

Matrimony by **BILLIE BURKE**

Radio Digest

*With Mrs.
Cobb*

Countess Olga M. Albani
NBC, New York

*Brother
Cordell*

FLOYD GIBBONS' GREATEST THRILL

Sir Oliver Lodge + Baby Rose Marie + Will Rogers' Horoscope

WHAT RADIO STARS WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

WITH THE PRECIOUS TEETH OF CHILDREN

trust only the finest dentifrice

SO widely known are the benefits which Forhan's brings to mouths marked by the effects of age, that another important function of this dentifrice is sometimes overlooked.

It is so pure, it is so mild and cleansing, that this "dentists' dentifrice" is ideal for children.

Young teeth need exceptional care. Fully 85% of all molars coming through the gums contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—the breeding place of future trouble unless they are watchfully cleaned with a safe dentifrice, and checked also by your dentist.

Health authorities also recommend that you clean and massage the gums, even of infants, and urge that children's gums receive regular care.

And care of the gums is the other function of Forhan's. This dentifrice was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

He prepared a dentifrice which gives the teeth a wonderfully gentle and thorough cleansing—and claims to do nothing more for the teeth. But he added another benefit which his practice had shown him was important—the benefit of a preparation used everywhere by dentists in the care of the gums. In fact, this treatment for the gums, also originated by Dr. Forhan, was the starting point of his excellent dentifrice.

Use Forhan's in the mouth of youth—and to keep the mouth of youth into middle age. When teeth are sound and gums are healthy is the time to adopt this excellent dentifrice. Let it cleanse the teeth and add its help to the care of the gums. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it livens circulation, and aids the gums to stay young and firm.

NOW ON THE AIR!

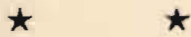
New Forhan's program—featuring Evangeline Adams, world-famous astrologer—every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time—Columbia Network.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

FOLLOW MY STARS OF YOUTH TO A



Clearer, softer skin

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

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

Then I explained to her my method with Milkweed Cream.

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

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

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

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

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

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



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER "STARS" TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

- ★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.
- ★ **THE EYES**—If you would avoid aging crow's feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.
- ★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ **THE NECK**—To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contour.
- ★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

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

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

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE NATIONAL BROADCAST AUTHORITY

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Radio Digest

Including RADIO REVUE and RADIO BROADCAST

December, 1930

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ADELE RONSON . . . actress . . . is one of those rarities, a real, born-in-the metropolis New Yorker! Snatched from Broadway recently by NBC for the Collier Hour, Miniature Theatre and Radio Guild productions.



IRMA GLEN . . . does everything at WENR but wind the clock! Plays the organ, runs the Air Junior Club, is a member of Smith Family cast, and that's not all! She's one of Radio's Most Beautiful, as you see.



GEORGIA BACKUS is Myra Loring in Arabesque . . . finds the time to direct and write continuities . . . but anyway, she's just a Nit Wit! Yes, she's Aphrodite Godiva in that hilarious piece of CBS Radio burlesque.

