

CHIC SALE and His TRUSTY SAW
Radio Digest

August

Thirty-Five
Cents



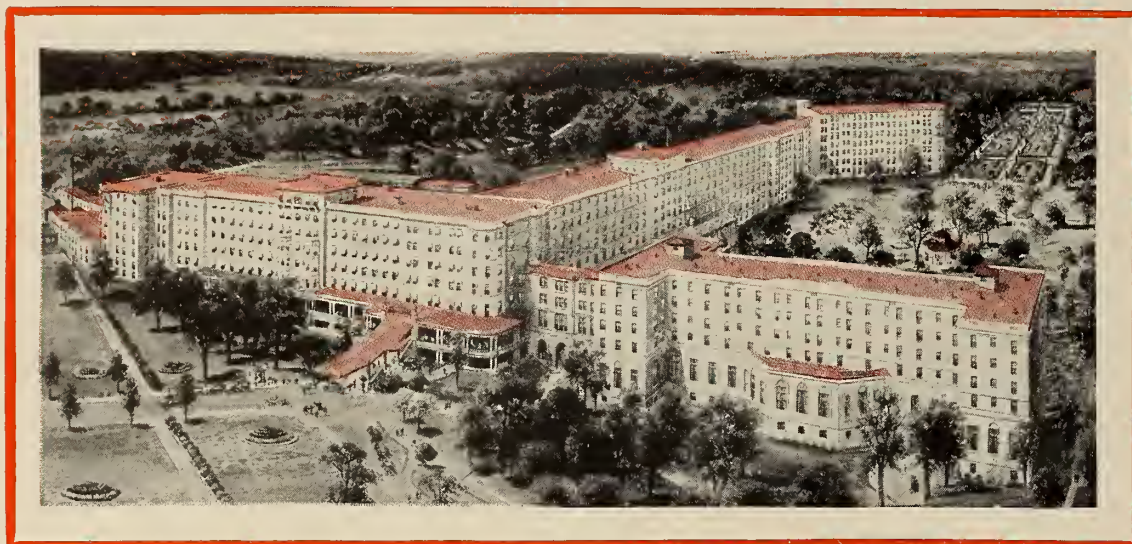
Amos and Andy
As Darktown Sees Them

Will Rogers
Begins a Career

EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

TERROR—the Cruellest Girl in Gotham—by Rupert Hughes

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won't,
PLUTO will*



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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

BUREAU of BROADCASTING, RADIO DIGEST

E. C. RAYNER, *President*

510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago
Superior 7323

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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

E. C. RAYNER,
 Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown,
 Editor

August, 1930



MRS. JESSE CRAWFORD is the inspiration and console-ation of her famous husband, Jesse Crawford. Together they play the twin consoles in organ recitals presented from the Paramount Theatre, New York, over the Columbia System.



BENAY VENUTA is gifted with a kittenish purr in her voice that has the softness of a whisper and the penetration of a sun-ray. It's the climate, no doubt, for you hear her over KPO in San Francisco, and sometimes over the netways.

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RUTH PICKARD is growing up. Ruth is the pride and joy of Dad Pickard and the whole Pickard family, for that matter, who sing and play the songs of the old Southland over the NBC net. Remember them on the last Empire Builders program?



BERNICE TAYLOR is the star soloist of the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. That softly thrilling soprano voice you have heard with the Armour and the O'Cedar programs belongs to this young lady with the big ring.

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Continuing Interest in the Meritum Diamond Award Contest

Raises Totals of Nominations and Votes

See Rules and Conditions on page 53

AND STILL they come! Strange—how these contests take hold of the reading public! Or, perhaps, it is not so strange after all, when you come to think about it—the American people being what they are: a nation always ready and anxious to match wits, one against another, to see who can win a prize! The nominations cast in the Meritum Diamond Award contest to decide upon the favorite announcer, program or artist, have this month increased from 256 to 301, and daily the mails coming into the office of Radio Digest are building up this total to monumental proportions.

If you could see them you would be astounded; if you could read the letters accompanying the ballots, you would be struck forcibly with the very evident decided likes and dislikes behind the sending in of these votes. Talk about partisanship in presidential elections! Friends, that is nothing at all to compare with the intense rivalry, the heated favoritism, shown by the letters accompanying the ballots and nominations in this contest. When you read them through you begin to understand that there are solid reasons, sometimes, for these likes and dislikes; sometimes you suspect a blind and unreasoning loyalty. But in any case, it's loyalty to one program, one announcer, one artist.

"About the Dutch Masters Minstrels," writes Mrs. E. H. Fuliber Route 2, Box 133, Williamsburg, Va., "I want you to know that they are as good as any minstrels could possibly be, and I'm astounded that they have not yet been nominated. I listen to them regularly over WJZ. All the men have good voices and their numbers leave nothing to be desired. Please enter my nomination for the Dutch Masters Minstrels without further parley!"

And for our old friends, Amos and Andy, a thoroughly anonymous friend writes from down in Texas to say that she has her Radio dial trained so that at 10:30 every night it swings round of their own will and volition and pauses just at the proper point to bring in the two dusky partners at the taxicab office . . . "the only objection is that 10:30 is a mighty late hour to have to stay up to wait for the boys. However, you just make another vote for those two boys for this family, 'way down south."

Nor is the medical profession losing out any. Mrs. Harriett Springer, Box 33, Auburn, Ind., visited Chicago recently and went around to Station WMAQ, met Miss Judith Waller and some of the rest of the station force, among them Dr. Russell Pratt, one of the

doctors who broadcasts from that station . . . "and since then I enjoy listening so much more. Knowing a broadcaster adds to your enjoyment of his program."

(Too bad we can't all of us know all the artists we like! *ED.*)

Graham McNamee, veteran announcer in the NBC service, has a loyal supporter in Elmer W. Hess, 4455 Meldrum Ave., Detroit,

Mich., who says in explanation of his vote, "I could never pick a particular artist or program because there is always some part of every program which I like and some part which I do not like. There are times when I am pleased with my favorite artist and times when I am far from pleased. Perhaps it is the song or rendition which does not strike me. Although I must admit that McNamee, by his clever, original and almost artistic announcing can put any artist over the footlights. And there, I think, is the acid test: McNamee is an artist as an announcer! So I wish you would register my vote for him. I hope it decides the contest."

The clean fun of Gene and Glenn of WTAM, Cleveland, provokes commendatory comment from many; not a few send notes along with their ballots saying how much they like Captain Jimmy Norton in "Harbor Lights." And were there space and time one could continue on indefinitely through piles of letters and gain a cross section view of what the public thinks of their favorites (whether artist announcer or program) and why.

Many people who like to listen to Radio probably have never stopped to think whether they have a favorite or not. They are so intrigued with Radio in the abstract—with whatever comes over the air to them—that they are content to listen without caring to discover what program it is, or who the artist is, or from what station the program comes, not even giving heed to the announcer when he broadcasts that information.

To such we suggest that you begin to discriminate between artist and artist, and station and station, so that you can converse with a certain amount of information on the subject of Radio personnel. From where we sit it looks as though Radio is more and more going to be the topic of conversation.

But after all, the votes and nominations tell the story. Which reminds us to ask: **HAVE YOU VOTED YET?** See the rules and conditions on page 53, and if you have not complied, do so and send in your nominations.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

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 _____
City _____ State _____

Number 6 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST
POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, Radio Digest,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) _____ (Call Letters) _____

(City) _____ (State) _____
Signed _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Advance Tips

THESE are the days traditionally dedicated to the dog. So far as Radio was concerned in the old days, they could consistently be so dedicated. Things are different today, however. Radio is with you, keeping up your contact with the world whether you are lolling in the rolling surf, fishing in pine-scented forests or scaling the frosted mountain tops. And where Radio is, there should your Radio Digest be also. So here's a greeting wherever you are—and happy days for humans as well as man's best friend!

* * *

Take this tip straight—read the Rupert Hughes story about the little bonded slave girl who leaped from obscurity into a flaming page of early New York history. It's vivid character analysis and thrilling narrative. When you have finished the story, you will have been vastly entertained and your knowledge will be enriched by an historic episode almost lost in the mist of years.

* * *

That famous Boston survey has proved again that Amos and Andy are still first in the hearts of their countrymen. We reach around and pat ourselves on the back that Radio Digest was the first magazine to recognize their importance to the reading public. Now they are going into the talkies—start production this month. Al Williamson of the National Broadcasting company who is with the boys almost every day, has promised us a story for September to be called Amos and Andy in Hollywood. Remember when he gave you Amos and Andy in Harlem?

* * *

Guess who holds the record for talking to the greatest number of people as a sum total over a period of six months. You are probably right. There are no accurate statistics to prove any one individual as the champion, but somewhere close to the top belongs the name of Al Smith who used the Radio so advantageously during the late campaign. You will find Al Smith and His Friend Mike an article athrob with human interest in the September Radio Digest.

* * *

Victor F. Barnett who writes so entertainingly about Will Rogers in this issue of Radio Digest, knows his man. He is managing editor of the Tulsa Tribune, and Tulsa is right next door to Claremore, where Will first saw the light of day, and where he so often drops down from a sky tour to see the folks back home. You won't find many people with such contrasts and colorful careers as Will Rogers. That's why we are going to have another intimate story about him in our next Radio Digest.

* * *

“OH, BUT you will adore Felice! She is described as “like some exquisite pink and white flower slowly opening her petals,” by E. Phillips Oppenheim in his new story, The Road to Liberty, complete in the next issue of Radio Digest. You will gasp for her as she seeks her road to liberty from a revolting betrothal. It's in a beautiful setting in a little valley vineyard below the “white church on the hill” somewhere in France.

Across the Desk

LAST month Mr. Aylesworth told you of the Youth of Radio. In this issue you will be refreshed and amused to read of the primitive endeavors of those early pioneers—of only TEN YEARS AGO—who were grudgingly awarded less than \$100 to fit up a broadcasting studio in a factory rest room. At that time it was the finest Radio broadcasting studio in the world. It could only be used at night, as it must still be maintained for its original purpose when the employes were at work. Today, workmen are tearing down three square blocks in the heart of New York to erect a Radio broadcasting center to cost \$250,000,000. It is to be no close fistled hard boiled cold blooded commercial project either. Cultural art is the keynote and the spirit of the entire enterprise. This Radio Capitol will house twenty-seven studios, three stories in height, with accommodations for visitors to comfortably observe the staging of the programs. There will be theatres and operas in systematic groupings, so that the artists of all the entertaining world may step from the footlights to the acoustically perfected studios for broadcastings.

* * *

Beautiful and glamorous in design will be this mammoth Radio center. It is being financed by the Rockefeller interests—an architectural monument to the name of the great oil genius. The official statement which comes across the Radio Digest desk to you reads:

“Fronting Fifth avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be an oval building of moderate height and great beauty of design . . . with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval structure will extend to a magnificent garden plaza that will be cut through the area from Forty-eighth to Fifty-first streets. No effort will be spared to make this plaza the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world, with fountains, statuary and beautiful gardens.

“Over the entire development will tower a great sixty-story office building, extending through from the west side of the plaza to Sixth avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run from the other office buildings from Fifth to Sixth avenue.”

* * *

Special stress has been placed on the approach of perfected television. And, although the statement does not even hint as much, it is rumored that practical television has already been developed and is being held in check by those who own it until the strategic moment arrives for its release. Large facilities are also provided for recording programs. Mr. Aylesworth says in part: “With the great theatrical and musical enterprises to be created in this development, the broadcasting center of the country will be joined in a vast artery of communication with the dramatic stage, with opera, with variety, with talking motion pictures, with the symphony hall. The artist will be at the door of the broadcasting studio . . . Radio broadcasting has become the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information upon a nation-wide scale . . . It will have vastly greater opportunities when television emerges from the laboratory to give Radio the new dimension of sight.”

The entire project is expected to be completed in 1933. What a stride of vision in a decade!

* * *

It is interesting to note from Mr. Hobarts' article of Dawn of Broadcasting that most of those first inrepid explorers of the ether are still going strong. Jones and Hare came almost being twins, only they didn't happen to have the same parents. They were born on the ides of March. Now, as the “Interwoven Pair,” they are more popular than ever.

<p>Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left</p> <p>WHEN YOU WANT</p> <p>Radio Digest</p> <p>YOU WANT IT!</p> <p>Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now</p>	<p>Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.</p> <p>Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscrip- tion to Radio Digest.</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>City..... State.....</p>	<p>8-30</p>
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Eight Years Old

COME, help us blow out the candles, and have a taste of our birthday cake. Ah! One, two . . . three—out they go! Four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . **EIGHT!** Eight years old—and a little more, for the first *Radio Digest* came out in April, 1922.

And what a table! Readers in every civilized country! From Alaska to Cape Town—come, let us all celebrate!

May your humble servant step out of this nebulous editorial “we”? Thank you. I want to feel that we are a little better acquainted—each with the other and you with me through the pages of *Radio Digest*. There are today approximately 145,000 of us around this table.

Frankly, I think it should have been Mr. Rayner’s honor to face you on this page—but he is rather a shy person. He would rather sit back under the shadowed doorway and look on with, I imagine, something of the feeling of fatherly pride in this child of his.

What a story he could tell you of the days of struggle, heartbreak, threatened disaster; always holding his precious offspring high above the engulfing waves, until tonight he is satisfied to see it as an assured, permanent institution. Many other *Radio* magazines have come and gone during the past eight years. Here the will of a man who would not give up has achieved its goal.

Radio Digest was created for the *Radio* listener. It has adhered strictly to that purpose. When the listener was most interested in the mechanics of *Radio* it provided the very best of subject matter along mechanical lines. Later, when commercial manufacturers took over the tools of the amateur and the listener became more interested in what he heard and where it came from, *Radio Digest* became a new kind of a magazine—a complete book of stories and pictures pertaining to the entertainment end of *Radio*.

Then it took one more step to round out this latest growth.

“We need good fiction,” said the man who sits back there, out of the dazzling glare. “We want authors of best sellers to supply three or four stories in *Radio Digest* for members of the family who prefer fiction to articles—Rupert Hughes, Oppenheim, Octavus Roy Cohen, Floyd Gibbons—”

“But imagine the cost!” I gasped.

“It costs no more to look at a Rolls Royce than it does a flivver. See what you can get in New York. Only the best of everything for our readers!”

We have had all of these authors and many more in our pages.

“Give us a boost boys, we’re trying to help you,” was the word passed out to the broadcasting stations. Practically every station of importance, and both of the leading national chains have voluntarily recommended *Radio Digest* to you and their many other listeners.

Eight years old! Come, let’s have the cake, everybody.

HAROLD P. BROWN



PAUL OLIVER started out with the ambition to become the world's biggest automobile mechanic. The war came along and left him with a crippled hand. Dudley Buck heard him singing in a Y. M. C. A. cantonment and encouraged him to cultivate his voice. The details are presented on the opposite page.

Misfortune Brings Good Luck

Paul Oliver, Disabled in War for Career as Auto Mechanic, Discovers in Hospital His Voice Can Earn Him Fame and Fortune

By Julius Haber

PAUL OLIVER started out to be an automobile mechanic. Only the purest chance, an accident in fact, lost him to mechanics and gained him for broadcasting. It was during wartime, when Oliver was assigned to one of the country's great ship building plants, that he met with a serious injury to his hand which ended his career as an expert mechanic. But the charm of the tenor voice which millions now know so well on the air, had already become known.

Oliver's rich, but untrained voice, had been heard above the rest at the patriotic exercises which were held at the Y. M. C. A. every noon. He had often been asked to sing for the men.

And as he lay on a hospital cot wondering what he might do when he got out, Dudley Buck, discoverer of many famous vocalists, called on him. Buck had listened to Oliver's voice; he now offered to train the future Palmolive star for the concert stage, provided he would agree to go in seriously for a musical future. Up to then he had no thought of a professional career, he just sang for his own pleasure. Oliver accepted, and with characteristic ardor, applied himself to study and practice.

After two years of intensive training he gained magnificent control of his lyric voice and launched on a concert career. Shortly after, he met Gustave Haenschen, now director of the Palmolive Orchestra, who was at that time engaged in phonograph recording work. Haenschen immediately recognized in Oliver's voice ideal timber for that branch of the musical art, and paved the way for him. So successful were his recordings that Oliver soon had a countrywide following, and when Radio broadcasting came into its own, his entry in that field was a logical step.

It is a curious coincidence that the first time he broadcast was on a commercial hour over the old WJZ station, then located at 42nd Street with Olive Palmer, with whom he was destined to scale the heights to his present eminence. It was not long before his work on the air attracted widespread interest. It was then that the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company retained him as an exclusive tenor star for the Palmolive Hour. From that time on his popularity increased by leaps and bounds to the point where millions of people now look forward to hearing his earnest voice every Wednesday night.

THE first thing that impresses you about Paul Oliver is his complete and unassuming naturalness. Temperament of the brand popularly imagined is entirely foreign to him. His manner is almost bashful for awhile until he warms up to his subject. The thousands of letters which he has received, the esteem in which he is held by everyone, his measure of fame, none of these has changed him from the modest young man his close friends have always known.

Paul was born and educated in New York. He is 34 years old and unmarried. Before the accident which changed his plans, he never took his voice too seriously, which makes his accomplishment the more remarkable.

As far back as he can remember, Paul loved to sing, either to himself for his own pleasure or for the pleasure he was able to give his hearers. Curiously enough, although he comes from a "singing family" (both of his older brothers have fine voices and his mother was noted for her singing voice), Paul is the first professional singer in the family. He was very young when his mother passed away, but the reputation of her singing still lives. Paul remembers vividly, however, the pleasure he got from listening to his brothers sing.

It is inevitable that Radio reviewers and his friends of the air should compare his voice with that of John McCormack.

In fact, he is known to many as the John McCormack of the air. Any reference to this seems to make him a little impatient. "I consider John McCormack the greatest living interpreter of the ballad," he once said. "I often listen to him with the keenest pleasure. I think there is much about his singing that is interesting and valuable to study, but I don't think he should be imitated. Every singer is endowed with his individual physical equipment which differs in each case from that of other singers. I think it is a mistake to imitate another singer.

Every singer can only interpret his songs to the extent that he is fitted spiritually and mentally to do so."

It has often been remarked that Paul Oliver sings as though he means what he sings. Anyone who knows him or has watched him sing knows how true this is. "I put a good deal of careful preparation into my singing," he said. "After reading the score carefully I try to get as much of the composer's intention into the song as possible, and then to impart my own understanding and emotion to it."

PAUL sings for the sheer joy of singing, that is his one guiding principle. He puts everything he has into his songs and when he is through often shows visible indications of the emotion which swayed him as he sang. It is this sincerity which the invisible audience of the air so accurately senses and that goes far to swell his fan mail. He touches people intimately with the sentiment he portrays. They write to him in the same way. That's why he places so much importance on his fan mail.

"I save every letter I get and I try to answer as many of them personally as I can," he told us. "This is often a hopeless task, but I get real pleasure out of knowing that so many seriously minded people are interested enough in my work to write me in the kindly, intimate way that they do. I don't think the non-performer can fully appreciate how much these letters mean to us. It helps to make the artist feel that his work is really important and is getting across in the way he meant it to. It heartens him and gives him additional incentive to carry on."

When Paul was asked if he had any special preferences among the songs he sings, he replied, "It is hard for anyone who loves to sing as much as I do to name any particular song as the one he likes best. There are so many songs that I derive real pleasure from singing. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that we like the songs that suit our various moods. Among those I do like particularly and which the Radio audience seem to favor are, Kreisler's 'The Old Refrain,' 'Ich Liebe Dich,' 'None But the Lonely Heart,' by Tschaiakowsky, and 'My Message.' I have recently recorded two interesting songs from John McCormack's motion picture success, 'Song o' My Heart,' 'Rose of Tralee' and 'A Pair of Irish Eyes.'"

The most important single habit for Paul Oliver is the Palmolive Hour Wednesday nights. "These weekly broadcasts are the focal points of all my interest and activity. I spend as much time as possible in rehearsal and preparation for them. All my outside engagements in the city and out of town must be planned to fit around the Palmolive broadcasts, and so that I will have plenty of time for rehearsals. The pleasure I get from my Radio work is doubled by my pleasant association with such good friends as Gus Haenschen, Frank Black, Olive Palmer and Elizabeth Lennox."

Visitors to the studio during the broadcasting have never failed to notice the splendid spirit of camaraderie among the Palmolive artists. When Paul Oliver finishes singing before the microphone he never fails to look up to Olive Palmer

(Continued on page 95)

DO YOU want a thrill? See the Palmolive broadcast on your next trip to New York. It is one of the most interesting programs in the Radio capital of America. You must be one of the Four Hundred—that is, one of those lucky enough to obtain one of the four hundred chairs that are installed for guests in the studio where this famous program originates. You will see Paul Oliver, robust but dynamic, as he steps up to the microphone and pours into its cold maw the notes that swing away in golden cadence to ears attuned on the far side of the Atlantic and to others listening in distant Alaska. To see with your own eyes and mentally visualize the magnitude of what transpires should give you the thrill of your life.

Wheel Wilkins Operates With HIS TRUSTY SAW

*ONLY Intends to Fix Fly Screen When He Is Called
to Rescue Old Man Dancey to Perform an Amputation
—Alas, the Ingratitude of Man!*

By Charles "Chick" Sale

*(Speaking as Wheel Wilkins and including editorial interpolations.
From Pennzoil program heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System.)*

WELL sir, folks, I'll bet some of you are goin' to be surprised to hear I've opened up The Liberty Bell Service and Filling Station. . . . I've been follerin' my own line of work for more than thirty-two year. Made a name for myself specializin' in my line but here I am takin' up a new business and danged if I ain't learnin' the trick mighty fast. . . . Now you take location. That's mighty important. . . . I've built her on the old Corbin place at the corner of Main street and Highway No. 4. Handy to town folks and right in the path of tourists.

She's a mighty fine lookin' structure of solid construction and painted a good practical color with nice trimmin's. When business is a little slack I can always find time to do a little visitin' and gabbin' about what's goin' on.

Lon Biggs, who runs the Weekly Broadcast, didn't need no invitation. He hangs around here so much pickin' up items fer his two-by-four paper that I told him it seemed like he didn't have anything else to broadcast unless he tuned in on my station first. Made him mad as a hornet. Lon's a nice feller. . . . Thinks he knows it all just cause he runs a newspaper. He's jealous of my prominence in the community.

Maw, that's my wife, her name is Emma, spends a lot of time around the place and she's been talkin' some of spreadin' out a kind of lunch and soft drink stand alongside of my place jest so she an' Rosie could be near me. Rosie is our adopted daughter. You see Maw an' me got lonesome after our children growed up and got married so we took Rosie to raise. She's grown up now and a mighty, mighty fine girl. Ever once in a while I catch her makin' sheep's eyes at that helper of mine, Rodney Gordon. But Oh Pshaw, young folks will be young folks. Anyway, Rod is a good hard workin' boy and he ain't so hard to look at even in his work clothes.

He ain't sich a sporty dresser as Filbert Twitch but he's got a heap more sense.

Once a week we sort of get together and set around and visit. Filbert Twitch is always droppin' in to pull off some of his smart wise cracks and nearly always some of the towns-folks, and even the tourists, join an' have their say.

NOTE: While Mr. Sale steps back stage to put on his overalls and Wheel Wilkins' mustache, we'll have a look at the Liberty Bell filling station. Approaching from the rear Wheel seems to be the only one in sight for the moment. He is worried over something that seems to make the screen door stick. He keeps opening and shutting it. Now he is taking that funny stance he gets into when he is surprised or worried. He has an idea. He's plopping off down the drive. Two hours have passed; he has not returned, so let's look inside.



Charles "Chic" Sale, author and famous character actor.

Rod is leaning over a glass show case containing some bottles of polish, sparkplugs, and an assortment of small accessories. He is holding out a five-dollar bill to Mrs. Wilkins who is scrapping up the change from the tills in a cash register.

"TAKE eighty cents out of this five dollar bill, Mrs. Wilkins. Gee, they're keeping me hustling out front."

"Rodney, we're out of change. There's one, there's two . . . they'll just have to take the rest in silver," and she dumped a broad palm full of coins on top of the show case as she continued counting, "there it is, four dollars and twenty cents."

No sooner did Rodney get the money in his hand than he was summoned by the impatient honk of another horn outside the door. Mrs. Wilkins peered out the window and glanced to a peg where Rosie usually hung her apron. There was no apron so Rosie would not be far away.

"Rosie! Ros-eeee?"

"Yes ma," Rosie, with pink cheeks and flying hair, bounced into the room through

the door which Rodney had just passed.

"You'll have to go get me some change, and listen! Then go home and see if you can find pa—"

"Forty cents out of this dollar, Mrs. Wilkins." Rodney mopped a beady brow with one hand and held out a bill with the other. "I just saw Mr. Wilkins come out of the Weekly Broadcast office. He's coming now."

"Well, it's about time . . . two hours to go home for a saw!" Mrs. Wilkins moaned. "Right at our busy time too . . . been over there giving some of his news items to that Lon Biggs. . . . Just wait till he—"

And at that very moment Wheel sidled into the door twisting his neck for a sidewise glance at Mrs. Wilkins. He dropped his tool kit on the floor and vocally seized the bull, so to speak, by the horns.

"Hi, Emmy! Did you miss me?"

"Wheel Wilkins!"

"You ain't mad are you, Emmy?"

"Wheel Wilkins . . . two hours . . . where have you been?"

"Well Emmy, now that you've asked me, I'll tell you. I was passin' Lon Biggs' place—"

"Just what I thought—Lon Biggs' place—"

WHEEL: Hold your horses, now Emmy . . . I was passin' Lon's office . . . and all at once I heerd somebody callin' fer help.

MAW: Callin' for help?

WHEEL: Yes sir, why I could hear women screamin', men yellin', and dogs barkin'. It was the dangest commotion you

"Fifty dollars! That's robbery!"



ever heerd. Then all at once Burt Geer come a dashin' out of the Weekly Broadcast office yellin' at me to come arunnin'.

MAW: Pa, what on earth.

WHEEL: Well sir, I pushed through the mob, and when I gets inside, looks around. I could see exactly what was happenin'. Folks, I sez, get back, give him air. Do you want to suffocate this poor feller? At that they got back, then I could see exactly what had happened. So I gets me a box, and I sits down to think the situation over.

MAW: Pa! What had happened?

WHEEL: I'm gettin' to that, don't rush me. Well sir, he was groanin' and takin' on something terrible. Why Emmy, I could see that even his face was swellin'.

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what you're driving at? Who was hurt? Was it Lon Biggs?

WHEEL: No, it was old man Dancy.

MAW: Old man Dancy?

WHEEL: It seems that here about a week ago Lon Biggs got Mrs. Dancy to write out the instructions on how she makes sponge cake. And I'll tell you, Emmy, there's nobody in the town can make better sponge cake than she can. Now you take sponge cake. . . .

MAW: Wheel Wilkins, will you tell me what happened?

WHEEL: Well, when Lon gets that recipe he prints it in the Weekly Broadcast and danged if right next to it he didn't go and print an advertisement in the same type for pills to cure stomachache.

MAW: But Pa. . . .

WHEEL: Well, it made old man Dancy so mad that he
(Continued on page 92)

If Amos *and* Andy Were Negroes

*What Numerous Negroes in Various
Walks of Life Think of the Boys*

By A. Wellington Clarke

Amos 'n' Andy or the Hour of Smiles

WHERE the whirring wheels of commerce sing a song of strife and stress,
Or the drowsy drone of insects tell of tropic listlessness,
From the stretches of the pampas to old England's sunny isle
Comes an hour in each two dozen when the whole world stops to smile.

Maybe 'twixt the dawn and sunset, maybe 'twixt sunset and dawn.

Maybe under mellow moonlight when the dew is on the lawn,

Maybe in the noisy city or in peaceful country place, . . .
The whole world stops and listens with a smile upon its face.

Hotel lobbies, homes and dance halls, even ships far out at sea

Recognize this intermission in the world's activity,
Just as in those days of mourning when the nations paused for prayer,

So the whole world pauses daily this brief "Hour of Smiles" to share.

'Tis the time when honest Amos with his kindly, prudent care,

And old shiftless, boastful Andy come to you upon the air;

'Tis the hour for world-wide kinship, human hearts from near and far

Pause, and then draw close together when Bill Hay says "Here they are."

—R. H. Richardson, 5908 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

TO GET sufficient data for this article, the author sought first-hand information from negroes who have listened to these most famous entertainers, Amos and Andy. Among those quizzed were dentists, undertakers, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, barbers, artisans. While the findings should not be applied to negroes in general, they give a fair idea of a cross section of the negro's opinion of himself as he is being portrayed by Gosden and Correll for fifteen minutes each night excepting Sunday.

These are the questions, given orally:

- (1) If Amos and Andy were negroes what do you suppose your attitude would be toward them?
- (2) If you were white and they were negroes, what do you suppose this attitude would be?

And here are the answers:

Of two dentists questioned the first (F. A. Hinkson, 1335 Main St., Hartford, Conn.) replied: "Regarding your question one, I should appreciate them as artists, for it is the height of art for any man to give the public such clean entertainment nightly, although the thoughts of one night do not always connect with those of another. With certain types of colored people even in our day the Amos and Andy stuff is natural, though as a whole we are growing away from it. The younger generation naturally considers itself above that and cannot appreciate it. Yet Amos and Andy are harming no one. As to question two, my attitude would be the same, for our white friends seem amused when the negro acts comical."

Another dentist (W. B. Jones, 58 King St., Hartford, Conn.) said: "I would not think much of them, for the negro is getting away from that old-time way of talking. Yet, what they say is true to life. If I were white I might think well of them or I might think that they were two silly things showing up the inferior side of the race, even though I do smile at what they often say."

The first undertaker (M. A. Johnson, 19 Pavilion St., Hartford, Conn.) replied to the questions in their order: "I do not think I would be hostile toward them. They would simply be making a living in their line. Yet I do not think that I should hold them as being representative of our race. No real negro wants to burlesque his people the way they are doing in this enlightened age. With the white men it is different. People are falling for Amos and Andy because they know it is not natural for them to be funny; this very thing gives them prestige. Let two negroes do those same things (that is, speak and act like Amos and Andy), and they would not be long at it, for not only their own race would not listen to them but would wage constant war against them.

"Another point is this. No race likes to have its women exposed, and this is what Amos and Andy have done. Here is what I mean: Madam Queen has a traveling salesman as her sweetheart. When he is in town Andy must stay on the outer rim of things; when he is gone she calls up Andy and gives him his date. Of course, this is true to life among all races, but knowing some white people's attitude toward the unfortunate side of negro life, I should rather deplore this. Perhaps I am too serious-minded on the race question. Your question number two needs no great stretch of imagination. I would be inclined to think that the men were doing the most natural thing of their lives."

L. B. Barnes, 2148 Main St., Hartford, was the second undertaker. He replied: "I would think more of them if they were negroes, for they would be reflecting credit upon the race. This is a sad thing, however; if they were negroes they would not be given the advantage to make the big money these white men are making. Furthermore, white people will pay a black-face comedian more to mimic the negro than they would pay the negro to give them first-class material. Simply because of racial antipathy. Walk in any colored barber shop and you will frequently hear some line of conversation to surpass Amos and Andy. But the negro gets nothing for it, because it is so common with him that he thinks nothing of it, and as far as commercializing it, he never dreamed of that. Amos and Andy have taken that same every-day accent and are making one hundred thousand a year. To do this they have, of course, been willing to work hard and long, in many instances for nothing, in order to achieve success. This the ordinary negro whom they are mimicking is not willing to do. I find one quality of my race which is common to some people of other races; it is this: they are not willing to work hard and make the sacrifice necessary for the fame and achievement they want.

"If I were white and they were negroes I certainly should think they were great comedians."

One negro attorney said: "If Amos and Andy were negroes I should have nothing derogatory to say against their performances, for such types of negroes as they represent exist among us. Yet I do not know that I should sympathize with the funny side of the race as it is being burlesqued, for we are beyond that stage. Only the most illiterate type of negro will speak the way Amos and Andy do, and they are fast leaving us. If I were white and they were negroes they might not have impressed me, for I should think that their talks and actions were only natural. The thrill comes from Amos and Andy because they have the ability to imitate the negro, and what they portray is true to life."

A second lawyer, H. P. Dew, 138 Bedford St., Hartford, Conn., said: "I might think they were great entertainers capitalizing their powers. If Gosden and Correll being white can make such tremendous impressions upon the public and are copyists at that, I believe the negro, if given a chance and having applied himself, would excel them. But it is a question in my mind whether any two negroes of equal merit would be given the popular reception into the hearts of the public these men are receiving. If I were white I should not be opposed to their cutting the fool. I should think it was just natural with the two."

"When I first heard Amos and Andy," said Rev. R. A. Moody, Baptist, 556 Martin St., Hartford, the first of three ministers to give his opinion, "I thought they were negroes, and while their composition did not appeal to the esthetic, its humor being true, was great. Then I thought, here are two colored men

given a showing equally with other artists to demonstrate their genius. They are not elevating nor degrading the race, but since what they do has a national appeal and has captured the public fancy, hurrah for them! I was surprised when I learned they were white. My attitude toward them has not changed. It seems to me they are as good artists at their work as you will find anywhere, especially Amos. If they were negroes and I were white I should have nothing against them any more than I had against Bert Williams."

The second negro clergyman, Rev. Jas. A. Wright, Congregationalist, 25 Brook St., Hartford, Conn., replying, said: "I should think they were a great success even though I cared nothing about the jocular side of their profession. My children anticipate the seven o'clock hour and are never satisfied unless they hear Amos and Andy. If I were white and they were negroes I should think that they were elevating their people in the estimation of the public."

Minister number three was Rev. W. O. Carrington, Methodist, 2084 Main Street, Hartford. He was positive:

"Amos and Andy do not appeal to me. If they were negroes it would be the same. If I were white it would make no difference."

A colored professor of English, F. L. Peterson, 134 Camden St., Boston, speaks:

"If they were negroes I should think that they were making fools of the race. If I were white my attitude would be the same, for while their performances are true to life the language they use does not measure up with the type of negroes they are representing. Many of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poems, while true to life during slavery days, cannot be held as models before the negro youth today. Such a poem as 'Ode to Ethiopia,' whose closing lines are:

Go on and up! Our souls and eyes
Shall follow thy continuous rise;
Our ears shall list that story
From bards who from thy root shall spring,
And proudly tune their lyres to sing
Of Ethiopia's glory.

shall live; for, apart from its prophetic utterances, it is an inspiration for the accomplishment of better things. Then, too, it is free from the plantation dialect of slavery days. We have had enough broken sentences, inarticulate utterances, and jargons as legacies bequeathed us; it is time we forget all these and enrich ourselves with the purest language of the present."

A colored physician spoke his mind:

"To the first question it is hard for me to reply, but I should think that they are wonderful entertainers. The way colored people are anxious to tune in for them each night shows that Amos and Andy fascinate them. Whether they would do the same if they were negroes is a question. If I were white I should think that they were O. K."

Following the suggestion of the undertaker mentioned above, I walked into a colored barber shop. There were two barbers' chairs, one for the proprietor, the other for his assistant. Many men were in the shop, some were waiting to get their hair cut, others were having their shoes shined, and a few were engaged in their "barber shop philosophy." I introduced myself to all; immediately there was a hush. I then got permission of the proprietor to put my questions to the house.

For a while one could almost hear the thunder of his own heart, so tense was the silence. Across the faces of some was the faint flicker of a smile. Others seemed grave. When no one replied I broke the silence.

"Gentlemen," I said, "these questions are not meant to be serious, they are for simple information." The proprietor spoke up:

"If you want my personal opinion, here it is: Amos and Andy are commercializing certain types of negro characters, as they could not find anything among the whites to amuse the general public. I have nothing against them for it. If the public wants to be entertained and these men have the goods and can deliver them it is their business to do it. There is no doubt about their ability as comedians. If they were negroes I certainly would think they are first rate; were I white I should think the same."

Just then an avalanche of answers broke in. It was impossible for me to "check or double check" exactly; here are a few: "There are no two black people in the world who can beat Amos and Andy doing their stuff. . . . It requires great skill, intelligence and effort on their part to be funny all the time. . . . They are simply burlesquing the dialect of the race for entertainment, nothing more than the Irish or Scotch would do for their own people, or what 'Bert' did in his days. In fact, the only people who were mad with Bert Williams were the preachers, for he taunted them to death. Bert could pack any theater in the United States all by himself. If Amos and Andy were negroes I should be very proud of them; if I were white I should think the same."

"Their stuff does not appeal to me," said another. "They are clowning not only the negroes of slavery days but of our own time, for there are lots of our people right now who speak just like Amos and Andy. (Laughter.) You men needn't laugh,

for you know I am telling the truth." To this another brother replied, "Some people are too thin-skinned, that is why they take exceptions to Amos and Andy."

"If they were negroes," said another, "I should not care to listen to them. If I were white I would not give two cents to hear them, for that would be making them too popular."

"There is something charming about Amos and Andy that holds any person's attention," spoke another in a kindly voice. "If they were attacking the colored people, their entertainment would have died long ago, but what they are saying is so humorous and free from the taint of prejudice. I do not see how any person, white or colored, can take it in a personal way. I personally like to listen to Amos and Andy. The reason why I believe no modern colored comedian could surpass them is this: The modern negro is too self-conscious. He is extremely sensitive about himself. To give you an example of what I mean. I have a friend who owns a radio. He never misses Amos and Andy when at home among his family, but in the presence of white people he just cannot stand to listen to them. I will listen to Amos and Andy in any place among any crowd. If they were colored or I were white I think I should have this very attitude."

"Amos and Andy have this race down pat, I am telling you. What they have to say would mean nothing if they had no humor. Amos represents the plain matter-of-fact negro. He works hard, saves a little, and is plumb full of common sense. What he earns is his. He wants no one else's property. No one shall get what he has by scheming. This was seen in the efforts of the Kingfish to get Amos to put his \$125 in the 'Home Bank,' which later failed.

"There is the other side of the race. Andy is playing up the bluff type. He is shamming his way through life, always pretending to know more than the other fellow, when he ought to be learning. He has a wonderful ambition, but his bluff has the best of him and therefore he is destined to failure."

Opinion of New York Negroes Regarding the Taxicab "Boys"

STEPIN FETCHIT, foremost colored screen actor, speaking "in character" of one of the parts made famous by him: "If you's goin' ter imitate niggers on de screen, you's gotter be ez good ez dey is, er a hole lot better. And right dar is de reason so many er deze blackface comedians falls down on de job. And dat's de reason Amos 'n' Andy is so successful. I takes off my hat to dem boys! De main reason I likes dem boys is dat dey keeps dey acts so clean. Smut ain' nevah gwine ter pay on de stage in long run; an' I reckon Amos 'n' Andy feels dat way too. Give de boys my bes'."

Daniel L. Haynes, who plays Adam in "The Green Pastures," Negro fable of Roark Bradford and Marc Connelly, at the Mansfield Theatre, has heard a great deal about Amos 'n' Andy but, strangely enough, has never heard them broadcast.

"When these two are on the air I'm on my way down-town to the theatre. My duties as an actor prevent my being one of radio's ardent followers—particularly an Amos 'n' Andy fan.

"However, from what I hear, these two are very funny. My friends are always quoting them to me. Humor, if it is at all good, must be universal in its appeal. It doesn't matter that these two are in black-face, simulating two colored people in the taxi-business. The fact is that their comedy is human, homely, ingratiating. If the two were Irish comedians or Dutch comedians and their patter had the same quality their humor now has, they would still be tremendous drawing cards.

"I'm sorry I haven't heard Amos 'n' Andy. But then again, I bet they haven't heard me."

Ernest Whitman, who plays the part of Sunny Jackson, one of the condemned men in the 1930 hit play, "The Last Mile": "I haven't had much chance to catch Amos 'n' Andy since The Last Mile opened but I used to be a regular fan during the early part of the winter. They're good. Man alive, it's difficult enough to play one part and make it convincing, but how those boys play so many parts, as I understand they do, is a mystery to me. I got so I used to try to catch them making a mistake with one character reading the lines belonging to another—but I never did. However, I did catch Amos the time he laughed, both in his own character and that of the Kingfish, at the rehearsal for the New Year's pageant. I've always been curious to know what broke him up. I guess they'll be popular for a long time—just as long as they can dig up material that is interesting. That's the trouble with radio—your audience is so large the minute your stuff gets stale you're done."

Patrolman 12119, 32nd Precinct: "My post is in the heart of Harlem and it gives me a good chance to watch my people and know what they like and dislike. With very few exceptions everyone I come in contact with is a rooter for Amos 'n'



If there is any one in the audience who does not know who these two colored boys are, will that person please raise the right hand? We'd like to know!

Andy. I like the programs myself, and when I am on duty from four in the afternoon until midnight I will say positively that every radio on my beat is tuned in or those two boys at seven o'clock. That pair certainly know their stuff and it is marvelous to me to think that they play all those different parts, but I think the best acting was done by Amos when Ruby Taylor went to Chicago. I sure felt sorry for him. I couldn't help believing that his heart was breaking."

* * *

Landlady of rooming house on 134th Street (she requested that her name and address not be used): "Like everyone else in Harlem I listen to Amos 'n' Andy every night. Those white boys know how to play negro parts better than any other black-face comedians I have ever heard. For one thing, they do not belittle the negro and I think their programs have done more to help the white people understand us than all the books that have ever been written. I know lots of Amoses and

Andys right here in Harlem, but I don't let the Andys stay long in my rooming house. The Amoses are alright because they pay their rent. I wish Amos would marry Ruby Taylor, but I suppose if he did Amos would be just big-hearted enough to take Andy in as a boarder, which would be too bad."

* * *

Young woman (name refused) in charge of beauty shop at 2251 Seventh Avenue: "The Amos 'n' Andy program does not interest me, because there is no music with it except the theme song or whatever it is they play at the start and the finish. And that is too slow. Besides it is very monotonous. As far as the character go they are alright but everywhere I go all I hear is "Sho—sho" and "Check and double check." Madam Queen must be an awful dumbbell to have anything to do with a fourflusher like Andy. He wouldn't last long with the girls I know in Harlem. Of course he may have "IT", I don't

(Continued on page 90)

Sidelights on Amos and Andy Contest

SOME INTERESTING FACTS Gathered

By the Judges of the Hundreds of Manuscripts
Submitted in the Contest

IN announcing the winners of the Amos and Andy dialogue contest, we believe it may be interesting to the readers of Radio Digest to know something about the extent of the response which we received in this contest, and to understand what can be gathered of the reaction of people in all parts of the United States and Canada to Amos and Andy's nightly amenities.

Judging the huge pile of manuscripts was no holiday job. There was once a colored boy down South named Henry Simpson who enlisted in the army and was put to work moving cross ties on a little railroad siding in Virginia. He moved a dozen or two, sweating profusely in the process. Then the captain pointed to a stack of railroad rails and said:

"Now, then, Sam (for all negroes were Sam to this particular white man), move those rails to the other side of the track."

For an hour Henry labored, but made little or no headway. Walking up to the captain, he saluted:

"Capn, has you got yo' roster dar wid you?"

"Why, yes, I have," replied the captain.

"Is you got de name er Henry Simpson down dar?"

The captain scanned his roster book.

"Yes, here is the name of Henry Simpson."

"Well, dat's all right, Capn. Dat's my name. I jes want ter make sartin. Thought maybe you had it down *Sampson* stead of Simpson."

The writer confesses he felt rather like Henry Simpson when the editor of Radio Digest turned over to him a mountain of manuscripts from north, south, east and west, showing an astounding interest in the progress not only of the diversions of the famous "negro" pair themselves, but in the contest particularly. For it did seem, in looking through the manuscripts, that everybody held some sort of very definite opinion as to what should be done about the matter. The vast preponderance of opinion seemed to lean towards the belief that Amos *aint gittin' a squar' deal* from Andy. One and all set about to remedy matters. No less than twenty contestants, in the "plot" of their dialogue, set forth the fact that Amos had changed places with Andy, had asserted himself and refused to accept the slings and arrows of his outrageous partner any more.

"Andy," says Amos in one submitted dialogue, "de worm done turned. I ain' gwine ter stan' no mo' fum you! Git out dar an' drive dat taxicab yo'se'f!" This *situation*, it seems, the boys have already seized upon and Amos and Andy have swapped places in fact.

That same idea—the sense of fair play inherent in all Anglo Saxons which, even in so small a matter as a short dramatic Radio piece, would demand that "jestice be did"—showed itself again and again as we read through the papers. In one case a girl wrote to Andy saying that though she did not know him she admired him greatly as the president of the Taxicab Company and wanted to meet him. She said she liked his looks, as she had seen him *driving around in the taxicab*.

Now that is all very well; Andy has just been preening himself, as he read this letter aloud to Amos, on the fact that strange ladies should be writing in to a big business man like him saying they wanted to meet him. But when he came to that part about "seeing you frequently driving the taxicab," and Amos realized it was *himself* the fair stranger was raving about, and *not Andy*, he sets up his derisive "Awa, awa, awa!"

In other papers, Amos lies late abed on Sunday morning while Andy is made to get up and cook breakfast. Again, it is Amos who wins over the white gentleman who has come to enter suit against President Andrew Brown. Amos gets the best of everything—in the contestants' papers. The public, one would

say, judging by the cross section of opinion contained in the mass of manuscripts which we have just been through, would really like to see a reversal of the parts of the two black face buddies—with Andy playing the under-dog for a while!

The dialect aspect of the matter has furnished a good deal of entertainment. We feel certain that a more varied selection of "negro" dialects never flooded in upon an editor before. Some of the examples were excellent—particularly those from the South, for the very obvious reason that southern people understand negro talk better than other people and are more familiar with the negro's peculiar characteristics that give rise to his dialect. From a part of Pennsylvania where many of the Dutch descendants live (who are really German and not Dutch) came manuscripts in which Amos and Andy said *mit* for *with* and *der* for *the*. Others from Gotham bore an unmistakable like-

ness to the talk of the Bowery folk. From Canada (and there were many Canadian contestants) came Amoses and Andies who spoke with an English if not a French Canuck accent. While the quality of the dialect was not the deciding factor, of course, in choosing the winning manuscripts it was one of the factors nevertheless. The idea back of this is that if Amos and Andy are to attain the very ultimate of their best work, they must do it in a dialect which most nearly approaches that of the real negro.

And because so much evident serious interest was expended in the preparation of many of these manuscripts we can't help expressing our regret that it was impossible to offer a dozen or a score of prizes instead of the five announced. Many fine efforts must, of necessity, have been rejected. But the judges have, we believe, chosen the best of the lot when all the factors are taken into consideration.

And because the editors and judges can see with half an eye what careful and painstaking effort lies back of many of the

manuscripts submitted, they cannot close the contest without a word of praise and encouragement to those who are not among the winners. Very real talent is undoubtedly possessed by many unsuccessful contestants.

Out of the years' experience which each of the judges has had in the writing profession, comes one word of suggestion:

Don't, whatever you do, take this failure to win a prize too seriously!

Remember that for every prize won there were dozens of manuscripts found unsuitable. We say this because Radio Digest will be having other contests in the future—all sorts and conditions of contests. And we want you all to be among those present when the time comes to submit manuscripts!

Therefore, if you have entered a manuscript in the Amos and Andy contest and do not find yourself represented in the winners' list, just remember that you have many companions in misfortune. The counts on which the prize winners were chosen may be summed up roughly as follows:

(A) Humor: the originality and "snappiness" of the situation.

(B) Readability: the ease with which the dialogue important factor, this angle has been considered in

(C) Dialect: Since in a blackface act dialect is an important factor this angle has been considered in choosing the winners.

A great number of manuscripts contained some good material, but "fell down" in other respects. Possibly if the material had been handled a little more deftly certain of these may have come out winners. Some contestants apparently thought there was no need to whip their material into a concise readable form. On the other hand a great number of them *did*.

The Winners

First Prize, \$100

E. D. Dorrance, Mitchell, South Dakota

Second Prize, \$50

J. B. Sizer, Schuyler, Va.

Third Prize, \$25

Miss Beatrice Biggs, 805 Walnut St., Clinton, Ind.

Fourth Prize, \$15

J. W. Evans, 304 East Second St., Rome, Ga.

Fifth Prize, \$10

Miss Susie Kuhn, 1302 Marshall St., Shreveport, La.

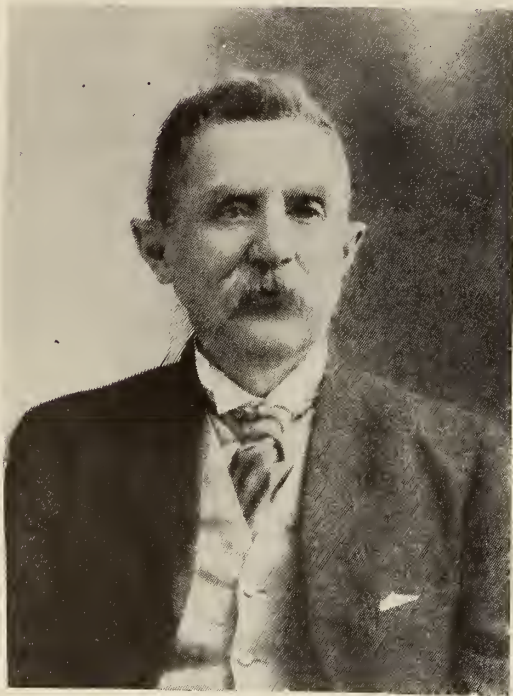
Biographical matter concerning each of the winners reached the editorial offices of Radio Digest too late for inclusion in the August issue. This information will appear in the September issue.

Radio Digest's Congratulations to Each of the Successful Contestants

CLAREMORE DAYS

*Cowboy Humorist as Only Son
Knew Poverty—Attended All
not for long—Liked*

By Victor



Clem Rogers, Will's Dad.

BILL SUNDAY is an Indian. This Bill Sunday, however, is BILL Sunday—not the Billy Sunday you probably are thinking of. Bill Sunday is one of the old timers of Claremore, Oklahoma; lived there all his life, knew Will Rogers, his pa and his ma and his two sisters when the Rogers' young ones were all just kids.

Go to Claremore and talk to Bill and he'll tell you a lot of things about that boy who grew up to become the "unofficial ambassador" of the White House, the pet of the Follies, and America's greatest living humorist—anyway of his type.

Bill and other Claremorens get a big laugh out of the stories about the poor Loy from the country who went to the big city and made good when it applies to Will Rogers, who never was a poor boy in his whole life. They snicker sideways at you when you hint about the deficiency of Will's early scholastic training.

"Say, Will Rogers attended more schools and colleges than Lincoln, Mark Twain and Edison put together," Bill or any of the other old timers will tell you. "Why, he attended all the schools in the district, an' some that wasn't in the district. He was just too smart for any of 'em. You know how he joshes Henry Ford, the President and foreign dictators—well, he was just like that when he was a little chap—only the teacher didn't seem to get the humor of it. He had his mind on catchin' them up on something or other and getting the laugh on 'em from the rest of the school. And guess you'll have to reckon that kind of learnin' did him as much good for what he turned out to be as anything would have done. Anyway it gave him a chance to see what a lot of different schools had to offer. One good crack meant the rest of the day off to follow his own devices."

