


RADIO ROADS *by* RUDY VALLEE

# Radio Digest

November

Thirty-Five  
Cents



Frances Collette  
WABC—C.B.S.

CHASING CROOKS BY RADIO

*John Masefield* ♦ *Dwight Morrow* ♦ *Floyd Gibbons*

THE HAPPIEST YEARS *by* MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK





# The mouth of youth is the mouth of health

## HOW CAN YOU KEEP IT?

**S**TRANGE to say, the marching years do not alone decide the age of the mouth.

When the gums are firm and healthy, when the teeth are sound and clean—the mouth can smile at passing birthdays.

But it requires care to keep the average mouth young. You cannot start too soon to use Forhan's as your dentifrice—for it meets an important need not covered by an ordinary toothpaste.

Forhan's cleans teeth, of course. You can find no finer dentifrice. Gently and safely, it keeps them gleaming with their natural beauty, because its cleansing ingredients were carefully chosen by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

But in addition, when you use Forhan's, you can give your gums the scientific care they need.

Some years ago, Dr. Forhan developed a preparation for his own use in the treatment of pyorrhea. It relieved tenderness, helped to restore soft gums to healthy firmness. Dentists found its benefits so specific that the question was raised, "Why not make it possible for the patient to supplement office treatment by daily care in the home?"

To meet this need, Dr. Forhan perfected his dentifrice. In addition to recognized cleansing agents of the highest purity, it contains the advantages of the treatment he developed in his dental practice.

Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, this special dentifrice tones up the gums, stimulates circulation, and helps to keep them glowing with sound good health.

### NOW ON THE AIR!

New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia network.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea  
and at forty the odds are

**4 out of 5**



# FORHAN'S



YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



# FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A

## ★ ★ Clearer, softer skin

*Frances Ingram herself tells how to keep the skin lovely at its 6 vital places*

"YOU are just as young and attractive, or just as old, as your skin looks," I told a charming woman who recently came to consult me. "Keep your skin immaculately clean... Keep it youthful at my six stars... And you are youthfully lovely."

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

"To cleanse the skin, spread my Milkweed Cream generously over your face and neck. Let it remain for several minutes, to allow the delicate oils to penetrate deeply into the pores, and then remove every vestige of it with soft linen."

"Now—apply a fresh film of the Milkweed Cream. With outward and upward strokes pat it into the skin at the six points starred on my mannequin."

"There are special *toning* ingredients in this Milkweed Cream. These penetrate the cleansed pores and defend the skin against blemishes and aging lines and leave it clear, soft and lovely."

This charming woman came back to see me, a day or two ago. Her skin looked *marvelously* clear and soft and fresh! She looked at least five years younger—and said she felt it!

I have recommended my Milkweed Cream and my method to so many women, and I have *seen* their skin grow fresh, clear, young. Won't you follow my six stars to a clearer, softer, younger skin?

If you have any special questions to ask about skin care, write for a copy of my booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." Or tune in on my radio hour, "Through The Looking Glass With Frances Ingram," Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., over WJZ and Associated Stations.



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

*"Only a healthy skin can stay young"*

★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.

★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.

★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.



## INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Frances Ingram, Dept. R-110  
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



Raymond Bill,  
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THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

# Radio Digest

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Managing Editor

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

November, 1930

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Publication Office: 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Office: Radio Digest, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Phone Lexington 1760. Radio Digest will not be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts received through the mail. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. Business Staff: Business Manager, Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Ave., New York; National Advertising Representatives, R. G. Maxwell & Co., 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, and Mellers Bldg., Chicago. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Radio Digest, Volume XXVI, No. 1, published at Chicago, Ill., November, 1930. Published monthly by Radio Digest Publishing Corporation, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription rates yearly. Four Dollars; Foreign Postage, One Dollar additional; single copies, Thirty-five cents. Entered as second-class matter Sept. 25, 1929, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada. Copyright, 1930, by Radio Digest Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. President, Raymond Bill; Vice-Presidents, J. B. Spillane, Randolph Brown; Treasurer, Edward Lyman Bill; Secretary, Leslie J. Tompkins. Published in association with Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., and Federated Business Publications, Inc.



**JESSICA DRAGONETTE**... No dark fears for her at the thought of television, for besides being the best-loved soprano on the air, the diminutive CBS singer is fair... exceeding fair! The proof's in the picture.



**COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI** knows how to flirt that Spanish shawl you see here in the approved manner. Really and truly of the Castilian nobility and possessor of a charming voice which you hear in solos over NBC.

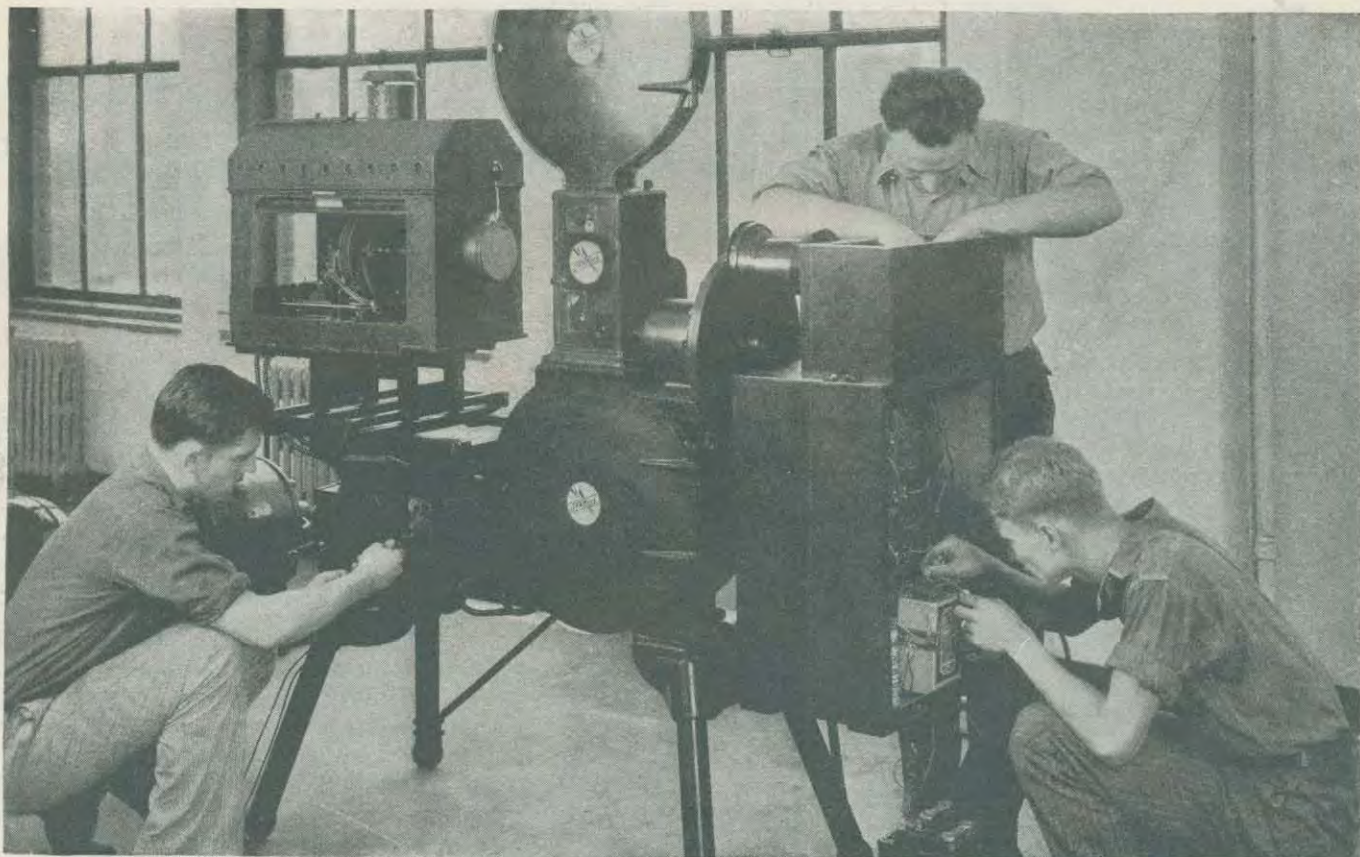


**ANNETTE HASTINGS** is a cute little Coquette. What we mean, she really is, cause that's the baby star's home program out west at Station KGO, San Francisco. You might know that she would sing soprano!



**MARIE GAM-BRELLI**... You know her better as Gamby. Remember the days when she frolicked with Roxy? She trips the light fantastic as well as she regales listeners on the air, and that's saying something!





STUDENTS WORKING ON FILM SCANNING MACHINE OF OUR MODERN TELEVISION TRANSMITTER

# LEARN RADIO~TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES in 8 WEEKS By Actual Work ~~~ In the Great Shops of Coyne

Don't spend your life slaving away in some dull, hopeless job! Don't be satisfied to work for a mere \$20 or \$30 a week. Let me show you how to make **REAL MONEY in RADIO—THE FASTEST-GROWING, BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING GAME ON EARTH!**

## THOUSANDS OF JOBS OPEN Paying \$60, \$70 to \$200 a Week

Jobs as Designer, Inspector and Tester, paying \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year—as Radio Salesman and in Service and Installation Work, at \$45 to \$100 a week—as Operator or Manager of a Broadcasting Station, at \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year—as Wireless Operator on a Ship or Airplane, as a Talking Picture or Sound Expert—**THOUSANDS OF JOBS PAYING \$60, \$70 and on UP TO \$200 A WEEK.**

## No Books - No Lessons All Practical Work

Coyne is NOT a Correspondence School. We don't attempt to teach you from books or lessons. We train you on the finest outlay of Radio, Television and Sound equipment in any school—on scores of modern Radio Receivers, huge Broadcasting apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment, Code Practice equipment, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. We give

you—right here in the Coyne Shops—all the actual practice and experience you'll need. And because we cut out all useless theory, you graduate as a Practical Radio Expert in 8 weeks' time.

## TELEVISION Is on the Way!

And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for **THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION EXPERTS!** The man who learns Television NOW can make a **FOR-TUNE** in this great new field. Get in on the ground-floor of this amazing new Radio development! Come to **COYNE** and learn Television on the very latest, newest Television equipment.

## Talking Pictures A Great Field

Talking Pictures and Public Address Systems offer thousands of golden opportunities to the Trained Radio Man. Here is a great new field of Radio work that has just started to grow! Prepare **NOW** for these mar-

velous opportunities! Learn Radio Sound work at Coyne on actual Talking Picture and Sound Reproduction equipment.

## EARN AS YOU LEARN

Don't worry about a job! Coyne Training settles the job question for life. We often have more calls for Coyne graduates than we can supply. **YOU GET FREE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE FOR LIFE.** And don't let lack of money stop you. If you need part-time work while at school to help pay living expenses, we will gladly help you get it. Many of our students pay nearly all of their expenses that way.

## COYNE IS 31 YEARS OLD

Coyne Training is tested, proven beyond all doubt. You can find out everything absolutely free. How you can get a good Radio job or how you can go into business for yourself and earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year. It costs **NOTHING** to investigate! Just **MAIL THE COUPON** for your **COPY OF MY BIG FREE BOOK!**

H. C. Lewis, Pres. **Radio Division** Founded 1899  
**COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL**  
500 S. Paulina Street Dept. 80-1E Chicago, Illinois

H. C. LEWIS, President  
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School  
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 80-1E, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

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



# Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

MISS FRANCES COLLETTE, whose portrait adorns the cover of this November Radio Digest has been rather an inconspicuous member of the CBS staff at WABC, New York. Dramatic talent on the Radio stage is better known by voice and character than by name. Miss Collette can both act and sing and takes part in the *Forty Fathom Trawlers* and the *Land o' Make Believe*. She has a wistful type of beauty that may receive higher recognition when the television contracts are ready to be signed. The television talent story is something in store for you—but Miss Betty McGee gives you an inkling of it in this issue, tinting the skin for the scan.



The Radio Follies at WABC has made broadcast actors out of Eddie Cantor and other stars of the Vanities. Dear, Oh dear, poor old Broadway, what are we coming to! That's the lament of some of the theatrical journals. Mr. Cantor was quoted in a newspaper to the effect that he might not be available to the theatre stage for some time. "But when I do go back—if ever—Flo Ziegfeld will be the first man I'll see about it," he concluded.

In the meantime what about Mr. Ziegfeld the famous folly glorifier? (—Silence!) No response coming from Mr. Ziegfeld we wish to announce that our Miss Lillian G. Genn, who obtained the Schumann-Heink interview in this issue of Radio Digest, has promised a very important interview with Mrs. Ziegfeld, better known as Miss Billie Burke. What a wonderful screen star was Billie Burke—most bewitching mannerisms! Miss Burke is to tell Radio Digest readers what she means by "Making the Most out of Marriage" and she should be one of the most interesting wives in the world. This is scheduled for December by Miss Genn.

What is Radio talent? Whatever else it may be it is Big Money with capital letters for a score of very young boys and girls who are moving their parents out of tenements to Millionaire's Row in the Big City. Next month you will meet a new writer for Radio Digest—Miss Alma Sioux Scarberry—who will reveal a most astounding story about the Children of the Air. Take for instance Little Rose Marie of the National Broadcasting Company, daughter of an Italian teamster and a Polish waitress, who was "discovered" two years ago at the age of three. She's five now and this year her earnings will be \$100,000! Oh, and that isn't all—just read Miss Scarberry's article next month.



You've been reading Doty Hobart's human interest Radio articles in Radio Digest month by month for a year now. Mr. Hobart has had wide Radio experience, in the studio and as a writer. Give him almost any kind of a subject with a Radio slant to it and he'll get the right sort of a story. Take for example this month: "What is Radio doing to crime?" he was asked. He went out and came back with the story by Grover Whalen, one of the most famous crook chasers in America. Now he is scouring the country for all the old time stage celebrities who are today reaching their audiences on the air. And you can gamble it will be a whale of a good story when you read it in the December issue.

"There he goes—ten, twenty—Hallelujah—see that boy run—thirty-five, forty yards—and DOWN!" It takes Ted Husing to work the set-sitter football fan up to a lather. And these are the Happy Days! Suppose you were a Ted Husing—what would you do and how? It's a hard life, mates. Best read Mr. Husing's own story in his own words as he has written it himself for Radio Digest right here in your hands. Oh yes, Ted knows how to punch a typewriter when he gets a chance. But with airplanes and police escorts waiting to snatch him from one field of action to the next it's hard to get the chance—and Radio Digest thinks it was doggawn sporting of him to sit down and hammer out these impressions for you. Thanks a heap, Ted!



AFTER All . . . it's no more than to be expected that Around the Samovar of WABC should have been picked by Paramount for a sound short . . . Harry Horlick, chief of the A & P Gypsies, could have his tonsils and adenoids removed while Graham McNamee doesn't dare for fear of changing the tone of his voice . . . and Madge Tucker does not imitate the animals you hear in her program, Donald Bain does it . . . the Rex Cole Mountaineers won't accept NBC checks but demand cash . . . Erich Kleiber never saw the U. S. until he came from Germany to direct the New York Philharmonic Symphony although he married a California girl three years ago . . . Heywood Broun started stump speaking for Congress in New York and was able to call such pinch-hitters for his CBS Radio column as John Erskine, Alexander Woolcott, Russell Owen, Franklin P. Adams and H. I. Phillips . . . Freddie Rich, CBS maestro, will manage Young Lyons, light-heavyweight champion of the Navy . . . Stanley Bell, CBS announcer, was attacked by hiccoughs during the Fidac program in Washington and had to be relieved by Bill Doherty of the publicity staff who nervously made his debut over the air on the international program . . . a real live cow was taken to the banquet room of Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, at a dairy convention and mooed obligingly into a microphone.



Vote Four Best Stations for

# STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS

**W**HICH do you consider the most popular station in your state? Which stations would you consider as Second, Third and Fourth choice? How do you think your opinion compares with your neighbor's or the majority of other Radio listeners in your state?

It's worth while finding out how your judgment compares with the majority. It's worth a whole lot to the station to get this information.

That's why RADIO DIGEST is presenting this opportunity to declare for a State Championship—something that has never been tried before. The contest was announced last month but as we go to press for November, just as the October number is being distributed to the news stands, we are unable to give any adequate idea as to the nominations that are bound to have been received by the time you read this.

But please do this now: Nominate your four favorite stations. Fill out the blank in the lower left-hand corner of this page and send it to the Contest Editor of RADIO DIGEST. Then fill out the ballot, on the right hand side, and put it where you can find it when the next RADIO DIGEST comes out. Save up your ballots and make them count for the bonus votes described to you in the Rules on Page 122. Then send the complete series of ballots to the Contest Editor at one time.

Remember your vote is eligible only for the state in which you reside although you may really prefer stations that you hear from some other state. This is for a State Championship. We want to find out the most popular stations in each state.

Give the stations in your own state a chance to win a prize. Support your own people. Every station is doing its best within its powers to win your friendship, no matter where you live. But you owe your voting allegiance to the stations within your own boundaries for this occasion. RADIO DIGEST is trying to present an even break for every station in the country.

To maintain a broadcasting station is a costly proposition. Equipment and maintenance is expensive. Good talent must receive good pay. To present fine programs by fine artists a successful station must have advantageous commercial relationships. There are a few, but very, very few, stations which are not dependent on the salability of their time. The most of them must depend upon advertisers. And advertisers, before they invest their money, are generally greatly concerned as to the popularity of the station with which they are to

deal. And that is where YOU come in, for this contest.

No station will be harmed. But four stations in your state are going to be helped a great deal by your support. The four stations that win will have something definite to show any prospective advertiser as to their popularity in the state. The advertiser will be able to judge how to reach the greatest number of people and invest accordingly. The station will have more money to provide you the kind of programs that have won your favor. And thus everybody will benefit.

In recognition of your choice of the four winning stations RADIO

DIGEST will award four beautifully designed and engraved medallions, each signifying the honor that has been achieved. And with each medallion there will be presented a scroll inscribed with the name of the winner and a memorial of the occasion.

This contest is a service conceived by RADIO DIGEST as of benefit to everybody concerned, and especially in furtherance of its policy to encourage and make possible better broadcast programs for the listener. Tastes are changing continually. A type of program that may have been leading in popularity a year ago may be entirely passé now. But who is going to know what you want unless you indicate your choice? Vote for the station that presents most nearly the kind of a program you prefer and the ballots will tell the tale.

In the case of a state where there are only a few stations, and only slight opportunity to declare a preference your vote should be registered just the same. The number of votes cast may disclose the need of a shift of stations from some of the more congested communities to the area where you live, and where there is a greater need for competitive programs. Nominate your stations and vote anyway.

Next month you will find published the first list of nominations for the State Championship honors. Perhaps a few scattering votes will also be cast by that time. At least there will be a record of the number of nominations each station has received. If you feel especially friendly toward your favorite station there is no harm in mentioning the fact to some of your neighbors and getting them to vote too. The Contest Editor would particularly appreciate a few letters from the readers indicating why they have selected the stations they nominate. Some of these letters will be published as a guide to other listeners in helping them to make their selections.



## NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,  
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state) .....

First (call letters) ..... City .....

Second (call letters) ..... City .....

Third (call letters) ..... City .....

Fourth (call letters) ..... City .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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

## Number 2 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

CONTEST EDITOR, Radio Digest,  
420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) ..... City .....

Second (call letters) ..... City .....

Third (call letters) ..... City .....

Fourth (call letters) ..... City .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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





Rudy Vallee

*Whose love for music is  
second only to his love  
of making people happy*



# Radio Roads by Rudy Vallee

*"Heigh-ho everybody! Rudy Vallee speaking." Go over the roads in the big blue car with the popular idol and his Connecticut Yankees and read, in his own words, the story of his trip among the "plain people".*

**M**ANY times this last summer while sitting behind the wheel of my big, blue car as we wound through the hills and mountains of Pennsylvania, or through the tall corn fields of Ohio, Michigan and Iowa, while I kept my eyes on my driving, I had ample time to reflect and review in my mind this almost unbelievable success that Radio had made possible for us this summer.

While it seemed so natural to have it so, yet in these moments of soliloquy which often come to me when driving my car, I paused to consider and to analyze the power of Radio.

I was in the process of a tour of almost forty towns. I use the word "town" because we avoided the large key cities. My contract with the Paramount-Publix Theatres and my own common sense told me to leave the key cities for a theatrical tour later on. In such cities as Chicago, Boston, Detroit, and Cleveland, we could easily play at least four and even eight weeks in the Paramount-Publix Theatres of each city.

This tour was intended to bring me to the dancing public of the various states of the East and Middle-West,—that public which will travel in automobiles a hundred miles to a dance usually held in some big, open-air pavilion, or some rustic hall in the woods, on the edge of a river, or possibly built next to the ocean on some beach. Of course a good percentage of our dancing public came from the key cities, but the large, theatre-attending public was still left untapped.

This tour had many unusual features. The man who runs such a large open-air place, and who engages the orchestras, is known as a promoter, very much in the

same sense as a fight promoter. He is a man who takes a chance on an attraction which he subsequently advertises to appear at his pavilion or dance hall, and then prays for a good, clear night in the hope of at least breaking even. This last thought was uppermost in the minds of most of the promoters who engaged us—just to break even. We demanded a guarantee of \$2,500 for each evening's appearance against 60% of the gross receipts of the evening. That means that should the gross receipts be \$6,000 I would receive \$3,600 for the evening; should the receipts be only \$2,000 the promoter would have to dig down and foot the extra \$500 to bring me to my guarantee of \$2,500. In certain places we were sold outright at \$3,500 with no percentage of the gross receipts. This is an unusual figure for the dance promoters to pay. Whiteman in his early days had received a high guarantee, I believe it was \$1,500 per night, but here we were, beginning our tour in the summer of the worst depression that the country had ever known, and the very states in which we were touring were beginning to feel the grip of one of the worst droughts that the farmers had ever known.

**I**N THE coal mining sections which we played the mines were working on half time; in some places the miners had not worked for a year. Then there was an automobile town in Michigan in which the three automobile factories had been closed for over a year; they were the only means of livelihood for three-fourths of the population of the town.

Possibly some dance promoters felt that they were taking a great risk, but at

least they never manifested it to me. My greatest happiness comes from the fact that the majority seemed to feel that it was a prestige to be able to play us, and that, win or lose, the satisfaction of having included us among the roster of bands who had played at their place of amusement meant more to them than making money on us.

But, and this is the most astounding point of all, what could possibly embolden the promoter to guarantee such an unusually large figure for one night's performance when we had never visited, personally, his place of amusement, or perhaps his state, for that matter?

Whiteman built his reputation on a different style of dance music which was brought to the great American public by Victor records; there is no question of that. The press played an important part in his climb to fame by supplementing his records with stories about the man and his band, but it was not his appearances at the Palais Royal in New York City, where he played to maybe five hundred people an evening, and Radio was unknown in the days when Paul Whiteman achieved his phenomenal success.

I know that in my own case my great admiration for him came through word-of-mouth gossip, and his picture on songs which found their way up to Maine, but my real knowledge of the Whiteman who was electrifying New York was brought to me through his Victor records which showed me concretely





that he had really something to give.

For the past year and a half preceding my tour my Victor records had been doing a world of good for me. I am reminded of the motorcycle cop in Pasadena, Cal., who, during the summer when I was making my picture in Hollywood, refused to give me a ticket after I had unconsciously passed a red light, because he and his wife enjoyed our Victor records so much. I had not begun broadcasting for Fleischmann then, and the only way he and his wife could have possibly known of our music was through our records, and since these are broadcast by local stations in California quite often they had come to know us real well.

Without doubt our records have done a lot towards paving the way for the tour which was so successful for me this past summer, and, as in the case of Whiteman, the press, too, has aroused public curiosity as to the individual. Most of the interviews, criticisms, and write-ups had been inaccurate, but at least

they created a curiosity. My picture, simple as it was, had developed the story of eight amateur musicians in a thoroughly logical manner, and it made over a million dollars for the producers of it. It had given people a vague idea of what my boys and I were like, and the public naturally had a desire to see us in the flesh. My book, every word of which had been written by myself in an effort to present myself in a sincere and truthful light to those who wished to know something of me and my work, had been syndicated in over forty newspapers and unquestionably those who read

it had some desire to watch me work before them.

But I feel quite safe in saying that no one of these things, nor all of them combined, could have brought to these small places the

tremendous audiences of eight and ten thousand people, surging back and forth in a frenzy of curiosity and welcome. The fact that it was Radio was easily shown by the opening speech of nearly everyone to whom I was able to talk. Invariably their opening speech was, "I listen to you every Thursday and Saturday."

"Welcome to Rudy" read signs wherever he traveled. Left, the big blue car. Below, a typical mob-scene reception.



Unquestionably Radio can bring the music of an individual and his band much closer and much truer than a phonograph record. The three minute length of a phonograph record at best limits the artist; there is no chance for an informal talk about the music, or to bring the mood of the artist to the listeners. Again, phonographic reproduction may be bad due to a bad phonograph. If the turn table runs too fast the artist sounds effeminate, whereas Radio is controlled by men who know their jobs, and even static cannot do the damage that a turn table of a phonograph running too fast can do.

WHEN I consider that our Fleischmann audiences number between ten and forty million people, then and only then do I realize the tremendous power of Radio. If you have attended a football game in a bowl or stadium containing eighty or even a hundred thousand people, you have probably been amazed at the size of the crowd; but consider that any one Fleischmann broadcast has an audience anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five times the size of the crowd in a great bowl or stadium. That is only considering the United States. I am told our broadcasts reach Cuba, Canada, and even South America, and during the course of that hour it is possible for me to show a many-sided personality in band and individual. I have broadcast nights when I have felt in an unhappy mood; danger threatened or some parasite or group of parasites had succeeded in striking a disagreeable blow. My audience probably felt this and sympathized with me. There is nothing that will carry the mood of the artist quite as accurately as Radio.

Yet I am happy in the ability to throw off any depression that may wish to settle upon me when I begin to broadcast. My cares and woes drop off like a cloak because I am happiest when before the micro-



phone. One of the greatest reasons for my happiness is the fact that I know our music brings comfort and solace to sick people.

Those who have read my book will say that I am only stressing something of which I have already spoken, but I have received so many letters since writing the book, so many that I would like to quote from, that I feel I must mention this



subject again to emphasize my point.

At times when I begin to broadcast I feel almost like a surgeon beginning to operate—an operation that is going to relieve someone who is unhappy and sick, and so many of our letters say that our broadcasts do just that thing that I believe it. Wherever it was possible for these people to meet us along the way they did so. In a certain city there was a young woman who was a Sister Superior in a convent; even she derives satisfaction from our type of music. To know that our programs have an appeal for such an unusual type of mind gives me great satisfaction.

Crowds we met in countless numbers, especially the little children. On a long route from Portsmouth, N. H., into Boston, a route which was printed in a prominent Boston paper and conducted under their auspices, there were hundreds of people lined along the streets to wave as I went through. Many of them were only children, tiny children, and to feel that they too enjoy our work is the crowning happiness of any person whose artistic efforts bring him to the hearts of children. He may well feel proud and happy.

**B**UT my feeling of work well done was greater after we had played the oil and coal fields. There were those who predicted hostility and trouble in these particular places; the mining element is usually quite rough and very quick to manifest disapproval. However, I had no misgivings when we got to these particular localities.

I carried with me a fifteen piece band, composed of the seven original Connecticut Yankees with eight extra men. They were the best that I could find in the country, men who knew their instruments



more expectant and impatient by the time the feature attraction arrives. In the second place they have had enough dancing and are willing to stand and listen to the concert if there is one.

Directly upon my arrival I unpacked my instruments and appeared on the stand. My opening speech was very much along the lines of a Radio talk, introducing first and collectively the augmented Connecticut Yankees, and then mentioning some personal details relative to the town

in which we were appearing. Usually it held a certain interest for me; or if I had happened to have played there or visited there in my earlier days I mentioned that fact.

I then proceeded to tell them about the fifty-minute concert, which was about to begin. Several of the numbers they would be unable to dance to; the program was really made up of old Radio favorites and a few new tunes, and I hoped that they would

(Continued  
on page  
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Westport,  
Maine, greets  
its favorite son.

Left, Rudy, Mother and Dad.

Below, broadcasting from Peoria, Ill.

and who wanted to work. My boys usually played for an hour or an hour and a quarter without me. The dance started at nine and they gave the dancers plenty of dance music till I arrived on the scene at ten or ten-fifteen. The psychology of a late appearance is that the crowd is





# Crooks Don't Like Ether

*Radio is Relentless in Pursuit of Lawbreakers and  
Uncanny in Ferreting Them From Their Hideouts*

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** In this article Grover A. Whalen, former Police Commissioner of New York City, makes it very plain that even though he retired from that particular office to go back to an active business career he still retains a lively interest in police work. He is especially desirous of awakening public interest in crime prevention.

By

Grover A. Whalen

**E**LMIRA RUBEN didn't look exactly wicked. He was a thickset yellow-skinned Filipino with a rather high forehead. His hair was black and bushy. He met your gaze freely with black eyes that peered at you through the latest model octagon-shaped rimless glasses. Ruben was well-read and a good talker. You would have taken him for just another student sent here from his island home to get a college education.

Perhaps that is what he came to the United States for originally. I don't know. We are not particularly interested in what his intentions were prior to his activity as a forger.

On November 7th, 1928, Ruben was indicted by the Grand Jury. The charge was grand larceny. With a forged check on the Harriman National Bank for \$1500, Ruben had obtained an equal amount of negotiable travelers' checks from the American Express Company. When he was apprehended by one of our detectives he called himself Joe Manalo. This was a good alias, as aliases go, but it didn't take very long to discover that Joe Manalo and Elmira Ruben were one and the same person.

The case was set for trial early in December and Judge Fawcett set the bail at \$3500. With the aid of friends, Ruben was able to secure the services of a professional bondsman.

The case was called on December 7th. Ruben failed to appear. When detectives were sent to the address of the bondsman that gentleman was also among the missing. The bond was forfeited and Elmira Ruben automatically became a fugitive from justice.

This fugitive was not in any sense of the word a clever criminal. That is, he wasn't clever in covering his tracks. Perhaps his inexperience at playing the part which the underworld calls a "hideout on

the lam" made it possible for him to do the thing which no professional criminal would have done. Ruben repeated his offense!

He forged another check, the amount of which was \$5000. With the forged check he purchased from an agent of the Dollar Steamship Line in New York City five thousand dollars worth of American Express Travelers' Checks!

Not until December twentieth did a special agent of the American Express Company inform the New York Police Department that the company had been swindled by a Filipino by the name of Jose Encarnation.

**T**HE similarity of the two cases charged to Elmira Ruben and Jose Encarnation made the Department officials suspicious. A picture of Ruben was submitted to the agent of the steamship company who had sold Encarnation the checks and he immediately identified the picture as that of the person who had made the purchase from him. Ruben now had another alias. It was not his last one as we were to learn shortly.

The travelers' checks which Encarnation had cashed were traced to Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City. Remember, the police department did not learn of this last escapade of Ruben's until December twentieth. After that date things happened rapidly.

The Express Company cooperated with us in our man hunt. It was their money which Elmira Ruben, alias Joe Malano, alias Jose Encarnation was spending. Now, when an Oriental heads West with a pocketful of cash it usually means one thing. He is homeward bound. We acted on that assumption.

San Francisco is the natural port of embarkation for those returning to the Orient. The travelers' checks had been cashed by a Westward bound Encarnation

and we decided that San Francisco was the likely place to apprehend our man.

The police chief of that city was wired on December twenty-first. A picture of the fugitive was already in his files, as photographs of Ruben had been sent out the previous week to the police departments of large cities throughout the country. The wire which the chief received requested that he check with the ticket agents of the steamship companies to see if a ticket had been sold to any person resembling the man under suspicion.

In less than an hour we had a wire from the San Francisco police! By a lucky coincidence the man detailed to the job had struck the trail at the first ticket agency he visited.

The clerk was positive she had sold passage on the Steamship Koreamaru to a young Filipino who resembled Ruben. But the name of the purchaser, according to the passenger list, was Constantino Querubin! Another alias. This traveler had paid cash for his ticket.

The clerk further stated that the Filipino had shown her his passport and that it was made out in the name of Constantino Querubin. This was the last alias we ran into, and because of the passport we assumed that Querubin was not an alias but was his real name.

When was the Koreamaru due to sail?

It had sailed. That very day.

Our man was on the high seas, probably congratulating himself that he had been a very wise young man in coming to the United States, where it had been so easy to pick up a few thousand dollars without working. We could picture him on the deck of the steamship dreaming of a future of delightful idleness in some island paradise.

But the fugitive was reckoning without the knowledge of what the air waves about his head were saying at that very moment.

The Radio operator on the Koreamaru received a message from the American Express representative in San Francisco. It was addressed to the Captain and it asked briefly if a passenger by the name of Constantino Querubin was on board.

The next morning the following message was delivered to me:

"Captain of Koreamaru has wirelessly that Querubin on board photograph can be radioed Honolulu if desired."

The message was signed by the American Express representative in San Francisco.

As soon as I learned the date on which the Steamship was due to arrive at Honolulu, I sent Sheriff Gleason of that port the following message:

"Arrest Jose Encarnation Filipino twenty-five years five feet six one hundred thirty-five yellow complexion bushy hair may wear glasses Grand Jury indictment charges grand larceny forgery bench warrant issued is passenger aboard Koreamaru name Constantino Querubin due Twenty-sixth will extradite wire—Grover A. Whalen, Police Commissioner"

As a further precaution I ordered that the picture showing the side view of Ruben's face be radioed to Sheriff Gleason. This was done.

There was nothing more that we could do until we heard from the Sheriff at Honolulu. And hear from him we did. This was the message which came to Police Headquarters on the afternoon of December twenty-sixth:

"Encarnation alias Querubin arrested being held twenty six hundred and eighty one dollars found in possession advise what action you want—Sheriff Gleason"

The sheriff was advised to hold the fugitive in custody. In spite of an attempt on the part of a local lawyer to prevent the extradition of the prisoner, Detectives Kelly and Fitzgerald of the New York force made the trip to the mid-Pacific and returned with a much dismayed culprit.

**R**UBEN was returned to New York and jailed on February sixth, less than two months after he had jumped his bond. He was convicted and is now serving out his sentence.

The officials of the police department are rather proud of this particular case. We were elated, not because of the capture of a hardened criminal, for Ruben was anything but that, but because of the up-to-date methods used in making the capture. It was, I believe, the first time that the photograph of a fugitive from justice was sent via Radio.

In this progressive age in which we live

Grover A. Whalen, former  
New York Police Commissioner





criminals as well as honest folks are aware of the uses to which science can be turned. They are quick to utilize scientific facts and methods in the commission of crime. It is up to honest citizenry, and especially police departments, to keep not only abreast of the times but just a jump or two ahead in order to combat the menace of the underworld. Science gave us the automobile and every crook, from stick-up man to bank robber, immediately accepted this form of transportation as the quickest and safest means of escape. It is impossible to keep the motor car out of the hands of a criminal but its value to him has been somewhat curtailed by a vigilant motorized police force. Indeed, the police cars of western cities, like Detroit, equipped with Radio, have been doing very splendid work in capturing hold-up men and automobile thieves. Such cars contain a receiving set tuned in on the police broadcasting station. Thus an instantaneous report of a crime reaches the cruising police officers, who are then able to give their immediate attention to the business of apprehending the fleeing criminals.

PERHAPS you wonder, inasmuch as the Police Department of New York City has its own station, why it has never made use of Radio in the way other cities are doing.

When the station was first installed some years ago, Radio, as it is known today, was an unborn child. The station was then equipped for wireless work of short range sending and was used to aid in the control of harbor traffic. It was also found to be an efficient means of directing the fireboats whenever an alarm came from ships in or near the harbor.

Today, although the station's work covers a larger territory and includes a much longer sending and receiving radius, it is still much the same as it was at the time of installation. The City Boat, "Macon," has also been equipped as a Radio station. At all times it is in direct communication with the land station and serves as a representative of the municipal station in our great harbor, teeming with commercial traffic.

We have made several experiments with receiving sets in police cars but have been forced to abandon their use. Radio is impractical for police work in New York in cars under present conditions. Present day sets function erratically in this city of skyscrapers. There are many "dead" areas which we have been unable to penetrate with our present police broadcasting station system. This condition is not alone the fault of the low power of the station. Set owners living in these "dead" spots complain bitterly because they cannot bring in the entertainment programs from the high-powered stations.

The Chief Engineer of the Department, Mr. Thomas Rochester, has spent many hours toiling over a map on which he has

these areas checked. It is his contention that six or eight stations, properly located throughout the city, in a chain hook-up, broadcasting one report from the key station, will eliminate the "dead" spots, as far as police broadcasting is concerned. The chances are that this system of a city chain of police broadcasting stations will be tried in the near future. May I add that the Department has requested the federal Radio commission to assign a special wave length on which to operate these stations. Reception on the wave length we are considering would require the use of special sets.

To illustrate the unholy uses to which the lawbreakers may put the products of science and inventive genius, it is interesting to note that Radio has not escaped their attention. Only a few months ago

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## A RADIO RUM RING!

*The underworld is using Radio for its own ends! Rum-runners illicitly set up \$10,000 broadcast stations to flash news to waiting contraband ships.*

*Read How These Criminals Are Being Tracked By Their Own Instruments In*

## DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

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the New Jersey federal authorities located a fully equipped broadcasting station which rum-runners were using. An elaborate set of code signals emanating from an unknown locality on the Jersey coast first caught the attention of the government's watchdogs. They were unable to decipher the code, but they did know that the efficiency of the coast guard cutters as rum-chasers in some mysterious way had been practically eliminated. When the federal men finally succeeded in centering their activities on the neighborhood from whence the mystery signals came, they discovered a rather pretentious but lonesome house on a little hill. They raided the place only to find it had been aban-

doned. There was no sign of life about the house. But once inside they were well rewarded for their labors. The very efficient broadcasting apparatus which had been used by the bootleggers to warn their runners of the whereabouts of the coast guard cutters and federal men was revealed. To supplement the Radio there was an extensive arsenal including revolvers, sawed-off shotguns and two machine guns!

Perhaps, my readers may be interested in another case in which Radio played a part in a tragedy, in the spring of 1926. For some months, residents of Brooklyn and Long Island had reported the loss of receiving sets by burglary. The facts in each case were the same. The thief had entered the house in the early evening hours after the occupants had gone out. Although silverware was usually taken, the Radio set was always listed as missing. The men on the force spoke of the thief as "the Radio burglar." Special men were detailed to hunt the man down and on March twenty-fifth, two detectives saw a man enter a home in Richmond Hill shortly after the family had left the house. The peculiar actions of the man had attracted the attention of the plain clothes men a few minutes before. He did not look as though he belonged in the neighborhood and appeared to be a suspicious idler.

Waiting until the suspect was inside the house, the two detectives approached. When the thief, who had forced a window to make his entrance, boldly opened the front door and started to walk out with a receiving set in his arms the detectives rushed forward to seize him. The burglar dropped the set and pulled a gun. In the exchange of shots that followed both officers were wounded and the man darted away.

Patrolman Arthur J. Kenny, on whose post this had occurred, heard the shots from a distance and came running toward the scene of action. At the corner of the street he nearly collided with the fleeing burglar. Kenny made a grab for the man and caught him, but before the patrolman could get the gun away from his captive, Kenny was shot and killed. The burglar escaped.

THE wounded detectives, however, had obtained a good look at the thief and a search through the rogues' gallery revealed the identity of the murderer. A comparison of the fingerprints on the receiving set he had tried to steal, with those in the bureau, made the identification positive. The man was a petty thief and drug addict who had already served two terms. He was apprehended on April thirteenth by two detectives assigned to watch the crowd at the opening game of the baseball season at the Polo Grounds. He reached for his gun but was quickly disarmed. His trial resulted in a quick conviction on the charge of first de-



gree murder and in June of that same year he was placed in the "hot spot," as the electric chair is called by offenders of society.

It may seem strange to the majority of people that a petty thief will resort to murder in order to escape the law. A large number of them are drug addicts. The criminal with his mind dominated by the drug has a false courage that makes him reckless. A gun in the hand of a "hop-head" is a hundred times more of a menace than in the hand of a normal human. We could wipe out at least fifty per cent of the crime in this country if the traffic in drugs could be controlled. The elimination of the drug addict is one of the first steps in crime prevention. Another obstacle to the control of crime is lack of public interest in the punishment of criminals. We are prone to give wide publicity to the commission of crime, but relatively little to the punishment. Newspapers in England give but little space to a crime until a conviction has been obtained. Then the crime is reviewed and stress placed upon the punishment awarded. It is my firm belief that the story of the punishment would serve as a real deterrent. Highly colored accounts of a criminal's career, tend to promote, rather than discourage, criminality.

Moreover, don't leave everything to the police, who form your first line of defense against the onslaughts of the underworld. Many phases of police work need and demand the active cooperation of outside agencies. Chief among those outside agencies is the honest citizen. No police department can function efficiently when honest citizens are apathetic.

When the Bureau of Crime Prevention was inaugurated as an active branch of the Police Department of the City of New York, on January sixteenth of this year, it was most gratifying to note the keen interest displayed and the many offers of assistance made by social agencies working in the field of prevention and welfare.

**W**HAT every well governed city needs most is a socially-minded public. There is an old adage to the effect that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. It is particularly true of crime prevention. New York has a population of seven millions of people and one and one-half millions of daily transients. Thus the police of our city come in daily contact with eight and one-half millions of people. The cosmopolitan

nature of our city further complicates the police problem. Therefore I felt that every citizen of New York should pledge himself or herself to assist in the solution of the all-important question of crime prevention.

In order to get this message to the people of New York, I wanted to find the best possible medium for my appeal. Arthur B. Reeve, the well known criminologist and author of the famous Craig Kennedy detective stories, suggested the Radio. The National Broadcasting Company was approached with the suggestion that a crime prevention program be added to the already long list of sustaining hours.

The suggestion was welcomed and in June of this year a series of half-hour programs were broadcast. To our great surprise and satisfaction this program was given a feature spot in the evening hours and was broadcast over a national hook-up covering most of the United States.



Rogues' Gallery pictures of Elmira Ruben, Filipino tracked down by persistence of Radio

The importance of this work must not be taken lightly for the solution of the crime problem can be found in crime prevention.

A rather interesting side light on the interest which certain malefactors have taken in these Radio programs came to light the other day. It happened shortly after an especially dramatic exposure of racketeering methods had been broadcast.

The programs are under the personal supervision of Mr. Reeve and three distinct, unmistakable overtures from the gentry "outside the law" were received by him. These overtures suggested that it might be worth his while to consider an offer to "chisel in" on their rackets. The figure was most alluring! A thinly veiled explanation was that he would be an invaluable ally in covering up their activities because of his ostensible connection with the forces of law and order.

The creator of Craig Kennedy expressed

his appreciation of the left-handed compliment but declined the offers. He grinned from ear to ear as he said to me, "Say, this is great. Now I'm sure this crime prevention idea is a success. When those racketeers give anything a tumble, it must be good."

But we have sought to do more than merely educate the public to protect itself from the criminal. Our crime prevention program goes far beyond that phase.

Primarily crime prevention means attacking crime at its source. It means surrounding the delinquent child with good environmental and occupational influences and destroying the vicious influences which breed crime.

**C**RIME prevention in its broadest sense will result in making a delinquent child into a normal, healthy member of society, who at maturity will be able to take his or her place in our community life.

Billions are spent each year by the municipality, state and nation upon the suppression of crime. The yearly budget of the New York Police Department is over \$60,000,000.00. Added to this large expenditure of public funds for crime detection are the enormous amounts required for the upkeep of the correctional institutions made necessary by crime. How much better it would be if a large portion of this money were applied to the elimination of crime at its source. Our

present method is to protect society through elaborate crime detection machinery. Our future method will undoubtedly be the perfection of crime prevention machinery resulting in untold good to the city through the destruction of the breeding places of crime.

The situation is particularly serious today because, though we always have had crime, and perhaps always will, we never before have had such youthful criminals. Until recently little official cognizance was taken of this most distressing and alarming fact. A sense of individual responsibility must be felt in order to foster a larger sense of community responsibility.

Many breeding places of crime are licensed amusement resorts open to the thrill-seeking public. Because of the disappearance of the older bonds of conventionality, the youth of today rubs elbows with the criminal. While I am modern enough in thought not to desire

(Continued on page 121)





I AM SIXTY-NINE years old and I am living the happiest years of my life!

I smile when I remember that as a young girl I believed one couldn't know any happiness at fifty. It seemed to me, as it does to the young lady of today, that it was a time to be dreaded for its emptiness and loneliness—a time when shining hopes and ambitions,

pleasures and activity were all gone and there were only memories to feed upon—a time when one walked with stiff joints down the hill into the dismalness below.

Then when I realized I was not enjoying my youth, there would be a stab in my heart. "Ach," I thought to myself, "it is no use. Your life was not made to be a happy one. If you are

Mme. Schumann-Heink,  
who finds life more enjoy-  
able after fifty.

not getting any fun from life now, surely you cannot expect it at the decrepit age of fifty. Didn't even the poets and writers deplore the tragedy of age?"

But now that I look back upon the long rough road behind, I say it not only for myself, but for women in general, that the happiest years of life are those after fifty. And this is true even of the one who has had more advantages than pleasures in youth than I had. Take it from Mother Schumann-Heink that youth is not as happy and as enchanted a period of life as the poets and writers would have us believe. In reality it is more a time of many painful experiences.

FOR example, the young haven't sense enough to value the advice of their elders or to be guided by it. They are certain that they know everything. Even my grandchildren inform me that I know nothing about life. Ach, how time flies! It was only yesterday that my own children were telling me: "Mother these things may have been true in the last century, but you don't know anything about today!"

And in another fifteen years my great-grandchildren will also be imparting this wisdom to me. That is youth. It won't believe that since you have already lived your life you can help it to choose the better way. No, it must learn for itself. So it is continually making mistakes and bumping its nose.

And the things that particularly worry the young girl! There is no end to them. She worries about her looks and her figure. She worries about her love affairs and whether she is going to get married. It takes a mere word to cause her a heartache. The least little disappointment sends her into deep despair. Ach, I can recall now the salty tears I shed because someone criticized me. And how black life was because I could not go to a dance.

The young do not know the things that bring true happiness. They dash after pleasure and good times only to become bored and dissatisfied. They want to grab everything from life that they can. They haven't learned as yet that it is only in giving that one finds happiness and satisfaction.

The young have wonderful ideals; far too wonderful for this world. Consequently they suffer from bitter disillusionment. They see that the world isn't a perfect place; that glowing success isn't so easily obtained or that the career isn't what they are fitted for. The sweetheart days are brief. Ach, so brief! It does not take long before the young girl finds out that marriage does not contain

# The Happiest Years

By Mme. Ernestine

Schumann-Heink

as told to

Lillian G. Glenn

*"Joy comes to us after we reach  
fifty. Youth is not as happy  
as poets and writers would  
have us believe."*

all bliss and romance and that her mate is far from a Prince Charming. There are difficult adjustments to make; bills to worry about and sleepless, troublesome nights when the babies arrive.

And so as the years pile up, the woman finds that there are many problems to encounter and troubles to shoulder. She worries about her children and frets about losing her youth. The appearance of a wrinkle or a grey hair sends a chill to her heart. Then she begins those tiring efforts to preserve her beauty and youth. Fortunately for me I never had to worry about losing my looks. My face and my figure were such that I knew from my early days they were hopeless to bother about. And so I could devote all my time and energy to my children and my career. God knows I needed ever bit of energy I had, for the years were full of hardships and struggles. But, as you know, a woman need not have eight children and a career to make her back bend. Even if she is a millionaire's wife there will be things to scar her soul.

GRADUALLY, though, the pace is less feverish and the emotional turmoil dies down. The years of fifty have come and it is the beginning of a delectable life. That is, if you are sensible enough to accept your age. The trouble is that the average woman starts to act foolishly. She spends the precious time in which she could be enjoying life in frantically pursuing youth. She goes to the beauty parlors to be massaged and to sit in reducing cabinets. She pinches her feet in tight shoes. She starves herself to be thin and tries to imitate the young. And what does she get for her pains and her efforts? Does she get youth? Does she win happiness? No, she only succeeds in making a thin, nervous, undernourished spectacle of herself. On the other hand, if she would serenely and optimistically face her age, she would find not only that life isn't over for her, but that new joys and pleasures await her. The years after fifty can be a woman's happiest.

For the first time in life you can sit



Lillian G. Glenn

back and relax. And believe me, it is a marvelous feeling. Your children are out of the house and your responsibilities and tasks are ended. If you are not ashamed of your age, you can stop the foolish dieting and exercising to keep slender and begin to eat a more substantial meal. You can dress for comfort. The dress that I am wearing right now is eight years old. That is a fact! It is wonderful not to waste your time and money in shopping, shopping, shopping, and to free yourself from the tyranny of style. Furthermore, you are free to do as you please and go where you want without wondering what your family and your friends will say about you. No one takes Grandma to task.

YOU find, too, that your whole outlook upon life has gradually changed. You aren't afflicted by needless fears and anxieties because you have learned that in the course of time things will right themselves. You take each day as it comes and you do your best with it and do not worry about tomorrow. You are through with experiments and trials. You know the good from the bad and the bad from the good; you have knowledge of life and your values are clearer. After you have struggled and suffered and collected some wisdom, you build up a philosophy that makes the years after fifty seem sweet. You would not want to give it up for anything. Not even for the shining freshness of youth which is still blindly bumping its nose. No, not Mother Schumann-Heink.

You see, the truth of the matter is that you do not begin to go down hill after fifty. You merely take a turn in the road and walk along one that is smoother and greener and without any dangers or risks. Of course you cannot run or dance as you did in your youth, but then, you have no desire to do it either. You are quite content to choose the shady path and to make your way more leisurely. But don't think for a moment that this path holds no interests and excitements for you. Ach, there are many of them if your mind is on the present and not the past.



So long as you do not attempt to imitate the things that the young do, you do not feel old. I know that many people are frankly surprised that my step is youthful, my spirits gay and my mind keen. But why shouldn't they be? If you look at life with a bright eye, if you do work you love and that keeps you planning for the future so that you forget the years, and if, most important of all, you have faith in the Father, you will remain young and buoyant until the final curtain is rung down.

Of course, if you have dissipated your vitality in your early years, and wasted your energy on parties and foolish amusements so that your health is failing, it will not be easy for you to maintain youthfulness and vivacity. For the physical condition of the body will react negatively on the mind and will destroy your spirit. The wise woman who is approaching the fifties will realize that she cannot keep up the pace of youth without having it take its toll from her health. She has to give heed to the changes of Nature and take care of herself. She has to eat the proper foods and see to it that she gets sufficient hours of sleep.

I have been following a common sense living regime for many years and that is the reason why I not only possess my voice today, but great vitality as well. It means nothing for me to travel several times a year from California to New York and back, to sing on the operatic and concert stage, to sing at the NBC studios, study my music, make victrola records, answer my mail, play with my newest great-grandchild and direct my household affairs.

ONE of the reasons why people think the body and mind must deteriorate is that they remember how their mothers and grandmothers tottered around feebly and helplessly. So they think it must be a matter of course with them. It is this belief which makes them dread age. We must realize, though, that our mothers and grandmothers did not know anything about the laws of health and hygiene; that they did not have any opportunities to do work which would keep their minds alert. These poor women had to sit by the fireside with folded hands waiting to be released from their empty lives. Naturally, mentally and physically they began to vegetate so that by fifty or sixty they were useless.

But we are living in a different age—one that gives women a chance to lead not only a healthy life, but an active one even when they are great-grandmothers. They should appreciate this opportunity and make the most of it. Let me tell you that I go on my knees every night and thank God I can still work and give a little sunshine to others. What especially touches me these days is that I am now able, through the Radio, to sing to vast numbers of people who could not afford to hear me at the concerts and

opera. I am a daughter of plain people and I like to sing to plain people. Ach, I know how they need music in their lives. They and the wounded soldier boys whom I never forget. In times of despondency and grief, music always gave me deep comfort. That is why I am grateful to be living in this age of Radio so that I can be one of those to bring cheer to its wide audience.

Another ambition of mine that I will realize this year, is teaching and coaching forty young promising singers. I have long wanted to do something for the young singers of America—to give them something of what I have learned through fifty years of hard work and experience. There are many difficulties in the way of young singers who want to make a suc-

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## Learn About Matrimony From

# BILLIE BURKE

*Fifteen years ago this famous and captivating star married Florenz Ziegfeld, creator of the Follies and one of the most sought-after men in the country. Broadway predicted the romance would not last. But it did!*

*How she made her marriage a happy one is revealed in an interview with Miss Burke on*

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## Making the Most of Matrimony DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

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cess of their profession. I want to make it a little easier for a few who have real talent. I want to use the years that I have in helping them.

However, a woman does not need a voice or talent to make herself useful. If I could not sing, I would find plenty to do. For example, I would teach young girls how to cook. Yes, I mean it! So many marriages are failures today simply because wives don't know how to make a meal. One can't thrive on delicatessen and restaurant food. What is more, if you give a man good home

cooking, he will not want to stray from his hearthplace. As for the wife herself, she will not be so restless and irritable. It will mean more happiness for her if she will learn how to cook rather than to play bridge or golf.

There are many other things a woman can do if she only has the desire. Certainly the greatest joy in life comes from being useful, not only to your dear ones, but to the community at large. On every hand there is work to be done. Political clubs, social service organizations, community centers and women's leagues of every type, which have worthy ideals, will eagerly welcome the woman who not only has the leisure, but to whom the years have brought judgement and understanding.

You see, there are blessed years of living after fifty—blessed in every sense of the word. A glorious life is in your hands provided you do not stand with your eyes on the past. If the choice were offered me, I would want to have more years of life today rather than any years of youth. For there is little that youth has to offer which can equal the freedom, the happiness and the serenity of age.

\* \* \*

Mme. Schumann-Heink started her illustrious career more than fifty years ago in a little town in Austria. Her father was a Bohemian and a poorly paid officer in the army and her mother was an Italian. The parents had an exceedingly hard struggle to clothe and feed their large brood of children. When Ernestine was twelve years old she was sent to the Urse-line Convent at Prague and it was there that a nun discovered her remarkable voice. She allowed the child to sing at mass and everyone was overwhelmed by the beauty of her voice.

A YEAR after that Mariette Le Clair, the great French prima donna, happened to visit the convent. When mass was over Mme. Le Claire sought Ernestine out and told her that her voice could develop into a great contralto. She offered to give her lessons for nothing if she could come to Gratz, where she lived.

Ernestine wrote to her father and at first he refused permission. He did not want his daughter to go on the stage. But she managed to secure his consent and a well-to-do army officer provided her with some funds. She made a successful concert debut in Gratz and then went to Dresden to study under Franz M. Wuellner. It was not long before she made her operatic debut as 'Azucena' in "Il Trovatore" at the Dresden Opera. She was there about three years when she married. A year later, when her first child was born, she lost her position at the Opera House. Those years were very hard ones for the singer. She could not always procure en-

(Continued on page 122)



# A RADIO COLUMN By HEYWOOD BROWN



**G**OOD evening. I remember when I was in school we voted just before graduation about each other— You know . . . the handsomest and the best dressed and the brightest pupil and so on. I didn't get any votes in any of those three classes. Nobody seemed to know that I was running for "handsomest".

But I did get elected in two things. I was voted the best all round—that didn't mean the most globular. At that time I was tall and slim—fairly tall, about six feet two. I was only seventeen and I hadn't got my growth yet. I had begun to smoke cigarettes the year before. I don't believe I weighed more than a hundred and ninety pounds in those days. But I was the centre on the football team and the centre on the basketball team and the editor of the Horace Mann monthly. That was the year the February issue didn't come out till June.

**I** GOT voted the best all round and the laziest and only one of those has worked out true to any extent. You can't tell so far in advance. If Mr. Edison were a betting man I'd like to make him a wager about his recent competitive exam to find the brightest boy. At the end of twenty years I'll bet the boy who comes forty-ninth in the test is of more real use to the world than the one who finishes first. Questionnaires are like that. People who do terribly well in examinations in school and college sort of peter out. It's a little bit like some fighters who look very impressive when they are training and boxing around with sparring partners and then don't do anything at all in the ring—on the night of the big fight. Sporting writers have an expression about a boxer like that—they say, "He left his fight in the gymnasium." It seems to me that some pupils leave their brains in the examination room.