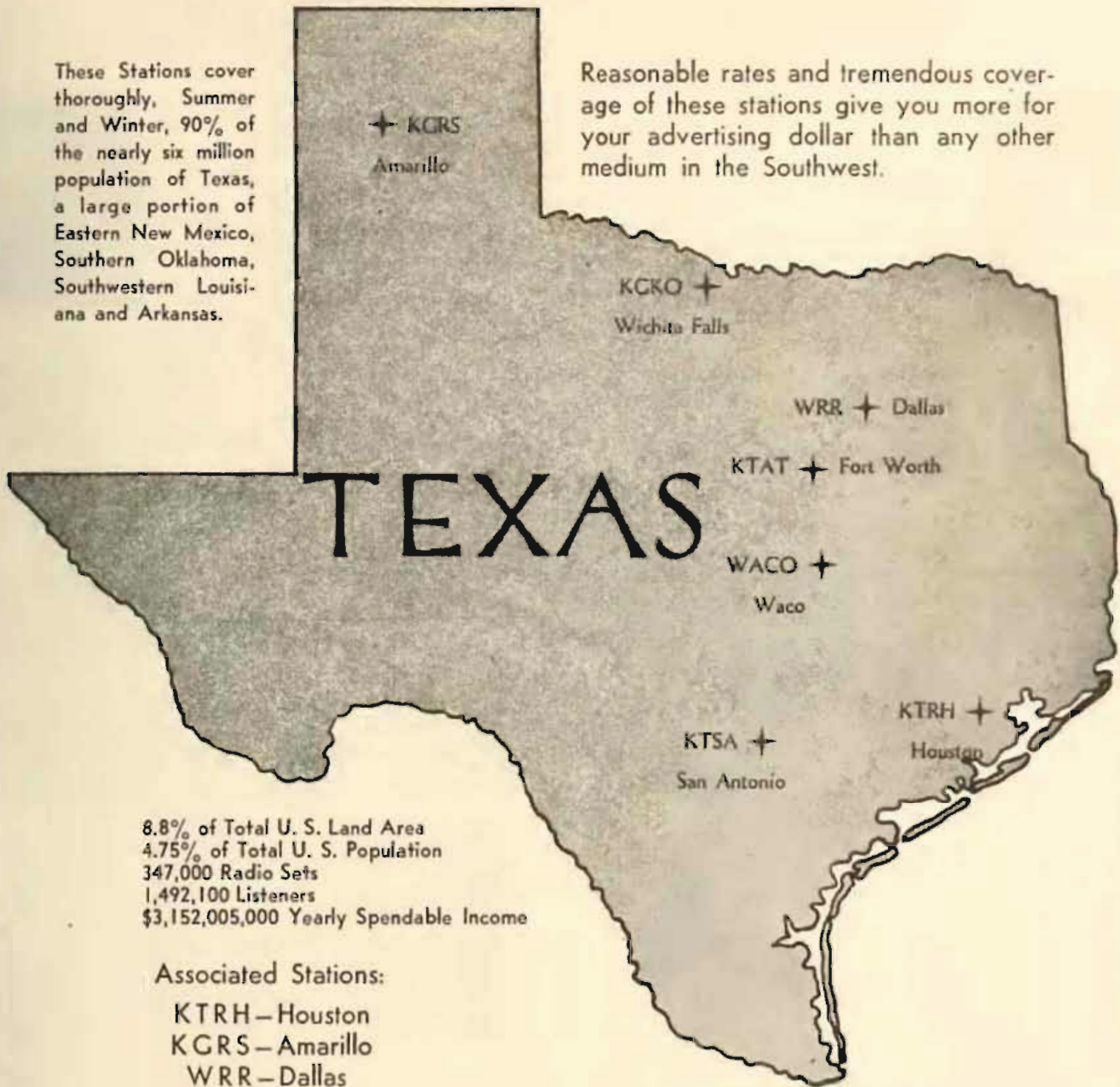


MARY HOPPLE, contralto, from the little town of Lebanon, Pa., just walked into the NBC Studios a year or so ago . . . and walked out a full-fledged member of staff! You hear her most often in the Enna Jettick Meddies.

Serving the Great Southwest

These Stations cover thoroughly, Summer and Winter, 90% of the nearly six million population of Texas, a large portion of Eastern New Mexico, Southern Oklahoma, Southwestern Louisiana and Arkansas.

Reasonable rates and tremendous coverage of these stations give you more for your advertising dollar than any other medium in the Southwest.



8.8% of Total U. S. Land Area
 4.75% of Total U. S. Population
 347,000 Radio Sets
 1,492,100 Listeners
 \$3,152,005,000 Yearly Spendable Income

Associated Stations:

- KTRH—Houston
- KGRS—Amarillo
- WRR—Dallas

Chain rates on KGRS, Amarillo; KGKO, Wichita Falls; WRR, Dallas; KTAT, Fort Worth; KTRH, Houston, and KTSA, San Antonio—one-half (1/2) hour, including talent and wire charge—\$555.80; fifteen minutes, (1/4 hour) including talent and wire charge—\$308.90.

For individual rates on these stations address:

SOUTHWEST BROADCASTING COMPANY

Aviation Building

Fort Worth, Texas

Coming and Going

Observations on Events and Incidents in the Broadcasts of the Month

STORIES continue to flow from Fannie Hurst's mind and heart with richer and increasing fervor. She is modern in her thinking, she understands the trend of modern reasoning, modern philosophy and gives her characters feeling and emotional reactions keyed to the day and the hour. This is not a prelude to any novel to appear in RADIO DIGEST but rather an introduction to an interview conducted by Miss Lillian G. Genn who was prompted to ask Miss Hurst whether it was the man or the woman who experienced the deepest emotion of the eternal passion. What does Miss



Hurst say? Miss Genn expects to give you that interview in a forthcoming issue of RADIO DIGEST—perhaps in January.

* * *

LOOK what Santa is bringing us in our Christmas stocking! More channels for a broader scope of listening! Mr. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, says that synchronizing a hook-up of thirty high-powered stations over a single channel has been proven entirely feasible. Imagine all the NBC programs emanating over one or two channels! NOW if all the stations handling NBC programs should confine themselves exclusively to that source they could surrender their own channels; or else they could double broadcasting, if they have the transmitting equipment. The national program could go forth on the NBC channel through the local transmitter and the local program could go forth on the local channel, making it possible for one station to present two programs simultaneously. On the other hand NBC could probably gain a license to put in a string of relay stations on the WJZ and WEA F waves. This would leave all other stations to their own devices.

But that is not all. An English inventor is now here giving demonstrations of a receiving set that is said to add nine frequencies to every one that is available now. Under present conditions each channel must be separated by ten kilocycles to avoid overlapping and interference. By the new method only the precise frequency desired can filter through a crystal gauged for that particular frequency. The next thing will be a new structure all the way around for broadcasting and reception.

* * *

And we are further told that the most powerful Radio organization in America could put movie television into operation in a practical way immediately if it so desired. This means that it could broadcast moving pictures and give you a receiver that would present a good moving image on a screen a foot square. Understand, this does not mean that the operator could go out to a stadium and broadcast a football game direct; it means that a motion picture of that game could be broadcast.

It is also possible to broadcast a newspaper similar to the way a ticker-tape performs. The "tape" for the Radio newspaper is wide enough for two columns of newspaper space and unrolls with flashes when you want it.

HEREIN you will read Mr. Leonard Smith's report of Floyd Gibbons' greatest thrill. It was not on the battlefield, as you might have supposed, but in a broadcasting station getting out a newspaper of the air for Literary Digest. He was said to be earning more than any other single individual on the air. His sudden replacement by Lowell Thomas caused a great deal of speculation. We called up Mr. Gibbons. He said everything was okeh except he had finished his contract and was glad to get a rest-up from the long grind. And anyhow would we kindly explain how we had put out one eye and restored the other in our cut of him that appeared in the October number. That was a mean trick in printer's make-up, whereby the original cut had been reversed so that the right side of the face appeared to be the left. Floyd said he wished every success to Mr. Thomas. Then we tried Mr. Cudahy of Literary Digest. "Mr. Gibbons was engaged for a specific purpose," said Mr. Cudahy, "he accomplished that purpose and did a splendid job of it. His contract expired and that it was not renewed was the fault of no one. The fact that we hired Mr. Thomas is no reflection on Mr. Gibbons. We expect to use various persons from time to time to speak for us on the air."



