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Radio Digest

May

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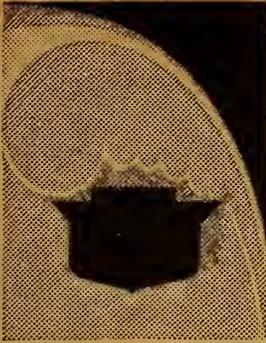
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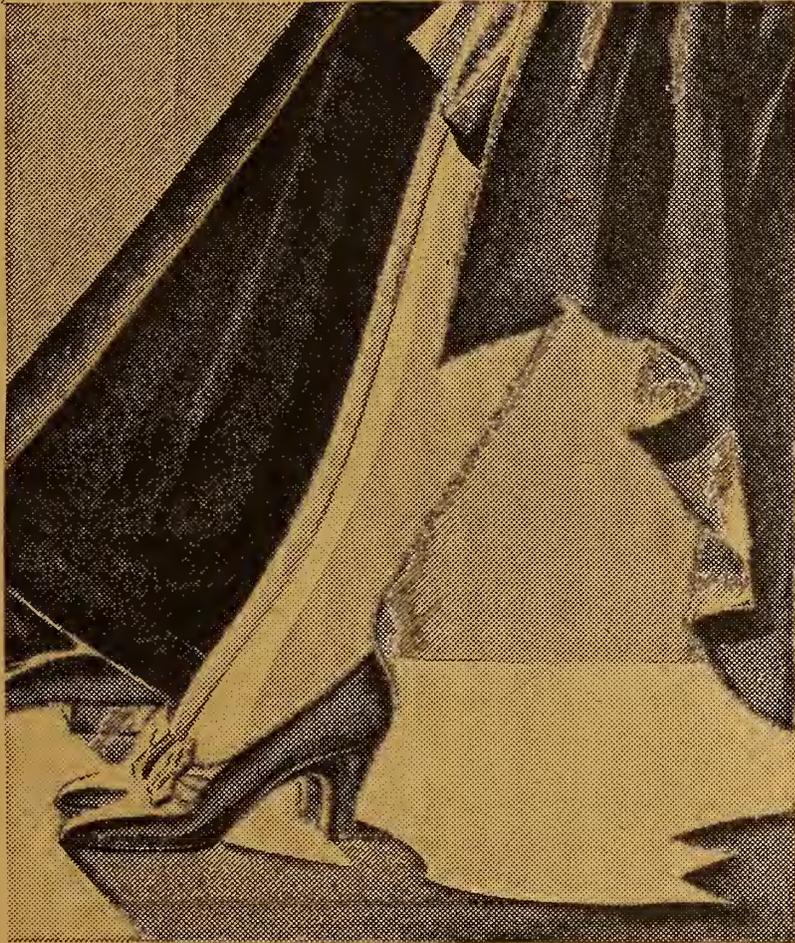
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Radio Digest

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Editor

May, 1930

CONTENTS

SPECIAL ARTICLES

- FRANK KNIGHT**—Get the "lowdown" on this CBS Master of Ceremonies. *Florence E. Marks* 9
- AMOS AND ANDY AND THEIR FRIENDS**—Interviewer attends directors' meeting of the Great Home Bank at the home of the Kingfish and meets most of the gang. *A. R. Williamson* 10
- REPORTERS OF THE AIR**—All the features of a daily paper now found in Radio programs. *Doty Hobart* 20
- BATTLE OF THE BLUES**—Who was first with "slow rhythm", Will, Rudy or Guy? *Rosemary Drachman* 26
- ALBUM**—The Fair of the Air. 28
- RADIOGRAPHS**—Intimate gossip of "chain" personalities. *Jean Campbell* 56
- NEW VOGUE FLATTERS MEN**—Fashion director reveals possibilities of new fashions. *Marie Blizard* 58
- FOOD HABITS FOR CHILDREN**—Success in later life depends on formation of good habits in childhood. *Evelyn Gardiner* 59

FICTION

- THE TURNING WHEEL**—Curiously the cycle of life revolves for a boy and a girl. *E. Phillips Oppenheim* 16
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers
- THIRTEEN AND ONE**—Human tempests rage as suspicion runs rife in mystery house. *Jackson Gregory* 22
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers
- THE MAID FROM MARTINIQUE**—Old Forty Fathoms brings tale of coquette who wrecked three men and a ship. *James Whipple* 34
- THE SUCKER'S REVENGE**—Old Jap's luck turns for a while, but he has the last laugh. *Lowell Otus Reese* 40
Illustrated by Chas. J. McCarthy
- ROMEO AND JULIET, 1930**—Shakespeare up-to-date as presented in Weak-End Satires, via Lavender network. *Don Becker* 44
- THE SPICE OF LIFE**—A story of a "Stunt Man" in Hollywood. *Gardner Hunting* 48
Illustrated by Chas. J. McCarthy

STATION FEATURES

- PARADE OF THE STATIONS**—Newsy gossip of stations and broadcasters here and there. 62
- IMPRESARIO TURNS TO RADIO**—Only man to make grand opera pay turns eye on broadcasting. *A. J. Palange* 64
- HEAVY PROBLEMS FOR A LITTLE GIRL**—Miss Tully tells how to train a wife or adopt a baby. *Mary Adamick* 67
- PROGRAMS RUN LIKE FOOTBALL GAME**—Announcer plays role of gridiron quarterback. *Donald Burchard* 69
- FOREIGN MAIL NEARS YANKEE**—Spanish program on KPRC brings applause of Latins. *Milton G. Hall* 72
- YIELD TO AIR CALL**—Artists and actors alike join Radio colonies. *Ralph L. Power* 74
- BARBER SONGS BRING FAME**—"Novia Scotian Lauder" warbles as he trims. *Verner A. Bower* 77
- CHAIN CALENDAR FEATURES**—What's on the air and when with the great chain programs. 81

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IRMA ASHLEY is one of those three charming Ashley sisters known as the Prairie Daisies at WLS, Chicago. And when the Saturday night Barn Dance comes along with Steve Cisler at the mike the Prairie Daisies dance on the hearthstone of nearly a million farm homes.



LILLIAN ROTH divides her time between the picture sound studios and the Radio sound studios in Los Angeles. She is admirably adapted to the microphone. Her beauty delights the picture audiences. Listeners hear her through the Paramount broadcasts over CBS.



MAXINE BROWN, who left Denver to become a Broadway star in New York, was the first to be called America's Sweetheart of the Air. She was also the first stage star to forsake the footlights for the microphone. You hear her over CBS in the Public Radio-rue.



JANE KIRBY had her mind all made up to be a professional toe dancer when her teacher at Eastern High School, Baltimore, happened to note the unusually fine quality of her soprano voice. She followed advice to cultivate it with pronounced success, as thousands of WBAL fans will testify.

Frantic Rush to Name Favorite for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Flood of Ballots and Fervent Letters Indicate Hot Battle to Pick Popular Program

FROM big stations and small—programs that are heard all over the nation via the great chains and super-power transmitters, and those who entertain in only a comparatively small area—the fans like them and don't hesitate to say so. Nominations and ballots for favorite Radio entertainers have flooded the Contest Editor's desk since the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award Contest to select America's Most Popular Program was announced in March.

Unprecedented enthusiasm is being displayed by listeners in every corner of the United States, and indications point to a battle of ballots and fervent letters of support unrivaled in their enthusiasm. It is far too early to guess even the number of nominations that will be received in this Diamond Award Contest, but several dark horses are already showing a determined strength that will put the supposed national favorites to their best pace to carry off honors.

To the program, organization or artist in the United States which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold mounted Diamond Meritum Award. This trophy will be in the shape of a gold medalion emblazoned with a diamond, and will be engraved with the name of the winning program, organization or artist.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design, and will be given to the most popular program in the divisions of the country representing the East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

FOR the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any

given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard in the country.

It is by no means the program from the most powerful station that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the program, organization or artist that has the staunchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite entertainer.



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

READ the rules and regulations on page 101 of this issue. Remember that if you save your coupons for the rest of the Contest and send them in together they will count for more. Act today—send in your nominations—start the ball rolling and tell your friends about the Diamond Award Contest, that your favorite may be assured of more support.

"I nominate 'Fiddlin' John' Carson for the Diamond Award because I like old time fiddlin' and he is the best I have ever heard. He will entertain anyone. More power to 'Fiddlin' John' and WSB," writes Robert L. Harris.

"I am enclosing my nomination blank for the most popular program on the air,

the Smith Family of WENR. I am saving all my votes so this popular program will have a better chance to win the Diamond Award."—George L. Meyers, Dubuque, Iowa.

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to be able to nominate Willy and Lilly of KMOX as candidates in your America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest, and I certainly hope they are successful. I really believe they are far superior to Amos 'n' Andy, as the impersonation of Lilly is so cleverly done, and the snappy singing keeps the program from being as dull and dry as Amos 'n' Andy. Will send a year's subscription to Radio Digest before the contest ends."—Charles H. Foley, St. Louis, Mo.

"Kindly accept my nomination for Dr. Brinckley of KFKB. He offers the best service and the best entertainment of them all. I'm saving my ballots so he will get the 75 votes."—M. B. Aldridge, Ponca City, Okla.

NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST

POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate _____

Station _____ (Call Letters _____)

in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please credit this ballot to:

(Name of Program) _____ (Call Letters) _____

(City) _____ (State) _____

Signed _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Station KFKB Wins GOLD CUP

Fans Rally to Support of
the World's Most Popular
Station—256,827 Votes

ACCLAIMED by an overwhelming majority of the listening public, readers of Radio Digest, broadcasting station KFKB wins the Gold Cup and the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Rallying to the support of their favorite with unprecedented enthusiasm, friends of this Milford, Kansas, station polled a total of 256,827 votes.

Contests for sectional honors in the six geographical divisions of the continent were marked by heavy balloting and close races. In the East, Station WJZ carried off first honors in a comparatively light vote, polling 4,210 ballots, winning a Silver Cup and the title of the East's Most Popular Station.

In the District of the South, "Hello World" W. K. Henderson carried off all honors and winning title to the Silver Cup for the South's Most Popular Station. His total vote was recorded as 19,514. In the Middle West another comparatively small station, but one which proved itself exceptionally strong in the hearts of its listeners, won first place. Station KFNF, owned and operated by the inimitable Henry Field, polled a total of 46,556 ballots to win the Silver Cup for the Middle West.

A South Dakota station, WNAX, proved itself the most popular broadcaster in the West, its friends casting 17,031 votes to carry the Silver Cup and the district title to Yankton. This is the second Radio Digest award won by WNAX. The Cup given for the most popular orchestra reposes in the Gurney Seed company's studios at Yankton.

IN THE Far West, Hal Nichol's Long Beach, California, station, KFOX, carried away the Silver Cup and the district title. In a whirlwind finish KFOX listeners piled up a grand total of 64,557 votes to bestow the title of the Most Popular Station in the Far West upon their favorite. Votes from Canada's widely scattered population registered an outstanding sentiment in favor of CFEQ as the Dominion's most popular broadcaster. Three thousand eight hundred and forty-two ballots were registered for this Saskatoon station.

In the true sense of this contest to select the World's Most Popular station, it was the station with the most loyal friends—listeners eager and willing to stand up and fight for the glory of their favorite, that won the Gold Cup. There are doubtless other broadcasters in the country who have more listeners over a period of time, but it was the station with the strongest, not the largest, following that was destined to win international recognition as the World's Most Popular.

Friends of broadcasters all over the continent rallied to the support of their favorites in splendid style, and every station entered in the Gold Cup Contest has a right to be proud of its standing with its listeners.

Great honor and recognition are the reward of the Gold Cup winner and winners of the Sectional races. To the runnersup must also go a large measure of credit which is their just due for the strong position they hold in the hearts of their listeners.

Full details of the balloting will appear in the June Radio Digest, together with a comprehensive layout of the winning broadcasters in this contest.

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**INTERESTING
PERSONALITIES**
of the Air



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JUNE
RADIO DIGEST

*The Boyhood Days of
Amos and Andy*

Graphic first hand picture of Curly Gosden when he was a freckle-faced kid in Richmond, Virginia.

Intimate sketch of Chuck Correll when he was a sturdy leather-lunged newsboy in Peoria.

CUPID ON THE AIR

Collection of true stories about some of the Radio romances that have culminated or soon will culminate in happy marriage.

SALARIES OF THE STARS

E. E. Plummer, famous Radio writer, presents an article with names an' everything about what the Big Stars get in the old pay envelope.

SPORT WAVES

Doty Hobart is lining up the summer schedule of games and outdoor amusements that will come to you by Radio.

TED HUSING'S LIFE

Gossipy narrative of the background for that marvelous voice you hear over the CBS. And a corking camera portrait, taken especially for Radio Digest.

THE HUNTERS

A pair of gangster gunmen follow their intended victim through Florida swamps and stumble over unprecedented contingencies. This is one of Will Payne's best short stories.

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

Indi's back and by June will have a thriving humor department for you. Send him the odd things you hear on the air and he may give you valuable tip.

RADIO DRAMA FICTIONIZED

Plays that you hear on the air done into fiction form with fresh angles of plot will interest you. Also first class fiction by famous authors.

These are just a few sidelights on the packed schedule lined up for the big special extra.

JUNE RADIO DIGEST

By Subscription or at your Newsstand

Advance Tips

JUNE is the month of tender glances and solemn vows. Many a happy romance has budded into lasting love through the medium of a Radio borne voice. "Cupid on the Air" will be the subject of an anthology of true stories of some of the swains and lasses who met, loved and joined hands at the altar of matrimony in Radioland. This will appear in the June Radio Digest. You will want to keep it in your album.

* * *

How much money does a top-notch Radio star make? What do the coming stars, now employed as Radio entertainers, make? What does a beginner make in this chosen profession? E. E. Plummer, former editor of Radio Digest, now Radio editor of the Chicago Herald and Examiner, has gone into the matter thoroughly and has promised an article that will tell us all about it—naming names, of course, in the June Radio Digest.

* * *

Interest in Amos and Andy grows by leaps and bounds. Radio Digest was first to give you information about them. It will continue to furnish you with Amos and Andy stories. Next month you will be taken to the home towns where these boys were known in youth as "Curley" Gosden and "Chuck" Correll. They were just like millions of other boys before some mysterious fate took them in hand. It might have happened to almost anybody, you'd say.

* * *

What a wow of a fiction story you are going to get from Will Payne in your June Radio Digest! Mr. Payne is marvelously gifted in picking out dangerous, hair-raising situations and keeping you on edge without being too rough. Two gangster gunmen find themselves far afield from their city rat hole haunts when they attempt to stalk an intended victim through the Florida swamps. Of course, Mr. Payne takes care that the obvious never happens and you will be guessing to the very end.

* * *

Speaking of fiction, be sure to read the E. Phillips Oppenheim story, "The Turning Wheel," in this issue. It is splendidly told and will be concluded in June—just two installments.

* * *

You will always find at least three and more often four good fiction stories in Radio Digest.

* * *

Keep your ears open for a Hit-Quip-Slip on the air. Indi is back on the job in this issue of Radio Digest. He is paying for things that make good paragraphs in his column. This is going to be one of the best features of its kind in the country. Read it and send in your contribution for next month.

* * *

DOTY HOBART is planning an article on how to get the most fun out of the big open air sports that come to you via Radio. He will also give you a forecast of some of the big games that will be broadcast. This will be in that very lively and very attractive June Radio Digest. We can't begin to tell you where everything that will be in it.

Across the Desk

MILFORD, Kansas, with its station KFKB wins the Radio Digest Grand Prize in the national popularity contest. Milford came romping in with a good lead as a big surprise to almost everybody but the people who live in the community. The winning of that cup had become a community enterprise. The station itself had no dickerings in the handling of ballots or votes so far as Radio Digest was concerned. But there was every indication that the corner drug stores, the banks, the various centers of community gatherings, were all plugging for Dr. Brinkley, who now becomes a national Radio personality. KFKB is a feature of Dr. Brinkley's hospital. The doctor, his wife and young son live their lives in a very human way in plain Radio view of everybody. They are very sincere and enjoy the prodigious respect of their neighbors. With the whole community vitally interested in bringing Dr. Brinkley this tribute he didn't stand much of a chance to lose. It goes without saying that Dr. Brinkley will consider the Radio Digest Gold Cup a Milford trophy.

* * *

Very interesting statistics are furnished through a recent survey by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company as to the growth of Radio in the United States. The figures at best are a year behind but they show that \$4,240,703 was spent for Radio advertising in the first quarter of 1929 as compared to \$823,202 in the first quarter of 1927. There was an increase of more than \$1,000,000 from the fourth quarter of 1928. This is of interest to you because it shows the growing esteem in dollars and cents that the great commercial houses have for you as Radio listeners. There is a keener competition for your attention. The more they want your attention the more they will pay for the entertainment to get it from you. So do not be too impatient if the sponsor asks to speak a word or two for his investment in your notice. A letter or card of appreciation always pleases both the artist and the sponsor.

* * *

The federal Radio commission is getting restless again. There is an endless amount of bickering and badgering for more power and better channels on the part of stations. At this writing it seems to be settled that there will be a trimming down of power for a number of the 50,000 watters. This will reflect in greater power for more community stations now prepared to supply better programs than they were a few years ago.

* * *

Complaints still come from listeners who say that they wait long and in vain for station announcements. Even if it is a chain program with a nearer outlet the listener is keen to know just the station from which it is coming. The announcer could easily slip in the call letters between numbers.

* * *

June days and summer weather will not dampen the interest of any real Radio fan in the air programs. The portables and automobile receivers are becoming more popular each year. Some cities have even begun regulating private automobile receivers to avoid interference with the police Radio equipped squad cars.

* * *

We are sometimes surprised by the letters, pro and con, that come in response to the signed editorials by famous writers on the opposite page. These editorials do not necessarily always express the views of Radio Digest. They usually do express the views of a great many people. We try to see things from all sides. In this issue we have Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, first nationally known Radio pastor. He had Radio Digest readers in mind in preparing this editorial. Dr. Cadman is enjoyed by millions of Radio listeners for his Sunday morning sermons over the National Broadcasting company network.

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Have One Left

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5-30

Radio's Religious Influence

By S. Parkes Cadman, D. D., LL. D.

Radio Minister of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America

IT IS superfluous to expatiate on the Radio. It has done more than any other scientific marvel to convince the nations that there is a Divinity which shapes their ends, "rough hew them," as men may. Its well nigh universal ministries, developed by leaps and bounds after the anarchies created by the World War, have breathed a common mind, a common culture, and a common purpose into the seething disturbances of our common humanity. The people at large are intent on rationalized industry, national solidarity and international good will because this miracle of the viewless air transmits a superior intelligence and morality, making them available for all and sundry. The elevation of the public taste for entertainment which is wholesome and stimulative of the best life proceeds apace. Of course there are in the Radio grave possibilities of those evil communications which corrupt good manners. We also recognize that nothing is necessarily true because it is either widely circulated or widely accepted. Yet after every qualification has been made, the decisive factor remains that the choicest music, literature, drama, economic information and educational methods are at the daily disposal of countless hosts of Radio listeners.

The broadcasting agencies of our country have treated religion with the utmost consideration and generosity. In order to promote its oneness and prevent its differences, the officials of those agencies had to carefully ascertain how to diffuse "the things of the spirit" which underly all sectarian separations. Since religion is closely identified with ecclesiastical organizations, creeds and rituals, it is clear that no one denomination can be exalted at the expense of the rest.

Hence the vital questions: What is religion, as understood by those who are charged with the responsibility of "The Radio's Religious Influence?" How can their presentations be made effective for Protestants and Catholics, Jews and Gentiles? And what is perhaps more pertinent: how can the utterances which challenge attention week days and Lord's Days commend themselves to the fifty millions who attend no Church and hold no allegiance to any form of faith?

First, such presentations must be non-controversial, in the sense that they attack no sincere efforts, by whomsoever attempted, to explain the ways of God toward men.

Second, they must be confessional, in the sense that they invite response, and the benefits of mutual understanding and appreciation. The professed Christian who regards all who are not of his peculiar tribe as outcast and doomed has no worth while message for a Radio audience.

Third, these presentations must breathe and embody the spirit of sacrificial love and purifying goodness. The noble declaration of the prophet Micah is the Old Testament watchword of Israel's religion: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Every right minded child of Abraham feels the force of Micah's historic summary.

The New Testament conclusively shows that a churchman may possess every coveted gift of external religion, and nevertheless miss its internal beauty and power. He may speak with an angelic tongue, elucidate all theological mysteries, conquer the realms of knowledge, exercise compelling faith, bestow his goods on the poor, and even give his body to be burned. Yet St. Paul solemnly asseverates: "If I have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

THIS love is no nebulous sentimentalism which pities the sufferer and then passes him by. It is the holy passion, divinely given, which claims unlimited self sacrifice on the part of its recipients. It demands that the interest and safety of the whole body of citizenship shall be set above all private interests, and become the controlling motive of individual service for the welfare of humanity.

This is the religion which is preached through the Radio. Its various ways of communication but increase its force and meaning for those who hear it. Its message is for everyone, without distinction of race, caste or color. It is heard by numberless "shut ins" and bedfast invalids, by the inmates of asylums and prison houses, by coastguardsmen and lighthouse keepers, by lumbermen in frontier forests, sailors on the sea, soldiers in the camp, lonely homesteaders and by countless hosts of dwellers on farms or in villages, towns and cities.

The harvests reaped from the faithful sowing of God's spermatid seed are known only to Him. But my somewhat extensive experience of Radio preaching convinces me that its benefits are incalculable, its drawbacks negligible; and that its total influence vastly preponderates for the upbuilding of the nation in compassion, justice, loyalty and "the true knowledge of Him whom to know aright is Life Eternal."

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FRANK KNIGHT, announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting system, has caught the popular fancy, and with good reason, as you will see when you have read Florence Marks' story on the next page. A success on the legitimate stage, Mr. Knight has found the ether world even more to his liking, to the good fortune of the listening public.

Backstage Glamour in Studio

FRANK KNIGHT Finds All the Color and Romance of
"Legitimate Days" Lives Anew Before the Mike—
"The Show Must Go On"

By Florence E. Marks

THERE is a reason for the spirit and enthusiasm of Frank Knight, one of the star announcers for the Columbia Broadcasting system. It lies in the fact that when he left the stage and turned to broadcasting he found in the studio all the glamour and thrill of life backstage. The old tradition . . . "The show must go on." Even more, he found that in a Radio station the curtain rises on a dozen shows a day, each show a new one with all the anxiety, color, and romance that accompany a "first night." None of the familiar characters are missing. There are the musicians, the actors, the property men, stage manager and director. And, in the stellar role of master of ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

Frank likes his job. He likes the constant contact with a nation-wide audience. And he hasn't actually given up his old calling. For Columbia, every Sunday night, he portrays the character of Dr. Gilbert, the masculine lead in "Arabesque," and every Monday evening he does the dramatic role of David Peters in Littman's "Mountainville Sketches."

Try to realize, knowing Mr. Knight's keen enjoyment of his work now, that for many months he was perched on the brink of his present vocation with not a single thought of falling, diving, or being pushed into the ether. Several years ago he was flirting with Radio. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, when the Radio play was in its infancy, and when, on account of the severe criticism to which it was being subjected, it seemed unlikely that it would ever reach maturity. For a couple of years he drifted in this manner; his Radio work was a filler-in—just so much velvet, not to be considered as a source of permanent income. But Radio drama came into its own, bringing him along with it, fully equipped for the place he holds now by the education and experience of his earlier life.

HE WAS born in St. John's, Newfoundland, on May 10, 1894, the son of Herbert E. Knight, who, up to the time of his death a year ago, was the best known and most revered barrister and solicitor in the country.

He graduated from St. Bonaventure's college in the City of St. John's and soon after started work in the local branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. This he did at the request of his father, the latter feeling that every boy should have some business training no matter what plans he may have formulated for his future career.

With the advent of war in 1914, he immediately forgot the banking business to enlist in the regiment which later became the Royal Newfoundland regiment, and went abroad. He saw action in the Gallipoli campaign during the latter part of 1915, and in the beginning of 1916 his regiment was attached to the famous 29th British division. With this Division he fought on the Suvla bay and the Helles fronts and went through the evacuations of both these scenes of battle.

When the Gallipoli campaign ended, Frank moved to the French front and fought there until invalidated out after the Battle of the Somme. He returned home, very much broken in health, and shortly after received an honorable discharge from the army.

As in the case of so many other young men, the war interrupted, at its inception, the smooth course of his life work. He had to begin all over again. For a while he went to McGill university in Montreal to study medicine, but gave it up in his second year—after finding himself physically unfit for the strenuousness of the profession.

He emigrated to New York City, his objective—the stage. He clicked, playing in New York and on the road with such

stars as Nance O'Neill, Francine Larrimore, and Lester Gan. It was about this time, during engagements on legitimate stage, that Mr. Knight started his Radio work—the hero in all the dramatizations of stories by Sax and E. Phillips Oppenheim. But he had not yet the tremendous opportunity that awaited him in the new field of broadcasting.

Persuaded by two of the most prominent figures in the world that he was on the wrong track, and that his

find a large and appreciative audience if allowed full swing, he went into the game for good worth. Under the tutelage of them, Ted Husing, he joined the ranks of announcer for WABC. The other, the late Daniel, supplied the energy and pressure to which he succumbed.

MR. KNIGHT finds it hard to decide whether the change made then was the most pleasantest change he has known in his life. As he said, he has voted several years of his life in the pursuit of fame and fortune of the spoken drama, only to be to the vagaries of stage in New York City and on the road. He found it rather hard to find a suitable career upon the theatre.

"But," said Frank, "the bill to perfection, officiating at the microphone for Columbia Broadcasting, one of a small group who handle the daily programs from our New York group, by the way

collectively, is a hard one to beat. And when not busy, can one possibly find a couple of announcements for their respective tasks than Ted Husing?"

Could you produce another personality like Ed? I'll leave the answers to you."

Therein lies another reason for the success of the dressed and well-spoken Frank Knight. He is hard at a job that is exciting and interesting to him among people with whom he feels it is a pleasure to associate.

FRANK has a distinct flare for comfort which he satisfies in a manner suited to him sometimes. For that reason, he hates to drive a motor car, content to wait until he can afford the chauffeur and a well-kept auto before he purchases one. He saved up that it is a question of swank, merely a matter of This holds true for valets also. He feels he isn't perfectly immaculate and clean—but he isn't a strain to be actually, not personally, tidy.

He lives by himself in a charming and modest apartment and loves his freedom as a celibate, although he and the married state might hold compensations for independence. His whole apartment is a study of tattered cloths, half-smoked cigarettes, and beautiful

He has a fine collection of prints, having assembled a leisurely way with a great regard for his personal taste has been developed through years of staff of galleries, studying the masters, and doing a great deal of reading.

Mr. Knight discovered that he possessed a great deal for the works of the modern painters who have come to New York, he found himself in that same state of having lots of time on his hands. He finds either very cheap or entirely free diversions. Wanting a change from the old masters (Continued on page 90)

SEVERAL years ago Frank Knight was flirting with Radio. Perched on the brink of his present vocation, he had not a single thought of falling, diving or being pushed into the ether. More or less as a pastime, he took a few leads in Radio dramas, in the meantime filling engagements on the legitimate stage. Then came friendship with two of the most prominent figures in Radioland—Ted Husing and the late John B. Daniel. Under their tutelage and encouragement he joined the ranks of the broadcasting fraternity. "Radio today fills the bill to perfection," says Frank. And now, meet the CBS Master of Ceremonies, the announcer, Mr. Frank Knight.

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AMOS and ANDY

*President Hoover Meets the Boys in Person
—Just One of Millions of American Citizens Who
Make Them Welcome in Mansion and Cottage*

**By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company**

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were Amos 'n'
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sited the Walter Reid hospital where hundreds
veterans forgot the pains and trying months of
inds to voice their enthusiasm for the two char-
l come to be the bright spot in their monotonous
as much alike as beads on a string.

hen they were leaving New York to return
porters in the Grand Central terminal again
val of their favorite characters. On their
Amos 'n' Andy office, stand two brass orna-
life-like replica of a dog about eight inches
an elephant with his trunk turned upwards
ented to the boys by Jimmy Williams, head

red-cap in the Grand Central, and both are tagged, "From
Jimmy and His Gang."

Trying to take the characters of Correll and Gosden apart,
or rather of Amos 'n' Andy apart, to see what makes them
click or to discern what might
be a clue to their almost awing
popularity, is an impossible
task. But these few incidents
reveal some insight as to what
it may be.

A faithfulness of their char-
acters and episodes even to the
locale of their story is another
point which they always stress.
They are admirers and friends
of the colored race and their
many trips in Harlem for the
purpose of studying the habitat
of their New York activities
was a lot of fun for them and
it was valuable. The boys
made many of these trips in
cognito, talking to chance ac-
quaintances, meeting up with
love-sick "Amoses" and button-
holing swaggering "Andys" in
pool rooms as they roamed the
entire black belt from Park
avenue to Eighth avenue.

In writing about Harlem,
Gosden says: "We try to be
as faithful to this interesting
section of New York as we can.
Tramping up and down the
streets, watching life, standing
on corners and listening to the
talk of the inhabitants, Charley
and I got a lot of faithful im-
pressions."

So faithful are these impres-
sions, in fact, that the boys have
a map in their office sketching
out one of these trips, showing
Manhattan in checkered pat-
terns from Battery to Van
Courtlandt.

There is the topographical
picture of their episodes. The
boys will point out Madame
Queen's beauty parlor, the
lodge rooms of the Mystic
Knights of the Sea and the of-
fices of the Fresh Air Taxicab
Company, Incorporated.

IN CASE you are ever in
New York, and want to
know the exact vicinity in
which you can locate these cele-
brated places, the boys call the
members of the Mystic Knights
of the Sea together on the north side of West 137th street
some 150 feet west of Lenox avenue. They indicate Madame
Queen's beauty parlor as being on the south side of West
135th street about half way between Lenox and Seventh
streets, while the offices of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company,
Incorporated, are on the north side of West 135th street,
about 200 feet east of Seventh avenue. Amos 'n' Andy reside
on the north side of 134th street between Park and Madison
avenues.

"Of course," Amos says when you inquire, "these are only
approximate locations, but you see it was necessary for us to
establish our various activities with some measure of accuracy.
Because a lot of people, especially those in Harlem, check up

HOT ziggity! Just as Mark Quest was about to
sally forth to interview the Kingfish whom
should he meet but Amos 'n' Andy themselves who
submitted this particularly informative article by Mr.
Williamson, official representative of the National
Broadcasting company. We feel a little sorry for
Mr. Williamson who is beleaguered for just this sort
of material from one end of the country to the other.
You will read here how the two black idols of the air
went into Harlem to get everything just right, how
inadvertently they gave a telephone number that
caused a Harlem lady a sleepless day and night an-
swering calls for Madam Queen, how fifteen girls
are kept busy every day opening letters written to
Amos 'n' Andy, how the boys almost missed a broad-
cast because of a Chicago blizzard. Andy did a mara-
thon of a mile and a half across town in the teeth of
the worst storm Chicago had ever known to rescue
the precious manuscript that had been so carefully
worked out to furnish the evening's entertainment.
Amos went on to the studio to hope and pray and
tremble lest he should have to take the program
alone. He had visions of his partner stuck head first
in a snowdrift, and other similar calamities. But
Andy was resourceful. Coal trucks, cabs and private
cars carried him across the loop and back to the
studio just four minutes before going on the air.
Do you remember what a time the boys were having
getting their office decorated and the difficulties Andy
encountered because Madam Queen sought his advice
about getting her beauty parlor decorated? That's all
explained here. And you will also find that the creators
of Amos 'n' Andy have all the points of interest in
Harlem carefully identified as to location. Mark was
e-e-lated to get this great story for you, and the King-
fish interview will have to wait. Mr. Williamson
will give us another inside story about Amos 'n'
Andy in June Radio Digest.—EDITOR.

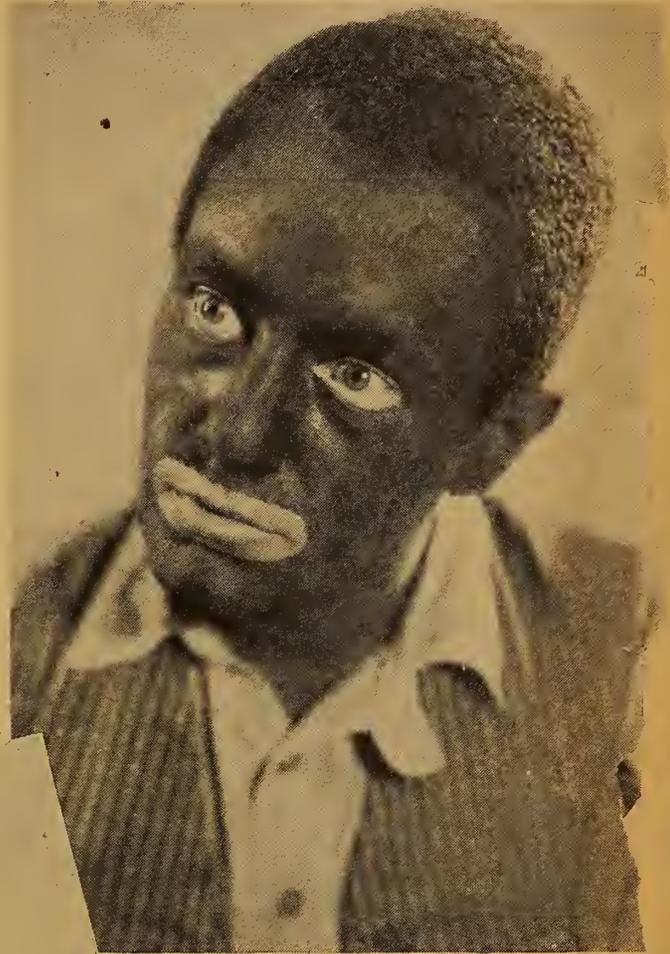
and THEIR FRIENDS

on us, it has to be topographically correct as well as faithful in character. We decided on these definite locations after our many visits to Harlem and we tried not to pick out any real addresses, of course, but rather to generalize, so that no one spot could be said to be the place, although it remained in the neighborhood." So while the investigator might find that Amos 'n' Andy lived under a bridge or the taxicab company office was in a vacant lot, if they check up on the addresses, Amos says that if they were to give the actual address, it might cause a lot of annoyance to people living there. This is illustrated by an incident that happened in one of their episodes.

For some reason or other, and not at all by choice, the boys used an actual number for Madame Queen, and the Harlem woman whose telephone it was, throughout that night and the next day answered more than six hundred telephone calls, asking for Madame Queen and inquiring for Andy. Finally the poor woman grew desperate and requested relief from the telephone company and the NBC. That solved the amazement of the telephone company at the astonishing activity for that particular number, because they had been forced to detail an extra girl for that exchange to put through the calls. Now Amos 'n' Andy have two Harlem numbers reserved for their own use. These are Harlem 5912 and Harlem 6119.

The boys are very apologetic about the incident. "We won't make that mistake again," says Gosden. "We felt sorry for the poor woman who was pestered. I don't know how we ever happened to get that particular number, but now that we have numbers assigned to us we will be all right."

A CASUAL observer would never realize what these episodes mean to millions of people over the United States. Amos 'n' Andy to these hordes of followers are real flesh and



"U-mm, Umm!"

blood people and in the thousand of fan letters that the boys receive there are always some that are either laughable or touching. For example, when Andy and the Kingfish were trying to persuade Amos to put his money into the Greystone Home bank, a little seven-year-old boy from Pittsburgh wrote to the Pepsodent company and the letter read: "I feel sure that Amos is going to put his money in that Home bank and lose it all. I am seven years old and have saved up fifteen pennies, which I want you to give to Amos so he will have some money to get something to eat."

At the same time, letters came in threatening Andy if he and the Kingfish persuaded Amos to let him have his hard-earned cash. This was a trend, threatening, pleading, congratulating, suggesting runs through all of the mail received and there is so much of it that a staff of fifteen girls are kept constantly busy sorting and classifying the letters into thirty different groups.

This popularity extends from Harlem to Park Avenue; from Chicago's Gold Coast to the far West Shore and spreads out like a gulfing flood over the remainder of the country.

(Continued on page 94)



"I's regusted."

MRS. AMOS and MRS. ANDY

Wives of Famous Comedians Complete a Happy Foursome

By Jessica Arnot

Woman interviewer discovers interesting events are about to happen in lives of Correll and Gosden—Where the "declaration" idea originated.



SHUSH, Shush, and Sho', Sho',—there's a deep dark secret about that well known pair of Radioland about to be revealed. Did you know that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy, background abettors of all that is said and done by those famous broadcasters, are almost as interesting as their husbands? Off-stage, of course. And these wives of so widely heralded a pair of funsters are actually gleeful when informed that their purposeful seclusion and hiding behind this pair of household Radio pets has made them almost thoroughly unknown. In some parts they are not even known to exist. Few women are so reticent. But, perhaps, there is some wisdom in it.

"That's just the idea," chorus the two of them to all would-be interviewers. "We are truly delighted to let our husbands absorb all of the rarified public ether. "We're equally happy to bask quietly and effectively, albeit, as kindly critics and silent partners, in the homey atmosphere of our Chicago apartment hotel homes where we can hear them just as others do. And oft times we tell them some things about their performance that others would not tell them. We don't want them spoiled entirely, you know. But we do think they're great, grand and lovable. We love them. Yes, we do! Perhaps that's why we keep in the background just as much as possible, although they do not wish us to."

That being the gist of what Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy usually chorus to all interviewers, what you are to read now, many secrets, great and small, you will understand were gathered by a bit of close eavesdropping which proved most effective. For these
(Continued on page 91)

Freeman F. Gosden (Amos), left, and Charles J. Correll (Andy), in latest photo on the White House steps after call on the "prezident" of the U-nited States.

Destiny Shaped Lives of AMOS and ANDY

A Biographical Review

SUCCESS is as erratic as lightning. Often it is no less devastating. Success for Freeman F. Gosden and Charles J. Correll, better known as Amos and Andy, finds them level headed and serenely alive to every opportunity of the moment.

Five years ago there was no such thing as Amos and Andy. Today Amos and Andy are perhaps better known to a greater number of people than any other entertainers in America. Many brilliantly talented artists strive for a lifetime for public favor and end their days comparatively unknown.

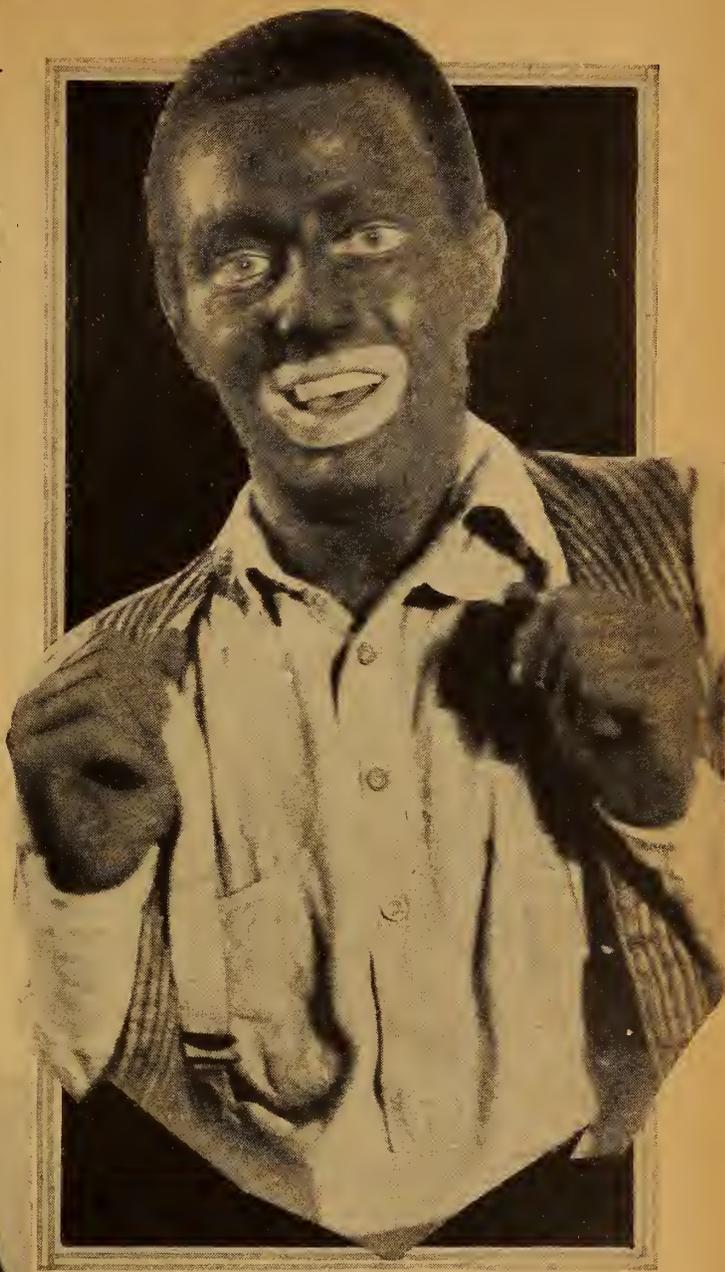
There was nothing particularly remarkable in young Curly Gosden, as he was known in Richmond when a boy, no outstanding trait to indicate Destiny had picked him for fame and glory. His father died while he still was a young boy of 12 (and you will read the story of his boyhood in the next Radio Digest). In the Gosden household was a negro mammy, who had a son about the same age as young Freeman. The black boy's name was Snowball. From Snowball and the mammy Curly absorbed the characteristics and traits now so popular in the American mind in the person of Amos.

He acquired the common school education easily but did not go through to graduation. He wanted to be doing something that he considered at the time to be more worthwhile. In that, perhaps, may be found the starting point of his dreams of future success.

Opportunity for doing the things he wanted to do as a vocation did not present itself. At any rate he spent all his spare moments practicing for the benefit shows gotten up by the local amateurs. His exceptional ability finally came to the attention of professional managers. He was offered a position to join a producer. His older brother reluctantly gave consent. It was the first time a member of the family had left Richmond to go into business.

Besides, it was difficult to see where any great success could come from such a venture. Even young Freeman had nothing particularly brilliant to offer in the way of a future along this line. It was simply a case of going out and helping to stage other amateur theatricals in conjunction with local fraternal organizations.

BUT there, it seems, is where Old Madam Destiny did her stuff with the threads
(Continued on page 93)



"Is I Blue?" Amos sings gleefully.



"If I had revested my \$5 in Skyrocket Airplane I would have \$20," Andy reckons.

DREAM WORLD OF SPOKEN OPERA

Gives Stories Reality

*MUSIC of Grand
Opera Only
Incidental in WLW
Broadcasts*

By Natalie Giddings

LIVING herself in a world of dreams which she does not deny oftentimes is peopled with kings and princesses, Helen Rose is one of the rare dreamers who is privileged to weave her own fancies into a fabric of imagination to delight others.

For an inveterate romanticist, what could be more appropriate than a position as the director of dramatics for a Radio station such as the 50,000-watt Crosley broadcaster, WLW, from which the pattern of dreams she creates floats out to millions of listeners in every condition of life and every state of mind.

Hence it is not strange, is it, that Helen Rose should most enjoy writing and directing the Spoken Operas? That the kings and queens and princesses and gay adventurers who wander through the pages of the great operas are to her almost as real as the actors whom she trains to play the parts?

Enough of this attitude in regard to Helen Rose and her dreams. Montaigne, in his Essays, said, "I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them." Let us use a little art then in cataloguing Helen and her dreams.

Five years ago, Helen had just graduated from a school of dramatic art. She had gone back into the school as a member of the faculty. Radio broadcasting was well established, but much experimenting was being done on the programs even then. At WLW they decided to give plays, a radical step for 1925. The program director was a young man. Helen Rose was a young girl, an even younger girl than she is now, and no one ever considers her anything but young now. It wasn't strange, at any rate, that Helen should have got that lucky break that made her one of the first women to direct a Radio play. She was asked to direct "The Step on the Stairs," said to be the first mystery story ever broadcast.

"**I**T WAS so much fun," Helen reminisces. "Figuring out all the noises that had to be made took hours and hours of thinking. There were felt-slipped feet padding up creaking stairs; opening doors; squeaking boards; shots; screams; all sorts of weird effects to be created when there hadn't ever been any precedent for that sort of thing."

One can imagine Helen dreaming about those sounds to be done; staying awake for a little longer at night to puzzle out exactly how a padding slipper would sound; maybe jumping out of bed in the dark to paddle across the floor in bare feet before trying to repeat the sound for broadcasting.

That "radario" soon was finished. The mystery was solved. Besides that, there was no money to pay a dramatic director, even if there had been dramas to direct. As long as there were plays, Helen helped with them because she liked them. And with that taste of broadcasting, Helen was satisfied to dream for five years until Radio programs developed to the point where there would be a real position for her.

In the meantime, she went on with her dramatic training in several different schools, and with her teaching, all the time studying the drama, getting an understanding of actors and their reactions, of their abilities, of their types. For a time, she left Cincinnati and went to teach in a girls' school in Kentucky where she would have more time for herself, more time to think, more time to plan out things she hoped to do in the future. Even, it is not hard to believe, to dream about working for a broadcasting station.

Last Fall she came back to Cincinnati. Immediately she went to the Crosley stations, laid her plans before Ford Billings, director of broadcasting. He hired her. At once she began directing the dramatic talent, hiring the actors, planning plays. Her first productions were of newspaper serials: "All's Quiet on the Western Front" and "Sheila." So popular were they that listeners in San Francisco tuned in regularly each noon to hear the 3:00 o'clock production in Cincinnati, and followed the story as avidly as they would in a daily newspaper.

DREAMS do not thrive well on newspaper serials, however. So all the time Helen was evolving an idea for a series of dramas that would give her the opportunity to move in a world of the unreal. The Spoken Opera was the result. She remembered the gorgeous costumes, the romantic circumstances of the grand operas she had heard. She remembered,

too, that she, like many other opera lovers, often had difficulty in distinguishing the thread of the story, woven around as they are in opera with the fine tissue of music.

There, then, was her opportunity to contribute a new idea to Radio programs. She would take from the operas their stories and dramatize them for Radio production, using the



The career of Helen Rose, dream castle builder, is an inspiration to women who want to get in to Radio.

music only incidentally. Musicians who have played for operas for many years and who now play the backgrounds for the Spoken Opera in the WLW orchestra, have told her that for the first time they know "what the opera is all about."

For Helen it is great fun. Glamour, romance, everything centers in these dramas she makes from the operas. She sleeps, eats, dreams opera. A book on opera is always at her side as inevitably as is her purse and handkerchief. She reads every version of the story she can find, studies the librettos in various translations, leaves no avenue of information closed.

She rehearses her casts untiringly, working to get her players to create the characters for Radio as carefully as though their portrayal were to be a seeing audience instead of one that merely listens. Every inflection must be as true and vital as though it were accompanied by a gesture, a lifted eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulder. When her opera story is on the air, the listener sees it all; magnificent trappings of storied royalty, pitiful rags of the beggar, Fra Diavolo, the brigand; La Gioconda, the dancing girl; Carmen, with her too-red lips, and her voluptuous swagger, rosy-cheeked Hansel and Gretel in their peasant clothes, each one becomes a living character, instead of only a golden throat.

WHAT of this Helen Rose who builds dream castles for others? Where does she live? What is she like? She is a Cincinnati girl, born in the home where she now lives with her father, mother, brother and sister. It is far downtown, at the upper end of Broadway where two blocks of gentility have held out against the greedy city that has crept its giant fingers up to the hills, bringing in business houses to edge out homes. In upper Broadway, however, there still remain those two blocks of red brick and gray stone houses, each with its long shuttered windows, discreetly curtained against the slow traffic that bobs up the cobble-stone hill.

Though she now limits to Radio her dramatic abilities, and
(Continued on page 96)

WOMEN OF WEST COAST HAVE OWN MAGAZINE OF AIR

Editor Bennie Walker and His Staff "Publish" One Hour of Household Topics Daily Over NBC

By Madonna M. Todd

BACK in the stone-ages of chain-broadcasting, a clever commercial executive had a decidedly happy hunch.

The NBC "Woman's Magazine of the Air"—a morning program unique in Radio—is the result.

The "WMA," as his brain child has come to be called about the studios, is a daily feature of the Pacific Division, National Broadcasting company. It originates in the San Francisco studios and is broadcast to a decided advantage by the Western network stations: KGO, Oakland; KPO, San Francisco; KFI, Los Angeles; KHQ, Spokane; KOMO, Seattle, and KGW, Portland.

Ben Walker McLaughlin—known to the WMA audience as Bennie Walker—is the editor of the magazine and Helen Webster and Ann Holden are the cognomens given the home science and domestic science experts constituting Bennie's staff.

Early in the Radio game—when the NBC Pacific Division was inaugurated—the Woman's Magazine of the Air wasn't on the air every day, but, to meet a growing demand, it now fills an hour every morning except Saturday and Sunday.

The unique program is divided into three 20-minute "editorial features," each sponsored by the manufacturer of some product for home use. There's everything from coffee and condensed milk to bed linens, fingernail polish and paint. Only one of any product has its "in" and the magazine staff completes a careful investigation before any account is accepted.

It's surprising how many excursions are necessary to one cheese factory or to the plant of a stove manufacturer, before Helen or Ann begin telling the West Coast women to use that particular product.

But, back to the WMA's origin.

BENNIE WALKER won the job of editor because he knew how to bake biscuits—he made thousands of dough-boys happy during the war by providing hot buns for their breakfast.

Says Don E. Gilman, Vice-President of NBC, explaining Ben's appointment as editor, "We had determined to call the new program the 'Magazine of the Air' and the editor of a national magazine became so enthusiastic about it that he insisted we designate our master-of-ceremonies 'The Editor.'"

Logically, the periods of the hour were termed "Features."

Helen and Ann are the names of the mother and aunt of the farsighted commercial manager who inaugurated the WMA.

Before the magazine went on the air, a survey was conducted among a group of Radio-minded women to learn whether the idea "clicked."

"They stood unanimously for the magazine," Mr. Gilman explains. "And asked us to present a program in the

Here's Bennie Walker, editor of Woman's Magazine of the Air, and Helen Webster, Home Science editor.



form of brief talks with interpolating instrumental and vocal music.

"Comes a time in the morning, around ten o'clock, we learned, that the homemaker wants to relax or to pick up the lighter tasks attendant to housekeeping. She can do this and listen to the Woman's Magazine of the Air."

Such a program fills a definite need, Mr. Gilman believes.

"Through the afternoon and evening hours, the Radio program must entertain or instruct the entire family," he points out. "It is fitting that the homemaker have an hour all her own when she may hear things discussed that are helpful and interesting to her. We try to give this to her at the time when she can profit most."

So keenly does the Radio audience feel this, that Bennie Walker's "fan-mail" outweighs that of all the other network programs.

HE HAS a slogan of his own—"Keep that old smile smiling"—which he chanted through the ether on the inaugural program, and he's still singing the same tune.

Letters come to him from all over the West—from blind mothers who keep their own homes and cook over the protected flame of a stove he advocates—shut-ins, whose hours are happier because of the songs his soloists offer—brides who are learning to cook from Ann Holden. Letters gay, pathetic, complimentary, critical—letters inviting Bennie to week-end in a hundred country homes. There are regular correspondents whose messages give Ben a great thrill—he knows when there's a new baby and if there's a new Ford on the ranch—and about a thousand other things.

WMA artists are the brightest stars of the NBC Pacific Division. Each day

there are two different singers—always headliners—and the instrumental selections are offered by an eight-piece orchestra under the direction of Joseph Hornik, in the conductor's stand during several of the most important network programs every day.

Mike Audience Enough

WHEN Dorothy Dukes Dimm is about to play over the air she generally has some one in the KGO studio for whom to play. Madame Berthe Baret doesn't care about having any one present when she plays the violin. She finds the microphone audience enough and likens it to an extremely sensitive ear. Eva Garcia, third member of the Rembrandt trio of which the other two belong, is at variance with both of her Rembrandt colleagues. She always selects some member in the invisible audience when she plays the piano over KGO.

* * *

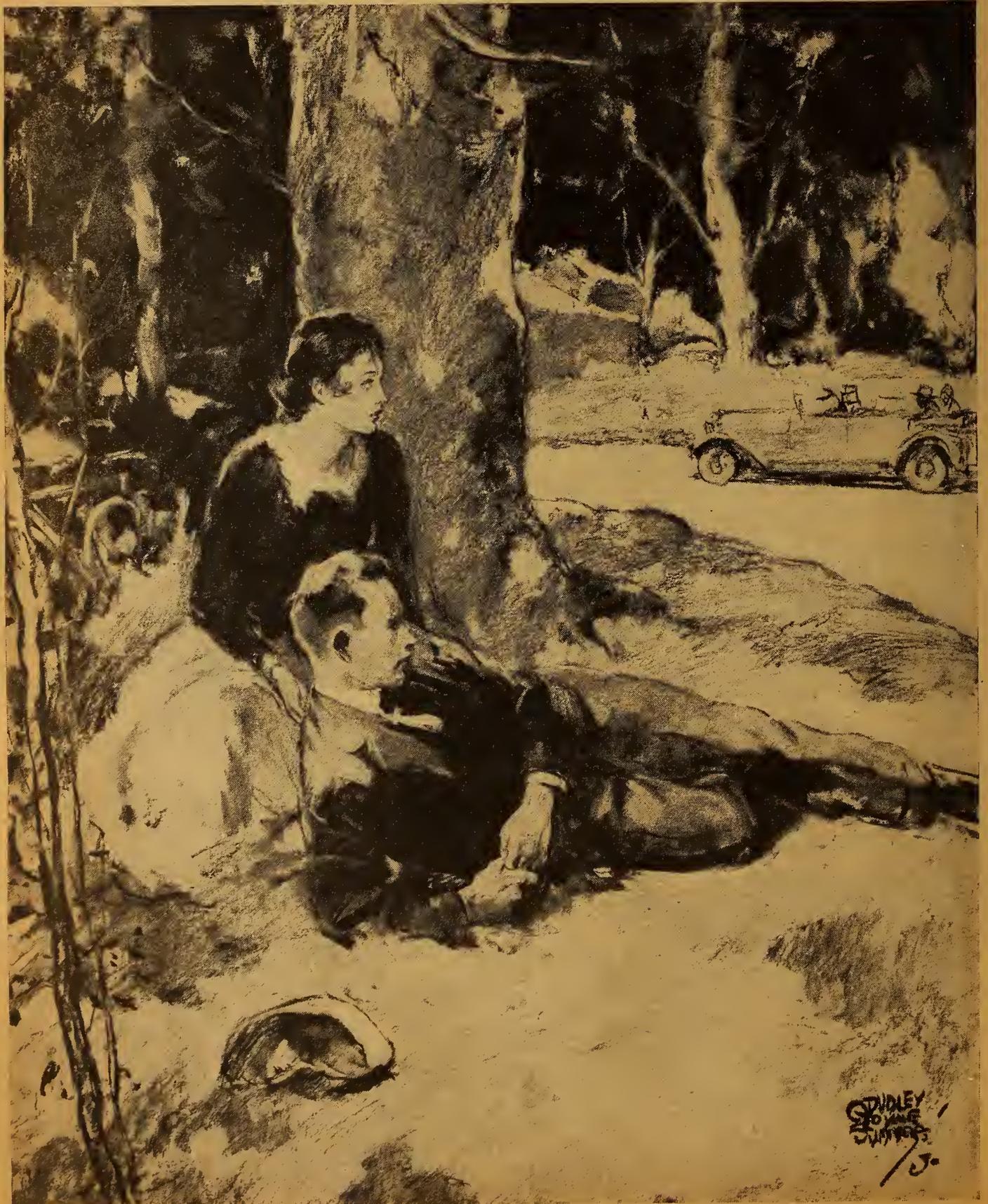
When Laura Daubman, five years old, made her aerial debut through KGO, Oakland, she was heard in Easton, Pa., by Mrs. Sara C. Heims, says a letter received at the NBC San Francisco studios. Mrs. Heims heard of the juvenile prodigy when Laura gave her first recital in San Francisco recently. The child plays 20 Bach selections from memory after only six months of study under Lev Shorr.

* * *

With a half-century of legitimate stage experience behind her, Olive West, NBC actress, probably holds the record among Radio stars for theatrical experience. Miss West came to the studios at San Francisco after a long experience on Broadway and trouping throughout the United States. She also has played character roles in motion pictures.

The TURNING WHEEL

Curiously *the* Cycle of Life Revolves for
The Youth and Girl of Humble Birth



"It's simple enough. "They're rich and we're poor." They ride in motor cars . . ."

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrations by
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

THERE comes a time in the life of every really young man when he looks around like the chick just out of his shell and takes cognizance of a mighty world. His mind suddenly perceives deep, dark perspectives. He discovers an inexorable fate driving him down. He groans in despair. Then, from the depth of the rut, the point of his vision becomes focused on a point straight up in the zenith of the sky. The spoke begins to ascend. In *The Turning Wheel* Mr. Oppenheim has seized this living Youth, his Romance, and changing relations with the world.



"Do what?" she asked.

"Make bondslaves of ourselves," he answered. "Ten hours a day for me, and nearly as much for you, and I don't suppose that my engineer's shop is a much livelier place than your dressmaker's room. One day's peace, of a sort, and six days with both feet upon the mill. What do we do it for, Agnes?"

"To live," she answered, with a hard little laugh. "Do you suppose I'd stand a single hour of the life if I didn't have to?"

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Yes," he declared, "I couldn't have got him off if I would."

"I SAY, aren't we going to Bushey at all?" The boy stirred his head, lazy, yet impatient. "Why should we?" he asked. "We won't find a better place than this."

The girl was apparently disappointed. "A young lady in our room was there last week and said that the chestnuts were glorious," she announced. "Think of the crowds!" he murmured, half-closing his eyes. "We have it almost to ourselves here."

The girl looked around with an air of mild discontent. Her back was against the trunk of an ancient oak. Her companion was stretched upon the ground by her side with his head in her lap. Their clothes, bicycles, and the fact that they had so disposed themselves within a few yards of one of the roads leading through Richmond Park sufficiently proclaimed their status. They were of the toilers whom the June sunshine had drawn out from the hidden places of the great city.

"I have never known it so quiet here on a nice Sunday," the girl remarked.

"So much the better," the youth muttered. "Heavens! Don't we see enough of our fellow-creatures and hear their voices often enough six days in the week? It's a treat to hear something else—the wind in the leaves and the grasses, and the singing of the birds."

The subject was manifestly one which, if argued, might lead to misunderstandings. The girl stifled a yawn and changed her position a little, as though cramped. The boy, flat on his back, his hands pressed deep down in the cool grass, looked upward through the green leaves to the sky, dotted all over with little fleecy specks of white cloud.

"Can't you feel the quiet of it?" he asked. "No hum of machinery, no foreman rushing about the place to know when that work will be finished. I wonder—"

HE STOPPED short. The frown upon his forehead deepened. He changed his position so that he could see into the pale, anaemic face of the girl with whom he sat.

"I wonder what we do it for?" he remarked, curiously.

The boy was answered, but unsatisfied. He looked away from his companion, but the frown remained deep-graven upon his face.

"To live!" he repeated. "I'm not so sure. It seems to me we do it so that other people may live. It isn't for ourselves we work—it's for the others."

"I work for fourteen dollars a week," the girl said, bluntly.

The boy shook his head. "You don't," he declared. "You work so that the woman who employs you, and who calls herself a modiste, and has a flat in town and a little cottage up the river, can get all there is to be got out of life. You are one of the parts of the machine, and so am I. I think that we are foolish."

"What would you do?" the girl asked, curiously.

"I don't know," he answered. "I haven't thought about it."

"I shouldn't bother," the girl said.

"**P**ERHAPS you are satisfied with your life," he went on, pulling out a handful of grass and throwing it from him. "I'm not. Three times last week I thought of things which improved the working of the room. I reckoned it out on the back of an old envelope. Someone must have made millions by my idea. I altered one of our filing machines on Monday, and it's done its work a lot better since. What do I get for it?"

"Twenty-eight dollars a week," the girl answered. "You see, we are laborers. I suppose you are one of them who call themselves Socialists?"

"I don't think I am," the boy answered. "I never talked with one, that I know of, in my life. And as for books, I never look inside them. But there's something wrong. If only one had time I would try and think out what it is."

"Better rest," the girl said, curtly. "You look as though you needed it."

"And what about yourself?" he answered. "I haven't seen

you with a speck of color in your cheeks since the first time we met up on the hill there."

"What chance should I have to get color in my cheeks, I wonder?" she asked. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter; I'm strong enough."

He turned his head and looked at her with new born criticism in his eyes. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes lusterless. Even her hair was dull and without life. Her mouth, well shaped once, had taken to itself a discontented turn. Her features, though good enough, were expressionless. Yet she was not without a certain natural prettiness, barely surviving the environment of her life. She bridled a little under his scrutiny and threw some grass into his face.

"Well, Mr. Impertinent," she said, "what do you think of me?"

He sighed.

"You are pretty enough, Agnes," he said, "but you've got the brand upon you. So have I. So has every man in my workshop. So has every girl, I expect, in your room. I don't understand it."

"Let's go down and get some tea," the girl suggested, yawning. "It won't do you no good to lie there puzzling your head about things that don't amount to anything. My, that's a fine motor car!"

The boy turned his head. The car had come to a standstill in the road, a few yards away. The man and the girl who were its sole occupants had turned to look at the view. In front, the chauffeur and footman, both immaculate in spotless livery, looked stolidly into space.

"IN MANY respects," the man in the car was saying. "London is wonderfully fortunate. Our parks are magnificent. Fancy these thousands of acres free for all Londoners to come and sit about and enjoy themselves!"

His companion inclined her head faintly towards the boy and girl beneath the tree.

"Like that," she remarked, smiling. "Yes, I suppose they find pleasure in it."

The man at her side followed her gesture. It seemed as though the eyes of the four met at the same moment.

"Quite an idyll," he remarked, good humoredly, "these people must do their love-making somewhere, I suppose."

"Why not?" the girl answered, nonchalantly. "How tired they look, though!"

She withdrew her eyes, into which, perhaps, for a moment, had passed some faint glint of pity. The man touched a button and the car glided on. The boy raised his head from the girl's lap and followed it with his eyes. His gaze was no ordinary one. It seemed as though within these last few minutes he had seen farther into life, as though the passing of these two, denizens of an unknown world, had kindled in him a new seriousness.

"I don't understand it," he muttered.

"Then you're a fool," the girl declared, hardly. "It's simple enough. They're rich and we're poor. They ride in motor cars and we ride on hired bicycles. The girl wears silks and laces, and I have to be thankful for cheap linen. The man smokes cigars, and you can just run to a packet of cheap cigarettes. It's easy enough to understand. They're rich and we're poor."

The boy seemed as though he scarcely heard her.

"I wonder!" he said to himself.

"Are you going to buy me some tea or aren't you?" the girl asked, a little wearily. "I'm almost famished, and all the places'll be full unless we hurry."

He rose to his feet—five feet ten inches of long, lanky humanity, dressed in a ready-made blue serge suit, a clean collar and a black tie, good-looking enough in his way, but with his shoulders already bowed beneath the burden—the burden of the toiler. Even as he held his companion's bicycle for her to mount, his eyes watched the cloud of dust left by the motor car.

A YEAR later he stood, perfectly at his ease, in the prisoners' dock, waiting for the sentence which was obviously deserved and would certainly be forthcoming. Throughout the brief proceedings he had listened to the evidence against him with the intelligent interest of someone quite removed from personal association with the case. The speech for his defense he had ignored. His attitude, in fact, for a first offender,

had been so puzzling that the magistrate was prompted to ask him whether he had anything to say on his own behalf. He shook his head.

"The gentleman who was kind enough to defend me," he remarked, "said a great deal more for me than I should have ventured to say for myself. It is quite true that I took the money—eight hundred and seventy dollars, I think it was. I hoped



"If I discharge you," interrupted the magistrate, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt? There has come into my hands the sum of one hundred dollars—this is yours if you promise to leave the country."

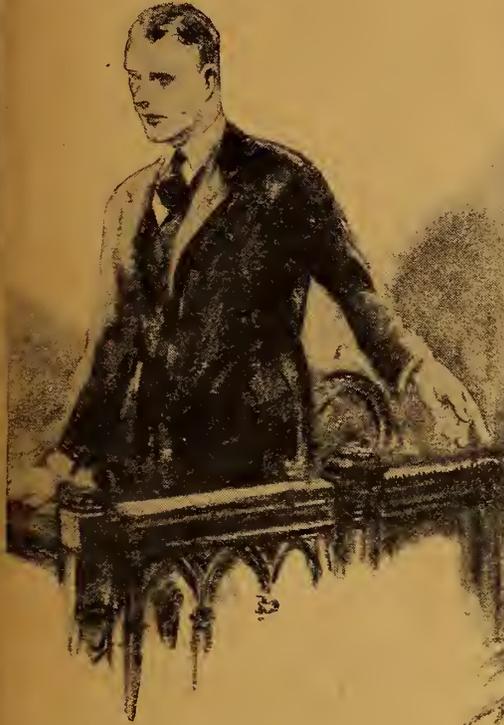
to have got away with it, but the luck was against me."

"You realized," the magistrate asked, "that you were committing a dishonest action?"

"Not in the least," was the prompt reply. "The money to which I endeavored to help myself was a very small portion of a great fortune which has been amassed by my employers by means of my brains and the brains of others like me. I have no personal grudge against the gentlemen who are prosecuting me, but morally I consider them at least as guilty as myself. They are not productive members of society in any sense of the word. They have left us, I and my fellow-laborers, to do the work, and they have spent the results in luxuries while we have been starved for necessities. I myself, in one room of that man's factory—pointing to the somewhat pompous figure of the prosecutor—"have inaugurated changes and improvements which must have saved him in a single year ten times the sum I am accused of stealing. For this my wages were advanced two dollars a week. I am not saying," he continued, "that I could have got more elsewhere. None of my ideas were worth anything without the capital to buy the machinery and the established business in which to make use of it. But the fact remains that mine were the brains and his the opportunity. I was the worker and he the parasite. It didn't seem to me to be a fair bargain, and I saw no way of getting it set right, so I helped myself. I am willing to serve any sentence you may give me, but if you, sir, and society proclaim me dishonest, I venture, with the utmost heartiness, to disagree with you."

The magistrate stared at him. There was a little ripple of interest through the court. A moment or two later the sentence was pronounced: "Six months' imprisonment in the second division!"

THE youth, as he was being led from the dock, met the eyes of his employer fixed a little



"The day before I took that money," the prisoner said, "a physician told me another year of my present work would make a dead man of me."

curiously upon him. It was thus almost, that they exchanged glances in Richmond park twelve months before. There was nothing threatening about the appearance of this young man, who followed the policeman obediently from the dock, yet his late employer went back to his works with an uneasy feeling that a new force was abroad in the world—something which he did not understand, something which he did not wish to understand. He thought of it at dinner that night, and his daughter feared that things had gone ill in the city, and felt a moment's alarm lest anything might happen to prevent the purchase of a new steam yacht in which they had planned a cruise.

"Nothing wrong in the city, I hope?" she asked, after the servants had left.

Her father shook his head.

"Nothing at all," he answered. "Rather a curious thing happened today, though. Do you remember driving through Richmond park a year ago? We stopped to look at the view, and a boy and a girl who were lying on the grass under one of the trees stared at us curiously. I told you at the time that the boy's face seemed familiar to me. I discovered afterwards that he was one of my employees."

"I remember perfectly," the girl answered, with interest. "I told you that I liked his face."

"Today I had to prosecute him," her father continued. "He robbed us of eight hundred and seventy dollars, and very nearly got away."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I am sorry," she remarked, quietly. "He didn't look like a thief."

"Nor did he look like one in the dock," her father answered. "Nor did he talk like one. He even tried to justify himself. It's this infernal socialism that's doing all the mischief with the half-educated working classes. Young men like this take it up and imbibe the most absurd ideas."

"Did he have to go to prison?" the girl asked, anxiously.

Her father nodded.

"Yes," he declared. "I couldn't have got him off if I would. He's gone to prison for six months."

BEING naturally of a law-abiding temperament, and conducting himself, therefore, in prison with rare discretion, John Selwyn was a free man again in five months and eight days. Twenty-four hours after that period, however, he stood once more in the dock upon another and a very different charge. This time he was certainly paler, and he was dressed in borrowed clothes, but his manner had lost



ANDREY
GROVNE
SUMMERS
/ 50

nothing of its earnest composure.

"The most determined case, sir, I ever did see," a policeman explained. "Got on the steamboat pier and threw himself off in the deepest part of the river."

The magistrate nodded.

"I read the particulars," he said. "I understand that he even struggled with the lighterman who saved his life."

"Naturally," the young man in the dock interrupted. "I did not throw myself into the river with the object of being picked out again."

The magistrate looked at him earnestly.

"Do you consider," he asked, "that you have a right to dispose of your own life in this fashion?"

"Why not?" the young man answered. "It appears to me that for anyone in my position it is the most sensible and reasonable thing to do. I lived like a slave for a great many years. I made an attempt to better myself, and it failed. Now that I have been in prison my chances of getting on in the world are certainly less than they were. I really do not feel under the slightest compulsion to continue an unequal struggle."

"There is a place for every man in the world," the magistrate said, "if only he has courage and wit enough to find it."