WILL ROGERS came from good parentage. His father, Clem Rogers, was a power in the community. He was easy with Will as a little shaver but he got more stern as the boy grew up into long pants. Their ranch gave the county its name. Clem and Mrs. Rogers, Will's ma, both had good bringing up. Mrs. Rogers used to be Mary Schrimcher before she married Clem. The old timers will tell you she was a right sweet looking girl with black eyes that twinkled when she talked. And she had a ready tongue with an answer for anybody—just like Will does today. She died when Will was only 12 years old.

Her sayings are still quoted in Claremore by folks who knew her way back when. They tell a good one about the time when Will was just a tiny baby. Poor little fellow never could have been considered cute by anybody. A neighborly but somewhat bashful cowboy dropped in at the Rogers ranch to see the new

Will was a real cowboy. Two early snapshots taken during his youth in Claremore.



WITH WILL ROGERS

*of Wealthy Rancher Never
Schools in District but
Circus Life Best*

F. Barnett

arrival. He stood awkwardly, hat in hand, looking down on the squirming bit of humanity. He just stood there speechless, too honest to say anything but what he thought and too respectful of the mother's feelings to open his mouth. Finally Mrs. Rogers looked up with a bright smile and said:

"Well, Tom, I guess you are thinking this is the homeliest baby you ever see?"

Tom was covered with confusion. He had tried so hard to keep his mind to himself and here she knew just what he was thinking. He couldn't deny it. He blushed and apologized in his best cowboy style as he backed out of the room, mortified to death.

Will had two sisters. One of them died a year or so ago. The other is Mrs. Tom McSpadden who has her home there in Rogers county today. Before the boy became famous Mrs. McSpadden was considered the literary light of the family. She took to writing early and probably had a lot more to her credit than Will did up to ten years ago. When the oil boom hit Oklahoma she just seemed to be waiting for it. Everybody was crazy about oil. Her husband got into the oil business and she picked up everything she could learn about it and wrote for the papers about oil. For several years she was assistant oil editor of one of the Tulsa newspapers.

WHEN it became necessary Will went to the common schools during the winter months. But with the first warm days of spring the Indian blood of his father's people fumed in his veins and he yearned for the throb of a pony between his knees and the smell of growing things on the vagrant breeze. Shortly thereafter the school would be entertained by one of those chronic "arguments"—the term that Will would use in his ruckus with a teacher.

Eventually Will's father began to share some of the impatience expressed by the teachers. Will became a typical boy problem. He was sent to the Herold Institute at Muskogee, Okla., and from there he went to Willie Halsell college at Vinita, in the same state. But Will never lost his love for Claremore and it was not long on either occasion before he was back home in general circulation.

Teachers simply couldn't keep him in line. Clem tried talking to the boy and Will, with that disarming good natured smile, "argued" his way out of one difficulty after another. Then dad decided to send him to Kemper Military school at Boonville, Mo.

"Discipline is what he needs and I think he'll get it there," he confided to some of his friends. "There will be no arguing with the teachers at Kemper. It will be the making of him."

You really couldn't call Will bad. He never showed the



This photo of Will Rogers and his family was taken some years ago.



Above you see young Will Rogers when everybody in Claremore called him Willie. Will is at the left in the buggy before the corner store in Claremore.



least bit of orneriness. Some people call it "originality". He just never could stay in traces—had his own way of doing things and balked at rules and regulations. So off he went to the military school. Whatever made Clem imagine they could hold that boy down to military restrictions is a mystery to his old friends in Claremore yet. Of course Will started in with all good intentions. He very quickly discovered that the commanding officers of a military school were quite too determined to have their own way about things without compromise. Now Will never would concede to anybody—military or not—that there couldn't be room for an argument when there was a difference in opinion. Thereupon he decided that he would have no military training and forthwith parted company with the Kemper school.

THE NEXT Clem heard of him Will sent a wire that he had gone to Texas to assist in drilling an oil well. The telegram was an event in Claremore. Almost everybody in town saw it and was interested because it was a matter of no little local concern as to whatever would become of "that boy." He was only a kid after all. He even signed the message, "Willie."

"Ran away from school, I knew it, I knew it," said Bill Sunday when he saw the telegram.

"Goin' to drill an oil well is he?" sighed another old timer as they met and pondered over the matter on a bench in front of the corner store with the imitation brick front.

"Clem says he's goin' to let the boy work out his own grief, an' I hope he does. That boy needs to take a little responsibility on his own shoulders. He's always had everything give to him."

In some respects drilling an oil well and drilling on a parade ground are not so very different, and Will's letters home worked on his dad's feelings so that about the third one brought him money to come back to Claremore. Responsibility was what the boy needed, was it? Clem gave that idea a lot of hard thought. Maybe it would be a good thing to let him take hold of the ranch and run it for a while. And in order to put the boy strictly on his own in the matter he pulled out and took a vacation for himself. So there was Will with about the most important ranch in Rogers county on his hands to do with as he pleased.

Will immediately discovered more agreeable uses for a big Oklahoma ranch than just raising stock and a lot of growing truck. Besides, social life on a ranch can get to be an awful bore without a little snappy entertainment now and then. Will conceived the idea of putting some of the boys to work building a stage for a dance floor. And while the carpenter work was under way he planned a series of festivals, dances, and roping contests. Looking at the results from a cold business point of view the enterprise was a complete flop and Clem had to hurry home to bring a stop to a fast dwindling bank account.

YOU couldn't blame Clem for feeling mighty put out after he had tried to do the right thing by Will. But this really was the last straw. The camel just reared up on hind legs and Will got a talking-to he probably never will forget to his dying day. The result was Will went out to the barn very much sobered and probably a whole lot chastened, threw a saddle over his beloved pony, Comanche, and with his ninety foot lasso cantered off to rope the world and tickle its ribs.

Circus life naturally appealed to the young cowboy. He had become an expert with his rope; Comanche was the envy and joy of every lover of horseflesh. At last Will Rogers had found his element. His letters to his father became geography to Claremore. G. F. Godbey, secretary of the Claremore chamber of commerce, will tell you of the stamps and postmarks on the letters that signified Will's whereabouts when he wrote to his father thirty years ago.

"I was cashier of the town's First National Bank at the time," he says, "and everybody took a heap of interest in those letters. There were some from South Africa, South America, London, and then there were some from Australia. We felt that Will Rogers was making good—just as the most of us had expected he would in spite of the carcifer existence he had led before he left home. Big hearted, fine character and bright as a dollar. These qualities would sure make something



Will Rogers as he is today with riches, fame and a Radio career.

of him eventually."

One day Clem strode into the bank all smiles and pride beaming in his eyes. He had another letter.

"Well, I've just heard from Willie," he told the banker, "and he sent me \$100." Money talks. To Clem that was positive and unmistakable evidence that his boy, Will, was a success. It meant more than just the intrinsic worth of \$100. To the father it meant his son had begun to appreciate the value of money and the importance of saving. Will never asked his father for money again from that time on, according to the recollection of Mrs. Godbey.

SPEAKING of an appreciation of the value of money it was just about this time—a little later, possibly—that Will came home for a visit and was asked to join a tramload of boosters from Tulsa on a tour of the middle-tier of large cities. It was before he had been discovered as a writer or speaker. He was merely to do his stuff with Comanche and the rope.

After they had reached New York and thousands had been entertained by his nimble dexterity with the rope a stranger walked up and offered him \$800 spot cash for his pony. Will grinned as he shook his head slowly but decisively.

"You give me \$800 for Comanche? No. I wouldn't want the bother of spending that much money."

(More about Will and his travels will be told in another article in Radio Digest. But before we leave Clem Rogers let's get a little better acquainted with him. Editor.)

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DAINTY DORR BOTHWELL—in person and a moving picture at the same time. Recently she told Radio listeners over KPO, San Francisco, that she had been initiated into a Samoan tribe by having her body converted into a moving picture through the tattoo process. She is a distinguished artist of Samoan life.



PEGGY PRICE comes from—one guess? Yep, California, of course. She's a blues singer at KFVD, Culver City. And take Prof. Powers word for it she knows how to sing. She is blessed with a sunny disposition on all occasions except when she broadcasts those melancholy things they call the blues.



A LICE WHITE, lovely blonde of Screenland, is one of the many new recruits to the Radio studios who came through talking picture experience with the microphone. You will remember her as the Show Girl in Hollywood over the NBC Continental hook-up. She is gifted with Radio personality as well as physical beauty.



BABY ROSE MARIE is starting young, but you must admit she has the gesture—the main idea. That she has the real ultramarine voice you doubtless will also concede if you happened to hear her from WEAJ through the NBC network. And Rudy Vallee himself was the artist who featured her in his program—what luck!



ALEXANDRIA STEPANOFF is an artist who can demonstrate most convincingly that every little movement has a meaning of its own. In fact, she is one of the, if not the world's greatest thereminists. One tiny jerk of her little finger can summon notes of majesty from the NBC Theremin ether wave music box before her.



Wonder if Floyd Gibbons is talking 245 words a minute to Virginia Gardner as they zip up the East River in Floyd's speed boat on a sunny afternoon?

VACATION FOLLIES

*Notables of Radioland Make the Best of Summer
Holidays as King Mike Gives Leave*

By Evans E. Plummer

"**H**AH, HAH!" was the greeting I received when I asked Freeman ("Amos") Gosden how he was going to spend his vacation this summer. He could afford, financially, to give me several more hah-hahs, but the same question, when put in other quarters, provoked severe scowls and other varieties of dirty looks.

It seems that Radio stars are in a class by themselves on the vacation deal. Opera stars get to loaf or study as they choose. Motion picture luminaries finish a production, rest until the next, and often have thrown in a free journey half-way round the world to the locale of their coming film. Actors and actresses generally may count upon two or three months of leisure in the summer.

But the favorites of the tin ear known as Mike? Most of 'em have to keep right on working. A few manage to escape contracts and go abroad, but they are in the minority. Sponsored programs have a habit these days of continuing right on through the warm months since Radio engineers and the networks put the skids under the once well-known "poor season."

So it is with Amos 'n' Andy. No rest is in sight for this NBC pair. In August they are booked to spend long hours before the cameras and recording microphones in Hollywood, Calif., and at the same time do their Radio skit twice each day six days a week.

In between broadcasts and personal appearances, however, Charles "Andy" Correll is finding time to play around in Lake Michigan with his Chris-Craft speed boat which he bought this past spring from Joe Schenk, Van's partner in the popular singing duo.

Graham McNamee, smart oldtimer that he is, has a stipulation in all of his contracts for a two week's vacation. This he is

spending in a motor tour through the Adirondacks. Canada may also be on the itinerary. Motoring is a novelty to the McNamees. Both he and his wife generally take fast trains or planes to and from his broadcasting engagements.

"Rudy" (Hubert) Vælle, who keeps the Fleishmann NBC program moving, will probably be on a New England and Midwest barnstorming tour by the time this is being read. The tour is to reach West as far as Cleveland and Cincinnati. Between leaving Broadway and catching the train, nevertheless, the plans called for a week's respite which Rudy was to spend renewing old home town friendships in Westbrook, Maine, swimming, golfing and playing tennis. The beloved crooner, as perhaps you may know, is quite a swimmer and once held several minor records for underwater swimming.

WHAT will the ladies be doing? Well, by this time Jessica Dragonette has probably spent her short two weeks picking wildflowers in Maine. Vaughn de Leath went to Europe on a concert tour and should return soon to remove weeds from her Connecticut farm, "The Hitching Post." Rosaline Greene, NBC's Eveready thespian, likewise is in Europe where she expects to do some broadcasting in London studios. Irma de Baun, CBS soprano, is also Europe bound where she will appear in concert and opera.

Leslie Frick, NBC contralto, has already made her annual pilgrimage to Europe and sent back gaudy postcards wishing her friends were there. While there private recitals in Paris and the microphone of the Radio-Paris station occupied her spare time. Margaret Olsen, Scandinavian soprano of Davey hour fame, planned to tour Norway and Sweden this summer

in search of more oldtime songs, but engagements here will probably force her to modify this plan to a simple two week's rest in the quiet Vermont hills. In addition she plans indulging in plenty of golf, swimming and motoring during the time she must stay in New York.

Countess Olga Medalago Albani, the charming, dark-skinned Spanish prima donna of Kodak week-end hour, hopes to arrange her affairs so that she can visit Cuba where her parents and friends are living. The Countess is also a rabid tennis fan and is spending many hours on the courts in Central Park, New York.

Paula Hemminghaus, NBC contralto, has taken up golf seriously, and has at least three sessions a week on the fairways. Between golf and programs she is also busy perfecting her Australian crawl. Helen Oelheim, contralto soloist of network fame, is another tennis fiend and has devoted all of her spare time, with the exception of two weeks at a quiet resort, to mastering new and difficult services. Della Baker, Kodak soprano, has planned a long automobile tour through the White Mountains with her husband. Welcome Lewis simply spent two weeks sleeping at her Westchester home.

Gitla Erstinn, Chase and Sanborn soprano, will spend her time on the New York beaches between games of tennis and golf, while Elizabeth Davenport, contralto heard on the same program, now a confirmed Westchester commuter, will do the same except for the substitution of home gardening for the tennis.

Marcella Shields, one of the NBC "Troupers," will warm the bleachers for both the Yankees and the Giants the while she suppresses her desire to announce a ball game over the Radio. Another NBC "radactress," Virginia Gardiner, who appears in Empire Builders, Mystery House and Cuckoo, will keep on writing and trying to sell short stories. Other days she will accept invitations to ride in the speed boat Floyd Gibbons owns and employs to churn waves on the East River.

FLOYD, the science and prohibition poll fast talker, incidentally, will be kept pretty busy with his nightly broadcasts and cannot stray far from Mike. His speed boat, airplane flights and other convenient but thrilling pastimes will afford him momentary relief from his daily routine.

Speed boats are popular this year in Radiodom. Having already marked up Charlie Correll and Gibbons as addicts, you may now add Harry Reser, Cliquot Eskimos leader, and

James Melton. good-looking-but married top tenor of the Revelers, to the total. Jack Parker, much featured NBC tenor, another motor boat enthusiast, sneaks away for a day or two aboard his 40-foot craft which is a duplicate of that owned by Gene Austin, and sometime during the summer plans to stage a race with Gene. Gustav Haenschen, well-known NBC conductor, is a member of the same fraternity of gasoline sailors and "gets away from it all" by hopping aboard his motor-boat cruiser. Frequently Gus works out a tough bit of orchestration aboard his craft and far from the sweltering, maddening crowd. B. A. Rolfe, the Lucky stick waver, has purchased a mo-

tor cruiser this summer, thereby doing his bit to make the Radio fleet considerable of an unlimited navy.

Speaking of boats and such reminds me of Martha Attwood, the Cape Cod gal who made good in Metropolitan Grand "opery" and then signed up with NBC. Martha, still retaining her opera habits, has cancelled all broadcasting engagements and is spending the summer on the Cape. Here she is getting acquainted again with "Dad" Attwood, an old salt who thought Martha was bound for perdition when his little girl first showed signs of singing for money on the stage.

Boats, fishing—so runs the train of thought. Fishing is Phillips Carlin's dish. Mulberry Point on the Connecticut coast is his idea of the proper place to spend two weeks in an intensive hook and sinker campaign this summer. Alois Havrilla, announcer of the Kodak hours, is another Izaak Walton leaguer. Havrilla aims to commute from a resort near New York and spend his leisure moments with rod and reel, midiron and mashie, and swimming suit. The same recreations will claim Alwyn Bach, 1930 American Academy medalist announcer, whose rush of additional engagements makes it impossible for him to get farther away from the city than Long Island, his home.

ANGLING for bass also claims the spare time this summer of Ned Tollinger and John Wolf, the singing duo once known countrywide as the Mona Twins, and who now are attached to the West Coast division of NBC.

Wolf has been taking his vacation in what he terms "jumps." One of the best jumps came when he and Tex Maxwell, NBC West Coast production manager, spent a week-end fishing in San Francisco Bay of the Marin County Coast. They brought home the limit—approximately 60 pounds of bass.

The biggest of the finny prizes tipped the scales (no pun intended) at well over 20 pounds. And while we're telling fish stories:

H. J. Maxwell, auditor of the Pacific Division, isn't numbered among the artists, but as a fisherman he's a real one, just the same.

"H. J." came home, after a short vacation, with 16 elegant mountain trout. He made his catch in Huntington Lake in the High Sierras. At an elevation of 7,000 feet, H. J. was caught in a neat little summer snow-storm that held up the fishing program one day.

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John Wolf (left) and Tex Maxwell took 60 pounds of bass from Frisco Bay.

Godfrey Ludlow has appeared in many roles with his magic violin in NBC programs under various auspices. More recently you have heard him as the star of the Elgin programs late on Friday nights.



Phil Cook is not only two faced, but he can make you see a dozen faces while he assumes that many characters before the mike.



When Adle Vasa, along with others in the CBS party, called at the White House to see President Hoover she was cordially received by the gentleman who seems to have won her heart and hand in the picture.



My dear, whom do you suppose? None other than the great Rudy Vallee himself signing his name and perhaps saying a few sailorish things in the autograph album of the gob who stands beside. For Rudy too was once a gob, if you remember.



Helen Hughes and Her Boys, whom you have often heard from the St. Louis axis, are now thrilling the big Northwest from KSTP, St. Paul.

Remember that meteoric person who came to fame in *The Desert Song*? Here he is all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse. It's John Boles whom you also hear NBC (N. Y.) over the national system.



It's hard to hold a pose like this while a photog gets his camera ready, but we must see this young man as he looks while leading the orchestra—he's one of the youngest of the new generation of conductors, Mr. Len Joy of NBC.



May Singhi Breen is known as the original ukulele lady, an especially popular entertainer in the East. She has a great collection of Chinaware pets.



Allen Burt and Faith Gibbon are seen here as you thought you saw them when they were broadcasting *Trial by Jury*, the *Gilbert and Sullivan* operetta. It came from the NBC New York studios.



Some folks think children don't go so good on the air, but here are four that never fail. They are in *The Toddy Party* over the National net.





"Now listen, Charlie, I know she's wonderful. But—but—" "Oh, you can't understand, Norm, why she's—she's— Oh how can I express it?" "Don't try, I know." That's Norman Brokenshire and Charlie over the CBS.



He's the man who sets Will Rogers to music. Freddy Rich, lightning conductor of CBS dynamic music, also directs the large symphonic dance orchestra that ushers Will Rogers up to and away from the mike on Sunday nights.



Tony Cabooch, the "One-Man-Radio-Show" (C. J. Gruber).



Columbiannouncers: Lower, left; Harry Vonzell, David Ross, Don Ball. Above: George Beuchler, Frank Knight, Hugh Walton, Ted Husing.



Vim, pep and dash are the notable characteristics of the Lucky Strike dance orchestra, heard three times a week over the continental net. And here is Mr. B. A. Rolfe, the director, as you would meet him on the street.



"Whoo-eee! Firewagons'll git you, ef y'u don't watch out!" So stay on the curb and watch your step, says Uncle Bob Wilson, KYW, pioneer Radio uncle.



Young Man of the Evening doing his stuff. Otherwise Ray Perkins, as Old Topper.



Presentation of the Prairie President at WLS. Cast from left: Dolly Day, William Vickland (Lincoln), Mrs. Ellen Vogler (guest), Louis Ramsdell, Raymond Warren (author) and Douglas Hope.

T E R R O R

By Rupert Hughes

*SHE Loved a Boy
Who Left Her a
Bonded White Slave
Among Blacks in Little
Old—Very Old—New
York. And She Burned
Her Way to Freedom.*

Illustrated by
Joseph L. Sabo



THE MOST dreadful, the most devastating, the most fatal woman that New York ever knew, was a frightened little fifteen-year-old bonded servant-girl.

As she stood clutching her apron and nibbling at its edges in mouse-like timidity, she looked anything but the menace she was.

Yet before Mary Burton's panic was over, the whole population of New York was stampeded into equal madness and its panic-smitten judges had crowded into loathsome cells in the City Hall a hundred and seventy-four innocent wretches. Seventy of these were lucky enough to be taken from prison and merely shipped off to slavery in exile; twenty of them were taken from the prison to the gallows; and thirteen of them were burned at the stake.

Wise people are most afraid of those who are afraid, and it was this child's terror that made her terrible. For what is more dangerous than fear? The mad dog is afraid. The rattlesnake is afraid. The tyrant. The mob. What is anger indeed but a more desperate fear and the scowl of wrath but a grimace of alarm? Why should anybody persecute or slay anyone except for being afraid of him?

During the height of her frightful power, Mary Burton belonged to the town as its municipal servant-girl, and for contributing its blackest page to its history the town paid her one hundred pounds in good money. Which was about one hundred pounds more than she had ever earned before or could have earned in any other way.

She sold her soul for the sake of her love.

She had never wanted to come to New York in the first place. She had not asked to be brought into the world, and she owed no gratitude to the parents that sold her overseas when she was hardly more than thirteen years old.

They called the sale a bond of indenture, but it meant plain slavery until her youth should be gone and her beauty worn out in wageless toil. Her father sold her to a ship captain and he drove her across his gangplank with other cattle to be tossed and sickened for stormy weeks in a miserable hold, and driven across the gangplank at the New York docks to the market-place of the public vendue.

ONE BRIGHT thing in the nausea of that voyage was her meeting with the captain's cabin boy, Tom Wilson. He was kind to her and when the brig was becalmed they did not care. He had leisure then, and the two of them could sit on a hatch and hold hands and tell each other why they hated everybody else in the world, and the world; and why they did not hate each other.

Tom's lot was not much better than hers, his age only a year greater, and his parents even crueller. Her's had mended their poverty and escaped the threat of starvation for all of their children by the fees they collected for the sale of one of them into a land where she could not be worse off than she was in London.

The parents of Tom Wilson, however, had beaten him and taught him drink and thievery and used the proceeds of his thievery for more liquor. Homes were as cruel as the other prisons in those times.

"My old man never risked nothin' himself. He let me do it all," Tom told Mary. "He seen many a boy younger than me swing off the gallows at Tyburn for swipin' a wipe out of somebody's pocket. But he used to send me into the crowd to pick pockets because the crowd was big on hangin' days. One day I seen

'em string up two little boys and a girl, nine, ten, eleven years old. And I says to m'self: 'My neck is my own and I'm goin' to take it out of the rope's reach! So I run off to sea! It's no redam and the cap'n is mighty free with the rope's end; but it ain't my neck that feels it.'

THEY watched New York approach with dreary eyes. It was a miserable little clutter of huts to those citizens of London from under the shadow of St. Paul's. Hardly ten thousand people made up New York, and two thousand of these were slaves.

On the last night as the brig lay at anchor in the bay the children wept in each other's arms and vowed fidelity. Tom swore that he would follow the sea till it made him rich and then he would find Mary and buy her freedom. She was rising fourteen and he just gone sixteen and that was old enough for marrying, provided they had the funds to set them up in some business.

The next morning the captain kept Tom on the jump so fast that he could not pass a word with Mary, who stood with all her goods in a bundle and waited as one of the dumb herd of bonded servants to be dumped ashore and sold.

When Mary was stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler, a gruff fellow who thrust Tom away when he tried to speak to Mary.

"She's mine! I bought her. I want no young wastrels tampering with my goods. Be off!"

Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her when she tried to put the countless things she had to say in one fleet glance of her sad eyes across a shoulder far too slender for the burdens she must bear.

THE SIGHT filled Tom with a frenzy for sudden riches. Such sea-faring as he had begun held out only the promise of hard and uncertain years. So he took his sorrow to a public house to drown it. There he met a covey of young sailors from the *Flamborough* man-of-war and they told him they were cruising after Spanish merchantmen laden with gold. Since war was on, the galleons were fair prey and every capture meant prize-money for every member of the crew.

This and the news that the ship was so short-handed that recruits were being shanghaied, seemed to Tom a message from

heaven. He enlisted at once and sailed away in the royal uniform.

Only half a year had gone when the *Flamborough* saluted the royal governor of New York again and disgorged a throng of prisoners, black sailors taken from the Spanish ships. At the orders of the Admiralty these men were sold into slavery. They made loud protest that they were prisoners of war and free subjects of the King of Spain; but nobody understood them or would have cared if he had. And these blacks were distributed among the two thousand other malcontents.

Tom had money now and was ready to desert his ship, drank and gambled his funds away and went back disconsolate to sea because he could find Mary nowhere nor any trace of her. Her owner, the tallow-chandler, had sent her far out to Greenwich Village to work on a farm there.

HE WAS no less harsh a taskmaster through the day than he was a lovmaker at dusk. Before the year was out the hapless child had borne him a child. The sardonic fates that guided Mary's life took the infant away almost at once. Which was fortunate in a sense; yet it did not sweeten her life to watch her nameless baby die.

Her grief, her weakness, and her despair of seeing Tom made her nearly worthless as a packhorse, so the tallow-chandler offered her for sale again at public vendue. Technically, he sold only the bond of her indenture, but since she went along with it, she was no better than a black. And she worked henceforth among the blacks.

For she was purchased by John Hughson, who kept a hideous tavern in the Jews' Alley where few but thieves, dock rats and slaves consorted.

It was one of Mary's tasks to mop the tables, mend the fires, make the woful beds and set out the mugs of liquor before the customers, whether they were sea-blistered sailors, slinking footpads, or the shuffling Africans who sneaked into the bar-room under cover of the dark whose children they were.

It was against the law to sell drams to slaves without consent of their masters, but liquor laws are made to break, and John Hughson had to live as best he could. His best was of the worst.

All day and late into the night Mary moved and had her being among jail-vermin, wharf-scum and the beaten lees who sought a deeper oblivion in drunkenness and drained from dirty vessels a brew a little less bitter than the acrid cup of their lives.

SO SMOTHERING was her life in that noisome, negro-smelling pit that Mary welcomed it as a festival when Hughson told her that they must go out into the Commons and gather firewood.

No one had ever known so fierce and long a winter as the winter of 1740. The snow was six feet deep in the streets, the cattle starved, and the wild deer came down so close that they could be captured like cattle where they floundered to their antlers in the drifts.

Because of the cold and in spite of it, the tavern fire must be kept on the roar or none of the miserable waifs from the tropics would have left their kitchens and shops for Hughson's brandy.

For the sake of the freedom and the purity of the open air, Mary would put on the old breeches of a former serving-man and his boots a world too big, and climb into Hughson's sleigh. She rejoiced as she plunged among the white depths of the blizzard Battery and the windswept Commons, looking for chance bits of timber and branches from frozen trees. Her cheeks grew briefly rosy as she waded waist-deep laden with fagots, and her laughter smoked in the frosty air.

Who could ever have dreamed—what maddest nightmare could have foretold—that when the summer came she would have set the jailer's men to gathering wood in these same places to pile about the poor victims of her terror? And that flames would crackle about their shrivelling backs more sharply than any whip?

AFTER the gathering of wood Mary must return reluctantly to the stews and the unclean parody of life that went on there. There were women enough about the place: Hughson's wife and their daughter, and a young widow, Margaret Serubiero, or Salinburg, who was called Peggy Kerry, "the Irish beauty from Newfoundland." They did not share Mary's horror of the blacks and there was a ghastly mixture at the tables and in the noisy dances—and elsewhere. Sometimes Mary had to fight her way out of the arms of one of these horrible creatures who pleaded for a dance but she had no sympathy from the other women, who mocked her as an upstart aristocrat.

The blacks were insolent here where they had white slaves to wait upon them and the privilege of giving orders instead of taking them—particularly the servants of the best families.

But most insolent of all were the Spanish negroes brought by the *Flamborough* and other men of war. Most insolent of the insolents was the big



. . . And the two of them could sit on a hatch, hold hands, and tell each other why they hated everybody else in the world . . . and why they did not hate each other.

fellow called Caesar. He belonged to Vaarck, the baker, but he always found money somehow. It was he that paid for Peggy's board and keep.

The loathing of her servitude grew upon Mary till it was all but mania. Her only hope was in Tom Wilson and she had not seen him now for close on two years. She had poor choice of explanations: he had forgotten her or been drowned in the forgetfulness of the deep sea or killed perhaps in some street fight or in some dive like this where her own hopes and beauties festered.

ONE night when the uproar of the tavern threatened to call the constables down upon them, the lights and the music brought in a crowd of sailors from the *Flamborough*. Mary had heard that the warship was in port; but its name meant nothing to her, and she had suffered too much from the violent flattery of drunken sailors to welcome these. Some of them knocked down the slaves and danced off with their girls; others sprawled at the tables and bawled for rum.

Seeing one mass of curly hair bobbing over a pewter tankard, Mary regretted the youth of the sinner who was exchanging toasts with the

it in the clamor.

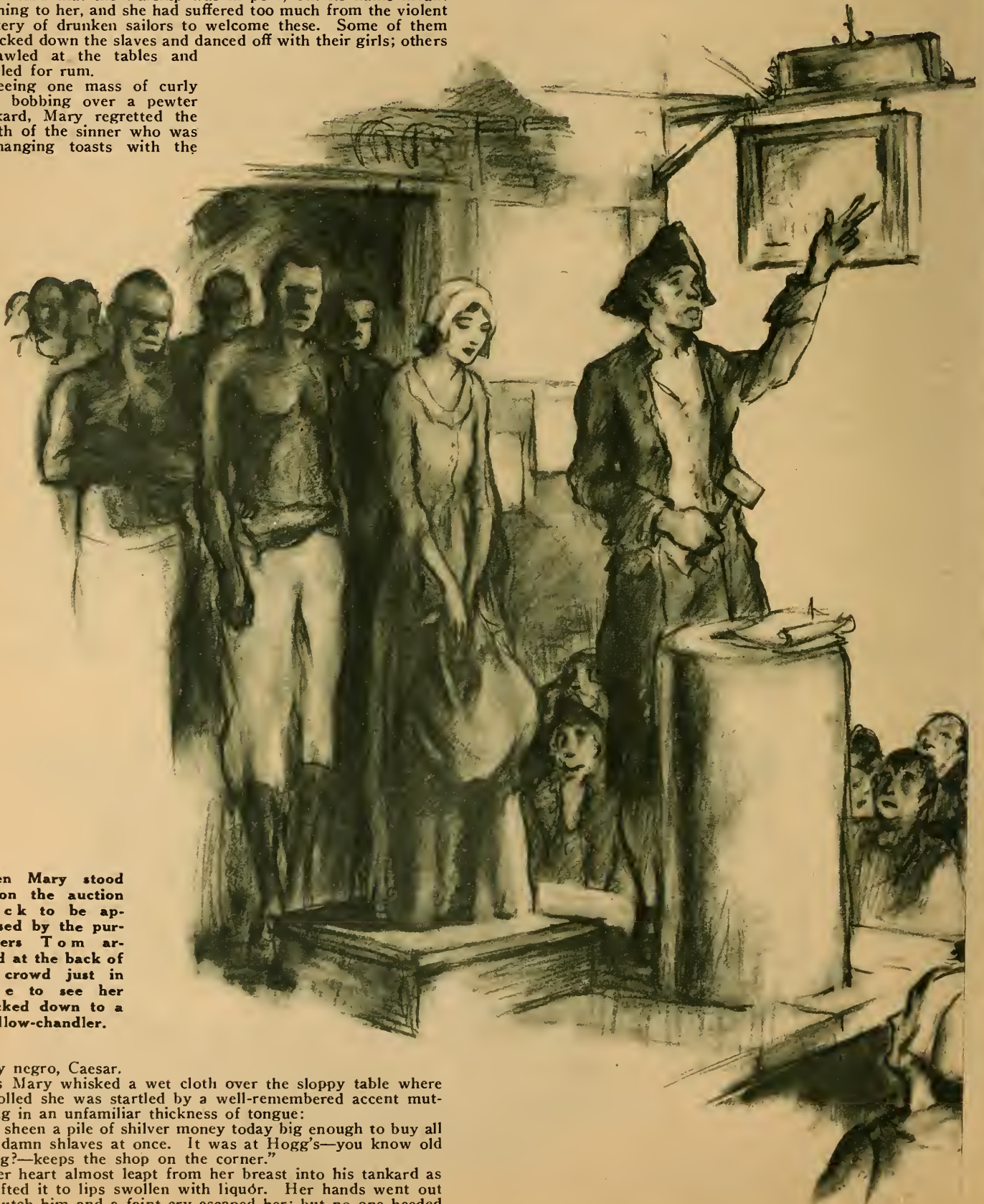
She fell back a step to consider what to do, and while she cudgelled her wits she listened to what he drivelled:

"Wull, I went into Hogg's to buy me some chequered linen—goin' to sew myself up a few shirts—y'un'erstan'? Y'un'erstan'? An' old Hogg's old wife waits on me. And I give her a Spanish nine-penny silver piece. And she goes for the scales to weigh it—y'un'stan'—and she opens a drawer—and wh' d'you s'pose? It was spillin' over with Spanish pieces of eight—fair spillin' over y'un'erstan'?"

Caesar's eyes rolled and he guffawed:

"Wha' right dat ol' ooman got to all dat goo' money?"

The distracted Mary noted that John Hughson drew near and listened keenly to the boy's chatter:



When Mary stood up on the auction block to be appraised by the purchasers Tom arrived at the back of the crowd just in time to see her knocked down to a tallow-chandler.

burly negro, Caesar.

As Mary whisked a wet cloth over the sloppy table where he lolled she was startled by a well-remembered accent muttering in an unfamiliar thickness of tongue:

"I sheen a pile of shilver money today big enough to buy all you damn shlaves at once. It was at Hogg's—you know old Hogg?—keeps the shop on the corner."

Her heart almost leapt from her breast into his tankard as he lifted it to lips swollen with liquór. Her hands went out to clutch him and a faint cry escaped her; but no one heeded

"And ain't all I shaw. 'At old woman had a pile of gold and silver medals in there—and snuff boxes. Gawd! She had enough to sneeze a warship to pieces—and—why, she must be loaded like a Spanish ship!"

Hughson tapped Caesar on the shoulder and they went into another room, leaving Tom drooling over his ale. Mary sank down in Caesar's place and when Tom turned to go on with his story his eyes fell on her. They were all clouded, but they cleared slowly and he cried:

"Mary!"

THEN he fell over into her bosom and they embraced and kissed and wept. And no one paid them any heed, thinking them simply maudlin with drink.

They were so embowered in the Paradise of each other's arms that they forgot where they were. Tom sobbed out his futile search for her and Mary mourned his absence and told him her petty chronicles, omitting, of course, allusion to the baby that was not his. And then they opened their eyes to the world. He saw her neighbors and the mop-rag in her hand and the barmaid's cap on her head. And he groaned:

"You're here! You're one of 'em! It's all my fault; but I'm too late. I come back to find my sweetheart a——"

She clapped her hand over his mouth to stop the awful word and shrieked into his ringing ears that she was not what he thought, that only force kept her here and she would kill herself if he did not believe her.

And he believed her and wrestled with his besotted brain to wring out clear thoughts. He wept again for the prize-money he had gambled away for lack of hope of seeing her again. And they agreed that he must go back to sea and come home with gold enough to buy her indenture from Hughson; or if he could not raise so much they would run off together into New England or Virginia and begin a white life in the wilderness. It meant a ghastly wait, but people were used to prolonged anguishes in those slow days.

WITH this promise Tom kissed her goodbye and reeled out of the tavern. She went into the cold dark for another farewell, and the blown snowflakes were like kisses of regret on their young cheeks.

So wrong it seemed of life to part them again that a fierce temptation assailed Tom's soul. He mumbled:

"If I had the money I saw

at old Mrs. Hogg's I could buy you free tonight. It wouldn't be hard for me to climb in there. My father taught me how. I've gone straight a long while now, but it don't seem straight to leave you here when I could——"

Mary had all but swooned in his arms at the thought of crime in him. When she had made him promise to abstain his clever hands from theft he suddenly resolved to go back and threaten Hughson with death if he mistreated Mary. He wanted to slaughter all the blacks who surrounded her with horror. But her frantic pleas persuaded him to go his way, and he staggered off into the gloom of the alley, weeping. Her tears had frozen on her lashes before she could bear to turn back into the hot stench.

In that last vain stare to find him in the fleecy night, and in his promise to come back and perfect their love, all the evils that followed had their beginning.

For the moment, though, there was a spring promise of hope in her tears.

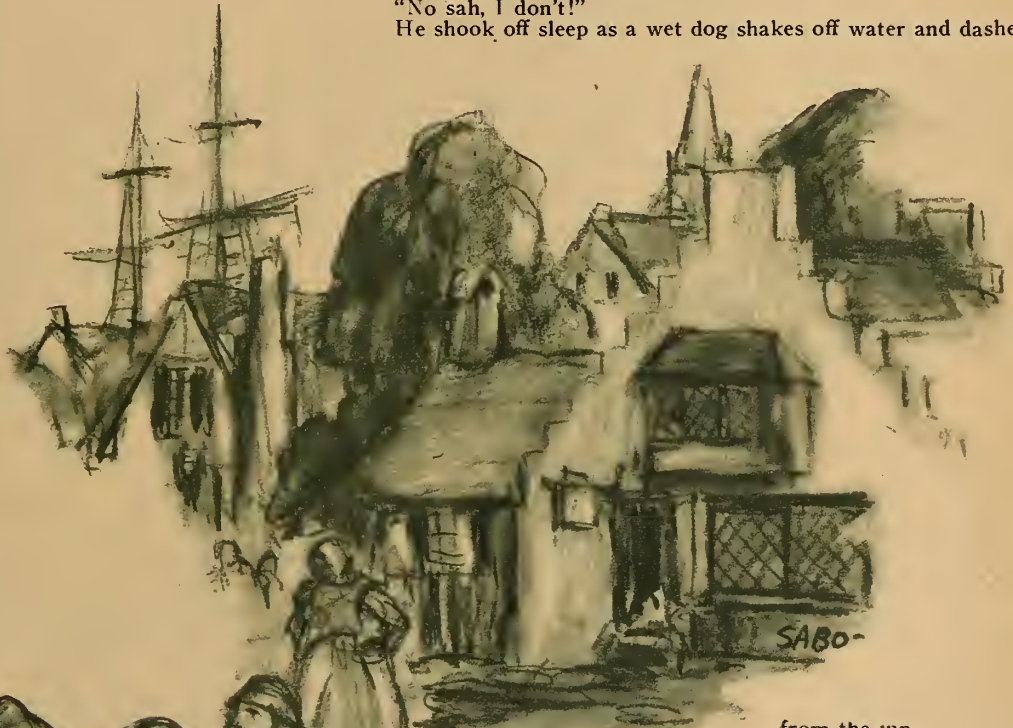
A NEW Mary went back to her taproom prison and played the menial to the menials with a soul that was almost blithe.

Late that night when the last sailor had lurched through the snow and dived into the maelstrom of storm, and the last black had gone shuddering back to his master, Caesar was still stretched along one of the tables, wallowing in liquor and slumber, till Hughson nudged him and growled:

"You forget your promise, don't you?"

"No sah, I don't!"

He shook off sleep as a wet dog shakes off water and dashed



Tom watched her as she followed her new master and saw him curse her . . .

from the inn.

Seeing Mary agape, Hughson snapped:

"Up to bed, for you!"

This was the command Mary least resented as a rule, but tonight suspicion and hope both kept her awake. About 1 o'clock she heard a noise outside and stealing barefoot to her tiny window saw below three negroes toting bundles into the tavern. The moon was clear enough for her to recognize Caesar and the man Prince whom Mr. Auboyneau owned, and Cuffee, who belonged to Mr. Philipse.

The next morning early when Mary went down to clear up the mess of the night's debauch, she found Caesar displaying a vast amount of goods, linens, medals, silver, snuff-boxes, coined silver pieces. The street doors were not open and the blinds still

drawn, but the Hughsons and Peggy were in high spirits.

Caesar was always free with his riches and as Peggy was gloating over a bolt of chequered linen he said to her:

"Peg, snip off enough of dat to make a spurn for little Ma'y."

Peggy tore away a strip and passed it over cheerfully enough, but Mary threw it on the floor, saying:

"I want it, Lord knows, but not from those that don't own it."

Peggy's thwarted generosity turned at once to rage and she was for slapping Mary's face, but Caesar laughed and held her arm, picked up one of the heaped and gleaming silver pieces, held it up before Mary wheedlingly and pleaded:

"Never you mind, Peggy—she kind of peevish like. You know why. You look after her when de good time comes, and I gib you dis."

The proffer was munificent, but Mary suspected everybody on earth and resented even a kindness. She shook her head, muttering:

"All I want is victuals, drink and clothes. I might take care of white peoples' babies, but not of a half-black brat."

EVEN Caesar's long white smile died before this, and he gave her a look that went through her like a razor, as he growled:

"Some folks uses they mouths a little too free round heah. They better keep 'em shut mighty tight outside."

This threw Mary into such a spasm of anxiety that she recanted her insolence. She promised to keep the secret and to take care of Peggy, and accepted the silver money. She felt that she must at all cost keep the peace until her lover came in from the seas. Above all she must keep her tongue from getting her murdered.

Almost destroyed with fear she watched the cunning hiding of the stolen wealth. But she could not share the revelry that shook the tavern at night as the slaves gathered to the smell of loot and the liquor that flowed in consequence.

The eternal allure of alcohol for the dejected, the defeated, the defective, must be its magic power of lifting them for a while to the mountain tops of pride and triumph and power. And so this squalid inn became to its besotted denizens a throne room peopled with sovereigns. For a few pence, stolen or begged, the slaves themselves became princes or at least conspirators for empire.

It made their lot somehow endurable to play drunken burlesques of royalty. The men whom pirates of human flesh had stolen and sold became pirates for awhile.

THEY meant nothing much by it. They had no real intention of trying to carry out their dreams. They were crippled mentally and shackled in spirit, but they were not insane. They but play-acted, as mummers strut and rant and cry havoc and distribute principalities and diadems, knowing all the while that when the curtain falls they must restore their ermines and their swords to the wardrobe and become once more Will and Kit and Ben as they go back to their sorry lodgings.

If Mary Burton had been Peg she could have laughed at the big talk of the slaves and taken part in their pitiful pre-



She fell back a step to consider what to do . . . and listened to what he drivelled.

tence; but then she might have shared their life too, with a little prejudice as Peggy showed. There was no pity either in Mary's heart. Her own lot was so devoid of pity that the blacks seemed to have the better of life, since they were born to be slaves and divinely conditioned to servitude, while she belonged by right among the quality.

This tavern of Hughson's was really a city of refuge to the poor blacks and the merciless laws he broke were broken for their mercy.

ACCORDING to the ordinances of New York, if three negroes but walked together at one time they were liable to forty lashes on the bare back. No more than twelve of them could go to the funerals of their own dead, who were shoved into the ground like dogs. In any quarrel they were always wrong where the other party was white. Even the Jews, who had recently been disfranchised in New York, had rights against a negro.

The whites dreaded them as if they were rattlesnakes. Torture was added to their punishments, and as usual the cruelty was the fruit of fear, since a generation ago a few slaves were driven mad by persecution and threatened to destroy their masters—or so the story was told. Whether or not the slaves had really been desperate enough to attempt a rising and to hold a meeting in the orchard at Maiden Lane, it was certain that twenty-one of them had been shot, hanged or burned at the stake. The truth could never be known for the wrongs of

(Continued on page 87)



Dad Crockett and his mountaineer boys are not being led astray by the bright lights of New York, they're the Radio hit of the season.

Crockett Mountaineers

By Bernard Sobel

THE mountains have come to the city and nature has reversed itself. This surprising statement is due to the fact that the Crockett family, consisting of a father and five sons, are now regularly installed on the Columbia Broadcasting System every evening, with the exception of Sunday, at 7 P. M.

How this naive group ever came to the gr at city to make this arrangement will always be a mystery. They are so quiet, so timid, so unworldly that their venturing into New York seems an anachronism. Just consider. Real live recruits they are from the mountains around Sharpsburg, Kentucky. Real descendants of Davey Crockett. Reared in such a backwoods community, they have cooked their own meals, helped to make their own lumberjack shirts and even made their own fiddles.

"Dad" Crockett, the father, was a singer and taught singing at the little mountain gatherings. All of them are long, thin, and angular; all of them speak in a timid, insecure way; all of them have brown rugged skins but give the impression of fragility; all of them resemble somehow young deer out on a lark in strange quarters, who realize that any moment danger may overtake them. In this case, danger to them means automatic telephones, whirring

street cars, slick subways that produce unexpected nausea and headaches, asphalt pavements, and the traffic speed of New York.

YET they seldom betray their unfamiliarity with city manners, at the same time they are always on the alert against a breach of etiquette by others. In short, they are living examples of the type known as nature's gentlemen, and illustrate the extraordinary latent force in every human being for self-development and cultural expansion.

"Do you care for some pie a la mode?" asked a new acquaintance, intending to spoof these mountain boys by inviting them to eat something they had never heard of before. Daddy Crockett looked at his five sons and they looked at him, but aside from the quick movement of their eyes, none of them indicated surprise. They were confronted with a social situation, which they met with reserve. The sons remained silent deferring to their father, and he, bulwark of strength that he is, responded:

"I think it would be very nice."

They are tolerant towards the city's night life, but they dislike the hustle and bustle that engulfs them here.

"It is not that the hours here are too late," said Daddy Crockett. "We used to play square dances until two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes all night. The folks would bring their kids and leave them in one room. Sometimes we would have to sing and play our loudest to drown out their crying. I enjoyed playing at the church most of all because it was quiet."

"**P**IE SUPPERS are great fun," said Johnny, Jr., composer of the group. "Everybody from all around goes to them. Each girl and woman brings a pie of one kind or another wrapped in a box with her name inside. One man auctions off each box

(Continued on page 86)



Nonius Opal is Stolen and Restored Again

THIRTEEN and ONE

Paul Savoy Humbles the Boisterous Gateway as His Theories Work Out Solution to Many Strange Disappearances in House of Mystery

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

THE EARLY night was already brooding over the wilderness when Savoy entered the living room and found Gateway standing at the fireplace, staring down into the blaze.

"I'd not want it said, you know, that I'd actually suppressed any evidence," he remarked to Gateway. "There is, however, a certain thing which I believe I alone have had the opportunity of examining. The Guest Book which Mainwaring Parks kept on a table near the front door. It appears that all guests humored him by signing it, each with some brief fancy of his own."

"What's the book got to do with all our problems?" he asked.

"In a way, of course, nothing at all. That is to say, Dicks wasn't hammered over the head with it, Parks wasn't stabbed with it."

He rose and with a sigh, having barely made himself comfortable, went out, returning almost immediately with the thick and somewhat untidy volume.

GATEWAY bestowed a long look brimming with suspicion on him, then snatched the book, his keen glance fairly diving into it as he flipped over the pages to come to the most recent entrances. First of all he read what Savoy had written there: "Paul Savoy. Drudge of a millionaire during office hours. Between whiles, Seeker after the Truth." Savoy knew he was reading from the snort which followed.

"You'll note," said Savoy mildly and indifferently, "that the book belonged originally to Thraff Wilczyzinski. Parks had the whim to keep it and to continue inviting guests to set down their names with the first thing to pop into their heads. The aforesaid Thraff Wilczyzinski leads off with his name."

"What the devil have we to do with Thraff What's-his-name?" snapped Gateway.

"You must understand," said Savoy calmly, "that he is the man whom Temple and the others chased through the snow last night from one house to another."

Here the conversation ended; or, to be exact, it died on the smothered exclamation from Gateway which was set like a contemptuous full stop to Savoy's folly.

The gathering for dinner was a cheerless affair of little dining and few words. After the meal Savoy went roaming about the house.

But he went to sleep that night only to be suddenly awakened in the dreary dawn of another day by the sound of Laufer-Hirth's voice in the hallway. Savoy leaped out of bed and had his door open when Laufer-Hirth came lumbering down the hall.

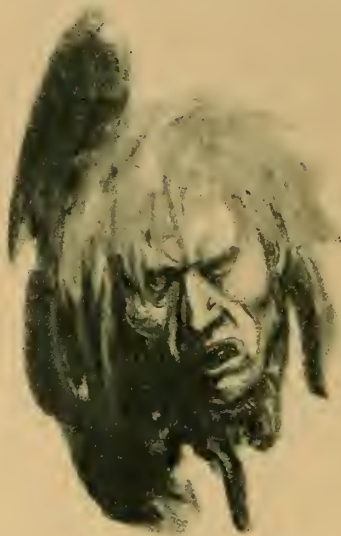
"IT'S GONE—sometime during the night. And—and I can't find it."

"Go slow, Amos," commanded Savoy and clapped him upon the shoulder. "What's gone—the Opal?"

"Oh, God," groaned Laufer-Hirth dismally. "I am just beginning to think—"

"Beginning to stop thinking, if you don't look sharp! Come along; I'll roust up a cup of coffee; you're blue with cold. And tell me intelligently what's happened."

Laufer-Hirth fairly puffed out the story with his labored breath. He had hidden the Opal between the mattress and box spring of his bed. Five minutes ago he looked for it and discovered it was missing. And when he woke up Will Little and told him someone had stolen the jewel during the night he nearly had a fit, and was now on the bed shaking like



White tangled, matted hair hung over his eyes.

an aspen leaf.

"And now the Opal's gone," mused Savoy. "Damn the Opal!" swore the other fervently. "I lied to Will Little; I made him think I had discarded it. There's a curse—"

While Savoy dressed, others were awakened and informed of what had occurred.

Little's nerves were completely beyond his control. They commandeered Andregg's hypodermic needle, gave it a prompt rough-and-ready sterilization and shot home the one thing which it appeared might quiet him. And Will Little, bundled in hot blankets, later was fed hot milk and whisky.

"YOU'RE dead! You've been dead forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man of the Opal." You are Nonius, dead Senator Nonius, dead since Pompeii was buried. You—you—you—"

Then he turned to whomever stood near him at the time, pleading:

"Give him the Opal! For God's sake, give him the Opal. He has come for it; he will never go without it. He will take me—all of us! Already he has taken Parks and Dicks and Nemo—"

They were a haggard-eyed lot by nightfall. Sleep was a shy thing, swift of wing in departure; the hours grew into long unbearable eternities. It had been decided that day and night someone would stand watch against the possible detection of that agency which had brought two men out of the nowhere into Mr. Nemo's room.

It was along toward dawn when Temple came tiptoeing in to Gateway, a queer, almost frightened look in his eyes. He beckoned the other to the door and drew him on out into the hall.

"What's up?" demanded Gateway sharply. "Someone else—" "I don't quite know," whispered the captain. "It's in Nemo's room. The bed's got an occupant again."

The lamp which Gateway carried revealed a man on the bed, deathly white, emaciated and still. There was a bandage about his breast and on the cloth was a great stain of dried blood. As they stared down at him a white, lax hand stirred ever so slightly.

"GOOD God!" choked Temple, falling back from the bed and looking like a man who had seen a ghost. "It's Mainwaring Parks—and he's alive. This damn house is haunted."

Once again the entire household was aroused, with the exception of Will Little, Tom Blonnt and the servants, and assembled around the bed of mystery.

"No," said Temple. "It's impossible."

"Of course he's dying," contended Gateway from the moment he knew who the man was.