* * *

WERE you fortunate enough to hear George Bernard Shaw and Dr. Einstein during a recent transatlantic broadcast? If you were not you may be glad to know that



RADIO DIGEST will present their comments in the January number. It is unfortunate that some of these very important messages from notables across the sea must come at a time when so many of us are busy at our daily tasks in office, factory or field. For that reason RADIO DIGEST hopes to be of service to its readers in reproducing the exact text of some of the most important speeches. We will

also reprint the speech by Mr. H. G. Wells in our next RADIO DIGEST. There may be other notables whose speeches you will read.

Just eye some of these interesting and very exceptional bits planned for our January RADIO DIGEST: Guy Lombardo's Adventure with a Gunman . . . E. O. Dunlap's Reviews and Previews on Broadcasting . . . Old Topper Perkins' Drolleries . . . Messages from Venus, another Peggy Hull horoscope . . . Seth Parker writes how Maine folks make good in the Big City . . . more about Baby Radio Stars getting rich . . . Rudy Vallee analyzes song successes . . . Bob Ripley believe-it-or-not slants on Radio . . . and a whole raft of other bits gleaned from the air. We are going to start 1931 off with the finest RADIO DIGEST ever published.

Championship Contest Draws

BIG VOTE

*Avalanche of Nominations Pull Hard for Four
Leading Broadcasters in Each State*

HAVE you nominated the four best stations in your state? Are you saving your votes for them? Never before has RADIO DIGEST presented a contest which has met with such instantaneous response as the one now offered to its readers to choose the four most popular stations in each state.

Ballots and nominations are coming in by every mail. So far it is anybody's choice in the leading states. There is a chance to win for any station that is nominated.

Letters explaining the reasons for preference have been coming from listeners in all walks of life.

Here is one that places WENR at the head of the four Illinois leaders. "You can put WENR at the head of any four stations in the country and I'm sure any fair minded listener who actually uses some discernment in the judging of relative merits will vote to keep it there. I don't see why you don't give some special award for the one station of all the states that gets the highest number of votes. I hope all the other WENR fans will join together and put Gene Arnold and Everett Mitchell and Irma Glenn over the top. They deserve it. Mrs. P. J. Miller, Chicago."

In Wisconsin there have been a flock of nominations for WTMJ, and in Minnesota there have been many nomination slips and votes for WCCO. Buffalo shows WGR going strong and in New Orleans WSMB heads the list of the most popular four. In Detroit WJR stands considerably in the lead of all other Michigan stations that have been nominated. A number of nominations in Detroit seem to have arranged the ticket in the same order. It stands WJR, WMBA, WWJ and WXYZ. Looks like a little electioneering, what? You might be surprised to learn that in New York State WGY at Schenectady carries more nomination slips than

any other station, even including the most popular stations in New York City.

On the Pacific Coast in California, KHJ, Los Angeles, has the distinct advantage with KFRC, San Francisco, a close second. We find KFOX, KFVB, KFI and KPO in succeeding order. Hi, there, KFOX, don't let these other stations take your old record lead away from you!

Of course WLW at Cincinnati is getting a lot of attention. A lady in Delaware writes: "There is only one station in Ohio, so why nominate four? I just put the dial on WLW and leave it there." Naturally there are any number of other Buckeye folk who will feel inclined to start an argument with the lady in this Methodist college town. But let them name their favorites—and then VOTE.

An interesting letter comes from Arkansas where KTHS has been put in nomination from Hot Springs. We have not heard a great deal from KTHS for some time. How about it, you Arkansas boosters?

You probably know all about this contest now. See those two blanks down at the bottom of the page? Fill them out and send them to the Contest Editor of RADIO DIGEST. Send the nomination blank first. You are to vote for the four best stations in your own state. This is

to give everybody a chance to win one of the beautiful medallions from design shown in the center of the page. There will be four of these medallions awarded to the four stations standing highest in each state—and oh, what a cinch this will be for those who are in a state where there no more than four stations!

The rules and conditions of the contest are set forth on page 114. Read them and see how you can earn extra bonus votes by sending in a series of ballots as they come successively in each issue of RADIO DIGEST until the contest closes in April.



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

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

I nominate for the most popular stations in (state)

First (call letters) City

Second (call letters) City

Third (call letters) City

Fourth (call letters) City

Signed

Address

City State

Number 3 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's STATION POPULARITY CONTEST FOR STATE CHAMPIONSHIP

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

Please credit this ballot to:

First (call letters) City

Second (call letters) City

Third (call letters) City

Fourth (call letters) City

Signed

Address

City State



Lowell Thomas

*Whose adventures have taken him
to the four corners of the world*

H. Bennett Barclay

Lowell Thomas

*Adventurer—Explorer—Writer
—Friend of Kings and Beg-
gars—Radio's Newest Voice*

By Nelson S. Hesse

WHEN executives of The Literary Digest started a search for their new Radio voice they sought a man with a thorough knowledge of the world and its affairs, one who had traveled and studied, one with an alert and informed mind, a man who could discuss intelligently and impartially any topic. The hunt led them to a 200-acre farm in Dutchess County, New York, where they found Lowell Thomas, author, explorer and adventurer. They went no further.

Lowell Thomas might well be called the embodiment of all the primary requisites of a perfect broadcaster and interpreter of news events. His life has been replete with action and adventure. An unquenchable thirst for travel has carried him to the the far corners of the globe where he has seen history in the making and has helped make it.