I am not trying to encourage people to

*In which the famous columnist and candidate for Congress broadcasts intermittently over the Columbia network, discusses Bright Boys, Doctors and the Kitten that Came Back.*

flunk all their tests but I get a lot of letters from young men and women, terribly woebegone because they haven't done well in school or college. They are ready to call themselves stupid (I pronounce that stoopid when I am not careful). Some youngsters feel sure they will never succeed at anything just because they didn't get by in Latin or plane geometry. And here's another contributor—I don't know whether it is a man or a woman—suffering from an unfounded discouragement. She says or he says (E.H.B.)—"I am a patient in a sanitarium and there seems to be among us a good deal of scepticism as to whether one is fit for anything worthwhile after being afflicted with tuberculosis. It would be encouraging if you would point out a few of those who have made a success of life after regaining their health."

Now, of course, there are hundreds and thousands of those. The greatest of American playwrights and another man, who seems to me our best short story writer, are both men who came to their great success after winning their fight with tuberculosis.

A very large proportion of Radio letters come from people who are shut-ins, for some reason or other. They make a fine audience because after listening to the night nurse for an hour and a half almost any diversion is welcome. Naturally I mean just some night nurses. There are nurses and nurses and I have known some that I would gladly listen to hour after hour. A few. I remember I had one during the great influenza epidemic of 1918. Maybe she wasn't a regular nurse. Anybody who could fill a hot water bottle was a nurse in those days. While I was convalescing she used to sit by the side of

my bed and read to me. But the book she chose was one of my own works. I was never so bored in all my life. Besides she always laughed in the wrong places. And it wasn't supposed to be a funny book. It was a very sad story. And naturally it wasn't a story in which I

took much interest, I knew how it came out.

I have never been exactly shut-in but I had a nervous breakdown once that ran along for pretty nearly three years. I could do my work but I didn't get any fun out of it. I used to get very despondent. I wouldn't have given a nickel for my chance of ever going to a speak-easy again. But I did get better. It is very mysterious how people get cured. I believe in doctors. I ought to—I have been to enough of them in my time. They are nice to have around. They can tell you what you have got—or what you haven't got. But mostly people cure themselves . . . and generally quite suddenly. Everybody knows about the crisis in pneumonia and diphtheria and things like that but it's just the same in nervous breakdowns and other ailments that take longer. There is a crisis—a peak—a turning point. You go to bed sick and in the morning you wake up—well. I don't mean that necessarily you can get out and turn handsprings, but you have the feel of being well. You are off the side road and on the main highway at last. And that can happen any morning at all. It could be tomorrow.

**I** GOT cured in a peculiar way. Anybody can tell I am a neurotic—that is the chief symptom. We all want to get a chance to talk to somebody about our own symptoms. That is really the chief appeal of doctors. They have to listen if you pay them. But it wasn't a doctor who pulled me through the crisis. I was a cardiophobe—that is, a man who thinks he has heart disease.

(Continued on page 119)





Ted Husing in action with his "announcing board"

"SAY, you bum! Who ever told you you knew anything about football? I heard you broadcast during the — game, and you hardly even mentioned — and the great work done by —, but continually talked about the wonderful playing of —. Of course, everybody knows you favor — over any team they happen to be playing, and that — is your little tin god. How much are you getting out of it?"

There, ladies and gentlemen, is a sample of a letter that I received from an irate football fan following the broadcast of a certain football game two years ago, with the names of the teams and players mentioned deleted by myself. Isn't it sweet?

I might add that the letter isn't reproduced exactly as written. There is a law of the land which forbids the sending of offensive reading matter through the mails, and this little *billet doux*, which was signed with a fictitious name anyway, had to be slightly expurgated.

Well, that's just part of the lot of a sports announcer, or a sports reporter for a newspaper for that matter. I'm proud to say that I don't get many letters like that, but anyway I've long since stopped worrying about them when I do. The

term "fan," I understand, is an abbreviation of "fanatic," and no fan is as blindly and unreasonably and unbelievably partisan as the football fan. The first whiff of smoke from burning leaves in the fall affects the average American citizen like a shot of dope. Everybody talks, eats and sleeps football between the first of October and the last of November. Everyone, in fact, becomes a self-appointed expert, and honestly feels that nobody knows as much about the game as he does.

And that's all right. It's what makes football the thrilling and intoxicating thing that it is. I can't rail at the public for their enthusiasm, because football affects me in the same way.

But it is because football fans are so rabid, and as I said before, at times so unreasonably partisan, that I do my level best to make every report of a football game an accurate one. I may get excited—as who wouldn't when somebody rips off eight yards through the line, or flits eighty yards through a broken field—but if I can tell listeners exactly what is going on during every minute of the game, I firmly believe that I am pleasing the majority of listeners most of the time.

Now, by accurate broadcasting I mean describing in detail every play, as it takes

# Ted Husing

## Football

*Tells How He Broadcasts*

*Famous Announcer's inside story on the mechanics of broadcasting the big game—Radio Digest's schedule of important games on the air this fall.*

place. That means telling when and how the teams line up; the formation of the backfield; any shifts in the formation that might take place; the name of the player who receives the ball from the center; when and how he runs with it, or whom he passes it to; who tackles him; how many yards he makes or loses; the location of the ball on the field at the completion of the play; what down it is, and how many yards to go for first down.

That doesn't sound so difficult, does it? I know the answer is that it doesn't, and I would wager that the readers, if any, of this article, would swap a right arm and maybe a leg or two for the job of announcing football games over the air, and would feel perfectly certain that they could do it without any trouble. Well, they couldn't!

"Ha! That fellow Husing certainly has a high opinion of himself," I am sure everyone will remark after that last statement. But let me explain myself a little further. I maintain that no one could give an accurate play-by-play description of a football game all by himself. I know that I couldn't. It's an impossibility without the aid of an expert observer and operators.

I HAVE the same "team" working with me right through the season. In fact, some of our most important work is done long before the season starts. My observer for the 1930 season, who was a star football player at college, and has had a good deal of coaching experience since his graduation, certainly knows football. But just knowing football isn't enough. He has to know enough about the style of play and general ability of the individual players, especially backfield men, of the teams on our broadcasting schedule to know what to expect of them—to be able, almost, to anticipate what they do before they do it. He has been busy since late in the summer learning about these players, and if possible

visiting with the teams at their training camps.

The observer's job is perhaps the most trying and exacting of all. Of course, I endeavor beforehand, to familiarize myself with the players' appearances, and as far as possible memorize their numbers. But when I'm chattering away at perhaps a rate of 250 words a minute, I can't stop to think whether No. 6 who carried the ball is Smith, and No. 11 who tackled him is Jones. I must depend absolutely on my observer for those details—details which offhand seem unimportant, but to me mean the difference between a good and a bad broadcast. I feel that anyone interested enough to listen in on the game in the first place is familiar with the players and their particular style of play beforehand. He hears the announcer say, "Now the ball is on the seven-yard line. It's last down and goal to go. No. 6 is going back to take the pass from center. The ball is passed, etc., etc."

NOW there you have an exciting moment in the game. Seven yards to go for touchdown! If the listener is at all familiar with the teams and players, he wants to know who is going to receive that pass from center. If the announcer says that Smith is going back to receive it, he probably knows that Smith is noted for his line plunging ability, and that he is going to make a desperate attempt to smash his way through for the touchdown. On the other hand, if the announcer says that Zilch is going back he immediately thinks, "Aha! Zilch is a sharpshooter on forward passes. He's going to try one over the goal line." In other words, in order that the listener may really visualize what is being described, the announcer must give him every detail of the play—before it happens, not after.

The old system of keeping the announcer informed on details of the game called for two extra observers, usually an

incapacitated member of each team, who knew by sight the members of their respective squads. As the play got under way one or the other would call out the name of the player to the regular observer. He in turn would whisper it into the ear of the announcer. That system was bad for several reasons. In the first place the extra observers were very apt to get excited during a close play, and either yell out the wrong name or forget to say anything at all. Even if that didn't happen it was annoying for the announcer to have the observer constantly whispering something in his ear, especially when, as was frequently the case, the announcer knew who was carrying the ball or making the tackle anyway. In any case the whispering disturbed his train of thought, and made it almost impossible to talk uninterruptedly.

We have a new system now, which I devised myself, and which was worked very successfully last year. For want of a better name I call it the announcer's announcing board. It consists of a small board with red lights running down one side and green lights down the other. Alongside each light is a small card car-

rying the name of each backfield man—red for one side and green for the other. This board is attached by wires to another board in front of my observer.



They pack 'em in at the Yale bowl on the day of the big Army-Yale game.  
© Ewing Galloway





Grant P. Ward, new WLW announcer

with cards bearing corresponding names alongside buttons instead of lights. The observer has a pair of specially made field glasses with which he watches every play. Here is a sample of the way it works.

"... The teams are lining up now, and Harvard has the ball on Yale's twenty-five yard line. It is third down and still eight yards to go for first down. There's a man going back now. It's (red flash alongside Smith's name) Smith and he starts toward right end. But suddenly he stops, wheels, and makes a lateral pass to (red flash) Brown. Brown takes the pass, but instead of running with it he hesitates a moment and then makes a long toss to (red flash) Green, who has cut over and is heading down the side toward the Yale goal. There's a Yale man covering him. It's (green flash) Jones. Jones leaps for the ball. He's got it! The tables have been turned now, and Jones is twisting and dodging up that side line. He's gotten past two men and has reached his own thirty yard line. He's gotten past another one, but now he's been forced outside about on his own thirty-five yard line as he is tackled hard and cleanly by (red flash) White."

THAT is just a sample, and maybe not a very adequate one. But I hope it gives you some idea of how the system is worked. There is no delay, and scarcely any hesitation, in giving the listener a picture of what is going on, when it is going on. That is, there is no hesitation or delay with a trained observer, and I want to say a bit more on that subject. If that rather feeble illustration of mine gives you some idea of how valuable, how absolutely indispensable, my observer is to me, then I feel that I have accomplished something. The observer, and the operators of whom I will speak later, are the men behind

the man behind the gun. They are, figuratively speaking, the interference that takes out the opposing tacklers so that the man carrying the ball can romp to touchdowns and glory. Besides the signalling device that I have just described the observer has another board, with a gridiron charted out on it, upon which he manipulates colored-headed pins to show the position of the ball on the playing field, what down it is, and how many yards to go for first down.

The task of the operators, who complete our football broadcasting "team," includes the preliminary work of installing the broadcasting equipment, arranging for the positions of the microphones, etc. We usually use four microphones beside the one into which I talk. These pick-up mikes are placed in front of the rival cheering sections and bands, and it is upon the operators whom I must depend for most of the color and sound effects, as well as for the proper transmission of my voice over the air. They must be prepared at any time to switch the pick-up mikes on or off for the sounds of cheering or singing, and must know how to regulate them so that "color" will come in loudly enough to be distinct but not so loud as to drown out my voice. These mikes are numbered, and we have a system of hand signals so that when I say, "—the injured man is leaving the game, and is being assisted from the field—the Stanford cheering section has risen as one man and is giving him a tremendous hand," I hold up three fingers, and the operator switches on No. 3 microphone in front of the Stanford cheering section. With other movements of my hand I can signal him to fade it out or bring it up full.

Broadcasting a football game is about ninety percent plain, ordinary hard work. I am frequently asked whether I enjoy the games that I broadcast, and my answer is that I enjoy the broadcasting but not the game. I often can't remember most of the details of a game, and occasionally friends will compliment me on the way I described a certain play that I have no recollection of ever having seen.

And our work is not ended with the final shrill blast of the referee's whistle. Before we have a chance to relax and forget what has happened, we repair to our hotel and hold a little informal meeting, where each of us has the opportunity to tell the others how good or bad they were. I am no longer the leader of our little "team" when we assemble at these meetings. Everyone is on a par with the others, and is free to speak his own mind. There is no sparing of feelings as each points out what he believes to have been mistakes on the part of the others. A cue wrongly given, a signal misunderstood, a microphone badly placed—every little wrinkle is smoothed out with the idea of forestalling any recurrences of the incident in future games. Those little meetings aren't always pleasant, but we all leave them with a



Coach Fielding H. Yost of Michigan

little better idea of how, or how not, to broadcast a football game.

## Football Coaches Make Forecasts Over WLW

ADDED interest is being given several of the games broadcast over station WLW, WOR and WMAQ by the Football Forecasts program every Friday at 6:30 P. M. E. S. T.

Coaches of the Big Ten and Big Three Conferences, including Zuppke of Illinois, Yost of Michigan, Stagg of Chicago, Stevens of Yale, Roper of Princeton, Horween of Harvard, and possibly Rockne of Notre Dame, on the nights before the biggest games of the season are talking to audiences of "Quality Group" stations.

Each man gives his own ideas of the approaching games and talks about the men on his team.

To add to the college atmosphere that is being created, glee clubs, bands, and orchestras from the universities are on hand to furnish the same music that spurs on the teams in the grid struggle.

FIELDING YOST of the University of Michigan was the first coach on the air. On Friday, October 17, less than 24 hours before his eleven met the Ohio State team at Columbus, Yost told about it from the latter city. Hal Totten, veteran sport announcer of station WMAQ, went to Columbus, Ohio, to present Yost to the Radio audience. The Scarlet Mask, dramatic organization of Ohio State, furnished additional entertainment.

Bill Roper, of Princeton University,



faces the microphone on Friday, October 31, in Chicago in advance of the game between his team and the University of Chicago. The Princeton Triangle Club, famous dramatic organization that included Booth Tarkington as a member, will share honors with the glee club of the Chicago school on this forecast.

Bob Zuppke will forecast the prospects of his University of Illinois team against Army on Friday, November 7, in a talk from one of the New York studios used by WLW.

**ALONZO STAGG**, "The grand old man of football," will forecast the Illinois-Chicago game on November 14 as his big maroon team waits to engage Zuppke's Illini.

Arnold Horween, Harvard football coach, will precede the Yale-Harvard game on November 21. For his broadcast, the microphone probably will be set up at his camp at Haverford, Connecticut.

Final arrangements have not yet been made for the forecast on November 28, although the place tentatively is being held open for Knute Rockne whose Notre Dame team will meet Army the next day. This final broadcast will be in the nature of an all-college celebration, including music for Army and Notre Dame and for other of the Big Ten and Big Three.

For WLW's broadcasts of the Ohio State football games, a new sports announcer will make his appearance on the Radio horizon. He is Grant P. Ward,

## RADIO DIGEST'S FOOTBALL BROADCAST SCHEDULE

Here is your ticket to the big football games to be broadcast by the national chains. Keep this for reference.

National Broadcasting Company		
GAME	AT	KEY STATION
Saturday, November 1, 1930		
Dartmouth-Yale	New Haven	WEAF
Princeton-Chicago	Chicago	WJZ
Kentucky-Alabama	Lexington	WHAS
Saturday, November 8, 1930		
Harvard-Michigan	Cambridge	WJZ
Pennsylvania-Notre Dame	Philadelphia	WEAF
Saturday, November 15, 1930		
Navy-So. Meth.	Annapolis	WJZ
Yale-Princeton	Princeton	WEAF
Saturday, November 22, 1930		
Yale-Harvard	New Haven	WEAF
Navy-Maryland	Annapolis	WJZ
Thursday November 27, 1930		
Columbia-Syracuse	New York	WJZ
Cornell-Pennsylvania	Philadelphia	WEAF
Saturday, November 29, 1930		
Dartmouth-Stanford	U. Stanford	WEAF
Army-Notre Dame	Chicago	WJZ
Saturday, December 6, 1930		
Navy-U. of Penn.	Philadelphia	WEAF
Columbia Broadcasting System		
Saturday, November 1, 1930		
Princeton-Chicago	Chicago	WABC
Saturday, November 8, 1930		
U. of Illinois-Army	New York	WABC
Saturday, November 15, 1930		
Yale-Princeton	Princeton	WABC
Saturday, November 22, 1930		
Wisconsin-Minnesota	Madison, Wis.	WABC
Thursday November 27, 1930		
Penn-Cornell	Philadelphia	WABC
Saturday, November 29, 1930		
Army-Notre Dame	Chicago	WABC
Saturday, December 6, 1930		
Penn-Navy	Philadelphia	WABC

recognized all over the country as one of the greatest students of football in the United States. Although he has been since 1927 a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, Ward abandons his law practice temporarily each fall to visit all the Western Conference football games to get material for the authoritative and interesting articles he writes about gridiron prospects.

**F**OR ten years Ward was chief scout and assistant football coach at Ohio State University. He loves the game. He is said to have a remarkable faculty for sizing up players and retaining the mental notes he makes on the abilities of all he sees in action or reads about. As a dopest on the outcome of games, he has few peers. In 1920, he forecast correctly the outcome of 60 out of 62 games, and his record in this field for other years is almost equally astounding.

Genial, personable and sincere, he won a most favorable response in 1929 as a broadcaster of games played in the Ohio stadium. Not a showman, but a quick thinking and deeply interested student of the game, he gave the stay-at-home football fans a straight-from-the-shoulder account of the battles he witnessed. So well did he register with fans that a newspaper in Columbus (not the one for which he was writing) devoted nearly a column to praising his skill as a football broadcaster.

Radio critics already are forecasting a great future for Grant P. Ward.



Ted Husing and his "team" of assistants and observers broadcasting a play by play story



# SEA-FEVER

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Poet Laureate of England

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's  
shaking.  
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the  
running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls  
crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like  
a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.





# The Poet's FRIEND

*Radio is Kinder to Spoken Lyric than the  
Cold, Silent Typeline, Says Mr. Masefield*

By John Masefield

*Poet Laureate of England*

FRIENDS—those few whom I have met and those many thousands whom I have not met—through the genius of man, I have an opportunity to speak to you across thousands of miles of stormy water, across the roaring cities and quiet country places, about the possibilities of poetry in modern life.

I am speaking to you in the heart of London, at half past five on a rather overcast September afternoon which is inclined to be wet. To you I suppose it is now very nearly middle day in that far continent.

I speak in a place haunted by poetry and by the possibilities of poetry and the memories of poets. Undoubtedly Chaucer must have been here singing his poetry many times. He married his wife possibly within these precincts. Shakespeare undoubtedly was here. Just down the road Dr. Johnson wrote. Across the road Savage got drunk. It was near here that William Blake, our poet and engraver and inventor and mystic, lived and died. Tennyson used to frequent a tavern almost within sight. Turner, our great landscape painter, was born just across the road and passed his childhood here. It was here that Lord Byron used to box with the champion boxer of England, and the champion boxer of England was quite a good water color painter.

In more recent times, there were Yates and Francis Thompson who sold matches in the street within a few yards of this building; and James Thompson sold his articles for what they would fetch and then bought Irish whiskey.

Then, quite close to this place, Charles Dickens, as a little and unhappy boy, rinsed wine bottles for some unhappy months. The whole district is peopled with the ghosts of great writers. How-

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*Speaking on the subject, The Possibilities of Poetry in Modern Life, John Masefield tells Americans in trans-Atlantic broadcast that the modern poet has an advantage in being able to reach the public audibly. He recites his famous poem, Sea Fever, as an illustration. It appears on the opposite page, from John Masefield's Collected Poems, by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company. Copyright by the Macmillan Company. The broadcast was conducted by the Columbia Broadcasting System.*

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ever, we are not conscious of those ghosts at the present time. We are only conscious of two young friends who keep telling me that if I sneeze fifty thousand people will be immediately deafened. I will try not to sneeze.

But I am here tonight to speak to you about the possibility of poetry in modern life. Perhaps I had better define poetry. Poetry is an art in which the artist by means of rhythm and great sincerity can convey to others the sentiment which he feels about life. As Wordsworth said, poetry is the overflow of powerful feelings. Wherever such feelings exist, they will come out of the hearts of human beings. Another has very well said that poetry should be a friend to soothe the tears and lift the heart of man.

But poetry is infinitely various, and this generation, through various contrivances and discoveries of man, should produce an infinitely greater variety of poetry than any generation of man which has existed upon this planet before.

In times past, poetry was the delight of every member of the community. The community was small, very simple, and all ranks and classes of men met together in the King's Palace in the great living room or in the market place or at the athletic gatherings, and the poet sang or spoke to all and was listened to with rapture by all.

OF COURSE, that became more complex later. There were more living rooms in the King's Palace, and the poet no longer addressed the whole community.

Then there came the printing press which at first was thought to be of great benefit to poets. I think that it has become a detriment to the poetical art though priceless as a distributor of knowledge and a preserver of knowledge.

It has had this result—that it has put away the poet from his public. Formerly the poet met his public face to face. But when the poet was kept away from his public and wrote his poems in secret, his



work was then handed to some other man who printed it, and the man who printed it handed it to someone else who sold it. And so the man who bought it might not be at all suited to it. He might not understand the poet, he might not care about the poet, and he might particularly want the poet to be there and get his meaning by the inflections of his voice and the passionate energy of his soul.

SINCE the printing press came, poetry has ceased to delight the whole community of man; it has become the amusement and delight of a limited few. People have given up listening to poetry. The poetical play has almost been banished from the stage throughout the world. The minstrel has ceased to be. He no longer goes about singing, chanting his verse. And, though a good deal of poetry is written and read, no one could pretend that it is one of the delights of life or that it can compete with the boxing match or the cinema or traveling fast in a motor car.

I speak to you this afternoon in the hope that poetry will again become one of the main delights of life and really compete once again with the other delights of the market place. It may be that broadcasting may make listening to poetry a pleasure again, though this can only come about with difficulty and with a great deal of hard work because I feel that poets will work better at verse if they work before an audience whom they can see so that they may know when their work fails and why.

Before I stop my speech this afternoon, I was asked to read to you some of my verses, but before I do that, let me thank you for the way in which you have listened to me. You have given me the impression that all my audience has been listening to me breathlessly.

Let me say this about the possibilities of poetry in modern life—that we over here look to America to produce poets greater than any yet Europe has known.

The poet concluded by reading *Sea Fever*.

*With a few exceptions, great poets have had lowly beginnings, and John Masefield, recently crowned Poet Laureate of England, is not among the exceptions.*

At the age of fourteen he went to sea



John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England  
and Mrs. Masefield.

on the training ship, "Conway," and there is no doubt that the tang of the sea which pervades his poems had been preserved since this youthful experience.

At the tender age of seventeen he struck New York Harbor. Here he roomed with an Irishman, Quinn by name. It is not known if the traditional fare of poets—dried herring (and beer?—hush)

was the steady diet of the budding poet, but the menu must have been slender and meagre. The divine spark, however, reached out for food and was fed plentifully for the youth knew his wants.

Then came one of life's grand moments—an opportunity to earn the munificent sum of One Actual Dollar and Five Cents per day. The job was in a rug factory in Yonkers, a city famous by reflection—the grandeur of New York graciously allowing its shadows to fall on all towns skirting its edges.

"I went to Yonkers," said Mr. Masefield, in an interview several years ago, "and worked that day in a factory. At first I worked with a tin opener, a little instrument like a fork without tines, to keep straight the tin tubes on the spools of wool from which the carpets were woven. If this were not done, the carpets were irregular. I used to do forty sets a day for forty carpets. Then I got a raise and gradually my salary crept up to \$8.50 a week.

“THEN I was mistake finder. I used to take a new carpet and compare it with the pattern for faults of setting or design.”

One can picture Mr. Masefield earnestly going about his work in this factory with busy hands—the while catching bright visions here and there and tucking them away in the folds of his mind.

Friday was pay day for "Macy," as he was familiarly called. Dickens once said that his greatest thrill was buying a brand new outfit of clothes at one time—suit, shoes, hat—even collar buttons—or their primitive ancestors).

But Masefield's greatest joy was to drop in at the William Palmer East Book Shop and buy volumes of poetry.

One likes to imagine young Masefield in this dusty bookshop (that is, it should be dusty to make the setting just right) fingering tenderly the pages of great works, communing here with Shelley on

(Continued on page 123)



# Turkey Day

in STUDIO LAND

"**T**HANKSGIVING DAY, in the United States, a day, usually the last Thursday in November, set apart as an annual festival of thanksgiving for the year's blessings."—Standard Dictionary.

How'd you like to have a Radio Thanksgiving this year, my listeners, and celebrate it the way your favorite air celebrities are planning to do? Of course, 1930's general conditions may not have been so inspiring to many to give thanks, but yet it could be worse.

At least we have had a banner Radio program year to be thankful for, and the featured mike entertainers themselves are grateful for the talents they have been given and for the remunerative pinnacles to which Radio has raised them.

The stars are truly glad you like them, and just by way of showing their thanks to you, they have told me all their favorite dishes and recipes for Thanksgiving delicacies just so that I could tell you. Now let's all get busy and plan a big Radio Thanksgiving dinner a la mikesters' formulas, and by way of helping unfortunates to be thankful too, we'll invite to the fest all of our friends to whom the bugaboo Unemployment has been unkind.

Your loud speaker favorites, who in these B. T. (before television) days don't

really have to diet but do so anyway, will for

the most part toss their caloric calculations aside for a

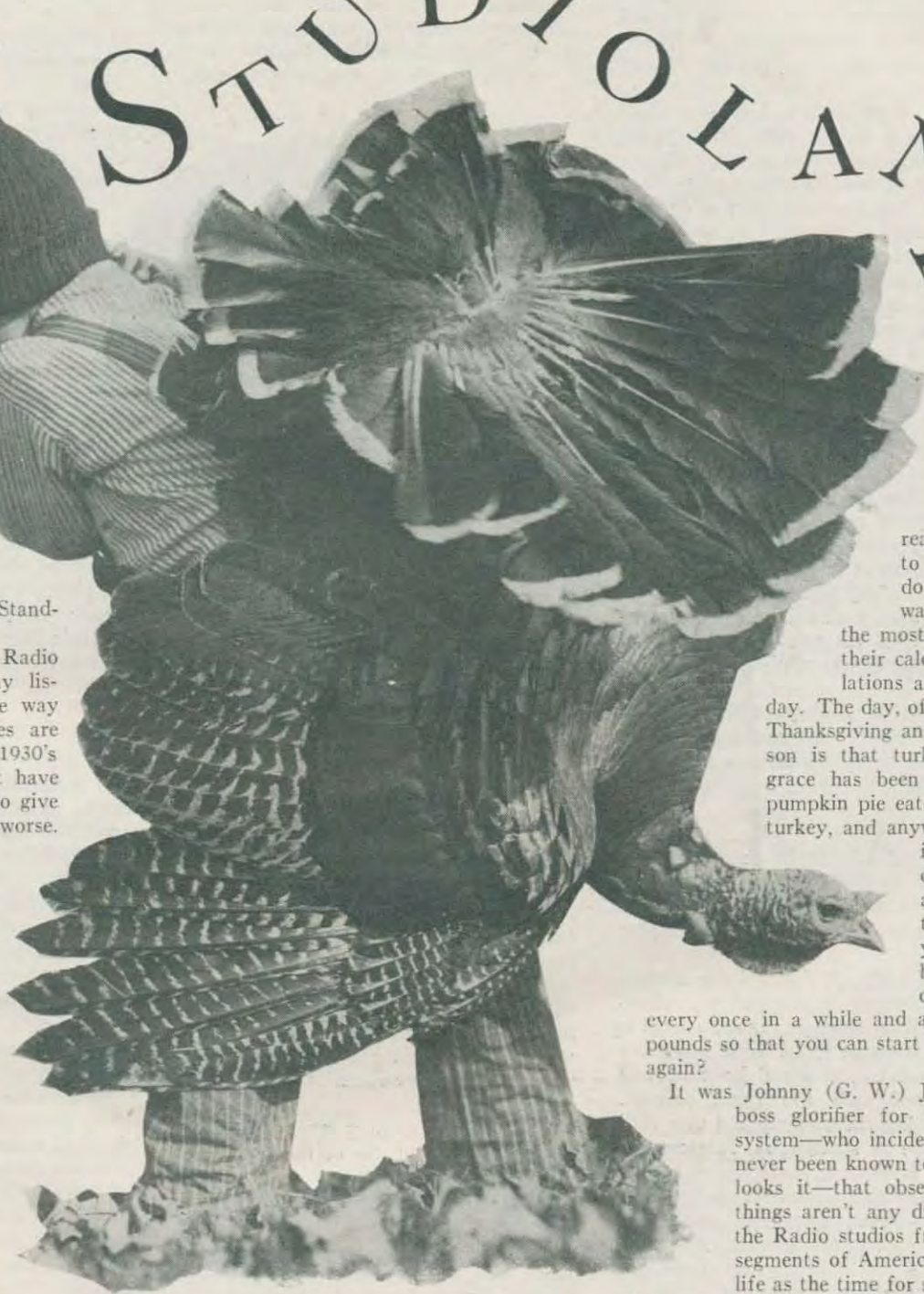
day. The day, of course, is Thanksgiving and the reason is that turkey, after grace has been said and pumpkin pie eaten, is still turkey, and anyway, what

is the use of dieting all of the time if you can't break out of bounds

every once in a while and add a few pounds so that you can start in dieting again?

It was Johnny (G. W.) Johnstone, boss glorifier for the NBC system—who incidentally has never been known to diet and looks it—that observed that things aren't any different in the Radio studios from other segments of American family life as the time for slicing the white meat approaches. The relative merits of chestnut stuffing as compared to oysters or onions and nutmeats, are roundly debated out of hearing of Mike and recipes for the tempting side dishes are swapped right and left.

While the run-of-mine, never-to-gobble-again, roast turkey is generally conceded



By

Evans E. Plummer



**EVANGELINE ADAMS**

to be the champion foundation on which the Big Eats are to be built, a mouse hears many diverse and unusual suggestions by listening to the stars mull it over around the National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System key studios.

Shhh! Here comes Countess Olga Albani, one of NBC's most charming sopranos, whose excellent cooking is excelled only by her beauty of voice, face and figure. She has a new way of cooking turkey which I understand she picked up in France. Let's ask her about it.

"Take a turkey," (and who wouldn't?) said the Countess, "and put it into saucepan on a bed made of strips of fat bacon, sweet herbs, onions, carrots, thyme, bay leaf, salt and pepper, nutmeg and spices.

"Then blanket the bird with the same conglomeration," she continued. "Cover the pan tightly and let it cook for three or four hours. Then take it from the pan when cooked and remove the bay leaves and herbs, strain the liquor through a fine sieve, and serve, pouring this gravy over the turkey."

"Umm, umm, ain't dat sumpin'," I managed to get out through the moist lips of my watering mouth. "What do you call it?"

"It's name is 'Turkey en Daube'" the Countess replied, "and next day when it is cold this gravy becomes a thick, delicious jelly."

**AT THIS** point we were interrupted by Will Rogers, who came walking into the group arm in arm with a chap named Rudy Vallee—imagine that!

"Wall, I reckon," drawled the miking, writing, screening, acting and gum-chewing cowpuncher-at-large, "that no meal is jest what it ought to be 'nless you have at least one big, steamin' bowl of real high-seasoned chili con carne present. Even Thanksgivin' without that thar chili would be as strange and lonesome to me as Hoover would be without a few commissions hangin' 'round."

"And carameled sweet potatoes," Vallee crooned in the rhythm of the discussion. "What is a big dinner without carameled

sweets. Down in Westbrooke, Maine, we used to put a cup of brown sugar and a half a cup of butter in an iron saucepan with just enough Sherry wine (address not supplied by Rudy) to dissolve the sugar. Then we'd add the mess of peeled sweet potatoes cut in half lengthwise, after covering and cooking them slowly for one hour, and turning them often so that all sides would be carameled, yum, yum!"

Rudy probably meant, "yam, yam," but before I could correct the extremely popular batoneer, along came Fiddler Toscha Seidel, the CBS violinist.

"You may talk all you want to about



Will Rogers, all set for that big, steamin' bowl of chile con carne.

turkey and its trimmings," Toscha cut in, "but as for me, I prefer the sweetmeats at the end. There are four I like so well that I can't decide which one I like best. There's baked Alaska, crepe suzette, hot apple pie with a generous portion of creamy American cheese, and pistachio ice cream.

"You seldom see any crepe suzette except abroad or on one of the liners that ply between here and France," the wielder of the bow continued. "It's a pancake made very thin and rolled. It is served with a coating of sauce of an insidious orange flavor and a fluffy coating of powdered sugar. Baked Alaska is a paradox in sweets, for it is all hot and cold at the same time. I like nothing better than to see this steaming confection coming to the dinner table, and then to break unrighteously into the crust and extract the ice-cold cream."

"And chocolate pudding," was the dessert addition suggested in a "blues" sing-

**PHIL**

ing voice which was identified as belonging to Annette Hanshaw, the CBS balladist. But to be really good, Mis Hanshaw—who refuses to join the dieters—explained, chocolate pudding must be served with copious gobs and daubs of whipped cream.

Darkness fell strangely on the growing group of Radio worshippers of Epicurus. With only the thunder and lightning missing, the general atmosphere portended rain. But someone was all wet; it was only the arrival of a blackface pair known as Amos 'n' Andy.

"Ah doan' know much 'bout cookin'," Amos Jones chimed in. "but I do know sumpin' dat is been. Dis here Thanksgibin we ain't gonna do no moah eatin' up at de house ub de poah sister ub Madame Queen. No sah!"

"And," quoth Andrew Brown, president ub de company, "Check and double check!"

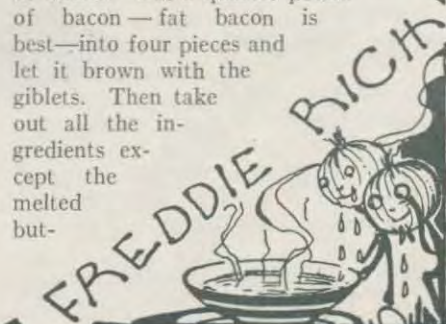
As a matter of fact and not script, it developed, Messrs. Correll and Gosden are planning a pleasant little joint family dinner together on November 27 in one of their twin and adjoining cooperative apartment homes up on Sheridan Road in Chicago.

**T**HEN Jessica Dragonette, the economical as well as pretty prima donna of NBC's Cities Service concert, contributed a suggestion for the day after Thanksgiving.

"Hash," declared Miss Dragonette, "will be just as inevitable on November 28 as a crush at the exchange counter of a department store on December 26. But there's something better than hash. The French call it 'abatis de dinde'."

The petite Jessica is of French extraction and knows. But please pardon the interruption.

"You take the giblets of the turkey, being careful to singe the wings and crush the legs, and throw them (easily) into a saucepan containing two ounces of butter. Cut a quarter pound of bacon—fat bacon is best—into four pieces and let it brown with the giblets. Then take out all the ingredients except the melted but-





**NORMAN BROKENSHERE**

ter, a n d into the butter stir a large spoonful of flour and let it brown. "Then," the much-admired soprano continued, "you add two glasses of water, pepper, salt, thyme, bay leaf and an onion stuck with cloves. Put back the giblets and bacon in this mixture and let it cook then for at least two hours."

"Meanwhile boil a dozen turnips with slices of carrots, a few potatoes and one head of celery in boiling water for fifteen minutes and then strain off. Put the vegetables into the pot with the giblets and add a piece of sugar about the size of a small walnut. When it is cooked, skim and serve very hot. If you have some extra guests you can increase the quantity by adding fresh sausages cut into three or four pieces. These should be added a half hour before serving."

Bill Munday, the Georgia Drawl, who has been thrilling you football fans on late Saturdays, and who have been listening very attentively to Miss Dragonette, spoke slowly and softly—almost reverently.

"You-all can talk about youah turkey and fixin's, but you ain't tasted nothin' yet until you've had 'possum and sweet potatoes."

"But how," asked someone in the now convention-sized crowd that was growing larger and hungrier every minute, "do you prepare 'possum and sweet potatoes?"

**"W**ELL first," said the soft-speaking Mr. Munday, "you catch youah 'possum and then you fatten him up for three or four weeks on pe'simmons and poke-berries." But by the time Bill had explained in detail to the others what "pe'simmons and poke-berries" are and can be obtained, it was found too late to catch the 'possum.

"I can see where I'm going to have tough going on Thanksgiving Day," remarked flashy Ted Husing of CBS, who had entered the ring as Munday was rambling along. "With all these fond culinary memories to cheer me, I'll be busy doing a 'bite by bite' description of the Penn-Cornell game at Philadelphia. What an awful break!"

**BILL MUNDAY**

"Me too," spoke up Graham McNamee, NBC's ace sport re-

porter, who had just arrived from his weekly task of synchronizing his voice with a news film release. "I'm chalked up for the same tilt, but I think I'll take along a box lunch of turkey legs and cranberry sauce to nibble between the halves. And purée of chestnuts—"

"Say, people usually think of chestnuts as a stuffing for the turk," McNamee continued, "but they make a great side dish, and I don't know of anything I like better than a purée of chestnuts."

"As well as I can remember," he explained, "you soak the chestnuts in water overnight and then boil them in salt water. You can add an onion or two while they



Bill Munday's mouth is jess a-waterin' for that 'possum in the corner.

are cooking, and then when they are quite soft, press them through a large colander or sieve. You put the whole thing into a saucepan with a lump of fresh butter, stir in a cupful of milk, warm, and there you are."

The gathering was growing so large that it was decided to adjourn to one of the larger studios not then in use. Howard Barlow, Evangeline Adams, Norman Brokenshere, Vincent Sorey, Nell Vinick, Nat Brusiloff, David Ross, Joe and Vi and Freddie Rich had appeared at the end of CBS rehearsals and were bound to speak their pieces on the extremely interesting subject—to us all—of food.

"The meal should end with the salad course," said Astrologer Adams, "But I can see by the stars in the heaven above that I was born under a constellation that cannot, on Thanksgiving Day, forego the pleasure of luscious pumpkin pie with

**VINCENT SOREY**

a crisp-ly crump-ling crust!"

"No dessert for me, thank you," came the order from Freddie Rich. "I don't like them. Give me my trimmings at the beginning—plenty of soup. And French onion soup preferred."

"Please pass me the waffles, a couple of chickens cooked rarely, and about eight or ten good-sized potatoes," said Brokenshere, "and I'll not ask for more. After Radio broadcasting as my first choice, I love first, food, and second, more food."

Vincent Sorey, director of the Gauchos, was not pleased. The menu was all wrong, he asserted. "What you want," he said, "is spaghetti with plenty of wine, assorted fish and meat." But Howard Barlow, Philco batoneer and literary man as well as musician, also had his own ideas.

"My Thanksgiving dinner," he said, "will be prepared according to the directions supplied by Huysmans in his dissertation on spices and their relation to esthetics. That is important."

But a modern note rang out when Nell Vinick, the CBS beauty advisor, spoke. "Moderation will rule my feast," she said. "The traditional dinner is all right—plum pudding and all the twenty-odd things grandmother used to make—but I think, for the sake of beauty, that every course should be served in small portions."

"I'm in favor of that kind of a meal, too," David Ross gave testimony. "Except for the small portion plan. I really like large portions, if the dinner is cooked by Mrs. Ross. I'm particularly fond of cranberry sauce and dressing."

**"P**ASS me the same," said Nat Brusiloff, "but be sure to give me the chestnut dressing."

"You're wrong," insisted Phil Artzt, who directs the Henry-George orchestra. "It should be oyster dressing. In fact, I'd just as soon have fried, stewed or raw oysters in preference to the traditional roast turkey."

And so the argument went on, each star with his or her own ideas and suggested alterations for the all-radio feast. That is, they all had ideas except Guy

(Cont. on page 120)

**COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI**



# John Garland *The Deliverer*

*She lived alone in a secluded fishing village in England—the sea cast the strange giant upon the shores and he won her heart*

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

A DOZEN lanterns showed him the sea-stained, rotting steps. A chorus of hoarse, cheerful voices bade him welcome. A score of willing hands dragged him through a cloud of spray on to the wave-swept, creaking jetty. Then, as he stood for a moment to regain his breath, from somewhere behind in that thick, black gulf through which he had journeyed came the sound of a dull grinding, the crashing of timbers, the hideous, far-off shrieking of human voices. A rocket went hissing up into the darkness, piercing with a momentary splendour the black veil.

"By Heaven, she's broken in two!" a voice cried. "She's gone!"

The rescued man turned sharply round. The light of the rocket was waning, yet he was just in time to see the slow heeling over of the huge, indistinguishable mass which a few hours ago had been a splendid liner.

"You're the last one saved," someone muttered at his elbow. "The boat's going back, but it will be too late. God help the others!"

The rescued man nodded solemnly.

"You're the last one saved!"

"There are less than half-a-dozen left," he said, "and they had their chance. It was a big jump into the boats," he added. "Queer little cockle-shells they looked, too, from the deck. I've stood there for the last two hours, worrying the people in. I've thrown over a dozen, who dared not jump."

A clergyman pushed his way through the group. He was drenched to the skin,

bare-headed, and breathless. He carried an old-fashioned lantern in his left hand. His right he extended to the dripping man, who stood there looking like a giant amongst them.

"I've heard of you, sir!" he exclaimed. "You're John Waters, I'm sure. You did a man's work there. There's a mother up at the vicarage now, with her two children saved, sobbing over them



and blessing you. You rigged up a windlass, they tell me, and let them down. I only wish that I had room at my house for you, sir, but the whole village is packed."

"You're very good," the man answered. "I'm used to roughing it, and any place'll do for me. Somewhere near a fire, for choice; your salt water's chilly."

The clergyman raised his lantern and looked anxiously around the little circle of

faces. "We're seventy souls in the village," he said; "it's nothing but a hamlet, and we've found beds for over two hundred. We'll fix you up directly. I've one or two names left yet upon my list."

A slim woman's figure came battling her way along the jetty. She heard the clergyman's last words, and laid her fingers gently upon his arm. He turned

sharply round to see who it was.

There were not many women about that night, and this one seemed so frail and small to battle her way alone in the storm.

"My dear Miss Cressley!" he exclaimed. "However did you get here?"

"I couldn't rest at home," was the quiet answer. "It was too terrible. And I had no one to send. I want to be of use. Can't I take someone in—a woman, or some children? I have a spare room and a fire lit ready."

The clergyman gave a little exclamation of relief.

"My dear lady," he declared, "you are just in time. Here's our last man, and I was at my wits' end to know what to do

with him. A hero!" he whispered in her ear. "He has saved no end of lives there. Bless you for coming, my dear, brave Miss Cressley," he added. "It's just like you—just the sort of thing you would do."

She gave a little start, and looked doubtfully at the tall, dripping figure. In his soaked clothes, his short brown beard, and his hair tossed wildly all over his face, he presented a somewhat singular appearance.

"My dear madam," he said, in his deep bass voice, "don't please refuse me because I am not a woman or a child. I'll give you less trouble than either, I promise you. I won't smoke or swear. I'll do whatever I am told, if I can only see something to eat, a bed, and a fire."

She held on to the railing of the jetty with both hands. Her voice sounded thin and quavery against the background of the storm.

"I shall be very glad to take you, and to do what I can," she said, a little doubtfully. "I mentioned a woman or children because I know more about them and their needs, and because I live alone. Will you come this way, sir?"

HE TURNED and followed her, waving his hand in answer to the chorus of "Good-nights." They passed down the sea-soaked jetty between a little line of curious, sympathetic faces, and reached the village. She led the way up the steep street, and looked into his face a little timidly.

"My cottage is close here, sir," she said. "It will only take us a few minutes."

A gust of wind swept her off her feet. He put out a great protecting hand and steadied her.

"One moment," he said. "Let me help you. So!"



He turned for a last gaze seawards. There was no sign of light or life upon the black chaos of waters—nothing save the clouds of white foam, flung up almost into their faces, and the sullen roar of the breaking waves.

"God help the rest of them!" he said, with a sudden note of reverence in his tone. Then he turned to his companion.

"Madam," he said, "I am ready."

Together they climbed to the summit of the hill. She gently disengaged her arm from his.

"I AM so much stronger than I look," she declared, apologetically. "Really, I can manage quite well alone. My cottage is the last upon the left. You can see the light. We shall be there in a moment."

He walked by her side in silence. She wondered, with a sudden perturbation, whether he were offended. His face was invisible: she could not tell that he was laughing softly to himself. Perhaps he was mistaken in her years. He had taken her for sixty, at least.

They reached a little wooden gate, over which he calmly stepped while she fumbled with the latch, passed up a trim garden path, and into the tiny hall of the tiniest cottage he had ever seen. Despite her warning, he bumped his head upon the ceiling. She turned up the lamp, and he looked around him a little ruefully. His size made the place appear like a doll's house.

"If you will step upstairs," she said, bravely disregarding his dripping state, "I will show you your room."

He looked at the stairs, with their neat carpet and shining brass rods, and he looked down at himself.

"Look here," he said, "haven't you a back kitchen where I can strip and have a rubdown? You'll have to lend me a blanket while my clothes dry. Good Lord!"

He was looking at her in blank surprise.

"Is anything—the matter?" she asked frightened.

He burst out laughing.

"Nothing!" he answered. "Only I thought that you were a little old lady!"

SHE blushed desperately, and thrust back the curly waves of fair hair which had escaped in the wind. She was certainly not more than thirty or thirty-five, slim, with nice features, and grey eyes, colourless, perhaps a little unnoticeable.

The laugh died away. He stood and looked after her as she turned to ascend the stairs, as one might look at a ghost.

"There are some clothes here which

belonged to my father," she said. "Will you go into the room on the left? It is the kitchen."

"It is the little Cressley girl, of course," he said to himself, as he stood on the red tiles and reached out toward the fire. "Little Mary Cressley! Shy little baby she used to be."

Suddenly the smile spread once more over his face.

"Great Scott! I kissed her once!" he muttered. "Good thing she doesn't recognise me!"

She came back in a few moments with a bottle and an armful of clothes. He decided that she had been practising a severe expression in the glass, but she avoided meeting his eyes.

"My father was a minister," she said "and he was not quite so large as you; but you must please do the



He laughed, "Why, I thought you were a little old lady!"

best you can with these clothes. There is a bottle of brandy here, and some hot water in the kettle there. When you have changed your clothes, if you will call out, I will come and get supper ready."

He looked at the clothes, clerical and severe in cut, with a grin. She turned her back upon him and went out. He helped himself to the brandy and hot water, and then commenced to strip off his things. All the time he laughed to himself softly. He remembered the Rev. Hiram Cressley very well indeed, and the idea of wearing his garments appealed to his sense of humor.

He called out to her as soon as he was

ready. She kept her face averted when she entered, but he could have sworn that he saw the corners of her mouth twitch.

"If you would step into the sitting-room," she said, "I will prepare supper."

He shuddered at the thought of the sitting-room.

"I'm such a clumsy fellow," he said. "I shall break half your pretty things. Couldn't we have supper in here?"

"Just as you like," she said, struggling to hide her relief.

He dragged the table into the middle of the room.

"Come on," he said; "I'm going to help."

In the night, the wind died away, and the storm passed down the Channel, leaving behind a piteous trail of disasters, small and large. John Garland opened his window, and looked out with a little exclamation of amazement.

THE sky was a soft deep blue; the sunshine lay everywhere upon the picturesque village, with its red roofs and grey cottages, its background of hills and rolling moors. From the little garden below, all ablaze with colour, came sweet rushes of perfume—of lavender, of roses and pinks, all dashed and drooping with their burden of raindrops, glittering like diamonds in the sunshine. Garland drank it all in with delight.

"England at last!" he murmured, as he began to prepare for his ablutions. "Lord, what a doll's house this is! I feel as though I were going through the floor."

He dressed rapidly and hurried into the garden! Miss Cressley was there, busy tying up some of her storm-dashed flowers. She started a little at his hearty greeting, and avoided his eyes. All night long her conscience had been troubling her. The memory of that supper was like a delightful scourge. She had been much too friendly. She had quite forgotten the impropriety of the whole thing, and had laughed and talked almost like a girl again. With the morning reflection had come—reflection like a cold douche. And with it other things! The perfume of the flowers, the soft west wind, the aftermath, perhaps, of the joyous evening, were creeping into her blood. Had she done anything so desperately wrong after all? It was the vicar himself who had sent this man to her. As she well knew, every cottage in the village was full. Still, her cheeks went furiously red at the sound of his voice.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "forgive me!"



Then "Good morning" he greeted.

Her eyes questioned him.

"You look different, somehow," he explained. "Forgive my noticing it. I've been so long in a world where manners don't count, that I've forgotten mine."

Her cheeks burned. She could not remain unconscious of what he meant. She had arranged her hair differently—she was tired of the old way—and her white dress was certainly her most becoming one. The cluster of lilac, too, which she had drawn through her waistband—it was so seldom that it pleased her to wear flowers!

"Won't you come in to breakfast?" she said, shyly.

"Breakfast! Hurrah!" he answered. "I'm afraid I'm eating you out of house and home, Miss Cressley."

She led the way into the sitting-room, which seemed to him more than ever like a chamber in a doll's house. He sat very gingerly upon his chair, and was afraid even to move his legs. The moment the meal was over he escaped into the garden and produced a pipe.

"I'm off to the village," he announced, "to see some of the people. Won't you come?"

"Thank you," she answered, "I have things to do in the house."

"I'll do the marketing," he announced. "I'll send some things up for dinner."

"It is not in the least necessary," she declared, with her chin in the air.

He laughed in her face.

"Necessary or not," he declared, "either I do the marketing or I dine at the inn."

He was an impossible person to argue with—so big and strong and forceful. The things he said seemed somehow right because he said them. She gave in, and the magnitude of his purchases amazed her.

He brought them up himself, wearing a ready-made suit of fisherman's clothes, and carrying the clerical garments in which he had started the day, in a parcel under his arm. He took not the slightest notice of her protests, and he spent the next hour between the kitchen and the garden, strolling about with his hands in his pockets and an air of being absolutely at home.

Three days passed—four. As yet he

She fled into her room and locked the door. With blurred eyes and beating heart she looked out seawards and fought against this folly—this folly which seemed to her so egregious, so unmaidenly. For ten years—ever since her father's death—she had lived there alone a life of prim and delicate orderliness, quietly useful to many people—a life, it seemed to her now, colourless, flat, impossible. She

looked in the glass. Yes, she was a young woman still! Her cheeks were still pink, her eyes bright, her hair soft and full. With trembling fingers she took it down, rearranged it more after the fashion of her youthful days, and pinned a ribbon around her throat—ribbon of the colour which matched her eyes. After all, she was a woman. She had not sought this thing—it had come unbidden, undesired, she told herself, breathlessly. She had a right to do what she was doing. Nevertheless, her cheeks were hot with shame when she saw him again.

He was standing in the garden, reading a telegram, with a frown upon his face. She went out to him shyly, and he looked at her for a moment in amazement—as one might look at a ghost.

"Why—why, what have you done to yourself?" he exclaimed. "You grow younger every day! If only I could do the same," he continued, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!"

*WHO is John Garland? And what is the disaster from which he delivers Mary Cressley? Read the surprising end of this romance in December RADIO DIGEST.*



Miss Cressley was in the garden, busy tying up her storm-dashed flowers. She started at the hearty greeting and avoided his eyes.

had not even alluded to his possible departure. At first she had wondered, had been gently troubled as to what the villagers might be saying about her entertainment of this good-humoured, easy-going giant. Gradually the place was being emptied of its unusual crowds. Surely, she thought, he must speak soon of his departure! And, with a sudden start of mingled shame and alarm, she realized that she dreaded the very thought of his absence.



# ★ Floyd Gibbons and his Stars

★  
by ★  
Peggy Hull



In or out of his uniform, Floyd Gibbons' horoscope (Left) forecasts a charmed life.

THERE IS hardly a man or woman in the ordinary walk of life who has not looked upon some successful person at some time or other, and wondered how he got that way!

We have all stood, with mingled feelings of curiosity and resentment, before the evidences of another's good fortune and asked ourselves how he happened to be so lucky. Why did he go straight to the top, while we, similarly endowed with ambition, determination and talent, were still struggling for recognition?

Probably in no other profession is there a more outstanding example of such a peculiar streak of luck than that of Floyd Gibbons, known to Radio fans as the famous headline hunter of the Literary Digest, whose nightly broadcasts are heard over WJZ of the National Broadcasting System, New York. Before he became identified with the Radio he was the most famous of all war correspondents, not excluding the eminent Sir Philip Gibbs of London.

Why was this? The average man will answer without hesitation, "He was better than any of the others." But a close

analysis of Floyd Gibbons' stories during the war, and those written by a hundred other war correspondents will reveal that his articles were by no means unusual. As a writer it has been generally conceded that Floyd Gibbons has no particular gifts. Then why, in competition with the most talented and gifted writers of the age was this Chicago newspaper man enabled to reach heights of public acclaim denied to them?

Fifteen years ago I could not have answered this question, but today it is easy, because I have before me a small sheet of paper, curiously blocked and covered with strange symbols. It reveals the reason.

Floyd Gibbons' birthdate of July 16, 1887 takes the mystery out of his particularly fortunate career. Through the medium of that age-old science, Astrology, which is once more assuming an important place in the affairs of men, it is a simple matter to read the fate of this famous Radio star.

The Sun, giver of Life, is in the sign Cancer, which is the home of the people.

Men who have had unusually successful public careers invariably have one or more of the stronger planets in this sign. The vibrations coming through this zodiacal position apparently stimulate the affection of the masses for the individual concerned. In other words they take to him, without asking any questions, or stopping to reason why. Calvin Coolidge, former President, is a splendid example of what the planetary aspects prove. His very taciturnity exercised by any other man in his position, particularly if that man's sun had been posited in the lordly sign of Leo, would have aroused the indignation and dislike of the masses. They would have felt that he was, in the parlance of the day, high-hatting them.

SO we see that Floyd Gibbons didn't have to make any special gestures to win the loyalty of the public in general. It was his from the very beginning.

There are other indications in Mr. (Continued on page 116)



## HAIL the Queen!

All broadcasting stations in the country were invited to send photographs of their most beautiful feminine stars to the Court of the Radio World's Fair in New York. From these photos it was announced a queen would be chosen to reign as America's most Beautiful Radio Star.

"Oh what a cinch for our Bernadine!" chorused the people of the WBBM principality in Chicago. And a cinch it was. "Come on to New York and take your throne," chimed the judges en banc as they held Bernadine's picture up above all the rest. So fair Bernadine tilted her royal chin, stepped majestically into a Pullman and hithered Easterly where she was acclaimed amid great Pomp and Circumstance while all the great Princes, Lords, Knights and all the Little Squires of the Radio Realm waited on bended knee. She'll reign for a year and a day. Long live Queen Bernadine!



**Bernadine Hayes**

Queen of the Air

America's Most Beautiful Radio Star





## Annette Hanshaw

NOT so very long ago some of our Nicest People took rather a snooty attitude toward Sir Mike and haughtily declined to have anything to do with him. Now all that is changed. There is none too proud to stand up and take him by the ear today. And here comes Miss Hanshaw from the Exclusive Set up Westchester Way to sing and make merry with the Mikes at WABC, New York. And, take it from the Mikes, her dulcet contralto voice is a treat for All Kinds of People.



## Edith Meiser

REMEMBER that Gala Program of the Theatre Guild a few weeks ago? And do you remember the Columbia announcer introducing to you Miss Edith Meiser of the Garrick Gaieties? And do you remember how you wished you could see her face to face? Well, here she is. No wonder you wanted to see her because you never would have imagined she could have been motionless long enough to have had such a dignified picture taken. Great voice and very nifty on her toes. Hope you'll be hearing her again soon.







**Marion Keeler**

OH HUM, Monday's wash day—but never mind here comes Marion a singin' in the suds. Or maybe not quite so literal. She's on the Maytag hour from the NBC Chicago studios. And Maytag—well, they sure do get a lot of fun out of these motor tubs. Miss Keeler is a Broadway bred contralto and an ex-Roxy Gangsterette.





Virginia Karns

WHAT'S the use of stuffing yourself into a smelly little dressing room and going through an ordeal of costumes and grease paint for musical comedy when you can get a hundred times greater audience and better remuneration for Radio broadcasting? That's a great big question a little bitta girl answered when Miss Karns joined up with WLW at Cincinnati.





Harry "Mac" McClintoc

EVERYBODY knows "Mac" as the Grand Old Man of the West Coast Radio. He has been strumming and humming his way into the hearts of the young and the old from the beginning of the listening era. The Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree with Mac and his Haywire Orchestra just couldn't be without "Mac" and his guitar.