"Here's a queer go," was McIntosh's addition to the general flood of remarks. "Some guy tries to murder these two and abducts the strange bird, Nemo. Then starts in doctoring his victims, and one by one brings 'em back!"

"If Parks dies, and he will," insisted Gateway, "I hang Andregg. If by any chance Parks should live, well then, I send Andregg to the pen for robbery and attempted murder."

"Murder was attempted without a shadow of a doubt," Savoy conceded him. "But the murderer—we'll call him that since he carried murder in his heart—failed in the beginning."

Mr. Nemo, who had been listening gravely and silently, turned his brilliant eyes on Paul Savoy.

"I begin to think," he observed softly, "that we have nothing to do but await a word from Mr. Savoy. I think he knows everything. I am, of course, greatly concerned about my jewel. Have you any hope, Mr. Savoy, of it being recovered?"

"Why, of course," said Savoy, as if speaking of trifles now. "It and the banknotes and the Opal, of course they'll all turn up."

AS THE day wore on, Temple, with Tom Blount as an able makeshift nurse, reported at frequent intervals, that Parks still lived; that he was terribly wasted and weak, yet he began to evince signs of returning consciousness; he was able to take the slight liquid nourishment which Temple and Blount decided on.

As to his wound, they had removed the bandage, disclosing the ugly gash in the chest. It showed signs of having been carefully cleansed and cared for; already it was healing, but of course they could form no opinion of the extent or condition of any internal injury. Their patient had his restless moments, but always he grew quiet again. By evening they thought that they could report positively that Parks was at least holding his own.

Detective Dicks added little to the sum total of their knowledge. He told them how he and Parks had gone to their rooms, and how Parks had spoken again of his fear that there was some danger hanging over the house.

"I want a bath and a drink and a cigar," Parks had said, "and I'll tell you what I'm beginning to suspect."

Dicks had sat down in a chair; Parks went into the bathroom. The door between them stood open and Dicks sat facing it. Parks presently appeared in his pajamas and slippers. He was lighting his cigar and Dicks was watching him idly—a sudden blow struck from behind, and that was absolutely all that Dicks knew about it.

"And when Parks talks," snapped Savoy irritably, "he'll swear to having seen Andregg hit Dicks over the head with a poker? He'll admit that for a moment of shock he stood still, staring? That Andregg leaped on him and then struck?"

Savoy glared a moment, then left the room abruptly.

At the end of a day of waiting Parks had not spoken. When he opened his lips it was to whisper, "Water." He lay very still with closed eyes, breathing heavily.

AND before Mainwaring Parks spoke—for in the end he did speak—it was Captain Temple who made a great stride toward the conclusion of the whole nerve-wracking affair. All too easily had Nemo been removed from his room, with far too great a readiness had the bodies of both Dicks and Parks been returned here. There must be some means of entrance hidden and Temple meant to know its secret. Hence at every second of day and night either Temple's own eyes or his eyes by proxy, being those of Tom Blount, were watchful here.

It was on the night after Parks' return, at a late hour verging on a new day. The room was dark and icy cold, yet Captain Temple sat in a chair in a corner, wrapped in blankets and wide awake. He could see nothing, but he made his ears stand as sentinels. Blount, within call, slept in a room just across the hall.

And here at length came a new sound. Temple stiffened; on the instant, guarding against noise himself, he laid his blankets aside. The sound came again, a mere vague thin whisper of a noise and he stood up on his stockinged feet.

He could make out only that there appeared to be some sort of movement across the room from where he stood, somewhere near the window. Sash being raised stealthily? That

was possible; if so, a man was meaning to creep in from the outside. Temple held himself rigid, waiting, listening.

A long silence, a silence so long that he began to ask himself if what he had thought to have heard was but a fancy projected by his own nervous tension. If there was another man than himself in the room, that other man was possessed of a patience that seemed more than human.

AND in the end, after an interminable weary waiting, a floor board creaked. Still he waited. Waited in silence again. But it was an altered silence for him in that it had lost its most oppressive quality of uncertainty. He knew at last that someone was with him in the room. *Knew.*

Again he heard a sound. And this time from somewhere considerably closer at hand; in silence had that other man traversed several feet of the room; the sound now was of a chair brushed against softly by the one who moved.

And now no longer did Temple wait. He struck as accurately as he could have done in bright light, his flying body flinging that other body backward while Temple's

sinewy arms closed with the tenacity of steel grappling hooks about his captive.

Holding this initial advantage, he quickly sensed that he had taken on himself a task vastly beyond his powers. A strength ten times the strength of his threatened to whip his clinging arms loose, to hurl him apart, as of feather weight and like insignificance.

Holding on with grim determination he shouted lustily for help. Tom Blount, wide awake soon enough, heard the threshing up and down and plunged into the hidden maelstrom.

Others heard and it was Gateway, bearing a lamp, who lent the final necessary pound of power. In his simple and direct way, he ended the fracas; as the captive, about to free himself, half rose to his knees, Gateway struck him a crushing blow on the jaw. There remained but to manacle a very groggy individual before his brain could clear again.

"IT'S OUR man of the other house!" gasped Tom Blount. It was a man whom now they saw to be of an immense height; he must have stood at least six inches above six feet. He was as spare as the body of a man dead and desiccated under a blazing tropical sun. He was all in tatters and grimy with dirt; white tangled, matted hair hung over his eyes. And the eyes themselves were terrible, red as fire, with inflamed lids, that put fear into the heart of any man who looked into them.

Another nocturnal conference of a sort to which they grew to be accustomed by now was the inevitable result of the capture, such an arousing din had it made. And presently word came to them that even Mainwaring Parks had overheard, and was feverishly eager to know what had happened.



And they found under a pile of rags the great Opal of Nonius . . . also a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper.

"It is Thraff Wilczyzinski?" Parks asked thinly.

"Yes!" Paul Savoy answered, sure of his answer and emphatic.

"Thank God," murmured Parks, and relaxed with a long sigh.

It was a full week later. The inmates of the old House of the Opal were at last prepared for an almost immediate departure. McIntosh, taking advantage of a lull in the storm, had made his way out to Truckee on snowshoes, and had brought back a party of men and a dog team.

Meanwhile Mainwaring Parks, his wound, at least superficially, healed over, and though he complained at times of a stabbing pain through his



body, appeared to have passed all danger. Detective Dicks swore himself as good as new now. Andregg, a silent man whose eyes grew wicked with malice when they rested on Gateway and were like a dog's for strange friendly humility when they looked at Savoy, was free to go as he listed.

"WHEN a maniac is at the bottom of things," growled Gateway, "and a fellow hasn't even a clue to make him suspect said maniac's presence, or existence, for that matter, how is one to get straight to the bottom of a murder mystery case without a mistake or so along the road? We all make mistakes, you know," and never higher did a jeer stand in a man's eyes than in his, gone straightway to Savoy.

"Yes," said Savoy with a sigh, "we all make mistakes, Gateway. It would seem that both you and I have blundered greatly. The confession which you secured wasn't worth the paper wasted on it, and you have very considerably thrown it into the fire. But such is likely to be the way of confessions extorted through the third degree—only in so many cases the victim isn't so fortunate as Andregg has been."

"That's all right," snapped Gateway, reddening. "Just the same I made but the one error, and the Lord knows everything pointed the way I jumped. Andregg's a likely bird—and I'll get him for something or other yet, one of these days. As for you and your damn fool theories—" He waved his hands disgustedly.

"To err is human, you know," said Savoy, and sighed again. "I did have such a pretty theory, too."

"All wrapped up in violet-blue, ah, pretty!"

THEY were in the living room where the others were gathering, ready for departure. Thraff Wilczyzinski, se-

curately bound, raved in the room into which they had locked him against conveying him to the insane asylum.

The incredible Thraff Wilczyzinski was the puzzle which stuck like a burr in all minds. Never could they entirely explain him. To have remained hidden all these years, alone like a wild beast—what mania in his burning brain? They had found entrance to his lair: in Mr. Nemo's room. The window frame itself moved; it had been shoved forward, straight into the room, pivoting on iron strips. As the window frame advanced, there was revealed a narrow passageway in the thick log wall which led down a steep incline and into the basement itself. There they found a small room, in the center of the tiers of furnace and fireplace wood which was piled from floor to ceiling. There were amazing quantities of wood, as Laufer-Hirth had noted when he drove the two Filipino boys down there for fresh fuel. This little box of a place, foul and filthy, gave every evidence of having been the madman's headquarters throughout the long years. They found the bones of the things he had eaten—

And they found yet other things. Under a pile of rags, the Great Opal of Nonius. In a dingy corner a thick pad of bank notes in yellow manilla paper, Parks' million dollars. But the Flower of Heaven they did not find.

PARKS, as he recovered strength, had but little to tell. That little, however, was significant.

"I was talking with Dicks through the bathroom door, as he has already told you. All of a sudden I saw the maniac standing at his back; and for one instant I was struck motionless and speechless. The blow fell and I called out. The poor devil leaped at me, and as he came I saw a knife whipped out from his tatters. He struck—and that is about all I know."

"It was he you had in mind," prompted Savoy when Parks paused. "I mean, when you said at table that you feared there was in the house a dangerous man who would balk at nothing."

Parks nodded gloomily. "I am afraid that I should have said more, or less," he confessed. "For, you see, I had no certain knowledge; it was but a fear, a wild and almost unreasonable fear I felt it to be, too."

He reached out for the Guest Book which lay open on the table at hand and opened it at the beginning.

"Mr. Savoy knows," he resumed and a slight smile touched Savoy's lips. "The handwriting of the insane—"

"So Mr. Savoy clings to theorizing still?" grunted Gateway.)

"Here is Thraff Willeyzinski's name. With it the few words. 'Here shall be my kingdom.' I was quite familiar with that,

"I alone am the loser," he said quietly. "To Mr. Parks has been restored the Great Opal; I understand that in purchasing this ill-starred place he acquired possession of all things in it. His bank notes, too, have found their way back to their rightful owner. But the Flower of Heaven! Ah, gentlemen—"

DICKS had spoken little. Now he said sternly:

"In the presence of us all, Mr. Nemo, you said that you had not brought it with you. No one has seen it, mind you."



"You're dead! You've been dead for forty years!" he screamed out a hundred times, drawn back against the head of his bed, his eyes glassy with fear. "You're the Man of the Opal."

having seen it a hundred times. And, now, if you will look closely at this page you will see what startled me. When we came in that first night, Andregg asked you to set down your names here, you may recall that the wind ruffled the pages. I had a glimpse of this first page."

HE PLACED the book open on the table. There was Thraff Willeyzinski's signature, a queerly inscribed, scrawly affair, drowned in futile flourishes. With it, in faded ink, the words, "Here shall be my kingdom." And, completing the line, in the same queer script but in a newer, fresher ink, "Vengeance is mine!"

"And that," said Parks frowning, "is what staggered me. I knew it had been set down here since last I had looked the book over, say six months ago. And it was obviously in the same handwriting! It struck me that the thing hinted at was simply incredible. Yet there it was. A hoax? I wanted time to think; I did not want to initiate what I hoped was going to be a pleasant outing, by hurling any such bomb among my guests. And time was not to be had."

"So that's why the Guest Book interested you?" Gateway demanded sharply of Savoy. "Why couldn't you say so?"

"If you want the truth," Savoy told him, curt and sharp, "I did not notice this thing at all when I was studying the book."

Mr. Nemo, brooding apart like a dark star, spoke in that gentle musical voice of his.

Paul Savoy spoke up quickly:

"I wonder if any would be at all interested in understanding how I was led to follow my theories?"

Gateway laughed and nudged his confere.

"You've missed a lot, Dicks. There's a man here who can tell you lots of things about the little workshop of the mind, the dark room where the brain hangs its pictures—"

"Mr. Savoy isn't a fool, if that's what you mean, Gateway," said Dicks soberly. "And if he was led astray, it's no more than you were. I, for one, would like to follow him."

"Thanks," said Savoy and needed no further encouragement. "In the beginning, knowing nothing of any Thraff

Willeyzinski, I was forced to consider that one of ourselves had been tempted to murder. Which one? And what had he done with the bodies? Having, as I say, no knowledge of any Thraff Willeyzinski—Lord, what a name," he groaned. "What do you say if from now on whenever it becomes necessary to refer to the murderer—for we are all agreed that in the beginning he was a murderer at heart—I call him Mr. X and be done with it?"

"Go ahead," said Dicks.

"THERE were," droned on Savoy, "at the very outset certain most intriguing facts. Some article snatched up by Andregg; an Opal appearing out of the nowhere. I mention but two of those many intriguing facts, striving for simplicity. Before I have done at least I'll hope to indicate how easily a man may err.

"Now the explosion downstairs was prearranged so nicely by Mr. X. A pinch of sand, of course, explained everything; that and some few chips of shattered glass. A clock has often been instrumental in detonating a charge of explosive; why not the principle of the hour glass, leaving no springs and wheels lying about?"

"By Jove!" said Dicks, and Gateway grunted.

"So much for my pinch of sand," sighed Savoy. "To advance; one always knows that in every day's activities there

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RADIOGRAPHS

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

By ROSEMARY DRACHMAN

Muriel Pollock

SOMEONE once said that the way to do anything is to do it and do it steadily and often. Proof of the worth of this advice is the pianistic ability of Muriel Pollock, who is spotted in many of the big productions of NBC. When she was 14 years old she got a job playing a piano in a motion picture theater. She played on an average of nine hours a day for the next eight years. After this period of practice she studied for years in the Institute of Musical Art in New York City.

You should see Muriel Pollock as she sits at her piano in an NBC studio. She has an elfin face, curly hair, and a whimsical grin. A moment before she is to play she leans forward over the keys, poises her hands and watches the announcer intently. His last word is hardly out of his mouth before she is into her selection.

Her whole body is in motion when she plays. Her fingers move with incredible speed and her body sways and her head nods as she moves through an intricate composition. Then, the selection ended, she slumps into a moment of relaxation.

Her background is unusual, even for Radio with its many stars of extraordinary careers.

She was born in Kingsbridge, New York. When she was 6 years old she started her study of the piano. Then came the long period of experience in the motion picture theater. Her big chance came in the Zeigfeld production of "Rio Rita" when she and Constance Mering introduced a two piano score. "Rio Rita" was followed by an engagement in "Upsa Daisy" and then she was featured in her own musical show "Pleasure Bound."

If she wanted to be, Miss Pollock could rank among the best classical pianists in the country. In fact, her ambitions were in that direction. She scorned, even hated, jazz. Then she decided to find out what made jazz and she studied it. The result was that she became convinced that it offered as great a future and as great opportunities as the classics to the ambitious musician.

Miss Pollock is better known to the Radio audience as a pianist. Yet in the amusement world she is regarded as one of its cleverest composers. Her specialty is compositions for two pianos and many of her own compositions are heard in the programs of the Lady Bugs—Miss Pollock and her partner, Vee Lawnhurst. Many of the two piano orchestrations used in other NBC programs are written by her.

Her hobby is her work. She has little time for anything else. She enjoys getting trick effects with a piano. Two of her favorites are musical pictures of a fat man falling down



Miss Muriel Pollock, pianist at NBC.

stairs and a small boy eating an ice cream cone.

When she has time to spare she either rides a horse or goes to Coney Island. She reads detective stories before she goes to sleep every night.

She isn't married, but likes men. Friends say she gets an average of ten proposals a week from Radio listeners who have never seen her, but have fallen in love with the personality expressed in her piano rhythms.

Raymond Knight

"EXPLAIN Station KU-KU," I asked Raymond Knight of the NBC's production staff.

"It's an expression of my personality," said Knight with a grin. Perhaps Knight was right, for only a person able to see fun and laughter in everything and with a keen appreciation of the niceties of burlesque could create a program such as Station KU-KU.

Knight is the funny man of the networks. He does have his serious moments, but doesn't take them very seriously. His career in Radio . . . a career started less than three years ago . . . is marked by unusual and usually laughable Radio productions that he has written and produced.

"The Gold Spot Pals," a "kid gang" production, was one of his first shows. It was so successful that the leather company that sponsored it had to end the series because orders for the product exceeded production.

Then there was Embarrassing Moments in History, The Triadrams, Hello Mars, Station KU-KU, The Hysterical Sportcasts of

History, now heard in the Hickok program, and others. He directs and produces Empire Builders and Real Folks and made Radio history more than a year ago when he produced a program called "The Nightingale and the Rose."

Knight looks like a comedian. He is tall and, according to his friends, reminds one of a penguin. He has huge eyes, one grey and one blue, made bigger by glasses, an amazed stare that he uses effectively, and a small red mustache.

His greatest problem in life is the annual football clash between Harvard and Yale. He can't decide which eleven to cheer because he went to both universities. He solved the problem last year by praying for Yale during the first half and waving a crimson banner during the last half.

Knight was born in Salem, Mass. He took a law degree at the University of Boston and then went to Harvard to study drama under Professor George Pierce Baker in the famous "47 Workshop." When Professor Baker went to Yale, Knight followed him. In 1927 Knight won the Drama League's prize for the best one-act play of the year.



Raymond Knight of "Station KU-KU."

After leaving college he decided to experiment with what he had learned and for a while directed an experimental theater in Boston. Like all persons with dramatic aspirations, he couldn't stay away from New York. On Broadway he learned more about the show business, both as an actor and as a director. He wrote a book for a musical revue and had it produced. In 1928, hunger, so he says, drove him into Radio, where he has never missed a meal.

His hobbies are week-ends, he says, but seldom does he find time for them. He buys gay neckties and wears them if it looks like rain. He collects walking sticks and has been seen with three different ones in a day.

Actors like to work for him because he never takes them or himself too seriously. Though some of his rehearsals are hilarious affairs, he produces some of the most popular air presentations and is very much on the job at the right time. His favorite role is that of Ambrose J. Weems, who first startled an unsuspecting public in Hello Mars and was brought back to his public in Station KU-KU.

He does parody lyrics to popular tunes and makes bad puns.

His claim is that he is too busy to be ambitious.

Edith Thayer

CONFUSION! Columbia Broadcasting reception room seethed with chattering humans. Property boys edged the thunder machine (a great piece of sheet iron) through the milling mob. The intention of every person in that great room seemed to be to get into one corner at the same moment. Even I pressed near only to hear—

"My dear! I'm so glad you're back."

"Are you quite recovered?"

"Well, if it isn't Toots!"

"We've missed you."

There was evidence of hurried embraces as I saw upflung arms amid the pressing crowd. I couldn't see who was in its center, but by that very fact knew it must be she. Who? Why, Edith Thayer, the four-feet-eleven-inch soubrette, Jane McGrew, of Show Boat, who has been absent for seven weeks because of an automobile accident.

I finally shoved through the embracing mob to see a tiny little creature in a beige-pink hat and dress. She met me, four or five other persons, too, all at the same moment and continued to receive embraces and greetings—and all this without being flustered. We disengaged ourselves from arms and by treading on a few feet found a davenport. I sighed with relief. Now for a real talk.

REAL talk! Funny old joke. What we had were a few staccato questions and equally staccato answers. Yes, born in Massachusetts. Yes, went to a dramatic school, studied abroad. "But, O my dear, I forgot. I have to rehearse my song, and it's just ten minutes before we go on the air. I'll see you after the show."

I dangled my hopes, a withered mass, behind me as I sought a seat in the large studio

with the rest of the mass of humans who had come to watch Show Boat being broadcast. Harry Brown, the six-feet-two director, held up signs above his head and instructed the unpaid crowd when to hiss, boo, laugh, and clap. Nine o'clock came. We were on the air.

As the old-time mellerdrammer unfolded before me with the tiny Miss Thayer in its midst, I wondered about all the work and activities she has packed into her small life. Under her red-gold hair repose the theories and instructions of the late Jean de Reszke, with whom she studied for four years in Paris. This slip of a woman has sung in London and received the sponsorship of Oscar Hammerstein for whom she sang for three years. She has applied the make-up and put on costumes for such operatic roles as Romeo and Juliet (she must be charming). Lucia, La Traviata, La Boheme, and countless others. She has had ample time to amass a repertoire of operatic and dramatic roles, for she made her stage bow when two years old.

Such a little mite! And to have been to so many places and seen so many things! What a storehouse of memories she would have! I watched her through the exciting episodes of the hair-raising incidents of the Show Boat play and anticipated what a morsel she would be for a good Radiograph.

The thrilling drammer was over. Forcing my way against the flow of the crowd, I tried to reach Miss Thayer quickly for that promised interview about "what I eat for breakfast," "I never read modern novels," and all that sort of thing. At last, breathless, I was beside her.

"O, my dear, I'm sorry . . . I forgot, but I've got to catch a train. Urgent, forgive me."

And out she went, leaving me to the wind and thunder machines, the gradually breaking up crowd that sifted through the reception room, trickled down the elevator shafts and so out into the street

Phil Cook

"**S**EEING is believing," but will you believe your eyes or your ears? Because when I look at Phil Cook, sitting before the microphone in Studio G at NBC broadcasting on the Quaker Crackles program, I see one—only one—handsome blond man. Yet I am hearing four different persons. I am hearing the nasal high-pitched, squeaking of "Crackles," the Quaker Doll, I am hearing the two distinct negro drawls of Flap and Magnolia, the owners of The Little White Hen Restaurant, and to mention it last, but not least, I am hearing the somewhat husky but entirely likeable voice of Phil Cook himself. And those four different voices are not all I might be hearing, for Phil can be, when he likes—vocally, that is—a Jew, a German, an Italian, a Frenchman or an Irishman, and can switch back and forth from one dialect to another without the customary interruption of another voice.

As I sit there in the studio watching him I think what a lucky

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Edith Thayer—"too busy to talk."



Phil Cook—who talks quartet.

IT'S EVERY WOMAN'S

A GAIN we follow Miss Conradt-Eberlin of the Columbia Broadcasting System in her search for the secret of the truly artistic home. This month she finds that the home-maker herself is the essential factor in a charming home and discovers some ways in which she can attain much coveted beauty.—B. M.

*Fact That Dame Nature Is Not
No Cause for Despair; Beauty
Up and Faithfully*

By Eve M.



Adelaide Candee,
a Radio Home-
Maker, reveals
value of beauty
treatment.

I'VE just returned from a three-hour visit with Helen Lewis and Carolyn Cornell, beauty and fashion experts of the Radio Home-Makers Club, and I'm chockfull of advice and enthusiasm. I've heard so many things that I hardly know where to begin.

But there is one thing that must be said before we go on with the story, and it's this—all the beauty secrets and treatments in the world won't do us a bit of good unless we're *persistent!* Of course we all want to be as lovely as we can. We enthusiastically take up some new facial treatment, are faithful to it for a week or two—and forget it. And then we wonder why we aren't Norma Shearers or Gloria Swansons! . . . So now that little sermon is over and we've all set our minds to persist at any cost, let's proceed to some of the exciting discoveries I made.

In the first place, Carolyn Cornell, who is just as suave and smart as you'd expect a fashion expert to be, said something that I think bears repeating: "What is the use," said she, "of wearing yourself haggard to make a beautiful home if you are going to spoil the whole effect of your hard work by neglecting your own appearance? No home is more beautiful than its mistress, who is the spirit that gives life and meaning to her surroundings. If that spirit is hidden under a dull, shabby exterior, the home is a dreary place, indeed."

"And," added Miss Lewis, "to obtain any results from beauty treatments, it is absolutely necessary to keep in good humor, relaxed, and free from depressing, ugly thoughts. There is seldom any good reason for sulking, flying into tempers, scowling and all the other unlovely and harmful facial grimaces. Teaching beauty, you know, is really teaching philosophy. But

most women don't want that. They want formulas for removing blemishes, adding or losing weight, becoming beautiful over night. Well, that just can't be done. If there are any magic formulas I don't know them—and I never heard of anyone who did. Patience, perseverance and faith in what you are doing are the primary factors in any beauty treatment, or in anything in life, for that matter."

SINCE hearing that, I've done a great deal of thinking and I've consulted my mirror, too. I was horrified to discover the beginning of drooping lines from the corner of my mouth. For the last few hours I've gone about with happy thoughts that keep my mouth curled up in a smile. From now on, I'm going to consider moods and tempers luxuries I can't afford to indulge in.

It is going to take a great many words to give you the directions for carrying out the daily "mechanics" of beauty but the work itself is really very simple. It can be fascinating, too, if you keep the various creams, lotions, powder, etc., in pretty containers on a dainty toilette table in a room decorated to conform to your own conception of a beautiful setting for yourself. Of course, I don't mean to conform to your idea of what you would have if you were a millionaire. That sort of thing is such a waste of time and so very depressing. But tak-



Beauty
boudoir
of Radio
Home-
Makers
Club from
which all
talks on
beauty
are broad-
cast and
demon-
strations
given.

RIGHT TO BE LOVELY

*Equally Kind to All Her Children
Found By Keeping Sunny Side
Observing Formulas*

Conradt-Eberlin

ing into consideration your pocket-book, each of you can dress up your private room so that it really expresses your own personality.

Going to an office every day or keeping house, doesn't give us much time to sit day-dreaming before a mirror in the morning. Therefore, the real beauty treatment should be taken in the evening, before going to bed—but *every* evening, rain or shine, tired or peppy, late or early. First get into pyjamas or nightgown and then sit down for five minutes to relax. Think of something pleasant—or nothing at all, just drifting into space.

WHEN your nerves are quiet, begin by cleansing your face and neck thoroughly, with pure soap and lukewarm water, cold cream, or almond oil heated in a tin cup and applied with absorbent cotton. This latter is exceptionally good. Remove every trace of dirt and grease with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue, and then repeat the entire performance. Next, says Miss Lewis, massage the skin with a good tissue cream or skin food. To massage, gently press the muscles around the mouth, under the chin and around the eyes, using an upward and rotating motion with the finger-tips. The eyes

should receive special attention, the massage starting at the nose and being carried under the eyes, up over the corners and back to the nose again. Wipe off all the cream and then pat your entire neck and face with a turkish face cloth filled with crushed ice, dipping the little ice bag in witch hazel as you go along.

That sounds like a lot, but if you have everything handy the whole performance takes about ten minutes. When you're finished, if you have time, massage your hands with a little of the cream, also, rubbing always from the finger-tips up to the wrist. If the nails are broken or uneven, smooth them with an emery board; remove any hangnails or dry cuticle, brush your nails in warm soapy water, clean carefully and add polish if necessary. Once a week you will need a thorough manicure and I'll be glad to send you directions just as I received them



Demonstration of a broadcast. Helen Lewis does the drying while Ida Bailey Allen looks on.

from Miss Lewis if you will write to me.

In the morning when you get up take a special small, dry brush, with round bristles (to protect the surface of the skin) and brush the face, working from the neck up to stimulate circulation and remove dry, dead skin. Then dash cold water into your face and finish off with a mild lotion, patting it onto the skin with bits of absorbent cotton. Time, 5 minutes, and you are ready for make-up, if you use it.

“**N**EVER,” says Miss Lewis, “use make-up unless you are willing to take the time to apply it carefully. Badly applied make-up makes us look worse than if we went out with shiny, red faces. To obtain the right shade of powder test it on the back of your hand and select a color a shade darker than the flesh. If necessary, have several shades mixed

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CAME THE DAWN

Radio Author Answers Flood of First Distress Signal, First Bedtime Story Hour, and

By Doty



William McNeary, "Man in the Moon" first bedtime story teller, who created an instantaneous hit with the little WJZ listeners in 1922.

DURING the past few months several readers of RADIO DIGEST who have been following my articles have shot some questions at me, the answers to which are of such general interest that I am going to pass them on to you this month.

Believe me, when this little game of "ask me another non-technical question about Radio" started it had me stumped. I didn't know the answers to half the queries. In fact I don't really know when or how it started. It just happened, I guess. But it intrigued me and I wanted to know the answers myself so I started out to do a bit of sleuthing on my own hook.

One of the first questions was, "Just how does an SOS function in taking a Radio broadcast off the air?" Now this particular question naturally came from a Radio listener located on the seaboard or within two or three hundred miles of the ocean. An SOS does not effect the inland stations.

The supreme authority of all wireless communication in this country is vested in the Navy Department. The seaboard is divided into districts, each district in charge of an officer known as the district communication supervisor. An operator is always on duty in every district listening in on the six hundred meter band, the wave length on which all ship communication is handled. Should he pick up an SOS he immediately sends out a wireless command for all communication to cease. This command for quietness on the air includes the broadcasting stations in the district or any broadcasting station which may happen to hear the command.

NOW let us look in at the transmission stations of the broadcasting stations. These usually are located at the base of the masts which frequently are to be found several miles from the studio proper. As in the case of the navy department's district office a wireless operator



Just one month after the first Radio Digest this scene was photographed at Medford Hillside station of American Radio and Research corporation. Left to right: Mr. Kingsley, Edith Gates, mezzo soprano; Frank J. Kidder, bass; Anna Eichorn, violin; Dorothy Parker, piano.

OF BROADCASTING

"Ask Me Another" Questions—the Orchestra Program, First First Studio of the Air

Hobart

is on duty here. This man is on the job during the hours of broadcasting. He, too, is on the alert to catch an SOS. The instant he hears the command of the navy department for quietness on the air he throws a switch which cuts off the studio program. Then he cuts in a microphone nearby and announces, "Owing to an SOS this station is forced to discontinue broadcasting." If the program is local he telephones the studio that it has been taken off the air and the microphone performers stand by. If the program is going out over a chain network the work at the microphone continues, as only those stations along the seaboard are taken off the air.

It sometimes happens that the operator on duty in the transmission room of the broadcasting station picks up an SOS. It is his duty to cut out his station and telephone the office of the district communication supervisor of the SOS. In other words, this cry for help on the high seas, no matter who hears it, must be reported at once in order that the air may be cleared.

I am indebted to O. B. Hanson, technical engineer for NBC, for helping me answer the above question.

IN DELVING around to get the answer to this SOS query I discovered some other rather interesting facts, among them being this: The first report of an accident at sea by wireless took place on March 3rd, 1899, when the "R. F. Mathews" collided with the East Goodwin Lightship. In those days there was no code signal as a call for help. Not until August 4th, 1903, when the first International Conference



Thomas J. Cowan (top), WJZ; Oct., 1920, Shannon Tower. Miss Margaret Schick, Westinghouse stenographer, at piano. Center: First Radio broadcast in which artists in person took part, WJZ, Newark, N. J., Nov. 3, 1921. Charles Hart, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw, Wilfred Glenn. Xmas Red Cross party (left) 1921, including Marion Davies, May Peterson, Mrs. E. B. Speicher, Caroline Beebe.

on Wireless Telegraphy was held in Berlin was the first international code established. The call for help in use at that time was CQD. In 1912 the international code was revised and because the CQD was similar to and often mistaken for another signal the call for assistance was changed to SOS, a simple and unmistakable series of dots and dashes.

We hear so much about the SOS that we frequently think of the transmission equipment at sea as being used for the sole purpose of sending out that one signal. However the wireless and Radio apparatus aboard ships is as busy as any land station as it carries on its day's business. Sometimes, too, it is responsible for saving a life without resorting to the SOS. Only the other day such a case came to my notice.

Donald MacCloud, third engineer on the "City of Flint" was stricken with a sudden severe fever seven days out on the Atlantic from Dundee, Scotland, with Philadelphia as the vessel's destination. There was no doctor aboard.

The master wirelessed the Czecho-Slovakian steamer, "Legle," a few miles away and MacCloud's symptoms were sent over the air to Dr. Roubeld on the Legle. He diagnosed the case and for eight days the doctor visited the patient via Radio, telling the master of the City of Flint just what to do for MacCloud. When the ship docked at Philadelphia the engineer was hurried off to a hospital. He is reported to be recovering from a fever which might have taken his life but for Radio.

So, when you feel like smashing your neighbor's receiving set, when it keeps you awake nights, just remember that the same ether which brings in the jazz bands also brought the doctor's prescription to Donald MacCloud.

JUST THE other day someone popped a question at me that made me sit up and take notice. It was a simple question. Just the sort of query I imagine has been asked by thousands of Radio fans. Here's what it was, "How old is Radio?"

Can you answer it? I couldn't at the time it was thrown at me. And it took a lot of digging to unearth the data which finally gave me the answer, or I should say, answers, for there are three.

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

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

For the third answer I am assuming that you mean, "When were receiving sets manufactured for the general public and placed on the market." Here you have it—September, 1920! Less than ten years ago. Yet it was not until a few weeks before Christmas, 1921, that purchasers in any appreciable numbers were really attracted to this new-fangled plaything. Perhaps some of my readers will remember the thrill they got out of those first crystal sets. And the headphones. The hours we spent with those things on were as a string of DX pearls!

WE HAD no idea as to what sort of a looking place a broadcasting studio was in those happy days. All we knew was, "There's music on the air and we're hearing it." And the announcements! "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 letters of the station." And repeat them the announcer did. Seven times at a crack after every phonograph record ground out its tune! And we heard all seven—providing, 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 thrilling and amusing experiences.

Ever hear of Station WGI?

That station was owned by the American Radio and Research Corporation. This organization began broadcasting from its laboratories in Medford Hillside, Massachusetts, June 5, 1915. It has the distinction of being the first organization to devote its energies to Radio broadcasting and Radio reception exclusively.

How could it make Radio pay at that time, do I hear you ask? It didn't. And if you follow the little yarn I'm about to tell you will understand how this non-commercial organiza-

tion was able to function. I am also of the opinion that the history of the American Radio and Research Corporation will hand you a genuine surprise when you learn the name of the gentleman responsible for financial backing necessary to carry on this great pioneer work.

On January 23rd, 1909, Jack Binns, wireless operator on the ill-fated "Republic," rammed by the "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 thrilled with the newspaper reports of the heroic deed was Harold Powers, then a grammar school boy in a small New England town. Not only was he thrilled—he was interested in learning 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 he made his own receiving-set. And, believe it or not, Harold became so enthused that he asked for and received permission to leave school somewhat earlier than the other pupils so that he could run home and get the navy yard time signals at noon!

By the time he finished school young Power, 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 passenger steamer. His next move was to the "Corsair," the famous private yacht of James Pierpont Morgan.

While wireless operator on the "Corsair," Mr. Power, 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 WGI and the forming of the American Radio and Research Corporation, financed by Mr. Morgan and managed by Mr. Power.

DURING the war amateur broadcasting stations (the only stations existing at that time other than governmental and privately owned wireless stations) were forced to discontinue operations. On October 1st, 1919, the amateur transmitting stations were permitted to take the air again and Station WGI took it with a vengeance. As distance was the rainbow being chased by both broadcaster and receiver in those days the powers that be at Medford Hills decided to broadcast from somewhere in the general direction of the moon.

Two hundred and ninety feet of the proposed three hundred and fifty foot tower mast had been erected when along came a windstorm and blew the none too sturdy sky-tickler down. Right across the Boston & Maine Railroad tracks with the Montreal Express 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 the engineer applied his brakes, looked out to see the cowcatcher nuzzling gently against a horizontal and thoroughly prostrated broadcasting 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 then erected never broke itself or any altitude records. It was two hundred and fifty feet high. And I suspect every engineer on the Boston & Maine Railroad used to take great delight in thumbing his nose at it every time he passed!

IT WAS about this time that Eddie Dunham, now a program director with NBC, became affiliated with Station WGI. Eddie was assistant service manager, part time announcer (broadcasting was not on a regularly scheduled basis), entertainer, story-teller, pianist and organist! All glory and honor to Eddie. His name goes down in history as being the first broadcaster to put on a commercial program. Once a week he read a story from The Youth's Companion, gave the magazine a bountifully worded boost and suggested that his girl and boy listeners induce their papas, their mammas or their guardians to subscribe to this periodical. For this half hour's work Eddie received a weekly check for five dollars from the publishers, which same he cashed and pocketed. I wonder if Mr. J. P. Morgan ever heard this story of the way in which his broadcasting station was used to promote the graft of one of his employees? What a racket!

When WGI went on the air with scheduled programs (two hours daily), May 20th, 1921, Eddie Dunham began scouring the countryside for local talent. I have a copy of one of the early weekly broadcasting schedules of that station. Many of the features listed have stood the test of time and today are found on the schedules of the majority of the stations on the air throughout the country. Here are some of the programs given at WGI eight and nine years ago: Daily news flashes, police reports for city of Boston, a Sunday Radio Church Service, weekly business review, weekly market report, an address on personal hygiene, a talk on women's fashions. Sounds quite up-to-date, doesn't it?

Friday night was amateur night at WGI. Eddie Dunham tells this one about a Friday night experience. "There was no such thing as a gain control in those days." (This instrument, a vital part of every transmitter today, enables the control operator to prevent an overloading of his delicate



General view of Westinghouse Radiophone Broadcasting station, WJZ, Newark, N. J., Oct., 1921 (first mike, first studio), Thomas H. Cowan, announcer and staff.

equipment. D.H.) "Tubes were always going bad. It was up to me to watch all the microphone performers closely and outguess their every move. If I suspected that a singer was about to open up and try to make the audience in Boston hear him or her without the use of our broadcasting transmitter I'd grab the party and push or pull said party away from the mike before the explosion.

"I DISTINCTLY remember one amateur night when we took the air without any spare tubes. I had been warned that the only one the station possessed was in the works. We went along alright until I put a somewhat mountainous soprano on the ether. Sometimes these heavyweights are light on their feet. But not this lady. Once she took her position in front of the mike the soles of her shoes might just as well have been nailed to the floor as far as I was concerned.

"She wouldn't be led, pushed or pulled in any direction. I'd had that kind to nurse through a program before and as the microphone was a stationary thing in those days there was just one of two things to do. Either go off the air or let the singer continue while your announcer went into a huddle with himself and said a prayer.

"The operator shrugged his shoulders when I suggested throwing the switch that would permit the lady to warble to a dead mike. So we remained on the air and for some unknown reason the tube refused to let the lady get the best of it during the singing of her first number.

"She was booked for a short second selection but I had made up my mind to call this off and introduce the next artist. I did introduce the next artist but that didn't do one bit of good. Friend soprano had been booked for two numbers and if I was determined that she shouldn't sing again she was slightly more determined that she would.

"It was her first appearance in a broadcasting studio and the thrill was just too much for her. She simply would not leave the mike until she had sung her sing as per previous arrangement. And the tube was forced to carry on. When she reached the final note of the second selection the lady inhaled deeply and cut loose with a forte. And what a forte! I can hear it yet whenever I have a nightmare.

"As I was making the introductory announcement for the next amateur artist I heard the voice of the operator behind me. 'Pardon me, madam,' he was saying in his best Melford Hillside manner, 'but would you mind telling me what that last note you hit was?' The several ton of soprano on the hoof, much flattered, and expecting a compliment replied, 'High C.' The operator gave her a winning smile.

"Thank you, madam," he said and with a profound bow which would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield he proffered the lady a gift. 'Perhaps you would like to take this tube home as a souvenir of the evening. You finally succeeded in blowing it!' And she actually accepted the souvenir and

took it home with her as a valued trophy."

MEDFORD HILLSIDE is the town in which Tufts College is located. About eight years ago Harry Lauder gave (which he was paid for!) a concert in Goddard Chapel, one of the college buildings. When Sir Harry arrived Mr. Dunham conceived the idea of broadcasting the concert and approached the Scotchman with this suggestion.

As Radio meant little or nothing to professional artists in those days Sir Harry gave Eddie permission to put his voice on the air. This permission was obtained exactly twenty-one minutes before the concert was to start. Goddard Chapel was nearly a half mile from the WGI studio but the necessary wire was stretched across the intervening landscape and the microphone set up on the rostrum in that same twenty-one minutes.

When I said "stretched across the landscape" I meant just that. The ground was covered with snow and on this snow the wire reposed for the entire distance. For one solid hour Sir Harry entertained the Radio listeners tuned in on WGI with songs and stories. Among other things he taught the college students present in Goddard Chapel to sing "Somebody's Waiting For Me." For this appearance on the air he received nothing. Less than eight years later he received \$15,000 for a microphone appearance lasting about ten minutes!

WGI is no more. But the memory of its glorious work as one of the pioneer broadcasting stations is a monument to the men whose faith in a young industry helped make Radio what it is today.

THE STATE of New Jersey seemed to be a sort of Mecca for the Radio pioneers. Edison was busy in Menlo Park, de Forrest in Newark and the Westinghouse engineers in Newark were experimenting with Radio in 1921.

WJZ was the Westinghouse station. The first studio was located in a small pent-house atop one of the factory buildings. The first announcer with old WJZ was Harry E. Hiller, now associated with the Roxy interests. He was succeeded within a few weeks by Thomas H. Cowan, today chief announcer for WNYC, New York City's municipal broadcasting station.

Cowan came to the Westinghouse plant from the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park. One of the first complaints he received from a broadcast listener came from his old boss, Thomas A. Edison.

Mr. Edison asked Cowan to eliminate the programs of records as he objected to the surface noise which went out on the air. The scratch of the needle on the record annoyed the old inventor. He thought it was bad business to play records until such time as the scratching sound had been eliminated in some way. Mr. Edison, while not declaring

(Continued on page 70)

BEATING the

RACKETEERS

Desperadoes Who Have
Terrorized Stage, Screen
and Radio Artists in
Chicago Meet Waterloo
When Carleton Coon
Faces Them Gun to Gun

By Ann Steward



Carleton Coon of Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.

LOOKING down from an airplane the observer sees a spiderweb of roads fanning out from the northwest boundaries of Chicago. The long strands reach into the lake resort sections. Along the way there are frequent resting places for city tourists bound for the open country. Traveling at night one may hear seductive strains from the finest of orchestras, and discover festooned lawns aglimmer with shaded lights.

One of the most glamorous, most alluring of these festive ports for wayfaring motorists is known as the Dells. With a full purse and a congenial companion nothing could be finer for a summer evening than to dine and dance at the Dells. It is a place well patronized by the Gold Coast elite. And then, too, it is not improbable that denizens of another world may sometimes drift in from the darkness to see and envy. The music invariably is of the best, which accounts for the fact that one year ago this month of August the Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks, the delight of millions of Radio fans, were there playing an engagement for the season.

It was one hot night at this time that Carleton Coon first met the hoodlum bandits who threatened on more than one occasion to silence forever one of our very best Radio entertainers. Chicago had been cursed for years by a racketeering gang who levied tribute on operatic and theatrical stars. Some of the more timid entertainers not only paid the price demanded but left the city. It was believed the gang who trailed Carleton Coon may have been identified with this coterie.

The last of the dancers had gone. Business matters had kept Mr. Coon later than usual. At last he piled into his big luxurious car and rolled out on the lonely road that leads from Niles Center to Evanston—one of those long spiderweb strands the aviator sees from the sky.

SWERVING into one of the smaller cross roads that led to the shore town, he suddenly discovered his way blocked by a somber looking machine that leaped out from the darkness at right angles. For a moment he was uncertain as to whether the car had blocked him by accident or design. Then he heard a curt command from within the car—it was a sedan.

Five dim figures appeared in the aura of his headlights. There was a gleam of steel and a cold prod in the ribs. His hands went up and snaky fingers began to prowl through his pockets. His ear detected one voice that kept giving orders. He knew he would remember that voice if ever he heard it again.

"Get out of your car!" He never would forget his sensations as he heard that command. Gruff, husky and yet not so fierce as to sound ruthless. By absolute surrender he would probably escape violence. But he had a valuable ring. It had been appraised at \$4,500. And he had approximately \$500 in cash. Better lose that than take a chance with his life—and it seemed for the moment that all motor traffic in the world had suddenly ceased just to permit this holdup without interference.

Then came the most amazing proposal. When his valuables had been removed the leader with the unforgettable voice turned to him and said:

"You'll have to walk for a while, but you'll find your car down the road here—take you about ten minutes. You got a lot of friends who listen to you over the Radio. Tell 'em what happened to you tonight. We'll be listening. And—er—you might—well, you'll find the car down the road a-ways."

Coon felt a sudden wild passion for furious action. He began to protest volubly and was answered by derisive laughter. To have attempted a struggle would have been fatal. There was nothing he could do but stand there and watch them drive away with his own and the car in which they had come.

But he lost no time in trailing after them. It was very dark. When he had about given up hope of finding his car he suddenly came upon it standing where it had been hastily abandoned.

THE SPOT where he found the abandoned machine was scarcely more than a stone's throw from the scene of a murder that had been committed four or five years previous. A man had been shot to death at the steering wheel of his automobile. His woman companion had barely escaped to Evanston with her life. The murderers never have been found.

Mr. Coon may have considered himself lucky to have lived to regain his car, even if he did not recover the rest of his valuables.

Robberies of this nature were reported so frequently to the police that little was thought of the orchestra man's misfortune. The perpetrators hid themselves among the millions of other humans in the area, and even Mr. Coon himself had almost forgotten the incident later in September when the orchestra had moved to the Blackhawk cafe in Chicago and settled down for the winter season. He was haunted by the thought that the marauders might not have been all that they seemed—that they may have been playing a joke on him and would eventually turn back his money and his ring.

And always, it seemed, his ears were tuned to the sound of a gruff voice that gave commands on a lonely road in the dark of night. He felt certain he would hear that voice again. The approaching holidays brought a rush of pleasure seekers. Life spun around on gliding toes and the Coon-Sanders orchestra was the vibrant center of a merry throng. Came, then an evening when Joe Sanders had just finished his chats with the Radio audience and the orchestra was preparing to leave the stand for a short rest. One of the musicians suddenly leaned toward Coon with a significant glance.

"There are those same five men, Cooney."
"I saw them. They're sitting at the same table and they've been watching the band. Wonder what is so interesting about us?" Cooney chuckled good humoredly. He was used to being stared at by people who were ardent fans of the Coon-Sanders orchestra. But these five diners did not seem to be a part of the rest of the crowd. Some sinister purpose radiated from their faces.



"You'd kill me for \$20,000?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Fullback he had at one time been.

"I don't particularly like them," contributed another member of the band. "Always at the same table. Always the same ones. Always watching and whispering amongst themselves."

"Probably going to blow up the place and want to warn us so that we can get out. Let's go rest a minute." Cooney turned to go. The others followed, their suspicions at rest for the time being.

Settled in the little office, Cooney and Joe turned to read their fan mail, talk to a favored few and snatch a moment of relaxation in their busy evening. Coon lighted a cigarette and sat down in silence. Joe Sanders was busy with a letter. Both were thinking and their thoughts were not far from the five men out in the restaurant. There came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in." Coon turned in his chair. A waiter addressed him.

"Mr. Coon, some men want to speak to you. They are sitting at that table in front of the orchestra stand. They say you know them, but—"

"Our friends, of course. Go see what they want, Cooney. The mystery is about to be solved." Joe Sanders laughed, not guessing that the whole mystery was about to begin.

COONEY groaned and slipped out of the room. So many people wanted to talk to him so often. There were so many requests to come to some table or other. He didn't always comply with the request if it came from an unknown, but this was a different matter. It opened the door to a trouble-

some something that seemed to have its effect on each one of the men in his band. He saw his five apparent fans watching him as he made his way to their table.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I understand you wanted to speak with me."

"Yeah. Sit down, Coon." The voice was low-toned and not too gentle.

"I'm sorry, I can't stay long. We go on the air in a moment."

"Oh, we won't keep you long." The speaker, another of the five, smiled mockingly and toyed with the chewed end of a large cigar looking at Cooney with intense interest at the same time. Suddenly another of his companions leaned forward and spoke as if he were offering a particularly choice tip on the stock market.

"How many people do you think listen in on you in the evening?"

"Why, I have no way of knowing. Many thousands probably." Coon did not try to enumerate, there seemed no menace in the question itself, only in the way it was asked. The next words were not too pleasant to hear even when listened to in a crowded room where one was well known. The very idea seemed preposterous, and yet Coon knew that men were capable of attempting any desperate criminal plan. The sound of the voice now clicked distinctly in his memory.

"If you were to announce over the microphone that you were to be kidnaped and held for a twenty thousand dollar ransom, do you think your listeners would kick in with dollar bills?" The five men came to attention and looked attentively at Coon. He did not answer. "Well? What's your answer?"

COON rose from the table without a word and went to the orchestra stand where his band was assembling. He didn't tell them what had passed at that time, but he began to think very seriously. Outwardly, he was the same Carleton Coon, debonair, happy and entertaining while he sat behind his drums. Inwardly he felt a new thrill. Here was adventure that one could sink one's teeth into. This was a new angle to life, to the life of a popular celebrity. He would match his own wits against their cunning and angle them into a position where they could be prosecuted and put behind prison bars.

Coon had heard of kidnaping being done many times before. He knew many of the ways of extortionists and their plots. He realized there had been a lot of just this sort of thing going on amongst the people of the Chicago theatrical world. It would have been easy to give the five men their money and be rid of them for a few months. The Coon-Sanders fans would have contributed the money demanded had they received even an intimation of what was afoot. But Coon had other plans. He was not going to pay ransom, nor was he going to evade the five hoodlums. Instead of being intimidated he began to relish the experience, but he made a mental note to look up his revolver when he got home that night. This was going to be sport plentifully tinged with real danger.

After the proper precautions were taken, there seemed to be little action in the affair. Again the world settled down to its familiar roundelay, and no word was received by Coon from the racketeers with whom he had had the short interview. The young orchestra leader had almost begun to despair of any lasting excitement in the world, after all. And soon he turned his thoughts to other more pressing matters. However, his weather eye was still out for the desperadoes. He wasn't too willing to give up his adventure so soon. His ear was still alert for that husky voice of the Niles road.

IT WAS early in January when the curtain rose on the third act of Coon's little drama. He was in his apartment reading over some mail and thinking about business when the telephone rang. He glanced toward the instrument and debated whether to answer or not. It was probably a fan requesting a personal interview, an autographed picture or a request number on that evening's program. It was a ten to one chance that it would not be business, and it was hardly possible that the phone would be prompted to ring by a friend so early in the morning. Suddenly the receiver was at his ear. He remembered the five toughs and the call to adventure, perhaps the return of his property.

"Hello?"

A curt voice—the voice—rumbled to his ear ordering him to come to an address in the loop banking district immediately. He was informed that the matter was most urgent, and under no circumstances could it be delayed. Coon agreed to the time and place, donned his coat and pocketed his army automatic without which he now seldom if ever went out. He was not at all uncertain as to whom he would find at the address. He was ready for them and glad that at last he would come face to face with their terms. This time he would see that things were brought to a head. He smiled to himself. Life was again worth living—and he would give his tormentors "the works."

Arrived at the given address, Coon ascended to the right floor and nonchalantly entered the office at which his arrival was eagerly awaited. Immediately the five men with whom he had talked at the Blackhawk Cafe surrounded him. He smiled to himself, but there was no outward change in his

manner. He was cool and aloof, ready for them and whatever they had planned to do. It must be guessed here that the gangsters were a little surprised at their intended victim's manner, but they continued with their plans, one of them acting as spokesman for the others.

"WE'RE through clowning with you, Coon, and you'd better get that twenty grand now, or your life and that of your family won't be worth a dime." The speaker grunted his words between half closed lips.

"Yes?" queried Coon innocently.

"You heard me."

"I don't exactly remember—" Coon smiled vaguely.

"Cut it, Buddy. You're playing with fire. Do you want to kick off now? Don't you think your friends and your family would rather have you alive than dead?"