Who's Who describes him as an author and lecturer. Lowell Thomas prefers to be known as a traveling student or a newspaperman who got some lucky breaks and has some stories to tell. Were he given to boasting, he might lay claim to several titles, for he probably is the world champion globe trotter and the first man to broadcast news events over both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company network.

THE numerous occupations and avocations of this man qualify him as a candidate for the honor of being Radio's most interesting and colorful personality. Still in his thirties, Lowell Thomas has been a gold miner, cow puncher, football player, law student, reporter, editor, college professor, explorer of the Arctic, India, Malaya, Burmah and Central Asia; special plenipotentiary to Europe during the World War, war correspondent, world traveler, author of sixteen books and a myriad of magazine and newspaper articles, historian of the first around-the-world airplane

flight and story-teller extraordinary. He has been an intimate friend of Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, the modern Richard Coeur de Lion; of Sultans, Prime Ministers and Kings; friend of Princely Emirs of the East; close companion of Lawrence, the mystery man of Arabia; confidant of Carl Liebknecht and "red" Rosa Luxemburg, the German Nihilists; acquaintance of princes and beggars of Jerusalem and Mecca, of London and Rome, of Paris and Singapore.

SO MUCH for the background of the man who broadcasts "Topics in Brief—the news behind the news." How about the other requirements—a good voice and a magnetic and pleasing personality?

From the time he was a toddler of four, Lowell Thomas had to stand before his father and spout poetry and prose. He had to learn to get his voice out of his nose and down where it belonged, to breathe correctly, to gesture with elliptical grace.

"Some day you will thank me for this, son,"

the elder Thomas prophetically said. Twenty years later this prediction came true. This voice—rich, pleasant, friendly and well-modulated—was acclaimed in the largest auditoriums of the principal cities of the English-speaking world. More than 4,000,000 people paid close to \$1,000,000 to hear Lowell Thomas tell of his adventures.

Lowell Thomas has an extremely fine sense of modesty, a modesty that acknowledges his manifold accomplishments in a factual manner. He makes a profound impression upon you the minute you meet him. Inclined to be a bit shy at first, he opens up once you engage him in conversation and is alive to any subject you may introduce. His magnetic personality literally reaches out tentacles which grip and hold all who hear him talk.

IN APPEARANCE Lowell Thomas resembles a well-tailored business man. He seems neither tall nor short. Always erect, he walks with a determined business-like gait



Lowell Thomas makes good use of a tank during the world war. He served on many fronts

Africa, Nogales Bay, the Turkish general, Sir Hubert Wilkins and picturesque soldiers of fortune such as Tex O'Reilly and Fighting Dan Edwards have dropped in to talk over the past and present with their long-time friend, Lowell Thomas.

Since he embarked upon his latest adventure Thomas has received letters, telegrams and cables of congratulation from friends and acquaintances all over the world. Several of them have dropped in unexpectedly while he has been broadcasting. While executives of the Columbia Broadcasting System were congratulating Thomas a few minutes after he had made his debut over CBS, a short, stout and deeply-tanned man was ushered into the audition room on the twentieth floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System Building, at 485 Madison avenue. General Rafael Nogales, it was, bitter

out his old friend, Lowell Thomas.

Some interesting facts cropped up during the first few weeks that Thomas was broadcasting. A timer stationed in a studio of the Columbia Broadcasting System found that Thomas speaks between 3000 and 4000 words during a fifteen-minute broadcast, the equivalent of a short magazine story or more than three columns of newspaper print.

IN HIS new role as a broadcaster of news events Lowell Thomas becomes a voice speaking in the dark. Curiously enough he nearly always has been just that, because he used pictures to illustrate his adventure tales. Once again his physical appearance is hidden from the public.

It is difficult to believe that the life of one man could be so crowded with adventure, romance and action. It is equally difficult to condense the story of his thirty-eight years into a few paragraphs.

Romance nurtured Lowell Thomas almost from the day of his birth. Son of a surgeon infected with wanderlust, he spent his early years in travel while his family moved westward from Ohio in the gold migration that came a few years after the "Pike's Peak or Bust" movement. Reaching the heart of the mining district, the Thomas family settled in Cripple Creek, Colo., and there Lowell Thomas lived for ten years in the crater of an extinct volcano some 10,000 feet above sea level.



that has carried him swiftly over jungle trails. Kindly but keen blue eyes greet you beneath his shock of long, wavy hair.

There you have the reasons why he was selected from more than a score of candidates for the new Radio "Voice".

When the call of Radio beckoned him, Lowell Thomas was on his farm near Pawling, N. Y., dividing his time between caring for his thirty cows and preparing his seventeenth book. Now he spends six days of each week in New York City. On the seventh day he and his wife, the former Frances Ryan, of Denver, return to their farm, which has become a rendezvous for explorers, adventurers and men high in affairs of this and other nations. Prince William of Sweden, Count Luckner, Major Dugmore from

enemy of the present government of Venezuela and stormy-petrel of Latin-American politics. He had just arrived in New York and immediately sought

Above: Mr. Thomas in a new role

Center: With T. E. Lawrence, uncrowned king of Arabia, in the desert

Right: A friendly chat with the Sultan of Perak



At the age of eight young Thomas mingled with tough hombres from Mexico and the Klondike, from Africa and Australia, carried ore samples from miner to assayer, and got the lust for romance into his blood by listening to a thousand tales of rough-and-ready adventure. Gunmen, gamblers, miners, cowboys and prospectors from the four corners of the earth were the daily companions of his youth. He didn't have to read dime novels for excitement; in the Cripple Creek riots fourteen men were shot down before his eyes.