## Mountaineers

RADIO has enriched the general appreciation of true American folk songs that have been handed down from generation to generation. Above are the Rex Cole Mountaineers heard over the NBC net from WEA, New York, daily (except Sunday) at 5:45 p.m. EDT. Their Hill Billy songs are becoming as familiar as The Sidewalks of New York.



## Cuckoos

WELL, well, well, what's this thing that seems to have climbed into the Cuckoo's nest at NBC and which Ray Knight, Cuckooishly known as Professor Weems, seems to be holding so gingerly? It's a bear! Gr-rrr! This program goes as far west as WREN, Kansas City, Mo. The Wrens like the Cuckoos.





### Raising Junior

PETER DIXON who has written many interesting articles of Radio celebrities for Radio Digest is becoming something of a celebrity himself. Here he is with Mrs. Dixon, formerly Aline Berry, and Junior, who is the motive for the new serial, Raising Junior. It is heard over the NBC network from New York.





**Edna, Helen, and  
Marie Buck**

AS YOU go dialing and come to Pittsburgh do not make the mistake of passing the Bucks. Here they are, (above) the three sisters, Edna Mae, Helen and Marie, who invariably delight the regular audience of KQV. They are in five programs a week and you are just as likely to hear them with their stringed instruments as you are to hear their excellently blended voices.



**Jimmy M'Callion**

WHATTA Boy! Imagine starting out on a professional career and numbering your regular audiences by the millions at every performance at the age of ten! But that's the record of Master Jimmy M'Callion (left) who is heard regularly from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting Company in Toddy Party, Bon Ami, Lady Next Door and other programs.





## Lucille Wall (left)

SOMETIMES we slip around to the studios and peek behind the curtains to see who's what on all sorts of programs, but we never yet happened to catch Adventures of Polly Preston in the act. We had great curiosity as to the thrilling heroine. And along comes this NBC picture of Miss Lucille Wall who is none other than Polly herself.

## Eloise McAllister (right)

UNDERNEATH the sheltering palms—that's where we would all like to be two months from now. So let's ask Miss Eloise McAllister who sings at WQAM, Miami, to kindly step over an inch or two and let us help hold up that tree. And, Eloise, what is the rest of that song, you know, about the sheltering palms—  
Umm—umm!









FIRST prom gowns for young things! Two peplums, a heart-shaped back and pink flat crepe taken all together make them the acme of innocent sophistication.



A LOVERS' knot! A long, almost-trailing skirt! A bolero! They all combine to make this simple flat-crepe evening gown perfectly devastating.



THE young lady in the close-up, right, who so cleverly shows her curls beneath her tight-fitting hat, knows her high fashions; as witness below her short black astrakhan jacket, worn with a black cloth skirt . . . and a white wool-lace blouse!



THE sheerer the wool the smarter the wearer. And when you add a white crepe gilet to these twin green marita cloth frocks, your result may double for afternoon or sport.







**Peggy Norris**

THEATRE audiences are already acquainted with Miss Peggy who was prima donna in such successes as *The Fortune Teller*, *Mlle. Modiste*, *Going Up*, and *No, No, Nannette*. But now she is a Radio star and provides a very good reason for stopping your dial on WOY, New York.





Grace Hayes

THE H—ayes have it—in our picture section this month; Bernadine and now Grace. Miss Grace Hayes, of course, has been famous in musical comedy for several seasons. Recently you heard her as guest artist on the Nestle's program from New York over a nation-wide network.





**Mary Brian**

DO smile, please, Mary! She won't. And could you really believe that this little old fashioned maiden with her hand on her chin is our dashing Mary Brian, so famous on the screen and in Radio? But this is her latest photo taken at the RKO broadcast over the Columbia system from New York this autumn.



# *A Modern Cinderella*

## Bernadine Hayes

### Radio Queen Rises To Sudden Fame

By

*Fanet Dublon*

**T**HE most beautiful Radio Star stopped between sips of coffee to answer the questions of the tireless reporters.

Photographers, armed with their cameras, were in the adjoining room impatiently waiting to take more poses.

Bernadine Hayes, the Radio Queen, had stood up, sat down, crossed her legs, twisted her head in different positions, stood up, and sat down again—all to satisfy the cameramen's inordinate desire to take her picture—and still they were waiting in the next room although it seemed there just wasn't another pose left for her to take.

To lend a bit of variety to the pictures, Lady Beautiful had even slipped into a pair of bewitching black satin pyjamas which had a generous flair that swayed gracefully back and forth as she tripped daintily from one room to another.

Her very body breathed rhythm. There was just that delightful swing and spring as she walked, turned her neck and moved her head.

A delightful buoyance of spirit, a personal charm, a well-modulated voice, and a beautiful face, crowned with copper tresses—all of this and a trunkful of lovely lace and silken gowns were packed on the Twentieth Century from Chicago when the magic word came.

**B**ABY sisters and brothers, eight in all, clapped hands and chuckled as only younger brothers and sisters know how to chuckle, at the fairy tale come true. Oh, the glorious dreams and fancies,



Bernadine Hayes, Copperhaired Radio Queen

the elves, and the pixies—they are all real! The Red, Yellow, Green and Orange Fairy Books never yielded such thrilling stories as this.

And Mother and Father, bursting with parental pride, just know that there is nothing too good that can happen to Bernadine. Who can tell what dreams they had for her when she was just a little tot?

"It is all so wonderful," said the Radio Queen, "that I'm afraid I shall wake up any moment to find that it is only a dream. Happy! My joy is indescribable. I am happy because at last I have been able to repay Mother and Father in some way for the tender care they gave us. As soon as I received the wonderful news I telephoned to my parents, who were in St. Louis at the time.

**Y**OU can do anything if you are just determined. Of course, there have been moments of discouragement when I thought I'd never amount to anything. But I never entertained these depressing thoughts for long. I'd shake them off and start again with a renewed vigor."

The Radio Queen had a mature philosophy for her tender years—she is only twenty-three.

"I have always had to figure things out for myself. Perhaps that is why I seem to be older. I have had to take care of my younger sisters and brothers, and they depended upon me.

"What is your recipe for beauty?" was asked.

(Continued on page 123)



# "Thrills"

## Graham McNamee And Phil Cook Tell of Their Greatest Moments

**G**OOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio Digest audience, this is Graham McNamee speaking from his office in the National Broadcasting Company, and I am going to tell you of the two hundred and thirty-four thousand thrills I have had during my eight years of Radio announcing.

Well, you may think that that number is a little bit exaggerated, but, oh boy, if you could have been with me at the seventy-five football games I have reported by air, thirty-eight world series baseball games, or the fifteen championship prize fights, or even the four crew races, you would believe me

*Read About the Greatest Thrills  
in Floyd Gibbons' Life in  
December Radio Digest.*

when I say I must have lost track of at least an additional 1,000,000 spinal column tingles.

Yes, of course I am, by nature, about as enthusiastic as a school boy over everything in sports, always have been, and I hope I always will be, but how in the world could anyone see little Albie Booth push giants aside as he dashes over a gridiron like a drunken jack rabbit, or recall the wild dashes of Red Grange, or see Frankie Frisch scoop up impossible balls and turn them into world series victories, or recall Jack Dempsey at his best, and remain blasé?

Nope, it just wouldn't be human, that's all, to be a part of the indescribably spectacular and colossal

orful crowds that attend our sporting events and just pass it off with a shrug of the shoulders.

Well, it would be almost impossible for me to tell you what has been the greatest thrill I have had since I became a Radio announcer in May of 1922, during the noon recess of a trial on which I was a juror. I say since I became a Radio announcer, because before that time, I didn't know much about thrills. I was just another baritone.

But boy, oh, boy, you should have been with me at any one of the sporting events that I have covered and you would know why it is that I am so wrapped up in Radio. Why it is that I say that the powers-that-be in the National Broadcasting Company office would have to kick me out bodily before I would consent to give up broadcasting.

Believe me, it isn't altogether the money I am getting out of it—though, of course, that helps a lot—it is the thrill upon thrill that I am getting out of the work. Work? Why, it is a real pleasure!

Rubbing elbows with kings and knaves, prize-fighters and princes, queens and quacks, cardinals and commons, presidents and passers-by—that has been my lot for the last eight years, and every day has brought me new thrills before the mike.

I can't drive out of my mind—and I hope I never forget—the Benny Friedmans, the Albie Booths, the Red Granges, the Paul Sculls, the Frankie Frisches, the Tony Lazzeris, the Babe Ruths, and the Lefty Groves that have made my last few years just one pleasure after another.

Benny Friedman throwing a long pass that means victory to that other famous Benny—Oosterban, 'oy Benny to Yah Benny—Oh Boy! The four horsemen and their picturesque shift that always meant yardage for Notre Dame; Grover Cleveland Alexander shuffling into the



Graham McNamee, the Demon Announcer, gets a big kick in talking to Andy Cohen of the Giants.



*Leonard Stewart Smith Writes  
Down the Most Vivid Impress-  
ions of the Air Notables Who  
Have Had Tingling Experiences*

box to fan Tony Lazzeri for the last out and the long end of the World Series money!

Gee, willikins, Memory—don't ever blot out the picture I carry in my mind of little Albie Booth; or Paul Scull playing his last game against Cornell, or Chris Cagle, snaking his way through the Stanford Huskies—or Light Horse Harry Wilson almost winning the last Army and Navy game in the dark of Soldier Field, in the last few seconds of play with the score tied at 21 to 21.

No, No, Memory, you can't take these pictures away from me—not the picture of the Lindbergh reception—when Vincent Callahan got me the famous "pass Graham McNamee anywhere, anytime" card from the Washington police authorities, and permitted me to broadcast from Lindbergh's side throughout the ceremonies. Memory cannot dim the supreme thrill of seeing Howard Ehmke pitch the opening game of the 1929 world series, the greatest pitched game I have ever seen—between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs—and the hot dogs they

passed to me in the midst of the game—or the day that Al Marsters was hurt—ending the Dartmouth star's brilliant career.

Nothing that could possibly happen to me from now on could dim the recollection of my broadcasting from a plane that kept continually circling 5,000 feet above my home at 106th street and Broadway, New York, while I was in communication with Frank M. Hawks, the transcontinental lane speed record holder. I pictured my wife, who always listens into my broadcasts, both listening in and watching the plane in which I was riding, as it circled above my home. Gee willikins, how that thought thrilled me. I wasn't talking to the millions of listeners—in that night. I was talking to Mrs. McNamee.

Yes, sir, I am right in heaven. Red Grange has the ball,—he's through—ten yards, fifteen, twenty—twenty-five—it would take a machine gun to stop that boy—it's a touchdown! Oh, boy, that was some run—let me tell you about it.

They're off! Gallant Fox is trailing! He takes the lead. What a race!

The seventh round of the second Dempsey-Tunney Fight in Chicago. Tunney is down. One—Two—Three—Tunney is out—No. What a thrill! I thought I would never recover from the excitement of that occasion. Or even the first Dempsey-Tunney fight in Philadelphia—the rain—

Here comes someone out of the bullpen—it's Alex—none other than Grover Cleveland Alexander—Old Alex—he's going to pitch to Tony Lazzeri—push 'em up Tony—Strike one—oh, boy, Alex is sure pitching his head off—two are out—the bases are loaded—and all the Cardinals have to do is to get one more man out and they will collect the winners' share of the world's series proceeds.



Jack Dempsey at the mike, while crowds of interested onlookers almost crowd Graham and the pugilist out of the picture.



Grief for Phil Cook fans! His biggest moment will be when he puts his fifteen personalities in the box and takes up the silent paint-brush.

Strike two—gee willikins, that cut right through the heart of the plate—Tony swung and if he had hit that ball the game and series would be over—the pitch—here it is—strike three—he's out! Alex struck him out—boy, oh, boy—

Here comes a little fellow out of the Yale bench—yes, its Booth. None other than Albie Booth. All right. Yale is in a huddle. They are lining up now. Booth is off—ten—they've got him—no, he's up again—snaking his way through that field—twenty-five yards—He's down—yes, sir—I don't believe he will be able to get up after that tackle—he was thrown hard—there Booth bounced up like he was a rubber ball. He was thrown hard enough to knock out a Dempsey or Tunney, but not hard enough to knock out little Albie Booth! No sir.

**E**HMKE is pitching the game of his life—He has made these big swingers of the Chicago Cubs look like inmates of the old soldiers' home. Al Simmons—it's a home run—those Athletics have staged their famous seven run rally—pulled the game out of the fire for the world series.

Say I could go on forever with reminiscences of the—say, I said it was 234,000—but if I said a million it would be closer to the truth.



Listen folks, isn't it equal to a thousand or more thrills the way I broke into Radio? Here I was, just a juryman out during the noon recess—I stepped into the office of WEA at 195 Broadway—they gave me an audition as just another baritone—they signed me up—and holy mackerel, eight years have passed and here I am still at it—

And think of it, think of it, folks—this year and the next I will have the unequalled pleasure of telling all you people about maybe hundreds of other sports events before I finally fold up my tent like the Arab and silently steal away.

Before the year is over I'll probably be telling you about the latest exploits of Albie Booth describing how he dashes down the field like a bat out of—the blue sky.

Before the year is over I'll be carried away with the spectacle before me a hundred or more times—and make a hundred or more mistakes—but who cares about mere details—whether Booth or Gentle or "Trick" Bennett, Jackie James of Princeton, Josh Williams of Pittsburgh, McClelland of Yale, Siano of Fordham, Vic Harding and Wood of Harvard, Link Fogarty of Brown, Charley Greene or Warren Gette of Penn or Martin Brill or Monaghan of Notre Dame fumbles or gains—is thrown for a loss—

I will have seen Al Simmons and Mickey Cochrane and Frankie Frisch and Lefty Grove—what difference does it make whether they fizzle or star—

Most Radio listeners miles away from the scene of major sporting events look to me to convey them there in imagination, to give them color, the feel of the crowd, the intensity of the atmosphere, the gaiety. They're interested in the essential drama of the situation and in the sidelights quite as much as they are in the matters of how many strikes have been called and how many yards have been gained or lost by Yale, dear old Rutgers, Notre Dame or Army.

## Phil Cook

ACCORDING to Phil Cook, it was a long time between unforgettable moments.

Some fourteen years ago the Philip Cooks, Mr. and Mrs., found they had five hundred dollars in the bank. That represented savings from the small salary of \$35 a week paid to a commercial pen and ink artist. Just a member of a staff of a not-too-famous advertising agency.

For more than three weeks they made daily visits to automobile row—such as it was in those days—in Newark, New Jersey. They looked at Packards, Cadillacs, Haynes's and other famous, high-priced cars of the day. They looked at them and hoped that some day they could own one. Then they carried their savings to the agency handling the Dodge four—then a funny little car, a step re-

moved from a Ford, and with a most unorthodox gear shift. So they paid out \$425 of their \$500 as the down payment on the car; some \$15 more for a license; \$2 for gas and oil, and drove the car away. That car gave Phil his greatest thrill.

The first night the Philip Cooks of Newark had their new car they drove to down-town Newark, parked the car beside the curb in front of a motion picture theater, stood admiring it for about ten minutes and then went into the theater. Five times during the first hour Mr. Philip Cook, artist, came out of the theater to see if the car was still there. After the fifth hasty exit, the Cooks decided that they didn't want to see the show, but that they wanted to take a long ride in the country around Newark instead.

*When he discovered the*

## LACONIA

Sinking Beneath His Feet

And he rushed to his state room  
for his neversink suit

## Floyd Gibbons

Felt a Thrill but Not His

## Greatest Thrill

You'll read what that was in the

## DECEMBER RADIO DIGEST

"I kept reminding Philip that the sign pasted on the windshield warned the driver that the car was not to be driven faster than 25 miles an hour for the first 500 miles," Mrs. Cook told me.

"And I wanted to see how fast she could go," Phil chimed in. "But dear," she said to me, "the sign on the windshield says . . . And I kept saying 'gee, I wonder how fast.' I got her up to 35 miles an hour, but I was afraid."

We skip 14 years. Because nothing much happened, except that Philip Cook obtained a contract to do a series of

cover illustrations for Collier's Weekly, and won third prize in an art exhibit in Newark, competing against such world-famous artists as Treadler and Penfield Fancher, and had a salary boost to \$5,000 a year.

We find instead of Philip Cook, commercial artist for an advertising agency, a man who has become known the world over as Phil Cook, still a commercial artist, but the ether waves have superseded the paint brush—and he is "commercial artist" in the parlance of Radio broadcasting. He is now the earliest Radio comedian in the world—he starts giving his comedy to the world at 6:30 in the morning—and he has become one of the highest paid artists in the world—He is now receiving as much for a week's work as he did for a whole year's work at the time the story opens.

He is now Phil Cook, the Lon Chaney of the Air, receiving \$2500 a week!

We come now to the second and greatest thrill in the life of Phil Cook—the birth of his first baby!

"At first," Phil said, "She was more of a scare to me than a thrill. But now, she is now almost a year old, she is a thrill a minute!"

"BUT tell me," I asked, "Doesn't your Radio work thrill you? Didn't your recent broadcast during which you imitated 15 persons in six minutes give you a thrill?" I asked.

"Not a bit," he replied. "I have been rehearsing my Radio work for years. Studied it as I did my art, earlier in my career. That is too commercial. Just a means to an end. There is no thrill in that except that I am fast acquiring a bankroll that will enable me to retire before I am forty—I am thirty-eight now—and spend the rest of my days just playing with Phyllis—we named her Phyllis—and drawing when I want to."

"In other words, Mr. Cook," I asked, "you plan to retire from the Radio within two years?"

"Yes," he replied most definitely. "Within two years. At present my contract—with Quaker Oats, if you don't know that—has almost a whole year to run, with an option for renewal. After that goodbye Radio—except for occasional appearances!"

"Then I will return to my art—the career I had cut out for myself when I was a boy, in Coldwater, Michigan."

"It's a funny thing, but music and entertaining have cropped up at various times to check my desire to draw. You see, mother was a musician. But I had never had any musical training."

"Notwithstanding, when I was sixteen, a member of the Elks' Club of East Orange had heard me sing, and had offered me \$10 if I would entertain that club at a smoker. I did give up music for all of 12 years. Then friends advised me that I ought to go into Radio."



# Rockefeller's *MAGIC* RADIO CITY

*Up from the Dust Clouds of Crumbling Walls  
will arise Marble Palaces—a Dream Come True*

By Bruce Gray

**T**HOMAS A. EDISON after numberless experiments finally put a bit of cotton thread in a vacuum tube set it aglow with electric current—and thus was born the first incandescent light.

From that lamp arose a genie more important and powerful by a million times than the genie slave of the lamp controlled by Aladdin. What would the Aladdin of the Thousand Nights imagine if he could roll back the curtain of his long sleep and behold today the scene in the heart of New York where hundreds of workmen with sledges and picks are crushing down the walls and floors of whole blocks of buildings to erect the architectural triumph of the age to be known as Radio City, an evolution of the electric vacuum tube.

For Aladdin it would seem just another dream—a great vision to vanish like a mist with the morning sun of reality. But to the modern American listener it soon will be a miraculous fact. When Radio Digest first announced the sketchy outlines of the plan earlier in the year it seemed almost too fantastic to become an actuality.

But out of the clouds of flying dust and mortar will arise this prodigious enterprise of solid, concrete, limestone and marble walls. The demolition of existing buildings is in itself a great undertaking.

They are tearing down acres of brownstone houses, office buildings, restaurants and shops on an area, three blocks square, in the heart of New York City. Many famous old land-marks are being sacrificed on the altar of human progress. Phoenix-like, there will arise from the ruins a great cultural center that will far surpass anything of its kind in the world.

Radio City will be entirely complete by the fall of 1933. It will be financed by the John D. Rockefeller Jr. interests and will involve a total investment of over



Merlin H. Aylesworth

\$250,000,000. The construction work is expected to alleviate to no little extent the unemployment in New York City.

This new cultural center, devoted to Radio's progress in the fields of sound and vision, will be complete in every respect—truly a city within a city. It will be erected as a complete architectural unit of great beauty and utility. It will include: four theatres, a large symphony hall, twenty-seven broadcasting studios, a sixty-story office building and numerous other structures, notably an oval building of moderate height and beautiful design, which will be located on the Fifth Avenue side of the development.

The plot on which Radio City is being built extends from 48th Street to 51st Street and from Fifth Avenue to Sixth

Avenue—three square blocks the real estate value alone of which is staggering. It is this plot that was originally assembled by the Rockefeller interests and offered to the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company for an operatic and musical center, which was to have included a new opera house—a thing New York City has needed for years. However, something went awry and this site for the operatic center was abandoned.

Mr. Rockefeller subsequently broached the subject of a Radio City to David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, believing that the Radio industry was the logical one to be so represented. Mr. Sarnoff admitted that such an enterprise had been a dream that he had nurtured for years. Mr. Aylesworth of the NBC and the R.C.A. officials were enthusiastic about the idea, particularly in view of the fact that the amazing growth of the lusty infant, Radio, has made it practically impossible to obtain adequate quarters in which to house her. However, definite announcement of the plan was withheld pending the acquirement of the necessary property on the Sixth Avenue side of the development, so that exits and entrances might be provided from that side.

**F**RONTING Fifth Avenue and forming the central structure on that side of the development will be the oval building, previously mentioned. On the first floor will be located many fine shops. The second floor will be occupied by a large banking institution. On the roof there will be a restaurant, with an outdoor promenade running around the entire building. This oval building will extend to a magnificent garden plaza, which will be cut through the development and will run parallel with Fifth Avenue, from 48th Street to 51st Street. No expense or effort





GASPARO RIECA

Aladdin wouldn't believe his eyes to see the real thing!

will be spared to make the plaza, which will be almost as wide as the average city block, the most impressive boulevard of its kind in the world. Fountains, statuary and beautiful garden plots will add a decorative touch.

A huge sixty-story office building will tower over the entire development and will extend from the west side of the plaza through to Sixth Avenue. From this central office building a grand corridor, about three stories in height, will run to the other surrounding office buildings. All of these structures, incidentally, will be in architectural harmony with the rest of the unit. Over a million square feet of space will be leased in the various office structures by the Radio Corporation of America, the National Broadcasting Company, the RCA Victor Corporation of America, the Radio-Keith-Orpheum

Corporation and its subsidiary, Radio Pictures, and RCA Photophone, Inc. The Radio Corporation will have its executive offices in the sixty-story office building.

The 27 broadcasting studios will also be located in the sixty-story building. The technical and artistic experience which the National Broadcasting Company has gained in years of operation will be embodied in these studios. Some of the studios will be two or three stories in height and will, in effect, be concert halls. Ten of them will be designed for photography and recording, inasmuch as television looms on the horizon. Ample provision will be made for Radio fans to see the artists at work.

Of the four theatres to be included in Radio City, one will be devoted to variety, a second to sound, a third to musical comedy, and a fourth to dramatic

productions. In leasing and operating these theatres the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation purposes to use the technique of all the arts in the creation of its entertainment programs.

The theatre devoted to variety will seat over 7,000 and will introduce many new ideas in variety entertainment, according to Hiram S. Brown, president of R-K-O. Among the innovations will be new lighting effects made possible by recent electrical progress and a stage, built upon an engineering principle, that will make it visible from all parts of the house.

The second theatre, which will seat about 5,000, will be especially designed for sound motion pictures. Heretofore, all theatres have been built upon the acoustical and visual principles of the older forms of motion picture entertainment, although sound has since been



added to all the larger theatres. In this instance, however, a beautiful theatre will be built around the Radio and electrical developments that have recently revolutionized the motion picture art.

The third theatre will be especially designed for musical comedy productions. Sound has welded music to the screen. In this theatre creative talent will be developed and public experiments will be conducted looking to the presentation of better screen entertainment.

Finally, there will be a theatre devoted to dramatic productions of a selective character. It will be used in much the same manner as will the one for musical comedy. All of the theatres will be equipped for the broadcasting of sound and, eventually, for the broadcasting of sight directly from the stage.

The streets surrounding the new development will be widened, giving the

new structures fronting them more light and air, and will also provide better curb facilities for shops and buildings. Transportation arteries from every direction will lead to and from the new Radio City, but the traffic problem will be reduced to a minimum by huge underground bus terminals and by subterranean parking arrangements that will take care of thousands of cars and will form underground boulevards for automobile traffic. In addition, plans are now being drawn for a great parking tower to give additional facilities for motor parking. All deliveries within the Radio metropolis will be effected from underground.

The architects working on this project are Reinhard & Hofmeister; Raymond Hood, Godley & Foulhoux; and Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray.

It is not difficult to picture what a tremendous part Radio City will play in the cultural life of the city and the nation. From the decorative standpoint it will give New York City a stupendous architectural monument that will fittingly mark the rise of the Radio industry from the status of a doubtful experiment to one of the country's greatest public servants and, as President Merlin H. Aylesworth, of the National Broadcasting Company, so aptly expresses it, "the recognized means for the syndication of entertainment, education and information on a nationwide and, at times, a worldwide basis."

Furthermore, Radio City will radically alter the skyline in midtown New York and will establish new standards of city planning. It will provide an interchangeability of service and technique that should do much to advance all of the arts encompassed. It will furnish facilities for all artists who deserve a wide audience. It should prove a tremendous boon to Radio broadcasting and the screen by giving them added reservoirs of dramatic, musical and entertainment service which are not now available.

In short, Radio City will undoubtedly prove a veritable Mecca for all artists

who have a legitimate claim to public attention and, likewise, to the ever-curious laymen who will likely make pilgrimages from many miles around to see this mighty Temple of the Arts.

John R. Todd, of the Todd, Robertson & Todd Engineering Corporation, New York, who acted for the John D. Rockefeller, Jr., interests in concluding negotiations with president David Sarnoff, of the Radio Corporation of America, looking to the establishment of Radio City, says:

"A development of this character, which would at once create an architectural unit that would typify American progress in city planning and would provide a center for the radiation of the best type of entertainment and of musical culture, has long been the dream of those connected with the project.

"The new electrical arts, which have enormously extended the fields of sound and vision, promise for the entertainment and educational arts the greatest possible service to the greatest possible number."

## Roxy for Boss?

*WILL S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy") be the master mind of the new Radio City? It has been strongly rumored in Radio circles that he will give up the management of the Roxy Theatre in New York at the termination of his present contract and that he will become actively identified with the National Broadcasting Company as supervisor of productions.*

*If ever there was a man whose achievements have been a chronicle of turning fanciful dreams into material realities Roxy is the man. His trail on Broadway is a row of palatial playhouses.*

*Roxy recently left for a two-months' trip to Europe. His rise in the entertainment field has been predicated to no small extent on the popularity he gained through Radio broadcasting, in which he was one of the pioneers. It goes without saying that the vast Radio City will require an executive head who is accustomed to dealing with tremendous projects. Roxy seems to fill the bill in every respect. Perhaps his trip to Europe may have special significance in the development of this plan.—EDITOR.*





Mr. and Mrs. Morrow

# Hail and FAREWELL!

By  
**DWIGHT W.  
MORROW**

*American Statesman Greets Country-  
men from Mexico as He Bids Sister  
Republic Adieu During the Collier Hour*

I AM grateful to Collier's for the opportunity to speak to the large Radio audience of the United States on this, my last Sunday evening in Mexico.

Three years ago Mrs. Morrow and I came to Mexico. We have been very happy here. We have received many kindnesses at the hands of the Mexican government and at the hands of the Mexican people. As the time comes for us to say goodbye, we feel how deeply we are going to miss Mexico.

Those who have resided in Mexico for some time realize that the spell of the country enters into one's blood. It is partly the unexcelled climate. It is partly the charm of the oldest civilization in the

*Address of Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow  
in Collier's Radio Hour Sunday Evening  
September 14, 1930.*

western hemisphere.

Mexico offers delightful weather for twelve months of the year. It is cool here in summer; it is warm in winter. Flowers are everywhere. There is sunshine every day in the year. The Mexican people are hospitable and instinctively courteous. They have a native artistic gift which expresses itself in every kind of handicraft, in pottery, in weaving, in wonderful toys, and in gay songs. The

land is adorned with countless old churches and other buildings, which show the artistic genius of the people.

One may see impressive remains of ancient civilization in the valleys of Mexico, in Yucatan and in Oaxaca. The landscape is marvellously beautiful. One's first sight of a little town like Cuernavaca, only fifty miles from Mexico City, lying like a golden bowl of color and sunshine at the foot of two giant snow-capped volcanoes, is never to be forgotten, nor is the first glimpse of Tecoco, a hillside town in Guerrero, its red roofs built above high precipices of red stone and rising from them a great church with a dome of orange, green and white tiles, in the bright



sunlight looking just like a huge flower.

Our tourists who make long journeys to less favored parts of the world are neglecting a wonderland which lies at their very door and is easily accessible.

One may stand in the American Embassy tonight and speak over the telephone to New York City, and have his voice broadcast by Radio throughout the United States. One hundred years ago—before we had the telegraph or the telephone or the Radio, it took more than one month to communicate from the capital of the United States to the capital of Mexico. Today the two countries are literally face to face.

**W**E MUST not be misled, however, by the growth of these mechanical appliances. The increase of machinery by which man communicates with man does not necessarily mean that understanding will be better in the future than in the past.

It is too often assumed that scientific inventions prevent misunderstanding. Machines, however, do not understand each other. Man may make a perfect machine, but it will still depend upon man himself whether the machine shall be an instrument of understanding or not.

If we could all get clearly into our minds that other men have as much pride in the dignity of their nations as we have in our own, the solution of international problems would be less difficult.

It is the duty of every one of our diplomatic representatives to a foreign nation to defend faithfully the proper interests of his country and of his countrymen. That is his legal duty and his moral duty. If he fails in that duty, no other success can compensate for that failure. But it is also the duty of the representative of the foreign country to defend his country and people.

We can best defend the rights of our own country when we understand the rights of other countries. It is upon that fundamental principle that international law is built.

We were told before we came to Mexico that the essential thing in a foreign country is to try to understand how foreigners differ from ourselves. There is something of value in that advice. But at the end of three years, it seems to us that the essential thing to do in a foreign country is to study the *likenesses* of men rather than their differences.

When it comes to the profound experiences of life, the men and women on this small earth are not very different. When it comes to the death of parents or the birth of children, or the straining of eager

eyes for needed rain, or the rising and standing uncovered of great groups of people when a national anthem is played, the men and women and children of this earth behave in much the same way.

We are more like each other than we are willing to admit to one another.

There is an old story which might well be remembered by those who go to foreign lands. A religion grew up in Asia some three thousand years ago. A particular group of learned people devoted themselves to keeping that religion pure and undefiled. They observed its law. They subordinated themselves to its ritual. They carried the forms of that religion along until the appointed time had come when it might transform western civilization. And yet, by the arrogance of one man, the sect of the Pharisees is popularly judged today, not by the epistles of St. Paul, but by a single prayer to the Lord.

Could there be anything more tragic? A Pharisee and a publican pray side by side—for two thousand years their prayers have come down to the people of the world wherever the story is known. The very word Pharisee has become a byword and reproach. In the pulpit, in the study of the scholar, in the market place, on the street, the Pharisee is condemned. And everywhere, the publican is pitied or even praised!

The Pharisee, who was educated, who was efficient, who kept the law and the statutes, dared to stand erect in the presence of his God and thank Him that he was unlike other men. The publican, who had broken the laws, lowered his eyes in the presence of his God and asked for forgiveness of his sins.

**O**NE man exalted himself; the other humbled himself. The difference is a difference in standards. The Pharisee compared himself with other men, and boasted of his strength. The publican compared himself with his God—and asked forgiveness for his sins.

It is our fundamental likeness to other men that enables us to understand them, and to live in peace and friendship with them.

Is it too much to hope that some day the nations of this earth may pray: "Lord God of Hosts, we give Thee thanks that Thou, in Thy wisdom and Thy mercy, hast made us like other men!"



Dwight W. Morrow has been heard on various occasions over the Radio. Note his genial smile.



# Percy Grainger

NUMBER Seven Cromwell Place is just another address in White Plains, New York.

This simple house has no special sign of distinction to indicate that one of the greatest contemporary composers lives there, but that is the way with houses. They reveal nothing. They are like the covers of great books, indifferent

to the great truths that sound throughout their pages, or like some of the dull rocks unaware of the brilliant diamonds that sparkle in their bosoms.

Now a dwelling that houses a great musician like Percy Aldridge Grainger might reflect some of the inspiration that throbs with such a vital force within its wooden limitations. It might devise

*Famous Composer Says  
"Inspiration is Only a  
Form of Health"*

whimsical inventions so that passersby will know that here lives an immortal—an individual through whom races and nations find their way to song.

The shingles might hum a little tune as vagrant winds pass over them, and the stairs might trip by each other merrily. The creak of the hammock should certainly be able to catch some of the songs that take flight and should reproduce them when the zephyrs go for a little jaunt.

But, no. There is the house. And like every other house it is just content to serve its only purpose of shelter. Its windows are like a blind man's empty sockets. They stare blankly at one. Oh, to be at the very heels of immortality—and to remain impervious!

The cabman left me at the foot of the steps and murmured, "Oh, Mr. Grainger's house."

I ran lightly up the stairs and rang the bell.

"Mr. Grainger, please," I said to the butler with a tone feigning an everyday speaking acquaintance with great composers.

Mr. Grainger came out to meet me. He wore a white sweater and a pair of tennis trousers, and looked more like an athlete than a musician.

HE HAD the appearance, vigor and spirit of a man of thirty although he had just passed his forty-eighth birthday—all of which goes to show that birthdays are indeed no ideal measurements of age and are, therefore, conveniently ignored by certain of my sister writers and others who refuse to budge at the onslaught of birthdays, once they are entrenched at thirty-five.

Perfect health, Mr. Grainger believes, is an important element in an artist's life. "I think the vigor of one's heart beat is a strong determining factor in artistic inspiration," he said. "If all musicians walked very fast for two hours a day, they would all be more inspired. Inspiration is only a form of health."

"Chopin and Beethoven were great walkers in their youth. Wagner was a tree climber." (This fact is no assurance,

# Chats

with  
Anne B. Lazar

however, that Wagnerian genius flows through the veins of the present-day youngsters who have taken to tree sitting as a means of achieving great heights.)

"And," continued Mr. Grainger, "when a young man, Bach walked sixty or eighty miles each way to hear Buxtehude, the organist."

Mr. Grainger has a great admiration for physical prowess. It is said that he watched with glee three men laboriously lifting a heavy piano on a hot day and trying to get it around a little old staircase. It is also said that Mr. Grainger will often open a door with his foot just as an outlet for his energy. The story had stirred my curiosity.

I personally did not have the privilege of seeing him go through this performance, although I was secretly hoping that I might enjoy such a sight.

NEITHER did the famous composer slide down the enticing banisters as he was leading me to his fireproof room in the cellar.

And what a treasure house that was! The shelves on each side of the room were fairly groaning under the weight of the products of genius, jacketed in music scores and in tile portraits.

One set of shelves was marked, "Ella". Ella is Mrs. Grainger—and here are stored her paintings. Everything was neatly wrapped and piled up on the shelves. Mr. Grainger displayed a very fine sense of order. He did not nervously tear off wrappers and fling them just anywhere, but untied precious little bundles and repacked them meticulously.

Mr. Grainger took out his manuscript, "To a Nordic Princess," so that it might be reproduced for this page. This composition is dedicated to his wife and was played for the first time at their wedding which was held in Hollywood some two years ago. It was again presented on one of the recent programs over the National Broadcasting Company. The inscription, or program note, which appears on the music sheets, has an ineffable tenderness:

"Now and then in Scandinavia may be

Long wedding gift to Ella Viola Ström, my sweet wife-to-be

## "TO A NORDIC PRINCESS"

BRIDAL SONG  
for  
Orchestra (Orchestra at will)  
PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

Full (Compressed) Score  
(actual pitch, non-transposing)  
SLOWLY FLOWING (1st Speed)

WOOD-WIND  
Piccolo  
Flute  
Clarinet  
2 Clarinets (A)  
Bass-clarinet (A)  
2 Bassoons

4 Horns (F)

BRASS  
3 Trumpets (B)  
3 Trombones  
Euphonium  
Tuba

Violins I  
Violins II  
Violas  
Cellos  
Double Basses

34884c  
1929, 930  
Copyright, 1929, by Percy Grainger

This Bridal Song was a Wedding-Gift to Mrs. Grainger

met a Nordic type of womanhood, half boyish yet wholly womanly, whose soft, flawless loveliness is like that of a fairy tale princess; whose wondrous radiance makes real for us the sun goddesses of the nature of myths; whose broad shoulders, amazon limbs, fearless glance, and freedom of deed and bearing recall the Viking chieftainesses of the sagas; whose cornfield hair and cornflower eyes awaken thoughts of the silent fruitfulness of the soil and of the lowly lives of land tillers; whose graceful ease in riming, painting, singing, dancing, swimming, is the all life-embracing giftedness of an unspoiled nature race.

Such an uncrowned princess may be found in castle or cottage, in town or country-side, amongst high-born or low-born alike; for hers is dead-rock aristo-

craticness of race, not mere top layer aristocraticness of class, culture, and breeding.

"To meet her is to have all one's boyhood fairy-dreams and hero-dreams come true.

"Such a one is my sweet wife-to-be—Ella Viola Ström—and to her this bridal song is offered as a wedding-gift and fondly honor-tokens in pride of race and personal love."

Yes, "the silent fruitfulness of the soil" expresses Mr. Grainger's own life. The words effortlessly flow from his lips and I am sure that there is the same silent rising of song within him. Neither does the sun thunder its largesse onto this little planet of ours.

While we were in the fireproof room,  
(Continued on page 117)



Percy Grainger, known as "Only Cheerful, Sunny Composer Living"



# Suspense

By Arthur Eekersley

Illustrated by  
Gordon Samstag

THE dining room of the Mortimers' house was by no means an apartment reserved only for meals. It was the centre of the family life, where Alan Mortimer, its nominal head, read his newspapers, scribbled his infrequent poems and articles, or burnt the notes from editors that accompanied their rejection; where, moreover, the wife and daughter of the genius enjoyed what comfort they could in such corners as were not littered with manuscripts; and to which Edward Mortimer, the rising hope of the house, returned as little as was conveniently possible.

Just now it presented a very characteristic appearance. At the head of the large table sat Mr. Mortimer, senior, his forehead supported on his hands, forgetful of the world in his rapt perusal of a copy of the Evening Register, one number of which he had selected from a pile of others at his elbow. Among the matters to which he was blind was the fact that Miss Irene Mortimer, assisted by the maid, had arrived at that point of the table-laying for supper when it could be carried no farther while he occupied his present position.

"Let me see," Irene was saying to herself just under her breath. "Mother and father, that's two; me, three; Mr. Gibbs, four; Miss Trixie, five; and Mr. Edward, six." She made a hurried calculation. "And for to-night, Amy, as it's his party, you must lay Mr. Edward at the top, where father is."

Amy faltered. "I didn't like to disturb the master."

"I'll do that," said Irene, with the calmness of efficiency. She placed a hand upon the velvet-coated shoulder of her parent.

"Father!"

Mr. Mortimer grunted impatiently, without looking up.

"Father, dear," continued Irene, "I don't want to disturb you but you really are quite dreadfully in the way there."

At this the other raised his head, revealing a pale and thought-clouded face under a profusion of neglected hair streaked with grey. It was this, together with the absence of collar, and the velvet jacket, which combined to produce in Mr. Mortimer a vaguely "artistic" appearance,

upon which his family rather prided itself.

"Eh?" he muttered. "I'm sorry, my dear, I didn't notice."

"Nobody's going to be cross," said Irene, "so don't look miserable. Here

*Some Deep Intangible Fear  
Gripped the Mother's  
Heart—Bit by Bit her  
Suspensions Seemed to  
Confirm Her Thought*



come over here for a bit." In her practical way she had shepherd him to a chair beside the fire before he had time to protest.

"Now you're all right. And there are the rest of your papers, though why you should want to

*Trixie Wanted the Diamond, Edward was a Trusted  
Employee in the Bank and—He Had to Please Her*

Eekersley



read five at once beats me!" she exclaimed.

"My dear!" Touched on his enthusiasm, the spirit of the elder Mortimer was roused to instant activity. "It's this wonderful new series of articles that I told you about yesterday—"

"I believe," said Irene, "you did mention something of the kind. Are they nice?"

"They're wonderful! There are to be six altogether, ending to-night. That's why I've been running through the first five again before the paper-boy comes. He's about due now."

Irene was instructing Amy in whispers, and gave but a half-hearted attention to her parent's rhapsody. "Are they funny?" she asked, absently.

Mr. Mortimer acknowledged this only with a glare. "The title," he said, "is 'Personality and Crime.' Of course, that's old enough. But it's the point of view. There's one passage here that I was reading to your brother that seems to me absolutely inspired. Whoever wrote it is a genius."

"Don't they give the name?"

"No." Mr. Mortimer was turning over the pages. "It's only the last that is to be signed. We might know any minute now. Ah!

here it is. Speaking of temptation, he says—"

But what he said was not destined to be read aloud just then, for at that moment Amy, who had opened the door, stepped back to admit the enthusiast's wife. Mary Mortimer was a woman who might once have been beautiful, and whose face, lined with years of struggle and anxiety, had still both charm and dignity. Her manner was quiet to repression, but every now and then a keen observer might have detected signs in it, a catch in the voice, or a nervous movement of the hands, that betrayed a great and growing anxiety.

"MR. EDWARD isn't back yet, is he, Amy?" she asked, as she entered.

"It's only just past his time, mother," Irene interposed, before the maid could reply.

"Of course, dear. Still, if he should be at all late we can wait supper a little."

Irene scouted the idea. "As if Ned would be late to-night, of all nights!" she cried.

Here Mr. Mortimer, who was suffering from the natural irritation of the frustrated reader-aloud, broke in peevishly.

"What on earth is to-night that there

"Never mind what he says, it's what's here in the paper about him."



should be all this great fuss about it?"

"Father!" Irene turned upon him with mock indignation. "You don't remember that it's the birthday of your future daughter-in-law!"

"You mean what's-her-name?"

"Exactly. In other words, Trixie. The future Mrs. Edward. This banquet is in her honor. She's coming, and young Gibbs from Edward's bank. It's a party."

MORTIMER groaned. "Oh, dear!" he complained. "I suppose that means a collar, eh?"

"Well," Irene favored her parent with an ingratiating smile. "If you could rise to that display of magnificence——"

As usual she gained her point. "Humbug, I call it," said Mr. Mortimer. But he rose as he spoke. "Don't let the boy pass while I'm upstairs, that's all," he commanded, at the door.

Mrs. Mortimer had seated herself by the fire.

At the last words she looked up quickly, almost suspiciously.

"What boy?"

"Oh, nothing. Only, you know how Ned is. He's the wonderfulest person in the world, of course. But he is a bit vague for a bank clerk, isn't he?"

"You ought not to say things like that, Irene."

"Sorry, mum. But you know how often Edward gets moods. Last night for instance, when father would read aloud to him out of the Evening Register. He looked so queer. Almost as though he were frightened of something."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Mortimer rebuked her daughter with unusual sharpness. "Why should he be frightened?"

"That's what I say. But he did go perfectly white. When father was reading

upset Edward far more than he showed. One of his friends proving a thief! And they used to see a lot of one another at one time. Poor little Hughes! He wasn't altogether a bad sort, either. It must have been terrible for his people!"

"Oh!" Mrs. Mortimer answered her, and her voice was startling in its sudden passion. "That's what one always says, without realizing in the least what it means! Can you fancy them, as I have done lately, that evening when he didn't come home? All night they waited, and he didn't come. And in the morning there was a telegram telling them what had happened. Up till then they might have saved him. Perhaps one may even have suspected, and not dared to speak. And



There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope.

"Oh, nothing," said Irene. "Only the evening paper. Father's so queer," she added. "Reading seems to him quite as if it mattered."

The elder woman had relapsed again, and was staring into the fire. "Your father's an exceptionally clever man," she said, with mild reproof.

"That's what's the trouble," answered Irene. "If he wasn't a genius he'd be able to do something. And Edward's just such another. How long d'you suppose he'll stay at that bank?"

"Irene!" Once again Mrs. Mortimer looked up quickly, and this time the sudden fear on her face would have been patent to anyone less absorbed than the girl. "What—what do you mean?"

that bit about criminal temptation."

"Temptation!" it was the face of Edward's mother that was white now. She screened it from the girl with a hand that shook ever so slightly.

"I THOUGHT perhaps Edward was ill," continued Irene, thoughtfully. "Because come to think of it, he hasn't looked himself lately. Perhaps they work them too hard at that bank. He never tells us anything that goes on there, does he?"

"No, nothing," said Mrs. Mortimer, without turning.

"I believe," went on Irene, "that that affair of poor young Hughes running away

then it was too late. He was disgraced; his very name was to be hidden away out of their lives and forgotten, or, if it was mentioned by accident, to become a shameful thing, a thing that hurt. That's what it means!"

"Why, mother!" Irene had received the outburst with bewildered astonishment. Then in her practical way she added, "I don't believe people realize things like that if they're quite well."

Mrs. Mortimer had recovered her self-command; she seemed anxious to make the girl forget its momentary loss. "I'm all right, dear," she said, quickly. "Only sometimes things like that come home to one, that's all. And as for what's keeping Edward, he may have gone to call for



Trixie himself, and will bring her on."

"Of course," declared Irene, "and they'd be sure to come the longest way, being engaged."

It was in the midst of the relief diffused by this theory that the front door bell was heard. "That can't be them," said Irene. "Ned wouldn't ring."

"Who—who can it be?" At the sound, all Mrs. Mortimer's recovered calmness had deserted her; her face had become ashen.

"You are a jumpy old thing, mother!" laughed Irene. "You're worse than Ned." She listened. After a moment a man's voice was audible in the passage. "I thought so. It's young Gibbs from the bank; he'll liven us up."

IT WAS clear that the young gentleman who was immediately afterwards announced was of a character not to belie her words. Mr. Gibbs, albeit of tender years, and just at present a sufferer from slight nervousness, was clearly one accustomed to shine in society. He shook hands briskly with the two ladies.

"Hope I'm not too early," he said. "But I knew old Ned would be here anyhow."

"Then you knew wrong," said Irene, archly. "Edward hasn't got back from the office yet."

Mr. Gibbs was astonished at

"Oh dear me, no!  
Nobody brought me."

honestly? How does my son get on—with them?"

The kindly Gibbs looked his embarrassment.

"Why," he protested, "Mortimer's a rare clever chap; we all know that in the office. And one of the very best."

"You mean"—her eyes searched his face—"that they don't like him?"

"Oh, not so strong as that. But—well, I suppose we all have our little prejudices."

"But you know of nothing definite that they could have against him?"

"Certainly not," protested poor Gibbs.

"What could there be? Oddly enough, though,"

he continued, becoming communicative.

"Now Ned isn't here, I was going to

this news.

"Not back?" he repeated. "That's queer." "Why?"

"Well, only because he's had all day to get back in." He explained: "You see, it was this way. I was out at the office. When I turned up about four, I heard that Master Ned hadn't been at the bank all day;

they sent him off as soon as he arrived."

"I didn't know you business men got holidays like that," said Irene.

"We don't as a rule, worse luck. But of course this time there was a reason for wanting the clerks out of the way. Someone from headquarters to go through the books. What you might call a surprise party!"

Mrs. Mortimer had been considering him attentively.

"Did they suspect anything wrong?" she asked now, in such an unexpected tone that Gibbs started.

"You never can tell with these chaps," he said. "They get ideas, that's where it is. Perhaps it would be some little wrong entry they'd find; perhaps nothing at all. But they're never satisfied."

"Thank you." She turned away as though the subject were closed. But on Irene's attention being distracted by the entrance of Amy, Mrs. Mortimer again approached the visitor. Her manner now was oddly timid, almost appealing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Gibbs," she said. "But will you tell me something quite

ask you if he'd had any little bother on his mind lately."

Irene had again joined the group. She was the charming hostess.

"Edward is engaged to be married," she announced, proudly.

"I meant worse than that."

"Well, really, Mr. Gibbs!"

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean—" The visitor had become pink with confusion, but friendship urged him forward. "Only two or three of us noticed that he's been looking sly and—and anxious these last few weeks."

THERE, mother!" Irene was beginning. "What did I—"

But to her great astonishment Mrs. Mortimer interrupted her.

"It's kind of you to ask," she said; "but, indeed, we know of nothing."

"Well," answered Gibbs, "I'm sure I'm pleased to hear that. It can't be anything serious, or you'd have noticed before anyone."

"Yes," said Edward's mother, earnestly.

(Continued on page 126)



# A Plea for Continued

"**D**AMN the torpedoes, go ahead!" "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!" "Till the last man falls!" "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"

History keeps its hold on the interest of generation after generation through the drama of individual heroism personified by momentous phrases that breathe the very living spirit of courage. The great material accomplishments of man often sink low by comparison with the great intellectual inspirations of leadership.

Far be it from the editors of this magazine to assume a rôle in behalf of the great Radio public which has not been duly won by popular acclaim; but equally far be it from us to refrain from pointing out paths for service which readers of our magazine may take up and develop into close-to-holy crusades. The one great thing about Radio is that it is always dealing with people and with what they are getting out of life, spiritually as well as materially. With audiences vaster by many millions than any other means of communication either so immediate or so intimate, no one, however great or small, can approach a microphone without a real feeling of reverence—without an impressive realization of the mighty power he or she is wielding for better or for worse on human beings.

It matters little the type of mission, so long as the purpose is worthy. Entertainment that is clean and that brings

enjoyment into the lives of people of all ages, sexes and races is indeed a God-like service and is not to be laughed off lightly as relatively inconsequential. Making people—sick and well—feel happy is a service as worthy of honor rolls and decorations as are the more conventionally recognized services of great educators, statesmen and battle-scarred warriors. We do not live for wars, for sorrows and for drudgery. We live for pleasure of body and mind, and our teachers of religion, culture and enjoyment are at one in helping attain the pleasures of life minus only those follies which are at times erroneously labelled pleasures.

Until now Radio has supplied its own censorship and from the standpoints of both morality and non-partisanship it has performed in a manner that places it head and shoulders over moving pictures and the press, both of whose majority virtues have been sullied somewhat by a minority salaciously inclined. To be sure there has been some talk as to whether Radio broadcasting is becoming dominated by too much outright advertising but that issue is practical and not ethical in nature. Moreover in the end, Radio programs whether sponsored or sustaining must meet with popular approval or die of their own deadliness—again a matter of practical control.

But what guarantee has the American people that the same effort at cleanliness and the same impartiality on controversial subjects will continue to endure? What insurance has the public against abuse of a power already great and steadily growing greater in the number influenced, in the degree of influence and in the variety of life-matters involved? May not the greedy eyes of monopolists, keenly conscious of the rapidly increasing commercial possibilities in the broadcasting business, soon seek to create monopolistic control—openly or if need be covertly?

**M**AY not great financial or industrial interests soon recognize in domination of broadcasting a new and potent means of extending their power? May not religious groups with tremendous resources, or fanatical but well financed factions (such as the Reds of Russia) see in Radio domination a new, relatively inexpensive but very effective means of backing their chosen "cause"? May not political powers—that-be or even sinister influences such as bootleggers and racketeers behold in Radio an insidious means of inoculating an unsuspecting public with infectious propaganda?

The threat of such things may not be imminent, but the threat should not be overlooked because of a temporary feeling of safety. The time to guard against evil is before the devil has done his work; for then it is often too late.

The press of America in times of peace has never been subject to official censorship of any kind—praise be. It has always possessed leaders of men so that here in America no policy such as now obtains in Russia and in Italy has ever been contemplated. As a result, the publishing business has grown into a great and honored profession with a deep sense of its own responsibilities to the public. Publishing has prospered because of this freedom of the press. Publishing,

# Freedom of The Air

notwithstanding the few degenerates who have tried to soil its reputation, has grown into a mighty influence on the lives of people. All viewpoints on all subjects have found an outlet and the press, thank God, has never been dominated at the source by monopolistic control. Anyone of any cult, creed or race with the inspiration and a moderate amount of capital can publish a magazine or a newspaper—and his success or failure depends on ability to serve the public in a manner it approves.

When monopolistic possibilities appear on the horizon, as in the recent case of newspaper buying by the International Power & Paper Co., not only the public but the Government and the newspaper profession itself rises up in anger to thwart any possible hidden control of the press. Also with a view to providing against monopolies the United States Postal Law provides that every six months owners of magazines and newspapers enjoying the second class mailing privileges must publish a sworn statement of ownership showing in detail the identity and address of bondholders and stockholders owning one per cent or more. Publishers are criminally liable for any failure to present the true facts with respect to ownership and control.

**W**HAT has all this to do with Radio? Just this: Before a lot of well meaning but for the most part illy informed and meddling politicians take it into their heads to crusade against possible monopolies in broadcasting, the present owners of broadcasting stations should develop enough leadership—passionate if necessary—to regulate their own affairs along such lines as will positively insure the American public against even partial monopolies in broadcasting and which will provide the Federal Radio Commission with much valuable and sound help in the matter of renewing broadcasting licenses so that as a matter of good public policy true freedom of the air will be preserved.

It would perhaps be presumptuous on our part to lay down a code of principles, but the very subject of this editorial compels us to make these few suggestions: (1) Every broadcasting station should publish in a newspaper in the city in which it is located, at regular six months' intervals, a complete statement of ownership such as is now made by newspapers and magazines. This same statement should be filed with the Federal Radio Commission and broadcast over the station at a prescribed day and hour every six months to the Radio audience. (2) No company or interest should be allowed to own more than a certain number of stations. (3) No one chain should be allowed to buy or lease over a given percentage of the total time of any given station. (4) No station should be allowed to lease out more than a given amount of its total time to chains, regardless of the number of chains, but this percentage should be higher than the amount leasable to any one chain. (5) No station should place more than a fixed percentage of its time in the hands of any agency or selling organization to sell unless it be an exclusive selling agency handling only a limited number of widely scattered stations.

We could go on, because there are many phases of possible monopoly which need conscientious and highly intelligent study for the good of broadcasting and for the good of the public. Radio broadcasting is not like the press in that the total number of stations licensed must be limited and the total amount of time which can be sold—and particularly the most sought-after hours—are definitely limited. All of which means that anti-monopoly measures are needed even more in broadcasting than in the press. Here's believing that the owners of broadcasting stations will do full justice to their own responsibilities in this matter of monopolistic control. Here's offering them the full help and cooperation of RADIO DIGEST and its great Radio audience in the realization of every high-minded objective. But if there be subtle undercover efforts to arrive at monopolistic ends on anybody's part, here's promising the full and fiery lash of an organ of the press which has chosen as its inspirational function the serving of America's great Radio public and protecting of the honor and reputation of broadcasting.

Let's hope that broadcasting will produce its own Deweys, Hales and Farraguts and its own Franklins, Roosevelts and Lincolns to carry on by deed as well as by inspiring words of leadership against the possible invasion of hoary-headed monopoly.

RAY BILL



JOHN BOWENBY TRUSS



JOHN BOWENBY TRUSS



# Good Diction

*Radio Demands Perfect Articulation, Says Dagmar Perkins, Expert Advisor on Committee for Diction Medal Award*

By BEATRICE LEIGH

**H**AVE you ever stopped to consider why you like your favorite Radio artists?

Why does the busy housewife cease from her toils long enough to hear the banter of Amos 'n' Andy, the guides to shopping, the hints for beauty? Why does the speeding tourist slow down so that Rudy Vallee may be heard from the portable set? And why does the husband cancel his engagement when he suddenly remembers Floyd Gibbons?

Believe it or not—if these and many other popular artists did not know how to put their voices to work as instruments of expression, their programs would fall on deaf ears.

This is the opinion of Dagmar Perkins, President of the National Association of American Speech and member of the Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Letters which presented the 1930 Gold Medal to Alwyn Bach, NBC announcer.

**T**HAT the Radio audience is receptive to pure speech is evidenced by the enormous audience which tunes in on Miss Perkins' daily programs over Radio Station WGBS, New York City. Her silver-lined voice, her effervescent personality, and her cheerful disposition, combined with her faultless diction, have been the keynote of her success.