"You'd kill me for twenty grand?" The broad shoulders squared and Coon looked every inch the All American Full-back he had at one time been. His air of insouciance was lost and he talked business crisply and firmly.

"You said it, and your family, too. We can lay hands on them in a minute."

Coon's hand closed firmly over the butt of his gun. "If I'm going one or two of you will come with me. You understand that?" He backed toward the door, opened it and ran to the elevator, keeping the five men covered in the meantime. None of them made a move to detain him. It was score one for Carleton Coon. A few minutes later he was on the street.

But the rest of the day was busy for him. His children were at the time in Kansas City, where the Coons have a beautiful home. He immediately had a police guard placed there to protect his family. Then he went to police headquarters in Chicago and studied the files in search of more information of the five men who were furnishing him with so much amusement. His task was not a hard one. One sullen face after another popped out at him from the records. He soon found enough things about each one of the gang to give them all a long term in prison. His next step was to make his own charge a heavy one as well, and he was determined to put each one of them behind bars before he would rest. At last he had them cornered. Furthermore, Coon was in no mood to let any one threaten to "get" his family. Only prison for the offenders would satisfy him, and he was certain to enjoy the round-up of the chase.

NOT LONG after his first precautionary steps were taken, Coon received word that the police guarding his Kansas City home had exchanged shots with some men in a sedan bearing an Illinois license. The gangsters apparently were as much in earnest as Coon was himself, but Coon had the law with him, and he was entirely unafraid, two rather valuable weapons in that particular private war. As to his personal security, no further attempt was made to deal with the popular young orchestra leader. All was most serene again. Coon, apparently was letting the matter ride.

Behind his bland exterior, however, his mind was working intently. Due to his own efforts combined with those of the police, the gang had been completely dissolved. They were scattered and hiding, becoming a little hard to find, and Coon was not only intent on finding each one, but on putting them behind the bars for no short space of time. For that purpose and to guard himself against any attacks that might be made upon him, Coon had the permission of the police to carry a revolver in his car. Preparedness was his watchword.

In a short space of time, two of the gang were cornered and put away. Then something happened that caused a good deal of comment. Little was known by the outside world of the extortionist plans that were afoot. Rumors and distorted tales were repeated, but Coon maintained a stony silence and no one in the orchestra had much to say about the matter. The blow fell, when early in February, Carleton Coon vanished completely from the orchestra. He just wasn't there and there had been no warning of his departure.

Here the music world indulged in a bit of conjecture. Was Coon kidnaped by the remaining members of the gang? For a few days no mention of the young man's absence was made. Then suddenly, volumes of verbal explanation was disseminated to the eagerly waiting ears of the Coon-Sanders fans. "He has had an operation. His appendix was removed and he is doing nicely. He will be back again soon. It was a very sudden attack."

Friends of Cooney's took up the hue and cry. Radio performers on every local station talked over the air about Cooney and his good work. It looked almost as if the talk was a blind. People began to wonder. They took pains to look behind the scenes, but the outcome was no more of a revelation than what was already known by the world. Cooney was, in truth, in the hospital. He was by no means kidnaped, and he had had a very serious operation. The extortionist gang was still waiting to be tracked down and caught. What had happened specifically has never been explained. Coon will not discuss it in any particular.

Winter slipped by unobtrusively and spring became the sea-

(Continued on page 86)

INCOMPATIBLE

*An Injured Hand and a Dictated Letter Add to
Misunderstanding—Amelie Goes Abroad*

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by O. J. Gatten

WHEN the Sid Fletchers settled down to married life in their new home in a Long Island suburb everybody declared that this was the one ideal match, if ever such a thing could have been imagined. Sid was a successful business man and Amelie seemed to possess all those charming qualities desirable for the wife of a successful business man. But there eventually developed little differences of opinion. Sid wanted to go to parties when Amelie would much rather have stayed at home. Then he accused her of making uncomplimentary allusions to the character of his friends. And then came the invitation to Bess Wandell's party

AMELIE had resolved to go to that bridge session at Bess Wandell's if it was the last thing she ever did. But she didn't go. By the next evening she had a smashing headache. It was very real but Sid chose mentally to regard it as a subterfuge. The room where she was lying when he came home was too dark to show her pallor. Rather wanly but carefully impersonal she suggested that he go on without her. And Sid, accepting the suggestion as a gauntlet, went.

The next morning he saw with compunction how pale Amelie was; she was not ironical or superior, either, but touchingly kind and simple—if she had been like that when they came home from the club dance what a different chapter of marriage they would now be in. But it was his, all his fault, doubting her word last night like a brute—and she now looking pulled down as if she'd been ill.

"My girl," he said across the table, "you show you need a change. How about a little visit with your Aunt Hattie? That'd be a rest from Fair Haven. Those high-brows around her would be just the change you need. Take a couple of hundred along and give the family some worldly treats, too—and that'll be the kind of change *they* need!"

And he was smiling genially and fondly upon her, and Amelie felt a compunction beneath the surface that stopped her from any ironies about his wanting to get rid of her. After all ironies were too cheap between her and Sid. She didn't want to go away, but perhaps it *was* a good idea. She should have such a chance to gather herself together, to master these unwise and unhappy and probably quite causeless impulses which were cropping up too often these days.

NOW this breakfast had been pleasant, though not like the good days when breakfast was so apt to be a wedding-feast, but she had had all kinds of contradictory impulses before she came down; and she *might* have taken another turn of mood, and spoiled it. And it was for her sake that Sid, the generous boy, wished her to go! Not because he wanted a freer foot for gayeties that she put a damper on. And when she came back she would turn a leaf, would quit dampening his gayeties.

So she said she'd like to make the visit.

"I don't think I'll stay long—I'll make it less than a week. But if I'm going I might as well go by tonight's train—don't you think?"

"O—I didn't think of your going so soon." And Amelie's heart grew soft and warm in her breast with the pleasure of seeing his face fall. "But," he went on, "if you can manage, that'll be all right. Come into the city and have dinner with me there—can you?"

And smilingly, the husband and wife arranged the details of their little "date."

Amelie would not, now, have given up the pleasure of seeing Sid's face fall again; maybe it would, if she said she'd stay two weeks! It was the sweetest thing that had come to her in a long time. And she took no offense from that determination of his to act as if he did not mind. About this point she was not thinking much, in fact—enough to take in that stupid but dear unselfishness of his. To her it was as if there were a little pride in Sid's trying to show he did not mind. That was the way it would have been with her. But what her mind was really on was the sweet truth that he *did* mind.

ONE of the deep and eternal pitfalls of love is the way people in love are—and inevitably—too much taken up with their own sensations to be clear-eyed in taking in and understanding the other person. There was no whit of pride in Sid's cheerful front just then. He was only trying to behave the way that would best insure Amelie a good time.

The dinner in town was a great success and, had she followed her heart, she would have given up going anywhere but home—with Sid. But

There were many "buts"; and the biggest one was the feeling that absence, a little absence, would make this present harmony more abiding. She would have time really to search out her own shortcomings, and to work out a future different from their recent past.

She went to sleep on that Boston train, feeling Sid's last kiss like a pledge of love that was to be celebrated when she got home. When she got home!—in less than a week.

But she stayed two, and came home thinner than she left; thin and bright-eyed and with a complexion that might have waked suspicions in the astute that Amelie had changed her habits about make-up—also that she had an unfamiliar need of rouge.

Absence as a cure for love troubles is no safe and sure remedy. Sid had proved so poor a correspondent that Amelie was driven through a thousand torturous moods about a seeming indifference that was new to her experience.

Sid was never an expansive letter-writer—no man of his breed ever is—but he had always in his letters spoken to her fondly, as it were, in his own natural way, which was a tender way. And however their love might have been clouded at moments when they were together, it had never been clouded in letters. And she had thought of this when coming away.

And, now, he sent her brief notes dictated, *dictated*, to an office stenographer.

She had had a wild scared moment at first with the thought he was ill; was having M. J. ("per M. J." they were all scrupulously marked) having M. J. come to him at a hospital, and was concealing his condition. But no, the brief allusions to his activities proved him active enough. He excused his first dictation on the ground that he was busy, rushed. Busy! What was it that had made this difference in him? She felt mocked by that last kiss.

But she wrote brief, pleasant little notes, and told him that she was sure she was as busy as he was—never saw Boston and the "best people" so gay in her life. Then, presently, she dropped it casually that she'd be staying on a week longer.

SHE was gay, but she had to be if she was going to have a moment's respite from wondering, wondering, and making up answers to her own questions about Sid. Why had his face fallen like that when she said she would be leaving at once? It must have been from some entirely different reason from the one she had held to her heart so fondly. It was his cheerfulness that had been in genuine relation to her departure, though her leaving that day had upset his plans, somehow, since he felt he must, of course, give her a farewell dinner in town.

The ingenuities of a self-torturing woman in love are endless and have been the marvel of men since they first began to record their impressions of what some of their philosophers have termed "the opposing sex."

Amelie never knew, never guessed, the poor secret of those typed and dictated communications. Sid had jammed his hand in the brake of the car and naturally, being Sid, had reasoned that he shouldn't let out the accident lest it spoil her visit; dictating his letters he must needs be fairly perfunctory. And thought he was doing the right thing. He thought that last dinner, that last kiss, had made all right; and that Amelie wouldn't mind anything about letters, so long as she thought all was right. What were letters, anyhow? They did not count much to him; love on paper was too papery for any satisfaction beyond knowing his Amelie was all right.

Then his Amelie came home to him suave and remote, with



Sid had come to the steamer to see her off . . . and he had been overheard asking her to write to him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would.

something strange about her he had never felt before, and Sid could have howled his pain and bewilderment; yes, and resentment too—deep resentment this time. True he did not make a sound about it; not even to ask a question about her demeanor. For the first time he turned coolly polite, albeit smooth and pleasant enough, when a breach seemed widening between them.

THIS time it did widen. Sid had made a point of getting the bandages off his hand before he went to Amelie's train, and she never chanced on any news of that little, apparently unimportant accident. The pledge of that kiss went unfulfilled. The Fletchers' marriage passed into a new stage, an outrageously unnatural and outrageously baseless stage.

This could not last long with them. Such a stage can rarely last long. Some turn, some remedy, must be come by. And the remedy Amelie found was worse than the evil—she knew that; but she had to get out of *this!* The irritabilities they were both making recur by only half-concealing were too disillusioning, degrading.

Through these last two years she had at several times felt that breaches and makings-up were degrading; unworthy the high poetry they had made for each other in the past. Now this was even worse than degrading—because it would kill the memory of the past faster.

Sid might not mind this last, she tried to tell herself; yet she had comprehension enough of the man she had lived with seven years to interrupt herself with an instinct of fair play; she knew Sid *would* mind, would always have a sentiment about their past—whatever it was that had made that strange breach while she was away.

She had got, now, where she shut down on her curiosity about that—made herself shut down. Amelie had too little of that kind of sense of property in her man which makes women hold on to their men in the teeth of anything that comes against them.

She was too decent, in a way; and she was also too proud, with a pride that was far from being as big and fine as she thought it was. But it was surely Amelie's own, that pride, and something the other kind of women could hardly believe possible. Nowhere so much as in human reactions to love is demonstrated that it takes all kinds to make a world.

So the dark night came when sitting in the big, beautiful living room after their pleasantly conversing dinner—such a good dinner, but Amelie only making believe at eating it—she made a revolutionary proposition:

"Sid, I want to go away."

It was a rainy autumn night with a chill wind blowing up from the sea; and with open windows and the elemental sound of the rain coming in from the vast spaces of the night, a little

wood fire was blazing and crackling on the hearth as if that were the happiest hearth in Christendom. Amelie never forgot just how it crackled on the silence, and the sound of the rain, before Sid answered her. Then he tried to make it easy and casual, when he said:

"Go where?" Just as if he had not understood. But he had understood. It was not the words, it was something in Amelie's voice, in the air; and his own voice was queer because his throat wouldn't work right when he spoke.

AMELIE had a tight rein on herself; this scene she had been rehearsing. She said:

"Why continue this kind of mockery? I want to go away, Sid, and—"

She wanted to say "and keep the memories I cherish," but didn't quite dare. Was afraid to let that note creep in, lest she break down and disgrace herself. So she finished:

"—And live my own life, seeing I can't live yours."

She meant one thing by that and he understood another, took it as a reflection—the old stabbing reflection on his inferiority.

"Oh, Amelie." That was all he said, but it sounded a very deep, new note in his voice. The fire crackled on before she resumed:

"I've been thinking it all out. And I can't bear this substitute for real living, Sid—simply can't bear it. And, as time goes on, it'll become a poorer substitute. Poorer and poorer. It's bound to. And we'll go on getting unhappier and unhap-

JACK SHANNON

*Singing Postman Becomes Ziegfeld
Feature—Introduces New
Radio Character*

By Anne Lazar

MRS. O'HARA could gossip over her cup of "tay"—but no walls could restrict the outpourings of her Irish heart in which crucible the scandals of the neighborhood were daily stewed and concocted. So what did she do but place her kitchen, cat and cup of "tay" in the studios of the National Broadcasting company and send forth such a rapid fire line of genuine Irish rollicking chatter, that she found her neighbors all over the United States listening in through the door cracks and loud speakers. And now we find that she made arrangements to take kitchen and all to the picture theatres and chat for a wee bit from the screen.

When one speaks of Jack Shannon (and Jack Shannon is none other than the Mrs. O'Hara of the "Gossipers") one speaks of Ireland itself, and we believe that the hills of Killarney, the beautiful lakes, leprechauns, fairies and elves are all lonely—half sobbing for the return of this lively spirit of their land.

Genius a-begging is the same old song. It is found in the drollest of occupations, and Jack Shannon used the sparks of that flame, which was seeking release, for energy in the various jobs he had before he became the idol of the populace.

The teacher's rod had no terror for Jack Shannon for the very good reason that he never went to school—which accounts for the excellent condition of that noble institution which education erected in his home town to distract youths from the profitable exercise of reconciling dogs' tails to tin cans.

WE FIND him at the tender age of nine in the woolen mills—an active little figure subdued by the demands of industry—but not altogether crushed. And as he emerged from under the weight which labor imposed upon him, he found a job that gave him freer range—among the modern couriers of whose predecessors Herodotus said "Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Jack Shannon, in the livery of Uncle Sam's postal service, took a fiendish delight in delivering bills and statements with an unparalleled and unwarranted promptness to Skowhegan's faithful citizens. Skowhegan? Why, Portland, Maine, is a suburb of Skowhegan should anyone inquire. And when Jack Shannon made his daily tour of that "metropolis" with letters bearing postmarks of such important cities as Puxtawney, Bosking Ridge, Medicine Hat, Chestnut Hill and Wopniggers Falls, official pride would swell so high that official buttons would scatter in all directions. Skowhegan was gifted not only with a Post Office. It had its very own Mayor, Fire Department and a Town Hall. And it was this vast auditorium, seating the three hundred Skoheganians of a Saturday night, which was filled with the melodies pouring from Jack Shannon's happy throat. Among these listeners was the well-known opera singer, Carrie Kidwell Steward, who lost no time placing him in a

pier. So that's why I—" she took a long, gasping breath—"why I've come to a decision."

"What decision?" and he felt a sudden premonitory drop, like a weight, inside him.

"That it would be better for us to—separate—now—while we still have some beautiful memories—than to—" Her catching voice finally failed her.

He seemed to draw his own voice up from bottomless depths.

"Separate?"

"Yes."

THEIR discussion progressed not much further that night with any real progress; but the next morning, polite and self-controlled, Sid, before he left for the city, told her that he wanted to hear all the details of her plans when he came home.

"I'll bring some business papers out with me that we'll need in talking about your money affairs," he said; and then he took her hand and kissed it and was gone. A curious thing for Sid to do—kissing her hand! It was his apology, she dully supposed, for his readiness to let her go. Oh, there was no more possible bluff at not understanding; for people who had loved as they had, and were living as they were now, separation was only too easily understood.

That night both were steeled to talk as if they were talking of an investment, of a journey. But Sid said, almost to begin with:

"Do you want a divorce, Amelie?"

(Continued on page 90)



"Sure now, will ye promise me not to tell a word of it?" "Aye, indade I will, I mean I will not." Jack Shannon as the Two Gossipers.

choir, and then devoted her precious hours and money to teaching him the more delicate nuances possible for his kind of a tenor voice.

With this recognition came the opportunity to hand over to a successor the friendly, bulging mail bag—for to the Government Intelligence Service must they promote him.

At the end of seven years Jack Shannon, flapping against his chrysalis, broke through and embarked upon the new career which had been so wonderfully wrought for him.

SAYS he: "A helpless feeling came over me that morning in 1918. A friend had taken me to the Liberty Theatre in New York to sing for John Cort who wanted a tenor for his show, 'Listen Lester.' And what a thrill it was when Mr. Cort said to me, 'You go to Pittsburgh tonight and open Saturday.' I was too moved to even ask for a contract.

"The event that led to the greatest influence of my life—meeting with Will Rogers—is one that will always be cherished. I had been accepted by Gene Buck as a member of the Ziegfeld Frolic, and as I sat among the world-famous beauties, entranced by the lovely songs, a bashful, boyish figure in overcoat and cap slid into a chair back in a corner, almost out of sight. It was Will Rogers, the star of the show and the man who has kept up the nation's side-splitting laughter more consistently than any comedian in history. This was back in 1921.

"During this period we burlesqued the Peace Conference convened in Washington. And the scene was the funniest in the history of the Follies. The late President Harding took umbrage at this parody and severed "diplomatic relations" with Rogers. Uproariously funny as this scene was, I don't think it could compare with the actual conference, and, I might say, subsequent conferences held from time to time in Washington. The displeasure of Mr. Harding proved to be great publicity for the show, as the public swarmed in to see it and offered as high as twenty-five dollars for tickets.

(Continued on page 89)

WMBG..... Richmond, Va.
 WMBH..... Joplin, Mo.
 WMBI..... Chicago, Ill.
 WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa.
 WMBL..... Lakeland, Fla.
 WMBM..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMBQ..... Auburn, N. Y.
 WMBR..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
 WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMCB..... New York City
 WMES..... Boston, Mass.
 WMMN..... Fairmont, W. Va.
 WMPC..... Lapeer, Mich.
 WMRJ..... Jamaica, N. Y.
 WMSG..... New York City
 WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
 WNAC..... Boston, Mass.
 WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
 WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WNAX..... Yankton, S. D.
 WNB..... Binghamton, N. Y.
 WNBH..... New Bedford, Mass.
 WNBK..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNBQ..... Washington, Pa.
 WNBW..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WNBX..... Carbonale, Pa.
 WNBZ..... Springfield, Vt.
 WNC..... Saranac, N. Y.
 WNCJ..... Newark, N. J.
 WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNRC..... Greensboro, N. C.
 WNYC..... New York City
 WOAL..... San Antonio, Tex.
 WOAN..... Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
 WOAX..... Trenton, N. J.
 WOBT..... Union City, Tenn.
 WOBW..... Charleston, W. Va.
 WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
 WODA..... Paterson, N. J.
 WOL..... Ames, Ia.
 WOKO..... Beacon, N. Y.
 WOLW..... Washington, D. C.
 WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
 WOOD..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WOPL..... Bristol, Va.
 WOO..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WOR..... Newark, N. J.
 WORC..... Worcester, Mass.
 WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
 WOS..... Jefferson City, Mo.
 WOW..... New York City
 WOWO..... Omaha, Neb.
 WPAW..... Pawtucket, R. I.
 WPCC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WPCB..... Hoboken, N. J.
 WPEB..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPG..... Atlantic City, N. J.
 WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y.
 WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WPSC..... State College, Pa.

WPSW..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
 WOAM..... Miami, Fla.
 WOAN..... Scranton, Pa.
 WOAO..... Palisade, N. J.
 WOBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.
 WOBY..... Weirton, W. Va.
 WRAF..... La Porte, Ind.
 WRAK..... Williamsport, Pa.
 WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
 WRBL..... Tifton, Ga.
 WRBJ..... Hattiesburg, Miss.
 WRBL..... Columbus, Ga.
 WRBO..... Greenville, Miss.
 WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
 WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
 WRC..... Washington, D. C.
 WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
 WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WRIN..... Racine, Wis.
 WRNY..... Hamilton, Ohio
 WRR..... New York City
 WRRY..... Dallas, Tex.
 WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
 WRVA..... Richmond, Va.
 WSAI..... Cincinnati, Ohio
 WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
 WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
 WSAZ..... Fall River, Mass.
 WSB..... Huntington, W. Va.
 WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WSBG..... Chicago, Ill.
 WSBT..... South Bend, Ind.
 WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSEA..... Portsmouth, Va.
 WSEA..... Montgomery, Ala.
 WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSI..... Sarasota, Fla.
 WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
 WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
 WSMO..... Salisbury, Md.
 WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
 WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
 WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
 WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
 WSU..... Iowa City, Iowa
 WSUN..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
 WSV..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
 WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
 WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
 WTAQ..... Eau Claire, Wis.
 WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
 WTAX..... Streator, Ill.
 WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
 WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.

WTIC..... Hartford, Conn.
 WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WTOC..... Savannah, Ga.
 WVAE..... Hammond, Ind.
 WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
 WWL..... New Orleans, La.
 WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
 WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
 WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.

CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m,
 729.9kc, 500w.
 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.
 CHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
 CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
 CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
 CIRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
 CJRW, Fleming, Sask., 500m,
 599.6kc, 500w.
 CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
 1171.6kc, 2000w.
 CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P. Q.,
 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
 CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B. C.,
 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKCL, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
 880kc, 50w.
 Toronto, Ont., 517.2m,
 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
 889.9kc, 100w.
 CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
 1010kc, 50w.
 CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q.,
 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKIC, Wolfville, N. S.,
 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
 CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
 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-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
 1210kc, 50w.
 CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
 1120kc, 50w.
 CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
 1010kc, 50w.
 CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.,
 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
 540kc, 500w.
 CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg,
 Man., 384.6m, 780kc, 5000w.
 CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
 CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
 357.7m, 840kc, —w.
 CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
 599.6kc, 500w.
 CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
 291.3m, 1030kc, 500w.

Canada

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.
 CFCE, Montreal, P. Q.,
 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
 CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
 CFCC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CFCC, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m,
 1210kc, 50w.
 CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m,
 629.9kc, 500w.
 CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
 CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
 CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
 1010kc, 50w.
 CFNB, Frederickton, N. B.,
 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon,
 Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
 CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.,
 Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
 CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m,
 1120kc, 500w.
 CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
 CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.,
 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
 CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.,
 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
 CHML, Hamilton, Ont.,
 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m,
 930kc, 500w.
 CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
 880kc, 100w.
 CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte,
 Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
 CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C.,
 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
 50w.
 CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
 100w.
 CMBD, Havana, 482m,
 622.4kc, 50w.
 CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
 50w.
 CMBS, Havana, 441m,
 680.2kc, 50w.
 CMBW, Mariana o, 292m,
 1027kc, 50w.
 CMBY, Havana, 490m,
 611.9kc, 200w.
 CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,
 100w.
 CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,
 500w.
 CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc,
 100w.
 CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
 150w.
 CMCE, Havana, 273m,
 1098.7kc, 100w.
 CMCF, Havana, 466m,
 643.7kc, 250w.
 CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc,
 300w.
 CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m,
 1153kc, 200w.
 CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc,
 500w.
 CMHD, Caibarien, 325m,
 923kc, 250w.
 CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc,
 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

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.

2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct... \$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 subscriptions direct.. 12.00 500 votes

4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.. 16.00 750 votes

5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct 20.00 1,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.. 40.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut,

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE-WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.

6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.

7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.

8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

MARCELLA

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

JUST think of it, girls, if John Shaw Young's mother had not dissuaded him from accepting an appointment to the United States Military Academy for Aviation at San Antonio, you would probably never have heard him announcing over the NBC network! It was in 1927 that that important decision



was made and that same year he came to Radio through WBZ in Springfield. After staying with the Springfield station for six months John was transferred to WBZA in Boston and remained there until September, 1928, when he went to New York to join the NBC ranks.

Young, together with Milton Cross, was among the first Radio announcers to be selected by a major recording company to make phonograph records.

And did you ever hear that he was a classmate of Rudy Vallee? And of course you doubtless do know that he has presented Rudy to the microphone oftener than any other announcer.

Young has an impressive record of education. He attended the grammar and high schools of his home town and for a time was a student at Cascadilla Preparatory School at Ithaca, N. Y. Later he attended Yale and Cornell and took special courses at Syracuse and Columbia Universities. Most of this college training was devoted to studies of law and playwriting.

In his very youthful days John was keenly interested in athletics and has high school letters in swimming, track, football, baseball and basketball. Swimming was always his favorite sport and it still remains one of his major hobbies.

He is twenty-eight years old, and here is (I'm sure) comforting news for the hordes of femmes who have been writing about him—he is unmarried.

* * *

MARSHA WHEELER has left Radio broadcasting to devote all her time to writing stories and magazine articles. She lives in Cincinnati in a charming house where she does her writing. Miss Wheeler is missed by her thousands of listeners, but the one consolation is that we can look forward to her articles. But don't forget that her "real" name is Mrs. Marjorie Moellering.

* * *

Thomas Pattison Coates, baritone and announcer, well known to New York and Chicago Radio audiences through his four years' affiliation with WEA and WGN, is now production manager and chief announcer of WEBC, Duluth.

* * *

The latest news from the front (and it's true, just now as we write it!) is that the Ashley sisters are at WGN. Of course they may not be there by the time you read these lines. Those girls certainly keep us guessing.

Little Gloria Goldsmith, daughter of Lee Goldsmith, general manager of station WCKY, Covington, Ky., is an Amos 'n' Andy fan. Never a night passed, before little Gloria went away to boarding school, when she failed to listen to their broadcast at 7 o'clock, EST.

Came Eastern Daylight Saving Time, and the NBC shifted the feature to 10:30



o'clock over the Covington station. At about the same time Gloria was sent to boarding school. She insisted on hearing Amos 'n' Andy as was her custom, but the school authorities said "What! A child staying up till 10:30? Unheard of!"

Gloria delivered her ultimatum—either home, by the Radio set, or Amos 'n' Andy at 10:30. Negotiations were in order. The National Broadcasting Company received an appeal, and after many long distance calls and telegraph inquiries Gloria's wish was granted, but in this way—the NBC agreed to permit WCKY to carry the feature at 6 o'clock and another station in the vicinity also to carry it at 10:30.

So everybody was happy, and Gloria was able to continue her schooling.

* * *

A little news of our old friend Ford Rush. He broadcast over WLS a few times this spring and is now idling away the summer down in St. Louis. As to your other question, Millie, the Gene and Jack you heard over WLS, is a cornet and banjo team which plays only occasionally before the Prairie Farmer mike.

* * *

Many of us who have been following the career of Alwyn E. W. Bach since the early days at WBZ in 1922 were gratified to learn of the recent honor conferred upon him when he was awarded the 1930 gold medal for excellence in diction on the Radio by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Mr. Bach was born and educated in

Worcester, Mass. After graduating from high school he worked for a time in a law office but left to become a compositor and proofreader in a local print shop. Following his return from France, where he served with the Forty-fourth Coast Artillery, he re-entered the printing business. Later he became announcer for WBZ at Springfield, on which station he had made several appearances as a baritone vocalist.

* * *

Harry Snodgrass has deserted his village chili stand and is returning to Radio. At the time of writing it is not known where Mr. Snodgrass will broadcast. However, he says that it will not be a metropolitan microphone; that he hates Chicago, and dislikes New York; and that it will be some comparatively small town that he'll choose. (Thank you, Helen, for this information.)

* * *

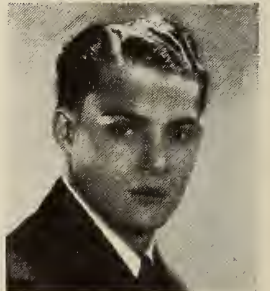
Just heard that **Don Wilding** has traveled from WLW to WTAM and thence to WJR, Detroit, where he now appears before the mike several evenings each week. More of him another day.

* * *

Through what station does your "Radio tenor" broadcast, Mrs. Gibbons? I haven't heard of any tenor who has to be carried in and out of the studio. Please tell more about him.

* * *

Louis Perlman doesn't need any introduction in and around Chicago. This youthful violinist and composer has played from every large Radio station in the city. Back in 1923, when he was something of an infant, he began playing over WEBH, where he played regularly for about three years with Dean Remick as accompanist. He is a member of the Skalski Orchestra and was director of the "Petite Symphony" recently heard over WBBM.



But the whole point of the story is just about to be reached. This young man is the composer of that popular ballad "In Old Capri" which we've been hearing for some months and which is, incidentally, the theme accompaniment for all Radio Showmen programs heard over WIBO. His also is the more recent song hit, "Shattered Dreams."

Running true to the type of the real musician Mr. Perlman, who is a Chicagoan, gave evidence of his artistic inclination at an early age, four years, to be exact; at seven he appeared in his first public recital with a symphony orchestra; at eleven he won the scholarship to the Francis W. Parker school; and at fourteen was concert master of Senn High orchestra.

It's not enough to say that Lou Perlman has talent; he has talent combined with personality—which makes it all very interesting.

In telling you about Pat Flanagan the easiest thing to do is to talk in terms of "stories," for some way or other Pat is like that.



Take, for instance, the story of how Pat came to be an announcer. Only a little over two years ago Pat was out in Davenport selling time on the air for WOC. One morning as Pat was about to start out on his sales duties there was a slight panic due to the failure of one of the regular announcers to arrive on schedule. Flanagan blithely offered to fill the gap, and he did. Meanwhile the station manager of WOC was listening in at his home. After a half an hour or so he called the studio and said "Who's the new man at the mike? . . . Put him on the pay role as announcer!"

Soon after he went to WBBM, and his entrance into sports' announcing shows just how Pat works. He was asked by his boss if he could announce baseball games. "Why, absolutely," replied Pat. "I used to play the game and I know it like a book." He was told to get ready because within a couple of weeks he would have to announce the big league games. Pat was actually floored, but he would not admit it. Rushing out he got a baseball rule book and studied it until he knew every rule in it.

Then just the other day a distinguished visitor came to the WBBM studios. Pat was giving one of his famous play by play descriptions, getting his information through the special baseball ticker in the studio. Judge Landis, baseball's czar, came in, asked to see Pat and sat near him, watching and listening intently. Taking his leave, the judge congratulated Pat on his work and said: "Pat, I came down because my curiosity got the best of me. Couldn't see how anyone could be giving so realistic a description of a game without being right on the field. Never heard anything like it. If ever anyone wants to know about one of the best sports announcers on the air, send them to me." Pat says he feels Judge Landis' praise the greatest honor he has ever had paid him.

* * *

KUKU is not a real station at all, Donald. It was merely a part of an NBC program heard until recently on Wednesday nights at 9:30 EST.

* * *

Thought you would like to see this lady's picture because she is an authority on love and marriage. She is not only an authority, but she is willing to pass along her knowledge to hundreds of others with her intimate talks before the mike. She is Lucy Stout, whose voice is heard through WPAP, Palisade, N. J.



* * *

Miss Stout says that women will some day be the real power of the world, that is, if the woman will use her understanding and femininity in the right direction. And then she goes on to tell what the right direction is; she also has a few things to say about men; but here it is probably more discreet to change the subject. . . .

Miss Stout has been ranked among the "philosophers of the air" and it's not at all strange that her broadcasts are popular.

We have some more up-to-date information on George Sutherland, C. E. B. He is now at WHK, Cleveland, where he is concentrating on production and continuity work and doing some incidental announcing. He conducts the morning exercise period at 7 every day in the week except Sunday. George has, however, handled the microphone for about every imaginable type of broadcast, from state political conventions to horse races and all sports.

Picked up an interesting bit about him, too. George has put so much actual friendliness into his voice that a day never passes when he doesn't receive a number of letters laying before him personal problems relating to affairs of the home, heart and happiness.

* * *

If it's true that a fickle public soon forgets its favorites, WBBM has an exception. Bobby Brown, who used to appear frequently before the mike and who was one of the most popular entertainers in the country, has been so busy with other things in connection with Radio that he has had few opportunities to go on the air.

However, WBBM recently put on a special children's program which needed a cheerful, genial voice. Bobby was asked to supply the voice, and the day after the first broadcast brought a flood of letters. His public welcomed him back with such enthusiasm that Bobby hasn't the nerve to stay away and has consented to face the mike every day during the children's party at 5:30.

* * *

It may not be news now, but it is as we're going to press, Ralph Waldo Emerson Jr. arrived in town on June 5th. It is quite a sure thing that Ralph Jr. will be a musician, and rumor has it that WLS has already signed him up.

* * *

Your favorite, Ted DeTurk, Marie, started his career at the age of four as a winged cupid at a show wedding. But since that time his travels have taken him over a great amount of territory. By his own admission he possessed a larger bank account at the age of 9 than he does at present.



But, of course, he now has a family that he wouldn't trade for any bank account.

When he was just a little fellow he played the old "nickelodeon" shows on Saturday nights in and around Marion, O., where he was born and raised. These shows sometimes netted him as much as \$25 for the evening. He was billed as "Master LeRoy DeTurk, the boy entertainer."

So it was that he entered the show business at an early age. Vaudeville, musical comedy and barnstorming, all added to his experience. This after his sojourn at Ohio State and Northwestern universities.

His Radio career began in 1922 when he joined the staff of WWJ, Detroit. He later went to WJR in the same city, then returned to the show business. Then some time later made a Radio return at WLW. A business venture took him to Florida, but he couldn't withstand the lure of the microphone and the South heard him through WJAX, Jacksonville, and WSB, Atlanta. Then the West called him and he journeyed as far as KOA, Denver. But finally he wandered back to Ohio, was at WLW for a time, then went to WHK, where he is heard regularly now.

Ted has accumulated a library of several thousand songs of a wide variety, all carefully indexed and filed, ready for use at a moment's notice.

* * *

Help! Help! Where are Lynn Gearhart and Bill Barnes, formerly at WIBO?

Al Melgard, staff organist at WBBM, and one of Chicago's pioneer organists, is at heart an artist. Art was his first love. He has been drawing and painting since he was a youngster and as he grew older music was merely an incidental accomplishment with him. He drifted from his study of the piano into organ work, and as an organist he drifted into broadcasting. And as we all know, it is music that is responsible for his enviable reputation.



But through the years he has been faithful to art. The basement of his home is his studio. Here he does some work in oils and here he paints furniture.

Sometimes the studio is turned into a theatre. Mr. Melgard owns a fine motion picture camera and buys from time to time films of some educational value. Then he calls in his youngsters, tells them to invite their friends, and a big time is had by all.

* * *

Sorry, R. P., that we can't find out anything about Blue Steele since he left KMOX some weeks ago. Can anybody help?

* * *

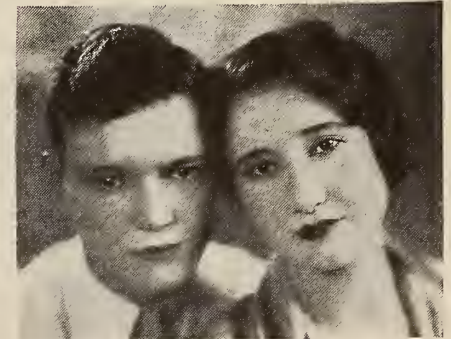
Here they are, the "Singing Red-heads." You wouldn't guess to look at their picture that this harmony team at KMOX had hated each other heartily not so long ago.

About two years ago Dorothy Aggas and Melvin Wilkerson were being featured as soprano and tenor soloists in a Tulsa Radio station. Dorothy, just turned seventeen, had come back from New York where she had been studying with Louis Graveure. Radio was a new field to her, and proved so fascinating that she decided to give up her cherished ambition, an operatic career, for Radio work. Melvin, known to musical circles of Tulsa from the time that he was twelve years old, had grown a little weary of vaudeville trouping. He too was attracted to Radio singing.

But Dorothy couldn't see much in Melvin, and Melvin felt the same way about her. They went about snubbing each other until they were persuaded into trying harmony singing. Their voices blended so well that they were put on programs as harmony singers. That was the beginning.

There was room on the staff at KMOX for a harmony team and Dorothy and Melvin went to St. Louis, tried out, and were successful.

People always want to know if they really have red hair and if they are re-



lated. Well, they have red hair and as for being related—they aren't yet. But rumor has it they've been going around looking at apartments. . . .

* * *

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.

The Ideal Menu Requires AN ATTRACTIVE SALAD

Food Expert Says Salad Should Be Artistic as Well as Palatable and Outlines Wide Variety of Uses

By Evelyn Gardiner
Director KDKA Home Forum



Here's the proper set-up for a correctly served buffet luncheon in the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Miss Evelyn Gardiner is serving a salad to Miss Josephine Gibson, Home Economics Director of the H. J. Heinz Company. Mrs. Florence Harding, assistant to Miss Gardiner, is serving chicken a la king.

WHAT infinite possibilities there are to delight the palate and the eye in an artistic looking salad. No salad achieves the true heights of success unless it appeals both to the palate and to the eye. No salad should merely satisfy the taste. No one wishes to eat an unattractively prepared salad no matter how good it may taste.

Each person has, no doubt, her own mental picture of a tempting salad. Does your mental picture include perhaps a glass bowl or a plate of crisp, fresh lettuce? And on the lettuce there should be a dainty, attractive, colorful mixture such as sliced tomatoes, green peppers and cucumbers which are so delicious at this season of the year. This is but one picture of a salad. It may be prepared at the table by the hostess who mixes the French dressing with the salad green and serves her family and guests. Each mouthful is a delight and the salad is more quickly prepared than when arranged in the kitchen.

What makes a salad? First, the salad green must be carefully selected at the market. This should be fresh and free from bruises. Lettuce is still the most popular salad plant, but other leaves may be used to add variety in flavor and appearance. Watercress, endive, dandelion, cabbage and romaine are very excellent greens.

Salad greens should be served crisp, dry and cold. Break the leaves apart carefully. Water running over the head will open up the inner leaves. Wash each leaf thoroughly in cold

water and let stand for a few minutes in a bowl of water containing pieces of cracked ice. Another way to make greens crisp is to shake the water from them and wrap in a damp towel or waxed paper, or place them in a covered glass jar and set in the refrigerator. When ready to use, shake the water from them and pat the leaves gently in a soft cloth to absorb the remaining moisture.

Another thing to consider in the arranging of a salad is the plate on which a salad is to be served. It should first be cold. In fact, to make a perfect salad everything used in its preparation should be cold. An attractive plate adds much to the effect. This may be china or glass, but in the summer there is nothing more suitable than a glass salad plate. Colored glass combines well with the colors used in the salad.

A salad is an appetizer. To be a true appetizer it must be prepared to tempt the appetite. A salad is easily overdone. We may make it too elaborate and fussy. The simpler salads are generally the most beautiful. To make it look its best, great care must be taken as to the arrangement. The kind of plate used, the bed or green, ingredients, dressing, accompaniments and other foods served at the meal must be considered. In this respect a salad is like a picture. It takes more than one color to make a picture. The harmonious blend and the right use of several colors in the hands of the artist make the

picture. The kind of plate used is as important as the picture frame. The foods served with a salad are as important to give your salad the right setting as the furniture in your living-room to show off a picture to the best advantage.

WHAT is more delicious or easier to serve than a salad prepared at the table? Have a bowl of crisp lettuce leaves before you. To your right place vinegar and oil cruets, salt and pepper shakers, paprika and any other seasonings desired. If you have a large salad spoon, mix one tablespoonful of oil and one teaspoonful of vinegar together in the spoon. Add a dash of pepper, salt and paprika. Mix these together with a fork and add slowly to the leaves. Toss them lightly until each leaf is moistened with dressing. Mix another spoonful and add until the lettuce is sufficiently dressed. You may add sliced fresh vegetables if you wish. This method is what the French call "fatuiging" a salad.

There are many other ingredients used in preparing a salad. Almost any cooked or uncooked food may be used in a salad. There is a salad for every occasion. The meat, fish, cheese and egg salads are the most substantial and may be served as the main course of a luncheon or supper. In summer we prefer cold foods. The meat or fish may be mixed with celery, pickles, or olives to give a good blend

(Continued on page 69)

Former Boss of Amos and Andy

JUDITH WALLER of WMAQ, Chicago, Pioneer in Broadcasting, Began in 1922

By GARNETT L. ESKEW

WE ARE none of us so high up in the world but that we have a boss. Amos and Andy are no exception to the general rule, you may be sure.

Until their recent hook-up with the NBC network these tworenownedblack-face comedians acknowledged as their boss the boss of station WMAQ, Chicago. And the boss of WMAQ is one of the pioneers of Radio broadcasting. Not that that word "pioneer" implies, in this case, any great age. It doesn't; Radio is such a youngster (a mere babe in swaddling clothes) among our industries, that one need not be more than a youngster himself to have pioneered in it.

If you mount up by elevator to the studio of WMAQ atop the fine new home of the Chicago Daily News, expecting to find the boss of the station a quick, snappy, up-to-the-minute business man, you will be disappointed. For the boss of WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy, is a lady. Emphatically a lady. You are aware of that the moment you clap eyes upon her. Her voice is low and vibrant as a fiddle string. There are just the proper number of laughter lines about her mouth to denote an overgrown sense of humor and still make you fully aware that she is seriously interested in the business in hand. The kindly twinkle in her otherwise serious eyes enhances this first impression you get of her.

Back in the dark ages—that is, back in 1922 (and how very long ago that seems to so many of us who are engaged in Radio work) the vast potentialities of Radio were just beginning to be grasped; broadcasting as a regular and permanent activity had not yet come about.

In Chicago there was one lone station—KYW. In New York there were one or two. But on a certain fine Spring morning in that same year of grace 1922,

We want you to come over and take charge of it."

"But I don't know anything about Radio, Mr. Strong," she protested.

He may have replied to his: "I wouldn't know one if it bit me on the foot. But come over anyway."

And so, with no little trepidation, and considerable uncertainty, Miss Waller came over and took charge of station WMAQ (only there wasn't really any station there then and it was called station WGU. A terrific task faced her—that of organizing a program, the outlining of a policy, the securing of the services of artists (for which there was at that time no appropriation to pay), the announcing and introducing of the artists as they went on the air, the handling of all correspondence.

"In short," said Miss Waller, in a recent conversation with me, "it was a one-man station and that one man was *me*. I had a great many disadvantages to labor under, but also there were many advantages. For example, I had no precedents to follow; there weren't any. I had no one to take orders from and could put upon the air whatever program I thought best, provided I could get it. The disadvantage was that—there being no precedents to follow—I had to create them. And, working in a new field, creating precedents is a pretty ticklish job.

"The first thing to do obviously was to get artists to supply the entertainment. That meant going to all the musicians and public speakers and stage people in Chicago and getting them to come in solely on the chance for publicity there was in it. But they took to it like ducks to water. Our first artist

(Continued on page 90)



Miss Judith Waller, station manager, WMAQ, the former boss of Amos and Andy.

Mr. A. W. Strong, owner of the Chicago Daily News, called up Judith Waller, then in the advertising business, and said:

"We've taken over a Radio station and are going to broadcast programs.

OUT of the AIR HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

A Worthy Object!

NOW this is what we call a worthy object! Lee Spiker, Route 1, Casey, Iowa, sends in the two following incidents, which actually occurred, with the announcement that he hopes to win enough from them to subscribe for a year to Radio Digest! Perhaps he'll be successful at that. You never can tell:

"After having the battery of my Radio charged recently, I was trying to bring in the Henry Field Seed Company Station—KFNF—but could not get them. My four-year-old youngster piped up with the following logical explanation: 'Maybe Henry's busy now, Daddy, and can't answer. I heard him say that this was a very busy year!'"

"A few nights after that Buddy was playing with his ball and it rolled under the library table. He stooped down to pick it up and gave his little head a terrific bump against the table. Just at the same moment Henry Field spoke up out of the loud speaker: 'Hit him again!' Buddy straightened up at once and said fiercely: 'He better not hit me again!'"

She Wanted All that was Coming

It was little Amy's first visit to Church. After the collection had been taken she stood up in her seat, repeating, "I want to see it! I want to see it!" "Hush, dear," whispered her mother a trifle fiercely, "what is it you wish to see?"

"The monkey," responded Amy. "I've heard the organ and they've taken up the pennies. Now I want to see the monkey!" —Maude I. Jones, Locke, N. Y.

* * *

Why the String was Wanted

Mr. May of KMA, Shenandoah, Pa., was announcing the other night and said: "I have a letter from a customer in Broken Bow, Neb., ordering 100 pounds Binding Twine . . . Must be going to mend that broken bow!" —Mrs. P. H. Miller, Pershing, Iowa.

* * *

Hot Stuff!

"While listening to WPEN Wednesday evening," writes Edna Katzmar, of 217 E. Edgewood Ave., Andalusia, Pa., "I heard a very hot one. The announcer of that station said: 'I take great pleasure in announcing Mr. Burns, chief of the fire department.'"

* * *

Slip-ups that Ruth Heard

"I AM sure everyone enjoys your portion of the Radio Digest," writes Ruth Adams, 487 Rosslyn Ave., Akron, Ohio. "We all hear amusing things and I think it is a worthwhile idea to swap yarns each month."

"Smiling Ed. McConnell was singing, 'I Want to Go Back to Michigan,' at WTAM one evening. 'I want to go back—I want to go back, I want to go back on the farm—Far away from harm—with a milk pail on my arm'—He paused here and said: 'Doggone it, I don't know whether I want to or not. I was raised on a farm and I'll be blamed if I want to go back and be a valet to a durned cow.'"

"One evening I was listening to

KWKH, Shreveport, about 3 a.m. They were evidently broadcasting from the town studio. They played the usual sign-off recording and then the announcer said: 'We'll pull the switch and go home.' But no one at the transmitter pulled the switch.

"'All right out at the transmitter?' Not a sound. Then followed phonograph

Cash for Humor!

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

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

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

Keep your ears open for chuckles—send your contribution to the Indi-Gest, Radio Digest, Chicago, Illinois. It must be received not later than Sept. 1, 1930.

records and after each one the announcer would try to get it across to the transmitter that it was time to stop. Finally in desperation the announcer said: 'Well, all O. K. at the transmitter, it's time to quit and go to bed!'

"Then came the reply accompanied by a yawn: 'I'll say it is, I'm getting sleepy.' I think he had a pretty good nap to start with.

"One thing which amuses me is the way some of the announcers at WTAM, Cleveland, say: 'We will take you to our New York studios'; while other stations say: 'We will join the N.B.C. chain,' or 'your next program comes to you from the New York studio of the National Broadcasting company.' When WTAM owns a New York studio will be plenty of time to talk about it!

"Russel B. Wise in announcing for the Sunday afternoon concerts of the WTAM Concert Orchestra always says: 'The next number on the Sunday Afternoon Pop Concert.'"

Thus the individual idiosyncrasies of announcers as well as artists—are heard and heeded.

* * *

Nuggets from Niagara Nell

ALADY in Niagara Falls, N. Y., who uses "Niagara Nell" as her pen name, sends us the following rollicking

verses which we liked the moment we clapped our eyes on 'em. We'd like to send the lady in question a check for the rhymes—not a large check, it is true, but a check nevertheless—and if she, on reading this page, will send us her correct name and address the check will reach her in due course.

The Zero Hour. . . DX Impossible.

You tune in a local station
For your favorite hook-up. You've got
An announcer whose flair
Is to clutter the air
With time signals, ads and what-not.

You wait, and you wait, and you wait!
(The while missing a program that's good.)

At last he comes to
That New York is your due!
Could you kill him? . . . Boy! I'll say you could!

Perhaps that is enough to show you that

I AM A FAN

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A crabbed, rabid, Radio fan!

I like what I like,
What I don't. . . I despise!
I rave, and I rant,
And I oft eulogize!
I write, and I rhyme,
I praise, and applaud;
Spoiling no one,
Sparing no rod!
For I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A rabid, crabbed, Radio fan!

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan!

I give up society,
I stick to my set:
"Can't miss this program,
Bound to please, you can bet!"
I answer no bells.
When a pet program's on;
It's my loudspeaker
My attention's upon!
For I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A monastic, enthusiastic, Radio fan!

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan!

I hear all the best
And some worst on the air;
Turning a dial
For my ears' bill-of-fare;
I grin, and I groan,
I laugh, and I sigh,
I live a great life
Just because I—

I am a fan, a Radio fan. . . .
A diurnal, nocturnal, Radio fan!

—"Niagara Nell."

* * *

Fill-up-my-can, the Great Pure Food Expert!

While hearing WOR, I heard the announcer reading the program resumé. All went well until he came to the part which caused me to write this letter:

"And at ten," he proceeded in that familiar, deptoned voice, "we will have the pleasure of listening to that foremost of pure food experts, Philip McCann." Which, in itself, does not sound exactly humorous, but when the announcer desired to give the word "pure" a French accent or something so it sounded like "poor," maybe you can give vent to laughter.—Algird Truska, 196 New York avenue, Newark, N. J.

To a Daily Feature of KLZ at Denver

Arriving home, the days work done,
Music of restful tone I crave.
I tune in stations one by one,
Searching the air for pleasing wave.

Harsh dance hall music irritates
Instead of soothing nerves to rest:
And on a tired mind it grates,
Already worried and oppressed. . . .

I hear a deep-toned organ play
Slow, quiet music; rambling on
From air to air with rhythmic sway
That bids my worries all begone.

A violin, with vesper hymn,
Gives sweet vibrating melody;
The organ, as a background dim,
Plays on—a gentle rhapsody.

Then a contralto, clear and low,
With violin and organ blends,
Together merging in a flow
Of mellow sound that peace attends.
—“Box Car George.”
* * *

“Now, Dad, You Old Fool!”

I was listening in to a ball game at WMBH, Joplin, Mo., and the announcer had his baby near the mike. While waiting for the next report he said to someone in the studio:

“Who is the biggest fool in the world?”
Just at that time the baby said: “Daddy.”
—Mrs. R. E. Sanders, Carterville, Mo.
* * *

More Slip-Ups

The following two stories are real, just as they were received from the loud speaker, and the date of reception:

N. B. C. chain broadcast from KVOO, Sept. 24, 1928, Senator Borah's speech. Just before introducing the Senator the announcer's voice came from the loud speaker in a loud whisper:

“Whew, that mike weighs a ton!”
Time, January, 1930. Jimmy Wilson and his Catfish String Band broadcasting from the banks of old Polecat Creek, by remote control through KVOO.

Jimmy had been telling us what a fine night it was to fish from the banks of Old Pole Cat Creek, while we were wrapped in an army blanket sitting by the stove trying to keep from freezing!