IMBUED with a desire for a good education, Lowell Thomas went to Northern Indiana University, the University of Denver, Princeton and Chicago Kent College of Law in quest of it. At the early age of twenty-four he had five degrees to his credit, had been an assistant professor of geology, an instructor of English and a professor of oratory, and had equipped and led two private expeditions into the Arctic.

At various times Thomas has been on the staff of more than a dozen large metropolitan newspapers. In order to pay his way through law school he obtained a position as a reporter on a Chicago daily. There he broke in with a group that

later was to become famous—Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Harry Hansen and Mary Synon.

Thomas began giving talks on his experiences in Alaska and the Arctic. Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, heard of his adventures and had him up to talk before the Smithsonian Institute. As a result of this talk Thomas was asked by Secretary Lane to resign from Princeton and lead a "See America First" movement. Thomas was to act as a sort of John the Baptist for the wonders of America, particularly of Alaska.

Then came the war, and, as Secretary Lane put it, "a poor time to be telling about the glories of nature." Secretary Lane decided that Thomas' trained eye and tongue could be put to still



Helps make history with General Allenby in Palestine: Left: Famous war correspondent's camp in Palestine



Headed two expeditions into the Arctic



better uses. At the request of Secretary Lane and President Wilson, Thomas left Princeton and headed a civilian mission to Europe to prepare quickly a historical record of the World War. He was still in his early twenties.

In the words of Lord Northcliffe, Lowell Thomas saw more of the World War than any other man. He was attached in turn to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, American, British and Arabian armies. While in Venice he heard of the appointment of Allenby to command the Allied forces in the Near East. He communicated with the British War Office, and they obligingly sent along

a vessel to take Thomas and Harry Chase, his photographer, to Cairo. There he and Chase hopped aboard a plane and, as Thomas has said several thousand times, made in forty minutes a journey that had taken the Children of Israel forty years.

He stayed with Allenby's army many months as official historian of the epochal events developed by the Allied forces. He had the good fortune to be the only American observer who saw Allenby—the modern Crusader—drive the flaming Crescent from the horizon forever. These spectacular events in the Holy Land were recorded by Thomas for future generations through the lens of a motion picture camera.

Throughout the country he kept hearing rumors of strange happenings to the south, in the Arabian Desert, where a mythical British officer had united the hostile Arab tribes and was leading them in a fierce Holy War against the Turks.

(Continued on page 125)

Baby Brings

THIS yarn should really be called *Baby Brings Home the Caviar*. Bacon? Much too prosaic—and inexpensive. Like reversing the old saw, and craving beer with a champagne pocketbook.

For this is the story of several Radio kiddies whose incomes are more than ten thousand dollars a year. Nearly all are the children of foreign born parents whose fathers are incapable of earning more than \$35 a week.

At the top of the list is a five year old tenement child whose income will be more than \$100,000 a year. \$100,000 worth of boop-boop-a-doop!

Perhaps you've heard Baby Rose Marie, crooning, coon-shouting Radio child prodigy. Or seen her in vaudeville or the "talkies" and marvelled at her. Then, her story and a look into her home might be of interest to you.

THE writer first saw her in vaudeville at the age of three and a half. Rose Marie came out wrapped in a smart little coat—did her number in a hard-boiled, astonishingly coarse shout, calmly and professionally removed the coat, hung it up and did two more numbers. When she finished she bowed her way off with the air of a young lady who had been boop-a-dooing for twenty years.

The house was quiet for a second afterward. Then there was very little applause. A strange man turned in his seat and remarked as though talking to himself:

"Gosh, I'll be darned if I know whether to laugh or cry!"

She was clever. But, from the stage there was none of the child about her. She left you with sort of an aching belief that something had been taken from her. A year and a half later I met her and came to know the real Baby Rose Marie.

It was an interview arranged by the National Broadcasting Company, who have her under contract. She came with her father. It was summer and she was dressed in a filmy, stagey dress with her



black hair sleeked down and her dark brown eyes sparkling with mischief.

For a little while her father stood close by and answered most of the staid questions that usually go to make up an interview. Then someone came in and he went over in a corner to talk with them.

Rose Marie leaned over suddenly and put her elbows on my knees. For a full minute she played with a necklace of bright beads and tried to make up her mind whether she was among friends. Suddenly she grinned and climbed on my lap.

"Ah, ain't this the old apple sauce!"

"What's apple sauce?"

"Ah, you know," she shook her head knowingly, "all these things I'm supposed to say."

Deciding to let the young lady conduct her own interview after that I cuddled her comfortably and, casting a sly look at her father she began in a low stage whisper:

"DO you know where I live? I live 'way over on the East Side—you know where the tenement houses are at 616 East 17th Street. Right across from a big city ash dump and I bet I play with a hundred kids ever' day. You

HOME *the* Bacon

By

Alma Sioux Scarberry

A Five Year Old Earns \$100,000 a Year! And a Ten Year Old is in the \$10,000 Income Class! How do they do it?

The Secret's Out in This... a Story about the Home Life of the "Millionaire Kids"... "Baby Rose Marie", "Little Jane" (Muriel Harbater), and Winifred Toomey, young actress.



Baby Rose Marie and her family still live in the poor downtown district of New York. She entertains the kids on her block and gives them gifts and toys.

He is ten months old and—don't you think I'm lyin'—but, he can sing a jazz song. Not the words. But, I hum and he sings with me and shakes his shoulders. You'd die! He won't do it for nobody else but me. I guess he'll be in my act when he's about two if the kid's society will let him. The old meddlers! Always stickin' their nose in our business. His name is Frank, junior."

A little later when she paused for breath we asked:

"And Rose Marie, what are you going to do with all of your money?"

She put her hand on her hip:

"Sa-ay! Ask me! What



oughta see 'em. I don't think they ever wash. And they are ever' nationality in the world.