"The rapid growth of Radio," declared Miss Perkins, "has done more than any other agency to arouse the American public to an appreciation of good speech."

"Granted the speaker has something to say—and if he hasn't he should not be allowed to annoy the public"—(neighbors, please heed)—"the first requisite on the Radio, especially, is clarity of diction so

that the listener may hear clearly, without strain, whatever is being said.

"The second requisite is good tone of voice to please the ear of the listener."

This second step in the direction of good diction is a very important one. Frequently, lectures, speeches, sermons and readings "do not reach that thing

whereto it is sent" simply because the voice is faulty in one way or another.

"Then come the other branches of vocal technique," continued Miss Perkins. "There is the change of pitch which is so essential, for even a good voice may become monotonous unless the pitch is varied. Then there is the inflection or shading of the voice, the tempo which changes as the subject or occasion demands, the emphasis, and last, but not least, the choice of words."

Miss Perkins has long been recognized as an authority on the subject of good diction and it is interesting to note that she was invited to coach the voices in the Winthrop Ames' productions, "Iolanthe," "Pirates of Penzance" and other shows. The results of her instruction and training were so successful that in many instances, librettos were not necessary.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, former American Ambassador to Italy, and Member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, who appeared on one of Miss Perkins' programs had this to say about her work:

**I** AM deeply interested in the unique world in speech production and Radio broadcasting which Miss Dagmar Perkins is carrying on so successfully. Nothing is more important in education, or more neglected than good speech. Miss Perkins' own voice and diction are so

beautiful that one could wish she might be heard by every teacher and pupil in the public schools and by everyone who has occasion to address the public vocally."

Hamlin Garland of the American Academy of Arts and Letters says:

"That the Radio is making us ear-

(Continued on page 124)



Miss Dagmar Perkins, Exponent of Perfect Diction





Senator  
Arthur  
Capper  
from  
Kansas

# Washington talks to the Nation

*Some Senators and Congressmen quail  
before the mike—Others like it.*

THE microphone  
now is

WILLIAM H. DOHERTY

deeply imbedded in the consciousness of public men as a medium for moulding public opinion, and seems destined to eliminate the lecture platform except in the cases of those who require the stimulus of personal, intimate reaction for them to exert their best efforts.

And the number who demand this personal touch with their hearers is growing smaller, at least in this writer's opinion. There are many reasons for this, but the greatest, or at least the one demonstrated most forcibly in recent months, is the convenience of the little metal discs as compared with tedious, time-wasting journeys.

WHILE Radio engineers are striving to bring television to the point where all may witness as well as hear programs, Senators, Representatives and government heads probably would prefer the development of a system whereby

they might see  
their audiences.

The fear of the microphone usually vanishes after the first appearance, but it is difficult for the average speaker to construct his audience in his mind's eye.

Senator Capper of Kansas is one man who does not need the stimulus of an audience. His Monday morning talks for feminine listeners have been a regular feature since Congress convened.

Senator Borah of Idaho, one of the most noted orators in Congress, is known to dislike the microphone, not that he does not realize the importance of speaking to a nation-wide audience, but because he receives no inspiration as in a personal appearance.

Oliver Owen Kuhn, managing editor of the Washington Star who introduced Senator Borah when the latter initiated the National Radio Forum series a year and a half ago, said Senator Borah's "dislike in speaking at a mere piece of metal is evidenced during the course of his ad-

resses, but as all Radio listeners can testify, there is no better Radio speaker in America today. He does not dread the microphone so long as a great audience is before him. He then feels the personal touch—gathers all those strange inspirations that come from the audience to any speaker."

Andrew Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, has an opposite reaction to the mike. Diffident, almost shy, Secretary Mellon actually speaks better over the air than before audiences.

To those who, like Senator Borah, are not at their best unless inspired either by friends or hecklers, Senator James E. Watson of Indiana, the Republican leader in the Senate, has a method that might be commended to Radio speakers.

"I usually think of a baseball park at a World Series game," he said, "then magnify the audience as far as the eye can reach."

FOR Senators Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Hiram Johnson of California the ether waves at first proved a difficult medium for conveying their ideas. Now they can look the microphone in the eye and orate with all the vehemence and gesticulations common to their technique in debates on the Senate floor. Practice is the answer, and their present success probably will be matched by others who are certain eventually to acquire a confident microphone manner.

Two of the most forceful addresses  
(Continued on page 124)



# RADIOGRAPHS

*Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio*

*Family of New York's Great Key Stations*

By Rosemary Drachman

**M**ADGE TUCKER, small and blonde, whom Radio audiences know as "The Lady Next Door," is certainly well named. For no matter when or where you are in the NBC studios, Miss Tucker is pretty sure to be "just next door". In addition to "The Lady Next Door", which she orig-



Madge Tucker, "The Lady Next Door"

inated, writes, directs, and acts in, she has charge of all juvenile Radio activities at NBC. And if there is anyone who doesn't think that auditions, rehearsals and broadcasts involving more than 100 children a week between the ages of four and fourteen is enough to keep one person busy, Miss Tucker cordially invites them to change places with her for any day in the week.

Personally, she loves it. As I watched her rushing about the studio at a rehearsal of "The Lady Next Door", among a room full of noisy young actors, she seemed to be having the time of her life. And she was. "It's all such fun", she confessed afterwards, "even if it doesn't

leave me much time for anything else".

Since she first came into Radio work, six years ago, she has led hundreds of thousands of children to the mike. Seemingly little more than a child herself with her ever bubbling enthusiasm and perpetual delight in living (and she isn't so much more, even as Father Time records such things!), she has discovered more juvenile stars than any other person in the country and many of her pupils have achieved fame not only on the air but in the Broadway theatres and the Hollywood studios as well.

She is continually looking for new child actors for "The Lady Next Door". Personality is the primary requisite. Of course, the child must have a good Radio voice, but the mere ability to sing or recite well counts for little with Miss Tucker. She writes her sketches especially to fit the children who are playing in them. Throughout the series of "The Lady Next Door" the children are called by their own first names, and it is Miss Tucker's theory that if a child reads a line wrong twice in rehearsal, it's the line that's wrong and not the child. Accordingly the line is rewritten then and there to suit the youthful artist. "I want them to be just what they are supposed to be," declares Miss Tucker, "a group of children acting naturally."

Miss Tucker's original ambitions were toward the theatre. She was born in Centralia, Ill., and graduated from George Washington University, Washington, D. C. As soon as she was out of college, however, she rushed to New York and enrolled for a course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. That completed, she found her first opportunity in a stock company in Washington. Then, just as she was comfortably started toward a stage career, along came the Radio. At first Miss Tucker didn't take the new medium very seriously. But like most members of a stock company she had no objection to picking up a few extra dollars. She appeared on a few programs at station WRC in Washington. Then she directed a children's program. Then another. And another. Almost before she knew it she was completely out of the theatre and into Radio, for better or worse.

It soon proved to be better. When

NBC was organized Madge Tucker became the first official woman production manager. For a long time her work was mainly in the continuity and production departments. Then she began going on the air herself in connection with various children's programs, and a year ago last September she scored an outstanding success with "The Lady Next Door". In addition she conducts the Sunday Morning Children's Hour and appears on several morning programs.

For the few hours that she is permitted away from the studio she has two hobbies. One is reading in bed and the other is attending first nights in the theatre. When her work will permit she never misses a New York opening, and in the summer when shows are opening out of town she will cheerfully ride for miles in order to catch a new production on its try-out night. For months after she became "The Lady Next Door" she was robbed of her other hobby because she had to devote all of her spare reading time to children's literature. She is not married.



Peter De Rose



## Ludwig Laurier

LUDWIG LAURIER, who sends graceful dinner music to you each evening except Sunday over WEAf, and soothing slumber music each night over WJZ, came to America to be a druggist. When the quiet, smiling man with the gentle eyes and the iron grey hair was a lad of only thirteen he left his native Speyer-on-the-Rhine and came to this country to join his brother and brother-in-law. They were engaged in the drug business and young Ludwig was supposed to follow in their footsteps. He brought the violin he had been practicing on since he was eight years old with him, however, and by the time he was seventeen he was out of the drug business and in the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra. Somehow he never got back to the drug counter.

For awhile he remained in the Buffalo Symphony as second violinist. Then he became first violinist. Later he left Buffalo and went to Saratoga where he became associated with an orchestra conducted by John Lund and possessing a then unknown 'cellist named Victor Herbert. When he left Lund other offers came to him, but by this time Laurier had decided that music was to be his career. In that case he needed more training. And where else for a German to get musical training but in his native country?

In Berlin he became first violinist with the Philharmonic Orchestra. For several years he remained in Germany, playing and studying, and then, the training completed, he was faced with another problem. Where to spend his life? Europe, the old world, he decided, was the proper place for training, but America, the new world, was the place to build a career. Accordingly he returned to New York.

He was fired from his first job, but he

laughed when he told me about it.

"Fired?" I repeated.

"Yes," he explained, "It was with the Metropolitan Opera. They employed me as one of the first violins. And they kept me for sixteen years. It was during Toscanini's time and for six years I was manager of the orchestra. "Then,"—he chuckled merrily—"they fired me."

I forgot to ask him if they gave him a letter of recommendation first, but at any rate he didn't seem to have much trouble finding something to do. Within a very short time he was associated with Dr. Hugo Reisenfeld at the Rialto Theatre in New York. Reisenfeld probably did more than any other man to introduce good music into the moving picture theatres and Laurier was his right hand man. It was work that he liked, for Laurier has never cared for jazz. As a boy on the banks of the Rhine it was the melodies of Rubinstein, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss and Mozart that filled his dreams.

In the Berlin Philharmonic and at the Metropolitan those dreams were fed and with Reisenfeld they began to bear fruit. When he came to Radio three years ago as conductor of the NBC Slumber Hour he brought them with him, and the thousands who tune in at eleven o'clock each night for an hour of soothing rest and beauty have justified his faith in them. A year and a half ago he became conductor of the Black and Gold Room dinner music which he conducts along the same lines.

He is married and has a nineteen year old daughter. He lives in the city, but whenever he can find the time he hurries out of it to go fishing, or for a long tramp in the woods.

## May Singhi Breen

FIVE-FIFTEEN in the evening in Studio F at NBC. Outside the heavily curtained windows, the towers of New York in the soft light of the sinking sun. Inside, the big, bare studio with the blue and grey walls. In one corner a baby grand piano and a man and a woman.

First the woman. She is sitting on a high stool in front of a microphone with a ukulele cuddled in her arms. As she sings softly into the mike she strums the ukulele with a master touch. For she is May Singhi Breen, of Breen and de Rose, whose popular ballads go forth over the air five evenings a week, and she is probably the greatest "uke" artist and authority in the country.

According to the story current around NBC she first saw a ukulele when a friend gave her one for Christmas in 1922. At that time May was so little taken with the gift that she tried to exchange it for a bathrobe. It was only when the store refused to agree to her little plan that she decided she might as well learn to play the darn thing. But that was only the beginning. Shortly after she had mastered the instrument herself she originated the now well-known ukulele arrange-



Ludwig Laurier

ment in diagram which enables persons with no knowledge of music to strum out almost any popular tune. For some reason she was not murdered.

Instead she prospered. Music publishers were cool toward the diagram when they first saw it but finally one of them agreed to take a chance and gave her one of his poorer new numbers to try it out on. The number became a hit almost over night and her reputation was made. She opened a regular office for making ukulele arrangements and transcripts and soon had the largest ukulele class in the country as well as the position of ukulele instructor in several fashionable schools about New York City.

She entered Radio seven years ago with a girls' orchestra. Soon after that she met Peter de Rose. She liked Peter's playing and Peter liked her. The team of Breen and de Rose was formed, and then May became Mrs. de Rose in private life.

Shortly after she became famous as a ukulele artist she made a tour of the country playing vaudeville and moving picture theatres. Because she had a strange middle name, Singhi, and played a ukulele, snap-judging theatre managers advertised her as a native of the South Seas. Later they had some tall explaining to do when the "Ukulele Lady" turned up with blue eyes and a light complexion. As a matter of fact, she was born in New York City of Italian descent, and Singhi was her mother's family name.

She began playing the piano at the age of four and made it her profession until the kind friend presented her with the famous Christmas present. She was educated in private schools in New York and Europe. When she isn't busy playing or rehearsing, she makes ukulele arrange-

(Continued on page 124)



And May Singhi Breen



# MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask*

*Her about the Stars You Admire*

**H**AVE you the loose ends of an unfinished romance tucked away in your heart? If you have, take courage and listen to the story of how Radio united a young couple after a long separation. Young Cupid had begun winging darts between John Seagle and Helen Peters when they both attended high school in Glens Falls, N. Y. Then each went to a different college. When John emerged with cap and gown from the University of Missouri, he had to set about the important task of buttering his own bread. Helen, on the other hand, with her wider interests, formed new friends and associations and in a short while they had drifted apart. But time exuded its balm and healed the broken hearts. Then one day Helen heard a solo over the National Broadcasting Company, and who was the singer but John himself. It was a song she knew well and for which she had played the accompaniment many times years before. After the program he received a long distance telephone call from Helen. The wedding was held not very long ago in Glens Falls. Continue to listen to the Radio programs, you upon whom love has left its scars, and some day—well, you never can tell.

\* \* \*



Mrs. John Seagle

**N**OW, V.R.S. how could you? Just for that affectionate letter, here are Al and Cal Pearce of KFRC. They look as if they had something original up their sleeves. Al has a hand in the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree. This program has aided much in making Monday a rainbow day. Al is evidently

the business manager of the partnership as it is largely through his efforts as an active worker that the Pearce Brothers have climbed to the top in Radio fame on the Pacific Coast. For they're Barnacle Bill, the Sailor. Al is also Master of Ceremonies of the Impromptu Happy Go Luck Hour. It's harmony and personality plus.



**P**AGE 114 of this magazine, Miss A. B., contains more than a little sumthin' of your Mystery Announcer. Ballots from every nook and corner of Pennsylvania, voting for him as the most popular announcer, have flooded the offices of Radio Digest ever since our contest started last March, and he has received 35,039 letters during the nine months of his broadcasts. So watch page 114.

\* \* \*

**J**ERRY WILFORD, known as "The Vagabond of the Air," has endeared himself to his many thousands of listeners. He handles the "Midnight Hour" over KSL, Salt Lake City, and during this program his remarkable deep bass voice booms out across the states—yes, he's

the man "who keeps Western America awake!" Jerry was invited by the Victor Phonograph Company to record "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," the ballad that has won for him nationwide fame.

\* \* \*

**I**T IS my pleasure, T. E. O., to refer you to the October pages of Radio Digest for a full-fledged account of Arabesque. Reynold Evans takes the part of Achmed.

\* \* \*

**W**ALLACE BUTTERWORTH, Chicago announcer of the NBC, earned his first money by selling shoes in a store at Wallingford, Pa. It is hard to believe, Alice M., that this is the man who substituted for Bill Hay as introducer of Amos 'n' Andy, while Bill was vacationing. He obtained funds from his job as clerk to train his voice and with his weekly salary bought two phonograph records and a seat for the performances which would be held in Philadelphia by the Metropolitan Opera Company. He used to run for blocks to get a glimpse of Caruso when the latter made frequent visits to the Quaker City. Butterworth has a very fine baritone voice. He made two successful concert tours through the eastern part of the United States and Canada. Then he became concert manager in Chester where some time before he had studied in the Victor recording laboratories. One day Butterworth stopped in at the NBC studios in New York to visit a friend and was persuaded to have an audition. He was hired and was transferred to Chicago shortly after that. Quite a career, eh, what? And then—of course—there's the prominent part he played in the



John Seagle





Jerry Wilford

broadcasts of the endurance-flying Hunter brothers and in the National Air Races programs.

\* \* \*

**C**ARRIE, by this time you've seen all about "Sarge" Farrell in October's Marcella. Sarge contemplates visiting seventy Radio stations in that many cities and I expect to get his schedule so that his followers will know where to tune in.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Radio field is a veritable marital mart. Here's another of those things, by Jove. It's Herbert Polesie, behind the fun of the Van Heusen Program over CBS. The young lady in question is a society girl from Weehawken. Herb himself hails from Hollywood—and was it Kipling who said "East is East and West is West, but never the twain shall meet"? Herb is also one of the creators of program ideas at the Judson Radio Program Corporation. He is best known as "Henry" of the "Henry-George" series over the CBS.

\* \* \*

**T**HIS news is for you, Elizabeth. It's John B. Gambling, the only man who knows how to get people up in the morning. The sleeper may be aroused by an alarm clock when it sounds the dreaded hour, but he can always reach out lazily for it and silence its voice, and then turn over on the other side. But when Uncle John's cheerful, sunny voice is heard, all of slumber's resistance is broken and the daily dozen is performed. Thousands of letters have been received by Uncle John, Physical Director of WOR, from persons who used to agree with Sir Harry Lauder—"Oh, it's nice to get up in the mornin', but it's nicer to lie in bed." And won't Uncle John's voice be especially welcome on these cold and murky mornin's?

**A**VEZ-VOUS *faim*—Madame, Monsieur? All of which only means that if you are hungry, ladies and gentlemen, and that if talking about food helps any, just make the Radio acquaintance of the Premier Chef (Charles Premmac). He's on the CBS every Tuesday evening.

\* \* \*

**E**LIZABETH, did you say you wanted more gossip about announcers on WOR, NBC, CBS and WCAU? Just stop, look and listen! Lewis Reid, come forward. Drama is his middle name. He studied dramatic technique and prepared himself thoroughly for a stage career, adding to his long list of accomplishments, singing and playing the piano and trombone. And he was even among the talented group of performers who accompanied Elsie Janis on her triumphal coast to coast tours of the United States and Canada a few years ago. His resonant voice has been heard regularly over WOR since February 1928. And when he is not before the mike, he is pounding off Radio plays on the old typewriter.

\* \* \*

**T**HIS is about Eddie Thorgerson of the very big voice, Mrs. L. S. No—he's not married. His has been a storm-tossed career, having sailed for many years on the restless seas. He was also employed as a cow hand on Nevada, New Mexico and California ranches and served as a tourist guide and newspaper



Charles Premmac

reporter. Eddie was born in Elizabeth, N. J. in which state his parents are still living. He is twenty-six years of age and has decided to settle down to a career in Radio. Wave lengths are, after all, less turbulent than the seas.

\* \* \*

**F**RANK SINGISER is one of the youngest announcers over the NBC. Did I hear someone say that Radio was no place for a minister's son? Well, Frank's father is a Baptist minister, and not only that, but Frank also is qualifying himself for that noble profession by attending the Newton Theological Institute in Massachusetts during the winter. It still remains a question as to which will have the stronger calling—Radio or ministry. At the age of ten Frank circled the world with his Dad and since then he has lived in most of our forty-eight states. He started his Radio career as a continuity writer and announcer over WGY, two years ago, and his work there won such recognition that he was drafted into the New York studios of the NBC. Among his wide range of occupations I find that he was physical instructor at a boys' camp, store clerk, ranch hand and that he ran a laundry route. At Brown University, he distinguished himself in his studies, dramatics and soccer. He is twenty-one and unmarried.

\* \* \*

Word has just come from Boston that Howard Butler, formerly with WEA and WOR is now announcing at WNAC Boston. His dainty little wife, Edith Thayer, commutes every week from Boston to New York just to do Show Boat. She has been Jane McGrew with this feature for 'most a hundred and twenty weeks!



Upper: Wallace Butterworth, Edward Thorgerson  
Lower: John Gambling, Frank Singiser



# Hitting The High Spots With Robert Brown

## The Flying Announcer

By  
**Natalie  
Giddings**

**I**F ONE announcer were to be selected from among the independent Radio stations as most truly representative of the adventurous life the average listener imagines for every announcer, Robert Brown of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI, probably would edge out all comers.

**T**HE average Radio listener invests announcers with the same cloak of glamour that covers policemen, railroad engineers and firemen in the eyes of little boys. Men and women who sit at home in a quiet living room listening to broadcasts from airplanes, from the Washington monument, from submarines, from motor boats, from race tracks, and from ring-side seats at world championship prize fights, picture every Radio announcer rushing about in a world that holds only such pulse-stirring events. Few announcers, however, as most of them will tell you with tears in their eyes, ever have any excitement at all! Few of them ever get outside the quiet—if not peace—of a Radio studio, for not all of them are fitted by temperament or ability to fill the demands of "spot" broadcasting... reporting events as they occur.

Robert Brown of WLW and WSAI, is one of the few announcers whose life is a succession of exciting broadcasts. WLW listeners, in fact, have come to associate Brown with excitement to the extent that whenever he announces the station's call letters, nine out of ten listeners think WLW is about to put on a stunt of some kind. At WLW for three years, he has had more "breaks" than all the other an-

nouncers put together, always excepting the football and baseball dramas at which Robert Burdette officiates.

The reason for this undoubtedly lies in the fact that Brown is never at a loss. Most loquacious of all the Crosley announcers, he never fumbles for words. When he is not on the air, he talks just

head. For a year he studied French to improve his pronunciation. Now he is bi-lingual, and lapses into long harangues in a mixture of English, French, "pig latin", and Polish, which he picked up while an announcer in Buffalo. He can embroider any incident into an anecdote.

It did not surprise anyone, therefore, when Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation which owns the two stations, selected Brown to go with him to Sarasota, Fla., to help him broadcast the landing of a giant tarpon in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico on June 18th.

At the microphone in Mr. Crosley's fishing boat, equipped with radio transmitter and appropriately christened "Little WLW," Brown talked constantly for almost an hour. Listeners and critics immediately dubbed him "a new MacNamee" and heaped upon him all sorts of praise for his glowing description of the scene and of the struggle with the fish that finally was pulled into the boat. Both stations WLW and WIL in St. Louis carried the story.

(Continued on page 125)



Robert Brown of WLW. Right, broadcasting from the cockpit of a plane in the National Air Races.

for the pleasure of hearing words come tumbling out of his mouth. The larger the words and the faster they tumble, the happier is Brown. He is irrepressible. On or off the air, he talks at top speed, and almost at top voice. He has an amazing fund of information on every subject imaginable. He has an additional fund of information even more amazing because it quite evidently comes out of his own





## Famous Playwright On Air at WLW

The "Hoosier Editor" whose human comments on events and personalities are heard every Friday over WLW, Cincinnati, is far from a newcomer to the public eye. A brother of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, czar of big league baseball, Frederick Landis belongs to a family which has played a distinguished part in the life of Indiana and of the nation. He served in Congress, and later won fame as the author of "The Copperhead", which became a sensation on Broadway and as a motion picture, both times with Lionel Barrymore as the star. He also wrote a story on Theodore Roosevelt, of which that distinguished American said: "This is the picture of me as president by which I wish my family to remember me."

\* \* \*

KROW of Oakland held an all night broadcast and party Saturday night, August 2nd, dedicating the new auxiliary studio in the L. H. Schrader Building, recently completed at 24th and MacDonal Avenues, Richmond. Manager W. L. Gleeson announces that the major part of the broadcasting will still be done from the Oakland studio.

\* \* \*

KROW is going into the talking pictures. All this fame has come through Bill Simmons and his California Cowboys, who are heard every afternoon at 3:30 over this station.

Bill and his boys entertained recently at the Salinas rodeo and sang for the news reel. The result was so successful that they were asked to make a ten-minute "short" for distribution throughout the country. The boys will go "on location" soon to some ranch near Mt. Diablo, with some of the KROW artists to assist as atmosphere.

\* \* \*

Madison, Wis., and the staff of WIBA, just across the street from the State Capitol, are glad-handing Harold T. I. Shannon, who has joined them as director of programs and commercial manager. With the new increase of power to 500 watts and the facilities of the University of Wisconsin and the State Capitol at Mr. Shannon's disposal, folks in Wisconsin expect big things from this live executive.

Hal Lansing, once of WJJD and WLS, Chicago, takes Mr. Shannon's old place as program director at Station WHBY, Green Bay, and says that he likes the wind-swept prairies better than the wind-blown boulevards of the lake front.



Laura C. Gaudet, staff pianist of Station WTIC of Hartford, Connecticut, who has been a member of the New England station's staff for more than five years. She is an Acadian who received her early training in Quebec and who studied piano in Europe under the tutelage of several eminent teachers in Paris and Rome.

## Old Man Superstition Is Thrust Aside at WBBM

WBBM, key station for the Columbia Farm Community network, is no place for the superstitious these days.

The organization is in the midst of its third expansion within a year. Carpenters and electricians are everywhere, and he who goes from department to department must flaunt Old Man Superstition by walking ladders—not one ladder, but several ladders.

Formerly the occupants of the major portion of two floors in the Wrigley building, WBBM and the Chicago division of Columbia is now preparing to take over a large section of the main floor. While the expansion cannot be completed for several weeks to come, the miles of wire and the intricate equipment that must be moved necessitate an early start.

\* \* \*

Dick Dixon, KGER program manager, wanted to be an artists' model. But he

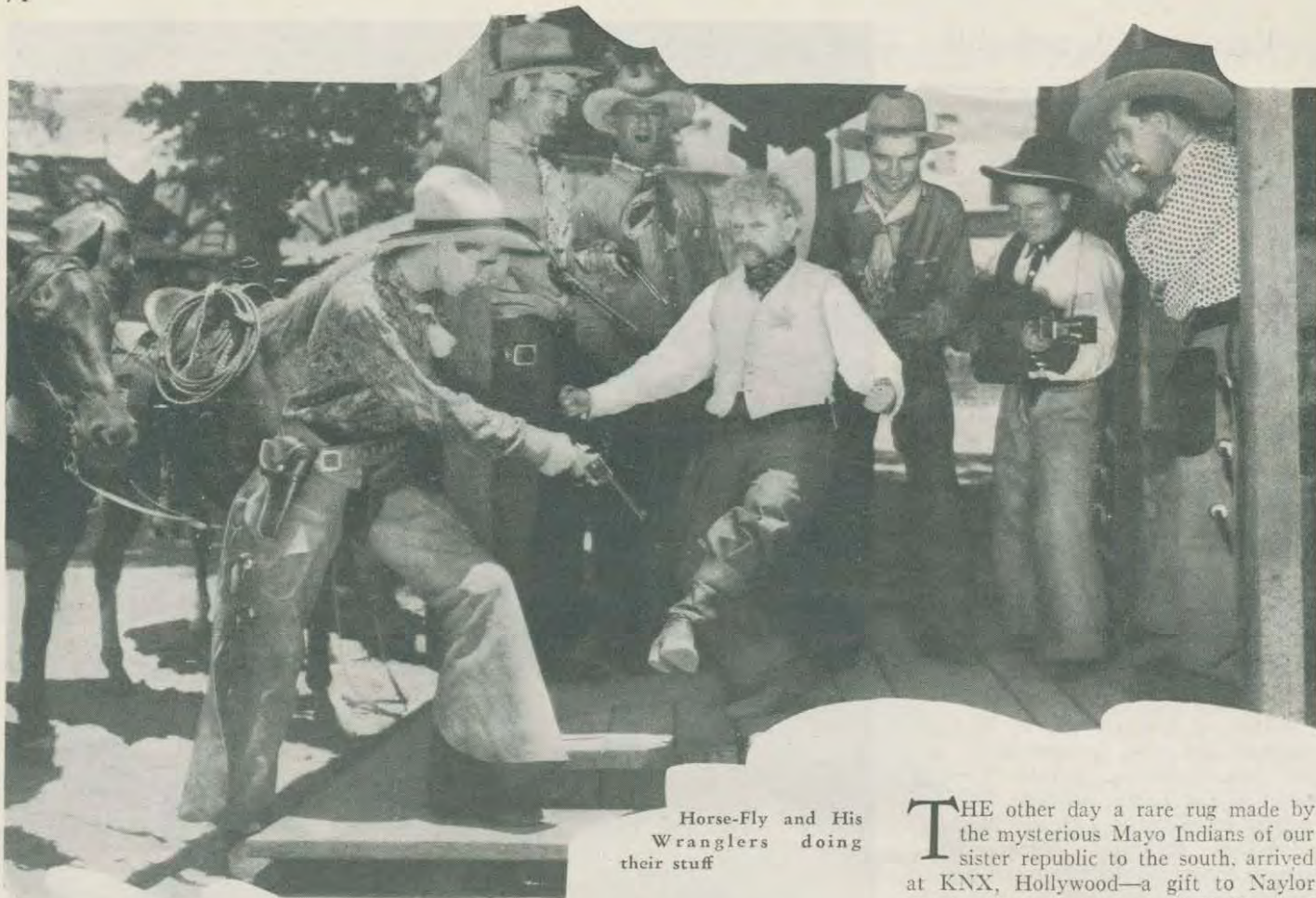
grew short and stumpy so that was out. So he took up the study of piano and organ.

Boyhood ambitions of others on the KGER staff . . . Kitty Brown, comedienne, took a pre-medic course, and she still knows most of the joints . . . Manager Bill Ray wanted to be conductor of a street car but the hoss-car went out of fashion before the ambition was realized.

\* \* \*

Elvia Allman, titian haired KHJ songster, and Wesley B. Tourtellotte, organist, were secretly married early in August at San Bernardino but the news didn't leak out until September. Now they are living as cheaply as one in a Mediterranean style apartment house right next door to a Spanish garden pee wee golf course. Miniature golf, miniature radio sets, miniature motor cars . . . are new . . . miniature apartments, though, have already been well established.





Horse-Fly and His Wranglers doing their stuff

## "Horse-Fly" Shakes A Leg Out West at KNX

Every night out on Marathon Boulevard in Hollywood, from one-hundred to four-hundred spectators watch "Horse-Fly" and his wranglers go through their tricks, to the accompaniment (perhaps) of sharp cracks from their six-shooters. They are real cowboys from Arizona, "no foolin'".

Who lured them to Hollywood? No, it wasn't Bebe Daniels or any other screen vamp. It was a fellow named Sanders who owns a ranch out in wild and woolly Arizona, right near Horse-Fly's own head-

quarters. He tempted them with fat salaries and put them to work adding local color to his restaurants, which are all decked up to imitate a patio. Program Director Pierre Mellonino of KNX drove through one day and ordered "ham and" and decided that the Wranglers were *not* hams. He put them on the air early in August this year, and their popularity is growing by leaps and bounds. Apparently, they have an inexhaustible repertoire of the old time range tunes and Hoe-down melodies.

**A**LFRÉD MEUNIER, CJOR favorite, has had a long and varied career. Born in Portugal, with later study in Germany and Italy, his first American visit was in '22 and he has been here ever since.

A brief period in piano classics in the east was followed with theater conducting in California and finally in Canada. Now he is being heard fairly frequently over the Vancouver station, not only in orchestral directing but also in piano solo work.

Forrest E. Williams is the only man on the Radio who can tell his audience where to go and get away with it. But that is his business. He is the Kyanize Road Man of WBZ-WBZA. Morning and night, day in and day out, he instructs listeners on motoring matters. They hear all about preferred routes, avoidable detours, picturesque rides for an evening or cross-country trips, and the places to stop by tuning to his two-a-day broadcasts. Owners of radio-equipped cars are strong boosters for him!

**T**HE other day a rare rug made by the mysterious Mayo Indians of our sister republic to the south, arrived at KNX, Hollywood—a gift to Naylor Rogers, director-manager. J. H. Knost of Tucson, Ariz., was the donor of the rare rug.

An engineer, Mr. Knost was forced by business exigencies to leave his wife and little sick daughter to visit a mine in the wilds of Mexico. No telegraphs, no commercial Radio stations, no telephone—in short no means of communication except by courier for a distance of hundreds of miles existed where Knost was called for his task.

The little girl's illness was approaching a crisis and the distracted father appealed to Mr. Rogers.

**"I**SN'T there some way your announcer can let me know how my daughter gets along?" Knost pleaded. "If I depend on ordinary mail and native couriers, it might be a month or more before I would learn about the child. But I can take a Radio receiver and tune in KNX."

Mr. Rogers agreed to aid the father and on several nights a bulletin, specially prepared, was broadcast. Add to the wonders of Radio—Knost's mind and heart were relieved, for his child grew better and eventually quite well and healthy.

With the rug, gift of the grateful Knost, came a letter saying that such articles are made by the Mayos for their own use and are not sold. It is a black and white affair, quite soft to the touch, yet hand-woven on primitive looms and as wearable as iron.



# Snakes Alive! Rattlers

## Broadcast from Denver!

In the words of the circus ballyhooer, "First and only time! Real live snakes shake their rattles for the edification of Radio listeners." It happened out in Denver, at Station KLZ. Theodore Tausch, who spent the last thirty years living with wild animals, and is considered an authority on natural life, was responsible for the broadcast, on September 23rd. Two live rattle snakes, who had not been deprived of their poison antenna, gave a musical rendition to accompany Mr. Tausch. One had a high pitched rattle while the other's deep-throated tones made it eligible for the bass. Although Master of Ceremonies Tausch assured his audience that he had them under perfect control, listeners nevertheless took a swig (if they had it) to protect them from the effects of the virulent poisons should Annie and Joe decide to bite.

\* \* \*

Charlie Wellman, KHJ's "Prince of Pep" left the station Labor Day to spend his time in the field of free lance Radio.

\* \* \*

Charlie K. Lindsey, first director of the KNX orchestra when that station went on the air six years ago, now directs The Mariners concert orchestra and The Cavaliers dance group for KGER. Somebody told Charlie that "Absence makes the hair grow longer." So he took some time off. But the gag didn't work, so back he went to the studio and his beloved music. "Anyway," said Charlie, "it was a swell idea even if it didn't work."

\* \* \*

Stephen Gaylord, formerly manager of KGW, now acts as studio director for KOL and is writing more popular songs and tone poems on the side. Love Dreams, Waiting, Sleepy Moon, A Canoe and You and lots of others have already come from his facile pen and, wonder of wonders, Steve doesn't like to be photographed without a hat. Is he bald? No, it must be some other reason, but nobody seems to be able to ferret it out.

\* \* \*

Wish I could add another job or two to my present duties, sighs vivacious Dorothy Irvine, twenty-three year old KGA "utility" girl. She does the book-

keeping for the station, is its secretary and chief clerk, even writes a few continuities to order, gives the women's forum program over the air, sings contralto when sufficiently urged and does a bit of drama for the studio players' weekly broadcast.

Miss Irvine was secretary of the Spokane branch of the Drama League for some time and has a cultured, Radio voice.

\* \* \*

## Ted R. Liuzza, WSMB, Does Rescue Act

Ted R. Liuzza, announcer of sports, markets and news for The Item and The Morning Tribune over WSMB, New Orleans, was one of the leading participants in the rescue of a drowning youth recently on the roof of Loew's State Theatre.

A 14-year-old boy was pulled into a high-pressure suction pipe while he and three other youths were swimming in a tank of the cooling system atop the theatre building. Seeking relief from the mid-afternoon heat, the boys climbed the

fire escape to the top of the theatre building, disrobed and hopped into the tank. Then, tired of wading in the shallow water, the boys prepared to get out of the tank when one of them sat down upon the open suction pipe. Instantly the youth was sucked into the pipe until his chin rested upon his knees and all but his nose was under water.

HE screamed for help and his companions rushed to his assistance, but the pressure was too great. Two of the boys hurried into their clothing and scurried down the fire escape to summon aid.

Ted Liuzza, the announcer, and an official of the theatre, were standing in front of the playhouse discussing a program feature when they were attracted by the boys' cries for help. The boys explained the plight of their companion.

Liuzza hurried to the top of the building and realizing the situation, disrobed, and jumped into the tank. Unable to free the lad from the pipe, he instructed the theatre official and the other boys to keep the imprisoned boy's head above the water. Putting on his clothes he descended the long line of stairs, ladders and runways to the basement and instructed the engineer of the theatre to turn off the pressure.

In the meantime, a squad of firemen were summoned, and a joint in a 16-inch pipe beneath the tank disconnected before the boy was released.

Having done his act of mercy, Ted, wet as the proverbial hen, disappeared in the crowd and hurried to WSMB to do his news broadcast.



Jack and Bill of WSM, Nashville



# KJR Snaps Back After Hard Luck



Henri Damski of KJR

FINANCIAL storms have caused a great deal of disturbance to many of the nation's most important broadcasting stations. One of the notable examples of how some of these stations have recuperated is the story of KJR at Seattle.

This station with its 5 kilowatt transmitter had served an important place in the Northwest, bringing the news of the world and presenting some of the most desirable programs of the country. A year ago KJR ran out of funds and was placed in the hands of a receiver who had nothing to go on.

For the first week the station was not only glad to get records but appreciated the kind consideration of friendly interests which loaned them for it did not even have the money to buy records.

The plight of the station was recognized by talented persons in Seattle and gradually they volunteered their services so that within three months time a very competent staff was organized. Feeling and loyalty for the station grew. A corporation was formed and late in November it was acquired by the present owners. Its merit was recognized by the Radio commission and by the first of the year it was a daily broadcast schedule of twenty hours—the heaviest schedule for any one station in the Northwest.

## WQAM Puts on Program for Santo Domingo Sufferers

WQAM, "The Voice of Tropical America", at Miami, Florida, was the first Radio station in America to come to the relief of the storm sufferers in Santo Domingo with a benefit broadcast. Two days after the hurricane struck, WQAM had raised over \$500 in cash to be sent for relief work.

Musicians, artists and speakers donated their services during the four hour program and contributions were acknowledged over the air as phone calls and telegrams arrived. A draft for the cash was sent to Theodore Roosevelt, governor general of Porto Rico, who in turn delivered it to Montgomery A. Stuart, head of relief activities in Santo Domingo.

\* \* \*

The power of Radio in police work, as demonstrated by the Fargo police depart-

ment and WDAY, Fargo Radio station, is shown in a report just compiled by Inspector Andrew Quam, who handles the police bulletins for the Fargo department.

During July and August—the period covered in the report just issued—36 cars were reported stolen locally. Of this number 22 were recovered by means directly traceable to the Radio announcements, Mr. Quam says.

During the same period 29 persons were reported missing and 23 of these were found directly through the Radio announcements.

\* \* \*

Gene "Frenchie" Ticoulat of KROW is gaining a world-wide fan following during his tour of Europe. He is broadcasting from all the prominent stations on the Continent.

This month Gene is singing over VITUS, the Eiffel Tower station in Paris. Later this summer he will be heard in Monte Carlo and over RFN in Leningrad, Russia. This is a 50,000 watt station as is also VITUS.

Honor for achieving this success was divided by the Three Mikeroteers—A. E. Pierce, Thomas F. Smart and Henri Damski, the musical director. There is an operating staff of 125 employees now on the KJR payroll and it is outstanding for its enterprise.

Among the most popular features are the Imperial Grand Orchestra, the Neopolitan Orchestra, Light Opera Hour and ten other musical ensembles. Popular music is provided by Vic Meyers' Recording Orchestra, the Harmony Aces, the Whirlwinds and the Six O'clock Steppers.

\* \* \*

Although Ginger Rogers often sings "I Got It but It Don't Do Me No Good", Radio audiences don't seem to agree, and neither do studio program directors. Her "It" brought about her recent enlistment in a new feature entitled "A.S. Beck Brevities" which will be chock-full of the new star's stuff.

\* \* \*

## Ilima Islanders Now at WTIC, Hartford

The Ilima Islanders, who twang out Hawaiian songs over the wave-length of WTIC, Hartford, are newcomers to Connecticut. They have given up Broadway and plan to stay in the insurance city permanently. The "Islanders", led by Mike Hanapi, hail from and are natives of tropical islands in the Pacific. They bring the alluring music of the South Seas to Western climes . . . and were actually the first group of Hawaiian musicians to perform a national network. Before their entrance into Radiodom they played in New York under the direction of Vincent Lopez at the St. Regis, a season at the Mount Royal in Montreal, and three winters at the Baltimore, in Miami, Fla. Hope they don't find the rigors of New England winters too stern after tropical nights!

\* \* \*

Young Dan'l Cupid shot not only one bow but a whole sheath-full up in the northwest at KJR. It seems as though Sydney Dixon sort of started the hiatus when he was married to Guinevere Borgford just a day or so before he left KJR, in Seattle, to go with KYA at San Francisco.

Then more knots were tied . . . Gray U. Munjar, assistant manager of the Northwest Broadcasting system, who picked out Betty Woodward, of KEX, Portland, as his life's mate.

John Pearson, announcer, was hitched to Mae Lowther . . . Glen Eaton, tenor, to Madeline Kinney . . . Donald H. Johnston, continuity writer, and Jane Deetken . . . and Isadore Schaefer, publicity impresario, and Yette Eisbert.

Cupid did a pretty good job and now takes a well earned rest.



# Doodlesockers Burlesque Announcers

**O**UT to set a record as the "goofiest" program on the air, the Doodlesockers at the Crosley Radio station, WLW, have succeeded in getting their program so funny that they can't perform on it.

Sydney Ten Eyck, morning announcer, writes the continuity for the program which is broadcast at 11:30 A. M. every week day and at 12:30 Saturday night. Psychiatrists reading the lines have suggested that Ten Eyck either is a master comedian or not quite bright. Some of the lines are so funny that the Doodlesockers, intent on being serious, go off into gales of laughter instead of playing.

The Doodlesockers are Hortense Rose, pianist, George Hall, violinist, and Carl Clauve, banjo player. Ten Eyck introduces them individually as Purlosa, Duckwell, and Cletus, with the collective title of Jugheads. It is difficult to decide from the fan mail which is the more popular, the announcements or the Doodlesockers' special brand of syn-copated harmony.

They burst forth every morning with "Hail, Hail" as their theme song. Ten Eyck says it is "taken from the celebrated opera 'Quaffa Can,' from the pen of the gifted Russian composer, 'Drinkalotski'". Another favorite selection is "from the ptomaine scene in the opera, 'La Cafeteria'". Still another, suggested "by the deep rich nasal tones of a hibernating bear tempered with the sweeter musings of a reindeer at day-break" is "a folk song of ancient Cucumbria."

**T**HIS introduction to a love song, recently stopped the broadcast for 40 seconds:

"The Doodlesockers' program would never be complete without a bit of well-baked banjo music from that old medicine show fakir, Cletus. In order to use him successfully in a broadcast, it is first necessary to gag him.



The Doodlesockers, left to right, are George Hall as "Duckwell" (he really is not cross-eyed), Hortense Rose as "Purlosa", and Carl Clauve as "Cletus". . . . cuckoos all!

"Vun dollar vor you, Karl," says Henry (Heinie) Schneiders. "Thanks," shakes Herb (Karl) Feierman of WOW, Omaha.



His deep abiding love for violets and daffodils prompted the playing of 'Only a Rose'."

\* \* \*

Leo Mannes continues as KMPC's most versatile performer and adds the new studio organ to the list of his accomplishments. He plays several string instruments, piano, sings and now the organ.

\* \* \*

Eddie Holden, who fashioned the Radio character of Frank Watanabe, has moved bag and baggage from KFRC down to KNX in the south. Eddie doesn't like to drive in city traffic, so he immediately sold his family chariot and hired an apartment right across the street from the studio. In seven minutes he can dress, gulp down a cup of coffee, firmly grasp a hunk of toast in his pudgy fist and amble over to KNX.

\* \* \*

## Heinie and Karl Give "Choiman" Skits

Feierman and Schneiders, two good old German cognomens, give authenticity to the "Heinie and Karl" fifteen minute interludes of fun, "Choiman" and English songs and comic poetry that go out from WOW at Omaha.

Henry Schneiders (who takes the part of Heinie) writes the entire continuity as well as the poems. He sings "denor" and is der first denor of the Omaha Kiwanis Quartette, which drafels all over dese United States to sing at conventions and over the Radio.

Herb Feierman (Karl in the act) is an accomplished pianist and for the past four years has been conductor of the Krug Park Orchestra in Omaha. He speaks only "United States" in the act; for the German dialect is taken by "Heinie", who can also double as impersonator. Although four characters are often heard in the act, thorough search of the studio would only reveal two people near the mike . . . the other two are hidden in Mr. Schneiders' vocal cords.



# WBAL Celebrates Fifth Birthday Anniversary



Elise Lee  
Cohen  
Recitalist



Edward  
Jendrek  
Operatic  
Singer



Jane  
Kirby  
Soprano



John  
Lederer  
"Marylander"  
Leader



Henriette  
Kern  
Symphony  
Soloist

WITH everything and everybody at Station WBAL taking part, Baltimore's only high power broadcaster celebrates its fifth birthday anniversary this month and, according to advance program announcement by Frederick R. Huber, director, this is going to be a gala occasion for Radio listeners—one which they are not likely to forget for many moons. WBAL will begin its fifth birthday celebration just one hour before midnight on November 1 and run it over to one A.M., November 2.

Every member of the staff has been recruited for this two-hour broadcast and each one has been notified to come prepared to put a brief program on the air. Not only are the individual soloists to appear, but various studio groups of entertainers—the "Baltimoreans" (who are to open the program), the "Romany Trail," the "Masqueraders," the "Merry-Makers," the WBAL Concert Orchestra, the WBAL String Quartet, the "Calvertons," and the "Marylanders" (scheduled to close this broadcast)—will also be heard in brief programs; and there will likewise be special features by those who appear in "Around the Melodeon" and "Musical Memories" programs.

One of the features of the evening will be the presentation of an anniversary poem written especially for WBAL's birthday by Sally Bruce Kinsolving, a Baltimorean. Mrs. Kinsolving will present this reading herself. The speaker of the evening will be Herbert A. Wagner, president of the Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Company, which owns and operates WBAL.

WBAL is the station which, in 1925, made a public announcement of a no-jazz policy. That, when the air was full of practically nothing else, was considered a radical step indeed. However, Frederick R. Huber, Director, remained adamant in the face of a storm of protest against this unique policy, and soon after the first furore and torrent of opposition had passed and the station had begun to get its feet, so to speak, the no-jazz protestants turned to praise the programs broadcast from this station, with the result that WBAL gained a national reputation. Now jazz is not banned, but only the best goes out from WBAL.

\* \* \*

The afternoon program supervisor at WBAL is Elsie Lee Cohen, and she does a good job in securing and arranging the various features for daytime broadcast-

ing. But that isn't all that she can and does do. She is a widely known recitalist, having studied voice culture and dramatics in New York and London. While living abroad, she frequently appeared as guest artist for various fashionable teas and salons, one of her European appearances having been at a garden tea given by Lady Beck at Monte Carlo. In spite of her venture into society, she doesn't even attempt to high hat the rest of the staff!

The dramatized short stories which are on the air from Baltimore every so often are broadcast by Miss Cohen in their entirety. She assumes the role of each person whose voice is heard in the story.

\* \* \*

Henriette Kern, soprano, is one of WBAL's stars in constant demand for concert work. Mrs. Kern has always sung, but never gave her voice much serious thought until one evening a friend called to see her who hadn't been around for some time. In the course of the evening there was some musical entertainment, and Mrs. Kern's voice made such a deep impression that the friend immediately went to the telephone and made an appointment for her with George Castello, a member of the Faculty of Peabody Conservatory of Music.

"And, more to please my friend than anything else, I kept the appointment for the next day, and so enthusiastic was Mr. Castello regarding my voice that I immediately started to study music seriously," Mrs. Kern says.

\* \* \*

If you went downtown to one of the big churches in Baltimore every Sunday, you would recognize the tenor soloist's voice as one that has been heard regularly from WBAL. For two years Edward Jendrek has been dividing his time between that station and serious musical endeavors in oratorios and Baltimore operatic productions. He is married and wouldn't change the freshly scrubbed white steps of his home for the marble entrance to a mansion.

\* \* \*

She came "near as a hair" not being a singer at all—we mean Jane Kirby, soprano at WBAL. In fact, she had fully determined to be a professional dancer and was studying the terpsichorean art with that idea in mind when the music teacher at school heard a lovely, clear soprano voice rising high above all the others in the large assembly!

He investigated and "discovered" Jane Kirby. Through his enthusiasm and interest, Miss Kirby commenced to study singing, and it wasn't long before she had decided that her voice was her real career. Yes, she still dances—loves it, in fact, but now devotes practically all of her time to singing.



# Steamboat Whistle is Station Call of KTRH

**T**HROUGH the blue and grey ether a long, deep, resonant steamboat whistle penetrates and the announcer's voice comes through with something like this: "Good evening, everyone! This is KTRH, the station owned and operated by the Rice Hotel, Houston's welcome to the world." And you wonder why a steamboat whistle was chosen to symbolize this new Radio station.

Houston, Texas, is located on the famous Ship Channel that converted Houston into one of the most important inland ports of the world; and perhaps was a large factor in making Houston the second largest city in the South. Houston feels that if it hadn't been possible to hear those deep-throated steamboat whistles as their ships plied the Channel, they couldn't be so proud of their new population. In consequence, the steamboat whistle was selected by KTRH as their station call.

The station is owned and operated by the Jesse H. Jones interests, who, of course, needs no introduction to Radio Digest readers. He is the man who brought the Democratic National Convention to Houston, and was largely responsible for the gigantic Sam Houston Convention Hall, where the seething political activities of the Nation's Democrats took place. In addition to owning the Rice Hotel, he has erected miles of skyscrapers in New York as well as in Houston. In the days of the Republic of Texas, Houston was the capital city and the Rice Hotel now stands on the historic spot that was the site of the capitol; which is indeed a far cry from such modernism as a Radio station.

\* \* \*

The scene is laid in the studios of KTRH.

You peek into the studio and for a moment you believe that you must be transported to the realms of Mother Goose Days, for there is the Old Woman in the Shoe with so many children she didn't know what to do. But upon further investigation, you discover that it is a young lady, somewhere in her twenties, surrounded by children. She is Aunt Pat, and when she thrusts aside this role about the studio, you find that she is Margaret Britton, Assistant Program Supervisor of KTRH.

She can jump into a dramatic sketch and do exceptional work whether in character parts or as a sweet girl graduate. In one play, she enacted the part of a young girl's mother and in one spot where the young girl was supposed to sing a love song, Margaret Britton changed from the role of a stately mother to sing a love song as a seventeen-year-old girl would sing it.

\* \* \*

Guy Savage, young and blond, is known over the air as the "Whispering

Tenor," but around the studios as an announcer. Guy conducts all of the morning programs and has one of the most popular features on the station, during his broadcast, which is the KTRH Mothers' Program. This feature is dedicated to "Your Mother and Mine" and Guy receives a heavy average of letters each day requesting dedications to mothers or to their memory.

An incident of his broadcast is the quarter-hour ring of an alarm clock with the supplement of "Time to get up," followed by a strain of "Reveille" as further inducement to greet the sun.

Guy says the only hard part about this is that there is no wide-awake announcer to persuade him to get up!

\* \* \*

KTRH has an operatic star on its calling list. One Mary Carson, who like a thin flame shot up in European Opera and expanded into a resplendent fire of dramatic ability and voice perfection.

Miss Carson studied in Milan, Italy, under several of the foremost maestros until she was prepared for opera. After her debut, she sang in opera in all the important cities of Italy, England, France and Germany, and at one time she was with Max Rabinoff and Anna Pavlova's Boston Opera.

\* \* \*

The Texas oil fields have contributed to KTRH two harmonizers of the first degree, who have won a wide following by the perfect blend of their voices. Sloan and Threadgill, whose names have appeared on many Brunswick Phonograph Records, are the gentlemen in question. Jerry Sloan, tall and slender, and Frank Threadgill, not so tall, are inseparable friends as well as singing partners. If the fame of Damon and Pythias, the Gold Dust Twins and Check and Double-Check are measured by their devotion as friends, then this harmony team should be added to the list.

Jerry and Frank met each other in 1913, and since that time have remained friends in harmony, both figuratively and literally. Frank's father was a Methodist minister and it was from him that Frank inherited his musical tendencies.

Both of these boys work at Baytown, Texas, and when KTRH programs demand a harmony team for a spot, a wire is dispatched post-haste to "Sloan and Threadgill" at Baytown, and the mistake of addressing them individually is never made by a wise program director! Jerry and Frank sing "Countryside Style" songs.

Guy  
Savage  
Announcer



Mary  
Carson  
Soprano



Jerry  
Sloan  
Harmonizer



Margaret  
Britton  
"Aunt Pat"



Frank  
Threadgill  
Jerry's "Pard"





## Marillah Olney Comes to KTM from Stage



Tom Breneman of KFVD

Tom Breneman, who accepts full responsibility for the Tom and Wash team, moved from KFVD over to KFVB and, just a few days later rushed eastward on a wild goose chase of some sort. But back he came and began to do his two characters all over again. Although some of the skits are available a la electrical transcription, Breneman is doing the KFVB noonday programs himself.

\* \* \*

Elsie Taylor, San Diego and Los Angeles Radio artist, has joined the KJR and Northwest Broadcasting System artists' staff. She will be heard in concerts over KJR regularly hereafter. Miss Taylor became known to California listeners by her appearances over KFSD.

Marillah Olney, director of KTM's Little Theatre, Los Angeles, is just another proof that Radio is making a deep in-road into the theatrical profession, taking for its own many of the stage's most talented artists.

Beginning her stage career in Salt Lake City in 1926, Miss Olney played in stock there until the summer of that year when she went to Los Angeles. She got the idea that she wanted to be a business woman, so went to business college for six months, but the call of the footlights was too great, and her brief quest of a business career ended, and her stage triumphs in Los Angeles began. She has appeared there in many parts, in roles varying from that of the sweet, demure little homebody to that of a hardened woman.

Then she switched her allegiance. Marillah Olney has been with KTM since December, 1929, and her play productions over that station every Thursday night are among the most popular features of that type on the Coast. AND—Believe it or not—Marillah Olney is only 22 summers young!

\* \* \*

We have many women entertainers, serious and frivolous, but few women in the Radio world have attained the heights that Grace Raine, WLW, Cincinnati, assistant musical director, has reached. Besides being in charge of all vocal music for that station and WSAI, Mrs. Raine conducts the Crosley Concert program frequently. Before WSAI was taken over by the owners of WLW, she was musical director of the former station. In that capacity, she accompanied many orches-

tras that played at the station, always directing, however, from her seat at the piano. For some time she has been studying orchestra conducting with William C. Stoess, musical director of the two stations, who has turned his baton over to her for some of the Sunday night concerts.

\* \* \*

Julian C. Riley, KOA traffic manager, returned from rod and reel vacation days with a weirdly fantastic tale about catching a fish with his hands when the pole broke.

Riley later explained to intimate friends that, after all, the pool was shallow and besides the fish was blind in the lee-side eye.

\* \* \*

We hung the flag out down here in Radio Digest's offices the other day, for a distinguished visitor. Our caller was none other than Major William C. Borrett, of Station CHNS, Halifax, Nova Scotia. He believes that television will remove the romance from Radio, but then, it will give Canadian listeners in the pleasure of meeting this gallant gentleman in person as we did. Mrs. Borrett, who often appears on their Women's Programs, accompanied the Major and said that although New York and The Radio Show were very exciting, Halifax is the place to live.

\* \* \*

The broadcast of the Canadian Marconi Company on October 1st, which was relayed from Station 2LO, London, England, employed the "beam" system, rather than the wave system. That means that the broadcasting station across the ocean can't send its message out in haphazard fashion and trust to luck—it must "face" the receiving station. The pick-up can only be made by the station for which the program is destined.



Earl Horter of WFLA, Clearwater, Florida, was an enthusiastic participant in outboard motor races



## Goes to WTAM

Vaughn de Leath, the "original Radio girl", is at it again . . . that is to say, Miss de Leath, one of the leading stars of the Radio world, has broken through the network pastures of New York and signed herself for the winter to WTAM, Cleveland. Inventive as usual, she is broadcasting programs of her own pattern with full assurance of station officials that she may pioneer to her heart's satisfaction.

Her appearances over WTAM do not forbid New York broadcasts, and so while under a twenty-six week's contract with WTAM, in which she is heard as a featured artist on evening programs, she journeys back and forth to keep various Eastern engagements. In addition to her New York and Connecticut residences she now maintains a Cleveland home along Lake Erie in the exclusive residential district.

This former star of the Firestone and other NBC programs is as exhaustive and particular in arranging and presenting her broadcasts as a surgeon making ready for an operation of major importance. The careful attention to study and business that has characterized the career of Miss de Leath is largely responsible in helping her to attain her present success. Distinguished as a Radio artist, she is also recognized as one of America's leading women composers today. Her first composition at the age of thirteen was submitted by mail to a large publishing house and immediately accepted without the concern being aware that the author was still a child. Miss de Leath has made settings for several extravaganzas and has written an Arabian Suite, but likes best to do songs for in them she can delight hearers with story and melody.