"You are doubtless right, sir," the prisoner answered, politely. "I would suggest, in that case, that a few signposts would be an advantage. I have never considered myself lacking in intelligence, but, so far as I am concerned, I have failed to find that place."

"You became a thief," the magistrate reminded him.

"That is a point," the prisoner answered, "upon which I regret to say that we disagree. But, in any case, I was driven to it. The day before I took that money, if it interests you to know this, I went to a physician. He explained to me that ten hours' work a day in an unwholesome atmosphere, without proper food or under sanitary conditions of life, was rapidly undermining my constitution. Another year of it and I should have been a dead man." I felt that it was time for me to make a change."

(Continued on page 108)

REPORTERS OF THE AIR

*All Elements of a Metropolitan
of Radio Programs—Thrill of
Announcer Takes the Mike*

By Doty



"How's the weather down there," calls Bill Lynch as he flies over Washington.

THE next voice you hear will be that of ——!" That short sentence, completed with the name of the announcer who is to broadcast the report of an international or national event, brings the thrill supreme to the greatest number of Radio listeners—the thrill of suspense.

For months, weeks or perhaps only days, the important occasion has been publicized. It may be a football game, the arrival in this country of a foreign notable, the funeral of a national hero, a parade, a dinner of moment, a prize fight or the inaugural ceremonies bringing a new President to these United States. Whatever it may be the zero hour arrives for the listener when a station announcer speaks the magic words, "The next voice you hear will be that of ——!"

And, believe me, the zero hour has arrived for the reporting announcer, or, as sometimes happens, for the several reporting announcers working on the one assignment. When President Hoover was inaugurated the National Broadcasting company had six reporters stationed at different points in the capital city and one man broadcasting his reactions of the event from an airplane! The man in the plane was Bill Lynch, literally a reporter of the air.

The preparation for the microphoning of a big event starts many days prior to the scheduled occasion. As a rule there is very little trouble with the political and technical problems involved but sometimes red tape gets all tangled up with the ether and a lot of "hemming and



Babe Ruth and Graham McNamee look things over at Yankee Field. In the lower left hand corner you see Phillips Carlin discussing weather with Lynch.

The big man below is Milton Cross with his Sunday morning kindergarten group.



GIVE HISTORY IN MAKING

*Daily Now Going into Makeup
Thrills for Millions When the
to Tell the Waiting World*

Hobart

hawing" takes place before the operation can be definitely assured.

When the Graf Zeppelin arrived in this country the war department was reluctant to permit announcers to get close enough to give any intimate descriptions of the big bag. It took a great deal of coaxing on the part of the heads of the chain systems to convince certain government officials that neither McNamee, Husing nor any of the other air reporters covering that assignment were the type of bad boys who go about stealing balloons!

WHEN a broadcaster decides to give an etherized report of an event the first procedure is to obtain permission from the proper authorities, either national, state or city department heads, if the occasion is of a public character.

If it is of a private nature, as, for instance, a prize fight, the dickering is done with the promoter of the contest who gives his permission on receipt of a sizable check. The amount involved depends on just how much pressure the promoter feels the broadcaster will stand before blowing up.

The price quoted for the privilege of giving the world a ringside description of the late fiasco in Florida, the swoon-song of Scott when he met Sharkey, was thirty thousand dollars. You didn't hear any blow-by-blow word picture of that fight on your Radio, did you? The answer is, "No, my listeners, thirty thousand dollars is still thirty thousand dollars."

When authorized permission has been granted the broadcaster the telephone company is instructed to furnish communication lines from the seat of the broadcast

(Continued on page 104)

It's action every minute when Ted Husing's at the mike. Here you see Ted and his "spotter" covering a football game. The scholarly gentleman in the corner of the page is Frederick William Wile, LLD.

"North covers with the queen of diamonds," says Milton C. Work, describing a hand of bridge to thousands of lovers of this indoor pastime.

Vincent O'Shea added three minutes to his half hour of market reports by eliminating the word "and".



THIRTEEN and ONE

*Human Tempests Rage as Suspicions and Accusations
Run Rife in the House of Mystery Which Shelters
the Murderer of Two Men*

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

MAINWARING PARKS had summoned a most unusual company of guests to his remote and somewhat gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were especially interested in precious stones. Connoisseurs, adventurers, mystics, and there was one renowned jeweler by the name of Amos Laufer-Hirth. Paul Savoy, traveler and student of *genus homo*, had been the first to arrive at the great lodge, where he soon made the slightly unpleasant acquaintance of Captain Art Temple, world traveler, who had come with his military orderly. Doctor Andregg, a sallow and rather saturnine guest, had permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Herman A. Dicks, a famous detective, who had come with Mr. Parks and his jeweler friend. Will Little had come to look after the comforts of Laufer-Hirth. An East Indian, known as Mr. Nemo, entered as the other guests were gathering around the dinner table. He had a mysterious fellow countryman for an assistant.

Savoy counted noses, and by including the two Filipino servants, found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

It was known that this huge log house had a history. The great opal known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there long ago for the consideration of the builder of the house, one Thruff Wilczyzinski. The jewel merchant had been accompanied by an unknown foreigner. That same night the jewel merchant and the foreigner were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, had disappeared. A little later Wilczyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. But presently they came to the question as to why they had been assembled.

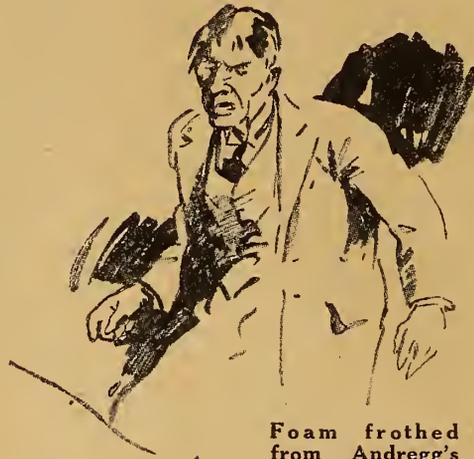
"I have a confession to make," said Mr Parks as by mutual consent they deferred their discussions to the next day. "There are in this room certain valuables which we'll not specify right now. For my part there is this." He exhibited a packet filled with yellow bank notes. "A million dollars there, gentlemen." He invited the others to put their valuables with his in a safe in the living room, after which the various members of the party retired to their respective rooms.

Thirty minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be understood. A rushing from door to door by the startled guests ended with the discovery of the dead bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg started to leave the body of his host he espied a small, bright object on the floor and quickly snatched it up.

Just as they were about to start a search for the murderer a resounding boom echoed through the house. It had come from the living room, where they found the door of the safe blown off. After a brief discussion they again started their search, only to find that both bodies had disappeared.

"Do you know," said Paul Savoy, finding himself alone with Laufer-Hirth, "I believe that I find myself in the exact, the ideal laboratory for testing a theory, which though widely shared in a superficial and therefore meaningless sort of way, is entirely my own in dead earnest. The mind of man is potentially a machine of unlimited power. To the mind of man, properly tuned, no desideratum is denied."

Following out his laboratory line of reasoning, Savoy snatched down the heavy drapes in the living room of the log



Foam frothed from Andregg's thin lips. "There's murder in his eyes right now," shouted Blount.

house and began visualizing. At his direction the astonished Laufer-Hirth found the long lost Nonius opal.

When the survivors gathered at breakfast the next morning Captain Temple displayed a rasping animosity toward both Savoy and Dr. Andregg. His verbal attacks on Andregg grew quite acrimonious. Laufer-Hirth distracted the attention by displaying the opal and relating its discovery. There followed a mutual more or less frank revelation of their purposes in attending the gathering.

Mr. Nemo, in discussing the events of the evening before, addressed his questions to Savoy.

"I think that I may say I have made some progress," said the latter. "Mental fingers begin to point. At present, though of course I admit it is too early to be sure of anything, they point to one man. Rather odd, but thus far I am forced to admit that everything points to—me!—May I have the salt, Amos?"

"IF YOU'RE trying to be funny, Savoy," rasped out Captain Temple, the first to crash verbally into an astounded silence, "you're succeeding only in risking your neck by way of achieving a pretty glaring bit of bad taste."

"Thanks for the admonition and the warning," returned Paul Savoy coolly, "but I assure you I am quite in earnest when I say that everything points to me as the murderer. However, I prefaced my remark with the statement that I was, alas, merely at the very beginning of my investigation; and I add, that it is altogether too early to be sure of anything. Not for anything in the world would I make any accusation at this stage." He checked himself just in time in an absent-minded sugaring his eggs and diverted the burden of the heaping spoon to his coffee cup. "I am quite frank in saying," he added meditatively, "that I hope that further investigation may lead elsewhere."

"Twice last night I called you mad," burst out Laufer-Hirth. "That was only a way of speaking and you knew it. But now am I to make the accusation in all earnestness?"

"I should be interested in your method, Mr. Savoy," said Mr. Nemo. He spoke very politely; or was it, rather, graciously?

"My method, as you term it, sir, is really one of simplicity itself; entirely obvious and natural and matter-of-fact."

"Ah!" It was Mr. Nemo's silken utterance in mild ecstasy.

"IN THE annals of crime, its commission and detection," continued Savoy, "there stand out, so far as I know, a few names only of detectives who have in one way or another elevated their profession to an art. We need not enumerate them; they could be counted, though, on the fingers of one hand. The reason being that the detective-mind is inordinately fond of clues and clues are pretty certain to carry one three steps wrong to one step right. The detective-mind is unfortunately wide open to suspicion. It says, 'I'll begin with suspecting everyone; I'll eliminate one by one as I have to, grudgingly. When I've eliminated all but one, he's my man!' That's wrong; it's walking backward. He should say, 'I'll suspect no one. Suspicion is an evil drug and vitiates the true mental fabric.' Thus he'll maintain a clear, unclouded mind. And in due course, through the perfect functioning of that bit of machinery, he will be led straight to the desired end."

"You will pardon me?" spoke up Captain Temple rather stiffly. "I am afraid that the life I have led has caused me to forget most of the parlor tricks. And I can't help but say, Mr. Savoy, that all this rings in my ears like so much damned nonsense."

"As to that," said Savoy with a sigh, "I don't know but that you're right."

"And," muttered the captain with a little flush, not knowing what the other meant, "I think that you've done nothing but dodge the issue. If you're in earnest in suggesting yourself as a possible criminal—"

"And this time you're surely right, Captain! What led me to point out Paul Savoy? You're welcome to my explanation and I trust that you'll find it logical; I began, with a mind as clear as any crystal. I subduced such considerations as my friendship for Amos, the queer little friction which from the outset has seemed to exist between Paul Savoy and Captain Temple, any fantastic surmises having to do with Mr. Nemo, any reminiscences of anything odd concerning the actions of Dr. Andregg. Only when the broom of reason had swept all cobwebs did I really dally with the question: 'Who is the murderer?'"

"So far as I could admit at the beginning, we all stood equally.

"Instead of suspicion I instituted inquiry. And where should inquiry begin if not with myself? So I began with Paul Savoy. What did I know of him? I asked, first, 'What was Paul Savoy doing at the moment of the double murder?' And I found that I was not at all sure that I knew!"

HE SPOKE of himself so impersonally that they fell in with his attitude; it was quite as though they discussed some man not even of their number. No doubt there were times when this Paul Savoy wandered widely and rather at random among spacious theories; perhaps there were moments when he merely played with words, allowing them to lead him rather than follow his flight of fancy. But just now he was in deadly earnest. Amos Laufer-Hirth began to be troubled for him.

"Pursuing my inquiries," resumed Savoy, his tone that of the lecturer in the laboratory. "I found that Savoy's thoughts at dinner ran as follows: A really unprecedented gathering together of priceless gems was being accomplished here tonight. What histories some of those gems had, too! What crimes had been committed for their glorious sake! As time rolled on, what other crimes were still to be committed to come at ownership of them! The thought flitted through his brain like a bat through a shadowy cavern that he himself would like to own them all!"

"Savoy had another thought: If a man, secure in a high place in the eye of the world, stepped down swiftly to the commission of a crime, who would suspect him? If none saw, who would imagine? A thought burst upon him like a flash of light: If the body were done away with, who would ever glimpse the truth?"

Laufer-Hirth groaned. The sweat was standing on his florid brow and his clenched, chubby hands were uncertain.

"Where was Savoy when that cry was heard? Ah, there I met with difficulty. I am not sure.

"Recalling the scene in the bedroom, there was Paul Savoy standing looking down curiously at the body of Mainwaring Parks; turning to look at the body of Detective Dicks. How and when had Savoy reached the room? Rushing up with the others? Ahead of them? Had he been there when the cry was uttered?"

"In short, gentlemen, had this Paul Savoy in a strange daze gone swiftly and silently from his room to the room upstairs, easily killing two men who would have no reason on earth to fear him, and every reason to trust him? I wish that I knew."

He sighed and shook his head doubtfully, and added quite simply:

"At least, though I have touched only the high spots, you may glimpse why the magnetic needle pointed to Paul Savoy!"

A SITUATION had arisen in which Captain Temple found himself at a loss for words. Of a sudden he sprang to his

feet and without a word hurried out of the room.

"He'll be after his clues," sighed Savoy. "The most misleading things in the world."

Yet they watched the door and awaited Temple's return in some impatience and not without a strange apprehension, certain to the last man of them that he would not be long away. And he did not disappoint them. Here he came striding back, a small, worn black bag in his hands. His eyes, unveiled now and bright and hard with suspicion, flashed to a meeting with Andregg's. Andregg, galvanized, came up out of his chair.

"That's mine!"

"Of course it's yours. What's in it, man?"

"I had misplaced it somehow—my surgical instruments, of course, and—"

"Misplaced it!" jeered Temple angrily. "Jammed in a corner, deep in your closet!—surgical instruments! Well, I'll say they're damned queer surgical instruments that you use!"

He held the bag open upon the table, recklessly spilling its contents out among the dishes. Clattering among broken crockery there cascaded a small hammer, a couple of carpenters' chisels, a pair of small, odd-shaped hinges and a handful of long screws.

"Explain that, damn you!" stormed the captain. "And explain what it was you picked up by Parks' body!"

But Andregg only sank back, wilting, into his chair and muttered incoherently, pulling at his long, bony fingers.

Andregg was in for a very bad half hour.

"You'll explain this time, I think?" demanded the captain, standing between his prey and the door. "That's your bag; yes. Why was it hidden? Why shoved far back on the top shelf of the closet in your room, covered with a cast-off litter of things? And why filled with such tools? You'll talk now, my man, if I have to take you by the throat and squeeze the words out. Lies, lies they'll be first, foam of the scum of your soul. And then we'll get the truth."

QUEERLY enough, yet perhaps not unnaturally, foam did come frothing up upon Andregg's thin lips.

"Look at his eyes!" cried out Sergeant Blount. "Talk about murder! There's murder in his eyes right now."

"I'd kill—yes, I'd kill you. You, Captain Temple. You stole my bag; you hid it away; then, with I don't know what evil plan in a maggot-infested mind, you replaced my instruments and medicines with those things. You, you," he screamed, on his feet now. "You did it! Before all these men I accuse you! You killed Mainwaring Parks and the detective."

Captain Temple laughed at him, a laugh as vicious as the cut of a whip across a man's face. He briefly ignored Andregg to say to his tense audience:

"Last night there was a heavy poker in the room where Dicks lay. Just the sort of thing which might have been used to dash a man's brains out. When we all ran downstairs, someone carried it off! Who? Why, it was this dog, Andregg, here. I thought of that later. I looked for it and didn't find it!"

They looked at Andregg, inviting his answers. Though none of them took the first step in the direction of Captain Temple's violence, it was quite plain that they held with the captain that Andregg should answer. But when Andregg glared, then fell to shuffling with his feet and staring down at the floor, Paul Savoy spoke up in that faraway, sleepy way of his.

"These points which Captain Temple mention are what he would call 'clues.' As for me, I do not hold with him, but it would seem only reasonable that Dr. Andregg should answer."

Andregg looked at him dully and when he spoke it was sullenly and with moody defiance:

"There is nothing. Nothing which I could explain. Nothing which has any bearing on—the murder."



The two Filipino boys were afraid—they had heard something in the basement. Laufer-Hirth could not drive them, so, in the end, he led the way, shivering.

"Good! I'm glad!" Paul Savoy was all of a sudden like a man awaking with a bound from sleep.

"Perhaps you'll explain?" came Temple's tart demand.

"Willingly; even eagerly," returned Savoy. "I tell you all that we already have every necessary sign and token and bit of information. We have but to sort, arrange, then deduce the truth which should be as clear as a trout in a shallow pool. Pokers, objects snatched from the floor and tools in a bag, for the love of Heaven, gentlemen, if these matters be significant, have we not already enough of them? If you insist on inhumanly choking words out of Andregg, I'll not have my ears and brain stuffed with them."

And with a hint of an emotion very much like anger, he went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Savoy will bear watching," spoke up Captain Temple, quietly, seeming to have grown cooler as Savoy grew hotter. "And now, Andregg, you are going to talk!"

ANDREGG ceased plucking at his lip just long enough to spit out:

"I'll see you in hell first, Temple."

"I am going to make you talk. You're going to babble like a brook before I'm through. Every thing you ever thought, is coming up to the top. Now, Andregg—"

"May I make a suggestion before this goes any further?"

Mr. Nemo asked quietly. "I think there may be a reasonable excuse for Dr. Andregg refusing to speak. Perhaps what he will not tell to us all, he might be willing to confide to one. I think that he will tell—me!"

"I have said already that I have nothing to tell," said Andregg, stony in determination.

Mr. Nemo's smile only brightened.

"And," he resumed softly, "if, when I have talked with Dr. Andregg, and thereafter can assure you on my honor that I know he is not concealing any guilty secret in this matter, will you gentlemen be satisfied with that?"

"Yes!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. "We all know who and what Mr. Nemo is; we all know that his word is sufficient. If Dr. Andregg cares to satisfy Mr. Nemo, he satisfies us all."

Mr. Nemo rose and drew close to Andregg, whispering something into his ear. Andregg stiffened visibly; his eyes flew wide open. His mouth, too, opened for speech and, while balanced impulses strove in his breast, remained open wordlessly.

"Dr. Andregg and I shall require not more than a five minutes' conference in his room," said Mr. Nemo. "You will await my report here?"

He stepped out of the room in high confidence. After the briefest of pauses Dr. Andregg followed him.

Five minutes later Mr. Nemo entered, still smiling.

"I have left Dr. Andregg in his room," he said, addressing Captain Temple. "He has explained to me, entirely satisfactorily, about the object which he was seen to pick up on the floor near the body of Mainwaring Parks. It was his own personal property; it has no bearing on the major question. I am entirely satisfied and trust that my satisfaction may extend to you also."

"To be sure we are all satisfied," said Laufer-Hirth with an attempt at spontaneity and heartiness.

Captain Temple nodded curtly to the sergeant; the two left the room, keeping step. A look flashed between Mr. Mohun and Mr. Nemo; they went, the man at the heels of the master, to their rooms. Laufer-Hirth, mumbling to himself, under his breath, shambled away to the living room.

He found the fire dying down in the living room; the intense cold of the outdoors began to shove its frosty nozzle in here. He roared at the two Filipino boys to go get wood. They were afraid. The wood was in the basement. They had heard something down there!

He could not drive them, and in the end, shivering with the growing cold, he did all that was possible and led them. They went close at his heels, starting at every whisper of sound.

THEIR way led through the kitchen. A very imperturbable Chinese cook sat at a little table, placidly eating a huge breakfast. Beyond the kitchen was a narrow, dreary hall. Then a dozen steep steps brought them down to the floor of the basement. An enormous place extending under half the house, cement floored, studded with timbers supporting the building above. There was a wood-burning furnace; it had not been lighted this morning. And there was cord after cord of wood piled from floor to beams above.

He drove the Filipinos to their task, following them back and forth on several trips since they remained obstinate about going alone. In the end he saw the furnace lighted, the several fireplaces set blazing again. He sat down with a windy sigh and shoved his hands and feet out to the genial warmth.

Captain Temple and the sergeant, dressed for the outdoors, looked in on Laufer-Hirth in the living room.

"Better come along with us and buffet the storm a bit," invited Temple. "There's a breeze stirring that ought to whip the cobwebs out of a man's brain."

"No. I'll stick. Besides, I want to talk to Paul Savoy."

"Oh, Savoy! He's a cursed poseur, I tell you, if nothing worse. I've got my suspicions of that freak, and I don't care who knows it."

"It strikes me," said the jeweler, "that you've got a mighty lively set of suspicions, Temple."

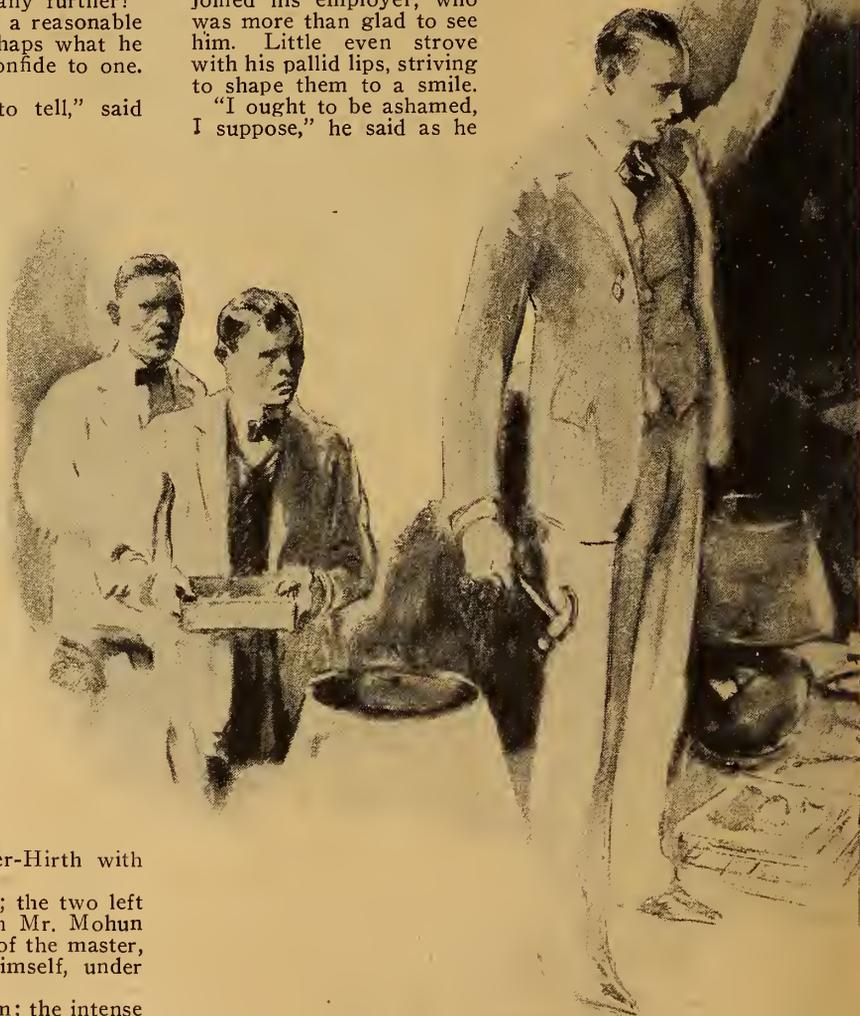
"I don't deny it. If you want to know, I'm ready to suspect every man of us with the exception of you and Tom Blount."

They went out, fighting with the front door to get it closed against the wind after them, and Laufer-Hirth saw nothing more of them for quite a time.

Meantime Will Little got up and dressed and joined his employer, who was more than glad to see him. Little even strove with his pallid lips, striving to shape them to a smile.

"I ought to be ashamed, I suppose," he said as he

"Still groping among your thousand and one clues, Captain?" queried Savoy, his face as white as a sheet.



sat down. "Just couldn't help myself, that's all, Mr. Laufer-Hirth."

"That's all right, my boy," said the other heartily. "It's shaken me up pretty considerably, and I fancy myself a downright stolid individual, as folks go."

"It's a queer business about that opal," said Will Little in a whisper. "Where's it been all these years? Who put it where you found it? Why?"

"Ask me another question," exclaimed his employer in a heavy attempt at playfulness, "and I'll stuff your mouth full of rags out of Chee-foo's kitchen. Sit still and we'll have something hot to drink. Hot and strong."

So no more questions were asked. Now and then one man or the other went as far as the windows from which Savoy had stripped down his violet-blue curtains, to look out into the storm.

Some time after the others had lunched lugubriously the captain and Tom Blount returned. When they, too, had lunched the seven guests of a departed host congregated in the living room. Paul Savoy still remained aloof; Andregg

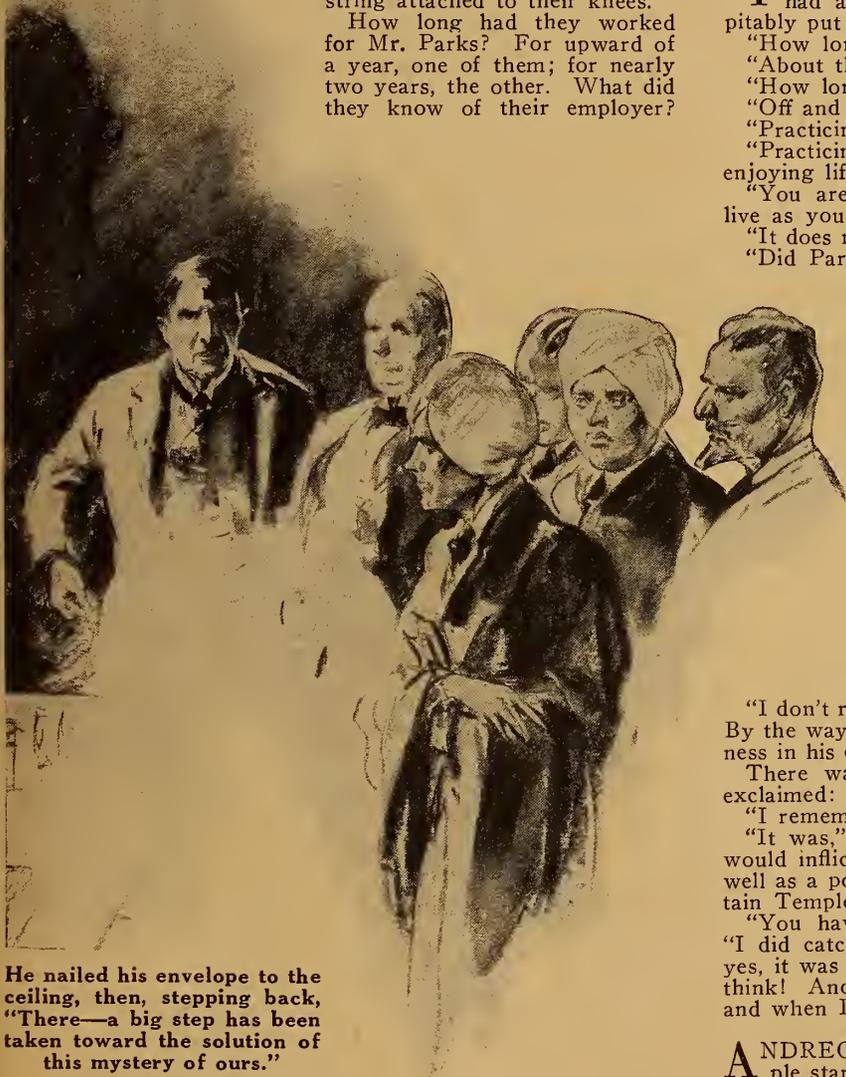
joined them because Mr. Nemo had invited him and because, it appeared, that already Andregg was almost servilely anxious to comply in haste to Mr. Nemo's slightest request. Yet there were flashes in Andregg's peculiar eyes. He was like a dog that will both fawn and bite.

WHEN the two Filipinos entered with coffee and cigars, Captain Temple startled the two of them almost into dropping their burdens by jabbing suddenly toward them with a stiffened forefinger the while he veritably stabbed at them with his eyes.

"You two!" he snapped out at them, "stay here. Sit down, you poor fish, if you want to. What's gone wrong with your legs? Now, answer questions as I put them."

Indeed, their legs had been untrustworthy all day and now let them down into the two most convenient chairs quite as though the abrupt captain had jerked a string attached to their knees.

How long had they worked for Mr. Parks? For upward of a year, one of them; for nearly two years, the other. What did they know of their employer?



He nailed his envelope to the ceiling, then, stepping back, "There—a big step has been taken toward the solution of this mystery of ours."

That he was a very rich man who paid well; that he had a fine place in San Francisco and this place here; that he was a great traveler; that he had many friends, all sorts, too.

"You're a helpful pair of laddies," said the captain, and turned from them to Mr. Nemo. "Perhaps you'll tell us, Mr. Nemo? Were you visiting Parks in San Francisco about a year ago?"

"I'm greatly interested in your catechism," smiled Mr. Nemo. "Pray continue with it. I'll be here, you know, when you've done with your two helpful laddies."

Captain Temple, though frowningly, turned back to the Filipinos. Had they ever been employed before, at the lake, in the winter time? Yes; last winter. Mr. Parks had entertained a house full of guests for some two weeks, treating them to winter sports.

Did the electric lights work all right? And were there any big storms? Storms, yes; a big one. And the lights had gone out, some of the wires blown down. Telephones! Telephone, too, had gone out on them! They had been unable to use the telephone for two or three days; then, in a lull in the storm,

a couple of the men had fixed it. Broken limbs from trees, whipped off by the wind, had broken the wire.

Yes, Dr. Andregg was there when they came. Mr. Parks had told them they would find him here and that he would issue their orders.

"Ah," said Temple. Again he turned from them, now confronting Andregg. "So we come back to you, doctor."

Andregg had sat all the while well back from the irregular circle formed by the others. He had seemed more interested in Mr. Nemo than in the three who were doing the talking, and now a faint smile, not unlike Mr. Nemo's own, touched his lips.

"Will you object to answering a question or two?" Temple asked him bluntly.

"Fire away," muttered Andregg, with a sneer. "So long as the questions are—not impertinent!"

"Good enough," said Temple coolly. He was forever growing cool when the other man showed a least spark of fire. "First off, then: What did you happen to be doing here all alone?"

"I WAS a friend of Mainwaring Parks. He knew that I had a fancy for wintering in the snow and most hospitably put his own unused home at my disposal."

"How long have you known Parks?"

"About three years."

"How long have you lived in this neighborhood?"

"Off and on, about four years."

"Practicing medicine?"

"Practicing medicine some of the time. Reading, studying, enjoying life the balance."

"You are well off, then? Financially, you can afford to live as you please, without working?"

"It does not cost much to live here as I live," said Andregg.

"Did Parks pay you?"

"At times Mr. Parks consulted me professionally. At such times I rendered my bill and was paid."

"What was your school, doctor?" he blurted out.

"Being impertinent now?" countered Andregg. Temple ignored the thrust and observed instead.

"I keep thinking that time must have dragged for you. By the way, do you make something of a hobby of carpentry?"

"It's quite clear," cried Andregg passionately, "that you mean to accuse me of murder!"

"I do not accuse you—yet. I merely make my statements and give you every opportunity to explain. You refuse to tell us what you picked up by Parks' body. You say you know nothing of the carpenter's tools. Will you, by any chance, tell us now what disposal you made of the poker which you carried away from Dicks' room?"

"I don't recall what I did with it; just dropped it somewhere. By the way," and he leaned forward sharply, a sudden brightness in his eyes. "Who was it carried the golf stick?"

There was a pause. Laufer-Hirth, with a sudden start, exclaimed:

"I remember now. Why, it was you, Captain Temple!"

"It was," said Andregg viciously. "A golf stick like that would inflict such a wound as Detective Dicks bore quite as well as a poker. And just where is that golf stick now, Captain Temple?"

"You have me there, Andregg," he admitted reluctantly. "I did catch up the first weapon I could lay my hands on; yes, it was a golf stick from the bag by the door. Driver, I think! And, like yourself, I don't recall at the moment where and when I dropped it."

ANDREGG could not refrain from the obvious taunt. Temple stared at him stonily.

"We grope, I admit. But we'll get somewhere yet. I have your consent to pass to other things? Then, there's this: How near is the nearest house?"

"Along the lake shore, less than a mile."

"Whose property is it?"

"I really don't know, Captain Temple. Nor can I see—"

"Occupied last summer?"

"No."

"The summer before?"

"I don't remember. I don't think so."

"Oh, all right," snorted the captain. "Tom Blount and I made our way as far as that house this morning, keeping along the water's edge. I wondered—we tried to see, of course, if anything could be done with the telephone line but I'm afraid it's hopeless; I wouldn't be surprised if it's down for miles. Of course, we ought to have outside help, someone from the district attorney's office or the sheriff's. But of one thing I feel pretty sure: The man, or men, who did this thing are as much bottled up here as we are."

A strangely mirthless laugh startled them. There in the door

(Continued on page 108)

Have a Ringside Seat for the

BATTLE of the BLUES

Lombardo, Vallee and Osborne Tell Their Story of Slow Motion Rhythm—Draw Your Own Conclusions

By Rosemary Drachman

N 146 90 BLUE 1/60 K N
CHICAGO ILL 338 P
ROSEMARY DRACHMAN: 67 WEST 52
NEW YORK N Y

WILL YOU PLEASE GET WORD
SKETCH OF GUY LOMBARDO SUPPOSED
FIRST OF SLOW MOTION RHYTHM
MASTERS STOP CHECK COMPARISONS TO
RUDY VALLEE AND WILL OSBORNE OR
OTHERS YOU MAY KNOW ABOUT STOP
WOULD SUGGEST YOU MAKE ARTICLE
SOMEWHAT PROVOCATIVE FOR THEIR
RESPECTIVE PARTISANS AND QUOTE
LEADERS EITHER BY DIRECT INTERVIEW
OR FROM THE MORGUE STOP SHOOT THE
WORKS AND WIRE ME TITLE FOR COVER
DISPLAY

EDITOR RADIO DIGEST

ORDERS is orders. Lombardo first. Prettiest frock, my new hat and coat. Dab the powder on the nose—away to the Roosevelt Grill, wondering what Guy Lombardo is like and if he could possibly be as good-looking as his picture.

Well, he is. And just as charming as he is handsome, too. He's a little above the average in height, well set up with black hair and eyes, and a natural tawnyess of skin that you and I get with sun-tan powder.

He is affable, genial and a sparkling conversationalist; a perfect host with thoughts only for his guests; and he showed a willingness to aid me that was held in check only by his shell of natural-born modesty.

I found him leading his Royal Canadians. When I introduced myself he turned the baton over to his brother, Carmen, and fixed me up with a table where I could see everything.

Should it ever be my lot to again interview this master of slow tempo, I hope it will not be from the sidelines of an inviting dance floor. (I'll bet he dances divinely.) No fun wagging my tongue when my feet want to dance.

The music would at times carry me off into the realm of dreams. I must have tried his patience sorely. Serves him right. I wanted to dance.

WITH the courtesy of a knight of old, he sat with me through two hours of spasmodic questioning. He endured my periods of abstraction with the fortitude of a martyr, and when the music ceased and I attempted to pick up the loose ends of the business at hand he helped me with a willingness born of inherent courtesy.

Between the *Wedding of the Painted Doll* and *Three O'clock in the Morning*, I learned that there are three Lombardo brothers in the band.

Guy, who is now twenty-seven years old, is leader by virtue of his venerable age and not because he plays the violin. No one instrument takes precedence in this orchestra. The boys feel that the tuba is just as important as the drums and that both rank with the piano.

Carmen, the middle brother, is twenty-six. He is the one that plays the sax and sings all those crooning choruses.

Lebert, the kid brother, is twenty-four, and toots the trumpet. These three brothers, and all save one of the rest of the organization, hail from London—not "Lunnon-in-the-fog, where 'alf the blooming world comes from," but London, Ontario, a slightly smaller place of 65,000 population.

Here the two eldest Lombardo brothers, together with Fred Kreitzer, formed an orchestra in 1915. A little mental arithmetic divulges the secret that the venerable Guy was then just a middle aged man of twelve.

London was the military headquarters for Western Ontario and the boys were much in demand for the soldier entertainments.

In 1918 Lebert joined his brothers and this four-piece band was the nucleus of the present organization which was formed

when, in 1919, five more local boys were added, and later in Cleveland, another man. Every man is a finished musician and has studied under the direction of Canada's most noted professors.

These same men make up the band as it is today. There are never any changes in personnel; no personal nor professional jealousies to mar the even tenor of their ways. When they move from one town to another, the wives and children all move into an apartment house like one big family, and as a whole, form a happy clan.

WHEN I marvelled at this statement, he said, with a wave of his hand toward the orchestra, "Why, Miss Drachman, I couldn't fight with him. His grandmother knows mine."

The band to Guy Lombardo is one unit. The use of "him," when referring to the other nine men, seemed perfectly natural.

The year 1923 found Lombardo and his Royal Canadians the rage of Cleveland where they stayed for four years. Here they were fitting new tempo to old and new numbers; playing ballads as ballads, fox trots as fox trots, etc., etc.

What'll I Do, was one of the first to lend itself to the innovation of slow motion music.

Carmen, the versatile arranger and soloist, was singing choruses as he had for the soldiers in Canada.

While playing a two weeks' engagement at Detroit in 1920 he had suggested to the leader that maybe people would like to hear the chorus sung. He was immediately informed that he was in an orchestra, not a choir. He almost got the gate for suggesting such a thing. Pick out the orchestra today that hasn't a member who can "double in voice."

Carmen is also a composer, numbering among his popular hits such songs as: *Sweethearts on Parade*, *Last Night I Dreamed I Kissed You*, *Coquette*, *My Victory*, *Moonlight March* and *Why Did You?*

Broadcasting over WTAM, their public grew until they began to have a reputation far afield. Fan mail started to come in and phonograph companies came to dicker for contracts.

Here we find Guy running into the first opposition to his slow tempo. Cleveland cafe patrons and Radio audiences were much enthused over this entirely new method of presenting their favorite numbers, but phonograph companies were much harder to convince.

IN THE spring of 1924, the Victor and Brunswick companies both sent recording equipment to Cleveland and made tests, but refused to record the slow tempo. They reasoned that, although this type of music was popular in Cleveland, purchasers of records in other parts of the world would increase the record speed and distort the tone. They couldn't afford to take a chance.

Still, early in 1924, Lombardo made a deal with the Canadian office of the Star Piano Company, makers of Gennett records and recorded two numbers: *Mama's Gone Goodbye* and *So This Is Venice*.

The beautiful grill room of the Roosevelt Hotel was beginning to fill with the after theatre crowd. Beautifully gowned women were dancing with tall, graceful men. I wanted to dance, too. The only consolation I got was from the envious glances as some of the women recognized my companion.

Where were we? Oh, yes—Lombardo signed his Royal Canucks up with The Music Corporation of America and they insisted upon the band making records for some of the better known companies.

The Columbia people came to Cleveland, but refused to be sold on anything other than the popular tempo of the day. However, Guy signed a year's contract with them and made four or five records in the "hot time" of more universal appeal.

The boys were not very enthusiastic over the phono deals, and in the fall of 1927 they took their families and their pets, including their slow tempo, all tied up in the pink ribbons of confidence, and moved bag and baggage to Chicago.

Here they broadcast over WBBM and before a week had passed the fan mail showed that the novelty of slow motion



That the Windy City might properly show its appreciation for Lombardo they made his orchestra the highest priced (per man) in the world.

They received \$8,500 per week from the Chicago theatre while doubling a cafe for \$2,000. When the boys were resting they went on the air during the Wrigley hour, filling one-half the program, for \$1,000—a total of \$11,500 per week for an organization of ten men. (I think I'll see if I can't trade my fountain pen for a piccolo.)

The manager of the theatre told Guy that he had broken all previous records for gross receipts and that people were now coming to his theatre who had never been there before.

"Just a minute," I stopped him short. Maybe I was just getting nervous and in an argumentative mood, but there was something I wanted to ask, right now.

"Will you please tell me, Mr. Lombardo, how a man can possibly know that new faces are filling his theatre?"

"Well," he said, a tired smile flickering across his handsome features, "when people come to a theatre the second time, they don't go around the lobby like they were gargling their throats. Ceiling decorations don't interest them after the first visit."

Think of this next time you go gawking around in some new playhouse. Somebody may be counting your uplifted chins. (No pun about "that future shadow" is intended.)

GUY LOMBARDO had shown the patience of Job, and I felt now that I was imposing on good nature. I pre-
(Continued on page 96)



This interesting chap below, Will Osborne, is often mistaken for Vallee over the air—so much so that many have asked if they aren't one and the same person.

That ready smile and cheerful expression you see above could belong to but one person—Rudy Vallee. Is your bet on him in "The Battle of the Blues"?

Here are the three Lombardo brothers of orchestra and Radio fame. First on the left is Carmen, the second brother, then Guy, the oldest, and then the "kid brother," Lebert.



music was being accepted by air audiences and Brunswick and Victor came with offers to raise the ante if Guy would make them some "torpid tempo" records.

The request to cancel with Columbia was refused when the Chicago office investigated this sudden popularity of Lombardo's band. He was given a free hand in the matter of rhythm when they made Carmen's *Coquette* and the then popular *Beloved* in his own manner.

These two records were the first in slow tempo to be released by any of the phonograph companies. The Royal Canadians and Columbia shared honors in a new field.

I guess this settles the priority question. At least it is tangible evidence.

THE BAND was playing one of my favorites. I'm off again on a trip to the moon. "The sweetest music this side of Heaven," someone had said. How true! I thought as I came back to earth and, picking up the loose ends again, continued with the interview.

Broadcasting over the Columbia Broadcasting system's network soon enlarged the band's following and they became the sensation of the air.



FRANCES SHELLEY feels all dressed up with a handful of pearls roped around her neck which, so far as it goes, is OK by us so long as she is safely concealed behind a microphone and does her stuff with a song on the Publix Night Owl Frolick.



JESSIE MATTHEWS takes one pair of big brown eyes, one pair of smiling roguish lips, a dash of hair and puts them between an enormous high hat and floppy collar so that you get an effect like this when she sings for you over the CBS.



*B*ERNADINE HAYES, Red Head of the Air, had just finished singing "Ain't these tears in my eyes tellin' you," when the picture was snapped. If the eyes tell what she means she probably is blue. But why? You hear her during the Sonatron Hour.



LILAS JOHNSON'S talented fingers, of which you catch a mere glimpse in this picture, are responsible for the delightful piano concerts heard over KGB, San Diego—but who cares about fingers when there is charm and beauty to behold?



GRETA GAHLER is the intriguing co-ed coquette, "Mary Elizabeth," in the Radio feature, *College Daze*, heard over KYA, San Francisco. Susceptible male listeners are advised to open to this page while listening to Mary's vamping voice.



***B**ROOK LOUIS never has submitted her picture for one of these photo personality prizes, but the above would deserve serious consideration in such an event. She is a famous composer and plays on a coast to coast program.*

The MAID from

MARTINIQUE

Old Forty Fathom
Brings Tale of
Coquette
Who Wrecked
Three Men
and a Ship

From Presentation of
Columbia Broadcasting System

By James Whipple



James Whipple

“A GOOD story always ends happily,” said Peter, who was young and full of romance.

“Aye,” smiled the good captain, Old Forty Fathom Haft. “That depends a bit on what you call happy.”

“And might I say that it depends, too, on what ye would call a good story,” observed the grizzled mate as he thrust a match into the half emptied bowl of his briar.

You know Old Forty Fathom. You know them all. For weeks on weeks, season in and season out, you have listened to their yarns of the briny deep and their songs as they gathered around the table in the fo’castle of the speedy little trawler, Spray, just after eight bells has sounded the time for rest from a busy day in the fishing banks off New England. There’s always a microphone or two near by. And the ship’s wireless carries the picture to you wherever you may be, from coast to coast, through the Columbia Broadcasting system.

“But you know what I mean,” insisted Peter, “the villian is disposed of and the hero marries the girl—”

“The girl, the girl! Must there always be a girl in what you call a good story?” Old Forty Fathom struck his fist on the edge of the table.

“Well, you know what I mean—”

“Aye, Peter, I cal-late I know—you are at that age—”

“Aw—listen—do you think I’m girl crazy?”

“How about that school teacher up in Seedville Center?”

“She gave me the go-bye—three weeks ago. She’s off of sailors, she said.”

“And what’s the matter with sailors?” demanded the mate.

“She says a sailor barges around too much without anchorin’ at the old front gate. And then there’s probably other reasons,” said Peter. “But do you know any real yarns, sir, that have girls in ’em and don’t end happy?”

“The captain took off his cap and put it on the table while he ran his fingers through his hair. He sighed and puffed half a dozen billowy clouds of smoke toward the ceiling before he spoke.

“REAL yarns with girls in ’em that don’t end happy? Why, I’d say there’s more of the real yarns with girls in ’em that don’t end happy than there is that does—an’ I’m not a woman hater either. For that matter, mayhap the ones you and I would consider unhappy might be considered happy

enough for the fellow most concerned. Ah, hum! Newcomb, do you mind old Lloyd MacGreggor in the West Indies trade, who pardnered up with Joe Miller, that fascinatin’ hot headed chap from Virginia? MacGreggor was a woman hater, if ever there was one, and good reason—the tight fisted old Scotchman—with a map that would either terrify a woman into paralysis or drive her into laughing hysterics.”

“That I do, captain—and what he came to on account of a woman—”

“Aye, that’s the story I had in mind for young Peter, here, who lives in a cloud of pretty faces that smile and beckon with the eyes of sinful sirens.”

“It was a queer partnership.”

“Queer a one as ever I saw. And Joe was more to be pitied than blamed, for he had a devil’s hodgepodge of a makeup. His parents, they say, were Virginia blue bloods. But Joe was the family disgrace, the black sheep. He had family pride in him that fought bitterly the overwhelming forces that led him into one scrape after another. And how ever old MacGreggor took up with the man to buy a ship and go halvers is more than my simple mind will ever comprehend.”

“They haggled the ship from a Jew in Martinique, as I recall?” Newcomb nodded.

“A small schooner she was, Newcomb. They were ship-mates on a French bark when they heard about it being for sale. So they visited the agent, a man by the name of Meurice, who wanted \$2,500 for the craft. But MacGreggor badgered him down to \$1,500, which was more than the two of them had been able to save for their whole lives. Indeed, they were not so much as able to take out insurance against the hurricanes that were infesting the region at that time.”

“I did not know about that part of it but it seems to me there was another man mixed up in the deal,” answered Newcomb.

“You are right. There was. You were thinking of Bob Macey, that smart young chap from New York. He had big possibilities with his ideas and things. But whenever he seemed to be getting into his stride some pretty face would come along and Bob strayed clear off his course till he lost his bearings completely. Well, sir, as you say, Newcomb, there were three of them that finally signed up for equal shares in the schooner and if it hadn’t been for the curse that was on



"I would not call Celeste a Cat," said old Forty Fathom.

two of them they might have been big ship owners today, for between them they had business, brains and maritime sagacity—and the Lord knows—"

"**B**UT—but—what about the girl?" asked Peter, shyly. "Yes, yes, to be sure, Peter," replied the captain, but he did not smile as he whirled around from the table and silently stroked a cat that had just been taken from his shoulder by the new man who had come up from Boston to learn the fishing business from beginning to end.

"You see, Peter, sometimes there is a bit of the sly cat in—in—Oh, all of us!" He continued stroking the cat and puffing at his pipe.

"Aye, Peter, the cat—you see she came to me first with her favors. She was purring in my lap. Then, when I did not give her enough attention, she climbed up on my shoulder. Fred, standing by, saw her and took her in his arms—and now she is just as contented with him. Ah, but what a bloody scratch she can give you with the sharp claws she carries beneath those velvet paws!"

Old Forty Fathom puffed again at his corn-cob pipe before he resumed.

"But for all that, Peter, I would not say that Celeste was a cat—though a beautiful kittenish thing she was. You never saw her did you, Newcomb, the little French lass at Martinique, who crushed the visiting fleets with her laughing eyes and bewitching coquettish tricks?"

"Yes, Forty, I did see her. And I wasted a month's pay trying to make her think a little better of me than some of the other goofies who were playing the same game. And how about yourself?"

"That's beside the story, mate. But I'm telling Peter how she came aboard the schooner to the intense surprise of Mr. MacGreggor. Joe was ashore. Bob and the old man were chinning up fr'd about what they were going to do with all the money they hoped to make out of the shipping business, when all of a sudden a female voice came rippling up from aft. Along came this baby faced Celeste humming and crooning as though she had belonged aboard the ship all her life.

"Weel, me lass, I dinna ken we buyed fairies or witches wi'

tha vessel—an' who are ye an' how came you here?' demanded MacGreggor.

"Ah, I have ze honor to spek to ze great Messieur MacGreggoire, have I not? An' *ma fois*, Messieur Joe, he have not tell you who I am? No? Zen myself I will introduce. I am Celeste. You hear of Celeste? Yes?"

"Celeste—delighted!' Bob exclaimed, while old MacGreggor uttered only a gruff sort of snort. The girl twirled a black and red beaded fan. Her arms were bare. She wore a thin light blue silk waist on which were embroidered some absurdly large butterflies of gorgeous hue. Her skirt carried out the butterfly effect—black tracings against a tan fuzzy sort of satin or silk—I knew that costume well, Newcomb. And you may remember the bright red slippers.

"MacGreggor bit off a chunk of plug and waddled across deck, his face all wrinkled up with evil foreboding. Bob assumed the duties of host and asked the girl to enter the cabin and sit down. But MacGreggor motioned vigorously from behind for him to keep the lady in plain sight.

"**C**ELESTE simply floated into the cabin with those soft little exclamations of surprise and delight so fatal to all good resolutions or any mere dissenting male.

"Make yourself comfortable,' said Bob. 'Joe will be along any minute.'

"But ye canna stay, Miss, we sail directly—' protested MacGreggor.

"Ah, let her stay, Mac—it's Joe's affair. Let him talk to her, then he'll send her away,' Bob pleaded.

"In the meantime Celeste flitted about the cabin and hummed her quaint little tune with an occasional 'Oh-oooooooo-ah' and 'la, la, Mon Dieu!'

"I tell you,' she finally decided, 'you are ontidy, so *maladroiti* in ze care of your little house. I tell you. Celeste will wash out this dirty tablecloth. I fix some curtains for ze—how you call 'em—ze little round holes—windows, I know—'

"She began clearing the table. Bob lounged against the door and watched her with kindling admiration. Her charms were obvious and would have warmed the heart of any red blooded

(Continued on page 110)



This Little Thing Called Love—not especially posed by Cecil and Sally of KPO, San Francisco, although they say that Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) simply tumbled head over heels when he met Helen Troy (Sally) on a tennis court with ribbon over her hair just like this. Nope—no announcements specially that we know of.

Aha! Startling revelations about to be revealed! Prof. Dope (no relation to Oopy Doop) and Dr. Standard McWebster (of Words & Words) have discovered a fly stealing out to the end of the weather vane on yon steeple. Footprints of the fly may reveal an important witness to the rat murder. Yeah, real names are Lew Kelly and Gene Byrnes.



Now that Hughie Dobbs has landed that swell \$85,000 contract he's putting more punch than ever in his socker programs. You see him here with the former world's champion, Jim Corbett, who made fame and fortune out of his punches. Wonder how a thump on Dobbsie's polka dot would sound on the air!

You may recall all that heavy artillery band barrage over WHEC, Rochester, N. Y., on a Saturday night? Well, here it is—all forty pieces and the announcer besides, who doesn't count because the three Sod Busters front center lay down the whole works.



Listen! You can almost hear them singing, "Jones and Hare, the Interwoven Pair"—they are known everywhere that voices come by air—or words to that effect. They are veteran Radio comedians and might actually be considered the founders of the sect. Their drolleries are widely imitated. You hear them Fridays over the NBC.



Don't be misled by the pugilistic exploits of Arthur The Great Shires, that he's so hard his smile curdles milk. Not so. Behold him here being initiated into the Milkman's Club of KSTP, St. Paul. Nothing like a nice foaming bottle of milk for Mr. Shires!



It's getting to be a great racket taking the emotional reactions of beautiful actresses for "Radio valuations." Claudette Colbert is supposed to be getting a great thrill from something or other on the air and the doc is tabulating her heart beats—according to the number of beats the act is good or not so good.



There is no reason for the station that employs this nice looking trio to be ashamed of them, but whoever sends out the pictures neglected to put their names on the back of the photo. Perhaps they will be recognized and we can tell you who they are next month.



Sing "Ah"—and when Dapper Dan of the Shoe-Flyer's program over the CBS opened his month to sound the syllable "ah" all the flies in the building considered it time to shoo out of there. Sometime they are going to try broadcasting Dan's voice without a microphone just to see how far it will go.



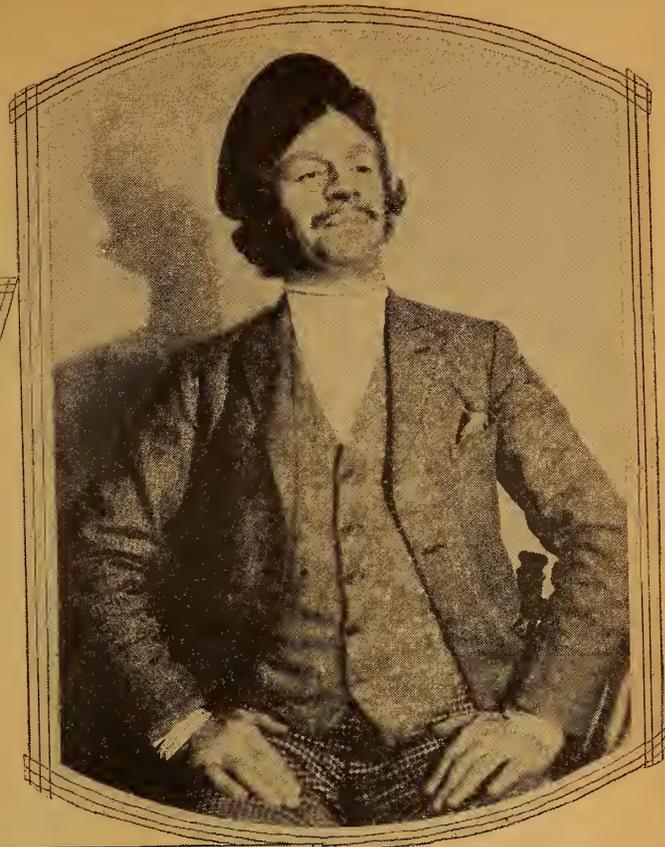
You may never have heard of Mrs. Beau Brummel, but merely to show you that she really does exist we offer you this picture from KSTP. Mrs. B. B. is very popular with followers of the fashions who listen to her every Friday at 10:15 p. m. Like to know her real name? Who wouldn't?



Following the success of the many darky dialect teams over the country has come a wave of Weberfieldians. Not many can out-Dutch Adolph and Rudolph, privately known as Ned Becker and Billy Doyle, at WCFL, Chicago.



When the program begins to cool off a bit at KFWI, San Francisco, the director steps to the mike and tells the listeners, "We'll warm up with a few banjo tamales with Henry and Tom on the pan." And here they are with their coats off making it hot.



Whoopee is still going strong in the big New York key stations. Frinstance when WABC wants a heap big pom-pom-boom-adee-yeow they call in the best whoopee experts on the island and this is Chief Ben Selvin with his new spring bonnet ready to lead the DeVoe Redskins down Antenna trail.



Speaking of the rum runner from Quebec—well, never mind, say nothing. This is Jacob Ben Ami as you think he looks during one of his CBS character broadcasts. But just the same there's something suspicious about that dark looking shadow hipward from the crook of his left elbow—
Oui?

You can tell by the picture that something funny is right on the tip of Walt Sullivan's tongue as soon as he gets it out. Frank Galvan already thinks it's funny and is getting the first laugh. These two drop the pebbles in the KPO mike that start ripples of laughter across the continent.

"Laws o' Massy wha faw all de lillies? Reckon Metro an' Cosmo of KYA is gwine participate in a weddin' or a funeral! Which-evah it am it sho' do look mighty sudden faw Metro. He ain't no mo' prepared faw one dan he is faw t'other."



The SUCKER'S REVENGE

Old Jap Gideon's Bubble Breaks After a Gay Flight and He Goes Home Broke—But the Last Laugh's On the Other Fellow

By Lowell Otus Reese
Illustrations by Chas. J. McCarthy

EVER since he took \$15,000 out of a slate pocket up on Grasshopper creek everybody on Humpback Mountain had been wondering what old Jap Gideon would do with it. When he strolled into the store one bitter January day and announced that he was going to buy himself a clean collar and white pants, the mirth of the mountain men knew no bounds.

"A feller with \$15,000 can do anything he likes," boasted old Jap, ignoring the thrusts of his friends. "I'm goin' clean 'round the world. First off I aim to stop at Honolulu. Mebbe I'll write you a letter from there."

Down in 'Frisco Mr. James Gossop of the hard black eyes and bullet head met Jap Gideon and introduced him to another playmate, a thin, anemic young man with pale eyes, travelling under the name of Fletcher Bryson. Jap was lonesome for human companionship, and guileless in the ways of the world. He confided his plans, and his riches, to his new friends, who made immediate plans to lighten his burden.

But luck seemed to travel with Jap and, despite a thorough massage treatment while he was suffering from mal de mer, the bank roll was still intact when the steamer docked at Honolulu. Forced to leave their new friend until they could in turn lose themselves in the island city, Gossop and Bryson made a date with him for a big hula dance and native party.

Full of ham and eggs and eager expectation, old Jap nearly broke his neck catching a street car to keep his date with his friends.

"**L**UCKY I hurried," he told himself as he settled in his seat. "Jim'll be waitin' for me time I get there."

He was right, Jim and Fletch were both doomed to wait considerably longer than they had anticipated. It was near midnight when they met at the Kapiolani park entrance, where Gossop still stayed, clinging to a fast dying hope.

"Fine steerer you are!" said Bryson with flaying acrimony. "Where's the boob?"

"How do I know?" retorted Gossop, his own temper brittle under the long strain and the ultimate disappointment. "How does anybody know? That boob ain't human! Something's happened to him."

"Well, what happened to him?" sneered the pickpocket nastily. "Go ahead—speak up! You're a fine fixer, I'll tell the cockeyed world!"

"Some of these days," said Gossop ominously, "I'm goin' to take you all apart! I know you got a snake's tongue, but you keep it for boobs or something's goin' to happen to you! Get me?"

Still quarreling, they boarded a car and went downtown to begin a search for Jap Gideon, sure that they would find him, tomorrow, at least. But they did not find Jap Gideon tomorrow; nor the next day nor the day after that. Discreet telephone calls elicited from the hotel desk the information that Mr. Gideon had been absent from his room ever since the evening of his arrival. No, he had left no word. He might have gone to Hilo, yes. To see the volcano. But there was no message left at the desk, bearing upon the gentleman's move-

ments. Yes, Mr. Gideon's belongings were still in his apartment.

DAY AFTER day this went on. The two hunters trailed all over Honolulu, searching for their prospective victim, but to no avail. Jap Gideon had apparently dropped off the earth. And meanwhile the mild asperity, born of their mutual disappointment, grew into a deadly quarrel, fed by the days of cumulative suspense. Finally, at the end of the week, the tension snapped suddenly. They were in their rooms, blocks from the white section.

"That'll be all out of you!" said Gossop, his voice low and menacing. "Another crack like that and I'll take your neck in my two hands and squeeze it like a lemon!"

Bryson crouched suddenly, his thin lips writhing back from his teeth and his white fingers flashed toward his pocket. But with a swiftness astonishing in a thickset body, Gossop was upon the smaller man, one big, pudgy hand grasping the furtive wrist, the other fist mauling the palid face of the pickpocket. All in silence. When it was over, the beaten man crawled to

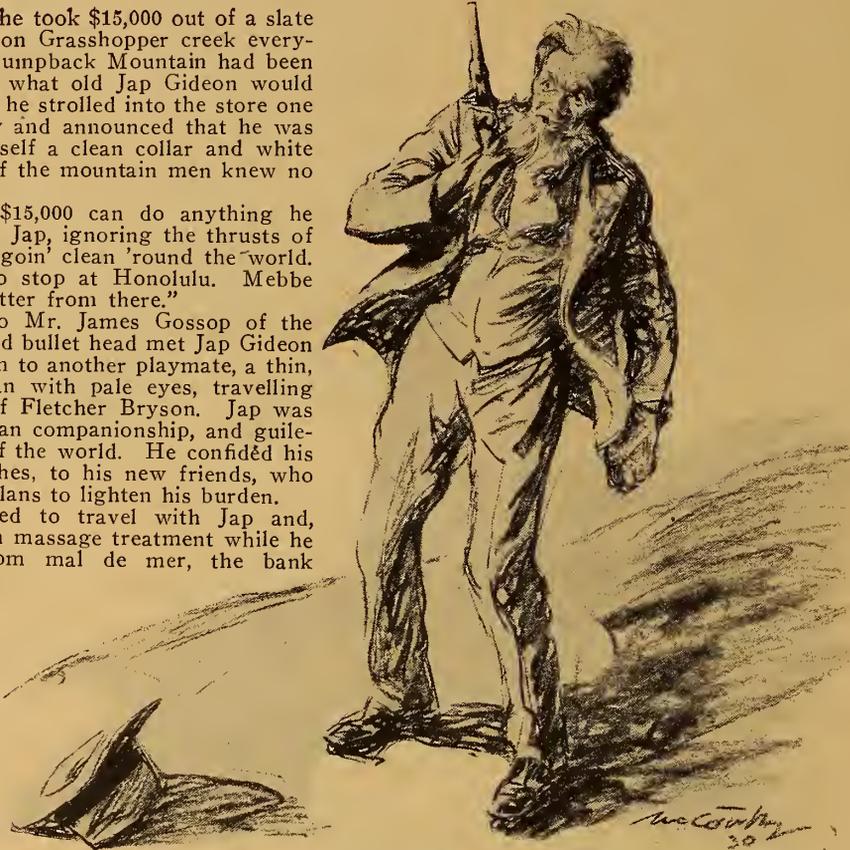
the door and arose, staggering and shaking.

"Some day," he said, "you'll get yours! I hope you'll like it!" The words came sobbingly through his smashed thin lips that still writhed back from his teeth. He stumbled out into the night.

. . . V . . .

HALF an hour later, Gossop went out on the street, still raging within from the mad lust of battle, savage still with his disappointment. He had lost the fifteen thousand dollars which from the time of leaving San Francisco had seemed so easily won. His ship sailed tomorrow at ten o'clock. He dared not miss it and wait for the chance to book again, for his funds were low. Moreover, old Jap probably would not show up again. Perhaps he had been shoved off the wharf by someone else who had found that he carried the enormous sum upon his person. Gossop's thick spatulate fingers opened and closed convulsively. Yes, there was no other solution of the problem. Something had happened to the childish old prospector.

Hardly anybody was upon the streets, for Honolulu after dark is a quiet town where people go to bed decently at the proper time. Gossop wandered aimlessly, keeping instinctively in dark places and as he reached the corner of Hotel and Alakea he shrank into the shadow and watched, for a lone figure was coming down Hotel Street, moving slowly and dejectedly. The figure seemed familiar and Gossop's predatory heart gave a fierce, exultant bound. The figure came into the light cast by the Y. M. C. A. building and stopped, hesitating and looking back toward the Young Hotel.



Old Jap jerked Bloody Mary from beneath his arm and started running down the street. Suddenly the peaceful silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient pocket cannon.

The long, jaunty cigarette holder was missing; the cane also. The immaculate white trousers were stained and torn, the rakish white cap mauled and muddy, as though it had been trodden under foot. The old man was shrunken and bent and seemed to have aged ten years. Gossop rushed up to him, greeting him with a joyful effusion that came from the man's exulting heart.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Wherever you been, Jap? Say, I been lookin' all over this town for you—every day! And tonight I says to myself—I ain't goin' to sleep till I find my old pal Jap Gideon! Yes, sir, I been walkin' the streets every minute of the night—where you been anyway, Jap?"

"I BEEN in hell, Jim!" The slow, miserable tears welled in the old man's eyes, but he smiled, glad that at last he had found a friend. "I been drunk, Jim—paralyzed drunk! I didn't mean to get drunk, but—Say, I'm mighty sorry I missed you and the hula dance, Jim! I didn't mean to throw you down, Jim—honest I didn't! I started from the hotel all right and got on the car all right. But soon's I got on the car I met a feller that said his folks was named Gideon—at least his dad was. His dad was a half Englishman and half Solomon Islander and his mother was a Tahitian with a Scotch father and a German-Hawaiian mother and he'd just married a Portuguese-Hawaiian girl with a Chinese father and—"

"Let's go and sit down where we can talk comfortable, Jap!" Gossop took the poor old fellow by the arm and started him along Alakea Street and away from the Y. M. C. A. lights. "And when I come to myself," old Jap babbled as they walked, "the car had stopped and they told me I was in Kaimuki! Yes, sir, I'd got on the Kaimuki car instead of the Waikiki car—them both runnin' on the same track a ways! And—"

"Sure!" chuckled Gossop, a vast relief flooding him. He understood now. And he was going to reap the reward of his long trailing after all. He tightened upon the skinny arm with a fierce clutch. What a fine thing he had ditched Fletch! Fifteen thousand—and all his own! He steered his companion

into Emma Square, a tiny rest park just off the street, and guided him beneath the heavy darkness of a bougainvillea vine that roofed a park bench. They sat down together.

"But that ain't the worst of it, Jim," went on Jap Gideon. "This feller give me a bottle of *okolehau*. Jim, that *okolehau* looked and tasted innocent, but it deceived me. It just naturally took my stummick by the hind laigs and tied it in a knot! I didn't wake up till three hours ago—"

"Sure—sure!" Gossop flung one thick arm affectionately about the prodigal's neck and tightened his grip on the sandbag in the opposite pocket. Safe as a church! No one would ever suspect him. He'd never been seen about town with the old man—better to kill him, of course. Easy to kill—a frail little old boob—easy to kill as a young robin. Why, he could kill him with one hand on the windpipe—same as he had threatened Fletch—

"—but I'm all right now!" Jap Gideon was saying happily. "Say, it's a good thing to have a friend or two, Jim. I'm all right now!"

"SURE you're all right, Jap!" soothed Gossop and half drew the heavy bag of lead from his pocket. But an instant before starting the blow he hesitated again, for someone was coming down Alakea Street. The man waited, seething with sinister impatience, while old Jap Gideon droned on. The pedestrian passed and the sound of his going died away as he turned into Hotel Street. Again the thick, spatulate fingers tightened about the sandbag.

"—and it was gone!" Jap Gideon was saying. "Every cent of that fifteen thousand dollars I been guardin' so careful—"

"What's that?" A cold premonition crept up Gossop's spine, instantaneously chilling his ferocious exultation. "You lost your money?"

"Every last cent!" gulped Jap Gideon.

"I don't believe it! Have you looked good? Where did you carry it?"

"On my stummick!" quavered Jap hopelessly. "Under that



The infuriated old man was gnawing industriously away at Gossop's ear with his two remaining teeth—somewhere Jap had picked up most of the fine points of the art of rough and tumble.

porous plaster on my stummick!"

A sick rage swept over Gossop, and a fierce, disappointed contempt for Fletcher Bryson, supposed to be the most accomplished pickpocket in the west. Fletch had had his hands on that fifteen thousand dollars—and never guessed it! "But what became of it, Jap?" he asked, his own voice tremulous with the anguish of realizing what he had lost. "What became of it while you was drunk?"

"Why," wailed old Jap, "I bought Hanakopiai."

"Hana-what?"

"Kopiai."

"What's Hanakopiai?"



"I don't know. A kind of stock I guess. I don't know who sold it to me nor when nor where. But I'm hungry, Jim—"

"Stock!" Gossop spat forth the word and it sounded like the spit of snake venom. But a vestige of hope remained. "How do you know it's gone?" he demanded. "Maybe you're still drunk—"

"No, I looked good, Jim!" hiccupped poor Jap through his despondent whiskers. "I parted with that wad, all right. And I must have done it mighty awkward, too—me bein' full of *okolehau*—for that porous plaster had peeled enough hide off my belly to make a saddle blanket! Here's the stock, Jim." He proffered a heavy envelope and Gossop took it mechanically.

THE TOUCH of the paper sent Gossop to the peak of his disappointed rage. He sprang to his feet and old Jap arose also. "And by the old fake stock gag!" said Gossop hoarsely and laughed a harsh, unhuman laugh. "Me, Jim Gossop, beat by some guy with a pocketful of fake Hana—Hana—"

"Kopiai," old Jap finished for him, mistaking his friend's emotion for sympathy. "Hanakopiai."

"You swindlin' old dried alligator skin!" bawled Gossop. He seized the little old man by the neck and shook him savagely. "Old gorilla-faced jackass tramp—lurin' me all the way to Honolulu—only to let some broken-down porch climber nick your roll with a bunch of fake stock!" He flung the heavy package to the ground and danced upon it, suddenly ceasing this frenzied pastime to kick poor Jap Gideon violently in the region where men have been kicked since time immemorial.

The loss of Jap's fortune had broken his heart, but it had not even bent his pride. For one dazed instant following the kick he stood bewildered, and then the blinding truth struck him. This man was not his friend; never had been his friend! Old Jap had asked for sympathy and had expected sympathy. Instead, he had received a kick that had seemed to telescope his whole spinal column.