"Know what I am? My name ain't Rose Marie Curley. It's Mazetta. They say Curley cause it don't sound like a foreigner. My pop is Italian and my mom Polish. She worked in a restaurant. Pop drove a truck once—but he don't no more 'cause I keep 'em so busy looking after me. I mean he manages my affairs."

This precocious child mixing big words

with childish philosophy went on naively:

"We live in a awful dump—you know a reg'lar tenement, right where I was born. But, it's swell inside. All modern. We got a piano, victrola. Radio, pretty curtains and flowers and swell stuffed furniture. Grandma—mom's ma, lives with us and she don't even speak English. Ain't that funny?"

"You ought to see my kid brother.



Winifred Toomey, unaffected, leaves all her "dramatics" at the studio.

would a woman do with her money? Spend it on duds, of course. I got about forty-eight dresses."

"Why not buy an airplane?"

Rose Marie looked astonished.

"Get me up in one of them old crates. Not while I'm right in the bean. I got to live and make lots of money."

She went on again in her husky little voice:

"I can't read or write. But, I'm pretty smart. A big professor from Columbia University asked me a lot of questions once and when he got through he told 'em I was a most unusual kid and that I had brains. I can just print my name. I learned how to spell it from the electric lights at the theatre. Honest I did."

Here she proceeded to hunt pencil and

paper and laboriously prove her point.

"See! Not so bad—not so good. Give me time. I just went to school one day. Mom fixed me up swell—but I had a awful time. I had a nice clean dress on and white shoes. And they made us get in a funny line and there was a nasty boy behind me and I guess it worried him because I was the only kid at kindergarten that had clean shoes. Cause he reached over and rubbed dirt on 'em. Imagine! I went home and I says to mom that them eggs ain't civilized and I guessed I'd stay at home. She agreed and I ain't been back since."

SHE paused once for breath and inquired earnestly:

"Anything else you'd like to know?"

Then without waiting for an answer she went on jabbering:

"Oh, dear me, Susie! I forgot one of the most important things they always make me tell. I know more than eighty songs. Jazz and ballads. All the

words and the music. I never forget once I've learned a number. You know how I was discovered, don't you?"

"Pop come in one day when I was two and I was standing in the middle of the floor singing like Sophie Tucker. He nearly passed out and called Mom and she played the piano for me and they said they guessed they wouldn't have much to worry about if they could get me booked on the stage. Well, they did. Here I am.

"Now I don't want you to think I'm braggin' like a ham actor does but, you know, I was only nine months old when I talked. When I was thirteen months old I carried on a reg'lar conversation. And I won an amateur stage prize when I was two."

A little later she sighed, weary of her monologue:

"Oh, don't ask me how I got this way. Don't ask me!"

Let no one think Baby Rose Marie's monologue has been elaborated upon. As a matter of fact—it is impossible to do it justice. At times she broke into song and made wise cracks that would sound so blasé and impossible in a kiddie of her age that, lest we be accused of having a wild imagination, they have been eliminated.

And, with it all, she is a sweet baby. Not a hardboiled little grown-up baby, but a cuddly, affectionate child when she isn't "putting on an act" for the benefit of her "public". Like most stage children she puts on her act at the slightest provocation and any willing listener is her public.

But, later at her tenement home—which by the way is in one of the worst sections of its kind in town—we found her playing in the street, the idol of her block. She had several toy animals beside her and a crowd of youngsters that made it look like the setting for a tenement movie.

Rose Marie is the queen of the block. For doesn't her own shiny car sit in front of the door? And hasn't she always plenty of money to treat the other kids to ice cream and lollypops? She is a generous little one—and is unhappy unless she shares with the other boys and girls who aren't fortunate enough to be Radio headliners.

Often she stands on the back of her car and puts on a show for them. It is an amazing sight . . . dozens of kiddies in the street and women of every nationality, shawl-draped heads shaking approvingly from the windows, keeping time to her boop-boop-a-duop!

At present the Mazetta's are on the way to Hollywood where Rose Marie will play in Victor Herbert's *Babes In Toyland*. She has been touring in vaudeville several weeks en route. "They say" her salary is \$1,000 a week—and that with her Radio and movie salary she will bring into the Mazetta coffers well over \$100,000 this year.

It will be interesting to watch the Mazetta's climb to fame and fortune on the shoulders of their first born. They have made no attempt so far to improve their living conditions, even though Rose Marie's income for a long time would have permitted them to move almost anywhere in New York they might care to live. They seem to be perfectly happy among their old friends in their foreign tenement setting.

SUCH a contrast to the amazing little Rose Marie is that most precious of Radio children, Little Jane of *Jolly Bill* (Steinke) and *Little Jane*.

Her name is Muriel Harbater. She is the daughter of a plumber and lives at 1927 University Avenue, the Bronx, New

years of age and her income is somewhere around \$10,000 a year.

Jane's father has not retired as a great many of the Radio children's fathers have. He lets the mother manage and look after Jane while he tends to his plumbing. But, through the little bread winner the Harbater's live in a nice five room apartment and keep a maid to make sure Jane has the proper meals, and that everything moves in clock work fashion for her welfare.

What would you think if you had a child like this?

Jane awakens at 5 o'clock sharp in the morning. Without the aid of an alarm clock. She rubs the sleep out of her eyes and bounding out of bed goes in and shakes her sleepy father and mother.

"Get up, lazy bones! It is time for me to go to work."

Then there is breakfast. A well balanced breakfast of orange juice, toast, and always a malted milk. Jane has three "malted" a day. Her little legs are solid as healthy little legs should be and her cheeks are brown from swimming at the beach or rolling on the Fordham University campus near home. She is an expert swimmer—and loves to fish and bait her own hook.