As his parting words told us we would “now be transferred to the studio at Tulsa,” the operator didn't respond immediately and Jimmy's voice came hurtling out of the loud speaker,

“Hell, why don't some of you guys stir up the fire. I'm half froze to death!”—
A. C. Arnold, R. 4, North Topeka, Kan.
* * *

All for the Lack of a Little Punctuation

While listening to KYFR, Bismarck, N. D., I heard the following:

The announcer was advertising the possibilities of Radio, without pause. “Send for your free copy of our booklet” Rich Rewards in Radio “sent free to you without any obligation to us or you, “Some Day You Will Be Sorry” a Victor recording.—E. G. Surguy, 112 Cathedral avenue E, St. Johns, Winnipeg, Canada.
* * *

KOMO, Seattle, has a morning program which begins with part of “The Rustle of Spring,” played by Miss Mary Spear, staff accompanist. One morning recently, Stan Spiegle, genial announcer, must have been feeling too gay to stay within the prescribed bounds. At the close of the preceding program he said, “Alright, Mary, you rustle and I'll spring.” A dead silence for one startled second, then the piano started, and Stan turned to the microphone with a chuckle and took the listening world into his confidence; “I nearly got killed for that one!”—Miss Mary E. Hosken, Alderwood Manor, Washington.

Hard on Baby!

Found the following in my Radio scrapbook. I don't recall the station from whence it came, but it has to do with the proper care of the baby:

“When the baby gets done drinking, it should be unscrewed and placed under cold water. If the baby does not thrive on this, it should be boiled.”—Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.
* * *

A few days ago I heard a direct advertiser and seller giving his listeners the “low-down” on his merchandise. Said he:

“Friends, don't buy shirts manufactured in the East; they make them so skimpy when you bend over the tail flies out—and there YOU are! Ours are made near home, and are 36 inches long. If you buy one of our shirts and the tail flies out, when you bend over, just take it off, fire it back to us, and it won't cost you a cent. We will send you one of these shirts and a pair of overalls for only \$1.95.—Ethel Sopher, New Providence, Iowa.

P. S. The incident above came over the air from station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Turning the Dials

Hello world, how are you?
Hogs!! up two points!!
The next song will be a dance—
Bump de bump te da da
Or what ever it is Helen Kane sings
Come dance through the tulips with me

If you need an ambulance call Bla Bla 6100

Jessie Enough will now sing a beautiful soprano solo

Miss Goo Goo will tell you how to keep house

The Goofy quartette will warble
A cottage for sale

I won't go home until morning
Are you for or against prohibition?
Yes!!

Bed Time Story—

Rhea Sheldon, 1809 E. Seventy-Third St., Kansas City, Mo.

A Quite Impossible She

I loved Miss Anastacia Brown
A whole lot more than I could tell her.
I surely thought, in all the town,
She loved me more than any feller.

I went to see her every night
And on the porch, screened in from sight,

I told her many a tender thing
And hinted at a diamond ring.

I took her candy, pound on pound,
And every week I sent around
Some flowers from the florist shop
But now, by gosh, that's goin' to stop!
I hired a car and took her out
Through all the country round about,
And every restaurant thrived upon
My pocketbook. But now that's done.

She said she loved the radio
To cheer her lonely hours and so
I plunked down all my ready cash
To buy her one . . . and WAS I rash?
I'll say I was, I wish I had
My money back again, bedad!
If once again I get some means
I'll keep 'em right here in my jeans!

She always was so sweet to me!
We never dealt in foolish fusses.
Oh awful femininity,—
All women are ungrateful cusses!
They're all alike—oh hear my moans!—
Cantankerous and wild and funny. . . .
That dern girl's married Ezry Jones,
A stingy chap that saved his money.
—Quarrier Bickers, 615 Jefferson Ave.
% Pitman, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



Paul Whiteman is a huge success
Say advertisements in the press;
And that is true, I guess,—oh boy!
If measured just by avoidupois!
(Signed) In-di-gest

What Kind of Film?

We thought the following, heard over CFRB last Tuesday by the Melody Boys, was very good:

Lon: Say, Art, did you know that Amos 'n' Andy are going to make a film?

Art: They can't do that!

Lon: Why Not?

Art: Because Pepsodent removes the film.—Mrs. J. Feather, R. R. No. 4, Galt, Ont., Canada.
* * *

What! Affectionate Pies?

EARL MAY of KMA, Shenandoah, Ia., told of a pie made mainly of goo and crust. I believe he called them Goo-Goo pies. One of his pupils in country school said: “No, Mr. May, they's not Goo-Goo pies, they's Affectionate pies.”

“Affectionate pies,” asks Mr. May. “What do you mean?”

“Well, the top crust hugs the bottom crust.”—Miss Frances E. Cherry, 605 Logan street, Wayne, Neb.
* * *

A Long Time to Wait

While listening to one of the now-defunct O-Cedar programs on a Sunday evening over the Columbia Broadcasting System, the announcer, Gates Porter, said:

“As our next number, our tenor, Mr. Jackson, will sing ‘A Year from Today.’”
—Alan E. Smith, 1639 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
* * *

Mary and Her Lamb and Other Things

Mary had a little lamb . . .

You've heard this tale before.
But did you know she passed her plate
And had a little more?

And that she ate some pumpkin pie,
Onions and apple sauce? . . .

Now Mary fears she's going to die
And wonders what's the cause!

J. E. Steever, South Shore Arms Hotel,
Chicago.

Voice of the Listener

Now We'll Tell One!

Why not have a contest for the most unpopular station in the country? For every one subscriber lost you would gain nine more.

"The Radio Broadcast" conducted one three years ago. Go to it! And you will have the hottest contest you have ever had. And it will be fair, too, because no station will be broadcasting for votes; neither will they collect coupons.—"Humpty Dumpty."

We've Got "It"

Just finished reading my first "Radio Digest," and talk about a good magazine, it has got "It." I've read lots of Radio magazines but "Radio Digest" has 'em all beat.

The pictures and the writeups of the Radio stars are just what I've been trying to find in a magazine. I've read every article and enjoyed everything in it.

I hope in the future you will publish some of Floyd Gibbons' talks; I'd rather listen to him than anyone on the air. "Believe It or Not." I bet he would be great broadcasting a football game or a boxing match.

I think "The Voice of the Listener" column is great. I'd like to become a member. I can't wait for the next issue of Radio Digest. Wishing your magazine lots of luck.—Joe Dzilsky, Baytown, Texas.

Write to WIL, Billie

I'm a regular reader of your Radio magazine and like it the best of all magazines and I just can't wait until I get the next one as it is up to the minute with news. I am a Radio fan and would love to get some of WIL Radio stars' pictures, one like that popular singer Bobby Stubbs, Jack Coleman or Billy Lang. I would be more than glad to read or to get their pictures and many more friends would too. I would appreciate very much if it would be possible.—Miss Billie Lutz, St. Louis, Mo.

Floyd Draws One More Vote

Somehow I overlooked an article in "Advance Tips" about Floyd Gibbons in your April issue. I thought I had read every item in the magazine, but I missed it. Yes, indeed, do try and persuade Mr. Gibbons to write for the Radio Digest, as he surely is a "superman." But don't put off till tomorrow what can be done today or someone else will get ahead of you. Simply to advertise the fact that he is going to write every month will increase the sales of the R. D. many times. That's the reason why I took the magazine just to get acquainted with that wonderful specimen of manhood. What a voice! It commands the attention of old and young—it is thrilling. Mostly all other voices seem flat—no magnetism. His voice is like a tonic. When you feel weary and listen in, it braces you up. I am afraid, though, you will be too late, judging from his talks, he is longing to fly off into God's pure outdoor life, into the hills and the dales, the lakes and the rivers are calling him and he will respond before long. He must be tired, but no one knows it from his merry chatter. Do the best you can. If we can look forward to an article in the fall issue, that will keep our courage up. He is my favorite on the Radio, and hundreds in town here share my opinion.—Jessie R. Horton.

One More Vote for Rudy

I saw an article in the Radio Digest in regard to Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

I never fail to listen to Rudy Vallee when he broadcasts and have also heard Will Osborne.

Although there is some similarity in the two, Rudy is the best; his voice is much nicer and I like his orchestra the best.

Anyone who has heard the two broadcast very much would never mistake Will Osborne for Rudy Vallee. There is only one Rudy and there never will be one to equal him.

He has the most restful voice and the sweetest tone I have ever heard over Radio. His programs are the very best on the air.

I have seen his two talking pictures, "The Vagabond Lover" and "Campus Sweethearts," and I think he is marvelous.—Mrs. Verna Giddiman, 1109 N. 7th St., Niles, Mich.

Shades of highbrow aristocracy! What was Lucy Barrett doing in such an audience of old fogies and people who had not sense enough to appreciate real humor!

Seems to me that as there are millions of both old and young fogies who deeply enjoy "Amos

n' Andy" there must be some humor in it. As for their darky dialect I think, since Amos was born in Richmond, Va., he would have some slight idea of darky talk, much more than one living in the rarified air of "cultured" Chicago.

Perhaps if their talk were punctuated with a few automatics or machine guns, Lucy would feel more at home and could even smile a few.

Here's to "Amos n' Andy," the dearest and most entertaining couple on the air!—Mis. C. A. Carenbauer, Elm Grove, W. Va.

Ballyhoo Broadcasting

Through the loud speaker we hear a great deal these days regarding the chain store menace.

The writer personally is opposed to the methods of the chain stores and realizes that if they continue to expand, ultimately the independent dealer will either have to do likewise or close out and possibly some day will be working for the chain.

There will always be opportunities for the independent merchant to go into the chain store business, or if he prefers he can at any time buy stock in practically any of the large chain store companies, if he thinks it a good investment.

There is no doubt but what the chain stores have put many independent merchants out of business through their unscrupulous methods, but as yet they have not been given an exclusive franchise to do business where they see fit to locate.

There seem to be some broadcasting stations in this country that have been granted that exclusiveness. In this Middle West we are all very familiar with WNAX at Yankton, S. D.; KMA at Shenandoah, Ia.; KFNF at Shenandoah, Ia.; WAAW at Omaha, Neb., and KMMJ at Clay Center, Neb.

Strange to say, the first three stations named were in the seed and nursery business before they established their broadcasting stations. Now those are just seasonable items.

They sell automobile tires, tubes, wearing apparel, dried fruits, canned goods, coffee, paint and many other items.

Does the listener ever investigate with his home merchant before wiring his order? The people that wire their orders are those who like to hear their name mentioned over the air when the order is acknowledged.

Our population being so much greater than during P. T. Barnum's time, his theory of a fool being born every minute would be too slow for today.

Being forced to listen to their programs while in restaurants and hotels, I have wished they would start selling meals over the air.

WHO at Des Moines, which the large majority considered the best station in this Middle West and one we could always listen to without interference, was forced by the federal Radio commission to divide time with WOC at Davenport.

They were put on a wave band making it impossible for us to receive their program after night, and WNAX at Yankton, S. D., "the direct selling station," enjoys their former wave length.

When Station KGDY at Oldham, S. D., which is being moved to Huron, S. D., asked for an increase of from 15 to 100 watts, the federal Radio commission granted it, but advised that South Dakota was using its allotment, as though the 1,000-watt WNAX at Yankton is of any benefit to the people within the state.

The retail merchants' associations and the jobbers of Iowa, Nebraska and South Dakota have shown a weakness by not protesting this exclusive privilege of direct selling over the air.

This also applies to such associations and jobbers anywhere in the United States of America where this condition exists.

Observations of Radio Listener

It appears that the sponsors of nearly all Radio programs delegate to a master of ceremonies the arrangement of the features composing the items for broadcast, and they frequently invite the listener to write signifying whether he is pleased with their efforts to entertain.

It no doubt often happens that the appropriation made by the sponsor is a serious handicap to the success of the endeavor. During the first years of Radio broadcasting, music—both instrumental and vocal—was the principal factor. Today we appear to be entering upon a new epoch, and the spoken word is fast becoming an important part of the programs, and it seems that the real success or failure of the art of Radio entertainment by method of speech will depend largely

upon several new elements.

In the past, music, from an entertainment standpoint, has been considered as the only element which, divorced from sight, could be successfully used.

Since the advent of Radio, with its rapid strides toward universal use, an attempt is being made to introduce a variety of "talkie" programs, and here we arrive at the point where constructive criticism begins.

Because of the fact that nearly all Radio reception is at the home and in an average small room, it becomes essential that the person speaking before the microphone shall have a clear conception of the environment which surrounds his listeners.

If he were present we doubt if he would indulge in loud and boisterous language. He would modulate his voice. If he would realize that it is by the sense of hearing alone that his listeners are being entertained, he would seldom, if ever, resort to mimicry, which is so largely dependent upon synchronizing sight and hearing for its success.

If he could fully realize how impossible it seems to be for the average operator of the receiving set to regulate the volume of tone, he would be very particular that his enunciation and articulation was clear, his speech natural as in ordinary conversation, thereby making it easy and pleasant for the listener to hear and understand all that is said.

In all dialogue the parties before the microphone must remember that each is a principal—that all continuity is destroyed when the words of one of them cannot be understood. It is especially important that all words of foreign origin or in dialect shall be uttered very slowly and very clearly; otherwise the listener is confused and often loses the very essence of the subject matter.

Too many of the "actors" before the microphone seem to be chosen because of their past experience on the stage where costume, movement and setting play a more important part than the spoken word, but on the Radio all extraneous assistance is eliminated. The audience is entertained (or otherwise) through its ability to hear and understand. The continuity must never break, and the "actor" must forever forget stage stuff, applying all his efforts at entertainment to good plain spoken words.

It is seldom admissible, and far from entertaining, for the announcer to indulge in extemporaneous remarks during the performance. Such an act would not be allowed in the theater or concert hall.

The sponsor's advertising, to be effective, should be concise, informative and spoken in gracious words.—Chas. E. Carter, 318 Cal-Wayne Bldg., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Announcers Should Be Careful

Last evening, about 9 p. m., I had a station with call letters KU-KU at about 310 meters. They announced several times very plainly, but did not state where located, and I have not been able to locate these call letters in any late list of call letters. I would like to know if there is such a station and where located.—Joseph A. Miller, Box 15, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

All Right, Send Us Some Good Pictures

Your magazine is very interesting and I enjoy it, but I have a grouch which I would like to air. Why can we not have pictures and dope on announcers and staff of the Eastern stations? If you will notice you will see that there is scarcely anything about our Boston stations or even the New York stations. It seems to me the pictures are all of Western and Middle Western stations. I would like to see and know things about the staff at WEEL, WNAC, WBZ, WGY, WEA, WJZ, WABC and WHAP.

Another grievance: I am interested in Amos and Andy, but I certainly do not see why we have to see the same pictures and the same material on them over and over. Every month I think, "Surely this is the last article they can possibly use" and every month I am disappointed. I can't see why you do it unless the Pedesont people make it very agreeable to you. A. and A. are so famous by now that we cannot pick up a magazine or paper without seeing some reference to them. Honestly, I do think you are overdoing the thing and making us all lose patience with our favorite Radio magazine.—Frances R. Upton, Flying Loon Lake, Chesham, N. H.

A Few Constructive Suggestions

Having been a Radio fan for several years, and one who is a reader of your most valuable and entertaining Radio magazine, I want to say I greatly appreciate your efforts in trying to give the Radio fan what he wants in the field of Radio news through the medium of the Digest. If suggestions are not out of order, may I suggest the following for the good and benefit of the Digest and its readers, for a still better Digest, etc.:

Give us more news of independent stations, and less of chains. I believe the independent station has a greater majority of boosters and enthusiasts than the chains.

Publish news of the activities of the Radio commission, and when important changes are to be made at the stations.

Stop so much fiction, and give more space to Radio. You should publish Radio exclusively.

Give us more news of the stations which broadcast "sacred programs."

Why not have a contest on chain and independent stations, to see which is the most popular and more beneficial?

To the NBC and CBS Broadcasting Companies: May I say in behalf of thousands of listeners, yes, millions, and for the good of our great country, why not stop commercializing the Sabbath Day with your commercial programs, at least part of them? This is called a "Christian country." May I also say to Elsie Robinson, who wrote the article, "Where Do We Go Now?" in the March Radio Digest, this would dumbfound any broad-minded person. She needs to read the "Book of Books" (the Bible) and abide by its teaching.—Franklin Day, Sergeant, Ky.

A Coon-Sanders Club Recruit

There was a letter in the March issue of Radio Digest asking for information about a Coon-Sanders' club. There is one, or rather a program in which they are featured. The program comes on every Saturday night at 12 o'clock sharp and lasts until 2:15, or sometimes maybe later. I agree with that letter-writer about Coon-Sanders' orchestra.—Claudene Arnold, Commerce, Texas.

All Fed-Up on Vallee

Many thanks for not having pictures of Rudy Vallee in last issue, it was a relief to get a magazine and not see his face all over it. I believe we are all getting fed up on Rudy's playing and that everlasting sweet sugar coated singing. He has no voice and he can't play saxophone any better than lots of others. He is just a conceited boob. He is most disgusting, ugliest snob in New York. Let's have more about the two best orchestras on the air, Coon-Sanders' Night Hawks and Vincent Lopez. They are really artists, and how they can play. I enjoyed both interviews this last month with both of these artists. Bet lots of fans agree with me in regard to Rudy or they would if they ever saw him. Don't let his ugly face get in your wonderful book only when you have to. Best luck to all of you.—Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla.

Please give us a write-up and picture of Edward Thorngson, as millions love his big cheery voice with a punch to it. Also John S. Young—he is fine. Also Thomas Green, Jr. We get so much thrill out of Eastern announcer's voices over the NBC. If the General Electric gave us some old time music and songs they would be much better liked out West. Radio Digest is the finest Radio book on the market.—Jennie Whitfield, Fontana, Calif.

WLAC Interferes at Bluffs, Illinois

I would like to call your attention to station WLAC, Nashville, Tenn. Almost every evening, from six o'clock to six-thirty, p. m., C. S. T., some minister from the Central Church of Christ in Nashville, with a voice on him like "Andy," puts on what he calls, "A Twilight Service." And I checked him up from March 3 to March 8, inclusive, and he put this service on without an announcement or, in other words, telling his station or giving the call letters. As I understand this, it is a hook-up with WSM, and on the 8th of March, when he "signed off," he forgot to tell us who he was or to give his call letters. And I doubt it very much if he is staying within his 1490 kilocycles, for, when he comes on the air at six o'clock, p. m., he certainly puts every other station out of commission on my set from 10 to 45 on my dial. I am not bothered at any other time—only from six o'clock until 6:30 p. m. The following stations are put out of commission at this time: KTBS, WCBS, WCKY, WFMB, WHK, WIBW, WJJD, WJKS, WKBS, WKBW, WMBD, WOWO, WREN, WRVA, WTAD, WTAM, WTNT, KFKB and WPG. Now this does not seem exactly fair to me, as there are nineteen stations that it is impossible to get as long as this bird is on the air from 6 to 6:30 p. m.

I have checked up other Radio owners in my neighborhood and they all tell me the same thing. Even "a chain hook-up" by the NBC or the CBS will not come in at this time. Anything that can be done would certainly be appreciated by the Radio owners in this section.—E. A. Shore, Bluffs, Illinois.

Is Lucy a Negress?

The writer was amused at the letter from Lucy Barrett, Chicago, published in your April number, concerning Amos 'n' Andy. I lived for a considerable time in Georgia and have traveled nearly all the Southern states quite extensively and do not believe the criticism of the dialect Amos 'n' Andy use is justified. I am curious to know whether Lucy Barrett is a negress and therefore has a right to claim a better knowledge of their dialect than the many thousands of people throughout the United States who are "old fogies" enough to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy.—H. E. Simcoe, Syracuse, N. Y.

Best and Cleanest Humor

I wish to compliment your magazine. The articles you printed about Amos 'n' Andy were very good. I hope you continue printing these articles in the coming issues.

Lucy Barrett says only people who haven't the sense to appreciate real humor listen to Amos 'n' Andy. Surely she hasn't much sense to appreciate real humor if she does not like Amos 'n' Andy. I and the majority of the people think it is the best and the cleanest humor ever heard over the Radio. So keep printing these articles.—(Miss) Leota Mitchler, St. Louis, Mo.

Thought They Were Negroes

In reading the April number of the Radio Digest, today, I noticed the comment on Amos 'n' Andy by Lucy Barrett, Chicago, which I think is an unjust criticism. I am living in N. C., right in the heart of negroes of all types and it was only since I read the Radio Digest for March that I was enlightened as to their color. I had listened in week after week and thought they were negroes, so I think I am a right fair judge of negro dialect, and to be truthful, I was disappointed when I found out they are white, although all the time I had a feeling they were too clever for negroes, of course, meaning Amos 'n' Andy. It is wonderful the way Amos can change his voice, and many an evening I have a hearty laugh, as I can picture the situation by placing some of these negroes I see around me day by day in the situation of Amos 'n' Andy.—Marion Bodey, Charlotte, N. C.

Not Sporting of WLS

WENR is absolutely the best station in the world, and I believe they have got enough friends to make them win the contest. I wish the Federal Radio Commission would give WLS a new channel and let WENR have full time on the air. I don't think WLS is acting very sportsmanlike in complaining about a "reduced schedule" all the time, they still have the most time on the air.—Mildred Pulliam, Sheridan, Ind.

You'll Have to Blame the Mails

I received my March Digest yesterday with an ugly crack clear across the beautiful cover, as I wrote before. Why can't you mail them flat? If you must fold them for mailing, fold the back cover inside, then I think there would be curve enough to the front cover so it wouldn't crack. I think those two pages of caricatures by Cugat are a disgrace to Radio Digest. That is all the fault I can find with it. I do enjoy it so much. The Paris girl on the March cover can't compare with our beautiful American girls on the other covers.—Grace M. Smith, Linden, N. Y.

WLS Broadcasts Blizzard

KOA, Denver, Colo., may bring in the rain, as I noticed in a Chicago paper, but WLS brought in the howl and whistle of the blizzard they had in Chicago Dec. 19 or 20, 1929, in perfect order, and it was proved that it was nothing from the station.—Mrs. C. L. Walton, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Wants Them on Earlier

I am enclosing nomination blank for Amos 'n' Andy. The children enjoy this program and 10:30 is rather late for them to stay up while going to school. Another reason is that warmer weather is coming, and going out driving in the evening it is rather early to get back home. I have talked to a number of people about this and they would also like to have this program broadcast at 6 o'clock. If you think it would have any influence with the Pepsodent Company, I could get a letter signed by a number of people, asking them if it would be possible to arrange this broadcast. I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Homer Hogan, manager-director KYW, and

Mr. "Bill" Hay, "the man behind the guns," at WMAQ.—H. L. Mohler, Gary, Indiana.

Chicago Stations and Artists Overlooked

Having read so many eulogies to the various stations and announcers I am rather surprised that so little is said for the Chicago announcers by Chicago people.

For a year and a half WGN served our family fully 95 per cent of the time. We rarely used any other station. For sports and the like all the kings of NBC and CBS rolled into one can't hold a candle to our own Quin Ryan. He has more pep in three words than these others have in a whole mouthful. Pat Barnes is certainly there with his specialties also. For readings, speaking generally and vocal selections there is no one on the air that can beat John Stamford, and so, since John has gone to WCHI, why the time is much reversed. When WCHI is on the air this family is with it 100 per cent. The balance of the time is divided between all the other stations instead of given to WGN alone.—F. M. Baron.

Six Pages Too Much

. . . You have given six pages to Amos 'n' Andy (you may be paid for advertising them) and about twenty pages to fiction, cut them short and give us good articles about some of the real worth while folk, such as Philipps H. Lord, Cheerio and even Ernie Hare and Billy Jones.

Poor Amos 'n' Andy will have to retire after the awful scald Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, gave them but you must know that everyone does not like their kind of entertainment. We sure are fed up on it after Jan., Feb., Mch. and April and now more in May.—E. F. Cooley, Manchester, Iowa.

Lucy Is "All Wet"

I hope you will tell Lucy Barrett what I think of her as a critic. She labels Amos 'n' Andy as not even "rank" entertainers. If this is correct, I wonder just what and who she would consider good entertainment.

I take it that this person is either an entertainer herself and therefore jealous, or an "old maid" who just can't see the funny side of anything. If she proves not to be an "old maid," but a young girl instead, she certainly must be a "wet blanket."

Now Amos 'n' Andy mean absolutely nothing but entertainment to me. But I surely enjoy them immensely and so do most other people of this community.

Also, I'm no kid and not know what I like and don't like.—Russel Brown, Lake Como, N. J.

An Unusual Request.

This is an unusual request that I am making and I hope that it is not too unusual.

I should like to exchange radio logs with any owner of a R. C. A. Radiola 33—1930 model—the numbers on the dial running from 0 to 100. I have several unusual stations and, of course, many common ones.

I am hoping that someone up North will wish to do this.—Virginia Roberts, 2218 Leon St., Austin, Texas.

What My Radio Set Means to Me

My Radio set keeps me ever conscious of the Almighty God in the universe. Its inspiring and instructive programs separate all evil from my thoughts of man and make me see him as a perfect being who comes to share his greatest talents, his holiest treasures.

It keeps my mental home a happy place, content with learning, intense with interest, harmonious with song.

It sends no message into the world that will not help, or cheer, or bless.

It has no aim but to make earth a fairer and better place to live.


My Radio set makes me rise each day into a higher sense of life.—Iva Cannon, 161 Ransom Ave., Lexington, Ky.

Another Vote for Amos and Andy

I can't understand your giving special center space to anyone that doesn't like Amos 'n' Andy. I wouldn't miss them for anything. One night a tube burned out on our set five minutes before time for them. I ran four blocks to a friend's house to hear them.

That's what I think of them. Anyone that doesn't like them is an old fogey without any sense of real humor. As for them imitating niggers, I am from the South. If I didn't know but what they were white I would not know any difference. If they weren't good, how come the niggers like them so well?

Lucy Barrett from Chicago, you've got lots to learn! Please put this in "Voice of Listeners." The Radio Digest is a wonderful magazine. I wouldn't miss it for anything!—Dixie Lee.



Here Comes the

PARADE of the STATIONS

Salute to Cities Continue

SALUTES to the Cities! What a wealth of historical, industrial, civic and artistic beauty is contained in those words which, in the Radio world, have become very familiar these last few weeks! The idea of having a series of special programs to enlorge the various cities of the country—each program containing the music, the color, almost the atmosphere of the particular city being saluted on that day, could be possible only in a Radio age.

And the idea is so huge—so country-wide and international in its scope that only an organization of the size of Westinghouse could put it over with the proper finesse. The group of men mainly responsible for putting on the Salutes to the Cities is shown herewith.

The first of the city salutes was that to Chicago, which was broadcast on June 10 over NBC; and since then, every Tuesday at 8 p. m., there has been a similar salute to some one of America's leading cities. Musical scores and interesting vocal descriptions are used to interpret to the American Radio public the spirit, the "tone" of each city's flourishing industry, commerce and culture. Atlanta was the second city to come in for a salute from the American public. A schedule of several succeeding weekly salutes is printed with this article.

The Salutes to the Cities is the second series of salutes which Westinghouse has broadcast, the first being the "Salutes to the Industries" completed recently.

They are a unique and distinctive creation in the way of public entertainment, these salutes. Realizing that the na-

tion as a whole is unaware of certain prestige and advantages peculiar to the several American cities, Westinghouse inaugurated the salute idea to make America conscious of the component parts of this vast commercial empire. Music was chosen as the medium for a very obvious and sound reason: music will do more to heighten the dramatic quality of each broadcast than any mere dull recital of statistical facts could do.

Westinghouse Salutes

Tentative Schedule

- June 10.....Chicago
- June 17.....Atlanta
- June 24.....Brick and Clay
- July 1.....St. Louis
- July 8.....Philadelphia
- July 15.....Cotton
- July 22.....Pittsburgh
- July 29.....Boston
- Aug. 5..Grain Milling Industry
- August 12.....Cincinnati
- August 19.....Baltimore
- August 26.....Radio Dealers
- Sept. 2..Minneapolis & St. Paul
- September 9.....New York



Miss Hall Kane Clements, shown here, is an aviatrix of parts who conducts the Women's Aviation Hour every Saturday at 5 p. m., EST, over Station WABC, New York City, and CBS.

More About Lucy and Amos and Andy

By Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane

WHAT a lot of indignation Lucy Barrett has stirred up! Tsk, tsk, tsk!!! And how indignant do the Amos and Andy fans wax!! And all because one person *expresses her individuality* in print. Queer world, eh what? and "it takes all kinds!"

Just where would Radio be this very day if we all liked the same type of program? What a rut it would be in! Those who fan one particular program can't seem to understand another's antipathy for that same program.

Personally, I join the Lucy Barrett ranks for *not* liking Amos and Andy . . . but my reason is far different, from hers. *The tone quality of the one who speaks* in the high voice is very distasteful to me . . . so much so that I can't enjoy the program because of it. Therefore, I never tune them in, even though their continuity is *ever* so good.

And, really, it's ever so amusing. When in conversations, the Amos and Andy topic arises, and one admits no liking for the program, one is immediately gazed upon as the *greatest curiosity* and *oddity* of the human race! What a kick I get out of those expressions (while the donors of such would like to



This is the staff of Radio and musical technicians who have arranged the nationwide salute to the cities—the special programs showing forth the contribution of the cities to America's industrial empire in vivid musical and descriptive programs. Left to right: Front row, Victor, Saudek, T. J. Vastine, Zeel Parenteau, orchestra directors. Standing: Mark Chisholm, W. J. Williams, Frederick G. Rodgers, Louis L. Kauffman, program directors and announcers.

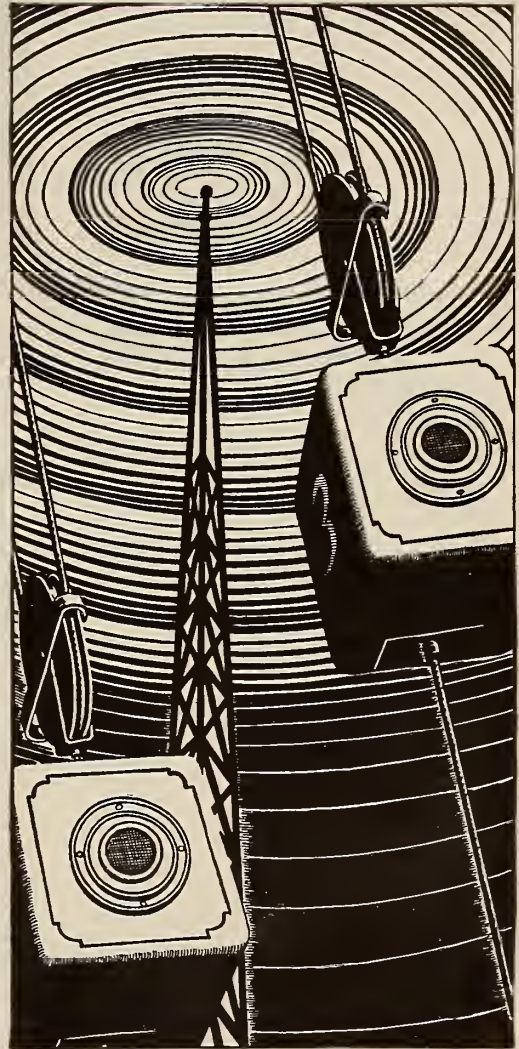
PIONEERS... AND STILL LEADING

FOR YEARS the wavelengths of the Westinghouse Radio Stations have been favorite spots on radio dials throughout this country, as well as in foreign countries and remote parts of the world. Confirmed loyalty of listeners signifies acceptance and appreciation of the high standards of quality and character in Westinghouse programs.

Westinghouse contributions to radio have led the way consistently. First to broadcast play-by-play accounts of boxing, tennis, baseball, world series, football. First to broadcast church services, drama, theatrical performance, bedtime stories. First in international broadcasting with a special program to Great Britain, December 31, 1923, followed by a long successful history of programs to foreign countries and rebroadcasts of stations in Germany, England, France, Australia, Holland and others. Regular weekly programs to Arctic outposts, and to the Byrd Expedition in Antarctica.

Since the establishment of KDKA—"Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the World"—November 2, 1920, reliability and regularity have been watchwords of the Westinghouse stations. New transmitter, studios and equipment recently completed for KYW-KFKX. Revolutionary new transmitting station under construction for KDKA. Construction permit granted for new powerful transmitter for WBZ-WBZA.

Advertisers have been quick to utilize the facilities of the Westinghouse Stations, and present their many and varied entertaining programs to responsive audiences.



KDKA

PITTSBURGH

William Penn Hotel

WBZA

BOSTON

Hotel Statler

WBZ

SPRINGFIELD

Hotel Kimball

KYW-KFKX

CHICAGO

WESTINGHOUSE RADIO STATIONS

WILLIAM PENN HOTEL - PITTSBURGH

give me a real kick, most likely.)

My own favorite light program is the Nit-Wits. They are, in my opinion, the cleverest feature on the air today. And right there . . . what a difference there is between clever and funny! Cleverness isn't *always* funny!

I know several who simply cannot stand the Nit-Wits. They are just a pain in the neck to those listeners. And yet . . . I can't condemn their sense of humor just because it doesn't coincide with my own.

But to get back to Amos and Andy. Why don't Dennis Jones and Winifred Binder and the rest of the black-face fans take into consideration the wide diversity of humanity and its variety of personality? Instead of condemning those opposed to their particular point of view, let the opposition voice its opinion, without *personal* retaliation on their part. It's still more or less of a free country, . . . freedom of speech having been one of the foundations of our national constitution, Lucy is entitled to voice her disapproval of Amos and Andy with the same vehemence which the A. & A. fans voice their approval.

Everybody Broadcasts at Station WDEL

By Alvin C. Wise

FOR YEARS Willard S. Wilson dreamed that some day he would be the owner of a broadcasting station. This was prior to 1920, the year his dream came true. That year he opened the first studio of Station WDEL, in Wilmington, Delaware, in his home. It was not an auspicious opening, but came at a time when Radio was making great forward strides.

For ten years Mr. Wilson has gathered together the pick of the city's talent and placed it on the air. As each year has passed, he has been rewarded; though, frequently, it was in a small way. Only one month ago, he was able to announce the opening of the station's new studios, where each day broadcast programs of eight to eleven hours are sent out on the ether waves.

Every employe of WDEL is not only an employe in the ordinary sense of the word, but also is capable of taking his or her turn before the "mike." The same can be said for Mr. Wilson. If an entertainer is not at the studio to go on the air at the appointed time, Mr. Wilson, even though he might be busy answering a telephone call, can politely excuse himself. Soon you will hear the announcer saying, "This is a program of popular and classical numbers played for you on the piano by Willard S. Wilson, president and manager of WDEL."

The personnel of the station includes: Miss Alyce Nichols, program director, who is also an accomplished musician and serves as accompanist for many of the station's artists; Sanford Guyer, chief announcer, who is the two-time winner of the Atwater Kent Audition for Delaware and possesses a rich baritone voice; Miss Elizabeth Wooley, secretary, who is a soprano soloist. She and Miss Nichols do a "turn" for the Radio fans.

Harry Hickman, one of the remote control announcers, although only 22 years old, is the author of several short plays. He with other employes present dramatic sketches either listed on the regular program or to "just fill in." And besides, there is a regular staff of entertainers.

The entire force works unselfishly to build up the prestige of WDEL.



Gladys Beck of Station WCAO, Baltimore, despite her blindness, is a pianist of more than ordinary ability. She is shown here with Announcer Jack Hix.

Hectic Audition Period By Monroe R. Upton

ANNOUNCER—Good morning. Did you come for the auditions?

Lady—No, sir. I came for the tryouts.

Announcer—May I have your name?

Lady—Mrs. Woods.

Announcer—First name?

Lady—I was married to a Mr. Stone, but he neglected me terribly and—

Announcer—No, I mean your given name.

Lady—You want my given name?

Announcer—If you don't mind. I'm collecting them and when I get two thousand I win a solid nickel dessert bowl and a round trip ticket to Weed, California.

Lady—Ha, ha, ha, ha! I know who you are! I can't think of your name just now, but my cousin Charles, he's kind of queer, you know, he thinks you're just awful funny on the Radio. I don't have much time myself, but he listens to you all the time. I always say—

Announcer—Could I have your name now and we'll have a little chat later.

Lady—Alice is my first name.

Announcer—I see. And what do you do, Alice?

Lady—I'm not doing anything just now. Things is awful slow. I had a little work last week but—

Announcer—No, I mean in a musical way.

Lady—Oh, I sing.

Announcer—What will you sing?

Lady—Soprano.

Announcer—No, I mean what number?

Lady—Nobody gave me any number.

Announcer—What selection?

Lady—There are two things that I do rather well. "Rock of Ages" I do awfully well. Then, for something modern I sing "My Blue Heaven."

Announcer—I see. Then you sing "My Blue Heaven."

Lady—I only know the chorus. Is that all right? And is there somebody here to play for me?

Announcer—Yes, we have an accompanist.

Lady—I wonder if she would know if I sing it in three or four flats. I've forgotten. Oh, I'm so nervous.

Announcer—Our accompanist is very competent. Don't worry. Let me have your music.

Lady—Oh, I thought you would have all the music here.

Announcer—And I thought that roll under your arm was your music.

Lady—No, that's an x-ray of my stomach. I can scarcely eat anything except—

Announcer—I wonder if you couldn't come tomorrow and bring your music.

Lady—I think I can.

Announcer—Yes, do, and bring Mr. Woods with you, too.

Lady—That would be lovely. And I might go to Los Angeles in about a month. I wonder if you would give me a letter to the stations down there?

Announcer—You bet I will. I'll have my stenographer make up a nice little packet of letters for you, one for each station.

Lady—Thank you so much. It's been awfully nice to have met you. Good-bye until tomorrow.

Announcer—Good-bye.
(Faints.)

Radio Work a Sideline

Fred Fitzgerald, 413 50th street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is a special singer and manager of Fitzgerald's Entertainment Bureau. Incidentally he does a good deal of broadcasting over independent stations—WWRL, Woodside, Long Island; WLTH, Brooklyn, and others.

Watch the Contests

Are you following the Radio Digest contests?

There are always two or three going at the same time. If you will look through the pages of the magazine each month you will find valuable information which will enable you—if you have any leanings that way—to win a prize or to boost your favorite artist, program or announcer. The Diamond Meritum Award contest is a case in point. Read about it on page 3.

Western Pennsylvania Coverage

KQV

Pittsburgh
1380 K. C., 217.3 M.

Associated with
Radio Quality Group

Equipment:—Western Electric Transmitter. Crystal Control Full Modulation.

Programs:—Most popular artists, with most prominent local and entertaining orchestras. Outstanding musicians and musical organizations. Special program during the daytime for "Spot" announcements.

Transcriptions:—Equipped to handle either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ or 78 RPM Electrical Transcriptions.

Send for Our Rates

KQV
Investment Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Voice of Agriculture

By Charley Stookey,
Farm Program Director

"HELLO, is this WLS? Hold the wire, please, Peoria calling. Go ahead!"

"Hello, WLS? This is Wilfred Shaw of the Illinois Milk Producers Association at Peoria. Say, we're snowed in down here and there's only about half enough milk on hand to go around in Peoria tomorrow morning. This blizzard has blocked all roads around here. Will you broadcast to farmers in this vicinity the necessity to get out and open the roads and do their best to get their milk in?"

"Sure we will," came the reply from WLS—"let us know if we can help further."

Within an hour the message had been broadcast twice. Then WLS settled down to its regular program. Next day another call came from Peoria saying the broadcast had turned the trick and saved Peoria babies from facing a milk famine.

This incident is only one of scores which could be cited to illustrate that WLS, the *Prairie Farmer* station at Chicago, is truly the "Voice of Agriculture," and a Radio station of service—the word service being interpreted as meaning "the performance of labor for the benefit of others."

Not all of the day's schedule of broadcasting is devoted strictly to service features. Not by a long shot. There's entertainment galore put on by a wide variety of entertainers; but throughout the business day farm commodity markets, weather reports and news flashes fill important places, and there's no program of the day or night which cannot be interrupted in case of emergency, like that of the milk shortage at Peoria.

Somewhere out in the country a man with forty head



The commercial program director of Station WOW, Omaha, Neb., is Miss Marie Kieny. Appearances are deceptive. One would not suppose that such a young lady would hold so responsible a position.



UNUSUAL as these sectional towers of the new transmitter, which has reached New Zealand and other remote points many times, is WHK's service to sponsor and listener—efficient, effective, thorough, far-reaching

The WHK Family is a Happy Family

You're invited to join it, either as sponsor or listener, by the

Radio Air Service Corp.
STANDARD BANK BUILDING
CLEVELAND

**Blanketing
Indiana**

Central and Southern
Illinois

Western
Kentucky

By the Use of

Radio Stations

500 WATTS 1400 KC
WKBF
INDIANAPOLIS
Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc.
W. C. BUSSING DIRECTOR

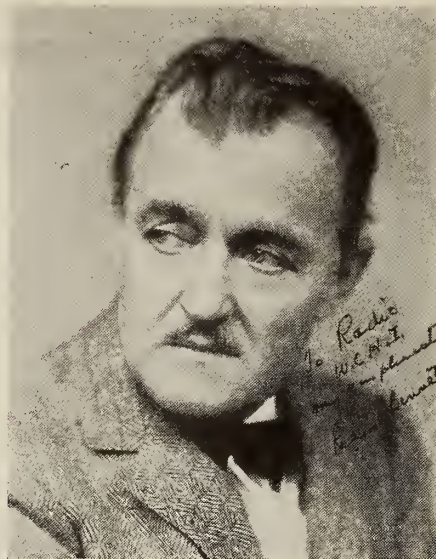
500 WATTS 630 KC
WGBF
EVANSVILLE
Evansville-on-the-Air, Inc.
J. F. BURTON DIRECTOR

100 WATTS 1310 KC
WBOW
TERRE HAUTE
Banks of the Wabash, Inc.
N. C. RUDELL DIRECTOR

100 WATTS 1200 KC
WJBL
DECATUR, ILL.
Commodore Broadcasting, Inc.
C. H. KRATZ DIRECTOR

Most Modern and Efficient
Transmitting Equipment. . .
Rates Available for Individ-
ual or Group Service. . .

Write or Wire
Station Directors or
Curtis Mushlitz
General Manager
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA



Here is Richard Bennett, stage star of international repute, who has taken an important part inaugurating a series of "important personages" programs over WCHI, the Illinois Women's Athletic Club station, Chicago. This program is scheduled for 11:30 each Thursday evening.

of hogs ready for market is anxiously awaiting the first flash of the Chicago hog market as broadcast direct from the Union Stock Yards by Jim Poole, veteran livestock reporter.

"Hog receipts are light today, and the market is opening steady to a dime higher than yesterday," says Jim, "and it looks like the market would hold good the balance of the week."

A stock raiser downstate orders a car and loads his hogs that day. They are on the market next morning, and by noon he has received a report of the day's market and can estimate pretty closely just what his return will be.

Along in July comes harvest and hay making. "Shall we cut that twenty acres of alfalfa today?" says another farm listener to his hired men. They tune to WLS for the weather report, "Increasing cloudiness with showers," says the announcer, and John Smith waits another day before cutting his



Edgar L. Bill, Station Director, WLS.

hay, probably saving several hundred dollars on the crop.

The summer of 1929 saw the fruit growers of Southern Illinois facing the problem of marketing the largest peach crop in the history of the state—some 4,000 carloads. The Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange had built a number of roadside markets throughout the state, about half of them in the Chicago metropolitan area, through which they hoped to sell a large quantity direct to consumers.

"We'll help you," said WLS to Harry Day, secretary of the exchange. And the second week in August was designated as "Peach Week" at WLS. On each program mention was made of the peach crop and the location of the roadside stands.

At the conclusion of the season the Illinois Fruit Growers' Exchange reported the most successful marketing season of their history, with better prices for the crop than ever before in a heavy crop year. "WLS contributed a large part to the success of our marketing venture," said Secretary Day.

Other farm organizations have come to WLS with their problems and WLS has helped solve them. In January, 1929, a dispute between Chicago milk distributors and producers in the Chicago milk shed precipitated a strike which threatened to cut off Chicago's milk supply. Through WLS, the Pure Milk association, the producer's organization, information was broadcast hourly concerning the progress being made in adjusting the difficulties. Less than a week after WLS had offered its services the strike had been settled, the milk producers had won, and not a child in Chicago failed to get its daily quota of pure milk.

On the evening of October 21, 1929, more than 11,000 persons reported having heard the program of the Pure Milk Association's Radio Party over WLS. Advance arrangements had been made for local units of the P. M. A. to be in banquet that evening with radio sets tuned to WLS, from which a special program was to come.

The program was broadcast between eight and nine o'clock and before ten, telephone calls and telegrams from four states were received reporting 11,700 listeners in various points in three states.

Last winter when the Wabash Valley in Southern Indiana and Illinois was flooded and disease, suffering, and death stalked thousands of persons who inhabit that region, WLS staged a campaign to raise funds for the Red Cross to use in relieving the suffering. A goal of \$10,000 was set, and within a week it had been over-subscribed \$5,000. Checks totaling \$15,000 were mailed to the Red Cross, and still the contributions came in. In May, when people in the flooded region were starting their spring field work, *Prairie Farmer* representatives visited the territory and distributed among the flood victims more than 30,000 baby chicks with which to start anew their poultry flocks.

On February 9 came a letter from the American Red Cross in which James B. Forgan, Jr., chairman of the Chicago chapter, said: "I wish to assure you of the great service you have rendered to suffering humanity, and I am sure it will be gratifying to you to know that your station has raised more than one-third of the total fund to date for this relief operation."

During the fall and winter season a series of thirty episodes of the *Life of Lincoln*, written by Raymond Warren, mid-western author and artist, were presented each week. The series closed June 1 with "Lincoln's Election to the Presidency." At the conclusion of the

last episode it was announced that Mr. Warren was preparing to publish the series in book form which would be available for distribution by fall. Within 48 hours after the announcement, more than 100 orders for the book had been received, although the announcement had not been intended as an advertisement.

Throughout the series an attentive listener was Carl Sandberg, noted poet and author, who was warm in his praise of the story. The series will be continued in the fall, starting with Lincoln's life in the White House and continuing through the trying days of the Civil War to the time of his assassination.

It would be possible to continue for many columns more telling the story of happenings at WLS. Some are amusing, some pathetic. There's the story of the young couple at Auburn, New York, who decided to marry after hearing the wedding of Hiram (of "Hiram and Henry") broadcast one Saturday night.

There's the letter from a Chicago listener to Bill Vickland, who conducts the Bookshop, stating that a poem Bill read last December saved the writer's life, since he had decided to commit suicide. Bill's poem caused him to change his mind.

Then there's the woman in a Chicago hospital who feared the outcome of a major operation and requested that the lay pastor of the Little Brown Church conduct her funeral services.

Perhaps there are others which never come to the attention of the staff of the *Prairie Farmer* station. At any rate, those which are known at WLS give every member of the staff renewed encouragement to make their station of service to all.

The audience of WLS looks forward to a continuation of Mr. Warren's Lincoln series this coming Fall as well as the possible series of steamboat articles based on Garnett Laidlaw Eskew's book, "The Pageant of the Packets."

Henry Field's Station Rivals National Parks By R. E. Dearmont

HENRY FIELD has set a number of records for radio response, among them the record of records when KFNF received 226,000 telegrams during a casual birthday party. But probably the most unique record of all is the entertainment of half a million visitors last year. Somehow KFNF proves a greater attraction than the state fairs and somehow it draws more visitors than many of the extensively advertised national parks.

Estimates for this year predict that the million mark will be reached. Why do they come? Where from? How

PUT YOUR MESSAGE OVER

WCSO

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

500 WATTS 1450 KILOCYCLES

Location: 800,000 population within radius of thirty miles.

Program: Well selected, varied.

Equipment: Modern, efficient.

Results: Assured. Write for our rates.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY

WITTENBERG COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Versatile Vera Stein of Radio Station WCSO is director of programs and a regular pianist from the college station at Springfield, Ohio. Her joyous personality has made many friends for the station. She directs, performs and lures.

long do they stay? How are they entertained? And last, but not least, how in the world does the little country town of Shenandoah, Iowa, accommodate them?

The heart of the explanation, of course, lies in Henry Field himself. He has always just chatted with his listeners. As he puts it, he talks "across the fence" with them. Speaks a language they all understand and gives them to understand that the latch is always out at KFNF.

"Come and see us," he says. "Bring the family along and make us a real visit. Stay as long as you like and go everywhere you please. We won't promise to make a big fuss over you, but we will give you the keys to KFNF and let you enjoy yourself." And perhaps you have there the secret as to the crowds that visit KFNF studio from early spring until late fall.

They come because they are invited and because they've always wanted to shake hands with Henry (it is reported he shakes more hands than the President of the United States). They have always wanted to see "Pate" and "Frank" and "Luetta" and others of the seed house family who have been broadcasting to them for the past six years, and who they look upon as sort of "second cousins."

Back of this affection—for in truth it is affection more than anything else—is the spirit of KFNF. There has been no aloofness from "The Friendly Farmer Station." Instead of the opera and the carefully edited continuity KFNF listeners have heard the folklore music of the hills and dales; they have heard "folksy" talks such as they themselves hear on their own front porches. Blue denim takes the place of serge and satin. Conversation takes the place of elucidation.

You see, Henry is himself a farmer (though he was once a school teacher). Thirty years ago he had a big truck farm and his first seed customers were

Cover the rich Ohio Valley with WKRC

(550 Kilocycles)

A MILLION listeners within ten miles . . . eager, responsive, prosperous listeners . . . an audience of big cityites without the handicap of congested air conditions . . . an audience of progressive alert farmers without the handicap of distance . . . an audience of suburbanites located in a veritable web of small towns, all within an hour's commuting distance. That's your market here in the rich Ohio Valley.

WKRC is the Columbia System station for this rich fertile sales territory. WKRC carries all the popular Columbia features and many famed local programs. 1000 watts power; full time; modern equipment; perfect modulation; an enviable frequency assignment. A station that has "listener acceptance"; a made-to-order sales audience for you. Particulars and rates on request.

Radio Station
WKRC
CINCINNATI



WLS

The Preferred Station of Town and Country Listeners

FIELD surveys show that the rural and small town radio audience turns to WLS regularly as first choice (complete details on request). It is conservatively figured—a million farm and small town families, have invited and accepted, WLS as a daily member of their family circles.

To Step On the Sales Gas ... Use WLS

ADVERTISERS who want to put pep in their selling, will find a real salesman in WLS. The history of results is like the story of Aladdin. Write for a copy of "The Dinnerbell Book"—it tells about programs, advertisers' experiences—shows surveys—tells what WLS can do for broadcast advertisers.

Clear Channel **WLS** 5000 Watts

The Prairie Farmer Station
1230 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago



Every Friday at 8:45 p. m. Mary Steele, whom you see here, adds her lovely contralto voice to the masculine harmonies of the Howard Trio. Although recently returned from a year's study in Paris, Miss Steele confesses that her favorite song is "Good Old Summer Time."

local people who had bought fresh vegetables from his wagon as he drove from door to door. While his seed company has long progressed beyond the million-dollar volume mark, he himself is still a farmer.

Henry Field is an acknowledged authority on vegetable varieties, their planting and care. He can still raise more onions per acre than any of his listeners and his records for potato harvest are unsurpassed. In short, he knows farming from the inside and has the happy faculty of giving his experience in a helpful and inspiring manner.

Do you wonder, then, that KFNF has proven a helpful station to the Midwest, where farming is the backbone of life? Many thousands feel indebted to Henry Field for the helpful advice he has given them. He is never too busy to answer the letter wanting to know when to plant something and just how to go about it.