Gossop whirled contemptuously and started away from the bench beneath the bougainvillea arbor. But before he had taken

the third step, something like an infuriated old wildcat flung itself between his shoulders and wound a stringy arm about his thick neck, half choking him. He whirled again, thinking to throw the incubus off, but in whirling he found a bony leg between his own legs, scientifically placed. He fell heavily to the ground and reached for his aged enemy's throat. But before he found the throat he discovered better occupation for his hand, since a horny old thumb had crept rudely into his eye and was gouging skillfully. Moreover, the arm remained about his neck and his own weight served to draw it with yet deadlier tightness across his throat.

GASPING for breath, he began flailing desperately with a heavy fist, trying to batter the old man's head. But Jap Gideon's head was not available; it was buried between Gossop's own head and shoulder and the infuriated old man was industriously gnawing his victim's ear with those two remaining teeth.

It was then Gossop realized that somewhere old Jap Gideon had learned the art of rough and tumble. He could not know

Early one April morning Jap Gideon was sitting despondently on the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by.

that the old prospector had been a noted fighter in those far years when men learned roughness from nature and the rough country they had come west to conquer; but as old Jap found the other eye Gossop vaguely guessed at this. He made one supreme effort, born of his agony and desperation, and rolled clear of those deadly arms, heaved to his feet and started to run. His breath was coming in stertorous whoops and he was half blind. Old Jap scrambled up also and followed, once more flinging himself upon the fleeing man like a blood-mad weasel. Gossop uttered a hoarse bellow of terror and kicked backward with a heavy foot. It was sheer luck, but the kick caught Jap Gideon in the stomach and the old man sat down in the pathway with a violence that jarred him even worse than Gossop's initial kick.

When he arose he was in a killing fury. He jerked old Bloody Mary from beneath his arm; and as Gossop dashed out of the park and started running down Alakea, the peaceful Honolulu silence was shattered by the bellowing roar of the ancient revolver. Six times the prehistoric weapon roared, but the sixth shot never had a chance, for Mr. Gossop had skidded 'round the corner at the Y. M. C. A. building and was gone.

Old Jap stood for a time, grinding his two remaining teeth and muttering hot curses of disappointment. Then he started away, hesitated again and went back to the deep darkness beneath the bougainvillea arbor, where he fumbled about on the ground until he found his bundle of Hanakopiai.

"Jap," he told himself, "Judge Hopper was right—and you're an old fool! Carryin' \$15,000 around with you—and tellin' everybody about it—a pie-faced old fool and you deserve what you got! Know what I'm goin' to do? I'm goin' to take this

here Hanakopiai home with me and tack it up on the wall. And every minute of your life it'll be there, tellin' you what a fool you been!"

He drifted aimlessly down to Bishop street and stood for a long time, looking across the street at the lighted lobby. Only the night clerk was there, sitting behind the desk, reading a magazine. A week ago old Jap had trodden through that noble entrance with wealth and dignity; now he had nothing but an awful headache and a sheaf of papers called Hanakopiai.

Dawn was appearing in the east and a new day was about to break upon Hawaii, the Paradise of the Pacific. Old Jap left the scene of his life's greatest moment and stumbled away to begin looking for a job. It was well named, this lovely land lying in the lap of a smiling sea. But it is tough to be hungry and broke, even in Paradise.

he was in desperate circumstances. But spring came at last and he began shoveling gravel into his battered sluice boxes, working madly, with that specter of starvation constantly at his elbow. But here, too, misfortune attended him, for unaccountably the pay had broken off abruptly. Poor old Jap was at last compelled to confess it even to himself. Grasshopper creek had petered out.

About ten o'clock of an April day he was sitting despondently upon the edge of a sluice box when Jack Lynch rode by. Jack was a cattleman, prospecting the range for summer feed and it was quite by accident that he had happened by Jap Gideon's place. He was tremendously surprised to see the prospector and said so with vehement and picturesque profanity.



"Everybody thought you was gone for good, Jap!" said the cattleman. "When did you get back to Grasshopper?"

. . . VI . . .

IT WAS again midwinter when old Jap Gideon got back to his home on Grasshopper creek. It had taken him a year to save enough money to buy a passage to California and he had landed at San Francisco broke. From San Francisco he had walked the three hundred miles to Grasshopper creek, avoiding all settlements and making the last forty miles over the snow on skis, stealing into his old haunts like a criminal.

Poverty met him as he crossed the threshold of his dwelling. The woodrats had made havoc of all his simple belongings and his cabin was a wreck. Not at all like the sumptuous apartment in the Alexander Young hotel, where for fifteen exalted minutes he had sat and looked out over the world that had seemed to belong to him alone.

The old man nearly starved to death before spring came, for he was too proud and humiliated to let anyone know that

and nonchalant as he said this, but the effort was a pitiful failure. However, Lynch accepted the reply tactfully, for he was a prudent man and knew Jap Gideon's fiery temperament. He was a kind-hearted man, moreover; and there was pity in his face as he regarded the ragged little old figure hunched upon the sluice box, noting the haggard face and bony arms that advertised the fact that poor Jap Gideon was starving himself rather than sacrifice his pride.

"They's a fat man down to the ranger station at the mouth of Grasshopper," said the cattleman irreverently. "Name's Cowan. George B. Cowan, of San Francisco. I think he's dickerin' for the Hickson timber tract, up back of your place. He's been up on Humpback a week, runnin' lines, him and three-four timber cruisers. But they can't find a couple of corners that's somewhere over on Hurley Ridge. I heard him say he'd give fifty dollars if he could find them corners."

Old Jap looked up, a dawning hope in his sunken eyes. "I

(Continued on page 116)

Alarge Gorilla Presents 1930 Interpretation

Of ROMEO and JULIET

*Capulet, Big Banana Peddler of Verona, Throws Grand Brawl
in Town House—Lover Crashes Gate and Sticks Teaball—
Sips Eye-Shutter with "Dumplin'" to Fadeout*

By Don Becker

Alias Alarge Gorilla, Alias J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, President of the Irrational Broadcasting Co., Heard from WLW, Cincinnati, Over the Lavender Network

SUPPOSE we let Radio Digest's good friend, Mrs. M. M. Johnston, 123 Northwood ave., Dayton, Ohio, introduce the author of this amazing 1930 version of Romeo and Juliet. She writes: "I think Don Becker in his Weak-End Satires at WLW is a scream. He calls himself Alarge Gorilla, but he's funnier than a cage full of monkeys. He's about the most comical man I have ever heard on the air and I travel about quite a bit, taking my Radio where I find it."

Alarge Gorilla

GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience, this is Alarge Gorilla speaking over the Irrational Broadcasting company's one-piece, unbreakable and unbearable lavender network. Time, money, labor—nothing has been spared by the IBC to make your Radio worth half as much as it is worth now. J. Cornelius Schwadamaga Fishbearder, eminent president of the Irrational Broadcasting company, has been prevailed upon, by the many fans of this great national network, to present Grand Opera in a form which everyone, including himself, would understand. He has taken Grand Opera and given it a new twist—a new touch—a Fishbearder Touch, which will be recognized throughout this great work. The opera to be presented tonight by the Irrational Grand Opera Company is "Romeo and Juliet."



Don Becker

Orchestra
"Short Prologue" (Sauer)

Alarge Gorilla: It is the year 1867, and our scene* opens in a tremendous joint owned by one Capulet—a big retired Banana-Peddler from Verona. Capulet's offspring, who by the way is named Juliet, and who, for the sake of personal touch, will hereafter be known as Julie—but anyway, Juliet is just about to break out with the swells, so in honor of this behemoth event, Capulet decides to throw a brawl, requesting that everyone come disguised as something or other. Just as the huge asbestos fireproof curtain of the IBC Teensy-Weensy Theatre rises, we hear Capulet telling everybody to make merry, and as we told you before, everybody was disguised, which made this request difficult to carry out. Juliet is discovered alone in the Ante-Room, (The Ante-Room was vacant because the boys couldn't find a deck of cards). Juliet is happy—in fact, we may go so far as to say she is jubilant, and the opera opens with her bursting forth, singing the gay melody "Juliet's Waltz Song."

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

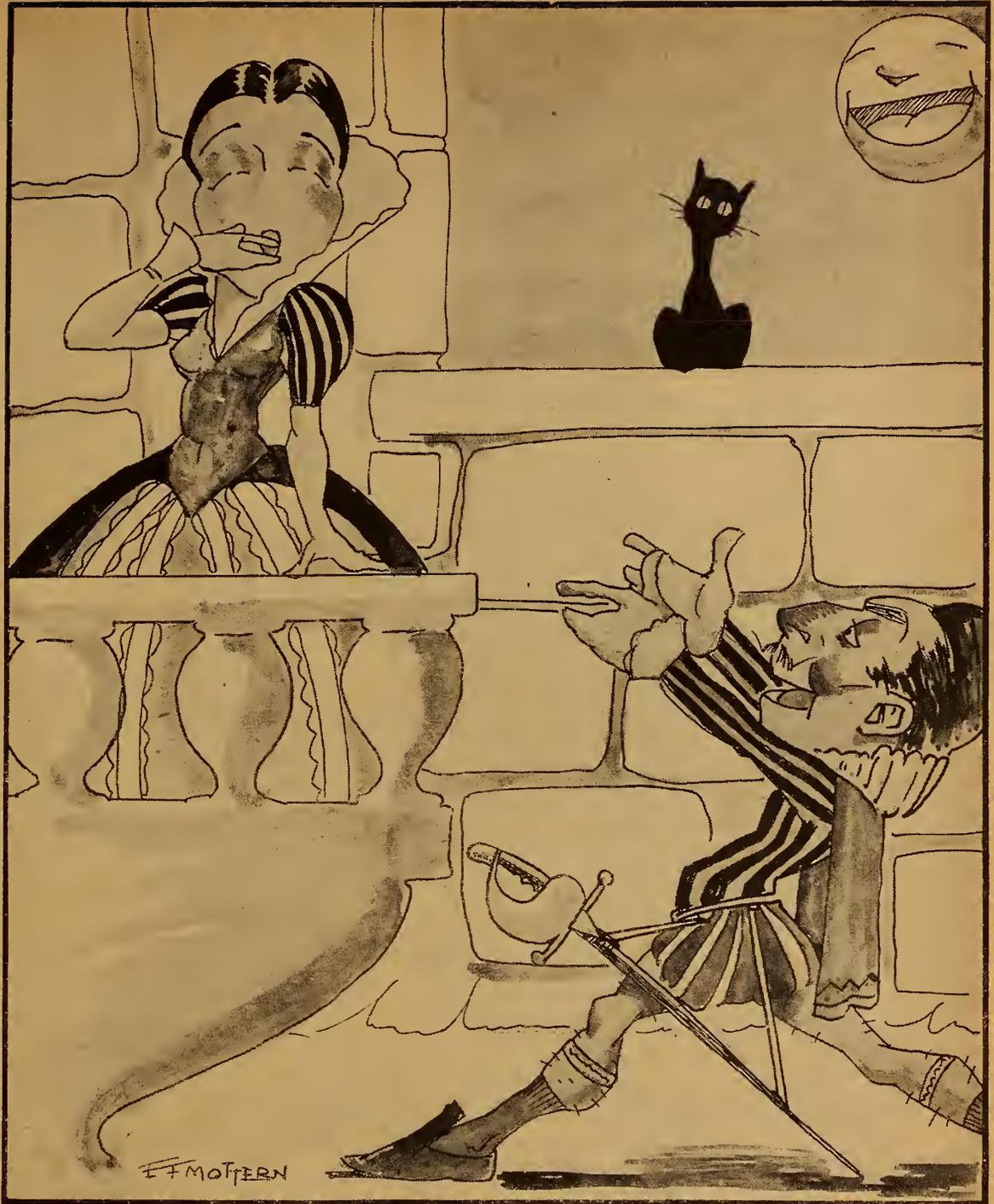
Juliet: "I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP."
Herald: Enters Romeo, the sheik—left center upstage.
Romeo: Julieuht—you-hoo—Julie—it's me—Romeo!
Juliet: (Laughs). Why Romeo, how clever of you to come disguised as a breakfast nook.
Romeo: Oh wondrous joy of my heart—you are one swell dame—come, let us pour out our souls in a love duet.
Romeo and Juliet: "YOU CAN'T PARK HERE."
Herald: Tea-Ball, cousin of Juliet enters on the wing.
Tea-Ball: Aha!—So it's you—Romeo Montagew!
Romeo: Yes this is me, but pray, who in the devil are you?
Tea-Ball: Sire, I am the GREAT Tea-Ball!
Romeo: Oh yeah!—Well run along Tea-Ball before I break you apart and empty your leaves on the floor!
Tea-Ball: Sire, that is an insult!
Romeo: Well now aren't you clever—you ketch on quick doncha?
Tea-Ball: Zounds and Odds Bodkin—for two bits I'd take out my sword and draw you!
Romeo: Say that's the berries—I always did want my picture drawn—so you're an artist, eh Tea-Ball?
Herald: Enters Old Man Capulet from left center stage.
Capulet: (Very gruff) Say you two tomatoes—is this the way to act in Capulet's house?—Come join the crowd, we are making merry!

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Alarge Gorilla: Thus ends act one of Romeo and Juliet, which is being presented under the auspices of the Irrational Broadcasting Company, and its now-famous, original, one and only Lavender Network. Act two brings us the famous Balcony Scene, between the two lovers, Romeo Montagew and Juliet Capulet. As the curtain ascends, we see Romeo creeping on all fours towards the balcony which afterwards made him famous and enabled him to get into Squawking Pictures.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)
Segue to

"CREEPING MUSIC, THE TUM-TE-TUM TYPE"
Romeo (against music): Julieuht—you-hoo—Julie—come on out a minute—it's me—Romie.
Herald: Juliet comes on balcony.
Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains—in your feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoonin' and, forsooth, then it will be just too tight!
Romie: Oh, Juliet, you are the apple of my recess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the—uh—no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!
Juliet: Oh, Romeo, you're a kidder!
Herald: The nurse comes forth!
Nurse: JOOO-lee—JOOO-lee—it's twelve o'clock.
Juliet: Ye Gods, I'm sunk!
Romie: Don't tell me who it is, let me guess!



Romeo: Juliet— you-hoo—
—Oh, Julie—it's me—Romie.

Juliet: Oh, Romie, where on earth are your brains—in your feet? Don't you know poppa will ketch us spoonin' and, forsooth, then it will be just too tight!

Romeo: Oh, Julie, you're the apple of my recess, the gasoline of my roadster, the tubes in my Radio—the—uh—no, you aren't that much, but darn near it!

Juliet: Oh, Romie, you're such a kidder!

Romeo: (Singing.) Oh, Jul-i-et, I may be wet, but I think you're wonderful.

Juliet: Sweet thing. (Throws kisses.)

Juliet: It's my nurse—All right Nursie, I'll be right in—
Good-bye, Romie dear, see you tomorrow, at the Greeks!

Violin: "LINGER AWHILE" (Sauer).

Romeo (against violin music): Ah, maid of my delight, stick around a minut!

Juliet: Romie! Don't be a sill—goodniht.

Romeo: Goodnight, Babe.

Juliet: Goodnight, dumplin'.

Romeo: Goodnight, Sugar!

Juliet: Goodnight, Honeysuckle.

Romeo: Say, are you going to end this act or aintcha? I'm supposed to say that last goodnight.

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Announcer: Act two of Romeo and Juliet has ended. Act three finds them about to go off the deep end and get married. The scene opens in the dim-lit chamber of Friar Laurence—their faces bear a troubled look—Romeo and Juliet, I mean—

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: Aw, Friar Laurence, be a good sport and hitch us. Romeo and I—dernit, I mean Juliet and I love each other, and besides her old man won't care—that is after he gets to see what a real guy I am.

Friar Laurence: But, Romeo, that is not the question—have you children any recompense?

Romeo: Well, I'll tell you, Friar, we're both fresh out of recompenses. You see, I've been under a big expense lately!

Friar Laurence: But, my dear children, that is not the point!

Romeo: Well, you can forthsooth yourself to put me on the cuff till the fifteenth of the month, can't you?

Friar Laurence: Very well, and may your children be as the sands of the sea!

Romeo: Who, me?

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Announcer: The scene changes—we are on a street in Verona. Stephano, Romeo's hired man, is out for no good reason. As he comes before Capulet's house on the main street, he bings a flower pot through the window. This makes Capulet angry, and, as a result, there is a free-for-all. Mechurecrome, who, by the way, 'is Romeo's pal, sensing something has gone wrong, starts to mix it up with Capulet. In some way or other he gets socked on the kisser, which puts him out of play. In the meantime, Romeo comes dashing up on his horse. Getting off the horse, and thinking Mechurecrome is dead, he gets mad and starts in too. Incidentally, he kills Tea-Ball, who was also fighting, and this incidentally puts him in dutch with the police, and he is banished from the town. Act four finds Romeo back in town, and, with a great risk to his neck, he get's up to Juliet's room, who, by the way, is now his wife. Juliet, I mean, not the room.

(Continued on page 114)

In An Emergency Tom Breen Steps to Front

Boyhood Hobby, Backed By Training and Natural Gifts, Leads Way to Big Time on NBC Staff

By Thornton McClaughey

AN EMERGENCY had arisen at station WAMD, in Minneapolis. An important program was about to go on the air. The plant men were hurriedly making a final check on the condition of their equipment, and production men were standing with split second stop-watches in their hands. The musicians and artists were in their places. In another few minutes the program must begin. *But there was no announcer to take his post before the microphone!*

Word had come but a few minutes before that the announcer scheduled to go on the air had been seized by a sudden illness, and no other announcer was immediately obtainable. No one knows what the outcome might have been if a tall, blond young man had not suddenly stepped in to avert a broadcasting tragedy.

"I'd like to try it, sir," he said to the station manager. "I think I can do it all right."

The station manager looked at the volunteer, and saw a tall young man, whose wavy light-brown hair, clear blue eyes, and patrician profile made him extremely pleasant to look at. He noticed his speaking voice, and found it clear and resonant. And, anyway, there was not much choice.

"Go ahead and try," he said gloomily.

It was thus that Thomas Breen, Jr., one of the youngest and most widely known announcers on the air today, "broke into" the announcing end of Radio.

The incident may be considered unimportant in the general history of Radio development, but it was of the greatest significance in the life of Tom Breen. For, after three years of announcing, today Tom finds himself, at the age of twenty-four, one of the outstanding announcers in Radio. Those who heard him announce the broadcasts of the Chicago Civic Opera season—one of the most aristocratic assignments in Radiodom—or else heard his work in the Chicago Symphony Orchestra programs, need no proof of this claim. And he keeps on giving proof of his exceptional ability in his chosen line several times a week, when his voice is heard in the Halsey-Stuart, the Yeast Foamers, the National Farm and Home hour, and several other programs from the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. And that one "break" he received at station WAMD, which has since merged to form station KSTP, Minneapolis, was what started it all.

TOM himself calls it all a stroke of luck today, and looks back with amusement at his first feverish efforts to send his personality out over the resounding ether via the magic microphone. But a glance in the pages of his life, both before and after the beginning of his dramatic rise to Radio stardom, may serve to show that there was a little more than luck involved in the situation which proved to be the first stepping-stone in a rise to national prominence.

Breen was born in Minneapolis, one of the twin cities, which have supplied Graham McNamee and several other Radio notables to a listening world. But the success of his fellow-townsmen in this new field could have had little influence on the youthful Breen, because his dreams of a Radio career began long before Graham McNamee ever shared the affections of a million listeners, and even before broadcasting, as we know it today, was thought of. For Breen was naturally a studious youth, although his regular school life was much interrupted by sickness, and, when he was still an awkward boy in short trousers, he adopted Radio as his hobby. A miniature laboratory was fitted up in the Breen home through the indulgence of his parents, and a small book-shelf began to display more and more copies of treatises on the new science. Then came a great day in his life when he was actually able to hear an assortment of strange sounds from the air received on his home-made set. After that Breen was definitely committed to the study of the absorbing new phenomenon.

Ordinarily when a boy of ten or twelve adopts a hobby, it means very little. There have been too many instances where youthful dreams of a life of adventure on the western plains have culminated in a career behind a dry-goods counter, or where young aviation enthusiasts develop into successful bond salesmen. But, for some reason or other, Breen's early interest in Radio stayed with him, and, when he matriculated at the University of Minnesota as a freshman, his natural choice of



His boyhood hobby just grew and grew until one day Tom Breen "got his chance." Today he is one of the outstanding young announcers with the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting company.

courses led him into the study of electrical engineering.

A brief and successful college career followed, and Tom was at last put in the hard, cruel world faced with the necessity of making a living. Once again the old lure of Radio held him, and he made his first start inauspiciously as a plant engineer and general all around technician at his home-town station, WAMD. Then followed the emergency just related, and Tom set aside his diagrams and charts, deserted the control room, and stepped before the microphone as a full-fledged announcer.

After that, the story is short, for only three years have bridged the gap between then and now. As far as his work is concerned, life has been a succession of well-earned triumphs for the young announcer. Shortly after he began to be heard over the air, the station became KSTP, with a wider range of activities and more prestige, and Breen profited by the change. For a while, he was just another announcer, and then the fans themselves began to take a hand in things.

MORE and more letters began to be received by the Minneapolis station, in which comment was made on the pleasing voice and perfect enunciation of this young man called Breen. He made friends easily, both among the men with whom he worked and with the public, whenever he was called to appear before them in person. Gradually his fame as an announcer grew, and before long his participation in a program began to be almost as much of an event in the eyes of the public as the program itself. His fame spread outside his native state, with the result that he was offered a position with the Chicago studios of the NBC, where his voice would be carried by a nation-wide network to every part of the country.

But in following his ever-growing interest in Radio, Breen never let it become a mono-mania. A good announcer should be a man of varied experiences and interest, with a wide background of cultural developments. Although Breen spent a good deal of his youth pouring over technical textbooks, he never let himself grow rusty in other fields. It is remarkable to discover how many things and how many interests he has crowded into a comparatively short life-time.

In the first place, the sickness mentioned before in this article prevented Tom's schooling from becoming the stereotyped course of instruction which is meted out to most youngsters of today. There were weeks and months during his boyhood when he was unable to go out of the house, and the result was that a good deal of his preliminary education came from his insatiable taste for reading and the adventurous spirit which sent him coursing into new and exciting fields of knowledge. Perhaps the red-bound geography prescribed at the Minneapolis schools was neglected, but Tom more than made up for it by his thirst for travel stories and biographies. In literature, he followed his own taste, but, fortunately, it was a good one. Today he is probably as well informed in literary matters as any young man you may meet outside of a university faculty, and his knowledge ranges from the classics to the latest trend in modern literature. A visit to his Chicago apartment would surprise you, when your eye discovered the rows and rows of much thumbed books on his shelves, ranging from the discourses of Plato to the effusions of James Joyce.

An early and inherent love for music also urged him on a course of study which has proved of incalculable value

(Continued on page 96)

Love of Music Weems' Heritage

Jed's Smile, Musical Training

Date from Age of Six—Theatre
and Television Call Him

By Anne Steward

TO BE an orchestra leader requires more than good looks and the ability to swing a baton threateningly in the face of a gathering of musicians. The popular idea seems to be that our foremost orchestra leaders are young upstarts with patent leather hair, a smirk and no brains, character or intellect. We have young bond salesmen, clerks and real estate men whom we respect for hard work and study. Orchestra leaders have often had more real trials to face than any of these. Modern dance music and the rendition of modern dance music is as commendable a vocation as any. It requires much background and serious application, for it is a business transacted by business men of Ted Weems' caliber.

To the fact that his mother and father were amateur musicians at the time of his birth twenty-eight years ago in Pittsburgh, Ted Weems can undoubtedly attribute a great part of his present success and fame. Though music and musical study was not forced upon him, the love of it was instilled in him from earliest childhood. At the age of six, Ted was playing the violin and without doubt practicing his smile as a sideline. Surely such a smile as he now has could not be a very recent acquisition.

The young Ted was so fond of violin he planned to make it his life work, but after studying music at the Conservatory in Pittsburgh for some time and appearing in amateur performances with his brother, Arthur, two years his junior, he looked longingly at the trombone and finally gave up the violin for the wind instrument. Arthur, who even now is with Ted in the orchestra, confined his ability and practice to the trumpet.

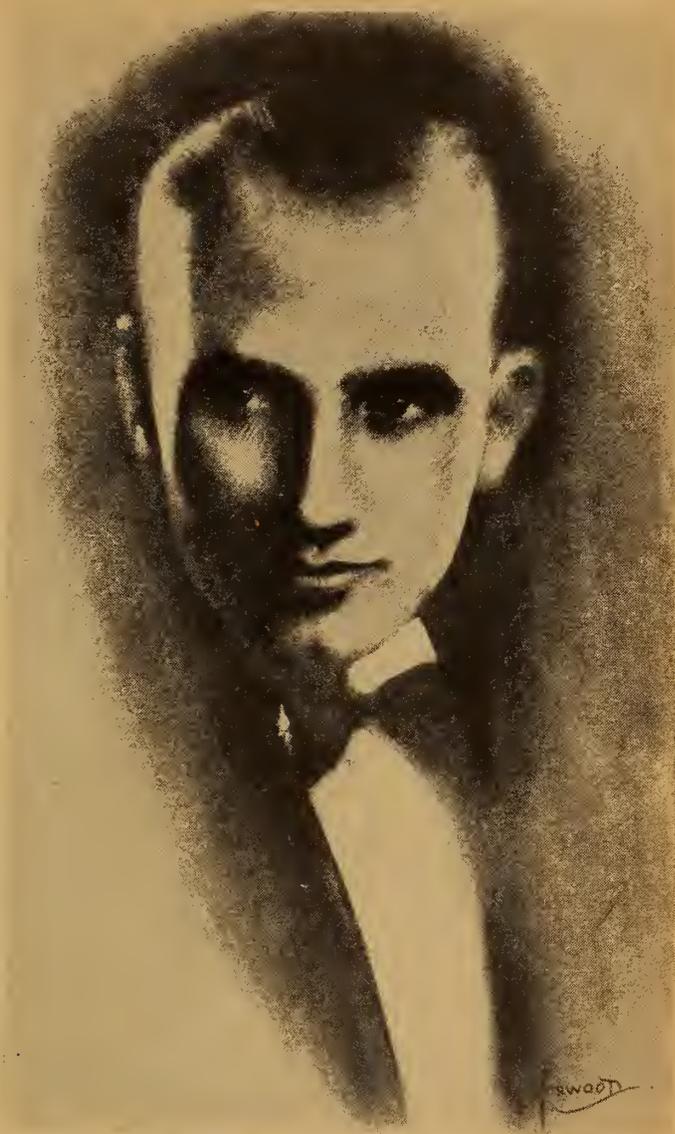
By the time Ted had struggled through some six or seven years of grade school in the ordinary small boy fashion, teasing teachers and playing hookey, he had mastered the trombone. In the last years of grade school life his talent was dragged from under the proverbial bushel and placed in the spotlight of a school band whose duty it was to furnish marches and folk songs for the students. This he enjoyed immensely and, perhaps, Ted Weems, the orchestra leader, was born then.

This, though it was the first orchestra Ted had graced, was by no means the last, for during his high school years in West Philadelphia he spent much of his time in the band. His native ability to win the confidence and admiration of people, to guide deftly, and his already finely developed knowledge of music, threw him into prominence almost at once as band master and leader of the West Philadelphia High School orchestra. Already at the culmination of high school, Ted Weems was working with music. He had become assistant concert master of the West Philadelphia Symphony orchestra and the title fell gracefully on his youthful shoulders. He learned music because he loved it and because he understood melody and harmony. It gave and still gives him great pleasure, not only as a profession, but as a means of enjoyment.

MOST boys have a habit of delaying college education for a year or two after graduation from high school. Ted Weems was no different from any other boys his age. He worked two years, never completely ostracizing his trombone, but, nevertheless, paying more attention to work than to his hobby. But the trombone and a world of music were there just the same. Even through the years of mechanical engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, they played a part, an economical part, in Mr. Weems' life. For in the position of trombone player in a dance orchestra, he earned the money to pay for his college course.

Once started in a dance orchestra, Ted Weems could not stop. I believe him when he says he was most sincere in his study of mechanical engineering, but seeing that his interest was bound in orchestras and music, he forgot the engineering as promptly as he had forgotten the earlier violin lessons. Mr. Weems does everything quite seriously and to the extent of his ability while he is doing it, but when he is through, the end has quite definitely been reached.

His work in the dance orchestra fed his imagination and gave birth to a new idea. If he could see faults in the playing of his fellow musicians, he could plan means of doing away with them. Professors instructed men to see as they taught, he could teach musicians to play as he felt they should. He could organize an orchestra himself and take the part of leader. The idea grew to plans and the plans to realization. In Sep-



Not "just a patent-leather kid," as many people think of orchestra leaders, but a real man who knows and loves his music is Ted Weems. Even now his days of broadcasting may be limited, as the theatrical booking business and television are calling him.

tember, 1924, the first Ted Weems orchestra was brought to light in the L'Aiglon cafe in Philadelphia, where it played a successful run of a year and a half, during which time he came under the exclusive management of the Music Corporation of America.

Of that first orchestra organized in New York, but two remain, Ted and Arthur Weems. In the public eye but two short months, Weems signed a contract with Victor and had the satisfaction of seeing his first record, "Somebody Stole My Gal," become the best seller of the week. If he had any worries concerning his future, he had no reason to entertain them.

A GOOD dance orchestra seldom stays in one place long. Even quail on toast palls, if eaten three times a day every day. Mr. Weems imagined too much good dance music was bound to satiate Philadelphia's appetite. Consequently, before his popularity threatened to wane, he took to the theatres and toured for some time in the capacity of master of ceremonies for his band. After that engagements poured onto his head. That he played three summers at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City is in itself a recommendation. The three winters of those years were spent in the Mehlebach hotel in Kansas City. Other minor engagements followed and brought him last fall to the Granada cafe in Chicago.

Ted Weems orchestra, as introduced to Chicago, numbers eleven men, all of whom have been with Weems two years and four of whom have been with him four years. WBBM broadcasting nightly from the Granada cafe brought the popu-

(Continued on page 91)

The SPICE of LIFE

**Appetite for Thrills
Begets Forgetfulness
of His Wife, Mother
and Self Even at
Last Call**

HERE is the story of a Hollywood stunt man who lived only for the thrill of his stunts and the reputation he made for himself.

HE WOULD do almost anything for a hundred dollars. For instance, once he engaged himself to a motion picture company for the round sum mentioned, undertaking as his side of the contract to turn himself over in a motor car on a macadam road, to enable the company's cameras to get a hundred feet or so of film that would present to startled fans a wild son of the gilded rich, who are always wicked, coming to grief because of too much wine, women and song.

He actually did it. That is, he turned the car over on the road, and remained inside of it himself. He had to try a dozen ways before he managed the trick, for a car never turns over as easily intentionally as it does unintentionally.

First, he attempted to turn a corner sharp enough to upset the big roadster, and he picked a place where there was a turn at which even the usual speeder on the road slowed down to twenty miles an hour, and where there was a bank that sloped away to the roadside woods, out upon which he could run on the turn, so as to give the car an additional tilt. The picture people set up their cameras and Breck drove at and around the turn at a pace of something between fifty and sixty—and rounded it on two wheels, both sliding all the way across the macadam and halfway out the bank, throwing dirt nearly to the tops of the trees, but turning the curve and settling back on all fours quite as if such things were all in the day's work for any car.

Of course, they explained it by saying that the soft earth bank eased the impulse of the motor to overturn. Doubtless it did, though that had not been at all the thing that Breck had thought it would do. He thought the soft earth would serve to catch his off wheels and stop them short, tripping the car like a deep rut, and throwing it over upon a good place to land. Or, rounding the curve, he thought he might turn over as he struck the road again at an angle that would bring him broadside first. But he didn't. That film was wasted.

THEN he tried an S curve. Again the picture people set up their cameras to cover all the possible spots where he could turn over. And again he drove the big car at as high a speed as he thought he could turn at all, straight into the double twist—and the car simply refused to obey her helm. That is, she skidded at the first turn, put her nose to the bank, swung her hind wheels in a half circle, raised dust enough to make a smoke screen for a maneuvering fleet and straightened out on the road again without so much as lifting a corner from the ground—only she faced back the way she had come.

They then tried substituting asphalt for macadam and wet



They were forced to put an obstacle in the road at last—one at which no sane motorist would ever choose to drive.



the road, and Breck did his drive with all she had, and when he struck the wet spot he threw on his brakes with all they had. Anybody who has ever driven a car knows what that treatment is likely to produce. But Breck's car simply turned around again—twice and nearly smashed the nice front piazza of a cute little Hollywood bungalow before he got it thoroughly under control.

Of course, ways could be devised to make the car turn over, but the story called for a spill on the open road, and not on a hill, and not by means of broken wheels or collapsed tires and not by any means that the camera would show to be wholly artificial. You see, the purpose of the story was to illustrate the moral turpitude of this particular son of the

By GARDNER HUNTING

Illustrations by Charles J. McCarthy

gilded rich by showing the very violent sort of death one of his sort should naturally expect as the poetically just end of his waywardness. The only trouble with the story was that it was a lot easier to make it happen in manuscript than it was in life.

THEY were forced to put an obstacle in the road at last. It was an obstacle at which no sane motorist, even a son of the gilded rich on his way to poetical punishment, would choose to drive over. But that was all right, for they placed

When Breck hit the pole he was traveling about fifty-five—the car hurdled the obstacle like a horse in a steeplechase, and turned over.

the cameras so that their field cut above the obstacle and took in only the car from its front hubs upward. Nobody looking at the picture afterwards would know there had been any obstacle there, though actually there lay across the road, at a violent angle to its general direction, a telegraph pole, bound at each end by chains to posts set into the ground so as not to come out readily. And at this Breck drove. When he hit it, going about fifty-five, he turned his steering wheel slightly, so that the side of a wheel caught the pole. And the car turned over. In fact, it jumped as if the road had heaved under it that time, and it hurdled its obstacle somewhat as a jockey does in a steeplechase when his mount fails to do it properly for him. And the car landed on its back and rolled over, not merely once, but twice, in full view of the other cameras that had been set to shoot away from the pole and get the finish of the spill.

Where was Breck? Oh, he was in the bottom of the car, hanging on to cleats he had thoughtfully placed there for the purpose, earning his hundred dollars and carefully preserving such faculties as he had for enjoying it.

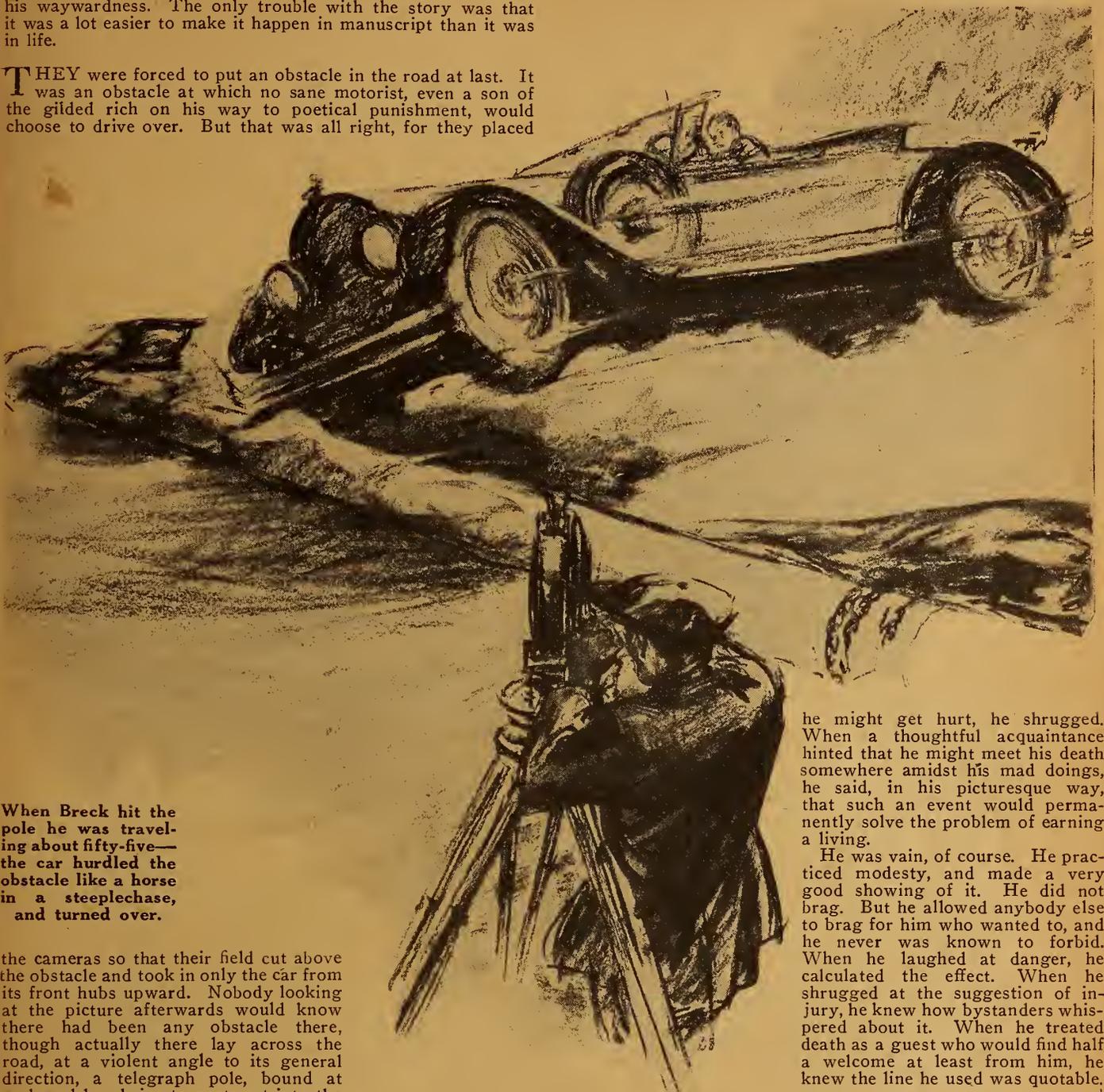
That was the way Breck lived. He had found out that he could get a hundred dollars for an afternoon's work. To him it seemed a very large amount of money, wholly out of proportion to the amount of work involved in getting it. He didn't count the time spent in preparation, or the waits between stunts which he was hired to pull, nor the risk to life and limb and ability to go pulling stunts. When anybody asked him if he was not afraid, he laughed. When anybody suggested that

he might get hurt, he shrugged. When a thoughtful acquaintance hinted that he might meet his death somewhere amidst his mad doings, he said, in his picturesque way, that such an event would permanently solve the problem of earning a living.

He was vain, of course. He practiced modesty, and made a very good showing of it. He did not brag. But he allowed anybody else to brag for him who wanted to, and he never was known to forbid. When he laughed at danger, he calculated the effect. When he shrugged at the suggestion of injury, he knew how bystanders whispered about it. When he treated death as a guest who would find half a welcome at least from him, he knew the line he used was quotable.

HE DID not know that he might as easily have had several hundred or even a thousand dollars for one of his stunts as the single hundred he was accustomed to receive. The picture people refrained from telling him that; they opined that he would be apt to find it out soon enough for himself. But he had a return for his feats that they knew not of. It was the satisfaction of an appetite he had within him, which only a vital hazard would satisfy. Breck simply had to have a deadly risk on his hands, or just ahead of him much as he had to have his Worcestershire sauce on his meats and his cigarette smoke in his lungs, because the functions of eating and breathing were rather spiceless without.

He was a hard young man, built like a two-year-old steer; able to handle his own weight in swinging his body about by his hands on bars, or limbs of trees, or rafters, or doorsills, or eaves, like a monkey. He had the color of graham dough, and his eyes were small and uninteresting, about the tint of willowware. His shoulders were slightly humped, his knees slightly bowed, his feet awkward because they were never properly shod, his hands wide and red and leathery. He had no friends, particularly, and confessed to no relatives. He signed waivers by which the companies which hired him



sought to protect themselves from paying damages in case of accident, and said that nobody else but himself was interested in what happened to him. All he seemed to care for was the stunt itself, when one was imminent, and what he would get to eat when it was over. And the consciousness that people looked curiously at him and nudged each other when he passed. He did not know, or appear to know, that some of the things he did were front page stuff. His attitude toward publicity was about the same as that toward the wages he received.

Of course, on the screen and in the advertising, his name never appeared. When apparently he went to his death in his stunts, the public seemed satisfied that the ends of motion picture justice were served. When he doubled for some star who did not go in for rough stuff, but for whom some was written in as part of what the public was expected to believe he went in for, then the star got all the credit. There were even stars whose reputation depended largely on what Breck had done for them.

Once, for instance, Breck went hand over hand across a stream, some eighty feet about its surface, on a rope, doubling in skirts for a feminine exponent of heroic screen action, and allowed the assistant director of the picture to cut the rope and drop him into the stream. Eighty feet is a considerable fall, as may be ascertained by any doubter who cares to look down that distance, say from a sixth-floor window to the street. Breck fell into about fifteen feet of water, and struck it carefully feet first. It didn't hurt him any—and he had a hundred dollars and a beefsteak that night—with the Worcestershire sauce.

ON ANOTHER occasion, after he had watched for some time the behavior of rock where a road gang was blasting it out of a hill pass with dynamite, he volunteered to stand

on top of a certain giant stone while the dynamite should disrupt its interior, and allow himself to be photographed as the hero who dares the blast to save a child, say—with a dummy of an infant in his arms. He actually did it—and found that he had not miscalculated the engineer's ability to judge just what dynamite will do—for it neatly cracked the rock under him and only jarred him enough to make it interesting, and the film was excellent.

The only trouble was that everybody who saw that picture declared that it was a fake and that no man on earth would take such a risk as Breck had taken—or that no blast actually took place because not enough dirt and smoke and debris appeared to make it look like explosion.

It was about this time that he met Louise Timmons. Louise was a very pretty brown eyed girl who had thought she saw a hero in Breck. She was not one of those young persons who think they are themselves cut out for screen honors because they happen to have curls or to know a director. She was just a nice girl who looked on when Breck was dropped into the stream in place of the feminine star, and admired him as much as she despised said star, for the feat he did and she didn't.

Louise belonged to a large family of girls, from whom one or more could easily be spared. So when Breck noticed her, and found spice in her brown eyes' adulation, it was easily arranged. Of course, it took a little time, because there is a certain decorum to be observed, even when one girl or so can easily be spared. But after a couple of weeks they were married. And Louise went to live on the edge of Hollywood where Breck did.

For a while she worshiped her hero, and thrilled and worried and gasped and wept at his doings. She even argued that he should adopt a less hazardous calling now that he was married—and having sufficiently demonstrated his heroism.



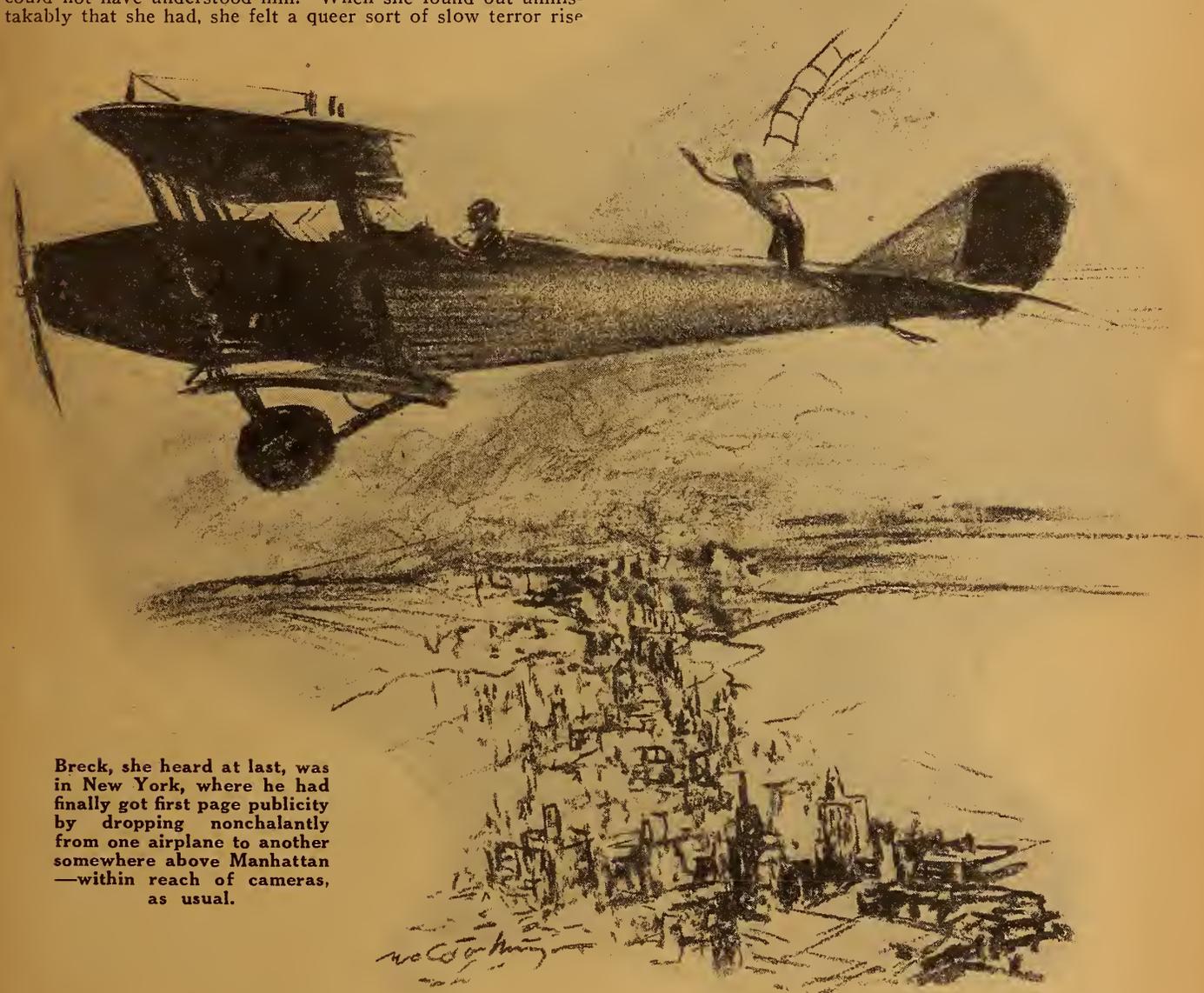
Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless and peevish, blaming Louise for everything she could, and everything else.

But he did not even seem to hear her arguments. Literally, he did not take them in. He was simply intent on his spice of life, and took no interest in suggestions that seemed to offer flavorless things.

AND then Louise found out that he had a mother. She discovered it through a casual remark of his about the place where he was born—it was no farther away than an outlying section of Los Angeles on the side farthest from Hollywood—and where, Breck calmly related, he thought his mother might be living yet.

Louise was rather startled at first. Then she thought she could not have understood him. When she found out unmistakably that she had, she felt a queer sort of slow terror rise

girl, with clear brown eyes. She began by trying to do something for Mrs. Breck. And that had its logical result. Mrs. Breck immediately began to lean, and Louise immediately found more to do for her. And then, from being sorry for her—and doing things for her, Louise began to feel something more for her. She did not know that it is inevitable that one cares where one serves—that one's heart follows one's investments. She just invested care and kindness first in Mrs. Breck, and then found herself bound by a tie she had never anticipated.



Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got first page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere above Manhattan—within reach of cameras, as usual.

inside her while she sat and looked at him. His graham-brown face, his little blue eyes, his wide, leather hands—suddenly they seemed to separate themselves from something she had thought he was. She asked him breathlessly if he was not ashamed to have neglected his mother, and he stared at her. He did not seem interested in that either. And suddenly Louise had a vision of what would be apt to happen one day, when he ceased to be interested now, and in what that interest consisted. And she found no answer—except in the way he was eating his steak—with Worcestershire sauce.

Louise went across Los Angeles to the address he remembered without much difficulty. She found Mrs. Breck there, a broken down, sickly woman, old at middle age, peevish, inclined to rail the moment she heard her son's name, and still more as soon as she learned that he was married. She looked at Louise sourly and suspiciously, until Louise showed that she had come to try to do something for her. And then Mrs. Breck burst out and told a long, sobbing story of washing, of rheumatism and indigestion and poverty as her portion. She did not seem at first to blame her son. Her complaints were just complaints at fate. Her son had done approximately what other sons she knew had done. Of course, he ought to take care of his mother, but that had apparently never been among her expectations. Now, however, she looked at her son's wife expectantly.

It all seemed strangely pathetic to Louise, who was a nice

MEANWHILE Breck got a job to drive a car over a cliff into the sea, in the depiction of a criminal's dire end in an attempt to get away with ill-gotten gold. He was to have the usual thrill and the usual hundred. So he was busy again.

It was arranged that Louise should run over and stay with Mother Breck for the time that preparations were under way. He suggested it as if he had never thought of such a thing before, but had come upon it in his mind just when he wanted something of the kind, as one stumbles upon a welcome chair in the dark. So Louise ran over and stayed. She was beginning to feel a little guilty on any day when she did not run over to Mrs. Breck. And Breck went off with the picture company to the location where his new stunt was to be performed.

That particular stunt was a startling one to watch. First, they took a picture of Breck in the car, as the bandit, running away with the money—a partner in crime sitting in the tonneau and holding the suit case full of money, while Breck drove. Breck was the arch criminal in the affair.

When he was thus established as the thief, making his getaway, the car was taken to a road back from the edge of a bluff over the water. An inland lake it was, not too far from Los Angeles. They arranged the road so that it would appear to run along the edge of the bluff and turn when it reached a fence carefully constructed on the exact lip of the cliff, where a car bursting through it and jumping over would

(Continued on page 98)

Women's Athletic Club Extends

ACTIVITY TO AIR

*Only Station Owned and Operated by a Woman's Club
Makes Allowances for Male Sex on Programs*

By Betty McGee

WOMEN in business, women in politics, women in professional life, women in Radio. Certainly. And what of it? Of course it is no longer news that woman has made a place for herself in almost every field of activity, but when we witness some outstanding undertaking which is significant of woman's achievement, we find ourselves jogged out of our usual attitude of complacency and saying enthusiastically: "Here's to Woman!"

The Illinois Woman's Athletic Club, Chicago, occasioned just such a mental tribute when they installed WCHI, the only Radio station owned and operated by a woman's club, on Friday, March 7, at 6:30 p. m., with a program consisting of a spirited dinner discussion and open forum on the question "Should Divorce Be Made as Easy as Marriage?" Two eminent thinkers, Dr. Arthur James Todd of Northwestern university and Dr. Horace J. Bridges, author-lecturer and leader of the Chicago Ethical Society, were brought before the mike to present the pros and cons.

This new station which is of, by and for women is not, however, confining its programs to features of exclusive woman appeal. On the contrary, it has programs ranging from opera singers to athletic events, sociology professors to minstrel shows, dramas to jazz orchestras—every available type of program that lives up to the requirements of distinction and quality. And isn't there a certain significance attendant upon the fact that a women's station has raised its voice, "the voice of Chicago," over the din of the city with its cluster of Radio stations, and is rapidly making a place for itself in the lives of thousands of listeners?

AT THIS point, one can't help pausing to wonder. Isn't it possible, even probable, that this is only the first step? Won't other women's organizations all over the country be stimulated into following suit with similar organs of influence? In short, we might prophesy that women will soon find Radio as interesting a business venture as do men. And why not?

It must be admitted that WCHI is not manless. But of course the ordinary station is not womanless. The directors of this woman's station are old Radio men, H. A. Patterson, director in general, Lee Pastor, commercial manager, Paul Grubel, chief engineer and a man who has a long record of technical experience, and John Stamford, chief announcer and program director. Mr. Stamford comes to WCHI from WGN where he was popular both as an announcer and for his rich, clear tenor voice. He may well be called a veteran Radio man as he made his first appearance in front of the mike during the inaugural week of KYW.

The regular staff of artists of WCHI includes a string ensemble, an organization of well known concert musicians—Dean Remick, piano; Louis Perlman, violinist; Frank Seykora, cellist, and a mixed quartet, known as the "WCHI quartet," consisting of Marion Schroeder, soprano; Lucille Long, contralto; John Stamford, tenor, and Joel Lay, baritone.



Women of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club make the men stand around, as is here evidenced when Mrs. Bessie Bragg Pierson, president, gives orders to John Stamford, announcer of the new WCHI.

From time to time WCHI will present to its listeners artists of international reputation.

Ray Binder, social director of the I. W. A. C., is arranging for an appearance before the microphone of the world renowned pianist, Arthur Shattuck, and is planning to present Eleanor Painter of light opera fame. Other celebrities, guests of the club, will make exclusive, non-professional appearances before the mike.

"In fact," said Mr. Stamford, "it will be WCHI's privilege to introduce to its Radio audience real celebrities all too seldom heard. And although we will present commercial programs we will allow nothing to mar the unusually high quality of our entertainment." In addition to the staff of artists and guest artists the station broadcasts a number of the leading Chicago orchestras by remote control.

THE idea of an I. W. A. C. Radio station was brewing a long time before it ever developed into anything tangible, but the original idea of the club's president, Mrs. Bessie Bragg Pierson, was to have a station that would extend to its listeners the characteristic features of the organization. This idea has been executed in every respect and, more particularly, during the day between the hours of 10 and 4, there are special women's features.

Mrs. Ethyl G. Kennedy is in charge of the Home Economics department and is an authentic source of information along the lines of food preparation and home problems. Mrs. Robert A. Leitz, who arranges for the style shows, sees to it that the women listeners of WCHI are kept posted on what to wear morning, noon and night.

Then there is the business women's forum with its 100 categories of professions among its 700 members, which brings stimulating and enlightening speakers, and the civics department with Mrs. E. W. Bemis as chairman and the legislative department with Mrs. Charles Severn, its chairman, both bringing informative speakers upon occasion to the audience of WCHI. In fact, it is rather thrilling to see a large woman audience share in the opportunities afforded by a progressive, wide awake organization such as this.

Of course there will be beauty talks and health talks and setting up exercises and talks on sports. Sports' enthusiasts will have plenty of opportunity to hear exciting news of athletic events of national and international importance.

The I. W. A. C. swimming team is particularly famous and has recently added to its rapidly growing list a few more titles, this time the Dominion championships. All of which lends zest to the news of this department. And then there are the almost equally exciting contests in golf, bowling, equestrian and outdoor summer sports, and informative talks of particular interest to women on aeronautics.

Once a month, on Sunday afternoon, comes the Twilight Musicales. These musicales present such artists as Bernice Drangeles, dramatic soprano from the Hanna Butler studios, who won first place among the soprano contestants in the Biennial Musical Contest a year ago, and Miss Elain de Sellem,

well known contralto. The spring course of "Literary Journeys" is now well under way under the supervision of Mrs. M. J. Seifert, Chairman of the Library and Literature committee. Mrs. Theodosia Crosse has been giving this series of lectures which includes a detailed study of some of the outstanding writers and a survey of different types of literature. These lectures have proven very popular both with the seen and unseen audience. The drama department not only produces skits and plays utilizing the local talent, but provides dramatic artists of such ability as Madame Swanstrom Young and Mae Louise Borrenson who recently rendered "Sun-Up," that dialect play of the Blue Ridge mountains.

THEN, too, there are the social events such as the Fourth Annual Derby Dinner Dance and St. Patrick's Day celebration which was a more festive occasion this year than ever before, due to its first broadcast, and the Silver Plate Dinner which was given April 23 at a cost of \$25.00 a plate. The money was saved by the women through skimping on luxuries or was earned by some extra duty.

The aim of this dinner was to raise money for the club and the condition of attendance is that the money must be either saved or especially earned for the occasion. And of course there was the minstrel show on March 28 and 29, and one doesn't know whether to class this as a social or dramatic event, but, at any rate, it was good fun.

The slogan of the station is "The Voice of Chicago," and in its announcements it is "WCHI, 111 E. Pearson Street, the station just west of the Water Tower." Besides being an

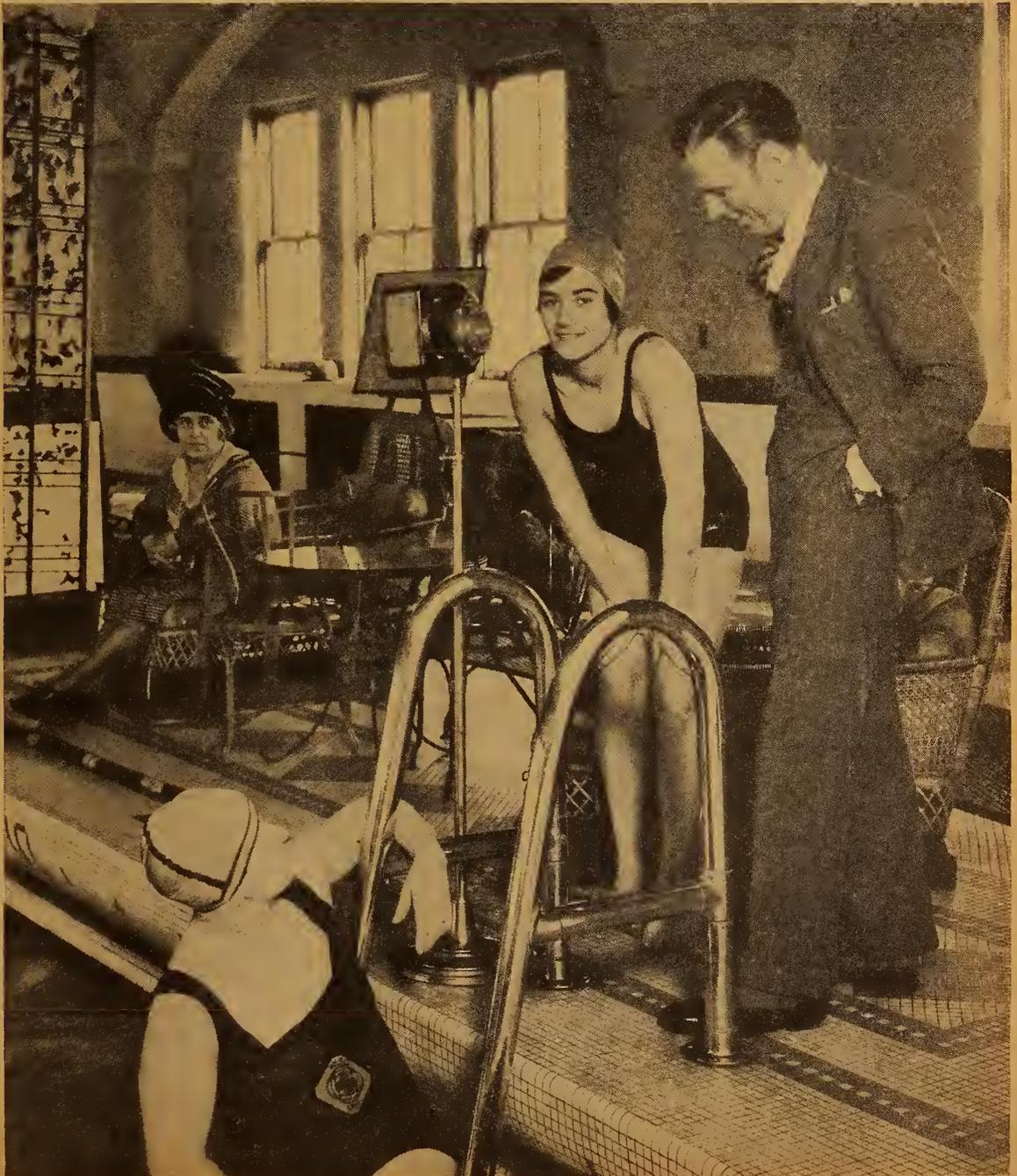
outstanding landmark of present day Chicago the Water Tower has the traditional association of marking the city limits at the time of the Chicago fire, all of which more or less lends color to associations that are forming around WCHI.

The studio proper is a long narrow room with windows at one end and glass panels at the other, beyond which is the visitors' gallery where the club members may sit and watch the broadcast. It is luxuriously and artistically furnished, the club colors, blue and silver, dominant in the decorating. The ceiling is draped in soft folds of blue and the walls are of silver metal-line. The lighting is indirect and there are arrangements for flood lights in colors which obtain interesting lighting effects. The walls are adorned from time to time with exhibits of individual artists or with paintings loaned from various galleries. Adjoining the studio is the artists' reception and rehearsal room which may be used as an extension of the main studio inasmuch as it is also acoustically perfect.

WCHI is a 5,000-watt station and operates on a frequency of 1490 kc. It is on the air every day from 10 to 4, and is on at night until 2 a. m. with the following evening schedule of going on the air: Monday, 9:30; Tuesday, 9:30; Wednesday, 8:00; Thursday, 10:00; Friday, 8:00; Saturday, 9:00; and Sunday, 9:15.

It will be interesting in more ways than one to watch this new venture in the broadcasting world. Women have shown that they have the ability to succeed in almost every other phase of the business world—why not in this, which is the newest, and one in which they can grow as it grows? It seems that there are endless possibilities for this club-station.

Care to have your splashes put on the air? It's easy to put a mike beside the swimming pool at the Illinois Woman's Athletic club now that they have their own broadcasting station. Tank talks over WCHI to the tune of splashing, sparkling waves keep Miss Emily Daves, instructor at the I. W. A. C. pool, busy between swims. Here you see Miss Daves poised before the mike as John Stamford, announcer, looks on while club members and the listening audience absorb some tips.



OUT of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

By INDI-GEST

"WHERE, oh, where is Indi-Gest?" demanded a petition of letters from a score of old readers of Radio Digest. In the general shuffle of readjustment Indi had become lost. What to do with the neat contributions of wit, verse and a varied assortment of humorous incidents? Indi seemed to be the only one in the world adequate to cope with the situation. So the hue and cry became a clamor. At last he was discovered. He had invested all his savings in the establishment of an artificial ice plant in Little America on the theory that the farther south you go the harder it is to get ice. In answer to an inquiry, Commander Byrd wirelessly: "Indi starving. No customers here for his brand of ice. Natives prefer domestic home grown variety. Suggest putting him back on the column, Byrd." Indi found his old chair, paste pot and shears waiting for him. He was authorized to offer small rewards for contributions until he can get on his feet again.

—EDITOR.

* * *

Dear Indi Jesters: I jest want to say I was doggone glad to hear through Dicky Byrd that my old job was waiting for me. You'd be surprised to know how cold it is down on the south end of the world. I hope you'll send me lots of jokes. The doctor says I need a few good laughs to get the frost out of my bones. Hope I'll be hearing from you soon.

—INDI.

* * *

Dollar a Second!

WHILE TUNED in to station WCSH (Eastland at Portland, Me.) and listening in on a broadcast from the London naval conference, we were gratified at being intimately introduced to Great Britain's Scotch prime minister, when his announcer said: "Come on, Mac, they're waiting for you."—Miss Annie E. Littlefield, Saco, Me.

* * *

For Gentlemen Only

This joke is for men only and ladies of delicate sensibilities are asked to refrain from reading. The letter, signed by H. E. Foults, 422 York street, Vallejo, Calif., reads as follows:

Sir:

I send the following, which I heard over KPO (San Francisco) recently on the occasion of a weekly luncheon of the Shriners of the Bay region, namely: The mythical Sherlock Holmes had died and gone to heaven. Being duly entered he was confronted by Saint Peter, who had been patiently awaiting his arrival, with a view of searching for and finding Adam, the first man of the Christian era. The following conversation ensued:

Saint Peter: Now, Mr. Holmes, I want you to go out and find and bring to me Adam. Of course, you know you will have a most difficult job; in fact, one almost impossible with all the billions of people up here. But I understand you always get your man; so begone and good luck to you.

Sherlock Holmes: Yes, Your Eminence.

After a short while Holmes returned, bringing with him an old man.

Sherlock Holmes: Here, Your Eminence, is Adam.

Saint Peter: Are you sure, and how do you know it is Adam?

Sherlock Holmes: I am sure and I know it is Adam because he is the only man up here without a navel.

Marjorie Grover Newton of Flint, Mich., feels this way about it.

Radio

What magic to pluck rhythmic beauty from the air!

What God-given gift to be able to choose

Which strings of the soul should be played on to tear

The emotions—or new life infuse!

Cash for Humor!

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

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

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

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

WE GLADLY shake hands again through the column with our old friend George—sometimes called Box Car George—who sends the following:

Listen, My Children

Hear The Black Fear—one act a week—Great Radio Thriller—Spooks—a shriek Revolving rooms—trick paneled walls—Traps in the floors—sudden falls.

Hear tom-toms beating in the swamp Where voodoo workers chant and stomp! Signals from windows by candle-light Bring Death to someone every night.

Gather the children in the room; Turn out the light; sit in the gloom. When the act is done put them to bed Every hairup on each little head.

* * *

Jerry: Well, Doris, spring is here!

Doris: How do you make that out?

Jerry: I've seen several men go into pawn shops with racoon coats, and come out with golf bags and clubs.

(Aline Berry and Peter Dixon in the Cub Reporter, weekly NBC program.)

Such a Business!

PERSONS who suffered in the stock market debacle may not see any intentional or accidental humor in the microphone introduction the other day of Nick Pagliaria of Rochester of Dr. Julius Klein, assistant secretary of commerce, through WHEC. The announcement went like this: "We shall again join the Columbia Broadcasting System, where the world's business will be disgusted by Dr. Julius Klein."—L. E. Heibeck, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Battling Mike

RECENTLY, while Quinn Ryan was re-broadcasting the Dempsey-Carpentier fight over WGN, he became so excited while describing one of Dempsey's left-hooks that he must have been actually illustrating it. For he apparently knocked the microphone over and disconnected it. I heard the crash. And all became silence.—T. L. Wires, Parkersburg, W. Va.

* * *

White House Errors

THIS over WFAN: Otto Schmidt, concert pianist of Artie Bittong's "Cheer-ups," regularly plays the compositions of the masters, all, of course, long-since dead. But the other day he dashed off Erno Rapee's "Charmaine." After playing it in classic style, he encored it in jazz version. Artie said to him: "Otto, if that composer heard you rag his masterpiece like that, he'd turn over in his grave." Obviously Artie didn't know that Erno Rapee is still among the living.

During the last game of the 1929 world series, Graham McNamee announced: "President Hoover is now entering the stand, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge." The next minute I tuned in on WABC, which was broadcasting the game, to hear Ted Husing proclaim: "They are playing the National Anthem and President Wilson is standing at attention with the rest of the fans."—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

* * *

She Would Fly

IT WAS the request period on a Sunday at KMOX with "Old Timer" on the microphone. Mrs. D. of St. Louis had appealed for "The Prisoner's Song" in celebration of her twentieth wedding anniversary. "Old Timer," not realizing that the microphone switch was open and that he was already on the air, remarked to the announcer, "That's a heck of a song for a wedding anniversary." The announcer must have told him that Mike was listening. Forthwith, "Old Timer" coughed embarrassedly, uttered a "Huh?" and began with: "Oh, for someone to love me. . ."

Another time I heard Milton J. Cross giggle. Can you imagine it?—W. M. Johnson, Grayville, Ill.

* * *

Same Song—Different Tubs

This may be all wet but we'll hear from Brother L. M. Younkin of Galveston, Texas, who reports as follows: "A big bathtub—the biggest, probably—has been spoken of twice through my loud speaker. Yesterday Everett Mitchell of WENR, announced, 'We are now going to have Irma Singing in the Bathtub.' And today a local announcer said, 'We now present Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians Singing in the Bathtub on a Columbia record.'"

NATIONAL COMICS



Shelley: How do you feel to-night, Al?

Al: Not so good, Mr. Shelley. I had a bad dream last night and came near freezing to death.

Shelley: You had a bad dream, and it almost caused you to freeze?

Al: Yes, sir. I dreamed I was eating flannel cakes, and when I woke up the blanket was gone!

(William Shelley and Al Bernard in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me where the foggiest place in the world is?

Shelley: Why, London, of course.

Dumont: No it ain't; I've been in a place that was a whole lot foggier than what London is.

Shelley: Is that so? What is the name of the place, may I ask?

Dumont: I don't know. It was so foggy I couldn't tell where I was!!!

* * *

Look what Announcer Gene Byrnes of KHJ went and did: "Although it is early in the morning for requests, we now take pleasure in playing 'Crying for Caroline' for a lady just recovering from a long illness on a Columbia phonograph record." The knitted mustache cup was given him with due ceremony by the studio staff.

It's a modern marriage if he begins to pay alimony before the last installment on the engagement ring is paid.

Wife on telephone (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"

Husband: "It's—um—Edna."

Wife (furiously): "Edna!!!"

Husband (disguising voice): "Guess who this is!"

* * *

A MARRIAGE license is a SLIP of paper which costs YOU \$2 down and your ENTIRE income for the REST of your life.

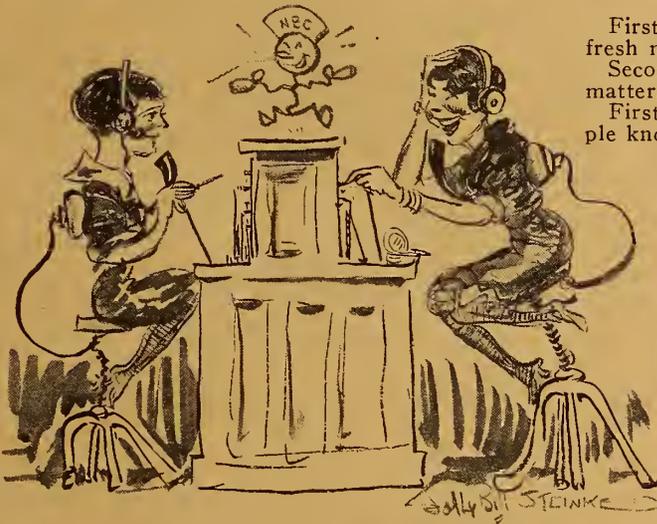
* * *

Girl: I know a song about gum.