After breakfast there is a long hour's ride on the subway—and at 7:45 Jane meets *Jolly Bill* Steinke at NBC and they put on their first broadcast. At 8:45 they put the same one on again. She learns two new song numbers every day and reads her dialogue like a veteran.

Jane owes her sweetness and childish charm not only to her mother's care and the fact that there has been a constant effort made to keep her away from the idea that she is more clever than any other child, but also to Bill Steinke, with whom she has done their program for two years.

He is "Uncle Bill" to her. A jolly Allentown, Pa., newspaper cartoonist who adores children and broadcasts for them because he loves them. Bill writes the continuity and directs little Jane. He makes it all a game. When he wants her to giggle he tickles her in the ribs and she rocks with laughter.

THEIR morning program (it used to be evening) is perhaps the most popular child program on the air, and Little Jane is beloved all over the United States.

She was "discovered" by her mother who explained:

"Muriel took part in school programs and I found she had unusual talent. I didn't like to see it go to waste. I didn't like the idea of the stage and I was happy when I took her to NBC and Mr. Steinke saw possibilities in her and gave her a chance in his program.

"It isn't like a professional life at all. There is no applause to spoil the children and we don't allow people to fuss over

her in the studio. She takes it all just as a funny morning game to be played with Uncle Bill before she goes to school."

Jane goes to Public School No. 26. Shemadeonevaudeville appearance and "hated it," she said. When asked what she was going to do when she grew up Jane said:

"Oh, always a Radio girl. I couldn't give that up."

And as for spending her money:

"Oh, we put it in the bank and in insurance. All but my clothes and whatever we need for bare expenses. We don't waste it. That wouldn't be right. Would it?"

LITTLE

Jane is Russian. Her hair is light brown and her eyes a gray-blue. She will be quite a pretty young lady. She is stocky and healthy as a frisky, cunning little colt.

Nearly all of the Radio child celebrities have been discovered and brought out by Madge Tucker, *The Lady Next Door*. You no doubt know who she is. More about her later. Among her finds is Winifred Toomey.

This little Irish colleen is as refreshingly childish and unaffected as Little Jane. And she has twenty-eight blonde curls. Count 'em! Because Winifred is not permitted to make vaudeville appearances and such, she is still on the \$5,000 a year list.

Winifred's father is a clerk in Wall Street. They live at 636-57th Street, Brooklyn, in the winter and spend their summers at Rockaway Point, where Winifred walks away with all of the swimming medals for miles around.

There are two sisters. Mary, sixteen, is red-headed and in High School. Kathryn is 15 and in the Eighth grade. Let Winifred tell it:

"We live in a big brick double house and I have a nice big yard to play in.



Jolly Bill's partner, Little Jane, is Muriel Harbater . . . sweet and unspoiled.

That's what makes me so healthy. That and the swimming. It's funny, I know, but my two sisters haven't a speck of dramatic talent. They don't even care for it. I've been on the air with Miss Tucker since I was four. I'm ten now.

"I've been in the movies too. I'm crazy about pictures. But, being on the air four times a week—often more than that, keeps me pretty busy. I go to professional school at 1860 Broadway. Did I tell you we have five rooms and a bath at home! Well, I meant to."

Winifred is an expert at being interviewed. She goes on without much prompting, wrinkling her brow and wondering just what might be of interest. When she paused we inquired:

(Continued on page 120)



© International Newsrel Photo
Government raiders jump into criminals' place at sending end of set seized at Coney Island, September 26th, and flash fake messages to rum ships.

Thrilling Chase and Million Radio

By JANET A. DUBLON

FAR out at sea, beyond the twelve mile limit, a powerful boat moves at half speed. In its Radio operator's cabin sits an expert wireless man, busy taking down a message; tap-tappit—the familiar dot—dash—system of the Morse code, but to the uninitiated the pages of letters look like a jumble of unpronounceable words. At the Radio operator's side stands the captain, who snatches the sheets of paper as the message comes over. He understands this queer code, and translates the message into English. "Proceed to point ten miles south of Fire Island and contact boat M. Load with 578 cases of assorted liquors. Boat leaving now. Shore Headquarters."

This is the scene which the federal agents whom I interviewed described to me. How were they able to visualize that scene? They were certainly not on the spot in the cabin of the rum runner. Of course not . . . but they were in a much more strategic position. They were ensconced in their secret Radio receiving station, listening in on messages sent over the short wave used by the Radio Rum ring in broadcasting instructions from its shore stations to ships beyond the twelve mile limits.

The message given here is actually verbatim, just as it was decoded by the

government men, who through months of listening in and deciphering by methods similar to those used by Edgar Allen Poe in his famous story, "The Gold Bug," found the key to the secret language used by the rum syndicate.

This is what they discovered through their months of patient "ether-tapping" and clever shore detective work—the existence of an enormous syndicate, engaged in rum running and selling, whose methods and systems are as well organized as those of our largest trusts and nation-wide chains! The business of this mammoth illegal network is "roughly, \$15,000,000 a year," according to H. J. Simmons, chief agent for the Department of Justice in Brooklyn. Mr. Simmons told me that the syndicate is owned by American capital, and has agents in Great Britain, France, the Bahamas, and the island of St. Pierre, in the



© International Newsrel Photo

Government detectives examining the \$10,000 Radio transmitting apparatus found in trunk in barn at Hampton Bays.

Capture of Great

Dollar

Rum Ring



Rum ship "I'm Alone," whose sinking caused ructions between U. S. and Canada. Note aerial of Radio transmitter.

© International Seascout Photo



Note naval sextant used to locate position of rum ships on maps used by wireless operators.