Strangely enough, Miss de Leath, originator of the style known as "crooning", objects to being called a "crooner".



Vaughn de Leath

## Two Real Indians Go On Air in Oklahoma

It's a far cry from the blood-curdling war whoops of their ancestors to the pleasant, dulcet tones of Wesley Robertson and Eli Wamego. Where do they hail from? Oklahoma, of course . . . the Heap Big Injun state.

Wesley Robertson, who sings his native songs in five different Indian languages over WKY, Oklahoma City, is a half breed Choctaw, with an allotment of rich farm land that goes with such a birth, and revenue from said farm has been used to cultivate his beautiful baritone voice. This Indian not only knows how to dress in his native costume, but wears evening clothes with the suavity of Mayor Jimmy Walker. He does not smoke or indulge in cocktails. He has a wild sense of humor; drinks iced tea with cream and



Wesley Robertson

no sugar, and Lillian Gish is his idol both personally and on the screen. Otherwise he cares little about the girls.

\* \* \*

Eli Wamego, Pottawatomie Indian tenor, has been featured over Radio Station KCRC at Enid, Oklahoma, for more than a year. He joined the staff of this station as a member of the "Champlain Indian Service" in September, 1929.

He possesses a most unusual and pleasing tenor voice, that registers perfectly over the microphone. Mr. Wamego sings in 6 different languages besides English—



Eli Wamego

German, Italian and Sioux, Ojibwa, Pottawatomie, and Chippewa Indian tongues—and is a graduate of Haskell Institute, the largest Indian school in the United States. He also took work in the Fine Arts Department of the University of Kansas. For a time he was on Chautauqua; later he toured with an "all Indian" orchestra, in which he not only sang, but played saxophone and violin.

\* \* \*

What makes the Marylanders' dance programs so different? It's the views of John Lederer, conductor of that popular Tuesday evening feature of Station WBAL. He is one of the few modern dance orchestra conductors who believes that syncopation is not necessarily jazz. He claims that the best dance music is quietly rhythmic rather than noisily jazzy. Of course, lots of dance fiends would disagree . . . but many listeners as far away as Canada and Cuba like his stuff. Mr. Lederer is also a pianist and sometimes steps down from the conductor's dais to broadcast a piano recital all "on his own." He was one of the first Radio dance orchestra conductors on the air. (Picture on page 78.)

\* \* \*

Lou Bode, Jr., a member of the Band of a Thousand Melodies heard every afternoon on an NBC program, needs a "boarding-house reach" to perform his duties. He plays three instruments, the saxophone, clarinet and the baritone saxophone during the performance and is kept very busy reaching for each.



# We'll All Be Russian This Winter!

*Fashion takes a hint from the Bizarre  
Tzigany Gypsy and the Picturesque Cossack*

By Jeanne duBois

NO, THE U.S.S.R. won't be in power in the old U.S. this year. But, Shades of the Cossack and the Russian Gypsy and perhaps the Samovar Hour over the Radio! According to what we hear over the ether, fashions have certainly gone Russian with a vengeance this year. There is the long tunic blouse with the high belted waistline that is so reminiscent of the jacket worn by the former Czar's wild horsemen. The long tunic may be of the same shade as the full skirt which peeps out so coyly for six or eight inches beneath its hem, or it may be of a contrasting shade. And when the tunic takes unto itself fur collar or a fur band at the bottom, it is ever so smart, and still more really and truly "Roosian".

Another straw that shows that the winds of fashion blew over the vicinity of old St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, is the big loose sleeve, caught in at the wrist with gay peasant embroidery or smocking. It's really awfully colorful, becoming and an interesting relief from the always-the-same tight sleeves of the past few seasons.

Coats, which have taken on a flare, use astrakhan . . . black, grey or beige, depending upon the color of the fabric which you choose . . . and usually belt themselves. With the high, stand-up collars so many of them affect, they look as if they could stand the rigors of long, cold winters in Siberia, but they are just too precious-looking to be cast to the wolves! (By the way, take heart if you need a new cloth coat this year. From several sources of information, it seems that coats with fine furs will be more reasonable than ever this year. After the market crash, prices of raw skins went way, way down, and this enabled the manufacturers to use furs in great plenty and still keep their smart coats at prices kind-to-the-pocketbook.)

ABOUT the only things not Russian are hats. No tight, straight caps for us. We wear instead tight little "bunnies" that come way, way down to cover those just-a-growin' locks or those cute little "buns" and show all of our foreheads except, perhaps, a corner. But no matter how much hat there is, it never is big, because it must not collide with our coat collars. If you'll look at

the pretty picture on our Rotogravure Fashion Page 45, you'll see the only proper way to wear these new hats. You must show your curls. Bring them out in orderly little waves on your forehead and then cram the "bunnet" down in bewitching fashion.

Another thing which you'll see on that



Best & Co.  
Black crepe tunic frock with  
crisp grosgrain collar.

page, although you catch only a glimpse of it, is the wool lace blouse that has just come to the forefront. What a paradox that is—wool, which one associates with warmth and heavy sports clothes; and lace, which brings to mind pictures of frothy afternoon and evening frocks. Well, because clever designers have evolved this delightful new fabric, they've had to come to a compromise about its use. Blouses and frocks of this fabric, because they're wool, may attend all but the roughest of sports functions. Because they're lace, they may appear at office, bridge, luncheons, or even tea.

IF YOU are looking for a practical dress—one that is actually very, very swanky-looking and yet has almost all the virtues of Mother's gabardine which she turned four times, take this recommendation. Buy a wool crepe or any of the variations of the thin wools or thin tweeds that are appearing now. They don't crush, they are sheerish and swirl gracefully; they can approach the rather formal afternoon dress if you want them to, with intricacy of cut and line; they are warm and comfortable but not at all bulky. See the dark green marita cloth dress with the lovely, flattering white vest on Page 45.

Just one more look at that page before you lose your place. Notice carefully that black astrakhan jacket, because you're going to see a lot of those short fur jackets this winter. It doesn't matter what fur they utilize . . . caracul, beaver, lapin (which is French for rabbit, if you don't know it, but ever so flattering even if it is inexpensive), astrakhan or squirrel. Some of them have belts, some haven't, some have peplums (those little flares from the waist), and some are even so short as to take on the proportions of a bolero jacket. Brr! you say. How can I be expected to wear one of those pretty, but not very protective jackets when the snow is on the ground and the wind is whistling through my skirts? Here's a secret . . . many of them are made so that they can be donned over one's winter coat. So if you're smart you'll have one which can be used in spring and fall by itself; in winter, perhaps, ice-skating, with a warm skirt; and over the furless coat which you'll buy

## This Winter!

Tunics                      Flare Skirts  
Dolman Sleeves      Stand-up Collars

to accompany it.

If you're one of those fortunate souls who has a husband who insists (at your request) on seeing his wife warmly clad in furs so that she'll not catch pneumonia; or if you've saved up enough money for a brand new fur coat this winter, you'll want to know all about what's what. In furs, there is nothing new. It's the same old line-up of flat and almost flat furs; caracul, broadtail, mink, nutria, beaver, squirrel (that's coming into its own this season), lapin, Persian lamb, astrakhan, leopard-skin and of course, raccoon for young sorority members. But be very careful of the cut of your new coat. It should flare ever so slightly so as to suggest the natural waistline; whether or not it is belted will depend upon your figure and the bulkiness of the fur you choose. Its collar should come high around your neck and fasten in some novel way not quite like anything you saw last season . . . a scarf which comes in and out, a little rolling collar, a cape collar of fur. In length, it should be long enough to be one or two inches below your dresses.

BY NOW dress lengths have been straightened out and that it has been a question of the survival of the fittest. Paris now turns up her nose and says that her couturiers never said we should wear the wispy uneven "rags" and the extremely long daytime frocks that so many extremists went in for at first. You can believe her or not, as you choose, but dress lengths this year look mighty like the result of a firm stand on the part of the American woman. This year one's daytime skirts come to only a moderate length below the knee. Sports dresses can be an inch or two below, more formal frocks four, five or six, as you please.

But—have you a favorite evening or dance frock from last year? If you have tears, prepare to shed them, because unless you were very lucky and extremely advanced, you'll find it short compared to this year's frocks, no matter how long it seemed last year. Just put it on and you'll see that though it may be long in back, it allows a good deal too much of your shapely limbs to be seen in front. This year's dresses are absolutely even all around, and just as demurely long as

they can be, covering the very ankle! Look at the prom frocks for young things and the crepe evening gown on Page 44. Don't they bear out these words? But perhaps if you're clever with the needle or know a smart little dressmaker, you can save . . . not the day . . . but the evening.

Everything else about the offerings for Christmas and New Year festive gatherings remains much as it did last year. Fabrics are stiff moire or taffeta, glittering lame or gold or silver cloth, soft velvet, crepe or satin. What to wear out in the frosty night over these so-long confections? Anything from a little short "bunny-wrap" of white fur if you're very young; to a sophisticated, draped wrap that is almost as long as the dress itself. And anything in between is just as good, too, just so long as it is flatteringly furred and charmingly feminine.

That's the word for these new things we've talked about . . . charmingly feminine. Remember that when you take that fat little pocketbook down to the stores and if you look that way when you "try on" . . . don't search any further. Take the article of clothing unto your bosom and keep it, for you'll be both attractive and smart if you do.

\* \* \*

Pyjamas are still very much the thing, and you can wear them (if you have nice enough ones) to make your friends envious next time you entertain at a bridge, or at home to loll around



Best & Co.  
Deep Cossack cuffs of black persian lamb, a frame-the-face collar  
and a wide, wide flare label this coat "Born Fall 1930."

in at your ease. They are much more inexpensive than they were at first, and if somebody asks you what you want for Christmas, have some little bee whisper in that person's ear, "py-jamas!"

Transparent velvet 'jamas are much the latest thing, but flat crepe, rayon crepe and milanese rayon are just as good. You usually run across them in the shops with cute little yoke tops on the 'trous' or often they will tie at the side with a big bow. Indulge your taste for wild gypsyish combinations of colors as freely as you please, for the pyjamas one sees combine black and orange, pale green and bright green, and other color duets we can't normally use.



# Lessons in Loveliness

*The Modern Girl is Not Nearly as Black  
as She is Painted—Nor Even As Pink*

By Nell Vinick

*CBS Beauty Advisor*

**M**AKE-UP is the final aid to facial beauty and its purpose is to make one look more attractive *naturally*.

It has been my observation that the younger girls usually use entirely too much make-up and thereby often make themselves look "cheap", and that the woman of mature years—the woman past her first youth—generally uses little or perhaps no make-up and thus often looks faded. Neither extreme is commendable nor up to date.

*Make-up for the Young Girl*—Perhaps the most common fault in selecting the three principal items of make-up—powder, rouge and lipstick—is to use something because you like the package—or because a friend uses it or because it

is endorsed by your favorite screen star. What if it is? You may be an altogether different type; you may have a different coloring, a different personality. In selecting make-up the question is: will it bring out your best points—will it lend expression to your eyes—will it give a tempting curve to your lips—or will it make them look like a bloody gash? There are thousands of beautiful "extra girls" in Hollywood, striving for recognition, who never get to be anything except "extras"—because they "come by the dozen" so to

speak. They have no distinction—no individuality. The ones who become stars are usually featured because they are *different*—because each is a distinct type. So if your eyes are dark, don't use a blue eye-shadow even if blue does happen to be the vogue. Dark eyes can be made more alluring with a brown eye-shadow. And don't use cherry, raspberry or any other vivid shade of rouge and lipstick if you are the brunette type.

Here is another thing to consider, make-up for the stage and for the screen must necessarily be different than make-up for personal use. It must be applied more heavily to give a natural effect across the foot-lights and through the movie camera, and those who tell you so are the biggest stars of the stage and screen—some of whom you may have heard on the air with me last season—and who will be on the air with me again quite soon.

A true example of loveliness and wisdom in the art of personal make-up. Bernice Claire, First National Studios' Star



**M**AKE-UP for the Older Woman—We are not so very far away from those days when any lady who used powder and "paint" was whispered about—yet I find quite a few of my Radio friends of sophisticated years who are reluctant to use any rouge or lipstick—or even powder—and consequently they do not do justice to their appearance. There are few skins so flawless—few complexions with enough natural color in cheeks and lips—that they can do without the protection of a good face powder and the vitalizing warmth of a bit of good rouge and lipstick. Since a bit of good rouge will lend depth to your eyes and expression to your lips and emphasize the beauty which is truly yours, why not use it? No woman is condemned now for vanity—for beautifying herself. She is really under an obligation to do so—society requires that she improve her  
(Continued on page 121)

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(Editor's Note)—Miss Vinick is among the foremost recognized authorities on cosmetics and beauty-care. Her help on your personal beauty problems is now available to our readers. Address her at 130 West 42nd Street, New York, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope and she will reply confidentially.

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A correct  
Table  
Service  
made  
attractive  
by  
centerpiece  
of flowers



By  
Catherine  
Adams

## Ida Bailey Allen Talks "*Turkey*"



Photo Courtesy Good Housekeeping Institute

**A** CONVERSATION I had recently with a charming old lady, set me to thinking about our modern way of celebrating Thanksgiving.

"No, my dear, Thanksgiving is not what it was in my day. Why, I remember cooking three big turkeys once, and I fixed a gallon of cranberry sauce, and twelve pumpkin pies. Oh, we had a marvelous feast."

"Well," I said to her, "if that is what you mean, I guess Thanksgiving is not what it once was. But don't you think the modern way of celebrating the occasion might be just as good as the old?"

"It's a disgrace," she said. "You never serve more than you would for a good Sunday dinner. That's no way to celebrate Thanksgiving! You should have heaps and heaps of food. Of course, you can't eat it all, but it looks right nice—and it's proper."

It seemed to me from what she said that there must have been considerable waste in her method, and there might be some reasons for the change modern women had effected. And so I decided I would find out what they were from one who would really know. I would interview Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers Club, who talks over the Radio to hundreds of thousands of women every week.

"Why of course things have changed," said Mrs. Allen in answer to my first question. "Things have changed radically. And I'm glad they have. Women used to spend so much time preparing huge quantities of food for Thanksgiving that they never had any enjoyment themselves; and often they lost the real spirit of the occasion. But I'm sure modern home-makers still celebrate Thanksgiving—they just express their

### THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

Mixed Fruit in Apple Cups  
Pimiento Bisque  
Toasted Crackers  
Sweetbreads and Mushrooms in Potato Cases  
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Oyster Dressing  
Mashed Turnips  
Baked Tomatoes  
Cranberry Sauce  
Celery  
Olives  
Endive with Roquefort Dressing  
Thanksgiving Pudding with Hard Sauce  
Nuts  
Fruit  
Cider  
Coffee

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned to serve six.

#### Pimiento Bisque

2 tablespoons butter	2 cups white stock	Few drops tabasco sauce
2 tablespoons flour	1 small can pimientos	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk	Few drops onion juice	1/8 teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter; add the flour; and blend. Gradually add the stock; and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the milk. Put the pimientos through a fine sieve; and add to the sauce together with the seasonings. Serve in cream soup bowls; and garnish with whipped cream. Serves six.

#### Thanksgiving Pudding

3 1/2 cups flour	2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup chopped candied orange rind
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon	1/2 cup chopped walnut meats	1/2 cup molasses
1 teaspoon ground cloves	1 1/4 cups chopped raisins	1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt	3 cups currants	1/8 cup melted shortening
3/4 teaspoon soda	1/2 cup chopped figs	1 cup sour milk, 1 egg

Sift the dry ingredients together; and add the nuts and fruit. Mix the molasses, sugar, milk, and egg together; and combine with the first mixture. Transfer to an oiled and floured mould or several small moulds; and steam an hour for individual moulds, three and a half hours for a large mould. Serve with hard sauce.



gratitude differently—the spirit is the same.

"Don't you think that the proper setting of a table has a great deal to do with the spirit of Thanksgiving?" I asked.

"Yes it has, and I am going to give you a few directions: When serving with one maid, put a dinner or service plate on for each person, in the center of the space allowed to them. Arrange the forks needed for the meal in their order of use from left to right, at the left-hand side of the plate; put the spoons and knives in their order of use, from right to left, at the right-hand side of the plate—placing them all within a half inch of the edge of the table. Put the water glass or goblet at the tip of the knife, the bread and butter plate at the tip of the fork, with the bread and butter spreader placed across the lower edge horizontally. Put the napkin at the left; if it is a large dinner napkin, and it should be, fold it over into oblong shape. Allow a set of salts and peppers for each two persons, or for more formal service, allow a set apiece, using individual size.

WHEN the meal is announced, whether for home or company service, the water glasses should be filled, and the ball or tube of butter should be on each bread and butter plate with the bread or crackers needed for the first course.

"The appetizer, if cold, should be already served on a small plate set on the service plate. If the appetizer is hot, it is placed after the guests have been seated. Soup is always served from the pantry. The turkey is usually carved by the host, the waitress standing at the left taking the plates. When the turkey has been apportioned, she then passes the vegetables, either in a double compartment vegetable dish or separately. Whenever passing any food, a folded napkin should be between her hand and the dish. The dish should be held at a height convenient for the guests to help themselves. For small articles, as cream and sugar, a little tray may be used, but a doily should be placed on it, so that the dishes cannot slide around.

"Serve to the left," Mrs. Allen continued. "When foods are to be passed, as a plate with turkey or salad, it may be either from the left or right according to the convenience of the guest. If two guests are sitting side by side and are talking, for instance, leaning toward each other, it would be necessary to place a salad at the left of one and the right of the other to avoid interruption.

"The waitress should replenish the butter and water without being reminded to do it. A good

waitress need not be told anything by the hostess during the service of a meal. She should watch to see what is needed, and when guests have finished any course, she should clear the table and serve the next course. A side or serving table, on which can be put extra water, butter, relishes, and food for succeeding courses, will save many trips to the kitchen or pantry." With one of her characteristic gestures, Mrs. Allen finished.

"But the decorations! How about those?" I asked.

"Oh, Joan Barrett, our Interior Decorator, has corking ideas. Go down there and ask her for them."

I dropped into Miss Barrett's cheerful office and asked her what she considered of prime importance in Thanksgiving table decoration. She replied without hesitation, "Cranberry sauce."

Then she explained that at the home where she has visited for twenty-two Thanksgivings, the hostess one year forgot to put the cranberry sauce on the table—an oversight which apparently made Miss Barrett miserable. She hated

to embarrass her hostess by asking for the missing dish, which might, she reasoned, have met with an accident in the kitchen. Nor could she very well leave the table to ransack the refrigerator. Searching for a means of introducing the subject, Miss Barrett began detailing the story of a Thanksgiving comic strip she had noted in the paper, emphasizing the food angle, especially the cranberry sauce. With a shriek that echoed through the dining room, the hostess jumped up and ran to the pantry, where the dish had been since its preparation the day before, and with profuse apologies for the oversight, brought it to the feast. Since then, the Thanksgiving table has each year held two bowls of cranberry sauce, one for the guests at large, the other for Miss Barrett.

"Seriously though," Miss Barrett said, "I have one very strong opinion about Thanksgiving table decorations. I think that they should be dignified. Crepe paper strips, Jack o'lanterns, orange and black paper caps and the like are perfectly appropriate for Hallowe'en. But Thanksgiving dinner, if it is of the traditional sort, is a more solemn feast. Happy, yes. But never frivolous."

"Could you suggest a few such arrangements?" I asked.

"Why, yes," Miss Barrett replied, "although I do think that settings should vary to suit the hostess' linen, silver, and glassware, and the size of the table.

"One of the most effective treatments I have seen was arranged upon a large, oval table, spread with a green tinted damask cloth. The centerpiece consisted of a graceful, opaque black glass bowl with solid, ear-like handles projecting at each side. This was heaped with vivid green and purple grapes. Somewhere the hostess had procured a twining spray of grape leaves that she hung from one side. This she balanced by placing a small, well shaped bunch of grapes on the green cloth at the base of the bowl. Four tall, bright silver candlesticks, with concord purple candles flanked this group. Gleaming silverware, black glass service plates, and crystal goblets with black bases completed a study at once chaste and forceful.

WITH a white cloth you might use old English china. The sort that pictures pastoral scenes in green on an ivory background is newly popular. With this pale green bubbled glassware, a centerpiece of any old-fashioned flowers that can be obtained, such as, delphinium, painted daisy, columbine, asters, and baby's breath,

Thanksgiving  
Pudding

Hard  
Sauce  
Garnish



#### THANKSGIVING SUPPER MENU

Toasted Giblet and Bacon Sandwiches  
Cabbage and Pineapple Salad  
Peanut Brittle Mousse  
Tea  
Cheese Crackers  
Cookies

All measurements are level. Recipes proportioned to serve six.

#### Cabbage and Pineapple Salad

2 cups canned, drained, shredded pineapple  
2 cups finely shredded white cabbage  
1/8 teaspoon pepper  
1/2 cup sour cream  
Juice 1/2 lemon  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine the cabbage and pineapple; and marinated with the sour cream, lemon juice, salt and pepper, mixed together. Serve in nests of lettuce.

#### Peanut Brittle Mousse

1/4 pound peanut brittle  
1 pint heavy cream  
2 tablespoons powdered sugar  
1 teaspoon gelatin  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
Grated rind 1/2 orange

Crush the peanut brittle by putting through the food chopper; and add the orange rind, sugar, and vanilla. Soak the gelatin in one tablespoon cold water; then melt over steam. Combine with the cream, whipped stiff. Fold into the first mixture; and transfer to a mould. Pack in equal parts ice and salt; and bury for three hours; or freeze in an electrical refrigerator.

#### Toasted Giblet and Bacon Sandwiches

1 cup cooked minced chicken giblets  
1/2 cup finely diced celery  
6 slices chopped crisp cooked bacon  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
Hot buttered toast  
Mayonnaise to blend mixture  
1/4 head shredded lettuce

Combine the chicken giblets, bacon, celery, and salt; and blend with the mayonnaise. Spread on slices of hot buttered toast; place shredded lettuce on each; and cover with a second slice of toast. Serve hot.



arranged in a green bowl would be effective.

"My own ideal for a Thanksgiving table," continued Miss Barrett, "would be the sort which the pilgrims probably used; a crude pine, trestle table, either bare or covered by a handwoven red and white cloth, pewter utensils and wooden dishes. The food would probably serve as the only decoration. I'd have the traditional sort; a huge browned turkey; bowls piled high with maize, potatoes, creamed onions, and squash, two kinds of pie and—cranberry sauce."

"WHAT is new in the way of dinner cloths?" I asked.

"That is the question that ran through my head recently as I hunted through several of the New York shops," Miss Cornell replied. "I had half expected to find something startling and bizarre in design or color. But apparently, the exotic and unusual is no longer in favor. Instead, I found prominently displayed most exquisite examples of fine linens, embroidered or trimmed with beautiful bits of lace.

"My choice was a handsome cloth, made from the most delicate quality of Irish linen, the threads so firmly and closely woven that it lay like a smooth mirror on the table. Rectangular in shape, the edge was bordered by a deep band of hand-made filet lace. At the corners and along the sides the linen had been cut away and heavy lace representing baskets of flowers and fruit had been set in. These motifs in turn were emphasized and adorned by graceful sprays of embroidery and small curves of cut-work.

"Conservative in effect, beautifully executed, this cloth would form a rich background for the silver and china of any formal dinner."

I left Miss Cornell to go down to the Kitchen-Laboratory of the National Radio Home-Makers Club and watch Miss Grace White, Club Dietitian, beginning preparations for Thanksgiving. She was making out a menu for Thanksgiving dinner, and one for Thanksgiving supper. She gave me both, and I came away fortified against all questions that anyone can ask about how the modern home-maker will celebrate the original American holiday this year.

\* \* \*

AND while the turkey is steaming away in the oven and the cranberry sauce is set out to cool, there is a mysterious shuffling in the garret—suppressed laughter—gasps of excitement—clapping of hands. What is happening?

Although roast turkey, cranberry sauce and plum puddings are very important in Johnny's and Mary's Thanksgiving Day, their crowning glory is dressing up like grown folks. Father's suspenders mysteriously disappear, mother's Sunday dress



Underwood and Underwood

Three Generations gather at the bountifully set Thanksgiving board.

is missing and big sister's best pocketbook suddenly develops legs.

And hearing great shrieks of glee, the family put their heads out of the window only to find the younger generation, wrapped up in the family's best and parading themselves along the avenue in elegant style.

There is Suzy with the rim of her mother's hat flapping against her freckled nose as she is making vain efforts to hold up the folds of the wide dress to keep from tripping the hundred and fifty-first time.

Then follows Timothy, Jr., rigged up in a harlequin's outfit that bespeaks the ingenuity possible at a dozen years. How he rigged up the costume remains a mystery forever to Time's family, but there is no mistaking the clown's suit. Of course, Sister will find next summer that her white Sunday dress is off its hanger and she will be deceived into believing that she left it at the seashore, quite forgetting that Tim's Thanksgiving disguise conveyed to her a resemblance to something faintly familiar to her.

Such an array of patches, costumes and designs would stagger any style specialist. And they topple over one another in a splash of colors and get up again with a surprising poise and self-possession.

And here comes Fido, barking away in his greatest of holiday spirits, and rushing merrily against a mass of colored petticoats only to have this avalanche fall over him; and tugging at Mary's ruffled pantaloons and tearing off its lace edges.

What has your garret to yield to the curious youngsters? Already they may be half bent over old trunks chuckful of cherished memories. At this moment Mar-

gie may be half buried in a pile of stuffs which she has taken out from one of the old trunks and opening and shutting the faded pink parasol with its rows of ruffled edges, with Buzzie, the cat and her family of well-cleaned kittens staring with open-eyed wonder at this modern spectacle.

And if there are no garrets, you may be sure that the smallest corner of the house even though it be a tiny cupboard will contain a mountain of ecstasies for the children.

A cartoon of several years ago comes to mind of two little boys on the street on Thanksgiving Day. The one, dressed up in Daddy's clothes with the legs of the trousers trailing behind him and the coat-tails reaching the ground; the other boy, dressed up in his brand new outfit, being helped into the great big automobile by his nurse maid. Each boy looked at the other wistfully.

But it can be said with certainty that the little masquerader was infinitely happier that day than the little rich boy.

THE roast turkey, the cranberry sauce and puddings are important for Thanksgiving Day, but if the Maries and Johnnies and Suzies and Sadies, especially those of the city, could not masquerade, it jes' wouldna be Thanksgivin' for 'em.

Feed the children up on brown roast turkey, stuffed with bread crumbs and oysters, on the cranberry sauce, the salad and olives and all the varied trimmin's that go with a grand and glorious Thanksgiving dinner; but don't forget that they need the fun of masqueradin' as well as the pleasures of the festive board.



ARE men coming into their dietetical own?

For the first time in the history of Radio the masculine palate is being catered to from the viewpoint of actual masculine taste. Every Friday morning at 9:45 during the Hecker program, "Care and Feeding of Men" over WABC and a special network, Dad Dailey advises housewives on the plain menus their husbands most enjoy.

During a long period of time, in the interest of his brothers and their long neglected desires for certain dishes, Dad made a study of this subject, eating in restaurants and dining clubs which exclude women patrons, ferreting out masculine preferences, cajoling the cooks into revealing the secrets of their preparations and then probably in the quiet of his home concocting these tempting delicacies. One can imagine Dad stirring the ingredients in a variety of pans, and sniffing at this and tasting of that.

Some two years ago Dad Dailey got to playing around with a manuscript that he called Dad Dailey's cook book and which, he insists, contains many helpful hints on the care and feeding of men. It also lists about one hundred masculine menus for these virile creatures.

He dedicated this literary effort to the millions of men who have been sacrificed on the altar of the feminine viewpoint. In its foreword the writer states that he has but one ambition in life and that is to answer the questions which millions of women put to their husbands every morning. "What would you like for dinner tonight, my dear"—a question which ordinarily elicits an incoherent, unsatisfactory grunt, or a carefree "Oh, I don't care, any old thing will suit me", and then the "any old thing" would turn out to be last Sunday's roast beef in disguise, or the leg of lamb incognito.

While the manuscript of this some-day-to-be-famous cook book was in the making, Dad conceived the idea of carrying his message to the women of the land over the Radio. With the advertising instinct that motivates his every thought, he said to himself, "Why not make this a commercial Radio program?"

In July of 1929, Dad Dailey broke



Dad Dailey, known to Radio pioneers as One Bulb Bill.

## Menus for MEN

*Dad Dailey answers the Eternal  
Feminine, "What shall I have  
for Dinner?"*

loose on the air at Station WODA in Paterson, N. J. The results of his broadcast proved interesting in more ways than one. He was flooded with letters from women who were interested in keeping their husbands at the home table. He gave menus that erased the furrows in the feminine brow, and his listeners applauded him for standing alone midst the mighty army of feminine broadcasters on food.

That is why Dad Dailey and his new line of chow chatter is booked for a lengthy stay on a split network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, every Friday morning at 9:45. This program is sponsored by the millers of Hecker's flour.

Dad receives in his voluminous mail letter after letter requesting recipes of

the many oven delicacies which he now includes in his menus for men. And it seems fair to predict that Dad is going to shame many women back into the old-fashioned occupation of home baking, for Dad is telling the wives that nothing will give greater delight to men, husbands in particular, than a batch of hot rolls or biscuits for dinner, and that every big-hearted woman in his audience need only try it to prove it.

So if any husbands who have long been patient in enduring the wares of the delicatessen shop will ask their wives to tune in on this program, they may find a radical change in the next dinner at home.

One of the courses might even be ham baked in milk which is one of Dad's latest creations.

Dad Dailey is really Wm. J. E. Dailey who for many years has been a conspicuous figure in the advertising agency business.

Seven years ago Bill, as he was familiarly known, built—that is his wife built—a one-tube Radio set. In those pioneer days of Radio, Bill would go to his office after listening in most of the night on nearby and distant stations and dictate to his secretary his impressions of the Radio programs. These impressions finally developed into full-grown comments which found their way into the columns of one of New York's leading newspapers. And so he became known to the pioneers of Radio as One Bulb Bill. He claims credit to the distinction of be-

ing America's first Radio columnist, and so far there have been no other claimants to this honorable title.

And now Dad Dailey stands alone on the battlefield, engaged in a single-handed warfare in bringing men back into their dietetical own and in placing the sovereign crown again on the home-made biscuit's brow.

"What will you have for dinner, my dear?"

"Nightingales tongues trimmed with Queen Bee's honey and scalloped with fresh cut orchids."

WITH Dad Dailey's interpretation she will now know exactly what that means.



# MAKE-UP for TELEVISION

By Betty McGee

"HORRORS!" exclaimed Betty McLean one night in early September in the studios of WMAQ and its attendant television station, W9XAP, Chicago. "How can I ever go through with my act like this?"

Small wonder that Betty was distraught. There in the mirror she saw that her usually creamy skin had taken on a pale greenish brown hue, her nose was actually shiny, and her lips were unmistakably, hideously green!

And that, my dears, was the fate of all who would appear beautiful—that is, those who would appear beautiful in television receiving sets all of two months ago. No, fortunately, it was not a chemical change in the epidermis of the individual. Merely a unique type of make-up which television brought into being. During the past two months, however, new preparations have been made which are not a whit less unique but more in keeping with the usual standards of human, especially feminine, beauty. But more of that anon.

TO RETURN to the plight of Betty McLean. We were speaking of the night of her first appearance on a synchronized Radio-television broadcast through WMAQ and W9XAP. Of course this was not the first time Betty had had the horrid stuff on her face. Not at all. She had endured it many times when she had been a subject for make-up experiment. But it was one thing to have various peculiar colors dabbed on one's face for purely "experimental purposes" and quite another to be nonchalant in the face of an audience, though unseen,



*John Gihon, production manager of WMAQ and W9XAP, makes up Dorothy Drum of "Artists and Models" for television. First a base of grease paint in a warm, deep ivory tint, spread out over the face. Then brown eye-pencil. Last . . . imagine it . . . chocolate-brown for lips!*

knowing that your looks would put a circus freak to shame. Betty confessed afterwards that she had had no idea that she would feel so, oh, so—sea-sick. Something psychological about the green probably. Of course it only lasted a minute, and then she remembered how she would appear on the screen in soft sepia tones.

Betty's experience is probably typical of the effect of the green make-up on the average entertainer. Temporarily, at least, it is poise destroying. I visited the W9XAP dressing rooms when five or six Radio entertainers and show-girls were

making-up for a television try-out. They dabbed the green paint on daintily, surveyed themselves in the mirror distastefully, and sat around self-consciously awaiting try-out. Not until they had applied the good old red and white paint where it belonged did they become their usual vivacious selves . . . True enough that the girls don't like it, but ask any woman if *some* make-up isn't better than *none*, and you'll have the answer to the question as to whether or not make-up for television will last.

When the directors of WMAQ turned to television they discovered, as have many others, that television often does strange things to the human face. Primarily, the great difficulty is that the features are apt to appear blurred through television. In experiments it was discovered that sometimes a nose was completely lost, and we'll all admit that a face without a nose is not a thing of beauty; sometimes blue eyes seemed to have faded away into almost no eyes at all; sometimes the outline of the whole face was indistinct.

THEN the production manager, John Gihon, and the casting director, Vinton Haworth, put their heads together and said, "Let's do something about this. The whole thing is in an experimental stage. Why not experiment with make-up?" And they began their experiments in earnest. A number of make-up experts were called in and Davis Factor, who is said to be the foremost make-up authority in Hollywood, tore himself away from the movie stars to study the problem of television make-up.





Jean East and Carol Lynn, the Honey Girls, appear over WIBO and W9XAQ. Imagine these darlings daubed with green!

He began with powders, running the gamut of shades and textures from the thinnest white to the deepest, heaviest ochre. His conclusion was that powder was definitely out since it produces a too dry and flaky surface. After trying seven different kinds of grease paint he discovered one that produced very satisfactory results. It was a light brown with a green cast and one that did not create too decided high lights.

"The whole problem of television make-up is a red washout," explained Mr. Factor. "Television takes the natural red from the skin, changing it into black. Therefore the idea is to cover up all reds. The grease paint acts as a mask, completely covering the face."

**W**HEN Mr. Factor hit upon green as the ideal color to superimpose on ruby lips he levelled quite a blow at feminine vanity. However, when he returned to Hollywood to put his chemists to work on some new preparations for television he took into account this weakness usually accredited to the female sex. The new make-up evolved is a grease paint of a warm, deep ivory tint—this for women. That for men is two or three shades darker, running into the browns. There is, too, another dark shade which is used to bring high lights where they are needed, as for instance, around the nose. For the lips he created a nice chocolate brown paint which is, to the unaccustomed eye, hardly alluring but far more pleasing than the former green.

Now as to the application. It takes about an hour to apply the make-up

properly. First you put on a base of the panchromatic grease paint—a little dab on the cheeks, the nose, the forehead and chin. (And by the way, girls, the paint that the men use is a far nicer color than that for the women.) You spread this coat out over the face with plain, unadulterated water—always moving your hands in the same direction. This is a half-hour job in itself. The base must be very smooth, very even and very thin. On some faces it is a good idea to use high lights on the nose, gradually darkening the color as you reach the outer cheeks. This is to prevent the possible "loss" of a nose too small to take distinctly.

After this is done, you line your eyes slightly, according to individual requirements, and pencil your eyebrows with a brown pencil. Black is too dark. Now, everybody knows that the proper way to pencil

your eyebrows is to use the deepest color near the nose, and gradually lighten it as the eyebrows narrow. For television, they do just the opposite—barely touching the eyebrows close to the nose, and using the pencil more heavily as you go outward. The reason for this is that television sometimes plays tricks with the eyes and eyebrows, making eyes look crossed if the brows are too close together. If your eyes are blue you place a dash of brown under them, to bring out their depth, but no eye shadow is used. Mascara, if you wish, although it is relatively unimportant.

If your face has a tendency to be a little too broad you will dab a little white paint on either side just above the jawbone. If it is thin you place a little of the darker paint there instead.

And now we turn our attention to the lips. The chocolate brown is applied quite lavishly, emphasizing the natural curves, as television requires over-emphasis.

And there you have the story of the application.

Many people who have been experimenting with television rather extensively feel that make-up is not worth the expenditure of time and money. The results they have had are satisfactory enough and would not be materially affected

if make-up should be eliminated, they say.

"I suppose that make-up for television cannot be reckoned a necessity," said Vinton Haworth, casting director of WMAQ and W9XAP. "Its reason for being is an artistic one and we feel that it is a very important factor in the development of the new art of television."

**M**R. John Gihon, production manager of the station, believes that the promoters of television are groping around to discover just the type of thing that it is best adapted to, and he is confident that some particular form of entertainment will become the "television program."

"We are continually bringing beauties of the theatrical and Radio world before the microvisor in an endeavor to find the best types for television. Undoubtedly there will be a distinct type known as the 'television beauty' but it is hard to prophesy just what type she will be. Generally speaking, the girl with a rather broad face and clearly defined features will take well.

"The 'television beauty' will not have a rosebud mouth. It is certain that she will be a strong, vigorous type, and she will probably be characterized by flashing eyes and a flashing smile."

The development of television will bring about many changes. For one, a new type of beauty expert will arise. A new vanity case, resembling an artist's palette will be added probably to the feminine television artist's accessories.

"Oh, dear, don't you think that my nose needs a little more green?" will be the oft-repeated question in studios. And who knows but that our flapperettes will follow suit with green noses and blue lips?



Marcella Lally of Station WMAQ. No, those aren't soap bubbles behind her . . . they are the "eyes" of the television microvisor.



# Why Look Like a Wife?

*"Any woman can be lovelier . . . simply by never looking unattractive, even to herself."*

**THIS** is the beginning of a series of articles by the well-known consultant on care of the skin. You may have the booklet, "Why Only A Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", by writing to Miss Ingram in care of this magazine, or if you have some special beauty problem, Miss Ingram will be very glad to advise you by letter.—EDITOR.

**H**OW to be lovelier. This question is put to me in every one of the hundreds of letters which come to me each week. These letters are from young girls, middle-aged women, grandmothers—all of them interested in the same subject—how to be lovelier.

I doubt if all these women who ask this question know just why they want to be beautiful, but after all, that isn't important. The reasons for wanting to be attractive are so natural that I'm sure many women have never expressed them even to themselves. The point is, there is no woman who would not improve her appearance if she knew how.

Perhaps no woman is more interested or has a more pertinent reason for wanting to be beautiful than the wife. After all, men do like beauty—they always have. Men see in beauty an ideal—an inspiration—and as beauty does mean so much to men and to the world, I think it follows that it's a wife's privilege as well as duty to be as attractive as she can.

**M**ANY weeks half of the letters I receive are from wives. The following is typical:

"I am thirty-five years old and the mother of three children. Since I've been married, I haven't had time to bother about anything so trivial as my appearance. I have sacrificed myself to my husband, my household duties, and to my children. I've given them the best years of my life. But my husband seems to have lost all interest in his home and me. He spends very few evenings at home and he doesn't tell me where he goes. Of



By

FRANCES INGRAM

Consultant on care of the skin,  
who broadcasts regularly over CBS.

course, I imagine everything. You can't blame me. I could be more attractive if I only had the time. And from now on I'm going to have the time. I'm going to leave my husband and get a job. If all my years of sacrifice mean nothing to him, I'm through. I won't talk any more about my situation, but I wish you would tell me how to improve my appearance enough to get a job which will support me and my children. Even in business nowadays it seems that looks count for more than ability."

I remember when this letter came in. Marion, my secretary, read the letter to me and said in a disgusted tone of voice, "I don't think much of her husband, Miss Ingram. I'm glad she's leaving him." I told her that I wasn't sure that it was all the husband's fault. It seemed to me—and it still seems to me—that one of the reasons why that marriage was going on the rocks was because that woman was neglecting her appearance. In other words, she was looking entirely too much like a wife. We've all seen this happen. Attractive young girls marry and in just a few years they change into unattractive, discontented, matronly looking women. Most of these women, I'm sure, had promised themselves before they were married that they would not allow this to happen to them—that they would be dif-

ferent from the average run of wives. But they begin to backslide a little, and as the years go by, they unconsciously backslide more and more until finally they are content to look like a cartoonist's impression of a breakfast-table wife.

Now there's nothing alluring about a breakfast-table wife. Of course a man likes to know that his wife is helping him by being domestic. But he likes to see her in more attractive aspects, too. He likes to see her pretty. He likes to be proud of her. And why blame him for this? Since the beginning of time, attractiveness has been one of woman's most outstanding

virtues. Before she's married, a woman is punctilious about her appearance. She tries hard to be as attractive as she can to get a job—or a husband—or to keep a job. If a woman will make this effort to keep a job, I wonder why it doesn't seem equally important to her to make the same effort to keep a husband.

**ANYWAY**, preserving her looks has a decidedly mental reaction on the woman herself. It gives her an air of alertness—a sense of confidence in herself—in other words, poise. Psychiatrists say that neglected wives are frequently suffering from inferiority complexes and that these complexes often can be traced back to an unattractive appearance. Women get this sense of inferiority when they realize that they are not attractive and that other people are not attracted to them. Then they lose their belief in themselves and their ability. When this happens, other unfortunate things occur in rapid succession. These women develop a spirit of martyrdom. In this spirit of martyrdom, they sacrifice themselves, their husbands, and their children to household duties. They thrust aside every opportunity that offers relief from household monotony. As a result, they are more apt

(Continued on page 125)



# How to Comprehend Symphony Music

*Keener Enjoyment of Good Radio Music*

*Comes to the Listener With Better*

*Knowledge of The Orchestra*

By

**WILLIAM BRAID WHITE**

Doctor of Music

*Dr. William Braid White, Author, acoustical engineer and national authority on musical instruments and music has been engaged to write a series of articles on the inspirations and appeals of good music—Editor*

WITH the permission of my readers, I shall not talk this month about actual programs on the air. For various reasons it appears to me that there is quite a bit of preliminary ground clearing to be done before we start off full-tilt on music arguments. There is a great public just beginning to find good music attractive, but it is still almost entirely without knowledge either of the history, or of the styles of the art of musical expression. Where knowledge is not, any man's opinion is as good as any other's; and precisely there the uninstructed taste gets into trouble. Anyone can cover reams of paper with high-falutin' talk about the emotional side of a piece of music, but after the eager unlearned amateur music lover has ploughed through a square mile or so of stuff like that he is just about where he was at the start. Suppose on the other hand that here, in this department of Radio Digest, I try to do something a little different. I shall not use the awful word "educate", and indeed shall not for a moment try to uplift, or to "teach" anybody. I shall however try to give some needed information on points concerning which there is an immense amount of misunderstanding, even among those who really should know better. If I can manage to convey the information in a way that shall not bore you

and that at the same time shall really tell you some things that you must know if you ever intend to get real significant pleasure out of listening to the great programs which are now being broadcast by the best musical organizations of the country, then indeed I shall feel that something worth while has been accomplished, even if we do agree not to call it "educational".

*Music as a form of expression.*

Long before Homer sang the Fall of Troy, magnificent poems were composed in India and China, which have come down to our own age to awake our admiration and envy. Then, later on, men sought a still more perfect form of expression which should enable them to say that which could not be said in words. The Church during the Middle Ages took the complex but inexpressive musical experiments the Greeks had made in music, and began to build up the art of choral singing. I have heard music which was written nine hundred years ago. One can only wonder at the inspiration of men who, without a scientific scale of musical sounds, without a nota-

tion whereby to write down the sounds, without musical instruments to give them out, without trained musicians to play the instruments, nevertheless were able, because they loved God and desired to worship Him rightly, labored unceasingly to find out how to make different voices, move together so as to produce a tolerable tune and make a harmony at the same time. We smile today at the child-like simplicity of their efforts; but let one of us moderns sit down with a blank sheet of paper, with no piano, with no sheet music, with no science of harmony, with nothing but the ear and the brain, and try to invent a tune, arrange it so that a high soprano and a low tenor may sing in harmony.



The history of music is the history of the great struggle to master this problem, the problem of making sounds move together so as to express emotion that cannot be so well expressed in any other way. It has taken nine centuries to perfect musical form. To-day it is right to say that neither with pen, nor with brush, nor with chisel, have men been able so to express the depths of heart and mind as they have with music. Five hundred years ago, when music was young and struggling for a place in the sun, the great art was Painting. To-day the great art, the great modern form of expression, is Music.

*What is musical form?*

A good many people seem to think that music is something which a dreamy eccentric called a composer writes down in a frenzy of emotion and of inspiration, not knowing how it comes and hardly knowing what he is doing. Nothing could however be more absurd. The art of musical composition goes by the strictest of technical rules. To acquire a mastery of these rules so that one can apply them in writing down one's musical ideas, takes years of very hard work. No matter how much inspiration a man may have unless he has learned the rules of the art he is out of luck. One hears wonderful tales of obscure geniuses who play by ear; but those are tales. A man who has the mental qualities which shall enable him to write a great symphonic composition for the grand orchestra must have mental capacity of the highest order. To appreciate music, to listen to it understandingly, one need know only a few simple facts; but to write music... well that is another matter entirely. Music is the easiest of all arts to love and to appreciate, but the hardest of all to master.

*How Does an Orchestra Work?*

When a composer writes a piece of music, he conceives it mentally as something to be performed (as all music must be to bring it from dead notes into life) by some one instrument or group of instruments, by one voice or a group of voices, or by some combination of instruments and voices. He does not write down a lot of notes and then leave it to some one else to decide what instruments are to be used. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the Philadelphia Orchestra or the NBC Orchestra or the Roxy Orchestra, has nothing to do with arranging the music for various instruments, save in very exceptional cases. When the score (as you call the manuscript or printed pages of a symphony) comes to him, he sits down to study it, but he finds on its pages every note that is to be played by every instrument in his orchestra. His task then is to have the orchestra play over that music and to make them play it exactly as he wants it played. Over and over again, if it is new music especially, and often when it is music old and well known, the conductor will have the orchestra go through a certain passage until it sounds as he wishes it to.

Don't think that it's done by inspiration, not at all. When you heard the great Boston Symphony orchestra playing on October 4th from Symphony Hall in Boston during the New England Tercentenary festival, what you heard was the carefully prepared result of repeated rehearsals. The performance of fine music by an orchestra is a matter of continued, steady and difficult labor, involving the highest kind of executive ability on the part of the conductor and the most strenuous training on the part of the musicians.



Dr. William Braid White, who explains with great clarity and interest, the symphony orchestra in this article. Dr. White is one of the few possessors of the accredited title of Doctor of Music.

*What are the Divisions of an Orchestra?*

A symphony orchestra, such as the big one which Walter Damrosch conducts for the NBC symphonic broadcasts, or the New York Philharmonic Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Chicago Orchestra or the Cleveland Orchestra, is a very different thing from the group of players who form what is called a dance or a jazz orchestra. The symphony orchestra has evolved into its present size and shape through the efforts of the composers, who have written their masterpieces for certain definite numbers and groups of instruments which seemed to them to be the best for their special purposes. Gradually, during the last hundred and fifty years, composers have tacitly agreed upon a general lay-out of instruments for which to

*(Continued on page 118)*

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra arranged as explained in this article... Conductor Leopold Stokowski in the center. To your left, the strings, center the wood wind instruments; right rear the brasses, and the tympani.





## THE VERY IDEA!

WE THINK Big Brothers Bob and Willie are the most clever comedians on KMBC, but here is the thing that seems funny to me. Big Brother is always correcting Willie for saying words wrong and then he insists on saying "That's an idea," instead of idea.

I thought someone would tell him about it, but I guess they have not, as he still says "idear."—Mrs. S. C. Munson, Leavenworth.

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WE ACQUIRED a Graham McNamee complex, several years ago, and we have never gotten over it. He is our favorite announcer. And when we are granted the privilege to hear him sing, well, we never pass up such an opportunity for any other entertainment. We sincerely hope that he is awarded this honor by the greatest majority of listeners.—Mrs. Winifred Coplien, Brodhead, Wis.

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## WE'LL TRY TO DO BETTER

I BOUGHT my first copy of RADIO DIGEST a couple of weeks ago and find it very interesting.

There is only one complaint I have to make and that is that you didn't mention WSB of Atlanta in this issue; one of the strongest and best stations on the air. Everyone is familiar with the voice of Lamdin Kay and the rest of WSB's staff.—George C. Holland, McRae, Ga.

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## HOPE YOU WIN MORE PRIZES

ON SATURDAY I was unexpectedly surprised when I received a check for one hundred dollars from you, as the prize winner of the Dubronsky mystery story.

I wish to express to you, and to the judges my most sincere thanks and appreciation, and let me add too, that RADIO DIGEST magazine is one of the cleanest and finest books ever published.—Margaret J. Ayatte, Watervliet, N. Y.

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## WE'LL TRY TO FILL YOUR ORDER

JUST finished reading the article "Dawn of Radio" in the August RADIO DIGEST. I surely did enjoy it and the pictures. I hope you will run more articles and pictures of the early days of radio.

I, too, think that we have been having too much of Amos 'n' Andy. Amos 'n' Andy gave me many a laugh but they have gone stale, now; while Jake and Lena (when they were at WTAM) were funnier with each broadcast. I can truthfully say that Gene's clean, wholesome humor and Glenn's infectious laughter gave me more enjoyment than anything or anyone I have ever heard on the air.

And now I'm going to make some suggestions for pictures. The first is for that of John McGovern, who, each Sunday, plays the title role of "The Globe Trotter" over CBS from 6.30 to 7.00 and the hero in "Mystery House" over NBC from 7.00 to 7.30. On August 10, he spoke his last lines over CBS at 6.58 and his first over NBC at 7.08. How does he do it? I would like pictures of the WCAU announcers, and the WCAU Kiddies. When the Kiddies played Wildwood, N. J., they drew the biggest crowd of the season.

I would like to have pictures too of Little Mitzie Groff who does Belle Baker, Fannie Brice, Sophie Tucker, etc., Martie Zisserman, who does Henry Burbig (I wish you could hear these two) and the rest of these talented youngsters.

The tree sitting bug has hit this part of the country so strongly that even the radio entertainers are not immune. However, Jackie Mack of WPEN, who has been sitting in a tree

## Voice of the

in Woodside Park, doesn't let it interfere with his Radio work. He broadcasts several times a day from his lofty perch.—Miss Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.

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## SEE OCTOBER, KATIE

I SUGGEST that you print a story of the life of Gene and Glenn, those two famous Radio artists. Something like your Amos and Andy stories. I am sure our readers would like to read something about these two boys in your wonderful paper.—Kate E. Gordon, Mentor, Ohio.

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## QUICK! BRING THE DICTIONARY

NOW that orbal transmission is imminent as an adjunct of aural broadcasting, discussion of the topic will become of proportionate interest, as speculation arises and doubts are instilled by the quizzical whose interrogations delve into the hazy and who seek information on the subject because of its very pertinence to their future aberrations in the field of entertainment.

Let it be here quoted that radio as a deliverer of music and speech is still unapproached to realism. Visit a concert hall, dance to the rhythm of a dance orchestra or attend a social function where music in any of its forms predominates. Then you are in contact with the true source in actuality. There is no static or intrinsic disturbance to mar the performance as we wish to hear it. Mayhap engineers will soon be able to evolve a cure for this woe.

With television extant the question of its being a commercial competitor with the talking movies, the theater or vaudeville will be advanced. The same, or virtually identical, question arose when Radio was being developed in competition with the silent drama. Everyone now knows of the innovation of speech and music in the motion picture and the lack of conflict between the two industries. And there never will be.

With the initiation of television will probably come the separation of the two into two different departments. Television will turn into the broadcast of sport news as it occurs, in addition to providing the drama and prepared program as it does now, while for the talking picture will remain the depiction of only the present type of drama that it offers us. It may be added that the two will never merge, although there may be a similarity in the output.

Assuming that the predictions do matriculate it must be admitted the details will not be minute, for when one seeks to propound the future, the eyes of the present can be easily confounded by interluding time and its accompanying unforeseen incidents.—Algird Truska, Newark, N. J.

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## YOU'RE SO NICE, MAYBE WE WILL

I HAVE three things to accomplish as I write you this letter. The first is that of most importance. It is that I want to praise the staff and editor of RADIO DIGEST for the wonderful magazine they put out to the Radio listener. Second, also important to me, is that I wish to become a member of the V. O. L. The third is that I wish you would give us a write-up on

Thompkins Corner.—Ralph Berry, Kansas City, Okla.

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## DARN CLEVER, THIS "CHINESE"

THE article in the Sept. issue, "Try Singing to Speak Well," by Drake Evans, was very interesting. However, I beg to differ with Mr. Evans as to his pronunciation of "Chinese", rhyming with fleece as being the only proper pronunciation. He evidently uses the Funk and Wagnall dictionary, which gives the pronunciation to rhyme with fleece. The Oxford, Stormonth, Encyclopedic Dictionary, and Worcester give but one pronunciation—that rhyming with breeze.

The Century gives both ways, preferring the one rhyming with fleece, while Webster's International gives both ways, but gives preference to the pronunciation rhyming with breeze. Now those reading the article who have always said "Chinez" need not feel bad (not badly) about the matter of faulty pronunciation. Both are evidently correct on equally good authority.—Mrs. Lizzie M. Roberts, Sterling, Ill.

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## JEWEL PHRASES FOR JESSICA DRAGONETTE

FIRST, let me congratulate you on your very excellent magazine—especially the rotogravure section which I immensely enjoy. Second, to praise my favorite Radio artist, Jessica Dragonette. Not only does Miss Dragonette possess unquestionably the finest, purest, sweetest voice on the air, but she is an extremely talented actress, as she proved on the Philco hour, and is now proving on Cities Service. Her naive, unaffected personality broadcasts as effectively as her voice, due to its magnetic quality. As far as her looks are concerned, she certainly need have no fear of television.—Marjorie Goetschins, Manchester, N. H.

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## 128 NOW—COUNT 'EM!

WHY so much fiction in the Digest?—and only 96 pages when there were 128 all through the winter and spring? I'd certainly appreciate seeing more about Radio and less fiction—none at all as far as I am concerned. There are so many magazines full of fiction but only one Radio magazine so far as I know. I'd like to see something about Roxy again. Cheerio!—Mrs. B. C. de Mercado, Columbus, Indiana.

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## PLEASE WRITE TO MR. ARNOLD

SINCE 1926, when I became a Radio Fan and began subscribing to RADIO DIGEST, I have had a desire to know what reception is like in other states. The finest sport I can think of would be to tour the states in a Radio-equipped car and get that information. That being impossible I would like to receive reports from listeners in every state, giving the stations you receive best, what stations interfere in your state, whether you depend on electricity or batteries for power and the make of your Radio. Every letter received will be answered

## Listener

promptly with like information.—A. C. Arnold, R. No. 4, North Topeka, Kan.

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## HOPE YOU LIKE THESE WINNERS, ROSE

THE August DIGEST was overflowing with items of interest and long-looked-for pictures. I especially enjoyed the article about Cooney and the one on Vacation Follies.

I am an ardent fan of the network features. I believe I could get along with very few but chain programs. Gene and Glenn's Song Shop, Coon-Sanders' Knights and Ladies of the Bath and certain broadcasts of WENR, however, are priceless. The truth is, I've read several letters knocking the NBC and CBS networks so I am inspired to express my wholehearted support of their superior programs. I am very eager for the outcome of the Diamond Meritum Award contest although I was very disappointed in the result of the last two. Somehow it doesn't seem very representative of the listening public—loyalty is the ruling factor, I believe, not the number of fans.—Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

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## FLOYD GIBBONS

Forever, please, forever,  
Let us hear at eventide,  
Of the many news bits  
You tell the world so wide.  
Do your stuff—how we enjoy it,

Great have been your daily chats  
Interspersed with wit and oft—mishaps.  
Best all those swell detective yarns  
Because they happened in your own life  
Or thrilling happenings in this recent strife.  
Now, Thorpy, you for the blue ribbons  
So long as you announce "Floyd Gibbons."  
—A Group of Radio Listeners.

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## THANK YOU!

HAVE been a reader of RADIO DIGEST ever since we have had a Radio—a little less than a year, and the only bad thing about this fine magazine is the wait, from one issue to the next.