Weems: Do you, dear? What is it?

Girl: "Lover GUM Back to Me."

(Virginia Gardiner and Raymond Knight in KUKU, weekly NBC program.)



Joe Fitzgerald, the Chicago Cyclone, a character in the "Smith Family," heard twice weekly over WENR, Chicago, challenges Primo Carnera, the Italian Colossus, to a fight to the finish.

"Who is dis Mountain of Muscle anyhow?" Fitzgerald demanded, when interviewed today. "What good fighters did he ever meet? He kayoted a Swede and a French-Canadian, but wait til he meets an Irishman.

"I'm a light-heavyweight, see? But I'm willing to step outa my class to meet dis Galloping Gorilla, because I think I can flatten him, see? If course, I'll hafta give him about a ton in weight, and a couple of yards in height and reach, but what of it? I'm absolutely positive I can chop him down to boy-size, and plant him so deep in de canvas dey'll have to excavate him wit a steam shovel. I'm not boasting any, you understand; I'm jest givin' you de facts. "All I want is ten grand in cash, five per cent of de gate and a guarantee dat I won't hafta pay dis bird's funeral expenses. When I get thru wit dis Muscledini, you can paint WELCOME on his back, and use him for a door-mat."

* * *

First Phone Operator: Gee, that's a fresh pug.

Second Phone Operator: What'sa matter, kid?

First Phone Operator: Aw, the apple knocker asked for "double 2, double 2," and, when I repeated "2—2—2—2," he said, "All right, all right—just get my number and we'll play train afterward."

(Helene Handin and Marcella Shields in The Two Trouters, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Dumont: Mr. Shelley, can you tell me the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Shelley: Well, Paul, of course I know the difference; one is a chemical and the other is a disease.

Dumont: Maybe so, but that ain't the real difference.

Shelley: Well, then, what is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?

Dumont: Why, ammonia comes in bottles.

Shelley: Well?

Dumont: And pneumonia comes in chests.

(Paul Dumont and William Shelley in the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program.)

Indi-Gest Selections

HOW do you like Indi-Gest's return to the pages of Radio Digest? If you are favorable, he is going to have a steady job, and he is going to give you a few extra dollars each month.

The honor of having sent in the first selected humorous incident heard over the air this month goes to W. M. Johnson, who receives a check for \$5.00. The second selected humorous incident, worth \$3.00, was submitted by L. E. Heibeck.

The \$1.00 paid for each humorous incident printed after the first two have been selected goes to L. M. Younkin, Miss Annie E. Littlefield, H. E. Foults, T. L. Wires, Florence Haist, Evelyn G. Drake and Ethel Sopher.

Grandpa: Why do the leaves turn red in the fall, Percy?

Percy: I don't know, grandpa. Why do they turn red?

Grandpa: Because they're blushing, to to think how green they were all summer.

(Percy Hemus, in the Jamses, weekly NBC program.)

* * *

Chester: Pa, why is Fido like an inclined plane?

Pa: I give up, son. Chester: Because he's a slow pup.

(Percy Hemus and John Shea in the Jamses, weekly NBC program.)



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RADIOGRAPHS

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

By JEAN CAMPBELL

SCINTILLATING luminaries of Radio broadcasting; are they distant creatures enveloped in a veil of mystery, unapproachable and in a world of their own? Not at all—they are just as human as you and I. They have their likes and dislikes, sometimes strong, they have their moments of sheer happiness and times of the deepest depression. Learn to know them as they really are, through Jean Campbell. Ask her to tell you of your favorite chain broadcast acquaintances.

JAMES MELTON, possessor of that sweet tenor voice which somehow does things to the heartstrings of the nation when his heart-melting sob-tones are heard in his solos with the Sieberling singers, was just a few years back, for he is now but twenty-six years old, just one of those widely educated college boys who upon graduation just did not know what it was that he really wanted to do next. That he would ever be a celebrated Radio singer very likely did not occur to him at that time, any more than it could have occurred to him then that within a few short years the two great recording phonograph companies of America would be competing with each other for his services as a leading record artist.

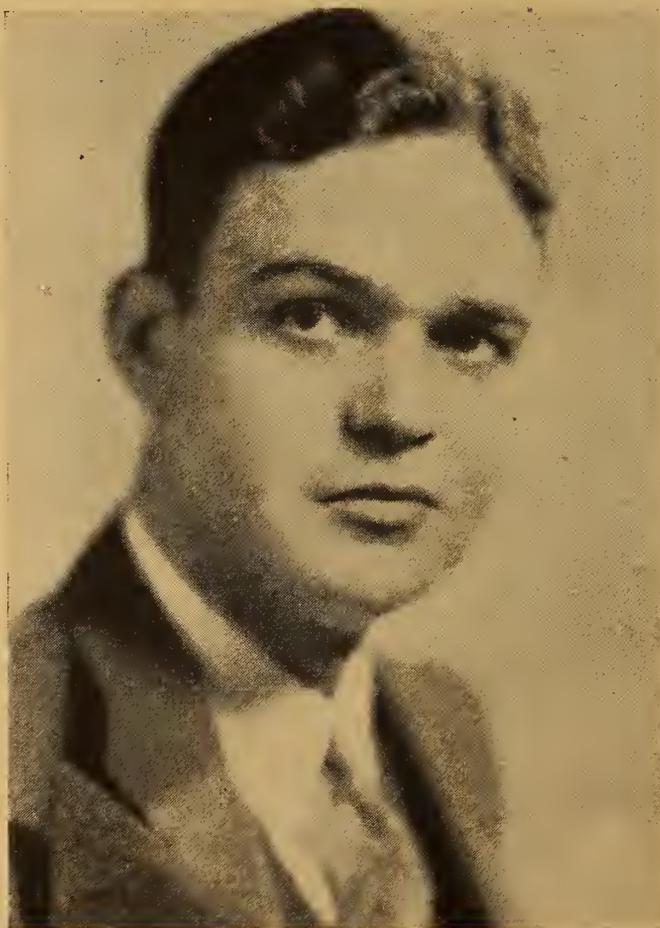
Fortunate in having a well-stationed and well-financed family, Jim Melton started his college career at the University of Florida, attended the University of Georgia, and finished up at Vanderbilt university. His travels about were occasioned more or less by family interests and moves, and somewhat also by his own changing interests in acquiring special knowledge toward an uncharted career.

He always had a leaning toward mechanical things and kindred sciences. He knows a deal or two about real estate values, about oil wells, mines, engineering of various kinds and especially airplanes, which latter are his favorite mode of travel. He is probably one of the most valuable patrons of coast to coast passenger plane companies. We left him, saying a breath-taking farewell after his program at Christmas time, and promising to get together for us the personal notes for this Radiograph. Then he was in such demand that we never did get these notes until just recently.

The wait, however, was well worth while, for Jim is a reticent fellow, and in the interim, many less reticent folk among his friends, professional buddies and admirers, have sung his personal character praises and told us also that there is a beautiful blonde, Mrs. Jim, to take into account when telling things on and about him.

JAMES began his musical education on a saxophone, which instrument he picked up himself and mastered to a degree that was the delight of his college chums and holiday friends. Sometime later, just as a sort of avocation, he began a serious study of music, developing a keen interest in piano and, later, in singing.

Soon his voice, cultured with an awakening ambition toward the serious concert stage, which ambition has never lagged, became his paramount issue, and in line with this ambition he accepted his first professional engagement as a



James Melton

solo singer of ballads with the well-known impresario, Roxy. A course of study under J. S. De Luca, at the Ward Belmont conservatory, finished off his former vocal studies, and enhanced, no doubt, that naturally dramatic quality which stirs his audiences when he sings the simplest songs.

James Melton was born at Moultrie, Georgia, and somehow or other halted in the hey-day of his travels near the home town of his beautiful bride. For 'tis said that Jim waited for her to get through school, and married her last June while the ink was still new upon

her diploma from an eastern college. Mrs. Melton has just past her twentieth birthday and looks even younger than that. She is a home-girl with no ambitions toward a professional career, but a great and naturally proud interest in the thoroughly successful career of her young husband.

The home of the Meltons is a rare retreat—a roof-bungalow, which occasions the remark that, all other things taken into account, this happy young pair of newly-weds are truly "sitting today on top of the world."

Mrs. Melton, formerly Miss Marjorie Louise McClure, hails from Detroit, but much of her childhood and school day activities were spent in Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. Like Jim, she is much addicted to airplane travel, and were it possible one might guess that a roof landing station would suit them admirably.

AMY GOLDSMITH is the type of a talented mite that just naturally would appeal to any type of audience today. Not yet out of her teens, this petite, chic, yet demure young lady, belies her nineteen years by an astonishingly thorough knowledge of music and a marvelously trained and beautiful coloratura soprano voice. She is one of those surprising and interesting examples of what young ambitious artists can accomplish in a short time in this country today.

First known as "the baby of the Capitol Theatre Family," vivacious Amy began branching out from the stage into broadcasting only two years after her graduation from high school in New York City. Interest in her voice and personality immediately became evident in fan letters addressed to National Broadcasting company studios, and this interest increased by leaps and bounds when her extreme youth became known.

Amy, it will be remembered, is the young vocalist of sleek dark hair and wistful brown-eyed countenance, who captured the Atwater Kent contest for greater New York state in 1928. As a result of this, she has received much of her quickly absorbed musical education as a prize scholarship pupil at the institute of Musical Art in New York City.

Now that she has become a thoroughly well-known Radio artist, and has also achieved acclaim for a successful debut on the concert stage, Amy's many admirers are entitled to know that she has been a most serious student of music since her earliest grade-school days. By her own efforts, she carved a career for herself which, in preparation as she outlined it and lived up to it, included in-

tensive study of piano, organ, voice, and also the theoretic subjects of harmony and counterpoint.

Add to this the acquisition of skill in speaking several languages before she had finished high-school, and you will not wonder that she is lauded again and again in the newspapers by critics, who are not usually given to singing loud praises for any artist.

Amy Goldsmith's repertoire is of an amazing size. She sings in Italian, German and French, on almost every program, and often acts as her own accompanist on the piano.

Amy is an only child, but no one, knowing what she has accomplished, could call her a spoiled child. She probably will never grow up to a greater height than her present diminutive five-foot two. But she has passed a diminutive's mental stature long ago.

As an avocation she is interested in thoroughbred horses, and a friend has recently informed her that one thoroughbred of the racetrack that Amy has not yet seen has been named "Amy Goldsmith" after her, and has proven in its opening season to be a most promising winner.

Her "pet" is, however, a valuable doggie, of the Edlar Von Haag, Great-Dane and bull-dog ancestry and pedigree.

Amy shares a great apartment hotel suite with her mother and her father. Marriage? It has never yet become a question with her—too busy with the well-known career.

About that namesake horse, if it really was named after her, and a friend who told her about its existence believes that it was, Amy hopes that one day the owner will be good enough to send her a tip as to when it is to run a winning race.

Like all good Radio artists, Amy has small chance for indulgence in diversified entertainments. But when she can find time for it she spends vacation days at the beaches near New York or in winter hires herself to the hotel pool to swim or to the frozen lake in Central park for ice-skating; swimming and skating being her favorite sports, supplemented by daily walking the dog for an hour of regular exercise.

The rest of her leisure she spends at concerts, during season, and for rainy days she has a sizeable library of ultra-modern fiction. She confesses that in her busy life she just has not the time to concentrate upon the serious works of the old literary masters.

Betimes, she plays her baby-grand piano, earnestly, for it is only by virtue of the fact that her voice was suddenly proclaimed as above the average that the world was just as suddenly robbed of a meritorious concert pianist.

Amy attributes much of her success to the encouragement of her parents, and especially, in these latter days of a busy career, to her mother's understanding and keen business sense. Without interfering in any way, as some over-anxious mothers of promising stage children are apt to do, Mrs. Goldsmith has taken complete, but unassuming charge of all business arrangements, engagements, and contracts for Amy, and thus relieved her young daughter of all

anxiety over the rewards of her present and her future career.

The result is that, without ever having experienced a moment's grief or misunderstanding with her mother or any of her employers, Amy is one artist whose successful career goes sailing smoothly onward to what all who know her fully expect will be a great and glowing finish.

COUNTESS OLGA MEDOLAGO ALBANI is a lady of royal lineage, with a husband of royal lineage. But even before you learn, also, that she is the mother of a young son, aged 3 years, who will one day bear the inherited title of Marquise, you see in the Countess

wives, however talented the latter might be. Not so the Count Albani. He is of that sort of independent blood that gives up two higher titles, that of Prince, and that of Marquise, taking unto himself the lesser title of Count. And that only as a concession to the feelings of some of his royal Roman family still living in their native Rome, but all younger than himself. That is why he is the bearer of all those titles, which some people would pay a great price to have the privilege of using.

Olga Medolago, as she was called before her marriage, can also boast of royal blood. But she doesn't. Therein, perhaps, lies half of her charm. She and her husband are real lovers of life, real students of all that is artistic, and real believers in Expressionism.

Olga met her husband when she was on the road to Rome to study voice culture. He was visiting his old home to settle the family estates. He did not speak of that to Olga. And so, judging from his appearance, she mistook him for an Englishman. He is tall, blond and very distinguished looking.

Their romance was founded on mutual interests and admiration for each other's spiritual qualities, which developed slowly in the course of a warm friendship with mutual encouragement and help as its foundation.

They married five years ago and ever since both have been in the business of expressing themselves, according to their heart's desire.

Olga's desire is to sing. So sing she does, to the delight of both National Broadcasting studio audiences and concert audiences of New York, Washington and other eastern cities as well. She has seldom gone west of Washington because she does not wish to be away from her small son over night, and often travels to concert dates via airplane to avoid such an absence.

The Count Albani is an authority on antique furniture, paintings and art. His studios are the objective of all of those who can afford the real and the aged in such things for their Fifth avenue and suburban mansions.

Olga was born in Barcelona, Spain. She came to America with her parents at the age of five and was educated in a convent at Redwoods, Long Island. Her father was forced to travel extensively and his wife went along with him, so Olga was practically reared until out of grade school by the Sisters of this exclusive Catholic school. She enjoyed a bit of home life, however, through the insistence of her old Spanish nurse, who remained behind the family and set up a small home near the convent to which she brought Olga for week-end visits.

The Countess, with husband and son and the cherished old nurse, live in the West Eighties, just off Central park, the playground for little Eduardo. Their apartment is one of six large, high-ceiled rooms, replete with all that is real, and aged, and authentic, in the matter of antique furnishings. As she sits there, the stream of light playing on her long dark loosely held hair and a sanctified light in her dark luminous eyes, you think of that old painting of Saint Cecilia.



Amy Goldsmith

a strikingly beautiful personality, cultured, artistic to her fingers tips, and you are apt to say to yourself, as I did, "Oh, why hasn't some artist painted her as a Madonna?"

That is just what she looks like, in a shy girlish sort of way. Then you learn of the romantic life of this young woman, scarcely past her twenty-sixth birthday, and you realize that she came by that look in her eyes by the honest route of experience.

Her husband deserves more than a word here, too. The sons of a royal line as high and as authentic as his is, seldom become and almost never are, as democratic as is Olga's fond husband in spirit and in practical life.

Most husbands of his calibre would say "Nay," to a singing career for their

"Uniform" Styles Gone—New

VOGUE FLATTERS MEN

Fashion Director Revels in Beautiful Possibilities
Envisioned in Present Feminine Mode Trend

By Marie Blizard

Fashion Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System

MARIE BLIZARD, the new fashion director of the Columbia Broadcasting system, comes to Radio with a wealth of experience in fashion fields. For the past eight years she has been writing about women's clothes in newspapers and magazines and her laboratory has extended from coast to coast of the United States. When Miss Blizard was offered the position of fashion director of Columbia she accepted immediately for, through the medium of Radio, she feels she can reach the largest possible audience and thus be of value to many more women of the country. Miss Blizard has a flair for women's fashions that is truly inspired. Her talks are both instructive and amusing, for besides splendid advance information on the newest fashions, she tells her listeners of the parties she attends during the week, the celebrities among the guests and the clothes they wear. Miss Blizard is heard over the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting system every Monday and Friday at 3:30 (EST).

FASHIONS are really a great deal of fun this year and so dainty and beautiful that talking about them is great fun, too. For ten years we've been standardized, we've stifled femininity in the cause of a misplaced idea of chic. But 1930 has brought back to us individuality and the right to be



Here is an awfully trick picture of Miss Blizard clad in a pair of pajamas of her own design.



One of the strongest arguments in favor of the new styles is that one may be individual. The only danger lies in a woman's not studying herself to determine her best possibilities, avers Miss Blizard.

feminine. Curves are no longer something to be ashamed of and if we haven't chorus girl legs no one need know it except ourselves.

However, despite some atrocities that have been thrust upon us in the autocratic name of fashion since the war, I do think they were ten wonderful years for women because during them we have achieved financial and intellectual recognition. Personally, I'm all for this female iron hand business—but I think we are wiser to conceal it in the velvet glove of femininity. Looking back over those ten years of chemise dresses and knee-length skirts, I recall that when a man said of a woman, "She is charming!" the woman invariably was very feminine despite the clothes she wore. Of the masculine type the compliment usually was, "She has a marvelous sense of humor," or "She is very intellectual." And you must admit with me that there's not much thrill in that, coming from a man.

Yes, fashion is with us once more and I don't think we'll ever go back to the

"uniform" style of the past decade. Longer skirts make our waists look smaller; waistlines bring out feminine curves; frills soften bosoms and throats. I am sure we will learn before this season is over that the marriage of our young independence with age-old femininity is a happy one and that it is going to give us an entirely new conception of our possibilities. After all, there are two sexes and our recent effort to make them one was not only biologically unsound, but it showed a frightful inferiority complex on the part of every one of us. We thought that perfection was synonymous with masculinity! Emancipation meant discarding womanhood for a synthetic mannishness. Shades of Salome who believed it was possible to do away with the male sex entirely!

I'M REALLY quite sick and tired of reading in fashion articles that women dress for each other and not for men. It's not only poor psychology, but it puts us in the awkward position of being all
(Continued on page 118)

GOOD FOOD HABITS OF CHILDREN BUILD GOOD HEALTH

HEALTH, happiness and success in later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits in childhood. Many cases of children who are in poor health may be helped by such advice as Miss Gardiner gives.

THERE is no problem more vitally important than that of the proper feeding of children. In this article Evelyn Gardiner takes up the question from several angles, giving sound, practical advice that can be accepted as authentic. Miss Gardiner has had many years of experience in teaching home economics and has studied many problems of this nature. Your comments on this article, and others to follow in future issues of *Radio Digest*, will be appreciated.

By **EVELYN GARDINER**
Home Forum Director, KDKA.

THE slogan of the American Child Health association has always appealed to me as most significant, "The Health of the Child Is the Strength of the Nation." When I see that phrase I envision an army of healthy strong children marching by who are the protection and bulwark of a strong and powerful nation. Every one of us wants to live a long, happy useful life. How can we better do this than to begin with and strive to maintain good health?

What part does food play in this life's drama of health? Some think it plays the leading role, others an important one and some think that it plays but a minor part. If we would be star performers in this drama, with the keen competition we constantly encounter, we must be able to take our parts well or some other performers will play the leading roles and we will be forced to take the second-rate ones.

Life is largely determined for us in our early years. Habits of all kinds are learned in childhood and remain with us through life. Bad habits are not easily unmade. Good habits when learned in the formative years of life remain with us forever. They are learned gradually. The health, happiness and the success of later life are in great part due to the formation of good food and health habits.

All of us are familiar with those who

A group of children enjoying their luncheon at the Soho day nursery.



are handicapped in their life's chosen profession because of ill health. A few are able to do great things in spite of poor health. Think how much easier it would have been for them to have gained success without the handicap. How many are lost by the wayside because they are not strong enough to stand the long and hard journey? Of course all of these lost ones might not have been saved by food alone, but who knows what good food, regular meals and good health habits of all kinds might have contributed to the building up of such a tower of strength that the physical disabilities might have been overcome?

At the KDKA Home Forum we often receive letters like this one. A worried conscientious mother writes: "My little girl is five and one-half years old. She weighs but thirty-eight pounds. She always seems rather cold and she scarcely eats anything. She eats by spells. For days at a time she does not eat a solid piece of food. Then she may eat about one full meal a day and then returns to the same routine. What can be done about it?"

ANOTHER letter will also illustrate the importance of good food habits. "I have to coax my boy of six to eat. When he comes home from school he is hungry. If I don't give him something to eat then, he won't eat anything much at supper. So I have decided to feed him when he is hungry. What do you think of this? Do you think I am doing right? He is underweight."

One encouraging thing about this whole problem of underweight, finicky appetites, malnutrition and other phases of child feeding problems is that

mothers are alert to the situation. They realize more than ever the importance of a good start in life. They are seeking help. They are trying to do the right thing by their children. Many are asking for help from recognized authorities and are not content to follow the advice of just anyone who is willing to dispense this knowledge. They make every effort to supply their children what they need.

Most of the sad cases of children who are in poor health because of poor food habits which might have been remedied if taken in time are among those families whose parents are not able to provide their children the necessities of life. Some, of course, are the direct results of ignorance. But are these parents to blame? No one is more anxious to give the children everything they need than their parents. The response of many parents to the words of advice given when there is a felt need is most encouraging and oftentimes pathetic.

You wish they might have had the information long ago, and thus prevented some of the present and future tragedies. If given in the spirit of helpfulness, parents are most grateful for assistance and advice with their child-rearing problems. What parent is there who has not legion of these problems? Plenty of money does not mean that child raising is simple and easy. But it does mean that the parents may have more leisure time which they may devote to the welfare of their children.

The KDKA Home Forum receives numbers of letters regarding various phases of this whole problem. The response of the mothers is wonderful. They are encouraged to keep on asking

(Continued on page 120)



Evelyn Gardiner, director of the Home Forum at KDKA, is well qualified to give advice on child feeding problems.

MARCELLA

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

IN THE busy studios of WENR there is no member of the staff busier than lovely Irma Glenn, organist. Miss Glenn's versatility has brought to her many positions on the programs of this station. In addition to her organ work, she is heard in the comedy sketch, "The Smith Family"; with Everett Mitchell, she presents the Air Juniors that daily half-hour program that the youngsters love; with Howard Heumiller, musical director of the station, she gives the piano-organ duets that have become one of the program

features, and as if this weren't enough, she gives special musical readings.

Miss Glenn was born in Chicago and received her education at Senn High school in that city, but her life has been full of change and varied experience. Her career on the vaudeville and concert stage and in moving pictures, took her to Hollywood, where she lived a year and a half. At the age of sixteen she went to South America as musical director of the Teatro Empire, and she also toured Europe as leader of a girls' orchestra.

When she was a little girl, 8 years old, Miss Glenn started her study of music. She has specialized in composition, organ, piano, voice and dramatic art, and received her Bachelor of Music degree at the American Conservatory of Music. Now that the weather is getting warmer; this busy girl will be all the busier trying to slip in some of her favorite sports, golf, swimming and horse back riding. Those curly locks are brown and her eyes are hazel. She's 5 feet 5 inches tall, and to date she is not married.

The ERCELLE SISTERS. They're found. Mrs. Fred Lower, Jr., writes that she has just renewed her acquaintance with these charming sisters down in Miami, Florida, where they are appearing at The Frolics, one of the popular night clubs of the city. They are, however, intending to return to Chicago, where it is more than likely they will be heard again. Many thanks, Mrs. Lower, you've made at least one man much happier.

Charles Stookey, despite the fact that he's on the sunny side of 30 and looks such a youngster, is married and the father of three lusty boys. He is responsible for all the farm and agricultural programs at WLS, and came to that station from the Prairie Farmer, where he was farm news editor. He lives far away from the dust and noise of Chicago in the neighboring town of Elmhurst, where he has plenty of opportunity to indulge his pet hobby, gardening. It was out of this hobby that the idea of the Gardening Club developed and grew into the success that it now is. As you can see for yourself, he has a disarming smile, and he is of medium height and a decided blonde. He graduated from



the University of Illinois not long ago.

For all the people who have been languishing for a picture of Everett Mitchell, here it is. Thought everybody knew that he was director of the WENR Air Junior program of children's activities, but Jean has called me to task for omitting to mention it.

The Air Juniors have a membership of 52,000 boys and girls, and this is, by



Everett Mitchell

the way, one of the few children's programs which devotes 75 per cent of its time to educational features. This organization has been commended by the Health Departments of various cities and by the principals of different schools on its health talks and educational features.

Mr. Mitchell is the originator of the Smile Club program, being known as "the big laugh." This program is dedicated to an institution or hospital in which the club has members, and trips are made to these institutions on the imaginary Smile Club train.

SORRY, but this Marcella is NOT Marcella Shields. Judging from her pictures it would be very nice to be that talented member of the Two Troupers team. And now that that great wrong is righted I wonder if my friends Art and Captain Wyman will go away mad and never write me any more letters. Certainly hope not, for they were such nice letters, illustrated, 'n' everything. The Two Troupers can, by the way, be heard over the NBC on various programs and the latest word is that they are 'vur busy.

Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York studios, is one of the most modest men on the air. It was about

two years ago that Peterson became associated with broadcasting. Previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City. Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs.

He is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

There's a little story and a picture on page 72 of the December issue of Radio Digest that might interest you, Robert.

Expect you've seen the picture of John and Ned that you wanted in the April issue. Hope you like it, Shirley.

Your favorites, Marion and Jim Jordan, of WENR are man and wife, Mrs. Steele. Their romance started long ago when they were youngsters in Peoria. You are right; they were stage artists before going into broadcasting. Jim has been an entertainer all his life.

George Southerland has only recently been announcing at WTAM, C. E. B., and he has a record of Radio experience that is enough to make you dizzy. Back in 1923 he was manager of WBZ in Springfield, Mass. Then in 1925, when the Florida boom was in progress, he took a jump down to Miami Beach, where he was announcer at WMBF. Leaving Florida he traveled northward, spending two years in Virginia and North Carolina. From there he went to WLBW at Oil City, Pa., and finally landed in Cleveland. But don't be alarmed, he's doubtless at WTAM to stay for a while.

Here is Al Carney's smiling countenance, which is just the sort of face one would expect, to hear him play. Al made his debut over the ether eight years ago over KYW when he was organist at McVicker's theatre. He has played over WHT and KMOX, where he was the featured organist for a year. But vaudeville and the theatre circuits called him. And in personal presentations Al was a great hit. He tired of the constant traveling necessary in personal appearances at these houses and, desiring to embark in business for himself, he opened studios of his own, and will broadcast from there as well as from the Brunswick Building studios. Talking about musicians and temperament, Al seems to be the exception that proves the rule.



What has happened to John Stamford, Olive, is nothing terrible, at all, at all. He is now chief announcer and program director at WCHI, the new station owned and operated by the Illinois Women's Athletic Club.

Harry Snodgrass is off the air. Whether or no' he'll come back to the mike is still a question. Someone was saying the other day that he is down in a small town in Tennessee running a little music store that's all his own. Sorry there's not a bigger story, Mrs. Meyer and Mrs. Metz.



Dorothy Wei

Dorothy Wei is something of a mystery lady. This charming picture of her came from Seattle and we have made a frantic effort to ascertain what station she is from. KJR was good enough to inform us that Miss Wei was formerly connected with KOMO, and that station itself writes us that the last they had heard, she was at KVI. But now she's gone—lost—seems to have completely disappeared. Of course, we just can't let her stay lost. *Somebody* must tell us all about her so that she'll be a mystery no longer.

* * *

'Fraid you're not very observing, Margaret, Grace and Ruth, for there was a nice long story about Don Becker on page 44 and a paragraph about him on page 57 of the March issue. You'll find all your questions answered there and see a wonderful picture.

* * *

Write and tell us more about your Radio club, Happy of Ragan. We'd all like to hear about it. You wanted to know more about Milton Cross. Just look on page 9 of the February issue and you'll know all.

* * *

Don't you love this picture of darling little Yvonne Du Valle, the lass who brings joy to the many friends she has made through KFI way out in the far, far West? She's a vivid young thing with something of the gypsy about her, specially in this costume, although her eyes of deepest blue and her short brown hair belie it. You wouldn't guess to see those languid, dreamy eyes that she can be, at times, a small whirlwind of temperament. But she is. Then it is all over in a few minutes and everything



is sunshine again. Yvonne is one of those people that make us long for television.

* * *

You can hear Al and Pete, Mrs. Moore, over WBBM at 8:30 on Thursday nights and over the Columbia chain on several features. They're both big tall fellows, Peggy, and Al's hair is curly and brown, while Pete's is straight and blonde. Pete Bontsema was born in the Netherlands, came to this country when he was 5 years old, and calls Kalamazoo his home town. He first broadcast over WCX and was one of the five original members of the old "Red Apple Club" of that station.

Al Cameron hails originally from Anderson, Indiana, and as a lad was something of an athlete, excelling in basketball and football. He traveled round the country in vaudeville acts and drifted to Detroit, where quite by chance he was teamed with Pete in "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

* * *

It seems that "Bea and Friends" really did mean Will Osborne. At least it looks that way by the amount of mail that has come in during the past month exclaiming about the similarity of these two. Of course, they both claim to have originated the crooning style of singing and announcing, but those who seem to know say that Will Osborne has been on the air longer than Rudy. But the girls all say "There is only one Rudy!" And to answer your question, *A Real Radio Fan*, Will Osborne broadcasts only under that one name, and that's that. See front of the book for a big story.

* * *

Ed and Mom McConnell, who used to be at WJAX, and have turned up missing, were recently heard at WHAS, Louisville. They may not be there permanently, but anyway, there's a clue.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy's salary contract for the year is said to be \$100,000, Lucille. Think you could get along on it? Don't be discouraged because you haven't seen those pictures of your favorites down at KDKA. You'll be surprised one of these days. Keep up the good work, and write me more letters. Your last one was such a nice newsy one. And, by the way, what has happened to your brother?

* * *

For the information of Jean and Eleanor, Norman Brokenshire IS still on the air, and is not by any means considering giving up broadcasting. He can be heard at 7:30 C. S. T. any Monday night with the Ceco Couriers. The reason you haven't been hearing him as often is due to the fact that he has been handling programs independently and has become an independent announcer.

* * *

Big doings! A studio frolic staged by fourteen acts, an orchestra, brass band, and fiddle team preceded the Radio wedding held in the WLS studios at 11:30 p. m. March 15th. The microphone ceremonies united Miss May Oliver of Topeka, Kansas, with "Hiram" of the WLS comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder.

The wedding was the culmination of a romance begun in the studios of WIBW, Topeka, where Wilder was a staff entertainer and Miss Oliver a frequent visitor.

The Rev. R. L. Boulton of Maywood officiated at the mike. As the bride and bridegroom entered the main WLS studio the giant organ in the Chicago Stadium was picked up by remote control, providing the wedding march for the air line ceremonies. At the console of the organ was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was married to a former pupil, Elsie Mae Look, three years ago in the same manner as the Wilder-Oliver nuptials.

This good looking youth is Ezra McIntosh, chief announcer of WOW, Omaha. He is just a lad of 21 and after graduating from the Technical High School of Omaha he is now studying law at Creighton university. And, although he is still a school boy, he is one of the most widely known announcers in the West. He's pure American blend as to nationality, measures 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 148 pounds, which makes him just about right, wouldn't you say, Florabel and Ella Jean?



His twinkly eyes are bluish grey and his hair brown. But his good looks and popularity with the other sex have not kept him from being a serious minded fellow, for he is an active worker in the Christian Missionary alliance, and is much sought after by other Protestant denominations as vocal director and soloist.

* * *

A letter came in the other day from Guy Anderson, that singer of sentimental songs, who for some time was heard with his uke or guitar from New York and Hollywood stations. Andy has had a tough break and is suffering from tuberculosis, which necessitates his living in the mountains of New Mexico for a while. He says it is dreadfully lonesome down there and has asked me to tell his friends that he would like very much to hear from them. Mail will reach him addressed to him at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.



Little Bobby Nickola of WJAY. Although he hasn't much of a past, he does have a great future.

Alwyn E. W. Bach, NBC announcer, is an even 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. He is dark complected with brown eyes and very black hair. It's not because I thought you wouldn't like his picture, Robert, that you don't see it in these columns. It's just because there isn't one. Before becoming an announcer Mr. Bach was a baritone singer, that is professionally speaking, for, of course, he still is one. He is the athletic type, going in strong for tennis, hiking, skating, handball and volley ball. And he has a little six-year old daughter.

* * *

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

Parade of the Stations from

Who Is Your Friend?

WHO is that fellow you are always listening to? What station is he with? What kind of a chap is he, and what kind of a gang is there at that station? These questions and a host like them are always being asked. In this section of Radio Digest will be found short, gossipy little items of what is going on at the stations, large and small, all over the country. As many stations and artists as space will permit are represented each month. If you don't find your favorite here write to the Station Parade Editor and every effort will be made to fulfill your request.

KGU Boasts New Home

EIGHT years ago, May 11, 1922, to be exact, three faint "hellos" spoken by M. A. Mulrony, builder of the station, climaxed a thrilling race to make KGU the first station to broadcast in Hawaii. Today the new KGU operates on 1,000 watts, with a 5,000 capacity, from the third floor of the new Honolulu Advertiser building.

As he built the first KGU, so Mulrony built the new one. It was he who first persuaded the Advertiser to add this new service. It was planned at first to complete the work in two months, but then came word that another station was projected and it was decided to cut this time in half. As the weeks passed it became a bitter race between the two stations. Finally came word that KGU would be on the air at noon, followed almost simultaneously by the announcement that the competitor planned to start operations at eleven o'clock. There was a hurried conference which resulted in Mulrony opening his microphone at 10:57 that morning.

The story of the trials and tribulations of KGU is an old one, familiar to all Radio men and fans. As the years passed personnel changed, the com-

Newsy Gossip of What Your Friends Reports of Broadcast Activity Who Devote Their Lives to



These young women dressed in the costumes of a bygone day are not old-fashioned or opposed to short skirts. They are the members of the Brahms quartette, specialists in the folk songs of all nations. They were thus attired in a recent Libby program over the NBC.



Joseph E. Maddy, director of the National High School orchestra, directed that well-known musical organization in a program originating at the Atlantic City High School and broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

petitor gave up the ghost, as did several of his successors. When it was decided to build the new station no effort was spared. L. P. Thurston, who had been the "father" of KGU throughout its early struggles, continued at the helm, with Mulrony at the technical end.

Fans Demand Symphony

AN INTERESTING commentary on the trend of American musical appreciation is found in the recent inclusion of only complete transcriptions of symphonic works on the Roxy Sunday programs. In the early days of the Roxy Symphony orchestra programs short works and parts of longer ones were offered.

Gradually programs were enlarged to include longer compositions until the repertory included a great part of musical literature. The second stage of this "course in musical appreciation" consisted chiefly of isolated movements of the better known compositions.

At this point the response from the Radio audience indicated a demand for

complete symphonies. Following the broadcast of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Handel's Messiah, Roxy's programs attained heights equaled only by the principal orchestras of the world.

The significance of the latest move to present only complete works lies in the fact that ten million Radio listeners will receive the type of music that is being played in the country's leading opera houses and concert halls.

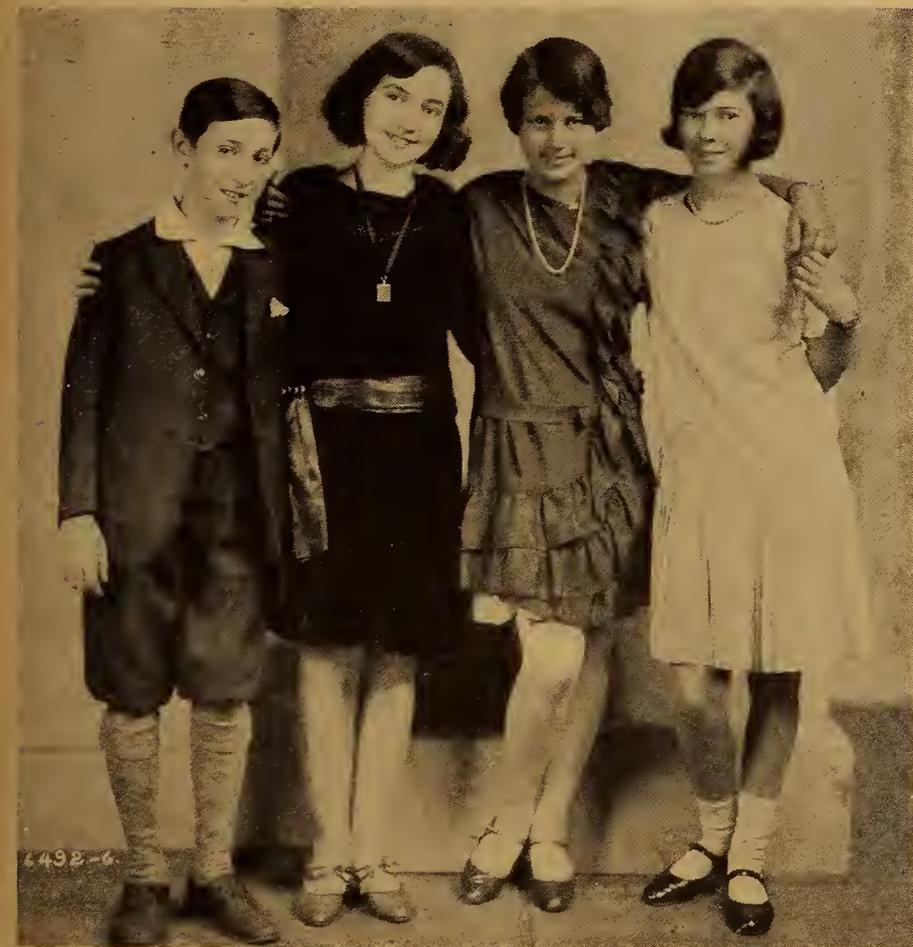
Is Popular, Big or Little

APPARENTLY John Herrick, baritone of the Fox Fur Trappers, is possessed of the art of selling himself, be it on the air, or in the reception room.

A short time ago a lady was seen watching the door into the Columbia studios much as a hungry child might watch a waitress cooking pancakes in the window of a restaurant. Inquiry proved that the lady in question was waiting to catch a glimpse of Herrick as he passed to the outside world. She had heard the singer often, and had pictured him as the six-foot-three type.

North to South, East to West

of the Air Are Doing, and the Latest
of the Big and Little Fellows
Giving Radio Entertainment



Here are four of the youngsters who make the NBC's Sunday morning children's hour as enjoyable to grownups as to younger listeners. Left to right: Julian Altman, violinist; Sylvia Altman, pianist; Edith DeBald, reader, and Mae Rich, trumpeter.

When Herrick at last left the studio he was introduced to his lady in waiting and talked with her for a few moments. As she said good-bye the visitor announced that John Herrick, although only five feet nine, glasses included, was just as wonderful as she had pictured him.

M'Gimsey Puzzles Medics

WHEN doctors begin hunting in a man's throat for a concealed canary, or suspect that he is mentally abnormal, it's time to sit up and wonder a bit, at least. The entire clinic of New York university did just that little thing when they tried to find out what makes Bob MacGimsey's whistling apparatus just what it is. And after the medics, the psychologists and psychoanalysts got through they knew just what they knew before they started, and that he could whistle in harmony, striking two and three notes at a time.

Bob, the harmony whistler in the Empire Builders programs, explains that he hears the harmony ahead of time but that the control then becomes

automatic when he is really whistling, although he can consciously make a discord if he does it deliberately.

After being examined and probed and questioned by all the medical and "psyc" high hats Mac himself said that he had often wondered about his gift, and had hoped that they could shed some light on it—but all concerned gave it up, and Bob goes on whistling.

Even White House Falls

EVEN the White House doesn't seem to be proof against the lure of Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. When the Congressional club gave its annual breakfast to the wife of the President, Mrs. Hoover and the ladies of the political circle heard Rudy at his best. The affair was held in the Hall of the Americas of the Pan-American Building in Washington and was attended by several hundred prominent women. Mere outsiders who sent the hubbies of the grand dames to Washington were privileged to see the picture as their ears received it via an NBC hookup.

"College Yell" In French

GOING to Europe? Then tune in on Dr. Thatcher Clark's educational service this Spring and Summer and learn enough foreign language to take you into the Continental shops and out again safely.

Dr. Clark, one of Radio's earliest educators, has just completed his first year on the air as a teacher of French over the Columbia chain and plans this new course for embryo travelers via the same system.

The Doctor introduced a new form in Radio instruction in his French courses, his "college yell" greatly simplifying the art of teaching. During his fifteen-minute broadcasts over a period of a year Dr. Clark has accumulated 8,135 unsolicited fan letters.

Two Birds Double Time

TWO little birds—real ones—are working twice as hard as in the "old days." Blue Boy and Dicky, renowned bird virtuosos of the National Broadcasting company, have doubled their broadcasting, now appearing twice a day, with Cheerio and also the Parnassus Trio. Miss Elizabeth Freeman is the owner and trainer of this talented team.

* * *

Dot Harrington, the little comedienne formerly heard as the tough show girl in "Mrs. Murphy's Boarding House," and several current Columbia productions, has lived in New York all her life and never seen the Statue of Liberty. She's lived within a stone's throw of deep water since childhood and can't swim.



Here is a particularly charming portrait of Countess Olga Medolago Albani, a broadcast artist of royal lineage. Read what Jean Campbell has to say of her in Radiographs, page 57.

FORTUNE GALLO, Only Man to Make Grand Opera Pay Assumes Control of Station.

Opera Impresario TURNS TO RADIO



Ready?—Set! The Unique 'Cello Quintet of WCDA is ready to swing into action under the direction of Rosolino De Maria. Left to right you see J. Tagliavro, De Maria, Ruth Napier, Penza and Puglia.

Youngsters Mob Ore to Make Air Program

By Louise Hartley

WHEN Leigh Ore conceived the idea of broadcasting programs made up entirely of children up to twelve years of age he fondly hoped that twenty-five or thirty youngsters would appear for the first occasion. A few announcements were made from WLBW, outlining the founding of the children's club, and then "Uncle Leigh" sat back and waited for the morning of Saturday, October 19, to come around.

When Ore walked into the studios more than an hour before the new stunt was scheduled that Saturday morning he was nearly mobbed before he could reach the safety of his private office. Not twenty-five or thirty children awaited a chance to try their talents on the air, but 97 wide awake and eager embryo artists were milling about. As only thirty minutes had been allotted to the program, many children were unavoidably disappointed.

Leigh immediately set to work to reorganize the WLBW schedule for the following Saturday, only to find 100 children on hand for the second meeting of the club. Now an hour and a half is devoted to them each Saturday. Listeners are asked to vote on the children they deem best, and small prizes are offered to the winners.

Each child is helped in every possible way and encouraged to develop his talent, whatever it may be. Each member of the club is registered and given a membership card in the club. Five hundred and sixty youngsters in northwestern Pennsylvania are now wearing "Uncle Leigh's" club button, according to latest reports.

* * *

John de Jara Almonte of the NBC executive staff says he isn't superstitious, but he keeps a herd of toy elephants, which are lucky, on his desk.

Carney Once Key Pusher

FROM "key pusher" of a nickelodeon to vaudeville, thence to playing the sucker on a "farm" in Louisiana, then as a day laborer and finally to the high position of assistant superintendent of a ship yard in war times at \$10,000,000 a year, is the background of Don Carney. When the war was over he landed as an extra for D. W. Griffith, got an audition which resulted in an announcing job at WMCA, transferred to WOR, and is now famous as Luke Higgins of Leonard E. L. Cox's Merlin Main Street Sketches.

One wonders if Don's hobby of trying to shoot bull frogs dates from childhood days amid the rusticity of a Michigan fruit farm. At any rate he says that early experience helped him to more readily acquire the drawl of the eastern countrymen.

Carney is featured on a variety of other programs. In one series he entertains children six nights a week, singing etiquette songs and tongue twisters, as well as taking several parts, notably Uncle Otto and Simple Simon.

* * *

Ben Selvin, Columbia orchestra leader, whose recording of "Dardanella" was the first to reach over a million in sales, has "canned" more than five thousand songs.

Eleanor Catherine Judd is happy and gives happiness to many with her singing and playing. Miss Judd is the blind pianist-singer of WHN.



By A. J. Palange

THIRTY-TWO years ago an eighteen-year-old Italian boy, confident and alert, arrived in New York from his native Torremaggiore, in the Province of Foggia. He arrived with a capital of eleven cents, although when he left Italy his family supplied him with a purse of gold sufficient to give him his start in life in the new country. It was the youth's passion for cards that depleted his purse on the way across the Atlantic. Today this now grown man bears the reputation of being the only man who has ever made grand opera pay.

Not content to rest on his laurels, this highly efficient man who is the oracle of popular-priced opera, now turns his attention to broadcasting. He has taken over Station WCDA with a studio at 27 Cleveland Place, in the down-town district of New York. If he applies to Radio the astute business principles that have been his policy during his long career as general director of the San Carlo Grand Opera company, WCDA will become as popular as Gallo's famous opera company.

A close observer has said that it is Fortune Gallo's faculty of inspiring hard work and amazing loyalty that has been an important factor in his success; and no one works half as hard as does he. He is naive, amusing and very candid. He is never up-stage, never even sarcastic when he sees his "finds" scooped into the Metropolitan or Chicago Civic Opera company after a season or two with him. Rather, he regards these incidents as an indorsement of his judgment.

Knows His Dictionaries

ONE for the book—a man who knows his dictionary. The other day one of the announcers at WAAM was discussing the meaning of a word, and started to look it up. Buster Rothman stepped forward and gave the complete definition, and also three synonyms. He also told what word appeared after it in the dictionary. Then Buster told his little secret. While forced to remain in the hospital for a year he memorized the entire contents of Webster's, but didn't say whether it was the unabridged. At any rate, give Buster a hand, he deserves it.



"Well, boys, you see it's this way," says Paul Capp to his Magnet Electrons of WIP, and it must have been a good story, to judge from the happy smiles.



Presenting "Pee Wee," one of Brother Bob's Rascals at WEEL. "Pee Wee's" other name is Leonard Emerson, and he appears with the other Rascals on Tuesday evening broadcasts. Looks like he might be one of Tarkington's characters, doesn't he?

Sam Magill Joins WTIC

THAT unfamiliar announcing voice you are hearing from WTIC belongs to Sam Magill, who "learned his mike" at WOR. Sam was quite a boy during his undergraduate days at New York university. His activities there included cheer leading and directing the college glee club.

While still at the University he took vocal lessons from Manley Price Boone of the Metropolitan Opera house, acted as assistant manager of a New York theatre, and appeared in programs at WOR.

When school days were over he went to the Newark station as announcer, soloist and continuity writer. Sam has certainly packed a lot of experience into his twenty-four years, don't you think?

Stamps Tell Odd Stories

STORIES told by postage stamps form the topic of a new series of Saturday morning talks on WOR by Sigmund I. Rothschild, one of the world's best known philatelists. He tells of a king who refused to permit the cancellation of stamps because it would mar his photograph; of how Columbus grew a beard in one day—on a stamp; of a stamp that almost caused a war, and of others which did cause war; how the air mail was sent in 1870; of stamps that cost \$50,000.

"Beyond knowing that the ordinary two-cent stamps carry a picture of George Washington, the average person lets it go at that," says Mr. Rothschild. "Yet there are thirteen facts shown. They do not know that Hudson, the French sculptor, used the photograph

for the statue that now stands in Richmond, Virginia; that it affords a means of studying hirsute styles of bygone days; that it was done by one of the nation's best designers and engravers; that it is carmine in color, and many other interesting observations"

* * *

ONE of the most popular of the light features on the air from WHAM is the Friday evening Arpeako Minstrel Show. This is a real old-fashioned minstrel entertainment, replete with comedy, gags, jokes and songs, in the typical black-face manner.

In the past year WHAM has been increasing its daytime schedule so that it is now on the air most of the time from eight o'clock in the morning to midnight. In a short time it will be possible to tune in on WHAM at any time during the day or evening.



Here's the staff that keeps things running smoothly at WFBL. Top row: Samuel Woodworth, A. R. Marcy, Robert Wood, Robert Aller, Andrew Goettel. Second row: C. F. Phillips, Victoria Piazza, Robert Crosier and Floyd Revoir.

Future Luminaries on the Air from WNAT

AL JOLSON, Fanny Brice, Belle Baker—will we have anybody to succeed them in the hearts of the public? The answer is most assuredly, yes. In case you doubt the above statement, tune in on WNAT in Philadelphia any Sunday evening from nine o'clock to ten o'clock. The first thing that strikes you is a sweet voice announcing. You are then listening to Baby Gloria Alosi—a sweet little baby four years of age. Gloria is not the only talented member of the Alosi family. Her sister Clara is there also, singing the newest theme songs. If you are fond of Fanny Brice then be sure to listen to Mitzi Groff give her interpretation of Fanny's sketches and songs. Elaine Byer—a nine-year lassie plays



Legends of the Historic Rhineland Told by WBAL

THE historic Rhineland, teeming with legend, a hike through the famous Black Forest, the Passion Play at Oberammergau—a truly fascinating program, was offered last month from WBAL. Colonel Worthington Hollyway was the guide and lecturer.

Colonel Hollyway, who served with the American forces in France and Germany during the World War, is a thoroughly qualified lecture authority. He has traveled through Germany and central Europe from border to border by motor, by train, by boat and on foot. Following the signing of the armistice, he served as military attache of the American legations at Copenhagen, Helsingfors, and in various sections of the three Baltic states of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania.

No river is more celebrated in song and story than the Rhine. Both the river itself and the valley through which it flows are redolent with beauty and romance.

Along its highlands the barons of old built great castles whose towers and turrets look down on the swift flowing stream now busy with modern traffic. Some of the tales of these old castles were included in the Colonel's talks.



Colonel Hollyway had his picture taken with King Christian of Denmark just after the Armistice. Left to right, the French attache, King Christian and Colonel Hollyway.

her own ukulele accompaniment to her songs.

Frank Capano, the announcer, earnestly believes that in his station he has

the successor to Al Jolson. Little Sammy Shuman, although only thirteen, has been singing over the Radio for many years. His version of Little Pal is well worth hearing.

Bobbie Morris, Jr., although only twelve, is one of the greatest juvenile harmonica players in the country.

Dot Boyle, Johanna McKenzie and Baby Lee, all show promise of becoming future greats.

Beautiful Marie Miller, only ten years of age, is one of the biggest stars on Frank Capano's Children's Hour. In a recent contest she received the greatest number of requests for numbers.

Any child that has any talent, and is thirteen years of age or younger, is invited to come to the station and broadcast. Last week all records were broken, over 200 telegrams being received for request numbers from the little stars.

Mt. Olympus Broadcasts

A BROADCASTING station on Mount Olympus! Shades of the Greeks of Old! May we then hear the voices of the Gods from our loudspeakers?

Hardly, for this Mount Olympus is above Syracuse university! It seems that the establishment of a station to use 1,000 watts broadcasting both the regular programs of WSYR and those of the University, WMAC, has been proposed to the Federal Radio commission by Clive B. Meredith, owner of both stations.

The plan involves construction of a new transmitter to replace those of both the existing stations, as well as broadcasting and studio facilities on the campus. Such an arrangement would give Syracuse university an opportunity to train students in both the technical and artistic phases of broadcasting.



The "Lon Chaney of the Air." Who is he? Why, Colonel Lemuel G. Stoopnagle, of course. In other words, one of the Two Yovinians of Buffalo. The gentleman in the picture is Louis Dean



When these boys warm up, the feet of listeners to WCOC just naturally begin to shuffle and dance. Bill Lancaster and his Great Southern hotel band have long been one of the headliners from Meridian, Mississippi.

Heavy Problems for a Little Girl

Want to Adopt a Baby, Train an Extravagant Wife
or Trace a 'Phone Call? Ask Miss Tully, WCKY

By Mary Adamick

TREMLETTE TULLY, woman's director of WCKY, Covington Kentucky, is a little person, yet she carries the burdens of many listeners on her shoulders. She is young, but her answers to personal problems, a feature she conducts every Thursday morning in connection with her daily My New Kentucky Home Hour, give proof of mature and intelligent thought.

When someone wants to adopt a baby, aid an unfortunate, learn what to do with an extravagant wife, trace an anonymous telephone call or learn the proper diet, what does he or she do? Writes to Miss Tully, it seems, for each Thursday morning she gives kindly advice to her friends of the unseen audience.

Names are not announced when the information is of a delicate nature. It is just like calling a physician, attorney, librarian or old friend over the telephone for advice, and yet the questions and answers, confined only to a few persons, are heard by thousands who find help in solving many of their own problems.

But what are some of the questions she is called upon to answer?

A woman in an Ohio town wrote that her husband and baby had been killed. She did not want to live "in this house of sad memories." What should she do? Should she dispose of the home, just paid for out of her husband's and her earnings?

Miss Tully replied: "Sorrow makes us stronger to face life. Sorrow has its reward. A complete change of scene would be the best thing for you. Oc-

cupy yourself with work. That is the best cure for mental anguish."

A man of 30, married for three years,



A tiny little person, yet she carries the burdens of many WCKY listeners on her slender shoulders. Tremlette Tully is woman's director down at Covington, answering anything and everything that troubles women.

wrote that unless his wife had a new outfit every week there was a scene. She insisted on going out to restaurants and night clubs to display her finery. Their furniture isn't paid for. "What must I do?" he implored.

The answer was simple. "You need backbone," Miss Tully told him. "Unless you do something to curb your wife's extravagance you will find yourself with your nose to the grindstone the rest of your life. Talk the matter over with your wife. Ask her to help you plan a budget that will include savings."

And lo, the poor man who had his nose already to the grindstone wrote to thank Miss Tully. He had had it "out" with his wife, and she also wrote to thank Miss Tully.

Another man wrote that a woman had called him over the telephone to inform him that she had seen his wife with another man. It was an anonymous call. The description fitted one of his best friends. He said that he had faith in his wife, but "what should he do?"

Why, said Miss Tully, "we can conceive of no lower type of human being than the person who will stoop to write an anonymous letter or place an anonymous telephone call for the sole purpose of instilling a distrust that years sometimes cannot heal. People who do this sort of thing have, in our estimation, criminal instincts. No one should ever pay any attention to anonymous communications. Never repeat them. Try to erase it from your memory. Do not tell your wife. The fact that she has always been all a wife could be should make you know that the statement was



Down South to handle a big hookup broadcast from the Vincy hotel at St. Petersburg, Fla., William S. Lynch, feature announcer and assistant program director for the NBC, runs across two old friends, veterans of broadcasting. Left to right, Lynch, Eddie Squires, announcer-manager of WSUN, St. Petersburg, and Walter Tison, manager for WFLA at Clearwater.

false. Only the coward conceals his name.

It requires many hours of preparation for Miss Tully's fifteen minutes once a week for Personal Problems. Her answers must be authoritative. She must not offend. She must try her best to solve these problems, where often future destinies are at stake.

Her compensation comes in the form of letters of thanks from listeners who have found her advice helpful.



Well, girls, here's the picture you have been waiting for—Jimmee Osburn, WGBF's Barefoot Banjo Boy, with the smile in his heart and the tear in his voice. Kentucky's his home and, in spite of his thousands of admirers, he's still heart free.



Here they are—Clyde and Mac with their uke, genial grin and wise cracks. The Harmony Duo is heard regularly from WQAM at Miami.

Hawaii a la Svenska

YOU really ought to see them, with their Hawaiian wreaths and everything—they're quite a picture when all dressed up for broadcasting. There are six Gustafsons (seven when you count the instructor). It's a bit hard to imagine such a good Scandinavian name tied up to a program from Hawaii, but it's a fact. And listeners to WHBO swear by them (not at them). The family includes Mr. and Mrs. E. L. and four children, ranging from four to fourteen, or thereabouts. Professor H. G. Haili is the instructor mentioned a few lines above.

* * *

WIDE experience on the organ at WLW taught Owen O. Ogborn more than a trick or two about pleasing the Radio audience. Now Owen's down at Charlotte, North Carolina, sending a variety of tunes out over WBT, where he has been for more than a year.

MUSICIANS of the Cincinnati Musician's association have put it up to the public as to whether they prefer recorded music, as presented by the sound pictures, or orchestras made up of competent musicians. The opportunity to settle the issue over the air, at least as far as the Cincinnati and Kentucky district is concerned, was provided by L. B. Wilson, operator of station WCKY. A series of concert and dance orchestras, directed by widely known leaders, is being presented from the Covington station.



Ruth Eva is her name—like it? Hear her in classical piano recitals from Asheville, via WWNC.

Great Broadcast Programs of Today Are Run Like FOOTBALL GAME

*ANNOUNCER Is the "Quarterback" of Air Entertainment,
Maneuvering His Men on Gridiron of Studio Floor
Under "Coach" Production Manager*

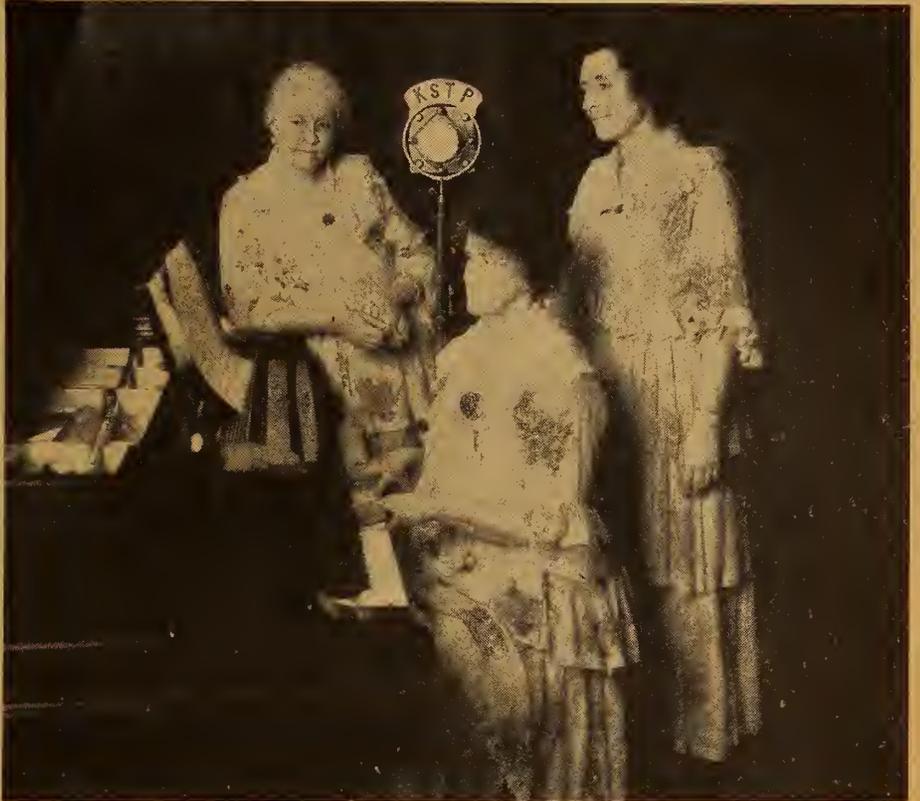
By Donald D. Burchard

LARGE Radio programs today are run just like a football team. The announcer corresponds to the quarterback who calls signals for the team. He in turn receives his orders from the production manager who corresponds to the coach.

In football it is the coach who has charge of the preliminary training and of getting his men into fighting trim, polishing up his team-work and perfecting their co-operation for offense and defense. In Radio it is the production manager who lines up the programs after musical directors, continuity writer and program planners have provided for the component parts.

Such a job is the one now held by Jean Paul King at WLW and WSAI. For a month before assuming these duties King was a member of the announcing staff at the Crosley station. In his new capacity it will be King's job to see that the programs go on and off the air with the proper style and flourish. And take it from anyone who knows, that is one real job, involving hours of rehearsing, cutting and fitting of musical numbers and continuity, and the unification of all entertainment bits into a coherent whole.

Lots of Jean Paul's friends will remember him from the old days out on the Pacific coast. He used to be one of the big guns at KHQ. Before that he was chief announcer for the NBC Pacific Division, serving also as dramatic



Three Foxy Grandmas decided to show the younger generation a thing or two and organized their own group to broadcast from KSTP. This harmony trio sings both old time and popular melodies. The combined ages of Mrs. Blanche Schaller, Mrs. Martha Lund and Mrs. Josephine Nash total nearly 200 years.



Charlie Dameron is a vital part of the broadcast of Henry Thies and his orchestra from WLW. He's the boy with the blue voice who croons so seductively with the band. He was a lawyer in Huntington, W. Va., until the Radio bug bit him.

director. For a while he was with KFRC, and then took a turn with the Henry Duffy Players in Portland, announced for KGW and finally landed with KHQ as chief announcer, and now to the big job down in Cincinnati.

Meet "Old Man Moon"

WGHP is bringing to its audience a new and novel program, known as The Moonwinkers. The program is under the personal direction of Old Man Moon, himself, who brings before the microphone for the first time the entire Moon family. The Moonwinkers are all prominent Radio artists and entertainers who have had long and wide experience before the microphone.

The program is devoted exclusively to requests, and the popularity of the feature is established by the hundreds of requests that virtually pour into the station.

* * *

Sopranos and harmonica players lead the two fields of Radio audition material, vocal and instrumental, at WLS, according to Don Malin, musical director, who reviews the talents of from thirty to forty amateur broadcasters in the weekly tryout period.



One of the oldest continuous programs on the air was begun July 26, 1926, by Don R. Falkenberg, who has been presented from WAIU studios ever since. He is in charge of a regular morning program known as the Bible Lovers' Meditation Hour, as well as the Sunday evening vesper service.

The Smiths, a Typical Family, Welcomed by Listeners

THAT the Radio audience likes a certain thread of continuity in its air sketches is indicated by the widespread popularity achieved by the Smith Family, WENR comedy-drama broadcast every Monday night.

Smith Family presentations portray the activities, adventures and everyday life of an average middle class American family. Although this feature has been given practically no publicity and this is the first photograph published, WENR weekly receives hundreds of letters of comment and commendation on the program.

The Smith Family came into being February 20, 1929. Harry Lawrence is the "father," writing all of the continuity, while Lester Luther is director and coach. The Family includes approximately eight characters. Father and mother, Ed and Nora Smith, are played by Arthur Wellington and Marion Jordan. Betty, the flapper daughter, is Irma Glenn, and Irene, the older sister, is interpreted by Thora Martens. The role of Joe Fitzgerald, former prize fighter, who is the sweetheart of Irene, is taken by Jim Jordan, while Joe Warner is Morris Rosenberg, Betty's sweetheart. Occasionally Dick Morgan and Pansy Pinkham make their appearance, played by Mr. Luther and Sallie Menkes.

"The Smith Family has run the gamut of human emotions. Anyone who has ever run a gamut can appreciate this feat," says Harry Lawrence of his brain children. "In the initial episode Irene and Betty planned an elopement, but through a taxi cab mixup each got the other's boy friend and the plans fell through, both couples deciding to wait a while longer.

"Joe Fitzgerald loses a fight because of a quarrel with Irene over another suitor, the millionaire Dick Morgan. Pansy Pinkham, a chorus girl, enters the race for the Morgan millions and Joe quits the fight game to drive a truck, winning a hill climbing contest, thus saving Father Ed's investment in truck stock and becoming once more Irene's hero. Dick Morgan proposes a 'round the world trip on his yacht, during the course of which they are wrecked on a South Sea island, where they find Pansy, walking home from a yacht trip. After more adventures they finally reach home, where Pansy marries Dick, leaving the field clear for Joe.

"When Betty accidentally took an overdose of a sleeping potion she actually received flowers and candy from sympathetic listeners. Mrs. Smith has



Blue Steele, whose Victor recording orchestra broadcasts each night over KMOX from Coronado hotel, in three months' time received over 20,000 letters from every state and Canada.

social ambitions, so they acquire a cook who once worked for Mrs. Van Gilder, society leader.

"The Family, in rapid succession, takes a vacation, joins a golf club, tries to run a cabaret and a high brow garage, finally buying a home in Glendale Park and becoming suburbanized. Joe goes back to the ring and becomes light-heavy champion, while Morris Rosenberg becomes engaged to Betty.

"This is the situation at the present time. When the Family celebrated its first birthday on the air a banquet was given them by the station. The Radio audience sent in, among other things, five birthday cakes, several boxes of candy, flowers, letters, telegrams and cards of congratulation."

Women Special Care on KSTP Programs By E. D. Jencks

APPRECIATING that women comprise a very large and important contingent of the army of KSTP listeners, the station has made provision for many special informative and educational programs and novel entertainment features for the fair sex.

The individual behind the guns who seeks out the wants of the women Radio

listeners and sees that these are put on the air, is Miss Corinne Jordan, program director, and formerly with station WBBM of Chicago. Just before the housewife begins her work at home each morning, she tunes to KSTP for the beauty exercises, in which Miss Jordan is assisted by Harry K. Nye, physical director of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A. Again at three each week-day afternoon Miss Jordan acts as empressario of the women's hour.

The Household Clinic brings information on matters concerning the home, many of which have been received from listeners. The Fourth District of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, presents one of its 48 individual committees each week in a program of local talent and short talks on current subjects.

The Zonta Club, composed of prominent business women has a set hour each week, in which advice is given to young girls on the respective professions represented in this organization.

* * *

Four pink pig tails, boiled and scraped clean, were among the unique gifts to the Maple City 4 quartet at WLS. Two dozen dressed rabbits, some country sausage, popcorn balls, a bushel of unroasted peanuts, and fudge of many varieties served to add to the list of food sent in to the station by fans.

The Smith Family at home. Mother Smith, Father Smith, Irene, Joe Fitzgerald, Betty Smith and Morris Rosenberg.



Little Boy Played Safe

THREE little boys were going home from school one afternoon. On the way they had to cross a street busy with automobile traffic. Two of the youngsters stepped off the curb directly in the path of an onrushing car and were seriously injured, one of them dying a few days later.

When the survivor was asked why he hadn't followed his companions on to the street he replied, "Why, I belong to Uncle Bob's Curb Is the Limit Club, and I've promised never to play in the street, and always to stop at the curb, count ten and look both ways before crossing the street."

Needless to say this little boy's mother wrote a heartfelt note of appreciation to Uncle Bob, who has more than 470,000 members in his club who hear his evening programs over KYW. Each one of these youngsters has also taken the club oath embodied in this poem:

*In roadways I must never play—
I have no legs to give away;
I have no arms that I can spare,
To keep them both I must take care.*

During his eight years as children's entertainer from KYW this jovial, rotund, patient chap has received over two millions of letters from his youthful admirers.

Barn Dance Fiddling Enthralls Big Critics

TRICK barn dance fiddling recently held a group of Chicago's musical celebrities spellbound during a banquet of the Bohemians' club. Dr. Frederick Stock of the Chicago Symphony, Karleton Hackett, critic; Jacques Gordon, Richard Czerwonky and Herbert Witherspoon had been among the attentive listeners to a classical violin recital by Leon Sametini.

Following the applause for the distinguished violinist, Marx Oberndorfer introduced Rube Tronson, WLS barn dance fiddler, who proceeded to show the "elite" of Chicago's musical circles that old time dance tunes could be produced in a number of ways.

The novelty of his act won an encore from his audience. But none of the crowd was more astonished at Rube's appearance than Don Malin, WLS musical director, who thought the Bohemians' meeting would be a certain retreat from old time fiddling.

Claude MacArthur, one of the newer music directors of the Columbia system, is said to be the only left-handed maestro in Radio today. It is interesting to note that MacArthur directed the music for the popular musical comedy, "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Doc Pollard Has Great Plans for KFEQ

By Ada Lyon

NO, IT'S not a fire, nor a circus parade. The crowd on the mezzanine floor of Hotel Robidoux, St. Joseph, Mo., all day long is there to watch the performers of KFEQ. There are a lot of new ones since W. C. Pollard took over the station on a three-year sublease. He has enrolled two bands and an orchestra, besides twenty-six regular performers. He has kept all the performers who preceded his regime and they are still going strong and are as popular as ever. There are fifteen members in one of Mr. Pollard's bands, nine in another and eleven in the orchestra.

Time was when the mezzanine floor, with its softly shaded lamps, its deep comfortable chairs and settees, was a favorite rendezvous for lovers who wanted to avoid the madding crowd. But no longer. The moment one steps out of the elevator, he is in the thick of a throng of spectators peering through the glass doors in the broadcast room.

While formerly two to three hundred letters a week were received, the number has jumped to three or four thousand.

Mr. Pollard says that blues singers and old-timers are the favorites, with fiddlers paramount. As for program selections in general, he thinks that old songs and songs of an intermediate period, neither too old or too new, but well known, are most appreciated.

THOUSANDS of Radio listeners throughout the Middle West celebrated with broadcasting station WMBD, on the "World's Most Beautiful Drive," the opening of its new Hotel Pere Marquette studios located in the heart of Peoria's (Illinois) downtown district, in a gala program combining all the station's brilliant and versatile talent, very recently.

The program began at 8:00 in the evening and continued until the early morning hours. All of the available talent in the city gathered to join in the jubilee and the ether was full of fun and frolic for hours.



Here is W. C. Pollard, who started the new year as director-manager of KFEQ. "Doc" has been a favorite on farm programs of several stations for several years, and plans great things for the St. Joseph station.

