is a bridge shark? I couldn't figure out why he had such a preoccupied expres-

why he had such a preoccupied expres-sion, then when some-body told me about bridge, I knew. This Junior member of the Westinghouse Radio Sta-tion KDKA who is pro-fessionally k n o w n as William A. Farren is in-terested in many, many other things besides bridge, however. Take swimming, fr instance, or tennis, or recitation work, or announcing.



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.

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Express Your Own Personality

Individuality and Simplicity Major Factors in Creation of Beautiful Home Interior

" H^{OME} 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 hid-den." 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 in-terviews 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

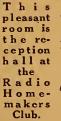
L ET'S begin our study of the new era of inspired home-making with the interior of the house, under Joan Barrett's direction. Joan is still in her twenties, but that doesn't hinder her in her work as the interior decorating ex-pert of the Radio Home-Makers Club. She received the basic training for her career right in her own home, a beau-tiful 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 Bar-rett, "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 ap-pearance of a place that has really been *lived in.* That's the first quality to strive for when furnishing a house." for when furnishing a house.

After studying the technical details of

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 popu-lation has at least quadrupled itself since the early days of our country, there can't possibly be enough genuine old pieces to go around.

pieces to go around. "Of course," she hastened to add, "re-productions can be exquisite—so per-fect that only the connoisseur can de-tect them. But it is the avalanche of



cheap and unauthentic early American, cheap and unauthentic early American. Queen Anne, Georgian, and so forth, that I want to warn everyone against. They are in bad taste and are making our homes standardized and uninter-esting. The clever homemaker will avoid these, selecting instead the things that suit her personality and the perthat suit her personality and the per-sonality of her apartment."

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

and art departments. Now, about the placing of the furni-ture. Does it make sense? Does it have meaning? The most comfortable chair, the one you burrow into when you want to read, should be placed so that the daylight pours all around it. Take it, out of the dark corner at the windowless side of the room and see if it won't look just as well near one of the windows. The couch or divan, on the other hand, can go on the opposite the other hand, can go on the opposite side, where it will be out of the sun's glare when you want to rest. Keep small tables near chairs, so that

one doesn't have to jump up every time one doesn't have to jump up every time he wants a cigarette, a magazine, or some place to set a glass. Give the most conspicuous place to your most prized possession; put your desk in a quiet corner where you can work un-disturbed. The chairs should be grouped in a friendly manner—not so far away from each other that guests have to from each other that guests have to lean uncomfortably forward to hear what you are saying at the other side of the room.

of the room. Now, let us take into consideration the nicknacks scattered about on tables and shelves. Clear spaces are restful; many small objects distract the atten-tion. There are only two reasons for the inclusion of small, dust-gathering articles in the decorative scheme-sheer beauty or usefulness. "A beau-tiful ornament, something so exquisite sneer beauty or usefulness. "A beau-tiful ornament, something so exquisite that it quite takes the breath away, de-serves a place all to itself, enhanced by a carefully chosen background," says Miss Barrett. If you have nothing that deserves this distinction, let there be harmony and reason in the objects your have on display. Again, extress your orn have on display. Again, express your own personality.

A SH TRAYS, cigarette boxes, and other useful things should be sparingly used for decorative purposes, and they must always harmonize with the general feeling and color scheme. Keep the overflow in a handy drawer. Empty vases are sad things that should be hidden away, but flowers, fresh and fragrant, are the most charming deco-ration for any room. Not just any old flower in any old vase, but carefully chosen blossoms, daintily arranged in

Who Killed Dubronsky? Swamped with a flood of "last chapter" theories the judges were unable to give a decision as to winners of this contest this month. The prizes will be awarded and winners announced in the AUGUST RADIO DIGEST

the proper holder. Artificial flowers must be fresh and true to nature if they are to be used, and then just a few in an appropriate bowl, used to brighten up some dark corner, are enough for any home.

me. The question of lighting is, of course, communit importance. Ceiling fixof paramount importance. Ceiling fix-tures, chandeliers particularly, are usually superfluous, except possibly in usually superfluous, except possibly in the diningroom and large reception rooms. In the average room, wall brackets are the only stationary fix-tures necessary—and in the smartest homes today these are done away with, too, in favor of lamps, and candles for the dining table. Avoid all garish, over-decorated fixtures and lamps. "The plainer the smarter" should be the by-word of every home-maker in every-thing she does. Attractive lamps, in every conceivable color, shape, mate-rial and style can be purchased inex-pensively, everywhere, today. Both pensively, everywhere, today. Both bases and shades can be made at home the clever home-maker.

by the clever home-maker. Walls come next in Miss Barrett's Walls come next in Miss Barrett's inventory-taking. Look about and study yours carefully. Is the color restful, bright and clean? If the walls are paneled, is the furniture placed carefully to avoid ugly lines? If they're papered, is the design a worthy background for your furnishings? If you are not en-tirally catisfied visualize what the walls your furnishings? If you are not en-tirely satisfied, visualize what the walls should be to make the picture you are trying to create harmonious and color-ful. If you do not care to go to the expense of professional labor, you can remove old paint or paper and redeco-rate the walls quite easily, yourself.

A ND NOW comes one of the things Miss Barrett fools Miss Barrett feels strongest about. I wish you could have been with us to see how sincere she was when she said, "If your pictures mean nothing to you, take them off the walls at once. Better a bare wall than one hung with a heterogeneous collection of prints, lithographs and paintings that awaken here records in your Expensive 'art' is no response in you. Expensive 'art' is no excuse. Throw-it out, too, if you don't feel a little happier for seeing it there."

Here's the way to get your pictures. Go out into the highways and bywaysstudy 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 by hook or crook. You'll find an amazing collection of inexpen-sive French and Japanese prints, etch-inge dry points and mezzotints, colorings, dry points and mezzotints, color-ful illustrations of all sorts, among which there will be some you will want to live with. Buy them, have them corto live with. Buy them, have them cor-rectly framed, and then hang them carefully in the places you feel they belong. Don't worry about the "right-ness" of your choice. If your pictures please you, they are "right" for you. Now, let's sit down quietly and con-template the windows with Miss Bar-rett. She says: "Study the view from each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the worther the rest whether they are of

each room, because upon it depends the sort of draperies you want. First, the outer hangings; whether they are of silk, cretonne, glazed chintz, or any other material, do they have a direct relation to the rest of the room? Keep these rules in mind: A dark floor and rug, and then more and more light as you ascend to the ceiling; the walls lighter than the floor but the window hangings darker than the walls, with-out too much contract."

IF the window is short, a valance placed about a foot above it and just hiding the top will make it look larger. If it is 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 deco-

rative hangings are two straight pieces of material, sewed onto rings, hanging of material, sewed onto rings, hanging from an ornamental rod, using no val-ance or edging. If the draperies are arranged on a pull cord, you can do away with window shades, which are ugly and collect a great deal of dust. "If you have a superb view from the window," Miss Barrett continued, "don't

use glass curtains, but let the hangings suffice. Then, be sure to keep the panes spotless. If there is no worthwhile view, you'll need window curtains, of some soft, monotone material, many shades lighter than the hangings, though dead white is seldom attractive.

The very prettiest glass curtains I have ever seen are those Miss Barrett used in the modern livingroom at the Radio Home-Makers Club. They are made of fine celonese 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 be-low 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 in the same fashion to the other side of the rod, giving a lovely criss-cross effect.

I recommend this treatment 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, too, I hope. Books!!! To give a room that atmosphere of lived-in-ness, which Miss Barrett is so emphatic about, nothing is so helpful as booksadding color to the room from built-in open shelves; in a trough under an end table at the side of a comfortable chair; between a pair of handsome bookends on a divan table. Don't buy your books "by the yard," according to the colors of their backs. Consider the contents only and then set them in place haphazardly, mixing up the various col-ors so that no one color will dominate. Books you love, books you want other people to love are the sort you want around you.

around you. "Probably the most thumb-worn vol-umes in my house," Joan Barrett told me, are two copies of When We Were Very Young, those charming poems A. A. Milne wrote for his little son, Christopher Robin. There's a copy— where do you think?—stuck down be-tween the cushion and arm of my favor-ite 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." I 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 she created for me by telling

in home she created for me by telling 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 brouse among them; they reveal you like nothing else will, they help to make friends and they add a touch of reality and beauty to a room which nothing else can impart.

Next month Miss Conradt-Eberlin will tell of her chat with the beauty experts and why they believe personal beauty is as important to the home-maker as beauty in the home. nome-maker as beauty in the home. In the meantime, if you have any questions to ask regarding your dec-orating problems, write Miss Con-radt-Eberlin in care of Radio Digest, and she will pass your letters along to Miss Barrett to receive professignal advice.



MEWS and Other Items of Interest

About Artists, Announcers and Programs in All Parts of the Country.

Six O'Clock Finds Nearly All Boston Tuned In

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

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

"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 radioowning families in the area comprising 15 miles in and around Boston, their report is now made available.

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

"Compiled at an enormous expense the information which has been made available through the survey throws a new light on many angles of broadcasting, in which we have been previously



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.

guided largely by good common sense and judgment.

"In carrying out their task the research staff grouped the Greater Boston audience into occupational classes—7.96 percent engaged as merchants, professionals, executives, manufacturers, etc.; 73 percent skilled workers, salesmen, cityliving 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.

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?"

be closed except one, which which the personnel 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 WEEI. Miscellaneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll.

laneous stations scored a four percent vote in the poll. "Ninety-seven percent of the entire radio audience is tuned-in to favorite programs of the air between eight o'clock and midnight, the analysis shows. On Saturday evening the audience is found to be 81 percent, which would be about the average for any specific night. "The early evening audience (that is, from 6 to 8 o'clock), is very nearly as large as when the radio is carrying its peak load. This percentage is 96.29.



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

THE STATIONS

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

"One surprising revelation (particularly to broadcasting officials), is that the afternoon audience is larger than that of the morning. While the difference is slight, it 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 onequarter of the entire audience. However, fourteen percent of the listeners favor good music of all kinds. While thirteen percent chose variety there is a twelve percent group who express a choice for the classics.

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

Two extremes for you. Last Winter Harry Jordan sat in his cabin in the frozen wastes of northern Quebec and wrote to WTIC requesting the dance tune, Turn on the Heat. About the same time Julia Doyle was vainly swinging a palm leaf fan in the tropical heat of the Canal Zone, and wrote asking for Canadian Capers. 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

MIDWEST

SOUTH

By Robert Reinhart, Jr. Master of Ceremonics for the "Checker Cabbies"

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

Why do we seek Radio talent when there are hundreds of artists available at any Radio station? Why do we dely 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 and the theatrical busmess, in general, is in a bad slump. That the talkies have hurt vaudeville and that there are literally thousands of acts that are idle and awaiting booking is a known fact on Broadway. Wouldn't it be easy to grab one-half dozen of these acts, that have been so successful on the stage, and bring them into Radio? What is it that makes a Radio personality so different from any other type of entertainer?

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

All the pretty smiles and the eyepleasing 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

That brings us back to the vaudevillians—they prepare one act, and that same twenty minutes goes on 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 weekly program which is sponsored between 8 and 8:30 every Tuesday, that means that every single week you must prepare a complete new program. Find new gags. Learn and sing new songs. That is one of the reasons why we seek new talent from the ranks of the everyday passerby.

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



The breaking waves dashed high, all right, as Ray Wilkinson and his midshipmen docked their good ship WDEL, of Wilmington, Delaware. We are unable to determine just what sort of craft that is—a gondola or a Mississippi steamboat; but it makes a striking picture anyway. different programs every week. Of course, this is the musician's harvest. Concussionists, saxophonists, cornetists, pianists are permitted to run from one program to the next, but for these it makes no particular difference. They are good musicians. As the general set-up and arrangement of one band is al-ways a little bit different from the next ways a little bit different from the next one they can get away with it. Good Radio talent is wanted. It is

needed. New ideas are required but re-member, it has taken many years to build the theatre, and Radio with its 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 situa-tion but I have reason to believe that television will not be practical, for gen-eral 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, 1206 Hoe Avenue, the Bronx, New York. Recitations and dramatic readings are Evelyn's special-ties; 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 par-

by surprising and entertaining her par-ents and relatives by her recitations and mimicry at home, Evelyn Rubin, when barely nine years old, made herself fa-mous in school for her dramatic ability, being parts in clarge and antertainments taking parts in plays and entertainments. However, it was not long before her talent was recognized as not being ordi-nary, and a relative, realizing this, brought her to the attention of the Na-tional 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 recognization of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn re-ceived a scholarship to study for two years at the National Voice Forum. While attending this school, Mme. Bell-Anske, one of her instructors, wrote a series of plays for children. These were performed at the Hekscher 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 audi-tion at WPCH. Her audition proved satisfactory and she was given a half-hour period on the air for poetry re-citals. While on WPCH, she was in-vited to broadcast from WABC, and her excellent programs from these two broad-casting stations led to broadcasts from WMCA, WJZ, WEAF, WGBS, WKBQ and WCDA, New York. Just before her eleventh birthday, Evelyn was selected to play the part of "Lena" in "Playing With Love," the play by Arthur Schnitzler which was presented at the Cherry Lane Theatre 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 elightert porgeners of set the actual recognization of her talent, for as a result of this debut, Evelyn re-

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 train-



Few youngsters can boast a record comparable to this little girl's. She 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 Galliene's Civic Repertory Theatre Group.

ing the average little girl of her age re-ceives. 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 attend-ing 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 in-terviewed, 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 mem-ber of Eva La Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre Apprentice Group.

Osborne Has Wide **Musical Experience**

WILL OSBORNE, lyric tenor, a fea-tured guest artist on Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family" broadcast, is a native of Toronto where his father 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.

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 several sea-sons and has attained considerable suc-cess throughout Texas, the Middle West, Canada and also abroad in Common cess throughout I exas, the Middle West, Canada and also abroad, in Germany. He has only been singing for the past four years and his work is very similar to Rudy Vallee's—in fact, eighteen months before Vallee- first came to Broadway Will Osborne was touring the West and Canada with a similar organ-ization and interpreting modern melodic ization 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 and if the technological of the two most popular are perhaps "Beside an Open Fireplace" and "I Know We Two Were One." He is a great favorite over the air.

Radio On the Outposts

RESIDENTS of the Magdalens, a group of islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence more or less cut off from regular channels of communication, particularly during the winter months, are now getting a daily news service through the Radio department of the C. N. R. 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 CNRA, Moncton, N. B.

He Is Real Minute Man

GUY FRASER HARRISON, al-though he serves in no emergency military organization, conductor of the Rochester Civic Orchestra, has earned the title of "Minute Man." There's a reason. Not long ago he went to Buf-falo'on personal business and left on the return trip, to Rochester several hours return trip to Rochester several hours before he was scheduled to conduct an 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 not working properly and, being an artist rather than a mechanic, returned to the Bison City. The difficulty was repaired and ender

The difficulty was repaired, 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 Harrison, sliding from one side of the road to the other was forced to of the road to the other was forced to drive cautiously. The miles slid by, prac-tically speaking, and the hours slid with them, the time for the important pro-gram drawing nearer. As the clock said seven-fifteen, William Fay signalled for silence in the studio, turned on his "mike," and launched into his opening announcement. As the closing words of his discourse reached the air, Guy Fraser Harrison slipped into the room, dropped his driving gloves, raised his baton, and with the opening chords of the overture. with the opening chords of the overture, a sigh of relief went up from all concerned.

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New Schedule of WISV

THE broadcasting schedule of Station WJSV, Washington, D. C., these last few weeks has undergone radical changes. This station's entire broadcast now emanates from their new studio suite located in the Doniphen Building, King and Columbus streets, Alexandria, Virginia, that quaint and historical old city just a few miles out from the na-tional capital. For lo! these many years Alexandria has been a mecca for tourists. Alexandria has been a mecca for fourists. Much of the younger life of George Washington was spent in the old city's quiet precincts. The placid Potomac in which he fished and went swimming washes the shores of Alexandria. A very short distance away is Arlington Ceme-tery and the historic Lee mansion. But, says J. P. McGrath, manager of Station WJSV, the bulk of the visitors these latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station

latter days seem to be coming to see the new studio quarters of his station. "Our new schedule," says Mr. Mc-Grath, "calls for the opening of the morning program Monday through Sat-urday at 9 a. m., concluding 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 User version of the observation of the day is not far distant when coun-tries will be exchanging microphone artists in much the same way that insti-tutions of learning are opening the doors for students of other nationalities. They point out that the artended and intensive point out that the extended and intensive study of short waves is but an indication of the efforts of a desire to further inter-

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

Listening to metropolitan artists adds fuel to the flames of every novice's ambi-tion as well as that of the more mature tion as well as that of the more mature broadcaster. Fabulous tales are being told in the hinterland of the compensa-tion paid to Radio stars. This is partly responsible for the rush. Fame is an-other agent and so is the desire to study under internationally known teachers with studios in the big town. WOR gets its share of the incursion. Among the latest arrivals is Hilda Boyd, who for three years was the staff mezzo-soprano of WFAA, Dallas, Texas.

Famous Conductor of Atwater Kent Hour

WILLEM MENGELBERG, director of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, the oldest symphony in America and one of the oldest musical organizations in the world with a continuous history, is another of the internationally famous conductors to be heard on the Atwater Kent hour. A native of Holland, Mengelberg dis-

of six that he was entered as a music student in the Cathedral school of his native city of Utrecht. He wanted to be a pianist but this ambition was submerged when he became, at the age of twenty-one, musical director of the City of Lucerne, Switzerland.

In Lucerne he conducted orchestras and choruses, taught music, composed and did all sorts of municipal musical chores. He returned to Holland to be-come conductor of the Amsterdam

Concertgebuow orchestra which he soon developed into one of the outstanding symphonic organizations of the world. After service in Hamburg, London, Paris and other European music cenraise and as a guest conductor of the Philharmonic of New York, he came to America as director of the National Symphony orchestra. When that organi-zation merged with the Philharmonic he became one of the conductors and later its principal director.

Visitors Entertained at N B C Studios

Special to Radio Digest

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 double-barred, sacrosanct chamber where even angels fear to

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

The answer is simple-aş usual.

Scientific preparation. Individual stations, as a rule, do not permit visitors to penetrate within the actual broadcasting studio even during purely local programs. In most cases they provide comfortable reception rooms for the friends of the broadcast-ers, and sometimes even install soundproof windows so that visitors may look in without disturbing the artists.

But their studios do not compare either in size or equipment with the soundproof chambers in NBC's New York headquarters. Here provisions had to be made for commercial sponsors of big programs to witness the enter-tainment they were paying for. And with the sponsor, some of his directors and even a few friends must also be accommodated.

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 doubleplate windows with air space between looked down into the studio without permitting a sound to penetrate inside. But this only provided for casual visi-tors and friends, and did nothing to solve the more important problems of arranging for witnesses inside without danger to the program.

IN DESIGNING the studios, plenty of space had been allowed beyond actual requirements, thus making physi-cal allowance for "supercargo." Still, the engineering problem remained. So acoustical engineers went to work.

Theirs was the task of plotting soundcharacteristics of the rooms, and at-tempting to discover which parts of each studio might be used to seat an audience without danger of quiet rust-lings or scraping of feet reaching the sensitive "ears" of the microphone.

sensitive "ears" of the microphone. The sound experts succeeded. They felt the acoustic "pulse" of every inch of floorspace inside the studios, and marked those portions which had best be reserved for performers and orches-tra, and chose parts of the room which were relatively "dead" to seat an audi-ence, if audience there must be.

Then special drapes were hung around

the audience space to make these secthe experiment was made. A party of sponsors was admitted, and by the exer-cise 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 num-ber of weekly applications for room inside. 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, Emerson Gill, who is now heard regularly on the air from the Hotel Hollenden Show Boat through WTAM, should be in a posi-tion to speak with authority. For there are few dance bands which have put in more house in fract of a microphere 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 the mystery of mysteries, and when chain broadcasting was yet unheard of, Gill has been playing regularly, season after season through Cleveland stations.

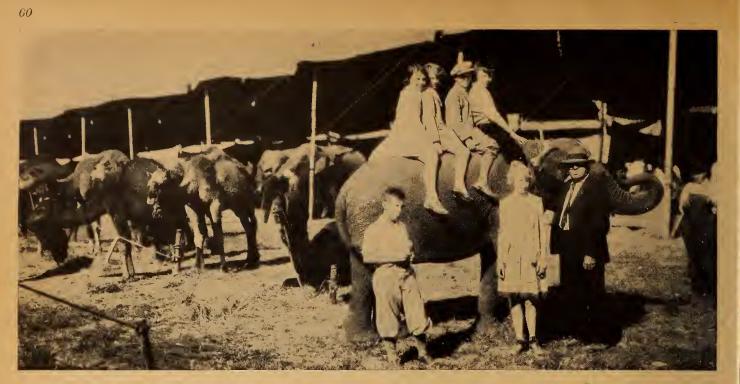
He came to Cleveland direct from Ohio State university with one of those collegiate bands. Gill is an outstanding example of the modern successful dance band leader. A few years ago it wasn't necessary for dance musicians to know much about music. Lazz was a sort of much about music. Jazz was a sort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

Gill himself when seventeen was a member of the Toledo Symphony or-chestra. Virtually all of his men could today step into symphony organizations without any difficulty.

He does all of this in first rate fashion.

The backbone of the Show Boat or-chestra has been together for nearly five years. One man, Pinkie Hunter, baritone and guitar player, and Gill recently celebrated their fifth anniversary to-gether. Five other members of the orgether. Five other members of the or-chestra 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 or three 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.



Youngsters of station WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla., enjoy a real sho' 'nough circus. Here are the elephants, the camel, the big tents and the animal keepers, and we have no doubt there are plenty of peanuts and red lemonade in the offing.

In Behalf of Butter

By C. B. Kingston

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, University of the state of Wyoming Nebraska and parts of Wyoming Iowa, and Montana.

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

"About seven weeks ago D. B. viewed 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 experi-ment, but D. B. hit the nail on the head and the doiry inductive concentrate here.

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 de-liver 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

hve hundred towns reported that butter sales had soared. "WNAX organized the 'Butter Is Bet-ter' club and are urging listeners to be-come 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 condi-tions around their dairy cows and sep-arators, and in delivering cream to the arators, and in delivering cream to the creameries, and are undertaking to de-liver 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

With all, the effect of this campaign has been most valuable. "We are putting on two fifteen-minute programs from WNAX between 1:00 and 1:30 every day except Sundays, fea-turing two of the progressive creameries who are helping WNAX to fight for better butter and less butter substitute. These programs consist of old time These programs consist of old time music, put on by an organization which we know as 'The Hired Hands.' It con-sists 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.

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 pur-chasing agent, and E. R. Gurney, the WNAX Philosopher—with 'yours truly' leading the quartet."

Goldsmith Has Prepared for a Radio Career

SON of the Middle West, Lee Gold-A smith, 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 ex-ecutives, 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 KFXF, hung up his coat and told the proprietor he was going to work there. 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 Gold-smith lost the opportunity to settle

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



Charles Onan, Station WDAY. Fargo, past master on the guitar.



Here we have Miss Estelle Ruth, organist at Loew's Theatre who broadcasts a daily organ recital over WFJC between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m.

Skillful Organist at WFJC

WE ARE indebted to the Kentucky Blue Grass Region for many things -the fine horses, the good liquor and the charmnig 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 rear-ing, she loves her husband, home and children first. But to these she adds her professional love of music and is en-thusiastic in her broadcasting of church, theatre and Radio music. Withal, Miss Ruth finds time between

her two jobs of homemaking and broad-casting to play around with her youngsters, of whom she is justly proud.

College Boys Run KOB **By Louise Rutz**

THE most powerful college or univer-sity broadcasting station in America is operated and announced entirely by college students. Under the guidance of a faculty director, Prof. Evan Car-roon, 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 oper-

The station has four licensed operators on the student staff, one first com-mercial, 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 elec-trical engineering department. Of the trical 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 por-tion of their expenses or to add to their

tion of their expenses or to add to their spending money while in school, as well as to their knowledge and experience. Marshall Beck, chief announcer, and Harry D. Pickett, chief operator, both seniors in the school of engineering of the college, have paid expenses through school by their service with KOB. The Radio staff members are also

active in student affairs. Marshall Beck active in student affairs. Marshall Beck has been for two years business man-ager of the student newspaper and stu-dent leader in the band; Harry Pickett is a football letter man; Albert E. Cold-well, another operator, is president of the honorary engineering fraternity of the institution; Hart 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

Selecting another letter from down in the pile, we find that Miss Mildred Dra-bek, 204 S. Lincoln Ave., Aurora, III., heartily approves of the cheerful and merry manner in which Everett Mitchell of Station WEWR does his announcing. From out at Kenosha, Wis., comes a letter from Christine Hvass, 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 in-creases the pile of letters accompanying them. Picking a favorite from the hun-dreds of Radio artists is not always an easy matter. There are so many stations. 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 attaches 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.

skillful lost their positions in most cases. There was one young organist, how-ever, out in the Northwest who did not lose her place at the Public Theatres at Moorhead and Fargo, North Dakota. And that was Miss Eildegarde Ussel-man. She is one of the few who were retained. It is said that the reason for her remaining at Publiv 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.

Ever since the inception of WDAY, however, she has been broadcasting. That was eight years ago, and her "pub-lic," 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!

You are now looking at an accomplished little performer on the organoverSta-tion WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota. She has won an enthusiastic audience by her noonday and Sunday night concerts. Part of Miss Usselman's training was received at the hands of the famous Eddie Dunstedter.



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 Indianap-olis and ask for Balph Elvin olis, and ask for Ralph Elvin.

Radio announcers are supposed to be 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 recogni-tion, 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-ah," 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

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 sta-tion broadcasting the fights let me do it. tion 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 fights. He said he hated them, and would I like to come down the next week and assist him. I 'lowed' I would. During a preliminary scrap, as I was sitting there listening to him, he got called away suddenly from the ring. He said: 'Here, take this and go on.' Just like that, with no warning. There was noth-ing for me to do but start talking. For-



He claims he got his Radio start by accident, does Ralph Elvin, expert sports announcer for WKBF, pic-tured above.

tunately, I didn't get scared until later, when it was over. But some people listen-

when it was over. But some people listen-ing, liked my line and wrote to that ef-fect. Since that night I have sat at a ring-side, somewhere, at least once a week. "So it was all luck, as you see. First, reading that announcement; next, hav-ing a voice that carried, and third, being lucky enough to have people like my stuff. The last part still is the big rugstery 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 his, Mart's, pride and joy and the means of his livelihood, his fiddling. You see, Mart and his wife are a famous fiddling team, known in those parts as Si and Mirandy. Mart has played in 44 fid-dlers contests and has defeated over 600 artists with the bow and resin.



WTMJ's Shopping Guide Aid to Purchasers

WHEN Miss Milwaukee and her mother plan a shopping tour they tune in first on the WTMJ Radio shop-per, on the air from 9 to 9:30 each morning, for advance tips on where to go. Busy housewives and frivolous daughters cannot be expected to spend an en-tire day hunting the marts of trade for bargains. Instead the wise ones tune in on the Radio Shopper and learn just where things may be obtained at mod-cente prices.

erate 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 shops 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.

wants. The Radio Shopper even offers inval-uable aid in meal planning. Mother tunes in on the bargains in fresh veg-etables, fruits and rare fowls. She stèps to the telephone, takes the Shop-per's suggestions and the articles are delivered. delivered.

delivered. Hundreds of letters are received by WTMJ's Radio Shopper each week from women who tell her how much she has helped them with their shop-ping problems. Listeners over The Mil-walkee Journal station who do not live Milwerkee are preiidered to call or in Milwaukee are privileged to call or write the Shopper and she will do all

write the Shopper and sne will do all their purchasing for them. In her daily rounds of Milwaukee's smartest shops, the shopping reporter has an opportunity to observe and forecast newest fashions. She predicts that with the new feminine styles and sweeping skirts, short hair is really doomed. A few smart young things may cling to 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 incon-gruous with the fitted, formal frocks which spell 1930 chic. The keynote of all her findings is that it's smart to be feminine/ Women are once more reverting to laces and lingerie touches, ruffles, flares and flounces. The

touches, ruffles, flares and flounces. The styles have more individuality today than

styles have more individuality today than ever before, for each woman expresses her own personality in her apparel. For evening WTMJ's Radio Shopper predicts a gorgeous formal winter of rich, costly apparel and stunning jew-els. Evening gowns will be decidedly decolette and hems will sweep the floor all around. Gloves, an indispensable ac-cessory of the new mode, are smartest when they match the evening gown. Richly trimmed wraps, or wraps of costly fur will be seen at all smart gath-erings.

erings. "Be ornate, be feminine, be individual and you will be chic and charming in 1930" is the advice of the Radio Shop-

The Radio Joy Boy who announced for WIL some time ago is again scheduled on programs at that station. Billy Lang is well known in theatrical and vaudeville circles and worked for several years in the team of Lang and Pay Ray.

Episodes of Winnie and Bert, heard from WHK Saturday evenings, tell a story of two young people which meas-ures up admirably to the drama of everyday life. These numbers are writ-ten and directed by Gordon Higham.

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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

S OME 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 one 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?

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.

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?

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.

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



The Fine Quarters of WOAI, San Antonio, Tex.

A d a m s Colhoun, sometimes known as the Voice of WFAA, was not aware that this picture was "being took." It is just as well for Adams is notoriously camera shy.

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.

If 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 nusic 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.

WJDA, Jackson, WIDS. MUCH local talent has been de-WJDX, at Jackson, Miss., went on the air December 9th. Two new local programs of interest were recently added, the newscasting twice daily of the Jackson Daily News, and the weekly health talk on Saturdays by Dr. Felix Underwood, director of the state board of health. Local music and dramatic organizations are given every opportunity to appear before the microphone, developing many embryo artists. One night a week is devoted to talent from the four colleges within an eight-mile radius. * * *

Ray Martinez, diminutive director of 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.



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 "hid-ing 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, mouthharp blowers, and sopranos; not to men-tion 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 Com-pany assumed the ownership and opera-tion of WHO at Des Moines, and our own WOC here in Davenport, it became necessary to add various members to our staff. That's where this chap Feddersen came into the picture. And the best part is that he was really hired to announce, and nobody knew he could do anything else. We realized that he had a most pleasing baritone speaking voice, and promptly let it go at that. He'd been with us for about three weeks, perhaps, when a letter comment-ing on some program or other found its

weeks, perhaps, when a letter comment-ing 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

future celebrity, if we were to judge from things he had already done. For that baritone voice not only speaks, but it sings! The interview brought to light 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 Con-servatory in Chicago, Elaine DeSellem.

In the National Federation of Music Clubs Sesqui-Centennial National Con-test in Philadelphia, in 1926, he walked off with third place in the baritone class ... quite a victory for a youngster only twenty years old, competing with singers from all over the country. In 1927 and '28 he won first place in the Iowa State



Paul Feddersen, who sings as well as announces.

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

"The Memory Book," broadcast at 3:45 CST on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, features Mr. Feddersen's pleasing baritone, and you are most cor-dially 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 de-partment of the California state teachers college in San Jose and part-time instructor in speech at NBC, San Francisco. "We all know that per-sonality plays a large

we all know that per-sonality 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 San-derson devotes 45 minutes to the NBC announcers, giving them instruction in speech with stress laid especially upon diction, pronunciation and tone.

"Radio is shaping the speech of Amer-ica," 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.

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Radio Takes a Ride

(Continued from page 51)

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

The other morning while trying to drive from Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, to chicago within the two-hour space occu-pied on KYW by Hallowe'en Martin and her musical clock (7 to 9 CSDT) the old buggy blew a condenser in the distributor two miles north of McHenry, Illinois.

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

towed into town and take the train to the city, she smiled. "Don't miss the train," she said. "I must get into Field's today to get one of those beautiful cross-fox scarfs, Hal-lowe'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 told the missus how to go "buy-buy."

It's all very well to have the loud speaker concealed beneath the cowl, but the time is coming when we will have to build in the television screen. 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 so that he can keep one eye 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 to sea or something. Monday morning a terrible thing happened. I picked up a page of Literary Digest figures and tried to them them aloud. I couldn't pro-nounce thirty-four thousand. . . It came firty-thour houand, or hirty-four thousand. I developed a pronounced stammer. I got panicky and called up army recruiting headquarters. I thought I would enlist for service in China or some place. The army didn't answer. * * *

at 5:30 Monday afternoon I Well, started for the broadcasting building. I developed a hard cough. Just outside the developed a hard cough. Just outside the building an old nasal trouble came back. I went into a drug store and asked for the best cough drops. The clerk kept saying, "What, sir?" I said: "I want some cough drops." He said: "What, sir?" I said: "Cough drops." He said: "I can't understand what you say." . . .

I SAID to myself, as I reeled into the street, "Here, I can't say cough drops so a clerk can understand me AND I AM GOING INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT ON THE AIR AND TRY TO TALK TO MILLIONS OF PEO-PLE." But I went into another drug store. This time I had no trouble. I just pointed L got sir hores of cough drops pointed. I got six boxes of cough drops. All colors. I ate them all on the elevator going to the broadcasting room. I was introduced to a lot of Radio attendants. They all spoke in very deep voices. It was very annoying. Messrs. Rainey and McGregor asked me who I was. I told them I was the Palmolive hour. Maybe I was. My mind is not very clear. *

The Court: "What happened next, Mr. Philbons . . . Mr. Gibbips . . . Mr. Phillips?" Mr. Phillips: "A man said 'he can't be the Palmolive hour. The Palmolive hour

*

*

is in Room 786 playing poker.' Then it all flashed over me. I said I made a mis-take. I am not the Palmolive hour. I am the Volstead Amendment. I have been hired to give the returns in the bil-lion mallet—million ballot, I mean, vote on whether the Literary Digest should be modified, enforced or merged with Bishop Cannon. They said: "Why didn't you say so in the first place." I said this is the first I knew of it.

is the first I knew of it. *The Court:* "Go on in your own way, Mr. Gillips." *Mr. Phillips:* "Well, four men came

for me and led me down a narrow corrifor me and led me down a narrow corri-dor to a dark chamber. One of them said: 'This is the room.' They gave me a lot of instructions and signals. A fel-low named Torgerson threw a switch. He talked like a man at the bottom of a well. He said: 'And now, ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear from one of America's great department stores . . . Mr. Hi Giblips.'" The Court: "And then what?" Mr. Phillips: "That's all I remember."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 49)

Thraff Willcyzinski's would be all pit-I hraff Willcyzinski's would be all pit-ted and pocketed with hidden cubby-holes; he'd create himself a dwelling like an old cheese. That's just what he's done here. *If*, of course, *if* the 'dangerous man who would balk at nothin' is Thraff Willcyzinski... or even his ghost."

Temple was headed off by a gloating exclamation from the door. There stood Gateway, waving a manuscript at them as he drank deep of one of his melodramatic moments.

"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 Savoy tossed up his hands hope-lessly. Blount and Temple were speed-ily following Gateway to the other bedroom.

The two looked wonderingly, in si-The two looked wonderingly, in si-lence and not without a twinge of pity, at the wreck lying in Andregg's bed. Gateway had put him through hell seven ways. Andregg was in truth broken; an abject, quivering, whimpering thing, not a man, for the very essence of manhood was gone from him.

"One little stroke of the pen now, my gallows-bird," said Gateway, flamboyant again on the scene of his dominance, "and you're back in heaven. Sign; these men will sign, and you'll be floating on nice white clouds again with all the lit-tle 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 eyes, wide awake to so much, were stone blind to anything piteous and pitiable here.

Andregg could not sign successful ough. Gateway unpocketed and tossed enough. Gateway unpocketed and tossed to the bed a small packet . . . the needle shot home. Andregg sank back with a long, quivering "Ah!" What though he had signed his life away? He had his drug.

"HE'S happy now," said Gateway and took up his precious sheet of paper. "I don't mind," he added to Temple, "if you run an eye over what he's written here; it sure makes pretty reading. I've got a little job to do mean-time. I'm off for a look at my pal Dicks."

He took the paper, folded it nicely and put it into his pocketbook, lighted a cigarette and was off to look in on

Dicks. The others glanced at Andregg Dicks. The others glanced at Andregg with mingled feelings. He lay back on his pillows, his eyes closed quiet now and composed. They left the room in silence.

"Gateway is pretty much the brute," observed Temple, "but he knows his business." Paul Savoy looked up with eyes full

Paul Savoy looked up with eyes run of disgust as they returned. "Well?" he demanded of them. "I suppose he had his way and forced the poor devil to sign a page of lies!" "Yes, he put it across. Andregg ad-mits everything." "Naturally! Lock a drug addict up, shut him away from his drug, reduce him through hours of torture to a state hor-

through hours of torture to a state bordering on insanity. Dictate anything

dering on insanity. Dictate anything you like, then ask such a man to sign it and of course he'd sign." "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 Gate-way's trade. But the confession is gen-uine enough; the definite detail of it proves that. Gateway's got the right man."