We would especially enjoy any pictures or stories from our favorite stations WTAM, Cleveland, WJR, Detroit, WENR, Chicago, WLW, Cincinnati also Larry Larson, WGN, Chicago and others.

I am enclosing our vote in the Digest Popularity contest for Gene and Glenn, WTAM. They are to us the "Idols of Radioland." Have the 7 coupons. We would surely be happy if they should win this honor, and they should for I believe theirs is one of the most popular midwest programs.

With every best wish for the success of RADIO DIGEST, we are—Mrs. Ruth Avery and Family, 2011 Ashman St., Midland, Mich.

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## IN THE AUTOMOBILE CITY—DETROIT

WE HAVE had station WNYZ which broadcasts on a frequency of 1240 kilocycles, several times. Both of the Grand Rapids stations broadcast at 1270 kilocycles.

This somewhat interferes with getting station WNYZ. We have seen this station listed in radio programs but it doesn't give the city. But we are rather curious to know where this station is.—Thelma Winter, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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## STATE AND CITY INDEX IN THIS ISSUE

ENJOY every bit of RADIO DIGEST, but as it is a Radio Magazine, wouldn't it be possible to help the DXers by putting back the "State and City Index with wave length?" I use the "Official Wave Length" to log my dial readings.—Mrs. J. H. Morris, Box 204, Richmond, Va.

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## FLOWERS FOR GORMAN AND CUMMISKEY

I WOULD like to invite the attention of the other listeners and yourself to Gorman and Cumiskey who broadcast from WWRL. They sing harmony in a manner that, I think, is far ahead of anyone else on the air.

Their announcer once stated that they were proteges of the former team of Van and Schenck and while I cannot vouch for this statement I certainly do know that I was amazed at the similarity that this team possesses to the former champion harmony team.

I therefore nominate Gorman and Cumiskey as the world's champions at male-harmony and predict that in a few months they will be recognized as such. Please, Mr. Editor, print their pictures. If they look as well as they sing John Gilbert will be worrying about his job.

Hoping to see the photographs in an early edition of your magazine, I remain, a devoted reader.—Joseph Kane, 215 Johnson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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## INFORMATION WANTED ON "IKKO" STAMPS

I AM a collector of verification and "ikko" stamps of broadcasting stations. I would like to know if you could tell me how, or tell me where I could get a list of broadcasting stations that issue ikko stamps?

In order to get ikko stamps now I have to write to the station and ask if they issue them.—Ernest Jessop, Box 166, Oakland Beach, R. I.

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## YES—MONDAY AT 10:00 P.M.

JUST a line to show my appreciation of RADIO DIGEST. It is indeed a marvelous Radio magazine and the Radio fans like nothing better than to see pictures and read the gossip of our favorites.

Although we enjoy Amos 'n' Andy, don't you think the public is getting a little tired of them? It seems that way around this part of the country.

I enjoy nothing better than a good singer and the True Story Hour and speaking of dance orchestras, I don't think any can compare with Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; their slow dreamy tempo seems to have won the hearts of many. Would it be asking too much to let us have a real good picture of this orchestra? We haven't seen one since the Spring issue and then it wasn't very clear. I understand another brother has joined them, making

four Lombardos. Will you let us have a picture of him? Will you let us know through RADIO DIGEST when the Lombardos will again be heard on the Robert Burns programme over the Columbia Broadcasting System?—Lenore Churchill, Oil Spring, Ont., Can.

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## CONSOLATION PRIZES FOR MERITUM ENTRIES WHO DIDN'T WIN!

DURING the present heavy static, the daylight stations are about all that we get at night, though usually WENR and KTHS struggle through, and KMOX now comes big since the installation of the new transmitter. But why worry about distant stations when we have one we can count on for all the best National broadcasts; one that has the Best studio orchestras; a nationally known quartet, the Bel Canto; one of the finest organists; the liveliest studio programs; the peppiest early features; and absolutely the nicest announcers anywhere! This may sound very enthusiastic and positive, but we have reason to be proud of Our Own WFAA.

An act that has everything, I mean pep, vim, speed, humor, and "aliveness" if I may so express is our Quaker Oats man, Mr. Phil Cook. It takes a real blond to get the fast ones over, in my opinion, so I say *THREE LOUIE CHEERS* for Phil. He is without a rival as being the best act on any network. Sorry we could not vote for him also, but our home folks come first.

I think the real test of how peppy they are is the dead hour of early morning. I often play the Radio until 3 a.m. but I never miss an "Early Bird" Orchestra program. I am hoping you will be kind enough to let this burst into print and give the boys a hand.—M. E. Huebner, Austin, Tex.

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I AM enclosing five votes for the Farm Four Program at WAIV, Columbus, Ohio. This is the best program on the air and I hope to see it win. Neighbor Fred Palmer is a real neighbor, although we can't see the grin. We can hear his hearty laughter and his cheery, "Hello neighbor!" It certainly goes a long way toward making this old world a better and more cheerful one. It puts pep and sunshine into the whole day.—Thelma F. McKittrick, Reinzersville, Ohio.

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YESTERDAY I mailed six coupon ballots to you, but found this morning I had failed to include the seventh, so here it is, one more vote for the best of 'em all—The Dutch Master's Minstrels! My husband and I would rather miss a good dinner (and HOW we like to eat), than miss hearing the Dutch Masters—they are all artists and it would be difficult to say which one we enjoy most. Here's hoping they win the contest.—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

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MON cher Editor—Some voix, eet may lead . . . Some voix, eet may sing . . . And some, just don't mean a thing. But oh! mon Dieu, when zat glorious voix of "Palm Oliver" take wing . . .

Some voix, eet may whisper . . . Some voix eet may shout

But zat charming voix of Palm Oliver. Let sure will get you, if you don't watch out.

Who knows?  
Poze, Paree.—U. S. A. Today.

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WE HAVE numbers and numbers of fine entertainers, numbers of fine announcers, but no one like our little old Texas Cowboy Crooner Marc Williams at W. A. C. O. Waco, Texas. I could gladly turn off of any other program to listen to Marc.

I thank the RADIO DIGEST for helping us out on our NBC Entertainers and letting us know them better.—Pearl Spann, Celina, Texas.



*Out of the AIR*

# HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By *INDI-GEST*

At last! Indi-Gest has come to fame. This columnist is ready to compete now with Amos 'n' Andy, Jessica Dragonette, Rudy Vallee, and all the others who receive such stacks of fan mail. Some one wants my picture. I'm going to take the letter in to the boss and tell him that now that my popularity is proven, he'll have to give me a raise. Well, Frances Cherry, here is my picture, just for you.

The only trouble with my picture is that the artist who drew it either broadcast it on one of these distorted (not balanced-unit) Radio sets, or else he sent it by Radio across the ocean. You can't tell whether I am male or female. Frances calls me Mr. Indi, but maybe I am Mrs. Indi, or Miss Indi. Or maybe I'm Will Rogers or Bernadine Hayes, the Most Beautiful Radio Artist.



Indi-Gest in Person

Here's a giggle I gleefully ran across some time ago during a program broadcast from a middle-western station.

Jones (perhaps you know him?) was discussing, as neighbors are wont to do, local happenings with his friend Smith (I'm sure you know him). As was quite natural under the circumstances, they were conjecturing in regard to Neighbor

Brown's recent purchase of a dog; according to reports, an exceptional and valuable animal.

"He says he paid \$800 for the dog—says it's part bull, part setter."

"Which part do you suppose is bull?"

"That about the \$800."—K. M. Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

## 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 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, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

## A LISTENER'S LIFE

(Being a parody on *An Announcer's Life* as featured by Mac, and Lennie, and Walter Samuels over CBS.)

We tune, and tune, and try to get a station

For a program which we want so much to hear;

In despair we tear our hair,

We can't get them on the air . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We get all set to listen to a hook-up,

A weekly feature that is bound to please;

Then we could commit a crime,

When locals: "Sorry, trouble on the line . . ."

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We keep our sets tuned to a certain station,

We like the things that it puts on the air;

Then commissions change its wave

Cut its time . . . an early grave! . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We listen daily to the cooking experts.

One says: "Never, never cook soup all day long!"

Another, that same day,

Says: "Cook it just that way!"

A listener's life is not a happy one!

We enjoy the music that is coming to us,

We are ready for an hour or more of it;

Then the announcer starts to blat

About the sponsor's this and that . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

By request we send in fan mail to broadcasters,

Telling what we like, and do not like to hear;

If it's praise, their hats they doff,

If it isn't . . . how they scoff! . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

But, always hoping for the best we keep on listening.

Perhaps, someday we'll get a lucky break;

Till we do, I'm telling you

(Though it's sad, it's really true) . . .

A listener's life is not a happy one!

—Niagara Nell



## INDI'S OWN PUZZLE

Mr. Brown came to me the other day and he said well Indi you got so many letters this month and I read some of them and they all sounded funny so I think you'll have to fill for page this time instead of two and I said but Mr. Brown my typewriter is broken and I won't space any more and Marcella is so busy answering her mail that she won't lend me hers so I'll be hard enough to fill two pages and he said that I'd give anything for an excu-



sen to work but it isn't true I am very industrious and if he and all the Radio Digest readers can't read this I am very sorry but I can't help it.

Well, it's all right, now, my favorite typewriter fix-it man just came up and he located the trouble. He said the reason the space bar wouldn't work was that it was jammed on a pile of twenty-five contributions to Indi-gest's column that I had (with a sad heart) rejected, and then placed under my typewriter by mistake instead of in the files where they belong. According to the new psychologists, that error was just an unconscious wish-fulfillment. I hate so much not to send each one the dollar he craves that it hurts me to file those "rejects" away.

As office critic and observer, I submit . . . one of the feminine proof readers in Radio Digest's print shop got an advance thrill from this issue . . . I peered over her shoulder and what did I see? Rudy Vallee's picture carefully clipped and placed under the glass on her desk.

Elmira Ruben, the Crook Who Didn't Like Ether, should have been a fiction writer . . . he picked so many plausible names for his aliases . . . you know finding plausible names is the author's greatest trouble. He picks one, and then all of a sudden, some one by that name telegraphs and threatens to sue for libel. Is there a John Garland, Mr. Oppenheim?

Just changing an old adage . . . Mme. Schumann Heink says it's the first fifty years that are the hardest . . . Talk about excitement and Thrills, Len Smith sure got me panting for breath with those dashes he used in his Graham McNamee story. He gets paid by the word . . . wonder if he expects us to count the dashes.

There must be something in this Mystery business . . . just look at the Mystery Announcer and his Diamond Meritum medal . . . if remaining incognito pays with spunkers, I'll stay that way.

Well life can't be all pickin' on things and people. Here is a little of the salt of philosophy with the pepper:—

## RADIO

The salt sprays fling where the seamen cling

Clutching close to rigging and spar.  
And though ocean-wide be the rolling tide

'Tween the sailor and friends afar—  
Aye, though leagues away, where the loved lands lay

By the billow's rocky rim;  
A message will come from his far-off home,

Bearing hope and cheer for him.

—Renice Radcliffe.

Everett Mitchell at WENR announced, "Swinging in a Hammock with Frank Westphall and the studio orchestra." Some hammock full don't you think?—Mrs. J. E. Wells, Bloomington, Ind.

## FLYING NOTES

During the Cheerio half hour over WEAF, the soprano started valiantly on an aria. She sang about four lines—then, suddenly, she stopped! The orchestra carried on alone to the end of the number. But not a word of explanation came from the master of ceremonies, Russell Gilbert, except a brief remark about an accident that had occurred.

Next morning the secret was out. Gilbert said it was a trivial accident—

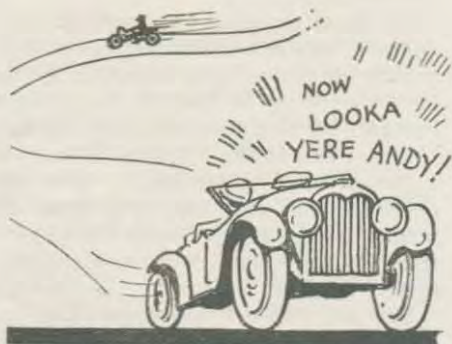


nothing more than a fly which had flown into her very throat as she opened her mouth for a high note!—M. Dowd, New Rochelle, N. Y.

That reminds Indi-Gest of a favorite tongue twister. Say it, I dare you. "A flea and a fly in a flue were imprisoned one day. Said the flea to the fly, 'Let us flee!' Said the fly to the flea, 'Let us fly!'" So together they flew, the flea and the fly from the flue.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

We almost had heart-disease the other day when an officer on a motor cycle followed us for several minutes. And when he finally caught up to us we found out that he only wanted to hear Amos 'n' Andy—which gave us a grand and glorious feeling because we had equipped our car with a Radio just the day before.—Mollie Zacharias, Kansas City, Mo.



## THE ASININE FOOL!

Heard during the WENR Minstrel Show.

Gene—"Ray, how do you like my new hat?"

Ray—"How much did you pay for that hat?"

Gene—"Fifteen dollars."

Ray—"Where are the holes?"

Gene—"Holes! What holes?"

Ray—"Why, the holes for the ears of the jackass that would pay fifteen dollars for a hat."—Leila Eppley, Wyandotte, Mich.

## THE RADIO FAMILY

### Monday

Wife—"Come on, let's all go out tonight,

So long since we have seen a show."

Tired man—"This age in which we live is new,

Stay home and tune the radio."

### Wednesday

Wife—"Ma sent me two seats for the opera,"

Annoyed man—"Well I, for one don't care,

I can't be bothered going out—

When there's music in the air.

### Friday

Wife—"Now dear, tonight is my birthday,

I've asked some folks we know,"

I'll open the ol' piano—

And we'll sing of the long ago."

### The Week End

Weary man—Families are so selfish

They're forever on the go

When weary man comes home

He needs his radio! !!!

—Rhea Sheldon, Kansas City, Mo.



After you read the story below you'll learn that stenos and Will Rogers haven't a patent on gum-chewing . . . Radio entertainers can do a little jaw work as well.

Station W. I. B. W. at Topeka has a "Sunshine Hour" in which each of the staff adds his bit of entertainment. They seem to make quite a picnic of it among themselves; and the announcer, a peppy, clever, young man has a genial way of letting the listeners in on the studio fun.

While announcing one morning, this summer, he stopped suddenly as though greatly disturbed and said that if the loud smacking in the studio weren't stopped he would be unable to go on. He informed us the "Massey Family," a group of five musicians, were all chewing gum and that the audience would now be favored with the chorus from "Lew-Chew-ia" with variations from "Yucatan".

The five obeyed and stepped up to the mike and smacked their gum with all their might. The effect was uproarious.—*Mrs. Allyn Hartzell, Rossville, Kansas.*

Once upon a time Indi-Gest was a distance fiend and sat up until 1 G.M. o' nights trying to get Cuba and Chile and San Francisco but lately, Indi has been content to just twiddle the dials to our own New York locals. But on seeing the picture of Frank Watanabe and his cheery saffron smile, the old urge arose and after several alarms, the KNX Los Angeles station came in through my set. It took a while, but Frank (Eddy Holder) was worth it. He's hilarious.

Weener Minstrels (WENR). Bill.—*"The girls were all dressed swell."*

Gene.—*"How do you know? What do you know about women's garb?"*

Bill.—*"Well, I guess I know swell garbage when I see it."*—*Florence Haist, Box 157, Lindenwold, N. J.*

### HOT DOG!

The Weenies have it again. If you look carefully, you'll see that the last one, from our keen-eared reporter in New Jersey, comes from the same perpetual spring of humor as this, reported from Kentucky.

(*Weener Minstrels, Station WENR*). Gene.—*Chuck, where were you going with those cuspidors, last night?*

Chuck.—*I was taking them home to my dog.*

Gene.—*To your dog! why, what kind of a dog have you?*

Chuck.—*Spitz.*—*Sue Dickerson, 329 Clifton Avenue, Lexington, Ky.*

### MISTAKEN INDENTITY

Being a 'cellist on WCAE—Gimbels in Pittsburgh, I have heard many amusing statements by the announcers.

During the vacation season, a substitute announcer, apparently unfamiliar with composers and compositions, was announcing a program presented by a concert pianist which included a composition by the great German composer, Richard Wagner, from the opera "The Flying Dutchman."

The announcer, anxious to make some comments, inquired of one of the experienced announcers who (in a joke) stated the composition was written by that famous ballplayer (shortstop) Hans Wagner who was often termed "The



Frank Watanabe Himself

Flying Dutchman." This was given with the utmost sincerity on this dignified piano recital.

Much to the announcer's surprise, the Radio editor of a local newspaper who happened to be in the control room, rushed into the studio and inquired again, who composed the number, as he couldn't believe his ears.—*William L. Roberts, 312 N. Graham St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

That poor substitute announcer probably said good-bye to Gimbel's the next day. Undoubtedly he was sorry he didn't go to school now, when all

children listen in to Walter Damrosch on Friday mornings and will grow up so musically erudite that jazz will be banished from Radio.

Gather round me, and I'll tell you a secret, but don't broadcast it. I was told this by an announcer over in Newark, but promised on my word of honor not to reveal any names.

It seems there was a very, very, very distinguished personage who was scheduled to broadcast on a holiday program in that Jersey city. At the close of his address Paul Whiteman (the joke's not on him, so it's all right) was to burst into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner", with his band. Of course, Paul Whiteman has his time scheduled down to the last second, but the speakers before the Distinguished Personage talked on and on and on, until Paul grew fidgety.

Just after the Chief Speaker started, the big band leader told the station manager that he would have to leave in fifteen minutes to make a New York engagement. It looked as though the D. P. would talk at least a half hour,

*"Excuse, please! Mr. and Mrs. Madame."*

*"It is to orriving upon Los Angeles for tropping a work of job. I one high class domesticated scientist with brains, sank you! Most duty of recent are useful sweeping and dish to wash also put out milk bottles, nudge away cigar butt and smear dirt from window."*

*"Hoping you are the same, Frank Watanabe."*

and he was not a man whom one could ask to "make it snappy." The tactful Station Manager was not phased, however. He just had the speaker's microphone disconnected at the end of an appropriate sentence and Whiteman's band concluded the program, as scheduled. When Whiteman had finished his program and was in the tubes on the way back to Manhattan, the speaker was still talking into his disconnected mike!

Station WENR, Weener Minstrel Show:

"I was driving by the County Asylum when a woman inmate put her head out of a window on the third floor and shouted:

"I want a bucket of beer, I want it right now and I don't mean maybe."

At that time a colored man, walking by, heard her and said:

"Lady, you might 'a' been crazy when they put you in there, but you is sho' talking sense now."—*W. D. Mackenzie, 406 Woodland St., Nashville, Tenn.*



The gossip shop has one to report on Norman Brokenshire, veteran CBS announcer. New York now has such a complicated system of you-can-park-here-until-blank-o'clock rules and regulations that Norman became a little confused and picked the wrong spot or the wrong hour or something, and was the recipient of one of those complimentary tickets issued by the traffic cop.

In court, when the clerk called "Norman Brokenshire," the judge frowned and said, "You have the same name as the Radio announcer, haven't you?"

"I am the announcer," said Norman.



"If that is true let the court hear you announce," commanded the judge.

After the courtroom resounded with the familiar "How Do You Do, Ladies and Gentlemen, How Do You Do," the judge rapped for order and said, "Very fine, very fine. In fact, \$5.00 Fine!"

#### HEREAFTER, BUT NOT HEAVEN!

The Dutch Masters over WJZ:—

Al Bernard—Mr. Shelly, do you believe in hereafter?

Mr. Shelly—Yes, I do.

Al—Well, Mr. Shelly do you remember those \$2.00 you borrowed last week?

Mr. Shelly—Uh-huh.

Al—Well, that's what I'm here-after.  
—Marion Fensterle, Telford, Pa.

George Bacmus, CBS dramatic director, believes that when the script calls for a kiss or a hug the players should actually go through the motions, even if they are unseen. The other day a woman visitor in a CBS studio saw a male actor ardently kissing his leading lady.

"Do they always do that?" she asked.

"More sometimes," a Page grinned.

"Is that so? Well, I'm that man's wife."—Franklin Day, Sergeant, Ky.

#### THIS CURL (OR WAVE) IS PERMANENT!

Phil Cook told this good one.

Puffy—Say Phil, how does a hairdresser end his days?

Phil—I don't know Puffy—how does he?

Puffy—He just curls up and dyes—  
Carl W. Horn, Lancaster Pa.

#### INDI-GEST-ION

Radio John of WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr., told the story of two ex-service men who were talking. One told the other that the day before he had met the cook that they had in France. The other looked at him. "He may be a cook to you but to me he was just a source of indigestion."—Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.

#### E-G-Y-P-T

Earl May, teacher of KMA's (Shenandoah, Iowa) country school told a pupil:

"Use the word Egypt in a sentence."

"I paid a grocer and he gave me the change but E-gypt me."—Frances Cherry, Wayne, Neb.

Indy took Marcella out to lunch the other day but discovered only 50c in the exchequer! So Marcella had to pay the check, and while she didn't mean to insinuate that Indy had Scotch characteristics, she said the incident reminded her of this one.

A Scotchman who uses the umpteen dollar a minute telephone to London on business quite often, paid a call on Floyd Gibbons the other day. He wanted to negotiate with a view to obtaining Floyd's services on his twice-weekly long distance conversations!



At W L W the other evening, the announcer introducing the Plymouth Motor Car program said, "The first selection to be played on this evening's program is 'Through.'"—Helen O'Brien, Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### IT WAS A GAS-EATER

Not so long ago, on an NBC network program, an announcer whom I shall call Mr. Smith and a guest artist who might have been named Miss Jones held a colloquy.

Mr. Smith asked Miss Jones if she had given her car a name. "I call her Shasta," answered Miss Jones.

"Ah," said Mr. Smith, "she must be a daisy, then. Does the name indicate that your car has any connection or relation to the Shasta daisy?" "No connection, whatever," answered Miss

Jones. "I call her Shasta because Sh'hasta have air, sh'hasta have water, sh'hasta have oil, sh'hasta have gas, sh'hasta have a whole lot of things."—W. E. Brown, Fort Worth, Texas.

#### MALAPROP ON THE AIR

Amos—"Did yo' really love Susie?"

Andy—Well, prepsodent and prepso-did?"

Here are a few from a Milwaukee man who enjoys Quinn Ryan so much that he must sit down with a shorthand notebook and take down Quinn's remarks verbatim, to gloat over and chuckle upon when there is a big S.O.S. and aerial silence. Or perhaps he doesn't know shorthand and has bought one of those new Victor recording thingamajigs that Indy saw at the Radio show. You know, you just put the needle on and let your power (or plain) speaker mouth its words into the ear of this clever invention. Or you can talk into it yourself and preserve your inflections for your posterity. But to get back to Quinn Ryan:—

Here are some of the amusing excerpts from Quinn Ryan's sport broadcast. Quinn must believe that "Variety is the spice of life".

"Hack Wilson is picking up dirt again. He will do dirt to the next pitch. He only picked up an acre or two. Whee—it's a home run into the right field stands. His thirty-fifth home run with Kiki on first base. Boy! oh boy!" (Whistles)

"Don't collide, boys. McCarthy ought to teach his players some football signals. That is the second time they collided.

"I wonder where Earl Richard is today. He told me this one.



"There was a man, who while walking along the shore of a lake in Wisconsin, always kept on saying, 'No—no—no. No, that isn't it. No—no, no no no. I say NO.'" Upon inquiring he found out that this man was a Yes-man from a big Chicago corporation, on his vacation."—M. D. Wallner, Milwaukee, Wis.



# Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

## Conductor Stokowski Improves Quality of Symphony Orchestra Broadcasts

TO OUR minds one of the outstanding events of the Radio year 1929 was the broadcasting of the symphony concerts by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Stokowski. The Philadelphia Storage Battery Company deserves credit for the sponsoring of programs of such merit and the engineers of the National Broadcasting Company who were responsible for the transmission of these programs to the listener must also share in this credit. In these days when almost any aggregation of musicians is likely to be called a symphony orchestra, when anyone who wields a baton is a maestro, it is enjoyable to listen to Mr. Stokowski's orchestra because of its excellence—and because Mr. Stokowski, perhaps more than any other conductor, has taken to heart the problems of broadcasting large symphony orchestras and has worked closely with the broadcast engineers to improve the quality of these programs.

One of the major problems involved in the broadcasting of a symphony concert is that of compressing the volume



Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra

range of the orchestra within limits that can satisfactorily be transmitted by present-day broadcasting apparatus. Normally this responsibility is assumed by an engineer who adjusts controls to keep the very loud passages from overloading the apparatus, and the triple piano passages from becoming so weak as to be lost to the listener during broadcasting.

Mr. Stokowski reasoned that if the dynamic range of an orchestra must be reduced that the person most qualified to do this is the conductor. He therefore undertook to so conduct his orchestra as to make it unnecessary to have any engineer monitor the program. He did this with the aid of an electrical instrument, mounted on his music stand, which continuously indicated the volume of the music. Mr. Stokowski was then able by careful conducting to keep the volume within the required range. As a result the music, as the listener heard it, seemed much more natural. It had no sudden or artificial changes in volume; it was more nearly an exact reproduction of the sounds being produced by the orchestra.

During the time that has elapsed since Mr. Stokowski's Radio concerts of last fall, he has been in almost constant touch with NBC engineers. As a result we understand certain new devices have been developed, probably to be used by Mr. Stokowski in his second series of Radio concerts to be broadcast this fall under the sponsorship of the Philadelphia Storage Battery Company.

# of the Radio Arts

## Experiments with High Power

THE WESTINGHOUSE Electric and Manufacturing Company was recently granted permission by the Federal Radio Commission to experiment with broadcast transmitter power up to 400 kilowatts, which is eight times as much power as is used by the largest existing broadcasting stations. These experiments will be made at the new KDKA station being built near Saxonburg, Pa.

Success of these experiments will depend largely upon a new tube designed by Westinghouse engineers. This tube is rated at 200 kilowatts, it is six feet high, and weighs 60 pounds. Quite a tube! In operation it is necessary to cool the tube, in the same manner that an automobile motor is cooled, by means of circulating currents of cold water.

Approximately five tons of cooling water must be passed through the water jacket of the tube each hour it is in operation—one hour's operation of the tube would heat enough water to supply the requirements of an average home for several weeks.

Whenever a broadcasting station desires to increase its power, or make experiments with the use of high power, someone always seems to raise the cry of "super-power", forgetting that the only reason that a station desires more power is to improve its service to the public. When the term "super-power" is applied to a large power station, such as is to be erected in South Carolina, with a capacity of 200,000 kilowatts, the phase has some significance. Back in 1924 Mr. David

Sarnoff very sensibly suggested that broadcasting stations using considerable amounts of power could more properly be referred to as "long range stations".

After all, the success of any station depends largely upon its ability to supply a large number of listeners with a signal strong enough for satisfactory reception at all times of the year. This means that

the signal must be strong enough to override local noise and static, for no simple, cheap, and effective device to eliminate static has ever been invented—not that such a device wouldn't be of great utility!

The Institute of Radio Engineers, an organization which numbers among its members many of the most prominent Radio engineers throughout the country, has laid down some very specific recommendations regarding the most desirable location of broadcasting stations. These recommendations include one to locate a broadcasting station at such a distance from the nearest populous center as to make the interference produced by the station negligible in comparison with its service area. Although the recommendations are based on definite technical considerations, they really consider the old adage, "the greatest good to the greatest number".

The British Broadcasting Corporation is at present constructing a new building which when completed will be the new center of broadcasting in England, replacing the present headquarters at Savoy Hill. The design of the new building will be simple, almost severe, depending for its effect more on the grouping of masonry than upon profusion of detail.

The estimated cost is between two and two and one-half million dollars. The enterprise is being financed by a syndicate on terms favorable to the British Broadcasting Corporation which retains an option to purchase if and when this appears desirable.



The new tube, designed by engineers of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, to be used in experiments with high power at the new KDKA station being erected at Saxonburg, Pa. This monster tube is six feet tall, weighs 60 pounds, and is cooled by five tons of water each hour of its operation!



# Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

## Electrical Musical Instruments

FROM the earliest days the production of sounds by musical instruments has depended upon one of three things; a current of air, as in the case of horns and the organ, or upon friction, used in instruments which are bowed, or upon percussion, in the case of drums. Some time ago there was announced the RCA Theremin, an instrument utilizing Radio vacuum tubes for the production of musical sounds. This instrument was a development of the Thereminvox, an invention of Professor Leon Theremin, of the Institute Physico-Technique of Leningrad. It was first demonstrated before a select audience of musicians and critics; later, before a much larger audience at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

The RCA Theremin has no stops or keyboards and is operated entirely by the motion of one's hands with respect to two metal bars, one of which controls the pitch and the other the volume. The hands are not placed in contact with the metal bars but are simply brought nearer to or further away from the bars to con-

trol the pitch and volume. The highest tone corresponds very nearly to the top note of an oboe. The lowest note is about the second G below middle C.

More recently we read of another instrument of somewhat similar design. It is known as the "Martenot", named after its inventor, and is said to permit legato, detached or staccato playing. By means of switches a very delicate "attack" is possible, or the attack can be made to resemble that of a saxophone. The instrument has the advantage possessed by the organ of continuous tone and practically unlimited pitch, but in addition can produce vibratos impossible with the organ. A series of "stops" gives the instrument sixteen distinctly different timbres. Although this instrument is operated by a so-called "keyboard" (for want of a better name) it has not the tempered scale of a keyboard instrument. A theoretically infinite number of pitch gradations can be obtained.

What will be the future of these instruments, that had their birth in the laboratory of the physicist and engineer,

and which can be produced as simply as a Radio receiver? About them can be none of the glamour of a skilled instrument maker, of a Stradivarius. Professor Theremin stated, according to an interview published some time ago in *La T. S. F. Pour Tous*, "This is not at all a plaything for me. It is much more a concrete proof, an incontestable demonstration, of my conception of the arts and sciences . . . To prove that science can render the greatest services in the development of the arts, to demonstrate the fertility of an intimate collaboration of the arts and sciences, is my aim."

IT IS reported that Rachmaninoff turned to a member of the audience that witnessed the first demonstration of the Theremin apparatus and said, when she shouted "Bravo!"—"Madame, you exaggerate." But the future of any device is seldom forecast by the first crude demonstration. In the future . . . who knows? One need look no further than his Radio receiver.

## The Voice of The Roxy

IT WILL surprise many, who disparage "mechanical music" to learn that the voices and music they hear when they visit the "Roxy", New York's largest theatre, do not come altogether directly from the stage but also reach the audience through a system of loud speakers, located on either side and above the stage. They add volume to the singer's voice and regulate the amount of sound coming from the orchestra and organs. Individual voices can be selected and strengthened above others. Certain orchestral instruments, either singly or in groups, can be brought to greater volume than the others. These results are possible with the aid of microphones located at a number of different positions. There are five microphones in the orchestra pit, one in each of the three organ consoles, and five along the footlights of the stage. In addition there are five microphones on the stage itself, six in the choral boxes and stairways and one more on the stage, hanging overhead. The circuits connect-

ing these microphones make it possible to mix the output of as many as ten mikes.

In addition there is a complete microphone and loud speaker system throughout the theatre, which makes it possible for Roxy or his assistants to talk from any one of the microphones and have his voice heard by the stage-manager, the switchboard operators, the electricians and spotlight operators, and the motion picture operators. In this way he can guide the lighting, modify the tempo or volume of the music, direct the curtain opening and closing and change of scenes.

DURING dress rehearsals Roxy takes a position in the orchestra, with a desk-like arrangement before him, containing a microphone, with which he can speak directly with the operators of the various lighting systems, with the dancers, orchestra conductors, organists, stage hands, and motion picture operators.

Supplementary systems make it pos-

sible for the stage-manager to call the performers to their places. The stage-manager speaks into a microphone at his post on the stage and his orders are heard through loud speakers located in the cafeteria, musician's lounge, rehearsal rooms, and six floors of dressing rooms.

Unintentionally we were given a good demonstration of the effectiveness of these intercommunication systems when we examined the installations a few weeks ago. As we watched the stage performance with our guide, a yellow spotlight was suddenly, and in error, thrown on the stage from one of the spotlight booths. Our guide, with a short exclamation, leaned over, picked up a microphone and said, "Cut off the yellow light." A moment later the yellow spot disappeared from the stage.

We must not close without giving credit to the Western Electric Company, who designed and installed all the loud speaker systems throughout the Roxy Theatre.—It was the Western Electric which perfected recording for the sound pictures.



# Chain Calendar Features

See index of wave lengths and kilocycles on page 108

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

## Sunday

### HEROES OF THE CHURCH—

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLP WFLB WHEC WAIU  
WFBM KMOX KMBC WBCM  
WMT WNNC WDBJ WDBJ  
WREC WLAC KRLD KJFF  
WPG WNAX

### MORNING MUSICAL—

9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WHP WFLB  
WHEC WAIU WFBM KMOX  
KMBC WLBW KFH WSPD  
WMT WNNC WDBJ WREC  
WLAC KRLD KJFF WPG  
WNAX

### LAND O' MAKE BELIEVE—

10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WHP WJAS WAIU KMOX  
KMBC WLBW KSCJ WSPD  
WMT WNNC WDBJ WREC  
WLAC KRLD KJFF WPG

### COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT- URES—

10:50 a.m. 9:50 8:50 7:50  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WHP WJAS WAIU KMOX  
KSCJ KMBC WLBW WBCM  
WSPD WMT WNNC WDBJ  
WREC WLAC KJFF WPG

### LONDON BROADCAST—

12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30  
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU  
W3XAU WMAL WHP WFLB  
WKBW WADG WAIU WFLB  
WKBW KOIL KSCJ KMBC  
WCCO WLBW WMT WTAR  
WDBJ WREC KJFF KJZ  
KFPP WPG WORC WXYZ

### JEWISH ART PROGRAM—

12:45 p.m. 11:45 10:45 9:45  
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU  
W3XAU WHP WFLB WADG  
WAIU WKBW KOIL KSCJ  
KMBC WNNC WCCO WTAR  
WDBJ WREC KJFF KJZ  
KVI KFPP WDAY WORC

### CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—

1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WCAU WMAL WHP WFLB  
WHEC WKBW WKRC WAIU  
WKBW KOIL KSCJ KMBC  
KMBC WNNC WCCO WLBW  
WBCM WMT WNNC WDBJ  
WREC WLAC KJFF KJZ  
KFPP KVI KFPP WDAY  
WPG WDAY WORC WXYZ

### CATHEDRAL HOUR

2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU  
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC  
WKBW WADG WKBW WFBM  
KMOX KOIL KSCJ KMBC  
WNNC WCCO WLBW KFH  
WBCM WSPD WMT WNNC  
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC  
KRLD KLRA KJFF KJZ  
KDYL KVI KFPP WDAY  
WPG WDAY WORC WXYZ

### NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM- PHONY ORCHESTRA—

3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU  
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC  
WKBW WADG WKBW WFBM  
KMOX KOIL KSCJ KMBC  
WNNC WCCO WLBW KFH  
WBCM WSPD WMT WNNC  
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC  
KRLD KLRA KJFF KJZ  
KDYL KVI KFPP WDAY  
WPG WDAY WORC WXYZ

### RELIGIOUS SERVICE—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL  
WHAM WLW KWK WREN  
KFAB KSTP WEBC WJAX  
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX  
WOAI KYOC KPRC WFLA  
WSB WSUN KTAI KDKA  
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA  
WRC

### "YOUR EYES"—

4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL  
WHAM KDKA WJR KYW  
KWK WREN KFAB CKGW

### ECHOES OF THE ORIENT—

5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00  
WEAF WEEL WTAG WFI  
WGY WCAE WTAM WJFC  
WWJ WOC WHO WOV  
WDAF CKGW

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

### TEA TIME TUNES—

5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30  
WEAF WEEL WTAG WFI  
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM  
WWJ KSD WOC CKGW  
WHO WOV WDAF

### CATHOLIC HOUR—

6:30 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00  
WEAF WEEL WTAG WFI  
WCBH WRC WGY WJAX  
WBC WIOD WSM WKY  
WJDX KGO KPO KSTP  
KHQ WSMB KOMO WLIT  
KSD KGW WGR WCAE  
KECA KTAR KYW WJFC  
WOC WHO WDAF WTMJ  
WJAX WFLA WSUN WHAS  
WMC WSB WBAF KPRC  
WOAI KOA WRVA KVOO  
WSAI

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

### THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—

Dr. Julius Klein  
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU WMAL WHP WJAS  
WLBW WFLB WHEC WADG  
WKRC WAIU WFBM KMOX  
KOIL KSCJ WNNC WLBW  
WSPD WMT WNNC WTAR  
WDBJ WREC WREC WLAC  
KRLD KLRA KJFF KJZ  
KDYL KKH KPRC KVI  
KFPP WNAX WDAY WORC  
WNYZ



Toscha Seidel, famous violinist, heard over the CBS

### IODENT BIG BROTHER CLUB—

7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00  
WEAF WEEL WJAR WRC  
WGY WGR WTAG WJFC  
WWJ WSAI WCAE WOC  
WHO WOV WDAF

### THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WFAU WMAL WHP  
WJAS WLBW WHEC WMAK  
WADG WKBW WFBM KMOX  
KOIL KMBC WNNC WCCO  
WLBW WMT WNNC WTAR  
WDBJ WGST WDOD KLRA  
KJZ KDYL KKH KVI  
KFPP WBT WDAY WORC

### WILLIAM OILOMATICS—

7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WKBW  
WJAX WLBW WHEC WJAX  
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX  
WOAI KYOC KPRC WFLA  
WSB WSUN KTAI KDKA  
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA  
WRC

### MAJOR BOWES' FAMILY—

7:35 p.m. 6:35 5:35 4:35  
WEAF WSMB KSTP WCBH  
WBC WDAF WIOD WMC  
WGB WJDX WJAX WJAX  
WCAE WRC WGY WJAX  
WSAI KSD WJFC WHAS  
WTAM WOAI KTHS WFLA  
WSUN WHO WOC WTAG  
WCFB WSM

### ENNA JETTIC MELODIES—

8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WKBW  
WJAX WLBW WHEC WJAX  
WIOD WMC KOMO WJDX  
WOAI KYOC KPRC WFLA  
WSB WSUN KTAI KDKA  
KGO KGW KHQ KDKA  
WRC

### COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—

8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KDKA WJR WLW KYW  
KWK WREN KOA KSL  
KPO KOMO KFI KGW

### KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAU WMAL  
WJAS WLBW WFLB WKBW  
WADG WKBW WKRC WOV  
KMOX KOIL KMBC WCCO  
WSPD WXYZ WBT

### CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL ORCHESTRA—

8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCBH  
WRC WGY WGR WCAE  
WJFC WJAX WSAI KSD  
WOW WIOD KSTP WBO  
WPTF WAPI WRVA WFAA  
WHO WOC WLIT WDAF  
WHAS WBC WMC WSB  
WSMB WJAX KTHS KPRC  
WOAI WTMJ WTAM

### JESSE CRAWFORD, Poet of the Organ

8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW  
WFLB WHEC WADG WKBW  
WKRC WFBM KMOX WNNC  
KSCJ KMBC WNNC WCCO  
WLBW WSPD WMT WNNC  
WTAR WDBJ WREC WREC  
WLAC KLRA KJFF KJZ  
KDYL KFPP WNAX WDAY  
WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

### MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU  
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFLB  
WKBW WFLB CFBK CKAC  
WADG WKBW WKRC WOV  
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL  
KMBC WNNC WCCO WLBW  
KFI WSPD WNNC WSAZ  
WREC WDBJ WRC WDOO  
WJAX WLBW WBSU KRLD  
KLRA KJFF KTHS KJZ  
KDYL KKH KPRC KOIN  
KVI KFPP WXYZ WPG  
WBT KOL

### "OUR GOVERNMENT"—

9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WEAF WTAG WJAR WCBH  
WBC WGY WCAE KSD  
WHAS WKY WSAI WJFC  
WSB WMC WSM WFAA  
WOW WOAI WPTF WSBM  
WTIC WJDX WIOD WFLA  
WSUN WOC WFLA WEE  
WRC WLIT WWJ

### WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS—

9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KDKA WJR KWK WFLA  
WLW KYW

### EL TANGO ROMANTICO—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WJZ WJR KWK WREN  
WTMJ KSTP WRVA WJAX  
WEBC WMC WFLA WSUN  
WBZ WBZA WJDX KFAB  
WIOD KOA WSM WCFL

### MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—

10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU  
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFLB  
WHEC WMAK WADG WKRC  
WFBM KMOX KOIL KSCJ  
KMBC WNNC WLBW KFH  
WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ  
WREC WLAC KLRA KJFF  
KJZ KDYL KFPP WNAX  
WDAY WORC WXYZ

### STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—

10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15  
WEAF WTIC WTAG WFI  
WCBH WRC WGY WCAE  
WTAM WJAX WGN KSTP  
WJAR WTMJ KOA WEBC  
KGO KGW WOV KOMO  
KFI KHQ WEEI WDAF  
WGY WGR KSD

### ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—

10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15  
WEAF WEEL WRC WFI  
WGY WCAE WCAE WJAX  
WJZ WSAI KSD WOV  
KSTP KOA KSL KFI  
KGO KOMO KPO KHQ  
WSM WMC WFAA KPRC  
WOAI WKY WSB WHAS  
WGN WSB WOC WHO

### AROUND THE SAMOVAR—

10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAU  
WMAL WJAS WLBW WFLB  
WHEC WKBW WKBW WSPD  
WTAR WDBJ WPG WORC  
WXYZ

### SETH PARKER—

10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45  
WEAF WCAE WHAS WJFC  
WJAX WOV WKY WJAX  
WPTF WGY WRC KOA  
KGO WEEI WIOD WMC  
WSB WGR WEBC KGW  
KVI WSM WHO WJDX  
WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD  
WDAF WSBM KPRC KOMO  
KHQ WTMJ WOC KTAR  
KSD KMJ

### KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—

11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KDKA WJR KWK WREN  
WLW WENR

### RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—

11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30  
WEAF WCAE WHAS WJFC  
WJAX WOV WKY WJAX  
WPTF WGY WRC KOA  
KGO WEEI WIOD WMC  
WSB WGR WEBC KGW  
KVI WSM WHO WJDX  
WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD  
WDAF WSBM KPRC KOMO  
KHQ WTMJ WOC KTAR  
KSD KMJ

## Monday

### ORGAN REVEILLE— (Daily except Sunday)—

8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC  
WKBW WFLB CFBK CKAC  
WADG WKBW WKRC WOV  
WFBM WBBM KMOX KOIL  
KMBC WNNC WCCO WLBW  
KFI WSPD WNNC WSAZ  
WREC WDBJ WRC WDOO  
WJAX WLBW WBSU KRLD  
KLRA KJFF KTHS KJZ  
KDYL KKH KPRC KOIN  
KVI KFPP WXYZ WPG  
WBT KOL



# Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**THE QUAKER MAN—**  
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WEAF WJAR WEEL WTAG  
WCSH WFI WRC WGY  
WGB WCAE WTAM WWJ  
WSAI CKGW WRVA WPTF  
WJAX WIOD WFLA

**MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—**  
8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15  
WEAF WCAE WGY WHAS  
WOW WGR WFI WCSH  
WLS WRC WBY WCKY  
WTFE WIOD WAPI WFLA  
WSUN WTAG WJAX WJDX  
WRC WRVA

**CHEERIO (daily except Sunday)—**  
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WEAF WEEL WCKY WRC  
WGR WJAR WGY WCSH  
WCAE WFI WRC WBY  
KSTP WAPI KPRC WFT  
WBS WJAX WPTF WTAG  
WOAI CKGW WIOD WHAS  
WMC WSUN WTAM WSM  
WML WBIO WJDX

**MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—**  
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW  
WKRC WKBW KMOX KSCJ  
KFH WBCM WSPD WNNC  
WBDJ WBRC WLAC KLRA  
KFJF WPG

**THE MELODY PARADE—(daily except Sunday)—**  
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW  
WKRC WKBW KMOX KSCJ  
KFH WBCM WSPD WNNC  
WBDJ WBRC WLAC KLRA  
KFJF WPG

**SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily except Sunday)—**  
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WABC W2XE WHP WJAX  
WFLB WKBW WADC WMAQ  
KMOX KOIL KSCJ WBCM  
WMT WNNC WDBJ WBRC  
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF  
WPG WXYZ

**MORNING MELODIES—(daily except Sunday)—**  
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WEAF WRC WWJ WOW  
WHAS WGY WTAM WAPI  
WGR WSM

**POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKLES MAN—**  
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WLW WLS WRC WBY  
KWK WREN KFAB WTAMJ  
KSTP WEBC

**BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—**  
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW  
WHBC WKBW WADC KMOX  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK KFH  
WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ  
WLAC KRLD KLRA KFJF  
WPG WXYZ

**RADIO HOME MAKERS—(daily except Sunday)—**  
10:00 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WHP WJAX WLBW WFLB  
WKBW WADC WKRC KMOX  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ  
WLAC KRLD KLRA KFJF  
WPG WXYZ

**THE MANHATTEN—**  
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WBZ WBZ WREN WRVA  
KSTP WHAM KYW WSM  
WSB WAPI WTAMJ WJZ  
WBAL KWK

**RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—**  
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15  
WEAF WJAR WTAG WCSH  
WLIT WFI WHAS WLS  
WSB WGR WCAE WWJ  
WSAI KFKX KTAM KSD  
WOW WTAMJ KSTP WEBC  
WAPI WSMB KTHS KVOO  
KFRC WOAI WKY WEEL  
WGY WMC

**SWEET AND LOW DOWN—**  
11:30 a.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30  
WEAF WTAG WRC WGR  
WCAE WWJ WTAMJ WJDX  
WEBC WRVA WHAS WMC  
WAPI WGY KSTP WSM  
WTAM WBIO KOA

**COLUMBIA REVUE—(daily except Sunday)—**  
12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00  
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU  
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP  
WJAX WLBW WHEC WKBW  
WADC WFCB KSCJ KMBK  
WISN WCCO WBBW WBCM  
WMT WNNC WTAR WDBJ  
WBRC WREC KLRA KFJF  
KHJ KFRC KVI KFPY  
WPG WDAY WORC KOL

# Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHES-TRA—(daily except Sunday)—**  
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WHP WJAX WLBW WFLB  
WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU  
KSCJ KMBK WBBW WKBW  
WBCM WMT WTAR WSMB  
WREC WLBZ KLRA KFJF  
KLZ KDYL KVI KFPY  
WPG WDAY WORC KOL  
WXYZ

**NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR**  
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30  
WJZ WHAM KDKA WRC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WRVA  
WPTF WHAS WSM WOV  
WMC WSB KVOO WKY  
WOAI WRC WHO WDAF  
KPRC WJDX WBAL WSMB  
WIOD WREN KOA WFAA  
WBZ WOC WBZA WFLA  
KFAB WAPI KTHS WFLA  
WSUN KFKX WJAX

**COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-URES—(daily except Sunday)—**  
2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO  
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC  
WMAK WKRC WKBW WMAQ  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
WCCO WBBW WBCM WSPD  
WMT WNNC WTAR WDBJ  
WREC WLAC KRLD KLRA  
KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI  
KFPY WPG WDAY WORC  
KOL WXYZ

**COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—**  
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO  
WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC  
WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU  
KSCJ KMBK WBBW WKBW  
WBCM WMT WTAR WDBJ  
WREC WLBZ KLRA KFJF  
KHJ KFRC KVI KFPY  
WPG WDAY WORC KOL  
WXYZ

**THE MERRY MAKERS—**  
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00  
WEAF KSD WOC WHO  
WCAE WTAG WDAF WWJ  
WRC WGR WTAM

**LADY NEXT DOOR—(daily except Sunday)—**  
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00  
WEAF WRC KSD WTAG  
WSM WGR WFAA WHAS

**MY BOOKHOUSE STORY TIME—(Mon., Wed., Fri.)—**  
5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WFLB WKBW WADC WWO  
WSPD WXYZ

**BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA**  
(daily except Sunday)  
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00  
WEAF WOC WKY KOA  
WHO WRC WGY WCAE  
WOW KSTP CKGW WSM  
WGR WAPI KGO WTAR  
WCSH KSD WHAS

**MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR**  
6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00  
WJZ WBAL WSM KWK  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
KFBK KGW KPO KGO  
CKGW WRC WHAS KDKA  
KSTP KFSD KTAR WAPI  
WFAA

**LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF**  
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45  
WJZ WBZ WBZ WHAM  
WRVA WPTF WJAX WIOD  
KDKA WFAA

**THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—AMOS 'N' ANDY—(daily except Sun.)—**  
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00  
WJZ WBZ WHAM KDKA  
WBZ WRC KGO WRVA  
WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY  
WFLA WSUN WBAL

**CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kalten-ber-**  
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP  
WJAX WLBW WFLB WHEC  
WKBW WAIU WBBW WKBW  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
WBCM WMT WTAR WDBJ  
KLZ KVI KFPY KFPY  
WDAY WORC KOL

**PHIL COOK—(daily except Sunday)—**  
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
WJZ WBZ WBZ WHAM  
WSUN WIOD WKY WRVA  
WPTF WJAX WBAL WHAM  
KDKA WHAS WENR KWK  
WREN KFAB WTAMJ KSTP  
WBS WSM WEBC WSMB  
WJDX WAI KTHS KGO  
KGO WRC KMO KMO  
KFSD KTAR KPRC WFAA

**EVANGELINE ADAMS—(Mon., Wed. and Friday)—**  
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WJAX WLBW WFLB WKBW  
CFRB WADC WHEC WKRC  
WOWO WBBW KMOX KOL  
KMBK WSPD WXYZ WPG  
WBT

# Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**WJAX WLBW WFBL WHEC**  
WKBW CFBW WADC WKH  
WERC WAIU WFBM KMOX  
KOL WISN WCCO WGL  
WSPD WNNC WTAR WSBJ  
WGST WBRC WDOD WREC  
WDSU KLRA WRR KFJF  
WXYZ KTRH

**SINCLAIR PROGRAM—**  
"Going Places"  
7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WCAO WKBW WADC WHEC  
WKRC WMAQ KMOX KOIL  
KSCJ WSPD WGST KRLD  
WXYZ WBT

**ROXY AND HIS GANG—**  
7:50 p.m. 6:50 5:50 4:50  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KWK WSB WSM WCKY  
KGO KFAB KOA WFLA  
WSUN WRC KGO WFLA  
CKGW WBO KTHS

**HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—**  
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00  
WEAF WIOD WPTF WJAX  
WJZ WTAG WLIT WCSH  
KSD KMOX WRC WCAE  
WGR WFTJ WWJ WSAI  
KSD WOC WOV WHO  
KYW WDAF KSTP WJDX  
WSMB KGO KVOO KPRC  
WOAI KOA KECA KGW  
WFLA WSUN WTIC

**A. & P. GYPSIES—**  
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30  
WEAF WEEL WTAG WJAR  
WTIC WCSH WLIT WRC  
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ  
WSAI WGN KSD WOC  
WDAF WTAM WOV WHO

**MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—**  
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KDKA WJR KYW KWK  
WSMB WREN KSTP WREC  
WSM KTHS WKY WOAI  
KOI KSL WCKY WJDX  
KGO KECA KGW KHQ  
KMO WTAMJ WHAS WMC  
WFAA WSB KVOO KPRC

**MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL SYM-phony Hour—Henri Verbruggen**  
Conductor.  
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WFLB WKBW WADC WWO  
WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBK  
WISN WCCO WSPD WXYZ  
WBT WPG

**AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—Ad-ventures of Don Amazo.**  
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
WCAU W3XAU WJAX WLBW  
WADC WHEC WKRC WKBW  
WBBM KOIL KSCJ WISN  
WCCO WSPD WMT KRLD  
KDYL KHJ KFRC KOIN  
KFPY WCAH WDAY WNNX  
KNX KOL

**BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—**  
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00  
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO  
WLBW WFLB WKBW WFBM  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
WBBW KFH WBCM WMT  
WNNC WJAX WDBJ WBRC  
WREC KLRA KFJF KRLD  
KFPY WPG WNNX WDAY  
WORC KOL WXYZ

**BERT LOWN AND HIS BILTMORE ORCHESTRA—**  
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO  
WHEC WKBW WFBM KOIL  
KMBK WISN WCCO WBT  
KFB WBCM WSPD WMT  
WNNC WTAR WDBJ WREC  
WBRC WODD WREC WREC  
WLAC KLRA KLZ KDYL  
KFRC KFPY WXYZ WDAY  
KOL WBT WNNX

**COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—**  
Heywood Brown  
11:35 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO  
WLBW WFLB WKBW WFBM  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
WCCO WBBW WBCM WMT  
WMT WNNC WTAR WDBJ  
WBRC WREC KLRA KFJF  
KLZ KFPY WPG WNNX  
WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

**SONNY WATKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA—**  
11:35 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO  
WMAL WFLB WKBW WFBM  
WKBW WFBM KOIL KMBK  
KFB WBBW WSPD WMT  
WNNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC  
WREC KLRA KFJF KRLD  
KFPY WPG WNNX WDAY  
WORC KOL WXYZ

**BOURJOIS—An Evening in Paris—**  
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WJAX WLBW WFLB WKBW  
CFRB WADC WHEC WKRC  
WOWO WBBW KMOX KOL  
KMBK WSPD WXYZ WPG  
WBT

# Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

**CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—**  
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KDKA WLBW WKBW WFLA  
WJR WREN WCKW CKGW

**GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY**  
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR  
WCSH WTAG WLIT WRC  
WGY WGR WCAE WTAM  
WWJ WGN KSD WOC  
WOW WSAI WDAF KSTP  
WTMJ WHAS WSM WMC  
WSB WJAX WFAA KECA  
WOAI KPRC WKY KOA  
KSL KGO KGW KMO  
KHQ WHO

**ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PRO-GRAM—**  
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL  
WJAX WLBW WFLB WKBW  
WADC WHEC WKBW WWO  
WFBM WMAQ KMOX KOIL  
KMBK WCCO WSPD KRLD  
KFJF KTHS KLZ KDYL  
KHJ KFRC KOIN KVI  
KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT  
KTRH KOL

**STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM**  
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00  
WHAM WJZ WBZ WBZA  
WREN KDKA KYW KWK  
WIOD WEBC WRVA WJAX  
WSB WHAS WSM WMC  
KPRC WSB WKY KTHS  
KFI WOAI KOA KGO  
KMO WCKY KGW KHQ  
KVOO WJDX KSTP WPTF  
KFSD WFLA WSUN KTAR

**SIGN OF THE SHELL—**  
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
WEAF WEEL WTIC WJAR  
WTAG WCSH WLIT WRC  
WGY WGR WCAE WWJ  
WSAI WENR KSD WOC  
WOW WDAF WRVA KOA  
KSTP WPTF WJAX WIOD  
WHAS WSM WKY WSB  
WSMB WJDX WEBC WHO  
WTAM

**EMPIRE BUILDERS—**  
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30  
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM  
KDKA WJR WRC KYW  
KWK WREN WTNJ WJAX  
KSTP WEBC KOA KSL  
KGO KECA KGW KMO  
KHV KTAR KFSD WKY  
WBAP

## Tuesday

**POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACK-ELS MAN—Phil Cook—**  
8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45  
WLW WRC WOC WCK  
WTMJ WJR WGN WKBW  
KFAB KSTP WEBC WAPI  
WSMB WJDX KVOO KPRC  
WOAI WHO WOV WKY  
WDAF WEBC WPTF WJAX  
WIOD WFLA WSN WHAS  
WSM WMC WSB

**MORNING MOODS—(Daily except Sunday and Monday)**  
9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30  
WABC W2XE WCAU W3XAU  
WMAL WHP WLBW WFLB  
WKBW WADC WAIU KMOX  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK KFH  
WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ  
WBRC WREC WLAC KRLD  
KLRA KFJF WPG WXYZ

**JOSEPHINE B. GIBSON—**  
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45  
WJZ WBZ WBZ WHAM  
KDKA WCKY KWK WSM  
WMC WSB WAPI WSMB  
WREN KSTP WEBC WRVA  
WIBO WIOD KTHS KVOO  
WBAP KPRC WAPI WJAX  
WXY WTAMJ WHAS WPTF  
WJDX WJAX