The hundreds of letters coming to Henry Field make him well known to postal clerks everywhere, as a recently received letter will testify. Pictures of two hens, a field and some corn were pasted upon the envelope to form a picture addressed to Henry Field, Shenandoah, Tall Corn State. In Minnesota the letter was mailed and its delivery promptly followed.

But to get back to the visitors, let us look at the register for the week of June 24 last year. Visitors registered from twenty-six states during that week and from Canada, France and England as well. While the great majority came from the home states of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri, there were seven from Florida, twelve from California, three from New Jersey, five from Arizona, two from Massachusetts, ten from Wyoming, and so on. All within that one week. And in all 11,403 registered. Registering is voluntary and, of course, was congested so that only a part of the total is ever recorded on the little cards provided for that purpose.

Week after week the influx continues and even in the dead of winter when the low ebb of tourists is reached in the Midwest, KFNF is host to what would be a phenomenal run of visitors to most

Radio stations. During the week of January 5 there were visitors from seventeen states totaling over 400.

And when Henry Field announces one of his famous Jubilee Parties no record can possibly be kept of the crowd that comes. However, a carload of watermelons on the sidetrack at 9:30 in the morning becomes three truckloads of rinds at 4:30 in the afternoon. Meanwhile, a crew of six or seven men with rapidly wielded knives have been infinitely busy at a long picnic table dividing the melons for the multitude.

The week of all weeks came with four tons of weiners served. Some listener last fall suggested that since the watermelon season was over Henry ought to put on a "hot dog" feed. He did—and how!

In four days of that week 124,000 buns embraced four tons of weiners, and 2,500 gallons of coffee disappeared. The treats were on KFNF. Every night an old-fashioned square dance progressed enthusiastically on the hastily laid platform in a large barn-like garage. And for the younger generation a quarter of a block of paving was roped off, "corn-mealed" into the semblance of smoothness and made to accommodate a jam that dispersed with reluctance only when the midnight hour arrived.

But parties are an exception and the usual run of affairs provides only a friendly welcome and several acres of gorgeous flower gardens. There is an easy informality about it all. A miniature steam locomotive and a Ferris wheel contribute sometimes. In their absence the visitors spend the day looking up members of the seed house family who they recognize from pictures in the Studio Book or from "the way they talk" over KFNF.

Most of them make a full day of it and hundreds of them "stay overnight." To help the town provide for them KFNF has erected cabin accommodations for seventy-five parties, which are generally booked far in advance. Other enterprising people have cabin camps and nearly every house in town is open for "roomers." A tourist park for tents helps. But even so, the problem is only partly solved and gets more out of hand with every season.

Summing it all up to an admittedly flabbergasted reporter, Henry Field said: "Yes, we enjoy our crowds as much as they enjoy us. We are neighbors, after all, since Radio has brought us so close together. Besides the fun we all have entertaining them and letting them feel at home! They are a big help to us in planning our programs. We don't have to guess about what they like or don't like. They are a frank, outspoken lot of folks and having so many of them come to see us keeps us mighty current in their likes and dislikes. I don't know how many listeners we have, but if a half million visit us we certainly ought to be able to plan programs to suit many times that number with KFNF.

"No, they are not a nuisance. We plant a good many acres of flowers for them every year and goodness knows we want our listeners to come and see them. I think we get along with them because we don't try to keep them on the go every minute. They can sit around and visit, wander around among the flowers or spend the whole day in the studio. We want them to have their own idea of a good time and so we let each of them do just as they please. It all works out fine for all of us."

And there you have the way KFNF feels about its visitors and perhaps you understand why a million of them will face the hazardous Iowa roads to get to KFNF this year.

De Armand and Cassin Tell of Each Other

By Betty McGee

(Continued from page 56)
of flavors. Be sure to add plenty of dressing to make the salad moist. There are very attractive salads which may be made from these protein foods and molded with gelatine. They are elaborate enough to use for a party occasion.

The lighter salads are more popular in summer. We do not wish to eat heartily when it is warm. The fresh fruit and vegetable salads are excellent. When foods are at the height of the season they are inexpensive and at their best. Let us eat many fruits and vegetables in season and enjoy a great variety of appetizing salads. We may serve one fruit or many. They may be molded in gelatine, frozen in a mechanical refrigerator or prepared in countless other ways.

A salad offers one of the chief decorative touches to a meal. It is gay, colorful, crisp and attractive. It may blend with the color scheme of a luncheon or bridge party. It may be beautifully garnished. It may be of low calorie value if made of fresh fruits and vegetables. It may be made heavier or richer by adding whipped cream, mayonnaise or other salad dressing. A salad may be served with the meat course at a dinner or as the first course at a luncheon or supper. Frozen fruit salads as well as jellied or other fruit salads are often served as a dessert course. Because of its adaptability to every occasion a salad is an indispensable part of any meal.

Read Miss Gardiner's salad suggestions in our issue next month.

Sherwitz Broadcasts Sport Lights at KTSA

PROBABLY no sports writer in the Southwest is better liked and enjoys a larger host of friends and followers than does Harold Sherwitz, sport editor of the *San Antonio Light*. Several weeks ago KTSA in San Antonio prevailed upon Sherwitz to carry the highlights of the week's sports to their microphone and this feature is now heard over KTSA on Monday evenings at 8:30 and is known as "Sport Lights by Sherwitz". In addition to his happenings every week he has from time to time attracted leading sports personalities to KTSA's microphones. Among those who have made these appearances are: Wayne "Big" Munn, former heavyweight champion wrestler and football hero; Frank "Buck" O'Neil, sports writer, *New York Journal*; Thomas E. Conner, Jr., president of the San Antonio baseball group and Dr. Leonard Knolls, staff physician of the New York Giants.

Roscoe Grover, KSL, Is a Swell Dresser

MOST FANS picture Roscoe Grover of KSL, Salt Lake, as "big, rugged, middle aged, with maybe a beard."

But he isn't. Not a bit of it. He is young, dapper, blond and sports a spiffy waxed mustache. Yes, sir, right in the Rocky Mountain country, too.

Besides being program manager and running an "Uncle Roscoe" feature he goes in for the fine arts.

DO YOU?

She: How is it you know so much about Radio artists, programs and stations? How do you learn to be so well posted?

He: Easy! I read Radio Digest every month.

CLOSING a thirteen weeks' program over WOC at Davenport, Iowa, The Bear Oil Man (Louis G. DeArmand) and Miss Bear-et (Marigold Cassin) posed for the photograph on page 71 that their thousands of fans might see them in action. The programs on which they appeared included sketches of popular Radio announcers and through a hook-up with the *Davenport Sunday Democrat*, these sketches, together with pictures of the announcers were used each week. The popularity of the plan proved unusually great and so at the request of many of their audience they told about each other on the closing night. What they said is given here. The Bear Oil Man speaks:

"Miss Marigold Cassin is known to all WOC fans and to thousands far away from here as 'Goldie.' She is chief continuity writer for this station, and a young lady of great charm. When Miss Cassin was first approached some weeks ago to assist in this program she looked wisely at me and said:

"But I never chew gum."
"Nonplused for the first time in 1930, I replied:

"My public will welcome you with open arms and ears. Come, act as Miss Bear-et."

"And so this program was improved immeasurably by her presence.

"Miss Cassin weighs . . . oh, I would say about seven stone, and stands about 4 feet 10 in high heels. Among the many programs she has arranged and announced the Willys-Overland is most familiar to you all in this community. These programs have proved startlingly

popular and it has been due to the tireless work of Miss Cassin both in the building of the continuities and in announcing each program.

"Pat Flanagan, the popular announcer at WBBM, began his radio work with Miss Cassin and it was her coaching that proved the incentive to Pat to go on in the work. Marigold Cassin knows her microphone; she has a pleasing voice; she can play a bit and croon, and she also writes very good verse."

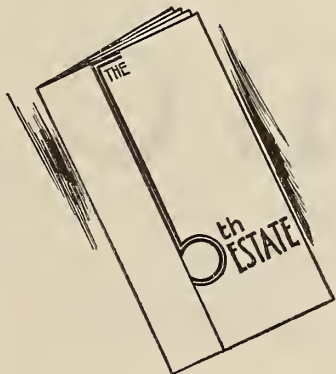
The above was the compliment paid to Miss Cassin and then Miss Bear-et appeared and presented her impressions of the Bear Oil Man, which were:

"Just for that I'm going to let a few kittens out of the sack. For instance, when you asked me not long ago to write you a very short article on 'Who is the best announcer on the air, and why do you prefer The Bear Oil Man?' I took advantage of your facetiousness. This, ladies and gentlemen, gives you some idea of what I have to put up with.

"But in spite of the fact we don't seem to get along very well we really do, so I'll tell you a few of the nice things about him.

"His career is an unusual one. He was born, went to school, grew up and got married. If you can beat that for being different you'll have to go some. As for appearance, the Bear Oil Man is a little taller than I am, which should give you a very good idea of his height, and he's a living example of what Arrow collars and Dobbs hats can do for the American man. (Cries from The Bear Oil Man of *Bunk*.)

BUSINESS IS GOOD IN THE VALLEY AREA



"The Fifth Estate" is a practical booklet describing the market reached by the Stations of the Central Broadcasting Company. A free copy will be sent to business houses requesting a copy on their letterhead.

WOC
DAVENPORT, IOWA
WHO
DES MOINES, IOWA

The district served by the Central Broadcasting Company—the great Middle West—is prosperous. Eminent business forecasters such as Babson, LaSalle Extension University, United Business Service and others, declare that conditions here are better than other parts of the country.

Abundant crops have given the farmers money to spend. Busy industrial communities are working full time. Trades people find plenty of customers with cash for necessities and luxuries.

This is your cue. Go after this great, prosperous, moneyed market. Tell your sales story where your audience has the ability to spend. Concentrate on the Valley area, using Stations WOC and WHO to place your message in every home.

Broadcasting time may be secured by communicating with us at once.

CENTRAL BROADCASTING CO.
DAVENPORT, IOWA

"His favorite indoor sport seems to be thinking up wild pipe dreams which look well on paper, and sound great when he's telling you about them, but it takes a Philadelphia lawyer to figure them out. But at that, they usually work out, and well. I'm not sure about his favorite food. Seriously, though, the Bear Oil Man is the first man in Radio to utilize his own means of publicity. By that I mean, he sells Radio advertising by using Radio advertising to do it. And that's a hint to other advertising men, and Radio stations."

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 45)

open warfare, said broadcasting was giving records a bad name and explained that this was his reason for not being interested in Radio. As I remember it, my personal reaction at the time was that records were giving broadcasting a bad name! However, the needle scratch has been so nearly eliminated that the average listener does not know whether he is hearing a transcription or an original microphone performance. Nor does he care.

History was made in that little rooftop penthouse. A feature of broadcasting which swept across the country and, incidentally, came in for more kidding from the public than any other form of Radio entertainment, originated from old WJZ. The bedtime story. Only it wasn't called a bedtime story hour in those days. It was known as "The Man in the Moon" hour. And that title was an accident. Here's how: Tommy Cowan thought it would be a grand and glorious achievement to put on a program for the children. Of course, a program in the summer of 1921 was only an experimental broadcast. But Major

White's ringside description of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight made listeners Radio conscious and the experimenters were waking up to the fact that to hold their unseen audience they must give them something interesting—something with entertainment value. So Tommy arranged with a lady to give a talk to children, read them some jingles and tell them a story or two.

NOW the only means of approach to the factory roof was by ladder and the lady who had to carry on for the liddies didn't like ladders. However, after much coaxing and plenty of physical persuasion, the lady made the climb to the roof. And then? She immediately began to worry about the trip down! She became hysterical and refused to be pacified.

William McNeary, associate editor of the Newark Sunday Call, was the third member of the party. He and Tommy succeeded in lowering the lady to the floor below. Her mental balance was restored but she refused to make the journey over again in spite of the fact that the two trial trips had been successfully accomplished.

Tommy appealed to McNeary to help him out. The listeners had been promised a children's hour by Tommy when he signed off the day before. Wouldn't Bill go on the air and do something for the kids?

Bill finally agreed to pinch-hit for the lady-afraid-of-ladders BUT—there was a proviso. "Don't mention my name!" It was about three in the afternoon but it seems that bedtime story tellers were a sensitive lot as far back as 1921!

Tommy agreed to keep his identity a secret and Bill was introduced at the microphone as "The Man in the Moon." And he made an instantaneous hit! So great was the request for more pro-

grams from "The Man in the Moon" that Bill McNeary found he unwittingly had talked himself into being a permanent fixture. On October 5th, 1921 "The Man in the Moon" was put on as a regular daily schedule.

When the telephone company refused to permit the use of their lines, as carriers of programs from remote points to the transmitters for broadcasting, the World Series games were relayed in the same way the Dempsey-Carpentier fight was put across.

Again Major J. Andrew White was at the descriptive end of the job. From the ballpark he gave his colorful details of the games to Tommy Cowan who listened, at the other end of the wire, wearing headphones. Tommy repeated everything the Major said, just as it came to him over the land wire, into the studio microphone in the penthouse on the factory roof.

THE experience of the lady-afraid-of-ladders had proved to Tommy Cowan that if WJZ expected to invite talent to broadcast they should not be asked to undergo the mental and physical torture of ladder-climbing. Tommy requested that the broadcasting take place in a more accessible part of the building. He shouted long and loudly and finally his emphatic demands reached official ears. Tommy was called on the carpet. Just what did he propose to do? He proposed to fix up a room attractively. "Something like a studio," provided he had a room to fix up.

So the officials of the Westinghouse Company told him he could use the ladies' retiring room in the factory! No kidding. Programs were broadcast mostly at night and the officials didn't see why that particular room shouldn't do double duty. Tommy was game. But he wanted money with which to furnish the place and purchase drapes to deaden the rebound of vibrations from the bare walls. How much money?

Tommy wanted plenty. The officials agreed to let him have seventy dollars! Try to buy some monk's cloth and see how few yards seventy dollars will buy. Tommy bought Canton flannel and draped the walls. He got the girls in the factory interested in his "something like a studio" and they donated lampshades, piano and table throws, etc. In this way the first broadcasting room with an air "something like a studio" came into being.

On November 3rd the first Radio broadcast at WJZ in which artists in person took part was put on the air. The gentlemen of Broadway who made the trip to Newark for this event were The Shannon Four—Charles Hart, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw and Wilfred Glenn. The names of these singers are well known to Radio fans today.

When Major White became associated with WJZ that winter he and Tommy Cowan worked side by side as successful Radio impresarios. Many were the artists from Broadway who took that trip to Newark and gave their services to promote the new industry.

AND MANY were the battles that took place. Word battles only, but nevertheless battles.

You see the White-Cowan combination
(Continued on page 86)

KFLV, Variety Station

IN THE short space of approximately nine months Station KFLV at Rockford, Ill., has grown to be one of the most popular Radio stations on the air today. It is enjoying an excellent busi-

K M B C

— Owned and Operated by —
Midland Broadcasting Co.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

oOo

***I**T IS a significant fact that a majority of National "Spot" Advertisers have chosen KMBC as the most effective station to cover the great productive area of which Kansas City is the heart. . . .*



Two famous fun and music makers. The very tall man is Louis G. de Armand, the Bear Cat; the very tiny young lady is the well-known and well-loved Marigold Cassin, both of station WOC, Davenport, Iowa. It appears that the little "bear-et" is oiling the wheels in the head of the Bear Cat. And if we were in the Bear-Cat's place we wouldn't mind having our head oiled by so petite a damsel. Despite her smallness, however, Marigold Cassin—as you doubtless know if you have read Radio Digest for any length of time—is a skillful writer besides being a singer and the official hostess of WOC. WOC, together with WHO, are among the pioneer stations of the Mississippi Valley.

ness from the standpoint of advertising, not only featuring local advertisers but also many national organizations, presenting their programs both with talent and through the medium of electrical transcriptions.

A unique feature of the KFLV activity is their varied program. Wesley W. Wilcox, the announcer and musical director for KFLV is featuring a special series of stories in music, for which he writes unusual and delightful continuities, illustrating them with the musical compositions taken from the classics and modern melodies and played by the KFLV string trio, and also a group of talented soloists. Mr. Wilcox takes topics of current general interest, as well as industrial and artistic subjects, and weaves the story into a musical interpretation. These feature programs are meeting with more than usual interest with the Radio audiences of KFLV, an audience which covers a vast territory of satisfied fans. Aside from his duties as announcer and musical director, Mr. Wilcox finds time now and then for his hobby of contributing his writings to news and magazine publications.

Artists found on the roster of the KFLV studio include Art and Andy, popular accordion artists; the Musical Musketeers, instrumentalists; Wynod's Orchestra, under direction of Marie Brydon, presenting the latest popular melodies; the Harmonyland Entertainers; Grimes Barn Dance Trio; the Sunny Southlanders, old mountain ballads; John Maxedon, mountain ballad singer and guitarist; George Weightman, banjoist; the KFLV Little Symphony; the Sheraton Ensemble, vocalists presenting cycles of melodies old and new; Carl Alexis and Celeste Bengtson, organists of high merit, and others.

Through the columns of Radio Digest KFLV extends a hearty invitation for you to visit their beautifully appointed

studios in the Hotel Faust at Rockford during your next visit there. Drop in and meet your favorite announcer and entertainer and see them in their daily haunts. They are always happy to meet their Radio friends and also to hear from them. Fan mail is always a daily welcome occurrence at KFLV.

New Policy of Expansion at WRHM

WRHM, the Voice of the Gopher State, Minneapolis, announces a new policy of expansion.

This station has in the last several weeks placed in its employ a sixteen-piece concert orchestra under the direction of Frank Zdarsky. Mr. Zdarsky is a graduate of the Prague Conservatory of Music, of Austria, studying there for a period of four years. All the musicians are union men, expert on their instruments. Included in the orchestra is a string octet, a saxophone quartet and a brass section. Each musician is a soloist in his own right, doubling on two and sometimes three instruments.

In three months WRHM has increased its payroll in the amount of 400 per cent. The staff has grown from a small group of twelve employees to a large organization of over one hundred persons.

WRHM is owned and operated by the Minnesota Broadcasting Corporation under the presidency of Dr. Troy S. Miller. James J. Miller is secretary and the vice-president and general manager is Lohren Miller. Allan Harvey Bresler is the program director; Ted Hediger, production manager; Anders C. Orfield, Jr., publicity. The announcers are Ted Hediger, Anders Orfield, Vincent Pelleteir, Don Clayton and James Kelly.

K-O-I-L BLANKETS Farming Area

KOIL, located in the Heart of the Corn Belt, dominates the rich and productive farming area of the Middle West which contains a population of 1,200,000 or 279,100 families, owning 125,100 sets with 625,000 listeners.

Recent house to house surveys show that KOIL is by far the most popular station in the Omaha trade area.

Programs Always Enjoyable

It is the purpose of KOIL always to provide its listeners with the best of entertaining features. Thru the Columbia Broadcasting System it is enabled to present sporting, historical, and musical features of national interest that in many cases could not be heard except thru KOIL.



STATION HOME

KOIL's Station Home was the first exclusive radio studio building erected in the United States. It was built by the MonaMotor Oil Company in July, 1925. Here visitors and artists are offered a welcome and the comforts of home.

RADIO STATION K-O-I-L

Owned and Operated by

MonaMotor Oil Company

Comm. Dept.: Council Bluffs

STUDIOS
Council Bluffs - Omaha

Station WHK Holds Public Confidence

ONE of the most original and popular stations in the Cleveland area is WHK, owned and operated by the Howlett brothers. It has been called the station of new ideas. Its programs are distinctive. There is a fraternal camaraderie among the artists—each is a booster for WHK—all for one, one for all.

This, according to Arnold Howlett, president and general manager, has been reflected in the programs. The first broadcasts were under handicaps that would have caused nine out of ten men to have given up in despair. But WHK proved its sincerity and won public confidence. It never failed to keep faith with its listeners. This reputation caused outside comment and brought many new listeners to the WHK circle.

Artistic endeavor and business enterprise combined to establish the station on a strong foundation. It has consistently maintained and enhanced this position.



Some of the very competent personnel of Station WHK, Pittsburgh. Of the two young ladies at the left, Miss Irma Haschart is seated; Agnes Anderson is standing. Together they form a popular crooning team. And the lady with the lovely profile, is Patsy Griffin, a crooner also. Arnold Howlett, president and general manager of WHK, completes the picture.

Now About the Amos and Andy Film

SHOULD Radio favorites go into pictures or on the stage? Many will doubtless say yes, why not? and yet so astute a Radio authority as Evans E. Plummer, of the Chicago Herald-Examiner says not for the world! The occasion for his pronouncement was the recent statement in the public prints that Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, song writers responsible for many hits, have been engaged to write the book lyrics and music for the forthcoming Amos and Andy production "Check and Double Check."

"Personally," says Plummer, "I wonder how the Amos 'n' Andy film will go. I'm sure it will draw a big gate, but what will be the reaction of the public to it? I have an old-fashioned notion that if I were a Radio favorite I would not meet or see any listener, to say nothing of making a public appearance or a motion picture film.

"My thought is that every fan has his own illusions about his Radio favorites, and that, once these stars are exposed in the flesh, or celluloid, to him, his illusions are apt to go boom, regardless of how satisfactory their acts or how personable their features. My observation is that the thicker the mystery, the better the listeners like it."

It is said, by the way, that Gosden and Correll are to get a million dollars for their picture.

Radio Fan News —LOTS OF IT!

But that's not all—RADIO DIGEST every month has fiction stories by America's leading authors. Do you read 'em? If not, why not?



They call Lamdin Kay (above) the Little Colonel. He is station director at WSB, Atlanta, Georgia. But that's not all. It is his distinctly individual and southern manner of announcing that has won for him his title.

Reporter On the Air By Thelma Reboul

QUITE by accident did "T. R. L., the Air Reporter," get into this business of Radio broadcasting. Ted R. Liuzza, whose voice is recognizable to thousands throughout the South, particularly Louisiana and Mississippi, is a newspaperman. A distinguished career of writing and reporting on *The New Orleans Item* and *The Morning Tribune* was behind him when he received his Radio assignment in 1926. *The Item*, which has the news broadcasting rights to WSMB, New Orleans, assigned Ted to "cover" the station to write up Radio news and programs for the paper. This

naturally brought him in the studio where he saw how it was done.

Then one night in January of 1926, Mayor Behrman of New Orleans was in a dying condition and the station punctuated its programs that night with bulletins every half hour on his condition. Ted was given the assignment before the microphone because the regular announcer couldn't be located that night. His success was immediate. His voice was clear; his style emphatic. Moreover, it was pleasant and charged with good fellowship.

Then before he knew it he was the newspaper's regular news, sports and markets announcer. When he told his superiors he couldn't write features, Radio news and do reporting, and at the same time keep his voice on the air, it was decided to relieve him of all his duties except to handle the Radio news. The voice of "T. R. L." the Air Reporter, had become too great a station asset to kill off.

Mr. Liuzza, although only 26 years of age, is one of the veteran announcers of Radio. Next to Clyde R. Randall, director of WSMB, he has been on the air longer than any other New Orleans announcer. Twice daily he broadcasts markets, sports and news before the WSMB microphone and is noted for his enunciation and pronunciation as well as his wit.

Before WSMB became a link of the National Broadcasting company, all the outstanding national, southern and local sporting events were announced over this station by Ted R. Liuzza. These included the Dempsey-Tunney fights, Dempsey-Sharkey fight; play by play descriptions of the Dixie Baseball series in which New Orleans teams participated; the world series, and other important events.

Popular Old Clown Takes the Air

“AND so Old Mom picked up the little girl from in front of the approaching elephants, placed her safely on the sidewalk, and took her place in the parade again just as if nothing had happened.

The speaker is Leo Blondin, famous circus clown, menagerie man and manager who is appearing on a series of "performances" over WKY. The programs are designed largely for the entertainment of children, but Blondin's definition of children takes in the whole human family from 6 to 60. Every one, he says, is interested in circus stories.

The series includes stories about elephants, lions, and tigers; bears, horses, dogs and other circus animals, as well as interesting information about the old wagon show days.

To make the program realistic, an old time circus calliope has been uncovered by the manager at WKY, and set up in the studio.

Blondin has nearly 40 years of circus experience from which to draw his yarns for the children. He has been a gymnast, wire walker, clown, animal trainer, menagerie superintendent and circus manager. The latter experience was with the old Sells-Floto circus. It was during this period that Courtney Ryley Cooper, famous writer of circus stories, was press representative for Sells-Floto and "Old Mom" was leader of the circus herd of elephants. Blondin's stories about the prowess of Old Mom stimulated Cooper to write the first of his manuscripts.

Working with Blondin in the series is a group of Oklahoma City children who furnish atmosphere, and do a lot of talking for the broadcasts.



Fritz Hursch, commercial manager, WSB, Atlanta, Ga.

WNAX

526 METERS, 570 KILOCYCLES

YANKTON, SO. DAK.



A MESSAGE sent out over Radio Station WNAX reaches its destination. It is received clearly and distinctly by over ten million people whose combined annual income is *Two Billion Dollars*. More than half of these listeners to WNAX live on eight hundred and three thousand, four hundred ninety-six farms.

WNAX lays claim to the most complete coverage in the Northwest. Go where you will in North or South Dakota, the western half of Iowa and Minnesota; anywhere in Nebraska, or the eastern part of Wyoming and Montana, and you will find more radios tuned in on WNAX than on any other station.

The programs are made to appeal to the people of the Northwest. There are old time orchestras, ballad singers, popular and concert orchestras, and singing; weather reports, news and the markets, as well as speakers on pertinent subjects of interest to farmers and folks who are in business that depend on farm prosperity to succeed.

The wave length and frequency of WNAX is such as to insure a clear channel. We have the latest Western Electric equipment with full modulation. If you have a message for the people of the Northwest, send it over WNAX, either by way of the station itself or through the Columbia network, of which WNAX is a member.

THE
MOST POPULAR
IN THE
WEST

Miss Evelyn Gardiner and KDKA's Home Forum

THE old saying: "Know your product before you tell others about it," is the keynote to the KDKA Home Forum, daily presentation except Sunday at 9:15 a. m. (E. S. T.).

Before Miss Evelyn Gardiner, Director of the KDKA Home Forum, offers to her listeners a new recipe it is thoroughly tested in her kitchen, careful attention being given to the exact measuring of ingredients, mixing, correct temperature, and length of time of cooking.

The scope of the work done by Miss Gardiner and her assistant on the KDKA Home Forum is not confined entirely to the formulating, testing and broadcasting of new recipes, but rather, covers a wide area of women's interests such as "how to plan their house work," planning a convenient kitchen with modern labor saving devices, and offering suggestions for the planning of parties including decorations, preparations and serving. Hints on ways and means of overcoming child feeding problems and numerous other problems that confront the housewife are given attention.

Miss Gardiner received an A. B. Degree from San Diego State College, San Diego, California, and an M. A. Degree in Household Arts from Columbia University, New York City. In addition to this training, she had one year's study in Home Economics at the University of Chicago, and two summers' work at the University of California in the same field.

She taught both Household Art and Household Science in a high school in San Diego for three years, then ac-

cepted a position at the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College in Stillwater, Oklahoma, as instructor in the School of Home Economics, remaining there for two and a half years when she enrolled as a student at the Columbia University, from where she came to KDKA to take charge of the Radio activities of the Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the world in the field of household economics.

Miss Josephine Fresh, secretary and assistant to Miss Gardiner, had her training in Home Economics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. After graduating she spent some time traveling in Europe studying the foreign methods of cooking and serving food.

A Skilled Harpist on the Pacific Coast By Carl T. Nunan

KATHRYN JULYE, KPO's pretty staff harpist, did not purposely start out to become a player of the instrument which is naturally associated with angels, angelic music or the Irish. It just happened that she was to become one of the best western players of this ancient instrument whose sweet silvery tones irresistibly "get under the skin" of poets, painters and writers, and charm their genius into creating masterpieces.

Miss Julye was born in Fresno, the raisin section of California, in 1905. The daughter of a famous pianist, the late M. M. I. Myers, it was natural that she



Morgan Sexton, Announcer, Station WOC

should grow up in a musical atmosphere and, being of an artistic nature, lean toward some one of the arts. It followed she developed a passion for music.

Kathryn wanted to become a singer. Her parents dreamed and planned that she become one of the world's greatest harpists. Conflict of mind, however, failed to interfere and Kathryn was given a general musical education, with the result that Miss Julye is today a true artist *par-excellence* on the harp.

Back in 1922, when Radio broadcasting was an unknown quantity, Miss Julye made her debut to Radio fans of KPO as a soprano in a joint recital with her father. Two years later ability won two scholarships for her with the Jouillard Foundation of New York—one for voice and one for composition. It gave her the opportunity to study with such masters as Francis Rogers, baritone, and Rubin Goldmark, one of the country's best teachers of composition.

"I was so thrilled," says Miss Julye, "that I plunged into my musical endeavors with a vengeance, and in the following year, 1925, was rewarded by winning another scholarship—this time for the study of the harp. Fortunately for me, I became a pupil of the renowned woman harpist, Annie Louise David, whom critics acclaim America's supreme woman harpist." And so came the realization of her parents' dreams: Kathryn became a harpist.

Her first professional engagement as a harpist was when she appeared as soloist in the production, "Smilin' Thru," at the Alcazar Theatre, in San Francisco, headlining with such stars of the stage as Gladys George and Dudley Ayres. Miss Julye also gained fame at the French Theatre in the pit and on the stage.

Unlike most Radio artists, Miss Julye states, "I have never considered Radio in the light of a remunerative occupation, although it pays well; but I consider it as a means of education. I make so many friends—must study such a variety of compositions. And the musical directors teach me so much with their helpful suggestions and ideas."

But Radio does not alone claim her entirely. Kathryn Julye is one of the busiest of Western concert artists. Her greatest difficulty is finding time to fill her engagements.

*An expression of appreciation
to the great radio audience
of the Southwest from*

The Advertising Clientele and Management of

K F H

Wichita Eagle - Hotel Lassen
Wichita, Kansas

*"We are more than grateful for the
generous response you are giving us"*

1000 Watt—Crystal Control
Western Electric Throughout

Member Station
Columbia Broadcasting System

J. Leslie Fox, Director



Eddie Jansen, director of Station KVI, 1000 watts of Pep and Personality.

just who the manager really was, unless he was pointed out by someone.

KVI is the northwest outlet of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Tacoma, Washington. The secret of its popularity may be found on the office door, "KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office hours sunrise until midnight."

There's Music in the Carson Family
By Gertrude Thornhill

IT JUST sort of "runs in the family," you might say after listening to the Carson Sisters Trio sing. Dorothy, Elsie and Nadine are station artists with KSAT, doing modern harmony numbers, and they are "mighty clever" according to the verdict of the listeners of the station.

If you didn't remark upon the singular situation after listening to the three sisters, it would certainly strike you as unusual to learn that there was a fourth to make a quartette until she married—"and then there were three," as the famous subtraction song goes.

Four younger sisters are still in school. Two of them are twins, 17, and are developing a real duo. Even the little girls still in grade school are musically inclined and all eight sisters frequently sing together as a double quartet.

Dorothy, Elsie, and Nadine "just started singing" when they were youngsters for their own amusement. The eldest is now 24, the youngest 20. Resemblance between the three is marked, but each has a distinctive individuality.

Nadine is a "blues" singer and accompanies the trio on the piano. Dorothy is secretary to the station manager at KSAT and consequently spends most of her time around the studio. The specialty of the trio is modernistic harmony.

**Eddie Jansen—
"Sunrise to Midnight"**
By Mabel Howard

IT HAS often been said that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but as Eddie puts it, "Who wants to be a mossback?" Hence it is that we find Eddie Jansen, the person this story is written about.

Being a writer of newspaper articles, it is my lot to call on and interview personages throughout the country. One delightful Northwestern afternoon I dropped in on Radio Station KVI and asked for the manager. The office girl left me for the moment, and returning, led me to the man I was in search of. Before entering the office I paused and read the following on the office door, "KVI, 1,000 Watts of Pep and Personality, Edward J. Jansen, Manager. Office hours sunrise until midnight." In this sign I read the history of the success of Eddie Jansen and KVI.

Eddie was born April 1, 1906, in St. Paul, Minnesota, but he hopes that you will not hold this birth date against him. Moving to Washington, his parents settled in Tacoma, where Eddie attended the St. Leo's grade and high school. Eddie, after leaving high school, sold newspapers, worked in shipyards and restaurants, chauffeured and what not. He then studied to be a teacher, after which he played three seasons with a stock company, when something happened to change his life. Infantile paralysis confined him to his bed for six months.

The doctors agreed that he would never take another step, but this idea did not at all appeal to Eddie, so one day he had a friend take him down to KVI, just at the time the station was being reorganized. They tried him out and as a result he was hired as a relief announcer. Once in the line of battle, things began to happen. From relief announcer he passed in turn to the position of operator, continuity writer, chief announcer, assistant manager and last of all to that of manager of the Puget Sound Broadcasting Company. Now we find Eddie ready and able to step into any department. His new position keeps him busy in conferences on contracts, announcing, writing continuity and still taking his turn at the controls. I have never yet talked to a man so enthusiastic over his work. He is always thinking up new ideas, and anyone coming into the studio would never know

KFKB

THE GOLD CUP WINNER OF 1930 POPULAR STATION CONTEST WITH 256,000 VOTES

The Pioneer Station of Kansas

The outstanding station of Kansas, with programs that are so diversified they appeal to the middle west farmer as well as to the city dweller.

5000 Watts, 1050 Kilocycles, Crystal Control, One Hundred Per Cent Modulation. Rate Card Mailed on Request. Member National Association of Broadcasters. *More Power Than Any Other Kansas Station.* ☞ ☞ ☞

KFKB
Broadcasting Association, Inc.
MILFORD, KANSAS

J. M. Gilliam and His Four Stations

By J. M. Gilliam

General Manager, WACO and other Stations

FIVE years ago J. M. Gilliam started in the radio business—five years of the hardest work and the most interesting; five years of alternating discouragement and success. But now, at the end of that five years he says he wouldn't change his place for that of any man in any other business. Radio has "got" him!

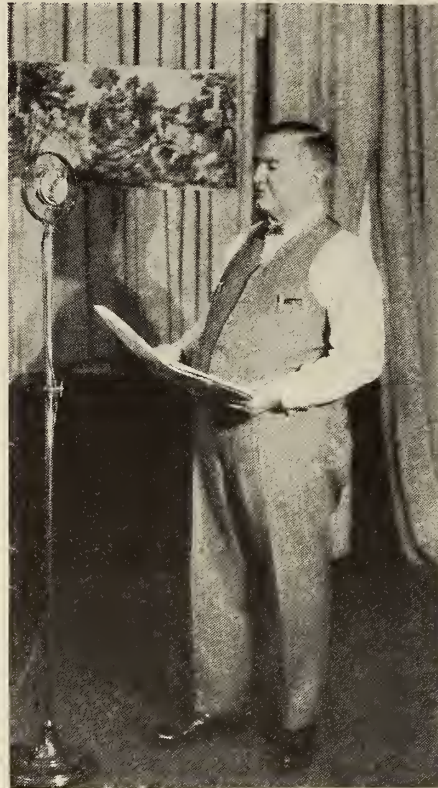
"The first station I ever operated was KFOB," says Mr. Gilliam, "here in Fort Worth, Texas. It is now KTAT—a 100 per cent Western Electric station. In addition we operate KTSA, a member of the CBS, in San Antonio. For the last two years we have been operating also KGKO at Wichita Falls, which is on the air from ten to thirteen hours every day.

"Station WACO, which we also operate, is the only station in the United States whose call letters spell the name of the City in which the station is located; KTAT, as you probably know, stands for Keep Talking About Texas.

"The Gilliam idea back of the present policy of expansion in the four stations named—KTAT, KGKO, KTSA and WACO, is that while there are plenty of orchestras, and a superfluity of musicians the number of real entertainers is comparatively few. It is the policy therefore to develop real entertainers; and not merely musicians. For example at the KGKO studio and the KTAT studio they have built a stock company around the orchestras (there is an orchestra for each of the four studios). Trained both as singers and actors, these stock companies are able to produce anything in the way of a program from a duet to a

chorus of Christmas carols, with plenty of action thrown in for good measure.

"There is one activity of all our stations which I should like to emphasize. It is our ironclad policy to sponsor without charge all religious, civic, agricultural and educational movements, not only in the cities in which the moves originate but in the surrounding country as well. According to actual records KGKO at Wichita Falls last year located 103 stolen motor cars in addition to finding a whole raft of lost dogs, cats and other pets; not to mention one lost lady whom we located in Detroit and put her in touch with her mother."



D. B. Gurney, president of the Gurney Seed and Nursery Co., Yankton, N. D., speaking in behalf of Better Butter.

Station at Wittenberg

WCSO is one of the few stations fortunate enough to have call letters significant in meaning. The initial letters of the "owner and operator" Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, were granted to the station many years ago after a brief existence as WNAP.

WCSO was established in 1921, and for two years the station was used largely for experimental purposes, but in the fall of 1923 a line was run to the Wittenberg Stadium and the Home Football Games were put on the air. This practice was soon enlarged to include all athletic contests. Last fall all football games were broadcast, those away from Springfield being relayed by remote control. Alumni of the college throughout the territory covered are enthusiastic listeners to all broadcasts.

Later an addition to one of the college buildings was completed to accommodate modern and well furnished studios. Regular programs of lectures, music and wholesome entertainment took their places on the air.

Each morning a program of organ

music played by Oliver Nicklas of the State Theatre is broadcast by remote control. This theatre is packed with children for special shows on Saturday mornings, and these youngsters have formed a kiddies singing club, and vocalized as the organist plays.

Following the organ music each morning is the Homemaker's Hour directed by Miss Vera Stein, consisting of home hints, style talks, recipes, contests, music and entertainment. This hour has a wide acceptance with the housewives and a large correspondence is maintained between WCSO and those who favor this hour.

Night football is to be inaugurated at Wittenberg College this coming season and WCSO looks forward to carrying Wittenberg's football conquests to more listeners than ever before. John D. Kuhns, who for three years handled the Harvard games over WBZ, and Lester S. Crowl, who enters on his eighth year of putting Wittenberg football on the air, will again work together, as they also do when handling basketball from the Wittenberg Gymnasium.

WCSO has maintained a regular evening series of broadcast programs since its inception in 1921, serving the city of Springfield and a wide suburban and rural community in central Ohio.

From Harlem to Hollywood

Amos and Andy are out in Hollywood during the hot summer months getting their first experience in the sound picture studios. An authentic article on the subject will appear in the

SEPTEMBER RADIO DIGEST

Start the new Radio year right by subscribing to this great Radio Fan magazine now.

Associate Columbia Broadcasting System

The Most Powerful Broadcasting Station in 300 Miles

KSCJ

2500 Watts, Crystal Control
100% Modulation

Sioux City Journal, Sioux City, Iowa

Double Turntable Equipment for Both 33 1/2 and 78 RPM Electrical Transcriptions

THE WHOLE STORY

- Sioux City is the center of one of the richest agricultural belts in the world.
- Sioux City is second in size in Iowa—Ninety-eighth in size in America.
- Sioux City is the last big city north till you reach Winnipeg, Canada.
- Sioux City has an active trading territory of seventy-five miles.
- Sioux City has over a million people in her immediate trade territory.
- Sioux City is the largest live stock trucking center in the world.
- Sioux City has more rural radio owners than any other section of the country.
- Sioux City has one broadcasting station, KSCJ.
- KSCJ is one of the finest and most completely equipped broadcasting stations in the middle west.
- The Sioux City Journal has been a daily in this territory over fifty-five years.
- Sioux City markets are broadcast direct from stock yards, only through KSCJ.
- KSCJ is owned and operated by The Sioux City Journal.
- KSCJ maintains a schedule second to none—the quality of programs the best.
- KSCJ has a staff of entertainers that can put on any kind of program desired.
- KSCJ gets results.

C. W. CORKHILL, Manager.

WLBF

Kansas City, Kansas

When you wish to cover Greater Kansas City, and fifty miles rich surrounding territory, WLBF offers

Low Rates—Full Time On Air—High Grade Musical Programs—Choice Time. Complete Advertising Service—Proven Popularity.

Hoyland Milling Co., writes:

"We use fifteen stations and get best results from WLBF. We get four hundred to seven hundred letters per day, each representing a sale from our activities on your station."

WLBF —Pays more for talent—puts out more original entertainment—gets more fan mail than any other station in Greater Kansas City. **FREE—Write for Station Survey, Rate Cards, Testimonial Sheets, Continuity Service, Etc.**

WLBF

Huron Building, Kansas City, Kansas

Texas Broadcasting Corp.

Serving the Great Southwest

DOMINANCE does not mean distance! The stations represented in this group possess sufficient power to reach out into their territories and the four of them serve the State of Texas, Southern Oklahoma and Eastern New Mexico. Each Station carefully studies the conditions in its own territory and its programs are planned to please the people. Each Station is the dominant, popular station in the community in which it is located.

KGKO

500 watts day time
250 watts night time
Wichita Falls, Texas

KGKO covers Northwest Texas and Southern Oklahoma, doing an average business of over \$100,000 per annum and is the only Station in Wichita Falls.

KTAT

1000 watts
Fort Worth, Texas

KTAT is of the Southwest and for the Southwest—the greatest “new” country on the face of the earth. What this Station has to broadcast will be received by the fastest growing and soon the wealthiest territory in North America—a territory the resources of which have scarcely been touched.

WACO

1000 watts
Waco, Texas

WACO is located in one of the most thriving cities in Central Texas, with the most prosperous agricultural background of any city in the Southwest, and is the only Station in Waco and Central Texas.

KTSA

2000 watts day time
1000 watts night time
San Antonio, Texas

KTSA is located in historic old San Antonio, the home of the Alamo—within three or four hours drive of the lower Rio Grande Valley, with its untold wealth in production of oranges, grapefruit, lemons and other tropical fruits. It serves more local and territorial accounts than any other Station in South Texas.

During our five years in Commercial Radio Broadcasting, we have specialized in giving free service to all worthy institutions and movements in the cities and territories in which we are located—agricultural, religious, educational and similar institutions. This policy, together with the programs we present—that the people like—has endeared these stations to the public. Time can be bought on these stations individually or at an attractive combination rate as a group. For detailed information and rates, address—

TEXAS BROADCASTING CORP.

Texas Hotel

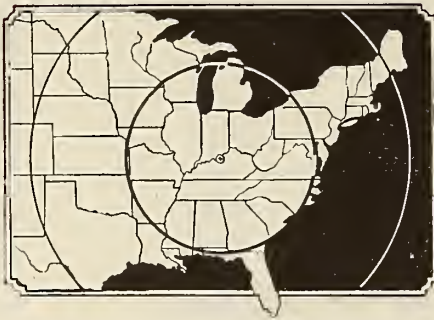
Fort Worth, Texas

WREC, The Voice of Memphis

Best Wishes

To the
RADIO DIGEST
 On Its 8th Anniversary
 from
WHAS

which has also celebrated its eighth anniversary of service to a huge radio audience



Station WHAS radiocast its first programme on July 18, 1922. Since that time it has always strived for and maintained the highest of radio ethics and now serves a large and friendly audience every morning, afternoon and evening.

WHAS occupies a most strategic location. It is virtually at the center of population of the United States and over 47% of the population east of the Rockies live within a 500-mile radius. Within a radius of 1,000 miles are 92% of the population east of the Rockies.

WHAS

10,000 Watts Full Time
 365.6 M.—820 K. C.

Owned and Operated By
 The Courier-Journal
 The Louisville Times
 Louisville, Ky.

THE HOME studios of WREC are located in the beautiful Hotel Peabody and many novel local programs come from these studios each day. The \$20,000 Mohler studio organ is heard several times daily with "Francis" at the console. The Doctor and Professor, "General Nuisance and Lord Applesauce," "The Roustabouts," "Ada and Eva," "Who's Who" and many other special local attractions keep the staff of twenty busy.

WREC is the CBS representative in Memphis and presents most of their leading programs. It is the only Memphis station that has permanent day-and-night chain service; presenting all of the Columbia sustaining features that are heard all through the day. Beginning at 7 o'clock a. m. with "Something for Everyone" and finishing the day at midnight with dance music from the beautiful roof garden of Hotel Peabody, played by Dave Harmon and his band.

"We are an intensely busy station here," says Hoyt B. Wooten, director of WREC. "Right in line with the new awakening spirit if the Old South, the Voice of Memphis, sounds its note of hope and encouragement to its thousands of listeners in in this section of the country."

It Was a Real Strad —No Wonder!

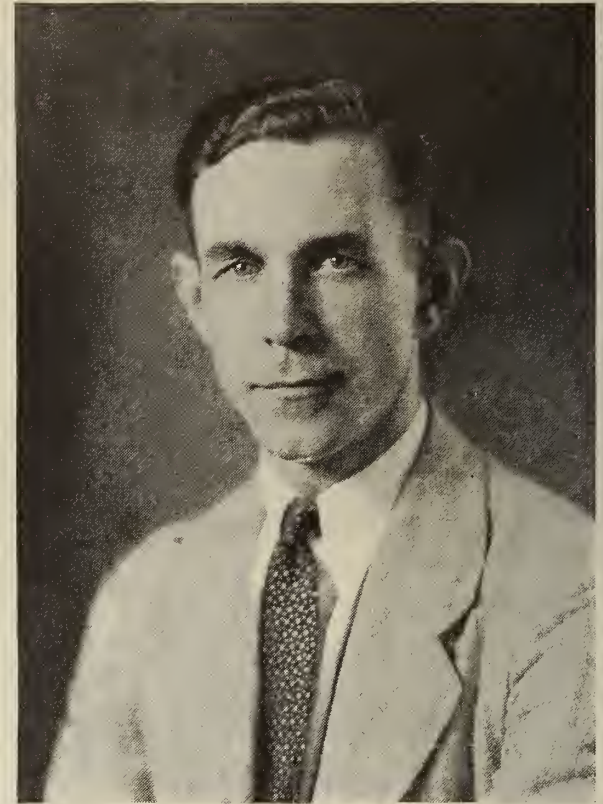
J. OLIVER RIEHL, music director of the Chicago studios of the NBC, is not often mistaken in musical matters—if he were he wouldn't hold the position he now occupies. But he made a mistake recently which was at once painful and instructive, for although it cost him the price of a new hat, it brought to his attention the existence in Chicago of one of the finest violins in the world.

It all came about when C. M. Thompson, wealthy collector of violins, entered Riehl's office with the announcement that he had in his possession a violin from which could be produced with absolute perfection every note of the scale, even through the microphone. "I'll bet a hat you haven't!" was Riehl's answer, and an argument ensued which resulted in a bet into which the NBC official entered not wisely but too enthusiastically.

In order to settle the point, a council of several of the most eminent violinists in Chicago was called, who listened critically to the tones of the violin, first in the studio and later through the loudspeaker, as the music came to them via the microphone. The violin successfully passed every conceivable musical test, and Riehl lost the bet.

After it was all over, it was discovered that the instrument is a genuine Stradivarius, one of the few in existence and valued by its owner to the extent of a sum of five figures. As a result of the incident, Mr. Riehl is bemoaning the high cost of hats in Chicago, but he has also begun negotiations to broadcast the marvelous tones of the violin over the NBC networks.

We believe they will be well worth hearing!



Hoyt B. Wooten, Director WREC.

Greetings to our friends
 in Medicine Hat, Tu-
 cumcari, Andalusia,
 Oshkosh, Kalamazoo
 and Schenectady, as
 well as every other
 place, from—

WSM

"We Shield Millions"

The National Life and
 Accident Insurance Co.

INCORPORATED

Nashville - Tennessee

Operating on a frequency
 of 650 Kilocycles

For Rates
 Please Inquire
 by Mail

George D. Hay, "The Solemn Ol' Judge,"
 Director

Harry Stone, Associate Director



A fine, clean, professional and upstanding bunch compose the concert orchestra of KTSA, San Antonio, Texas, one of the Gilliam chain of stations. Everett Hauser, the director of the orchestra, is shown standing, with the baton, in the center.

Clever Entertainers —“Cecil and Sally”

CLEVER entertainers—Helen Troy and Johnnie Patrick of KPO! Original and humorous with their intriguing episodes of “Cecil and Sally in The Funniest Things,” which are released every evening with the exception of Sunday, 9 to 9:10 o’clock.

Johnnie Patrick, who purposely flunked his West Point and University of California examinations because he was so sold on the idea of Radio as a career, is the originator and author of the humanly interesting episodes which have to do with the experiences of a bashful boy and his girl friend, typical of the everyday experience of modern romantic young couples—so cleverly interwoven with skill and understanding that they remind one of the experiences with his or her own children.

Helen Troy, “the girl friend,” is equally accomplished, having been on the stage since she was four years old. Strange it is that both of these artists, who have organized the team of “Cecil and Sally,” have had more or less the same experiences throughout their lives. Both were raised by aunts and uncles, their parents having passed away while they were still very young.

Helen was born in San Francisco. At four years she toured the country with her uncle, G. Lote Silver, on the Orpheum Circuit—it was he who originated the illustrated songs so popular a few years back. A year or so later her uncle retired from the stage and purchased a chain of theatres of his own, and Helen was then sent to school at Travers City, Michigan, attending the Sacred Heart Academy.

At seventeen she was sent to Chicago to study piano and pipe organ, where she received the teaching of a number of celebrated teachers, including Jess Crawford. Her first professional engagement as an organist was in Detroit where she appeared at the Cinderella Theatre for one year. She then came west and for a time played at the Imperial Theatre here, then entered the Radio field at a local station as accompanist and soprano soloist.

Johnnie was born in Louisville, Kentucky. At the age of two years he found himself at Houston, Texas, where several years later, when his parents died, he was sent to be cared for by his uncle

at Austin, Texas, who sent him to the Saint Edward’s School there. His early life was one round of schools. From St. Edwards he was sent to Saint Joseph’s Academy, New Jersey, and then to Holy Cross College at New Orleans. From there he went back to Texas, and soon afterwards to San Francisco.

Here he finished his schooling at a private school and then took up drawing at the California Institute of Fine Arts and established quite a reputation as a

cartoonist—many of his drawings have been used by local newspapers.

One day while on the tennis court “raising a racket” Johnnie met Helen Troy and she became his “girl friend of Radio.”

“She inspired me with her little laugh and her ability to be funny,” states Johnnie, “and Helen gave me the idea of our broadcasts which have proved so popular with Radio dialers.”

“Don’t you believe him,” chips in Helen, “it is his own keen sense of

K F J F

5000 Watts, 1480 Kilocycles

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

1. KFJF is located in the center of the U. S. equidistant from Los Angeles and New York City.
2. KFJF is in the geographical and population center of the State of Oklahoma, the only state in the Union that has been in the “white” on business maps of the country for twenty-one consecutive months.
3. KFJF has been operating on a Daily Schedule for seven years (on July 4th).
4. KFJF has new 5000 watt 100 per cent modulated crystal controlled equipment.
5. KFJF operates on a full time schedule starting at 7 a. m. with continuous programs 16 to 18 hours every day.