"Gives that. Gateway's got the right man."
"Fine! And of course Gateway has the million dollars now?"

"He has not, but will," snapped Temple.
"Andregg explains that, as he explains everything else. He got the money, but he was foxy and tied it up with a handkerchief, and threw it as far as he could from his window, out into the snow. It would be simple enough to get it later, when the trouble blew over; if even he waited to spring and a thaw, or to full summer, he'd get it all right."
"I like the idea of tying a handkerchief about it," smiled Savoy. "Did he say if he chose one with his initial, or at least a laundry mark in the corner?"
"On't be ..."
"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 stiffly.
"Oh, certainly not!... Well, well. And, of course. Gafeway the thorough didn't forget, 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 " Parks and . .

"Not a cuff-link, by any chance?" asked Savoy innocently. "Not a link of watch chain or . . ."

"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 hunch now; a wild, wild hunch. But I'm a fond lover of the long shots of life. I'm a fond lover of the leng due to any Come along with me; let's see if by any weird chance there's anything in it. I don't promise, this time, mind you.

Captain Temple, always interested in Savoy's odd moments, went with him with never a word, the sergeant bring-ing up the rear. The way led straight to Mr. Nemo's room from which Dicks had been removed to more satisfactory nad been removed to more satisfactory quarters. Savoy was almost running by the time they got there. They were stopped abruptly by Mohun standing guard at the broken door. '"The master is returned," he said curiously, seeming in some strange awe. "In his bed. He sleeps. I cannot wake him."

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 bent closer; he even caught up one of the lax hands, seeking the pulse. There was but a faint flutter.

"DRUGGED! Get him out of bed; jerk him out! To his feet, man; walk him up and down. It's poison, all walk him up and down. It's poison, all right; an overdose of opium or some-thing of the kind. Mohun, get some strong black coffee, quickly. Of course he'd be drugged; like Mohun was when we had such trouble waking 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 to encourage respiration," Savoy instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will Iry to encourage respiration, Savoy instructed them. "The danger, the only danger there is, is that his coma will deepen steadily, merging slowly into the deepest 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.

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 whiles. "What else should 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

better than 1. 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 to put him in the same 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 will re-member that Mr. Nemo invited and seenumber that Mr. Nemo invited and se-cured 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!"

"Cuff-links and watch-chains!" snorted Savoy contemptuously. "Not to say ships and shoes and sealing wax!—Here, let's take shifts at this business; we're likely to be a long while."

They kept no track of the time but knew that it was a long, long while before consciousness returned to their 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, stinging them with cold yet filling the room with tinglingly fresh and vigor-inspiring air. They heaped over-coats upon Mr. Nemo's wiry form; they enwrapped him on top of all that in blankets; they marched him on and on and still on. and still on.

When at last, certain that victory had been won, they allowed him a brief rest, letting him sit on the edge of the bed from which they meant to snatch him into action again at the first sign of any relapse, all eyes focused on him full of question. And they were met by a look in his eyes which was like a mirrored reflection of their own: Question.

HE BEGAN speaking sharply, ad-dressing Mohun in a tongue unfa-miliar to all save these two. With a first sudden evidence of muscular strength Mr. Nemo whipped up his two hands and

began tearing away the wrappings in which he had been swathed. Swiftly he bared his chest; his hands slipped down, inside his shirt, to his waist. A look of

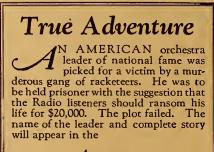
fearful rage distorted his features. "It is gone!" he cried wildly. "The flower of Heaven is gone!"

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; tossed out his arms; sent a shrilling voice to ring throughout the old house. Then all of a sudden he collapsed, drop-ping back to the bed, his face hidden in

"It is as the master says," said Mohun. "The Flower of Heaven is gone. The master wore it about his body. Desecra-

master wore it about his body. Desecra-tion 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."

" $E_{\rm queer\ smile.}$ " He was drugged, of course. How? In the wine he had at



August **RADIO DIGEST**

his bedside; just as Mohun was, only more thoroughly. He was then picked up and carried hence, my dear captain. Also, he was gathered up into a pair of good strong arms and brought back. Really, it's quite simple, you know." "There are times, Savoy, when I could strangle you with all the joy in life," said Temple. "Simple? Hmf! Who in the world"

world . . ." "You'll remember, my dear sir, that

I've warned you once or twice already that this is the house of a mad man. Despite your searching, there remains somewhere the hidden room, and does not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by

not Mr. Nemo's room suggest itself by this time as being connected with the concealed chamber? Dicks and Mr. Nemo were so simply removed and so simply returned to this bed." Mr. Nemo lifted his ashen face from his trembling hands and listened avidly. Weak as he was, he began asking ques-tions. He drank copiously of the hot black coffee which Chee-foo himself brought fresh from the kitchen; a flicker of light came back into his eves. of light came back into his eyes. "In my own country," he said coolly,

"In my own country," he said coolly, "I have had some experience with cun-ningly contrived hiding places. Mohun will look as I direct him. If there is any-thing, we shall find it quickly." "There's a door of some sort," said Savoy confidently. "That you will find it so readily, I doubt. Why, man, it would take a full convention of architects to gauge the possibilities in that direc-

to gauge the possibilities in that direc-tion of this crazy old building! You'd want a week to measure, to gauge thicknesses 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 con-struct such a mechanism, would want something complicated. No, I doubt if you'll come at his secret at all ... unless you'll come at his secret at all . . . unless you use an ax on walls, floor and ceiling, as we've used it on a door or two. And, with a little patience all this havoc be-comes unnecessary. We're not far from

comes unnecessary. We're not far from the answer to all our questions; why not sit down and wait?" "And let things go on happening?" challenged Temple. "With, as you more than hint at, a murderous 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. He returned her gaze with bland and pleasant interest. She turned away, biting her lips.

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

For a quarter of an hour Eve was 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

"I seem to have bought a lot of things," Eve remarked.

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"Y OU 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 re-plied, with conviction. "Don't you bother any further. I'll see that you get the things all right. And you shall have the full cash discount if I get the money within a month." "I pay all the household bills on Mon-day mornings," Eve explained. "Quite satisfactory," Stephen Glask declared. "Going to the golf tournament to-morrow, Miss Malcolm?" She looked at him in precisely the manner in which she was accustomed to look at Simpkins the grocer — only it didn't seem to produce in the least the same effect. "I always go to the golf tournaments,"

"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 went in for being a pro." She abandoned for a moment the atti-tude which she had thought well to

"Then do play!" she begged. "We want to beat Fairford. They are hor-ribly stuck-up about their golf, and the two Sinelairs always play for them." "What, Charlie Sinclair?"

"It is Lord Riverstone's second son," she answered, "who is the title holder." "We'll see about that," Stephen Glask declared.

"Well?"

"Well?" He looked steadily into her eyes. Eve felt her cheeks burn, and snatched up her gloves from the counter. "Good morning, Mr. Glask," she said. "Please see that the things are delivered today." "And thanks ever so much for the or-der, Miss Malcolm," the young man re-plied, briskly. "Hope to see you again soon. If I play in the golf tournament I promise you I'll do my best."

EVE and her brother exchanged stealthy glances—then they laughed. Sir Austen seldom laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The Sir Austen seldom laughed. Just now he was laughing long and heartily. The young ironmonger had beaten Sinclair with great ease. He was now walking round the ground with Evelyn Randale, the vicar's daughter, and it was evidently no fault of hers that they were on their way towards the pavilion. "I don't know what we shall do with your yoong ironmonger," Sir Austen declared. "I expect we shall end by ask-ing him to dinner." "My young ironmonger, indeed?" Eve returned, indignantly. "I like that! Who found him first, I wonder, and sent him

found him first, I wonder, and sent him to the house?"

in the initial in the set of the set of the initial initialized initial initial initial initial initial initia like to explain to you. It's a question of wick."

Sir Austen turned away. His sister hesitated for a moment, but finally remained. "A question of wick?" she repeated,

demurely.

demurely. He looked at her with a smile which she was beginning to find delightful. "After all, need we bother about that?" he begged. "I am a privileged person be begged. Even Mrs Ranfor this one afternoon. Even Mrs. Ran-dale has shaken hands with me! Couldn't we sit down for a little time over there?" She glanced toward the seat. It was

in a shady spot and had an air of seclu-sion about it. Really, the whole thing was too absurd! Lady Riverstone was

was too absurd! Lady Kiverstone and watching, and Austen, and— "Oh, I suppose so," she answered, "if you want to. I don't know that anything much matters."

A USTEN MALCOLM and his sister dined tête-à-tête that night. Dinner was a meal served at Faringdon House with some formality. The round table, small though it was, glittered with fruit and flowers and glass. Eve wore always a low necked dress, and her brother sel-dom descended to the informality of a dinner jacket. The butler was assisted by a footman and the trimmest of parby a footman and the trimmest of par-lor maids. Nothing was scamped or done hurriedly. The Malcolms, a county family of real antiquity, believed in family of real antiquity, believed in themselves and in the things which they represented. Even Austen, with his Fellowship at Oxford, his long and leis-urely travels across the world, believed in Faringdon House and the things which it represented. No Malcolm had ever committed a real indiscretion. Dinner was concluded with the service of coffee. The servants left the room.

Through the open windows brother and sister looked out over a grey terraced front, across flower bordered lawns, to a lake and wood beyond. The night was a lake and wood beyond. The night was warm, and the moon was shining from behind the trees. Austen lit a cigarette and broke the silence, which had been a little unduly prolonged. "With reference, my dear Eve," he began, looking fixedly at the end of his cigarette, "to this young ironmonger. You will not mind discussing him with me for a moment or two?" Sir Austen carefully avoided looking

Sir Austen carefully avoided looking at his sister, but for all that he was somehow conscious of the deep flush 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, "was entirely mine. I have been sometimes accused by my critics of be-ing deficient in a sense of humor. The coming of this young man has justified me to myself. He really was irresist-ible. He criticised the volume of poems which I was reading, and tried to secure my custom for gasoline in the same breath. He put me in such a position that I was compelled to offer him hospitality here, and a few moments later he was trying to sell crockery to Mrs. Randale—Mrs. Randale, of all per-sons! In all my life, Eve, I have never known anything so completely and ab-solutely humorous."

She suddenly looked up at him. "But is it funny, after all?" she de-manded. "Why is it funny? Why should we conclude, because he is a tradesman that-that there is humor in being forced into recognizing him—for a time—as an equal? He talks as though his education

equal? He taks as though his cureating were equal to ours—" "And he has a price list of saucepans in his pocket," Sir Austen interrupted, "which he is perfectly willing to discuss with anyone likely to become a cus-tomer, at any moment." Even sighted. Her own lips were be-

Her own lips were be-Eve sighed. ginning to quiver.

"He certainly does seem interested in his business," she admitted.

He is one of the over-developed products of our modern system of education," Sir Austen remarked, didactically. "He represents just a foretaste of the diffirepresents just a foretaste of the dim-culties with which the next generation will have to grapple. I really think, for his own sake, it would be kinder—you understand me, I am sure, Eve—if we were to abandon, both of us, that—shall I say?—spirit of latitudinarianism with which we have regarded this young man. To put the matter plainly, I think it To put the matter plainly, I think it would be better if he were kept in his place.

Eve was looking out of the window. Her face was expressionless. "I have no doubt that you are right,"

"I have no doubt that you are than, she said, calmly. "By the way," Sir Austen continued, "Hensham is coming down tomorrow for the week end. You will be glad to see him?" "Of course," she answered. She flitted away into the gardens, a for minutes later, and Sir Austen went

few minutes later, and Sir Austen went to his study. She passed through the rose gardens to the laureled walk bor-dering the path which led to the hill, and at the end of it Stephen Glask was waiting.

She hesitated when she saw him and glanced half fearfully towards the house. He vaulted lightly over the iron railing, however, and she had no time to retreat. She looked at him for a moment. She was half fluttered, half frightened. She was frightened because she had come, frightened because she had wanted so much to come.

"Mr. Glask," she protested, "you mustn't come in here--you mustn't, really. If my brother were to see you he would be terribly angry." he would be terribly angry.

S TEPHEN GLASK looked puzzled. "But why?" he asked. "I have been to your house before as a guest. Why should I not be here now? I want

Once more she looked nervously be-hind. The figure of the young man stood out so boldly in the soft, clear twilight. He seemed to have no idea of concealment—he did not even lower his voice. There were two alternatives bevoice. There were two alternatives be-fore her. One was to pick up her skirts, turn towards the house and run; the other to take that little turning to the left and walk with this rash intruder along the laurel bordered path. She hesitated; so once did her great name-

sake. "Please come!" he begged, suddenly lowering his voice. "Won't you?"

lowering his voice. "Won't you?" She forgot altogether that she was a Malcolm. She felt curiously weak—and she went. They pased down the shel-tered walk, between the rose bushes and the drooping lilac blossom. She was ashamed and frightened and happy. His attitude was not in the least correct. He was leaning over so that his line almost was leaning over so that his lips almost touched her hair. "I think," he said softly, "that you are

the sweetest thing that ever breathed."

His fingers clasped hers. "You mustn't!" she murmured. please don't! I—I trusted you." "Oh

He released her at once. "But I love you," he whispered. "Don't you know that?"

For a moment she was angry-angry

For a moment she was angry—angry with Fate, herself and him. "You must not talk like that," she de-clared. "You ought to know that you must not. It is wrong of you." "Because I am an ironmonger?" he asked, with a slight twitching at the corner of his lips. "Yes!" she answered, fiercely. "Be-cause—oh! how dare you be an iron-monger!"

monger!'

He laughed outright. This time she was really angry. She slipped along a dark path, and before he could pursue her she was on the lawn, the center of a little halo of light streaming out from the house. For more than an hour Stephen Glask remained lingering in the

shadows. But Eve did not return. Hensham arrived on the following evening, and at dinner time they talked about books. In his way he was a very important person—editor of a well known review and reader to a great firm of euclideare

whown review and reader to a great and of publishers. "Enderby's the man my people are going for just now," he remarked, as the little party of three lingered over their fruit and wine. "Of course, theirs is the commercial point of view, but I is the commercial point of view, but I must say that for once I am with them. I find his novels the most interesting fiction of the day."

Sir Austen nodded approvingly. "Enderby writes excellent English," he pronounced. "His stories, too, are wonderfully lifelike."

"THAT'S because he's so thorough," Hensham continued, cracking a walnut. "A month or so ago we had a tremendous discussion on the effect of tremendous discussion on the effect of a sense of humor upon instinctive and hereditary snobbery. Enderby had a theory of his own, and he was so keen upon it that he has buried himself some-where in a small country town, turned himself into a tradesman—an ironmon-ger. I believe—to make experiments. That's going into the thing thoroughly,



isn't it?"

There was a brief but very intense silence. The brother and sister sat look-

ing at one another. "Does Mr. Enderby-play golf?" Eve asked, calmly. "Rather!" Hensham replied. "He was

champion of Middlesex. I really won-der in what part of the world he's hid-den himself. We shan't hear a line from him till he turns up with his new novel." Eve rose slowly from the table and made her way through the French win-

made her way through the French white dows and across the shadowed lawn to the laurel walk. At the end of it Ste-phen Glask was waiting. He stepped forward to meet her eagerly. "So you've come after all!" he ex-claimed. "I am to be forgiven, then?" She gave him her fingers and smiled sweetly into his face

sweetly into his face.

"I have come to the conclusion," she said, "that it is snobbish to keep you out of sight because you are an ironmonger. You can come and sit down with my with them. Then if you have anything to say, later on-well, he can listen." Stephen Glask moved forward readily

enough, but he was puzzled. "I hope Sir Austen won't be rude to me," he ventured, with obviously affected uneasiness.

Eve drew a little closer to him. "It depends," she said, demurely, "upon the effect which his sense of hu-mor may have upon his inherited and instinctive snobbery."

Will Rogers and Mike

(Continued from page 9)

"You know, this Radio is a mighty fine thing, I guess. But it isn't 'xactly like the show. At the show the folks pay to get in and they want to be entertained. But on the Radio, besides them as really wants to hear you, there are some that just about dare me to entertain 'em. So you get all sorts of people on this micro-phone idee."

SEVERAL months ago Rogers said that there wasn't enough money to make him give a series on the air, al-though, 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 suddenly changed his mind. "I'll tell 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 sen-ate, 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."

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 eyeglasses. Gradu-ally, 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 . . . gives a couple of schoolboy ges-tures 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 Rogers' Radio technique is a little different from most others. He

only makes his notes and talks from only makes his notes and talks from those. A carefully prepared message would be stilted and would sound un-natural. 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 apologetically explains why "Just a racket, young man," he says, "a nice, genteel racket. You know I'm just trying to get along"—whereupon he goes home, clips a few more cou-poors and cheves more gum pons, and chews more gum. While he still persists in saying he is

never nervous on the air, the plain truth of the matter is that he is. We may as well forgive him his microphonitis even the mightiest suffer from it. I think if the truth were told neither does the like the people to peek in through the window. "Makes you feel like some sorta wild animal on exhibition," mut-ters Will.

What does he look like? Well, it wouldn't be Will Rogers without a bow tie. Then there is the soft felt hat. Old, I'd call it, but I suppose he has another at home... dark grey suit ... clean shirt with attached collar ... no vest ... swallows hard and tries to look dignified as a plush horse, but totally without success .. tugs at hat brim to pull it down over eyeglasses.

Is Will Rogers a bit temperamental? Yes and no. What happened to his efforts at phonograph recordings or electrical transcriptions when he walked out of the recorders, well, that's just another story, and it doesn't have any-thing to do with this brief narrative. There must be two sides to the situa-tion. Perhaps he was justified and was not temperamental, as some believe. But I think what some people believe

not temperamental, as some believe. But I think what some people believe is his temperamentalism is merely a certain nervousness which is inherent in his makeup. What makes him con-tinuously chew gum? He doesn't get any more for it. The gum people have already paid him for the testimonials. He doesn't have to endorse the gum He doesn't have to endorse the gum and then chew it all up to earn the cash. I think it is because it relieves a certain amount of tension, occupies his time and acts as a sort of sedative, just as stale tobacco smoke soothes the nerves of some others.

nerves of some others. This bit of nervousness, to my mind, is an integral part of his makeup. Without it, perhaps, he wouldn't be Will Rogers. So it doesn't seem to me to be temperamentalism, but just plain, ordinary nervousness. Will wants peo-

ordinary nervousness. Will wants peo-ple to like him, and the fear that they may not keeps him on edge at times. I don't think, either, that he is at all antagonistic toward Radio as having been largely responsible for the lessen-ing of the power of the legitimate stage. He is somewhat past middle age and has tolerance.

O F COURSE, his stage days go back to his first vaudeville engagement on the old Hammerstein Roof garden in '05, and his many years with Zieg-feld's Follies, as well as writing, lecture and picture work

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

As a matter of act, now that he has a receiving set both at the rancho and in the bungalow at the hotel, Will is getting to be something of a fan. He didn't listen in often until he "discov-ered" 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 ordi-nary individuals."

How much does he get for these weekly broadcasts? Well, I didn't have the nerve to ask him. My guess would be about \$5,000 for each 15-minute talk, and how it must hurt him to make out the income tax.

He tells me the brief notes he makes on Saturday nights are the only thing he uses for a memo and these 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 re-marks at the other end of the line and the publishing will be done in the east.



"This here six o'clock isn't so good the Pacific coast," vouchsafes ogers. "Of course, it's ten o'clock on on Rogers. Rogers. "Of course, it's ten o'clock on the Atlantic coast, and maybe that's a bit late, just as six is early here. The Midwest, where it is eight and nine o'clock, gets the best break." This plain-spoken philosopher upsets KHJ'S administration whenever he is on the program. Scores flock to the building, but seldom get a glance at the

on the program. Scores nock to the building, but seldom get a glance at the famous personage, for he gets there early and stays a few minutes late. Only a handful can glimpse into the studio via the medium of the curtained glass panel in the portal.

T HAT his audience in and around the Southwest wants to see him at the microphone, and that the switchboard of KHJ is swamped with calls when he is on the air is pretty sure proof of his continued popularity. His fan mail is prodigious. It comes from all sections.

venture to assume the role of prophet just long enough to foresee that Rogers' present series, which will just be coming to an end as this gets off the press, will be a revelation to the spon-sors, to the chain network and even to Will himself.

His Radio talks seem to have struck a popular fancy, even more than his daily writings in the newsprint. I don't mean by this that anybody could take his newspaper pieces and speak them over the Radio and get away with it. Not a bit of it.

The thing that gets Will Rogers over The thing that gets Will Rogers over on the broadcast racket is not entirely what he says. It is just as much how he says it... the very evident sin-cerity, the spontaneous way he has through it all ... the instinctive man-nerisms that all geniuses are supposed to, and do have ... and the fact that, no matter how wordy he may get, there is always a messags of genuine sympa-thy and human understanding

thy and human understanding. It's all right with us, Will. Lock 'em out of the studio, jot down notes on the cuff of your best shirt, chew up all the curf of your best shirt, chew up all the gum on the market, get tempera-mental or not, as you wish . and scratch the ear all you want to. There will only be one Will Rogers . . . just as history will record only one Al Jolson, one Lydia Pinkham and two Smith Brothers.

Music Appreciation

(Continued from page 7)

directions, too. And that same year he assumed the conductorship of the New York Symphony Society—a post he held with unique success for forty years. The rest, of course, is history. The leadership of Wagner's operas was re-linquished a few years afterward and from that time on, until 1926, he devoted all his efforts and zeal to the New York Symphony Society. His achievements as conductor of this orchestra were many. conductor of this orchestra were many.

He gave the first American perform-ances of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, of Tschaikovsky's Pathetique Symphony, of Wagner's "Parsifal," in concert form (the last act of which was sent to him in manuscript as a gift from Wagner), Mahler and Bruckner, symphonies of Vaugham Williams and most of the "moderns."

He was the first American conductor to receive an invitation from a foreign country to bring his orchestra abroadand his overwhelming success in Paris and London in 1919 clearly showed that he was now a world-figure in music.

He was the first composer to create an intrinsically American opera, The Scar-let Letter, based upon Hawthorne's cele-brated novel. He was the first conduc-

tor to penetrate into the West with his symphony orchestra, in an attempt to spread good music among those abo-rigines—and although he often encountered disagreeable incidents such as the one in Nebraska, where an interested music-lover in the balcony insisted upon spitting upon the bald heads of the bass his trips were successful and it players was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer was nothing unusual for a clumsy farmer to accost him at the end of the program, as one did in Fargo, North Dakota, and express his enthusiasm in these robust terms: "God dammit! I don't know why I like this music—but I do!" But whenever Damrosch is asked what his greatest distinction is, he will smile sweetly and simply answer: "My

smile sweetly and simply answer: "My wife, Margaret, of course—the daughter of James G. Blaine, the great American statesman — my friend and advisor for more than thirty-five years!"

DESPITE the fact that Damrosch treasures leisure above everything else in the world, he is really a thor-oughly busy individual. He arises at 7 o'clock each morning (it is a lifelong habit with him), takes a brisk walk from his home at East 61st Street, New York, to and through Central Park for a full to and through Central Park for a full to and through Central Park for a full hour, indulges afterwards in a hearty breakfast and a thorough perusal of the "New York World," and then, at nine o'clock precisely each morning, he is ready for the day's work. First of all there is the mail to attend to and despite the fact that he coefficient

to and despite the fact that he receives something like 10,000 letters each week he reads them all assiduously and personally answers those that require reply.

Then there are the musical manu-scripts to look through; hundreds of them come to his desk each week from aspiring young composers who seek criticism, advice—and recognition. At 11 o'clock each morning Damrosch receives his morning callers.

Sometimes they are interviewers, journalists, newspaper reporters who question him on every existing human prob-lem; sometimes it is a representative from the Society for the Promotion of Peace, seeking his co-operation; sometimes young composers come to him per-sonally with their many problems; sometimes publishers, magazine editors, solicother favors. The most frequent visit-ors, however, are young musicians who want to know just how they can become orchestral conductors.

Once there came to Damrosch a very young man who was eager to learn the secret of great conducting. Damrosch took his baton from out the bottom drawer of his desk and handed it to the young man. "Beat 34 fast time," Dam-rosch told him. The young man waved the baton in mid-air to imaginary strains of a waltz. "Now beat 4/4 slow time." Once again instructions were followed. "That," announced Damrosch "is all "That." announced Damrosch, "is all there is to it. Only," a mischievous light glowed in his eye, "don't give away the secret to anyone!"

At another time, a potential Stokowski confided to Damrosch that he sincerely felt that he had all the qualities that go

to make up the great conductor. "Have you ever conducted, my young Damrosch asked. man?

The young man shook his head mournfully.

"Then how do you know that you possess those enviable qualities?"

The young man shrugged his shoul-ders lightly. He had seen—and heard— Stokowski, Toscanini, Koussevitsky, Damrosch, Mengelberg time and time again and he felt, after watching them, that he too was blessed with some of that he too was blessed with some of their talent.

Damrosch looked at the young man

for a few silent moments. At last he

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen orchestral instruments?" "No," answered the young man

promptly.

"Can you play at least a half-a-dozen with thorough mastery?"

The answer was just as prompt: "No." "Have you mastered harmony, counterpoint, theory, orchestration?

Not yet.'

"Do you know the classics so well that you can almost reproduce them note for note upon paper from memory?"

"Oh, no!" "Then," Damrosch announced, looking for all the world as though he were about to make a most momentous an nouncement, "I guess you have all the requirements necessary for a great con-ductor!"

MORE often, however, Damrosch **IVI** answers these young men soberly. "Study your music thoroughly with a view towards becoming a composer rather than a virtuosi. When you have mastered every phase of your technique then go to Europe and try to get a post on a small orchestra—it doesn't matter how small or insignificant the orchestra now small or insignificant the orchestra is. If you have a spark of greatness in you, leave the rest to time. A man of talent cannot possibly remain obscure for a long time in this glorious age of ours!"

Afternoons are spent in quiet study, in reading prolifically and, a few days a week, in rehearsing the orchestra of the National Broadcasting Company for the coming Saturday night program. Evenings are invariably devoted to the theatre, to concerts, or at home with agreeable friends.

But all work and no play certainly does not constitute Damrosch's daily program. During the winter, Dam-rosch's favorite hobby is to build elaborate pasteboard houses, designed, deco-rated and executed by himself. When he Was a lad of eight he built a miniature Wagnerian theatre upon which puppets enacted the entire "Rheingold" while he, hidden, played the piano part. His cunning with, and his enthusiasm for, the pasteboards has not disappeared with the years. Just last winter Damrosch spent six full months in constructing an elaborate pasteboard home, a miniature of the home that he is having built for his family on Long Island this spring. During the summer his play brings him out-of-doors — and his hobby, then, is gardening. Although his mansion at Bar Harbor, Maine, is fully equipped with servants and help, he himself attends to all the gardening-of which he is as proud, if not prouder, than the sum total of his musical accomplishments.

B UT, of course, his great passion re-mains music. His tastes are very catholic. He confesses that very little music beyond Wagner and Richard Strauss gives him any happiness—al-though he was the first to introduce most of our "modern" works to Amer-ican audiences. However, he does be-lieve implicitly in the talents of such younger men as George Gershwin and Deems Taylor. His greatest admiration among virtuosi is Arturo Toscanini—and he is purposely making a trip to Bay-reuth this summer to hear Toscanini conduct "Tristan." Oh, yes!—he has one other profound

Oh, yes!-he has one other profound admiration: the former President Theodore Roosevelt, who was his best friend for twenty years. And he will often say that if Beethoven had lived in our time and had dedicated his "Eroica" Sym-phony to Roosevelt instead of to Napo-laon he would ensure here here bed to the leon, he would never have had to tear that dedicatory page.

Voice of the Listener

Listen to What the Public Wants It is an undeniable Fact—which must be ac-knowledged by the Radio broadcasting interests— that many sponsors of commercial programs are deserting Radio as an advertising medium or publicity stunt, because they do not receive ade-quate returns from such a campaign to justify the heavy expenses the heavy expenses.

The solution to this problem is not hard to find, providing one is analyzing the proposition. No doubt everyone knows that a business man or enterprise advertises to create first of all Good Will. That this is not accomplished by many of will. That this is not accomplished by many of the Radio features must be realized, and is re-alized, if not by the advertiser and Radio com-pany, surely by the Radio audience which consti-tutes the potential consumers of the advertised product. The Radio powers that be seem to think that the rublic will accent anything and be thenk that the public will accept anything and be thank-ful for it. The truth is, however, that the public is getting tired of certain aspects now dominating sponsored programs. . . . Let us look the situation over. For instance,

take the average sponsored program. Is it fair to the advertiser and sponsor to use up the valuable time by ballyhoing a theme song of some talkie, in which perhaps the Radio financiers are inter-ested? Do the Radio people think the people are so dumb that they can not see what is going on, and that the Radio company is playing the sonesor for a sucker?

on, and that the Ratio company is prioring sponsor for a sucker? A certain Hour is even going one better. The orchestra leader, who is a favorite with the public, is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has to be the context he wrote and claims to have is not content to boost his orchestra, but he has to advertise the songs he wrote and claims to have written, he has to advertise the phonograph records he made, and he has to put in a good word for the talkie he participated in, etc. Now the public is getting tired of hearing that stuff week after week, and at the program sponsor's expense. That is one of the reasons why the sponsor does not get the expected results. It is had enough to have advertising talk of the spon-sors, although a reasonable amount will be acbad enough to have advertising talk of the spon-sors, although a reasonable amount will be ac-cepted, but it surely is bad policy to fill up those announcements which do not refer to the sponsors with sub-rosa advertisements in dis-crimination to the sponsors. That the wishes of the public are considered of no importance is fully proved by the fact that no attention is paid to certain requests. . . Certain Radio officials say that the selection of program material is under the jurisdiction of the directors, leaders and artists. This makes us be-lieve that selection of their business policies must be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys.

be under the jurisdiction of their stenographers, clerks and office boys. Mr. Radio Program Sponsor, you pay good cold cash for your programs and have the absolute right to demand what you want, and Mr. Radio Station Operator, you pay good hard cash to your artists and orchestras and therefore have the positive right to demand what you want; and when you boys awaken to these facts then you will be in a position to give to the public what ."it" wants, and thus make a grenuine success of your programs by securing national good will.—Albert E. Bader, Hachita, N. M. ***

Too Much of Amos 'n' Andy I am a reader of the Digest and it is my favorite Radio book. So wish you would please give us more reading and photos of Gene and Gren, Jake and Lena of WTAM. They are real artists. We are having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. I have met many people that have said this. Therefore this request.—Margaret Runylow, Hazel Park, Mich. Mich. * * *

* * * Boys Are Poor Showmen Why is there so much of Amos 'n' Andy-Amos 'n' Andy' If they are good, I don't know good from bad. Such poor showmen. The only people I ever see listening to them are some poor farmers that do not know what humor is or some foreigner just arrived in this country. We have wonderful artists on the air. Why not give them some publicity. Gene and Glenn, WTAM, Cleveland; Bundy and Tanner, WGHP, Detroit, or Dr. Baker (Norman Baker), KJNT, Muscatine, Iowa. If they go in pictures (Amos 'n' Andy) it should be silent ones.-Mrs. T. C. Bragg, Detroit, Mich. Detroit, Mich.

Service to Mankind

I consider KFKB worthy of much commendation for the wonderful service it is giving the people of the Middle West through the generosity and big heartedness of Dr. J. R. Brinkley, who is the owner of Radio station KFKB. Through his

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 with doubts and questions that worry. --Mrs. Louise Wiechelman, Hastings, Neb.

Rates First Three Stations Received the March number of Radio Digest. So many interesting pieces in it, lots of spice, too. I think Station WLW of Cincinnati, Ohio, gives the best programs from the first to the last number, or at least I find them so and have heard others say the same. WENR comes in next and next WGN.--Mrs Ada M. Hunter, Moline, Ill.

Votes for Pictures, Not Fiction

Votes 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 from any magazine.—Mrs. L. L. Stoneking, Hannibal, Mo.



Have you ever wondered who the artist is that does the cartooning and caricaturing for Radio Digest? You see him here—Xavier Cugat. The lady is Mrs. Cugat.

WENR Broadcasts Personality

When one listens to music or entertainment of any kind and can't see the actors one at least likes to visualize them as real honest-to-goodness

while other stations have good programs you have to hand it to WENR for being ahead of any of the rest when it comes to putting real person-ality on the air.—Mrs. W. W. Flinn, Terre Haute, Ind. Ind.

50,000 Watts for Popular Stations

50,000 Watts for Popular Stations Nine out of ten stations bang away with this popular dance music and it really gets monotonous day in and day out. Practically every station on the air has it, but only one station has ole man Henderson, KWKH. Most chain stations are cursed and damned in this community because of their classical, "high brow" features. I think of the ten meet popular stations should be of their classical, "high brow" features. I think all of the ten most popular stations should be given 50,000 watts power if they want it and permit no other station to use that much. This would give stations something to strive for.— Gerald D. Bettelon, 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 regard Station KWKH, Shreveport, of which W. K. Henderson is announcer, as by far the most popular station in the world. His fearless stand against the chain store and his station dedicated for the cause of humanity is something no other station had the nerve to attempt.—Mrs. E. M. Offutt, La Monte, 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 interest in Radio newspapers. After obtaining a copy of your wonderful paper, feel rather ashamed to think that I allowed so long a time to elapse before buying it, as 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. air concerts much more interesting.—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo. * * *

Always Depends on KOA KOA, Denver, is the one station we can depend upon at practically all times. I say "all times," that means any time after 5:30 as we cannot get any of the American stations till about that time. Occasionally we can get them in the morning till 9 a. m., but very seldom. KOA is one of the few stations that does not do too much advertising. stations that does not do too much advertising. Advertising before and after a program is alright, but this everlasting advertising between numbers is more than the average person can stand. When a person tunes in a station of that nature they generally tune out directly they find out what it is all about.—Margaret Harrison, Glenleush, Sask., Can.

Your Favorites Are Promised

I am a constant reader of the Radio Digest, and enjoy it heaps. I understood that we were to write and tell what it was we enjoyed most. 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 broad in stating my likes and dislikes. Hoping you won't be offended in my being too personal. Of course, everyone cannot be choosers. But I really find it much more interesting to have more pictures of Radio origite artists.

artists. I read in the Digest where you wanted us to write in what we enjoyed in the Digest, and to express our ideas. Hoping others will 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

Finds Log Indispensable I have been a subscriber to Radio Digest for five years, and find it as indispensable as ever. It has kept pace with the improvements in broad-casting. Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish the call letters of a station, but, by referring to the Official Call Book and Log 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 cannot get along without Radio Digest, "The National Broadcast Authority."—Harry Nisely, Edgar, Neb. Edgar, Neb.

* * * Me'll Talk to WTAM Chief In January I purchased our first Radio Digest, And to say we enjoyed it would be rather a shal-low statement. Through it I have found many interesting artists and announcers that I did not sof our friends of the air. WTAM, at Cleveland, to us is the greatest sta-tion on the dial; not only is it the most powerful, but always has the finest programs from its home studios as well as those it brings from NBG rower of WTAM's announcers in Radio Digest. They surely have carved a place in our hearts and home that time shall not erase. In closing, may I extend my best wishes to Radio Digest and the staff.--Mrs. J. Davis, 1130 E. Pershing St., Salem, Ohio. Salem, Ohio.

Another Call for WTAM Pix How about a glimpse into the studios of WTAM with a few pictures, for instance, those of Gene

and Glenn. Note there have been plenty of same showing those of WENR and WLW of late, but not a one of WTAM.-W. G. Woodruff, Youngstown, Ohio.

*** We'll Have to Ask Marcella Have been taking the Radio Digest most a year now, and have enjoyed reading it very much. Has been very interesting. Would be very glad to see and hear more of WEAF artists whenever you ind space for them. Also their popular an-nouncers, Pat. Kelly, Geo. Hicks, J. Young, Kel-tin Keach, Ed. Thorgenson, Ford Bond, Alvin Bock, and may I ask, what has become of Frank Vallin and Kenneth Weir? I never hear them any more. Would like, too, to see a picture of "Cheerio" and all associated with his morning toradeast, also Major Bowes and his family. The Digest certainly has been very interesting, and would be more so if we could see and hear more of the artists we listen to.-Mrs. R. F. Jennings, Middletow, Com. ****

Marcella Says, "Thank You, Thank You" Just read the March issue of Radio Digest, and certainly found it interesting. Marcella's departcertainly found it interesting. Marcella's depart-ment containing so much interesting information regarding the entertainers, was certainly appre-ciated by me, and I am sure by all others who have learned to know the different artists, and, although this is the first time I have ever read Radio Digest, I assure you I will be a constant reader from now on.

reader from now on. I think that Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn have more personality than any artist I have ever heard over the Radio, and will watch for any information regarding them with deep interest. Certainly would like to see pictures of them, and hope they will appear in an early issue. Can pho-tographs of the WENR artists be secured by an individual, and, if so, how may they be obtained? [Ed.: Afraid not.] Want to again assure you of my appreciation of your interesting magazine, and of your department in particular.—Mrs. C. D. Rector, 4226 Sunset Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. ***

I like the Radio Digest better than any mag-azine we take. Couldn't enjoy my Radio properly without it to tell me about the artists, announcers, etc. With best wishes for your continued success. -(Miss) Sue Dickerson, Lexington, Ky.