Foreign Fan Mail Nears Yankee

Mexican and Latin American Fans Applaud Special All-Spanish Programs Put On by KPRC

By Milton G. Hall



When KVOO broadcast an appeal for aid for families of miners killed in the McAlester, Oklahoma, disaster Gordon Hittenmark (above) with Tom Noel worked before the mike without relief for twenty hours.

DOWN Houston way there's a new broadcasting station, and it certainly is making the folks sit up and take notice. KTRH is its name, and it operates on 1120 kilos with 1,000 watts. Richard Thornhill, the director, has his working quarters right in the studio in the Rice hotel. Opening the middle of March, the station offers Columbia Broadcasting system programs. Time is shared with a small college station, KTRH having the lion's portion. Jesse H. Jones, the man who brought the last Democratic national convention to Houston, is backing this new voice of the Southwest.

"ESTACION Diffusora KPRC, Houston, Texas." American listeners who tune in KPRC at Houston, Texas, will hear this peculiar phrase many times during the course of the all-Mexican program presented by the Houston station each Tuesday night.

In at least one respect KPRC leads all stations in the United States. Its applause mail from foreign countries nearly equals the response from American listeners which is great.

Several hundred letters a week bearing the strange postage stamps of foreign countries arrive at the studios of the station. Because of its geographic location KPRC is heard regularly with good volume in Mexico, Central America, Cuba and many countries of South America.

Realizing the number of listeners KPRC had in Latin America, the owners inaugurated last October an all-Mexican program dedicated to listeners in the southern countries. This is presented on Tuesday nights and announcements are given in both Spanish and English. On the eve of his inauguration, Ortiz Rubio, the new president of Mexico, was saluted by the Post-Dispatch station. Rubio wired congratulations to KPRC and expressed his appreciation, saying that the people of Mexico looked upon KPRC as a local station and favored it above all others.

The all-Mexican program is announced by Curtis Farrington, president of the Spanish club of Rice institute at Houston. During the first broadcast of the all-Mexican program long distance telephone calls were received from Mexico City, Tampico, Matamoros, Monterey and Nuevo-Leon. But no one in the KPRC studios could speak Spanish, so the situation rapidly became acute. Mr. Farrington was busy announcing and could not take the calls. The problem was solved by employing Ruth Chairez, a charming daughter of Old Mexico, to handle the switchboard when the all-



This charming little lady is Mildred Kyffin, contralto soloist with the KOA Light Opera company and a descendant of one of the first families of Virginia. They say Mildred is a very democratic little aristocrat.

Mexican programs are on the air.

Music for the program is furnished by the Torres-Tipica String orchestra, directed by Albino Torres. Torres formerly was a student of music in Guadalajara, Mexico, and in Mexico City. He is recognized as a pianist of unusual ability.



Two hundred children of San Angelo, Texas, were made happy at a Radio party given by KGKL. These youngsters are all members of a story book club conducted by the station. Mrs. Dean Chenoweth, conductor of the club; A. W. McMillan, announcer, and Henry Ragsdale are shown.

Plan New Network Links for Mexican Listeners

THE first unit of what is designed to be a Mexican Radio network linking Mexico City, Monterey, Tampico and Reynosa, has been constructed at the last named city below the Rio Grande. With its main studios at Reynosa, opposite Hidalgo, Texas, Station XIBC will also broadcast by remote control from Weslaco, Donna, Pharr, San Juan, Mission and McAllen, in the Lone Star state.

Scheduled for the opening program festivities was the personal appearance of some of the luminaries of the Radio world, as well as important dignitaries of Mexico and Texas, including the governor of Tamaulipas.

A. G. Akeroyd is vice-president and general manager of the International Broadcast chain, operating the station, with William Corthay as studio manager and announcer in charge. Akeroyd at one time was director of the Mexican trade bureau of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, and connected as a partner with an import and export agency at Laredo and at New Orleans.

The new station, which will be used to develop the export trade, was built by W. E. Branch, Radio engineer who constructed WBAP, WBBM, WCCO and WREC. J. N. Kincaid, of San Antonio, is financing the new station project and is president of the company.

Arrangements have been made with a recording firm to operate studios in conjunction with XIBC. Regular auditions will be held for the tryouts of Mexicans in the making of phonograph records.



One of the most popular programs at KMMJ, the Gospel Singers, as their name implies, confine themselves to old hymns. Dent Holcomb, tenor, Mrs. H. H. Johnson, soprano, Mrs. Mildred Packard, contralto, and Fred N. Hodges, bass, are heard thirty minutes daily except Sunday, when they are on the air for an hour.

Stands on "Richest Hill"

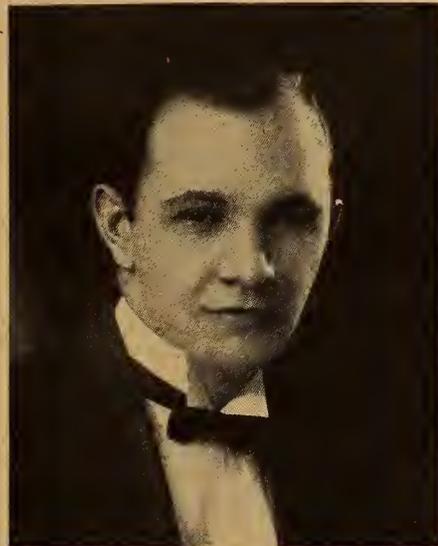
ONE of the highest stations in the world, the transmitter of KGIR stands almost 6,000 feet above sea level on the "richest hill on earth," Butte, Montana. The only station between the Twin Cities and Spokane that is heard in Montana the year 'round, KGIR is truly in a class by itself.

Studios in both Butte and Anaconda, connected by 27 miles of direct wire, furnish programs daily from seven in the morning to midnight to not only the wealthy mining center of Butte, but to the great open spaces of farming and grazing territory for miles around.

Many of the most prominent business men and women in Montana are included on the advisory board of KGIR. Programs of the NBC are used regularly, and application has been made for an increase from 250 to 1,000 watts.

* * *

A new personality steps to the mike at KFJ. It is the "Jingle Lady," and she is accompanied by the Dwarfie twine. This program comes from Council Bluffs on Wednesdays and Fridays.



Louis Bishop plays the piano and accordion at WJAG, and has attracted quite a following by his ability and personality.

Introducing Dr. Brinkley

TO KNOW Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Brinkley, and "Johnnie Boy" of KFKB, is to love them. Indeed, you will find a happy devoted family—and little John Richard III is a regular boy and admired by everyone. He loves to go quietly into Dr. Brinkley's private office and give to Radio land some of his childish chatter, thus winning the hearts of thousands with the sound of his sweet voice.



He is a little heart breaker, too, and many a little miss would like to be his "sweetie;" letters and valentines are pouring in for him. Dr. and Mrs. Brinkley are devoting their time and money for the good of humanity, and all the patients at the hospital welcome the smile and ringing laugh of Mrs. Brinkley as she makes her daily trips to the hospital rooms.

Dr. Brinkley gives daily lectures over KFKB, which is owned and operated by him. These lectures deal with health, religion, and fraternalism. The medical question box is nation wide. Thousands love to listen to him, and the letters come to him by the scores.

* * *

At 11:00 P. M. every Saturday night, KFJ presents their regular Saturday Night Revue. At this time you will hear all the entertainers as they do their bit for KFJ.

Bill Hawkins, at the right, thinks he is the director of this KGIR studio orchestra, but Mrs. Bill, who tickles the ivories, is the real director, and no foolin'.



TOM MURRAY of
Stage and Screen Fame
at KTM—Wildhack and
Cugat Entertain in Own
Respective Fashions

Painter and Performer YIELD to Air Call

By Ralph L. Power



Wow! What a fiddle! Did you ever see anything quite as impressive looking as that great big instrument? It must be the bass of all basses used by the Seattle Tamburitzta orchestra at KOL.

They Want It Different By Dianne Dix

"IF IT'S different we want it—to give to you," say the "big shots" at KFWL. And just for a sample they tell about their Radio Question Box, the giving of piano lessons over the air, which is designed to help the average listener get the best from his set; Trials and Tribulations of the Oakleys, the last being an intimate married life skit. There are others, but it's seldom interesting to read a list of features.

Among the other things boasted of (although it's supposed to be something of a secret) by this Frisco station is the youngest program director on the coast, Henry C. Blank by name. Rolf Dean Metcalf, the chief announcer, is a native son who received his mike training around southern California's stations. Metcalf is also an accomplished pianist and writer.

"Old Timer's" other name is Charles Glenn, and his big job is serving as day announcer. He brags that he knows some 2,800 old time songs. Every now and then he runs a contest, trying to find a fan who can stump him, but no one has yet had that honor.

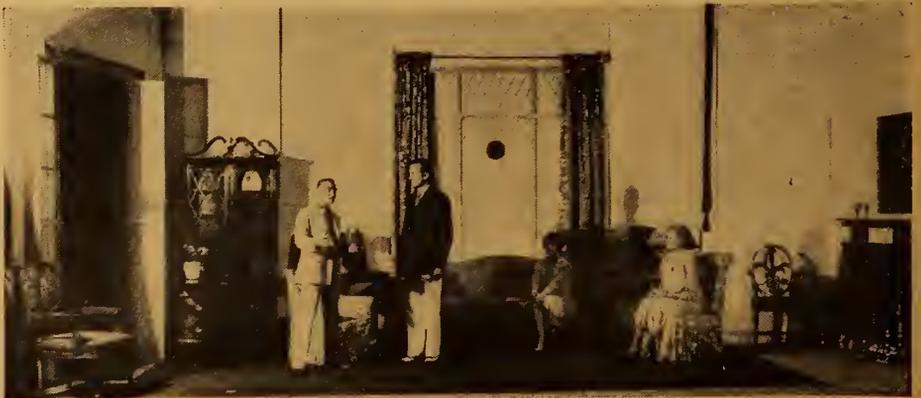
* * *

JOAN and Ginger are two charming maids who present a program over KYA every afternoon. Their half hour

is one of diversity, despite the fact that there are only two little girls responsible.

Once in a while Dud Williamson, master of ceremonies at the station, is called on to offer a solo, but otherwise Ginger and Joan are the "works."

Joan plays the 'cello, Ginger the piano. They both sing, together and singly, thus disproving any theories about its taking at least five artists to fill a half hour varied program.



A new use for Radio which proved its adaptability as entertainment was recently exemplified when the Portland, Oregon, Civic theatre, in putting on a play, used a receiving set in place of an orchestra. The music was broadcast from KXL especially for the theatre production.

ANOTHER film fellow has gone Radio. Tom Murray is the fond male parent of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. He has done character and straight parts in the films for years.

Perhaps you remember his work with Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." It was Tom's cabin that fell over the bank and got buried in the snow avalanche. When the shot was taken it was 112 degrees, but that is another story.

Tom still does bits for the talkies . . . dialect mostly, especially negro character speaking. In natural role his kindly demeanor, scraggly sideburns and twinkling eyes have won him many friends.

Now he's on the KTM staff regularly—appearing on the KTM ranch hour (un-sponsored) week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and Friday evening at eight o'clock.

He sings plaintive cowboy melodies, chants cute little ditties of the plains, yodels a mean tenor and strums valiantly away on his favorite overgrown uke—a guitar instrument.

Years ago Robert Wildhack used to illustrate covers for Leslies, Colliers, Judge and other eastern publications. Then health failed and he moved to Tujunga, California, to recuperate.

He gave a series of Thursday night broadcasts for KHJ until he had a relapse. Now, after a year's absence, he is back again to take part in the Merry Makers' frolic each Thursday at 8 p. m.

Bob, for the most part, carries out the theme of his old Victor records of snores and sneezes. Why, when a man can get the announcer snoring or sneezing with him, he must be good.

Wildhack hunts and traps snores and sneezes in the most out of the way places in the world. He creeps up on them in a Pullman car or in the dark recesses of mountain caverns. Some of his creations mimic the sparse, maidenly school teacher, the phlegmatic drummer, or the dignified old walrus who clips coupons.

Of course, besides the rare specimens from foreign lands, there is also the common or garden variety.

If gathered in one place, and all functioning at the same time, Wildhack's snores would make a more tremendous



The theatrical magazine, *Variety*, recently stated that Charlie Wellman was one of three or four authentic Radio personalities which have been developed on the Pacific Coast. Well, believe it or not, here is the latest picture of The Prince of Pep and his Peppers as they broadcast from KHJ.

roar than Niagara and his sneezes, if assembled under one roof, would make a miniature Kansas cyclone.

Look what Xavier Cugat has gone and done . . . brought a bandoneones to KFVB's prize studio. Sounds like a patent medicine, doesn't it? But it's only a type of piano-accordion brought back from gay Patee by a couple of musicians in his new Tango Orchestra, which he directs when not indulging in his gentle hobby of caricaturing the great and near great of the broadcasting world for *Radio Digest* readers.

* * *

SUNDAY nights are big nights for fans who listen to KFVB, for those are the times when Hollywood's headliners take the air. Famous stars of the screen are on when the First National's Studio hour is heard from eight to nine o'clock of a Sunday evening.



Look! That's Glen Eaton pointing at you, Glen of the silvery tenor voice, who is a daily feature from KJR and stations affiliated with the Northwest Broadcast system.



Hal G. Nichols is the jovial president-manager of the firm, Nichols and Warinner, Inc., owners of KFOX in Long Beach. Mr. Nichols presides as Master of Ceremonies at many of the programs and takes the part of the Teacher in the famous Buttercream School. In a recent questionnaire answered by the listeners-in, he was judged the most popular announcer at the station, which is due to his inimitable manner of making his audiences "see as well as hear" his programs.

Broadcasts India's Lure

LAL CHAND MEHRA gets another break in Radio. Three years ago he gave some unique KHJ programs with a broadcast each month of the weird melodies of India, played on native instruments, with speaking parts interspersing the chants.

All the audience had to do was to turn the lights low, scatter a bit of incense around the parlor, sit cross legged on the floor and the Radio did the rest.

But the KHJ programs of that time were unsponsored and consequently unpaid.

So Lal Chand did some lecturing for the state university, talked at women's clubs, and worked in the talkies.

Perhaps you saw him as one of the doormen in "The Thirteenth Chair," and he did the technical directing for "The Green Goddess" production.

KFVB has been giving him another Radio break . . . giving some brief chats, to the accompaniment of a musical background played purposely by Ray Martinez and his Pacific Salon Orchestra.

* * *

Maybe you think that policemen haven't got a heart, or that they don't fall for that sentimental stuff! You're mistaken. Sentiment? Say, if you listen to them over KDYL at Salt Lake City on Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock, you would take back anything you would have liked to tell that cop that pinched you the other day! Twenty-five of the warblers of the Salt Lake police are making a real hit.



Would you ever, ever think that this jolly looking young fellow would have the title of uncle? But he has, he's Uncle Ben of the Kangaroos, and George Snell when acting as announcer at KDYL.



Here they are, the Four Pals of KFWM. William and Douglas Weaver, Dr. W. S. Holdaway and Earl Pugh entertain every Monday evening with Southern melodies and other selections.

Destiny, Fate Join to Decree Radio for Jean

By Carl T. Nunan

DESTINY decreed and fate provided that Jean Campbell Crowe, KPO's program director, should become one of the best known and loved woman program arrangers of the nation.



But little did Mrs. Harriett Gray dream of this truth as she sat one day and listened to her orphaned granddaughter, Jean Campbell, then, five years old, playing in an astonishing manner a number of piano compositions that usually require a much more matured artist to do them justice.

Fortunately for Miss Jean her governess, a Miss Josephine Carr, was of noble English birth and an accomplished musician. Circumstances had forced her to take up her station in the Gray home on a New Orleans plantation and one of the things she had done was to secretly give the embryo program director piano lessons.

At the conclusion of the private musicale, Mrs. Gray decided that the child prodigy of the family should eventually become one of America's best pianists. Through the years that decision has borne fruit.

Nine years after that memorable audition given her grandmother, Jean Campbell was ready for her first concert tour. She was then 14 years old. For one year she toured throughout the country as accompanist and piano soloist of recitals given by the Russian violin virtuoso, Von Rola Machielinski. At the conclusion of the successful tour she returned to Chicago and became identified with the Studebaker Theatre, where she appeared as accompanist of many world famous artists.

Then came that eventful time in every girl's life. Marriage. And of course with it came the inevitable question—"a career or marriage?" Both won. The now Mrs. Frederick Crowe decided that she could with success divide her time between her home life and a career—and she succeeded. While not busy as a Director of the National Board of Federation of Music Clubs or pursuing the duties exacted of a State President of Federation of Music Clubs of Illinois or as President of Illinois Music Teachers' Association, positions in which she established an enviable reputation of progressive administrations—Mrs. Crowe raised her son

Granville, who is now in Seattle as the advertising representative of the Shell Oil company, in charge of the Northwest territory—and a son any woman would be proud of.

Aside from music Mrs. Crowe's "hobby" is Indian study, she being a noted lecturer on the subject. For years, the silver haired director of programs for KPO has spent much of her time collecting Indian rugs and Indian relics. Many of the rare objects of Indian art she has collected are to be seen at the Affiliated Colleges in San Francisco.

Whole Nation Listens to KFWM Program

WHAT is said to be the largest national broadcast ever to originate in the Far West had KFWM of Oakland as the key station when it was put on the air April 27. At that time Judge J. F. Rutherford, known for his broadcasting in the past on Bible subjects, was the feature of this nation-wide hookup.

More than 100 stations took part in the broadcast, which was issued during two separate periods. Fifty-five stations in the eastern part of the United States carried the first half of the broadcast from 6 until 7 o'clock, Pacific time. The remaining stations handled the rest of the broadcast from 10 to 11 o'clock the same evening.

The program was scheduled for rebroadcast by several short-wave stations, including WGY of Schenectady, N. Y., KNX of Hollywood and W8XP of Cleveland.

With the huge chain of stations coupled with the short-wave transmitters, it was possible to hear the entire program over the entire earth. Gustave Hoffman's Orchestra Supreme in entertaining and tantalizing melodies was also a feature of the broadcast.



Bob Gleason, former operator of KOMO, was the wireless man on the schooner Nanuk, frozen in north of Siberia for many months, center of the search for the lost flier, Carl Ben Eielson. Picture shows the Nanuk leaving Seattle, inset is of Gleason.



Rather a nice pose, don't you think? C. Robert Dickey is broadcast manager of CHML at Hamilton, Ontario.

Isabelle Burnada Nearly Weaned on Spirituals

EVEN before she could talk, Isabelle Burnada was humming Negro spirituals, learned from her colored mammy in the distant island of Mauritius. The romantic legend of Paul and Virginia and associated stories of the depredations of the great pirate Surcouf, who long terrorized the Indian ocean, have made famous this land of hidden treasure.

Miss Burnada's Canadian home has always been in British Columbia, and she started serious study in Vancouver. Her musical education was made possible through the interest of Patrick Burns of Calgary. After a year of study in Vancouver Miss Burnada continued her work for six years under European masters.

It was during her third year on the Continent that she was able to make good on an opportunity that sounds almost like a fairy tale. She was studying with Marcil Boudouresque of the Opera Comique in Paris. He was engaged to take part in a great charity concert at the Gallo-Roman theatre at Orange, France, which dates back to the days of Julius Caesar.

At the last moment Boudouresque was taken ill and Miss Burnada took his place. It was her first appearance on an important occasion, and she was naturally nervous. At the conclusion of her first solo there arose a spontaneous din of applause that hailed a new star, a previously unknown Canadian girl who had become famous over night.

Miss Burnada has toured the United States and Canada, as well as successfully appearing in England. She was presented on the CNR Radio network.

* * *

Wishart Campbell, well-known Canadian baritone and artist on CNR programs with the All-Canada Symphony hour, is of Scotch descent, only son of the Rev. Neil Campbell. Born in Oro, Ontario, Campbell took up the study of piano when but six years old. Graduating from the University of Toronto, he taught for a time and then began vocal studies. His repertoire embraces over twenty-five arias and 500 songs and ballads.

Barber Shop Songs Bring FAME to SAMMY

One-Man Combination Characters Offered by "The Nova Scotian Lauder" Popular with CHNS Listeners—Singing Barber Shields Warbles 'Most Anything Put to Music

By Verner A. Bower

FOR years untold fame of the barber shop quartettes as music makers has rung throughout the world. Down in Halifax, Nova Scotia, there is a new barber one-man combination in Sammy Shields, "The Nova Scotian Lauder."

Star of the Simpson Radio hour, one of the premier features of CHNS, Sammy by his versatile performance has become one of the best known figures behind the mike in Halifax. Eminent as a soloist long before the coming of broadcasting Sammy stepped before the mike in an interpretation of Sir Harry Lauder and became famous in a night. Ever versatile, he did not stop there but carried his efforts further, appearing in English comedy characters. But it is striding up and down in swishing kilts that Sammy is best loved.

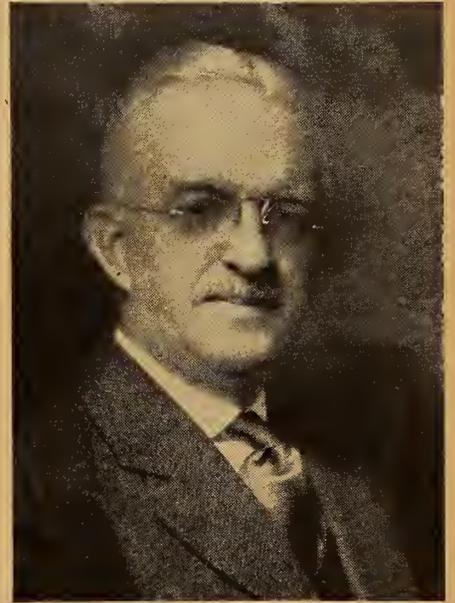
Prominent as a tenor soloist with the George MacDonald Opera company, Sammy early became popular as the "Singing Barber." The coming of Radio meant but an extending of his audience.

Like Sir Harry he has many droll stories. On one occasion a listener called up CHNS and asked the number of the Lauder record just played. It was Sammy Shields!

At the top of the Roy building, one of the new business blocks, on Barrington street, there is a red and white pillar announcing a barber shop. In neat black letters are the words "Sam Shields, Prop." Inside Sammy sits in a white coat just like any other ordinary barber. But—not quite like any other barber. Like any other Scotch barber. For no one could doubt Sammy was a Scotchman!

"What are you singing now, Sammy?" he was asked.

"Why, I sing anything! It doesn't matter. I sing a lot of the popular Feist Jazz songs. Feist sends them to me and the people like them. But, of course, I prefer the Scotch songs! But if I have to I can be an Englishman, too!"



The genial good nature and outstanding ability of Ralph W. Ashcroft has made him exceptionally popular as general manager of CKGW and done much to put the station at the front of Canadian broadcasting.



The string quartet of CFAC is the delight of Radio fans throughout Alberta and the Canadian West. Jascha Galperin plays the violin, Cecil Kappey the piano, Ted Harvey the 'cello, and W. Harris the bass violin.

Here's Answer to Daily Problem

What Shall We Have to Eat Today? Mary Hale Martin Plans and Prepares Tempting Meals Daily

SOME sage once remarked that everyone eats every day, inferring therefrom that anything which pertains to this eating would be of widespread interest, and that those engaged in the program of supplying this diurnal human occupation would prosper.

In setting up his hypothesis, however, he either overlooked or entirely disregarded the fact that the very truth of it makes for monotony. True it is that everyone eats or tries to eat every day—day after day and day after day—until the process, unless enlivened with new interest and zest, becomes little more than a necessary habit. And while housewives rack their brains, husbands grumble.

"What shall we have to eat today?"

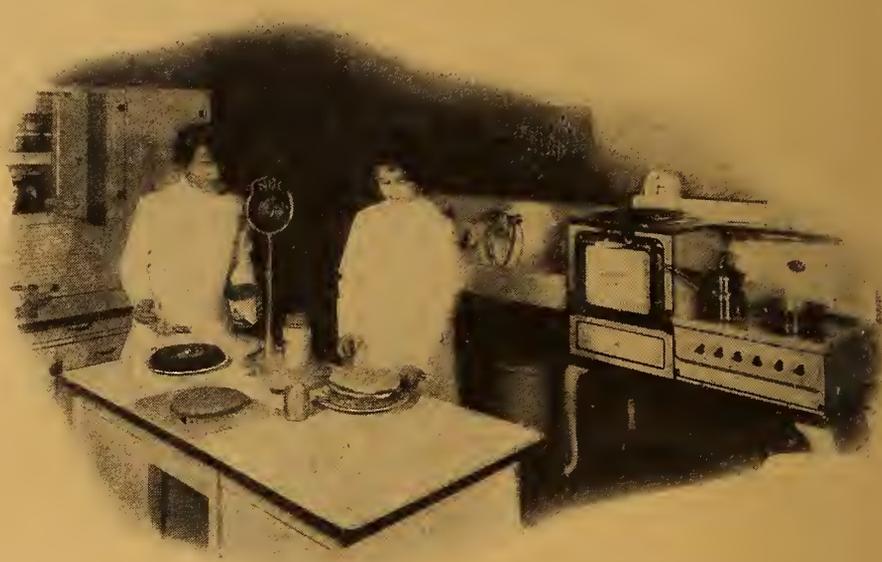
It is an international question and the bugaboo of many a woman. Usually, she runs the gamut of steak, pork chops, lamb chops, veal, and ham and so on back again in desperation, fervently and heartily wishing at almost all times that there were some new dish or some new way of preparing an old dish which she could easily learn about. But generally she hesitates to try out the various recipes which she sees in cook-books, or she never gets time to look these recipes up, and while she rushes through her household tasks, the dread specter is ever before her:

"What shall we have to eat today?"

With a sympathetic knowledge of just how universal this question is, Mary Hale Martin, a young lady who does marvelous things with pots and pans and foods in her model kitchen at the plant of Libby, McNeill and Libby in Chicago, has taken it as the theme of her Wednesday morning broadcasts over Station KFKX and a National Broadcasting company coast-to-coast network. And in proof of how correct she was in her assumption that this is a vital problem to the average American housewife, come back every week thousands upon thousands of letters from women in every part of the country, letters calling her attention to some new way to serve this or that food, expressing pleasure in some dish which she has told about in her morning talk or asking some question about some particular recipe, about arrangements for some luncheon or dinner the writer is planning and about almost everything conceivable connected with food.

THE Mary Hale Martin Household Period, as the program is called officially, goes on the air every Wednesday at 9:45 (EST). The talks themselves are broadcast direct from the spotless model kitchen which, with the quaint early American dining room and offices adjoining, make up the Mary Hale Martin suite in the Libby plant. With a microphone on her work table, Miss Martin mixes up her tempting concoctions and tells her thousands of listeners what she is doing as she does it. No recipe is broadcast until it has been tried out in actual service in the kitchen and has been given the final "proof of the pudding" test in the adjoining dining room.

From all over the country, her women listeners send ideas for new and tempting dishes to supplement the ingenuity of Mary Hale and her assistants. Perhaps it will be a new way of roasting



In her spotless kitchen Mary Hale Martin cooks tasty meals that are an answer to the housewife's daily problem, describing each step in the cooking for the benefit of her listening audience.

pork; perhaps only another method of serving such a plebian dish as corned beef hash. Any and all are welcome. All are tried out, tested, eaten. And when Wednesday morning comes around, Mary Hale Martin has a new series of dishes ready for the food-wearied housewife to try.

This week, perhaps, she will talk about salads and, after a general discussion of this particular part of the meal, she will give specific recipes which she and her assistants have tried out in their kitchen during the week.

"For a delicious asparagus and egg salad," she will tell her listeners, "take one No. 1 can of asparagus tips, lettuce, six hard-boiled eggs, three tablespoons of chopped stuffed olives, one-half tablespoon of mustard, parsley and one-half cup of French dressing. Arrange three asparagus tips on each serving of lettuce. Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Mash yolks and mix with chopped stuffed olives and mustard. Refill egg whites and garnish with parsley. Serve with French dressing. Recipe serves six."

DESSERTS may be featured in another talk and a recipe, such as the following, "from the kitchen of Mary Hale Martin," will be broadcast:

Butterscotch and Peach Tapioca
 1 cup evaporated milk ½ teaspoon salt
 2 cups water 1 egg
 ⅔ cup granulated tapioca 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1 cup dark brown sugar 1 tablespoon butter
 1 No. 2½ can peaches

Dilute and scald milk. Add tapioca and cook in double boiler until clear and slightly thickened. Add brown sugar and salt. Combine with beaten egg yolk and cook a few minutes longer. Remove from fire, add flavoring and butter and fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill peach halves, turned cut side up. Serve with plain or fruit sauce. Recipe serves seven.

Getting down to the more prosaic

dishes, such recipes as the following for Sauerkraut Turban, are given:

Mashed potatoes (about 4 cups) 1 medium onion
 ¼ cup catchup
 1 No. 2½ can sauerkraut 2 No. ½ cans Vienna sausage
 3 strips bacon

Fill buttered ring mold with hot mashed potatoes. Set in oven to keep hot. Cut strips of bacon in small pieces and cook until crisp. Remove bacon from fat and add minced onion to fat. Brown and add bacon, catchup and sauerkraut. Simmer in covered pan for 20 minutes. In the meantime, heat sausage according to directions on can. Unmold potatoes on hot platter and fill center with hot sauerkraut. Garnish outside mold with sausage and serve at once. Recipe serves six.

Officially, Mary Hale Martin's title is director of the Libby, McNeill & Libby Home Economics department, and this girl, to whom the University of Wisconsin gave her theoretical knowledge about what is this and what is that in the way of food, vitamins and all the other things that anyone with such a title is supposed to know, has very definite ideas about what modern dining room practices should include.

CREATION of new dishes or new ways of serving old dishes is not in itself sufficient, she will tell you, as she gazes intently for a moment into the oven of her ultra modern electric range or mixes up some savory smelling compounds. "We aim to create dishes that will not only taste good but that will digest easily, as well," she says.

"It is one thing to desire a certain delicacy. It is another to be able to digest it, and in our work here, we, so to speak, keep one eye on the taste and the other on the digestive tract."

The suite in which Mary Hale Martin and her associates work is one which would send envy through almost any housewife. It is located in the midst of

(Continued on page 126)

Voice of the Listener

A Boon to Shut-Ins

HAVING been a shut-in for almost five years and a bedridden invalid, at that, never to walk again, according to physicians, I wish to say a few words of praise, and thanks to your most valuable and entertaining Radio magazine, especially in behalf of the many shut-ins throughout this great land.

I have only been a reader of the Digest for a short time, and I certainly enjoy and appreciate the pictures and news of the various artists and stations. I especially enjoy the pictures and stories of people who broadcast the sacred programs from the different stations and networks, as sermons and sacred music are my favorite programs.

I don't believe there is another publication which keeps the public so well posted on the activities of the artist and broadcaster as you do, and that is what the Radio-fan is interested in.

May I suggest that you give us the news and activities of the Federal Radio Commission, in regards to the changes which they make from time to time with the stations, and also when a station gets a permit for an increase in power, etc.? I'm sure this would be of much interest to your readers. May I also suggest that you print less fiction, and include more news of the field of Radio. Some fiction is all right, but it shouldn't take up too much space in a Radio magazine.

Will you please make me a member of the V. O. L. correspondence club.—A. F. Day, Sergeant, Ky.

W. K. Henderson Forever!

W. K. Henderson and his station, "The Voice of the People," is doing more good for the American people than any other station on the air.

I believe that KWKH cannot be equaled by any station on the air today for service, education, amusement and dependability.

If we had more stations putting on good educational fights against the chain stores, instead of all this chain stuff on the air every night by 40 to 50 stations on all of the wave lengths, this country would not be going through this panic caused by the chain stores.

I am a boy, 19 years old, just out of high school, and there is no future as long as these Wall Street chains run this country. Here's to KWKH!

Every free born American citizen should vote, fight and help KWKH, which has more listeners than any other station in America—bar none.

I certainly enjoyed the October issue, for it told about Mr. Henderson. I hope the day will not come when we will be forced to listen to these rotten chain programs that fill the dial.—Thomas A. Troutman, Carl Junction, Mo.

Where Do We Go Now?

I was dumbfounded on reading the article, "Where Do We Go?" by Elsie Robinson in the March Radio Digest.

I had supposed Radio Digest confined itself to the news of the Radio World, a field indeed large and interesting. Dabbling in religious and irreligious theories in R. D. would be an unwise venture.

If Elsie Robinson feels she must "enlighten" (?) the world with her irreligious findings regarding the next world (and that is her privilege), let her burden some so-called religious periodical with the article.

I, for one, do not want to be insulted by such rot as Elsie Robinson dished out in her "Where Do We Go?" and cannot be counted as a subscriber to such stuff. There are thousands of other readers who think the same, but probably will not go to the trouble of telling you.

I would be pleased to have an explanation why such an article appeared in Radio Digest.—Jos. J. Dalhoff, Sacred Heart Rectory, Early, Iowa.

When Have We Not Used One?

As suggestions are in order most any time, I am writing to suggest something to you for your very interesting magazine. As you know, a book first gets its publicity and becomes known by its name and its contents. It arouses much interest in the literary world, at first, but after awhile it just falls into the routine of things. There must be something to make it stand out from the other monthly magazines. For instance, Liberty has one of the most popular covers on any magazine. People are interested in "Lil and Her Adventures," because they seem real and are human. The Photoplay has a cover that is quick to catch the eye. Why? Because it has a real live person on it and one to whom people look with interest.

Well, so much for the other magazines. Your magazine has a name that is field for ample material. People of the Radio world are vastly interested in the personalities they hear from time to time over the Radio. I am a Radio fan, and I certainly am interested in any artist I have heard. Well, why not make your magazine stand out from the rest by placing a picture of a Radio artist on the cover of your book? We certainly want to see and know them "In Person" as well as "In Spirit." Your field is so large and diversified that you could never make the rounds. It would certainly give your book a personality that would pay and would also help the Radio dealer. Things that are before our eyes you can't forget. Hoping you give my suggestion a consideration—that is its due.—Miss Dorothy Myers, 1829 W. Craig Pl., San Antonio, Texas.

What Say, V. O. L. Club Members?

In reading your editorial comment, I notice you invite anyone to write regarding the current practice of Radio stations being reluctant to identify themselves to the listener.

I fully agree with you on this subject, and think there should be some plan worked out whereby the Radio stations would be informed of the listening public demands for more frequent station announcements. What is the matter with them? Are they ashamed of their station or program? Or do they want to take all the available time advertising some kind of "plow points," high pull gasoline or reading a lot of "high brow" gab about some near great composer or composition (which the announcer himself has no inkling of what it is all about). Of course, I am not in favor of a historical sketch of the station and its owners, but just a simple, "This is station KDKO," at the end of every selection.

I am a DX hound, and have spent as much as one hour and thirty minutes to be absolutely sure of the station to which I had been listening, and again sometimes to have them fade completely out, never to return again that night. Just recently I listened patiently for forty-eight minutes to a program consisting mostly of blue notes from an "applesauce" grand studio organ, before being informed that the program was coming from Los Angeles. Then, again, I listened for one hour to what I thought was a Colorado station, but was informed it was a station not 40 miles away. I hope there can be enough sentiment stirred up to demand the broadcasters to favor us with a station announcement at least every 15 minutes.

I enjoy reading your magazine, and believe you can improve it by adding a couple of pages devoted to the DX listener and short wave fan. Put it up to your readers and see if they will indorse it.—H. C. Graham, 827 Wayne Ave., Indiana, Pa.

Help for Dr. Tydings

Would this help C. O. Tydings, M. D., of Louisville, Ky.? San Juan, Porto Rico, is a distance of 1,380 miles from New York; Chicago, Ill., 2,000 miles; Denver, Colo., 2,600 miles. San Juan broadcasts each Wednesday 8 to 9:30 p. m.; Saturday, 10 to 11 p. m.; Monday, 8:30 to 10 p. m. One hour earlier than Eastern Standard time. Got this direct from WKAQ, San Juan, on February 13, 1930.—Mrs. J. H. Brown, 681 Highland Ave., Meadville, Pa.

Chains or Independents

Give the independent stations a break. Why not a contest to determine which is enjoyed most—chain or independent. Your magazine contains too much about the chains, which have nearly complete control of the air. We feel sorry for the future of Radio if this chain business gets any worse.—R. M. Trierweiler, Woodbine, Iowa.

Liked February Best of All

The February issue of Radio Digest is the best in many a moon. We enjoyed it especially because it told us interesting things about characters and people that appeal to us—Amos 'n' Andy, Weener Minstrels, Floyd Gibbons, Milton Cross, Vaughn de Leath. Wishing you continued success.—Mrs. I. B. Kite, 4212 Center St., Houston, Texas.

For Once—Praise the Chains

In your "Across the Desk" column, you suggest that announcers should give the call letters of the station more frequently than they do.

It seems to me that it is only those who do not belong to a chain that withhold their announcements for long intervals.

The stations associated with the Columbia and

NBC networks announce with a certain regularity. Those smaller, independent stations seem to be the ones for whose announcements we wait. Haven't you found that so?

Another matter: Oftentimes we tune in on a musical number which sounds familiar, but the name of which we cannot speak. A few years ago the announcers gave the names of music, played both before and afterwards. Now, the practice seems to be to announce only once—before.

I wonder how much more time it would take to announce the number twice—both before and after it has been played?—Edward G. Gaylord, Syracuse, N. Y.

Curious About Chain Programs

I am a Radio fan and interested in the programs the two networks present. Radio Digest has been my favorite magazine since I bought my first copy one year ago, and has up till now brought me a picture of each of my favorite artists. I would suggest that your magazine print an article on how a network program is put over. I know it would be appreciated by all interested Radio fans.—George Dorr, Jr., Bronx, New York City.

We Print Every Name Stations Send Us

Do not throw this in the waste basket until you realize I am voicing the sentiment of others as well as myself. Why—yes, why—do you continue to omit the names of anyone broadcasting at stations KFNF (Henry Field's Station at Shenandoah, Iowa) and KWKH (W. K. Henderson's station at Shreveport, Louisiana) in your "Who's Who in Broadcasting"?—Mrs. Gus McCarty, Draper, S. D.

As Necessary as Tubes

Wish to tell you how much we enjoy your magazine. It is as necessary to us as the tubes in our Radio and cannot suggest any way you could improve it. Would very much like to see an article on Al and Pete, as we think they are one of the best teams on the air.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sanderson, Maywood, Ill.

Always Something New

I heard some one advertising Radio Digest and I bought one. The outstanding thing I found in it was that the listeners want something different, and more frequent announcement of call letters. Listening over the Radio reminds one of a boarding house—hash on Monday, light rolls on Tuesday, etc. My pleasure is finding something new.—F. A. Parsons, Beverly, Va.

Better Than That—This Issue

It wasn't until recently that I discovered how wonderful Radio Digest really is. I immediately subscribed for it. Now, I desire to become a member of your V. O. L. correspondence club. I am going to ask a couple of favors of you. I am more than interested in Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. I understand from the V. O. L. that you have had articles on him. Would you please send me the issue or issues which contain these articles? I will immediately send the money for the same. I also agree with another V. O. L. member: Let's have an article on Coon-Sanders Nighthawks.—Howard Hall, Dundee, N. Y.

How About It, DX'ers?

On Saturday, February 15, at 8:45 p. m., and again on the following Saturday at the same hour, I tuned in a station in Havana, Cuba, operating on 500 meters. I was unable to get the call letters because of their being announced in Spanish. This station had four call letters which sounded like CMOL or CMAL. I am in doubt as to what the third call letter is. Perhaps some reader may be able to tell me. Station WGBS in New York City operates on this wavelength, so I cannot tune in this Cuban station only at times. Also, on March 3rd, at 9 p. m., I tuned in a foreign station on about 504 meters, just below the station I mentioned above. It was rather faint, therefore I was unable to find out the location. I could find no stations such as these two listed in four or five up-to-date logs, and, therefore, I ask your assistance. I shall be waiting for the next issue of Radio Digest.—John A. Bucek, Oakdale, N. Y.

Found and Lost Because of Elsie

I have purchased my first copy of Radio Digest through the advertised feature article on "Amos 'n' Andy," and, incidentally, my last, through the

essay or what have you, entitled: "Where Do We Go," by Elsie Robinson. I fail to see how an article of such insolent nature fits into a magazine of this character, therefore my best means of protest is to refrain from further patronage.—James F. Casey, 6111 McMahon Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Like a "Talking Movie"

Let me say the Radio Digest is one fine book. Amos 'n' Andy story is great, also full of fine pictures of who is who in Radio land. I've seen nothing like it yet. Radio Digest is like a talkie-movie—if one looks at it while listening in one can both hear and see.—Alexander Day, Glidden, Sask., Canada.

These Fans Are Mad at WENR

In all the years that we have had a Radio, the programs from WLS have always suited us the best. We have the WLS Family Album, so we know what the announcers and stars look like, and can recognize their voices as soon as we hear them. When WENR crowded them off the air we were just mad.—Mrs. O. F. Fairbank, Waupun, Wis.

Listen, You Announcers!

In your March issue and Across the Desk you have expressed my sentiments exactly in regard to what should happen to some of these mush mouthed announcers. This is my first letter to anyone about Radio. But it seems to me you have it in your power more than any one else to relieve the long suffering "listeners in." I have sat up several nights to log a few of the hard to get stations. But always get disgusted by 2 o'clock, tune out and go to bed. I could write a good one act playlet on the way some of these announcers cut up. The wonder to me is why are they on the air—they never announce the station, and about all they ever play is dance tunes, and they seem to forget that there may be 10 to 50 other stations on or near enough their wave length to interfere if they don't make their station announcement right at the end of their music. KFI of Los Angeles has the right idea. As soon as the stunt, whatever it may be, is over you hear at once, "KFI, Los Angeles." If you have been tuned in on music and are getting it at all you can surely get that. It's up to you, Mr. Editor, to pound them on the back. I have been a reader of the Digest for some time, and have been tempted before to write about this. And, as you have started the question, give those would-be announcers something to think about. More power to your fist.—B. A. Dunn, Wichita, Kan.

Well Worth Waiting For

I'm only sorry I didn't know the Digest was in existence till I heard someone say the Amos 'n' Andy story in it was fine. So I decided to buy one. I bought March's and got an old one from my paper man. I had to wait three days for it, but it was worth waiting for. I was so glad to see WENR leading that I wanted to send mine, too. I think WENR is the best station, as it is nearly all home talent, that is, not many chain programs, and we surely enjoy it.—Mrs. W. J. Forbes, Chicago, Ill.

Here's a Chance to Brag, DX'ers

Please inform the writer what person or persons have received the largest number of broadcasting stations on a one-tube set.—J. Allen Perry, 529 Russell St., Covington, Ky.

Stations Want Letters But Won't Answer

I would like to tell you how we like your magazine. Glad to see KWKH, or Doggonit Henderson, as we call him, had such good hacking. Re stations not answering letters—lots of them will ask listeners to write, but we have never got an answer from any of them. I wish there was a contest started for the best and plainest announcing. The most of them are too long between times, and snap it out as if they were ashamed of their town. We have some good announcers on the coast, but there is one I wish was ten or twelve thousand miles from here, and I'll bet we would have no hother catching his station letters. He sings out loud and slow, "This is C-K-M-O, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada." Re foreign stations—I wish they would at least give their call letters in English, too. I have lots of times, about two or three in the morning, got several stations I could not understand a word of.—A. Knay, Abbottsford, B. C.

No Partiality Intended

We want to tell you that the Radio Digest is the most popular piece of reading matter that comes into our home, and that is saying something, for we have twelve periodicals coming to us every month, to say nothing of two daily papers. However, there is one thing we cannot

understand, and that is why you say so little about the artists with the Columbia System? They have some wonderful talent, and their announcers are equal to any on the air, and surpassed by none.

Can we not hope to see the faces of these announcers on the pages of the Digest soon? And we certainly would not overlook Miss Yolande Langworthy. She is certainly worthy of a full page photo.

When reading the Digest, now, one gets the impression that the only real stars are shining for the NBC. Please do not think we are unappreciative of the NBC—we enjoy their better things immensely, and they certainly have a wonderful lineup, but we would also like to hear and see something from the Columbia System—or I should have said MORE of the CBS staff and artists.—C. M. Flynn, Detroit, Mich.

Likes Recorded Programs

The editorial on page six of current issue of Radio Digest will appeal to many as meriting a word of commendation. I have long wondered at the prevalent disparagement of the broadcasting of phonograph records and the disfavor with which the use of such program material is said to be regarded by the Federal Radio Commission. To my mind a good record, having regard to technical quality and regardless of subject matter, put on the air in the best manner, is to be preferred to much of the output of the so-called "studio artists."

Organ music seems to present technical difficulties. Most we hear is certainly had. It is reported WBAL has recently developed a new type of microphone giving better low-note pickup. However, the primary cause of the poor organ programs appears to be the dearth of capable organists, or, at least, failure to develop a technique adapted to Radio reproduction.

Your paragraph dealing with station announcements is very timely. Apart from chain programs no valid reason appears why stations should not announce call letters after each number. This very thing is done by some of our best stations—at times. Perhaps a persistent agitation of the matter would induce them to make it routine procedure in all cases. I hope you will continue the good work.—J. L. Edmiston, Riverside, Calif.

Glad to Oblige, Mrs. Kroupa

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. I like it the best of all Radio magazines that I have seen. The only trouble is the long wait between issues. The October number was the first I had seen. Hope you will soon have a picture of Everett Mitchell in a coming number, as you have had pictures of Gene Arnold and Paul McCluer, and we are interested in all WENR artists and announcers.—Mrs. Frank V. Kroupa, Racine, Wis.

Right to the Point

I was first introduced to Radio Digest over WLS and find it to be just what a Radio magazine should be. It is brief and to the point, and not technical.

The pictures and stories about the different stations are very interesting and acquaint us with the many folks whom we hear but never see.—Louise Bihl, Chicago, Ill.

One for You This Month

As I am a reader of the Radio Digest, I would like to know how I can get the pictures of Ted Husing and Frank Knight and Don Ball, announcers of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. Also the picture of Marley R. Sherris of the National Broadcasting Company. I have a Radio scrap book, and I keep all the worthwhile persons in it.—Mrs. R. A. Bowen, 76 First St., Eastport, Md.

You're Welcome, Miss Rawlings

I have been receiving the Radio Digest since December, and I certainly enjoy it, especially the history of Amos 'n' Andy, the popular comedians; also photographs of the announcers and artists. Wish you could have pictures of John S. Young and Alwyn Bach. Was pleased to find the photograph of Milton J. Cross, whom we all enjoy.—Louise Rawlings, Slater, Mo.

Reads Three Issues in Two Weeks

I have just finished reading the last three numbers of the Radio Digest, and I certainly enjoyed every page, and that is what I mean when I said, "finished reading the last three numbers." I did all the reading in two weeks, besides going to school, and that means some tall reading. I came across an item which said that the listeners should write in and ask for their favorite station pictures, and that is the reason for this letter. Try and get the Dixie Girls and the Hawaiians from station KMA. That does not necessarily say that this is my favorite station, for the owner is

against chain broadcasts, while I think that he is wasting his time trying to do away with the good that the chain broadcasts bring to the many listeners. I listen to more chain programs than to programs featured by small stations.—Rockford H. Borman, Freeman College, Freeman, S. D.

In Defense of "Little Fellow"

May I join the V. O. L.? I just wish to offer my support in defense of the small independent broadcasting station. Situated about thirty miles from my section of the good old Empire State, is an independent station, and, if anywhere you can find any better programs than that little 250-watt station projects on the air, you have got to show me. My Radio set brings in a great many different stations, including WLS and WLW during daylight hours, but I consistently turn to the small station as my favorite entertainer.—Fulton Radio Fanette.

Thinks Lombardo Beats Coon-Sander

I am and have, for a long period, been a staunch friend of your wonderful magazine, and am always looking forward to the next number. This morning I am in my fighting togs (pardon the slang). In my March issue is an article by Virginia Peters, Cincinnati, Ohio, claiming Coon-Sander's orchestra as the most wonderful and only perfect orchestra in the world. Coon-Sanders have a hot dance orchestra, I will allow, but for exquisite beauty and palpitating rhythm Guy Lombardo's music (the sweetest music this side of heaven) is a thing far beyond comparison with any. Please open your heart and give us a little news of the incomparable and his flourishing conquest of New York. We have not had a good picture of Guy since March issue, 1929. The picture of the Royal Canadians in the November issue is blurred. I agree with Mrs. L. R. Williams, New Providence, Iowa. It would be very interesting to have pictures of all the announcers. I have a Radio album for my Radio favorites (not Paul Whiteman). After all this talk I may not qualify for membership in the "Voice of the Listeners' " club, but you should watch me listen when Guy Lombardo is playing. Thanking you for the many pleasant hours derived from your magazine.—Mrs. J. P. Hvass, 7320 25th Ave., Kenosha, Wis.

They Like Amos 'n' Andy

I am so glad you are running the series of stories about Amos and Andy in Radio Digest. They certainly are one of the best features on the air today. I enjoy the Digest so much, and wouldn't know how to get along without it. I am so glad it comes every month now, and wish it was oftener.—Mrs. J. F. Seiler, Elkhart, Indiana.

Whole Family Listens

I read in the Milwaukee Journal that Radio Digest was carrying a story telling all about Amos and Andy. Our family is one of the millions that listen to this popular black face team every night, and look forward to hearing Bill Hay's voice announcing them from WMAQ and the NBC. We certainly enjoy reading all about them in your wonderful magazine.—William F. Kroeger, Shocton, Wis.

Likes "A. and A." but Oh, Elsie!

I am one of the great multitude of Amos 'n' Andy enthusiasts, and because of your article about them bought my first copy of Radio Digest in March. In my opinion, and I expect to make this the theme of an article on the subject, there are several reasons for the popularity of this team. There have been other similar programs, but usually the actors were not Southerners who understood the Negro, so their impersonations were not convincing. I am a Southerner and I know what I'm writing about. It is Amos who is the artist, and to a large extent makes the programs famous. Andy, it seems, didn't know how to draw properly until he got the toothache.

Then the boys never resort to vulgarity or insinuations, and, moreover, do not offend anyone's religion, politics or policies. The boys are not original, and are different only because they are real Southerners and thus can understand the Negro and give a convincing impersonation.

But my first was my last copy of your magazine. . . . Can you reasonably explain what business Elsie Robinson's article of "Life After Death" has in a Radio magazine? Is your magazine published for all classes, or just one or two, as one would think after reading that article.

Evidently Miss Robinson has not made a thorough study of the Bible or she wouldn't make some of the statements she does. I was thoroughly disgusted—I don't even want to read the next Amos 'n' Andy article. . . .—Grace Johnson Hall, Freeport, Ohio.

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



So much has been said about Vaughn De Leath and Franklyn Baur, stars of the Voice of Firestone, Hugo Mariani has been almost forgotten at times. He is one of Radio's foremost musicians and conducts several other musicals over the NBC.

Monday

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 8:30 a.m. to 9:30 a.m. Columns include Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones, with station call letters and frequencies.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 10 a.m. to 11:15 a.m. Includes 'Ida Bailey' and 'Allen' sections, listing stations like W3XAU and W2XE.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 11:15 a.m. to 12:15 p.m. Includes 'Radio Household Institute' and 'Columbia Review' sections.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 12:15 p.m. to 1:15 p.m. Includes 'National Farm and Home Hour' and 'The Pepsodent Program'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 1:15 p.m. to 2:15 p.m. Includes 'The Voice of Firestone' and 'The Pepsodent Program'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 2:15 p.m. to 3:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 3:15 p.m. to 4:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 4:15 p.m. to 5:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 5:15 p.m. to 6:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.

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Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 4:15 p.m. to 5:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 5:15 p.m. to 6:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 6:15 p.m. to 7:15 p.m. Includes 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'The Voice of Firestone'.



Don't you think this is an attractive picture of Belle Forbes Cutter? She was recently heard in the lead role of New Moon over the CBS.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 10:15 a.m. to 11:15 a.m. Includes 'Studebaker Champions' and 'Arabesque' sections.

Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 11:15 a.m. to 12:15 p.m. Includes 'Studebaker Champions' and 'Arabesque'.

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Table listing radio stations and frequencies for Monday, 3:15 p.m. to 4:15 p.m. Includes 'Studebaker Champions' and 'Arabesque'.

Table with radio station listings for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions, including call letters and frequencies.

Table titled 'An Evening in Paris' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Robert Burns Fanatella Program' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Empire Builders' listing radio stations (Key Station-WJZ) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Gold Strangers' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Longine's Correct Time' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Peepsent Program, Amos 'n' Andy' listing radio stations (Key Station-Chicago Studio) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.



A rather clever caricature by Ricca of Cesare Sodero, operatic maestro and one of the air's most distinguished musicians. Ricca caught the maestro as he led the Westinghouse Salute Orchestra one night.

12:45 p.m. Eastern 11:45 a.m. Central 10:45 Mountain 9:45 Pacific

Table with radio station listings for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions, including call letters and frequencies.

Table titled 'National Farm and Home Hour' listing radio stations (Key Station-WJZ) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'American School of the Air' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Auction Bridge Game-Milton C. Work' listing radio stations (Key Station-WAFA) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table with radio station listings for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions, including call letters and frequencies.

Table titled 'Rhythm Kings Dance Orchestra' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'The Peepsent Program, Amos 'n' Andy' listing radio stations (Key Station-WJZ) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Pure Oil Concert' listing radio stations (Key Station-WJZ) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Romany Peasaran' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Eveready Program' listing radio stations (Key Station-WEAF) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour' listing radio stations (Key Station-WABC) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Harbor Lights' listing radio stations (Key Station-WEAF) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Ida Bailey Allen' listing radio stations (Key Station-W2XE) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Radio Household Institute' listing radio stations (Key Station-WEAF) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Auction Bridge Game-Milton C. Work' listing radio stations (Key Station-WAFA) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Tuesday' listing radio stations (Key Station-WEAF) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.

Table titled 'Auction Bridge Game-Milton C. Work' listing radio stations (Key Station-WAFA) and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions.



When Chevrolet was looking about for a headliner to grace its big celebration over the Columbia system it hit upon Grace Hayes, star of stars.

Table with columns for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. It lists various radio stations and their frequencies, such as KSTP, WSAI, WMBB, WREX, WHAM, WAPI, WBAL, KFKX, WBZ, and WBSA.

Wednesday

Table listing radio programs for Wednesday, including 'Cheerio', 'Peppod Program', 'National Home Hour', and 'Sylvania Foresters'. It provides station call letters and frequencies.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Mary Hale Martin's Household Period' and 'Radio Household Institute'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Columbia Review' and 'La Palma Smoker'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'National Farm and Home Hour' and 'The Peppod Program'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'The Yeast Foamers' and 'Mobiloil Concert'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Sylvania Foresters' and 'Forty Fathom Trawlers'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Halsey Stuart Program' and 'Ida Bailey Allen'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Palmolive Hour' and 'Key Station-WFAE'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Key Station-WABC' and 'Philo Hour'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Key Station-WABC' and 'Coca Cola Topnotchers'.

Table listing radio programs for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs include 'Key Station-WFAE' and 'Key Station-WJZ'.



A featured soloist with the grand opera broadcast of the CBS evening last March, Julia Mahoney added much to the enjoyment of the program.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:30 p.m., Central 9:30, Mountain 8:30, Pacific 7:30. Includes program 'Grand Opera Concert' and 'Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:30 p.m., Central 9:30, Mountain 8:30, Pacific 7:30. Includes program 'Hank Simonson's Show Boat' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:30 p.m., Central 9:30, Mountain 8:30, Pacific 7:30. Includes program 'Longline's Correct Time' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'. Note: This table appears to be a duplicate of the previous one.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:00, Central 9:00, Mountain 8:00, Pacific 7:00. Includes program 'Ida Bailey Allen—National Radio Home Makers' Club' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:30, Central 9:30, Mountain 8:30, Pacific 7:30. Includes program 'Busy Fingers' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 11:15 a.m., Central 10:15, Mountain 9:15, Pacific 8:15. Includes program 'Radio Household Institute' and 'Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 11:30, Central 10:30, Mountain 9:30, Pacific 8:30. Includes program 'Du Barry Beauty Talk' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 11:45, Central 10:45, Mountain 9:45, Pacific 8:45. Includes program 'Columbia Review—Tropical Tramps' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: 8:30 a.m., 7:30, 6:30, 5:30. Includes program 'Cheerio' and 'Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)'.



Here's Dennis King, who sings in The Vagabond King, both in the talkies and once at least on the Paramount-Publix Hour via CBS.

Table with columns: Eastern 8, Central 7, Mountain 6, Pacific 5. Includes program 'Fleischmann Hour' and 'Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)'.



Joe Rines is vocal soloist and director of an unusual orchestral unit, the Triadors, who are heard in an NBC program Friday evenings at 8 o'clock (EST).

Table with columns: Eastern 12:45 p.m., Central 11:45 a.m., Mountain 10:45, Pacific 9:45. Includes program 'National Farm and Home Hour' and 'Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 2:30, Central 1:30, Mountain 12:30, Pacific 11:30. Includes program 'American School of the Air' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 5:00, Central 4:00, Mountain 3:00, Pacific 2:00. Includes program 'Radio-Keith-Orpheum Program' and 'Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 8:30, Central 7:30, Mountain 6:30, Pacific 5:30. Includes program 'Champion Sparkers' and 'Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 9, Central 8, Mountain 7, Pacific 6. Includes program 'True Detective Mysteries' and 'Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 9:30, Central 8:30, Mountain 7:30, Pacific 6:30. Includes program 'Seiberling Singers' and 'Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)'.

Table with columns: Eastern 10, Central 9, Mountain 8, Pacific 7. Includes program 'Maxwell House Melodies' and 'Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)'. Includes program 'Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program' and 'Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)'.



The inimitable and always enjoyable and entertaining Fanny Brice is always called upon for "My Man" whenever and wherever she is. Her appearance on one of the Fleischmann Hour programs over the NBC was no exception.

Eastern 10:00 p.m. Central 9:00 Mountain 8:00 Pacific 7:00

RCA Victor Hour. Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for various stations in the RCA Victor Hour.

Longine's Correct Time. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Longine's Correct Time.

11:30 Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—Chicago Studios

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for the Pepsodent Program.

Friday

8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30

Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Cheerio.

10 a.m. 9 8 7

Ida Bailey Allen, National Home Makers' Club. Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Ida Bailey Allen.

Eastern 10:30 Central 9:30 Mountain 8:30 Pacific 7:30

National Home Hour—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for National Home Hour.

11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

Music Appreciation Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Music Appreciation Hour.

12:00 n. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00

Columbia Revue. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Columbia Revue.

12:45 11:45 10:45 9:45

National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for National Farm and Home Hour.

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for The Pepsodent Program.

Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Cities Service Concert Orchestra.

9 p.m. True Story Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for True Story Hour.

Interwoven Pair. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Interwoven Pair.

Eastern 9:00 Central 8:00 Mountain 7:00 Pacific 6:00

Cluquet Club Esldmos. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Cluquet Club Esldmos.

9:30 8:30 7:30 6:30

Armour Program. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Armour Program.

Armstrong Quakers. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Armstrong Quakers.

10:30 9:30 8:30 7:30

Mystery House. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Mystery House.

11 p.m. Will Osborne and His Orchestra. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Will Osborne and His Orchestra.

11:15 10:15 9:15 8:15

Longine's Correct Time. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Longine's Correct Time.

11:30 Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—Chicago Studios

Table with columns: Meters, Kc., Call, Station. Lists radio frequencies and call letters for Pepsodent Program.



Judith Poska, the noted concert violinist, was heard in several selections on one of the Friday evenings Curtis Institute of Music programs.

Saturday

Table with columns for Eastern (6:45 a.m.), Central (5:45), Mountain (4:45), and Pacific (3:45). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for Tower Health Exercises, Morning Devotions, Radio Household Institute, National Farm and Home Hour, and General Electric Hour.

Table with columns for Eastern (4:00), Central (3:00), Mountain (2:00), and Pacific (1:00). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for The Aztecs, The Pepsodent Program, RCA Thelma Ether Wave Music, and Laundryland Lyrics.



Formerly with Roxy and his Gang and also with Major Bowes' Capitol Theatre Family, "Cookie" Cohen recently joined the staff of the Pacific Division of the NBC, and is heard on the Trocadero's weekly dance programs, and the Saturday night "Big Show."



This distinguished looking gentleman has a right to his likes and dislikes for he is no other than the great violinist, Toscha Seidel. He was recently heard on a Friday evening Brown-Bilt Footlights program presented by Columbia.

Table with columns for Eastern (9:00), Central (8:00), Mountain (7:00), and Pacific (6:00). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for Nit-Wit Hour and Paramount-Public Radio Hour.

Table with columns for Eastern (10 p.m.), Central, Mountain, and Pacific (7). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra and Longines Correct Time.

Table with columns for Eastern (9:30), Central (8:30), Mountain (7:30), and Pacific (6:30). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for Around the Samovar and Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

Table with columns for Eastern (11:00), Central (10:00), Mountain (9:00), and Pacific (8:00). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for Longines Correct Time, Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians, and Pepsodent Program.

Table with columns for Eastern (10 p.m.), Central (9), Mountain (8), and Pacific (7). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike Orchestra.

Table with columns for Eastern (11:30), Central (10:30), Mountain (9:30), and Pacific (8:30). It lists radio stations and their frequencies for Pepsodent Program.

- WJR String Quartet**, Eric Van Myhr, Director, WJR.
- WLS Singers**, mixed quartet, WLS. Berenice Ozum, contralto; Eugene Leonardson, baritone; Osgood Westley, tenor, and Olive Arthur, soprano. On Sunday programs with hymns and old madrigals.
- Woepfner, Henry C.**, KSTP, Musical Director, Conductor National Battery Symphony Orchestra. First flutist Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra 23 years. Played under Damrosch, Oberholfer, Walter, Walbrilowitch, Verbrugghen and coached with master musicians. Has appeared at WGN, KDKA and other stations.
- Wolf, Irene**, Soprano, WMAK.
- Wolfe, John**, of John and Ned, NBC, San Francisco.
- Wolfe, Rosalie**, Soprano, NBC, New York.
- Wolfinson, Wolfe**, First Violin, Lenox String Quartet, NBC, New York.
- Wolter, Edward**, Baritone, NBC, New York.
- Wommack, Lucille**, Popular Songs, KVOO.
- Womrath, Frederick G., Jr.**, KSTP, President, University of Minnesota Masquers, Member KSTP Players.
- Wons, Anthony**, Popular Reader, Dramatic Personage, WLW. Formerly with WLS.
- Wood, Blanche**, the Original Girl Baritone. Blanche plays her own accompaniment at the piano and sings all popular songs. Under the name of Amy Lou she conducts the morning classified hour called Amy Lou's shopping hour. Miss Wood has been with KFSD two years and has made many friends.
- Wood, Elsie Miller**, Pianist, WLAC.
- Wood, Gayle**, KSTP, the "Harmony Hurricane" feature piano artist. Played piano from boyhood, uses no music. Several tours of radio stations. Entertains on popular programs.
- Wood, Mrs. H. D.**, pianist and contralto, WAPI.
- Woodhall, Dr. C. W.**, Health Talks, WGY.
- Woodyard, Darrell**, Basso, NBC, New York.
- Woolwine, Sam**, WSM.
- Worrell, Staff Artist**, WTAR.
- Worhians, Dance Orchestra**, WBAP.
- Wright, Beatrice Tate**, Pianist, WAPI.
- Wright, Floyd**, Organist, KPO.
- Wright, Harold**, Jazz Genius, WGN.
- Wrigley, Frank**, Organist, WWJ.
- WSUN Quintet**, Lura Fullerton Yoke, Pianist; Marguerite Saltsman, Soprano; Ruth Thompson, Contralto; Freeman Futch, Tenor, and Everett Revere, Bass.
- WSUN Players**, Dorothy Collins and Norman Rockwell, WSUN.
- Wyborny, Nancy A.**, Plays Cello in the Wyborny Trio, WNAX, and Violin solos while studying at Yankton Conservatory of Music. Joined regular staff at WNAX July 5, 1928. Plays violin in studio orchestra, Sunshine Furniture Favorites, Meridian Trio, also in duets and solos, plays cello in Little Symphony Orchestra, sings in mixed quartet and with Esther Smith for sacred services.
- Wylie, Allister**, Orchestra Leader of Pal Lido, KMOX.
- Wylie, Mary E.**, Conductor of the Musical Appreciation Period, KTHS.
- Wyllie, Walcott**, Associate Announcer, WFLA.
- YARUSSHKA, Charles**, Russlan Arte Troupe, KSTP.
- Yates, Danny**, Director of Orchestra heard over CKAC.
- Yates, Fred L.**, Tenor, KVOO.
- Yettro, Ollie**, Pianist, WGY.
- Yoder, Lloyd E.**, Press Representative and Special Announcer, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.
- Yoke, Lura Fullerton**, Pianiste, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.
- Young and Perry**, Piano Duo, NBC, San Francisco.
- Young, Floyd**, Soloist, KMA.
- Young, John**, Announcer, Dramatic Reader, NBC, New York.
- Young, Roy**, Pianist, WDBO.
- Young, Ruth**, Novelty Pianist, WHB.
- Young, W. A.**, Manager, WBRC.
- ZAHN, Herbert**, Staff Pianist, WHEC.
- Zeb**, Ukulele and Novelty songs, KWK.
- Zedelar, Franz**, KSTP, Second Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.
- Zeller, Enza Alton**, KSTP, Playwright, Director Junior Repertoire Theatre, Minneapolis; Member Cast "Story of Furs"; Associate Director, KSTP Players.
- Zelner, Otto**, Bass, WCCO.
- Zender, Charles L.**, Tenor, WSM.
- Zerbst Pharmacal String Quartet**, KFEQ.
- Zielinska, Genia**, Coloratura Soprano, Prima Donna, National Broadcasting Company.
- Zinzer, Pauline**, Violinist, WAPI.
- Zohn, Chet**, Tenor Soloist and Stein Quartet, WADC.
- Zupfer, Otto**, Leader, Otto's Little German Band, KSTP.



in mixed quartet and with Esther Smith for sacred services.

Who's Who in Radio addendum will appear in the June issue of Radio Digest.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman Leads With Church

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, the first pastor to put religion on the air, thus created in America the first Universal Church for the discussion of religion in its relationship to the everyday problems of home life and business life. He inaugurated, at the same time, the now popular question and answer interpretations of the Bible. Dr. Cadman has always been a pioneer in creating methods of popularizing the church. (See Dr. Cadman's editorial, written especially for Radio Digest, on page 7.)

His sermons, as pastor of the Metropolitan Temple of New York City, from 1895 to 1901, always delivered in that delightful Oxford voice and with his pleasant manner of talking as though he were taking his congregation into his confidence, as he would have talked in his study to just one individual, with true fatherly feeling, no high flown language, no damnation dynamite, made that church during his pastorate the most popular church in New York.

This church drew to its every service the Broadwayites, who seldom went to church, the men and women of the stage, the man in the street, the sort of people who did not go in for religion chiefly because most religionists of that day preached AT them.

Dr. Cadman talked to them, taught them with lectures of scholarly information on many topics besides religion that religion had a place and a purpose in their lives that they should take advantage of if they really wanted to live, in the here and now, fuller and better lives.

When, in 1901, Dr. Cadman, the most fatherly pastor who ever filled a pulpit, in looks, disposition and manner toward his flock, left the Temple to become pastor of the Central Congregational church of Brooklyn, which pulpit he holds to this day, his New York congregation followed across the great Brooklyn bridge down to the sleepiest actor who did not like to get up early Sunday morn to make the trip but did it to hear Cadman in the pulpit and to talk to him, after services, in his study, if there was anything on that actor's mind troubling him.

You hear Dr. Cadman every Sunday now in the Cathedral hour over NBC.

Archie Coates, A. B., A. M., has joined the continuity staff of the Columbia Broadcasting system. Coates was on the editorial staff of Vanity Fair, Literary Digest, and Life. He is the author of "City Tides." He worked as assistant to Deems Taylor on the World. He has traveled extensively and was personal representative for Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the explorer.

* * *

And here is something else that includes the Scandinavian. Margaret Olson, who sings in the Davy program heard regularly through NBC networks, is a native of that country. At the moment she is planning a long vacation at home for next summer. The vacation will include several song recitals, arrangements for which already have been completed.

Remember the Old Days?

EIGHT years ago Radio broadcasting and receiving was in a comparatively primitive state. On March 25, 1922, some 50,000 loyal listeners gathered around their sets to hear a program from a new station—KGW was to go on the air with its new transmitter. Not only was it an event from that point of view, but the featured artist was none other than Edith Mason, prima donna of the Chicago Civic Opera company. Up to that time only local talent had been heard from Portland.

For her first selection Miss Mason chose the entrance song from Madame Butterfly. She stood in front of the mike nervously, in spite of all her grand opera experience, trembling at thought of her unseen audience. Then came the signal, and her voice went out, loud and clear to crystal sets and "big ones" alike.

Now broadcasting is an institution and opera stars, trans-Atlantic programs, in short, every variety of entertainment goes out over the air from KGW and other stations throughout the nation, with hardly a quiver of extra interest or a thought of there being anything unusual—only appreciation.

* * *

This Band Doubles Work

TWENTY-FIVE pieces, working under two directors, make up the symphony orchestra of the Don Lee station, KHJ, in Los Angeles. Raymond Paige, musical director of the station, conducts the musicians a la Paul Whiteman as "The Sierra Symphonists," playing special arrangements by staff musicians.

Charles Sheppard conducts this same orchestra as the "Don Lee Symphony," playing all standard concert music. Hank Howe assembles fourteen of the best dance men for the dance programs.