BROADCASTING STATION KFJF
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Member Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Association of Broadcasters.



"Chickie" Moss is a petite blues singer featured twice weekly over KQV, Pittsburgh. Small, dark, with flashing blue eyes, "Chickie" (no one seems to know her first name) is five feet of concentrated personality. Just 18, hails from sunny California, and has ambitions to return there. Much as they would like to see her realize her ambition, the KQV crowd would rather have her stay with them.

humor and his exceedingly funny quips that make the episodes so successful. You know Johnny never does give himself credit for his ability—but you can just rest assured that I'll speak for him. He's simply great!"

Basketball, tennis and swimming seem to be the chief athletic hobbies of both, and they devote much of their spare time to these healthful sports.

The Growth of KQV

A FORD Spark Coil, two nails as a spark gap, a dry cell and a sending key. That was the beginning in 1912 of the present KQV Pittsburgh, of three magnificent studios and offices atop a modern office building. KQV has gone through a number of reincarnations since then, but the staff are proud of the fact that their license is the first one ever granted a commercial station and that KQV is the second oldest station in the world.

Since that humble beginning over eighteen years ago KQV has grown marvelously. Under the management now of Paul J. Miller, who has been in the game since he was a "pup," the staff of KQV, numbering twenty persons in all, plans to extend their scope of activities to include every type of entertainment known. Football games, hockey, basketball, operas, symphonic presentations and choral renditions all have a place in the plans for the coming fall.

Joe Wright and His Eleven-Piece Orchestra

By C. Thomas Nunan

AN UNUSUAL orchestra director is Joe Wright, violinist leader of The Cinderella Orchestra of the Silver Slipper Cafe, heard nightly, 11:00 to 12:00, except Mondays, on KPO, San Francisco. For Joe spends all his spare time reading the "case books of law," and books published on the laws of harmony. He does not study law with the aim of becoming a lawyer. He reads it for recreation. Although a past master and arranger of harmony, he reads the laws of harmony also to relax his mind. In that, he is like a sailor who goes rowing on his days of "liberty."

But Joe is one of those unusual men in everything he does. He has an unusually good orchestra, is an expert at golf, was a real baseball player, but butterfingers being not especially good for violinists, he has forsaken the diamond. He is an all round good chap and a clean cut gentleman.

He was born in Oklahoma City, 1899. His father, a retired oil man of that city, was a guitar player of repute; his mother, a concert pianist. It followed that Joe should also become a musician. When he was 4 years old he was taken to Spokane with his parents where he grew to manhood and received his education.

Joe came to San Francisco eight years ago and was one of the first to be heard over KPO, when it came on the air in 1922. Since that time he has become well known to San Franciscoans and has directed orchestras in a number of the city's leading cafes.

His eleven-piece orchestra is fast gaining a reputation for its individual style. They play their own arrangements of the late hits. The orchestra boasts three men who specialize in this and their arrangements are made to fit the orchestra.

The boys are also arrangers for one of the country's leading music publishers and the photograph of the orchestra will soon be published on a number of the latest song hits.

W F A A

Only Station in entire
South or west of Mis-
sissippi with a power of

50 KILOWATTS

WFAA offers complete Radio advertising service, with a large and competent staff of producers and entertainers.

THE DALLAS NEWS
THE DALLAS JOURNAL

LOOK OUT fo' Mah Operation

By Roger Baudier

A MOST important function of Radio is to bring to the people of one section of our country information as to customs and traditions of other parts. Thus the dwellers in New England may know more about the people of Florida and the Carolinas; the office workers in Chicago's loop may have a better understanding of the people of Southern Louisiana; and that these people in the far South may in turn better appreciate their northern brothers. The same is good for all parts of the country.

Which is just by way of introducing this illuminating story of two New Orleans comedians who are wisely impersonating over Radio the humorous side of a little known race of Americans—the French-speaking “niggers” of the Delta region.—Editor.

“LOOK out fo' mah operation!”
“Who wrote dat song?”

“Most assiduously—”

These typical expressions of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain, and a score of others with the tang of the peculiar Creole accent, have become bywords in New Orleans, uproariously familiar to the thousands of Radio fans who tune in every Tuesday night for certain popular headliners of station WWL. But where would one expect to find the real types

of Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain with their accompanying characters, except in the old French Quarter of New Orleans—the Vieux Carré?

Famous writers, singers, poets and artists have immortalized the Vieux Carré, as well as its inseparable, odd and unique folks, with their strange customs of another day and their chatter in inimitable “Creole nigger-talk.” However, it was left to Ralph J. Nogués and René Durel to place on the air for the first time, vividly and true to life, some of these quaint characters. Among those who know New Orleans, who are there who will not recognize Smokey Joe, the unfailing, shrewd and pompous darkey with a smattering of education; Tee-Tain, the simple, street-corner “nigger” of old “French Town”; Clemence, the latter's shrill-voiced-virago-of-a-wife; Lawyer Calebasse, the rusty and frayed legal light of the old régime, unable to utter half a sentence without interspersing it with French; Wun Lung, the incarnation of the still popular New Orleans Chinese laundryman (incidentally, the old Chinese character in continuity on the air); and Senor Alvarez, descendant of Spanish grandees?”

Then there are also those other odd,



honest-to-goodness Orleanians, hold-overs of another day: Nainaine Cora, Madame Alexis—the fortune-teller; “Achille,” Uncle Nenesse, and, the crowning glory of all, Tee-Tain's two little sons, Equator and Gagaloot!

With all the world to choose from, no two persons could better qualify to impersonate such characters than Nogués and Durel, for both were born and reared in the old French Quarter, among the very characters they portray. Little wonder that they bring out their characters so faithfully, particularly in accent, dialect and expression; that they make use of their habit of jumping from the sublime to the ridiculous and to finding humor even in moments the most dramatic. Even their fantastic trips to Mars and Iceland and other far-away places that have brought such nationwide popularity to Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain and aroused such widespread interest, are characteristic of “French Town” colored folks' simplicity and credulity.

Then, in the musical overture of their broadcast, Smokey Joe and Tee-Tain bring in rare New Orleans local color. The wailing dirge of the ever-present negro funeral band on the way to the cemetery, is combined with the customary lively jazz selections played on the return, as if expressing joy at being still alive. As Smokey Joe expresses it:

“ . . . COMING
to you from the
studios of . . .

KSTP”

▼ ▼ ▼

St. Paul and Minneapolis and the adjacent Northwest vote for KSTP first in preference to any other local programs. And quite naturally, the NBC entertainment and service features have the majority of followers of net work productions. KSTP admittedly is first—nearly 70% of the listeners as against 17% for the station named second choice. The KSTP orchestra organization of thirty-five artists includes selected groups, which present everything from symphonic classics to the latest popular selections, and is the only full-time Radio station staff orchestra in the Northwest. In addition to this most important asset, KSTP gives most to the advertiser and listeners because it has the largest musical library—the largest technical staff—the most complete research, merchandising, sales, program, publicity, continuity, music and dramatic departments. The KSTP advertising department will be pleased to submit a detailed Radio advertising plan without obligation.

▼ ▼ ▼

Studios
St. Paul Hotel
St. Paul

▼ ▼

Studios
Hotel Radisson
Minneapolis

▼ ▼

Executive Offices
St. Paul Hotel
St. Paul, Minnesota

▼ ▼ ▼

**NORTHWEST'S
LEADING
RADIO STATION**

KFUL

owned and operated
by the

**Texas
Broadcasting
Company**

oOo

Studio:

**Buccaneer Hotel
Galveston, Texas**

oOo

Write for Rates

"Most assiduously, hits de nigger ban' goin' with the dead one and comin' back wif de live ones."

Smokey Joe is the re-incarnation of a real character: A famous negro coal stoker on the Pontchartrain R. R. of New Orleans, the second oldest railroad in this country, whose three coaches and ancient locomotive still ramble to the lake shore, while the engine belches great clouds of black smoke. Hence, its nickname among Orleanians of "Smokey Mary" and the cognomen of "Smokey" for its fireman.

Tee-Tain is the phonetic abbreviation for "Petit Celestin," that is, "Little Celestin," following the common practice among the unlettered Creoles of adding the word "little" to the son's name when it is the same as the father's. "Petit Celestin" is shortened to "Tit-Tin," pronounced "Tee-Tain." Celestin was a habitue of one of the grocery stores in the neighborhood of Durel's childhood home in the French Quarter.

Both Durel and Nogués made their debut on the stage when very young, and that is more years than they care to remember. They later played in medicine shows. Both were in the theatre in New Orleans and on the road. Nogués started in dramatic roles and later turned to comic characters, especially those of the old régime of New Orleans. Durel remembers with a chuckle his first black-face act at a church festival.

With the decline of the legitimate, they drifted into commercial art, and in this line are well known in the city. Hence, it appeared for a time that business would rob the stage of two born thespians, but fortunately Radio has brought them back, and New Orleans "Vieux Carré" characters have been made known to the nation in a vivid and lifelike manner.



The orchestra of WCFL, Chicago, has Henry Francis Parks as its studio director, a musician of long symphonic orchestral experience. Director Parks is shown in the center of the photograph, standing.

Old Doc Applesauce Shows Himself Again

By George R. Wood

TAKE a great amount of sunshine, and cheery smiles, add good music and humor administered by RKO stars and

you have the prescription that is the foundation of the program directed by Old Doctor Applesauce. This mysterious old character who styles himself "the old quack himself who cures your ills without any pills," is heard through WIL.

Each Monday afternoon at six o'clock a WIL announcer greets the Radio audience: "It's RKO and here we go with the program from the St. Louis Theatre studios. Your genial host and master of ceremonies, Old Doctor Applesauce, is ready to conduct the regular weekly program featuring the Mystery Number Contest with Walter Seim at the theatre pipe organ. Answers to this weekly contest run into thousands as the listeners try to guess the correct title of an old number played.

An outstanding feature of the Old Doctor's broadcast is the original humorous style of announcing that he has inaugurated for the program. His announcements are made from the "Applesauce Book of Poetry," "The Applesauce Book of Proverbs," "The Applesauce Book of Philosophy," etc.

The mysterious old doctor's identity was kept closely guarded until the St. Louis Radio show, when the listeners demanded that he appear, and so the secret was revealed—"Old Doctor Applesauce," Arthur A. Frudenberg—assistant district manager for RKO.

In 1922

First In Dixie

In 1930

W S B

The Voice of the South

Radiophone Broadcasting Station of

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL
ATLANTA - - GEORGIA
"The Journal Covers Dixie Like the Dew"

5,000 WATTS
Western Electric
Throughout

CLEAR CHANNEL
FULL TIME

Affiliated NBC Network

Maintaining a complete continuous daily service of 17½ hours

INCIDENTALLY, dear lady reader, you pos-it-ively must read What Women Are Wearing This Fall by that best of authority, Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin. Of course, in the September Radio Digest. And another article by Evelyn KDKA Gardiner, Is Your Kitchen Convenient?

* * *

Here's a tip to our friends with typewriter leanings: Radio Digest is planning soon to inaugurate a series of Radio Skitbits written by our readers. If they do as well as they did with the Amos and Andy skits we are going to enjoy some highly entertaining bits.



In a unique setting the Silver Slipper Orchestra of Station KPO, San Francisco, performs for audiences who delight to trip the "light bombastic" toe. The white object on the curtain behind the musicians is a Cindarella slipper, we believe.

Doc Johnson of KPO

Says, "When I Settle Down and Marry I am Going to Raise a Little Haywire Orchestra All My Own"

"Doc Johnson," who directs the "Home Towners" over KPO, in private life is Harry E. Jackson. Harry is a Radio salesman, and runs a Radio repair shop, and, as he himself says, "by fixing the sets I can be assured that they are in good working order to receive my programs."

"Doc" was born at Covelo, California, close to the Round Valley Indian Reservation, Mendocino County, in 1888. Like all back country people, he has a friendly twinkle in his blue eyes. He stands 5 feet 6½ inches, and, but for a few sparse hairs that nestle on the top and sides of his head, he is bald. "I have always been too busy to allow my hair to grow," says this KPO artist with a giggle. "From the time I was knee high to a grasshopper, I have had to git-up-and-git to satisfy a craving for food. My first employment was with the village blacksmith where I pounded out many an inspiring tune on the anvil."

"The tunes that I play on Radio KPO are the result of early environment," states Doc. "Ma and Pa were the hay-wirest musicians you ever heard, and so were my three brothers. We used to hold nightly concerts in the old home, utilizing every imaginable type of transportable instrument, with the exception of a piano, and the front parlor was the hangout for the neighbors. We all played by ear—whistles, banjos, accordians, violins. We went so far as to coax musical tunes out of almost anything from which a sound could be extracted.

"Then, too, we organized a little 'Tin Horn Orchestra,' the kind which is commonly called by Radio dialers of today 'Haywire,' and we were in great demand. We played for three years at various summer resorts throughout the State before we disbanded."

"Doc" was schooled at Healdsburg, attending the grammar and high schools of that city. In high school he excelled at pole vaulting and hurdling, and one year during the Water Carnival on the Russian river he won a silver medal as second place winner in the Single Oar race. There were only two in the race.

"Someday when I settle down and marry," states Doc. "I am going back to them thar hills and raise a hay wire orchestra of my own, so that the family name will be perpetuated for Radio."

Today Radio is richer in that the melodies that once cheered the pioneers on the trails are available and are sung by "Doc" and his "Home Towners" from

KPO during the "Toreador" broadcasts every Monday evening, 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock; Tuesday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:00 o'clock; "The Midweek Variety Hour," Wednesdays, 9:10 to 10:00 o'clock, and the "Back Home" programs Fridays, 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock p. m.

Compares Acting, Radio

ARTHUR B. ALLEN, the squeaky voiced Gus of the Schradertown broadcasts at 8:30 Friday nights over KSD, is just the sort of personality the

listener is led to expect from his Radio voice—a spry, energetic little man, with quick-moving hands and expressive shoulders.

Not a youngster any more, though capable of all the enthusiasms of a boy in school. His face is thin and narrow, with mild, blue eyes and a sensitive mouth above a long chin.

When he is talking his lips move very little—long stage experience has taught him the trick of "throwing" his voice from the back of his throat. But when acting before the microphone he is apt to take on droll contortions and mouthings, hunch his shoulders and wave his arms about, all to fit the character he is portraying.

"Broadcasting is different from character acting on the stage," Allen says, "because there you have action, costume and lighting effects to get your story across the footlights and you can represent a dozen different characters in pretty much the same voice. But in Radio you must have a voice for every character"

Brother Bob Described

AT LAST the public knows who "Brother Bob" is on the afternoon "Brother Bob frolic" at KTAB, Oakland, Calif. He is Ray Raymond, aged 36 years.

Originally hailing from Shreveport, La., he later attended the University of Kansas, played in musical comedy circles and then migrated into the advertising racket.

Nearly 6 feet high, and weighing 170 pounds, he has blue eyes and blond hair, admits a fondness for prize fights, supper dances and the talkies.

Which does he like better—acting or Radio work? Three guesses.

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The KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree

By Monroe R. Upton

KFRC's Jamboree was born—a good program is born, not made—way back (let's see!) sometime between the carving of the ten commandments and Lindbergh's flight to Paris. "Mac," occasionally known as Harry McClintock, started it all as a campfire hour. Come to think of it, though, it might have started with the Cuckoo Club, a KFRC weekly "funfest" that flourished during the station's 50-watt days, long before Don Lee purchased it, added 950 watts and moved it to 1000 Van Ness avenue.

The Jamboree is just about the only West Coast program that has managed, by hook, crook or kilocycle, to become an institution. It has taken it's place along with marriage, "Skippy," the one-way street, the Pacific ocean, aloofness to the 18th Amendment and the story about the traveling man who went downstairs to devour the remainder of the biscuits—a part and parcel of American life on the Pacific coast.

The personnel of the Jamboree force includes the comedians—Pedro, the dumb janitor of Seal Rocks, who sleeps

on a high stool for days at a time; Frank Watanabe, who specializes in playing with nitroglycerin; professor Hamburg, who does strange things with a sword; Lem and Lafe, the blackface pair, and Monroe Upton, a comedian of parts and special writer for KFRC.

Besides there is Norman Nelson, a tenor who specializes in old tunes, and who does dramatic parts, serious and non-serious; Juanita Tennyson, Edna O'Keefe, Jean Wakefield, Lucille Ather-ton, Margaret O'dea, who is possessed of an exceptionally rich and sweet con-tralto voice; Edna Hazel Warner and others.

Nature Faking

"I have gone into the stock breeding business," said Brown.

"You have?" replied Smith, "And what are you going to raise on your farm? Horses, cows and pigs?"

"No, No!" Brown rejoined. "I'm going in for something new. I'm going to cross carrier pigeons with parrots so we can send messages verbatim."

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Without hesitation we announce that Bonnie Daynes, shown herewith, is our type of girl. She is one of the talented artists of KDYL, Salt Lake City, Utah. Appearing with Norman Mork in the spot broadcast bearing the title of Diane and Phil.

Girl Wins \$100 for DUBRONSKY YARN

By David B. Hampton

WHO killed Leon Dubronsky of KHOL?

You will be surprised—especially if you were one of the many contestants who submitted 500-word theories in answer to the question, which was published as the title of a mystery story in the April Radio Digest.

Not one person named the actual killer.

Almost everyone mentioned in the story was accused, but the individual who is revealed here by the author, Mr. David B. Hampton, as the real murderer.

All the manuscripts were read and reread by the judges. One after another was eliminated.

Margaret J. Ayotte, 2430 Ninth ave., Waterliet, New York, was adjudged the winner of the one and only prize of \$100. Her theory was declared the most ingenious and most nearly correct. She cleared all the other characters on whom suspicion had fallen and named the murderer as "Mr. X." She attributed the motive to revenge, and accounted for the missing finger to the desire of assassin for the ring.

Following is the explanation as originally written by the author, Mr. Hampton.

AFTER several weeks of fruitless investigation endeavoring to solve the mysterious murder of Leon Dubronsky and how he could telephone a Radio station two hours after he had died, Smiling Pat Donovan succeeded in gaining permission from Captain Rawlston to place the case in the hands of the noted criminologist, Professor Robert C. Marsby.

Seated in the cozy apartment on Cherokee Street, Donovan related in detail the incidents surrounding the mysterious murder, and presented all the evidence he had been able to uncover, and in his most eloquent manner appealed to this expert for assistance. Marsby, as was always his habit, sat listening without ever interrupting. Then, before saying a word he strolled to the window and blindly gazed out over the rooftops of surrounding bungalows, and, slowly tugging at his chin, weighed the evidence placed before him. At length he turned to Donovan, his face serious and his cold blue eyes piercing into the eyes of his guest.

"Pat," he said in a toneless sort of way, "how many times must I warn you of the folly in chasing clues? They are the most dangerous and misleading steps in solving a crime of this nature. Here you have certain facts in this case, and you totally ignore them to go chasing rainbows. Stand at a window and look off into space. Forget everything. Forget all you've heard or seen and give those little brain cells a chance to function. Shut everything else from your mind.

"Automatically the puzzle will twist around into a nucleus and grow into a logical solution. Now this case does not warrant my devoting time to it. I'll start you off on the right path and see to it you get the congratulations of that Scotchman, Captain Rawlston."

LET us start by elimination. The fact that no weapon was found in the room is of no importance. The locked door is an old, old gag. A small pair of pincers with long claws will easily lock or unlock doors that have the key on the other side of the lock. I dare say if you carefully examine the key used you will find tiny scratches on the point. The mere knowledge that Mr. Truewald conducted a butcher shop is trivial. Likewise the pertinacious attitude of the landlady, Mrs. Conway. And the young girl, Mrs. Truewald, is just as innocent as you would like her to be. The major thing and key to the solution you entirely overlooked. TWO HOURS

AFTER DUBRONSKY DIED HE PHONED THE RADIO STATION. Common sense will tell you the impossibility of such an action."

So far the discourse was of little assistance to Donovan, but he knew he must content himself by listening to the professor, and eventually he would learn the truth. However, he said:

"Then according to that I should arrest the assistant Radio announcer at KHOL because he took the second phone call."

"Exactly," the professor quickly retorted. "Now, Donovan, you are using your head and not your legs. That man is guilty of this crime. Who else could do it? Why, my boy, I'd feel ashamed of myself if I were in your shoes. Except for the motive I will reconstruct the little episode if you care to listen."

Donovan was very anxious to listen and after they had lighted cigars and settled back in comfortable chairs Marsby proceeded to unravel the mystery. And his smoothness of speech made it impossible to doubt his words.

"Dubronsky and the girl returned from dinner and, reaching their floor, he tried to persuade her to enter his room. She refused. Both went to their respective apartments. Mrs. Conway entered Dubronsky's room to reprove him for his actions towards Mrs. Truewald. After she departed the murderer, having gained access by a passkey prior to Dubronsky's homecoming, and hidden in the clothes closet, leaped out and killed Dubronsky. I think that explains the actions of Mrs. Conway and the girls."

"Well, not exactly," Smiling Pat interjected.

"THEN you are not allowing freedom of your brain cells," remarked the professor. "Mrs. Conway realized her position. She was the last person to have seen the murdered man. Quite naturally she endeavored to get out of a precarious role by subtly reflecting suspicion on Mrs. Truewald. On the other hand, this young lady was on equally as thin ice. Fearing the consequences, she lied, hoping to build an alibi. The last point to clear up is the missing finger and reason for severing. My only thought on the matter is that Dubronsky wore a particular ring that the murderer craved."

True to Professor Marsby's prediction, Donovan, within half an hour secured a written confession from Lawrence Palmer, and the last few stray threads were gathered up and explained in this document.

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The name Leon Dubronsky was an alias, his real name being Horace A. Widdemer. He had been a violinist in a motion picture theatre in Dallas, Texas, until the advent of talkies, when this means of livelihood was relegated to the graveyard. He tried being a street musician, then turned to burglary, and, while robbing the Palmer house, he stumbled over a chair in the bedroom and awoke the sleepers. In the fracas that followed Mrs. Palmer was shot and killed, and Widdemer escaped by jumping through the window.

Palmer had recognized the ring on the deceased's finger as belonging to his wife. It was impossible to remove without lopping off the finger first, and he was determined to retrieve the jewelry for sentimental reasons. Lawrence Palmer was not erratic in his speech, as he felt confident the Dallas police would verify his confession and he would be liberated without a prison term.

Among those who submitted theories especially clever and worthy of honorable mention were the following:

Miss Ione Lester, 2418 Ninth ave., Watervliet, N. Y.

Charles Albright, R. F. D. No 4, York, Pa.

Helen Browne, Box 18, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, San Diego, Calif.

Oliver W. Cory, Waldeck, Sask.

Mrs. J. H. Reser, Conway, Mo.

Belle Nugent Gross, 256 Grove st, Oshkosh, Wis.

Mabel Derrickson, 2225 Stewart st, Puyallup, Wash.

Oscar Bryer, 2006 Howe st., Chicago, Ill.

W. S. Mills, 215 Peterson ave., Creston, Iowa

Naomi R. Buchanan, 1522 Fifth ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Edith Keenan, 1004 Sixteenth ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Mervin L. Gardner, R. F. D. 4, Wells, Minn.

Miss Katherine MacIlreavie, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

V. A. Custer, 12 N. Goodwin ave., Kingston, Pa.

James V. Wiskin, 61 Livingston ave., Kingston, Ont.

B. S. Grewal, 3839 Richton st., Detroit, Mich.

Melvin Tischler, Library, Pa.

O. H. Smith, 147 Park Drive, Allegan, Mich.

Lillian Borvan, 2806 S. Harding ave., Chicago, Ill.

Van D. Valentine, Murray, Ky.

Beating the Racketeers

(Continued from page 48)

son of fashion in Chicago. Cooney was back on the stand and the Coon-Sanders Orchestra was holding forth merrily. Newspapers could get no facts on the procedure of Cooney's amateur sleuthing. Then, at last, he admitted that all but one in the gang had been taken. The fifth was not long to remain free. The show was just about over, and then—Coon-Sanders and their band went off the air entirely. Fans again were in a turmoil, but needlessly. Coon and Sanders were merely taking a well earned rest after seven years of hard work. They came back to their public when they opened their summer engagement at the Dells. So far there have been no more interruptions in their careers. Cooney has been unmolested and his family are in good shape. It is a known fact that four of the gang are behind bars and it is suspected that the fifth has joined his companions.

Cooney will not say anything of his adventures. He does not deny that

they are true, but he is still silent about the whole affair. There must be a reason, but that would probably be another story to solve. Ah, verily, truth is stranger than fiction, but truth never finds an adequate ending place. Would it be possible to say of Carleton Coon and his family, at this point, "and they lived happily ever after"? No. There must still be more to tell, but until Cooney wishes to tell it, we must all wait. At least we can be reassured that he is in no danger, and that should difficulties arise, he is fully capable of meeting them.

Dawn of Radio

(Continued from page 70)

tion had the future of Radio at heart and it was their desire to give the listeners entertainment. Lined up against this little army of two were several of the officials of the Westinghouse Company who also had the future of Radio at heart. These men were of the opinion that all persons connected with the theatre were in league with the Devil. To permit these lost souls to broadcast might give Radio a bad name! As Ripley would say, "Believe it or not."

White and Cowan carried on and the officials who opposed the appearance of Broadway talent at the WJZ microphone were forced to abandon a losing fight. The fan mail which poured in proved that the public was getting what it wanted. White and Cowan had won the fight.

One evening after a strenuous broadcast Major White was on his way home. He met a friend who owned a restaurant and as they chatted this man said, "I've got a band playing in my place you ought to put on the air." Major White asked whose band it was. The man replied, "There's a fellow running it by the name of Vincent Lopez."

The Major had never heard of Lopez and his friend insisted that they go to the restaurant right then and there. "The boys are playing now and it will give you a chance to hear them." White was tired but his friend was so insistent that he permitted the man to persuade him into going with him. The band was playing.

Major White says now that it sounded just the same to him then as any other good band might have sounded. He saw no reason to get excited over the work of the musicians. However, he decided to ask the leader to broadcast some night.

He was introduced to Lopez and gave the invitation explaining that while there would be no financial return in it for the musicians he would see to it that transportation facilities for the men and their instruments would be furnished. Lopez smiled. "Oh, never mind that. We can all go over in the Hudson Tube. When do you want us there?"

The Major named the date and the time of the broadcast. Sure enough, Vincent Lopez and all his musicians appeared at the Westinghouse factory on time for the scheduled broadcast. Bass viol, drums and all the trip had been made under the Hudson by tube. Perhaps you've heard of this man who, in 1921 inconvenienced himself and all his bandmen in order to promote Radio during the pioneering days—this Vincent Lopez?

One stormy night that same winter the Major and Tommy Cowan had scheduled a program of great variety. Two singers by the name of Billy Jones and Ernie Hare were to open the evening's broadcast with some duets. They opened the show alright. And they kept it open for an hour. Then they kept it open for another hour! Major White,

with the company's car loaded down with entertainers, was enroute from New York to Newark.

The storm had drifted the snow and the trip consisted of one delay after another. At every corner where a telephone was available the Major called up Tommy—"We're on our way. Keep Jones and Hare singing until we get there." Back to the car he would go to battle the elements. When the half-frozen entertainers arrived at the studio Jones and Hare were singing their forty-second number!

Cowan went to the microphone to make an announcement and Billy Jones flopped into a chair—all in. The Major leaned over to speak to him. Jones looked up and murmured, "Thank God you're here!" Then the Major told him the sad news. "You'll have to sing one or two more songs, Billy. The crowd is frozen. They'll be alright as soon as they get thawed out," he whispered, "but you and Ernie will have to help me out just a little longer."

Billy Jones never said a word but the Major says he will never forget the look which the singer gave him as he slowly pulled himself out of the chair and motioned to Ernie Hare to join him at the mike. They sang another song, this pair who were to become famous as the "Happiness Boys," now known as "The Interwoven Pair." Forty-three numbers is, I think, a record for one continuous duet recital.

They were a hardy lot those Radio pioneers. Let's give those boys and girls a big hand.

Crockett Mountineers

(Continued from page 33)

and the fellow who buys one must eat it with the woman who cooked it."

"And that's where the fun begins," chimed in Allen, the youngest. "Sometimes a real old man buys a young girl's pie, or a young fellow like me gets one from a woman old enough to be my grandmother. That happened to me twice, and my whole evening was spoiled."

The Crocketts agree, however, that the pies are good, no matter who bakes them. Their women-folk know how to cook.

"The only thing I don't like about the girls up here is that they don't know how to cook," said Johnny.

"Just before we left for New York," recalled Albert, the third son, "I was at a party where they bid a pie up to \$4.75 before it was finally sold. That was the highest price I ever remember being paid. It surely had me guessing until I found out the reason. It seems that one of the girls told two fellows who liked her a lot the kind and color of the box her pie would be in. Neither of them thought the other knew anything about it and, as they both wanted to have it with her, they kept raising the price until one of them ran out of money. The other got the pie and the girl, but it was against the rules."

No, the Crocketts are not really at home in New York. They miss their hominy and home baked ham. They miss certain beverages unmentionable here, and they miss above all yellow corn meal and sorgham molasses. But when they get into the Columbia studios and establish an intimacy with the microphone and their fiddles, they are themselves again. Real mountineers, happy in the ease and simplicity of their own music, unmindful of urbane conventions, light-hearted, sincere. Their songs, so different from modern jazz, stir the heart and stimulate smiles. Undoubtedly they are bringing back the family to the hearthstone.

Terror

(Continued from page 32)

the slaves were never considered. Slaves had neither wrongs nor rights.

The best people in town bought and sold them, whipped them or sent them to the jail to be whipped; but nobody cared for them, so why should they care for anybody?

Tonight the uncorking of the bottles uncorked their own fiery spirits and they exchanged stories of the wrongs they suffered. They banded the reputations about of the highest families and told what they knew of the scandals that found no other publication.

If they grew boisterous and reckless, had they not waited on white orgies? If they drank too much, had they not carried to bed many a master—and mistress—too stupefied to do anything but strike and curse the faithful slave that tried to save the family name? And what pay did they get?

"They's white folks in 'is town 'at has too much and brack folks as has too little," groaned Mrs. Lynch's wench "Cuba," and Carpenter's "Ticklepitcher" whined:

"My old missy so mean to me dis mawn' I just couldn't seem to please her nohow. I come might' near cuttin' her old fat th'out for her."

CURACAO DICK broke in:

"My massa make so much trouble about me not keepin' de house warm dat I 'bout raidy to burn it down and th'ow him into it."

The Spanish Indian "Wan" or "Juan" snarled:

"I like-a burn de whole damn town down."

Another Spanish negro, Pable, spoke with a flare of willingness:

"Cut all de white hearts out and I'll drink dey blood to dey health."

Mr. Ellison's Jamaica restored the note to its proper frivolity by waving his old violin in air and shouting:

"And me I plays de fiddle whilst you cook de whites!"

This met with a whoop of approval. Mrs. Van Borsum's Scipio and Benson's Mars and Kelley's London all rose at once and shouted:

"Come on evvabody, we go out and set de town on fiah!"

There was a deafening clatter of mugs on tables at this. But Pemberton's Quamino howled:

"Hit's pretty damn cold for dat. Where at we all go when de houses all burn? We better wait till summer come."

This brought a big laugh, and they decided to postpone the destruction for more comfortable weather. Meanwhile, they called the roll and all the guests agreed to do their shares in the judgment day. Each promised to send his master's house up in smoke, except Tom Peal's Bastian, who shook his head.

"I got too nice a house. I keep it for to live in maself when we all is free."

BUT unchecked freedom was still beyond their vision. Somebody must always be master, and it pleased Cowley's Cato to say:

"How we gwine divide de government when we git it?"

In deference to the tavern keeper who stood laughing by, filling the glasses as they were drained, Kip's Harry said:

"I elect Mr. Hughson for king."

Latham's Fortune went one better:

"And Miz Hughson for queen!"

Vanderspiegel's Brash shouted:

"And Miss Hughson for second helpin' as queen."

Tiebout's Venture piped up:

"And who is Peggy goin' to be?"

Bayard's Phaeton was ready with a solution:

"We make Caesar general of de army and Peggy'll be Mrs. General."

This was the most popular proposal of all, for Caesar was the host, Caesar provided the liquor that inspired all this phantom glory.

Next there were plans of war. They cheerily agreed, as amiable children slay their Indians in droves, to a wholesale murder of the tyrants of their households.

Quack, who belonged to Roosevelt the painter, announced that he would burn down his house and cut his master's throat, but he would keep his young mistress for himself.

Debrosse's Primus whooped that he didn't want his mistress: "She too mean and lean."

***F**OLLOW the fortunes of the little white slave girl, Mary, and her sweetheart, Tom, in this thrilling historical story of old New York in the September number of Radio Digest.*

Women Deserve Beauty

(Continued from page 41)

together. Select a rouge that blends well with the powder and lipstick a shade darker for daytime use. In the evening use lipstick the same color as your rouge. And, of course, keep all puffs clean and sanitary."

When making-up, first apply a light base of powder to neck and face. With the rouge puff draw a "V" from a point just under the cheek-bone, widening towards the ears. Blend it naturally into the cheeks, dab a speck on the chin, dust over with powder and your complexion is set for the rest of the day. Lose the bad habit of dabbing powder on your nose every few minutes. In the first place it is poor taste to do this in public and secondly it is unnecessary.

Some faces need special treatments. If you wish to make your face look thinner, start rouging close to the nose and then smile as you draw the puff in a triangle up toward the temple. A dab of rouge on a double chin will cast a shadow that minimizes, and a speck on pale ears will give a more youthful look to the face. For thin faces start rouging out on the cheek, under the cheekbone and blend towards the ears.

When rouging the lips always follow the contour of the mouth. To make a large mouth look smaller, first apply liquid rouge with a piece of cotton wrapped around an orange stick, following the contour of the lips but not touching the corners. Then lightly blend in the lipstick over this.

Of course, care of the hands and complexion is not enough to create personal beauty. Eyes mean a great deal, posture means just as much, clothes count, hair—you see, there is plenty to keep us busy.

FOR brightening dull eyes Miss Lewis suggests the application of absorbent cotton pads that have been dipped in witch hazel. Use a boracic acid solution with an eye cup every day.

French women, who are famous for their snapping, bright eyes, use an excellent eye tonic made from camomile flowers. Fill tiny cheesecloth bags, which can be made in spare moments and kept on hand, with a teaspoonful of the dried flowers. Steep in boiling hot water a few moments and then when cool apply the bags to the eyes for five minutes.

To carry your clothes well, add poise and symmetry to your appearance and give proper space to all the organs of the body, correct posture is essential.

When we stand correctly it should be possible to draw a straight line from the side center of the head right down to the instep. All general exercises assist greatly after we once have our eyes opened to our errors. With 1930 styles the head must be held high and the chin in, though avoid drawing it in unnaturally, which gives a pouter pigeon effect. Greater erectness from the hips is necessary this year and you'll find it gives a wonderful feeling of relief to the abdominal region. The back should be flat, but not curved inward; knees straight and the weight of the trunk swung forward a little so that the arches of the feet have a chance to sustain the pressure of the bones.

Please try this posture and keep it in mind so that you don't slump back into a look of utter defeat. There is nothing more freeing for the entire spirit than correct posture for it gives every muscle of the body, and every organ, a chance to function properly and it relieves your mind of "body consciousness."

HAIR counts! If it is woman's crowning glory when perfect; it is also her crowning disgrace when neglected, allowed to straggle and follow its own very ill bred ways. "Man was born to conquer nature, not to follow it," and woman was born to conquer the wild impulses of her hair. "Brushing went out of fashion with long hair," I've actually heard women say. Helen Lewis told me that brushing went out of fashion when the modern rush and bustle came along to make us neglect a lot of important though tiresome things.

There is no short cut to hair beauty. You must take time, every day at whatever hour suits you best to brush and brush and brush. In one of the drawers of your toilette table which is always kept clean and free from dust, keep a good, stiff-bristled hair brush. Wash it frequently. When you have ten minutes to spare, slip into a kimono, sit down before your mirror and begin brushing through your hair; up and down and all over, but gently to avoid breaking hairs. Sing while you're doing it so the time will pass quickly.

Hair should be washed whenever it is dirty. Every fortnight is a good rule for the woman who lives away from the smoke and grime of big cities. Once a week for the rest of us. If you find it dries your hair, apply olive oil with a medicine dropper the night before your shampoo, and massage your head thoroughly. Use a pure shampoo with an oil base. Be sure to get the last drop of soap from your hair. Rub it briskly with a towel until dry—unless you are fortunate enough to have a sunny back porch or garden where you can let the sun do its miraculous work.

If your hair refuses to fall nicely into place, have it thinned out by an expert barber. If you are not sure of the style that best becomes the contour of your face, consult a clever hairdresser. Straight bobbed hair should be clipped every fortnight if you want to look well-groomed. A lightly perfumed tonic, not too oily, should be applied every other night, massaging for about five minutes.

AFTER getting all these things down to routine—and there is no woman alive today who cannot find the necessary time for these simple treatments—it is time to think of clothes.

According to Miss Cornell, the most important thing about dressing is knowing your own style.

Be fashionable, yes, but retain your individuality. Styles are adaptable to all figures, all ages, all sizes.

The first thing every woman must settle about clothes is color. What are "your" colors? When you have decided

this, stick to it through thick and thin, regardless of that "gorgeous red" dress you saw in a shop window the other day but which was never your shade. From simple housedresses to our most elaborate evening clothes we should follow our own color charts. Colors that enhance the value of your hair and eyes naturally add to your beauty. Colors that detract—well, we won't even consider them.

To the well-dressed woman good taste is more important than money; the combination of little money and much taste gives far better effects than much money and little taste. To be well dressed, Miss Cornell told me, a woman must simply produce an impression of harmony; absolute harmony with one's individuality and surroundings.

To get the full value from your clothes, especially today, your figure must be supple and graceful, giving an impression of youthful flexibility. Such grace and fluidity one cannot counterfeit; one can only create them by toning up muscles and removing superfluous fat. Corseting, alone, will not do the trick. Nineteen-thirty clothes are so soft and clinging that they do not hide bulging hips and spreading waistlines.

HERE, again, enters the question of posture and also exercise and dieting. I have told you how to test your posture and you can get the necessary exercises over the Radio every morning. But, again, it is a matter of perseverance and faith in yourself. As to diet, I can only repeat what Miss Cornell said to me: "Ask your doctor." We all know that to reduce we must avoid fats, sugar and starches; to gain weight we must concentrate on these things. But let your doctor tell you in what proportion they are to be included in your meals.

"It is amazing, but true, that we often see tall, thin women with their hair piled on top of their heads to accentuate their height," Miss Cornell complained. "And then why do dumpy women wear satin clothes rich in highlights that emphasize every rotundity? Florid women have a way of preferring bright rouge and brighter gowns that must make other people think they're color blind.

"Wearing the proper colors to enhance your type of beauty is such a simple matter it seems odd that many women wear the wrong ones. Blonde hair and pale clear skins look best in soft colors and pastel shades. Dark or brunette hair and olive or dark skins usually wear sharply defined colors and vivid shades best."

Beauty is much more than a lovely skin or a mass of copper-colored hair. Unless every item dovetails exactly into the scheme, dark eyes may go for nothing and soft, clear skin be a complete loss. No architect would attempt to build a house with a Gothic pinnacle and Grecian columns; if he did, the result would be ridiculous. So in constructing a type of beauty if you try to combine a Grecian torso with a wild tangle of curls, the result is bad. Evolve your type first, and then harmonize every element with it.

And don't forget to keep smiling or, as Miss Cornell expressed it with music: "Keep your sunny side up."

Problems of beauty and home-making are discussed on the Magazine of the Air broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System every weekday morning. If you need assistance in any of your personal beauty problems, Miss Helen Lewis will be glad to answer your letters if you write to her, care of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Conradt-Eberlin is preparing another article to appear in the September issue of Radio Digest.

Vacation Follies

(Continued from page 23)

Clarence Hayes, the Aunt Jemima Boy in the West, has another fish story. To be correct, it's a fish story told on Clarence. Hayes attempted to cast, and by some trick the reel failed to unwind properly. The fish-hook caught Clarence in the lobe of the right ear. Medical attention wasn't available, so Clarence came home with the hook in his ear.

The obvious comment was forthcoming—"the biggest fish caught this season."

Clarence is a Southern lad who did his first broadcasting in 1920* when he played with a Kansas City dance band. He has been billed through the NBC as "The Voice of the South."

Johnny Toffoli, featured San Francisco NBC accordionist, had an early vacation too. Back on the job, Johnny wore a wide grin. Inquiry revealed that the youthful musician was a benedict. The bride formerly was Aurelia Brovin and the ceremony was celebrated at El Cerrito, Cal., with the mayor of Richmond, Cal., among the guests.

Ted Maxwell and Bernice Berwin, known through the Pacific network as "Jack and Ethyl," always experience difficulty winning a vacation. One of them must be "written out" of the weekly "Let's Get Associated" program which they headline.

Each week, Jack and Ethyl appear together. It's no small problem to present one without the other. It's allowed twice during the year—once for Jack and once for Ethyl. The problem falls to Carlton Morse, author of the Jack and Ethyl episodes. That puts Ted in a class with Wolf. He must take his vacation in jumps.

Bernice plans to join her husband, a San Francisco attorney, in an extended motor trip.

Charles Marshall, leader of the Hill Billy gang, spent his vacation at Emerald Lake, a quiet rendezvous near San Francisco. He chose a resort nearby in event he was needed suddenly at the studios. He was. The vacation lasted three days.

Jennings Pierce, chief announcer, characterized his vacation as: "Well—um—WONDERFUL!" The reason—

Allan Thompson Pierce, a second son born to add gladness in the Pierce household. Jennings Jr., is just more than a year old.

Georgia Simmons, known as "Magnolia" to the Pacific network audience, managed to slip down to Los Angeles for a week-end. But when she demanded reservations for her return journey, the trouble began. Georgia had to be in the studios at 10 o'clock the following morning. "No reservations" said the ticket clerk.

Georgia talked about the possibilities of reaching San Francisco by plane. At last a gleam of recognition appeared in the agent's eye. "Ah, you're on the Radio," he grinned. So Georgia reached San Francisco early the following morning.

Max Dolin, NBC musical director since the inauguration of the Pacific Division, is taking a long, long vacation. "Springtime—early summer—wanderlust," Max smiled. "I've got to be going." And just to insure a real vacation, Max resigned, effective June 1. "New York—and a lot of places," he answered to the query, "Where are you going?"

**Doty Hobart, who writes about the old-timers just getting started in first broadcasting studios in 1920, must have missed Clarence.—Ed.*

Another sportsman is Henry Burbig, the Ceco CBS star. Burbig delights in hunting, fishing and building birdhouses. He has a summer place in Connecticut with a bathing beach to which he loves to invite his friends, and on his dock he has installed a loud speaker so that they can't get away from Radio even while swimming.

Henry M. Neeley, Philco's "Old Stager," is a flower farmer. Once in by-gone years he lived in a houseboat on the unspellable river flowing past Delanco, N. J. This summer the pastime is still floriculture, I think, but the dashing Old Stager is apt to change fads instanter.

Norman Brokenshire, CBS master of umptymonies, will spend any possible vacation by attending every 70-degree cool talkie theater in New York City. Norm also goes in for gadgets and inventing, having been a draftsman not so many years ago. In fact, he was about to buy, as this went to press, a little machine shop on East 52nd Street, New York, in which to work out several inventions he had started in a corner of his apartment.

Evangeline Adams, CBS 65-year-old astrologer, is spending her leisure moments collecting battered up chairs and primitive spinning wheels in the remote villages of the mountainous districts about New York, John Barclay, CBS and Philco soloist, will continue to spend the summer with his social register friends at cocktail parties, golf country clubs, dances and society musicales.

A simpler sort of life is the plan of Henry Schope and Judson House, NBC tenors, who have inveigled Walter Preston, bass, to join them in periodic golf and tennis matches—object: to reduce three somewhat corpulent figures. The three heavyweights are also fond of swimming.

Simpler still is the leisure life of the Crockett Family, CBS hill billy singers. Elemental in their pleasures, they admit that when no one is looking, they sometimes rent a hay wagon, and, far from the roaring racket of city motors, ride tranquilly through the woods, eat their corn pone out of a basket lunch, and fiddle happily to the stars. NBC's Pickard Family, too, can stand the city strain just so long. Then they take an excursion back home to the Tennessee mountains, where corn has other uses than becoming roastin' ears and folks are folks. There they visit and rebuild their morale.

On the CBS announcing staff, the very sophisticated and elegant Ted Husling, national sartorial example, has been, as you would suspect, spending his days off this summer hunting for peculiar and striking vestments, matching cravats with waistcoats, and searching for the proper spots for his gloves. If he'd had more time, Ted probably would have steamed over to Bond Street, London, to shop and shock the Prince of Wales' tailors and haberdashers. David Ross, the other famous CBS introducer, has put much of this summer into banging tennis balls around when not engaged in writing or reading poetry, or hunting for second-hand book bargains.

FLYING—often as a passenger of Clarence Chamberlain—has been filling in the spare time between Davey hours and rehearsals for Chandler Goldthwaite, musical director and organist. In fact, he even sold the idea of aviation to Margaret Olsen and James Stanley, of the same hour, and planned a cross-country flight for the foursome to Stanley's summer home in the Adirondacks. Stanley, by the way, is a great woodsman. Woodcraft, canoeing and hiking are his chief delights.

Andy Sanella, musical director of the Empire Builders, steel guitar and sax soloist, is another aviator. Andy flies his own plane and thus has been spending his minutes off. Bob MacGimsey, three-part whistler of the same program, went back to Lake Providence, La., this summer to help supervise the picking of the cotton crop on a large plantation of which he is part owner. But Empire Builder Harvey Hayes, the "Old Pioneer," is spending the warm months in a Broadway production, and has little chance for recreation or rest.

Will Rogers, another aviation booster who always uses this means of transportation, has been kept pretty busy this summer but has managed to work in some polo games. When not busy or playing polo on his Beverly Hills, Calif., estate, Will scowls, frowns and counts on his fingers what it costs to keep a string of polo ponies.

Frank Luther, Chase and Sanborn quartet second tenor, has been spending his summer horseback too, but not in polo games. Luther has been seen mostly on the bridle paths of Westchester County. Horses are good friends of Luther who, ordained a Disciples minister, was brought up on the Western plains around the camp fires of the cowboys. He insists that is all the vacation he will take as he has no use for mosquitoes or city children in the country.

PAUL TREMAINE, young CBS orchestra leader, has already spent his vacation period in Colorado collecting cowboy songs and getting acquainted with horses once more. Previous to his rest he hadn't been on a horse for five years, so the Columbia System gave him a new soft seat cushion when he returned.

Of all the horsemen, NBC or CBS, Guy Lombardo, however, seems to be the most practical minded. Guy admits, without shame, that every possible spare moment he has is spent riding a nightmare. Pulling a card from his card-case he said, "I'll show you how I spend my vacations, such as I have." And there, printed on the card, is a quotation from "Don Quixote" reading, "God bless the man who invented sleep!"

Two more network batoneers who have similar tastes are Fred Rich and Hugo Mariani. Both are strong for prize fights. Rich also likes to meet and talk with the cauliflowers. Golf is his favorite exercise while tennis holds the favor of Mariani. Harold Sanford, a third conductor, of whom there is no "whomer" when it comes to Victor Herbert's works, goes in for walks in Central Park, New York, and climbing mountains when he can get that far away from the big city.

The stick wavers still have the floor. Frank Black, who got into the business because years ago at a hotel where he was vacationing there was a vacancy in the orchestra, is spending his off time at the wheel of a large, new custom-built car, reliably reported by eye-witnesses to be a block long. Like Black, Mayhew Lake, whose military band is more or less new on CBS, has a custom-built job twenty feet long with a wheel base of 146 inches. Besides tinkering and motoring, hunting and fishing allure him to the open spaces.

NAT AND Jack Shilkret, and Joseph Pasternack have been pounding the golf balls furiously this summer. In addition, the latter has been doing a bit of Giant rooting while the former has been observed to take several five and six mile swims along the shores of Long Island.

What's that you said, Mr. Editor? I have to finish up? Why, I haven't told

a thing about how the Chicago NBC and CBS stars are spending their two weeks, if any. All right, I'll make it snappy. Here it is:

Joe Koestner bought a brand new golf suit, set of matched clubs, a dozen balls and a book of rules, but hasn't had time to use them. Harry Kogen, a brother NBC musical director, took a long drive around the country. John Wolfe, Farm-Home hour star, joined forces with Gordon Vandover (the Harry of the Tom, Dick and Harry vocal trio) in a fishing expedition to a point north of Baraboo, Wis. After looking over the minnows Wolfe and Vandover shipped back, Sen Kaney, prominent Chicago NBC announcer, held a conference with himself and decided to postpone his vacation till next winter, when he plans to set out for Sarasota, Fla., to do tarpon fishing. Tom Breen, Jr., young but handsome NBC announcer, took his spare moments to the airports where he added a number of hours to his solo total. And—I almost forgot—Al Cameron, of the Al and Pete (Bontsema) duo known also over CBS as Shave and Smile, won't be playing any more sand lot baseball this summer. Al got playful in May and, seeing the boys playing scrub in the park, joined in long enough to slip going around third and wrench a leg. Pete has since induced Al to go back to checkers.

Yes sir, all of the announcers, production directors, accompanists, hostesses, continuity writers, engineers and operators have had or will get the usual two weeks' vacation, and all were unanimous in their declaration that they would search for spots where Radio sets have never been seen nor heard.

But those who have returned didn't find those spots, nor will those still waiting to go. You can't get to Tibet in two weeks, anyhow.

Jack Shannon Goes Talkie

(Continued from page 51)

"I'll never forget the night when Rogers left the show to go into pictures. During the finale, actors, stage hands and all rushed on to the stage, and together with the audience, which also caught the spirit, joined in a demonstration which has never been equalled in any theatre.

"WILL ROGERS has left indelible impressions with me. His acts, great and small, reveal the true-blooded man that he is. I well remember the time he refused to attend the opening of the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh. He was asked to name his own price, and he received a telegram from the then President of the United States urging him to be there, but with all of this pressure, he said he had to refuse. His reason—he had a polo game scheduled with his three kids at his place on Long Island for the next afternoon."

Jack Shannon can spend hours talking about this renowned comedian. His study is decorated with souvenirs of Will Rogers—and the wallpaper has the Will Rogers motif.

"I must here say a word about my genial manager, Henry Walker," said Jack Shannon, concluding the interview, "whose cheery laugh is like a sunbeam in a garden. His memory is infallible inasmuch as he has never yet overlooked the little detail of extracting his commission before mailing me a check."

And back again to Will Rogers, "Our paths may be racing criss-cross over Radio waves, but I have a feeling that they will meet some day."

And when Jack Shannon is not busy producing acts over the Radio, he spends his time carrying home blue ribbons

from dog shows for his Boston terriers, the "darlingest things" when they are at a distance from one's sheer hosiery.