The Friend of the Farmer, WLS

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Radio Digest. It is the best Radio book on the news-stand. I can hardly wait each month for it to

wLS is our favorite station. But th WLS is our favorite station. We live in town, but were once farmers. But that is not the rea-son why we like WLS. I have a grudge against WENR for taking WLS's time. I surely hope that they will get their time back. WLS has the best programs on the air—something different besides the same old jazz music. There is plenty of that anyhow. I wonder why WENR didn't attack WGN instead of WLS. Their programs aren't any good. WENR sure makes a poor station to help the farmer. Farmer Rusk ought to be put off the air. They are not interested in the farmer. Just trying to put WLS off the air. Well, if they do, I wish them all the ill luck any one can wish them. All our friends think just the same as we do.—Pete Lund, 321 22nd PL, Clinton, Iowa. We live in town, Clinton, Iowa.

For Five o'Clock Hawaiians I am writing to tell you how I enjoy your mag-azine. I like the stories and enjoy seeing pictures of the Radio artists. I wish you would print the picture of the Five o'Clock Hawaiians of WLW. I have often wondered what they were like.--Nellie Macy, Carthage, Indiana.

Hene brady, cartilage, invalue. *** Help to Working People I find most all the stations very good and a great help to us poor hard working people. We are generally too tired to go out of an evening, and have very little money to spend on pleas-ures. Yet we can sit at home in an easy chair and enjoy a good piece of music or a good story dramatized, and in the daytime, when we women folks are at work in our home we can tune in and have good music and keep on at our house work or mending, or whatever our duty may be, and there are lots of helps and hints given from different stations.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Van Oas-ten, Des Moines, Iowa. ***

Favorite Traced in the Digest I am a regular reader and almost a "student" of Radio Digest, and would like to commend you 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. It surprises me that you have never given us

an article, and a good large picture of Jack Brinkley. According to both the New York World and the New York Sun, he is Radio's youngest announcer, and several other metropolitan papers have given him the place as young-est veteran announcer.

I kept up with his work on WOR about two years ago, and later his more recent work, on WJZ, and every member of our family has always considered him a favorite.

always considered him a favorite. We wondered what had become of him, when he left the NBC several months ago, and were pleased that a mention in your current issue prompted us to tune in on WTIC of Hartford, where we found Mr. Brinkley. According to Harriet Menckin of the New York World, this young man's photograph should be worth a good space, and I am sure there are many others who would like to know more about him, including myself.—Mrs. M. P. Boyd, Richmond, Va.

Help! Help! for DX Fans! I have perused the V. O. L. ever since its origin, and find many interesting letters, but, when I read Miss Canniff's letter in the March Radio Digest, my ire was somewhat aroused. I believe that Mr. Freeman's letter (January issue, folks) was interesting to the nth degree. What kind of a receiver can it be that cannot get a "dial full" of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If of chain programs even on the poorest nights? If they MUST be had, why is it necessary to have so many of the country's most powerful stations all broadcasting the same thing, however good it may be. I also believe that Mr. Freeman's laments were

I also believe that Mr. Freeman's laments were well merited, and certainly his reminiscences of the long-to-be-remembered weekly R, D, are well founded. I have read every issue since early 1924, and owe considerable of my success (?) to R, D.'s accurate log of yesteryear, with its "new stations," "station changes" and all the other information so valuable to the DX'er. I wonder if Miss Canniff has considered the many and varied types of listeners, some of which we might class as Cadman adherers, fight fans, Damrosch supporters, jazz maniacs, chain and anti-chain addicts, etc., and last, but not least, the poor misguided DX fan, who sits up in the wee sma' hours combing the ether for "a new one." All these must be served, and the present R. D. serves every type well, with the exception of the last named. It is very informative regarding various station

serves every type well, with the exception of the last named. It is very informative regarding various station celebrities, Radio stations and their personnel, Who's Who, and, in brief, everything, except a darn good up-to-the-minute directory with all the information dear to the heart of the true DX hound. The magazine part of R. D. has been improved vastly, but at the expense of the pre-viously mentioned section, and it is that section which is most important to a fair majority of the genuine Radio fans. How about it, folks? I have 772 verified receptions, including at least one from every state in the union, 58 Canadian, 56 Pacific Coast stations (including four 100 watters), and various other low powered DX receptions, etc. Four major reasons for a list like this are a fair location (for a GOOD location, move to Calif.), a good receiver, an accurate, dependable log and wave length directory, and infinite study and patt of R. D.'s magazine section and spoil some other fan's pleasure if the directory could be put back to its perfection of former years, or on par with one or two other Radio publications, in this respect. Going back to Miss Canniff's letter, I well remember WTAS at Elgin (and also WCEE, "We Cough Every Evening") and 'the "King of the Ivories." Charlie Erbstein and Harry Snod-grass were favorites of mine, but I'll bet that there were some fans who thought they were ter-rible, such is the somewhat varied consensus of there were some fans who thought they were ter-rible, such is the somewhat varied consensus of opinion.—Henry T. Tyndall, Jr., Burlington, Vt.

All of Them, in Good Time We purchased the February issue of the Radio Digest for the first time from a local dealer, and were very much pleased with it. We were par-ticularly interested in the complete Radiologs and the pictures of Radio artists, especially those of Gene Arnold and Paul McClure and his wite. We would like to ask if it is possible to publish a picture of Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR, Little Joe Warner, Little Anne Pickard of the Pickard Family, and Coon-Sanders' Orchestra. In the March issue, I read about Mrs, Beech of Sterling asking for the pictures of the Smith Family, and I would like to second her request. -Miss Vineta Bloom, Freeport, III. ***

Are There 50,000 Watt Boors? May I have a wee corner of your listener's page on which to work off a little of the vitriol and vinegar which has been distilling in my system ever since the Federal Radio Commission assumed jurisdiction over Uncle Sam's broadcasting sta-tions? Sixty years old, a Radio enthusiast of

many years' standing as years are reckoned in Radio chronology, I had, up to the doleful date of that deplorable Radio cataclysm, derived more pleasure from my Radio equipment than from any other single toy I ever possessed. Now, so far as I am concerned, my reproducers are for the most port effect and any Radio equipment that the most part silent and my Radio investment is moribund. I have owned many receiving sets of different types during the past ten years In the good old pre-Commission days I was able to tune in, on almost any clear winter evening, any one of more than three hum-dred stations, with little or no interference between stations on adjacent wave-lengths. Now, although the total number of stations in operation is but slightly greater than in—say—1925, I can bring in scarcely a single one of them with-out hearing those adjacent on both sides. Worse than that: I often have heard during an evening as many as four stations, successively, each for a moment or two at full volume to the exclusion of the others, without touching the dials; the etheric wave, magnetic disturbance, inductive part silent and my Radio investment is moribund

the etheric wave, magnetic disturbance, inductive vibration or whatever it is that bridges the gap between transmitter and receiver, seeming to weave back and forth in periodic surges so that now one, now the other frequency gains temporary ascendancy. . . . It is my belief that this condition is due to the

enormously increased power of the wealthier sta-tions during the past few years. . . Why should a few stations be permitted to stand up—exactly like drunken boors at a community social—and each endeavor to outshout the other without regard to the rights and privileges of more con-servative stations and without respect for the preferences of the listening public? What profit-eth it a super-power station whose sole purpose of existence is to sell peanuts, cigarettes or toothpaste to break in upon a program of real music, an educational lecture, or perhaps a religious service, to bruit the excellence of its wares in 'stentorian tones that carry to Australia, where stentorian tones that carry to Australia, where all the people are at the moment asleep and by which all intermediate listeners are filled with disgust? . . If contempt of Radio Commis-sion were punishable by imprisonment, then I am due to spend the next million years of my life in penal servitude,—Don Quixote, New Britain, Conn Conn.

P. S. Like the Hibernian captain of the ferry-boat, who had just finished berating a hated rival; "I have more that I c'ld tell ye, on'y that I how ladies aboord."

KFKB Gives Satisfaction I think KFKB is the best station on the air I think KFKB is the best station on the air because of the tremendous good it does for hu-manity at all times. Dr. Brinkley's daily lectures, the Medical Question Box, that God-like spirit of "Loving and Giving." The Sunday talks that Dr. Brinkley gives each Sunday are certainly a great help to all who might listen. The music and song programs are always entertaining.— Jessie M. Landon, Seward, Neb.

Thanks to KSTP

Thanks to KSTP KSTP is the station from which I found out about Radio Digest. I have a few requests. First, I would like to see more pictures and sketches of popular KSTP, as Art White, the Beachcombers, Phil Bronson, premier sports announcer of that station, Corinne Jordan, Gayle Wood, Slatz-Randall and his orchestra, and the others. I would also like to ask Marcella where Art Linick, alias Mr. Schlagenhauer, now hangs his hat.-Marcus Schiern, St. Paul, Minn.

A Little Advice, Gratis I realize that Amos 'n' Andy do not need any-one to come to their rescue, but I am so "het up" because of their having been "beaten up and thrown in the gutter" that I am coming along with a few little "flowers" for their "grave," so "hereeeee theyyyy arecee": The writer of the article knocking Amos 'n' Andy better stick her tongue out about eighteen inches and show it to some good physician who might diagnose her case. It looks like "KNOCK-ITIS" in its worse form. The only remedy for that is a self administered gun-podermic of bi-chloride of lead. A good antidote is a few more drinks of syrup and not so many of gall. There is only one reason why people knock and

There is only one reason why people knock and that is pure jealousy. The oftener I read that letter the plainer it seems that who ever calls himself "Lucy Barrett" is not one of the gentler himself "Lucy Barrett" is not one of the genuer sex, but a wretched piece of male humanity, hid-ing behind petticoats. Women do not feel that way about Amos 'n' Andy, we love them. Here's to you, "Lucy," let's hope somebody puts two big black snakes in your bed some night. --Mrs. R. A. Swanson, Galesburg, Ill.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

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 I little 100-watt station is not every whit as important, in its way, as the 10,000-watt station is in *its* way should learn of the recent activities of Station WHBY ("Whibby" they call it for short), at Green Bay, Wis, whose director of features, Harold T. Shannon, not only burns continually with a catch-ing enthusiasm, but who expresses that ing 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

entertaining features that could well be imagined. WHBY is located at St. Norbert's College, Green Bay. And the commer-cial studios are in the Columbus Com-munity Club, in the same city. The station celebrated its fifth anniversary May 12-13. And the Mother's Day season caused Mr. Brannon to add sev-eral features appropriate to the occaeral features appropriate to the occa-sion. As Director Harold Shannon wrote the editor of Radio Digest, after the event was over: "The Mother's Day program was the

"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 fea-ture, which is going to remain deep in the memories of those who heard it for many years. We used a symphony orchestra which was a whiz. Herr Herman Daumler, late concertmeister of the Nuremburg Conservatory Con-cert Orchestra in Germany, was our concertmeister. They emphasized the mother theme in the choice of their selections.

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 Ket-elby'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 Parr, a Congregational divine, and highly reputed as an orator, was

and highly reputed as an orator, was the speaker of the evening and "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra signal-ized something unusual for WHBY— the message of a former president.

the message of a former president. "Mr. Coolidge was invited (because 'of those plain, homely virtues which characterized his private and public life and appealed so strongly to the mothers of boys') to be our guest-speaker, via the remotest of controls—

by letter. "He sent us those paragraphs about his own mother from his *Autobiography* and they were read by the undersigned, which was his only participation in the program. It would have been a very hard program 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 Com-

munity Club. At eight o'clock two oldfashioned 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 schotdance times: fancers, points and schot-tisches—lovely dances that have passed away but for the saving grace of the Radio which, in the hands of discern-ing directors, such as Mr. Shannon, serves to bring them to the ears of the world which otherwise would never have them. The bands were Romy Goaz's Bohemians and the Pilsen Brass Band.

After that, at_nine, was broadcast a sort of anniversary number-a revival of the very first broadcast hour over the station, five years ago, in the days when Hank Schmitt, the first announcer held sway at WHBY. Schmitt, who is now an ordained priest, was on hand as the "guest" announcer. Numerous tele-grams of congratulation from senators, congressmen and mayors of cities of

NNOUNCEMENT of A 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 pretty 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

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 musical numbers of of mere entertain-ment of any kind. Carrying out a sug-gestion made not long ago by the fed-eral 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 un-employment situation. Mr. Shannon continues: "We have a tie-up with the Free Em-

Mr. Shannon continues: "We have a tie-up with the Free Em-ployment 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 place them. They tell us of men and more the tell us of men

we place 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. Re-sults have been instantaneous, particu-larly in temporary work. We asked all of our listeners to forego the exercise

of taking off their storm windows, varnishing their floors, house cleaning, re-pairing, cleaning the basement, and en-gage some poor workless father to do it for them just to get a few more dollars into circulation and a few more

dollars into circulation and a few more men self-respecting as earners. "The calls for such help for a few days broke the local employment bu-reau record, with the result that we have a letter from the Department of Labor and a very much treasured 'memorial' signed by hundreds of job-less men. Some one of them started it and every fellow who got a job signed it. We prize it highly in our 'public service' exhibit 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 ev-

the local happenings of interest to ev-eryone in that vicinity. Nor is that all eryone 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 go-ing out to purchase. This live station and its director of features knows exactly what it wants and goes after it. Recently when it was found that the editor of Radio Di-gest could at the last moment go up

gest could, at the last moment, go up to Green Bay for the anniversary cele-bration, Mr. Shannon was ready with an airplane to take him up!

Westphal Has Grown "Gray" in Radio Game

H E HAS been broadcasting so long that he does not remember the ex-act year he started. Consequently when he was asked about his first Radio ex-perience, Frank Westphal, noted or-chestra 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

was somewhere around 1922 or 1923. At the time, he had an orchestra at the Rainbo Gardens in Chicago, a popu-lar night club and cabaret. The owner, Fred Mann, refused to take broadcast-ing seriously and declared, despite Frank's arguments, that it would never amount to much. Nevertheless West-phal became interested and was heard for the first time over KYW, the pro-grams of which were then presented by for the first time over KYW, the pro-grams of which were then presented by the same organization that now oper-ates 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 Sta-tion 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, Westphal was asked to come in and take charge of the station. Thus it appears he has been known continu-ously by Radio listeners since "around 1922 or 1923." He was heard over Charles Erbstein's station, WTAS; KYW; WLS and WENR.

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Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in day light time the following features are listed on that basis.

		Sui	nday		
East 9 a The Ball	.m.	8	Mountain 7		6
' Meters	Key St Kc	ation—WI Call WOC	EAF (454.3m Meters 454.3 508.2	-660kc Kc. 660	Call WEAF WOW
300 405.2 Morning	740 Musica	WSB le.	508.2	590	
30.1 49.02	Key 9590 6120	W3XAU W2XE	VABC (348.) 243.9 243.9 275.2 323 499.7 500 516.9 526 545 12 n.	1230 1230	WFBM WNAC KMOX WBRC WMT WREC WIBW WWNC WEAN
49.02 201.3 201.3 209.8	1490 1490 1430	WFBL WLAC WHP	275.2 323 499.7	930 900	WBRC WMT
212.8 215.8	1410 1390 1300	WBCM KLRA KFH	500 516.9 526	600 580 570	WREC WIBW WWNC
230.8 234.4 241.8	1280 1240	WDOD WSPD	545 12 n.	550	WEAN 11 a.m.
Zp. Roxy Sy	m. mphony Key	Concert. Station-	12 n. WJZ (397.5 315.6 390 394.5 428.3 440.9 483.6 508.2 1	-760)	
205.4 234.2 282.8	1460 1280 1060	KSTP WEBC WBAL	315.6 366 390	950 820 770	WRC WHAS KFAB WJZ WLW
293.9 302.8 302.8	1020 990 990	KYW WBZ WBZA	394.5 428.3 440.9	760 700 680	WPTE
305.9 312.5	980 960	KDKA CKGW	483.6 508.2	620 590	WTMJ WFAA 12 n.
National	.m. Youth Key	Conference	e.		
222.2 245.9 252.1	1350 1220 1190	KWK WREN WOAI	326 326 375 380	920 920 800	KOMO KPRC WFAA
263.2 263.2 265.5	1140	KVOO WAPI KSL	380 390 405	790 770 740	KGO KFAB WSB
222.2 245.9 252.1 263.2 265.5 270.3 277.8 283 306	1110 1080 1060 980	Station- KWK WREN WOAI KVOO WAPI KSL WRVA WBT WBAL KDKA	429 441 484	700 680 620	KOMO KPRC WFAA KGO KFAB WSB WLW WPTF KGW
306	980 .m.	KDKA	2	020	1
Dr. S. 1 206.9	Parkes Key 1450	Station-V WFJC	2 WEAF (454. 361 375 380 380 380 385 405	3-660) 830	KOA
206.9 225.6 232.4 245.9 252.1 263.2 263.2 270.3 277.8 300 319	1330 1290 1220	WSAI WEBC WCAE	366 375 380	820 800 790	KOA WHAS WFAA KGO WSB WPTF WSM KGW WOW KHO WEEI WTAG
252.1 263.2 263.2	1190 1140 1140	WOAI KVOO WAPI	380 385 405 441	790 780 740	WGY WMC WSB
270.3 277.8	1140 1140 1110 1080 1000 940	WRVA WBT WHO	441 462 484	680 650 620	WPTF WSM KGW
326	940 920 920 900	WCSH KOMO	508.2 509 509 517	590 590 590	WOW KHO WEEI
326 333 333.1 337	900	WOAI KVOO WAPI WBT WHO WCSH KOMO KPRC WKY WJAX WJAR	545	580 550	work
Cathedra Key St	I Hour.	VIAN (49	2-6120), W 275.1 315.6 319 323 323 333.1 333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 447.5	ABC (348.6-860)
201.3 204 209.8	1490 1470 1430	WLAC WKBW WHP	275.1 315.6 319	1090 950 940	KMOX KMBC WFIW
212.8 215.7	1410 1390	WBCM WHK KLRA	323 323 333 1	930 930 900	WBRC WDBJ WFBL
223.7 227.1	1340 1320 1300 1290 1280	WSPD WADC	333.1 348.6	900 860	WDBJ WFBL WMAK WABC WCCO WEAN
234.4	1290 1280		370.2 384.4 447.5 475.9 499.7 499.7	810 780 670 630	WEAN WMAQ WMAL
238 238 241.8	1280 1260 1240 1230 1230 1170	KOIL WLBW WGHP	475.9 499.7 499.7	600 600	WMAL WCAO WMT
238 241.8 243.8 243.9 256.3 258.5 267.7	1230 1230 1170	WFBM WNAC WCAU WOWO	517 526	600 580 570	WREC WIBW WKBN
258.5 267.7	1120	WOWO WISN	526 545.1 3	570 550	WWNC WKRC 2
Davey H	Kev		WEAF (454	.3-660)	
206.9 225.6 245.9 280.4	1330 1220	WFJC WSAI WCAE	492 508.2	610 590	WGY WDAF WOW WEEI WTAG WFI KSD WGR
	1070 1000 950	WTAM WHO WRC	509 517 536	590 580 560	WEEI WTAG WFI
316 319 337 345	1450 1330 1220 1070 1000 950 940 890 870	WCSH WJAR WENR	WEAF (454 380 492 508.2 509 517 536 545 545 545	550 550	WGR
7:35 Major E	p.m. lowes' I	Family	5:35 EAF (454.3	m-6601	4:35 WKY WJAR WHAS WGY WSB WTMJJ WEAF WOW WIBO WIOD KSD
205.5 206.8	1460 1450 1330	KSTP WFJC WSAI	333.1 336.9 365.6	900 890 820	WKY WJAR
227.3 236.1	1320 1270	WSMB WJDX	379.5 384.4	790 780	WGY WMC
245.0 252 280.2	1190 1070	WOAI WTAM	405.8 483.6 491.5	620 . 610	WTMJ WEAF
288.3 300 315.6	1040 1000 950	WOC WRC	508.2 535.4 535.4	590 560 560	W1BO W1OD
319 325.9	940 920	WCSH WWJ 7	- 545.1 6	550	KSD 5
Enna Je	ttick M Key	Station-	WJZ (394.5r	n-760k	-)
205.4 221.2	1460 1350	KSTP KWK	WJZ (394.5r 325.9 333.1 361.2 365.6 384.4 394.5 399.8 405.2 428.3 440.9 461.3 468.5 83.6	920 900	KOMO
234.2 236.1	1320 1280 1270	WEBC WJDX	361.2 365.6 384.4	830 820 780	WHAS WMC
245.8 252 260.7	1220 1190 1150	WREN WOAI WHAM	394.5 399.8 405.2	760 750 740	WJZ WJR WSB
265.3 288.3 288.3	1130 1040 1020	KSL KTHS WFAA	428.3 440.9 461.3	700 680 650	WLW KPO WSM
293.9 302.8 302.8	1020 990 990	KYW WBZ WBZA	468.5 48 3.6 484 509	650 640 620 620 590	KPRC KOMO WKY KOA WHAS WJZ WJR WSB WSB WLW KSB WSM KFI WTMJ KGW KHO WIOD
305.9 312.5	980 960	v wJ 7 Station-V KSTP KWK WSMB WEBC WIDX WREN WOAI WHAM KSL KTHS WFAA KYW WBZA KDKA CKGW	509 535,4	590 560	KHO WIOD

Recommended FTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for July: Sunday Atwater Kent Hour Enna Jettick Melodies Monday **General Motors Family Party** An Evening in Paris Tuesday Radio Keith Orpheum Hour Eveready Program Wednesday Halsey Stuart Program **Palmolive Hour** Thursday Fleischmann Hour Arabesque Friday **Raleigh Revue** Armstrong Quakers Saturday General Electric Hour Paramount-Publix Radio Hour Central Mountain Pacific Eastern B / La Palina Rhapsodizer Key Station-W2XE Meters Kc Call 223.7 1340 VSPI 227.1 232.4 1290 238 1260 238 1260 (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860) Meters 275.1 315.6 333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 447.5 475.9 499.7 Call WSPD WADC WJAS KOIL Ka 1090 950 900 860 810 780 670 630 630 650 Eight Years Old RADIO DIGEST has just passed its Eighth Birthday. It's career has been the career of Radio. A new idea, a new in-dustry, 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

Fait	103 6	Cantural	Mountain	D	Pacific		
East 8:15 Collier's	p.m. Radio	7:15 Hour.	Mountain 6:15		5:15		
	Key	Station-W	JZ (394.5m-7 Meters	Kc	Call		
Meters 202.7 222.1 245.8	Kc. 1480 1350 1220 1150 1130 1020 990 990	Call WCKY KWK WREN WHAM	325.9 361.2 394.5	920 830 760 750	Call KOMO KOA WJZ WJR KPO KFI KGW		
245.8 260.7 265.3	1150 1130	WHAM KSL	394.5 399.8 440.9	680	WJR KPO		
265.3 293.9 302.8	1020 990	WHAM KSL KYW WBZA WBZ KDKA	468.5 483.6	640 620	KFI KGW		
	990 980	W BZ KDKA	508.2	590			
8:3 Chase an	d p.m.	7:30 born Choral	6:30 Orchestra. AF (454.3m 344.6 365.6 374.8 379.5 384.4 405.2 441 453.6 491.5 508.2 516.9 535.4 535.4 535.4 535.4 535.4 7	-660kc)	5:30		
205.5 206.8	1460 1450	KSTP WFJC	336.9 344.6	890 870	WJAR WLS WHAS WSAI WGY WMC WSR WPTF WEAF WTMJ WDAF WOW		
227.1 234.2	1320 1280	WSMB WEBC	365.6 374.8	820 800	WHAS WSAI		
236.1 245.6	1270 1220	WCAE	379.5 384.4	790 780 740	WMC		
263.2 277.6	1140 1080	WAPI WBT	441 454.3	680 660	WPTF WEAF		
280.4 288.3	1070 1040	WTAM KTHS	483.6 491.5	620 610	WTMJ WDAF		
299.8 312.5	1000 960	CKGW	508.2 516.9	590 580	WTAG		
319 325.9	940 920	WCSH KPRC	535.4 535.4	560 560	WIOD		
325.9 333.1	920 900	WWJ WKY	545.1 545.1	550 550	WDAF WOW WTAG WIBO W10D WLIT WGR KSD		
9 Our Gov	ernmei	at. 8	7 CAF (454.3m 374.8 374.8 374.8 374.8 374.8 374.8 405.8 400.8 400.800000000000000000000000		6		
208.6	Key 8 1450	WFJC WSMP	AF (454.3m 374.8	-660kc)	WFAA WSAI WGY WMC WSB WPTF WEAF WSM WTIC WOW WTAG WFI KSD WGR		
227.8	1080 1290	WBT	379.5	790 780	WGY		
236.1 245.6	1270 1220	WJDX WCAE	405.8 441	740 680	WSB WPTF		
252 265.6	1190 820	WOAI WHAS	454.3 461.3	660 650	WEAF WSM		
270.3 300 315.6	1000	WRVA WOC	508.2 516.9	590 580	WOW		
319 326	940 920	WĈŠĦ WWJ	536 545.1	560 550	WFI KSD		
333.1 336.9	900 890	WKY WJAR	545.1	550	WGR		
Majestic	Theat Key S	WJAR tre of the A Station—WA W3XAU W2XE WLAC KFJF KGA WHK KLRA	Air. 1BC (348.6m 267.7 275.1 288.3 309.1 312.3 315.6 322.4 322.4 333.1 348.6	-860kc			
30.1 49.02 201.2	9590 6120 1490	W2XE WLAC	275.1	1090 1040	WISN KMOX KRLD KJR CFRB KMBC WDBJ WFBL WMAK WABC WCCO WEAN WTAR		
204	1470 1470	KFJF KGA	309.1 312.3	970 960	KJR CFRB		
204 215.7 223.7 227.1 230.6	1470 1390 1390 1340 1320 1290 1290 1290 1290 1280 1270 1260	WHK KLRA	315.6 322.4	950 930	KMBC WBRC		
223.7 227.1	1340 1320	KLRA WSPD WADC	322.4 333.1 333.1	930	WFBL WMAK		
230.6 232.4 232.4 234.2 234.2 236.1 238 238 241.8	1290 1290	KDYL KTSA	333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 384.4 410.7 475.9 499.7 516.9	810	WABC WCCO		
232.4 234.2	1290 1280	WJAS WDOD	384.4 384.4	780 780 770	WEAN WTAR WBBM		
236.1 238 238	1270 1260 1260	KOIL	389.4 410.7 475.9	770 730 630	CKAC		
238 241.8 243.8 243.8 243.8 243.8	1240 1230	WGHP KYA	499.7 499.7	600	WCAO WREC		
243.8 243.8	1230 1230	WNAC WFBM	516.9 526	580 570	WIBW KMTR		
254.1 256.3 258.8	1260 1240 1230 1230 1230 1180 1170 1160 1120	WALC KTHH KDYL KTSA WDOD WDSU KOIL WLBW WGHP KYA WNAC WFBM KEX WCAU WOWO	516.9 526 526 535.4 545.1	570 560 550	WBBM CKAC WMAL WCAO WREC WIBW KMTR WWNC KLZ WKRC		
267	1120 p m.	WDEL 8:15	7:15	6:			
Atwater	Kent	Hour.	EAF (454.3m	-660kc	1		
205.4 227.3 245.6 252 265.3 277.8 280.2 288.3 300 315.6		KSTP WSMB	380	790	WUIY		
245.0 252 265.3	1400 1320 1220 1190 1130 1080 1070 1040	WOAI	405 417 441	740 720 680	WGN		
277.8 280.2	1080 1070	WBT WTAM	454.3 462	660 650 640 620	WEAF WSM		
288.3 300 315.6-	1040	WFAA WOC	417 441 454.3 462 469 484 492 508 2	640 620 610	KGW		
325.9 325.9	1000 950 920 920	KPRC WWJ	508.2 509	610 590 590 590	WOW WEEI		
315.6 325.9 325.9 325.9 325.9 333.1 361.2	920 900	KOMO WKY	508.2 509 509 536 545 545	590 560 550	WMC WSB WGN KPO WEAF WSM KFI KGW WDAF WOAF WEEI KHQ WFI WGR		
361.2 366 374.8	920 920 900 830 820 800	KSTP WSMB WCAE WOAI KSL WBT WTAM WFAA WOC WRC KOMO KOMO KOMO KOMO WKY KOA WHAS WSAI	545	550	KSD		
10.0	0 n m.	9:00	8:00		7:00		
202.6	tation- 1480	WABC (34 WKBW	18.6-860), W 256.4	2XE (1170 1160	49.2-6120) WCAU		
204	1470 1390	WLAC WHK	256.4 258.5 275.1 315.6 319 322.4 333.1 389.4 476	1160 1090 950	WOWO KMOX		
220.4	1360 1340	KFPY	315.6 319 322.4		KOIN		
227.1 232.4	1320	WADC KDYL	333.1 389.4	930 900 770	KHJ WBBM		
215.7 220.4 223.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 232.6 234.4 236.2 238.1 241.8 243.9	1480 1470 1390 1360 1340 1320 1290 1290 1290 1290 1290 1290 1260 1260 1260 1240	WKBW WLAC WHK WFBL KFPY WSPD WADC KDYL WJAS WRR KOL KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC		630 610 600 570	WCAU WOWO KMOX KMBC KOIN WBRC WBRM WBRM WMAL KFRC WCAQ WWNC KLZ WEAN WKRC		
236.2 238 238	1270 1260	KOL KOIL WI PW	500 526	600 570	WCAQ WWNC		
241.8 243.9	1240	WGHP	491.5 500 526 535.4 545 545.1	560 550 550	WEAN		
10:15 Studeba	5	9:15	8:15		7:15		
205.4	Kev	Station-W. KSTP	EAF (454.3r 379.5	790	c) WGY		
206.9	1460 1450 1330 1280 1220 1070 1000 950 920 920 890	WFJC WSAI	379.5 416.4 454.3 468.5 483.6 483.6 499.7 508.2 508.2 509	720	WGN WEAF		
234.2	1280 1220	WEBC WCAE WTAM	468.5 483.6	660 640 620 620	KFI WTMJ KGW		
225.6 234.2 245.6 280.2 299.8 315.6	1000	WOC	492 499.7	610 600	WDAF WT1C		
319 325.9	940 920	WCSH KOMO	508.2 508.2	590 590 590	KHQ WOW		
319 325.9 325.9 337 361.2	920 890 830 790	KSTP WFJC WSAI WEBC WCAE WTAM WOC WCSH KOMO WWJ WJAR KOA KGO	509 516.9 535.4 545.1	590 580 560 550	WGY WGN WEAF KFI WTMJ KGW WDAF WTIC KHQ WOW WEEI WTAG WFI WGR		
361.2 379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGR		



One of Radio's prettiest women and a charming singer—that's Betsey Ayres who adorns the Enna Jettick programs on Sunday evenings.

Eastern		Central	Mountain		Pacific
	0 p.m.	9:30	8:30		7:30
Around			0.00		1.00
Key S	tation-	WABC (348	8.6-860), W2	2XE	(49.2-6120)
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	256.3	1170	WCAU
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ
215.8 227.3	1390 1270	WHK WADC	333.1 385	900 780	WFBL WTAR
232.4	1290	WIAS	399.7	600	WCAO
238	1260	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAL
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
241.8	1240	WSPD	526	570	WWNC
243.8	1230	WNAC	545.1	550	WEAN
10:4		9:45	8:45		7:45
Sunday	at Seth	Parker's.	AF (454.3n	- 660	te a l
208.6	1450	WFJC WCAE	333.1	900	WJAX
245.6 265.6	1220 820	WHAS	361 379.5	830 790	KÔA WGY
300	1000	WHO	380	790	KGO
315.6	950	WRC	385	780	WMC
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WEEI
326	920	KPRC	535.4	560	WIOD
333.1	900	WKY	545	550	WGR
11:1		10:15	9:15		8:15
Longine	s Time Key	Station-	NJZ (394.5	-760)	
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
302.8	990	WBZ	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZA			
11:3		10:30	9:30		8:30
Armchai	r Quar	Key Stati	ion-WJZ		
222.1	1350	KWK	312.5	960	CKGW
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
305.9	980	KDKA	400	750	WJR

Monday

8:3 Cheerio.	30 a.m.	7:30	6:3	0	5:30	
cheerio.	Key	Station-W	EAF (454	1.3-660)		
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	WWJ	
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX	
205.5	1460	KSTP_	337	890	WJAR	
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY	
263.2	$1140 \\ 1110$	WAPI WRVA	405 441	740	WSB WPTF	
270.3 277.8	1080	WBT	492	680 610	WDAF	
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW	
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEL	
316	950	WRC ⁻	517	580	WTAG	
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WF1	
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR	
10 a.n		9	8		7	
Ida Bail	ey Alle	n,		~		:
Ida Bail	ey Alle (Nation	n. al Radio He	ome Make	ers Clu		:
Ida Bail	ey Alle (Nation Key	n. al Radio He Station-W.	ABC (348	.6-860)	b.)	:
Ida Baile 30.1	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590	n. al Radio Ho Station-W. W3XAU	ome Make ABC (348 267.7	.6-860) 1120	b.) WISN	:
Ida Bail 30,1 49,02	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120	n. al Radio Ho Station-W W3XAU W2XE	ABC (348 267.7 275.1	.6-860) 1120 1090	b.) WISN KMOX	:
Ida Bail 30.1 49.02 49.5	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060	n. Station—W. W3XAU W2XE W3XAU	ome Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6	.6-860) 1120 1090 950	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC	:
Ida Baile 30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060	n. Station-W. W3XAU W2XE W3XAU W3XAU WHK	ABC (348 267.7 275.1	.6-860) 1120 1090	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC	:
Ida Bailo 30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7 223.7 227.1	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1340 1320	n. Station—W. W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC	ome Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 333.1 333.1 348.6	(.6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC WFBL WFBL WMAK WAAK	:
Ida Baile 30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1340 1320 1290	n. Station—W. W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC WJAS	ome Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 333.1 333.1 348.6 370.2	(.6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860 810	b.) WISN KMOX WBC WFBL WMAK WABC WCCO	:
Ida Baile 30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1390 1320 1290 1260	n. Ial Radio He Station-W: W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC WJAS WLBW	Drme Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 333.1 333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4	6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860 810 780	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC WFBL WMAK WABC WCCO WEAN	:
Ida Baile 30,1 49,02 49,5 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238 238	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1340 1340 1220 1260 1260	n. Ial Radio Ho Station—W: W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC WJAS WLBW KOIL	ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 389.4	.6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860 810 780 770	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC WFBL WABC WCCO WEAN WBBM	:
Ida Baile 30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238 238 241.8	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1260 1260 1240	n. Ial Radio He Station—W: W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC WJAS WLBW KO1L WGHP	Drme Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 389.4 475.9	6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860 810 780 770 630	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC WFBL WMAK WABC WCCO WEAN WBBM WMAL	:
Ida Baila 30.1 49.02 49.5- 215.7 223.7 223.7 238 238 238 241.8 241.8 243.8	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1260 1260 1240 1230	n, tal Radio Ho Station—W. W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC WLAS WLBW K01L WGHP WNAC	ome Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 3333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 389.4 475.9 499.7	5.6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860 810 780 770 630 600	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC WFBL WMAK WCCO WEAN WBBM WMAL WCAO	:
Ida Baile 30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238 238 241.8	ey Alle (Nation Key 9590 6120 6060 1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1260 1260 1240	n. Ial Radio He Station—W: W3XAU W2XE W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC WJAS WLBW KO1L WGHP	Drme Make ABC (348 267.7 275.1 315.6 333.1 348.6 370.2 384.4 389.4 475.9	6-860) 1120 1090 950 900 900 860 810 780 770 630	b.) WISN KMOX KMBC WFBL WMAK WABC WCCO WEAN WBBM WMAL	:

Eas		Central I	Mountain	Pac	lfic
11:1 Radio F	5 a.m. louseho Key	10:15 Id Institute. Station-W	9:15 FAF (454	3-660)	8:15
Mete	rs Kc	Call KSTP WSMB WEBC WCAE WOAI KVOO WAP1 WTAM KFKX WHO WRC WCSH WWJ KPRC WKY	Meter 336.9	s Kc 890	Call WJAR
205.4 227.3 232.4 245.6 252.1 263.2 280.2 293.9 300 315.6 319 325.9	1320 1290 1220	WSMB WEBC WCAF	366	820 800 790	Call WIJAR WSAI WSAI WSAI WSB WEAF WSM WTMJ WDAF WEEI WTAG WLIT KSD WGR
252.1 263.2	1190 1140	WOAT KVOO	374.8 379.5 385 405	780	WMC WSB
263.2 280.2 293.9	1140 1070	WAP1 WTAM	454.3 462 483.6 492	660 650 620 610	WEAF WSM WTMI
300 315.6	1000 950	WHO WRC	492 508.2	610 590	WDAF WEEI
319 325,9 326	1020 1000 950 940 920 920	WCSH WWJ	508.2 516.9 535.4 545.1	590 580 560 550 550	WTAG WLIT
333 12 n	900	WKY 11	343.1	550	WGR 9
Columbi	Key	W.	10 ABC (348.	6-860)	
49.2 209.7	6120 1430	W2XE WHP WBCM KLRA KFPY WADC WJAS WDOD	323 333 333.1 333.1 370.2 384.4 475.9 491.5 492 499.7	930 900	WDBJ KHJ WFBL WMAK WCCO WEAN WMAL WFAN KFRC WCAO WMT WREC WKBN WWNC KI.Z
212.8 215.8 223.7 227.1 232.4 234.4 238 238 241.8	1410 1390 1340	KLRA KFPY	333.1 333.1 370.2	900 900 810	WFBL WMAK WCCO
227.1 232.4	1320 1290 1280	WADC WJAS	384.4 475.9	810 780 630 610	WEAN WMAL
234,4 238 238	1280 1260 1260 1240	KOIL	491.5 492 499 7	610	KFRC WCAO
241.8 258.5	1240 1160 950	KOIL WLBW WGHP WOWO KMBC WFIW		600 600 600	WMT WREC
258.5 315.6 319 323	950 940 930	WFIW WBRC	500 526 526 536	600 570 570 560	WKBN WWNC KLZ
1:4	Farm	12:45 and Home H Station-W	11:45	500	10:45
205.4	1460	KSTP	JZ (394.5 333.1	900	WKY
205.4 222.1 227.3 234.2 236.1 245.8 252 260.7 263	1350 1320 1280 1270 1220	KWK WSMB	333.1 333.1 345	900 870	WKY WJAX WLS
234.2 236.1 245.8	1280 1270 1220	WIDX WREN	361.2 365.6 375	830 820 800	WHAS WBAP
252 260.7	1150	WOAI WHAM	384.4 394.5	780 760 750	WMC WJZ
263 270.1 277.6 282.8	1140 1110 1080	WRVA	405 428.3	750 740 700 680	WJR WSB WLW
	1060 1020	KSTP KWK WEBC WJDX WREN WHAM KVOO WRVA WBT WBAL KFKX WHO KDFKA	399.8 405 428.3 440.9 461.3 483.6 491.5 508.2 535.4	680 650 620	WLS KOA WHAS WBAP WJZ WJR WSB WLW WPTF WSM WTMJ WDAF
299.8 305.9 315.6 325.9	1000 980 950	WHO KDKA WRC KPRC	483.6 491.5 508.2	620 610 590	WTMJ WDAF WOW WIOD
7	920	6	333.4	560	WIOD 4
The Pep	sodent Key S	tation_WI7	5 mos 'n' An (394.5m-2	idy. 760kc)	
202.7 238 260.7	1480	WCKY WJAX WHAM WRVA WBT WBZ WBZA	305.9 315.6 394.5	980 950 760	KDKA WRC WJZ CKGW WPTF W10D
260.7 270 277.6	1260 1150 1110 1080	WRVA WBT	394.5 434.8 440.9 535.4	690 680	CKGW WPTF
270 277.6 302.8 302.8	990 990	WBZ WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
7:3 Roxy an	d His	6:35 Gang	5:35 /JZ (394.5	760)	4:35
222.1	Key 1350 1320	Station-W KWK WSMB	21 2 5	960	CKGW
236.1 245.9	1350 1320 1270 1220 1150	WIDX WREN	394.5 405.2 440.9 461.3 535.4	760 740 680 650	CKGW WJŻ WSB WPTF WSM
222.1 227.1 236.1 245.9 260.7 302.8 302.9	1150 990 990	KWK WSMB WJDX WREN WHAM WBZ WBZA	461.3 535.4	650 560	WSM WIBO
8 The Voi		restone.	6		5
205.4	Key 1460 1450	Station-WI KSTP	EAF (454. 333.1 333.1	3-660) 900	WJAX WKY
205.4 206.8 225.4	1450 1330	WFJC WSAI WSMB	333.1 336.9	900 890	WKY WJAR WHAS
225.4 227.1 234.2 245.6	1330 1320 1280 1220 1190	KSTP WFJC WSAI WSMB WEBC WCAE WOA1 KVOO WAPI WRVA WBT WTAM KTW KTHS WHOC CKGW WCSH KPRC WWJ	336.9 365.6 379.5 384.4 405.2 454.3 461.3 461.3 483.6 499.7 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 516.4 535.4 535.4 535.4	890 820 780 740 660 620 620 610 620 610 620 590 590 590 590 550 550 550	WIAR WHAS WGY WSB WEAF WSM WTMJ WDAF WTIC WOW WFAA WTAG WLIT WIOD KSD WGR
234.2 245.6 252 263 270.1 277.6 280.2 283.9	1190 1140 1140	WOA1 KVOO	405.2 454.3	740 660	WSB WEAF
270,1 277,6	1110 1080 1070	WRVA WBT	483.6 491.5	620 610	WTMJ WDAF
280.2 283.9	1020	WTAM KYW	499.7 508.2	600 590	WTIC WEEI
299.8 312.5	1040 1000 960	WOC CKGW	508.2 516.9	590 580	WFAA WTAG
280.2 283.9 288.3 299.8 312.5 315.6 319 325.5 325.5	960 950 940 920	WRC WCSH	535.4 535.4	560 560	WLIT WIOD
325.5		WWJ 7:30	545.1	550	WGR 5:30
Ceco Co	uriers. Key S	7:30 tation-WAI WHEC WHK	BC (348.6m	-860kc)
208.2 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238 238	1440 1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1260	WHEC WHK WSPD WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU KMOX	315.6 333.1 333.1 370.2 384.4 422.3 447.5 475.9 499.7 545.1	000	KMBC WFBL WMAK WCCO WEAN WOR WMAO WMAL WCAO WKRC
223.7 227.1 232.4	1320 1290	WADC WJAS	370.2 384.4	900 810 780	WCCO WEAN
238 238	1260 1260	KOIL WLBW	422.3	810 780 710 670 630	WOR WMAQ
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 275.1	1230	WNAC WCAU	475.9 499.7 545.1	630 600 550	WCAO WKRC
275.1 A and P	1090				
005 4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDAF
225.4 245.6 280.2 315.6 319 325.5	1330 1220 1070 950 940	WTAM	499.7 508.2 508.2	600 590 590 590	WDAF WTIC WOC WOW
319 325.5	940 920	WCSH WWJ	508.2 516.9	590 580	WEEI WTAG
336.9 379.5 416.4	920 890 790 720	ation-WEAJ WSAI WCAE WTAM WRC WCSH WJAR WGY WGN WEAF &	491.5 499.7 508.2 508.2 516.9 535.4 545.1 545.1	580 560 550 550	WEEI WTAG WLIT WGR KSD
	660 .m.	WEAF 8			6
Maytag	Orchest	8 Tra. Station-W WCKY	JZ (394.5		
202.7 205.5 209.7	1480 1460 1430	KSTP KECA	303 303 306 326 326 333 361 380 385	990 990 980	WBZA KDKA
222.2 227.3	1 350 1 320	KWK WSMB	326 326	980 920 920 900	KOMO KPRC
232.4 236.1 245.9	1460 1430 1350 1320 1290 1270 1220 1190 1150	WIDX WREN	333 361 380	900 830 790	KOA KGO
252.1 260.9	1190 1150	WOAI WHAM		780 750	WMC WJR
202.7 205.5 209.7 222.2 227.3 232.4 236.1 245.9 252.1 260.9 263.2 265.5 288.5 288.5 294.1	1140 1130 1040	WCKY KSTP KECA KWK WSMB WERC WIDX WREN WOAI WHAM KVOO KSL KTHS KYW	405 462 484	830 790 780 750 740 650 620	WBZ WRZA KDKA KOMQ KPRC WWKY KOA KGO WJR WSR WSR WSM KGW KHQ
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHQ

Eas	tern	Central 8 e Magazine Station–W Call W3XAU W3XAU W3XAU WHK WSPD WADC W4AC	Mountain 7		Pacific
9 Physical	Cultur	e Magazine	Hour.		
Meters	Key Kc.	Call Call	ABC (348.0 Meters	5-860) Kc.	Call WCAU KMOX KMBC WMAK WEAN WOR WMAQ WMAQ WCAO WKRC
30.1 49.02	9590 6120	W3XAU W2XE	256.3 275.1	1170 1090	WCAU KMOX
49.5	6060 1 390	W3XAU WHK	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WIAS	422.3	710 670	WOR
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	630	WMAU
30.1 49.02 49.5 215.7 223.7 226.1 232.4 238 238 241.8 243.8 243.8	1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1230	WGHP WNAC	333.1 384.4 422.3 447.5 475.9 499.7 554.1	600 550	WCAO WKRC
243.8 9::	1230 30	Station-W Call W3XAU W3XAU W3XAU W4K W5PD W4DC W4DC W4DC W4DC W4DC W6HP W1AS K0IL W4BW W6HP W1AS W6L 84:30 85 Family Pa	7:30	6:	30
General	Motors Key S	WGHP WNAC WGL 8:30 5 Family Pa Station-WE WSAI WCAE WOAI KSTP WCAE WOAI KSTP WCAE WOAI KSTP WWFA WHA WFAA WFAA WFAA WFAA WFAA WCC WWC WWJ WIAX WHAX WHAX WHAX WHAX WHAX WHAX WHAX WH	AF (454.3m	-660kc)
205.4	1460	KSTP	384.4	780	WMC WSB WGN KPO WEAF WSM KFI KGW WDAF WTAF WHO WEEI WOC WOW WTAG WLIT KSD WGR
245.6	1220	WCAE	416.4	720	WGN
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI
315.6	950	WRC	483.6	620	WTMJ
319 325.9	940 920	KOMO	491.5 499.7	610 600	WDAF
325.9 325.9	920 920	KPRC WWJ	508.2 508.2	590 590	KHQ WEEI
331,1 333,1	900	WKÝ WIAX	508.2 508.2	590 590	WOC
336.9	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WTAG
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	KSD
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550	WGK
Cnesebro	Key	Station-WJ	Z (394.5m-	760kc)	
222.1 245.8	1350 1220	WREN	305.9 312.5	980 960	KDKA CKGW WJZ WJR WLW
260.7 293.9	1150 1020	WHAM KYW	394.5 399.8	760 750	WJZ WIR
302.8	990	WBZA WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
"An Ev	ening i	In Paris."	DC (349 6m	9601co	,
30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN KMOX CFRB KMBC WFBL WMAK WEAN WMAQ WMAQ WMAL WCAO WKRC
49.02 49.5	6120 6060	W2XE W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7 227.1	1390 1320	WHK WADC	315.6 333.1	950 900	KMBC WFBL
232.4	$1290 \\ 1260$	WJAS	333.1 384.4	900 780	WMAK WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO
258.5	1160	wowo	545.1	550	WARC
10 Robert I	Burns	Panatela Pro- ABC (348.6r WSPD WADC WIAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WFBM WKBM WCAU 9:30 	8 ogram.	ONE (7
215.7	1390	WHK WHK	258.5	2XE (1160 1090 950 900	49.02-6120) WOWOY KMBBC KMBBC KMBBL WEAN WMAL WMAL WMAL WMAL KCAO WKAA KKCY KOMO WKAA KGO WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ WJZ KGU WJZ WJZ KGU WJZ WJZ KGU WJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ KJZ K
223.7 227.1	1340 1320	WSPD WADC	275.1 315.6	1090 950	KMOX KMBC
232.4 238	1290 1260	WJAS KOIL	333.1 333.1	900 900 780	WFBL WMAK
238 241 8	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN WMAO
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	610 630 600	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
Empire B	Builders	Key S	545.1 8:30 8:30 5tation—WJ 325.9 333.1 361.2 374.8 379.5 399.8 428.3 468.5 483.6 483.6 508.2 9	Z (394	1.5m-760kc)
205.4 222.1 234.2 245.8	1460 1350 1280 1220 1200	Key S KSTP KWK WEBC WREN KPRC WOAI	333.1	900	WKY
234.2 245.8	1280	WREN	361.2	830	WFAA
249.8 249.9 252 260.7 265.3 293.9		KPRC WOAI	379.5 39 4.5	790 760	KGO WJZ
260.7 265.3	1150 1130 1020	WOAI WHAM KSL KYW	399.8 428.3	750 700	WJR WLW
293.9	1020 990	KYW WBZ	468.5	640 620	KFI
302.8 302.8 305.9	990 980	WBZ WBZA KDKA	483.6	620	KGŴ
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	1992 52	-783			

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.

Eastern 11:30		Central 10:30	9:30		Pacific 8:30
Pepsoder		ram, Amos			
	Key				
Meters	Kç.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Сан
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KĜÔ
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB _
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAC
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	KÊĊA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
222.1		3377737			

Tuesday

			· · ·		
8:30	a.m.	7:30	6:30)	5:30
Cheerio.					
	Key S	Station-WE	AF (454.3r	n-660k	c)
202.1	1480	WCKY KSTP	336.9	890	WIAR
205. 4 234.2	1460	KSTP	379 5	790	WGV
234 2	1280	WEBC	379.5 405.2	740	WGY WSB
245.8	1220	WCAF	440.9	680	WETE
270.3	1110	WCĂĔ WRVA	454.3		WPTF WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	660	WEAG
2/7.0		VV DI	463.0	620	WTMJ WDAF
280.2 299.8	1070	WTAM	491.5 499.7	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
312.5 315.6	960	CKGW	508.2	590 590	WEEI
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9 325.9	920	KPRC	516.9 526	580 570	WTAG WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR
10	200	9	8	550	7
Ida Bail	All val	en	U		•
Key Sta	4100-11	en. /2XE (49.2m	61 201co) V	VABC	(348.6-860)
204	1470	WKBW	-0120807 4		
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD WADC	315.6	950	KMBC
223.7 227.1 232.4 238	1320	WADC	333.1 348.6	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS KOIL	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260 1240	WLBW	389,4	770	WBBM
241.8	1240	WGHP	468 5	640	WBBM WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAC	475.9 499.7	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	400 7	600	WCAO
11:15	1170		433.7	000	
D	and all all	10:15	9:15		8:15
Radio n	ouseno	d Institute. Station-W	DAR LICA	3-660)	
	Key	Station-W	EAP (454.		
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM KFKX	483.6	620	WEAF WTMJ WDAF
293.9	1020	KFKX	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950		508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WTAG WLIT
336.9	890	WIAR	545 1	550	WCD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	KSD WGR
	000		243.1	550	WGR
12 n.	Deale	11	10		9
Columbia		C	no (240		
	Key	Station-WA	ABC (348.		
49.02 215.7	6120	W2XE WHK	333.1 370.2 384.4	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WHK	370.2	810	WCCO
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
215.8 223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	WÉAN KVI
227.1 234.4	1320	WADC WDOD	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1240 1230	WGHP WFBM	499.7 499.7	600	WCAO WMT
258 5	1160	wowo	500	600	WREC
258.5 315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	950	WFIW		570	WINDN
313		WDBJ	526 536	570 560	WWNC KLZ
323	930	WDBJ	530	500	NLZ C
333	.900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC



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.

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 Palmolive Hour.

Central 12:45 and Home Station-Call KSTP KWK WEBC WJDX WREN WOAL Eastern 1:45 National Farm Mountain 11:45 our. Z (394.5-Pacific 10:45 60) Meters 333.1 333.1 340 361.2 365.6 374.8 375.5 384.4 4 339.5 359.8 44.8 359.8 44.8 359.8 44.8 359.8 44.8 359.8 44.8 359.8 44.8 359.8 44.8 355.5 354.4 44.3 355.5 354.4 44.3 355.5 354.4 5 355.5 5 354.4 5 355.5 5 354.4 5 355.5 5 354.5 354.5 354.5 355.5 35 Meters Kc 900 900 770 830 820 800 780 760 750 740 760 750 740 680 650 620 610 590 560 1150 1140 1110 1080 1020 1020 1020 1000 990 990 980 950 920 K W W 000100000 WJR WSB WLW WPTF WSM WTMJ WDAF WOW WIOD WBAL WBAL KYW KFKX WHO WBZ WBZ WRC **4** Dance Orch Station-W WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WBCM WBCM WDOD WSPD WSN WISN **6** BAL 293.9 294.1 299.8 302.8 302.8 302.8 305.9 315.6 325.9 3 5 p.m. Rhythm Kings Key 2
 ch

 49.02

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 1120

 7:00

 Voters Service.

 Key 53

 227.1

 1320 V

 32.1190 W/

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 18

 1000 WH

 920 WWI

 920 WWI

 830 KOM

 820 WJAP

 820 WJAP WF. WM WC. WR WK WK KL2 4 tation—V WSAI WSMB WEBC 660k 800 790 780 740 680 620 610 590 590 580 550 WEAF (454. 374.8 379.5 384.4 405.2 440.9 483.6 491.5 508.2 508.2 508.2 516.9 545.1 WEBC WOAI WOAI WHO WCSH KOMO WWJ WJAR KOA WHAS os 'n' Andy. (394.5m-760kc) 305.9 980 315.6 950 394.5 760 434.8 690 434.8 690 440.9 680 535.4 560 365.6 820 The Pepsodent Key S 202.7 1480 238 1260 260.7 1150 270 1110 277.6 1080 302.8 990 302.8 990 8-00 WHAS t Program, Station--W WCKY WJAX WHAM WRVA WBT WBZ WBZA KDKA WRC WJZ CKGW WPTF WIOD 8:00 7 Pure Oil Concert. Key Station 6 5 (394.5m 305.9 333.1 365.6 384.4 389.4 394.5 399.8 405.2 461.3 483.6 535.4 12 760kc) KDKA WJAX WHAS WMC KFAB WJZ WJR WSB WSM WTMJ WIOD 202.6 205.4 222.1 234.2 236.1 245.8 260.7 270.1 277.6 282.8 293.9 1480 1460 1350 1280 1270 1220 1150 1110 1080 1060 1020 WCKY KSTP 980 900 820 780 770 760 750 740 650 620 560 KSTP KWK WEBC WIDX WREN WHAM WRVA WBT WBT WBAL KYW



			Central			
		30 p.m.		6:3	0	5:30
	Romany					
			Station-WA		6-860)	
	Meters 49.02	Kc. 6120 1490	Call W2XE WLAC WFBL WKBW WHP	Meters	Kc. 1230 1170 1070 950 930	Call WNAC WCAU KMOX KMBC WDBJ
	49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9 256.4 275.2 316 323 323	1230	WNAC
	201.3 201.3 204.1	1490	WEBL	275.2	1070	KMOX
	204.1	1470	WKBW	316	950	KMBC
		1430	WHP	323	930	WDBI
	209.6 212.8 215.8 215.8 223.7 227.3 232.6 234.4	1430 1410 1390 1390 1340 1320 1290	WBCM	323 476	930 630	WDBI WBRC WMAL WCAO WREC WIBW WKBN KLZ WEAN WEAN WKRC
	215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
	223.7	1340	KFPY	500	600	WREC
	227.3	1320	WADC	500 500 516.9 526 536	580 570	WIBW
	232.0		WDOD	520	570	WKBN KIZ
	234.4 238.1 238.1	1260 1260 1240	WLBW	545	560 550	WEAN
	238.1	1260	KOIL	545	550	WKRC
	241.8	1240	WHP WBCM WHK KLRA KFPY WADC WLAS WDOD WLAS WDOD WLBW KOIL WSPD			
	"Around		orld With L			
		Key	Station-W	JZ (394.5		
	222.1 227.1 245.8 260.7	1350 1320 1220	KWK WSMB WREN WHAM	361.2 365.6 379.5	830	KOA WHAS KGO WMC WJZ WJR WSB WLW KBO KHO
	245.8	1220	WREN	305.0	820 790	KCO
	260.7	$1150 \\ 1130$	WHAM	384 4	780	WMC
	265.3 282.8 293.9 299.8	1130	KSL WBAL KYW KECA	394.5	760	WJZ
	282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750 740 700	WJR
	299.8	1020 1000	KECA	428.3	200	WIW
		990	WBZ	461.3	650 620	WSM
	302.8 305.9	990	WBZ WBZA KDKA	384 4 394.5 399.8 405.2 428.3 461.3 483.6 508.2	620	KGW
	305.9	980 920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ
		920		-		
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	Eveready			-		
			tation-WEA			
	205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9 365.6 379.5	890	WJAR WHAS WGY WMC
	206.9	1330	WSAT	305.0	820 790	WHAS
	227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC
	234.2	1280	WEBC	384.4 405.2	740 720	WSB
	206.9 225.6 227.3 234.2 236.1 245.6 252 263 280.2 299.8	1450 1330 1320 1280 1270 1220 1190	WIDX	416.4 454.3 461.3	720	WMC WSB WGN WEAF WSM KGW WDAF WEEI KHQ WEF
	252	1190	WOAT	461.3	660 650 620	WSM
	263		KVOO	484	620	KGW
	280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5 508.2	610	WDAF
	299.8	1000	WRC	508.2	590 590	KHO
	319	950 940	WCSH	509 535.4	560	WFI
	315.6 319 325.9 325.9	920	KSTP WFJC WSAI WEBC WIDX WCAE WOAI KVOO WTAM WHO WRC WCSH KOMO WWJ	545.1 545.1	550 550	WFI KSD WGR
	325.9	920	w wJ	545.1	550	WGR
	10:00	p.m.	9	8		7
	Westing		alute.			
			Station-W	TZ (394 5	-7601	
	201.2	1 100	WCKY	303	000	WBZ
٢.	209.7	1430	KECA	303	990 -	WBZA
	201.2 209.7 222.2 227.3 230.6	1490 1430 1350 1320 1300 1290 1220 1190	WCKY KECA KWK WSMB WIOD	303 303 306 326 326 333 333.1 361 366 380 385 405	980	WBZ WBZA KDKA KPRC KOMO WKY WJAX KOA WHAS
	227.3	1320	WIOD	326	920 920	KPRC
	232.4	1290	WEBC	333	920	WKY
	245.9	1220	WEBC WREN	333.1	900	WJAX
	252.1	1190	WOAI	361	830	KOA
	263.2	$1150 \\ 1140$	KVOO	380	820 790	WHAS
	263.2	1140	WAPI	385	780	WMC
	265.3	1130	KSL	405	780 740	WSB
	230.6 232.4 245.9 252.1 260.9 263.2 263.2 265.3 270.3 277.8	1110 1080	WRVA	441	680	WPTF
	277.8 283	1060	WREN WOAI WHAM KVOO WAPI KSL WRVA WBT WBAL KYW	462 484	650 620	WHAS KGO WMC WSB WPTF WSM KGW KHQ
	294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	KHO



Here is Nathaniel Shilkret caught in a characteristic pose after a recent broadcast. He is one of America's most distinguished musicians and is the conductor of the Mobiloil Concert Orchestra.

Pacific 7:45

Call KDKA WHAS WJZ WJR WSB WLW WSM

8:15

WJAX WHAS WSAI WGY WSB WEAF WSM WTMJ WDAF WEEI WTAG WLIT KSD WGR

9

KIIJ WFBL WMAK WCCO WEAN WFAN KFRC WCAO WREC WKBN WWNC KLZ

10:45

WJAX WKY KFAB KOA WHAS WFAA WBAP WMC WJZ WJR WSB WLW WJZ WJR WSB WLW WDAF WSM WTMJ WDAF WOW WIOD

4

KDKA WRC WJZ CKGW WPTF WIOD

5

WBZ WBZA KDKA WJZ WLW WTM**J**

6

(394,5m 302.8 302.8 305.9 394.5 428.3 484

6 t Program, Station-V WCKY WIIAX WHAM WBZA WBZ WBZ

7

KSTP KWK WEBC WREN WHAM WBAL KYW

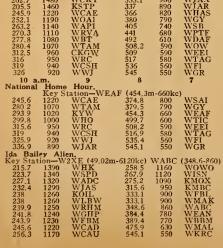
For

The Yeast

205.4 222.1 234.2 245.8 260.7 282.8 293.9

Eas 8:30	tern	Central 7:30	Mounta 6:30		Pacific 5:30
	Conce	rt. station-WEA			
Meters 206.8	Kc. 1450 1330 1290 1220	Call WFJC WSAI WEBC WCAE WOAI KVOO KSL WTAM WTIC WOC WWCSH KPRC WWJ	Meters 333.1	Kc. 900	Call WKY
Meters 206.8 225.4 232.4 245.8	13 3 0 1290	WSAI WEBC	Meters 333.1 336.9 361.2 374.8 454.3	890 830 800	Call WKY WJAR KOA WFAA WEAF WTMJ WDAF WEE1 WOW WTAG WIB0 WIB0 WLIT WGR KSD
		WCAE WOAI	374.8 454.3	660	WFAA WEAF
263 265.3 280.2 282.8	1140 1130 1070	KV00 KSL WTAM	484 491.5	620 610 - 590	WDAF WFF1
477.0	1060 1000 950	WTIC WOC	508.2 516.9	590 580 570	WOW WTAG
315.6	940	WRC WCSH	454.5 484 491.5 508.2 508.2 516.9 526.0 535.4 545.1	560	WIBO WLIT
325.9 325.9	920 920	WWJ	545.1	550 550	KSD
Sylvania	Fores	ters. y Station-W	/ JZ (394.5	-760)	
222.1 245.8 260.7 293.9 302.8	1350 1220 1150 1020 990	KWK WREN WHAM KYW WBZ	302.8 305.9 394.5 428.3	990 980 760	WBZA KDKA WJZ WLW
293.9 302.8	1020	KYW WBZ	428.3	700	WLW
Forty Fa	thom	Trawlers.	ABC (348.	6-860)	
49.02	6120	W2XE WKBW WHEC WHP WHK WADC WJAS WLBW WGHP WNAC	243.8 256.3 275.1 333.1 384.4 447.5 475.9 499.7 545.1	1230 1170	WFBM WCAU KMOX WFBL WEAN WMAQ WMAL WCAO WKRC
208.2 209.7	1440 1430	WHEC WHP	275.1 333.1		KMOX WFBL
215.7 227.1	1390 1320	WHK WADC	384.4 447.5	900 780 670	WEAN WMAQ
204 208.2 209.7 215.7 227.1 232.4 238 241.8 243.8	1470 1440 1430 1390 1320 1290 1260 1240	WLBW WGHP	4/5.9 49 9.7 545.1	630 600 550	WMAL WCAO WKRC
243.8	1230	WNAC			
9: Halsey.	00 Stuart	8:00 Program. ation—WEAI	7:00 7 (454.3m		6:00
205.4	1460	KSTP WSAT	361.2	0 20	KOA
225.4 227.1 245.8	1330 1320 1220 1190	WSMB	361.2 365.6 379.5 379.5 384.4 405.2	820 790 790 780 740	KGO
252.0 263.0		WOAI KVOO	384.4 405.2	780 740	WMC WSB
205.4 225.4 227.1 245.8 252.0 265.3 270.1. 277.6 293.9 299.8 315.6 319.0 325.9 325.9 325.9	1130 1110 1080	KSTP WSAI WSMB WCAE WOAI KVOO KSL WRVA WBT KYW WRC WRC WRC WRC WRC WRC WRC WRC WRC WWJ WJAX WJAX	461.3	690 650 640	KOA WHAS KGO WGY WSB CKGW WSB KFI KGW WTMJ KHO WEEI WOW WEEI WOW WTAG WLIT WGR KSD
277.6 293.9	1080 1020 1000 950	WBT KYW	468.5	640 620 620 590	KFI KGW
315.6 319.0	940	WRC	468.5 483.6 483.6 508.2 508.2 508.2 516.9 535.4 545 1	590 590	KHO WEEI
325.9 325.9	920 920	KOMO KPRC	508.2 516.9	590 580	WOW WTAG
325.9 325.9 333.1 336.9	920 900 8 9 0	WWJ WJAX	535.4 545.1 545.1	560 550 550	WLIT WGR
9.30		8+30	7.30		6.30
Palmoliv	e Hour Key S	totion_WEA	F (454 3m	1-660kc	.)
205.4 225.4 225.1 245.6 252 263 265.3 277.8 280 2	1460 1330 1320 1220 1190	KSTP WSAI WSAI WCAE WOAI KVOO KSL WBT WTAM WFAA WOC WRC WRC WRC	379.5 379.5 384.4 405.2 416.4 440.9 454.3 468.5 483.6 483.6 499.7 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 516.9 535.4	700	WGY KGO WMC WSB WGN
227.1 245.6	1320 1220	WSMB WCAE	384.4 405.2	780 740 720	WMC WSB
252 263		KV00	416.4 440.9 454 3	680	KPO WEAF
277.8	1130 1080 1070	WBT WTAM	461.3	660 650 640	KPO WEAF WSM KFI WTMJ KGW WDAF WTIC KHO WEEI WOW WTAG WITAG
280.2 288.3 299.8	1040 1000 950	WFAA WOC	483.6 483.6	620 620	WTMJ KGW
315.6 319 325 9	940		491.5 499.7 508.2	61 0 600 590	WDAF WTIC KHO
325.9 325.9	920 920 920	KPRC WWI	508.2 508.2	590 590	WEEI
313.6 319 325.9 325.9 325.9 333.1 336.9	900 890	KPRC WWJ WJAX WJAR	516.9 535.4	580 560	WTAG WLIT
361.2 365.6	830 820	WHAS	545.1 545.1	550 550	WGR
9:3 La Palln		8:30 ker.	7:30	6	:30
	61 20	ker. tation-WAE	C (348.6m	1090	
49.02 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238 238 241.8	1390 1340	WHK WSPD	275.1 315.6 331.1 333.1 370.2 384.4 447.5 475.9 499.7 500	950 900	KMOX KMBC WFBL
227.1 232.4	1320 1290	WADC WJAS	333.1 370.2	900 810 780	WFBL WMAK WCCO WEAN WMAQ WMAL WCAO WREC WKRC
238 238 241 8	1260	WLBW	384.4 447.5 475.0	670 630 600	WEAN WMAQ
243.8 256.3	1230 1170	WNAC WCAU		600 600	WCAO WREC
241.8 243.8 256.3 258.5 267.7	1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 1160 1120	W2XE WHK WSPD WADC WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU WOWO WISN	545.1	550	WKRC
10:00	p.m.	9:00	8:00		7:00
Philco H	Key 0500	Station-WA	ABC (348	.6-860)	wowo
30.1 49.2 215.8 227.3 232.4 238.1 241.8 241.8 241.8	9590 6120 1390 1270 1290	Station-WA W3XAU W2XE WHK WADC WJAS WLBW KOIL WGHP WSPD WNAC WCAU 9:30	258.6 275.2 316 333 333.1 399.7	1160 1090 950	WOWO KMOX KMBC WMAK WFBL WCAO WMAQ WMAL WKRC WEAN
227.3 232.4	1270 1290	WADC WJAS	333 333.1	900	WMAK WFBL
238 238.1 241 9	1260	KOIL	399.7 448 475.9 545	600 670 630 550	WMAQ WMA1
241.8 243.8 256.3	1290 1260 1260 1240 1240 1230 1170	WSPD WNAC	545 545.1	550 550	WKRC WEAN
	1170 0 p.m.	WCAU 9:30	8:30	,	7:30
Coca Col	a Ton	otchers. Station-WI	EAF (454.		
205.5 209.7	1460	KSTP KECA	319 326	940	WCSH KOMO
225.6 227.3	1330 1320	WSAI WSMB	319 326 326 333 333 337 361 380 380	920 920 920 920	KPRC WWJ
232.4 236.1 245.9	1290	WIDX WCAF	333 337 361		WJAR
252.1 263.2	1190 1140	WOA1 KVOO	380 380	830 790 790	KGO WGY
205.5 209.7 225.6 227.3 232.4 236.1 245.9 252.1 263.2 265.5 270.3 277.8 283 288.5	1430 1330 1320 1290 1270 1220 1190 1140 1140 1130 1110	WAPI KSL WPVA	441	680 660	WPTF WEAF
270.3 277.8 283	1080	WBT	434.3 484 492 509	620 610 590	WDAF KHO
288.5 294.1	1060 1040 1020	KTHS KYW	509 517	590	WEĒ1 WTAG
294.1 300 312.5 316	1000 960 950	KSTP KECA WSAI WSMB WDDX WCAE WCAE WCAE KVOOI WAPI KSL WRTA WBT WTIC KYW KTHS KYW WWRC	509 517 536 545 545	580 560 550 550	WCSH KOMO KPRC WVJ WJAR KOA KGO WGY WPAF KHO WEAF KHO WEE1 WTAG WLIT WGR KSD
11		10	9 9		8
Longine' 245.A	1220	ect Time. WREN	305.9 394.5	980	KDKA
260.7 302.8 302.8	1220 1150 990 990	WREN WHAM WBZ WBZA	394.5 526	760 570	KDKA WJZ WIBO