The singers at KHJ are also called on for a wide variety of entertainment. The eight classical singers also sing in ensemble, mixed quartet, male quartet, ladies' quartet, etc., offering everything from "Singin' in the Rain" to grand opera, and featuring fifty of the popular light operas with orchestra.

The popular staff of this Los Angeles station is made of the finest of individual blues singers and popular song artists. In all, an organization of eighty-three artists produce every day diversified programs between the hours of six and ten o'clock, KHJ is the key station of the Pacific coast division of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

* * *

Artells Dickson, baritone, former WABC announcer, has become an exclusive vocal artist for CBS and now wears a mustache.

Story of Frank Knight

(Continued from page 9)

museum, he wandered into a small gallery that was having a very fine modern show at the time, and soon became intensely appreciative of all modernistic works; architecture, interior decoration, and fine arts.

On odd afternoons Frank often takes himself to the Bronx zoo and wanders about making friends with the animals, particularly the lion cubs. He also holds long conversations with talking parrots, enjoying the incongruousness of the picture—human words and sounds coming from the throat of a barbarous little feathered creature.

He loves the country and the outdoor life suggested by these jaunts. Probably a throw-back to the days of his youth when he spent entire summer vacations with a small group of eight or ten boys camping along the wooded lakes of New-

Weems Loves Music

(Continued from page 47)

foundland. Now he spends entire summers camping on the golf courses of Long Island and Westchester. And, by the way, he's an excellent golfer, always landing at the clubhouse with a score of eighty or less.

He is now awaiting his opportunity to return to the Orient and Egypt. He loves the sinuousness and mystery of the East. He was sent there during the war, and hopes to be sent again, this time on a peaceful errand. For he believes that Radio announcing will some day become akin to news reporting, and, like it, will encircle the globe—bringing with it a new type of announcer, or foreign Radio correspondent.

MR. KNIGHT is a very definite man. His statements are positive ones. His likes and dislikes are very distinct. All this is mirrored in his dress and his finely clipped speech. His clothes are always beautifully blended, usually in tones of brown. He always wears matching hose, ties, and handkerchiefs, and these are ever in harmony with the suit he happens to be wearing at the moment. His cigars are made from a secretly blended tobacco and are made especially for him. When he offers you one you may be sure that you occupy a firm place in his affections.

Oddly enough, for a man who dresses as well and meticulously as Mr. Knight, he wears no rings. He explained this absence by saying that he had no aversion to them, but he didn't seem able to find one different and interesting enough to wear. One day, in a shop window, he saw a magnificent ring of Chinese jade carved with a cryptic inscription, but unthinkingly passed it by. Haunted by it all that day and evening, he returned the following day to purchase it, but found it had been sold in the interim. When he finds one somewhat like it and equally as beautiful he will affect it.

In his work, also, he has definite preferences. He likes particularly to carry through a program like "Dream Boat," in which it is necessary for him to create an illusion for his audience. He is always carried away himself in this work, and he has found that the success of it is largely due to that very fact. He knows that if he can create the illusion in his own mind he can get it across to his listeners.

Frank feels very kindly toward the people who, as he says, take the trouble to write to him. Some of his fan mail is extremely shocking, some frankly admiring, and some of it in a vein critical, but friendly. He looks for this constructive criticism, as he knows himself to be at the dead end of a microphone, and at a disadvantage as far as any mistakes he may have made are concerned.

He showed me with great pride a large box of pussy-willows he had received that day from one of his listeners, and said, "You may be sure that when I leave here this evening that box will go with me, safely tucked under my arm. I don't know yet where I shall put them. I think it would be rather fitting and nice to put them on top of the Radio. Don't you?"

Letters poured into Station WABC when it was decided to cut the announcement of New York City by leaving out the word "City." All these letters contained complaints against the curtailment, saying that they especially liked the way Frank pronounced the latter word. It is natural to be able to work well with a public like that behind you.

And now, once again, the curtain must be raised for the opening of a new show. Everything is in readiness. The master of ceremonies takes his place. "This is Station WABC . . . Frank Knight announcing . . . we are now . . ."

lar Piccolo Pete over the air through the able rendition of Ted Weems and his famous recording orchestra, and Chicago began to listen. There are blue notes and gay notes, hot notes and cold notes, syncopation and rhythm. It is a danceable orchestra and a good one.

Ted Weems himself is most interesting. His tall, blond youthfulness is authentically collegiate without in the least meaning to be. His big smile warms you and then gives place to profound seriousness almost immediately. He has an overwhelming desire to please everybody and, much to his disgust, he admits that it is impossible.

AS AN example, he was playing at Vernon hall, Yale, not long ago. John Coolidge was present at the dance and arranged an introduction to Ted. It appears that Mr. Coolidge plays the saxophone and Ted asked if he should like to have a try at it in the orchestra. "I should rather direct the orchestra," was the reply. As a result, Ted danced throughout the evening with all of the girls, thereby pleasing John Coolidge and greatly disappointing the feminine assemblage. This is Ted's version of the story.

I asked Mr. Weems if he enjoyed playing jazz. "I hardly know," he said. "You see, jazz in the real sense is syncopated music whose notes are improvised at the time of playing. As most of the music the orchestra plays is arranged completely for each instrument, there is no chance for jazz playing." He went on to explain that jazz is more or less a thing of the past save in a few cases, as, for instance, when a song is requested and the orchestra has either discarded or never had the arrangement.

Mr. Weems likes playing in cafes and dance places slightly better than playing from the stage. He likes the personal contact with his audience that a night place gives him. The stage and movies have no appeal to him and, indeed, I doubt very much whether we will find him directing his orchestra much longer. A growing interest in the theatrical booking business and an ambition to follow television will undoubtedly take him away from the musical field to some extent, sooner or later.

I asked Mr. Weems if he had considered writing songs. "No money in it," he said shortly and then explained that he thought the field already overcrowded. Assuredly there is more money in an orchestra than there is in writing songs spasmodically. And if Ted Weems wrote songs the orchestra would probably be left to shift for itself. I would not say that Ted Weems has a one-track mind, but rather that he is so vitally fair and sincere that only one thing can claim his attention at one time.

Peterson Is Modest on Accomplishments

A RETIRING disposition is the last thing many persons would expect to find in a Radio announcer, yet Curt Peterson, whose voice is heard in connection with a number of important programs originating from the NBC New York Studios, is one of the most modest men on the air.

It was about two years ago that Peterson became associated with Broadcasting. Previously he had been a concert singer and teacher of voice, and almost immediately became an announcer. He was a member of the staff of WJZ when that station had its studios in the old Aeolian Hall, New York City.

Since then Peterson has been much in demand for important programs. His musical background, his personality and the quality of his baritone voice have made him especially successful in announcing broadcasts of classical music, although his adaptability and his sense of humor have made him widely popular for his guidance of the destinies of lighter broadcasts.

Peterson is known as one of the quietest men in the studios. He has very little to say of his successes before he entered broadcasting, and most of the things that are known about him he has admitted only after someone who "knew him when" supplied the information.

He was born in Albert Lea, Minn., February 12, 1898, but calls Eugene, Oregon, the site of the University of Oregon, his home city. His career at the University was interrupted by the World War, in which he served as a Lieutenant in the Infantry.

Following his graduation from the University in 1920, Peterson, whose baritone voice had aroused a great deal of favorable comment, took up singing as a profession. Later he became a teacher of voice at Miss Mason's Castle School for Girls.

Since becoming an NBC announcer Peterson has kept up his singing. He has made a number of concert appearances and has appeared as soloist in a number of broadcast programs. He is married, and has two children. His wife formerly was Patty French of San Diego, Cal., and his two children, Stephanie French and Janeth French Peterson, six and four years old, respectively, show signs of following in their father's footsteps.

Peterson is one of the NBC's "Sky-scraper" announcers. He is more than six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has light hair and fair complexion. His golf score is a secret. He plays regularly, however, and his friends say the score is one to be treated with respect.

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy

(Continued from page 12)

two girls—and they are scarcely more than that—really are sort of afraid of interviewers, as a clan, and sincerely bashful about talking about themselves. So, harken to the result of a earnest bit of gossip gathering, well authenticated, however, by a regular Amos and Andy "Check and Double Check!"

IN MOMENTS of temporary loneliness, when their husbands are busy writing skits or broadcasting them to you, twice nightly, while in Chicago, New York, or abroad elsewhere on frequent personal appearance tours, Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy refer to themselves, as "the Radio-widows."

These Radio-blues are encountered very seldom, however, because it's a fact that the whole family foursome more often goes along when the act is entour. The wives are only left alone during the actual broadcasting hours. When entour, relay wires and a microphone are set up back-stage, in whatever theatre Amos and Andy are gracing, at the moment, with their personal presence. In the former case, the wives are listening-in, at home. While entour they have receivers in their hotel suites. Most of the rest of the time, Hubby Amos and Hubby Andy are with the ladies of their heart's desire. No foolin' about their romances being unique for utter sincerity.

At the time of this writing, that convenient propinquity of apartments is undergoing an even more promising change. Mr. and Mrs. Amos and Mr. and Mrs. Andy have been spending past weeks picking out furniture, drapes and

interior decorations for a brand new home of their own to be located in the same apartment building and they will soon overlook Lake Michigan from adjacent front windows as across-the-hall neighbors.

No particular kind of period note is to be carried out within this new six-room apartment overlooking lake Michigan. Just a melange of selected pieces, is the idea. Mostly antiques, gathered from near and far by various importers of furniture and rugs. Artistic background for the general effect is in the hands of specialists in interior decoration, who are engaged in the task right now, while Mr. and Mrs. Andy, together with Amos, for the moment a "Radio widower," are enroute to Pittsburgh and points East.

THIS happy quartet get along so famously together that they are truly the wonder of their neighbors and all who know them intimately. The two boys are true partners in private life, and the two girls are inseparable, although they did not meet, these wise and winning wives, until Mrs. Andy acted as bridesmaid for Mrs. Amos.

These two young women are of an unusual sort, both beautiful, brainy, and, at times, quite as witty and wise as their famous husbands, all of which is saying a lot for the wives of professional partners.

Leave it to Mrs. Andy to give you the low down on that grouchy disposition. There's nothing to it. Andy is a perfect dear all the time. He's always sunny, even on a rainy day! As for Amos—no inferiority complex in his young life. It was no accident that Amos and Andy have climbed to the pinnacle of success that they enjoy today. They had the stuff, and they knew it. That's why they broke away from the restrictions of the Sam and Henry connections.

Up and coming, cheery, nifty, happy-go-lucky, they go blithely through the day, adoring husbands and adored by their wives like young newly-weds. And the cheerful young wives enter fully into the spirit of the mode of life into which they have found themselves. Every broadcast is an event. And do you suppose that Mrs. Andy or Mrs. Amos would ever be found asleep through an Amos 'n' Andy episode? Never. It is very much of a family affair, even if millions are listening in. In fact, it would break the boys' hearts if the girls didn't catch every line and intonation and know each skit off by heart. And this, despite the fact that they write the skits in the secret confines of the home study, or in their office in the Palmolive building, and perform them in the secret confines of a hushed studio room at the broadcasting station.

AMOS has never attempted a female vocalization. That's why you never hear Madam Queen or Ruby Taylor, but only all about them. He tried it once and Andy laughed so much at the falsetto that he (Andy) had to throw a glass of cold water into his own face before he could pick up his own lines. That happened, happily, at a rehearsal.

Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy really should have a part in that act. They admit that themselves to intimates. Mrs. Amos would make a splendid aunt Lillian, she whom Ruby Taylor was supposed to be visiting while in New York.

Truth is, there is a real Aunt Lillian, and she all but creeps right into the Amos home Radio when the boys are broadcasting. She is the colored mammy, at home, to Li'l Amos, Jr. And a dear she is, by all accounts, and how proud to be included or characterized

in those skits. Li'l Amos, Jr., almost crawls into the Radio with Lillian, for he loves music and gurgles with glee every time he hears the Perfect Song from the Birth of a Nation theme music that his father and Andy have made so popular once again.

Mrs. Amos is tall, brunette, has beaming brown eyes and makes a striking, even queenly, appearance as she steps forth in the latest long skirted fashions. Her neck-length black hair curls naturally and is brushed back behind her ears, in which she wears large stud ear-rings to match her attire and to accentuate the deep ivory of her skin or bring out the lights in her dancing mirthful eyes.

Mrs. Andy is a petite blue-eyed blonde. Her voice has a lively soprano lilt to it, and she is in rollicking humor most of the time, laughing at her husband's antics, as is Mrs. Amos. Yes, they surely enjoy life, that foursome, and it's not the huge salaries or even the popularity of the two Radio aces who provide for them that makes for their happiness, although they are appreciative of the public's approval. Sometimes they wonder how it all happened, this wondrous acclaim, and the money that makes it real and earnest. Their glad attitude is, we think, of that brand that would keep love within their doors even if poverty came in the window. They remain unspoiled.

You find no extravagant display in the homes of these wives. Both of the attractive wives were in business before their marriage, and to this day they truly represent that alert type of clever, cultivated business woman met with in metropolitan offices.

Mrs. Amos was private secretary to S. E. Thomason, former business manager of the Chicago Tribune, when she met Amos, and their meeting was a bit unusual. Here's how it happened. Some friends invited her to a party of Tribune employes, the escort that she was supposed to have for dinner and games did not show up and Amos gallantly took his place, being at the moment an end man—one who had come at a moment's notice, and who had not been exactly expected. She liked him from the start, she has since told her friends. His curly blond hair and the way he spoke and acted simply thrilled her. Anyway, she forgot that other fellow, didn't even bother to chide him for not coming to the party, as she might have done had Amos not come to completely take his place. Leta and Amos were married not so very long after that meeting. It was June, and Mrs. Andy was her bridesmaid. Andy was best man. The latter couple were a bit superior and sophisticated at the quiet church wedding, just because they had been married the previous January. All that was back in 1927.

Mrs. Andy's experience was somewhat like that of Mrs. Amos. First, she had met Andy at a friend's house in Chicago, then she went away for four years, almost losing track of him. Later, returning to work as secretary to an insurance company executive at a local theatre, she met Andy again.

He was playing his Sam 'n' Henry act at a Chicago theatre. She saw the show, recognized him as an old acquaintance, and sent her card back stage. He asked her to go to a banquet with him that night, she did, and after that . . . well, a slight acquaintance lengthened into friendship, love and marriage, and all of that before very long.

When Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy are at home they keep house, mostly. They both like a homey, hand-made sort of place, and they are both good cooks.

Mrs. Amos (Leta) does most of her own cooking although she has, of course,

a hired cook, but she likes to take a hand at favorite family dishes herself. And we have it on good authority that Mrs. Andy (Marie) is the only one who can satisfy her husband's epicurean tastes and cater to his delicate indigestion besides.

As it's told, Andy would honestly rather have a piece of Marie's home-made bread and jam than to be forced to eat a banquet at the Drake hotel. Both boys love their home, and dash right back there after broadcasts. You can find either of them at home when not engaged in their honest and honorable, if humorous, work, which, to them, is work, as it would be to anyone else who had to write a different, human interest skit for every day in the week and then put it over twice a day or night as well.

The change of broadcasting time recently requiring them to be on the air at 7 p. m. and again at 11 p. m., did not interfere either with their diets or their appetites for them, though the change did interfere with Mrs. Andy's home cooking. She joked with some friends about the change to 7 p. m., saying that she bet some wives would now burn the dinner turning the radio dial to listen in the earlier rendition of Amos 'n' Andy. Well, some wives did . . . the joke was on herself, 'tis told. The very first night that the boys went on the air at 7 p. m., she forgot that she had a chicken in the oven for Andy and candied sweets besides were burned to a crisp.

She didn't get a scolding, though, for Andy realized, or said he did, that it really was all his fault, as he had admonished her to listen prompt on the dot of the new hour, and that was just when the chicken and sweets were done to a turn.

Another thing nice to learn is that Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy have no foolish fears about feminine fans. Few mash notes bother the boys, men being in the majority of their admirers.

They are capable of a sense of humor, however, and even of appreciation when a "mash" note does occasionally come from some one who does not know, perhaps, that the boys are married.

Everyone calls these two happy wives Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. It's a custom now and they like it. Besides it's a necessity. When the boys are enroute stage-doormen do not call the boys by anything except character names, and the girls can't get back-stage to see these hubbies of theirs unless they introduce themselves as Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Andy. They'd seldom get by with announcing, individually, "I'm Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden," and "I'm Mrs. Charles J. Correll."

At home it's different. They never think of their husbands as Amos and Andy, when they are at home, only during the act. Then, like all the rest of the public listening-in, they almost convince themselves, although they know better, that those two pets of their own and of the air world are surely a couple of darkie boys, and begin to believe someone has just fooled them, telling them that that's their own husbands talking that way.

A New York hotel clerk recently, it is reported, felt the same way about them: When the National Broadcasting company wanted to engage rooms for them and asked this clerk for a reservation for Amos 'n' Andy, he replied:

"Sorry, sir, I admire those boys myself, but, of course, you know I'm not allowed to register colored folks in this hotel, no matter how prominent or fine they are."

So, you see, that a clever talent for dark-town-talk may get one into a bit of difficulty at times.

Amos and Andy Guided by Destiny

(Continued from page 13)

of Fate. The Gosden thread crossed that of the Correll thread doing the same kind of thing at Durham, N. C.

Now, Charles J. Correll had been doing this sort of thing for years before he met Gosden. In fact, it had become a sort of a rut with him. He accepted it as a matter of course, just like the most of us who get to doing the same thing year in and year out. He was nine years older than Gosden, but Gosden seemed to be getting fun out of the game.

There grew up an affinity of spirit between them. They became pals, each interested in the idea of getting somewhere and doing something, even if they had to sacrifice a few pleasurable evenings in the way of preparation.

Everybody in Richmond had the idea that if Curly Gosden ever did amount to anything it would be as a top-notch hooper on a vaudeville circuit. As a singer, it was to laugh.

Chuck Correll was also an accomplished tap dancer. The pair thought seriously of developing this asset into an act. But Curly had learned a few things about the ukulele during the war. He had teamed up with a buddy in the naval training school and they had become headliners in the Boston cantonment. And Correll had played the piano for the picture shows at Peoria. He found his voice harmonized splendidly with Gosden's.

By this time they had come to Chicago and were rooming together. They were getting \$100 a week in the amateur shows, but they feared that would be the limit along this line. The thought for bigger and better things turned toward Radio possibilities in 1925. They doped it out that their campaign for vaudeville booking should include a period of broadcasting. This would give them an opportunity to make their names well known to the public through the Radio publicity. They did not seriously consider the monetary possibilities of broadcasting.

They regarded it a great stroke of luck when, through mutual friends, they were afforded an opportunity to try out over WEBH, of the Edgewater Beach hotel, Chicago. The first broadcast went over very satisfactory. Besides their singing they exchanged snappy collegiate chaff. This was something of a novelty and helped the act better than they realized. They were happy to work seven months straight at WEBH without pay. By that time they had discovered many of the little microphone tricks so useful to them today.

SOME of our faithful readers of those days may recall pictures shown in Radio Digest at that time of Correll and Gosden—Correll at the piano and Gosden leaning over him with his ukulele. The object of their Radio debut began to be realized. They were making good with the listeners even if they were not making much money at the job.

Surely, with a lot of fan mail to show booking agents, they would stand a good chance to get signed up. And then, once on the road, they would find their opportunity to raise their rating by doing their stuff so well audiences would stand in line for them at the door. The next step would be for headliners' position and real money. They began negotiations. Paul Ash had heard them, and he was struck with their possibilities. They brought to bear their skit writing ability and submitted to him a sketch called Red Hot.

The great Paul smiled gleefully and

said it was a darb. Of course the boys had a part in it. They knew about production, too. The front of McVicker's Theatre was blazoned with gorgeous display posters and light. When the curtain went up on this event they credited it as the next stepping stone to their success. The show went over with a bang in Chicago and on the road.

The young thespians followed this with another skit featuring Paul Ash as the central figure, and were working on a third sketch when they were interrupted by a request to see the manager of WGN of the Chicago Tribune. Then they discovered that they were already headliners—in Radio; because they were offered real money to appear regularly on the WGN programs.

A contract was submitted which they both promptly signed, and it began to look as though Curly Gosden from Richmond and Chuck Correll of Peoria had come to the Big City and actually were making good.

ALL the tap dancing now slipped by the board and a couple of hoofers had gone vocal! But Destiny would be served in her own way. Still, as a singing team, the boys were not entirely satisfied with their efforts. Their gags and asides began to show signs of some growing phase that held much in store for them. And, while this angle of the situation was still a matter of study, their association with a great newspaper that employs many trained minds to study and scientifically analyze public tastes and desires, also produced an effect.

Sidney Smith's Andy Gump strip had become a national institution through the Chicago Tribune syndicate service. In fact, Andy was buying Rolls Royces for Smith and coining big money for the syndicate. Why not a Radio strip? Why not put Andy Gump, Min and Little Chester on the air?

The big problem would be to find an Andy Gump. They ran a pencil down the talent list on the WGN staff. The point rested on Correll and Gosden. Neither of the boys were married at the time, but they were broached with the idea. They were appalled at trying to do Andy Gump—but—but—what was the matter with the old minstrel stuff they used to do for the amateur shows?

They worked hard and desperately on a skit. They called it Sam and Henry. It was given a trial. The Radio audience was delighted. Sam and Henry became a regular feature. But it was very, very tedious trying to work out a new skit that would be suitable every day during those first few months. They presented Sam and Henry nightly for a year, and it was getting better all the time. Since the syndicate business had proven so well for Andy Gump the boys reasoned there should be some way to syndicate Sam and Henry. They conceived the idea of putting their skits on wax and syndicating the records. But the WGN management would not listen to that. So they dropped the idea until it should come time for the contract to expire. Then they resigned.

THEY immediately signed up with WMAQ where Walter Strong, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, wished them God speed and told them to make all the records they desired.

MORE about this famous team of Amos and Andy in the June issue of RADIO DIGEST. Be sure of your copy—Subscribe Today!

Records were made and distributed through the Daily News syndicate to many of the leading stations, practically all of which, except WGN, have facilities for broadcasting records by special electrical transmitting apparatus. These records, of course, have now been entirely withdrawn from circulation. It was the records, however, that built the foundation for their national popularity.

In going to the Daily News, Correll and Gosden were compelled to originate new names for their inimitable characters. They chose the names Amos and Andy after a study of names most common among the colored people of the South.

While at the Tribune during the year 1927 both of the boys found their life mates. Miss Leta Marie Schreiber, a Missourian, became Mrs. Gosden, and Miss Marie Janes, native of Iowa, became Mrs. Correll. They all have ever since been a very happy foursome. The wives listen to every broadcast, but never are permitted to enter the studio during the period their husbands are on the air.

"Of course, that is a rule that applies to everyone," explained Mr. Gosden. "We let ourselves go in putting on our parts with no other thought than for the listener out there in the distant home. If there should happen to be any person in the studio we would find ourselves playing up to the individual we could see. It seems impossible for us to do otherwise. We do not realize that we are influenced this way until it is too late."

Bill Hay, who has been announcer for the team from the time they were Sam and Henry, is everywhere recognized as an integral part of the act. Without his voice Amos and Andy seem incomplete. Every consideration was given the boys to make the most of their opportunities after they went to the Daily News.

When the National Broadcasting company came forward with a "proposition" to pay them \$100,000 for a year's contract to carry the Pepsodent program Mr. Strong personally told the boys he would not let the Daily News exclusive contract for five years stand in their way—and he didn't, although WMAQ of the Daily News is a Columbia Broadcasting System station.

Success strikes suddenly and glamorously. For Correll and Gosden, who have been doing their Negro dialect for five years, it has come most of the way to its present altitude during the past six months.

Here's One in a Million

FOUND, a Chicago taxi driver who refuses a tip! Pat Flanagan, early morning announcer at WBBM claims the find.

Early one morning Pat called a cab and urged the driver to press right heavily on the gas as the minutes were few before Al Melgard was scheduled to go on the air at 8 o'clock. Arriving in good time, Pat paid the fare and tendered a generous tip.

"Never mind the tip, Mister, I know you. Just let me go in with you and wait for the 'Morning on Broadway' CBS program. I get a great kick out of Sam Bernstein, the Singing Taxi Driver, and I can't get home in time to pick him up myself."

Pat consented and now the same taxi awaits him every morning.

* * *

Elmer Crowhurst, NBC organist, is a native of Oakland, Calif. He studied piano with the famous I. P. Plummer and was graduated afterward from the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Friends of Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 11)

the United States, taking in every stratum of society. It is a peculiar thing, the manner in which this enthusiasm has taken hold of the people of the nation. It was only a few months ago, on August 19, 1928, to be exact, that the personality of Amos 'n' Andy first traveled over the air waves into New York. The people of the East, to be sure, had heard much of these two dusky characters who had so apparently established a never-ceasing pull on the heart strings of their brethren in the great Mississippi valley, but they awaited their coming with a sort of superior and cynical smile. In fact, upon their first appearances they didn't get to first base in the East in the newspaper reviews. The professional listeners mercilessly "panned" the new feature.

Here is a sample of the eastern reaction:

"Are the people of Chicago and the Middle West, who have gone into guffaws over this duo, just stupid or have they been getting better stuff throughout the last two years than the Amos 'n' Andy reserved for a semi-national consumption?"

Another leading New York paper billed them as "Radio's greatest flop," but today that same paper is devoting a full page layout of pictures and stories on the first page of their second section to Amos 'n' Andy. Their newspaper trucks are blazing with banners telling of the story and full page ads call attention to it in the paper. This same paper sent their best staff writer from New York to Chicago to spend days interviewing the boys and gathering material for the series.

That is just one example, and a typical one, of the reverse in the tide of public opinion since that initial eastern broadcast and indicates something of the hold that the boys have in New York itself. The same thing is true throughout the country—people can't seem to read enough about Amos 'n' Andy. The boys themselves, and the National Broadcasting company, are constantly swamped with requests for interviews, pictures and special articles of the two entertainers.

FROM all evidence the general public is more interested in what these two characters look like, what they eat and drink, where they sleep and what their hobbies are than anyone else in the United States. And in the midst of it all the two most bewildered people are Correll and Gosden themselves.

"We're just two boys trying to get along," Gosden will tell you. "We are crazy about our job and honestly appreciate all of the support that we get.

"We try to keep our episodes faithful and make a point of never saying anything derogatory or anything that anyone could take offense at."

Just how well they are succeeding in this may be indicated by the recent statement of a famous New York divine, who declared that "Amos 'n' Andy reached the hearts of more people than all the preachers in America." But it isn't the easiest thing in the world to keep "gags" and wise-cracks out of their copy. They give the utmost care to the composition of their episodes and while in their ordinary conversation they are quick-witted and kid constantly with each other, it never gets out on the air.

But to get back to how they "get over" their act; what have they got and what is it that they're creating that has nationalized their fifteen minutes and made them the two most popular and best-

known men in the country. The psychological angle the boys dismiss with a wave of their hand but they, as practically anyone who has gone into the question, believe that the little human happenings and situations in which Amos 'n' Andy are caught have much to do with it. Their love affairs, ups and downs in business, and high and low minutes are for the most part just things that happen to all of us.

"We always try to introduce something that is common and happens to everybody," Gosden says. "For example, most of us are gullible, especially about our financial interests. You probably remember the Kingfish's Great Home bank—financiers all over the country found this of special interest.

"No matter what we say, we always try to leave the right impression so the lesson in those episodes was that you'd be better off if you put your money in a good sound bank rather than in any wild-cat or fly-by-night scheme in order to get rich quick.

"Much to our surprise after we had finished these episodes we got letters from bankers all over the country praising our good work in showing the people the value of solid banking institutions. I guess the effect wasn't lost on the public either, because we got lots of letters from people who said they had sure learned a lesson from the Kingfish's bank and would know enough to consult their own bankers before they made any investment. Of course, the funny part of it was we never expected anything of this sort in the way of a reaction."

AND so it goes with the continued trend of their episodes. You'll remember a short time ago that the Madame Queen got an idea that she should redecorate her beauty shop while Andy decided that it would be a good thing to also paper the taxicab headquarters. What the public didn't know was that the flesh and blood creators of Amos 'n' Andy were really involved in interior decorating schemes and moving plans themselves. They were both moving to new apartments and what with interior decorators, movers and the general bustle the idea just naturally found its way into their episodes.

That same thing occurred when the Pepsodent company took out a million dollar insurance policy on the pair. Doctors were following them around, taking their pulses, registering their heart beats and taking their blood pressures. It was, in short, a big parade of doctors and, of course, excellent material for the episodes. You will recall how Amos was examined, thus the little incidents of real life live again in the characters of Amos 'n' Andy on the air.

That is one reason that Amos 'n' Andy may hold your interest. Here's another that the boys themselves propound upon if pressed hard enough: Do you have any idea of just how Amos or Andy looks, or what the appearance of the Kingfish, Madame Queen, Lightnin' or any of the other characters that circle in the background of the daily drama in Harlem appear? Of course you do. When you sit back in the evening and the voices of the well-known characters come floating from your loud speaker, you conjure in your minds a very definite picture of each character—is that not so? And there you are. Subconsciously, you have been working with the boys; you supply your mental image of each character and they supply the conversation, consequently, you actually become a very vital part of that nightly drama and since you are a part of it, it naturally "gets under your skin" and it becomes more real to you each time

you hear it. And that may aid you in deciding that you really do like this feature.

The fact that the boys now broadcast in person each night gives them an opportunity to work into their episodes more topics of the day than they could otherwise. A "current event" is elastically defined by the boys. They take this as meaning any incident that may happen in their daily lives that may give them an idea for their episodes. For example, they relate that one night they ran into an old colored fellow on their way home from the studio, who, in Gosden's words, if he had been as wise as he was witty, could have been a millionaire.

"We talked to him about three hours," Correll said, "and got a lot of stuff from him. It came out that he hadn't been able to pay his room rent for more than three weeks and that every time he tried to sneak out of his room his landlady was on his trail. Doggone, he said, she kept sweepin' 'round the do' all de time." So we of the Radio audience saw Andy affected similarly a few nights later.

But once in a while the boys do have a real worry. It was just a short time ago when that now famous March blizzard held Chicago in its icy arms that they almost failed to reach the studio in time to go on the air. Failure would have meant disappointing the nation.

"Charley (Correll) ran a mile and a half part way to our office where we had Tuesday night's episodes while I went on to the studio," Gosden recalls. "Trolleys had stopped; taxicabs, even the fresh air variety, were unable to proceed.

"A coal truck gave him a lift for a few blocks, then a one-lung automobile somehow able to navigate, picked him up. After a few more struggles like this he finally got the script and was able to join me in the studio just four minutes before we went on the air. This is the closest shave we've ever had."

READ NEXT MONTH more details of the actual experiences of Correll and Gosden in Harlem as they met real characters of the vicinity and studied their traits.

See Phil Lord in Role of Explorers' Rival

PHIL LORD, author of rural Radio sketches, seems to be trying to rival Balboa, DeSoto and Champlain in the business of putting places on the map. He was instrumental in focussing the nation's attention on Jonesport, Maine—home of Seth Parker.

When he was commissioned by "The Professionals" to write a continuity for a new program to be broadcast exclusively from Station WTIC, he decided to invent a fictitious scene of action. He and "The Professionals" conceived the name "Pleasant Valley" as the locale for the new series. Imagine their surprise when, after the first chapter of "The Mystery of Pleasant Valley" had been broadcast, they received letters lauding the programs as a splendid asset to the village of Pleasant Valley, Connecticut. . . . And so Phil Lord, who writes the sketches, and the actors who enact the principal roles—all of whom live in New York City—are telling the world about a town they have never seen and previously thought never existed.

Bennett Kilpack and Ed. Dunham, famous NBC staff players, play the leading roles in this feature, dashing up to Hartford each Monday night to spend 30 minutes before the WTIC microphones.



Harold Van Duzee, widely known radio tenor has been the featured star with Roxy's Gang of a Monday evening program

Listeners Like News as Dramatized at WHBY

DRAMATIZATION of news events brings very close to 100 per cent of all listeners in the locality of WHBY to the Town Crier program, writes Harold Shannon from Green Bay, Wisconsin. The studio orchestra is used for background and interpretation, together with occasional recorded sound effects.

One night, for instance, the weather forecast was for snow. That was announced to the accompaniment of the easily identified Jingle Bells. Button Up Your Overcoat brought on the prediction of colder weather another night. Then comes the Gem Thought for the Day, and Song at Twilight puts that over. Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater made a lad of three years happy on his birthday, while Vacant Chair backed announcement of the death of a prominent Green Bay citizen, and Abide With Me carried out another obituary.

Wedding marches always accompany notices of marriages, and Silver Threads Among the Gold helped celebrate a golden wedding anniversary: A costly fire was described while bells rang and sirens whistled in the background, and a prominent family left for Florida to the noises of a train pulling out.

There is comedy, the day's biggest news breaks and the oddest story—the talking is continuous and the cued music as well. "Your newspaper is on the air" opens the Town Crier program, whose slogan is, "It's easy to read with your ears."

Each item presented is carefully checked for confirmation before being put on the air at 6:10 P. M. (CST).

* * *

The popularity of Rudy Vallee extends even into the canine world, according to a letter received at the NBC. "Rad," a police dog, cannot be coaxed away from the family speaker when the crooner is broadcasting, the dog's owner, Carl P. Lothrop, attorney, reports.

* * *

Phoebe Mackay, who plays the role of Mrs. Watts in Real Folks, weekly NBC program, studied for years to be a dancer. Part of the training included a course in music appreciation, and Miss Mackay claims to have attended more operas and dance recitals than any other woman in Radio.

Blinded Since Birth She Makes Singing Career

A STRONG, sweet voice on the air—the singer is Eleanor Catharine Judd, blinded at the age of two. The piano accompaniment is also hers. Despite no piano training she plays the instrument very acceptably by ear. Miss Judd is a most remarkable personality.

A graduate of George Washington university, she holds two degrees, Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts, is fluent in French and German. She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority. When seen at the Hotel Wolcott, where she resides, she stressed the fact that she has never attended any schools for the blind. She is an expert typist and all her scholastic papers were presented in typed form. Miss Judd is the protegee of Senator Thomas D. Schall, blind senator from Minnesota, and scarcely a day passes that she doesn't write to her close friends. Senator and Mrs. Schall, both of whom are most interested in her, particularly since Miss Judd has lost both parents, and is without any close kin.

She has traveled extensively throughout the Middle West, doing a "single" in vaudeville. Miss Judd hopes to make her permanent home in New York, engagements permitting. Every Friday afternoon she may be heard over Station WHN, gaily singing ballads and popular songs.

Despite her handicap, Miss Judd is a cheerful, optimistic person, effervescing with good humor and amiability.

Guitar Class Is Reward

RADIO has its reward for the Storey Brothers, members of the Beachcombers, popular Hawaiian quartet heard from KSTP each Sunday afternoon. While playing at a luncheon for employees of a large business house in St. Paul, they asked to teach the Hawaiian guitar to a group of the girls who heard the quartet.

That marked the beginning of a class of girls on the guitar which has grown many fold and which keeps them busy

during most of the time that they are not on the air.

The Beachcombers include two sets of brothers, Royal and his brother Dave, and the Wendt brothers, Bud and Harley. They play any requests which their listeners send in and write their own arrangements for many of their selections.

Dad Gets Fan Letters Written by Son's Pals

BECAUSE his voice resembles that of his son, Harry De Lasaux of the NBC's San Francisco staff of continuity writers and production assistants is receiving scores of "fan" letters from his son's friends.

De Lasaux Jr. was graduated from the University of California three years ago. During his college days he participated in dramatic and musical activities on the campus, but since his graduation he has engaged in commerce.

Since DeLasaux Sr. has been appearing before the microphone in dramatic presentations his son's college classmates have been sending him innumerable letters, mistaking his voice for that of the younger Harry.

* * *

Dust off the antique gag about a prophet being without honor in his own country and hand it to Gene Brynes, staff composer and announcer at KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Brynes comes from New York and its major Radio station. He wrote 300 songs in the East, sold many of them, but never had one published. Since coming to KHJ he had turned out another hundred and "Lolita," one of them, is now on the press and others are being recorded. KHJ has introduced dozens of Brynes' songs, and arrangements of them for orchestra and chorus occupy quite a niche in the station's library.

* * *

An old friend of the Radio audience, John Willis, has joined the staff of WIL, St. Louis. His violin recitals are always popular with the fans.



"Shave" and "Smile" are the names of the Twinplex Twins, heard on Sunday night over the Columbia system. Recognize their pictures? If you do, don't tell a soul, for it's supposed to be a secret.

Spoken Opera Stories

(Continued from page 14)

plays only character parts before the microphone (and those under an assumed name), Helen Rose has moments in which she is as theatrical as a Duse. She always "plays up to her clothes," she says, and spends great thought on little items of dress that will make her feel glamorous. She does not need to be at the WLW studios until late in the morning. Often she spends the early hours shopping, arriving in a great flurry of excitement and clutching a box tightly to her with a fine gesture of enthusiasm.

Straightaway she dashes into the dressing room and stays for quite some time. When she comes out, her old dress is in the box. She wears the new one she bought that morning. All day long she is full of fire, she dashes off her work, inspires her casts with her fervor—all "playing up to the clothes," she says.

Underneath the dreams of Helen Rose that brought her to Radio and that keeps her there with many more dreams whirling in the back of her mind before they eventually are produced for the enjoyment of the Radio audience—underneath these dreams is an idea that the discerning can point out as a moral for all women who inspire to "get into broadcasting."

Helen Rose dreamed about working at a broadcasting station. But she didn't stop with dreaming. She waited her time, preparing all the time for the work she knew would eventually be needed in Radio. Then when she thought that time had come, she brought her idea, carefully outlined, to the Radio station instead of asking the station to bring an outline to her. Once hired, she has not settled back with her dreams to do only the work that is part of a routine. She makes her dreams open new vistas of promise, build for her new hopes and desires that she can use to create more programs, to widen the scope of her activities.

Dreams, as Montaigne said, may be the "True Interpreters of our Inclinations." Helen Rose has the "Art required to sort and understand them."

Station WJJD, "The Voice of the Child"

WHEN listening to the large number of students who broadcast from Station WJJD, Mooseheart, Illinois, few realize the extensive amount of preparation necessary to prepare these Radio Stars for their daily broadcasts.

The Loyal Order of Moose owns Station WJJD, and has two studios, one at Palmer House, Chicago, and the other at Mooseheart, Illinois. This Station is known as "Voice of the Child."

The new director and announcer at Mooseheart, Miss Lucile Snoor, who comes from South Bend, Indiana, is busy planning interesting and varied programs.

They now have an educational program once a week, for which the recently organized "Mooseheart Trio" plays. The concert band, Philharmonic orchestra, and glee clubs are also heard over the air each week.

Tom Breen to Front

(Continued from page 46)

to him in his present profession. Perhaps the thought that through Radio he could hear the works of the masters, the voices of great artists, and the tuneful melodies of more modern times was

one reason for his early interest in the subject. Possessing a fine bass voice of his own, he spent several years in musical training and study, and if, at some time the need for Radio announcers should pass, he might still rely upon his singing voice to supply him with a living.

SOME finger of Fate guided his interests along another line which possibly has done him more good today than all the rest of the other. All his life, Tom Breen has been interested in dramatics and voice culture, and the training he received in public speaking and elocution, and the understanding of drama and dramatic principles, has stood him in good stead as his steps gradually led him to the broadcasting studio and the announcer's mike.

And as for the matter of experiences—about as many experiences as could be crowded into twenty-four years have come to Breen, and left their impress on his character. If the story of his intellectual pursuits leads to the belief that he was some objectionable type of book-worm, the impression is erroneous in the extreme. Tom has wandered over a good part of the United States, Canada, and even Mexico in his travels. A summer spent on a hunting trip in Mexico was probably one of the most exciting episodes of his career. There he spent weeks under the open skies in the Mexican deserts, and once even took part in a thrilling man-hunt, when a band of cattle rustlers were captured, after what might have developed into an open gun fight between the ranchers and the thieves.

But the most exciting of Tom's adventures have taken place in the air. Tom is a licensed amateur airplane pilot, and has a good many hours of flying time to his credit. On one occasion he flew from Chicago to Canada to take part in a broadcast in which Sir Harry Lauder, famous Scotch humorist, was featured—although Breen was not himself at the controls. Occasionally he keeps his hand in at flying by taking a hurried airplane trip from Chicago to his home in Minneapolis, piloting the plane himself during the trip.

This is, next to Radio, Breen's chief hobby. Many of his spare hours are spent in the vicinity of one of Chicago's airports, and his eyes flash with real interest whenever the subject of aviation is mentioned. It must have been a close race between Radio and aviation when Tom finally made his choice of professions, but Tom has never forgotten his love for the air even in his devotion to the studio. For nowhere is there more promise of adventure than in flying, and adventure, both intellectual and physical, seems to be one of the corner-stones of Breen's existence.

There is one thrill, however, that Breen has never experienced—the thrill of marriage. Although Tom himself claims he has never been in love, except for periodic spasms of romantic insanity in his youth, the fairer sex nevertheless seems to have a definite appeal for him, and he is often seen in the company of some more than presentable damsel. But perhaps there are so many girls attracted by his good looks and the glamour of his position that Tom has never had a chance to pick out one from the rest.

But in speaking of the subject of thrills, Tom insists that there has never been a thrill in his life comparable to the one he experienced at WAMD, when he first sent his voice out over the air. "Compared to that," he confides, "everything else seemed tame. I don't know how to describe the emotion—whether it was stage-fright, exultation, or what, but, in looking back I can never imagine where I got the courage to go through with it."

The Battle of The Blues

(Continued from page 27)

pared to leave. The strains of *I Love You Truly* were filling the softly lighted room; I was saying goodbye to my most charming host, when almost unconsciously, as though from force of habit, I blurted out the old shop-worn stock question, "To what do you owe your success?"

"To the greatest advertising medium in the world—the air," he answered.

Somehow, I felt his personality must have had a great deal to do with it.

SPEAKING of personalities, there is nothing wrong with Will Osborne's. I called his hotel at ten in the morning. He had already left—was away rehearsing. During the afternoon and evening he was filling his vaudeville engagements at the R. K. O. house in Yonkers. I planted myself in the grill room of the Park Central Hotel and was waiting for him when he came with his orchestra at ten-thirty. He was still playing, still smiling and still joshing with his boys when I left at two in the morning. How does he do it? I doubt if I could be the sparkling companion that Will Osborne was after sixteen hours of work.

The following quoted from the Rockford, Ill., *Argus* had started me off in search of Osborne and Vallee.

CROONING STARS OF RADIO IN ARGUMENT Will Osborne and Rudy Vallee Charge Imitations.

A Radio controversy has involved New York's two crooning orchestra leaders, Rudy Vallee and Will Osborne.

The argument started before the microphone of WEA, an NBC key station, and WABC, key of CBS, deals with who holds the priority to a particular type of popular music presentation.

The orchestra of each is conducted so that the rhythm is similar. Each also has the type of voice that has led many listeners to mistake one for the other.

The debate started with these words from Rudy: "I and my orchestra intend to go on, and for that reason, to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, in their adoption of our style of Radio broadcasting, taken our place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks, in that we will find at the receiving end of our broadcasts all our old friends and many new ones."

Osborne Has Comeback

The next afternoon, Osborne came back with: "I happened to be listening to Rudy Vallee's orchestra on my Radio last night. It now gives me great pleasure to state that our first broadcast was from a cafe in New York three years ago, before the gentleman in question was heard of by me. At that time my orchestra was made up of the same personnel and instrumentation and my voice, which is a part of me and unchangeable, also was functioning in the same manner. I am by no means trying to insinuate that anyone has appropriated an original idea of mine."

Aside from that the available data records Rudy as playing his first programs on the Radio in London in 1926. He began his presentations from a New York station about January, 1928, after completing his schooling at Yale.

Osborne fixes his first broadcast

from WMCA, New York, some time in December, 1926, or January, 1927.

HERE were these two fighting over the question of imitating one another. Leaving out the voice angle, it looked to me as though they were each claiming to be the originator of the slow tempo, which is the *forte* of both orchestras.

When questioned on this point Osborne said that as to Lombardo he was not sure, but as far as Vallee was concerned he (Osborne) had been slugging slow time music long before Rudy had ever been heard of.

In 1925 Osborne and his boys, seven at that time, played for five or six weeks at the Club Kentucky, New York. They were mixing their numbers, playing about half "hot stuff" and half slow time, and Will was crooning his choruses. The management kicked on the sluggish music and insisted on it being cut out of the program. Refusal to give up his ideas of rhythm cost Will Osborne many contracts during the next few years. But he was entirely convinced his ideas were right and confident of the outcome.

"The couple of ideas that I wanted to put over at that time," he said, "were to eliminate heavy arrangements, which the public were forced to listen to on every side, and to simplify the presentation of the dance music so that it could be appreciated without any great effort on the part of the listeners.

"To this end, I played only choruses of the popular numbers, and instead of playing one number to a dance, I grouped nine and ten together, and, to make our music more appealing, I did away with the brass section, substituting violins and a string bass in place of the tuba, finally toning down the whole as much as possible without loss of rhythm or melody.

"Every other band in the country was playing wild fox trots, in the most frantic fashion, so, to blend in with what I was trying to present, I slowed down my tempo wherever a number lent itself to such treatment. I will admit it sounded draggy at first since the boys were not used to playing such rhythm, and furthermore the members of my orchestra were not in accord with the idea, and naturally did not give me their full co-operation.

"This new tempo I employed was a great contrast to the style all other bands were using at the time, and consequently many people could not dance to our music, but I stuck to my ideas and refused to 'jazz it up.'

"I had confidence in my work and the way in which I was determined to present it, despite the poor reception it first got, for I felt the need of a change toward something less frantic; more soothing, yet retaining all the essentials of a modern dance orchestra.

"IT WAS hard going for a long time, but I happened on a pianist, Mr. Frank Comiskey, with kindred ideas, whom I immediately engaged, and from then on I was not entirely alone in the battle. Later I was fortunate enough to secure the services of one Paul Denicker, another pianist, who, since he came with me, has written some of the biggest song hits of the past two years, among them, *S'posin'*, *Perhaps*, *The World's Greatest Sweetheart* and others.

"It remained for someone else to succeed first with the idea I was working on which, incidentally, was purely coincidence, but showed me that I was not entirely wrong."

It was quite plain that Will Osborne meant Rudy Vallee. Bad blood had existed between them since Rudy had fired

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answers to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who is the brains of the famous *Lavender Network*?
2. What artistic gift other than singing does *Olive Palmer* possess?
3. Numerology and astrology are of particular interest to a well known orchestra leader. Who is he?
4. What is *Caroline Andrews'* artistic and theatrical inheritance?
5. Who first hit upon the idea of syncopated classical music?
6. In what sport has "*Dobbsie*," sometimes known as *Hugh Barret Dobbs*, won at least one trophy?
7. Who is regarded as the leading banjo virtuoso of the world?
8. *Wilfred Glenn* came very, very near to becoming something quite different from a singer. What was it?
9. Who is the creator of "*The Gossipers*"?
10. What station is known as the "*Italian Station*"?

* * *

Answers to questions in April issue: 1. *Vaughn De Leath*. 2. *Milton J. Cross*. 3. *Marjorie Oelrichs*. 4. *Don Becker*. 5. *Johanna Grosse*. 6. *George D. Hay*. 7. *Paul McCluer*. 8. *William Brenton*. 9. *Cooking*. 10. *Motion picture*. 11. *Maj. J. Andrew White*. 12. *Elsa Gray*.

Will and his band.

I sensed a good story and plied Osborne with questions.

"It came about this way," said Will. "In the fall I was hired to broadcast 27 programs over WMAC. This was for Morris Lipman, and was my first commercial broadcast.

"After the fourth program I found myself on the street without a job. I had played slow rhythm, and adverse fan mail killed me.

"I then took my band on a tour and finally, after an engagement in Houston, Texas, and another at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, I returned to New York in February, 1929, where I was engaged to play dinner dance music at one of the Alice Foote McDougall tearooms.

"RUDY was then playing at the Villa Vallee and filling numerous outside engagements. He was looking for another orchestra to fill the gaps at the club, at the time he came to the tearoom and heard me. He engaged me on the spot.

"I took over the work at the club, but was not allowed to broadcast. On this point Vallee was very insistent. Our voices are almost identical when strained through a mike.

"Rudy was away, and in June, the owner of Villa Vallee arranged for me to broadcast my slow tempo music and crooning choruses.

"It was after the sixth or seventh broadcast that Rudy returned, and his first job was to rip the wires out of the club and cut our salaries."

This sounded serious, so I got in touch with Mr. Appell, who is in charge of all remote control bands for the Co-

lumbia Broadcasting System.

He is the man who first put Vallee on the air. He corroborated what Osborne had told me, and added some interesting notes of his own.

"When the Columbia Broadcasting System absorbed WABC," he said, "an investigation was made as to which was the better orchestra. We signed Will Osborne as an exclusive artist and canceled Vallee's contract. His diction is perfect, but the voice is only mediocre."

Back to where we left off; still sitting at the table in the Park Central Grill. Will is reading fan mail between numbers, while I transpose my notes so that there will be no misstatements in my reporting on this red hot controversy.

Will's face lights up in a smile as he reads a letter. He chuckles and puts it in the pocket of his tuxedo.

What's this! I am curious, for all the others have been put aside for the secretary to answer.

"Another proposal?" I ask. He is reading a pink, scented square of engraved stationery and chooses not to answer me. I am piqued. Boldly I ask him what was in the one he had put in his pocket.

"Well, if you really want to know, read it." He tossed it across the table to me.

It was a letter from Carl Webster, manager of the Yale Dance Orchestras, asking him if he could arrange to play for a big house party on May the second and third.

I did not get the full portent of this request until Will told me that Yale is Rudy's Alma Mater. By the way, Will is an alumnus of St. Andrew's College, Toronto.

NOW for Rudy. I telephone for an appointment and explain my mission. His manager is not sure whether he cares to give that kind of an interview, however, they will let me know. I wait two days and there is no call. Once more I try, with the same result. As time grows short and my assignment is due I turn to his newly published book. Here I can talk to Rudy as if in person, for he swears to have written every word of it himself.

I find many things to contradict Osborne, with due credit for slow tempo to Lombardo. I interview the book, and in answer to my question: "Did you originate the slow rhythm music and crooning choruses, Mr. Vallee?" I find his rather frank answer on page 252:

"Our sudden rise was the cue for other small and comparatively unknown broadcasting orchestra leaders who had been broadcasting for years, possibly even before we had gone on the air, to drop their own style and to study our presentation over the air in the hopes of discovering just what that something was which had won over our Radio audiences. In fact, several of these leaders were frank enough to write or visit me and ask me to show them just how we broadcast and thereby aid them in achieving success. They were honest enough to admit that they too hoped that their adoption of our style would result in as great a popularity for them.

"But July and August, just preceding our trip to the Coast, this adoption of our particular style had become a fact according to the thousands of letters which reached me from listeners-in, in which they all asked me if I was aware of this adoption. Many asked me if I was going to do something about it. Some showed me copies of letters, very denunciatory in tone, which they had sent to the Radio stations asking them why they permitted such an obvious imitation.

"BUT realizing that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and realizing that there was room enough for all of us, I said nothing, and in fact was pleased at the vogue we had apparently created. Then as these unhappy letters from those who missed us reached me, I felt consoled in the thought that in a way those orchestras back East that had admittedly attempted to present a program over the air in the simple style that had brought us such a wonderful reward, these orchestras helped make our absence less keenly felt.

"Therefore, on my return from the Coast I made the following statement:

"And . . . to any particular imitator or imitators who may have, in their adoption of our style of Radio broadcasting, taken over the place during our absence, I want to express my sincere thanks and I hope we will find at the receiving end of our broadcast all our old friends and many new ones." The next day I was accused of all sorts of statements.

"But in the first place I was extremely sincere in what I said and made no references to singing or to any particular act of mine but referred to a particular style of Radio broadcast. I had never claimed to be the originator of the crooning style of singing; people have been crooning songs for years, possibly long before I was born. At least, ten years ago I used to listen with delight to the crooning records of Charles Kaley, Al Bernard, and Marion Harris, and I am very frank to say that I have patterned my style of singing after them. Nor was I the first to play certain fox trots very slowly, as Guy Lombardo and his orchestra were playing numbers in a very slow tempo several years before we organized our group of eight. He was forced to do it by the size of the small cafe in which he played, which made fast dancing impossible. I had never heard his band when we organized, but the first tune we played very slowly was the first tune I sang at the Heigh-Ho, namely *Rain*."

SO MUCH for that. Now to find out about Will Osborne. "Will you please tell me, Rudy, about your association with the Osborne band?" Quoting from pages 134, 5, 6 and 7 and pages 140 and 141:

"I had tea dances at the Lombardy Hotel from four until six-thirty daily, including Sunday, and the dinner session at the Villa Vallee from 7:30 until 9:30. Obviously, our vaudeville made it impossible for my boys and me to play the full tea dance or the dinner session at the Villa Vallee, so at the Lombardy I formed an orchestra composed of six boys, which I called the Gondoliers, and which I had trained to play in practically the same style in which the Connecticut Yankees played. Over the air they sounded practically the same, as I had very excellent men who had substituted for some of my boys at one time or another and who knew our style.

"Although I could not be present for the entire tea dance at the Lombardy or the dinner session at the Villa, yet by driving fast in an automobile from one engagement to the other, it was possible for me to put in an appearance varying from a half-hour to an hour at both; but I was forced to engage another band for the dinner session at the Villa Vallee.

"While we were playing Keith's Palace, a young man named Will Osborne met me at the stage door and asked me if I would listen to a little orchestra in which he was the drummer and leader, and which was playing at an Alice Foote MacDougall Coffee House. He had been using only one violin, but had recently added a second violinist who, incidentally,

had at one time played for me in a band which I presented at Lake Placid. I realized that this new addition to his band would give it the same violin quality of tone that has made our orchestra distinctive on the air, and so I made it a point to listen to his orchestra and then suggested their engagement to the owner of the Villa Vallee, whose word was final in such matters. He was satisfied with their work and agreed to engage them to play during the dinner session.

Later on we even permitted this orchestra to broadcast during the dinner session, for the same jewelry concern for which my boys and I had previously broadcast for more than a year.

"It was necessary for me to show this orchestra how to play after my own style, because I have a peculiar style of singing against the beat which is very natural to me, but which would throw the average band off if they were not instructed to hold the tempo, regardless of what liberties I took with the melody. Of course I also had to initiate the band into the way I played choruses in sections, how we changed from one chorus to another, the tempos themselves, and the signals that I flashed out to them with my right hand when I was not using it to play the saxophone. . . .

"THE VILLA VALLEE remained open all summer, as it was air-cooled just like the interior of the theatre, and was extremely comfortable to play in. Osborne had played the dinner session over a period of four months, but when I left to go to the Coast, the owner of the Villa Vallee made other arrangements and engaged Emil Coleman and his orchestra, which is very popular with New York society."

Seems to be some difference of opinion there.

"You are spoken of as a very high-priced leader, Mr. Vallee."

On page 111 we find this statement:

"I hope I have now shown that we were not an overnight sensation, but that our popularity was the result of a steady hammering through the microphone, comparable to the steady attack made by Grant at Richmond. And now our Radio career has reached a new peak with our wonderful contract to play for the Fleischmann Yeast Company one hour a week for fifty-two weeks at several thousand dollars per hour."

And on 133 this:

"The National Broadcasting Company secured my Paramount contract at double the figure that I had hoped for. Four thousand dollars a week for eight men even for a few weeks was unheard of, but when we did twenty weeks and Paramount announced its intention of exercising its year's option, the 'I-told-yousos' in the theatrical world who had predicted only ten weeks for us with Publix theatres were completely flabbergasted." ("Several" in speaking of thousands of dollars, sounds rather vague.)

"Did you enjoy the making of a big movie feature film, Rudy?" And page 155:

"It was not intended to be elaborate, but a simple and logical entrance for me into the movies. In my second picture I hope to show that I am capable of the things that have come to be expected of motion picture stars."

AND now for the old stock question again: "To what do you attribute your success?" Rudy is not the shrinking violet in his answer. On page 85:

"Of course I am not forgetting that our success is due in a great measure to the efforts of the seven boys who began with me and who are still with me. They have contributed greatly in the beauty

of their tone and rhythm to the attractiveness of our programs and presentations. And we were later on extremely fortunate in having as my manager Edwin Scheuing, a young man whose coolness and level-headed business ability has secured for me all these present wonderful engagements at almost unheard of salaries. I am sure that no one could have 'sold' us better than he. It is an undeniable fact, however, that a general is credited with the victory, and perhaps rightly so, in the case where the factors and strategies which were first born in his mind, and later carried out on the field by the men, brought the desired victory.

"I believe I can honestly and rightly feel a personal pride and satisfaction in our success since I also, like Whiteman, had carried in my head for several years an idea for the presentation of dance music with song which first found expression through my little group of eight men in January, 1928."

And so endeth the Battle of the Blues and I'm afraid I know no more than I did before. Do you?

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 51)

make the sort of thrill that constitutes camera food. Then they put five or six cameras on duty, bearing on the place where the car was to jump, so that no movement it might make would be lost.

Much speculation was voiced among the picture makers as to what the car would do, whether it would dip its nose at the edge of the bluff, carried downward at once by the weight of its engine; whether it would jump out from the edge, carried far by momentum; whether it would turn over and over, or fly, as it were, on a flat keel and in a graceful curve to its destination. Nobody knew what it would do. Breck himself was wont to calculate on as many of the factors in any of his undertakings as he could foresee, but more often than not, he foresaw only part of them. He had learned a trick of looking wise and saying nothing, however. And he got away with so many things that he was credited with a sort of clairvoyance in the matter of contingencies.

ON THIS occasion he drove the car at some forty miles an hour, from a start of a thousand yards back on the bluff. His earlier companion in crime had been replaced in the car by a dummy. In the earlier scenes it had been represented that Breck and his pal had come to a quarrel about the money in the car and each had tried to wrest the suit case from the other. When the dummy was put into the scenes, it was arranged so that dummy and Breck each had a hand on the bag, each trying to drag it away from the other—which was the cause of the drive's forgetting to turn the curve in the road at the head of the bluff and of his running through the fence and over the edge.

The bluff selected was some sixty feet high. The water below was more than forty feet deep. Breck himself anticipated the jump with just that nice balance between uncertainty and confidence of comfortable outcome that made up his juiciest experiences. There was a thrill in it for spectators. For what the car did was to run along that prepared road, at a pace that would have made it impossible for her driver to turn, burst through the fence, flinging a sparkle of yellow and white pickets like a sunburst into the air, and jump out over the water, a full seventy feet, on an even balance, and then drop through

the long arc of a tremendous curve down to strike on all four wheels on the water. She went under, carrying her man with her.

It had been Breck's intention to jump from the car while it was in the air after leaving the bluff's edge. But when he stood up and tried, he found that it could not be done. His momentum being the same as the car's he found himself tied to the machine by natural forces over which he had no control. And so he stuck to his wheel, hanging on with both hands and thinking that maybe his time had come.

When the car struck the water, however, he suddenly found himself released. And he came to the surface, without an injury on his body, except a skinned knee where he had struck it against a projecting bolt. His reputation was much enhanced, and his confidence in himself and his star of luck enlarged. And his appetite for thrills was whetted more keen than ever.

Indeed, the things he had been getting thrills out of began to pall a little. He began to look askance now at anything that had a mere motor car accident in it. Twenty and thirty-foot falls from balconies to hardwood floors were insignificant trifles. Climbs up the sides of buildings with no nets below him occupied his attention for a time. But he was surehanded and surefooted and undizzied. So that ceased to be fun.

MEANWHILE Louise took care of mother. That meant a good deal more than it sounded like when Louise told about it. It seemed mother had something the matter with her that the doctors said might cause her to die before long. Breck was not enough interested to ask the name of it. He was not much interested when Louise said she would have to be with mother a good deal, and began to be as good as her word. Instead of repining, Breck went off up to Frisco and got a job jumping from a railway engine into a motorcar, while both were running somewhere near the sixty-mile mark. There was a mild recreation in that. It made him feel better for a week. And Louise took up her abode with mother.

Somebody had to take care of mother. And Louise had given up any expectation that it would be anybody else than Louise. Her appeals to her husband rarely roused him even to reply. She did not in the least understand him; but she began to be so afraid of that strange, lack-luster look that he would turn upon her when she spoke of mere everyday life affairs like food and clothes and money and hospitals for mothers, that she had stopped talking of them. Money he would sometimes give her. He would shove it over the table at her after he had enjoyed a dinner at home. And she had so far made it do. She hoarded it.

Then one day Breck just disappeared from her horizon entirely. She had been with mother during his Frisco trip, and had seen him once since he came home. But one night she went to the apartment where they had been living and found a "For Rent" sign on the door. Inquiry of the landlord, who lived downstairs, elicited the information that Breck had paid the rent and given up the place, and that he had gone away without leaving an address.

Of course, Louise was angry, and outraged, and despairing. She was human. But she thought about mother. She went back to the older woman without the faintest notion of what she was going to do, whether stand by the sick mother of her recreant husband or leave her to charity and look out for herself.

She herself needed looking out for, because she had nothing much that a husband should have given her, in the way of clothes and things that even a wife needs. But mother was worse off. She needed all the same things Louise did, and many besides. She needed extra things to eat and extra care and medicines and doctors and fresh bed linen and things like that. And she was so helpless! So Louise asked around if anybody knew where she could get something to do. And she took what she could get, which was just what that sort of work always is. And Louise began to do it. She was a young and pretty brown eyed girl, but she was a nice girl. And nice girls don't find it simple to live, particularly when they don't find it simple to run away from sickly old women who haven't anybody else to take care of them.

OF COURSE, Louise knew that it wasn't her duty to take care of Mrs. Breck. And she knew that probably she wouldn't be able to keep this up. And she knew she was a fool to do it at all, but she got down on her knees over a wet floor rag and scrubbed another woman's bathroom floor with it. And she wielded a hot flatiron in another woman's hot kitchen. And she waited on a counter in a cafeteria noons. And she painted fish bait at home for a man who manufactured it. And she did sewing and mending for some workmen who lived in Mrs. Breck's block. And she finally began to take what small washings she could get for these same men and do it nights when her regular work was done. And she began to become a woman before she had ceased being a girl. And her hands grew rough and sodden with water. And her brown eyes were not so bright. But she didn't feel like running away from mother.

Breck, she heard at last, was in New York, where he had finally got into first page publicity by dropping nonchalantly from one airplane to another somewhere up in the sky above Manhattan, but within reach of cameras, as usual. The account was in Los Angeles papers, and it said that Breck was one of the most daring individuals known to modern times. Brave, it said. And Louise laid the paper away and went back to her scrubbing. She wrote a letter and sent it in care of the company the papers said had hired Breck in New York. But no answer came. So she went on taking in the little washings and mendings. A man wanted to marry her. She told him she was married. And went on taking care of mother.

Mother didn't get any better—nor any worse. She just remained helpless, and peevish. She found fault with Louise, and blamed Louise for everything she could blame her for, and for everything else. She demanded more things. Sometimes it seemed to Louise that she couldn't endure it; but when she thought of rebelling, she wondered who was going to endure it in her place. Perhaps Mrs. Breck didn't deserve such devotion, but she would be a pitiable figure without it. Louise could see that altogether too plainly to run away from her.

Time went by—and then more time. The thing became a habit no more comfortable for that, only a little less noticeable. Of course, Louise wrote more letters to New York—and then she read a rumor that Breck had gone to Italy with a picture company. She stopped writing. But she kept on working for mother, early and late, morning after morning, night after night, while the dry season melted into the rainy

one, and the rains dried out dry again; when she had to tack mosquito netting into the windows in order to let the invalid get a little sleep, and when she had to lug coal by the basket from the yards in order to get the invalid warm enough to sleep.

AND then suddenly, one day, mother was worse. She was far worse. Louise had to stop the work she was doing and stay at the bedside. There was no money coming in for several days while mother seemed to be dying. And then, all at once, in the paper appeared a statement with a picture of him, that Breck was back in Los Angeles and working for the Megatherium Film company, who were about to make a thrilling spectacle involving a runaway train down a mountainside, in which Breck was to be on board the train. The story had to do with a man on a mountain top who wanted to take a message to the town in the valley below before some crooks, who were plotting against it, could get there; so he chose to run down the slope in a string of gravel cars. They were going to use a string—not because he needed more than one to ride on, but because it would look better in the picture, though the paper did not say so.

Louise wrote him a letter in care of the new company. Then she continued to stay beside his mother. She was dying, Breck's mother was—Louise said so in her letter. And that was nearly all she said. But Breck did not come the next day nor the next. Nor the next. Nor the next. And money was out, in the little house where Louise waited.

So one night she went out and stood on the corner of the avenue nearest the street they lived in, and begged. She put her apron over her head and covered her face as well as she could, as if she was afraid somebody might recognize her. But nobody did. She got thirty-two cents, in about an hour and a half; and then a policeman asked her sharply who and what she was and she ran away fast enough to escape him.

The money was no use, so far as mother was concerned, however, about 4 o'clock the next morning she died. After the doctor had taken charge, and Louise had been out and sold everything she owned, in one way or another, except the clothes she had on, to pay what was necessary for any sort of burial at all, she happened to see the paper. Breck had done something that was first page stuff this time, obviously. It was all over the first page—because the string of cars on which he had come down the mountainside the day before had run away in earnest, and had hit a curve where the track couldn't hold it and had jumped into a chasm where even steel gondolas couldn't be expected to jump unscathed. And Breck had been holding on to some cleats bolted into the bottom of a steel gondola. He had calculated that he would be safe so, calculating on as many factors as he could foresee. Only he hadn't foreseen the chasm.

And the paper said that a letter had been found in his room at the hotel, which said that his mother was very ill—dying, that money was needed very much and that Breck had faced the last great risk of his life with the necessity of earning money for his mother before him, and the necessity of doing it while she was dying, with a smile on his face and a glint of high courage in his eyes—all for the entertainment of the fans of ten thousand theatres, who would see and never know the heartbreak and sor-

(Continued on page 104)

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 102 and 103 of this Issue

K

KCRC.....Enid, Okla.
 KDBA.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
 KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
 KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
 KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KEJK.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
 KELW.....Burbank, Calif.
 KEX.....Portland, Ore.
 KFAB.....Lincoln, Neb.
 KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
 KFBL.....Sacramento, Calif.
 KFBL.....Everett, Wash.
 KFDL.....Beaumont, Tex.
 KFDY.....Brookings, S. D.
 KFEL.....Denver, Colo.
 KFGO.....St. Joseph, Mo.
 KFGO.....Boone, Ia.
 KFH.....Wichita, Kans.
 KFHA.....Gunnison, Colo.
 KFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFIF.....Portland, Ore.
 KFIO.....Spokane, Wash.
 KFIU.....Juneau, Alaska
 KFIJ.....Fond du Lac, Wis.
 KFJB.....Marshalltown, Ia.
 KFJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KFJI.....Astoria, Ore.
 KFJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
 KFJR.....Portland, Ore.
 KFJY.....Fort Dodge, Ia.
 KFJZ.....Fort Worth, Tex.
 KFKA.....Greeley, Colo.
 KFKB.....Milford, Kans.
 KFKA.....Lawrence, Kans.
 KFKX.....Chicago, Ill.
 KFKZ.....Kirksville, Mo.
 KFLV.....Rockford, Ill.
 KFLX.....Galveston, Tex.
 KFMX.....Northfield, Minn.
 KFNF.....Shenandoah, Ia.
 KFOR.....Lincoln, Neb.
 KFOR.....Long Beach, Calif.
 KFPD.....Dublin, Texas
 KFPM.....Greenville, Texas
 KFPW.....Wilcox Springs, Ark.
 KFPY.....Spokane, Wash.
 KFOA.....Kirkwood, Mo.
 KFOO.....Anchorage, Alaska
 KFOU.....Holy City, Calif.
 KFOV.....Seattle, Wash.
 KFOZ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFRU.....San Francisco, Calif.
 KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
 KFSB.....San Diego, Calif.
 KFSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KFUL.....Galveston, Tex.
 KFUM.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
 KFUP.....St. Louis, Mo.
 KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
 KFVJ.....Culver City, Calif.
 KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
 KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
 KFWC.....Ontario, Calif.
 KFWF.....St. Louis, Mo.
 KFWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
 KFXM.....Oakland, Calif.
 KFXD.....Jerome, Idaho
 KFXF.....Denver, Colo.
 KFXJ.....Edgewater, Colo.
 KFXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
 KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KFXY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
 KFYO.....Abilene, Tex.
 KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
 KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
 KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
 KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
 KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
 KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
 KGBZ.....York, Neb.
 KGCA.....Decorah, Iowa
 KGCI.....San Antonio, Tex.
 KGCC.....Concordia, Kan.
 KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
 KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
 KGCV.....Wolf Point Mont.
 KGDA.....Dell Rapids, S. D.
 KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
 KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
 KGDR.....San Antonio, Tex.
 KGDY.....Oldham, S. D.
 KGFE.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGEK.....Yuma, Colo.
 KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
 KGEW.....Ft. Morgan, Colo.
 KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
 KGEF.....Alva, Okla.
 KGFI.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
 KGGI.....Corpus Christi, Tex.
 KGFJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KGFK.....Hallock, Minn.