**"YOUR CHILD"—**  
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00  
WEAF WRC WOC WGY  
WWJ WSM KSTP WJAR  
WCAE WSAI KSL WIOD  
WHAS WKY KPRC KTHS  
WDAF WRVA WAPI WSMB  
WOAI KOA WHO WTAG  
WIBO

**FAMOUS FOLK—**  
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO  
WMAL WHP WJAX WLBW  
WHEC WKBW WAIU KMOX  
KOIL KSCJ KMBK WISN  
WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ  
WDBJ WREC KRLD KLRA  
KVI KFPY WPG WORC  
KOL WXYZ

**THE METROPOLITANS—Nat Brasil-off and his Novelty Orchestra.**  
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00  
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC  
WFLA WCAU WMAL WHP  
WJAX WHEC WMAK WADC  
WHEC WKRC WAIU WKBW  
KOIL KSCJ WISN WCCO  
KFB WBCM WSPD WMT  
WNNC WTAR WDBJ WBRC  
WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF  
KFRC KVI KFPY WPG  
WDAY WORC WXYZ







[illegible]











# Stations Alphabetically Listed

*Watch Each Issue of Radio Digest for  
Corrected Official Wavelengths*

## K

- KBPS.....Portland, Ore.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KBTM.....Paragould, Ark.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KCRC.....Enid, Okla.  
250 w.—1370 kc.  
KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.  
50,000 w.—980 kc.  
KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah  
1000 w.—1290 kc.  
KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—1430 kc.  
KELW.....Burbank, Calif.  
500 w.—780 kc.  
KEX.....Portland, Ore.  
5000 w.—1180 kc.  
KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.  
5000 w.—770 kc.  
KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.  
2500 w.—1280 kc.  
KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KFDM.....Beaumont, Texas  
1000 w.—560 kc.  
KFDD.....Brookings, S. D.  
1000 w.—550 kc.  
KFEL.....Denver, Colo.  
500 w.—920 kc.  
KFEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.  
2500 w.—680 kc.  
KFGQ.....Boone, Iowa  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KFH.....Wichita, Kans.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.  
KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
5000 w.—640 kc.  
KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.  
100 w.—1120 kc.  
KFIZ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KFJB.....Marshalltown, Iowa  
250 w.—1200 kc.  
KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.  
5000 w.—1480 kc.  
KFJL.....Astoria, Ore.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KFJR.....Portland, Ore.  
500 w.—1300 kc.  
KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.  
1000 w.—880 kc.  
KFKB.....Milford, Kans.  
5000 w.—1050 kc.  
KFKU.....Lawrence, Kans.  
1000 w.—1220 kc.  
KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.  
10,000 w.—1020 kc.  
KPLV.....Rockford, Ill.  
500 w.—1410 kc.  
KPLX.....Galveston, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.  
KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa  
1000 w.—890 kc.  
KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.  
250 w.—1210 kc.  
KFOX.....Long Beach, Calif.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.  
KFPL.....Dublin, Texas  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.  
1000 w.—1340 kc.  
KPDQ.....Anchorage, Alaska  
100 w.—1230 kc.  
KPFU.....Holy City, Calif.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KPOW.....Seattle, Wash.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KPRC.....San Francisco, Calif.  
1000 w.—610 kc.  
KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.  
500 w.—630 kc.  
KPSD.....San Diego, Calif.  
1000 w.—600 kc.
- KPSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
500 w.—1120 kc.  
KFUL.....Galveston, Texas  
500 w.—1290 kc.  
KPUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.  
KFUO.....Clayton, Mo.  
1000 w.—550 kc.  
KFUP.....Denver, Colo.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KFPD.....Culver City, Calif.  
250 w.—1000 kc.  
KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.  
1000 w.—950 kc.  
KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KFWL.....San Francisco, Calif.  
500 w.—930 kc.  
KFXF.....Denver, Col.  
500 w.—920 kc.  
KFXX.....San Bernardino, Calif.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.  
250 w.—1310 kc.  
KFXV.....Flagstaff, Ariz.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KFYO.....Abilene, Texas  
250 w.—1420 kc.  
KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.  
500 w.—550 kc.  
KGA.....Spokane, Wash.  
5000 w.—1470 kc.  
KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.  
250 w.—1370 kc.  
KGB.....San Diego, Calif.  
250 w.—1330 kc.  
KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska  
500 w.—900 kc.  
KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KGBZ.....York, Nebr.  
1000 w.—930 kc.  
KGC.....San Antonio, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KCCR.....Watertown, S. D.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KCCU.....Mandan, N. D.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.  
250 w.—1310 kc.  
KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.  
250 w.—1200 kc.  
KGDH.....Stockton, Calif.  
250 w.—1100 kc.  
KGEF.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.  
KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.  
1000 w.—1360 kc.  
KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KGFF.....Alva, Okla.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KGFG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KGFI.....Corpus Christi, Texas  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
KGFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KGFV.....Ravenna, Nebr.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KGFY.....Pierre, S. D.  
200 w.—580 kc.  
KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KGGF.....Picher, Okla.  
500 w.—1010 kc.  
KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.  
500 w.—1230 kc.  
KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.  
500 w.—1320 kc.  
KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KGHL.....Billings, Mont.  
500 w.—950 kc.  
KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho  
250 w.—1320 kc.  
KGIK.....Butte, Mont.  
500 w.—1360 kc.  
KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.  
250 w.—890 kc.  
KGBB.....Brownwood, Texas  
100 w.—1500 kc.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas  
500 w.—570 kc.  
KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
KGM.....Honolulu, Hawaii  
500 w.—1320 kc.  
KGMF.....Elk City, Okla.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KGNF.....North Platte, Nebr.  
500 w.—1430 kc.  
KGNU.....Dodge City, Kans.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.  
7500 w.—790 kc.  
KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas  
1000 w.—1410 kc.  
KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii  
1000 w.—940 kc.  
KGW.....Portland, Ore.  
1000 w.—620 kc.  
KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—900 kc.  
KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.  
1000 w.—590 kc.  
KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho  
500 w.—1320 kc.  
KIDO.....Boise, Idaho  
1000 w.—1250 kc.  
KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.  
100 w.—1070 kc.  
KJR.....Seattle, Wash.  
5000 w.—970 kc.  
KLO.....Ogden, Utah  
500 w.—1400 kc.  
KLPM.....Minot, N. D.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.  
1000 w.—1390 kc.  
KLS.....Oakland, Calif.  
250 w.—1440 kc.  
KLX.....Oakland, Calif.  
500 w.—880 kc.  
KLZ.....Denver, Colo.  
1000 w.—560 kc.  
KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa  
1000 w.—930 kc.  
KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.  
1000 w.—950 kc.  
KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.  
500 w.—1120 kc.  
KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.  
1000 w.—740 kc.  
KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.  
500 w.—860 kc.  
KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.  
5000 w.—1090 kc.  
KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.  
500 w.—710 kc.  
KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
500 w.—570 kc.  
KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.  
5000 w.—1050 kc.  
KOA.....Denver, Colo.  
12,500 w.—830 kc.  
KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.  
1000 w.—550 kc.  
KOB.....State College, N. M.  
20,000 w.—1180 kc.  
KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.  
500 w.—1400 kc.  
KOH.....Reno, Nev.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa  
1000 w.—1260 kc.  
KOIN.....Portland, Ore.  
1000 w.—940 kc.  
KOL.....Seattle, Wash.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.  
KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.  
1000 w.—920 kc.  
KONO.....San Antonio, Texas  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KORE.....Eugene, Ore.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.  
500 w.—1390 kc.  
KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.  
500 w.—650 kc.  
KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.  
100 w.—1500 kc.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.  
5000 w.—680 kc.  
KPOF.....Denver, Colo.  
500 w.—880 kc.  
KPRC.....Houston, Texas  
2500 w.—920 kc.  
KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.  
1000 w.—1360 kc.  
KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
10,000 w.—1490 kc.  
KQV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.  
500 w.—1380 kc.  
KQW.....San Jose, Calif.  
500 w.—1010 kc.  
KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
KRGV.....Harlingen, Texas  
500 w.—1260 kc.  
KRLD.....Dallas, Texas  
10,000 w.—1040 kc.  
KROW.....Oakland, Calif.  
1000 w.—930 kc.  
KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.  
1000 w.—580 kc.  
KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa  
2500 w.—1330 kc.  
KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.  
500 w.—550 kc.  
KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho  
250 w.—900 kc.  
KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah  
5000 w.—1130 kc.  
KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa  
500 w.—1380 kc.  
KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.  
2000 w.—1110 kc.  
KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.  
10,000 w.—1460 kc.  
KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.  
1000 w.—560 kc.  
KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.  
1000 w.—620 kc.  
KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas  
1000 w.—1240 kc.  
KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.  
KTBR.....Portland, Ore.  
500 w.—1300 kc.  
KTBS.....Shreveport, La.  
1000 w.—1450 kc.  
KTHS.....Hot Springs National  
Park, Ark.  
10,000 w.—1040 kc.  
KTLK.....Houston, Texas  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.  
1000 w.—780 kc.  
KTNF.....Muscatine, Iowa  
5000 w.—1170 kc.  
KTRH.....Houston, Texas  
500 w.—1120 kc.  
KTSB.....San Antonio, Texas  
2000 w.—1290 kc.  
KTSN.....Shreveport, La.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KTSN.....El Paso, Texas  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KTUE.....Houston, Texas  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KTV.....Seattle, Wash.  
1000 w.—1270 kc.  
KUJ.....Longview, Wash.  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.  
1000 w.—1390 kc.  
KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.  
750 w.—890 kc.  
KUT.....Austin, Texas  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.  
1000 w.—760 kc.  
KVL.....Seattle, Wash.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.  
500 w.—1260 kc.  
KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.  
5000 w.—1140 kc.  
KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
KWEA.....Shreveport, La.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
KWG.....Stockton, Calif.  
100 w.—1200 kc.
- KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.  
500 w.—1060 kc.  
KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.  
1000 w.—1350 kc.  
KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.  
100 w.—1370 kc.  
KWKH.....Shreveport, La.  
10,000 w.—850 kc.  
KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa  
100 w.—1270 kc.  
KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.  
500 w.—1220 kc.  
KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas  
500 w.—1260 kc.  
KXA.....Seattle, Wash.  
500 w.—570 kc.  
KXL.....Portland, Ore.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
KXO.....El Centro, Calif.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.  
1000 w.—1230 kc.  
KYW.....Chicago, Ill.  
10,000 w.—1020 kc.  
KZM.....Haywood, Calif.  
100 w.—1370 kc.

## W

- WAAP.....Chicago, Ill.  
500 w.—920 kc.  
WAAM.....Newark, N. J.  
1000 w.—1250 kc.  
WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.  
300 w.—940 kc.  
WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.  
500 w.—660 kc.  
WABC.....New York City  
5000 w.—860 kc.  
WABI.....Bangor, Me.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.  
500 w.—1440 kc.  
WABZ.....New Orleans, La.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
WACO.....Waco, Texas  
1000 w.—1240 kc.  
WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio  
1000 w.—1320 kc.  
WAU.....Columbus, Ohio  
500 w.—640 kc.  
WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.  
5000 w.—1140 kc.  
WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.  
500 w.—1270 kc.  
WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.  
500 w.—1400 kc.  
WBAA.....Harrisburg, Pa.  
1000 w.—1430 kc.  
WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.  
1000 w.—1060 kc.  
WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas  
10,000 w.—800 kc.  
WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.  
500 w.—1400 kc.  
WBBL.....Richmond, Va.  
100 w.—1210 kc.  
WBMM.....Chicago, Ill.  
25,000 w.—770 kc.  
WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.  
1000 w.—1300 kc.  
WBZZ.....Ponca City, Okla.  
100 w.—1200 kc.  
WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.  
1000 w.—900 kc.  
WBCM.....Bay City, Mich.  
500 w.—1410 kc.  
WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.  
1000 w.—1230 kc.  
WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.  
250 w.—1450 kc.  
WBNY.....New York, N. Y.  
250 w.—1350 kc.  
WBOQ.....New York, N. Y.  
50,000 w.—860 kc.  
WBOW.....Terre Haute, Ind.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.  
1000 w.—930 kc.  
WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
WBSS.....Wellesley Hills, Mass.  
250 w.—920 kc.  
WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.  
5000 w.—1080 kc.



WBTM..... Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WEHC..... Emory, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WHN..... New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.	WLBG..... Petersburg, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WOI..... Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—640 kc.
WBZ..... Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.	WEHS..... Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WHO..... Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1000 kc.	WLBL..... Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.	WOKO..... Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.
WBZA..... Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.	WBK..... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WHOM..... Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WLBW..... Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.	WOL..... Washington, D. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WCAC..... Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.	WEMC..... Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.	WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WLBX..... L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCAD..... Canton, N. Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.	WENR..... Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.	WIAS..... Ottumwa, Iowa. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLBZ..... Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.	WOOD..... Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.
WCAE..... Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.	WEPS..... Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WIBA..... Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WLEX..... Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WOPI..... Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WCAH..... Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.	WEVD..... New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.	WIBM..... Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WLEY..... Lexington, Mass. 250 w.—1370 kc.	WOQ..... Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—1300 kc.
WCAJ..... Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.	WEW..... St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.	WIBO..... Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—560 kc.	WLIB..... Elgin, Ill. 25000 w.—720 kc.	WOR..... Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.
WCAL..... Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WFAA..... Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.	WIBU..... Poynette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WLIT..... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.	WORC..... Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WCAM..... Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.	WIBW..... Topeka, Kansas. 1000 w.—580 kc.	WLOE..... Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WORD..... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.
WCAO..... Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.	WFBE..... Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.	WIBX..... Utica, N. Y. 300 w.—1200 kc.	WLS..... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—870 kc.	WOS..... Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.
WCAP..... Asbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WFBG..... Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WICC..... Bridgeport, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.	WLSI..... Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WOV..... New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.
WCAT..... Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFBM..... Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WIL..... St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WLTH..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WOW..... Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.
WCAU..... Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.	WFBP..... Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—1270 kc.	WILL..... Urbana, Ill. 500 w.—890 kc.	WLVA..... Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WOVO..... Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10000 w.—1160 kc.
WCAX..... Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WFD..... Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WILM..... Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WLW..... Cincinnati, O. 50000 w.—700 kc.	WPAD..... Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.
WCBA..... Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.	WFDV..... Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WIOD..... Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WLWL..... New York City 500 w.—1100 kc.	WPAP..... Cliffsides, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCBM..... Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WFDW..... Talladega, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WIP..... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.	WMAC..... Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.	WPAW..... Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCBT..... Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WFL..... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.	WIS..... Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.	WMA..... S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WPCC..... Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—560 kc.
WCCO..... Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.	WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla. 2500 w.—620 kc.	WISN..... Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.	WMAK..... Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WPCH..... New York City 500 w.—810 kc.
WCDA..... New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.	WFLC..... Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WJAC..... Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WMAL..... Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.	WPEN..... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1500 kc.
WCFL..... Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.	WGB..... Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WJAG..... Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.	WMAQ..... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.	WPG..... Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.
WCGU..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WGBB..... Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WJAR..... Providence, R. I. 400 w.—890 kc.	WMAY..... St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.	WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WCKY..... Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.	WGBF..... Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.	WJAS..... Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.	WMAZ..... Macon, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.	WPOR..... Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.
WCLB..... Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WGBI..... Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.	WJAX..... Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.	WMBA..... Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WPSC..... State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.
WCLO..... Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJAY..... Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.	WMB..... Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.
WCLS..... Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJAZ..... Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.	WMBD..... Peoria, Hts., Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.	WQAM..... Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.
WCMA..... Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJBC..... La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBF..... Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.	WQAN..... Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.
WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJBL..... Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBG..... Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WQAO..... New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WCOC..... Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.—880 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJBL..... Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WMBH..... Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.	WQBC..... Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.
WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJBO..... New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WMBI..... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.	WQDV..... Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WCOH..... Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJBT-WBBM..... Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.	WMBJ..... Wilkinsburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRAF..... LaPorte, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.
WCRW..... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJBU..... Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMBQ..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1020 kc.
WCSC..... Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJDX..... Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.	WMBR..... Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1370 kc.	WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WCSH..... Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJFD..... Mooseheart, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.	WMC..... Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—780 kc.	WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WCSD..... Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJGS..... Gary, Ind. 1250 w.—1360 kc.	WMCA..... New York City 500 w.—570 kc.	WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WDAE..... Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1220 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJR..... Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.	WMMN..... Fairmont, W. Va. 500 w.—890 kc.	WRBX..... Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—1410 kc.
WDAF..... Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJSV..... Alexandria, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.	WMPC..... Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRC..... Washington, D. C. 500 w.—950 kc.
WDAG..... Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJW..... Mansfield, Ohio 100 w.—1210 kc.	WMSG..... New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.	WRDO..... Augusta, Maine 100 w.—1370 kc.
WDAH..... El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WJZ..... New York City 30,000 w.—760 kc.	WMT..... Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.	WRDW..... Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.
WDAY..... Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—940 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKAQ..... San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.	WNAC..... Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.	WREC..... Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.
WDBJ..... Roanoke, Va. 500 w.—930 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKAR..... E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.	WNAD..... Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.	WREN..... Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.
WDBO..... Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—1120 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKAV..... Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNAX..... Yankton, S. Dak. 100 w.—570 kc.	WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.
WDEL..... Wilmington, Del. 350 w.—1120 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBB..... Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNB..... Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.	WRJN..... Racine, Wis. 100 w.—1370 kc.
WDGY..... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBC..... Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNBH..... New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WRNY..... New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.
WDOD..... Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBF..... Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.	WNBO..... Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WRR..... Dallas, Texas 500 w.—1280 kc.
WDRS..... New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBH..... La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.	WNBR..... Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.	WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla. 5000 w.—830 kc.
WDSU..... New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBN..... Youngstown, Ohio 500 w.—570 kc.	WNJ..... Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WRVA..... Richmond, Va. 5000 w.—1110 kc.
WDWF..... Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBO..... Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.	WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn. 2000 w.—560 kc.	WSAL..... Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.—1330 kc.
WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBC..... New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.	WNRC..... Greensboro, N. C. 500 w.—1440 kc.	WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.
WEAF..... New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBS..... Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.	WNYC..... New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.	WSAN..... Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.
WEAL..... Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBV..... Connersville, Ind. 150 w.—1500 kc.	WOAI..... San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.—1190 kc.	WSAR..... Fall River, Mass. 250 w.—1450 kc.
WEAN..... Providence, R. I. 500 w.—780 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKBW..... Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.	WOAN..... Whitehaven, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.	WSAZ..... Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.
WEAO..... Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKJC..... Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.	WOAX..... Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.	WSB..... Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.—740 kc.
WEBC..... Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKRC..... Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.	WOBT..... Union City, Tenn. 250 w.—1310 kc.	WSBC..... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.
WEBQ..... Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WKY..... Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.	WOBU..... Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.	WSBT..... South Bend, Ind. 500 w.—1230 kc.
WEER..... Buffalo, N. Y. 200 w.—1310 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WLAC..... Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.	WOC..... Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1000 kc.	WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.
WEDC..... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WLB..... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WODA..... Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.	WSFA..... Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.
WEEI..... Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.	WGBS..... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.	WLBW..... Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.	WODX..... Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.	WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.
				WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.—1210 kc.



WSJS... Winston-Salem, N. C.  
100 w.—1310 kc.  
WSM... Nashville, Tenn.  
5000 w.—650 kc.  
WSMB... New Orleans, La.  
500 w.—1320 kc.  
WSMK... Dayton, Ohio  
200 w.—1380 kc.  
WSPA... Spartanburg, S. C.  
250 w.—1420 kc.  
WSPD... Toledo, Ohio  
1000 w.—1340 kc.  
WSSH... Boston, Mass.  
500 w.—1410 kc.  
WSUL... Iowa City, Iowa  
500 w.—880 kc.  
WSUN... Clearwater, Fla.  
1000 w.—620 kc.  
WSYR... Syracuse, N. Y.  
250 w.—570 kc.  
WTAD... Quincy, Ill.  
500 w.—1440 kc.  
WTAG... Worcester, Mass.  
250 w.—580 kc.  
WTAM... Cleveland, Ohio  
50000 w.—1070 kc.  
WTAQ... Eau Claire, Wis.  
1000 w.—1330 kc.  
WTAR... Norfolk, Va.  
500 w.—780 kc.  
WTAW... College Station, Tex.  
500 w.—1120 kc.  
WTBO... Cumberland, Md.  
100 w.—1420 kc.  
WTPI... Toccoa, Ga.  
500 w.—1450 kc.  
WTIC... Hartford, Conn.  
50000 w.—1060 kc.  
WTMJ... Milwaukee, Wis.  
2500 w.—620 kc.  
WTNT... Nashville, Tenn.  
5000 w.—1470 kc.  
WTOC... Savannah, Ga.  
500 w.—1260 kc.  
WWAE... Hammond, Ind.  
100 w.—1200 kc.

WWJ... Detroit, Mich.  
1000 w.—920 kc.  
WWL... New Orleans, La.  
5000 w.—850 kc.  
WWNC... Asheville, N. C.  
1000 w.—570 kc.  
WWRL... Woodside, N. Y.  
100 w.—1500 kc.  
WWVA... Wheeling, W. Va.  
5000 w.—1160 kc.  
WXYZ... Detroit, Mich.  
1000 w.—1240 kc.

## 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.  
CFCP, Montreal, P. Q.,  
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.  
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,  
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.  
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,  
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.  
CFCO, 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, Fredericton, N. B.,  
247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.  
CPQC - 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., 329.7m,  
910 kc, 500w.  
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,  
880 kc, 1000w.  
CHWC-CFRC, Pilot Butte,  
Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.  
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C.,  
247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.  
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.  
CJCI-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,  
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.  
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont.,  
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.  
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,  
629.9kc, 500w.  
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,  
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.  
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,  
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.  
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,  
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.  
CJRM, 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, 790kc, 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, 1038kc, 500w.

## 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, Marianao, 292m,  
1027kc, 50w.  
CMBY, Havana, 490m,  
611.9kc, 200w.  
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,  
100w.  
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,  
500w.  
CMA, 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, 9143.3kc,  
250w.



Here they are, the Smiling Announcers of KMOX. Reading from left to right: Delmar King, lately of Kansas City; Woody Klose, the youngest announcer on the air (he came to KMOX a year ago and was then not quite nineteen); France Laux, sports announcer; and Capt. Charles Lewis of London and Australia.



Kilo-	Meters	cycles	Watts	Call	Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100		KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.	
		100		KGFI	Corpus Christi, Texas	
		50		KGHX	Richmond, Tex.	
		100		KGKB	Brownwood, Texas	
		100		KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.	
		100		KPJM	Prescott, Ariz.	
		100		KUJ	Long View, Wash.	
		50		KTLC	Richmond, Tex.	
		15		KVEP	Portland, Ore.	
		100		WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.	
		250		WKBV	Connerville, Ind. (day)	
		100		WKBV	Connerville, Ind. (night)	
		50		WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.	
		100		WLBX	Long Island City, N. Y.	
		250		WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)	
		100		WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)	
		100		WMBA	Newport, R. I.	
		100		WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.	
		100		WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
		50		WMES	Boston, Mass.	
		100		WMPC	Lapeer, Mich.	
		50		WNBZ	Binghamton, N. Y.	
		100		WOPJ	Bristol, Tenn.	
		100		WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)	
		250		WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)	
		100		WWRL	Woodside, N. Y.	
201.6	1,490	5,000		WORD	Batavia, Ill.	
		5,000		WCKY	Covington, Ky.	
		5,000		WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.	
		5,000		WCHI	Chicago, Ill.	
		10,000		KPWF	Westminster, Calif.	
202.6	1,480	5,000		KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.	
		5,000		WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.	
204	1,470	5,000		KGA	Spokane, Wash.	
		5,000		WLAC	Nashville, Tenn.	
		5,000		WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.	
205.4	1,460	10,000		KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.	
		10,000		WJSV	Mt. Vernon, Ill.	
206.8	1,450	500		WFJC	Akron, Ohio	
		1,000		KTBS	Shreveport, La.	
		250		WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.	
		500		WCSO	Springfield, Ohio	
		250		WIBS	Elizabeth, N. J.	
		250		WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.	
		250		WNJ	Newark, N. J.	
		250		WSAR	Fall River, Mass.	
		250		WTFI	Toccoa, Ga.	
208.2	1,440	250		KLS	Oakland, Calif.	
		250		WCBX	Allentown, Pa.	
		500		WHEC	WABO Rochester, N. Y.	
		1,600		WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)	
		500		WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)	
		500		WNRC	Greensboro, N. C.	
		500		WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.	
		250		WSAN	Allentown, Pa.	
		500		WTAD	Quincy, Ill.	
209.7	1,430	500		WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.	
		500		WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	
		500		WCAH	Columbus, Ohio	
		500		WGBC	Memphis, Tenn.	
		500		WHP	Harrisburg, Pa.	
		500		WNR	Memphis, Tenn.	
		1,000		KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.	
211.1	1,420	100		KFIF	Portland, Ore.	
		100		KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.	
		100		KFQU	Holy City, Calif.	
		100		KFQW	Seattle, Wash.	
		50		KFXD	Jerome, Idaho	
		250		KFYO	Abilene, Texas (day)	
		100		KFYO	Abilene, Texas (night)	
		100		KFXV	Flagstaff, Ariz.	
		100		KGFF	Alva, Okla.	
		250		WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)	
		250		WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)	
		50		KGCC	San Francisco, Cal.	
		100		KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.	
		100		KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho	
		100		KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.	
		100		KICK	Red Oak, Iowa	
		100		KLPM	Minot, N. D.	
		100		KORE	Eugene, Ore.	
		100		KTAP	San Antonio, Texas	
		100		KTUE	Houston, Texas	
		100		KXL	Portland, Ore.	
		75		KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.	
		30		WEDH	Erie, Pa.	
		100		WEHS	Evanston, Ill.	
		100		WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.	
		200		WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)	
		100		WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)	
		100		WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa	
		50		WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio	
		100		WILM	Wilmington, Del.	
		100		WJBO	New Orleans, La.	
		50		WKBI	Chicago, Ill.	
		50		WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.	
		100		WLBK	Kansas City, Kan.	
		250		WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)	
		100		WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)	
		250		WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (day)	
		100		WMBH	Joplin, Mo. (night)	
		10		WMRJ	Jamaica, N. Y.	
		60		WQBZ	Weirton, W. Va.	
		50		WTBO	Cumberland, Md.	
		100		WFDW	Tallahassee, Ala.	
212.6	1,410	500		KFLV	Rockford, Ill.	
		500		WMAF	South Dartmouth, Mass.	
		1,000		KGRS	Amarillo, Texas	
		250		WDAG	Amarillo, Texas	
		500		WSSH	Boston, Mass.	
		500		WHBL	Sheboygan, Wis.	
		500		WBCM	Bay City, Mich.	
		500		WLEX	Lexington, Mass.	
214.2	1,400	500		KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (day)	
		250		KOCW	Chickasha, Okla. (night)	
		500		WBBC	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
		500		WCGU	Coney Island, N. Y.	
		500		WCMA	Culver, Ind.	
		500		WKBF	Indianapolis, Ind.	
		500		WLTH	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
		500		WSGH	WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.	
215.7	1,390	1,000		KLRA	Little Rock, Ark.	
		500		KOY	Phoenix, Ariz.	
		1,000		KUOA	Fayetteville, Ark.	
		2,500		WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (day)	
		1,000		WHK	Cleveland, Ohio (night)	
217.3	1,380	500		KQV	Pittsburgh, Pa.	
		500		KSO	Clarinda, Iowa	
		1,000		WKBH	LaCrosse, Wis.	
		200		WSMK	Dayton, Ohio	

Kilo-	Meters	cycles	Watts	Call	Signal	Location
218.8	1,370	250		KCRC	Enid, Okla. (day)	
		100		KCRC	Enid, Okla. (night)	
		50		KFBL	Everett, Wash.	
		100		KFJL	Astoria, Ore.	
		100		KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.	
		100		KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas	
		100		KFLX	Galveston, Texas	
		250		KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)	
		100		KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)	
		100		KGCI	San Antonio, Texas	
		15		KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.	
		100		KGFG	Oklahoma City, Okla.	
		50		KGFL	Raton, N. M.	
		100		KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.	
		100		KGKL	San Angelo, Texas	
		100		KONO	San Antonio, Texas	
		200		KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)	
		100		KLO	Ogden, Utah (night)	
		100		KOH	Reno, Nev.	
		100		KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.	
		100		KRE	Berkeley, Calif.	
		100		KVL	Seattle, Wash.	
		100		KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.	
		100		KZM	Hayward, Calif.	
		100		WBBL	Richmond, Va.	
		250		WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)	
		100		WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)	
		100		WEHC	Emory, Va.	
		100		WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100		WFLJ	Collegeville, Minn.	
		100		WFVD	Rome, Ga.	
		100		WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	
		100		WHBD	Bellefontaine, Ohio	
		100		WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.	
		100		WHDF	Calumet, Mich.	
						
<h1>Official Wave Lengths</h1>						
<p><i>Log your dial reading according to wave and frequency indicated here and you will know any D station by quick referen</i></p>						
						
		1,000		WHDH	Calumet, Mich.	
		1,000		WIBM	Jackson, Mich.	
		50		WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.	
		100		WLEY	Lexington, Mass.	
		100		WMBR	Tampa, Fla.	
		100		WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.	
		50		WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.	
		10		WREJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.	
		100		WRBT	Wilmington, N. C.	
		100		WRJN	Racine, Wis.	
		50		WSVS	Buffalo, N. Y.	
220.4	1,360	500		KGIR	Butte, Mont.	
		1,000		WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.	
		1,000		KGER	Long Beach, Calif.	
		1,000		KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.	
		500		WGES	Chicago, Ill.	
		1,250		WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)	
		500		WJKS	Gary, Ind. (night)	
		300		WQBC	Vicksburg, Miss.	
222.1	1,350	1,000		KWK	St. Louis, Mo.	
		250		WBNY	New York, N. Y.	
		250		WCDA	New York, N. Y.	
		250		WKBO	New York, N. Y.	
		250		WMSG	New York, N. Y.	

Kilo-	Meters	cycles	Watts	Call	Signal	Location
223.7	1,340	50		KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.	
		500		KFPY	Spokane, Wash.	
		500		WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.	
		250		WRWA	Reading, Pa.	
		2,500		KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)	
225.4	1,330	1,000		KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)	
		250		KGB	San Diego, Calif.	
		500		WDRC	New Haven, Conn.	
		500		WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio	
		1,000		WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.	
227.1	1,320	500		KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)	
		250		KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)	
		250		KGIO	Twin Falls, Idaho	
		500		KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (day)	
		250		KID	Idaho Falls, Idaho (night)	
		1,000		KREG	Santa Ana, Calif.	
		1,000		WADC	Akron, Ohio	
		500		WSMB	New Orleans, La.	
228.9	1,310	100		KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.	
		100		KFCQ	Boone, Iowa	
		10		KFIU	Juneau, Alaska	
		100		KFJY	Fort Dodge, Iowa	
		100		KFPL	Dublin, Texas	
		15		KFFM	Greenville, Texas	
		100		KFUP	Denver, Colo.	
		100		KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.	
		250		KFXR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (day)	
		100		KFXR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (night)	
		100		KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.	
		250		KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)	
		100		KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)	
		100		KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.	
		50		KGFW	Ravenna, Neb.	
		50		KHG	McGehee, Ark.	
		50		KIT	Yakima, Wash.	
		50		KMED	Medford, Ore.	
		50		KRMD	Shreveport, La.	
		100		KTSL	Shreveport, La.	
		100		KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	
		75		KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.	
		50		WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.	
		100		WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.	
		100		WBRE	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	
		100		WCLJ	Joliet, Ill.	
		100		WDAH	K-TSM El Paso, Texas	
		200		WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (day)	
		100		WEBR	Buffalo, N. Y. (night)	
		100		WFBG	Altoona, Pa.	
		100		WFDL	Flint, Mich.	
		50		WFKD	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100		WGAL	Lancaster, Pa.	
		100		WGH	Newport News, Va.	
		100		WHAT	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100		WHBP	Johnstown, Pa.	
		100		WIBU	Poynette, Wis.	
		100		WJAC	Johnstown, Pa.	
		50		WJAK	Marion, Ind.	
		100		WKAV	Laconia, N. H.	
		100		WKBB	Joliet, Ill.	
		100		WKBC	Birmingham, Ala.	
		100		WKBS	Galesburg, Ill.	
		50		WLBC	Muncie, Ind.	
		100		WMBL	Lakeland, Fla.	
		100		WMBO	Auburn, N. Y.	
		100		WNAT	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		100		WNBH	New Bedford, Mass.	
		50		WNBJ	Knoxville, Tenn.	
		250		WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (day)	
		100		WOBT	Union City, Tenn. (night)	
		100		WOL	Washington, D. C.	
		20		WRBI	Tifton, Ga. (3 1/2 times)	
		100		WRK	Hamilton, Ohio	
		100		WSAJ	Grove City, Pa.	
230.6	1,300	1,000		KFH	Wichita, Kan.	
		500		KFJR	Portland, Ore.	
		1,000		KGEF	Los Angeles, Calif.	
		750		KTLB	Los Angeles, Calif.	
		500		KTRB	Portland, Ore.	
		1,000		WBBR	Rossville, N. Y.	
230.6	1,300	500		WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.	
		1,000		WHAP	Carlestedt, N. J.	
		500		WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.	
		1,000		WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.	
		1,000		WOQ	Kansas City, Mo.	
232.4	1,290	1,000		KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah	
		500		KFUL	Galveston, Texas	
		50		KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.	
		2,000		KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)	
		1,000		KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (night)	
		1,000		WEBC	Superior, Wis.	
		1,000		WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.	
		50		WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.	
234.2	1,280	2,500		KFBG	Great Falls, Mont. (day)	
		1,000		KFBG	Great Falls, Mont. (night)	
		500		WCAM	Camden, N. J.	
		500		WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.	
		2,500		WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)	
		1,000		WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)	
		500		WOAX	Trenton, N. J.	
		500		WRR	Dallas, Texas	
236.1	1,270	1,000		KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.	
		50		KCAA	Decorah, Iowa	
		1,000		KOL	Seattle, Wash.	
		1,000		KTW	Seattle, Wash.	
		100		KWLC	Decorah, Iowa	
		250		WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.	
		500		WFBR	Baltimore, Md.	
		500		WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.	
		500		WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.	
		1,000		WJDX	Jackson, Miss.	
238	1,260	1,000		KOHL	Council Bluffs, Iowa	
		100		KRGV	Hartington, Texas	
		500		KVOA	Tucson, Ariz.	
		500		KWWG	Brownsville, Texas	
		1,000		WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)	
		500		WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)	
		500		WTOC	Savannah, Ga.	
239.9	1,250	1,000		KIDO	Boise, Idaho	
		1,000		KFMX	Northfield, Minn.	
		1,000		KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.	
		1,000		WAAM	Newark, N. J. (night)	
		2,000		WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)	
		1,000		WCAL	Northfield, Minn.	
		1,000		WDSU	New Orleans, La.	
		250		WGCP	Newark, N. J.	
		1,000		WLB	WCMs Minneapolis, Minn.	
		1,000		WODA	Newark, N. J.	
		1,000		WRHM	Fridley, Minn.	



Kilo-	Meters	Watts	Call	Location	Kilo-	Meters	Watts	Call	Location	Kilo-	Meters	Watts	Call	Location	Kilo-	Meters	Watts	Call	Location
241.8	1,240	1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas	270.1	1,110	5,000	WBEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)	361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.	361.2	830	12,500	KOA	Denver, Colo.
		1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas			250	WHAD	Waukegan, Wis.			1,000	WHDD	Gloucester, Mass.			1,000	WHDD	Gloucester, Mass.
		1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)			250	WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.			5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.			5,000	WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.
		500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)			500	WTAW	College Station, Texas	365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.	365.6	820	10,000	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.
		1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.			100	KTRH	College Station, Texas										
243.8	1,230	100	KFOQ	Anchorage, Alaska			500	KFIO	Spokane, Wash.	370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.	370.2	810	7,500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.
		1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.	270.1	1,110	5,000	WRVA	Richmond, Va.			500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.			500	WPCH	New York, N. Y.
		1,000	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.			50	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)	374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas	374.8	800	10,000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas
		1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.			2,000	K500	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.			50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas			50,000	WFAA	Dallas, Texas
		1,000	WBIS-WNAC	Boston, Mass.	272.6	1,100	5,000	WLWL	New York, N. Y.										
		500	WPSC	State College, Pa.			5,000	WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.	379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.	379.5	790	7,500	KGO	Oakland, Calif.
		500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.			5,000	KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.			50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.			50,000	WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.
245.8	1,220	1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.	277.6	1,080	5,000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.	384.4	780	500	KELW	Burbank, Calif.
		500	KWSC	Pullman, Wash.			5,000	WCBD	Zion, Ill.			1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)			1,000	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)
		1,000	WCAD	Canton, N. Y.			5,000	WMBI	Chicago, Ill.			500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)			500	KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)
		1,000	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.			5,000					250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)			250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)
		1,000	WDAE	Tampa, Fla.								250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)			250	WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)
		1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.								1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)			1,000	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)
247.8	1,210	100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.	280.2	1,070	100	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.			500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)			500	WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)
		250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)			300	WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.			500	WFOR	Norfolk, Va.			500	WFOR	Norfolk, Va.
		100	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (night)			50	WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.			500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.			500	WTAR	Norfolk, Va.
		100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.			100	WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.										
		100	KCCR	Brookings, S. D.			1,000	WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio										
		100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.	282.8	1,060	500	KWJ	Portland, Ore.	389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	389.4	770	5,000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.
		100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.			10,000	WBAL	Baltimore, Md.			25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.			25,000	WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.
		50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.			1,000	WJAG	Norfolk, Neb.			1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.			1,000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.
		50	KPO	Wenatchee, Wash.			50,000	WTIC	Hartford, Conn.			1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.			1,000	WEW	St. Louis, Mo.
		100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.	285.5	1,050	5,000	KFKB	Milford, Kan.			30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.			30,000	WJZ	New York, N. Y.
		100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.			5,000	KNX	Hollywood, Calif.	399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.	399.8	750	5,000	WJR	Detroit, Mich.
		100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.															
		100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.															
		100	WCOH	Greenville, N. Y.	288.3	1,040	1,000	WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.			1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.			1,000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.
		100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.			1,000	WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.			1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.			1,000	WSB	Atlanta, Ga.
		100	WDWF-WLSI	Providence, R. I.			10,000	KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.										
		100	WBOQ	Harrisburg, Ill.			10,000	KRLD	Dallas, Tex.	416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.	416.4	720	25,000	WGN	Chicago, Ill.
		100	WEBE	Cambridge, Ohio	293.9	1,020	250	WRAX	Philadelphia, Pa.										
		100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.			50,000	KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.										
		100	WGBR	Freeport, N. Y.															
		100	WGM	Gulfport, Miss.	296.9	1,010	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.										
		100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.			500	KOW	San Jose, Calif.										
		100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.			500	WHN	New York, N. Y.										
		100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.			500	WNAD	Norman, Okla.										
		100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.			250	WPAP	New York, N. Y.										
		100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.			250	WQAO	New York, N. Y.										
		100	WJBU	Lewisburg, Pa.			250	WRNY	New York, N. Y.										
		50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.			250												
		100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio	299.8	1,000	5,000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa										
		50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.			5,000	WOC	Davenport, Iowa										
		50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio			250	KFVD	Culver City, Calif.										
		100	WMBC	Richmond, Va.															
		25	WOCJ	Jamestown, N. Y.	302.8	990	15,000	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.										
		100	WOMT	Manitowoc, Wis.			500	WBZA	Boston, Mass.										
		100	WPAW	Pawtucket, R. I.			500	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.										
		100	WRBQ	Greenville, Miss.	305.9	980	50,000												
		100	WRBU	Gastonia, N. C.															
		100	WSBC	Chicago, Ill.	309.1	970	5,000	KJR	Seattle, Wash.										
		100	WSIX	Springfield, Tenn.			1,500	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.										
		50	WTAX	Streator, Ill.															
249.9	1,200	50	KFHA	Gunnison, Colo.	315.6	950	1,000	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.										
		100	KFJB	Marshalltown, Iowa			2,500	KGHL	Billings, Mont.										
		15	KFKZ	Kirkville, Mo.			1,000	KGHL	Billings, Mont. (night)										
		100	KFWF	St. Louis, Mo.			2,500	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)										
		100	KGCU	Mandan, N. D.			1,000	KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)										
		50	KGDE	Fergus Falls, Minn.			500	WRC	Washington, D. C.										
		15	KGDY	Oldham, S. D.	319	940	1,000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.										
		50	KGEK	Yuma, Colo.			1,000	KOIN	Portland, Ore.										
		100	KGEW	Fort Morgan, Colo.			500	WCSH	Portland, Me.										
		100	KGFJ	Los Angeles, Calif.			1,000	WDAY	Fargo, N. D.										
		50	KGFK	Hallock, Minn.			1,000	WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.										
		100	KGHI	Little Rock, Ark.			750	WHA	Madison, Wis.										
		50	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (day)															
		10	KGY	Lacey, Wash. (night)															
		100	KSMR	Santa Monica, Calif.			500	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.										
		100	KVOS	Bellingham, Wash.			1,000	KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)										
		100	KWG	Stockton, Calif.			1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)										
		100	KXO	El Centro, Calif.			1,000	KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)										
		100	WABI	Bangor, Maine			1,000	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)										
		100	WABZ	New Orleans, La.			500	KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)										
		75	WBBY	Charleston, S. C.			1,000	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)										
		100	WBZ	Porter, Okla.			500	WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)										
		100	WCAT	Rapid City, S. D.			500	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)										
		100	WCAX	Burlington, Vt.			250	WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)										
		100	WCLO	Kenosha, Wis.			50	WIBG	Elkins Park, Pa.										
		50	WFBC	Knoxville, Tenn.															
		100	WFBE	Cincinnati, Ohio															
		100	WCOB	Harrisburg, Pa.															
249.9	1,200	10	WHBC	Canton, Ohio	325.9	920	1,000	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.										
		100	WHBY	West De Pere, Wis.			500	KFEL	Denver, Colo.										
		300	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)			2,500	KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)										
		100	WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)			1,000	KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)										
		250	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)			500	KFXF	Denver, Colo.										
		100	WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)			500	WAAF	Chicago, Ill.										
		100	WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.			250	WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.										
		100	WJBL	Decatur, Ill.			1,000	WWJ	Detroit, Mich.										
		30	WJBW	New Orleans, La.															
		100	WORC	Worcester, Mass.															
		100	WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.															
		30	WLAP	Oklaoma, Ky.															
		250	WLBG	Petersburg, Va. (day)			2,000	WLB	Stevens Point, Wis.										



# Mystery Announcer Wins Diamond Meritum Award

**A**NOTHER great national popularity contest has been decided by the readers of Radio Digest. The Diamond Award for the most popular individual or program of the air goes to the Mystery Announcer of WPEN, Pittsburgh.

Of course the Mystery Announcer does not claim, nor does Radio Digest infer, that he has the largest audience in America. But the results of the contest show that he had more friends who took the trouble to vote for him than did any other entertainer of the air.

We are not even informed as to his true name. But we do know something of his career and it is with extreme regret that the contest editor of Radio Digest does not have the space at his disposal to tell the dramatic history of this extraordinary favorite.

He has seen life—and he has been close to death—so close that he seemed to be in the very jaws of death in the course of his experiences as a ship wireless operator during the World War and various conflicts with German submarines. Once he was on a vessel loaded with high test gasoline consigned to American fliers in France when fired upon by a U boat. Again his ship was set on fire and escape seemed absolutely impossible—but escape he did.

The Mystery Announcer conducts the WPEN Musical Clock, which began in a very modest way in October, 1929, and now has become one of the strongest features of any individual station in the country. From the time it started to August 1, 1930 a check-up showed that 50,000 letters had been re-



Mystery Announcer,  
still incognito



Still in disguise, the Mystery Announcer smiles  
behind his mask on receiving news

ceived by M. A. from his ardent listeners.

The Mystery Announcer comes on the air each morning at 6:30 throughout the week. He sends the world off to its day of duty with appropriate suggestions to the "works, the clerks and the shirks" as the day advances. He is assisted through the various phases by his main standby, High Pressure Charlie, who also is "Charlie the Horse" greeting the audience with a "good morning" whinney. Others to be introduced are Officer Dan, Pete the Rooster, Polly Penn, the Parrot; Melody Mae of the tiny Tom Thumb piano; black Jackie Mack the comic, and Billy Penn the Police Dog. Other characters are introduced at various intervals. The program continues until 10:15.

Rudy Vallee, author of the opening article in this issue of Radio Digest, is the winner of the Gold Award for the East. Mr. Vallee's popularity has never waned. His career and that of his famous Connecticut Yankees have been discussed frequently in these pages.

There was a great deal of rivalry in the Mid West but Gene and Glenn of WTAM,

Cleveland, soared over Amos 'n' Andy and other great features from Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and other powerful and popular stations in that area. You read all about Gene and Glenn in your October Radio Digest.

Shreveport brought home the bacon again to Mr. W. K. Henderson who has a habit of winning Radio Digest popularity awards in the South. Mr. Henderson's militant personality and fearless broadcasting has made him a rabid favorite with his KWKH audience. His position is secure. Adversaries who have opposed him have found him hard to budge. His enemies have made him friends.

Mr. Henderson has never been satisfied to be merely the owner of an important station. He has aimed to make it the clear sounding call of a people. He has taken the responsibility on himself to articulate that call. Because he has done this he has established a definite sympathetic accord with an audience that stands and

votes for him in Radio Digest contests. The staunchness of such Radio characters becomes evident when leadership is questioned.

Swinging into the West a very close rivalry developed between Henry and Jerome of KGBZ, York, Nebraska and Dr. Brinkley, former Radio Digest contest winner, at KFKB, Milford, Kansas. It seemed that Henry and Jerome had some very strong partisans, so that leadership between them and Dr. Brinkley rested first with one and then with the other. Dr. Brinkley may have suffered somewhat from a campaign of unfavorable newspaper pub-



Rudy Vallee, Gold  
Medal Winner



licity, although complaints that he used his station for unethical purposes did not stand up after an investigation by the federal Radio commission. The final tabulation showed the York boys had won the contest and they will be presented with the Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award.

We are advised by Dr. George R. Miller that Jerome's full name is Jerome DeBord. He is 31 and has been singing in Radio for nine years—which is a pretty long time considering the history of Radio broadcasting. He is well known throughout the West as the original "Whispering Tenor". For the past two years he has been teaming with Henry Peters at KGBZ. Henry is 25 years old and has been a Radio entertainer for the past four years. They are known on the air as "Doc's Yodeling Twins".

Flitting over the mountains and scanning the sunny slopes of the federal Radio district known as the Far, Far West we find the interest of Radio Digest readers focused on Long Beach, California, where Hal Nichols and his station, KFOX, rolled up the second largest vote in the country for their Buttercream School program.

The keenest rivalry in the Far, Far West was right in the KFOX camp itself, for the voters were divided on the proposition of casting in favor of the entire program staff or the Buttercream program in particular. The entire staff could hardly have been considered as a contesting unit according to the intents and purposes of the contest which was seeking the artist or program with the greatest following.

Just what the



Henry and Jerome, the gold medal winners from KGBZ, York, Neb.

Buttercream School program is, and why it is so popular on the Pacific coast has not been revealed to the contest editor as these lines are written. We know that Mr. Nichols is particularly enterprising and appreciates a good contest. If KFOX goes in to win you may depend on a real showing at the finish of a race. The station is always alert and quick to act. It is always entertaining and has no time at all for mediocre talent, which probably accounts for a surprisingly large vote for the "KFOX Staff".

The Diamond Meritum Award contest aroused great enthusiasm throughout the country. The closing days were particularly exciting. Packages of ballots came in by the bagful with every mail. Then as the final hour approached they came by special delivery, registered mail. Some even came from California by airmail.

Girls were put to work counting the ballots and making their careful tabulations so that every vote was counted. At midnight on September 20th the ballot was declared closed except for those ballots that should come in with postmarks registered before that hour.

The jewelers are putting the inscriptions on the medals as this report is written and before you received this book it is expected every medal will have reached its successful contestant. The Diamond Award, according to the plans in hand, will have been presented to the Mystery Announcer at the Radio Show in Chicago.

He won his contest as the Mystery Announcer and a mystery he must continue to be, in all probability wearing a mask (Continued on page 122)

## Winners in Diamond Meritum Contest

DIAMOND AWARD					
Mystery Announcer	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa.	35,039 Votes		
GOLD MEDAL DISTRICT AWARDS					
Winner	Station	City	Votes	District	
Buttercream School Program	KFOX	Long Beach, Cal.	30,405	Far West	
Gene and Glenn	WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio	27,786	Mid West	
Rudy Vallee	WEAF	New York, N. Y.	11,022	East	
W. K. Henderson	KWKH	Shreveport, La.	6,433	South	
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ	York, Neb.	4,585	West	
HONORABLE MENTION					
Eastern District			Midwestern District		
	Station	City	Votes	Station City Votes	
to	WEAF	New York	7,728	National Barn Dance WLS Chicago, Ill. 13,536	
Gibbons	WJZ	New York	5,669	Smith Family WENR Chicago, Ill. 6,891	
Trio and				Weener Minstrels WENR Chicago, Ill. 6,176	
White	WJZ	New York	5,432	Station Staff WENR Chicago, Ill. 5,654	
Lombardo	WABC	New York	3,714	Frank McBride WMAQ Chicago, Ill. 3,965	
Parker	WEAF	New York	3,685	Everett Mitchell WENR Chicago, Ill. 2,772	
Wanderers	WIP	Phila., Pa.	2,447	Western District	
nt Lopez	WEAF	New York	2,320	Dr. Brinckley KFKB Milford, Kan. 4,028	
hing for				Far-Western District	
verybody	WABC	New York	2,243	Vagabonds of the Air KSL Salt Lake City, Utah 4,237	



Gene and Glenn receiving message from Radio Digest with good news about Gold Medal Award



# Floyd Gibbons And His Stars

(Continued from page 32)

Gibbons' chart which reveal his extraordinary luck, and no one who is even faintly acquainted with the details of his life can overlook the prominent part this usually fickle goddess has played in his career. Astrologers never speak of luck among themselves. The aspects either indicate good or bad conditions and to them there isn't any luck about it. But to the average man, luck is something quite real and most desirable and from the looks of Mr. Gibbons' horoscope he was born with a world of it.

As a matter of fact, his luck is traditional in the newspaper world and one of the first things I heard about him, when he came to the Mexican Border, was in regard to his exceptionally good fortune in getting any story he went after, no matter how difficult it was, or how many men had failed before him.

This "protection" as it is sometimes called in the mystical lore of the stars communicated itself to every department of his life, and he took chances that certainly would have meant death for anyone else, only to come through harrowing experiences, smiling and unscathed.

One of these adventures with death concerns his first meeting with Pancho Villa, desperate, half-savage mountaineer, whom historians may yet make the greatest patriot south of the Rio Grande.

Villa had enjoyed the support and friendship of the American Government for some time, when a sudden change of policy excluded him from the frequent councils held along the Mexican Border. He was an illiterate, primitive man, totally lacking in statecraft or diplomatic intrigue and he could understand the actions of the U. S. officials. Villa fought with men, and he suspected anyone who fought with his wits. None of his advisers could dissuade him from thinking that his former American friends had entered into a plot with his arch enemies, Generals Obregon and Calles, to rob him of his power in Mexico.

WHEN Villa evacuated Juarez, across the river from El Paso, Tex., Calles was in Nogales, Mexico, over the border from Nogales, Ariz., and Obregon, with 2,000 Yaqui Indians, was far behind him at Eagle Pass, Tex., in the Big Bend country.

In his usual impetuous way, Villa had decided on his long, weary march across the desert waste of Northern Mexico, to stop at Nogales and put Calles' forces to rout. He had never failed before to defeat him in a military encounter and he determined to make this victory one that General Calles would never forget.

But while Villa was out of touch with the world, Obregon had negotiated with

the State Department and received permission to transport his Indians over the Southern Pacific railway to Nogales. They had been in camp a couple of days, when Villa threw his exhausted forces against what he considered Calles' inferior army.

His onslaught was met with a murderous fire and in the swift battle which followed, Villa suffered the worst defeat of his career. Bewildered and infuriated, he retired into the desert, where his couriers brought him the news of the Yaqui re-enforcements. He flew into a terrible rage, threatening death to every white man who came within the range of his gun. The American Government had betrayed him to his enemies and for that reason every American citizen unwise enough to venture into his territory, must die!

And just about this time, the managing editor of the Chicago Tribune wired Floyd Gibbons, directing him to get an interview with Pancho Villa!

THE other correspondents read the telegram and their faces blanched. They knew Villa, and they knew there was no man in Mexico more capable of carrying out that terrible threat, "death on sight to the white man!"

"Of course, you're not going," they chorused.

"Of course, I am," replied Floyd, "and don't you worry, I'll live to write the interview."

They pleaded, they argued, they cajoled and then they watched him leave, never expecting to see him again.

A member of Villa's staff told me about that meeting, months later in the lobby of the Paso del Norte at El Paso, Tex.

"Gibbons was lucky," he said, "he came into camp at dusk, and Villa, who was sitting outside his adobe house talking to several of his aides, did not see him until he was directly in front of him. Gibbons had dismounted when Villa recognized the white skin of the American. His hand flew to his holster. We all jumped aside, expecting a hail of bullets, but Floyd was smiling at Villa and calling him friend. 'Let me talk to you first,' he said, 'then if you still feel like it, you can shoot me later.' His daring, his cool courage . . . that dynamic, overwhelming magnetism . . . won Villa instantly. He liked Gibbons in a split second of time, and his hand dropped away from his holster."

What followed was in keeping with the fiery temperament of the Mexican outlaw. He ordered up an elaborate dinner and every once in a while, he would pat Floyd on the back and laugh, "You took a long chance, my friend, a long chance."

Mars, which even school children recognize as the planet of war, is posited in

Cancer in Mr. Gibbons' chart. This indicates his career as a war correspondent and the revolutions and wars which he was to survive.

If Floyd had been a student of astrology, or a believer in the science he might still be in possession of the eye which he lost at Belleau Wood during the War.

A competent astrologer could have told him that he was in danger of losing an eye if he ventured on the battle field for the Moon was in conjunction with the Pleiades in Taurus, in his birth chart, the most dangerous of all aspects to the eyes. More than one person has been blinded by what would ordinarily be a slight accident under any other configuration.

But knowing Mr. Gibbons as I do, and recalling all the times he has deliberately walked straight into the face of death, I doubt if he would have taken the astrologer's advice. He is the kind of man who would prefer the experience of a wound than to go unscathed through life.

I remember when Floyd was sailing on the Laconia. Again his friends and relatives begged and implored him to take the risk. He had information that the Germans intended to sink the Laconia and he wanted to write the story of that sinking. He made all preparations to be sunk and when one of the correspondents, viewing his equipment exclaimed, "Listen, Gib, you talked Villa out of shooting you, but for heaven's sake get wise to yourself. You'll never be able to talk a German sub out of sinking a British ship!"

"I don't expect to," was Gibbons' answer. "I'm going down with the ship, but you just wait and see, I'll live to write the story."

AND everyone knows that he did, and everyone knows what a story it was. It still gives me the cold chills when I think of it, for I crossed the Atlantic a short time later with the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Force and Floyd's vivid report was responsible for ten sleepless, terror-stricken nights which I put in between New York and Liverpool. But then, my stars are not so fortunately grouped and my fate runs an uneven course. I have never dared to take the same chances, for the position of Saturn in my chart shows that Villa would not have given me a chance to even say, "Amigo."

If you are wondering, then, why Floyd Gibbons tops the list of famous newspaper men, why his income is greater than the President of the United States, go outside and look at the heavens. Those twinkling little stars have greater power over our lives than any other force in the Universe, and in Floyd's chart, they are all in right places for success and fame.



# Percy Grainger Chats

(Continued from page 59)

I saw the original tile painting of Mr. and Mrs. Grainger which is also reproduced here. Mr. Grainger handled it very gently. The tile is set in a heavy attractive gold frame which brings out the rich colors of purple and gold.

How my fingers did fret to run through the treasures on those shelves, but the dignity of an interviewer restrained this childish impulse.