East	ern	Central 9:30	Mounta	in	Pacific		East	tern	Central	Mountai	in	P
10:30) p.m. eith-Or	9:30	8:30		1:30		10:4	15 a.m.	3:45	8:4 hold Period.		
Itadio It	Key S	pheum Hour tation-WEA	F (454.3m	-660kc	:)			Kaw	Station_W	T7 (304 5m-	760kc)	
Meters 205.4	Kc. 1460	Call KSTP	Meters 336.9	Kc.	Call WJAR KOA WHAS WGY		Meters 222.1 227.1 245.8 260.7	Kc. 1350 1320 1220	Call KWK WSMB WREN WHAM WAPI WBAL KEKY	Meters 305.9	Kc. 980	ł
206.8	1450 1330	WFJC	361.2	830 820	KOA		227.1	1320	WSMB	305.9 365.6	820	
206.8 225.4 227.1	1330 1320	WSAI	365.6	820 790	WHAS		245.8	1220	WREN	384.4 394.5	780 760	
234.2	1280 1220	WEBC	336.9 361.2 365.6 379.5 379.5	790 780	KGO	•		1150 1140	WAPI	399.8 405.2	750	
245.8 252	1220 1190	WCAE	379.5 384.4 405.2	780 740	KGO WMC WSB		282.8 293	1060 1020		405.2 428.3	750 740 700	
263	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF		302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	
263 265.3	1140 1130	WAP1 KSL	461.3 468.5	650 640	WEAF WSM KFI KGW		302.8	990	WBZA	0.15		
	1110	Call KSTP WFJC WSAI WSMB WEBC WCAE WOAI KVOO WAPI KSL WRVA WBT	483.6	640 620	KĜW		Radio H	ouseho	ld Institute	9:15 CAF (454.3m 333.1 365.6 374.8 379.5		
277.6 288.3	1080 1040	WRVA KTHS WIIO WRC WCSH KPRC	483.6 491.5	620 610	WTMJ WDAF		205 4	Key S 1460	Station—WI KSTP WEBC WCAE WOAI KVOO WRVA WBT WTAM KTHS KFKX WHO	EAF (454.3m 333 1	-660kc)
200.8	1000 9 5 0	WHO	508.2	590× 590	KHO		234.2	1280	WEBC	365.6 374.8 379.5	820	
315.6 319 325.9	940 920	WCSH	508.2 508.2	590	WEEL		245.6 252	1220	WCAE	374.8	800 790	
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9 535.4	580 560	WIGD		263	1140 1110	KVOO	384.4	780	1
325.9 325.9	920 920	WWJ KOMO WKY		360	WOW WEEI WTAG WIOD WFI WGR		270.1	1080	WBT	384.4 405.2 454.3	780 740 660	
333.1 333.1	900 900	WKY WJAX	535.4 545.1 545.1	560 550 550	WGR KSD		263 270.1 277.6 280.2	1070	WTÂM	461.3	650	
_ 11	500	10	9	000	8		288.3	1040 1020	KFKX	483.6 491.5 508.2	620 610	
Longine's	5 Corre 1.350	10 ect Time. KWK	302.8	990	WBZ		299.8	1000 950	WHO	508.2 516.9	590 580	
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	990 980	WBZA		310	940 920	WCSH	535,4	560 550	
260.7 282.8	1220 1150 1060	KWK WREN WHAM WBAL	302.8 302.8 305.9 394.5	760	WBZ WBZA KDKA WJZ		325.9 325.9	920 920	WRC WCSH WWJ KPRC	545.1 545.1	550 550	1
11:3	0	10:30	9:	30	8:30				11	10	550	
Pepsoden	it Prog Ke	y Station Cl	n' Andy. licago Stu	dio			Columbla	Revi	ew.	PC 1349 6	9601-0	~
205.4	1460	10:30 ram, Amos J y Station J KSTP WSMB WERC WJDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW KECA KPRC KOMO WKY	361.2	830 820	KOA WHAS		49,02	6120	W2XE	10 ABC (348.6n 333 333.1 370.2 384.4 475.9 491.5 492	900	"
227,1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA KGO WMC WSB		209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790 780	KGO WMC		227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	1
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB		232.4 232.4 234.4 238 238 241.8	1290	WDOD	384.4	780	
252	1190	WOA1 KSL	447.5	670 650 620	WMAQ WSM WTMJ KGW		238	1260	KOIL WLBW	491.5	610 610	1
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ		241.8	1240	WCHP	499 7	600	-
299.8 325 9	1000 920	KECA KPRC	483.6	620 610	WDAF		258.5 315.6	1160	wowo	500	600	1
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ		319	1160 950 940	WLBW WCHP WOWO KMBC WFIW WDBJ	500 526 526	570 570	1
333.1	900	WKY					323 323	930 930	WDBJ WBRC	536	560	1
							1.45		12:45	11:45		
	1	Wedn	esda	V			National	Farm Key	and Home Station-W	Hour. JZ (394.5m	-760kc)	,
		7:30 Station-WI WCKY WCKY WCAE WAAI WRVA WBT WRVA WBT WTAM CKGW WCSH WWJ 9 9		'			205.4	1460	Station—W KSTP KWK WEBC WJDX WREN WOAI	333.1 333.1	900	1
8:3 Cheerio.	0 a.m. Kev	7:30 Station-WI	6:30 CAF (454	3-660)	5:30		222.1 234.2 236.1	1350 1280	WEBC	333.1 340 361.2	900 770	1
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC		236.1	1280 1270 1220	WDEN	361.2 365.6	770 830 820	1
202.7 202.7 205.5 245.9	1480 1460 1220	KSTP	333.1 337	890	KPRC WJAX WJAR		245.8 252		WOAI	374.8	800	3
245.9	1220 1190	WCAE	366	820	WHAS		260 263	1150	WHAM KYOO	374.8 375 384.4	800 780	
252.1 263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WTAR WHAS WGY WSB WPTF WDAF		270.1	1140 1110	WREN WOAI WHAM KVOO WRVA WRT	394.5	780 760	1
263.2 270.3 277.8	$\begin{array}{c}1110\\1080\end{array}$	WRVA WBT	441	680 610	WPTF WDAF		277.6 282.8	$1080 \\ 1060$	WBT WBAL KYW	399.8 405	750 740	,
280.4	1070	WTÂM	508.2	590	WOW		203.0	1020	KYW	428.3	700	1
312.5 316	960 950	WRC	509 517	590	WEEI WTAG		294.1 299.8	$\begin{array}{c} 1020 \\ 1000 \end{array}$	WHO	440.9 461.3	680 650 620	
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WTAG WF1		302.8 302.8	990 990	WBZ	483.6 491.5	620 610	;
326 10 a	.m.	9	345	550	WGR 7		305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	1
National	Home	Hour.	F (454 3m	-660k	- >		315.6	950 920	KYW KFKX WHO WBZ WBZA KDKA WRC KPRC	535.4	560	
245.6	1220	9 Hour. tation-WEA WCAE WTAM KYW WHO WRC WRC	374.8	800	E) WSAI WGY WEAF WTIC WEEI WTAG WFI WCR		7		6	5 mos 'n' And Z (394.5m- 305.9 315.6 394.5 434.8 440.9 535.4 6		
280.2	1020	KYW	379.5	660	WEAF		The Peps	sodent	Program, A	mos 'n' And	y.	
299.8 315.6	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC		202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	
319	950 940 920	WRC WCSH WWJ	516.9		WTAG		238	1260	WJAX	315.6	950	
325.9 336.9	890	WIAR	508.2 516.9 535.4 545.1	560 550	WFI WGR		270	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	
Ida Bail	ey Ali	en.			. OR		277.6	1080	WBT	440.9 535 4	680 560	
Key Stat 215.7	1390	en. 2XE (49.02m WHK WSPD	-6120kc) \ 258.5	WABC 1160	(348.6-860) WOWO		302.8	990	WBZ	555.4	500	
223 7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN		8		7	6		



East	Eastern 11:30		Mounta	Pacific	
11:3			9:30		8:30
Pepsoder	t Prog Key	ram, Amos Station-C	'n' Andy hicago St	udios	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4 222.1 227.1 234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9 299.8 325.5	1460 1350 1320 1280 1270 1220 1190 1130 1020 1000 920	KSTP KWK WSMB WJDX WDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW KECA KPRC	361.2 365.6 374.8 379.5 384.4 405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6 483.6 491.5	830 820 800 790 780 740 670 650 620 620 610	KOA WHAS WFAA KGO WMC WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMJ WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ

Thursday

Cheerio.	a.m.	7:30	6:3		5:30
	Key S	Station-WE		m-660k	c) WIAD
202.1 205.4	1480 1460 1220	WCKY KSTP WCAE	336.9 379.5	890 790	WJAR WGY
245.8 252.1	1220	WCAE	405.2 440.9	740 680	WSB WPTF WEAF
263.0	1190 1140 1080	WAPI	336.9 379.5 405.2 440.9 454.3 483.6 491.5 499.7 508.2	660 620	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610 600	WEAF WTMJ WDAF WTIC
299.8 312.5	1000 960	CKGW	499.7	590	WEEL
315.6	950 940	WRC	508.2 516.9	590 580	wow
325.9	920 920	KPRC	526.0	580 570	WIBO
245.8 252.1 263.0 277.6 280.2 299.8 312.5 315.6 319 325.9 325.9 333.1	900	WCAE WOAT WAPI WBT WTAM WOC CKGW WRC WCSH KPRC WWJ WJAX	499.7 508.2 508.2 516.9 526.0 535.4 545.1	560 550	WIAG WIBO WFI WGR
10: Ida Bail	00 ev Alle		0	:00 1e Mak	7:00
	Key S	n-National J	BC (348 6	m-860k	c)
49.2	6120 1470	W2XE WKBW WHK WSPD WADC WADC	256.3 258.5	1170 1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090 900 780	KMOX WFBL
204.0 215.7 223.7 227.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN
232.4 238.0 241.8	1260	WJAS WLBW WGHP	475.9	770 630	WMAL
241.8 243.8	6120 1470 1390 1340 1320 1290 1260 1240 1230	WOHP	256.3 258.5 275.1 333.1 384.4 389.4 475.9 499.7 545.1	600 550	WCAU WOWO KMOX WFBL WEAN WBBM WMAL WCAO WKRC
10.3	30	9:30	8:	30	7:30
Busy Fi	ngers. Key S	Station-WA	BC (348.6	m-860k	:c)
4 9.2 201.2	6120	W2XE WLAC WKBW WHP KLRA KFPY	238 245.6 256.3 315.6 333.1 348.6 389.4 475.9 499.7 526	1260 1220 1170	KOIL WCAO WCAU WOWO KMBC
201.2 204.0	6120 1490 1470	WKBW	245.6	1170	WCAU
209.7 215.7	1430 1390	KLRA	258.5 315.6	1160 950 900	KMBC
223.7	1340	KFPY	333.1	900	
230.6	1300	KFH	389.4	860 770 630	WABC WBBM
204.0 209.7 215.7 223.7 227.1 230.6 232.4 234.2 238	1470 1430 1390 1340 1320 1300 1290 1280 1260	WADC KFH WJAS WDOD WLBW	475.9 49 9.7	630 600 570	WMAL WREC WWNC
		WLBW			
11: Radio H	15 a.m. lousehol	10:15 d Institute. Station-W	9:1	5	8:15
205 F	Кеу 1460	Station-W.	EAF (454.	.3-660) 920	WWT
205.5 225.6 227.3 232.4 245.9 252.1 263.2 263.2 280.4	1330	KSTP WSAI WSMB WEBC WCAE WOAI KVOO WAPI WTAM	326 333 337 366 380 385 405 454 462 483.6 492 509 517	900	WWJ WKY WJAR WHAS WGY WMC WSB WEAF WSM WTMI WDAF
227.3	1330 1320 1290 1220	WEBC	337	890 820 790	WHAS
245.9 252 1	1220 1190	WCAE	380 385	790 780	WGY
263.2	1140 1140	KVOO	405	740 660	WSB
280.4	10 70	WTAM	462	650 620	WSM
283 288.5 294.1	$1060 \\ 1040$	KTHS	483.6 492	610	WTMI WDAF
294.1 300	1020	KFKX WOC	509 517	590 580	WEEI
316 319	1000 950	WRC	536	560 550	WLIT
326	940 920	WAPI WTAM WTIC KTHS KFKX WOC WRC WCSH KPRC	545 545	550	WTMJ WDAF WEEI WTAG WLIT KSD WGR
11:3 Du Barr	0 y Beaut	10:30 y Talk. station-WA	9:30	8	•30
49.2	Key 5 6120	station-WA	BC (348.6)	m-860k	c) WOWO
	1470	WKBW	258.5 267.7 333.1	$1160 \\ 1120 \\ 000$	WISN
215.7	1390 1340	WHK	333.1	900	
220.1	1340	WSPD	348,0	860	WABC
227.1		W2XE WKBW WHK WSPD WADC WIAS	348.0 384.4 389.4	860 780 770	WABC WEAN WBBM
204 215.7 223.7 227.1 232.4 238	1320 1290 1260	KOII	348.0 384.4 389.4 468.5	860 780 770 640	WABC WEAN WBBM WAIU
228	1320 1290 1260	KOII	348.6 384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7	860 780 770 640 630 900	WABC WEAN WBBM WAIU WMAL WCAO
223.7 227.1 232.4 238 238 241.8 243.8 243.8 256.3	1320 1290 1260	WSPD WADC WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU	348.6 384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1	860 780 770 640 630	WOWO WISN WFBL WABC WEAN WBBM WAIU WMAL WCAO WKRC
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11:	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45	384,4 389,4 468,5 475,9 499,7 545,1	860 780 770 640 630 900 550	8:45
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11: Columbi Key St	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45 a Revia	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45 W. WABC (348	384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1 9:	860 780 770 640 630 900 550 :45	8:45
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11: Columbi Key St	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45 (a Revia tation 1470 1340	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45 WABC (348 WKBW	384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1 9:	860 780 770 640 630 900 550 :45 72XE (900	8:45 (49.2-6120) KHJ WEBI
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11: Columbi Key St	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45 (a Revia tation 1470 1340	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45 WABC (348 WKBW	384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1 9:	860 780 770 640 630 900 550 :45 72XE (900 900	8:45 (49.2-6120) KHJ WEBI
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11: Columbi Key St	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45 (a Revia tation 1470 1340	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45 WABC (348 WKBW	384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1 9:	860 780 770 640 630 900 550 :45 72XE (900 900	8:45 (49.2-6120) KHJ WFBL WFBL WMAK WCCO
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11: Columbi Key St	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45 (a Revia tation 1470 1340	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45 WABC (348 WKBW	384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1 9:	860 780 770 640 630 900 550 :45 72XE (900 900	8:45 (49.2-6120) KHJ WFBL WFBL WMAK WCCO
238 241.8 243.8 256.3 11: Columbi Key St 204 223.7 223.7 223.7 223.7 223.7 223.7 223.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 238.4 243.8 256.3 204.4 204.8 200.8 200.8 200.8 200.8 200.8 200.8 200.8 200	1320 1290 1260 1260 1240 1230 1170 45 (a Revia tation 1470 1340	WJAS KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 10:45 WABC (348 WKBW	384.4 389.4 468.5 475.9 499.7 545.1 9: .6-860) W 333 333.1 333.1 333.1 333.1 333.1 333.1 334.4 384.4 389.4 45.9	860 780 770 640 630 900 550 :45 72 XE (900 900 900 900 900 900 900 900 900 90	8:45 (49.2-6120) KHJ WFBL WFBL WMAK WCCO
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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.

Eas	tern	Central	Mounta	in	Pacific
5:0		4:00		00	2:00
		pheum Prog			2.00
Itaulo-It	Key S	station-WE.	AF (454.3)	n-6601	(c)
Meters	Kc.	C 11	Meters	Kc.	0.11
206.8	1450	WEIC	336.9 379.5 454.3 491.5 508.2 508.2 508.2	890	WIAR
225 4	1330 1220	WŜĂĬ	379.5	790	WGY
245.8 280.2 282.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070 1060	WTIC	491.5	610 590	WEEI
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	wõw
	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
315.6	950 940	WRC	535.4	560	WLIT
315.6 319.0 325.9	920	WFJC WSAI WCAE WTAM WTIC KYW WOC WRC WCSH WWJ	516.9 535.4 545.1 545.1	560 550 550	WJAR WGY WEAF WEEI WOW WTAG WLIT KSD WGR
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Ine Pep	Kov	Program, A Station-WJ2	7 (304 5m-	760ke)	
202 7	1480	WCVV	205 0	000	V DV A
238 260.7	1260	WJAX	305.9 315.6 394.5 434.8	950 950 760 690	WRC
260.7	1260 1150 1110	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
270	$1110 \\ 1080$	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9 535.4	680 560	KDKA WRC WJZ CKGW WPTF WIOD
270 277.6 302.8 302.8	990 990	WCKY WJAX WHAM WRVA WBT WBZA WBZ	505.4	500	
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-	ann U		v		3
Fleischm	Key S	tation-WE	AF (454 3r	n-6601	(c)
206.8	1 1 2 0	WFIC WSAI WSAI WEBC WIAX WCAE WOAI KSL WRVA WBT KTHS WHO WCFL WCSH WWJ WWJ WKC WKY WJAR KOA	AF (454.3r 365.6 374.8 379.5 379.5 384.4 400.9 454.3 461.3 461.3 461.3 461.4 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.4	820	WHAS WBAP WGY KGO WSB WPTF KPO WEAF WSM WTMJ KGW
225.4	1330	WŜĂĬ	374.8	800	WBAP
227.1 .	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	WGY
206.8 225.4 227.1 234.2 238 245.8 252 265.3 270.1 277.6 288.3 299.8	1450 1330 1320 1280 1260 1220	WEBC	3/9.5	800 790 780 740 680	WMC
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB
252	1220 1190 1130 1110 1080 1040	WOAI	440.9	680	WPTF
265.3	1130	WRVA	440.9	680 660 650 620 620	WEAE
277.6	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM
288.3	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	WTMJ
299.8	1000	WED	483.6	620	WDAF
315.6	970 950 940 920 920 920	WRC	508.2	590	wow
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEL
325.9	920	KPRC	535.4	580 560	WIOD
288.3 299.8 309.1 315.6 319 325.9 325.9 325.9 333.1 336.9 361.2	900 890	WKY	535.4 535.4 545.1 545.1	560 550 550	WTMJ KGW WDAF WOW KHQ WEEI WTAG WIOD WFI WGR KSD
336.9	890	KOA	545.1 545.1	550	KSD
				550	
9:0	0 p.m.	8:00	7:00		6:00
Arabesq	ue.	Canalian 21	ADC (240	6 0 60	
20.7	Key	Station-W	ABC (348		KNIDC
30.1 49.2	9590 61.20	W2XE	315.6 319 323 323 333.1 337 370 385 390	950 940	KMBC WFIW WDBJ WBRC KHJ WFBL WGST WCCO WTAR WBBM
204	6120 1470	WKBW	323	930 940 930 930	WDBJ
204	1470	WLAC	323	930	WBRC
209.8	1430	WHP	333	900 900	WFRI.
215.8	1430 1410 1390 1340 1340 1270	KLRA	337	890	ŴĠŚŦ
223.7	1340	KFPY	370	810	WCCO
223.7	1340	WADC	385	780 770	WRRM
209.8 212.8 215.8 223.7 227.3 230.8 230.8 232.4 238.1 238 241.8	1300 1290 1260	KFH	395	760	WIAR WBBM KVI WCAO WMAL WLBZ
232.4	1290	WJAS	399.7	600	WCAO
238.1		WLBW	395 399.7 475.9 484	760 600 630 620	WIRZ
241.8	1240	WGHP	492	610	KFRC
241.8 243.8 243.9	1230	WNAC	500	600	WREC
243.9	1230	WFBM	516.9	580 570	WIBW
256.3	1170	WCAU	516.9 526 536	560	KLZ
526 256.3 258.5 267.9	1260 1240 1230 1230 570 1170 1160	W3XAU W2XE WKBW WHCM KLAC WHPM KLAC WSPD WADC KFH WIAL WSPD WADC WSPD WADC WSPD WGHP WNAC WVRC WCAU WOWO WISN	545.1 545.1	560 550	WREC WIBW WNAX KLZ WEAN WKRC
267.9	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC

	2			in the second	in all thinks bet
East	tern	Central	Mountain	. 1	Pacific
9:3		8:30	7:30		30
Maxwen	Ke	y Station-	WJZ (394.5-	760)	
Meters 205.4	Kc. 1460	Call KSTP KECA	Meters 361_2	Kc. 830	Call KOA WHAS WBAP KGO WJZ WJR WJZ WJR WSB WLW WSB WLW WSM WTMJJ KGW
205.4 223.7 234.2	1430	KECA	361.2 365.6 374.8 380 384.4	830 820	WHAS
234.2 238 252.1	1280 1260 1190 1150	WEBC WJAX WOAI	380	800 790 780 760	KGO
252,1 260,7	1190 1150	WHAM	384.4 394.5	780	WMC
260.7 265.5 270.1	1130 1110 1080	KSL	394,5 399,8	250	ŴĴŔ
270.1	1080	WBT	405.2 428.3	740 700	WLW
282.8 293.9	1060 1020	WBAL KYW	428.3 461.3 483.6	700 650 620 620	WSM
277.6 282.8 293.9 299.8 302.8 302.8 302.8 305.9 325.9 326		WHO		620	KGW
302.8	990 990 980 920 920	WBZA	491 5 508.2 509	610 590 590	WDAF WOW KHQ KSD
305.9	980 920	KDKA KPRC	509 545.1	590 550	KHQ
326		KSL WRVA WBT WBAL KYW WHO WBZ WBZA KDKA KPRC KOMO			
10 Atwater	Kent M	9 Aid-Week P	8 rogram. JZ (394.5m- 302.8 305.9 394.5 399.8 416.4		7
202.1	Key	Station-W	JZ (394.5m-	760kc)	WBZ
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	WBZ KDKA WJZ WJR WGN
245.8 260.7	1220 1150	WREN	394.5	760	WJZ
282.8 302.8	1060 990	WBAL WBZA	416.4	720	WGN
RCA Vie					
	Key S 1460	Station-WE	CAF (354.3n	1-660k	(C)
205.4 206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WTIC
206.8 225.4 227.1 234.2	1450 1330 1320 1280	WSAI	292.9 299.8	1020	KYW WHO
234.2	1280	WEBC	315.6	950	WTAM WTIC KYW WHO WRC
245.8	1220 1190	WOAI	325.9	920 920	WWJ
263 263	1140 1140 1130	WAPI KVOO	325.9 333.1	920 900	KPRC
265.3	1130 1110	KSL	333.1	900	WKY
234.2 245.8 252 263 263 265.3 270.1 277.6	1080	WBT	EAF (354.3n 280.2 282.8 299.8 315.6 325.9 325.9 325.9 333.1 333.1 333.9 333.1	830	WRC KOMO WWJ KPRC WJAX WKY WJAR KOA
RCA Vi	77 0	wB1 our. Station-WE WHAS WBAP WGY KGQ			
365.6	Key 5 820 800 790 790 780 740	WHAS	AF (354.3m 483.6 491.5 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 516.9 535.4 535.4 535.4	620	WTMJ
374,8 379,5 379,5 384,4	790	WGY	491.5	610 590	WEEI
379.5	790	KGO	508.2	500	WOW
405.2 440.9	740	WSB	516.9	590 590 580 560 560 550	WTĂG
440.9	680 660	WEAF	535.4	560 560	WF1 WIOD
454.3 461.3 483.6	650 620	KGO WMC WSB WPTF WEAF WSM KGW	545.1 545.1	550 550	WTMJ WDAF WEEI WOW KHQ WTAG WFI WIOD KSD WGR
11:00		10:00	9:00 2 (394.5m-7 302.8 302.8	550	8:00
Longine'	Key S	ect Time. station-WI	Z (394:5m-7	60kc)	
260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZ WBZA
11:50	,	10:30	9:30	990	8:30
Pepsoder	Ket	Station-C	'n' Andy. Chicago Stud	lios	
205.4	1460 1350 1320 1280 1270 1220 1190 1130	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA WHAS WFAA KGO WMC WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMI
227.1	1320	WSMB	305.0	820	WHAS
205,4 222.1 227.1 234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9 209.8	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
265.2	1130	KSL	447.5	650	WMAQ
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW WTMJ
299.8 325.9 325.5	1000 920 920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF
325.5 333.1	920 900	WKY	9:30 : 'n' Andy. :hicago Stue 361.2 365.6 374.8 379.5 384.4 405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6 483.6 491.5 508.2	590	KHQ



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

	stern	Central	Mountain		Pacific
9:0 Interwoy	0 p.m.	8	7		6
Interwor		Station-WJZ	(394.5m-7	60kc)	
Meters	Kc.	Call KWK WSMB WREN WOAI WHAM WAPI KSL WRVA WBT WBAL KTHS KYW WBZ WBZA KDKA CCCW	Meters F	Cc.	Call
Meters 222.1 227.1 245.8 252 260.7 263 265.3 270 1	1350 1320 1220 1190	WSMB	325.9 333.1	920 900	KOMO WJAX WKY KOA WHAS WFAA
245.8	1220	WREN	333.1	900	WKY
260.7	1150	WHAM	333.1 333.1 361.2 365.6 374.8	830 820	WHAS
263 265.3	1140 1130	WAPI KSL		800 790	WFAA
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780 760	WMC
282.8	1080 1060	WBAL	405.2	760	WSB
277.6 282.8 288.3 293.9 302.8 302.8	1040 1020	KTHS	379.5 384.4 394.5 405.2 428.3 440.9	740 700 630 650	WFAA KGO WMC WJZ WSB WLW KPO
302.8	990	WBZ	401.3	650	WSM KF1 KGW KPQ
302.8	990 980	KDKA	468.5	640 620	KF1 KGW
305.9 312.6 325.9	960 920	CKGW KPRC	508.2	590 560	KRO
Cliquot			555.4	500	WIOD
		tation-WEAT	? (454.3m-	660kc	:)
225.4	1330	WSAI WCAE WTIC WOC WRC WCSH WWJ WJAR WGY	402	610	WDAF WEEI WOW WTAG W1BO WL1T KSD WGR
245.8 282.8	1220 1060	WTIC	508.2 508.2 516.9	590 590 580 570 560	WOW
	1000 950 940	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG
319	940	WCSH	526.0 535.4	560	WLIT
315.6 319 325.9 336.9 379.5	920 890	WJAR	343.1	550 550	KSD WGR
	790				
9:30 Armour	Progra	8:30	7:30		5:30 /
Aimoui		Station-WJZ		60kc)	,
205.4	1460	KSTP KWK WSMB		920 900	KOMO WJAX WKY KOA WHAS
222.2 227.1	1350 1320 1280	WSMB	333.1 333.1	000	WJAX WKY
2.34.2	1280	WEBC	361.2	830	KOA
236.1 245.8	1270 1220 1190 1150	WSMB WEBC WJDX WREN WAAI WAPI KSL WRVA WBT KYW WBZ WBZA KDKA	353.1 361.2 365.6 379.5 384.4 399.8 405.2	830 820 790	WHAS KGO WJR WSB WPTF WSM KFI KGW WTMJ KHO
245.8 252 260.9 263.2	1190 1150	WOAI	384.4 399.8	780	WMC
263.2	1140 1130	WAPI	405.2 440.9	740 680	WSB
265.3 270.1	1110 1080	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM
277.6	1080 1020	WBT KYW	468.5	640 620	KGW
277.6 293.9 302.8 302.8	990	WBZ	461.3 468.5 483.6 483.6	640 620 620 590	WTMJ KHO
302.8	990 980	KDKA		590 560	WIOD
10		9	8		7
Armstro					
205.4	Key S 1460	tation-WJZ KSTP	(394.5m-76	0kc) 920	комо
205.4	1460	KSTP KSTP WSMB KWK WEBC	333 3	900	KOMO WKY KOA WHAS WFAA KGO
205.4 227.1 222.1 234.8	1 460 1 320 1 350 1 280	KWK	361.2 365.6	830 820	WHAS
234.8	1280 1220		374.8	800 790	WFAA
245.8 252 260.7	1190	WOAI WHAM KVOO KSL WRVA	384 4	780	WFAA KGO WMC WJZ WJR WSB WSM KFI
260.7 263	1150 1140	WHAM KVOO	394.5 399.8	760 750 740	WIZ
263 265.3 270.1	1130 1110	KSL	405.2	740 650	WSB
	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI
302 8	990 990	WBZ	483.6	620 620	WTMI
302.8 305.9 325.9	980	WRVA KYW WBZ WBZA KDKA KPRC	483.6 508.2	620 620 590	WTMJ WTMJ KGW KHQ
325.9	920	APAC	308.2	590	Kng



Mary Hopple who frequently sings roles with the National Light Opera Company and various NBC presen-tations, is heard regularly with the Armstrong Quakers on Friday nights at 10 o'clock.

1.000									
	Friday								
East	ern	Central 7:30	Mountain 6:30	1	Pacific				
8:30 a					5:30				
	Key	Station-W Call WCKY	EAF (454.3	3-660)	Call				
Meters 202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	Kc. 900	WJAX				
205.5	1460 1220	KSTP WCAE	333.1 337 366 380	890 820 790	WHAS				
252.1	1100	WOAI	380	790	WGY				
263.2	1140 1110 1080	WRVA	405 441	740 680	WPTF				
277.8	1080	WBT	492 508.2	610	WDAF				
312.5	1030 960 950 940	CKGW	509 517 536 545	590 590	Call WJAX WJAR WHAS WGY WSB WPTF WDAF WOW WEEI WTAG WFI WGR				
319	950	WCSH	536	580 560 550	WIAG				
202.1 205.5 245.9 252.1 263.2 270.3 277.8 280.4 312.5 316 319 326 326	920	Call WCKY KSTP WCAE WOAI WAVA WBT WTAM WKTAM WKC WCSH KPRC WWJ	545		WGR				
10 a	.m.	WWJ 9 n. Nationaj W2XE (49.2 WLAC KLRA WSPD WADC WJAS WDOD KOIL WLBW WGHP WNAC WCAU 9:15	8		7				
Ida Baile	y Alle	n. National	Home Mak	ers'Cl	ub. 348.6-860) WOWO KMOX KMBC WFIW WFBL WMAK WBBM WMAL WFAN WWNC WKRC				
201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO				
215.8 223.7	1390 1340	WSPD	275.1 315.6	1090 950	KMOX				
227.1	1320	WADC	319	940	WFIW				
234.4	1280	WDOD	333.1	900	WMAK				
238	1260	KOIL WLBW	389.4	770	WBBM				
241.8	1240	WGHP	491.5	610	WFAN				
243.8 245.6	1230	WCAO	526 545,1	570	WWNC				
256.3	1170	WCAU							
10:15 Vational	Home	9:15 Hour. Station-WE WFJC WCAE WGY WTAM KYW WHO WRC WCSH 11:00 a.m	8:15		7:15				
	Key S	tation-WE	AF (454.3m	-660kc) WINT				
206.9 245.6 279.5 280.2 293.9 299.8 315.6 319	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WWJ WJAR WSA1 WEAF WEE1 WTAG				
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSA1 WFAF				
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI				
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI WGR				
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR				
Columbia	n. Revu	WCSH 11:00 a.m Station-W WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WFBL WGWO WLBW WOWO WNAC KMBC WFIW 12:45 MBC WFIW 12:45 MBC WFF WFF WFF WFF WFF WFF WFF WF	. 10:00						
201.3	Key 1490	Station-W	ABC (348.)	6-860) 930	WBRC				
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WDBJ				
212.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK				
223.7	1340	KFPY WGHP	476	630	WMAL				
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO				
234.4	1280	WLBW	500	600	WREC				
258.6	1160	WOWO	526 526	570	WKBN				
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ				
1:45	940	12:45	545 11:45	550	WBRC WDBJ KHJ WMAK WFAN WCAO WMT WREC WKBN WWNC KLZ WEAN 10:45				
auonat	Farm Key 1460 1350 1280 1270 1220	and Home	Hour.	.760kc	,				
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC				
234.2	1280	WEBC	333.1	920	WKY				
236.1	1270	WIDX WREN	333.1 361 2	900 830	WJAX KOA				
205.4 222.1 234.2 236.1 245.8 252 260 263 270 1	1220 1190 1150 1140 1110 1080 1060	WOAI	11:45 Hour. [Z (394,5m, 315,6 325,9 333,1 361,2 365,6 374,8 375 384,4 394,5 399,8 405 428,3	820	WILAS				
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP				
270.1	$1110 \\ 1080$	WRVA	384.4	780 760	WMC				
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR				
203 270.1 277.6 282.8 293.9 294.1	1020 1020 1000	KFKX	405 428.3	700	WEW				
	1000	WHO	461.3	700 650 610 590	WRC KPRC WJAX KOA WIAS WFAA WBAP WMC WJZ WJR WSB WLW WSM WDAF WOW				
302.8 302.8 305.9	990 990	WBZA	379.8 405 428.3 461.3 491.5 508.2 535.4	590	wow				
305.9	980	WNAC KMBC WFIW 12:45 and Home Station-WI KSTP KWK WEDC WHOX WREN WOAI WHAM WOAI WHAM WOAI WHAM WBAL KYW KFKX WHO WBZ KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD				

Eastern		Central 6	Mounta	Pacific			
7			5		4		
The Pep		Program, A					
		station-WJ					
Meters	Kc.	Call WCKY WJAX WHAM WRVA WBT WBZ WBZA	Meters	Kc.	Call KDKA WRC WJZ		
202.7 238	1480 1260	WLAY	305.9 315.6	980 950	WPC		
	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	wîz		
270 277.6 302.8 302.8	1110	WRVA	434.8	690	CKGW WPTF WIOD		
277.6	1080 990	WBT	440.9 535.4	680	WPTF		
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD		
	,,,,						
8		7	6	5			
Cities S		Concert Orci					
	Key S	tation-WE		m-660k	c)		
205.4 209.7 225.4 232.4 245.8 252.1 265.5 280.2 282.8	1460	KSTP KECA WSAI WEBC WCAE WOAI KSI	333.1 336.9 361.2 374.8	900	WKY		
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WJAR		
225.4	1200	WEBC	301.2	830 800	WEAA		
245.8	1430 1330 1290 1220	WČAE	3/9.5	790	WKY WJAR KOA WFAA KGO WEAF WTMJ KGW WDAF KHO		
252.1	1190	WOAI		660	WEAF		
265.5	1130 1070	KSL	483.6	620 620	WTMJ		
280.2 282.8 293.9 299.8	1060	WOAI KSL WTAM WTIC KYW WOC	491 5	610	WDAF		
293,9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	KHQ		
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6 483.6 491.5 508.2 508.2	590	wow		
312.6 315.6	960 950	WPC	508.2 517 535.4 545.1	590 580	WEEL		
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT		
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	WGR		
319 325.9 325.9 326	920 920	WOC CKGW WRC WCSH KOMO WWJ KPRC	545.1	550	WDAF KHQ WOW WEEI WTAG WLIT WGR KSD		
		KPRC					
Nit-Wit	Hour.						
	Key	Station-W	ABC (348	.6-860)			
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2 315.6 319 322.4 323 333 370 448 476	1090	KMOX KMBC WFIW WDBJ WBRC KHJ WCCO WMAQ WMAL WLB7		
201.3	1490	WLAC WFBL WKBW WHP	315.6	950 940	KMBC		
204	1470	WKBW	319	940 930	WFIW		
209.8 212.8 215.7 215.7 215.8 223.7 227.3 230.8	1430 1410 1340 1390 1390 1340	WBCM	322.4	930	WBBC		
215.7	1340	WBCM KFPY WHK	333	900	KHI		
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO		
215.8	1390	KLRA	448 476	670	WMAQ		
227 3	1320	WADC	484	630 620	WLBZ		
230.8 232.4 232.6 234.2	1300	KFH	492 499.7 499.7	610	KFRC WCAQ		
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO		
232.0	1290	WDOD	499.7	600 - 600	WREC		
234.2	1260	KOIL	526	- 000	WKBN		
238 238	1260	WLBW	526	570 570	WWNC		
241.8 243.8	1320 1300 1290 1290 1280 1260 1260 1260 1240 1280	WSPD	526 526 535.4 535.4	560	KLZ		
243.8	1280 1230	WHK KLRA WGHP WADC KFH WJAS KDYL WDOD KOIL WLBW WSPD WFBM WNAC	535.4 545	560 550	WCAO WREC WMT WKBN WWNC KLZ WIBW WEAN		
243.9 258.5 267.7	1160		545.1	550	WEAN WKRC		
267.7	1160 1120	WOWO WISN					
9:00	p.m.	8:00	7:00		6:00		
True Sto					0.00		
		ABC (348.6	m-860ko)	V2XE	(49,2-6120		
	1490	ADC (346.0					
201.2 201.3 204	1490	WERL	241.8 243.8	1240	WGHP WNAC WCAU WOWO		
204	1470	KFJF	256.3	1230 1170	WCAU		
208.2 215.7 215.7	1440	WHEC	258.5	1160 1120 1090	wowo		
215.7	1390 1390	KLRA	267.9	1120	KMOX		
223.7	1340	WLAC WFBL KFJF WHEC KLRA WHK WSPD KFPY WAPC	243.8 256.3 258.5 267.9 275.1 288.3	1040	WOWO WISN KMOX KRLD KMBC KHJ WMAK WCCO KOIN		
223,7	1340	KFPY	316	950	KMBC		
227.1	1340 1320 1300	WADC WIBW	316 333 333	900	KHJ		
230.6	1 300	KFH	333	900 810	WCCO		
230.8 232.4 232.4	1300 1290 1290	KTSA	391 395	940	KOIN		
232.4	1290	KTSA WJAS KDYL	395	760	KOIN KVI WMAQ		
	1290	WDOD	448 492	670 610	KERC		
236	1260	KOIL	536	560	KFRC KLZ WKRO		
234.2 236 238 239.9	1280 1260 1260 1250	KOIL WLBW WDSU	545	550	WKRO		
239.9	1250	WDSU					

10:0	o p.m.	Central 9:00	Mounta 8:00	in	Pacific 7:00
Raleigh	Kev	Station-W	EAF (454	.3-660)	
Meters 206.9 209.8 225.6 245.9 265.5 300 316	Kc. 1450 1430 1330 1220 1130 1000	Caill WFJC KECA WSA1 WCAE KSL WRC WRC WCSH KOMO WWJ WJAR KOA KGO	Meters	Kc. 790	Call WGY WPTF KGW WDAF KHQ WEEI WOW WTAG WIBO WIBO WIBO WLIT KSD WGR
206.9	1450	WFJC	380	790	WGY
209.8	1430	KECA	441 484	680 620	WPTF
225.6	1330	WSAL	484	610	WDAF
245.9	1130	KSL	509	610 590	KHO
300	1000	WOC	492 509 509	590	WEEI
316 319	950 940	WRC	509 517	590	WOW
319	940	KOMO	517	580 560	WIRO
326	920	WWI	535.4 536 545	560	WLIT
337	890	WJAR	545	560 550	KSD
326 326 337 361	920 920 890 830	KŎA	545	550	WGR
380	790	KGU			
11 p.	m.	10:00 nd His Orch Station-W.	9:00		8:00
Will Osl	Kev	Station-W.	ABC (348	6-860)	
201.3	1490	WFRI.	316 319 322.4 323 333 500 500 500	950	KMBC
212.8	1410	WFBL WBCM KLRA WGL	319	040	WFIW
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930 930	WBRC
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	WCHP	500	900	WCAO
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600 600	WMT
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WREC
230.6	1300	KFH	516.9	600 580 570	WIBW
232.0	1290	WDOD	536	560	KLZ
238	1410 1390 1370 1340 1340 1340 1320 1320 1320 1290 1280 1260 1260	KOIL	500 500 516.9 526 536 545	560 550	WEAN
201.3 212.8 215.8 219 223.7 223.7 227.3 230.6 232.6 233.4 238.1 267.7	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	KMBC WFIW WDBJ WMAK WCAO WMT WREC WIBW WBW WBW KLZ WEAN WKRC
267.7	1120	WGL KFPY WSPD WADC KFH KDYL WDOD KOIL WLBW WISN			
11:1	5		9:15	6	8:15
Longine	s Corre	y Station-W	177 (304 6	-760)	
000.0	Laro	y Station-W	12 (394.3		11117
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	9 90 980	KDKA
260.7	1350 1220 1150	WHAM	302.8 305.9 394.5	760 570	WIZ
222.2 245.8 260.7 302.8	990	KWK WREN WHAM WBZA	526		WBZ KDKA WJZ WIBO
11:3	0	10:30	9:30)	8:30
Pepsode	nt Prog	station-Ch	n Andy.	line	
205 4	1460	VerD	261 2	820	TOA
222.1	1.350	RWR	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
		WEBC	361.2 365.6 374.8 379.5	790	KGO
234.2	1280				WMC
234.2 236.1	1280 1270	WIDX	405 2	740	WCD
234.2 236.1 245.8 252	1280 1270 1220 1190	WIDX WREN WOAL	405.2	740	WSB WMAO
234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2	1280 1270 1220 1190 1130	KSTP KWK WSMB WEBC WJDX WREN WOAI KSL	405.2 447.5 461.3	830 820 800 790 780 740 670 650	WSB WMAQ WSM
234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9	1280 1270 1220 1190 1130 1020	WJDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW	405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6	740 670 650 620	WSB WMAQ WSM KGW
234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9 299.8	1280 1270 1220 1190 1130 1020 1000	WJDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW KECA	405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6 483.6	740 670 650 620 620	WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMJ
234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9 299.8 325.5 325.0	1280 1270 1220 1190 1130 1020 1000 920 920	WJDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW KECA KPRC KOMO	405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6 483.6 491.5 508.2	650 620 620 610	WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMJ WDAF
205.4 222.1 227.1 234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9 299.8 325.5 325.9 333.1	1460 1350 1280 1280 1270 1220 1190 1130 1020 1000 920 920 900	WJDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW KECA KPRC KOMO WKY	379.5 384.4 405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6 483.6 491.5 508.2	740 670 650 620 620 610 590	KOA WHAS WFAA KGO WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMJ WDAF KHQ
234.2 236.1 245.8 265.2 283.9 299.8 325.5 325.9 333.1	1280 1270 1220 1190 1130 1020 1000 920 920 920 900	WJDX WREN WOAI KSL KYW KECA KPRC KOMO WKY	405.2 447.5 461.3 483.6 483.6 491.5 508.2	650 620 620 610	WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMJ WDAF KHQ
234.2 236.1 245.8 252 265.2 283.9 299.8 325.5 325.9 333.1	1280 1270 1220 1190 1020 1000 920 920 920 900	KYW KECA KPRC KOMO WKY		650 620 620 610	WSB WMAQ WSM KGW WTMJ WDAF KHQ
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This is pretty Edith Thayer. But perhaps you are more familiar with her as Jane McGrew in Hank Simmon's Show Boat presented on Saturday nights.