KGFL.....Vaton, N. Mex.
 KGFV.....Ravenna, Neb.
 KGFY.....Pierre, S. D.
 KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
 KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
 KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
 KGHB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGHM.....Missoula, Mont.
 KGHF.....Pueblo, Colo.
 KGHG.....McGehee, Ark.
 KGGH.....Little Rock, Ark.
 KGHJ.....Billings, Mont.
 KGIO.....Twin Falls, Idaho
 KGR.....Butte, Mont.
 KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
 KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
 KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
 KGGK.....Brownwood, Tex.
 KGGK.....San Angelo, Tex.
 KGGK.....Wichita Falls, Tex.
 KGGK.....Sand Point, Idaho
 KGGK.....Scottsbluff, Neb.
 KGO.....Oakland, Calif.
 KGRS.....Amarillo, Tex.
 KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
 KGW.....Portland, Ore.
 KGY.....Lacy, Wash.
 KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
 KICK.....Red Oak, Ia.
 KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
 KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
 KIT.....Yakima, Wash.
 KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
 KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
 KJLN.....Blytheville, Ark.
 KLO.....Ogden, Utah
 KLLA.....Little Rock, Ark.
 KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
 KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
 KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
 KMA.....Shenandoah, Ia.
 KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
 KMED.....Medford, Ore.
 KMIC.....Inglewood, Calif.
 KMIJ.....Fresno, Calif.
 KMMJ.....Clay Center, Neb.
 KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
 KMOM.....St. Louis, Mo.
 KMTR.....Hollywood, Calif.
 KNX.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KOA.....Denver, Colo.
 KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
 KOB.....State College, N. M.
 KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
 KOH.....Reno, Nev.
 KOIL.....Council Bluffs, Ia.
 KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
 KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
 KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
 KONO.....San Antonio, Tex.
 KOOS.....Marshfield, Ore.
 KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
 KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
 KPCB.....Seattle, Wash.
 KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
 KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
 KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
 KPPP.....Pasadena, Calif.
 KPO.....Wenatchee, Wash.
 KPRC.....Houston, Tex.
 KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
 KPW.....Westminster, Calif.
 KOV.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 KOW.....San Jose, Calif.
 KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
 KREG.....Santa Anna, Calif.
 KRGV.....Harlingen, Tex.
 KRDL.....Dallas, Tex.
 KRMD.....Shreveport, La.
 KRSC.....Seattle, Wash.
 KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
 KSAF.....Fort Worth, Tex.
 KSCJ.....Sioux City, Ia.
 KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
 KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
 KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
 KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
 KSO.....Clarinda, Ia.
 KSOU.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
 KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
 KTAP.....Oakland, Calif.
 KTAP.....San Antonio, Tex.
 KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
 KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KTRB.....Portland, Ore.
 KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
 KTHS.....Hot Springs, Ark.
 KTL.....Richmond, Texas.
 KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
 KTN.....Muscatine, Ia.
 KTRH.....Austin, Texas
 KTS.....San Antonio, Tex.
 KTS.....Shreveport, La.
 KTS.....El Paso, Texas

KTUE.....Houston, Texas
 KW.....Seattle, Wash.
 KUJ.....Long View, Wash.
 KUOA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
 KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
 KUT.....Austin, Tex.
 KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
 KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
 KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
 KVOO.....Tulsa, Okla.
 KVOB.....Bellingham, Wash.
 KWBS.....Portland, Ore.
 KWCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
 KWEE.....Shreveport, La.
 KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
 KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
 KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
 KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
 KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
 KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
 KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
 KWVG.....Brownsville, Tex.
 KWYO.....Laramie, Wyo.
 KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
 KXL.....Portland, Ore.
 KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
 KXRO.....Aberdeen, Wash.
 KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
 KYW.....Chicago, Ill.
 KZBI.....Manilla, P. I.
 KZKZ.....Manilla, P. I.
 KZM.....Hayward, Calif.
 KZRM.....Manilla, P. I.

W

NAA.....Arlington, Va.
 WAFA.....Chicago, Ill.
 WAAM.....Newark, N. J.
 WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
 WAAW.....Omaha, Neb.
 WABC.....New York City
 WABI.....Bangor, Me.
 WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
 WABY.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
 WADC.....New Akron, Ohio
 WAFB.....Detroit, Mich.
 WAGM.....Royal Oak, Mich.
 WAU.....Columbus, Ohio
 WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
 WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WBAA.....West Lafayette, Ind.
 WBAK.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
 WBAP.....Fort Worth, Tex.
 WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
 WBMM.....Chicago, Ill.
 WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WBBY.....Norfolk, Va.
 WBBY.....Charleston, S. C.
 WBBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
 WBMC.....Bay City, Mich.
 WBMS.....Boston, Mass.
 WBNS.....Hackensack, N. J.
 WBNY.....New York City
 WBOQ.....New York City
 WBOV.....Terre Haute, Ind.
 WBRC.....Birmingham, Ala.
 WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WBRL.....Tilton, N. H.
 WBSO.....Wellesley, Mass.
 WBT.....Charlotte, N. C.
 WBZ.....Springfield, Mass.
 WBZ.....Boston, Mass.
 WCAB.....Allentown, Pa.
 WCAC.....Storrs, Conn.
 WCAN.....Canton, N. Y.
 WCAE.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WCAH.....Columbus, Ohio
 WCAJ.....Lincoln, Neb.
 WCAI.....Northfield, Minn.
 WCAM.....Camden, N. J.
 WCAP.....Asbury Park, N. J.
 WCAT.....Rapid City, S. D.
 WCAU.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WCAZ.....Burlington, Vt.
 WCAZ.....Carthage, Ill.
 WCB.....Allentown, Pa.
 WCB.....Zion, Ill.
 WCBM.....Baltimore, Md.
 WCB.....Springfield, Ill.
 WCCO.....Minneapolis, Minn.
 WCCA.....New York City
 WCFL.....Chicago, Ill.
 WCUG.....Coney Island, N. Y.
 WCHI.....Chicago, Ill.
 WCKY.....Covington, Ky.
 WCLB.....Long Beach, N. Y.
 WCLO.....Kenosha, Wis.

WCML.....Joliet, Ill.
 WCOA.....Culver, Ind.
 WCOA.....Pensacola, Fla.
 WCOG.....Meridan, Miss.
 WCOD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 WCOH.....Greenville, N. Y.
 WCRW.....Chicago, Ill.
 WCSH.....Portland, Me.
 WCSO.....Springfield, Ohio
 WDAF.....Tampa, Fla.
 WDAF.....Kansas City, Mo.
 WDAG.....Amarillo, Tex.
 WDAH.....El Paso, Tex.
 WDAY..... Fargo, N. D.
 WDBJ.....Roanoke, Va.
 WDBO.....Orlando, Fla.
 WDEL.....Wilmington, Del.
 WDFW.....Minneapolis, Minn.
 WDDO.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
 WDRC.....New Haven, Conn.
 WDSU.....New Orleans, La.
 WDWF.....Cranston, R. I.
 WDW.....Tuscola, Ill.
 WDF.....New York City
 WEAI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
 WEAN.....Providence, R. I.
 WEAQ.....Columbus, O.
 WEAR.....Cleveland, Ohio
 WEBC.....Duluth, Minn.
 WEBC.....Cambridge, O.
 WEBO.....Harrisburg, Ill.
 WEBR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
 WEBW.....Beloit, Wis.
 WEDC.....Chicago, Ill.
 WEDH.....Erie, Pa.
 WEEL.....Boston, Mass.
 WEHS.....Evanston, Ill.
 WELK.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WEMC.....Berrien Springs, Mich.
 WENR.....Chicago, Ill.
 WEPS.....Gloucester, Mass.
 WEVD.....Woodhous, N. Y.
 WEW.....St. Louis, Mo.
 WFAA.....Dallas, Tex.
 WFAN.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFCB.....Knoxville, Tenn.
 WFBE.....Cincinnati, O.
 WFBJ.....Collegeville, Minn.
 WFB.....Syracuse, N. Y.
 WFBM.....Indianapolis, Ind.
 WFB.....Baltimore, Md.
 WFDF.....Flint, Mich.
 WFDF.....Talladega, Ala.
 WFB.....Altoona, Pa.
 WFI.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFIW.....Hopkinsville, Ky.
 WFJC.....Akron, O.
 WFKD.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WFLA.....Clearwater, Fla.
 WFV.....Rome, Ga.
 WFL.....Lancaster, Pa.
 WGBB.....Freeport, N. Y.
 WGB.....Memphis, Tenn.
 WGBF.....Evansville, Ind.
 WGBI.....Scranton, Pa.
 WGBS.....New York City
 WGM.....Gulfport, Miss.
 WGPC.....Newark, N. J.
 WGES.....Chicago, Ill.
 WGH.....Newport News, Va.
 WGH.....Detroit, Mich.
 WGL.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WGM.....St. Paul, Minn.
 WGN.....Chicago, Ill.
 WGR.....Buffalo, N. Y.
 WGST.....Savannah, Ga.
 WGST.....Atlanta, Ga.
 WGY.....Scheneectady, N. Y.
 WHA.....Meadow, Wis.
 WHAD.....Milwaukee, Wis.
 WHAM.....Rochester, N. Y.
 WHAP.....New York City
 WHAS.....Louisville, Ky.
 WHAT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WHAZ.....Troy, N. Y.
 WHB.....Kansas City, Mo.
 WHBC.....Canton, Ohio
 WHBD.....Mount Orab, O.
 WHBF.....Rock Island, Ill.
 WHBL.....Sheboygan, Wis.
 WHBQ.....Memphis, Tenn.
 WHBU.....Anderson, Ind.
 WHBW.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WHBY.....West DePer, Wis.
 WHDF.....Calumet, Mich.
 WHDH.....Gloucester, Mass.
 WHDI.....Minneapolis, Minn.
 WHDL.....Tupper Lake, N. Y.
 WHDC.....Rochester, N. Y.
 WHFC.....Cicero, Ill.
 WHIS.....Bluefield, W. Va.
 WHK.....Cleveland, O.
 WHN.....New York City
 WHO.....Des Moines, Ia.
 WHP.....Harrisburg, Pa.

WHPP.....Englew'd Cliffs, N. J.
 WIAS.....Ottumwa, Ia.
 WIBA.....Madison, Wis.
 WIBC.....Elkins Park, Pa.
 WIBM.....Jackson, Mich.
 WBO.....Chicago, Ill.
 WBR.....Steubenville, Ohio
 WBS.....Elizabeth, N. J.
 WBUR.....Poyntette, Wis.
 WIBW.....Topeka, Kan.
 WIC.....Utica, N. Y.
 WICC.....Bridgeport, Conn.
 WIL.....St. Louis, Mo.
 WILL.....Urbana, Ill.
 WILM.....Wilmington, Del.
 WINR.....Bay Shore, N. Y.
 WIOD.....Miami Beach, Fla.
 WIP.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WISN.....Milwaukee, Wis.
 WJAC.....Johnstown, Pa.
 WJAD.....Waco, Tex.
 WJAG.....Norfolk, Neb.
 WJAR.....Providence, R. I.
 WJAS.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WJAX.....Marion, Ind.
 WJAX.....Jacksonville, Fla.
 WJAY.....Cleveland, O.
 WJAZ.....Chicago, Ill.
 WJBC.....La Salle, Ill.
 WJBI.....Red Bank, N. J.
 WJBK.....Ypsilanti, Mich.
 WJBL.....Decatur, Ill.
 WJBO.....New Orleans, La.
 WJBT.....Chicago, Ill.
 WJBU.....Lewisburgh, Pa.
 WJBW.....New Orleans, La.
 WJBY.....Gadsden, Ala.
 WJDW.....Emory, Va.
 WJDX.....Jackson, Miss.
 WJID.....Chicago, Ill.
 WJIS.....Gary, Ind.
 WJTV.....Detroit, Mich.
 WJSV.....Washington, D. C.
 WJW.....Mansfield, Ohio.
 WJZ.....New York City
 WKAQ.....San Juan, Porto Rico
 WKAR.....E. Lansing, Mich.
 WKAV.....Laconia, N. H.
 WKBB.....Joliet, Ill.
 WKBC.....Birmingham, Ala.
 WKBE.....Webster, Mass.
 WKBF.....Indianapolis, Ind.
 WKBH.....La Crosse, Wis.
 WKBI.....Chicago, Ill.
 WKBN.....Youngstown, O.
 WKBO.....Jersey City, N. J.
 WKBP.....Battle Creek, Mich.
 WKQB.....New York City
 WKBS.....Galesburg, Ill.
 WKBV.....Connersville, Ind.
 WKBW.....Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKBY.....Ludington, Mich.
 WKCN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
 WKIC.....Lancaster, Pa.
 WKRC.....Cincinnati, O.
 WKY.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
 WLAC.....Nashville, Tenn.
 WLAP.....Louisville, Ky.
 WLB.....Minneapolis, Minn.
 WLCB.....Muncie, Ind.
 WLB.....Kansas City, Kan.
 WLBG.....Petersburg, Va.
 WLBL.....Stevens Point, Wis.
 WLBW.....Oil City, Pa.
 WLBX.....Long Island, N. Y.
 WLBZ.....Bangor, Me.
 WLBI.....Ithaca, N. Y.
 WLEX.....Lexington, Mass.
 WLEY.....Lexington, Mass.
 WLIT.....Philadelphia, Pa.
 WLOE.....Boston, Mass.
 WLS.....Chicago, Ill.
 WLSI.....Providence, R. I.
 WLTH.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WLW.....Cincinnati, O.
 WLWL.....New York City
 WMAC.....Syracuse, N. Y.
 WMAF.....Dartmouth, Mass.
 WMIA.....Buffalo, N. Y.
 WMAL.....Washington, D. C.
 WMAN.....Columbus, Ohio
 WMAQ.....Chicago, Ill.
 WMAY.....St. Louis, Mo.
 WMAZ.....Macon, Ga.
 WMBA.....Newport, R. I.
 WMB.....Detroit, Mich.
 WMBD.....Peoria, Ill.
 WMBG.....Richmond, Va.
 WMBH.....Joplin, Mo.
 WMBI.....Chicago, Ill.
 WMBJ.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
 WMBL.....Lakeland, Fla.
 WMBM.....Memphis, Tenn.
 WMBO.....Auburn, N. Y.
 WMBQ.....Brooklyn, N. Y.

WMBR..... Tampa, Fla.
 WMC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WMCA..... New York City
 WMES..... Boston, Mass.
 WMMN..... Fairmont, W. Va.
 WMPC..... Lapeer, Mich.
 WMRJ..... Jamaica, N. Y.
 WMSG..... New York City
 WMT..... Waterloo, Ia.
 WNBC..... Boston, Mass.
 WNAD..... Norman, Okla.
 WNAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WNAZ..... Yankton, S. D.
 WNBX..... Binghamton, N. Y.
 WNBH..... New Bedford, Mass.
 WNBJ..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNBO..... Washington, Pa.
 WNBZ..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WNBW..... Carbondale, Pa.
 WNBX..... Springfield, Vt.
 WNBZ..... Saranac, N. Y.
 WNJ..... Newark, N. J.
 WNOX..... Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNRC..... Greensboro, N. C.
 WNYC..... New York City
 WOAI..... San Antonio, Tex.
 WOAN..... Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
 WOAX..... Trenton, N. J.
 WOBT..... Union City, Tenn.
 WOBW..... Charleston, W. Va.
 WOC..... Davenport, Ia.
 WODA..... Paterson, N. J.
 WOI..... Ames, Ia.
 WOKO..... Beacon, N. Y.
 WOL..... Washington, D. C.
 WOMT..... Manitowoc, Wis.
 WOOD..... Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WOPI..... Bristol, Va.
 WOQ..... Kansas City, Mo.
 WOR..... Newark, N. J.
 WORC..... Worcester, Mass.
 WORD..... Chicago, Ill.
 WOS..... Jefferson City, Mo.
 WOV..... New York City
 WOW..... Omaha, Neb.
 WOWO..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WPAP..... Palisade, N. J.
 WPAW..... Pawtucket, R. I.
 WPC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WPCH..... Hoboken, N. J.
 WPG..... Atlantic City, N. J.
 WPOE..... Patchogue, N. Y.
 WPOR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WPSC..... State College, Pa.
 WPSW..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPTF..... Raleigh, N. C.
 WOAM..... Miami, Fla.
 WOAN..... Scranton, Pa.
 WOAO..... Palisade, N. J.
 WOBC..... Vicksburg, Miss.
 WOQB..... Weirton, W. Va.

WRAF..... La Porte, Ind.
 WRAK..... Williamsport, Pa.
 WRAW..... Reading, Pa.
 WRAX..... Philadelphia, Pa.
 WRBC..... Valparaiso, Ind.
 WRBI..... Tifton, Ga.
 WRBJ..... Hattiesburg, Miss.
 WRBL..... Columbus, Ga.
 WRBQ..... Greenville, Miss.
 WRBT..... Wilmington, N. C.
 WRBU..... Gastonia, N. C.
 WRBZ..... Washington, D. C.
 WREC..... Memphis, Tenn.
 WREN..... Lawrence, Kans.
 WRHM..... Minneapolis, Minn.
 WRJN..... Racine, Wis.
 WRK..... Hamilton, Ohio
 WRNY..... New York City
 WRR..... Dallas, Tex.
 WRUF..... Gainesville, Fla.
 WSAI..... Richmond, Va.
 WSAJ..... Cincinnati, Ohio
 WSAJ..... Grove City, Pa.
 WSAN..... Allentown, Pa.
 WSAR..... Fall River, Mass.
 WSAS..... Huntington, W. Va.
 WSB..... Atlanta, Ga.
 WSBC..... Chicago, Ill.
 WSBT..... So. Bend, Ind.
 WSDA..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSEA..... Portsmouth, Va.
 WSGH..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSIS..... Sarasota, Fla.
 WSIX..... Springfield, Tenn.
 WSM..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WSMB..... New Orleans, La.
 WSMO..... Salisbury, Md.
 WSMK..... Dayton, Ohio
 WSPA..... Spartanburg, S. C.
 WSPD..... Toledo, Ohio
 WSSH..... Boston, Mass.
 WSUI..... Iowa City, Iowa
 WSUN..... St. Petersburg, Fla.
 WSVS..... Buffalo, N. Y.
 WSYR..... Syracuse, N. Y.
 WTAD..... Quincy, Ill.
 WTAG..... Worcester, Mass.
 WTAM..... Cleveland, Ohio
 WTAO..... Eau Claire, Wis.
 WTAR..... Norfolk, Va.
 WTAW..... College Station, Tex.
 WTAX..... Stretator, Ill.
 WTBO..... Cumberland, Md.
 WTFI..... Toccoa, Ga.
 WTC..... Hartford, Conn.
 WTMJ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
 WTNT..... Nashville, Tenn.
 WTOT..... Savannah, Ga.
 WWAE..... Hammond, Ind.

WWJ..... Detroit, Mich.
 WWL..... New Orleans, La.
 WWNC..... Asheville, N. C.
 WWRL..... Woodside, N. Y.
 WWVA..... Wheeling, W. Va.

CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CJCF-CHCA, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CJGC-CNRI, 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.
 CKCI, 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-CNRQ, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKIC, Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
 CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
 CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
 CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
 CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
 CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CKUA, Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKWX, Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.

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

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.
 CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
 CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
 CMCE, Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
 CMCF, Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
 CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
 CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
 CMHC, Tuinucu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
 CMHD, Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
 CMI, Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
 CMK, Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
 CMW, Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
 CMX, Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CFBO, St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
 CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
 CFCE, Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
 CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
 CFCC - CNRC, Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CFCC - CNRC, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
 CFCH, Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
 CFJC, Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
 CFCL, Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CFNB, Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
 CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
 CFRK, 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., 349.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
 CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 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.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	\$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

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

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

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

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

The Spice of Life

(Continued from page 99)

row and final tragedy that were back of the picture. The paper said it was one of the bravest things that had ever been done in the cause of pictures, and even a braver thing in the cause of human affection. A brave son going to his death to earn money to bring succor to a dying mother!

LOUISE wondered at first why nobody from the studio or the newspapers had been here to the home of Breck's mother. Then she read that there was no address on the letter and that no inquiry during the evening and night had served to discover the mother's whereabouts. So she went in and watched while the undertaker carried the body of Breck's mother away to his place. Then she went and telephoned to the newspaper, telling them that address, then went back to the house where she had stayed with mother and got the newspaper. It was about the only thing she owned in the place.

As she went out on the steps, thinking she would better go now, somewhere, she paused to look again at the first page. She found the place where it spoke about Breck's mother. Under this was a statement to this effect:

"It is not known whether Breck had a wife living. He was married some years ago, but his wife is believed to have left him. He never spoke of her, and it is supposed to have been one of the griefs he carried silently with him while he was dazzling the world with his marvelous feats of courage. How little the gaping world knows of the griefs, or the struggles, or the high qualities of those who feed its insatiable appetite for sensation!"

That last phrase paused before Louise Breck's inner gaze. Appetite for sensation! Abruptly she seemed to understand something she hadn't understood before.

Suddenly she laughed. She laughed aloud and harshly. And laughed again—and choked. And a neighbor, who had been with her half an hour before by mother's bedside, came up the steps and confronted her amazed. She didn't notice the choke.

"Well!" she said. "You don't act like you cared much! I sort o' thought you had more feelin's!"

But Louise paid no attention to her. She just walked down the steps and went away—somewhere.

Reporters of the Air

(Continued from page 21)

to the key station of the chain for a certain number of hours on a specified date. If the event is local then the local telephone company handles the work. Otherwise the long distance facilities, as well as local, come into play.

The air reporters are given the assignment as far in advance as possible. This permits them to do research work and make copious mental and penciled notes of data that has a direct bearing on the broadcast. This data may be historical or personal in character. If you think all those boys have to do is hop a Pullman, play bridge or indulge in some other form of innocent amusement until their destination is reached, jump in a taxi and ride to where their mike is set up, describe the event and then go home—well, let me disillusion you now.

The research work for any reportorial

broadcast demands a great deal of time and thought on the part of the men getting such assignments. Delays are always cropping up and these gaps must be filled with interesting chatter. No reporter can find enough descriptive material on location with which to hold his unseen audience for thirty, forty, fifty minutes—yes, and sometimes delays carry over the hour mark. For this reason he fortifies himself with all sorts of information pertinent to the broadcast.

His pockets are filled with memorandums of this information dug out of old newspaper files, gleaned from associates, from books and from all sorts of possible sources. To speak on any subject intelligently a speaker must know his subject. The audience before a platform is selective while the air reporter's is not.

This means that he must be a veritable mine of information decidedly general in its appeal. You can take it from one who has watched these men work that, when they face the mike, their cup of knowledge on the subject at hand is filled to overflowing. They are fortified, yes, indeed!

IF THE broadcast is in any way unusual, as in the case of an inaugural, a rehearsal is held the day before the actual happening. No principals are present, as they are for the rehearsal of a church wedding—only the air report and the Radio engineers. The lines are tested. Intercommunication plans are worked out.

"Hello, Phil," says Bill Lynch, speaking from his plane, to Phillips Carlin, stationed in the Washington Monument. "How's the weather down there?"

"Not so good, Bill," replies Phil. "If the wind blows like this tomorrow it'll blow my voice right out over the Potomac. It never will reach the mike. I can hear you fine. Say, how's the view from up there?"

"Great! Say, this bird is some pilot. Well, so long, Phil. We're headed toward the White House. I'll try getting in touch with Mac, now."

"You lucky stiff!" is Carlin's personal comment into the microphone as he watches the plane carry his flying associate in the direction of the house from which the Coolidges are moving on the morrow. It's just a part of the rehearsal, held on March 3, 1929.

After the rehearsal there's nothing to do but get together and talk things over. Which means that each reporter must know the method of attack of his staff companions in order that he may make his description as varied in word coloring as possible.

And when you hear the boys delivering their line of chatter it all sounds so easy and simple, doesn't it? Yet very few announcers make good at reportorial broadcasting. The man on the air has no copy-desk writer to re-edit his story. It must be edited as spoken. It's only a matter of seconds between an actual happening and the "going to press" of air news.

MOST Radio reporting is paid for by the broadcaster. There are, however, a few advertisers who realize the value of this medium as an attention getter. These men use sports events as the background for bringing the public a word or two about their wares, so if you enjoy the blow-by-blow descriptions of local boxing contests don't begrudge the advertiser the short minute between rounds which he uses for his commercial announcements.

Oh, yes, there's another little detail which doesn't help make the air reporter's life any bed of roses. It's the matter of showing partiality—taking sides. The Federal Radio commission is pretty strict

about eliminating this from all descriptions of sports events. In the old days an announcer could root for his favorite to his heart's content. But now, after perhaps betting a sawbuck on his choice to win, the announcer must stick to his knitting and keep his personal feelings to himself! It's not so easy to refrain from expressing exhilaration or dejection under circumstances like that.

Ted Husing, the star reporter for CBS, has a pet story of a certain announcer's description of a football game played several years ago between Pittsburgh and Penn State. It's worth telling.

With just a minute and a half to go Pittsburgh was on the short end of a 13-6 score. The announcer at the mike was pulling for Pittsburgh to come through with a touchdown and the extra point in order to tie. His one hope seemed to rest on the shoulders of a Pitt backfield player.

"They're lining up on the twenty-two yard line. It's Pitt's ball. Third down and eight to go. Here's the play. The ball is snapped to Dud—he's coming around right end—he's away! No, they've nailed him but he made nine yards for a first down. Good old Dud! I knew you could do it! No, it's ten yards! Come on, Dud! There's the huddle—now they're lining up again—the time is short and they're working fast. There goes the ball. It's Dud's ball! Come on, Dud! Right through tackle! He's still going. Come on—come on, Dud! Ten—no, eight yards. Only four yards from a touchdown! Good old Dud. He'll make it this time if they'll only give him the ball to carry. Good old Dud'll take it over. The huddle again. They're lining up. The play—it's a cross-buck—no—a forward pass—no—the ball is snapped. Oh, it's going to Dud again—good old Dud! Oh, hell, the damn fool dropped the ball!"

THOSE days are over. Never again will we hear an announcer yelling encouragement to any more "good old Duds."

While speaking of Husing it might interest you to know what particular sport interests him the most. Oddly enough, it is a sport which he has never broadcast—professional bicycle sprint races! During the summer Ted is usually found hanging around the Velodrome tracks on his nights off.

McNamee's favorite sport? That's another laugh, too. For several years Mac played hockey, yet he has never broadcast the description of a hockey contest. And he says he really would enjoy doing it. Won't some kind hearted promoter fix it so that Mac can give us a blow-by-blow description of the puck in action—just once?

A while ago a local station in upper New York state wanted to hire McNamee to give a local air report of a basket ball game. Now, it so happened that here was one game Mac knew nothing about.

"Where I came from it was always considered a girls' game more than a real sport," Graham told the agent who brought him the offer. "Wire them I can't do it for less than twice the sum they say they can pay. That'll stall them off. There's no use telling them I don't know anything about the game."

The agent wired Mac's price. And Mac's terms were accepted! He was forced to accept the assignment so he bought a book of rules and another book describing the game. These he studied while on the train. Arriving in the up-state city he confessed to his hosts that he was up against an unfamiliar sport. They agreed to give him the assistance of two advisers, one each from the opposing factions, and fortified with these

helpers Mac went to it. His job was so well done that he was hired to broadcast several more games! And I might add that Mac has discovered that basket ball is no ring-around-the-rosy. It's a sure enough sport.

AT ONE time Husing accepted an invitation to be the guest of an announcer, who was to report a parade for a local station, during the broadcast. The announcer in question is considered one of the best reportorial workers in his section of the country and Ted was curious to watch him work. Everything went along swimmingly until some decorated floats went past the reviewing stand. Then the announcer turned from the mike and whispered, "What color would you call that float, Ted?" In a low tone Husing described the float and the man at the mike relayed the description to the Radio listeners. A moment or so later the same thing happened again. Before the broadcast was over Husing discovered that the man at the mike was color blind!

During the past world series Husing caught a very bad cold. But, as you remember, he stuck it out and finished the assignment in his always reliable way. Many of you may recall that on one day in particular his voice was almost unrecognizable. One of the heads of the Columbia Broadcasting system, who is so partial to that chain that he never listens to a rival broadcast, happened to tune in on the game. So positive was he that the voice he heard was not Husing's that he asked another official how it happened that Graham McNamee was on the Columbia chain!

With all the rivalry that exists between the two big chain systems there is, between the reporters of the air, a certain sympathetic bond which makes for comradeship. Rivals these men may be but enemies, never. When Husing inaugurated his series of weekly sports talks he invited McNamee to participate as guest speaker on the first of these thirty-minute periods. And, had it been within his power to do so Mac's voice would have been heard over the CBS hookup. But Mac was scheduled to make a public appearance in a distant city that same night and had to send a letter of regret, which Husing read to his air audience.

THERE is another type of reporter who is coming into much favor—the man who gives a resumé of market conditions and the daily stock reports at the microphone. I have heard many of these reporters in action and the man whose work stands head and shoulders above all others is Vincent O'Shea. Mr. O'Shea takes the air for two half-hour periods daily over station WMCB. He is employed by the New York Evening World as special writer for the financial page and broadcasts from the office of that paper.

At 12:15 he writes a short description of the morning trading, takes the galley proofs of the 12 o'clock prices and, at 12:30, is on the air. It takes him about two minutes to read his written resumé. Then, for twenty-eight minutes, he races, with every word clean-cut and distinct, through the list of stocks on the big board, the Curb and the Produce exchange. At 4 o'clock he gives the closing prices and a short talk on the trading activities of the day.

When Mr. O'Shea tackled the job he found, in the face of many requests for Produce exchange quotations, that he did not have time to include them. The produce list is short, but even so it meant the stretching of his time at least three minutes to include it. So he hunted around until he found a way to make

his thirty minutes three minutes longer without running over the half hour! Sounds rather impossible, but he accomplished the feat by eliminating the word "and" between the whole numbers and the fractions. Instead of saying "Standard Brands, thirty and a quarter," he now says, "Standard Brands, thirty a quarter." When the word "and" was dropped something like seven to nine hundred times in a half hour it gave him the desired three minutes in which to read the Produce exchange list.

DURING the month of February a new type of air reporter was introduced to the Radio audience of this country—the foreign correspondent. With the disarmament conference in London the chain systems called on the services of two trained newspaper men, William Hard for NBC, and William Frederic Wile for CBS, brought us for several days their reports of progress. They also introduced as guest speakers the leading political and diplomatic lights of the five powers represented at the conference. The results were astounding from two angles—the exceptionally clear transmission and the awakening of a news consciousness in the minds of the broadcaster.

Slowly but surely Radio is going, no, not native, but newspaper. By that I mean the elements which go into the makeup of our daily and weekly press are cropping out as the real backbone of broadcasting. And a sturdy backbone it is.

In a brief survey of regular scheduled programs, similar in character to special newspaper articles, we have the children's, farm and home, household, fashions, bridge, national, psychological, lecture, editorial, forum, political, language and columnist features. Yes, and some of the smaller stations have a poets' corner.

The bedtime story hour has sort of grown up. Not that the appeal is now to children of a different age, but it has become, and everyone is grateful for it, a bit more sincere in its educational aspect.

The Sunday Morning Children's hour, conducted by Milton J. Cross for NBC, is a joyous occasion. Milt has surrounded himself with children who are musically inclined and who are happy to find an outlet for their talents at the mike. This program is, indeed, a "children's hour."

HERE is a little yarn Milt tells on himself. He hadn't been in Radio very long at the time this happened but the set phrase used by announcers in identifying themselves when signing off had impressed itself firmly in his mind. One night he was very tired and after hurrying through his prayers before turning in he caught himself finishing up with, "Dear Lord, this is Milton J. Cross announcing. Amen."

Another novel program for children is put on daily, except Sunday, over WOR. This half hour will be heard soon on the Radio Quality group, a chain hookup, taking in WLW and WMAQ with WOR as key station. It is called "Uncle Don's Club" and is conducted by Don Carney with just enough parliamentary routine to give the feature a delightfully dignified tone. The act has been running for about a year and a half and, while everyone knew Uncle Don had a heavy following, this was not fully appreciated until the program went commercial for a day a few weeks ago. The advertiser, using Uncle Don as spokesman, promised to send samples of his product to all who wrote in for them. The first day's mail brought fifteen thousand requests. This from one half hour,

over a local station on a children's hour! Oh, well, people said Henry Ford was crazy, too.

Governmental departments, other than the weather bureau, are discovering an outlet for instructive information. Dr. Julius Klein, secretary of commerce, speaks for fifteen minutes each week over CBS on world's business. The National Farm and Home hour over NBC brings the department of agriculture into close tri-weekly touch with the public via the mike. Heads of various bureaus give five-minute talks on the crop markets, with suggestions and discussions pertinent to the subject of farm relief. This program stresses the functioning prowess of the department in its relation to the farmer. It brings home to the farmer the fact that the department can and will be of service to him if he will let it.

The mail bags which come into the department of agriculture frequently bring requests for advice which, to say the least, present a varied assortment of problems. And each writer expects Uncle Sam to take a personal interest in his troubles. Let it be said to his credit that, whenever possible, the kindly old gentleman does take a personal interest.

THERE is a story about a listening farmer who lived on the banks of the Mississippi river who owned quite a tract of swamp land. He wrote the department asking its advice as to what might be a good use for this unproductive soil, mentioning the fact that the only things which lived and grew naturally on his land were muskrats. The clerk who answered the inquiry suggested that the farmer send a sample of the soil, from what he rather facetiously referred to as "your present muskrat farm," to his state agricultural department for analysis. The farmer never took that advice. The letter gave him an idea, however. He started catering to the wants of the little animals and now the gentleman has a prosperous muskrat farm in reality!

While in the throes of writing this article I have just taken time out to catch Bill Lynch, of NBC and C. R. Randall, of station WSMB, give a red-hot word picture of one of the Mardi Gras parades at New Orleans. Those of you who were fortunate enough to tune in on the "Radiocast," to use the WSMB announcer's especially favored word, now realize what a microphone reporter is up against when he makes his set-up in a crowd.

A photographer started taking flash-light pictures of the passing floats just a few feet away. Bill was forced to interrupt his description of the parade and enlist the services of nearby onlookers to get the cameraman to take his activities elsewhere before the explosions of flash-powder ruined the sensitive microphone.

As Bill had no way of closing the circuit, the mike remained open throughout the action of the little dramatic incident. The unexpected fracas recorded beautifully over several thousand loud-speakers. Bill's excited lapse into the vernacular was a natural, "Wow! Those things are no good for any man's mike! Liable to put the whole works out of commission."

It is the unusual which makes Radio a living breathing reality. We take off our hats to the mystery of its operation, but the responsive chord is struck when the human element rides the air waves. The highspot of the last World Series broadcasts had nothing to do with the games. It happened when the two chain announcers made an error at the same time.

When President Hoover, a guest at one of the games, made his appearance, Ted Husing, over one network, reported as follows: "Here comes President Wilson!" And Graham McNamee, over the other network, informed his listeners, "President Coolidge has just entered the ballpark!" The two slips were quickly corrected. How, you ask, did these two capable announcers happen to make such glaring mistakes? There is but one answer—because these men are only human; which is ninety per cent of the reason for their success. When robots and automatons are substituted for humans at the mike there won't be any listeners.

NOW that we have digressed for a moment let's return to our survey.

Turning to the women's page of Radio activities we find plenty of material which smells of the printer's ink. Fashions, care of babies and children, beauty hints, cooking classes, suggestions on interior decorating, in fact every type of program similar to the special articles on the women's pages of our daily papers is etherized regularly now.

Women's organizations are represented—the D. A. R. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the New York State Federation of Women's clubs being among those prominently identified with cultural chain broadcasts.

Every Radio wife is familiar with Ida Baily Allen's Radio Homemakers' club with its hundred thousand members. The listeners are not all housewives, either. Miss Allen received a letter of thanks from a man in one of our western states. He stated that he was grateful for getting new recipes over the air as they gave him the chance to relieve his stomach of tackling canned beans every day! The gentleman in question was a forest ranger, so don't be too hasty about giving him the raspberry, men. If we were stationed in one of civilization's outposts perhaps we'd be grateful for a change of diet, too.

Twice a week over the CBS network Marie Blizard talks on fashions of the day. It so happens that Miss Blizard not only knows her percales, she is also the possessor of a charming Radio personality. Her fan mail is both amazing and amusing. The mash notes received by this little lady are enough to turn any screen beauty green with envy.

ONE man writes to ask if she is more than thirty-one, which, he explains is just his age. If she can truthfully claim to be within the draft limit he proposes that they get together and have the usual understanding! Now, I ask you, Marie—pu—lease be careful!

Miss Blizard receives many requests from gentlemen (?), all "war heroes, to let them tell it, who ask her to put them in touch with rich widows matrimonially inclined. Just why she should be suspected of running a bureau of this sort is beyond understanding. But I suppose boys will be boys. Having won the war they want to win the widows!

And the youth of our grand and glorious country is not immune. Witness this personal appeal, penciled on the outside of an envelope addressed to Miss Blizard: "While mother was writing this to you I listened to your voice on the Radio. I like it and wish you would write to me, too. But don't let mother know!"

There's a lady by the name of Elizabeth Fellows who gives a weekly talk on psychology. She is a keen student of the subject and you might be curious to know what prompted her interest in it. Miss Fellows was the first woman to introduce and manage a cafeteria in the city of New York. Is it any wonder

this lady knows the psychology of her fellowmen? You can't come in contact with General and Mrs. Public, especially when they are exposed to cafeteria vitamins and calories, without feeling sorry for them. At least, Miss Fellows couldn't.

There are many programs which might come under the heading of the magazine section of Radio with its featured speakers paralleling the work of the special writers of the press.

OF PARTICULAR interest on the NBC chain is the work of Floyd Gibbons, whose adventure tales and timely talks on current news of the day, the latter program sponsored by Literary Digest, has brought a vivid personality to the mike. Mr. Gibbons, world famous war correspondent, is an exceptionally fast worker, both in preparing his data and in talking to his unseen audience.

United Press news flashes are brought to his hotel room about an hour before he is scheduled to take the air. When he arrives at the studio he has his microphone campaign mapped out. For fifteen minutes Mr. Gibbons chatters away without a letup as though racing the hands of the clock.

He always has so many interesting sidelights to add to the news that he never really seems to finish. He can say more that is genuinely worthwhile in less time than any ten average speakers. And when he signs off he leaves the listener fairly breathless—but with a sense of having read every word in his daily paper without looking at it!

On the rival network Alexander Powell, known in newspaper and magazine circles as the "ace of war correspondents," is holding forth with a weekly talk. Mr. Powell remarked that, with so much discussion of peace in the air, it is up to him to start specializing in something other than wars.

CBS is featuring a weekly chat by Dr. Arthur Torrence, who has been connected with several expeditions for the British government in such out-of-the-way places as Siam, New Borneo and Africa. His first broadcast was responsible for renewing the acquaintance of a man, now living in New York, who trekked across Africa with the doctor many years ago.

But it was one of his later broadcasts which was responsible for the big thrill. For twenty years he had been completely out of touch with his sister. She, now married, was living in Virginia. A report that her brother had been killed in the Honduras earthquake some years ago was suddenly shattered, when, as she dialed about on her Radio set, she heard and recognized the voice of Dr. Torrence coming from the loud speaker.

Still not quite sure she waited until the conclusion of the program. The announcer gave the lecturer's name. Then she wired the key station, WABC. Needless to say a decidedly happy family reunion resulted.

THE chains have their own book reviewers in the persons of Mary Weston Seaman and Thoman L. Mason.

Bill Schudt, a member of the press relations department of CBS, is putting on a weekly highspot with his "Going to Press." He features various well known newspaper and magazine men—editors, special writers, columnists and cartoonists. Harold P. Brown, the editor of Radio Digest, was a guest speaker on this program last winter. (Check and double check!) Not long ago Mr. Schudt got Milt Gross to appear on his program. Much to Bill's surprise, Gross brought eight comic strip artists with him! After individual introductions at

the mike these several laugh-makers put on a skit. In the middle of the performance one of the members of this amateur cast lost his place in the script and there was a distinct pause. However, the pause was covered by Gross who ejaculated in a whisper that traveled thousands of miles on the air, "What the hell!"

To the credit of CBS must go the thanks of the entire world for arranging and producing one of the finest series of educational broadcasts ever attempted "The Conclave of Nations." This feature goes on the air every Tuesday night at 10:30, E.S.T., and brings to the microphone, as guest speaker, a different foreign ambassador each week. Learning about our neighbors first hand will do more to make world peace an actuality than any number of diplomatic conferences. The most fertile soil in which to plant seeds of contentment and understanding is in the hearts of laymen. And to the listener who is finding the "Conclave of Nations" a sincere effort to promote harmonic relationships between all countries I can only quote About Ben Adhem and say, "May his tribe increase."

Bridge! Ah, now we're talking about a game so popular that it has its own space in newspaper and magazine columns. I have never had the pleasure of meeting any of the authorities now writing and speaking over the air on the art of playing the game but I once saw a hand played the like of which, I think, will never be duplicated. I dedicate the description to Milton C. Work.

THE scene was in the cardroom of a well known theatrical club. It was nearly daybreak and the players were, perhaps, a bit groggy for lack of sleep. The game had been in progress for hours and as I passed the table on my way out a no trump hand was in progress. The declarer found five diamonds headed with the Ace, King and Queen in dummy. In his own hand were four diamonds, Jack high. Finding himself in dummy after the opening lead the declarer proceeded to play out the five diamonds and sluff three losing hearts and two losing spades from his own hand! Getting into his own hand with the Ace of clubs he lead the Jack of diamonds, whereupon one of the opponents, blissfully unconscious that anything was wrong, remarked in disgust, "Here come those damned diamonds again!" The declarer scored a grand slam, having made nine of the thirteen tricks with diamonds. The five renegs went unnoticed by any of the players.

Occasionally I catch a reader of poems on the air from some local station but with Radio going newspaper it will not be surprising to find the chains putting aside a few minutes of their many hours a week as a corner where the poets may gather. The two best microphone readers of verse I have heard are Effie Lawrence Palmer and N. T. Grantlan. The latter is more familiarly known to the Radio listeners as "N. T. G." Miss Palmer is a splendid interpreter of emotional and down east characters, as fans of Soconyland Sketches know, while N. T. G. is primarily a night club master of ceremonies!

The editorial speakers who are coming into Radio are becoming more and more numerous. The fan mail which follows the arrival of a new voice "with a message" makes the powers of mikedom open their eyes in surprise. The letters are not only numerous, they are extremely well written. It's a bit difficult for many oldtimers in Radio to believe that the public can find enjoyment in any educational program. Who was it said, "The average intelligence

Germs of decay are glued to teeth

This special way removes them



Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Will you accept a free supply of a tooth paste that brings results like none other known? It will reduce dental troubles and make teeth far more lovely.

WHAT causes decay? *Germs.* Germs with tartar, under favorable conditions, are also the cause of pyorrhea. At least 80% of all dental troubles are directly caused by bacterial infection.

Germs on teeth and gums—and there are millions of them—are difficult to reach. A dingy, glue-like film envelops them and holds them in contact with the teeth and tissues. Ordinary antiseptics cannot penetrate this film to reach bacteria and destroy them.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings so stubbornly that even “over-brushing,” which your dentist knows is harmful, cannot dislodge film effectively.

So Pepsodent was developed through scientific research to act in an entirely different manner. You will notice that difference by the way it feels.

How Pepsodent destroys germs

First Pepsodent curdles film, then removes it with complete safety to enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for sensitive children’s teeth and for tender gums.

You will want to try it

No other ways can give the protection to teeth and gums Pepsodent affords. No other way can bring such brilliant whiteness. Simply send the coupon to the nearest address, and receive your free supply to try. Act at once.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America’s Most Popular Radio Feature
AMOS 'n' ANDY




You will enjoy these inimitable blackfaceartists—the children will enjoy them, too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

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The Pepsodent Co.,
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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.
Only one tube to a family 3420

of the Radio listener is that of a child of twelve."

A FEW years ago speakers themselves gave little thought to Radio as a possible medium of expression. Then, too, they were mike-shy. For that reason the type of lecturer or speaker who was dragged into the broadcasting studios was nothing to write home about. He was usually thought of as just a time killer—something with which to fill in with between entertainment programs. It was little wonder that we dialed over to a station broadcasting music whenever our loud speakers started to orate, or replaced the ear-phones with earmuffs.

How different now! Not that we don't want our musical programs. We do. But we do not want them in such quantities as we have had them. In a previous article I shouted long and loud for variety on the air. We're really beginning to get it at last. Just as books of fiction are no longer the best sellers in the literary market so is the voice "with a message" topping the entertainment program in popularity. I base this statement on a check-up of unsolicited fan mail received at the studios.

Perhaps the talking picture producers have strengthened, without knowing it, the position of the editorial lecturer at the microphone. With practically every picture plugging a theme song it is quite a relief to get home from the theatre and get on speaking terms with the human voice at the Radio!

With the desire of the public so clearly defined by the books they read it is no longer difficult to interest real brains in becoming identified with broadcasting.

Let me tell you briefly how "Columbia's Commentator" came into Radio. Dr. Charles Fleischer is an individualist. An exponent of free thinking, his great aim has been for some years "to teach the people to think"—not necessarily as he thinks, but to reason for themselves. He wants them to get the habit of using the brains God gave them. A few years ago he started a class of free thinkers in Boston.

WHEN William Randolph Hearst heard Doctor Fleischer speak the newspaper man brought him to New York and for a year he wrote editorials for the New York American, which were illustrated by Windsor McKay. Following this work the doctor went on the lecture platform but soon became discouraged because of the limited number of people he could reach in this way. One day this past winter he visited the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting system. He was intent on giving Radio a trial. As his presence in the studio was unsolicited he didn't know who he wanted to see. He only knew he wanted to speak with someone in authority. His impressive personality finally brought him to the head of the program department, who, when he learned the nature of the visit, gave him an audition.

A week later Doctor Fleischer went on for his initial broadcast. The response to his short ten-minute discourse was an instantaneous welcome by thousands of listeners who voiced their appreciation by mail. He is now one of the Sabbath highspots of CBS. Not all his listeners agree with everything the doctor says. And this seems to make the gentleman very happy. "I knew there were plenty of thinkers about and at last I am able to bring them within the reach of my voice," is his smiling comment.

My prophecy as to the future of Radio is as good as the next man's, so here it is: I believe that the parade of intelligent personalities has just started and

that the future writers, reporters and speakers for air programs will play as big a part in our daily life as do the gentlemen of the press.

Let me repeat a phrase from an earlier paragraph: "Slowly but surely Radio is going newspaper."

The Turning Wheel

(Continued from page 19)

"If I discharge you," the magistrate asked, "will you promise not to repeat the attempt?"

The young man hesitated.

"Really," he said, "I have no wish to become a burden to the state, and I do not exactly see—"

The magistrate stopped him.

"There has come into my hands," he said, gravely, "a sum of one hundred dollars. That sum is yours if you will promise to leave the country at once and not repeat the offense with which you are at present charged."

"May I inquire the price of a third-class ticket to New York, and the sum of money I should be required to have to be allowed to land?" the prisoner asked.

"The police-court missionary," the magistrate answered, "will take you from here to an emigrant office, where you can learn all particulars."

"In that case," the young man declared, "I am willing to give my promise."

WHEELS of destiny moved slowly for this young man, but accompanied by fate played strange tricks, and he finds success and happiness in a way you would never suspect. You won't want to miss the sequel to this gripping story in the June Radio Digest. At all news stands May 25.

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 25)

stood Paul Savoy, as white as a sheet, haggard eyed, hair sticking up in all directions.

"Still groping among your thousand and one nice little clues, Captain?" he chuckled. "Finding that clues either mean what they appear to mean or mean just the opposite?"

"I've made a certain bet here," he told them, producing a sealed envelope. "We'll see later if it's right or wrong. Right, I hold it to be, and you may be sure I'd take any man's counter bet on it, and for any amount he cared to mention! But I'm not going to disclose my discovery just now. If there were only a safe I could put it in; then no man could say later I'd changed my bet! But safes are unsafe and—go get me a hammer, some little pieces of wood, such as you can knock out of a box end and some nails," he commanded the Filipino boys.

They went out together, and returned with all that Savoy requested. He had stood while waiting, looking all about the room. Now he stood on a table, set his envelope against a heavy ceiling beam, covered it with a bit of box end, and drove three big nails through the whole.

"There," he cried triumphantly, stepping down, "is a big step taken toward the solution of this no longer mysterious happening of ours."

Paul Savoy had tasted no food since an early breakfast and had even denied

himself the luxury of smoking. Now he relaxed utterly and pandered freely to the physical man. Gradually the pallor and pinched look were banished from his face.

For a space the two house boys were kept busy ministering to his appetite. Then, when they made a first step toward withdrawal he stopped them with a smile and a pleasant word.

"Pretty quiet for you boys here, eh? Houses not all jammed together as in the city."

One of them mentioned the other house. Savoy did not appear in any way concerned with it, yet made his light remarks, and in the end was told all they knew of it. More, in fact, than had been told in the living room.

"IT'S a fine thing to have a house right on the lake shore, like this. Fine especially in the summer time. The thing to do is to have a launch, or a yacht or both; and to spend the glorious days and nights out on the water."

The Filipinos, fond of the water, knew all about boats and Savoy learned how the various types of small craft were housed for the winter, with these homes shut up. The boats were drawn up and stowed away upon a platform under the roof.

"I don't think, though, that it's done that way in the house nearby, is it?" queried Savoy. "There's another system there, eh?"

"Yes, it was different there. For, first of all, that other house was seldom occupied; it had been shut up all the time, so far as they knew. And it had no boat house at all. Instead, the big boat was kept at the main house itself, in a sort of shed at the north side. They had once peered through a knot hole and seen it. A big boat, too; a beauty it had been, but was old now, like the house.

"Too big for men to carry back and forth?" suggested Savoy.

Oh, sure, too big for that. That was why there was a steel cable running from the shed of which they had told him, down to a big pier set in the water. It would be easy that way, even with a heavier boat; you had but to sling it to the cable and run it along on pulleys.

"I fancied there would be something like that," nodded Savoy, and for the few words remaining wandered off to trout and ended with the Philippine Islands.

Lamps were lighted in the living room when he strolled back to join the others. Entering, he cocked an eye upward at the envelope which he had nailed to the beam across the ceiling.

"Still there, my boy," said Laufer-Hirth, and proffered his cigarette case.

"Still there," returned Savoy, searching for an inviting seat and deciding on a great, cushiony davenport where he extended himself at full length in indolent ease. He conveyed the impression of a man who had worked hard all day and now meant to revel in a well-earned rest. He lighted the cigarette which Laufer-Hirth had handed him and directed an enormous cloud of smoke toward his envelope.

"I have thought much during the day, Mr. Savoy," spoke up Mr. Nemo, "of your attitude toward the problem of criminal investigation. May I compliment you upon its bold originality? And, would it be indecorous of me to inquire if your labor has been prolific of results?"

Savoy beamed at him, accepting his tribute, and making his light reply:

"Thank you. I am the more grateful since I feel that there are others in the room who are sincerely convinced that, as an amateur detective, I'm a howling jackass." His twinkling eyes roved to



...in America's Adventureland

Do you know the thrill of luncheon on some high mountainside, with miles and miles of pine forests spread out at your feet, and the keen breeze of six thousand feet ruffling your hair?

Come and hike with us . . . up a winding trail through the clouds, to a meadow gay with wild flowers, where the air is always bracing, and the sunshine always bright!

Glacier Park—on the main line of the

Great Northern—or perhaps you prefer the Puget Sound country, where Mount Baker, wreathed in eternal snow, gazes at old Rainier. Then there's the Columbia River region, with Mount Hood brooding over the fat valleys; or Alaska, maybe . . .

New travel booklets, full of enticing pictures, from the agent in your city, or direct from Great Northern Travel Headquarters at St. Paul, Minn.

Tune in on the Great Northern Empire Builders program over the Blue Chain of the National Broadcasting Company every Monday evening — 10:30 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

The New
EMPIRE BUILDER

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a meeting with Captain Temple's scornful ones, then returned unaltered in their expression to Mr. Nemo. "Yes, I have made strides, I think. Almost am I tempted to say that at a bound, hurdling the clutter of misleading sign-posts, thus avoiding many a twist and quirk in a devious path, I have sped straight from question to answer."

"IS THERE any reason, then," asked Temple bluntly, "for withholding the answer? Unless, of course, your original surmise that Mr. Paul Savoy himself may be the murderer, remains your final decision! In which case, naturally, we should not think of pressing you!"

"Oh, I think I've cleared Mr. Paul Savoy," was the good-humored retort. "But I do seem to see a reason for refraining from making any charge at this time."

"Its interesting to discover," put in Temple with a gravity so deep that it hinted at an undercurrent of ridicule, "how Savoy can cast into the future this way. No doubt, Mr. Savoy, you can really predict coming events?"

"Some events," said Savoy evenly. "All men can, you know. Thus, I'll stake my life on sunrise tomorrow, even though that glorious birth be hidden from us by clouds and snow."

"I failed to be sufficiently definite," admitted Temple, bound on running him to cover. "I should have specified human events."

"Even there one may look into the future," grinned Savoy. "I mean that we're due before long to have a caller from the outside world."

"In all this storm?" demanded Temple.

"You expect someone, Paul?" asked Laufer-Hirth. "A messenger with letters and wires?"

"No one whom I know; no one who knows me," said Savoy.

"Mr. Savoy," observed Temple, "reveals in mystification."

"Why, as to that, I don't know. Unfortunately, I can't, like the fortune teller who peeks into a deck of cards, say that it is to be a tall dark stranger. But let's see just what I can tell you."

"Look here, Paul," remonstrated Laufer-Hirth. "We're a bit on edge, you know, and this isn't any time for your confounded fooling. If you know, and have known along along, that some other man was coming, I think you might be plain about it."

"I know, but I haven't known all along. I know that he'll come because it's now inevitable that he should. And I know it from no previous knowledge, but simply as a logical result of a day in my laboratory."

"Simple, oh, no doubt," laughed Temple.

"It would be a pretty test," said Mr. Nemo. "If you do not care at this stage to have us follow you step by step—or in your single bound, Mr. Savoy, will you still allow us to look forward with you as clearly as you see to the coming of this man?"

"I'm not sure of all my ground," admitted Savoy. "But, if you will bear with me, I think I may be able to add a little, a very little—Let's see; first, the exact hour of arrival? No, we can't be sure of that; a little more examining of evidence, with this in mind, and we'd hit pretty close upon the hour. Never mind; we'll be here when he comes. Why will he come? Well, suppose we say, at once, telling the truth and irritating our good friend the captain, that he will come upon secret and important business. I could go further there, but would prefer not to. Whence, now, does he

come? Why, from San Francisco, to be sure!"

He spoke with such assurance that he perplexed them.

"This is no hoax?" demanded Laufer-Hirth. "Swear it, Paul."

"NO HOAX at all, Amos. And, by the way, I'm pretty sure that my man will not come alone. There will be two. One, let us say, the urban type; a pretty keen specimen, too. The other? More rugged, a muscular chap; let's call him a mountaineer. Yes, that's all right; I'm pretty sure of that. And now, what will these two men say? What will they want here? What will they do?"

"I think I could tell you what they want, but that's my secret a while yet! I know what they'll do; they'll stick here, or at any rate one of them will, plaster-tight. As to what they'll tell us, that's difficult. For pure guess work, let's fancy our chief stranger ready with a mouthful of varying explanations. Lost in the storm, maybe; a cheap sort of excuse, but one at least that would ring true. If he should name any names, it would be to ask for Mr. Parks. If he were told that Mr. Parks was dead—why, then, he'd ask, and pretty quickly, for Detective Dicks. Informed that Dicks, too, was dead, he'd look us over and hang up his hat."

"These two men of yours—they're the murderers!" burst out Laufer-Hirth. For, by now, he believed that Savoy was in earnest; and, what was more likely than that Savoy had come to the decision that some two men, not of their own company, had committed the double crime and for some reason were impelled to return to the house.

Some four hours later they had fallen silent. First Andregg, then Will Little, bearing candles, had gone off to bed. Laufer-Hirth was in the midst of a tremendous yawn. And every man of them, Savoy himself included, started electrically and then grew rigid in the tensest expectation as the sound which they had fancied so many a time actually burst upon them. There was a furious pounding at the front door, to be heard even above the storm. And, with the knocking, a loud voice, shouting. Savoy sprang to his feet, eyes dancing.

"Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" he cried out cheerily. For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."

WHO are the mysterious strangers at the door, whose coming has confirmed Paul Savoy's forecasts? What are the results of the latter's laboratory deductions about the murderer of Mainwaring Parks and Detective Dicks? Does the envelope nailed against the ceiling beam hold the true answer to the mystery? Don't miss the next installment of Jackson Gregory's gripping story in the great June issue of Radio Digest, on sale May 25.

The Maid From Martinique

(Continued from page 35)

man but old MacGreggor, who grew more furious within every minute. He glowered, a-hemmed, stomped about, shifted his quid from one side of his jaw to the other, snorted out of the cabin to expectorate over the side, rolled back in again and finally exploded:

"'Begone with ya! I'll not have you bewitchin' my partners with yar cunnin' ways. 'Tis serious business we have ahead of us—an' a woman—a woman—ye have na' place here—'

"'Me? What I do to make ze great Messieur MacGreggoire—'

"'Go lang wi' ye, now, we're aboot to sail!'

"'Oooh! W'have I do? Celeste is so sad zat ze gre—'

"'Stop! Stop! I tell ye, do na' call me that again! I—I—'

"'Ah, maybe tomorrow, Capitaine MacGreggoire, he feel so different. I will to be veree good all ze time—'

"'What? Ye mean to sail wi' us?' MacGreggor squinted one eye almost shut while the other bulged and bored the girl through. Still she purred and seemed quite self possessed.

"'Oui! Certainly! Messieur Joe he does not told you I come too?'

"'Joe said what?'

"'Calm down, Mac—Joe will straighten it out when he comes—'

"'Joe! Hoot! Tha' mon must ha' lost his wits! Wait 'till I find him!'

He heaved himself out of the cabin and the man and the girl could hear his boots clump down the length of the deck.

"CELESTE rested her dainty pointed elbows on the fresh cloth she had placed on the table. Her soft, slender fingers entwined the oval of her chin. The triangle at the throat of her blouse left mysterious little shadows playing against the ivory satin of her skin. Bob slid himself down in a chair and a yearning, leaping woman hunger flamed into his face and his eyes.

"This, to Celeste, was the zest of living; kindling the hearts of lonely men into flame. She had forgotten about Joe in the process of stirring the emotions of this new victim. Her eyes reflected the warm glow from the smouldering flame reflected in her own heart.

"'Why you look at me like that?' she purred. 'You think Celeste pretty?'

"'You—you're beautiful, Celeste—gorgeous—'

"'What you like, my eyes?—my lips?'

"'Yes, your eyes and your lips—you beautiful devil—' he clenched his fingers and propelled by some cosmic force he swept toward her—and would have encircled her in his arms—but she laughed and dodged free—her great eyes, half curtained by long sweeping lashes, and her lips, pouting with the utmost provocation. She taunted him from the far end of that table, shaking a finger and dimpling as she smiled again.

"'No, no, no, no, you go kinda crazy, what? Messieur Joe, he be very angry with you. La! La! You like to hear me sing?'

"'Mac was right,' said Bob, with a sudden bitter smile 'I'm a fool. You'll never catch me again like that. You stay here until Joe comes. I'm going out.'

"Of course she did stay aboard. Joe came and would listen to nothing else, although MacGreggor swore and protested to the last minute. When they had loaded their cargo and put to sea he gladly would have returned to put her ashore. He looked upon her as an ill omen. He would not even give her the consideration he had for the cat Bob had brought aboard for a mascot—the cat only caught rats and mice—but the woman played for bigger game.

"Bob kept at a distance, although he knew there was an imp and an urge beneath his skin that needed but half a chance to sink him beyond all hope. He saw Celeste and Jacques, the French bo'sun, sitting on a coil of rope in the moonlight the second night out. His first sensation was of intense rage, and

NO SKEEEAWW? BZZXOWW?!! XS with good connections



Note slender chisel tip. No. 815L14 (\$4.75) is 55 watts for continuous service. No. 819L14 (\$5.25) is 95 watts, for intermittent service where quick heating is necessary (repair service or home use).

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This chisel tip is only 5/16" in diameter. Especially adapted to radio work and general odd jobs about the home or home workshop. No. 847L9 (\$2.75) is 55 watts. No. 819L9 (\$3.25) is 95 watts.



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and leading set manufacturers. There are soldering irons galore available; but for years Simplex has proved its leadership in speed, perfect balance, quality and convenience. Accept no iron but a Simplex. If your regular dealer does not have Simplex, mail the coupon and by return mail we'll give you the name of a nearby dealer who does. Or send money order and the iron you select will be sent postpaid at once, satisfaction guaranteed.

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then fear; for he knew that Joe was insanely jealous of the jade. He had a horror of impending tragedy. Something would have to happen with so much inflammable material around where sparks were flying loose and uncontrolled. He was satisfied that the bo'sun knew full well the danger he faced in talking to the girl. For that reason he refrained from offering advice and therewith being misunderstood for his motives.

“CELESTE was insatiable. She was not a one-man woman—never could be. She craved to ignite the love fire and see it boom into a conflagration. And the bo'sun yielded to her enchantment. Her velvety voice humming and crooning—

“When you sing like that I would give my life for you,” he said on that same night when Bob had noted them sitting on the great coil. Celeste touched his cheek with a mischievous finger, and a blue ray from the moon glistened for an instant against her perfect teeth.

“Yes, I think so. If Messieur Joe see you sitting here with me I think mos' like as not he would keel you—but you die happy—huh?”

“Do you think he suspects?”

“Mebbe yes, mebbe no. He ees no fool. Comes how I nevaire let you kiss me. Ah, Mon Dieu, if he ever saw, you would go quick to the diable.”

“Suddenly he looked up as her eye lids flew wide and her lips parted in a startling little scream. Joe had come around from the other side and towered over them; his face, half in the shadow twisted into grimace like that of an animal tortured to desperate madness.

“Yes, yes,” the words growled up from his hairy throat, ‘you greasy rat of a rat—you would, you would—’

“No, no, no, Joe,” Celeste flung herself to him, her arms about his neck and pressed his cheek to her. Then she caught his face in her magic hands and looked into his eyes until one flame had been quenched by another. He folded her tightly in his arms. Looking over her shoulder he saw Jacques, the French bo'sun, cowering against the hatch. He put Celeste down on her feet again.

“Do you love only me?” he asked.

“My big, brave Joe—ah, who else could there be—not him!” Why Jacques, he just speaks French and sometime I like to speak the mother tongue wis him. We talk of Martinique—people he know, people I know—zat ees all, you make me ashamed—

“Celeste, you are mine forever. No more talks but with me.” He thrust his clenched fist out toward the bo'sun. ‘Get out. You're lucky to be alive this minute. I meant to beat you into a pulp for the louse I think you are. Don't speak one word with her again. If you do, not even Celeste can stop me.’

“Then, like a broken little bird, Celeste crumpled to the deck and sobbed, her face in her hands.

“Oh, bine aime Joe, why must you be so cruel?” she wept, ‘you do not love Celeste. I cannot speak to anyone. I leave my home, my friends, everyone I know for you—and you are not satisfied. All because I love you. I am so desolate.’

“It is because I love you, Celeste, I am so jealous. I would kill anyone who tried to take you away from me.”

“But such silly love you have for me. I cannot sing—you say it is just for Messieur Bob or Jacque! Must I sit here all the time in the dark? Must I make myself ugly? You don't trust me.”

“I'M SORRY, dear little Celeste.” Joe pulled her up into his arms again. ‘It's because I am so wild about

you. I can't help it. Now stop crying and I'll try never to lose my temper again.’

“We shall see. Maybe I better go ashore at Port Au Prince and say good bye to you forever. This is too much unhappiness.’

“No. It's too late, Celeste. No parting now. We stick for life.’

“Hardly an hour had passed before Celeste was below, mousing again for Jacques. He heard her calling, and though his heart thumped at the sound of her voice he tried not to listen. Instinctively he felt it was the call of doom. But she came nearer. He trembled. His brain ordered him to retreat but his heart countermanded the order. So he stood, irresolute, until she crept up to his shadow and looked into his eyes.

“Jacques,” she whispered. ‘Are you going to run away?’

“I would but I can't. You are too wonderful.’

“You are afraid of poor little Celeste,” she mocked with a tantalizing glimmer in her shadowy eyes.

“Aye, right you are, little devil,” answered Jacques in French. ‘I am afraid—not of Celeste—but of Meisseur Joe. If he should some upon us now he would kill me.’

“Poof! And you expect me to love a coward! Messieur Joe has gone to sleep—and he sleeps like the dead.’

“He maybe sleeps with his eyes shut but his ears open . . . What's that—’ A giant silhouette beside them against the sky.

“O-oh! Messieur Mac—you wear no boots—you scare me coming up so quietly in the dark—’ exclaimed Celeste as MacGreggor revealed himself.

“So! I dinna ken sic' a wench could be afeared. An' Jock, ya low lyin' sneak o' a half breed, get ye below afore I kick tha' eternal daylight out o' ye.’

“Oui, Messieur Mac,” came the now fleeting voice of Jacques from the darkness. Celeste arose with injured dignity exclaiming heatedly in French until she caught her breath. Then she said:

“But Messieur, you insult; you make a lie—”

“Shut up ya Jezabel o' sin,” Mac snapped angrily. ‘I'll have a wee word wi' ye now m'self. I put all my life savings in this ship. Ye would be incitin' to murder aboard an I'll ha'e no' o' it.’

For June Brides

JUNE is the month of brides—
thousands of happy girls in
Radio Digest Families are going
to be married in that month of
flowers and happiness. Evelyn
Gardiner, women's director at
KDKA, has promised an article
giving some real, practical hints
about those feverish days of
preparation for the big event. Be
sure to watch for “Hints for June
Brides” in the June issue of
Radio Digest, on sale at all news-
stands May 25.

What is more Joe is my friend an' I will no' ha'e ye impose on him wi' sic' mischief—

“CELESTE is no dog. Maybe you lak her make love to you—so—I sing to ze Great Messieur MacGreggoire!” She fumed with wrath but could think of nothing more infuriating to MacGreggor than to invoke her wiles upon him. She hummed softly. Only a few notes—then came a stealthy tread, and a muffled curse.

“Couldn't take a fair warnin' could you—you mongrel gutter rat—I'll not dirty my hands with you. Take that—’ A crack and a stab of flame cut through the night. The half crouching silhouette of old MacGreggor jerked around crazily and collapsed on the deck.

“Joe! Joe! Ye've killed me,” groaned the stricken man!

“In a moment lanterns were brought out and helping hands carried the wounded man below. But the single bullet had done its work and in a little while old Mr. MacGreggor was no more. Joe was frantic with grief over his fatal mistake. In fact, the shock of it practically cured him of his unreasonable jealousy over the little French girl.

“To Celeste it was scarcely more than an incident, allowing her a little more freedom in the exercise of her wiles. Of course, Jacques was scared clear out of the picture. He valued his own skin too highly to risk it again—and Celeste became for him, ‘the Flower with the Poison Breath,’ which is said to grow in the jungles of the tropics, a thing of beauty but deadly to one who would scent its perfume.

“The one toward whom Celeste now turned her lovely face was Bob. She often maneuvered prettily to come upon him unexpectedly—in a doorway, at a table, along the rail, down a stair. Sometimes there seemed no escape for Bob than that he must touch her hand, her hair, her arm or shoulder. The tiny wires of her magnetism began to twist through the fibre of his being—they twisted and spun until they became cables of a passionate longing desire to hold her to his breast and smother her with his kisses. He tried to shut her from his eyes. But vision of her persisted beyond the curtain of his lids. She flitted about with constantly increasing familiarity—until—yes, Bob realized he was almost hopelessly ensnared.