Upstairs again—we glanced through Mrs. Grainger's numerous tile portraits. There was one of Queen Alexandra. The word, "queen" or "king" has a magic effect upon one reared in a democratic country. Visions of thrones, crowns, courtiers, knights and ladies were conjured up.

"Oh, tell me something about Queen Alexandra," I asked enthusiastically, but I received just an indifferent answer as Mr. and Mrs. Grainger both are reticent about people as personalities.

I then felt I had to generalize. "What qualities do you consider most desirable in a person?" I asked.

"They have to be talented, beautiful, rich and famous," Mrs. Grainger quickly replied. And she does not have to go one step beyond the threshold of Seven Cromwell Place in search of any of these.

Mrs. Grainger herself is a woman of rare gifts. She devotes much of her time to painting portraits on tiles and achieves gorgeous effects with lines and curves. An exhibition of these tiles is announced to be opened to the public at the Ferargil Galleries, 37 East 57th Street, New York City, from November 10th to 22nd. Mrs. Grainger has also written several poems. Here is one of them, entitled "Intentions and Fears."

I meant to sing my lover's praise,  
Describing lovingly his face,  
The color of his eyes and hair,  
But think of naught but my despair  
And I despair because he is  
On this our earth my only bliss,  
To look at him is what I crave;  
He is my master, I his slave.  
Is he so fair? I must say yes!  
But of his beauty you must guess;  
I cannot tell exactly how  
My lover pleases me just now.  
Yet I despair, as I have said,  
Because forever in my head  
Such silly thoughts keep whirling round;

I fear to lose the love I found.

—Ella Ström-Grainger.

Copyright, 1928, by Percy Grainger.

In addition to turning doorknobs with his nimble feet, Mr. Grainger likes to swim, run, play football and deck tennis and to wrestle. He loves walking because it gives him a greater opportunity to observe nature's prodigality.

It is not, then, surprising that "sunshine and fresh air" are said to be the "constituents of his art" and that he is described as "the only cheerful sunny composer living." He said:

"I think that the object of all art is to

Mr. Grainger pointed out that millions of people have lovely melodies running through their minds, but that only one in thousands is able to write them down properly, and that very few are able to write them down at all.

"Isn't there some way of simplifying the writing down of music?" I asked, seized with the sudden ambition of coming to the world's rescue in helping to release its song.

"The great value of art," rejoined Mr. Grainger, "is its complexity. The trouble with civilization is that it makes life too simple and therefore impoverishes it. Nature is lavish and complex.

"Printing has helped to simplify existence. Take the expression, 'I'll tell the world.' This phrase spread around the world through the aid of printing. It is the same, 'I'll tell the world' in every valley and district of the country. Civilization tends to destroy local color. But local color is in tune with the lavishness and complexity of nature."

This is the man who not very long ago trundled a wheelbarrow with his trunks to the railroad station. He did it for the exercise, he said, and added humorously, "A penny saved is a penny earned."

I WAS eager to know why he was so keenly enthusiastic in the Nordic Race and in its literature, as I know that he reads or speaks Danish, Swedish, Jutish, Norwegian, Landsmaal, Icelandic and Faerose.

Because there is no place where religion, patriotism and morality are so little

publicly regarded as they are in the Scandinavian countries. If religion, patriotism and morality are to be of any value they must come from within.

"The Scandinavians are not afraid to hear anything and they are never shocked. They are primitive without being ignorant. They have retained their original primitive instincts. They are tolerant and highly cultured.

"The strongest source of artistic inspiration, for the Nordic Race, is what we call nature itself—rivers, trees, rocks, soil and the sea—rather than people.

"Everywhere one is continually brought in sight of virgin nature—nature that has not been despoiled by man. My two Hill Songs express feelings aroused by the



Tile painting made by Mrs. Grainger.

approximate the freedom and tolerance of nature. I like Walt Whitman's phrase, 'broad and tolerant is nature'."

One's grasping for the comprehension of the infinite is satisfied when Mr. Grainger talks of music.

A COMPOSER who is inspired does not feel himself a person. He is merely recording something that is being dictated to him. I am content to feel that when one is inspired that one is carried along on the stream of human necessity. There is something in the race that wants to find expression. The artist is nothing at all. He is the means by which a race becomes conscious of itself."



thoughts of the hills." So speaks a poet.

Nature was wise in having chosen this favorite son, who loves her so dearly, as one of her grand interpreters. Poets have sung her praises and artists have outlined her graces since day began. But it is doubtful if more than a select few have ever so completely worshipped and exalted her as has Percy Grainger.

In marked contrast to Mr. Grainger's indifference to persons and his adoration of nature, are Mrs. Grainger's utter dislike for forests, parks and other settlements of Nature and her keen interest in human nature. That Mrs. Grainger finds her inspiration in people is evidenced by her preference for portrait painting.

"Do you notice the luminousness," Mr. Grainger asked me, "of those paintings? The lines never mix. They remain individual and clear. Now let me show you what I mean by luminousness in music. It is gained by the use of bells and percussion instruments."

Mr. Grainger then played on the piano and instructed his wife to hammer (for want of the musical term) on the bells when he looked at her. He played from his composition, "Spoon River," and as the bells sounded, the rings stood out clearly and separate from each other and from the piano tones until they gradually faded out.

It was glorious hearing him play at close range. I can understand now what he meant when he said he objected to personal music—music played by persons other than the composer. "The performer is very apt to concentrate on the emotions aroused rather than the thought. Musical thoughts are perhaps better than the emotions they awaken. All we need is a composer's message. It does not have to be interpreted. Let us have all statements without embellishments."

Mr. Grainger finds beauty in anything that has been left alone—even in vacant lots.

"Even with the tin cans?" I ventured, hoping that I would be saved the pain of cultivating a taste for a junk-dealer's traffic.

"Even with the tin cans," was the peremptory reply.

**A**FTER all, things can be worse than lots strewn with rusty tin cans. And they aren't so ugly at that—well—that is, they really are not.

The Graingers were expecting friends on the next train. Off flew Mr. Grainger down the steps in two bounds, disappearing like a phantom, and leaving me with a lapful of ideas.

I find here on the last page of my notebook one of his statements, "It does not seem necessary that a composer should come in contact with classical music for more than a few years in his early youth to become a first class composer. So I deduce that what is necessary to make a great artist is a great human nature. Experience comes in a few years."

# Symphony Music

(Continued from page 93)

write their largest works, basing the plan upon what they have found to be the best and most generally efficient grouping. Thus, the orchestra has come to consist at bottom of four groupings of instruments, known respectively as the strings, the wood-wind, the brass and the percussion. Each of the first three groups contains instruments which will play in the high, the middle, or the low ranges of sound, so that full chorus can be played by one single group. An orchestra, in fact, consists of a string band, a wood-wind band and a brass band, with percussions in the way of drums, cymbals, tambourines, triangles, and the like, for occasional use.

**T**HE string group consists of viols, violins, violas, 'cellos, and stringed basses. The violins are always divided into two groups, first and seconds, not because there is any difference in the instruments, but to take respectively the highest notes and those next to the highest. The notes next lower are given to the violas, the next lower to the violoncellos, or "cellos" as they are usually called and the lowest to the stringed basses, usually called "double basses" or "contrabasses" or just "basses". All these instruments are played by means of bows. The violin is held under the chin and so is the viola, which is just a little larger than the violin. The 'cello is played seated, and is held between the player's knees. The bass is played standing, for it is very large and bulky. There are more individual instruments in the string section than in any other, because the wood-wind and brass instruments are often very powerful and a big body of strings is needed to counter-balance them. Thus, an orchestra like the Boston Symphony will probably have all told, nearly seventy instruments in the string section, sixteen first violins, sixteen second violins, fourteen violas, twelve cellos and ten basses, or sixty-eight in all.

The wood-wind section comprises two or three each of flutes, oboes, clarinets and bassoons, with bass clarinet, contra-bassoon and English horn (tenor oboe) when called for. The flute and the oboe are high treble instruments, the one with a woody and the other with a bitter-sweet sort of tone. The clarinet has a somewhat lower range of notes and its tone is very smooth, quietly rich and noble. The bassoon is the bass of the wood-wind section and there is a contra-bassoon which plays an octave lower.

The brass section is easy to understand. There are the bright pealing trumpets (rather finer and cleaner in tone than the cornets used in brass bands), the lovely mellow French horns, the splendid solid trombones and the majestic bass tubas.

The drums need hardly be described, except the timpani, which are peculiar because they can be tuned to various notes, usually an octave in range. The side drums and bass drums are familiar to everybody.

**A**BODY of players like this will run up to a hundred men or more. In broadcasting it has been found very often that a smaller number of strings is actually better, since the acoustic conditions are different. The ordinary large number of strings has come into being in orchestras intended for performance in auditoriums and not for broadcasting. There is a whole host of acoustic problems connected with matters of this sort still waiting to be worked out.

At any rate, you can now keep before your mind's eye, when next you hear on the air the Boston or the Roxy or the NBC orchestra, the picture of this big body of men sitting in a great semi-circle facing the conductor, who stands in the middle of them on a little platform. He has the score of the music before him. In his right hand he holds a baton or light wand of wood. His back is to you as you face the orchestra. On your left are the first violins, on your right the seconds. Behind the firsts are the 'cellos, behind the seconds the violas. Right at the back stand the ten stringed basses. In the central space are the wood-winds. Behind them, usually on the right hand rear of the platform are the brasses, with the percussions at the rear centre.

Keep that in your mind's eye the next time you hear the opening strains of the Tannhauser overture, or of Beethoven's sixth symphony floating to you through the loudspeaker. And remember that this great body of players represents the finest example of the possibilities of training and of discipline that this world knows.

Military discipline is not within a mile of it. Seventy bows sweeping the strings as one in some great unison passage; and no false notes. Such instantaneous precision and exact coordination of movement can not be excelled by any other company of human beings.

**T**HERE stands the conductor, score in front of him, which he keeps there more for form's sake than because he needs it, for he has learned by heart every note in it, every note to be played by every one of the hundred men before him. His eye takes in a page at a glance, and as he sweeps his arm in a gesture of command, his men obey him as one, for they have worked out every note in rehearsal and they respond to every silent signal.



# Heywood Broun's Radio Column

(Continued from page 17)

Doctors told me I did not, but that didn't help at all. Then one night I got into a fist fight with a chum—quite a big one—(I still think I was right) and he blacked two eyes and broke my nose.

I had an engagement to meet a friend who was dancing in a cabaret, and I thought, "I am not going to let a little thing like this stand in my way." Of course I put my head under the pump for a while. But there wasn't anything to do for the black eyes. All the butcher shops were closed. I couldn't get any raw beef steak. She was a very nice young lady, my friend the dancer, because when I peered out through the thin portholes still left to me and said, "Do you mind going out with a man who looks like this?" she said, "Why, not at all!" And so we joined another party and went to an all night restaurant.

And about six in the morning when we were all discussing the protective tariff or love at first sight or one of those things that you do get talking about at six in the morning, I suddenly realized that I ought to be home in bed having a nervous breakdown. In fact I felt that very likely I ought to be dead. Nobody with two black eyes, a broken nose and a bad heart ought to be arguing about love at first sight in an all night restaurant at six in the morning.

**B**UT I had forgotten all about it. The next day—or maybe, to be more exact, noon of the same day—I woke up to find that I only had vision in the left eye. But I could see one thing very plainly. I could see that I was cured.

But of course there are a lot of other methods. You don't have to take that one.

There is one terrible thing about being sick. Some people get along with their ailment—a sense of shame. As far as I am concerned every sort of illness just comes under the head of hard luck. I suppose there are healthful and unhealthy ways of living—but lots of us haven't a great deal of scope in choosing the way we are going to live. And not one of us chose his fundamental constitution. If you are robust by nature you can live very unhealthfully and have a lot of fun. And aside from that there comes a time in every man's life when he has to say, "This thing I must do. I have got to do it. Health or no health it is up to me." Even in times of peace there are occasions when there is nothing to do but march right out and charge the machine guns. If you get wounded nobody ought to blame you . . . least of all yourself.

There have been a good many letters which made me want to see the person who wrote, face to face. But just now

I am thinking of a particular one. The initials don't matter. I have forgotten. It was from a man in a hospital and he said that he had tuberculosis—and then this terrible sense of shame burst out—he said, "Don't worry—you can't catch it from this letter." I wanted to go to his bed and slap him on the shoulder and say, "Don't be silly. Don't be so sensitive. Get rid of that notion that you are a public menace. You are sick, just as all of us have been or will be sometime or another. In this respect we certainly are all in the same boat."

And why should there be this squeamishness about tuberculosis? Doctors tell me that practically everybody encounters the germ at one time or another and it tosses some of us and the rest of us toss it. Tough luck—good luck. There is no

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*Baby Rose Marie,*  
**FIVE YEARS OLD,**  
**MAKES \$100,000**

*Broadcasting*

*Amazing story of success by child  
broadcasters who are moving their  
parents from the slums to stylish  
apartments in the exclusive sections  
of the city will be told by Anne Sioux*

*Scarberry in the*

**DECEMBER**  
**RADIO DIGEST**

---

point in being mysterious or ashamed about it. There isn't any disease which can be licked by saying "shush!" Anyhow—what are a few germs between friends.

But I have a lot of letters telling me I ought not to wander around so. How did we get here? I mentioned Edison and his questionnaire. And I have some questions I want to ask those bright boys on my own account. I am in need of advice again. I want to know what you do about cats? And after my Radio vacation is over I am very much afraid I will have to ask, "What do you do about kittens?" And there is an even more perplexing problem that I would

like to put up to the young scientists. It goes like this, "What is the biological explanation for the fact that when a stray cat wanders into your house she always turns out to be female if you keep her long enough?"

I didn't really feel morally responsible for Marion the first time she meowed her way into the penthouse apartment. I had never seen her before. There was no chance of her taking up permanent possession. Captain Flagg, the Airedale, will be back in a couple of months. She couldn't seem to grasp that. She stayed on and on and finally at my suggestion Miss Whipple offered to give her a good home. That is she offered to take Marion to her own house. They started off in the elevator together but down at the corner Marion leaped out of Miss Whipple's arms and ran into a family hotel and disappeared. Miss Whipple tried to follow but the doorman wouldn't let her go through all the corridors of the hotel calling out, "Here, Kitty! Here, Kitty." He said it might annoy some of the guests. Make them feel self conscious, I suppose. When I heard about what had happened I took it very calmly. I said, "Marion has chosen her two hundred beds with private bath and southern exposure, let her lie in them."

**A**ND exactly two days later she came back. It was Marion all right. Even in a big city like New York there aren't many gray cats with three inches cut off the tail and green paint on the right front foot. I did not need to call in any council of medical experts to make sure that I had the right cat. But I will never understand how she did it. I suppose she spent the forty-eight hours looking for the right address. But I live on the tenth floor and they don't let stray cats ride up in the elevator. Not without special permission anyway. There's a back stair but she would have to reach up and turn all the doorknobs. They are a little bit high for her. And she couldn't possibly have said to the doorman, "I want Heywood Broun's apartment."

I don't believe she even knows my name and certainly she doesn't know how to pronounce it. But she seemed to sense that I might use her for material in a Radio column. In her cunning and feline mind that entitles her to salmon and cream for the rest of her life. Just one mention on the Radio. Maybe she has an exaggerated idea of what people get paid for working on sustaining programs. Sometimes there are six kittens—all female in time—and not so much time—that makes thirty-six female cats. And then—well, after that I moved out—I don't suppose anybody wants a kitten? No! Well, good night, just the same.



# Radio Roads

By Rudy Vallee

(Continued from page 9)

find it up to their expectations. I further told them that I considered our tour a Radio good-will tour, one which we had chosen in preference to a trip to Europe or to Hollywood to make another picture, in the hope that it would bring us face to face with our Radio friends and fans. It had done just that; everywhere we went we found friendly and cordial audiences. In the one or two cases where I had a sense of vague hostility on the part of a few, it disappeared before the evening was half over. Psychologically I felt it couldn't be otherwise.

**D**URING the fifty minutes (it usually took an hour) of the concert, parts of which the crowd danced to, I was either singing or playing the saxophone or clarinet; even on the hottest of nights we all worked extremely hard. During the concert I sang over thirty songs and had a long monologue in our comedy number, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo!" At the end of the concert on the warm nights the boys were wringing wet, and we had only a short rest after the concert, and from then on we played twenty and twenty-five minute stretches of dance music with two and three minutes rest between.

I stayed with the boys until the end of the dance, working every minute to make the dance a success. Every fourth or fifth song was a wild, hot number for those who love the Hoosier Hop, or for those who like to be lost in an ecstasy of wild dancing for the moment. The entire fifteen men I had chosen were men who enjoyed working and who threw themselves into every evening's work with complete abandon; such also was the way I worked, and the reaction upon our audience couldn't help but be felt. A band that works for the love of working, and gives plenty of what they are producing and gives it in a varied style, cannot help but please the audience.

I will leave it to the dance promoters who engaged us, and use their words to express what I cannot say personally. Every dance promoter was enthusiastic concerning our appearance and in every case asked us when we could play a return engagement; that is very unusual at the price we received. Several wanted to play us a few weeks after our first appearance, but I preferred to wait for a year or two years.

The prices charged varied from \$1 to \$3 per person; the average price was \$2

and \$2.50 per person. That is a lot of money to ask in these days of business depression in towns where the mines have been closed for weeks, where factories have been shut down and where some families are actually starving.

The fact that Radio can create such a tremendous interest is shown by the immense crowds outside the dance hall as well as in. In every place there were from 3,000 to 5,000 people lined up along the way to the dance hall, or surging around it in the hope of hearing and seeing for nothing. Many of these were well-dressed and genteel looking people. The answer was that as much as they wanted to be inside they couldn't afford it; times were hard, the drought was in its worst stages in the middle of our tour, and yet the terrific, cordial crowds inside showed that in spite of all the depression whatever could be done was done to the satisfaction of everyone.

**I**N MANY cases the crowd outside was permitted to hear and see. The dance hall promoter realized one thing—that these people couldn't afford to be inside, or, of course, they would be, because the only thing that keeps a person on the outside is the fact that he cannot afford to be inside. That is common sense. The fact that he is there on the outside shows that his curiosity is great enough or he wouldn't be there.

It made me very happy indeed to have hundreds of young, burly men, some in a very shame-faced, eyes downcast attitude, approach me between dances and after the dance and ask to shake hands, saying that they had changed their opinion. Whenever I had the opportunity to ask them, I generally questioned them saying, "Why did you form an opinion before you had seen me? Why be so unfair?" To this they could only do what any person could do—shrug their shoulders and admit that they didn't know. Human nature was ever thus, and will always be! People will form opinions before they have any reasonable right to do so; they will form it from write-ups, from pictures, and from stories brought by word of mouth. Nothing is more unfair, yet nothing is more a fact; that is human nature in its stark reality.

I feel that our tour did more good than anything else could have done, as it brought the Connecticut Yankees and myself very close to those who knew us only through our Radio work. They had

learned to love our music through our Radio work or they never would have turned out to see us, but the tour permitted them to see in action the men who had brought them musical happiness month after month; it enabled them to see that these boys and I were just as human, just as regular and hard working in our own particular way as they were in theirs.

As I left the last town in Pennsylvania and turned the nose of my big, blue car towards New York, leaving early in the morning of the day that we were to broadcast from the Times Square Studios, I realized that this had been a summer that had joined Radio and actual appearances in a perfect unity. The 7,000 miles which were clocked on my speedometer had been 7,000 miles of wonderful relaxation and change for my boys and myself. After a year and a half of an eighteen-hour schedule which had kept us from the sun, being indoors in the theatre from twelve noon to ten-thirty at night, and in the Villa Vallee from eleven until three, never seeing another show, never getting out into the sunshine, the beaches, the golf and tennis clubs, we needed such a change as this, and Radio made it possible for us to take it, and take it in a triumphant, friend-making, sensational tour.

Everywhere we met good-will, friendliness, cordiality, and left feeling that we had helped to make these young people and old people happier for one evening of their lives, and that in our future broadcasts there would be a better understanding and knowledge of those who were trying to bring them, through the ether, simple dance music with song.

## Turkey Day in Studioland

(Continued from page 27)

Lombardo, and if he had any, they were not accessible. For when he was shaken violently to rouse him from the proverbial doze into which he had fallen even in the face of such an appealing discussion, the beloved director of the Panatella syncopators simply mumbled, "Please go 'way and let me sleep."

So of course no one did. They just kept right on loudly cooking that theoretically perfect microphone banquet for turkey day until, by a sad misfortune, Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, hove into sight.

"Phil," I asked him. "What's your idea of just the right thing for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Well," said that multi-charactered comedian in voice No. 6, "you take a double handful of Crackles—"

And so ended the discussion with the large crowd rapidly scattering here and there and hiding behind grand pianos, drapes, saxophones, kettle drums and bull fiddles.



## Crooks Don't Like Ether

(Continued from page 13)

to curtail the intimacy between the youth and the criminal which is fostered in these breeding places of crime.

Theodore Roosevelt expressed the entire problem of delinquency when he said, "If you want to do anything that is permanent for the average man, you must begin before he is a man. The chance for success lies in working with the boy and not with the man."

The main issue before the American people today is neither political nor economic—it is the education of youth.

The officers of the Bureau of Crime Prevention of the New York Police Department have shown what remarkable results can be obtained by trained workers who gain the confidence and the respect of delinquent boys and girls. The first six months' report of the Bureau has some splendid illustrations of this point. Children who showed anti-social tendencies, frequently due to home conditions, were induced to frequent recreational clubs where they played healthy games and learned to accomplish useful things. Difficult family situations were harmoniously adjusted, thereby making the home life of the possible delinquent more attractive.

The great influence of this new arm of police service will not be felt immediately. We are planning for the years to come. We are most hopeful that by directing the mental traffic of the young mind in the right direction we will lessen the spiritual injury and death that devastate the ranks of our children. Thanks to Radio the awakening of a national desire for crime prevention is beginning to be felt. We all admit the wisdom of the maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The ether waves have started carrying a campaign of education which will promote the security, the safety and the happiness of every honest citizen. Such publicity means something else to the criminal. He shrinks from it!

WHEN television comes into its own the ether waves will be able to broadcast pictures of wanted criminals. He thrives best in ignorance and darkness. But we will give him plenty of ether; not the kind that comes out of a can, but the ether which carries a much bigger kick, Radio waves. Crooks don't like that brand of ether.

## Lessons In Loveliness

(Continued from page 84)

appearance and enhance her best points.

A guide to make-up—Powder always looks deeper or darker in the box than it does on the skin. It is not advisable

to select powder or rouge or lipstick because you like the color in the package. It will look much different on the skin. To be most effective, powder should always be chosen a shade deeper or darker than the tone of the skin. A lighter powder shows up on the skin, a powder deeper than the skin gives it a translucent appearance.

Neither is it advisable to select powder designated "For Blonde" or "For Brunette". Not all blondes are fair-skinned, nor all brunettes dark-complexioned. It is desirable to have at least two different shades of powder—a deeper, creamier shade for daytime wear, and a shade for evening that will give the skin a fairer, whiter effect under electric lights. A good evening lavender will give an alluring fairness to everyone except the Spanish brunette with deep olive complexion—and this is the type that should never strive for whiteness. A deep naturally olive complexion has fascination.

THE present fashion of "creamy" powders is flattering to nearly every tone of complexion carried to extremes. If you have brown hair you may wear a deep rachel to advantage, but a light rachel will look even better.

Rachel is associated in our minds as something for brunettes, but many a light-complexioned woman can enhance the attraction of her skin by a deep rachel, especially if she has brown eyes. If she has gray or blue eyes a light rachel for daytime and a pinkish naturelle or lavender for evening are more suitable.

Rouge and Lipstick—The shade of rouge and lipstick should always be a perfect match. Too often we see orange cheeks and red lips or vice versa. Rouge in cream form has many advantages over dry rouge. It looks more natural, if properly selected and softly blended in, and stays on for hours without the necessity of renewing it. I consider a good cream rouge much better for the skin than dry rouge.

Eye Shadow and Mascara—Eye-shadow is growing in favor, but the difficulty about it for evening is this: With so many various colored lights being used in theatres, restaurants and night clubs, one never knows what the lighting effects will do to the make-up, so it is best to stick to the deep blue or light green shade. A

tiny bit of cream rouge blended into the upper eyelid will make the eyes look larger, but it must be very delicately applied, else the eyes may look inflamed. You know, of course, that the eyebrows are no longer being plucked into the extremely fine pencil line, but if they are scraggly or too heavy it is desirable to shape them or thin them out. Heavy "beading" of the eye-lashes, in fact, any kind of make-up for the eyes, is never in best of taste for daytime, except where the lashes and brows are too light. Then, a good cosmetic and eyebrow pencil are desirable to bring out the depth and expression of the eyes.

TO ADVISE each of you on your own color combinations, I will have to know—

1. The color of your hair (if it has grey in it, please say so).
2. The tone of your complexion—fair, creamy or olive. Does it still retain some summer tan?
3. Your age (approximately).
4. Is your skin included to be dry or oily?
5. The color of your eyes.

Please mention the RADIO DIGEST in your letter—the Editor's note tells how to address me.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates are twenty cents a word for each insertion. Name and address are counted. Two initials count one word. Cash must accompany order. Minimum of ten words. Objectionable and misleading advertisements not accepted.

### Business Opportunities

Screw-Holding Screw Drivers! Remove, insert screws from inaccessible places! Factories, garages, electricians, mechanics, auto, radio owners buy on sight! Exclusive territory. Free Trial! Manufacturer, 1710 Winthrop Bldg., Boston.

### Song Writers

SONGWRITERS-POEMS-MELODIES—Opportunity, Tommie Malle. RD 4215 North Avenue, Chicago.

SONGWRITERS—Advance royalty payments, new talking picture song requirements, etc., fully explained in our free instructive booklet. Write today. Song poems examined free. Newcomer Associates, 1674-P Broadway, New York.

### For Boys and Girls

## Earn Christmas Money

Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Seals. Sell for 10c set. When sold return \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 6, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Philidus, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

### Miscellaneous

"GET-ACQUAINTED LETTER CLUB"—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big List of Descriptions (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society, Box 100-R, Detroit, Michigan.

## Big Money for Radio Entertainers

If you can play an instrument, sing, or recite, learn about the opportunities to get into Radio Broadcasting as an Entertainer. If you have a voice "with a personality" there are also big opportunities as Radio Announcers. Our complete Book "Radio Entertaining" tells all about the opportunities for those who have talent, and how to cash in on it. Price \$2 postpaid. Those purchasing "Radio Entertaining" and who desire to apply for an audition, may be listed with our Bureau, and we will advise your nearest Broadcasting Stations. No fee for this service. The "Listening Questionnaire" will be mailed with your copy of "Radio Entertaining."

Send \$2 today to NATIONAL RADIO BUREAU, Dept. C, P. O. Box 332, San Francisco, Calif.



## Mystery Announcer Wins

(Continued from page 115)

at every public appearance. There is no doubt that part of the charm exists in maintaining that identity as a mystery. His voice is, however, his most potent asset. It is a voice that registers a strong and virile personality, infectious with a twinkle of humor but withal possessed of a certain integrity of character and dignity appealing to the imaginative feminine listener.

**R**ADIO was his first love. It began with his school days when he slipped away from the tedium of classrooms at Johnston, N. J., to delve into the intriguing business of putting coils and batteries together to produce a far-flung sound or gather in a sound that other hands directed from far away at sea or in distant lands. It fascinated and gripped him—those strange signals trickling down out of the sky to tell of things that were mysterious and far away. And finally he too could throw back his own thoughts across the great spaces. There was no idea of using his voice in those days—everything was in dots and dashes.

Eventually the ships claimed him. A wireless operator with power to span the seas from ship to ship and ship to land—then the War. Secretary Josephus Daniels sent him a special letter of commendation for bravery manifested in sticking to his key while in very imminent peril. After the war he gravitated into broadcasting, first as a combination announcer-operator, and now as the national champion Diamond Meritum Award winner.

## The Happiest Years

(Continued from page 16)

gagements and her children were taking more of her time. Her husband died a few years later, leaving her with five small children and hardly any money. The days were dark ones for her and time and again she and her children experienced hunger. Just when the singer was in despair, she was asked to sing at a benefit performance in Berlin. For that appearance she was given thirty marks and the newspaper critics awoke to find that they had discovered a voice which they were sure was destined to become great. Perhaps this was the real climax of her life which led to her broad philosophy of today.

From that time on her path became smoother. She was asked to sing at the Hamburg Opera and then invited to become first contralto of the Berlin Royal Opera, the goal of every singer in Germany and one of the most famous opera houses in the world.

**W**HEN she sang Wagner at Bayreuth Maurice Grau, then impresario of the Metropolitan Opera in New York, asked her to come to America. Two years later, in 1899, she came to this country and the American public took Schumann-Heink, artist, mother and woman, straight to its heart. And after more than a half century of song, her golden voice still thrills its listeners. Friendly, unaffected and unspoiled, she remains the idol of her vast audience of music lovers. Now that the calm, peaceful days have come after a busy life, she finds her "happiest years."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October, 1930. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward Lyman Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Titman, and Charles R. Tighe all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.) Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September 1930, Harry Hoag, Notary Public, County Clerk's No. 245, N. Y. County Register's No. 11177. Term expires March 30, 1931. [SEAL]

## Vote For Your Favorite Station in New Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

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; 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 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

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.



## The Poet's Friend

(Continued from page 24)

Mount Parnassus and chatting there with Keats.

Here he formed the enduring friendship of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swinburne and Rossetti who were his constant companions. These poets lived again for Masefield in his garret and poured out their rich songs to him.

Then he began with his own dabbings in verse. Some of these hint at the genius which was to be and most of these early beginnings are still in the possession of friends in Yonkers.

Although Mr. Masefield's thoughts circle sea and land, he has a memory for little things. When he returned to the United States a few years ago for a lecture tour, he went to the home of some old friends. They fell to reminiscing. They talked about their wedding and Masefield even remembered the guests who had attended and what presents they had given. There was the old icebox which he himself had bought as a gift. When Mr. Masefield returned to England, he arranged for another icebox to be sent to his friend on the wedding anniversary.

Although the old icebox might make a very attractive addition to Henry Ford's museum or provide a fascinating bit for collectors of valuable furniture, Billy Booth intends to hold on to these two iceboxes.

For a famous poet, there is very little biographical material, but Masefield has probably said with his fellow writers that those who would seek him must find him in his works.

In olden times the bards would sing their rhymes on the streets and the more fortunate would find their way into courts and palaces.

In modern times the only tunes we hear on the street are the warm whistle of the peanut wagon, the rumblings of trains, the whizz of aeroplanes and the beckoning call of the steamboat.

SO AMONG the multitudinous voices of machines, our poets have retreated into the covers of books and from the influential platform of the printed page have given utterance to their deepest emotions.

But Radio, as Mr. Masefield points out, may bring poets back into their own. The wave length will silently carry the songs of poets through hum and buzz of modern life into the homes of those who love the song of poetry.

## GET ACQUAINTED!

LETTER CLUB—For Ladies and Gentlemen. Big list of descriptions (FREE). Send for one. American Friendship Society, Box 100-B, Detroit, Michigan.

## Bernadine Hayes

(Continued from page 49)

"Any woman can be beautiful if she takes time," was the encouraging reply. "A charming woman is much more attractive than a beautiful woman. The longer you know a charming woman, the deeper does she grow in your affections."

"Are you financially independent?"

"Yes, I am, and I am not ashamed of it. I used to work in the lace department of a large store during my vacations when I went to high school, and very rich ladies would come in with their maids, and I would often wonder if I would ever be like them. I have always loved beautiful things and I love to go out to theatres and parties."

Her ideal man? He does not have to be good-looking. But he must be intelligent and must know how to earn a living.

"I want to marry someone upon whom I can thoroughly depend. I don't believe that any woman should dominate the marriage situation. Yes, I'd like to have one or two children and send them to nice schools."

"But there is nothing like a large family at Christmas time, with everyone gathered at home."

The career of Bernadine Hayes, Queen of the Air, began in humble surroundings. She started singing in St. Louis and confined her activities to private parties and in the homes of her friends.

THEN came her opportunity. It was at Loew's State Theatre in St. Louis. The engagement of one of the singers, around whom an act was built, had to be cancelled. Another singer was engaged to do the number, but when she arrived at the rehearsal she couldn't carry on with the song.

Eager to try the part, she pleaded with the manager to let her take it. He looked at her in surprise. Who was this young girl who even dared to presume that she could sing before the footlights? But she was not to be daunted, and the manager, after all, had to get someone to fill the bill. Her success amazed even the manager if managers can be amazed. And a contract was offered her for a tour of the West.

A short time after the completion of the tour Miss Hayes appeared at an exhibition, and as events would have it,

George Junkin, Manager of KMOX, St. Louis, invited her to broadcast from his station, and soon after that she was signed up as a staff artist.

Recognition after recognition came. An official of the Columbia Broadcasting System, hearing her over KMOX, suggested that she go to Chicago and broadcast from WBBM and since that time she has been one of the features on CBS and on local programs.

Miss Hayes is known as one of the best blues singers in the country. But "popular" music is not her only interest in life. She loves operas and concerts and has been studying under Albert Rappaport of the Chicago Civic Opera.

The midnight hour has sounded and Cinderella has not departed. The Fairy Godmother is evidently pleased with the way she has carried her part—and the Prince of a Wealthy Kingdom will soon be coming.

**NOW OPEN in BOSTON**  
**The New HOTEL MANGER**  
 At North Station  
 Direct Entrance from B. & M. Depot  
 A Tower of Hospitality  
**500 ROOMS**  
 Each equipped with Tub and Shower (Non-Spald System) Built-in Radio Speaker (Three Station Service) Tickless Electric Clock Servidor Circulating Ice Water French Telephone Full Length Mirror.  
**New England's Most Modernly Equipped and Perfectly Appointed Hotel**  
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 ROOM & BATH, FOR ONE \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00  
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## RADIO BARGAINS

Low Power Transmitter adaptable for phone or code.

With plug-in coils \$14.75

Auto Radio—Uses 2-224, 2-227 tubes and 1-245 Power tube.

Single dial, tremendous volume. Compact. Fits any car.

We guarantee this set to perform better than sets selling up to \$1.50. 20.00

B Eliminator, Bone Dry with 280 tube, 180 volts, will operate up to ten tube set, fully guaranteed. 6.75

AC—A B C Power Packs. 8.75

Tubes: UX type, 30-day replacement guarantee, No. 210, \$2.25; No. 250, \$2.35; No. 281, \$1.85; No. 245, \$1.25; No. 224, \$1.25; No. 227, 75c; No. 226, 65c; No. 171, 75c.

CHAS. HOODWIN CO.

4240 Lincoln Ave

Dept. L-19

Chicago



## Good Diction

(Continued from page 66)

mind is generally recognized. We hear a speaker without seeing him. When a speaker is only a voice, he must needs send forth a good voice. The Radio has not only added to the value of a pleasing method of utterance, it has increased the handicap which a harsh unlovely voice and incorrect use of words impose."

**T**HE voice of Sir Oliver Lodge, musical, quietly authoritative, without one blundering note or displeasing tone is a lesson in cultivated speech of enormous potency, for it reaches millions of listeners who have been made speech conscious by the Radio.

"It was in recognition of the growing importance of the regular paid announcers of the five hundred stations in America as teachers of good diction, that I advocated to the American Academy directors the establishment of a medal to be awarded to the announcer whose articulation, pronunciation, tone quality and general quality seemed most worthy of award."

Miss Perkins claims that the chief function of Radio is to serve the public, first, by broadcasting news; second, by providing entertainment; third, by discussing educational topics; and fourth, by promulgating good cheer.

Who is more in need of this wonderful service than the busy housewife for whom Radio serves as her only contact with the teeming world outside?

Miss Perkins' broadcasts, built upon these principles, have been of inestimable value to the woman at home, to whose rescue she comes in more than one way.

Those who have found it impossible to do very much window shopping can always receive guidance from Miss Perkins who presides over her program as a charming hostess, never forgetting the elements of service, entertainment and good cheer.

Miss Perkins stimulates interest in her program by discussing current events of general interest and by inviting prominent persons from time to time to tell about their own fields of activity. Among these guests have been Mrs. Douglas Robinson, sister of former President Roosevelt, who told about the boyhood of her distinguished brother. Mrs. Frank Shuler, President of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, outlined the scope and activities of this organization. Among those who have contributed a rendition of modern poetry have been Leonore Speyer, Edwin Markham, and Arthur Guiterman.

With representation from such a variety of activities, it can be seen why the interest of the busy woman at home is maintained in these morning programs.

Miss Perkins is very enthusiastic about

her work. The National Association for American Speech of which Miss Perkins is President, attracts professionals as well as those who are interested in good diction for the sake of culture. Here at the Association, day and evening courses are conducted for voice training, vocabulary building, poise, effective personality and artistic interpretation.

"The purpose of speech training is to develop the use of the voice as an instrument of expression," concluded Miss Perkins. "This is just as essential in daily life as it is over the Radio, but Radio emphasizes the need."

Miss Perkins enjoys her Radio work because it brings her in contact with individuals from every walk of life and because it is so closely allied to the subjects of voice, diction and personal expression in which she has always been so interested."

## Radiographs

(Continued from page 69)

ments for twenty-two publishers and writes all the continuity for the Breen and de Rose programs. She admits to a weakness for fan mail. She gets a voluminous amount but she reads and answers it all herself. She has a pair of white snails for pets. She had had them for years and herself. She has had them for years and has never been quite sure why she keeps them. But she does.

## Peter de Rose

**N**EXT the man. Slender, dark, small moustache, bending over the piano and gazing up at the other member of the team with large romantic eyes. He is Peter de Rose, who has been picking out tunes by ear on the piano since he was twelve years old and now is half of the team of Breen and de Rose, the husband of the other half (I will not make puns); and the composer of a long string of popular ballads.

Many of these ballads are dedicated to his wife. Theirs is probably the most famous Radio romance on record. When they first began playing together hundreds of persons wrote in to say they were sure they were married by the way they sang love songs over the air. Hundreds of others wrote to say they were sure they weren't married—for the same reason! As a matter of fact, they weren't at that time but later they announced their engagement over the air. Congratulations poured in by the thousands and they were married by a minister whose acquaintance they had made through a fan letter he had written.

They are still singing their love songs in the same way—whatever that may prove—and Peter's latest ballad, dedicated to his wife, is "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver I Will Love You Just The Same". But even under the

brilliant lights of the studio that day looked a long, long way off.

Like his wife, Peter is of Italian descent and was also born in New York City. He was one of nine children, all natural musicians. Peter, himself, never had a lesson in his life and doesn't read music, but he has been playing the piano by ear ever since he was big enough to reach the keyboard. In addition he also sings and plays the guitar, and just recently May has taught him to play the ukulele. The first time he played it over the air it kept them busy for a week assuring their friends that it really was Peter and not May. "And that," Peter says, "is praise."

He has been composing popular songs for years, but one of his earliest still remains his greatest hit and they still have more requests for it than any other number. It is "Muddy Water" and it looked at first as if it had been born under an unlucky star. It was written just before the big Mississippi flood of a few years ago and for a long time its sale was banned throughout all that region. In time, however, the flood went down, but "Muddy Water" went on and is still paying Peter royalties. Among his other popular successes are "Havin' My Ups And Downs," "Down Among The Sugar Cane," and "I Still Remember."

The de Roses live in New York City on West Seventy-third Street, where Peter does his composing in an apartment overflowing with china and pottery animals for which they both, for some unexplainable reason, have a weakness.

## Washington Talks to the Nation

(Continued from page 67)

ever delivered over the air were made by Senators Harrison and Johnson recently from Columbia studios in Washington.

The fiery Mississippian apparently missed an enthusiastic audience not at all when he delivered a denunciation of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. He shook his finger menacingly at the timid looking mike as he assailed the administration measure, and assumed the fighting pose so familiar to Senate galleries. Senator Watson of Indiana, who also spoke over Columbia on this bill, was equally at home as he voiced approval of the measure.

Senator Johnson withered the mike with a glance as he began his assault on the London treaty. He soon warmed up and pitched into the task with all his familiar ardor. His speech was widely acclaimed as one of the best he has made.

Probably the day is not yet at hand when the little iron box will displace the rostrum. But certainly the day will come when no one can be considered much of a public speaker unless he can thrill invisible audiences via the Radio.



## Why Look Like a Wife?

(Continued from page 91)

to "pick on" their children than to serve them in the true sense of the word.

Another disaster that follows these women is loss of the play spirit. Nerve specialists agree that the death of the play spirit is one of the largest factors in matrimonial unhappiness. Women, more than men, have a tendency to lose all sense of their identity after they are married. Of course "Life is real, life is earnest," but life is fun, too, and it's a mistake for any woman to lose sight of that.

**I**N REPLYING to neglected wives who write me, I suggest that they try to interest themselves in amusements which will take them away from the monotony of household tasks. I advise them to cultivate some simple hobby. And I emphasize the advisability of going to places of amusement with their husbands and children. A month or so ago, I read a prize winning article by a woman who told how she kept her husband and children happy. She said that no matter how tired she was, she was always ready to go to shows and picnics and parties with her husband and children. When I read that I wasn't surprised that she was a successful wife. I'm quite sure this woman didn't look like a breakfast-table wife!

How to be lovelier—any woman can—simply by cultivating the habit of never looking unattractive even to herself. Yes, any woman can be attractive if she is willing to pay the price—and the price is not high. It calls for a little intelligence and character enough to care for one's self faithfully and systematically.

Even the most unattractive woman need not be discouraged. For the most important answer to any beauty problem is—begin now to correct the things which are wrong and keep up the treatments every day thereafter. It is all a matter of habit. And it's just as easy to form good habits as bad ones. Good habits include regular periods of relaxation, exercise, proper diet, care of the skin, and mental discipline. By mental discipline I refer especially to the elimination of worry, fussing, and nagging. These things ruin the disposition and not only that, they cause the glands to manufacture poisonous toxins instead of healthy fluids. Then the skin shows a yellow tinge, lines appear, and the complexion grows dull and lifeless. And before women know what is happening, they have become breakfast-table wives.

But any woman can be beautiful. It is simply a matter of will power. The loveliest woman you have even seen is probably the woman who has character enough to care for herself properly and consistently. Any woman can develop character—so why look like a wife?

## The Flying Announcer

(Continued from page 72)

Less than a week later, Brown announced the race on the Ohio river between the Tom Greene and the Betsy Anne, river packets whose rivalry for the racing title of the Ohio has made river history. For almost three hours, Brown gave WLW and National Broadcasting Company listeners a picture of the race and of its progress, with stories of the Ohio river and its history. He was assisted by George Hicks, NBC announcer, who came to Cincinnati to help with the race. This broadcast was almost a repetition of a similar race the year before in which Brown told the story of the sailing of the Betsy Anne and the Chris Greene, sister packet of the Tom.

Most important of all Brown's microphone appearances, however, is the one for which Mr. Crosley chose him in August: the broadcasting of the non-stop flight of Mr. Crosley's plane in the National Air Races.

Flying with Captain William S. Brock in Crosley's Lockheed-Vega at the rate of 190 miles from Los Angeles to Chicago, Brown told the story of the race through station KHILO, the plane's transmitter. The broadcast was picked up by stations along the way for rebroadcasting. At the finish in Chicago, the National Broadcasting Company picked up the story of the last 60 miles of the race, and of its culmination, which Brown described as the plane zoomed across the finish line.

Not content with this unusual feat of broadcasting from a racing plane, Mr. Crosley also sent his plane, with Pilot Brock and Announcer Brown to the International Balloon Race and Aerial Carnival in Cleveland the week of September 1st.

**I**N THE Cleveland event, Brown announced from the plane as it raced at full speed across the field. After the balloon races began, the plane followed the balloons for 50 or 60 miles, broadcasting their progress so that the WLW audience might follow them by Radio. Several more broadcasting stunts are "in the bag" for Brown and the plane as this story is written . . . stunts that will make him even more famous as an announcer than he is now.

Before Brown came to WLW from Buffalo, he had other broadcasts to his credit that would have satisfied the most adventuresome soul. He had leaned out of a nineteenth story window to describe a Lindbergh parade. He had been one of the first announcers to describe a city from an airplane. He was the first announcer to present Queen Marie of Roumania to the American Radio audience. He also had presented four of the most famous flyers: Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, Eddie Rickenbacker, and Clarence Chamberlain.

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# Suspense

(Continued from page 63)

"Of course we should. Before anyone. And"—she repeated the words with emphasis—"We've noticed nothing."

To Irene this naturally seemed mysterious. But before she could ask for any explanation a diversion was caused by the re-entrance of her father, collared and generally tidier. His mind, it was evident, still dwelt upon one preoccupation.

"Ned and that paper-boy both late together," he grumbled.

"I DON'T think you know my husband, Mr. Gibbs," said Mrs. Mortimer, with an air of relief.

Gibbs also hailed an addition to the group as likely to be helpful; the evening did not seem destined to rank among his triumphs.

"How d'you do, sir," he asked, shaking hands effusively. "I think everyone knows the writer of—of that book you wrote."

Mr. Mortimer stared in pleased astonishment. "So you've read that, eh?" he exclaimed. "Capital!"

"Well," answered the guest, ingenuously, "not to say exactly read. But I've often seen it on the shelf at the public library. It's always there."

Mr. Mortimer said nothing—eloquently.

"There's another ring," observed Irene, as the sound of the front-door bell cut into a somewhat oppressive silence. She turned to her mother. "Shall I go?" she asked, "Amy is busy."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Mortimer. Then in a quick undertone. "No, wait a minute. No, go at once!"

"Why, mother you're absolutely shaking," Irene whispered, playfully. "One would think we'd never given a party before. And it's all going beautifully."

She flashed an apologetic smile upon the company, and went out quickly into the hall, leaving Mrs. Mortimer standing alone beside the fire. Irene had been right; she was certainly trembling. She laid a hand upon the mantel shelf to steady herself.

Meantime Gibbs had turned again towards his host.

"Sad thing about poor old Hughes," he observed, conversationally.

Mortimer grunted, unappeased.

"Found on the line this morning, they tell me," explained Gibbs. "They say it was that business of his son's absconding that made him do it."

Some trick of the firelight, perhaps, playing on the face of her who listened made it seem to work convulsively.

"I don't hear about such matters for choice," growled Mr. Mortimer.

"To be sure," agreed Gibbs. "Still, I just mentioned it."

These people were undeniably difficult

to talk to, he thought. However, thank Heaven, here was someone entering who looked rather more alive.

This was Trixie, a conventionally pretty young woman of the fluffy and doll-like type, the affianced of Edward. Both her manner and her costume, a low-necked evening dress of silk, were not wholly free from the suspicion of a desire to show off before the family she was about to enter.

"Edward hasn't brought her," announced Irene, ushering in the visitor.

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried the lady. "Nobody brought me, I assure you. Not worthy of such an honor, I expected to find his lordship here."

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were greeted.

"Then you haven't seen him?" asked the latter, kissing her future daughter-in-law.

"Not since yesterday. And he was pretty humpy then. Hardly said good night at all."

"It is queer," mused Irene. Then more briskly. "Trixie, dear, this is Mr. Gibbs, from Edward's bank. Miss Willard, Edward's fiancée."

Mr. Gibbs bowed.

"What do you think of the cake?" asked Irene, by way of making conversation.

"CHARMING, charming," murmured Trixie, in a society voice, intended to show that sugar-icing was to her slightly demodé.

Simple-minded Irene looked pleased.

"Cook thought there should have been little candles on the top, for each year," she said, thoughtfully. "Would you have liked that better?"

"Hardly suppose there'd have been room," volunteered Mr. Gibbs, just to show his interest.

"Really, Mr. Gibbs!" Trixie withered him. "One isn't positively a centenarian, if that's what you mean."

Irene kissed her hastily.

"There," she entreated, "don't be cat-tish, if he is a bit late. Perhaps he is getting a present for you."

"Oh!" Some secret memory seemed to mollify Miss Willard. "I've had that already."

"We haven't seen it."

"I know you haven't." This still more consciously.

Irene's curiosity became clamorous.

"Is it something to wear?" she asked, eagerly. "Have you got it on?" Meeting with affirmative but mysterious nods to both questions, she added, entreatingly, "Oh, Trixie, do show it to us—if—if you can."

It was the last words that appeared to overcome Miss Willard's scruples.

"No gentleman," she replied, with hauteur, "would give me anything to wear that I couldn't show. Only I promised Edward—" She lowered her voice. "Well, just you, then," she said, and half furtively from under the lace of her low bodice produced a pendant, which she handed to Irene.

The latter took it with a cry of astonishment.

"How lovely!" she almost gasped. "And they're real, aren't they? Mother, dad, do just look what Edward's given to Trixie!"

Heedless of the other's cry of protest, she had run to her father and displayed the glittering treasure. Even, he, who had been again impatiently turning the pages of the paper, was impressed.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, taking the gift in his hand and surveying it with astonishment. "Where, did Mr. Edward get the cash for this bauble, I should like to know? He seems free with his money."

Trixie looked vexed, and a little confused.

"It was only because I admired it in a shop," she faltered.

From the moment of her greeting Mrs. Mortimer had said nothing to the girl. But now, with the pendant in her hand, she came close to her and asked:

"Has he given you many presents like this lately?"

Somehow, for all their quietness, the words seemed to cause an uncomfortable thrill in the little room. It was as though they were charged with ominous meaning. Trixie stammered and hesitated. She was blushing and already beginning to look cross.

"One or two," she said, defensively. "There's nothing to be astonished about. Edward's very fond of me."

"Naturally!" volunteered Gibbs, plunging; but nobody heeded him.

"You needn't imagine," she continued, "that I encouraged him in extravagance. I'm sure I was quite vexed about it at the time. Please give it back to me. I ought never to have let anyone see it."

"WHY?" asked Irene, as Mrs. Mortimer, in silence, handed the jewel back to the girl, from whose face she had not once taken her eyes.

"Edward made me promise not to. He didn't want people to know that he'd got more money than usual just now."

Then Mrs. Mortimer spoke. "And you keep it—like this!" she said. "How can you tell what might depend on it?"

The vehemence of her tone startled them all.

"Really, Mrs. Mortimer—" Trixie stammered, while Irene looked at the

(Continued on page 128)



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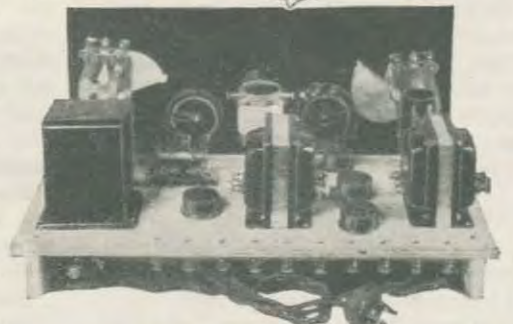
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# Suspense

(Continued from page 126)

speaker with a sudden anxiety. What, she wondered, was making her usually quiet mother so odd to-night. This was the second thing—

"You're frightening Trix," she observed, with gentle reproof.

"I'm sorry." Mrs. Mortimer had mastered herself again, as though realizing the effect of her outbreak and alarmed by it. "You mustn't mind what I say to-night. I'm tired."

Doubtless that was the explanation, thought Irene, relieved.

"We're all tired and hungry, and inclined to get cross through waiting for our supper," she proclaimed, in her cheerful voice. "I shall have it up without waiting another minute!"

She had left the room almost before the last words were uttered; practical Irene seldom suffered the loss of an unnecessary second between resolve and action. Mr. Gibbs, confused and more than a little uncomfortable, had tactfully taken up a copy of the Register, and was affecting to be absorbed in its perusal. Mr. Mortimer had turned to the window, and, drawing back the blind, was gazing out into the street. Trixie and Mrs. Mortimer were thus isolated.

"Edward knows I happen to be very fond of real diamonds," continued the former, in what was almost a whimper. "So, naturally, he took the first opportunity—" She blew her ridiculous little nose. "No reason why I should be snapped at!"

MRS. MORTIMER was regarding her with a look in which there was both wonder and terrified pity.

"I'm sorry I flew out at you," she said at last, speaking low and quickly. "But, oh, my dear, you do love the boy, don't you? You're glad and proud that he chose you to be his wife?"

"I chose him just as much," corrected Trixie, still aggrieved.

"Then can't you understand how important it may be? You heard what his father said just now. Where did he get that money? Do you know?"

Impossible now to mistake the earnestness of her anxiety.

"I—I didn't ask," faltered Trixie. "We were having such a wonderful afternoon I wasn't going to spoil the fun with questions of that kind!" But, at sight of Mrs. Mortimer's face, she added quickly, "Edward isn't in any trouble, is he?"

For a moment his mother did not answer. Then:

"Even if he were," she said, "wouldn't it 'spoil the fun' to tell you?"

"What—what do you mean?"

"Would your love for him be strong enough to share it? Even if it were

worse than trouble, if it were disgrace?"

"Oh—I—I don't know." The doll-like face was aquiver now with agitation. "I hate to think of things like that. There isn't anything going to happen, is there?"

The elder woman turned away with a half-audible groan. "I don't know either—yet," she answered.

"Supper!" cried the brisk voice of Irene, who at this moment appeared, bearing a covered dish, which she placed upon the table. "And the paper-boy's in the road, father. I've sent Amy out for one."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Mortimer, rousing himself from his abstraction. "At last we shall know who the fellow is!" He turned with a slightly superior air to the others. "I don't suppose it interests you people much; but, mark my words, this is an evening to be remembered."

"A very enjoyable evening, I'm sure," observed Gibbs, vastly relieved that, as he put it to himself, the family skeleton seemed to have blown over.

"Well," said Irene, "I'm glad you'll know before supper, father, or you wouldn't have eaten anything."

Father, as a fact, had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the expected journal. He did not notice how, while these sentences were being spoken, Trixie had moved close to Mrs. Mortimer. For all her affectation and silliness, there was good somewhere in the girl. "Tell me what it is," she whispered. "What you're afraid of. I want it to be mine, too."

For a moment Mrs. Mortimer caught her hand and squeezed it. Then she turned to face the door. "Wait," she said.

Amy was coming into the room. She carried the Evening Register and a telegram.

"Ah!" here we are!" cried Mortimer. "At last!"

"And there's this," said Amy, holding out the message.

"Oh, father!" Irene exclaimed. "A telegram! Perhaps it's from Ned to say why he's so late."

Mr. Mortimer was fumbling the paper. "Open it, somebody," he growled. "I can't attend to it at this moment."

Irene took the envelope. "I expect it's just that he's been detained at the off—No," she broke off, recollecting; "it

can't be that, can it? Here, mother, will you see?"

Mrs. Mortimer was standing motionless. Something in her bearing struck her daughter even then as strange; on her face was the look of one who sees fate approaching. "Open it," she commanded.

There was a moment's pause as Irene tore the envelope and Mr. Mortimer rustled the pages of his journal. Then a cry broke from them both.

"Mother! Father!" exclaimed Irene, devouring the telegram with her eyes. "It is from Edward. And do you know what he says—?"

"Never mind what he says," The amazed, incredulous voice of Mr. Mortimer broke in upon her. "It's what it says here, in the paper, about him!"

He stammered incoherently. Astonishment seemed to have taken away his breath. No one noticed Mrs. Mortimer in that moment.

Then, "Listen!" he cried, and began to read aloud. "'We have pleasure in disclosing the identity of the brilliant young writer, Edward Mortimer; who will henceforth join our staff.' That means our Edward! Oh, but it can't be true!"

"True!" Irene's cry echoed his. "Of course it is. Absolutely. This is what he says here: 'Left bank. Permanency Register. Starting three hundred. Wait supper. Edward.'"

Mr. Mortimer seemed dazed. "My son wrote them!" he was murmuring incredulously. "My own son!"

"Lucky devil!" said Gibbs, for the second time; adding, with generous warmth, "but he deserves it!"

"Our Edward!" cried Irene. The room was full of little exclamations. "No wonder he looked queer when father read his own things aloud to him! Trixie, aren't you just bursting with pride?"

"Rather!" answered Trixie, whose eyes were very bright. "But I always knew he'd be famous some day." She turned triumphantly to Mrs. Mortimer.

"There!" she said, "what do you say now?"

Edward's mother had not moved or spoken. But as they looked they saw a strange thing. All her self-control seemed to desert her. She gave a great, sobbing cry. "Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

Then she fainted.

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