		Central 7:15	Mountain 6:1	5 F	Pacific 5:15
Morning	Key S	tation-WI	EAF (454.3n Meters 345 366	a-660k	c) Call
Meters 202.7 245.8 277.8 300 215 6	1480 1220	WCKY WCAE	345 366	Kc. 870 820 790	WLS WHAS
277.8 300	1220 1080 1000	WBT WOC	379.5 441	680	WGY WPTF
315.6 319 326 333.1	1000 950 940 920	tation-Wf Call WCKY WCAE WBT WOC WRC WCSH WVJ WJAX 7:30	AF (454.31 Meters 345 366 379.5 441 454.3 508.2 536 545.1	660 590 560	Call WLS WHAS WGY WPTF WEAF WOW WFI WGR
326 333.1 8:30	900	WJAX	545.1	560 550	WGR
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252.1 263	1140	WOAI WAPI	405 440.9	740 680	WSB WPTF
270.3 277.8 280.4	1110 1080 1070 1000	WBT	454.3 483.6 491.5	660 620	WTMJ WDAF
299.8 312.6	1000 960	WOC CKGW	499.7 508.2	600 590	WTIC WEEI
315.6	960 950 940	WRC WCSH	508.2 516.9	590 580	WOW WTAG
325.9 325.9	920 920	KPRC WWJ	536 545,1	560 550	WFI WGR
Radio H	ousehol Key S	d Institute	9:15 AF (454 3m	-6601	8:15
205.4 227.3	1460 1320	KSTP WSMB	336.9 365.6	890 820	WJAR WHAS
232.4 245.6	1290 1220	WEBC WCAE	374.8 379.5	800 790	WSAI WGY
252 263 263 2	1190 1140 1140	KVOO WAPI	384.4 404.2	780	WMC WSB WFAF
280.2 288.5	1070 1040	WTAM KTHS	461.3	650 620	WSM WTMI
293.9 299.8	1020 1000	KFKX WOC	491.5 499.7	610 600	WDAF WTIC
315.6 319 325.0	940 920	WCSH	508.2 516.9	590 580	WEEI WTAG
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205.5	Key 1460	Station-W KSTP	JZ (394.5m- 326	760kc) 920	KOMO
222.2 227.1	1350 1320	WSMB	333.1 333.1	900 900	WKY
230.6 232.4 236.1	1290 1270	WEBC WIDX	361 366	830 820	KOA WHAS
245.9 252.1	1220 1190	WREN WOAI	375 380	800 790	WBAP KGO
260.9 263.2	1150 1140	WHAM KVOO	384.4 390	780 770	WMC KFAB
263.2 265.5	1140 1130	WAPI KSL	394.5 399.8	760 750 740	WJZ WJR WSD
288.3 294.1	1040 1020	KTHS KFKX	429 441	700 680	WLW WPTF
299.8 303	1000 - 990 -	WOC	462 469	650 640	WSM KFI
303 306	990 980	WBZA KDKA	484- 492	620 610	KGW WDAF
315.6 325.9	950 920	KPRC	508.2	590 590	KHQ
The Pep	sodent Key	Program, Station-V	Amos 'n' A	n dy. 760)	
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302.8 302.8	990	WBZ WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD
8:30 Del Mor	te Pro	7:30 gram. Key	6:30 Station-W	EAF	5:30 (454.3-660)
205.5 206.9	1460 1450	KSTP WFJC	333 333.1	900 900	WKY WJAX
225.6 227.3 230.6	1330	WSAI WSMB WIOD	337 361 366	890 830 820	WJAR KOA WHAS
230.0 232.4 236.1	1290	WEBC	375	800	WBAP
245.9 252.1	1220 1190	WCAE WOAI	385 405	780 740	WMC WSB
263.2 265.5	1140 1130	WAPI KSL	441 454.3	680 660	WPTF WEAF
270.3 277.8 280.4	1080 1070	WRVA WBT WTAM	462 484 492	650 620	WSM WTMJ WDAF
288.5	1040	KTHS KYW	509 509	590	WEEI
300 316	1000 950	WHO WRC	517 536	580 560	WTAG WFI
319 326	940 920	WCSH KPRC	545 545	550 550	KSD WGR
9:00	920 p.m.	8:00	7:00	-)	6:00
205.4	Key 1460	Station-W KSTP	545 545 7:00 10yd Gibbom EAF (454.3 361.2 365.6 374.8 379.5 384.4 400.9 454.3 466.5 483.6 483.6 483.6 483.6 499.7 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 508.2 516.9 535.4 545.1 315.6 319 333.1 337.4 333.1 337.4 333.1 337.4 447.5 427.5 319 333.1 337.4 333.1 337.4 333.1 337.4 333.1 337.4 333.1 337.4 37.4	-660kc 830) KOA
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234.2 252 254 1	1280 1190 1220	WEBC WOAI WCAF	379.5 384.4 405.2	790 780 740	WGY WMC WSB
263 265.3	1140 1130	WAPI KSL	440.9 454.3	680 660	KPO WEAF
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280.2 299.8 315.6	10/0	WHO	483.6 483.6 491.5	620 620 610	WTMJ
319 325.9	940 920	WCSH KOMO	499.7 508.2	600 590	WTIC KHQ
325.9 325.9	920 920	KPRC WWJ	508.2 508.2	590 590	WEEI WOW
333.1 336.9	900 900 890	WKY	535.4 545.1	560 550	WFI
344.6 Hank Si	870 immon's	WLS Show Bo	545.1	550	WGR
204	Key 1470	Station-V WKBW	VABC (348, 275.1	6-860) 1090	KMOX
212.8 215.7	1410 1390 1300	WHK	315.6 319 323	950 940 930	WFIW
223.7 223.7	1340 1340	KFPY WSPD	323 333.1	930 900	WDBJ WFBL
227.1 230.8	1320 1300	WADC KFH	333.1 370	900 810	WMAK WCCO
232.4 232.6	1290 1290	WJAS KDYL	384.4 447.5	780	WEAN WMAQ
234.4 238 238	1280	KOIL WLBW	492 499.7	600 600	WMT
243.8 243.8	1230 1230	WFBM WNAC	516.9 526	580 570	KMOX KMBC WEIW WDBJ WFBL WMAK WCCO WEAN WMAQ WFRC WMT WREC WIEW WKEN WKEN WKEN
256.3 258.6	1170 1160	WCAU WOWO	526 536	570 560	WWNC KLZ
207.7	1120	WISN			



William Shelley is interlocutor of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, a Saturday night treat. Mr. Shelley has appeared in several minstrel companies and finally followed his love to the Radio.

Fostom	Control	Maundain	Deelfie
10 p.m. B. A. Rolfe	9 and His Luc	Mountain 8 ky Strike Orcc AF (454.3m-66 379.5 7? 379.5 7? 384.4 7? 405.2 77 405.2 77 405.2 77 405.2 77 405.3 76 40.9 66 454.3 66 483.5 66 483.6 66	Pacific 7
B. A. Rolle Key	Station-WH	CAF (454.3m-60	60kc)
Meters Ke	Call	AF (494, 301-06 Meters K 379.5 7, 379	C. CAIL CO WBAP OO KGO OO WGY 30 WMC 40 WSB 20 WGN
205.4 146 206.8 145	WFJC	379.5 79	KGO
225.4 133	0 WSAI	379.5 79	0 WGY
245.6 122	0 WCAE	405.2 74	40 WSB
252 119	WOAI	416.4 72	20 WGN
265.3 113	0 KSL	440.9 68	SO WPTF
277.6 108	0 WBT	454.3 60	60 WEAF
288.3 104	0 KTHS	483.6 62	20 KGW
299.8 100	0 WHO-	483.6 62	20 WTMJ
315.0 95 319 94	0 WCSH	508.2 59	0 KHO
325.9 92	0 KOMO	508.2 59	WEEI
325.9 92	WWI	516.9 58	BO WTAG
333.1 90	0 WJAX	535.4 50	50 WFI
335.1 90	0 WIAR	535.4 50	50 KSD
361.2 83	0 KOA	545.1 55	50 WGR
365.6 82 Paramount-P	0 WHAS	lour.	
Key Station-	W2XE (49.02	m-6120kc) WA	BC (348.6-860)
201.2 149	0 WLAC	267.7 112	20 WISN
204 147	0 KFJF	285.7 105	50 KNX
- 208.2 144	0 WHEC	288.3 104	40 KRLD
215.7 139	0 WHK	315.6 95	50 KMBC
215.7 139	0 KLRA	319 94	10 KOIN
223.7 134	0 WSPD	322.4 93	WBRC
225.6 133	0 KSCJ	322.4 93	BO WDBJ
228.9 131	0 KFBK	333.1 90	WFBL
230.6 130	0 KFH	370.2 81	0 WCCO
232.4 129	0 WJAS	384.4 78	30 WTAR
232.6 129	0 KDYL	390 77 304 F 74	O WBBM
236.1 127	o wdsu	447.5 67	WMAQ
236.2 127	0 KOL	475.9 63	0 WMAL
238 126	0 WLBW	499.7 60	WCAO
238 126	0 KOIL	499.7 60	0 WREC
243.8 123	0 WFBM	516.9 58	Winw
243.8 123 249 9 120	0 WNAC	526 57 535 4 54	VO WWNC
256.3 117	0 WCAU	545.1 55	WKRC
258.5 116	0 WOWO	9.00	8.00
Longines Con	rrect Time.	WJZ (394.5-760 394.5 76 526 57	0:00
245 8 122	Kcy Station—	WJZ (394.5-760) (0 W17
245.8 122 282.8 106 305.9 98	0 WBAL	526 57	50 WJZ 70 WIBO
305.9 98	0 KDKA	0.20	0.00
Dance Carni	val.	9:30	8:30
Key Station-	-WABC (348.6	526 57 9:30 522.4 93 333.1 97 333.1 97 333.1 97 333.5 67 408.5 67 475.9 67 491.5 67 491.5 67 491.5 67 499.7 67 499.7 67 499.7 67 499.7 67 499.7 67 535.4 57 545.1 55 545.1 55 545.1 55 545.1 55 545.2 55 555.1 555.1 55 555.1 555.1 55 555.1 55	E (49.02-6120)
204 149	ŏ WKBW	322.4 93	NO WDBI
215.7 134	0 KFPY	333.1 90	00 WFBL
223.7 134	0 WSPD	468.5 64	WAIU
227.1 132	0 WADC	475.9 63	WMAL
234.2 128	o WDOD	491.5 61	IO WFAN
238 126	O KOIL	499.7 60	00 WCAO
241.8 124	0 WGHP	526 57	0 WREC
243.8 123	0 WFBM	535.4 5	60 KLZ
267.7 112	WISN	545.1 55	O WARC
238 126 241.8 124 243.8 123 258.5 116 267.7 112 11:30 Pepsodent P	10:30	9:30	8:30
repsodent P	Key Station-0	hicago Studios	5
205.4 140	KSTP	361.2 8	30 KOA 20 WHAS 00 WFAA
227.1 132	WSMB	374.8 8	00 WFAA
234.2 128	MEBC	379.5 7	90 KGO
230.1 122	20 WREN	384.4 7	40 WSB
252 119	WOAI	447.5 6	70 WMAQ
283.9 10	KYW	461.3 6	20 KGW
299.8 10	00 KECA	483.6 6	20 WTMJ
205.4 14 222.1 133 227.1 132 234.2 122 236.1 122 245.8 122 252 111 265.2 111 265.2 111 283.9 100 325.5 9 59 325.5 9 59 3333.1 99	KOMO	491.5 6	10 WDAT 90 KHQ
333.1 9	00 WKY	394.3 468.5 475.9 64 491.5 56 499.7 526 535.4 545.1 545.1 545.1 545.1 545.1 545.2 361.2 361.2 354.4 355.8 354.8 374.8 374.8 374.8 374.8 354.2 7 445.5 6 443.3 6 6 443.3 6 6 491.5 6 508.2 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	

OUT of the AIR HITS-QUIPS-SLIPS **By INDI-GEST**

GREETING!

ONCE more I greet my many friends!

Each jokesmith and each poet who sends

The slips and quips and pleasant 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 find, within, the prize—a laugh! It's good to know you-all again, (I'm from the South; that's mighty

plain.)

And one and all I greet you now And hope you'll write me soonand 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 raised up on a diet of not biscuit, entered, gravy, chine, jowl and turnip greens, not to mention ham gravy and hominy grits, with occasional dishes of spareribs. The name *INdi-Gest* is very appropriate. Which reminds me that I must repeat a good story I heard once. I have always liked it, from which you may gather that it is not entirely new.

Two colored women were discussing re-

"I done name dat new baby er mine 'Opium,' remarked Marthy Brown to Mandy Jackson.

"Why you disqualify dat chile wid a name like dat, Marthy?" "Well, I done look' up de wud opium in

de dickshunary and hit say hit mean de seed er de wile poppy. 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 Onyx." "Why dat, Sis Liza?"

"Kaze he came so onyxpected! 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 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 copyight owners. But the way he said it sounded as though it was to be "Why was I born by special permission of the copyright owners?"—Evelyn Faux, 925 Edgewater Ave., Fort Wayne Ind. Station WJBT, Chicago, was broadcast-ing a church service the other night when suddenly the following words were heard: "Your throat! Your eyes! Don't strug-

gle! I'm stronger than you are, my pretty lass."

Telephone calls poured in by the hundreds.

"The wires got crossed on a chain melo-drama from New York," station operators explained to horrified listeners.—A. F. Day, Sergent, Ky.

* * * Wooden Pigs

According to Miss Frances Cherry of Wayne, Nebraska, a teacher asked little Willy to make a sentence with the word mahogany. And Willy said:

"Pa sent me out to feed the pigs but I didn't give the ma hog any." Which goes over all right, Miss Cherry, but that story of yours about the tame fish that fell in the river and was drowned— Well, why resur-rect that one? Don Marquis wrote a whole story about that same fish years ago.



Here's a chuckle I'd like to pass on to the other fans. 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 Gergen, 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 *lapsis lingua*, 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 accident 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 scame area humaning power that

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

Red Meat!

Apparently there are still some exponents of cannibalism in Minneapolis as, during a program of phonograph records, last eve-ning, 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 orchesra? A local dance or chestra 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 beto a thousand dollars hid in her burged."

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!

T WILL pay you to keep your L ears open and your funny bone oiled for action. Radio Digest will pay \$5.00 for the first selected humorous incident heard on a broadcast program, \$3.00 for the second preferred amusing inci-dent and \$1.00 for each amusing incident accepted and printed.

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment that tickles you, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations.

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

Keep your ears open for chuck-les—send your contributions to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than June-1, 1930.



Force of Habit

A Radio announcer lost his job and got 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 go-ing 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 en-gine. Train for Detroit, Buffalo, Rochester.

Syracuse, Albany and New York. "'Phone in folks and tell Mr. Pullman how you slept—he will be interested. Good-night everybody."—Robert G. Shimmin, 364 Fourteenth Street, Portland, Ore. * * *

Some Scotsmen not long ago hit upon a plan of saving a little cash. They were listening to an old time fiddling contest com-ing 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, har-mony team of WLS, each have a new namesake. The newcomers are young Jer-sey 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.

Otations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 92 and 94 of This Issue

K

CRC. Enid, Okla. KDR. Santa Barbara, Calif. KDKA. ... Dettisburgb, Pa. KDLR. ... Los Angeles, Calif. KEJK. Beverly Hills, Calif. KELW. Burbank, Calif. KELW. Burbank, Calif. KEX. Portland, Ore. KFAB. ... Lincoln, Neb. KFBE. Great Falls, Mont. KFBK. Sacramento, Calif. KFBL. Everett, Wash. KFDM. Beaumont, Tex. KFDV. Brookings, S. D. KFEL. Denver, Colo. KFGQ. Boone, Ia. KFHA. Gunnison, Colo. KFGQ. Boone, Ia. KFHA. Gunnison, Colo. KFGO. Boone, Ia. KFHA. Gunnison, Colo. KFGO. Boone, Ia. KFHA. Gunnison, Colo. KFI. Los Angeles, Calif. KFIF. Portland, Ore. KFIA. Gunnison, Colo. KFI. Los Angeles, Calif. KFIF. Portland, Ore. KFIA. Gunnison, Colo. KFI. Morand City, Okla. KFJF. Oklahoma City, Okla. KFJT. Fort Worth, Tex. KFKA. Greeley, Colo. KFKB. Milford, Kans. KFKZ. Kirksville, Mon. KFV. Lawrence, Kans. KFKZ. Kirksville, Mon. KFV. Lawrence, Kans. KFKZ. Kirksville, Mon. KFV. Lawrence, Kans. KFKZ. Chicago, Ill. KFXZ. Kirksville, Minn. KFN. Greenville, Texas KFPW. Shenandoah, Ia. KFOR. Lincoln, Neb. KFOZ. Long Beach, Calif. KFPU. Dublin, Texas KFPW. Sloam Springs, Ark. KFPQ. Los Angeles, Calif. KFPU. Columbia, Mo. KFOD. Anchorage, Alaska KFPU. Columbia, Mo. KFOD. Anchorage, Alaska KFPU. Columbia, Mo. KFOD. Anchorage, Calif. KFRU. Columbia, Mo. KFOD. Anchorage, Calif. KFW. Columbia, Mo. KFOD. San Diego, Calif. KFW. Columbia, Mo. KFUD. Galveston, Tex. KFWM. Oakland, Calif. KFWS. Cape Girardeau, Mo. KFUD. Galveston, Tex. KFWM. San Francisco, Calif. KFWS. Cape Girardeau, Mo. KFUD. Galveston, Tex. KFWM. San Francisco, Calif. KFWS. Cape Girardeau, Mo. KFWB. Hollywood, Calif. KFWS. San Antonio, Tex. KFWM. San Antonio, Tex. KGCN. Waltertown, S. D. KGCA. Decorah, Iowa KGCL. San Antonio, Tex. KGPW. Siloam Bernardino, Calif. KFWB. Hollywood, Calif. KFWB. Hollywood, Calif. KFWB. Hollywood, Calif. KFWB. Hollywood

KGFL...Vaton, N. Mex. KGFW...Ravenna, Neb. KGFX...Picher, Okla. KGGC. San Francisco, Calif. KGGF....Picher, Okla. KGMB. Hbonolulu, Hawaii KGHD...Missoula, Mont. KGHE...Bultings, Mont. KGHE...Bultings, Mont. KGHI...Little Rock, Ark. KGHI...Billings, Mont. KGIW...Trinidad, Colo. KGIG...Twin Falls, Idaho KGIR...Butte, Mont. KGW...Trinidad, Colo. KGIX...Las Vegas, Nev. KGK...San Angelo, Tex. KGKC...San Angelo, Tex. KGKC...San Angelo, Tex. KGKC...Wichita Falls, Tex. KGKO...Oakland, Calif. KGW...Portland, Ore. KGU...Honolulu, Hawaii KGW...Portland, Ore. KGY...Scottsbluff, Neb. KGO...Bither, Calif. KID...Jaho Falls, Idaho KIDC...Boise, Idaho KIDC...San Francisco, Calif. KMA...Bo Angeles, Calif. KMA...San Antonio, Tex. KOB...San Francisco, Calif. KNO...San Antonio, Tex. KOB...San Antonio, Tex. KSD...San Antonio, Tex. KSD...San Antonio, Tex. KSD...San Antonio, Tex. KSD...San Antonio, Texas. KTA...San Antonio, Texas. KTA...San Antonio, Texas.

KTUE....Houston, Texas KTW.....Seattle, Wash. KUJ...Long View, Wash. KUJ...Long View, Wash. KUOA...Fayetteville, Ark. KUSD...Vermillion, S. D. KUT....Austin, Tex. KVI....Seattle, Wash. KVOA....Tueson, Ariz. KVOO....Tulsa, Okla. KVOS...Bellingham, Wash. KWBS...Portland, Ore. KWCR..Cedar Rapids, Iowa KWEA...Shreveport, La. KWG...Stockton, Calif. KWJJ...Portland, Ore. KWK....St. Louis, Mo. KWKC...Kansas City, Mo. KWKC...Kansas City, Mo. KWKC...Brownsville, Tex. KWCC...Brownsville, Tex. KWCC...Laramie, Wyo. KXA...Seattle, Wash. KXU....Beltingham, Wash. KWYO...Laramie, Wyo. KXA...Seattle, Wash. KXL...Portland, Ore. KXA...Seattle, Wash. KXL...Portland, Ore. KXA...Seattle, Wash. KXA...Seattle, Wash. KXA...San Francisco, Calif. KXRO...Aberdeen, Wash. KYW.....Chicago, Ill. KZKZ....Manilla, P. I. KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

WCLS. Joliet, III. WCMA Culver, Ind. WCOC Meridian, Miss. WCOH Harrisburg, Pa. WCOH Greenville, N. Y. WCRW Chicago, III. WCSU Springfield, Ohio WDAF Kansas City, Mo. WDAF Crasson, Pa. WDBO Orlando, Fla. WDEU Wilmington, Del. WDGY Minneapolis, Minn. WDOD. Chattanooga, Tenn. WDSU New Orleans, La. WDWF Cranston, R. I. WDZ Tuscola, III. WEAR New York City WEAI Inthaca, N. Y. WEAN Providence, R. I. WEAR Cleveland, Ohio WEBC Duluth, Minn. WEBE Cambridge, O. WEBQ Harrisburg, III. WEBR Buffalo, N. Y. WEBW Beloit, Wis. WEDC Chicago, II. WELK Philadelphia, Pa. WEKS Evanston, III. WELK Philadelphia, Pa. WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich. WENR Clicago, III. WENR Chicago, III. WENR Chicago, III. WENR St. Louis, Mo. WFAA Dallas, Tex. WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich. WENR Cherrien Springs, Mich. WENR Chicago, III. WEFA Dallas, Tex. WEYD Woodhaven, N. Y. WEW St. Louis, Mo. WFAA Dallas, Tex. WFAA Philadelphia, Pa. WFBC Knoxville, Tenn. WFBE Choona, Pa. WFBC Mindaepolia, Pa. WFBC Antoona, Pa. WFBC Miladelphia, Pa. WFBC Moxille, Ky. WFBM Indianapolis, Ind. WFBS St. Paul, Minn. WFBL Clearwater, Fla. WFGB Altoona, Pa. WFIW Hopkinsville, Ky. WHAD Milwaukee, Wis. WGCM Guliport, Miss. WGCM Caluport, Miss. WGBC New York City WGSC St. Paul, Minn. WGBC Memphis, Tenn. WFBL Chicaeyo, II. WGBC Memphis, Tenn. WHBU Anderson, Ind. WHBC Canderster, N. Y. WHAC Milwaukee, Wis. WHAM Rochester, N. Y. WHAC Milwaukee, Wis. WHAM Rochester, N. Y. WHAC Milwaukee, Wis. WHAM Rochester, N. Y. WHAC Mount Orab, O. WHBC Calumet, Mich. WHBC Mount Orab, O. WHBC Mount Orab, O.

 WHPP. Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.

 WIAS.
 Ottumwa, Ia.

 WIBA.
 Madison, Wis.

 WIBG.
 Elkins Park, Pa.

 WIBM.
 Jackson, Mich.

 WIBO.
 Chicago, Ill.

 WIBS.
 Elizabeth, N. J.

 WIBW.
 Poynette, Wis.

 WIBW.
 Topeka, Kan.

 WIBW.
 Topeka, Kan.

 WIBY.
 Utica, N. Y.

 WICC.
 Bridgeport, Conn.

 WILL.
 Urbana, Ill.

 WINR.
 Bay Shore, N. Y.

 WICD.
 Milwaukee, Wis.

 WINR.
 Bay Shore, N. Y.

 WIDD.
 Miami Beach, Fla.

 WIP.
 Philadelphia, Pa.

 WJAD.
 Waco., Tex.

 WJAD.
 Waco., Tex.

 WJAD.
 Waco., Tex.

 WJAS.
 Providence, R. I.

 WJAS.
 Providence, R. I.

 WJAS.
 Leveland, O.

 WJAY.
 Cleveland, O.

 < WHPP. Englew'd Cliffs, N. J WJBC.....Red Land Mich WJBK....Ypsilanti, Mich WJBK....Decatur, Ill WJBO....New Orleans, La WJBY....Chicago, Il WJBU...Lewisburg, Pa WJBW...New Orleans, La WJBY....Gadsden, Ala WJDW.....Emory, Vi UDW......Jackson, Mis Chicago, J W JD X. Emory, Va. W JD X. Jackson, Miss. W JD C. Chicago, III. W JK. Gary, Ind. W JR. Detroit, Mich. W JZ. New York City W AQ. San Juan, Porto Rico W JZ. New York City W KAQ. San Juan, Porto Rico W JZ. New York City W KAQ. San Juan, Porto Rico W KAR. E. Lansing, Mich. W KBC. Birmingham, Ala. W KBE Joliet, III. W KBC. Birmingham, Ala. W KBE Webster, Mass. W KBF. Indianapolis, Ind. W KBC. Birmingham, Ala. W KBE Webster, Mass. W KBF. Indianapolis, Ind. W KBC. Detroit, Mich. W KBC. Jersey City, N. J. W KBO. Jersey City, N. J. W KBO. Jersey City, N. J. W KBS. Galesburg, III. W KBO. New York City W KBS. Galesburg, III. W KBZ. Ludington, Mich. W KBZ. Laudington, Mich. W KBZ. Ludington, Mich. W KBZ. Lausiville, Ky. W LS. Bangor, Mass. W LSC. Bangor, Me. W LBZ. Bangor, Mass. W LEY. Lexington, Mass. W LEY. Lexington, Mass. W LEY. Lexington, Mass. W LEY. Lexington, Mass. W LY Lexington, Mass. W LY MAA. St. Louis, Moi. W MAA. St. Louis, Moi. W MAA. Newport, R. I. W MAA. Newport, R. I. W MAG. Richmond, Va. W MBL. Lakeland, Fla. W MBQ. Brooklyn, N.

 WMBR.
 Tampa, Fla.

 WMC.
 Memphis, Tenn.

 WMCA.
 New York City

 WMSS.
 Boston, Mass.

 WMMY.
 Lapeer, Mich.

 WMRJ.
 Jamaica, N. Y.

 WMSC.
 New York City

 WMT.
 Waterloo, Ia.

 WNAC.
 Boston, Mass.

 WNAC.
 Boston, Mass.

 WNAD.
 Norman, Okla.

 WNAT.
 Philadelphia, Pa.

 WNAX.
 Yankton, S. D.

 WNBF.
 Binghamton, N. Y.

 WNBF.
 Nenghamton, N. Y.

 WNBF.
 Memphis, Tenn.

 WNBG.
 Washington, Pa.

 WNBC.
 Carbondale, Pa.

 WNBZ.
 Saranac, N. Y.

 WNDX.
 Knoxville, Tenn.

 WNRC.
 Greensboro, N. C.

 WNY.
 Saranac, N. Y.

 WOA.
 Saranaco, N. C.

 WNSC.
 Newark, N. J.

 WNOX.
 Knoxville, Tenn.

 WOA.
 Saranaco, N. C.

 WNY.
 Saranaco, N. Y.

 WOA.
 Paterson, N. J.

 WOBU.
 Charleston, W. Va.
 </t

WQBZ....Weirton, W. Va. WRAF....La Porte, Ind. WRAK. Williamsport, Pa. WRAX. Philadelphia, Pa. WRAX. Philadelphia, Pa. WRBC. Valparaiso, Ind. WRBI.....Columbus, Ga. WRBJ. Hattiesburg, Miss. WRBT....Columbus, Ga. WRBQ...Greenville, Miss. WRBT....Columbus, Ga. WRBQ...Greenville, Miss. WRBT....Columbus, Ca. WREC. Mashington, N. C. WRC. Washington, N. C. WRC. Mashington, D. C. WRY. New York City WRN. Dallas, Tex. WRUF...Gainesville, Fla. WSAI. Cincinnoti, Ohio WSAJ. Grove City, Pa. WSAI. Cincinnoti, Va. WSAI. Cincinnoti, Ohio WSAJ. Grove City, Pa. WSAI. South Bend, Ind. WSBC. Chicago, III. WSBC. South Bend, Ind. WSDA. Brooklyn, N. Y. WSEA. Portsmouth, Va. WSGH. Brooklyn, N. Y. WSIS. Sarasota, Fla. WSMM. Nashville, Tenn. WSM. Nashville, Tenn. WSM. Nashville, Tenn. WSM. Spirafield, Tenn. WSM. Dayton, Ohio WSPA. Spartanburg, S. C. WSPD... Toledo, Ohio WSPA. Spartanburg, S. C. WSPD. Toledo, Ohio WSPA. Spartanburg, S. C. WSPD. Surasota, Nass. WSUN. St. Petersburg, Fla. WSM. Cleveland, Ohio WSPA. Syracuse, N. Y. WTAD. Quincy, III. WTAO. Cumberland, Md. WTFI. Cumberland, Md. WTFI. Cumberland, Md. WTFI. Mailwaukee, Wis. WTAN. Nashville, Tenn. WTOC....Savannah, Ga.

WWAE....Hammond, Ind. WWJ.....Detroit, Mich. WWL...New Orleans, La. WWNC...Asheville, N. C. WWRL...Woodside, N. Y. WWVA...Wheeling, W. Va.

Canada

Cranada CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w. CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w. CFCA. CKOW-CNRT, To-ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w. CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w. CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w. CFCN, Charlotter, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 200w. CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w. CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 50w. CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. 1, 312.5m, 960kc, 250w. CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. 1, 312.5m, 960kc, 50w. CFCY, Charlottetown, N. B., 247.9m, 1120kc, 15w. CFCC, Crescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w. CFCC, CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask, 329.7m, 910kc, 500w. CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont, 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w. CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont, 312.5m, 960kc, 30w. CFRC, Kangston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w. CHMA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.3m, 580.4kc, 250w. CHML, H at milton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w. CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w. CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w. CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 540. CHWK, Chilliwick, S. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 540. CHWK, Chilliwick, S. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 540.

CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w. CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w. CJCJ-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w. CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w. CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w. CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w. CJOC, Leth bridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w. CJOC, Leth bridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w. CJOR, Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w. CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w. CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w. CKCA-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w. CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w. CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.

CK-CI, Quebec, F. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w. To ron to, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 50w. CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w. CKCC, Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w. CKCC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w. CKCC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w. CKCC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w. CKCC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w. CKCC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w. CKCC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w. CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta, 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w. CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w. CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w. CKNC, CJEC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 50w. CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w. CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w. CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.

CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w. CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m, 540kc, 500w. CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 500w. CNRA, Moncton, N. B., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w. CNRO, Red Deer, Alta., 357.7m, 840kc, -w. CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w. CNRV, Vancouver, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w. CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc. 100w. CMBD, Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w. CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc, CMBQ, Havana, Obii, 952c, 50w. CMBS, Havana, 441m, 680.2tc, 50w. CMBW, Marianao, 292m, 1027kc, 50w. CMBY, Havana, 290m, 611.9kc, 200w. CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w. CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w. CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, CMCE, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w. CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w. CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w. CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w 300w. CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w. CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w. 500w. CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w. CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w. 500w. CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w. CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w. CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

~ Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

The contest started with the issue

The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots musi-bear the postmark on or before mid-night, September 20, 1930.
 Balloting by means of coupons ap-pearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscrip-tions to RADIO DIGEST when received agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.
 When sent singly each coupm of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:
 For each two consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.
 For each four consecutively numbered

allowed.

coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.
For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.
For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.
For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.
For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.
For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.
For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.
A. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when seciption agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in ad- vance mail sub- scription direct	\$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1- year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail sub-		
scriptions direct 4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3- year and one 1- year; paid in ad-	12.00	500 votes
vance mail sub- scriptions direct. 5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2- year and one 1- year; one 4-year	16.00	/ 750 votes
and one 1 - year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
vear: two 4-year		

year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1 - year; two 5-year paid in ad-vance mail sub-scriptions direct.. 40.00 2,500 votes 5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Mas-sachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louis-iana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky, District num-ber three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Okla-homa, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colo-rado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon. 6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared

Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.
6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, OR GANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist of their district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Cold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.
7. In the event of a tie for any of the will be given to each tying contestant.
8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest will be decided by the Contest of the contest will be decided by the Contest will be decided by the Contest will be decided by the Contest and the contest will be decided by the Contest and the contest will be decided by the Contest and the contest will be decided by the Contest and bis decision will be final.

Incompatible (Continued from page 24)

out counting them as loss — all were beautiful seasons if they were Love's seasons. But there was something not beautiful the matter with her and Sid.

OF COURSE there were no children! And a pang shot through her — a familiar little pang. Probably that was the bottom trouble. Sid was disap-pointed—she guessed that, though he hid his discontent. As for that no one dreamed, Sid no more than anyone else, how deeply and acutely she, herself, felt her childlessness.

Yet, withal, didn't they have enough

in each other for happiness? No, evidently not. But why not? If, for instance, she acted with men as Bess Wandell acted with men, or if Sid were unfaithful to her as Charlie Hamblin was flagrantly unfaithful to his Mabel, or if abs were dicloud to him his Mabel; or if she were disloyal to him merely in spirit as Louise Smith was merely in spirit as Louise Smith was disloyal to Johnny, forever talking about how it was she who had "made" her husband and implying that her superior talents had lifted him from the ditch of mediocrity; or if Sid got drunk and abused her, or even if he were insignifi-cant but insufferably pompus and smug like Fanny Munn's husband — if there were some such concrete "if," then there would be some understanding of yet one would be some understanding of yet one more disappointment in marriage. But was everyone disappointed at the besteveryone but the dreadful people who expected nothing? Was married happi-ness-married love-at the best a mere negation of violently expressed unhappi-ness — merely not getting abusively drunk or being abusively unfaithful 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 cried out to 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 has to assert her husband's love to her own heart, she's not so sure of it as she has a right to be.

But she chased away that thought, and sought to recapture the surging softness and warmth called up by the sight of her Sid when he was a boy. And it did come back to her, that tide of ineffable tender-And, swimming in that tenderness. ness, she told herself that, after all, she ness, she told herself that, after all, she had been exaggerating their failure to find happiness. Had been building hob-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, occasionally, between any human beings who had to live in close day-by-day contact. The only thing that mattered was not the rifts but whether the persons still loved each other. And she and Sid still loved

each other—yes, oh yes! She leaned closer to the window, so close that her forehead brushed the screen. Outside the crickets were at their evening song and back of her a clock was loudly, lazily ticking the sec-onds. The sounds seemed to intensify the pervasive quiet. Outside, inside, the hush hung heavy. No sound of human voices to enliven, to make less tedious, her waiting—not even children's voices. Her thoughts turned and wounded her with a memory sudden and with no ap-parent direct connection: of how Sid had set aside one big bright room for a nursery—when they first took the house. But that big bright room had long since been given over to other purposes and Sid never spoke of those old hopes,

and Amelie never discovered her dis-appointment, never admitted it, to anyone.