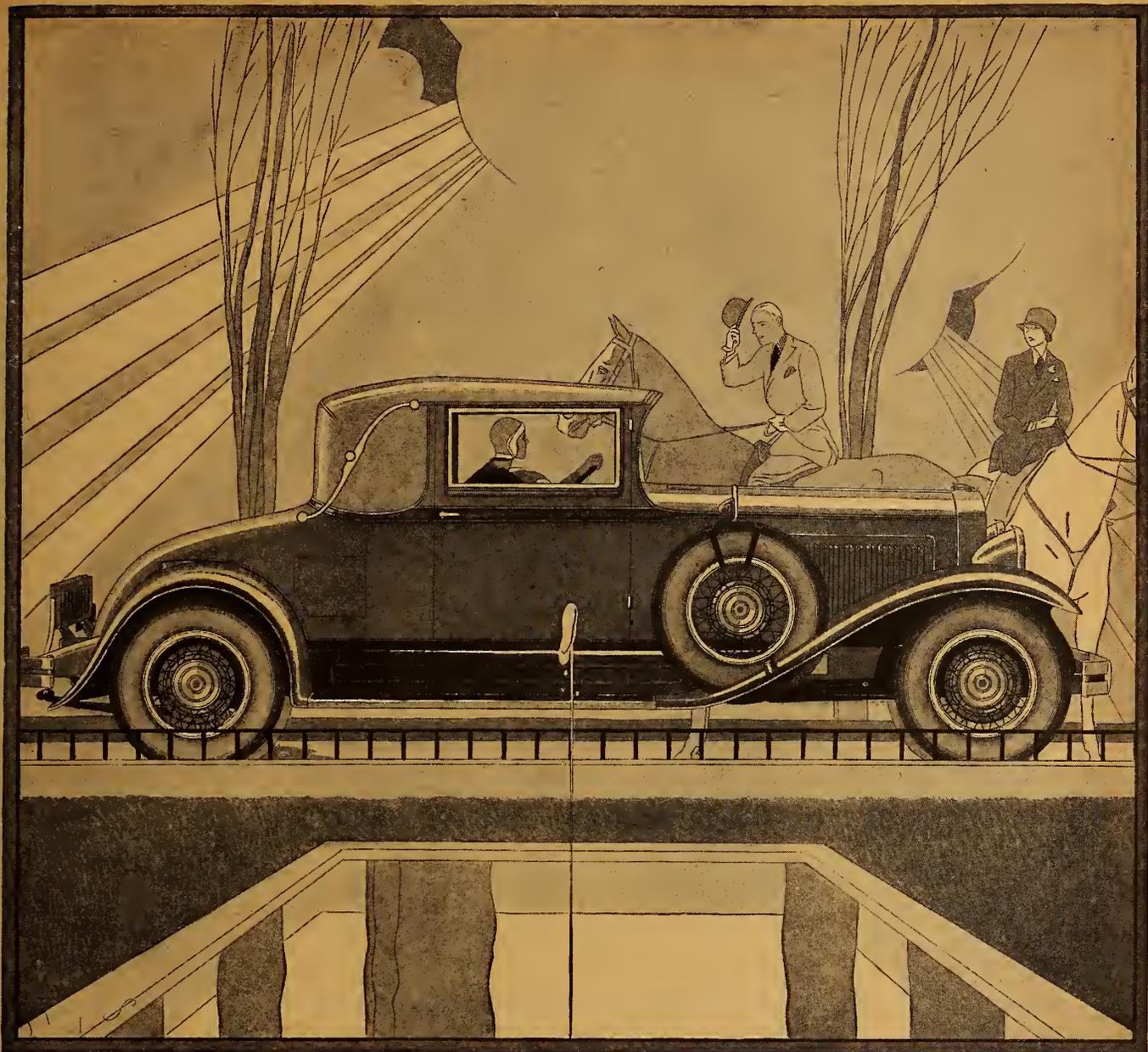
“Joe, bending the other way in self discipline, had sternly repressed every indication of jealousy toward his surviving partner. Perhaps he had not even observed what had been going on until, well, it was just before the great hurricane which roared up from the Caribbean, across the West Indies, into Florida—you remember that terrible man-killing storm. For Celeste the foreboding of the falling barometer meant only excitement.

“Unobserved behind a rag of sail she watched Bob as he studied the glass. Should she run out to him now? No, he was too nervous. She would wait. Perhaps soon he would pass near her and she would run through the cabin and meet him on the other side. What sport! What a thrill she would have to see his eyes dance, his face flush and the throbbing pulses beat through his temples and his throat—and then he would throw his arms madly about her—ah—but Joe—Oh, well—

“How's the glass?” that was Joe now. “Still falling, Joe. It looks rotten. We're ship owners now, too, Joe.”

“Well, what do you mean by that?” “I mean we're heading to lose our boat—and—

“Oh, stop your croaking. What's getting into you, Bob?”



President Eight Convertible Cabriolet, for four . . . 125-inch wheelbase . . . six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment

Let your new Eight be smart . . . seasoned . . . a Champion! Studebaker's smart, seasoned Champion Eights ride the high tide of public preference. The three Studebaker Eights hold the greatest world and international records, and more American stock car records than all other makes of cars combined. Choose one and you get not only the very newest in engineering and comfort requirements, but *proved* economy, speed and endurance plus the honor-mark of Studebaker manufacture, famous for 78 years.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

"A lot of things, old man. I think we should talk things over a bit—"

"Never mind that now. Just forget it until we get through this blow. Better go down and sleep a while so as to have your ginger up when the storm breaks. And don't be so jerky. You look all shot to pieces."

"I—I don't want to sleep—rather stay right here where you are—let's keep sight of each other—"

"You need sleep, Bob. It's nerves. Better go below."

"Well, you may be right at that. I'll go down."

"A filmy shadow detached itself from the folds of the flapping bit of canvas, and floated noiselessly through a back passageway, down through the hold and breathlessly around to the foot of a narrow hatch. Then the hatch darkened above. Bob came clambering down. Near the foot he paused. The way was blocked. He knew. A delicious quiver trickled through his body. His hand strayed about in the dark—for his eyes were still blinded from the clear outside light. His fingers touched a resilient shoulder. He gasped and started to draw his hand away but another hand seized and held it close to a beating heart.

"Don't do that, my lass," he said, resolutely. "Go away from me, please."

"But he was weak all through. He didn't much care what happened. What was life for anyway? What chance had he ever had to really know about girls—and now?"

"You tell Celeste to go away, Monsieur Bob. But your eyes tell me to stay, I know, I know—Celeste will obey the eyes for the lips do not mean what they say."

"My eyes! My eyes! Why, they are shut. I must not—I must not—"

"What you mean, Monsieur Bob, you must not?"

"Celeste, we are facing a great storm. We may all die. Let us be—"

"I shall not. I am not afraid. You think of Joe, well, Joe he loves Celeste no more. He say so to me, I tell you. If we die let us die in one big kees—yes?"

"This must not be. No. No—I must not—"

"You are afraid—"

"Afraid, yes—but not afraid to die—only that I will wrong and hurt my good friend, Joe—"

"Love iss ze most important. I love you. You give me one sweet kees— In the semi-darkness she drew close to him, put her delicately rounded arms about his neck, drew his lips down to her and for ten precious seconds they stood in silent raptured bliss. Then Bob, suddenly conscious of his resolution, thrust her away. The ship rocked violently. A mighty wind shrieked viciously over their heads. The place became suddenly dark save for a faint yellow glow of a dingy light in the ceiling. Then came a crash of splintering wood and rendering steel. A ghastly shudder shook the whole ship.

"A reef! We're stove in! A hoarse cry bellowed down to them from above.

"Come!" Bob took her hand. "We must get up there. The water is in here now."

"Do you love me, Monsieur Bob?"

"Go! Climb the stairs quickly, Celeste."

"Kees me, dear Bob!" Her arms were circling his neck again. The ship lurched with a staggering slip. Bob seized the hatch rail and thrust her forward and upward to the deck. Joe was standing at the top, braced against the wall of the cabin, pistol in hand, as their heads came to the swirling wind and darkening half-light.

They could scarcely stand against the

slanting and tottering deck. Even so Celeste did not loosen her arms from Bob's neck.

Joe thrust his left arm through a stanchion for a better support and hefted his pistol with his right.

"Guess you had to come for air?" he sneered questioningly.

"Let's have it, Joe. I kissed her. I—I have no excuses. Just for that one kiss everything's been worth while, and I'm ready to call it a day. Be good to her, Joe. She needs lots and lots of loving. Now shoot, and—and accept my blessing—from—from—wherever I seem to be going—"

"You're going in that boat to stern. Now beat it an' leave Celeste an' me to take our honeymoon together. She can't stand havin' too many men around. . . . Can you honey?" He gave her one look and she scrambled from Bob's support to a strip of rope that dangled from the stanchion where Joe held himself. "I didn't think you'd fail me, sweetheart, in the big showdown." He threw the pistol overboard. Celeste gripped him around the waist, then over one arm to his neck. There she clung to him. Bob gaped in a daze.

"Joe—Joe—Celeste—what—what? the hulk swung sideways and threatened to roll over. The small boat cast away.

"Can't you give us this last chance together?" Joe now found a better adjustment and drew Celeste tightly in his arms as he turned one reproachful look to Bob.

"Jump, Bob, and swim for the boat," ordered Celeste. "It is better so. We go for a long journey on our honeymoon. He knows me best and I love him—Joe—one more kees—"

"Bob jumped and was hauled into the small boat which came to shore on a small island not far distant."

For a full minute not a word was spoken after Old Forty Fathom had finished his tale. Then Peter said:

"It didn't end happily, did it?" To which the captain replied:

"As I said before, that depends on the point of view."

Romeo and Juliet, 1930

(Continued from page 45)

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: Oh, Juliet, my young bride—I had the derndest time getting here.

Juliet: Well, I'm sore at you. Why didn't you give me a ring, on the 'phone, I mean. Here I've been sitting alone every night for the past two weeks.

Romeo: Ah, but, darling, the hour has drawn nigh, when I must needs leave thee—leave thee, my sweet, my baby, my dumplin'—leave thee—understand? I must leave thee—do you understand?

Juliet: Sure, I get you, Romie! You're trying to tell me that 'you gotta be going!

Romeo: Good-bye, my sweet.

Juliet: Good-bye, dumplin'.

Romeo: Good-bye, dearest.

Juliet: Good-bye, sugar.

Romeo: There you go again, crabbin' the act—can't you get it into your head that I've got to say the last good-bye.

Herald: Romeo leaves by the alley. Enters Friar Laurence and Poppa Capulet—dernit—coppatakalut—ah, enters Friar Laurence and the Old Man, center, very upstage.

Capulet: Ah, Juliet, my darling, I have glad tidings to bring thee!

Juliet: Wherewithal hast thou brung them from, and forsooth thyself to spill same in a jiffy.

Capulet: Just before your brother Tea-Ball took the count, he made a dying

wish that you marry Paris!

Juliet: Paris?—But, father, what could I do with a whole city for a husband—ask me?

Capulet: But, daughter—that is Tea-Ball's dying wish. Willst thou not respect it?

Friar Laurence: Yes, comma, willst thou not respect it?

Juliet: I will not! I'd much rather have my cute little Romeo than the whole city of Paris, and besides, if I marry Paris, I might get guillotined, and I don't like guillotines—they cramp my neck!

Friar Laurence (sotto): Here, Juliet—take this flask—two drinks of this potion and you will pass out—it is quite like death—but you'll wake up later—perhaps in the arms of your husband, Romeo—perhaps with the big-head.

Juliet: Oh, Dankeschoen, Friar Laurence.

Herald: Capulet and Friar Laurence leave by front door right. Juliet is all alone and decides to do a little solilo-qweein'—

Juliet: Now I will take a drink from this flask—(becomes very dramatic) another, another and another. And then the chamber starts whirling—my knees are getting weak—I am getting drowsy—

Herald: Enters the old man and Paris!

Capulet: Ye Gods, Juliet!

Paris: She's passed out!

Capulet: Quick, the tomato juice!

Alarge Gorilla

Act five of Romeo and Juliet, finds Juliet still sleeping. Not having heard from anyone for over two weeks, Romeo becomes tired of waiting, and decides to see his bride. As the scene opens we find Romeo entering his bride's chamber with his shoes off. She is still sleeping. Fearing that waking her by shooting off a gun or dropping a set of dishes might scare her, he bursts forth and sings the famous aria—this is perhaps the best known aria in the whole opera of Romeo and Juliet, and it is from this aria that the favorite expression came, "How are ya?"

Orchestra
Chord (Sauer)

Romeo: "PICCOLO PETE" (sung to Tchaikowski's "Pietro Piccolo" in Three Flats or its equivalent).

Did you ever see Romie on the old Balconey with Juliet, NO?

Well, you've missed a lot, for he certainly has got,

A style that is hotter than hot. Did you ever see Romie on the old Balconey with Juliet, NO?

Well, you've missed a treat, for his lovin' is sweet,

The kind that can't be beat. . . . Herald: Romeo sneaks over to Juliet, who still snoozes in a gorgeous manner.

Romeo: Why, she still sleeps—Julie—kootchy—kootchy—You-hoo—Julie—uh—why—uh, what's this—a flask.

(Whiffs.) Hmmmmm. By the Gods of the Three Stars, this is GOOD. Julie (starts sobbing)—Julie—hast it comest to this. Hast thou fooled me all this whilest? Oh, cruel woild—(sobs).

Orchestra
"DRINKING SONG" (Sauer)

Herald: Romeo decides to take a drink. Effect: Gurgle—gurgle—gurgle.

Herald: Correction—Romeo took three drinks. Romeo passes Out. Juliet wakes up and, finding Romeo passed out, gets very sore and goes back to sleep.

Orchestra
Chord, segue to "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"

Alarge Gorilla

You have heard the first in a series of New Spring Line Broadcasts presented by the Irrational Broadcasting Company over its Lavender Network.

An was just an until...

FOR years we ate oranges because we *liked* them. Then came the scientific discovery that orange juice supplies vitamins and minerals which everybody needs. *Now* we prize the orange as a health-builder as well as a delicious fruit * * For years good housewives have used Carnation Milk because it does such good cooking, takes the place of cream so acceptably and economically, and is such a convenience to have on hand * * *And now comes the scientific discovery that this selfsame milk is a wonderful milk for babies—that it is easier to digest than milk in any other form* * * Some of the most eminent baby feeding specialists in America are now using Carnation Milk in preference to the finest bottled milk. They find that its heat-treated casein and finely divided or "homogenized" butter-fat are easily assimilated by the most delicate baby stomach * * Ordinary milk forms tough, solid curd-lumps in the stomach. Its coarse fat globules resist digestion. But clinical experience with thousands of babies has shown that Carnation Milk almost magically conquers these digestive handicaps of bottle-fed babyhood * * Besides, Carnation Milk has *all the nutritiousness* of pure whole milk.



For that is just what it is — not a "patent baby food"; just fine *natural* milk from "Contented Cows". Nothing is added — and concentration to double richness takes nothing out but part of the natural water * * *All the vitamins* that any milk is depended upon to supply are in Carnation. Only the usual supplements are needed—such as orange juice and cod-liver oil. The minerals that build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth are all present just as in raw milk * * Carnation is *safe* milk, because it is sterilized and sealed air-tight. And wherever you get it, at whatever season, it is *always the same* in purity and richness, thus preventing the upsets so often caused by milk of varying quality. It is *the ideal milk* for use, under your physician's direction, in any formula calling for whole milk * * To learn more about this super-digestible milk for babies, write for the Carnation Baby Book. To learn more about this better milk *for cooking*, write for the Carnation Cook Book by Mary Blake. Address your communication to Carnation Company, 459 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin; or 559 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington; or Aylmer, Ontario.

"from Contented Cows"



Cornstarch Puddings



<p>CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 1/2 cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with 1/2 cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>BUTTERS-COTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>CHERRY PUDDING 1/4 cup cornstarch, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, 1/2 cup sliced maraschino cherries, 1/2 cup coconut, 2 egg whites.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, coconut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.</p>



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Simply perfect for all cooking Try one of the recipes at the left. You will discover that Carnation does better cooking for the same reason that it is better for babies — because it is "homogenized." The butter-fat, instead of being in coarse fat globules as in ordinary milk, is ground up into tiniest particles and mixed evenly all through the milk. Hence the *cream-smoothness and butter-richness* of Carnation dishes.

Another thing—Carnation takes the place of cream in thousands of homes. Use it for coffee, fruits, and cereals—and cut your cream bill nearly two-thirds!

Eighty-two Nominated for Diamond Award

HUNDREDS of nomination and ballot coupons have poured in to the Contest Editor in the past few weeks. At the end of the first few days forty-one nominations had been received. Today this has swelled to eighty-two, with the total number of votes growing with every mail. Have you nominated your favorite? Clip the coupons on page 3 of this issue today!

EAST

Program	Station
Lucky Strike Orchestra.....	NBC
R. K. O. Hour.....	NBC
Rudy Vallee.....	NBC
Cheerio.....	WFAN
Seth Parker.....	NBC
Enchanted Hour Ensemble.....	WTIC
Two Troupers.....	NBC
Nit Wits.....	CBS
Around the Melodeon.....	WBAL
The Wanderers.....	WIP
Jessica Dragonette.....	CBS
Gypsy Nomads.....	CBS
Roxy and His Gang.....	NBC
Louis Kaufman.....	KDKA
Floyd Gibbons.....	NBC
Glenn Riggs.....	KDKA
Guy Lombardo.....	CBS
Interwoven Pair.....	NBC

SOUTH

Program	Station
Old Dominion Orchestra.....	WRVA
Sacred Quartet.....	WSM
W. K. Henderson.....	KWKH
Caroline Lee.....	WFLA
Bille Nye, Jr.....	WWNC
Ed Poplin's Band.....	WSM
Fiddlin' John Carson.....	WSB

MIDDLE WEST

Program	Station
Joe O'Toole.....	WJAY
Emil Cords.....	WTMJ
Corinne Jordan.....	KSTP
Ramblers Orchestra.....	KMOX
Whitney Trio.....	WMAQ
Paul McCluer.....	WENR
Mellotone Quartet.....	KFLV

MIDWEST

Program	Station
Pat Barnes.....	WGN
Ben Bernie's Orchestra.....	KYW
National Barn Dance.....	WLS
Weener Minstrels.....	WENR
Amos 'n' Andy.....	WMAQ-NBC
Pied Pipers.....	WTMJ
Gene and Glenn.....	WTAM
Bobby Brown.....	WBBM
Pat Flanagan.....	WBBN
Tillie the Toiler.....	KFEQ
Henry Field.....	KFNF
Edith Smith.....	KFNF
Larry Larsen.....	WGN
Famous Operas.....	WGN
Studio Party.....	KMOX
Willy and Lilly.....	KMOX
Little Jack Little.....	WLW
Dixie Girls.....	KMA
Farm Hour Program.....	WAIU
Smith Family.....	WENR
Edison Symphony Orchestra.....	WENR
Everett Mitchell.....	WENR
Mike and Herman.....	WENR
Marian and Jim.....	WENR
Ray Bahr's Orchestra.....	WHAS
Hiram and Henry.....	WLS
Bradley Kincaid.....	WLS
Merry-Go-Round.....	WLS
Steve Cisler.....	WLS

WEST

Program	Station
Master Singers.....	KFAB
Sleepy Time Gals.....	KSAT
Battery Boys.....	WNAX
Old Timers.....	KFKB
The Cowboy Singer.....	KGBZ
Henry and Jerome.....	KGBZ
National Farm Hour.....	WOW
R. R. Brown's Radio Chapel.....	WOW
Dr. Walter Wilson.....	WDAF

Happy Jack's Orchestra.....	WNAX
Dr. J. R. Brinkley.....	KFKB
Matinee Program.....	KFKB
Steve Love's Band.....	KFKB
McCree Sisters.....	KFKB
Bob Larkin.....	KFKB

FAR WEST

Program	Station
Rhythm Makers.....	KGER
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie".....	KPO
Tom Breneman.....	KNX
"Simpy Fitts".....	KFRC
Art and Billy Spreading.....	KOIN
Tom Mitchell.....	KFI
Empire Builder.....	KGO

The Sucker's Revenge

(Continued from page 43)

know where them corners are," he said. They's brush growed up all over 'em, but I could find 'em, easy."

"I'm goin' down past the station," said Lynch. "And if I see that fat feller I'll tell him. It'll be an easy way to make fifty dollars, Jap—and I reckon he's got it. They say he's a banker."

LYNCH rode on down Grasshopper creek, leaving Jap Gideon greatly excited. His year of tribulation had at last taught him the value of money and now fifty dollars loomed higher upon his mental horizon than had the fifteen thousand that he had flaunted with such childish recklessness before the eyes of the world which, too late, he had found was not worthy of his trust.

About two o'clock Cowan arrived. He was a soft-looking fat man and wore eyeglasses on a string. Ordinarily this latter defect would have aroused violent prejudice in Jap Gideon's mind; but when Cowan smiled, the man's big, round face creased into friendly lines and old Jap warmed to him. The banker was eager to start upon their quest and would not dismount, so they left the cabin immediately.

Old Jap had not overstated his abilities. He located the missing corners successfully and the two men got back to the cabin as it was growing dark. Manifestly it would have been foolish to attempt the Grasshopper trail at that late hour, so Cowan accepted the old pros-

pector's cordial invitation to stay all night at the cabin.

"Ain't got much to offer," apologized the prospector, "but such as she is, you're welcome."

While his host started frying out-of-season deer steaks upon coals raked from the fireplace, Cowan sat and smoked, his eyes straying curiously about the walls of the cabin, noting the remarkable collection that hung there—old clothing, mud-stained and ragged beyond further use, but treasured nevertheless; deer horns, rusty coils of bailing wire, an obsolete powder flask and above the fireplace a glaring insurance poster depicting Nero fiddling gayly while Rome burned. Beside this graphic illustration of Rome's catastrophe—

Cowan's eyes stopped and fixed themselves upon a fat sheaf of engraved papers that were tacked against the logs. The face of the outer page was smoke-blackened, crumpled, covered with heel marks and flyspecked; but out of its dinginess appeared the word HANA-KOPIAI.

The banker could not believe his eyes. He crossed the hearth, took the glasses from his pocket and affixed them carefully upon his nose, peering up at the astonishing exhibit. "Hey!" he said, "Where did you get this?"

OLD JAP looked up from his frying and his yellowed whiskers parted in a sheepish grin. "Honolulu," he said, shamed and reluctant. "And I paid nearly fifteen thousand dollars for it! When I got home I took the hellish stuff and tacked it on the wall to remind me what a fool I had been!"

Cowan carefully removed the tacks and leafed the package over with deft, experienced fingers, each succeeding page adding to the amazed look in his round face. "When did you buy it?" he demanded.

"Year ago last January," said old Jap. "But I was drunk or I never would have done it," he defended himself. "A feller gave me a bottle of *okolehau* and after the first drink I wasn't responsible none at all. No, sir, *okolehau* looks like a kitten but it cuts up like a wildcat. Still, I reckon I ain't to be blamed a lot, at that. I heard later that the world's full of fellers that make a good livin', sellin' fake stock to old jackass tramps like me."

"Fake stock?" Cowan glanced down astonished.

"Sure!" said Jap, scraping more hot coals out upon the hearth.

"How do you know it's fake stock? Did you take it anywhere to have it looked over?"

The old man shook his head. "Too much ashamed of myself!" he mumbled. "Besides, the swindler that sold it to me had my money—"

"How do you know a swindler sold it to you?" demanded Cowan. "Couldn't you have bought it at some reputable place—while you were drunk?"

"Yes," admitted old Jap slowly. "Yes, sir," he went on, "I could have bought anything anywhere after the very first drink of that *okolehau*." He thought a few moments, his whiskered face twisted with the effort of remembering, the fork poised above the smoking bacon. "I do rickollect goin' into a big buildin'," he said. "There was a lot of slick counters and money behind a wire screen. . . . I rickollect that I wanted to buy the place and they wouldn't. . . . Then—yes, I rickollect that I left that place and went across the street to a place that looked like a bank and I tried to buy the bank and they wouldn't sell it to me and I cried. . . . And that's all I can remember. Next thing I knew I woke up in Gum Poon's cabbage patch and this wad

Full Details of Gold Cup Race in June

THE RADIO audience and readers of *Radio Digest* have selected the World's Most Popular Station. This, an honor which will live long in the memory of man, carries with it immeasurably valuable recognition. To the winner of first place is awarded a Gold Cup, and to the Most Popular Stations in each of six districts is presented a Silver Cup. In the June issue *Radio Digest* will present these stations to you in a special section of the magazine—*Watch for it!*



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RADIO sets for automobiles are an accomplished fact, now; and with their advent comes the problem of choosing a "B" battery that will stand up under the bouncing, pounding, and exposure to weather conditions that come to such a battery.

With this end in view, Ray-O-Vac engineers have pioneered a new type of radio "B" battery. The Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" battery is the result.

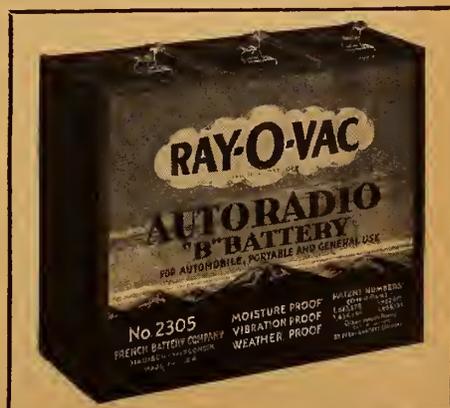
Built with a case like a storage battery, tested under every conceivable condition of atmosphere and temperature, subjected to terrific tumbling and dropping tests, the Ray-O-Vac Autoradio "B" will give long, continuous, satisfactory service under the most exacting conditions.

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Makers also of Ray-O-Vac Radio "A", "B", and "C" Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Telephone, Ignition, and Flashlight Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Standard and Rotomatic Flashlights, and Ray-O-Vac Guaranteed and Licensed Radio Tubes.



of Hanakopiai was in my pocket."

For some moments there was silence. Cowan stood looking down upon the shriveled, ragged, half-starved little old man squatting upon the hearth. In the banker's round, good-natured face was a mixture of amusement, amazement and a sort of incredulous awe.

"It must have happened," he said at last, more to himself than to old Jap Gideon. "Though it couldn't possibly happen again, not in a million years! Somehow, somewhere, you wandered into some reputable establishment and bought nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of real Hanakopiai Sugar stock!" His voice fell to a reverent note. "And you so full of *okolehau* you didn't know you were doing it—and couldn't even remember it! Boy, boy! How I wish you had brought me a bottle of that *okolehau*!"

* * * * *

TWO days later, Cowan and old Jap Gideon rode into Peppertree and stopped at the livery stable where the banker had left his car. Old Jap was attired in the flannel suit that he had worn when on board the ship, going to Honolulu. The jaunty cap was now a wilted rag; the trousers had lost every vestige of their first immaculate beauty and many sincere efforts to restore them to their pristine whiteness had but shrunken them yet more. They now reached barely below the knees, and clung skin-tight to the old man's bony legs. But Jap had to wear them, for they were the best he owned. Tom Morris appeared at the door of his store on the other side of the street.

"Well if it ain't Jap Gideon!" he cackled, for he was a man of no tact. "Lost your fifteen thousand, did you? Just like me and Judge Hopper said you would! Yes, sir, anybody could tell you'd lost it, just by lookin' at you! Jap, you shorley do look like hell!"

Jap Gideon ignored the speaker, though his trigger finger twitched spasmodically. At this moment a great car roared out of the livery stable with a smart chauffeur at the wheel. It rolled up and stopped. Cowan climbed in and old Jap Gideon followed suit. Both men lighted expensive cigars and Jap leaned back with a lordly air, blowing a smoke ring into the clear mountain atmosphere. Cowan turned a cold eye upon the cackling storekeeper.

"I see nothing to laugh about," he observed bitingly. "While in Honolulu Mr. Gideon bought nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Hanakopiai Sugar stock at about fifty. Just before I left San Francisco, a week ago, it was being quoted at 91½. I consider Mr. Gideon one of the shrewdest investors I ever met. His investment in Hanakopiai Sugar will net him something like ten or twelve thousand dollars' profit! Home, William!"

There was a soft meshing of gears and the luxurious car slipped away like a great low-flying bird. Jap Gideon leaned farther back in the soft cushions, for again he was feeling rich and wonderful. The fact that his stock had turned out to be the real thing—and not fake—he now attributed to his own cleverness. He had quite forgotten that he had acquired it mysteriously during his session with that bottle of *okolehau*.

As the car slid away from Peppertree he turned and looked back at poor Tom Morris, standing goggle-eyed and stunned upon the edge of the porch. Old Jap Gideon's whiskered face split apart in a grin that showed his two remaining teeth and most everything else in their immediate vicinity. He placed one end of his thumb to his nose and waggled his gnarled fingers in an age-old gesture of derision.

New Vogue Flatters Men

(Continued from page 58)

the things every woman-hater ever has accused us of:—envious, catty, suspicious, jealous, etc., etc. But, thank heavens, it is not true. Any honest woman will admit she dresses primarily to please a man, or men in general. After all is said and done, every woman hopes to marry some day and, once having married, to remain the most attractive woman in her husband's eyes. I do not mean to imply that we still retain the old-fashioned idea that it is disgraceful to remain single or that we still worry about support in old age. Nowadays, the smart bachelor girl has taken the place of the prissy old maid and old maid jokes have been thrown into the discard. She is attractive and clever and quite able to support herself, thank you. But we do want companionship and love if we're normal human beings, and for such things we naturally turn to the men, as they turn to us.

The new feminine fashions should be very flattering to the male of the species. They prove we are once more thinking of him. Take dark stockings, for instance. There is more lure for him in a pair of slim ankles covered with sheer dark chiffon than in all the bare-legged bathing beauties on Mack Sennett's beach.

The new colors are appealing to men—violet blue, greens, and black. Men are undoubtedly attracted by red, but they don't really like it—not on their wives, sisters, or sweethearts. They prefer the more subdued shades, and they all love black. A sure-fire success is a trim-fitting black dress with crisp white ruffled cuffs and a white frill around the throat—

Lingerie touches, by the way, are very important. There are few dresses today without a bit of lace added somewhere, or a frill or jabot of some contrasting material. Even the most strictly tailored walking dress is relieved of its severity by dainty white piquet collar and cuffs. Blunt severity is out! Just like that—OUT! We are now tailored subtly, with just the right touch of relieving softness to make all the difference in the world between masculinity and smartness. Suits, for instance, are the last word in street wear for the Spring; well-tailored, pinched in at the waistline, of mannish materials. But with such a suit we will wear a frilly jaboted blouse of bright satin, the skirt will be four inches below our knees—in other words, we have adopted a masculine fashion and shaped it to our own feminine needs.

LOW, square heels have also gone the way of all flesh. Today, even when out on a shopping tour, shaped heels are demanded by Dame Fashion; Cuban leather heels for sensible walking, Spanish and French for dress wear. Personally, I don't care much for colored kid but I do think matching suede shoes are stunning, especially dark green and blue. As far as hats go you can do pretty well as you please, so long as you keep them rather small. Brims are tentatively feeling their way into our spring modes and off-the-face-low-down-on-the-neck skull hats continue to hold their own. For the young girl the forehead-revealing style is most attractive but as we women grow a bit older I think a tiny brim, throwing a soft, intriguing shadow about the eyes, is more flattering.

But it is the new evening clothes which give us the biggest opportunity to be captivating. Let me tell you a little story apropos evening gowns. I went to a ball the other night at New York's swankiest hotel with a newspaper man

who had just arrived that day from Denmark—his first visit to America. We sat for a while watching the dancers and after a few moments of silence my Danish boy friend turned to me and said: "I'm going to send a cable back home to my paper advising the women to lengthen their skirts right down to the ground. This is the first dance I've attended in years where every woman was beautiful and appealing."

It is true that practically every woman was in a long-skirted gown and, in fact, the two or three who had dared to appear in last year's evening dresses stuck out like sore thumbs. The materials, the colors, the waistlines were all different, but the skirts were almost unanimous in their length. Light colors predominated, blue being the favorite in every possible tone of the lighter shades. Prints were also popular—as they are very, very new; particularly tiny prints on flat crepe. Great splurgy prints weren't in evidence at all.

Quite the smartest thing in the world for evening wear are just-below-the-elbow length suede gloves of the same shade as your gown, wrinkled and folded in at the wrist, leaving the hands bare. Very young girls are also wearing narrow bands of velvet around their heads, tied with a tiny bow at the nape of the neck. Flowers, real or artificial, are not worn at all except at most formal affairs, such as weddings, coming-out parties, and the like. Chiffon and flat crepe are the most important evening materials and, of course, lace. But let me give you a word of advice about lace and tulle. Don't buy cheap dresses of these materials because they *look* cheap. Unless you can afford a real "creation," stick to crepe or chiffon. If you are one of us who just can't live through a season with a *robe de style*, have your new one made of taffeta rather than velvet, it's much smarter. Evening slippers are fancy this year. I don't remember seeing one pair of the old gold or silver kid and brocade standbys of yesteryear. Jewelry is rather lavish and evening wraps are long behind, short in front, primarily of velvet trimmed with white fur.

In other words, *everything* is feminine. But, for goodness sake, don't confuse femininity with simpering girlishness. A well-dressed woman today can be more dignified, more stunning, more sophisticated than ever before. So many people mix up mannishness with sophistication, and blushing demurity with femininity. Both are obviously incorrect as incorrect can be. But, on the other hand, if you've been harboring a secret desire to be known as a sophisticated woman—as who of us hasn't—clever handling of the new mode will help you nearer attainment than any of the styles of the past.

Here we are in the midst of an era when you can carefully study your good points and bad, and then use your ingenuity to emphasize the one and hide the other. You can be suave and sylph-like of form, daring in your décolletage, ultra-smart at any hour of the day or night. Above all, you can be individual. But 1930 fashions have their bad side also. For the woman who will not take the time to study herself carefully, who has no sense for color combinations, who has no feeling for the niceties of the toilette, the new clothes are going to prove a burden, and an unbecoming one. This is a meticulous fashion period; it exacts many, many things of us women. But if we are willing to give just a little thoughtful time to ourselves, I am sure we will be repaid as never before in an attractiveness that will give us poise, satisfaction and even happiness.



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Feeding Children

(Continued from page 59)

questions. Oftentimes other mothers hear the questions and answers and are anxious to help, also. They write in and tell us what solutions they have found for similar problems. A sort of round table discussion is held. These letters are read, advice is given, parents are cautioned to apply only what seems to best fit their situation, and oftentimes we are glad to know that we have been the instruments of helping to overcome many of these serious matters. This is but one type of service rendered the KDKA Home Forum listeners.

Many of these cases are such that they call for the advice, diagnosis and treatment of a physician. We recommend that a physician be called in for examination. Oftentimes parents do not realize that their nervous, over-active, underweight child is a sick child and that he should be under the care of a child specialist. Childhood is too precious for parents to run risks by working in the dark. Seek the best advice obtainable where your child is concerned.

WE HAVE mentioned the importance of good food habits formed in early childhood. What are some of these food habits? One of the most essential things is that children's food should be simple and wholesome. It should not be highly seasoned or elaborately prepared. Remember that a child is born without habits. He will learn to like plain, simple food as easily as the other kind if his taste has not been spoiled by being given highly seasoned food, or allowed to taste adults' food.

Children thrive under routine management. They get used to having their meals at a certain time. They come to expect it. It becomes a habit to come in from play at a certain time, to wash and have a meal as a matter of course. It is the child who has not firmly fixed regular habits who wishes to play a little longer when mother calls him to supper. A child will be hungry for his meals if they are served him regularly and he has not been allowed to piece between meals to spoil his appetite.

A little child is very easily upset by any change in the meal hour. His digestion suffers. He has no appetite if the meals are too close together. He gets cross and fussy and irritates his mother. Once a habit is broken it is very hard to establish it again. Good habits are fixed slowly. The process is scarcely perceptible at times and oftentimes mother becomes negligent at the seeming uselessness of such a stern discipline. A child doesn't mind things once they become a habit. He accepts it. It is when you try to break a habit or to train him to accept a new one that you come across the greatest difficulty.

If you parents are having trouble getting your children to eat what they should, I wonder if you have ever tried having them eat by themselves and at another time than the time the adults eat their meals? It is much better for children to eat by themselves. Why? They will not see the food their parents eat. They will not become dissatisfied with their plain, simply cooked food. As their food habits are established and they are able to eat more of the adults' food, they may eat with the rest of the family and the transition is easily made. Often children need their food at different hours from the adults.

Many parents say that this is the only time they have to be together as

one family, to talk over the day's happenings, to really get acquainted with their children. This is a good reason, to be sure, but not so good that the parents can afford to sacrifice their children's health to their own personal enjoyment. Health should come first. In the long run the parents will profit by being the proud possessors of healthy happy children.

Cannot father plan to get away from the office a little earlier in the evening, perhaps, and have some time with his boy before supper or before the boy goes to bed? Many parents are selfish in their love for their children. They keep them up late to enjoy them, to play with them or read to them when the children should be getting some of those precious health-giving hours of sleep.

EVEN when conditions are ideal, we often find that certain children do not wish to eat the food set before them. They rebel once and get over it. It may be just a notion. But if it becomes a habit and the rebellion is frequent, what is to be done? One of mother's hardest problems is the handling of the cases where the children refuse to eat. Shall we insist upon their eating what is set before them? A stern disciplinarian may do that and say she is doing it for the good of the child.

But before we use these tactics we want to be sure whether or not the food given will benefit or upset the child. He may not be feeling well and the food may disagree with him. If you ask him, he may tell you he is not feeling well. Are we to believe him or are we to think that perhaps he just doesn't want to eat?

The reasons may be limitless why he doesn't wish to eat. This depends upon the age of the child, his general health, the regularity of habits already established and other factors. Many children desire attention. They get it by staging a tantrum. Mother gets scared and excited, the child doesn't eat his food and he wins out. Next time he tries the same tactics and he has made the beginning of a very firmly fixed and bad habit. As was mentioned before, habits are easier to make than to break.

Many children refuse to eat because they have played so hard up to the time they are called in to a meal that they are too tired and excited to eat. They much prefer playing to eating, no matter how good the food is. Is the child to be coaxed or bullied into eating because the parent does not call him in early enough to have a short rest before he eats? I remember one poor, little, thin girl who was a very active child. She loved to play out of doors.

She played all day long and yet she

never seemed to work up enough appetite to be hungry at meal time. When she was called into her meals, she always said, "Yes, I'm coming. Just a minute." It required several trips on the mother's part to finally get the child to the table. Usually the food was on the table before Mary arrived. This meant that she washed quickly and went directly to the table. She was tired from playing so much. She was too excited about the games she had just left to be interested in sitting still long enough to eat. It wasn't that she really minded the food. It was that she wasn't in the right frame of mind or rested enough physically to eat.

What should the mother have done? Instead of forcing her to eat, Mary might have been called early enough to come in and washed, combed her hair and played quietly with her dolls, books or toys, or even rested a few minutes before eating. This can be done if the child is trained to expect it. There are many ways to bring this to pass. Ask her to come in to help mother set the table. A little child feels that she is very grown-up and has a big responsibility if she is allowed to help mother. This will help to quiet her before eating. It is a good time to read a story or to play quietly. Don't let the child think that he needn't come in until the very minute the meal is on the table.

This kind of a habit started in early years is one of the most dangerous ones we have. Such a habit is nearly always accompanied by underweight, lack of appetite and irritability. Have you seen a child who was up to normal weight, of cheerful happy disposition, with a good appetite, who had to be coaxed to eat at meal time? These characteristics are built upon a foundation of regular habits. None of us receive the most benefit from our meals if we eat them when we are tired, excited or irritable. Children are not the only ones who react in that manner.

THE atmosphere of the room should be cheerful at meal time. Children are great imitators and, if mother is fussy, they may react against their food. If mother comes to the table and says, "I'm just too tired to eat," the child may take his cue from her. Mother may insist upon the child eating, even if she herself doesn't wish to eat. Is this consistent? Should we expect our children to do what we will not do? Some adults figure that children are too young to understand, but we do not give them credit for understanding as much as they do. This is another reason why children are better off at a table of their own during meal time. Otherwise mother may have to eat prunes to be a good example to Mary, who has her watchful eye upon her every move.

Children sense it when the atmosphere is cheerful and cosy. They respond to it much more quickly than to scolding or scheming. See that only cheerful topics of conversation are discussed at meal time. It is better for adults as well as for children. If a child is particularly fussy about his food, he may eat without thinking much about it if the conversation is interesting and it is directed away from food. Talking about how good the food is and coaxing him to taste some of it will make a finicky child more determined not to eat it. Take it for granted that he is going to eat his food and like it.

Children are one of the best subjects on which to apply all the psychology we possess. They guess things intuitively. They know when they are being managed, coaxed or wheedled, and like any self-respecting person they resent it.

FAVORITES

YOU HAVE a favorite program, one that brings you more enjoyment than any other one thing on the air. Would you like to help bring national honor and recognition to this program, which has given you so much pleasure? Turn to page 3 of this issue of Radio Digest—read the details of the Diamond Meritum Award Contest and send in your nomination and votes for your FAVORITE PROGRAM.

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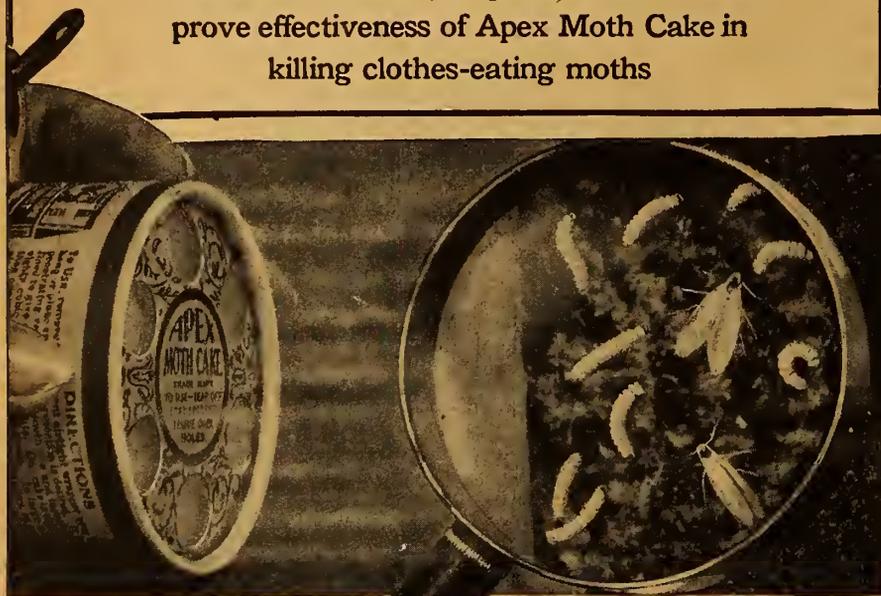
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Let us treat children more as adults and they will strive hard to live up to what we expect of them. Appeal to their pride and to their manhood. Do not belittle or baby them. Children respect our honesty and dislike our dodging issues. Deal with them straightforwardly.

If the child is very easily upset and has many food notions, he may have to be treated more as a sick child than a normal, healthy one. But that does not mean that he should have tricks played on him or be bribed into doing what he should. As soon as a child finds it out—and he always does—we have lost more ground than we have gained and the love and respect of our children besides.

Do everything in your power to make each meal placed before a child attractive, and nicely served on bright dishes which add to the cheerful atmosphere of the room. Many a carrot or serving of spinach has been willingly eaten when served on pretty dishes in an attractive room. Make the surroundings appealing to a child. A vase of flowers on the table, a colored tablecloth and other bright colors will put all of us in a good frame of mind for a meal. How many times have you sat down to a meal when you were tired and thought that you didn't want a bite to eat, to end by eating a good meal and relishing it because it looked so good?

IS MEAL time a pleasant one in your home or is the dinner bell the signal for the war to commence? Many mothers have such a hard time to get their children to eat. They wish to play and dawdle with their food. Mothers resort to many schemes to get young Bob or Edith to eat. If she is tired before she begins this battle, think how much benefit and enjoyment she will get from her meal after she has had a tussle to get her child to eat.

What shall we do with the child who will not eat? We have asked mothers to tell us what they did when they were confronted with this problem. This is what one mother replied to the question. "Is it wrong to play with my baby in order to get her to eat? I think it is wrong to play with a baby while she is eating to get her to eat. It may embarrass the mother at some time in her home when there is company or when she is invited out.

"I think children should be taught to feed themselves as soon as they are able to hold a spoon in their hand. There are high chairs and bibs for this very purpose. Of course they will make a mess and spill the milk at first, but they will soon learn and they should be taught to respect their meals and learn that meal time is the time for eating and not for playing. When there are many children in the home, and a mother has a great many things to do, children have to be taught to do things for themselves. I am the mother of six children, all under twelve years of age and they are all fine, healthy children."

I think that this mother has touched upon the vital spot. Isn't it true that mothers of large families generally have less trouble with the management of their children than mothers of only one child? Less attention is paid to them. They are not apt to be spoiled and catered to and as a consequence they are much healthier and happier.

ISN'T it annoying to a family and its guests when a child won't eat and he displays his temper at meal time? It tries one's patience and takes away the appetite. Many mothers are handling this problem very capably. Each prob-

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*Owned and
Operated by
Hotel Atlantic*

WHEN YOU GO TO
ST. LOUIS - STOP
AT THE NEW
HOTEL JEFFERSON
800 ROOMS



CLARK STREET NEAR JACKSON BOULEVARD

CHICAGO

ROESSLER & TEICH - OWNERS AND MANAGERS

MINERAL BATHS !

will tone up your entire system. Physi-
cians are strong in the recommendation
of Saline-Sulphur Salts for rheumatism,
nervousness, neuritis, lack of vitality,
arthritis, and other ailments.



HOTEL WHITCOMB

— OVERLOOKING LAKE MICHIGAN —

ST. JOSEPH - MICHIGAN

is famous all over the world
for its Mineral Baths that
have been analyzed by lead-
ing authorities and found to
contain many curative quali-
ties equal in medicinal values
to those of famous European
Spas. The Hotel itself is
located on a High Bluff over-
looking the Lake. It is com-
pletely modern and offers
every facility for rest and
recreation. Now is a good
time to come. Write or wire
Z. D. JENKINS, Manager, for
reservations and booklets.



HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BEHIND THE HOTEL"



Chicago's MORRISON HOTEL

Corner Madison and Clark Streets

Tallest Hotel
in the World
46 Stories High

1950 Rooms
\$2.50 Up

500 Rooms Being Added

Every guest room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head lamp and Servidor. Each floor has its own housekeeper and the hotel's garage has extensive facilities for car storage. Rates are extremely moderate—\$2.50 up—because valuable subleases at this location pay all the ground rent and the saving is passed on to the guests.

Closest in the City to
Stores, Offices, Theatres,
and Railroad Stations

The New Morrison,
when completed, will
be the world's largest
and tallest hotel, with
3450 rooms

lem is an individual one and needs individual handling. Remember that a show of temper may be more deeply rooted than a mere behavior problem. He may be ill or just plain naughty or the parent may be at fault. How can that be? A parent may pamper, threaten, or bribe or otherwise scheme to get her stubborn child to eat his food. She may play with him.

Each time this occurs and the child does not eat, it shows that the child has the upper hand and is in control of the situation. Does that mean to use force? No, not at all. But it does mean that we must discover first of all the cause. Consult a physician and see if there is anything wrong with the child. If he is in good health, then resort to other means. One method which has been found to work very satisfactorily is to cut off all the food supply.

THESE methods used in nursery schools are not some teacher's ideas that are not based upon actual experience. These mothers are the teachers under the careful guidance of a child training expert. The mothers try the methods with their own children at home and find them to work most successfully. Part of the success of these methods is due to constant vigilance, patience, perseverance, will power, good temper and poise of the director and all the student teachers.

Each problem is taken up, and solved, in a friendly understanding way, with the child concerned. They are never erratic in their handling of the children. They do not tease, bribe or scold to get the results they desire, and as a consequence the children never go into tantrums or display fits of temper. Little attention is paid to the child in a personal way to make him conscious of himself. Friends, teachers and parents make no personal remarks about how pretty a child is or how smart or anything of the sort. No attention is paid to a child when he does not eat. The other children even ignore him. He is never coaxed to eat.

The other children leave the room when all of them finish eating and if one child refuses to eat his spinach or carrots, he remains. Nothing is said, but he knows why he is there. He usually gets lonely and eats the food the minute the rest are gone. Often he is very proud to show one of the teachers a clean plate when she returns. The children are not required to eat all of the food but they must taste it at least so that next time it is easier to get the child to eat more of it. One refusal makes it doubly hard the next time.

Let us think of some of the "Do's" to remember in dealing with these child feeding problems.

1. Serve the food attractively.
2. Serve small portions.
3. Create a cheerful atmosphere.
4. Discuss interesting subjects at meal time.
5. Be patient, calm, firm, good-natured and in command of the situation.
6. Serve meals regularly. Discourage piecing between meals.
7. Be a good example yourself.
8. Develop a child's independence by encouraging him to feed himself at an early age.
9. Praise, do not scold or threaten.
10. Parents should agree on the method of handling the situation—have no divided authority.
11. Remember that good habits are formed slowly and in early childhood.

Begin now!

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.

Agents Wanted

Strange Battery Compound charges instantly. Eliminates old method. Gives new life and pep. Big profits. Gallon free. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Patents

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Manufacturing Company, 555 Enright St., St. Louis, Missouri.

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 724 Ninth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Songs, Poems, Writers

COMPOSERS—VERSE OR MUSIC. Brilliant opportunity. Write VanBuren, 1991 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

Songwriters

SONGWRITERS: Substantial Advance Royalties are paid on publisher's acceptance. New booklet, "Song Requirements of Talking Picture," sent free. Newcomer Associates, 778 Earl Bldg., New York.

Station Stamps

Three Radio Station Stamps. No two alike, 10c. Chas. A. Philidus, 510 East 120th St., New York, N. Y.

Amos 'n' Andy Art Rotogravure Photo, 11x14, showing these two famous artists as they are today in a picture suitable for framing. Send 25 cents stamps to pay for cost of picture and mailing. Radio Digest, Dept. A, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



CINCINNATTI'S FINEST

ONE of the Nation's outstanding hotels embodying every modern convenience that so attracts travelers throughout the world.

Rates: \$3.00 and Up

JOHN L. HORGAN
Managing
Director

Hotel Sinton
CINCINNATI

R. T. I. R. T. I. QUALIFIES YOU TO MAKE MONEY AND ITS SERVICE KEEPS YOU UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ON THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN RADIO, TELEVISION, AND TALKING PICTURES R. T. I.

RADIO TELEVISION-TALKING PICTURES

BIG MONEY NOW! More to Come



Radio now offers ambitious men the greatest Money-Making Opportunity the world has ever seen! Hundreds of trained service men are needed by radio dealers, jobbers, and manufacturers!

A "trained" Radio "Service and Repair" man can easily make \$40 to \$50 a week, and it's very common for a "trained" man with experience to make \$75 a week, and up.

BIG MONEY for Spare-Time Radio Work is easily made in every city and village. You can now qualify for this Big-Money work quickly through R. T. I. Get the Big Money Now and go up and up in this Big Pay field. The Radio industry calls for More Men, and R. T. I. supplies what the industry wants you to know.

No Experience Needed

ALL YOU NEED is ambition and the ability to read and write. The Radio industry needs practical trained men. Remember, R. T. I. makes it easy to earn spare time money while you learn at home.

More to come

THE MEN who get into this Big-Money field now will have an unlimited future. Why? Because this billion dollar Radio industry is only a few years old and is growing by leaps and bounds. Get in and grow with it. \$10 to \$25 per week and more is easily made in spare hours while you are preparing for Big Money. TELEVISION, too, will soon be on the market, so the leaders say. Be ready for this amazing new money-making field. Remember, R. T. I. "3 in 1" home-training gives you all the developments in Television and Talking Picture Equipment, together with the complete Radio Training.

Supervised by Radio Leaders

R. T. I. training is prepared and supervised by prominent men in radio, television and talking picture engineering; distributing; sales; manufacturing; broadcasting, etc. These men know what you must know to make money in Radio. You learn easily in spare time at home with the R. T. I. wonderful combination of Testing Outfits, Parts, Work Sheets, Job Tickets,

It is easy, quick and practical, covers everything in Radio —includes Talking Pictures and the latest in Television. Get started in Big Money Radio work now.

Warning

Do not start R. T. I. training if you are going to be satisfied to make \$15 or \$20 per week more than you are now. Most R. T. I. men will make that much increase after a few weeks. There is no reason to stop short of the Big Money Jobs or the Big Profits in a spare time or full time business of your own. No capital needed. Get started with R. T. I. now. Make money while you learn at home.

R. T. I. Book Now

FREE

The thrilling story of Radio, Television and Talking Pictures is told with hundreds of pictures and facts—its hundreds of big money jobs and spare time money-making opportunities everywhere. Send for your copy now. USE THE COUPON.



LET F. H. SCHNELL AND R. T. I. ADVISORY BOARD HELP YOU

Mr. Schnell, Chief of the R. T. I. Staff, is one of the ablest and best known radio men in America. He has twenty years of Radio experience. First to establish two-way amateur communication with Europe.

Former traffic manager of American Radio Relay League, Lieutenant Commander of the U. S. N. R. Inventor and designer of Radio apparatus. Consultant Engineer to large Radio manufacturers.

Assisting him is the R. T. I. Advisory Board composed of men prominent in the Radio industry.

RADIO & TELEVISION INSTITUTE Dept. 285, 4806 St. Anthony Ct., Chicago

RADIO & TELEVISION INSTITUTE Dept. 285, 4806 St. Anthony Court, Chicago

Send me Free and prepaid your BIG BOOK "Tune In On Big Pay" and full details of your three-in-one Home Training (without obligating me in any way).

Name Address City State

\$60-\$70-\$80-PER WEEK AND UP. That's what R. T. I. training leads to. Send for the R. T. I. Book and see for yourself.



THE R. T. I. ADVISORY BOARD. These men are executives with important concerns in the radio industry—manufacturing, sales, service, broadcasting, engineering, etc., etc. They supervise R. T. I. Work Sheets, Job Tickets, and other training methods.

R. T. I. R. T. I. TRAINS YOU AT HOME FOR A GOOD JOB OR A PROFITABLE PART TIME OR FULL TIME BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

"Kill" That Static

With Kilostat or NO COST



Guaranteed to improve reception—local or distant—by 50% or it doesn't cost you a cent. Better Volume, Selectivity, Distance, Tone and more Stations. Sharpens tuning. Every set needs one. Easily attached. Send no money—just your name to 20th Century Co., 9587 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and you will be sent this \$3.00 Kilostat Unit, postpaid, for only half price—or two for \$2.00, on 15 Days' Trial. If you would part with it the price paid the postman would be refunded. So write today.



WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. Sunken letters guide your hand. Correct your penmanship in one week. Big improvement in one hour. Positive proof sent free. Write, G. J. Ozment, 17, St. Louis, Mo.

FOR JUNE—Many big things in the way of Special Features and Fiction—Don't miss this issue of Radio Digest.

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Our wonderful new plan will put you in the \$5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.



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We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Work spare time or full time. No capital or experience required. Free outfit. Free automobile. Write now.

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Don't try to banish unaided the hold tobacco has upon you. Thousands of inveterate tobacco usars have, with the aid of the Kaseley Treatment, found it easy to quit.



KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT Quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 50 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

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Home of the famous Kaseley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs. Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.



NOW YOU CAN LEARN AT HOME

\$12 a Day
"When I enrolled as a laborer at small pay. Now I make \$12 a day in Electricity."
E. S. Maple, Newburg, Okla.

\$65 a Day
"But for your course I would still be on small pay instead of making as high as \$65 a day in Auto Electricity."
Jacob Lentz, 1223 1st Ave., Hillsboro, Oregon.

LEARN DOING



HUNDREDS OF COOKE TRAINED MEN ARE MAKING \$60 to \$100 A WEEK

Why don't you get into Electricity, too? It's today's great Opportunity for you and every other man who is great and tired of struggling along on small pay. Hundreds of "Cooke Trained Men" who were no smarter than you when they started now make \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year—and some make even more.

LEARN AT HOME IN SPARE TIME

Learn with the famous L. L. COOKE "Work Sheet and Job Ticket" Method. It's simple, it's thorough, it's practical. It's just like actual shop experience, yet it's all done right in your own home with the Big Complete Outfit of Tools and Apparatus given to you without extra cost. And it's done in your spare time, without quitting your present job or losing a single hour's pay.

PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE NOT NEEDED

You don't need previous experience—you don't need higher education to learn Electricity the L. L. COOKE Way. If you can read and write, that's enough. This great Training is amazingly clear and simple. There's nothing like it anywhere. It's the Training with hundreds of successful graduates; it's the Training that has put many men on Easy Street; it's the Training for you.

GET STARTED—MAIL COUPON

"Cooke Trained Men" are the "Big Pay Men" everywhere. \$60 to \$100 a week is what many of them are making. That's the kind of a job for you. Get started under the famous L. L. COOKE Money Back Agreement. Act today to increase your pay. Send coupon for Big FREE Book, "Secrets of Success in Electricity." Mail coupon now.

L. L. COOKE SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY
Dept. 285, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE BOOK COUPON!

L. L. COOKE SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY, Dept. 285, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send me entirely free and fully prepaid, your book "Secrets of Success in Electricity," with particulars about your Home Study Course in Electricity.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay Man"

Answer to Daily Problem

(Continued from page 78)

the Libby general offices so that one steps from clicking typewriters and jangling phone bells into the compact kitchen—only a step or two in distance, but steps which take the visitor almost into another world.

If it happens that no one is working there at the moment, the first thing with which the visitor is impressed is the silence—a silence one can almost hear—for the kitchen is carefully soundproofed to accommodate the Radio broadcasts. The next thing that forces its attention upon the mind is the cleanliness—almost a surgical cleanliness if a man's reaction is to be believed, this impression being heightened by the (to a mere male) mysterious looking scintillating white devices which line the room until one almost expects the head anesthetist and the surgeon with his scalpel to step from the adjoining room.

To the initiate into such realms, however, the scene brings only joy and admiration. Virtually every modern device for reducing the drudgery of housework has been incorporated into this kitchen. A huge electric ice box, an electric dishwasher, a kitchen cabinet, which does everything but say "good morning," and an electric range, equipped with all manner of thermostatic and electrical devices for shutting off the heat under the roast beef in case mother should be down in the laundry when this should be done.

ALTHOUGH she is enthusiastic about her workshop, Miss Martin takes occasion to point out that all the modernism which it represents is by no means necessary for the duplication of any of the recipes which she gives over the air.

"Naturally, when Libby, McNeill & Libby decided upon this type of service, they equipped the kitchen with the most modern devices attainable, just as any large firm would do if they were equipping any kind of a workroom. And it all is a decided help, especially when you realize that we spend most of our day in here cooking. But don't get the idea that it is at all necessary. There is no reason why the woman 100 miles from a railroad station, cooking over an old-fashioned coal range, can't prepare any food we talk about just as well as we prepare it here. It is not at all important for the housewife to have all these things in her own kitchen."

Why You Will Prefer Chicago's Hotel KNICKERBOCKER

A smart, metropolitan hotel—perfectly located. Near everything. Located in Chicago's smartest shopping district—adjoining Palmolive office building—and opposite The Drake.

Larger, more cheerful, all outside rooms. Each with bath, shower; circulating ice water—and the most comfortable beds money can buy.

A friendly, cosmopolitan atmosphere—a "personal" service instantly appreciated. Known for good food. Coffee Shop and Dining Room—a la carte service or table d'hote.

Wonderful Rooms with bath \$3.00

Special Weekly and Monthly Rates

Stop at Hotel KNICKERBOCKER
WALTON PLACE—Just off Michigan Ave.

J. I. McDonell, Manager

Here are a few examples of the kind of money I train "my boys" to make

Started with \$5. Now has Own Business



"Can't tell you the feeling of independence N.R.I. has given me. I started in Radio with \$5, purchased a few necessary tools, circulated the business cards you gave me and business picked up to the point where my spare time earnings were my largest income. Now I am in business for living. I have made a very profitable living in work that is play."

HOWARD HOUSTON,

512 So. Sixth St., Laramie, Wyo.

\$700 in 5 Months Spare Time

"Although I have had little time to devote to Radio my spare time earnings for five months after graduation were approximately \$700 on Radio sales, service and repairs. I owe this extra money to your help and interest. Thanks for the interest shown me during the time I studied and since graduation."



CHARLES W. LINSEY,

537 Elati St., Denver, Colo.

\$7396 Business in two and one-half Months



"I have opened an exclusive Radio sales and repair shop. My receipts for September were \$2332.16—for October, \$2887.77 and for the first half of November, \$2176.32. My gross receipts for the two and one-half months I have

been in business have been \$7396.25. If I can net about 20% this will mean a profit of about \$1500 to me."

JOHN F. KIRK,

1514 No. Main St., Spencer, Iowa.

My Free book gives you many more letters of N. R. I. men who are making good in spare time or full time businesses of their own



Rear view of 5-tube Screen Grid Tuned Radio frequency set—only one of the many circuits you can build with my parts.

You'll get practical Radio Experience with my new 8 Outfits of Parts that I'll give you for a Home Experimental Laboratory!

My course is not all theory. You use the 8 Outfits I'll give you, in working out the principles, diagrams and circuits used in modern sets and taught in my lesson books. This 50-50 method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience in a few months as the average fellow who hasn't had this training gets in two to four years in the field. You can build over 100 circuits with these parts. You experiment with and build the fundamental circuits used in such sets as Crosley, Atwater-Kent, Eveready, Majestic, Zenith, and many others sold today. You learn how these circuits work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order.

I will show You too
how to start a spare time or full time
Radio Business
of Your Own
on extra money you
can make while learning



J. E. Smith, Pres., National Radio Institute

The world-wide use of receiving sets for home entertainment, and the lack of well trained men to sell, install and service them have opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses. You have already seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were young had the first chance at the key jobs—and are now the \$5,000 \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. Its growth is opening hundreds of fine jobs every year, also opportunities almost everywhere for a profitable spare time or full time Radio business. "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives detailed information on these openings. It's FREE.

So many opportunities many make \$5 to \$30 a week extra while learning

Many of the ten million sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood, that you can do in your spare time for extra money. I will show you the plans and ideas that are making as high as \$200 to \$1,000 for others while taking my course. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made \$935 in my spare time while taking your course."

Many \$50, \$60 and \$75 a week jobs opening in Radio every year

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers, and pay \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, and buyers for jobs paying up to \$15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators, give them world-wide travel at practically no expense and pay \$85 to \$200 a

month. Radio dealers and jobbers are continually on the lookout for good service men, salesmen, buyers, managers, and pay \$30 to \$100 a week. Talking Movies pay as much as \$75 to \$200 a week to the right men with Radio training. My book tells you of other opportunities in Radio.

I will train you at home in your spare time

Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a high school or college graduate. Hundreds have won bigger success. J. A. Vaughn jumped from \$35 to \$100 a week. E. E. Winborne seldom makes under \$100 a week now. The National Radio Institute is the Pioneer and World's Largest organization devoted exclusively to training men and young men, by correspondence for good jobs in the Radio industry.

You Must Be Satisfied

I will give you an agreement to refund every penny of your money if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you complete my course. And I'll not only give you thorough training in Radio principles, practical experience in building and servicing sets, but also train you in Talking Movies, give you home experiments in Television, cover thoroughly the latest features in sets such as A. C. and Screen Grid.

My 64-Page Book Gives the Facts

Clip and mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It points out the money-making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. It tells of the opportunities for a spare time or full time Radio business of your own, the special training I give you that has made hundreds of other men successful; and also explains the many fine jobs for which my course trains you. Send the coupon to me today. You won't be obligated in the least.

Get my new book It points out what Radio Offers You



J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. OEQ
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

THIS COUPON IS GOOD FOR ONE FREE COPY OF MY NEW BOOK

mail it TODAY

J. E. SMITH, President,
National Radio Institute, Dept. OEQ
Washington, D. C.

DEAR MR. SMITH:—Send me your book. I want to see what Radio offers. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call.

Name.....

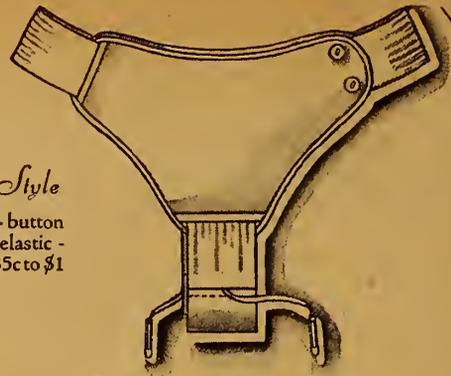
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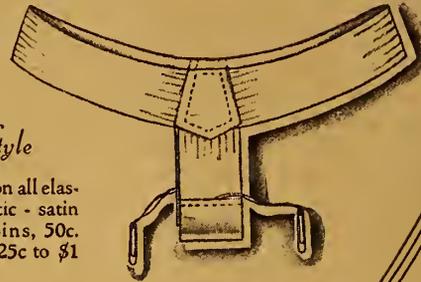
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HICKORY

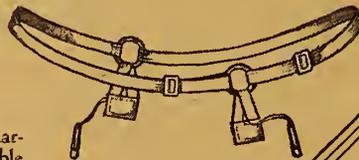
Sanitary Belts are approved and recommended by leading medical authorities



Shield Style
Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to \$1

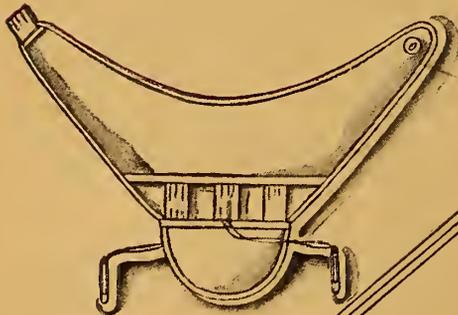


Curved Style
"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to \$1



Petite Style

The Belt Petite - of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c



Shaped Shield Style
Sateen cloth style - button belt. Waist measure sizes - taped pins, 50c. Others to \$1

All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer

Leading specialists approve and recommend Hickory Belts because they do not bind or in any manner constrain. They are correctly shaped to fit and are scientifically correct—hygienically perfect. They permit absolute freedom of movement—always dependable, yet gently secure. Ask your doctor. Of further importance—Hickory Belts are not limited to just one model. Hickory provides you with just the style and size which suits you best. All Hickory Belts—in all styles and at all prices—are perfectly shaped to fit.

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later—is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for you. You can easily find out for yourself—once having done so, just remember your Hickory number. In superfine creations at \$1—others as low as 25c.

Enjoy these other Personal Necessities by Hickory:
Sanitary Aprons . Step-ins
Shadow Skirts & Bloomers
Dress Shields & Girdles

Sanitary Belts by

HICKORY

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

YESTERDAY

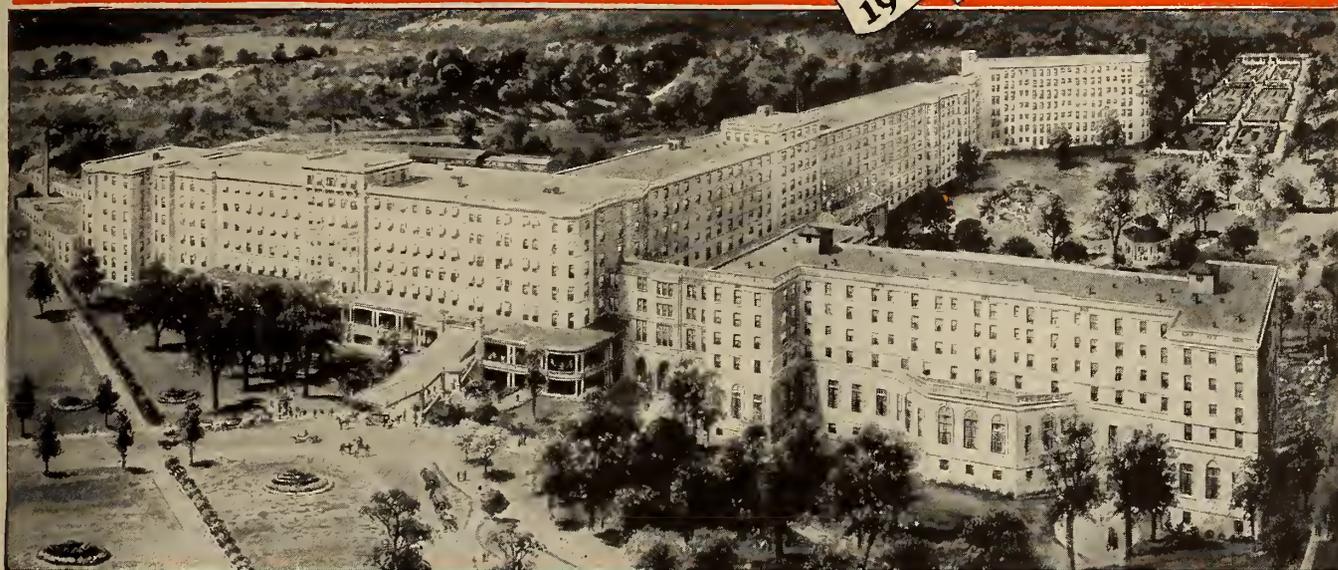


1840



TODAY

1930



By the curative properties of its waters, French Lick Springs—once an obscure trading post—has been transformed into

America's foremost spa. ¶ The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. ¶ To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm here in the gorgeous Cumberland foothills. ¶ First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

¶ The magnificent hotel, shown above, is a concrete tribute to the curative powers of

French Lick calls

Pluto Mineral Water. It was built in response to the insistent demand of increasing thousands for comforts, conveniences and cuisine

equaling the foremost metropolitan hotels. ¶ In the hotel, under its own medical supervision, are the finest baths available on this continent.

¶ Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick—to tone up the system—put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee. ¶ Tennis courts, hiking, horseback riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction. ¶ French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.

PLUTO

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL

Thomas D. Taggart, *President*

"Home of Pluto Water"



WATER

FRENCH LICK, INDIANA

H. J. Fawcett, *Manager*

When Nature Wont, Pluto Will



No. K74TC,
\$9.50

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No. J74TC,
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Flexible

Manifold

Oblique

Now, even a flexible point in Balance Lifetime pens

If you write flowingly, with shaded lines, or boldly, with lines all of equal weight, obliquely, or any one of fifteen different ways, Sheaffer has the pen for you. By recent research, even the action and shading of any steel pen is duplicated by Sheaffer. And Sheaffer's is the only Lifetime guarantee. At your Sheaffer dealer's, choose the pen that interprets your handwriting style, feel the easy naturalness of the suave, clean-lined Balance design in your hand, and you'll know you've met your lifetime writing companion!

Identify the
Lifetime
pen by this
white dot.



No. 37,
\$11

At better stores everywhere

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime is guaranteed against everything except loss for the owner's lifetime, and other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against fault in materials and workmanship.

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Skrip-filled, 50c.