Will Rogers Begins Career

(Continued from page 16)

Before he died, Clem Rogers felt that his son had more than repaid all the trouble he had caused in his early youth. In fact he said that he had seen every ambition of his life realized save one; he had always hoped sometime to be chosen chief of the Cherokees. He had served as a member of the Cherokee Indian legislature during several terms in territorial days. Later he was a member of the white man's convention that wrote the constitution of the present state of Oklahoma. His county was named for him. He stood high in the councils of that tribe of intellectual red men which had already given several famous mixed bloods to the nation, including former U. S. Senator Robert L. Owen. He was well informed, a shrewd trader, and a good manager; energetic, progressive, a ranchman with hundreds of acres in fee and a substantial stockholder in the First National Bank. But he died regretting only that he was ineligible to the office of the Cherokee tribal chief for the simple reason that he was not a full blood.

A jest has always been appreciated in Claremore—there is serious belief there that the spirit of the town gave Will Rogers his start. The name of the town is rather a grim jest. It is after Chief Claremore of the Osages, though it is in Cherokee territory. Chief Claremore died there when the Cherokees under Too-An-Tuh gained a smashing victory in the spring of 1818—and later the whites named the town after the loser. Or maybe it would have been funnier to have named it after the winner!

HOMER DENNY, the assistant treasurer of Rogers county and the largest man in the county, says that Will Rogers tells the story of "the first calaboose ever built and the first prisoner put in it."

"This man's name was Bud Weyburn and he was incarcerated for killing Widow Kreighton's gander goose," Homer says, and adds,

"Bud pleaded self-defense and was liberated on his own evidence."

It isn't history, or at least it isn't worth remembering unless it is enriched with a bit of laughter, Claremore agrees. Then, all the clouds have silver linings "and some lined in and out the same way."

Back in 1905 Will barnstormed the middle-west with a special train of Tulsa boosters and L. M. Nichols, now an Oklahoma newspaper editor, recalls that trip vividly.

"Bill Rogers (it was always Bill then, never Will) was the feature of the trip," Nichols says, and he points with pride to a paragraph in the old Tulsa Democrat in which he said that on March 15, 1905:

"The feature of the trip is Bill Rogers' fancy rope juggling. Mr. Rogers is an adept, and his exhibition shows he is skilled beyond his reputation. He is the center of attraction and when dressed in his cowboy outfit creates a sensation. He gives an exhibition at every stop."

Rogers was even then in the managerial class, for Nichols recalled that at one point he left the train to hasten to New York City where he was presenting a rodeo in Madison Square Garden.

Rejoining the train at Indianapolis on March 20 Rogers put on another exhibition, and Nichols in describing it added this significant sentence:

"Rogers is reputed to be one of the

wealthiest men in Indian Territory."

This was long before the comedian vaulted into the big money class of performers. It is evident that since the turn of the century the Rogers fortune must have assumed proportions.

With the circus, the traveling rodeos and the Tulsa special train Rogers had covered most of the world before the war. Thousands will be scratching their heads now to recall one of these visits to their city, so they can say they "saw Will Rogers when . . ."

Read another chapter in the interesting career of this extraordinary man, who has now become a Radio favorite. See the September Radio Digest.

Judith Waller of WMAQ

(Continued from page 57)

was Sophie Braslau, the operatic singer.

"All our first programs were musical, but before very long I got into the practice of having theatrical people go on for us. We had one hour a day in which to broadcast, at first seven to eight in the evening. In October of 1922 I added another hour, changing the broadcasting session from 7 to 8 in the evening and again for 9:30 to 10:30. I laugh when I recall those naive days! How hard I worked! In these days when artists are tumbling over themselves for a chance to get on the air it is a very different matter from having to go out and find them and beg them, sometimes, to come in, with dire threats of what would happen if they were late. I had to go out and knock at private office doors, ring door bells. And then I had to put my proposition up to them which, in brief, was this:

"Will you come and give us a little private performance for nothing? Of course, you'll get some publicity out of it."

Well, the craving for the publicity of the average theatrical and operatic person is well known and in the case of the early days of Radio it was no different. Miss Waller got 'em! How she got 'em! Soloists, singers, choral clubs, pianists, violinists, actors. Glance at a hit-and-miss listing of a few of the early broadcasters from Judith Waller's one-man station:

Ed Wynn, Carl Sandburg, Roger Babson, Julian Street, Ernest Truex, Louise Groody, Ben Hecht, Fritz Leiber, George Arliss, Ralph Morgan, Mary Garden, Rimini, Raisa, John Charles Thomas. They were all grist for Miss Waller's microphone.

The first quarters of the WGU (changed to WMAQ in May, 1923) were in the Fair store. They were moved in 1923 to the La Salle Hotel. Here they remained until the recent completion of that towering Daily News building on the banks of the placid-flowing Chicago River, to which the Radio studio was moved.

Radio was getting under way as a national activity. The popularity of WMAQ was on the increase. The work attendant upon running a station (which included everything there was to be done) was too much for one small lady. And so she commenced to expand her staff. An announcer first, then an assistant; a secretary. An orchestra—the Whitney Trio, organized by Robert Whitney, eight years ago—is still in the service of the station.

Two things Miss Waller has stressed from the first in the programs she has prepared: Good music, as opposed to jazz, which was taking up most of the time of Chicago's other station in 1922, and the educational aspect of Radio. It

was she who inaugurated the Daily Educational Broadcasts which have since become a part of the Middle West's school programs.

Miss Waller is a Chicagoan. She finished off her education after high school by a trip abroad.

"But my real education," she will explain to you, "began when I became a Radio person—a pioneer in the broadcasting game."

N. Y. Negroes' Opinions

(Continued from page 12)

know. We can only judge by his voice. It must be a good program. Everybody I know seems to like it, but it just don't interest me, that's all."

* * *

John Jones, taxi driver, 49 East 128th Street: "Amos 'n' Andy are to be congratulated on being able to put on such a fine program every night. I do not think it is as good now as it was, but I think I can explain that. They hit a high spot with the introduction of Susie and the threatened breach of promise suit. Anything which followed that would naturally be anti-climactic. But as a graduate of the DeWitt Clinton School, I marvel at their ability to find interesting material. My favorite programs are the talks on current events by Mr. Kaltenborn over WABC and any serious discussions of political or economic nature. I do not think any of us feel that Amos 'n' Andy are caricatures of our race. Sometimes a fare will ask me if I am driving a "fresh air taxi." It never makes me sore.

* * *

What a Negro Educator Thinks of Amos and Andy

PRINCIPAL Laurence C. Jones of Pineywoods School, near Jackson, Miss., is a colored educator who has won warm commendation from Southerners and Northerners alike. He has this to say about the "boys" of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company:

"In going about the country gathering aid for our school I find that Amos and Andy are liked and looked forward to both by white and colored folks. Down here in the South, all you have to do is go in most any poolroom or little place of business and you will see Amos and Andy in the flesh—mostly Amos."

Principal Laurence—as he is known to the white folks of Mississippi—conducts a country school in the sweet-smelling pineywoods of that state. A pupil and admirer of the late Booker T. Washington, he has set to work and built up a school founded on the sound common-sense principles which the late Dr. Washington advocated, whereby the pupils at his school learn to be good farmers, carpenters, cotton pickers, mechanics, as well as imbibing some book learning.

Incompatible

(Continued from page 51)

And, at that, Amelie's feelings almost reached the surface.

"Do you want a divorce?"—her voice she had to keep taut and hard to keep it under any control at all.

Sid shook his head. And the movement was curiously, passionately emphatic, though so brief.

A change came into Amelie's eyes, but she only stuck to her guns and said, calmly that she wanted no divorce. "There'll never be another man. That isn't it."

"And there'll never be another woman for me—you know that, too."

And by this time he could speak in level, firm tones as well as she. They

were oddly blank, so to speak, those tones of his, throughout the rest of the talk; they betrayed nothing. Now he went on:

"I've been thinking how to arrange your income—" And she must follow that lead.

It was characteristic of Sid that he held no rancor now. There had been resentments in the past, many little resentments. But now, strangely, in this climactic hour of his failure, his feeling of failure somehow was robbed of resentment, leaving only such an abysmal sense of hollow unreality in life that for the time it was like a dreadful anodyne that was going to wear off and leave him, after awhile, the prey to his pain. He told himself she had always in all ways been above him; it was by a lucky fluke he had won her.

SLEEP, for them both, was hard to come by that night. In her room Amelie lay hour after hour with eyes wide open to the dark. She knew that Sid wasn't sleeping, either; from the adjoining room came a repeated sound of striking matches—he was awake and smoking cigarettes. And cigarettes were bad for him. She was sorry he was wakeful and smoking—sorry he was thus evidently upset. But she was a million times more sorry that he hadn't been more upset!

Ah, if Sid had given way to selfishness and fought her plan and clung to his claims on her, that night, everything would have come out and all might have been cleared up forever. But Sid was not only self-deprecating; he was a gentleman—and sometimes this is a great disadvantage with a woman.

Amelie could not get away fast enough after that night. This was the impossible, now. She hurried to a hotel in town the very next day.

When the Fletchers separated it was hard for their friends to grasp the situation. Divorce these gay and strenuous moderns could easily understand, but separation without divorce—this was beyond them. And there seemed no good reason for separation; true the Fletchers differed in many of their tastes yet they had always seemed to get on perfectly well. You never could tell!

And the queerest thing about it was that Sid and Amelie still seemed so friendly! The departure from Fair Haven was not known for what it was till afterwards; but some Fair Haven people had happened to see them at the steamer when Amelie was sailing for Europe, and that was after the news had been well spread about and aired. Sid had come to the steamer to see her off! Why, it seemed almost indecorous! And he had been overhead asking her to write him, and the eavesdroppers were almost sure she said she would!

SID had not intended going to that steamer. Everything had been adjusted between them, all the arrangements for her maintenance, all the plans and decisions vital to the living of their two lives separately. It had been hard, this period of talking over and adjusting; but it was carried out with faultless manners on both sides.

The pride of being each as decorously remote as the other was all that kept them from breaking down the walls between. And, even so, some happy accident, some common moment of the weakness which would have made their strength—this might have saved them. But it did not come.

The nearest to giving way to his real feelings that Sid had come had been on the day she left their home. He had come home early, not knowing she was determined to leave that day but mis-

trusting that she might. He had found her trunks downstairs, but Amelie was going about taking a mute farewell of her home; and from a distance he had watched her before she knew he was there.

She had moved about, gazing at this object and that, as if striving to fix them indelibly upon her memory. She went from room to room; she lingered in the room which once, long and long ago, had been intended for a nursery. Then she went to the garage, and called the dogs, and stroked and caressed them.

Then she walked slowly about the grounds, looking at the groupings of shrubs and flowers she herself had devised. When she came back to the terrace she stood staring out over the vista of Sound, and green woods beyond, which she particularly loved. She moved broodingly back to the house, but when she saw him regarding her from a window she smiled—as if the world were not cracking beneath them, their world!

The chauffeur was swinging the car into the driveway. Sid came out. The chauffeur piled in the bags. The chance for that needed overflow of real feelings in this midst of all this play-acting, was gone.

WHEN she had been abroad about a month he received a letter. She had promised to write. But it told him little beyond sundry enumerated items of her activities. Of her thoughts, her feelings, her satisfaction or dissatisfaction with her new life, it told nothing. He replied immediately, not forbearing to question her about these things. But this letter she did not answer, nor the second letter he wrote. After that, excepting through the legal intermediary who handled the business end of their affairs, he heard nothing from her—nor she from him—for nearly two years.

Nearly two years had gone by when Amelie, recently returned to America, chanced to run across Charlie Hamblin, of the old Fair Haven "crowd," on the street in New York. And after greetings, without any show of constraint she asked after Sid.

"How's Sid?" she asked. Just like that—quite naturally: "How's Sid?"

Hamblin looked at her curiously—he, like others, had never grasped the true "ins" of that Fletcher smash-up.

"Haven't you heard from Sid lately?" he questioned back.

"No, not directly, not for a long time."

"Well, the fact of the matter is," said Hamblin, "that Sid's working too hard."

"Sid always did work too hard," commented Amelie. "Sid's that kind—he works hard and he plays hard."

"He's not doing much playing now," said Hamblin, rather grimly. "He's doing the work of about six men—trying to pull through. I admire conscientiousness as much as anybody, but Sid's too darn conscientious!"

"Trying to pull through?" she repeated, for that phrase struck her ear, sudden and unexpected and ominous.

Then Hamblin tried to catch himself up: "See here, if Sid hasn't told you, it's not for me to—"

"No, tell me," she insisted. "Tell me, Charlie—what is he trying to pull through?"

"WELL," he told her reluctantly, "you see business has sort of gone on the rocks. And Sid's company's had pretty hard sledding, I guess. And you know Sid, hell-bent—excuse me, but that's the only word for it—hell-bent to do the square thing by everybody. He'd do it, too, if it's possible—he's the squarrest, the gamest, and the finest fellow I ever knew."

"Yes, I know," said Amelie.

"But he's trying to do the impossible. He'll succeed only in killing himself if he doesn't watch out. Gone down about twenty pounds these last six months."

"Oh," turning white and faltering, "I never had an inkling—"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have—"

"No, thank you for telling me, Charlie."

Going back to her hotel, her thoughts and emotions were in a turmoil. Sid was having "hard sledding"—had been having "hard sledding" for months—and all this time he had never let on to her.

She thought of the more than generous allowance he had insisted on her taking. Sid had always been generous, but there had been no need of her taking so much—especially after she'd left him! She had been ignoble to accept it in the first place! And now, when he was up against hard times—and toiling "like six men" to avert disaster—still saying nothing to her, shielding her from unpleasantness, trying to seal her in a niche of pleasantness. Oh, he was generous—splendidly if foolishly generous.

She had never appreciated the magnanimous heights of his generosity. Even Charlie Hamblin appreciated him more than she did—even Charlie Hamblin whom she'd always despised as a wastrel and a profligate. Even Charlie Hamblin appreciated him, proclaimed him the "squarrest and gamest and finest" fellow he ever knew.

And the thing that moved her most, just then, was that Sid in his genuine humility, would repudiate these virtues. Sid who was slaving "like six men"—who had lost twenty pounds. And who had never let her know.

SHE wanted to see him. To tell him that she knew. She would return some of those bonds he'd insisted on her taking—she'd make him take them back. She resisted an impulse to go straight to his office; she wanted to see him, oh dreadfully—to see him—to see if he looked as terribly thin and worn, with those twenty pounds gone, as he must look.

But she wanted to see him most just because she hungered to. A hunger that had been there since first she left him, denied at first, then admitted as a childish inconsistent whim, and then gnawing her to madness. A gnawing hunger unappeased for two years.

For she had succeeded in finding no rest during those two years. Although she had hoped that, after the agonizing wrench of parting, she might somehow fabricate herself a kind of calm—if not actual happiness—a kind of calm and unruffled contentment, at least.

Love had failed her—had brought only strife and torment. So she had resolutely buried Love. And sought to find a surer and more lasting happiness seeking it in bright, beautiful places and in new congenial companionship. She had looked up a beloved girlhood friend out of her school days and it was in this most stimulating companionship she had gone to Europe. So had never had loneliness for an excuse. Together they had visited Paris, Spain, Florence—thanks to Sid's liberality she never had to stint herself in her travels.

They had reveled in beauty and the poetry of old, forgotten far-off things—at least Amelie had seen them around her, and knew they were fit to be reveled in. Wasn't it enough that she should spend her days enmeshed in all this gleaming loveliness? Wasn't such beauty, and the absence of all strain and fret strife—wasn't this enough?

AT NIGHT, often, lying awake, and listening to mute, sad voices which seemed to be singing, lonesomely, in her

heart, she wondered that she was so unappeased. Why? For she had been unhappy with Sid. It was because she couldn't be happy with him—because neither of them could be happy together—that she had chosen to go away while (so she had told herself) she could still take some rainbow fragments of her first dream with her; before everything was sodden in an ignoble prose—so ignoble that the difference between tolerance of each other and downright intolerance seemed fairly unimportant.

She made herself stop thinking of Sid; put him out of her thoughts. You can put a person out of your thoughts; but not out of your heart. Not even, sometimes, when you have watched Love die, and have deliberately buried it.

And with the meeting with Charlie Hamblin her hunger to see her husband became deeper and more compelling than any of the perfectly good and logical reasons for seeing him.

She wanted to see Sid—just because she wanted to see him!

But she downed the impulse to go straight to his office and, instead, called him later from her hotel. And then, instead of hearing Sid's voice—a gratification she didn't know how much she'd been counting on until it was denied her—she heard a stranger's voice say Mr. Fletcher "wasn't in."

"When will he be in?" impatient of the delay.

"Not for several days. He's home sick."

"Oh—is he very ill?"

"I don't think so—he's got a cold, I think."

AMELIE hung up the receiver. All the rest of the day she couldn't settle herself to anything. Finally, that night, she called up the house in Fair Haven and inquired after him. She didn't give her name but learned that, though in no serious condition, he was a very sick man; a trained nurse was coming in the morning.

Next morning Amelie caught the 8:17 to Fair Haven.

When the station taxi jolted into the graveled driveway, the dear familiar scene brought tears to stand in her eyes. An alien housekeeper received her and, regarding her rather dubiously, asked if she were the nurse.

"Yes," said Amelie. Then: "I'm Mrs. Fletcher. I've come to take care of my husband."

The housekeeper still looked dubious, but Amelie brushed past her and mounted the stairs—the stairs of home.

At Sid's door she paused with beating heart, then knocked. His voice bade her enter, and she entered. Oh, he was thin—even as he lay in bed she could see he looked thin. And he did look sick! But the smile, the amazed, unbelieving, irradiating smile which came over his face was worth going far to see.

"Amelie!" he cried. Then: "How did you get here?"

"In a taxi," she answered tenderly, frivolously. She had to be frivolous just then, lest she break down in a way one must not in a sick room.

She came and drew a chair beside him. They clasped hands—he held hers tightly.

"When did you get back?"

"A FEW days ago," she answered. "I called up your office—that's how I heard you were ill. Why I came—here." She had almost said "why I came home."

"I'm glad you called me up. Are you back for good?"

"Yes, I've had enough of Europe—am ready to try my own country again."

"Are you? I was afraid you'd forgot-

ten it and everything in it." Then: "You—might have written me. You promised to write."

"I know."

"Why didn't you?"

Her slight gesture seemed to say untranslatable things.

"It would have made me happier," he pursued.

"No, I thought it would make us happier, give us a better chance for the new life—both of us—the less contact we had with each other."

"Well, are you happy?" he asked, after a pause.

"I want you to get well," said Amelie, with soft irrelevance. Then she went on quickly.

"There was one thing I specially wanted to see you about, Sid—you've been wonderful! My bonds."

"Your bonds?" bewildered and suddenly worried.

"Yes, all those bonds you gave me. You were too generous, Sid—I don't need nearly so much. And, now, that times are so bad and you're having hard sledding—"

"Who told you I'm having hard sledding?" he demanded.

"I ran into Charlie Hamblin, and he let it out."

"I wish Charlie Hamblin'd mind his own business," he mumbled irritably.

"I'M GLAD he told me. For you never would have. Now, Sid, I want you to take part of those bonds back."

"I won't take them back. But you're the dearest, the most generous girl in the world!"

"No, I'm not; not at all—I'm just beginning to realize how ungenerous I am. It's you who are the most generous person in the world! And because you're generous I ask you to do this one thing to please me—to take some of those bonds back."

"Well, we'll talk about it when I feel better," he parried. "I'm a pretty sick man, you know."

"You're a humbug," and her little crooning laugh was very, very kind.

Presently the doctor came, and he allowed Amelie to install herself as nurse. But he insisted that the trained nurse be retained, as well. Later, alone with Amelie, he confided that her husband was seriously ill. It was only a cold, to be sure, but the germ then migrating around was an unusually pernicious one. A tricky, treacherous bug! Did insidious things to the huskiest, to the most rock-bound constitutions.

And though Mr. Fletcher had been blessed with an unusually good constitution, of late he had been abusing it frightfully. Not that his motives weren't admirable, to be sure, but it was criminal, in a way, for a man to overwork himself, to run himself down like that.

"Nothing short of criminal!" reiterated the brusque doctor. "Yet you've got to admire them—these plucky, dogged men who keep on plugging, trying to save a sinking ship because there are others on it, when they themselves are too sick to hold their heads up. Mr. Fletcher should have been in bed days ago. And I've had a few other men like him—no give-up in 'em. I tell you, Mrs. Fletcher, the heroes in this country, these times, are not only the ones who get their names engraved on bronze tablets!"

Amelie listened, thrillingly proud and curiously ashamed, and, at the same time, with a sudden tug of fear at her heart.

"Do you mean Mr. Fletcher's condition—is dangerous?" she faltered.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the doctor, "but he's certainly a sick man—you ought to know it. He needs the best of care in every way."

"He shall have it," she promised fervently.

IT WAS hard for her to give place to the nurse—but she realized that the other's expertness outweighed her own eager devotion. And there were many little ministrations, unostentatious services yet with their own value, which she could perform.

She could keep the exterior domestic machinery running smoothly, so that no confusion ever penetrated to disturb the quiet sickroom—could act as a buffer between all exterior problems, worries and that room's peace; it surprised her how busy she could thus keep herself, and it made her feel, thankfully, that her presence was of some real use.

And she could personally prepare extra dainties, such as were allowed for Sid's tray—lovingly she arranged those trays, making them attractive, never forgetting the single flower in its slender crystal holder and it touched her, Sid's touched pleasure, every time, at this being the work of her hands.

Then there were prized intervals when the white-uniformed despot let her take brief charge of the sickroom, and she would administer his medicine, eyes punctiliously following the clock, would shake up his pillows, sponge his face and hands, finding a strange sweetness and comfort in making him comfortable. And, sometimes, she would just sit beside him, letting him hold her cool hand in his hot ones.

One such time, when they were alone, after a long silence, Sid said:

"Amelie, are you going to leave me again—after I get well?"

"Do you want me, Sid, even if we fear things will go wrong between us again? We don't understand each other very well somehow, sometimes, dear."

"NO MATTER," and Sid's voice choked on it. "If we two, together, have got to misunderstand, then we've got to. But if we're together, my girl, it can't be so bad. If you'll stay with me now, I'll never misunderstand as badly as I must have when you came back from Aunt Hattie's."

She bowed her face against his. She somehow understood him too well, now, even to think of asking about the mystery of those letters. That was nothing, anyway—suddenly and curiously revealed itself as nothing—when you found the deep heart of Life as he was doing, now.

"You and I, Sid—you and I—I can't understand why, but somehow—you and I—" She was weeping.

"You and I," he murmured. "There seems a lot we can't hope to understand, but we can understand that much—you and I. For better or for worse—even if it's mostly worse—you and I. But it won't be 'worse' again."

They talked on a little, with silences in between that were fuller of meaning than any talk could be; but finally came out the roots, the little weak roots, of their great trouble.

"I was so miserably *jealous*," said Amelie. "Not of anybody, but of your interest in everybody. And we'd got where we—where you didn't make up with me as you used to do; even when we did make up."

"I thought you'd got bored—were sick of me," from Sid; and at the same time she was saying:

"And finally I couldn't bear it any longer—I had to go."

HE TRIED to grasp the tangle: "The main reason, I think, I hung on to things I thought you despised was that I thought you despised me a little, too. I wanted to sort of 'show' you. Wanted

not to show how much I cared. For I thought the best you could do was to keep on *trying* to love me. Because you looked down on me."

"Look down on you!" Her arms were around him, her head bowed against his cheek. Then, presently: "Oh, why did we have to be so blind—*why* were we so blind?"

Then it was Sid who made, who voiced, the solemn discovery.

"It was a lack of trust," he said soberly. "We had love, but because we didn't trust each other's love, that only made things go worse with us. Different tastes—they don't matter; but they helped ball us up when I got to doubting your love and you. Oh, Amelie, how could you help knowing I couldn't help loving you!"

She clung to him; and comprehension, true communion, came to them at last. And out of that deep and throbbing joy they began to plan the new life which would begin for them when Sid got well.

But Sid did not get well. The insidious and tricky microbe which, with hurried stealth, did for so many thousands of human lives that autumn, did for Sid Fletcher on the fifth day after Amelie's return. At the end he was clear-headed, and looked at Amelie, whose hand he was tightly holding, with clear bright eyes.

"Thank you for coming back. That—you coming back, and understanding at last—will make whatever place I go to seem like heaven."

"Oh Sid," trying to control her sobs, "you *can't* go. You must stay with me—you're going to get well."

"I am well. I've been well since that day—you said you'd stay."

Amelie started to speak again, to protest and beseech, but the nurse gave a warning sign. Sid's head fell back on the pillow, his eyes closed, but he still clung to her hand.

Presently, he murmured faintly: "You and I—always you and I—"

The whisper died away. Then the nurse came and gently disengaged Amelie's hand.

Amelie stayed in Fair Haven. Fair Haven thought that was strange; it had concluded that dislike of the place had counted in her break with Sid.

But Amelie wanted to stay in her home; and Fair Haven—hadn't Sid loved Fair Haven? She wanted to live close to her memories—the bitter ones made up for by the sweet; and dreams—dreams out of youth and out of that one brief, deeper oneness at the last—seemed still to float invisibly in the air. Dreams she had dreamed here with Sid and which, though never fulfilled, seemed, in her thought of them, here where they had been dreamed with Sid, to bring him somehow close.

THE END

Chic Sale

(Continued from page 9)

come right down and got to stomping around the Weekly Broadcast office.

MAW: What's old man Dancy's stomping got to do with it?

WHEEL: That's it—he broke his leg.

MA: Oh, Pa! You don't mean it!

WHEEL: Yes, sir . . . stomped on a board with a knothole in it and went kersmack right through the floor!

MA: Poor old man Dancy. . . Was it broke bad?

WHEEL: Was it broke bad? Just completely splintered. And to make matters worse, there he was stuck in there tighter'n a fence post . . . wedged in tight as a drum.

MAW: Heavens, Pa. . . His broken leg caught in the floor!

WHEEL: That was the situation that faced me. I knew that the main thing was to be cool and calm. So I walks slow like all around him, takin' the situation in from every angle. Finally I sez, "Mr. Dancy, does she hurt you?" By that time he was sputterin' and carryin' on so he couldn't even answer. Then I looks at the floor. She was a new one . . . hard pine . . . gummy and tough. Mighty, mighty hard on a saw. Next I takes out my watch and feels his pulse. . . . And let me tell you, Emmy, she was pumpin' away like a Ford pullin' a hill.

MA: Wheel Wilkins. . .

WHEEL: "Just keep calm, Mr. Dancy," I sez. "You're in trouble, you're caught. The main thing to do is git you out. He didn't answer, so I picks up my saw and felt the teeth. It had just been sharpened. Then I started in sawin' a little jerky at first until I got her goin' good. Well, sir, I was sawin' along great when all at once I struck somethin' that sent the cold shivers up my back that I'll remember till my next dying day.

MA: Did you hit a nail in the floor?

WHEEL: Nail in the floor? What I hit was in his leg. Yes, sir, Emmy, I was cuttin' his leg off and didn't know it.

MAW: Pa! This is terrible!

WHEEL: Yes, sir his leg was wedged in there, and there wasn't nothing else to do. But when I realized what I was doin', I almost give up. . . . I looked at the raw. . . . Three teeth broken. . . . My new handsaw. . . . I sez, "Mr. Dancy, this is terrible." . . . He just groaned. . . . There wasn't anything else to do but finish, so I started in again and kept right on sawin'.

MA, you didn't . . . cut off his leg!

WHEEL: Oh, yes I did. Only, doggone him, he didn't say anything about the iron rod runnin' right up through the wood like a artificial bone.

MAW: Why didn't you say it was his artificial leg?

WHEEL: Oh, I thought everybody knowed that. . . . But that ain't the worst. In cuttin' through that iron rod I dang near ruin my best handsaw. Then, jest the minnit old man Dancy was sawed free, he made a grab for Lon Biggs.

MA: He did?

WHEEL: Yes, sir, but Lon ducked out the door, old man Dancy after him. . . . And down the street the two of 'em went, lickety split. . . . Old man Dancy a-gainin' every jump.

MA: You know you are making that up, Wheel Wilkins. Old man Dancy couldn't run with his leg sawed off.

WHEEL: Oh, yes he could, Emmy. You know that high curbing that goes along there past the Broadcast office. . . . Well, he hobbled out there, got his sawed-off leg on the curb and his long leg in the gutter. He was off. . . . Big step with the long leg and short step with the sawed-off leg. Sparks a-flyin' as that iron rod would hit the curb. . . . Click-a-de-click, click-a-de-click. Kind of jerky, but he was gainin' on Lon every click until he reached the end of the block. Well, sir, the curbing give out there so old man Dancy had to stop. Lon got away.

MAW: I wish he had caught him . . . that old Lon Biggs.

WHEEL: Now, Emmy, don't be too hard on Lon. . . . He's in trouble enough. Old man Dancy crossed over and come walkin' up the other side of the street. Had to do that so his short leg would match up with the curbing. When he got back the crowd met him. He was redder than a beet, . . . puffin' like a steam engine, and yellin', "I'll sue him, I'll sue him. . . ."

MAW: Serves Lon right for the way he runs his newspaper.

ROD: Mrs. Wilkins.

MAW: Yes, Rodney.

ROD: Rosie ain't back yet. Maybe I'd better go find her.

WHEEL: I'll go, Emmy.

MA: Wheel Wilkins, you stay right here in the Liberty Bell Filling Station. You'll get up there and meet Lon Biggs and . . .

LO: Talking about me, Mrs. Wilkins?

MAW: Lon Biggs.

WHEEL: Hi, Lon. . . . Come in! Gittin' right spry in your old age, ain't you? Outrun a one-legged man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

LO: That's what I wanted to see you about, Wheel.

WHEEL: Well, Lon, cut your dog loose. What's on your mind?

LO: Wheel, I think I can patch it up with old man Dancy if you'll help me.

WHEEL: I don't think anybody can help you out. He'll sue you quicker than a hound dog snaps at a biscuit.

LO: Well, he's up talking to a lawyer now. I sold him his accident insurance policy that gives him \$300 for a broken leg. I guess he'll collect that.

WHEEL: What're you driving at, Lon?

LO: I'll pay his doctor bill. If I do that the insurance company can't sue me, because I can show I done all I could for the patient.

WHEEL: Well, where do I come in?

LO: That's just what I want to ask you. What are your charges?

WHEEL: Well, let me see . . . fifty dollars.

LO: Fifty dollars? That's robbery.

WHEEL: You charged me that much for advertising in your paper, didn't you? All right. . . . My bill's fifty dollars.

LO: I don't see how you figger it?

WHEEL: I'll itemize her fer you. . . . To sawing off one wooden leg \$5.00.—To ruinin' one good handsaw \$5.00.—To hushing up crowd and quieting patient \$10.00.—Let's see now, that makes \$20.00.—To being on hand and knowing how \$30.00.—Total \$50.00. There you are, Lon.

LO: Well, Wheel, I guess we're even. I'll jest give you back the same \$50 you paid me last week.

WHEEL: Now, that's the spirit, Lon. And to show you my heart's in the right place I'll tell you what I'll do. . . . I'll fix your floor for nothing.

LO: Great. . . .

WHEEL: And when I git through with her you won't need to worry about any more accidents like that. Because I'll use all clean timber . . . no knotholes.

LO: She's settled, Wheel. We're friends again. I'll buy the drinks.

WHEEL: What color you want—red, brown or white?

LO: Sarsaparilla.

WHEEL: Let's see . . . sarsaparilla . . . that's brown. Here you are, right next to the ice. . . . I'm takin' red . . . that's strawberry. She's cold, too. You know, Lon, this new soft drink department pays quite a profit.

Pop! Ziss! went the bottles. The two old-timers gurgled the contents without aid of straws.

LO: What's the news?

WHEEL: A fellow was here today from Germany, made a trip in that Graf Zeppelin.

LO: What'd he say, Wheel? I'll put it in the paper.

WHEEL: He was sittin' right there in that chair you're sittin' in. . . . Drinkin' lcomon sody. Talkin' as natural same

as if it'd been you. I sez to him, "Of course, I never did any Zeppelin travelin' and I expect there's things fer it and things again it same as there is in any other travelin'. Fer as I can see, a Zeppelin isn't anything more than a big balloon with a steerin' gear. With a balloon you'd get in. . . . There'd be no use askin' when you'd be back. Maybe you'd hear from him agin and maybe you wouldn't. I sez, "How does she go up and land?" He sez, "She takes off and lands just like a bird." I sez, "Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that." You see, by that time we was pretty friendly and I sez, "Lights like a bird?" And he sez, "Yes." "Well," I sez, "did you ever try lightenin' her on a bob-wired fence?" Course he could see I was jokin' and just laughed. But he did tell me about his trip. He sez you get on same's boardin' a bus, and when they're all in, they blow a whistle and as big as she is they ease 'er out of that shed like a hot dog slidin' out of a bun. And up she goes as easy as smoke out of a chimney. And he sez it won't be long before we're all travelin' like that. "Well," I sez, "it's all right, but it's goin' to be mighty hard on the farmers. Take right now, our crops are two weeks late on account of our hired hands watchin' airplanes. . . . And when a Zeppelin goes over they're liable to quit altogether."

LO: That's right, Wheel; it'd be better for the country if they stuck to autos.

WHEEL: Better and safer. You take a auto. If you git a puncture, all right. Git out and put on one of the spare tires. But say your Zeppelin gits punctured. Where are you? You ain't got a spare Zeppelin, have you? A Zeppelin with two spares tied on the end would look like flyin' link sausage.

ROSIE: Pa . . . Pa . . . (She's out of breath and panting.)

WHEEL: What's the matter, Rosie?

ROSIE: I run all the way . . . I . . . I'm out of breath.

ROD: If anybody robbed you of that money, Rosie . . . I'll . . . I'll gimmie my monkey wrench, somebody.

ROSIE: Mr. Dancy's on his way down here with a lawyer . . . he's going to sue you for cutting off his leg.

WHEEL: Sue who? . . . Me?

LO: You mean me, Rosie?

ROSIE: No, he's going to sue you, Pa. . . . It's all over town . . . everybody's talking.

WHEEL: Why, dog my hide. . . .

Yonder he comes walking down the curb and a crowd following him! Look, Lon. . . . Got his sawed-off leg on the curb and his long leg in the gutter. . . . The danged old curb runner. . . . I cut off the leg and this is the thanks I git.

LO: Rosie's got it wrong . . . he's suing me, Wheel . . . not you.

Half the town was now crowding into the filling station.

VOICE: There he is . . . that's Wheel Wilkins . . . he cut off my leg.

VOICE: Are you Mr. Wheel Wilkins?

WHEEL: I reckon I am. . . . That's what they call me. . . . State your business.

VOICE: Gibble's my name. . . . I'm representing Mr. Dancy here. . . . You cut off his leg, I believe?

WHEEL: Guess I did. . . . I sawed her off. . . . Ruin my saw.

VOICE: Mr. Dancy's accident policy says he is to get \$300 if his leg is broken accidentally. . . . You, Mr. Wheel Wilkins, came along and sawed it off on purpose. . . . By doing so you have kept him from collecting on his accident policy . . . so he is suing you for the \$300. Here are the papers.

WHEEL: Well, I'll be danged! . . . Dancy, you old curb runner!

"Wheel" Just Grewed

By E. W. Weiss

"BUILDING a new character for a Radio program must be a natural process," said "Chic" Sale in an interview shortly after he had given his premiere Radio program for the Pennzoil Company on Sunday night, May 18.

"You know," said "Chic," "when the idea of adding a new character to my long list of rural friends was presented to me, I just said to myself that he had to come the same way the others did. Naturally, I had to start with the mental picture of someone I had known in my early days in the country. Of course, we didn't have filling stations in those days, but certainly there was a prototype of "Wheel" Wilkins, the genial proprietor of the Liberty Bell Filling Station, somewhere in my store of memories.

"So I made my start on a quaint, kindly inhabitant of my home town, borrowed a little from other characters I had created, blended them together in my mind, and produced "Wheel" Wilkins. Not that it was as easy as all that. I had to invent a dozen new mannerisms, and I had to express them all in a voice; I had to give "Wheel" his own unique way of saying things, a set of homely phrases all his own. Of course, this was a task that I had been specializing in for many years, and it was more or less of a natural thing.

"As he stands right now," concluded "Chic," "Wheel" is a right likeable sort of a chap. I like him. He's shrewd, yet he's kind. He likes his little joke, but I've got a feeling that beneath it all he can be downright serious, too."

"Wheel" Wilkins appears every Sunday night in the Liberty Bell programs in behalf of the Pennzoil Company.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 39)

person he is, for I know the somewhat astounding salary he receives. "Fifteen minutes a day of work," I say to myself, "then all the rest of the time to play and a nice big check. And just because you happen to have a Lon Chaney voice." But when the broadcast is over I find that it isn't all luck, not by any manner of means, nor is it all leisure. For Phil Cook not only takes all the parts in his sketches, but he writes every line of his skits himself, composes all the music to his songs and writes the words. And when you write enough nonsense to fill a fifteen minute program six days a week, for four weeks a month, for twelve months a year, it gets to be, in Phil's own words—"a man-sized job."

No, I don't think he has so much leisure, in fact, I can't see where he has any. As for that big check, I guess he earns it.

Phil was born some thirty-five years ago in Coldwater, Mich., but he has lived most of his life in New York. Before he became interested in Radio he was the art director of an advertising agency and still tosses off a few posters and magazine covers, and gets paid for them, too. He wrote the musical comedies—"Molly, Darling." "When You Smile," and "Plain Jane." They all had Broadway runs.

If Phil went to a mike twice as the same character in a month the instrument would totter from surprise. Just look at a list of his recent activities at NBC—Radio Chef, Line's Shine Boy, The Seely Air Weavers, Champion Sparkers, The Physical Culture Shoe Prince, The Cabin Door, Real Folks, Flit Soldiers, Interwoven Entertainers, Fleischman Hour, Evercady Master of Ceremonics, Buck and Wing—well, that's enough.

Did I mention that Phil plays the ukulele, the guitar and violin?

Yes, there's a lot of talk about everyone being equal, but you'll have to admit that any man who can talk in seven different dialects, write his own show, play in the above roles, and on the above instruments, draw magazine covers, et cetera, et cetera, has more than his share of gifts. Then had good looks and a likeable personality—it's just too much.

Yet for all Phil Cook's talents you and I supply him with something he couldn't get along without. WE are the admiring audience. And when you come right down to it the admiring audience COULD get along without the stars, but the stars couldn't get along without the admiring audience. Am I not right? If it weren't for you and me and all the rest of us admiring, where would the stars be? (And I claim there is some real philosophy in this.)

Oh, I forgot—he's married, and happily so, he says. Though he did tell me he tried out all his jokes first on the wife.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 37)

commingle the details of design, the little occurrences of chance, making the perfect intricate pattern. So here. The Opal. Years ago it had disappeared. It had been hidden. Murders, also long ago, had been committed. For the Opal? Why not? And had one of the victims hidden it? Had it, by chance as far as we are concerned, been hidden in the very room where the safe stood? Had the explosion, which tore the room so thoroughly to pieces, dislodged the Opal from its place under some beam, behind some panel? I thought so. With your kind permission I still think so."

"At least I've got it now," said Parks.

"YES, you've got it now. Well, having planned this all so prettily, Mr. X, knowing we'd rush off downstairs, had his moment to remove the two bodies. He had intended murder; he had secured his end; he discovered that no murder had been committed! At first he had thought to mystify, further in case of detection later on to have a pretty sizeable legal barricade to fortify himself behind. No corpus delicti, absolutely no conviction. Could any of us have sworn in a court of law that either Dicks or Parks was dead? We could not! All of which Mr. X knew when he planned his murder.

"But later how much better he was placed when he found that both of his victims lived! He treated them, saw them coming along, restored them to us knowing that we would carry on the good work. There was chance again, this time helping him. He was clear of murder, and had reaped the reward by having the loot.

"There remains the article snatched up from the floor by Andregg. It was, of course, his drug. We had all noted his peculiarly nervous condition before; we also marked how after the explosion we missed him downstairs; more than one of us must have marked how, when he came in, he was a man altered. We said to ourselves, 'Here's a funny thing.' Andregg seemed on edge before the murder; immediately after he appeared calm and self-contained, even relieved of some strain. So, of course, when one thought of it at all, one realized what was the matter with him and that he had had a shot.

"NOW, here was another most intriguing consideration. Andregg

was no physician, yet we all thought that he was! How much design, how much chance all along the line? And when Andregg swore that Parks was dead, Dicks dying, we supposed that he knew whereof he spoke. But, I must confess, that thinking things over I was struck by that first remark of his; that Parks' body was already cold! Odd, wasn't it? There'd scarcely been time for that, you know! I judged later on that Andregg was either mistaken there, or was lying! Which was it?

"If lying, then was he our Mr. X himself. If mistaken—then he was terribly confused, or did not know his business. How clear this point became when Mr. Gateway advised us that Andregg was not a physician at all. Mistaken; that was it.

"So I was lured along my little pathway. For aught I knew Parks might be dead, might be alive. What chance had we to investigate? Then there was that black band about his body—"

"Deflected the blow!" cried out Dicks.

"It had to be considered," returned Savoy, and went on: "I asked Laufer-Hirth about it; he had seen it once when he and Mr. Parks journeyed together.—Well, well; what next? Why, the knife itself left on the floor. Mr. X had dropped it there—for what earthly reason? For us to see, of course. But why?"

"YOU'LL see that in my little workshop I had no end of little bits flying about, wanting to be filed in their proper places. They abhor confusion, you know. And I got them into such a pretty pattern before I was through—"

There came a rap at the door; a heavy voice saying something to one of the Filipino boys. The boy came in, saying, "They are ready to go, sirs."

"Tell them to wait," cried Savoy sharply, a note as of anger in his voice. He drew curious eyes upon himself.

"I'm going on with this, and you're going to listen!" he rasped out. "You're going to be interested. Mr. Nemo is going to be interested, for I'm going to tell him my theory of his vanished Flower of Heaven.—Just a moment, however, before that. The Guest Book again. I found much in it to ponder on, those first thoughts many men had jotted down. Andregg had written: 'Here is not a haven, but heaven.' What did it signify? In a word, the thought of haven came to one who had been a fugitive, knowing times of great stress; to Andregg heaven was a place where he was sure of his drug."

He sprang to his feet.

"As the first step to the end," he said in a queer voice, "I want you to hear something which Laufer-Hirth can tell you. Tell them, Amos; what's on your mind?"

Laufer-Hirth shuffled uneasily. His eyes roamed here and there, and came back pleadingly to Savoy's stern face.

"WHAT we just read in the Guest Book—those words under Thruff Wilczyński's scrawl—were written by Andregg yesterday! Will Little and I saw him write them; Paul dictated—"

It was a long breathless moment in which minds confused groped in a maze.

Piled near by were the several traveling bags. Savoy amazed them further by demanding sharply:

"Parks, will you open up your bag for us?"

Never did a stranger look down in a man's eyes than in the eyes of Mainwaring Parks now. His face went swiftly as white as death.

"Open it!" rang out Savoy's voice.

"Open it, Mr. X! And let Mr. Nemo see where his Flower of Heaven is!"

"You're crazy, man!" gasped Gateway. "You're mad! Mad!" burst out Parks. Paul Savoy, sudden loathing in his face, stepped back and threw out his arm, pointing at Mainwaring Parks.

"There's your cowardly Mr. X!—Through the tangled threads of chance and design he has at last come to the tether's end. He knew nothing of Thruff Wilczyzinski being alive, but planned all the time to saddle Andregg, poor goat, with his crime. For that he kept Andregg waiting all evening for the drug he had promised to bring; for that he dropped that same drug where Andregg would seize upon it, then hide it like a guilty secret."

"FOR that is the black band about his chest, a band that would hold a knife handle in place, making it appear that the blade was buried in his breast! To find a man with a knife in his heart, is to be assured that he is dead! Yet, remember, Andregg cried out that already the body was cold! A crowning touch, so simply arranged by a man in a bathroom on a freezing winter's night. Remember how one arm lay across his chest, the sleeve torn, as if offering itself to one who would question more closely if death had come already? That arm, we may be sure, had been held in ice water for some minutes. There may even have been, for aught we know, a thin coating of some sort of wax over the pulse itself. How easy to have the other duplicate hunting knife; how natural to leave it behind on the floor; how simple to give himself a long shallow scratch of a cut and how crafty to keep himself hidden until that wound should heal! For who shall peer into his internal organs, and say where the blade went or did not go! How easy to hide the hinges and screws in Andregg's bag in case anything were discovered!"

"Hinges?" cried Gateway. "What do you mean, you fool?"

"Laufer-Hirth knows; I showed him the trick this morning. You stand in the bathroom where Parks stood when Dicks was struck down; you get your victim under a certain heavy beam that crosses the ceiling; you engage him in talk; you give a sudden strong pull to a bit of molding, and down crashes the heavy beam on your victim's head. Oh, it's an old game in a new dress, that's all. And now cut open his bag, for you'll find it locked; and take out the Flower of Heaven he was so sure of making his own. And now, Gateway, you'll have that part of my little theory which has to do with the million dollars. It was never placed in the safe at all; all the while it remained snug and safe in Mainwaring Parks' pocket! He did put a folded manilla paper in the safe; it was blown to bits, of course. He kept the million."

"You mad fool!" shouted Parks.

But both Dicks and Gateway were upon him.

"I'M THE fool," growled Dicks. "I was on his trail and he knew it, so what did he do? I was sure of nothing; he knew that. So he tells me a wild tale and I, thinking he does not know that I know what I do, come here at his invitation. He comes near murdering me, and I am the loudest to swear that he had nothing to do with attempted murder, but am led to think him a victim, too!"

"You have it all, gentlemen, I think," said Savoy, and stood dusting his hands together. "Mr. X. had an agile brain. He planned Andregg first as his scapegoat. Heaven appeared to send him a better in a poor, defenseless mad man,

and he switched to him. It was so obvious that he would do that! And how nicely he fell into a trap which, I swear, a child should have avoided! No doubt he had some tale to tell, explaining how he had guessed that Thruff Wilczyzinski was alive; but it was a difficult thing. He could not say that he actually knew, that he had seen the man, for then he must have been bound to tell us. Just a hint was what he was trying to build up. So when I showed him the Guest Book and he saw that what appeared to be Thruff Wilczyzinski's writing appeared there in fresh ink, he leaped—and fell! Shall we go now?"

Mr. Nemo was on his knees and with a sharp knife slit the leather of Parks' bag. The loveliest imaginable product of the art of a craftsman in precious stones was revealed.

"The Flower of Heaven!" cried Mr. Nemo softly.

Paul Savoy sighed.

"Or of Hell?" he asked of no one in particular.

"Just the same," burst grumblingly from Gateway, "there is one thing you can't fool me with, Savoy! It's easy enough now to pretend that you knew all along that it was Parks. Somehow, the last day or two, you've managed to stumble on the truth."

There were twin devils dancing in Savoy's eyes.

"Didn't I tell you, that first night you came?" he chuckled.

"You did not!" cried Gateway angrily.

Savoy turned to Temple.

"Remember my memorandum, Captain? The one you and Gateway pulled down from the ceiling?"

As if Captain Temple could ever forget! Now, looking abashed, also he looked mystified.

"You crumpled and threw it away," ran on Savoy. "Gateway retrieved it, then dropped it as of no consequence. I picked it up the next morning, having a fatherly fondness for my own little creation, and here it is. Will you two be so good as to read it again?"

Temple and Gateway read together:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individuals, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

"Piffle!" exploded Gateway.

"Exactly," and by now Paul Savoy was fairly chortling. "Piffle of the purest ray serene, my dear Gateway. But suppose you look through the silly lines again; third time's a charm, you know. Do as the memorandum so naively commands: 'Look inward.' Which means into the note itself, whereupon I assure you you will find it 'vastly educational,' in the sense of being informative. This time, however, look only at the first letter of each word! And see what you can spell out for yourself!"

Gateway snatched the paper from Temple's hands, and began mumbling out the letters, taking as commanded the first of every word. As he advanced in his task his brows lifted higher and higher. And when he had finished he looked at Paul Savoy as at some creature never so much as glimpsed until now. He grew so red of face that it seemed as if all the blood in his body had rushed into his cheeks. And then, with mortification and defeat all but mastering him, there still shone in his eyes a wondering admiration.

"Mr. Savoy," he said ponderously, shaking his head, "I'm a dub. And you—you—Dicks, lead me back to Frisco and get me canned. I'm through."

(The End)

Paul Oliver's Good Luck

(Continued from page 7)

for her smile of approbation. And when Olive sings, Paul always smiles his encouragement.

Aside from music, football is the most interesting subject to Paul. Often during a lull in a rehearsal you will find him discussing the relative merits of football teams with Phillips Carlin, another football enthusiast. Paul's favorite team is New York University, and conversely the N. Y. U. team's favorite Radio star is Paul Oliver. "Chick" Meehan, the famous N. Y. U. football mentor, is one of his closest friends. Paul can talk quite authoritatively about the capabilities of every member of the football squads for some seasons back. He is a frequent dinner guest at Mr. and Mrs. Meehan's.

He often sings for the boys and attends every football game on the schedule that does not take him too far away to come back in time for the Wednesday red letter hour. He was a guest at the recent N. Y. U. dinner when the boys got their letters for football. Football, N. Y. U. football particularly, is so absorbing to him that whenever possible he travels with the team to their summer training camp. He plans to be with them this summer at Farmingdale.

When not busy rehearsing new songs Paul likes to go about exploring New York City and its environs, seeking out strange things which interest him. Naturally, Oliver has a decided mechanical bent and as a result spends some time in manufacturing plants in and near New York, observing the various processes through which all sorts of products go. Most of these excursions are solitary. Regularly, after a strenuous rehearsal and after each Wednesday evening's broadcast, he hurries to the Y. M. C. A. for a plunge in the pool. Early the next morning he arises and tunes up his car, which is his companion during the fall and winter months, just as a high speed power-boat is his favorite in summer.

Motoring from his Mount Vernon home, he drives about the countryside. On other days he will park the car at some subway entrance and travel underground all over New York. An excavation for a skyscraper fascinates him. So does the Bronx Zoo. And because he carefully hides his identity none of the people he questions suspects that the unassuming gentleman with a curious turn of mind is the tenor star whose melodious voice is so well known to millions.

IN THE summer, Paul Oliver's idea of a seventh heaven is a boat on a quiet lake where he can fish and sing softly to himself. "I know of nothing so restful and soothing to the nerves as a fishing trip. In hot weather the strain of daily rehearsing and of weekly performances before the microphone is pretty severe and Radio artists particularly must keep well and fit," he explained.

Paul Oliver is an ardent swimmer and has always spent a great deal of time in the water during the warm months. His chief joy, however, is to slip off by himself, and when he is tired of fishing he puts in hours of practice as he cruises about on the water. The story is told that a number of admirers learned the places he liked to frequent and used to steal up on him to listen to his songs in the open. He had to change his haunts a little when he discovered his hidden audience. "I find that such outdoor practice," he explained, "is a splendid thing for my voice. I like to test it out in the open. Often I find a spot where it is fascinating to sing and hear the echo as the notes come back to me."

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