BUT there was the deepest reason why she hated certain other childless women of their set who deliberately avoided domestic encumbrances to liveliavoided domestic encombrances to inven-ness—she must accept a standing that put her with them; she could not cry her distaste for their ideas. Here lay a hidden and her most specific reason for disclaiming kinship with that blithe and careless "bunch" so prized by Sid. But Sid had no more idea of all this than a stranger. Curiously she didn't want Sid to suspect how much she want Sid to suspect how much she

want Sid to suspect how much she cared. It seemed to her she could not bear anything that might lift the curtain on how much he cared. While, as a fact, Sid suffered no such disappointment as hers. Possessing Amelie he thought he had more than was his due, anyway. That the subject was closed between them was part of their misfortune misfortune.

Amelie was still waiting for him, cherishing that softened and tender mood, when Sid got home. Her first disappointment was because he didn't come alone. He had brought the out-of-town business acquaintance with him; Sid liked to feel free to bring a friend home to dinner without notice, and Amelie liked him to show his freedom — not every prosperous husband has it. Yet, somehow, tonight-

But she tried to be gracious to this Mr. Jenkins of Sid's, and, when she tried, could be gracious, indeed; only her she could be gracious, indeed; only her feelings beneath remained the same. It came out that Mr. Jenkins was a golf enthusiast and that this was Sid's reason for bringing him to Fair Haven—so he might play over the Club's excellent course the next day, though Sid himself couldn't, hadn't the time. But he would take the visitor over to the Club dance on the some of tonight and introduce him to some of the fellows and arrange a game.

TO AMELIE, feeling as she was feel-ing then, as she had been feeling all afternoon — vaguely wistful and reminiscently regretful and wanting only to be with Sid — the suggestion of a frolicsome evening at the clubhouse, and especially with Sid suggesting it in that enthusiastic way, came as a wet-blanket. enthusiastic way, came as a wet-blanket. And because her tenderness was so sud-denly dampened, so terribly dampened, she didn't want Sid to suspect the mood the day and that boyish picture had called up. Why bare her feelings?—he was obviously eager for this frolic; the time was past when just being with her constituted his most enjoyable "good time.

The Dictated Letter

A^{LL} might have ended differ-ently if Sidney had not had his stenographer write his letters to Amelie. He had injured his hand, which had prevented him from using a pen. But Amelie did not know this. She thought he was indifferent, so the breach was widened another notch. Follow this intensely human story, Incompatible, to its conclusion in the

August

RADIO DIGEST

Yet, when alone with him in their room, she demurred about the evening's plan

"I'm sorry we've got to go to that dance tonight."

"Sorry you're sorry, dear—but I don't see any way out of it. Jenkins brought his evening clothes — I told him to. Then, as I said, it's a good chance to get

him fixed up for tomorrow." She hesitated a second; then: "You put it off on Mr. Jenkins—but you want to go to the dance yourself!" She forced banter into a little laugh, but there was a quaver of something else under the banter. It was the wounded sentiment of a tender mood taking itself out in a mask of pettiness. But what could Sid see but the pettiness? And Amelie was not given to the petty or the pettyish. He answered matter-of-factly: "Of course I want to go — I like to dance and I'm in just the mood tonight." Underneath the matter-of-factness was

something a little hard, a little cold, and almost hidden beneath geniality, but not hidden from Amelie. It amounted to a critical comment on her attitude, and she—she was only acting to be loved! To be assured of his love. So she answered with a weary indifference of tone — the eternally foolish feminine — she

answered: "You're generally in that mood, it seems." seems.

"See here, Amelie," and, to add to its defensiveness, his tone took on an impatience because of the need to be de-fensive, "let's not start that kind of thing now. Don't start acting abused because

now. Don't start acting abused because I want you to go out and have a good time—you know you like to dance as well as anybody!" "I do like to dance," she admitted. "But I like other things, too. And I confess that, at times, I get sort of fed up with people who think life's nothing-but dancing and hunting a good time." She was faintly, gently supercilious about it—oh, such a slight, lady-like shade of superciliousness and that was

shade of superciliousness, and that was thanks to that strangled-down warmth thanks to that strangled-down warmth inside her. But Sid was chilled, re-buffed. And hurt—that tone of hers had sufficed to stir, as a similar demeanor had stirred more than once, a well of bitterness deep and secret within him: Amelie scorned "the bunch," but that wasn't it; the thing that put that edge on her scorn, which used to be so ami-ably slight and humorous, was that she had learned to scorn him with the rest! had learned to scorn him with the rest! Why not, indeed? They were the ones that were his kind, he supposed, even if he had put one over on Amelie when he got her to marry him.

HE WAS hurt as if he had been stabbed. It was not the sense of Amelie's superiority—because Sid, in his genuine humility, had always deemed Amelie high above him; but the suspicion that she was cognizant of his inferiority.

That had been something, this suspicion, he had been fighting away from through all the little rifts and jars which had marred the last two years. She had got taxed and bored with him.

There is no feeling in life more wretched than that of feeling oneself wretched than that of feeling oneself belittled by the adored one. And this feeling, layered onto his own self-depre-cation, had been recurrently making Sid Fletcher unhappy. So unhappy that all he could do was to put on a deceptive uncaring front and withdraw into him-self. Withdrawals to conceal the hurt inside him; and which, according to his idea of his own lacks, must last till she made some sign, gave him a cue to show himself the lover again. And of course. himself the lover again. And, of course, to tide himself over, he must hurl him-self the more hilariously into those distractions she belittled. And all the time longing only to feel his Amelie close again; close to him-in his arms-and

her spirit close to him as well. While Amelie, at such times, would cultivate aloofness, too—a deliberate re-serve compounded of wounded love and serve compounded of wounded love and vanity and of a sheer perversity that she never clearly took in as a part of her make-up. She was so gentle, so spark-ingly distinguished, that no one had ever called her perverse any more than she so named herself. Yet she perhaps knew more of Sid's states of mind than she owned to herself. But she wanted him to love her so much he could not play indifferent even if he tried to. And what she was crying to herself, what she thought, all that pierced her was: "He doesn't love me as he used to love me!— I don't count with him as I used to count!"

What tragic comedy life makes out of the emotions of humans!

Had this fanciful creature, so high-spirited and delicate-spirited and jealously-guarded at once, only had children then she might have learned to feel that her husband was in ways like one of the children, to be understood and helped like one of them; and she would have been taken out of this too-fanciful sweethearting with a husband who was truly more hers than any sweetheart could ever be.

Marriage, with the Fletchers, had never fallen into matter-of-course, prosaic marital habits; but the deep feeling, the poetic tenderness, which had such ways impossible to them, had not flow-ered, either, into the perfect openness which marriage so needs. And that touch of unimportant incompatibility became important when it led to these reserves, these prides and wounded humilities that turned to pride.

THIS evening there was no more argument about the dance or the dancers, and before they joined their guest Amelie went and pressed her cheek for a moment against her husband's sleeve.

sleeve. If she had taken him by the arms and said: "I did not say what I meant! The crowd doesn't matter two pins.— the whole crowd doesn't matter two pins. All in the world that matters is you. And because you're all that matters I stew and fret and want to be assured in return that with you *Uw* all that matreturn that, with you, I'm all that mat-ters. That's all it amounted to, Sid-I want you to tell me, to convince me, that you love me—above *everything!*" If she had said something like this, Sid groom, and probably there would have been no story to tell about the Fletchers. For it was that causeless little breach

that night which marked the most defi-nite point either could ever fix on as the beginning of an incredible chapter. And neither of them guessed what it was about; and neither guessed how it was going to end.

It was his stinging sense that Amelie didn't feel him quite good enough that made Sid act a part that night, of a hus-

made Sid act a part that night, of a hus-band who, indeed, was not quite good enough for such a wife as Amelie. He danced with pretty Mrs. Wandell so often as to be conspicuous. Mrs. Wandell was so superlative a dancer that, had his motive been merely the comparatively innocent one of dancing for dancing's sake—and he trying to for-get all trouble in the apotheosis of rhythm he found with her—he would have had a plausible excuse in seeking have had a plausible excuse in seeking her for a partner. But Sid did not dance as if his interest stood just that way; he threw a shade of something more per-sonal into his manner toward Bess Wandell.

Yes, he threw it there of malice prepense, because he wanted to show that there were pretty women who liked him, His were like a hurt little boy's feelings on one side, but on the other, the side that showed, he was grown-up masculine enough.

And everyone felt that Sid was such a simple honest 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 histrionic talent-when love, wounded love especially, is the stage-manager.

MANY men in Fair Haven did like to dance with Bess Wandell, even though they refused to be "vamped", by her. Bess was the professional vamp of the Country Club crowd. Slim and dark, provocative and conscienceless, she achieved a great deal of masculine attention.

Amelie privately considered that these conquests were bought at too dear a price. She had her own ideas as to the valuation every woman, because she was a woman, should place on herself; and, to Amelie's way of thinking, women who behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held behaved as Bess Wandell behaved, held themselves cheap — cheapened them-selves. But in that easy-going set Mrs. Wandell had kept her dainty and modish skirts clear of forthright damnation. 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 toilettes elegant even if often bizarre; the animation high-pitched otten 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

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 pleasantness, and you forgot to criticize.

More than once Amelie had found herself giving in 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 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 considered 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 caught a peculiar sense of rhythm flow-ing throughout her thin, supple body— caught it in her flexible shoulders and arms, in the way she stepped as on a fragile surface, in even her knees which you could not see, but which you somehow divined vibrant, rhythmic, behind that shrouding skirt. Her every movement 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 boyish in his sheer enthu-siasm of enjoyment. There was nothing staff 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.

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 hubberd's every were record here. 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 flir-tatious episode had been mostly the "vamp's" doing, merely in keeping with her eventometry behavior. her customary behavior. No, she mustn't let a Bess Wandell raise an issue between herself and Sid—it was not Bess

KFVD, Culver City, Calif., is very proud of its jolly trio, the Hal Roach Happy-Go-Lucky musicians, shown above. Their costumes smack of the soil, hey what? Hill-billies or not, they shore can play!





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

Wandell, anyway; she felt a little throb of pride in her indifference to Bess Wandell, but she was not indifferent to Sid's 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."

B UT Sid was still stung with a sense of her criticism of himself—this re-tracting light concession did not touch the only hurt he had felt; so his voice held a tinge of reserve as he answered: "Had a bully time, myself. I like the bunch—they're jolly, and pick you up. I like 'em even though you don't." If Amelie had spoken from her heart.

If Amelie had spoken from her heart, then, the voice from her heart would have cried out: "My picking flaws is born of jealousy! Because I don't want

born of jealousy! Because I don't want any bunch to mean as much as home to you! I can't bear them as competitors. That's what'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 suc-cinctly. Perhaps to his other hurts his conscience was hurting him a bit — and contributing only to that brusqueness! 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—

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?"

A GAINST 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-"

can do it, too!---but---"Are you implying she can make a fool of me?" betraying amazement but more distant and stiff than ever. "Oh, no, not that exactly---you know I don't mean that. But she's the kind that covets any new conquest and will play the game to any extent to make a conquest. And men are sometimes more flattered by that sort of thing than they realize. It's just that I can't bear the thought of Bess Wandell pickin on you — flattering you — trying to flirt with you—and perhaps winning her way with you inst a little." you just a little.

It was sincere, that rush of words, for once terribly sincere; but 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 admirable in that woman's eyes! And Amelie had not meant to say any And Amelie had not meant to say any of these things; but her urge, at just that moment, swept 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. Of course I don't mean imperime her or courthing tile that

mean ignoring her, or anything like that; only don't be-responsive. Don't dance with her so often as to be conspicuous;

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," said Sid. "I'm really astonished at you. Bess Wandell means nothing to me, and you know it." "Of course I know it—that's not the point."

"WELL, I don't seem to get the moved toward the closet to get his dress-

ing-gown. How could he see the point?—he couldn't read Amelie's insides. But be-cause he failed to read what was hidden and fermenting there - that turmoil of 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 — be-cause he didn't somehow grasp all this, Amelie felt rebuffed. For she thought— here the felt would change here no, she felt as if she had shown him her heart; and she was too overwrought to be able to draw any lines between what she thought and what she felt. No, to her, it was that she had shown him her her, it was that she had shown him her heart only to have him glance at it in-differently, impatiently. She felt an al-most uncontrollable impulse to burst into tears. But she would not cry! She regretted her overtures, her attempt at sincerity, her impulsiveness. She would not cry—not now! She fought for con-trol and poise. Regained them—overdid it somewhat. it somewhat. Sid veered, too; he returned from the

closet a little ashamed of himself, miser-able, anxious to "make up," and started

able, anxious to "make up," and started toward her with his arms out; but, be-cause he was ashamed of himself, stumbling into the wrong words: "It's not Bess Wandell, Amelie, that's cut you out," he began. Now, what woman would like that, unless she were in one of love's radiant moods when words don't count anyway? And Amelie's was far from that. She only saw Sid's onen arms as she turned. 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 I mind?"

Sid flung from her room into his with-out a word. He had found Amelie's delicate irony a pretty gift when she had now and again—she never used it

much-brought it to his help in some conversational impass where he was get-ting "balled up." She knew he was not clever with words the way she was: And knew it now, and now . . . The sting knew it now, and now . . . T went out of all proportion deep.

A ND 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 well

There was an ache in his heart, and hunger, and warmth; but there was

hunger, and warmth; but there was something that smarted, too—that bade him not show his hurt. And Amelie, so near him yet so im-measurably distant, was thinking into the dark: "He doesn't care for me as he used to care. If he did he wouldn't want to go to Bess Wandell's—that creature so beneath bothering about! But he shan't know how I care, how I suffer because he's changed—he shan't suffer because he's changed—he shan't, he shan't!"

What foolishness for two people, mar-ried, and truly married so far as loving each other went. And why so foolish? Perhaps, besides their need of children to bring them down to realities and take these quirks of nonsensical pride and sensitiveness out of them, perhaps a deeper partnership in everyday life would have, could have, helped them.. They had 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 so-bered Amelie into a real wife instead of this self-torturing sweetheart. Cer-tainly, it does appear, it's where life is easy and smooth and prosperous that married people are bewitched like this What foolishness for two people, marmarried people are bewitched like this to hunt trouble.

HowWellDoYouKnow 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 dis-tinction to be the boseners of "Amar tinction to be the possessor of "Amer-ica'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 sta-

tion was used by foreign power to con-vey code messages? 6. Who wrote the Rhapsody in Blue? 7. What is Olive Palmer's "real name?"

8. Who used to be known as "the red-headed music maker?" 9. What well known announcer

taught the Prince of Wales to play the ukulele?

10. Who is known as the Eiffel Tower of Radio? * * *

Answers to the questions in June

issue: 1. S. Parkes Cadman. 2. Countess Albani. 3. Will Osborne. 4. Saxo-phone. 5. Amy Goldsmith. 6. During the World War in a music store at Ft. Worth. 7. He was allowed to pinch-hit for the regular announcer. 8. Yale. 9. The stage. 10. WCHI.

Talkies Take the Air (Continued from page 34)

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

In fact, this entire movement is spreading so rapidly that it is pretty hard to keep track of it all. Ultimately, however, it looks as though the talkie magnates would hog-tie everything to it

magnates would hog-tie everything to it ... theaters, production units, Radio, song houses, talking machines, electrical transcriptions and recordings. There is almost no limit to it. Perhaps you will wonder why the lengthy list of the film stars who pio-neered in Radio some time ago, but did not include those of 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 filmdom. filmdom.

It would be lots easier to say who hasn't been on the Radio instead of reciting the list of those who have. I reciting the list of 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 against the talkies because of his pantomime. Neither will he essay to talk via Radio. But on at least two occasions the announcer has caught his "good-evening" as he passed by the mike stand on his way into Grauman's Chinese on his way to a premiere.

Chinese on his way to a premiere. Talkie stars of the present day do not have the mannerisms and idiosyncrasies of the stars of the silent films when it comes to Radio. They ad lib sometimes, comes to Radio. They ad ho sometimes, it is true, but mostly they are very busi-ness-like in their actions before the microphone. They take it plenty seri-ously for, after all, the business office is beginning to realize what a husky henchman and ally Radio can be to the

theater. One of the smartest things in connec-tion with the Radio and talkies lately has been the series of KFI travel talks by Tom Terriss, who prefers to be known as the vagabond director. He has made twenty-six travel shorts for Pathe with the lecture synchronized. The fans hear his KFI talks and forth-

with saunter over to the show houses to see his travel talkie. Will Rogers' "Connecticut Yankee" for Fox will probably find that his com-mercial broadcast series has not injured the showing of the film. Far from it.

PAUL WHITEMAN'S broadcasts P have created a good-sized audience for his "King of Jazz" for Universal. Amos 'n' Andy will find that their con-tract with Radio Pictures will be a big thing.

thing. That Radio has helped Rogers, Whiteman, Gosden and Correll cannot be doubted. But, it must be remem-bered, Radio did not start them on original careers. They had a profes-sional background which was further enhanced through Radio experience. Besides all the West coast broadcasts by talkie people, there is the Para-mount-Publix hour weekly over C. B. S. At this writing a sponsored affair is on

At this writing a sponsored affair is on the air for a half hour twice each Friday via NBC, once for the East and again for the West on account of the four-

hour difference in time. There was an M-G-M hour at KHJ which lagged when difference of opinion cropped out between the station and studio. The M-G-M people claim they ought to get the time free, while the station thought they ought to put up the cash.

A movement has been started which has spread with cooperation between theaters and the Radio. Some of the theaters employ Radio contact men who run around to the broadcasters and give

run around to the broadcasters and give them sheet music for orchestra and singers and phonograph records. Of course the songs are from theme songs of pictures currently running in the film palaces. If the stations are tender-hearted, which some of them are, they not only plug the stuff, but also mention the theaters and pictures. But even if they don't, by the law of averages the prop-aganda more than pays for itself. aganda more than pays for itself.

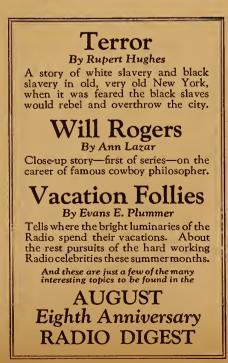
T HIS theme song gag is getting a bit fact remains that Tin Pan Alley has been lifted bodily and carted from New York to Hollywood. All the big shots of song plugdom are storming at the doors of the talkies. The gates have been let down for scores of them at fabulous salaries. They might as well make the most of it and get the coin, because their active brains will not grind out snappy stuff forever.

It is even rumored that some of the or taser idea from the theaters and adapt it to the Radio. You go into the film palace and see a portion of advance film from something of the next week. The companies now plan to put some dialogue on an electrical transcription. 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.

the tale. So, to make a long story short, they've buried the hatchet about the quarrel between Radio, films and phon-ograph. In fact, Radio has given them all a pretty big boost though it is hard to see how they in turn have done so very much for Radio. There is the Paramount combination with the Columbia chain, RKO's ar-rangement with National Broadcasting company and Warner's proposition with Brunswick.

with Brunswick.

A news dispatch from the east the other day tells something about the making of the Brunswick records in Muskegon, Michigan, yet the rumors in Los Angeles say that the Brunswick records are going to be made in Holly-wood At the same time Flo Zierfeld wood. At the same time, Flo Ziegfeld is in town. Whether there is any connection between the two items remains to be seen.



THESE combinations, mergers, amal-gamations and what not, are in the

L gamations and what not, are in the press every day. One proposed gigantic merger would combine the motion pictures, theaters, music publishers, talkies, Radio and television interests. This would give essentially a monopoly on film, stage, Device and music contextainment and Radio and music entertainment and, unless the federal government objected strenuously, it would make billions for its promoters.

They perhaps have in mind, too, that they might be able to collect some royalty on home movies and also on Radio Broadcast programs. Although the scheme of things looks as though it might lock horns with the Sherman Act bets are up that nothing will be done about it. done about it.

done about it. It doubtless is true that this great interlocking of interests, directorates, patents and other things, has caused tremendous criticism on the part of musicians, fans, booking agencies, theater patrons and others who see in the movement a trend to completely the movement a trend to completely choke art and substitute a lot of me-

choke art and substitute a lot of me-chanical short cuts. Incidentally, instead of rivaling the phonograph, Radio has brought to the talking machine the combination Radio-phonograph set and also electrical re-cording and reproduction with better quality and volume. Radio hasn't displaced the theater and nowadays the theater talent finds its best publicity is through the medium of proadcast either direct campaign or the

broadcast, either direct campaign or the more subtle ways and means devised by hawk-eyed press agentry. And, too, Radio principles have "made the talkie

Radio principles have have have possible. What will happen when television gets here? Probably nothing. Tele-vision will be for the theater rather than for the home, partly because it is not so practicable for the fan to have ex-pensive outfits and keep them in repair, but more because the home television but more because the home television equipment leaves almost no way 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, 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 let-ters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—prviding, of course, that the cat's whisker was behaving properly. Let's go back to those early days and get acquainted with some of the Radio pioneers. Those boys had some thrill-ing and amusing experiences

ing and amusing experiences. Ever hear of Station WGI? or IXE?

Ever near of Station WGIF of IXEF That station was owned by the Amer-ican Radio and Research corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hill-side, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively. exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm 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 genuiue surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman responsible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

O N JANUARY 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the S. S. "Florida" off Nantucket, demonstrated to the whole world the value of wireless when he stood by his instruments in the dark on a sinking ship to summon aid, which arrived in time to save all hands. Among those who were thrilled hands. Among those who were thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a gram-mar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested to learn more about this strange method of communication— wireless. He read every technical book and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then and magazine devoted to the subject which he could get his hands on. Then he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and re-ceived permission to leave school some-what earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon! By the time he finished school young

By the time he finished school young Powers, as a result of his application to wireless operation, was able to pass the rigid examination and get a berth as operator on a New York-Boston pas-senger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Cor-sair," Mr. Powers, even yet hardly more than a lad, interested the financier in the possibilities, little recognized at the time, of Radio. The result of this interest on the part of his employer was the establishment of Station IXE and the forming of the American Radio and Research corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Powers.

D URING the war amateur broad-casting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governexisting at that thile other than govern-mental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were per-mitted to take the air again and WGI (the new call letters assigned to Sta-tion IXE) took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be (no pun intended, Harold!) at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon. in the general direction of the moon. Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down. Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks, with the Montreal Ex-press less than a guarter of a mile

press less than a quarter of a mile away stepping along at a mile-a-minute clip. Fortunately the engineer on the Express saw the mast come down and fifteen seconds later the well-shaken passengers, who left their seats when passengers, who left their seats when the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thor-oughly prostrated broadcasting antenna mast. In its trip to earth the tower had carried with it seventeen telegraph, telephone and electric light wires which happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was happened to be in its path. Needless to say, the permanent mast which was then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Rail-road used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed! passed!

The Hunters

(Continued from page 31)

mus's plight with neighborly interest and there was an obviously friendly in-tention in his laconic inquiry, "Stuck?" "I got stuck in the sand here," Coli-

semus muttered back stupidly, for his

brain was congested. "Bad road fer a car 'less you keep plumb in the wagon tracks," the friendly man remarked as he hopped out of his car. Bustling and loquacious he exam-ined Colisemus's stalled machine, open-ing the hood, looking to the spark plugs heavingly, talling brickly the while

knowingly, talking briskly the while. "Looks to me like your battery'd give out," he announced at length. "I can

out, he announced at length. I can give you a lift to town . . ." Colisemus then heard three pistol shots, faint but unmistakable, off to the southeast, in the direction where he sup-posed the man hunt to be going for-ward. 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, when a man is fleeing for his neck and everything depends upon carrying out the program without a hitch. He knew exactly how that was himself—and the sudden agony of find-ing 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.

S O SWARTHY and burly Colisemus, with his round head and comfort-able padding of flesh, stepped back to the brick road between the friendly man and his new green car. The friendly man was coatless and obviously un-armed. Something black appeared in Colisemus's right hand. "Stay where you are," he commanded. "Don't move. Keep still." He backed to the new green car, climbed into it and drove away, leaving its owner thunderstruck on the edge of the road. Then the owner caught his breath and started at a gallop toward the farm house which Colisemus had passed fifty rods before coming to the disastrous woods road.

disastrous woods road.

Colisemus knew he had taken a risk. In time there would be a hue and cry over the stolen car. But meanwhile he would have picked up Helter and they would beat it by the first good cross road, avoiding Bocaganza. The shooting having been done, a car to get away in was an absolute necessity. He had the car and noticed that it performed

the car and horized that very satisfactorily. Approaching the general scene of the man hunt he slowed, looking off into the pine timber at the east for Helter. He slowed more, only creeping along. Pres-ently he came to the rough road into which Bodet's car had turned that mornwhich isodet's car had turned that morn-ing and along which Helter had fol-lowed on foot. There he stopped, nervously and in a moment got 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 would recognize his figure, although he wouldn't be looking for a green car. With taut nerves Colisemus waited there

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ten minutes or more. Surely by that time Helter should have reached the road. Foreboding, Colisemus got back into the car and went slowly south; but he very soon came to the stretch of road which overlooked the burned area between drainage ditch and thick timber along the lake. That was all open country. Helter would hardly choose it to flee across. Puzzled, Colisemus stopped again.

Here was a dilemma. Colisemus was acutely aware of Helter's situation, in acutely aware of Helter's situation, in case Helter should then be making his getaway. But he was also acutely aware of his own situation. By that time twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed since he commandeered this shiny green car and he was still in the locality of the crime. Poles and wires were strung along the brick road; that meant tele-phones. Why didn't Helter appear? Should he wait longer, cruise back over the road again—or look to his own skin by "beating it"? He was pondering that in nervous un-

He was pondering that in nervous un-certainty—full of a black resentment against this whole untoward, inexplicable day . . .

A VEHICLE was approaching from the south along the brick road. An automobile might have been somewhat disquieting; but this vehicle was a ram-shackle old buggy drawn by a bony, melancholy, jogging nag. Colisemus looked at it only once and turned his attention again to that blackened, open waste from somewhere on the farther VEHICLE was approaching from waste from somewhere on the farther waste from somewhere on the farmer side of which, he thought, the pistol shots had sounded. He looked around again only as the ramshackle buggy stopped beside his car, vaguely recog-nizing the lean, round shouldered, mat-whiskered man and the well grown boy who had been in the ward where he got who had been in the yard where he got a drink. The recognition was only a flicker in the back of his mind, for he was looking into a double-barreled shotgun. There was an unmistakable grim-ness on the mat-whiskered face behind The twin barrels were two feet from

"Stick up yer hands," the man was saying grimly. "That's my brother-in-law's car. Go take his gun, Bud." The fatal telephone!

Colisemus had had an hour and a half to himself, to wonder in, in his cell at the Bocaganza county jail, when three men entered. One of them was the un-dersized, bandy-legged, bush-mustached deputy sheriff to whom the man with the shotrun had turned him our

deputy sheriff to whom the man with the shotgun had turned him over. "Know this man?" said the deputy, indicating one of his companions. The man indicated evidently had a fraction of negro blood. He was stoutish, with thick lips, clad in overalls and calico shirt. His right arm was in a new white cotton sling; apparently he had been slightly wounded. It was the same man whom Bodet and Dorman had seen on the shore of the island and whom Helthe shore of the island and whom Helter, somewhat later, had seen in the lit-tle clearing.

Colisemus stared at him and shook his head.

The deputy turned the question around, asking the quadroon whether he had ever seen Colisemus! The quad-roon answered sullenly in the negative. Then he added, also sullenly: "I tol' you before I don't know nothin' about that first shootin'. I ain't seen nobody on the island today except the two bee hunters and the men that raided us. None of us seen anybody else on the island. I heard two shots before the raiders come, but I don't know nothin' about 'em."

THE DEPUTY considered and suggested to his other companion,

"Probably it's just a coincidence." He turned to Colisemus, explaining: "Mis-ter, there was two shots fired on the island before it was raided. This man here had two guns on him. One of 'em's a plain seven shooter revolver. The other's a new, fancy automatic. He says it's his gun, and he's had it for quite a spell. But it's a dead mate for the gun that was took off you—twin brother to it." brother to it.

He paused for any comment the pris-oner might choose to make. Helter had carried a twin brother to Colisemus's gun. Colisemus's heavy-lidded eyes turned to the quadroon. For a moment the two strangers looked at each other and there was deep meaning in the look, for far apart as their lines had been cast they were in a not dissimilar way of living; to both of them being in possession of another man's gun was much session of another man's gun was much the same as being in possession of his scalp. The quadroon's thick lips were parted as he waited for the comment. But Colisemus merely muttered, "I don't know anything about it." Then for an instant his eyes and the eyes of the deputy sheriff's other com-panion held together. This other com-panion was Ben Bodet, who was to have been killed that day without fail. The deputy sheriff spoke to Bodet:

deputy sheriff spoke to Bodet: "Probably them guns is just a coincidence. I'm going to send out a descrip-tion of this fella and see if he's wanted uon of this fella and see if he's wanted anywhere. But anyhow, stealin' that car will let him in for three, four years— highway robbery. I thought maybe ..." But the three visitors were already at the cell door and Colisemus heard no more

Of Helter nothing further was heard. But an imaginative person, those genial, sub-tropic days, might have fancied that the big alligator, sunning himself on the mud bank, wore an expression of benevolent satisfaction with the world as he found it.

The Cabin's Secret

(Continued from page 25)

he was supposed to be wealthy and yet,

he was 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 him you would understand." "Well, darling, I'm not marrying you for money, you know. I'm the luckiest man in the world to get you just as you are. But if there is anything in this idea of yours that he might have left a will hidden up here in this sacred old retreat of his—we'll know it tonight. Wait a minute until I look in the next room." Dick left Julia. He was just gone

Dick left Julia. He was just gone about a minute when he heard her scream. He ran out to where he had left her.

her. "Good heavens! What was that?" he asked in startled tones. In the candle glow Julia's face was an ashen white. Dick looked around the room but failed to see anything wrong. Suddenly he re-membered the door had been closed and now it was open.

"WHY, it's just the door blown open by the wind, Julia." "Oh, yes, I see," she stammered. "But Dick, let's go and come back tomorrow when it's light. I'm just imagining all sorts of things." "Don't be nervous, sweetheart. There's not a thing in the world to be afraid of."

not a thing in the world to be afraid of," he assured her. "See, we're just getting used to the candle light now." Julia, finally composed, walked over to a large hor and est dewr box and sat down.

"My, what a quaint old place! How

many rooms are there, dear?" Dick

"This room and the one you just came out of and an attic above. I used to climb up there on a ladder when I was five years old." Dick scanned the place. "Is that the ladder over there in the

"Why yes, I believe it is. But it looks rather wobbly now, doesn't it?" "Darling, we'll have to clean up this place and keep it looking better for your dad's sake. If he loved this little cabin he would feel pretty badly to see it going

he would teel pretty badry to see it going to ruin this way." "The dust must be an inch thick. I al-most wish I hadn't suggested coming. Now that we're here there doesn't seem to be any place to look for a will and it is so damp and chilly. Let's go, Dick, and come back tomorrow," she pleaded. "Then we can sort clean it up a bit. As "you said daddy would be very unhappy

"Then we can sorta clean it up a bit. As you said, daddy would be very unhappy if he knew it was so neglected." "You and your dad must have been great pals, Julia." "He was the dearest father a girl ever had—so proud, Dick; and so proud of me, too. You see I was a small baby when mother died. Dad had to be mother and father to me. He used to call me his little princess and I called him my king. I think I won't ever quite get over losing him—my memory of him is so precious. I suppose I should be grateful for that.

Dick put his arm around her. "I understand, sweetheart." She rested her head on his shoulder. Dick realized

it was getting late. "Suppose you look through that old cupboard over there and I'll rummage there," he said pointing to a corner. "All right, dear. But let's hurry." Julia

opened the cupboard and another scream

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.

"There now, how's that?" asked Dick when he had chased the last one.

"There's not a thing in those boxes, dear. Just a lot of old newspapers, some nails and a rusty saw. Did you find any-thing in the cupboard?"

Julia replied laughing, "Yes, a lot of

"Better let me take a look. You were so frightened by the mice that you couldn't have seen a will if it were there."

Dick searched every shelf and shook his head in the negative when he fin-ished. Julia rose from the box on which she was sitting.

"O H, DICK, it was probably all fool-

V ishness but – well, I'm going to 'fess up. Last week I dreamed about dad and in my dream he told me to come up here. There was a hurt look in his eyes — just as though he were disap-pointed I hadn't come before and yet, as though he were glad I hadn't, too. It was so strange. I didn't tell you about it because I thought you would think me silly and I guess I am. I suppose it was just a dream after all, so let's go

"No, Julia. I don't think you're silly. "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. "Don't be afraid, Julia. I'll be down in a few minutes.'

She sat down again and tried to be patient. She could hear Dick walking around above her head. "Are you all right, dear?" he called

down.

"All right," she answered. Dick continued to poke I through the debris in the attic. his way

Finally Julia heard a strange noise and n to the opening calling up, "What

Finally Julia heard a strange noise and ran to the opening calling up, "What was that noise, Dick?" . "Nothing, honey, just missed a bat that's flying around up here. Just a min-ute. I see an old trunk." "Do hurry, Dick," Julia called. It's lonesome down here and I'm afraid." "There's nothing to be afraid of. 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 With nervous fingers he untied it and found what he was searching 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. Instead he con-tinued to read:

"MY PRECIOUS child: Some day you will come back here — it won't be soon-and I want it that way, won't be soon—and I want it that way, for I want a few years to pass before you learn that I was not your father. You must be brave, dear child, for you and I were very close. You were left on my doorstep years ago, Julia, and I took you into my home and into my heart." Dick sat motionless for a moment and then 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 if I was mother and dad to you, you were daughter and mother to me. Con-trary to what most people thought, I never was a rich man, dear, but you will find all I have, ten thousand dollars, de-posited in the State Bank at Fairfield which I bequeath to you. I am putting this will up here in the attic of this old retreat where I spent so many happy hours alone, and I'm not quite sure whether I hope you will ever find it or not." not."

Julia became more and more impatient. "For goodness sake, Dick, what are you doing? I'm coming right up," and with that he could hear her coming up the ladder step by step. He crammed the letter in his pocket and pretended to be looking over some others.



"Did you find anything?"

"Not a thing other than these old let-ters." 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, Dich." Dick.

They closed the trunk lid. As Dick descended he tried but failed to find a happy ending for the letter in his pocket. What should he do? Should he take away her pride and the memory of the man whom she believed to be her father for the themend dollars, or should he -for ten thousand dollars-or should he destroy the will?

And thus the Hamilton-Brown Sketch Rook closed, asking its listeners to com-plete 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 tribula-tions of the young violinist bear a marked similarity to the adventures of Don Amaizo.

"I see where Don Malin, WLS musical director and announcer, has quit the microphone," Bill reminisced.

Yes, Don has entered commercial pursuits. He's had quite a time deciding what to do. You know he became a 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 George Hay's departure for WSM. Don's now in the insurance business. Joined a college pal here in representing the State Mutual Assur-ance company of Worcester, Mass. Steve Cisler, long announcing at WLS and previously at a number of other midwestern stations, has taken his place. midwestern stations, has taken his place.

You know, sometimes station financial difficulties affect the staff artists and scatter them about. The now defunct WHT did just that. Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix had a poplar piano song team there. I understand Frank is now playing the piano in an orchestra in To-peka, Kan., while Gail is still in Chicago doing a solo act at various stations now and then.

Al Carney, Pat Barnes and Jean Sar-gent were also WHT favorites. Now Al gent were also with favorites. Now Af Carney, the popular organist, has built his own very wonderful organ in a stu-dio over on East Illinois street and is broadcasting through WCFL at pres-ent, although it may be WLS by the time this is in print. Pat Barnes went to WCN as anouncer and still is guite time this is in print. Fat barnes went to WGN as announcer and still is quite popular. He's been married for some time, you know—a WHT studio ro-mance—and now has a pretty little daughter, Barbara. The Barneses live at 3000 Sheridan road. Speaking of WGN reminds me of Jean Napier, but I'll come back to that I'll come back to that.

The third member of the Al, Pat and Jean gang, Jean Sargent, is theoretically off the air but practically on. That is, after she left WHT she became a sort of promotional director for Hartman's Furniture company. You know she's Furniture company. You know she's quite an expert at interior decorating 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 Janice Perry. She gives talks after-noons over WIBO with which the Eve-

I said I'd come back to Jean Napier. You recall the original Winken, Blinken and Nod harmony team at WGN? You should—I think you introduced them to the air while you were managing that station. That was a sweet trio, Jean and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and

and the two Matthews sisters, Lou and Gay. Whatever became of Jean? "He went to New York," Announcer Bill replied, as he loaded his rusty Scotch briar with a fresh charge of to-bacco. "And I hear he's doing well as a member of the Four Rajahs male quar-tet. The group is quite popular and tet. The group is quite popular and often sings, I believe, with the Vincent Lopez orchestra. The present edition of Winken, Blinken and Nod is on KYW, isn't it?" Yes, but it's an all-girl trio now. The third member of the team is Ruth Ben-con Speeking of trios do you remem-

son. Speaking of trios, do you remem-ber way back when KYW had the World Criers on duty twenty-four hours a day? Three announcers took turns of

a day? Three announcers took turns of eight hours each and read news flashes every half hour for a five-minute period. "I sure do," Bill meditated. "Let's see, the original three were Ed Harper, Eddie Borroff and Steve Trumbull. Steve is off the air but handling public-ity for the Chinage Calumbia custom offices, and Borroff is commercial man-ager of WENR, but what's become of Harper?"

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

You could write a book on the adventures of Trumbull, however, since he quit Radio and up to the time he re-entered the field again. I suppose you heard he went in with Paul Neal on a commercial fishing venture on the Pacific coast, didn't you? I thought you must have. Well, one of the biggest episodes in that period of his life was when their boat caught fire. Both were badly burned and Steve was in the hos-pital for months. Then, he and Neal both decided, was a very good time to try some other business for a change.

try some other business for a change. Not much left of the original KYW structure. Wilson Wetherbee, one of the first directors, has a responsible executive position with the National Broadcasting company Chicago offices. Sallie Menkes went to WENR and has been there ever since. Harold Isbell, who migrated twice between the Pacific coast and KYW, is announcing at WENR. Herbie Mintz went there for a time, too, and Morgan Eastman, who conducted the Edison programs over KYW, is chief mogul at WENR. Where's Herbie Mintz these days? "I understand he has an orchestra of

"I understand he has an orchestra of his own," Bill filled in. "Other new orchestras are being directed by Frank Sylvano and Bob Nolan. Bob, you re-call, was the sweet lyric tenor who warthat band was broadcasting over WBBM. Sylvano did the same sort of thing with many Chicago bands which have been on the air in the past.

"What has become of Pete MacArlong at the B. J. Palmer's WOC micro-phone, and 'Gloomy Gus' Gayle Grubb, of KFAB, Lincoln?"

of KFAB, Eniconif They're still in Radio strong. Pete is in charge of affairs at KFLV, Rockford, Ill., I hear, while Gloomy Gus is boss of WKY, Oklahoma City. Richard V. Haller, who you'll remember from the old days as director of KGW, Portland, Ore, is still on the job there. "Happy" Harry Geise, ex-WQJ-KSTP, was last

heard from at KMTR, Hollywood, Calif. Fred Smith, pioneer Radio playwright and director for years of WLW, Cincin-nati, is in New York in charge of pre-paring the broadcast news continuity for the Magazine of Time. Oh, yes. In speaking of Radio stars going into the band leading business, you forgot one, Bill. Remember Vi Bradley? Well, she's directing a nine-piece girls' orchestra at WCHI here. She calls it Vi Bradley and her Debu-tantes.

tantes. "Ev, I'll bet you another cup of coffee you don't know where Mac Ohman, the sartorial treat of Radio, who used to keep the WOAW phones busy taking requests, is hanging his hat," Bill challenged.

I'll buy the coffee. Where is he? "He's at WHO, Des Moines, now. Most of his schedules are in the after-Most of his schedules are in the after-noon, however, because the chain fils the night pretty well. Maybe that's why you haven't heard him. And 'Tony' Wans, of Tony's Scrapbook fame. You know he was at WLW for eight months last season. I saw him several months ago as he was on his way to Eagle River, Wis., to take a four-month vaca-tion fishing and philosophising. He tells me that perhaps one of the networks will have in the Fall. Both are nibbling, I hear." hear.

I hear." That's interesting. Know where John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the Mona Motor Oil twins are hiding out? They're on the NBC system but on a division of it that doesn't reach this far East on many occasions. They're working out of the San Francisco studios. "Great Scott," Bill appropriately ex-claimed. "I've been chinning here with you for two hours and I'm supposed to

you for two hours and I'm supposed to be back at the studios to look over a final rehearsal. I must be going."

Wait just a minute, Bill. I have to get a bit more gossip off my chest for the benefit of Radio Digest's "Old Home Week" readers, and then we'll go. Here 'tis. Grace Wilson is still on the job with her contralto voice over WLS and WCFL. Kay Ronayne, the crooning ballad interpreter, is working at the B. & K. Publix motion picture houses and

& K. Fublix motion picture nouses and getting in an occasional broadcast at WIBO and WGES. Eddie and Fanny Cavenaugh, the Gaelic Twins and KYW pioneers, are a regular morning feaure of WIBO. Art Linick, creator of "Mrs. Schlagenhauer," when not on local commercial programs when not on local commercial programs, is generally to be found at WCFL. harry "Dream Daddy" Davis still pinch hits occasionally for Uncle Bob (Wal-ter) Wilson on the children's program of KYW, although his main interest in life is fancying pureblood English Sheep dogs, owning, as he does, one of the few kennels in this part of the country devoted to that variety of blue ribbon winner.

Bert Davis, who originated the "Clown of the Air" act at WOJ years and years ago, has returned to Radio after several years' absence and may be tuned in on afternoon programs of KYW, Jerry "Chi-CAW-go" Sullivan, original WQJ director-announcer, has been holding the reigns of WSBC for several years now, and not long ago added a new Mrs. Sullivan to his household. Eddie Squires, incidenally, is at WFLA-Squires, WSUN

WSUN. Well, Bill, that covers a lot of ground, but there are many old timers I know I've neglected simply because I couldn't get a line on them. We'll have to hold another reunion for them, eh? "Yes, Ev, and before we go, let's not forget Charlie Erbstein, John B, Daniel and William Lynch. They gave their best to the advancement of Radio. May they rest in peace."

RADIO DIGEST

NEVER EXPECTED HE'D BE REJECTED

He'd be in the market for a solitaire today if his socks had been as smooth as his wooing. But she said: "NO"-quietly, but firmly. She detested slovenly habits-and sloppy socks were her pet peeve. (Don't think that women "are funny that way." It's the little things in life that count for most after all.) A modern Romeo needn't be a Sheik, but he dare not be_____a Freak!

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		100 50	KGHX F	Richmond, Tex.			100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.			500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y. Miaml Beach, Fla.
		100	KCKB B	cottsbluff, Neb.			100	KFLX	Galveston, Texas			1,000	WOQ K	ansas City, Mo.
		100 100	KPJM P KUJ Lor	rescott, Arlz. ng Vlew, Wash.			100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)	232.4	1,290	1,000	KEUL	Galveston, Texas
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		100 250	WCLB L	ong Beach, N. Y. Connersville, Ind. (day)			100	KGFC	Raton, NM.			1,000	KTSA S WEBC	an Antonio, Texas (night) Superior, Wls.
		100 50	WKBV C	Connersville, Ind. (night)			100	KGGM	San Angelo, Texas			1,000	WJAS WNBZ	Pittsburgh, Pa. Saranac Lake, N, Y.
		100 250	WLBX I WLOE B	Long Island Clty, N. Y. oston, Mass. (day)			100 200	KUNO S	den, Utah (day)	234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		100	WLOE B	loston, Mass. (night) Newnort, R. I.			100 100	KOH R	gden, Utab (night) eno, Nev.			500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa. Brooklyn, N. Y.			100 100	KOOS I	Marshfield, Ore erkeley, Callf.			2,500	WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		50	WMES H	Boston, Mass.			100 100	KWL SC	Kansas City, Mo.			500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		50	WNBF	Binghamton, N. Y.			100 100	KZM H WBBL	layward, Calif. Richmond, Va.	236.1	1.270	1.000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		100	WPEN P	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)			250 100	WCBM WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day) Baltimore, Md. (night)			50	KGCA	Decorah, Iowa Seattle, Wash.
		100	WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.			100 100	WELK	Emory, Va. Philadelphia, Pa.			1,000	KTW :	Seattle, Wash. Decorah, Iowa
201.6 I,	,490	5,000	WORD H WCKY	Batavia, III. Covington, Ky.			100 100	WFBJ WFVD	Collegeville, Minn. Rome, Ga.			500 250	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich. Baltimore, Md.
		5,000	WJAZ M WCHI C	It. Prospect, Ill. Chicago, Ill.			100 100	WCL F WHBD	t. Wayne, Ind. Bellefontaine, Oblo			500 500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y. Grand Rapids, Mich.
	1	10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.			100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn. Calumet. Mich.		1.000	1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
202.6 1,	,480	5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.			1,000	WHDH WIBM	Calumet, Mich. Jackson, Mich.	230	1,200	100	KRGV	Harlington, Texas,
204 1,	,470	5,000	KGA Sp WLAC	ookane, Wash. Nashville, Tenn.			50 100	WJBK WLEY	Ypsilanti, Mich. Lexington, Mass.			500	KWWC	Brownsville, Texas
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn,			100 100	WMBR WPOE	Tampa, Fla. Patchogue, N. Y.			500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
205.4 1	,460	0,000	WJSV M	t. Vernon, Ill.			50 10	WRAK WRBJ	Williamsport, Pa. Hattiesburg, Miss,	239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Bolse, Idaho
206.8 1	,450	500	WFJC A	Akron, Ohlo brevenort, La.			100	WRBT WRJN	Wilmington, N. C. Racine, Wis.			1,000	KFMX KFOX	Northfield, Mlnn. Long Beach, Callf.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.			50	WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.			1,000 2,000	WAAM WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night) Newark, N. J. (day)
		250	WIBS E	lizabeth, N. J.	220.4	1,360	1,000	WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.			1,000	WCAL WDSU	Northfield, Minn. New Orleans, La.
		250	WNJ Ne	ewark, N. J.			250	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.			250	WGCP WLB-V	Newark, N. J. WGMS Minneapolls, Minn.
		250	WTFI T	occoa, Ga.			500 1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)			1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J. Fridley, Minn.
208.2 1	.440	250 250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.			500 300	WQBC	Vicksburg, Mlss.	241.8	1.240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		500 1,000	WHEC-V WMBD	WABO Rochester, N. Y. Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)	222.1	1,350	1,000 250	KWK WBNY	St. Louis, Mo. New York, N. Y.			1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500 500	WMBD WNRC	Peorla Hgts., Ill. (night) Greensboro, N. C.			250 250	WCDA WKB0	New York, N. Y. New York, N. Y.			1,000	WGHP	Detrolt, Mich.
		500 250	WOKO I WSAN	Mt. Beacon, N. Y. Allentown, Pa.			250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.	243.8	I,230	100	KFOD KYA S	Anchorage, Alaska.
8 200 7 1	1 420	500	WRAK	Quincy, Ill.	223.7	1,340	50 500	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark. Spokane, Wash,			500	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M. Indianapolis, Ind
203.7	1,430	500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.			500 250	WRAW	Pensacola, Fla. Reading Pa.			1,000	WBIS-	WNAC Boston, Mass, State College Pa
		500	WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.	975 A	1 330	2,500	KSCI	Sloux City, Iowa (day) Sloux City, Iowa (night)	945 9	1 220	500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
		500	WNBR	Memphis, Tenn.	223.4	1,000	250	KGB S	an Diego, Calif.	240.0	1,220	500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.
211.1 1	,420	1,000	KECA KFIF P	Portland, Ore,			500	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio			1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa,
		100	KFIZ F	ond du Lac, Wis. Holy Clty, Calif.	227.1	1.320	500	KCHF	Pueblo, Colo, (day)			1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
		100	KFOW KFXD	Seattle, Wash. Jerome, Idaho			250 250	KGHF KGIO	Pueblo, Colo. (night) Twin Falls, Idaho	247.8	1,210	100 250	KFOR	Devils Lake, N. D. Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		250 100	KFYO A	Abilene, Texas (day) Abilene, Texas (night)			500 250	KID Id	aho Falls, Idaho (day) aho Falls, Idaho (nlght)			100 100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night) Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KGFF	Flagstaff, Ariz, Alva, Okla,			1,000	KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.			100 100	KGCR KMJ F	Brookings, S. D. resno, Callf.
		250	WSPA S	Spartanburg, S. C. (day) Spartanburg, S. C. (night)	978 6	1 310	500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.			100 50	KPCB KPPC	Seattle, Wash. Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KGGC	San Francisco, Cal.	2.20.0	4,010	100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa			50 100	KPQ V KWEA	Venatchee, Wash. Shreveport, La.
		100	KCKX	Sandpoint, Idaho			100	KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa			100	KFXM WBAX	San Bernardino, Callf. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	KICK I	Red Oak, Iowa			15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas			100	WCBS WCOH	Springfield, Ill. Greenville, N. Y.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.			50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.			100	WCRV	V Chicago, Ill. F-WI.SI Providence, R. L.
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.			100	KFXR	Okla. Clty, Okla. (night)			100	WEBO WEBE	Harrisburg, Ill. Cambridge, Ohto
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash,			250	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont, (day)			100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill. Freeport N Y
		100	WEHS	Evanston, Ill.			100	KGEZ	Kallspell, Mont.			100	WGCN	I Gulfport, Miss. Rock Island N Y
		200	WHIS	Chicago, Ill. (day)			50	KGHQ	McGehee. Ark.			100	WHBL	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa			50	KMED	Medford, Ore.			100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y. Redbank N I
		50 100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.			100	KTSL	Shreveport, La. Shreveport, La.			100	W JBU	Lewisburg, Pa.
		100 50	WJB0 WKBI	New Orleans, La. Chicago, Ill.			100	KXRO	Aberdeen. Wash.			100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohlo
		50 100	WKBP WLBF	Battle Creek, Mich. Kansas City, Kan.			50 100	WAGN	V Terre Haute, Ind.			50	WMAN	N Columbus, Ohlo
		250 100	WMBC WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day) Detroit, Mich. (night)			100 100	WERE	Joliet, Ill.			25	WOCL	Jamestown, N. Y.
		250 100	WMBH WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day) Joplin, Mo. (night)			100 200	WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)			100	WPAV	V Pawtucket, R. I.
		10 60	WMRJ WQBZ	Jamaica. N. Y. Welrton, W. Va.			100	WEBR	Altoona. Pa.			100	WRBL	Gastonia, N. C.
		50 100	WTBO WFDW	Cumberland, Md. Talladega, Ala.			100 50	WFDF	Philadelphia, Pa.			100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.
212.6	1,410	500	KFLV	Rockford, Ill.			100 100	WGAL	Lancaster, Pa. Newport News, Va.	249,9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.
		1,000	KGRS	Amarillo, Texas			100 100	WHAT	' Philadelphia, Pa. ' Johnstown, Pa.			100 15	KFJB KFKZ	Marshalltown, Iowa Kirksville, Mo.
		250 500	WSSH	Boston, Mass.			100 100	WIBU WJAC	Poynette, Wls. Johnstown, Pa.			100 100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo. Mandan, N. D.
		500	WBCM	Bay City, Mich.			50 100	WJAK WKAV	Marion, Ind. / Laconia, N. H.			50 15	KCDE	Fergus Falls, Minn. Oldham, S. D.
214.2	1.400	500 500	KOCW	Lexington, Mass, Chickasha, Okla, (day)			100 100	WKBE WKBC	Jollet, Ill. Birmlngham, Ala.			50 100	KGEK	Yuma, Colo. Fort Morgan, Colo.
		250 500	KOCW WBBC	Chickasha, Okla. (night) Brooklyn, N. Y.			100 50	WKBS	Galesburg, Ill. Muncle, Ind.			100 50	KGFJ KGFK	Los Angeles, Callf. Hallock, Minn.
		500	WCMA	Coney Island, N. Y. Culver, Ind			100	WMBI	Lakeland. Fla. Auburn, N. Y.			100	KGHI KGY	Little Rock, Ark. Lacey. Wash. (day)
		500	WKBF	Indianapolls, Ind. Brooklyn, N. Y			100	WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa. I New Bedford, Mass.			10	KGY I KSMR	Lacey, Wash. (nlght) Santa Monica, Calif.
		500	WSGH-	WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.			50	WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn. Unlon Clty, Tenn. (day)			100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash. Stockton, Callf.
215.7	1,390	1,000	KURA KOY P	hoenly, Ariz,			100	WOBT WOL	Unlon City, Tenn. (night) Washington, D. C.			100	KX0 WABI	Ei Centro, Calif. Bangor, Maine
		1,000 2,500	WHK	Cleveland, Ohlo (day)			20	WRBI	Tlfton, Ca. (1/2 time) Hamilton, Ohlo			100	WABZ WBBY	New Orleans, La, Charleston, S. C.
217 3	1.380	1,000	KOV F	Cleveland, Ohio (night) Pittsburgh, Pa.		1.000	100	WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.			100	WBBZ	Ponca Clty, Okla. Rapld Clty, S. D.
217.0		500	KSO C	larinda, Iowa LaCrosse, Wis.	230.6	1,300	1,000	KFJR	Portland, Ore.			100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt. Kenosha, Wis
		200	WSMK	Dayton, Ohlo			750	KTBI	Location Everett, Wash, storia, Ore. Strand, Forks, N. D. ort Worth, Texas Dell Rapids, S. D. Oklahoma City, Okla, Raton, NM. Albuquerque, N. M. San Antonio, Texas sigen, Utah (day) gen, Utah (day) gen, Utah (day) gen, Utah (day) gen, Utah (day) gen, Utah (day) arshifeld, Ore. - rekeley, Calif. -			50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn. Cincinnati, Ohlo
218.8	1,370	250 100	KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day) Enid, Okla. (nlght)			500 1,000	WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.			100	WCOD	Harrisburg, Pa.

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	VIIO.		Call
Meters	cycles	Watts	Signal Location
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC Canton, Ohio
		100	WHBY West De Pere, Wls.
		300	WIBX Utica, N. Y. (day)
		100	WIBX Utica, N. Y. (night)
		250	WIL St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WIL St. Louis, Mo. (night)
		100	WJBC LaSalle, Iil.
		100	WJBL Decatur, Ill.
		30	WJBW New Orleans. La.
		100	WORC Worcester, Mass,
		100	WKJC Lancaster, Pa.
		30	WLAP Okalona, Ky. WLBC Petersburg, Va. (day)
		250	WLBG Petersburg, Va. (day)
		100	WLBG Petersburg, Va. (night)
		250	WMAY St. Louis, Mo. (day)
		100	WMAY St. Louls, Mo. (night)
		100	WNBO Washington, Pa.
		10	WNBW Carbondale, Pa.
		100	WNBX Springfield, Vt,
		50	WRAF La Porte, Ind. WRBL Columbus, Ga.
		100	WWAE Hammond, Ind.
252	1,190	500	WICC Easton, Conn.
		5,000	WOAI San Antonio, Tex.
254.I	1,180 1	10,000	WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
		5,000	WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
256.3	1,170	500	WHDI Minneapolis, Mlnn.
200.0	-,		WGDY Minneapolis, Minn.
			KOB State College, N. Mex.
		5.000	KEX Portland, Ore.

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39: 40: 41: 42: 42: 42:

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Meter 258.5	Kllo s cycle 1,160	s Watt 5,000	WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
260.7	1,150	5,000 5,000	KTNT Muscatine, Ia. WRVA Richmond, Va.
263		50,000	KYW-KFKX, Chicago, Ill.
265.3	1,130	5,000 1,000 5,000	KVOO, Tulsa, Okla. WOV New York, N. Y. WAPI Birmingham, Ala.
287.7	1,120	500 500	KFSG Los Angeles, Callf. KMIC Inglewood, Callf. KRSC Seattle, Wash.
		50 1,000 350	KRSC Seattle, Wash. WDBO Orlando, Fla. WDEL Wilmington, Del. (day)
		350 250 250 250	WDEL Wilmington, Del. (night) WHAD Milwaukee, Wis. WISN Milwaukee, Wis.
		500 500 100	KRSU Seattle, Wash. WDBO Orlando, Fla. WDEL Wilmington, Del. (day) WDEL Wilmington, Del. (night) WHAD Milwaukee, Wis. WISN Milwaukee, Wis. WTAW College Station, Texas. KTRH College Station, Texas. KFIO Spokane, Wash.
270.1	1,110	5,000	KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
272.6	1,100	50 2,000 5,000	KGDM Stockton, Calif. (day) KSOO Sioux Falls, S. Dak, WLWL New York, N. Y.
27 5. I	1,090	5,000 5,000 5,000	WFG Atlantic City, N. J.
277.6	1,080	20,000 5,000 5.000	WJJD Mooscheart, Ill. WBT Charlotte, N. C. WCBD Zion, Ill. WMBI Chicago, Ill. WTAM Cleveland, Ohio.
		5,000 50,000	WMBI Chicago, Ill, WTAM Cleveland, Ohio,
280.2	1,070	100 300	KJBS San Francisco, Calif. WAAT Jersey City, N. J. KRLD Dallas, Texas. WOAZ Carthage, III. WEAT Nascola, III. WEAR Cleveland, Ohio KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.
		10,000 50 100	WCAZ Carthage, Ili. WDZ Tuscoia, Ill.
	1 0.00	1,000	KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.
282.8	1,060	500 10,000 1,000 50,000	WBAL Baltimore, Md, WJAG Norfolk, Neb.
		1,000	KWJJ Portland, Ore. WBAL Baltimore, Md, WJAG Norfolk, Neb. WTIC Hartford, Conn. WKEN Grand Island, N. Y. KFKB Millford, Kan.
285.5	1,050	5,000 5,000	KNX Hollywood, Callf.
288.3	1,040	5,000 5,000 5,000	KCBD Zlon, Ill. WMBI Addison, Ill. WBT Charlotte, N. C.
293.9	1,020	250 10,000	WRAX Philadeiphla, Pa. WHAS Louisville, Ky.
296.9	1,010	500 500 250	KGGF Picher, Okla. KQW San Jose, Calif. WHN New York, N. Y.
		500	KGGF Picher, Okla. KQW San Jose, Calif. WHN New York, N. Y. WNAD Norman, Okla, WPAP New York, N. Y. WQAO New York, N. Y. WRNY New York, N. Y.
99.8	1,000	250 250 5,000	WRNY New York, N. Y. WHO Des Molnes, Iowa
		5,000 250	WHO Des Molnes, Iowa WOC Davenport, Iowa KFVD Culver City. Callf.
02.8	990	15,000 500	WBZ Springfield, Mass. WBZA Boston, Mass.
805.9 809.1	980 970	50,000 5,000 1,500	KDKA Pittshurgh, Pa. KJR Seattle, Wash. WCFL Chicago, Ill.
15.6	950	1.000	KFWB Los Angeles, Callf. KGHL Billings, Mont.
		2,500 1,000 2.500 1,000	KFWB Los Angeles, Callf, KGHL Billings, Mont. KGHL Billings, Mont. (night) KMBC Kansas City, Mo, (day) KMBC Kansas City, Mo, (night) WRC Washington, D. C.
19	940	1.000 500 1,000	WRC Washington, D. C. KGU Honolulu, T. H.
		1,000 500 1.000	KOIN Portland, Ore. WCSH Portland, Me. WDAY Fargo, N. D.
		1,000 750	WFIW Hopkinsville, Ky. WHA Madison, Wis,
122.4	930	500 1,000 500	KFWI San Francisco, Calif, KFWM Oakland, Calif. (day) KFWM Oakland, Calif. (nlght)
		1,000 500 1,000	KGBZ York, Neb. (day) KGBZ York, Neh, (night) KMA Shenandoah, Iowa (day)
		500 1,000 500	KMA Shenandoah, Iowa (night) WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (day) WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (night)
		500 250 50	KFWM Oakland, Calif. (day) KFWM Oakland, Calif. (night) KGBZ York, Neb. (day) KGBZ York, Neb. (day) KMA Shenandoah, Iowa (day) KMA Shenandoah, Iowa (night) WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (day) WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (day) WBRC Birmingham, Ala. (day) WBR Ganoke, Va. (night) WDBJ Roanoke, Va. (night) WDBJ Roanoke, Va. (night) WIBG Elkins Park, Pa.
25.9	920	I,000 500 2,500	Romo Scattle, Wash.
		1,000 500 500	KPRC Houston, Texas (udy) KPRC Houston, Texas (night) KFXF Denver, Colo.
		250 1,000	KFEL Denver, Colo. KPRC Houston, Texas (day) KPRC Houston, Texas (night) KFXF Denver, Colo. WAAF Chicago, III, WBSO Wellesley Hills, Mass. WWJ Detroit, Mich.
33.1	900	500 1,000 250	KCDII Katabilaan Alaska
		1,000 1,000 2,000	WJAX Jacksonville, Fla. WKY Oklahoma City, Okla. WLBL Stevens Point, WIs.
		750 750 1,000	KHJ Los Angeles, Calif. KSEI Pocatello, Idaho WJAX Jacksonville, Fla. WKY Oklahoma City, Okla. WLBL Stevens Point. WIS. WMAK Martinsville, N. Y. WFBL Syracuse, N. Y. WILL Urbana, Ill.
36.9	890	1,000 500 250	KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (day) KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (night)
		750 500	KGJF Little Rock, Ark. KUSD Vermilion, S. D. (day) KUSD Vermilion, S. D. (night)
		250 400 250	WGST Atlanta, Ga. WJAR Providence, R. I. (day) WJAR Providence, R. I. (night)
		500 500 250	WKAQ San Juan, P. R. WMAZ Macon, Ga. (day) WMAZ Macon, Ga. (nlght)
		500 250 1,000	KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (day) KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa (night) KGF Little Rock, Ark. KUSD Vermilion, S. D. (day) KUSD Vermilion, S. D. (night) WGAT Atlanta, Ga. WJAR Providence, R. I. (night) WKAQ San Juan, P. R. WMAZ Macon, Ga. (day) WMAX Macon, Ga. (night) WMAX Macon, Ga. (night) KFKA Greeley, Colo. (day) KFKA Greeley, Colo. (day)
340.7	880	500 1,000	KFKA Greeley, Colo. (night) KFKA Greeley, Colo. (day) KLX Oakland, Callf, KPOF Denver, Colo. WCOC Meridian, Miss. (day) WCOC Meridian, Miss. (night) WGBI Scranton, Pa. WGAN Scranton, Pa. WSUI Iowa City, Ia.
		500 500 1,000	WCOC Meridian, Miss. (day)
		1,000 500 250 250	WGBI Scranton, Pa. WQAN Scranton, Pa. WSII Lorg Chu, Is
		500	W301 Iowa City, Ia.

cters	Kilo cycle 870	s Watts 50,000	Call Signal Location WENR Chicago, Ill. WLS, Chicago, Ill.
		5,000	WLS, Chicago, III.
8.6	860	250 1,000 500 5,000 500	KFQZ Hollywood, Calif. KMO Tacoma, Wash. (day) KMO Tacoma, Wash. (night) WABC-WBOQ New York, N. Y. WHB Kansas City, Mo. (day)
2.7	850	10,000 5,000	KWKH Shreveport, La. WWL New Orleans, La.
1.2	830	12,500 1,000 1,000 5,000	KOA Denver, Colo. WKAR E. Lansing, Mich. WHDH Gloucester, Mass. WRUF Gainesville, Fla.
5.6	820	10,000	WCAU Phlladelphia, Pa.
0.2	810	7,500	WCCO Minneapolis, Mlnn. WPCH New York, N. Y.
4.8	800	10,000 50,000	WBAP Ft. Worth, Texas. WFAA Dallas, Texas.
9.5	79 0	7,500 50,000	KGO Oakland, Callf. WGY Schenectady, N. Y.
4.4	780	500 1,000 500	KELW Burbank, Calif. KTM Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		500 250 1,000 500 500	KELW Burbank, Calif. KTM Santa Monica, Calif. (day) KTM Santa Monica, Calif. (night) WEAN Providence, R. I. (day) WEAN Providence, R. I. (night) WMC Memphis, Tenn. (day) WMC Memphis, Tenn. (night) WPOR Norfolk, Va. WTAR Norfolk, Va.
9.4	770	500 5.000	WTAR Norfolk, Va. KFAB Lincoln, Neh. WBBM-WJBT Chicago, Ill.
4.5	760	25,000 1,000 1,000	WBBM-WJBT Chicago, Ill. KVI Tacoma, Wash.
		30,000	WEW St. Louis, Mo. WJZ New York, N. Y.
9.8 5.2	750 740	5,000	WJR Detroit, Mlch. KMMJ Clay Center, Neb.
6.4	720	1,000 25,000	WSB Atlanta, Ga. WGN Chicago, Ill.
2. 3	710	500 5,000	KEJK Beverly Hills, Calif. WOR Newark, N. J.
8.3 0.5	700 680	50,000 2,500	WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
		5,000 1,000	KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo. KPO San Francisco, Calif. WPTF Ralelgh, N. C.
7.5 4.3	670 660	5,000 500	WMAQ Chicago, Ill. WAAW Omaha, Neb. WEAF Bellmore, N. Y.
1.3	650	50,000 5,000	WSM Nashville, Tenn,
8.5	640	5,000 500 5,000	KFI Los Angeles, Calif. WAIU Columbus, Ohio WOI Ames, Iowa
5.9	63 0	500 500	KFRU Columhia, Mo. WGBF Evansville, Ind.
		500 250 1,000 500	KFRU Columhia, Mo. WGBF Evansville, Ind, WMAL Washington, D. C. (day) WMAL Washington, D. C. (night) WOS Jefferson City, Mo. (night)
3,6	62 0	1,000 500	KGW Portland, Ore.
		500 2,500	KGW Portland, Ore. KREP Phoenix, Ariz. KTAR Phoenix, Ariz. WFLA-WSUN Cleaawater, Fla.
		1,000 500	(day) WFLA-WSUN Clearwater, Fla. (night) WI BZ Bangor Me
		2,500 1,000	WLBZ Bangor, Me. WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis (day) WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis. (night)
1.5	610	1,000 1,000 500	KFRC San Francisco, Callf. WDAF Kansas City, Mo, WFAN Philadelphia, Pa. WIP Philadelphia, Pa.
		500 500	WIP Philadelphia, Pa. WJAY Cleveland, Ohlo.
9.7	600	1,000 500 500	KFSD San Dlego, Calif. (day) KFSD San Dlego, Calif. (night) WGBS New York, N. Y. (day) WGBS New York, N. Y. (night) WCAO Baltimore, Md.
		250 250 500	WGBS New York, N. Y. (night) WCAO Baltimore, Md. WMT Waterloo, Iowa
		500 500 1,000 500 250	WIP Philadelphia, Pa. WJAY Cleveland, Ohlo. KFSD San Dlego, Calif. (day) KFSD San Dlego, Calif. (night) WGBS New York, N. Y. (day) WGBS New York, N. Y. (day) WGAD Baltimore, Md. WMAT Waterloo, Iowa WOAN Lawrenceburg, Tenn. WREC Memphis, Tenn. (day) WEAC Memphis, Tenn. (day) WEAC Memphis, Tenn. (night) WCAC Storrs, Conn. KHQ Spokane, Wash. WCAJ Lincoln, Neb. WEAJ Lincoln, Mass. WEAJ Lincoln, Mass. WEAJ Lincoln, Mass. WEAJ Lincoln, Mass. WEAJ Lincoln, Mass. WEAJ Lincoln, Neb. WEAJ Sorting, Mich.
8.2	59 0	1,000	KHQ Spokane, Wash. WCAJ Lincoln, Neb
		1,000 1,000 1,000	KHQ Spokane, Wash. WCAJ Lincoln, Neb. WEEI Boston, Mass. WEMC Berrien Springs, Mich. WOW Omaha, Neb.
6.9	580	200	KGFX Plerre, S. D. KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (day) KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (nlght)
		500 1,000 500	KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (nlght) WIBW Topeka, Kan. (day) WIBW Topeka, Kan. (day)
		250 250	KGFX Plerre, S. D. KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (day) KSAC Manhattan, Kan. (nlght) WIBW Topeka, Kan. (day) WIBW Topeka, Kan. (nlght) WOBU Charleston, W. Va. WSAZ Huntington, W. Va. WTAG Worcester, Mass,
6	5 70	250 500 250	KGKO Wichlta Falls, Tex. (day) KGKO Wichlta Falls, Tex. (night) KMTR Hollywood, Calif.
		500 500 750	KMTR Hollywood, Calif. KXA Seattle, Wash.
		500 1,000 250	WEAD Columbus, Ohlo WKBN Youngstown, Ohlo WNAX Yankton, S. D.
		250 500 500 250	WMAC Cazenovia, N. Y. WMCA New York, N. Y. WNYC New York, N. Y.
		1,000	WIAG Wolchita Falls, Tex. (day) KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (day) KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex. (night) KMTR Hollywood, Callf. KXA Seattle, Wash. WEAO Columbus, Ohlo WKAX Yankton, S. D. WMAC Cazenovia, N. Y. WMCA New York, N. Y. WMCA New York, N. Y. WSYR Syracuse, N. Y. WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
5.4	560	1,000 500 1,000	KFDM Beaumont, Texas (day) KFDM Beaumont, Texas (night) KLZ Dupont, Colo.
		1,000 500 500	WWNC Asheville, N. C. KFDM Beaumont, Texas (day) KFDM Beaumont, Texas (night) KLZ Dupont, Colo. KTAB Oakland, Calif. WEB Willadelphia, Pa. WHO Chicago, Ill. (day) WHO Chicago, Ill. (day) WHO Chicago, Ill. (day) WHO Knoxville, Tenn. (day) WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (day) WPCC Chicago, Ill. WQAM Miami, Fla. WFDY Brookings, S. D. (day)
		1,500	WIBO Chicago, Ill. (day) WIBO Chicago, Ill. (night) WLIT Philadelphia, Pa.
		500 2,000 1,000 500	WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (day) WNOX Knoxville, Tenn. (night) WPCC Chicago, Ill.
5.1	550	1,000	WQAM Mlami, Fla. KFDY Brookings, S. D. (day)
		1,000	KFDY Brookings, S, D. (day) KFDY Brookings, S, D. (night) KFUO St. Louis, Mo. (day) KFUO St. Louis, Mo. (night) KFYR Bismarck, N. D. KOAC Corvailis, Ore, KSD St. Louis, Mo. WGR Buffalo, N. Y. WKRC Cincinnati. Ohio
		500 500 1,000 500	KFYR Bismarck, N. D. KOAC Corvaills, Ore, KSD St. Louis, Mo.
		1,000 500	WGR Buffalo, N. Y. WKRC Cincinnatl, Obio

RADIO DIGEST

Amos 'n' Andy Dialect Real

(Continued from page 13)

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 nauve Airican 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 under-stand!

And then finally there is the Congo (or Gumbo) French spoken by the negroes of southern Louisiana in which the impinging of native African upon the French spoken by the cultivated Creoles has resulted in a humorous lingual conglomeration.

lingual 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 we should be glad to have them. 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 on the Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation

to be. Gosden came from Richmond on the Jeems, a city once the seat of a nation (long since dethroned) in which the negro population was pretty nearly as large as the white. In other words, Richmond was the center of the Confed-eracy—its soul. Hence, the dialect of the Richmond negro should, like the reputed beauty of Richmond girls, leave nothing to be desired. Whether the dialect of the Richmond blackface comedian possesses a similar correctness would possesses a similar correctness 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 sump'n?" A reader from Richmond so-journing in the North cannot help feel-ing 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 oper-ated by Francis Kadow, the station has been very successful since it first went on the air in 1925. With this low power, and operating on 247.8 meters, WOMT has been heard in every state in the Union.

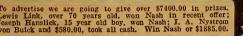
Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evi-

Mr. Kadow has big ideas, as is evi-denced by the six remote controls which are operated during the Winter months. Five orchestras are heard regularly, and three different brass bands appear before the microphones. Organ and piano mu-sic, as well as soloists of note, are on the station staff, while basketball games and other features are picked upon occasion. Chat and His Gang is a regular fea-ture over WOMT. This crew, three in number, all play everything from a mouth organ to a bass drum, and have a large following in the Middle West. Other headliners include Claude Geiger and his Chicago Rhythm Kings, and Lee Rose, who calls himself the Voice of the Radio. Radio.

Julia Mahoney, another exclusive Columbia artist, holds a Julliard Fellow-ship in voice. Her hobbies: Looking at elephants in the Central Park 200, books and art galleries. *

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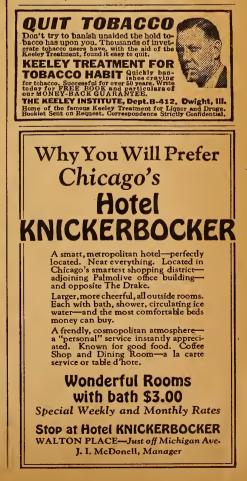
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