Enormous Liquor Syndicate Seized By Government Agents—Radio Used To Flash Instructions To Rum Row

French West Indies. In addition, receiving stations are maintained on lonely spots of the Atlantic Coast, from Maine to Delaware.

Why, if the Federal Government knows of the existence of this syndicate and knows the very men who buy its liquor on foreign shores, are not its operations squelched? Because of the ramifications of international law. Boats loading liquor on foreign soil cannot be prevented from so doing. If they take up positions beyond the twelve mile limit, the coast guard cutters cannot search or molest them in any way. Even if small super-speedy power launches meet the ocean steamers and proceed to transfer liquor to their own holds, under the eyes of a coast

guard steamer, they cannot be held, under any of the existing treaties.

The rum ring's landing points on the coast are many, and their locations are being changed daily. Let the law discover the location of one, and it will disappear into thin air. To the ship and shore headquarters, the landing points are known simply by a number. Here is another ship-shore Radio conversation:

Ship—"Boat M sighted."
 Shore—"Is the law in sight?"
 Ship—"No. Boat M arrived. Proceeding with loading."
 Shore—"Load and instruct M to proceed to Landing 10."
 Ship—"O.K. M following instructions."

LANDING 10 may be located in a deserted stretch of beach in New Jersey, or it may be hidden in a rocky Maine cove. Of course, Federal agents could trace the whereabouts of the big steamer by their Radio compass, but

by the time a Coast Guard boat arrived to follow the small launch to its destination, it would be lost in the trackless ocean.

Despite all these handicaps, five of the many "contact boats" maintained by the syndicate were captured by the Department of Justice in the month of September. More important still, was the dramatic raid upon and seizure of the syndicate's key Radio station.

The story of this discovery and capture is a thrilling one. Early last June, Radio inspectors who comb the air day and night for illegal operators, found a broadcaster operating on a short wave length, who seemed to work with more regularity than the ordinary unlicensed operators. He had certain specific hours for going on the air, one of them being 4:20 o'clock in the afternoon.

FOR months Radio inspectors copied down the messages as they heard them. At first the ship to shore conversations looked like a meaningless jumble of letters and figures. But with an increasing mass of material to work with, Department of Justice code experts finally succeeded in finding the key to the cipher.

The station could have been located immediately and put out of commission. But that was not the plan of the astute government operators. By listening in on the conversations and tracking boats to their landing places, more could be accomplished. Many of the seizures made during the months from June to September were the result of information gained in this way. The *Nova II*, seized on September 20th, with 300 cases of liquor, was one of the boats which Mr. Simmons named as having been captured by this means. John Davis, its mate, also known as Captain McCloud, was recognized by federal agents, since he was out on \$10,000 bail at the time of his arrest.

After making several captures of rum boats, federal agents decided to pounce upon the Radio station before its operators could become suspicious. The location of the transmitter was known to be somewhere in Brooklyn, because the signals were picked up strongest by Radio inspectors located in that vicinity. But where? Here is the point at which that interesting instrument, the Radio

compass, was brought into play.

The Radio compass was originally designed to be of aid to ships at sea. Without going into technicalities, a simple explanation can be given. A ship or land Radio station broadcasting can be likened to a stick floating in a pond, sending out ever widening circles. A bearing can be taken by a listener from a point on one of those circles which will give the compass operator a straight line upon which he knows the Radio station must be located. Another bearing taken from a different point will give another straight line. The point on the map where the two lines converge gives the location of the ship at sea asking for its bearing, or in this case, of the Radio rum station sending out illegal signals. Of course the location of the station was not so simple as this would indicate, because air conditions and other difficulties would pop up during the brief periods in which Department of Justice agents had to work.

However, all indications seemed to point, finally, to the Coney Island section of Brooklyn as the headquarters of the Radio rum station. But

Coney Island is a large area. Besides its broad boardwalk with throngs of people patronizing hot dog vendors, popcorn sellers, shooting galleries and all sorts of amusement concessions; besides famous Luna Park and Steeplechase, where dignified oldsters don overalls and "chute the chutes"; there are hundreds of streets with staid rows of brick and frame residences, each one differing from its neighbors only in minor details.

Where then, in this peaceful residential district, was the hiding place of the powerful



© International Newsreel Photo
Left to right: U. S. agent; Malcolm McMasters, wireless operator; and Cecil Molyneux, "Radio genius" of the Rum Ring.

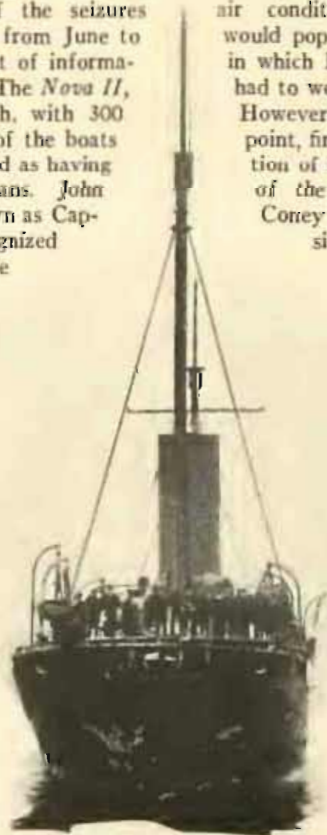
Radio station, capable of sending messages to ships as far away as Scotland?

Agents soon found out. Picture them in their automobile, playing the role of a party of visitors to New York out to see the sights of Coney Island. They stop for a few moments in front of a hot dog stand and one alights to purchase "cats" for the crowd. In the meantime a hidden portable Radio compass is set to work, bearings are taken and marks made upon a large street map of Coney Island.

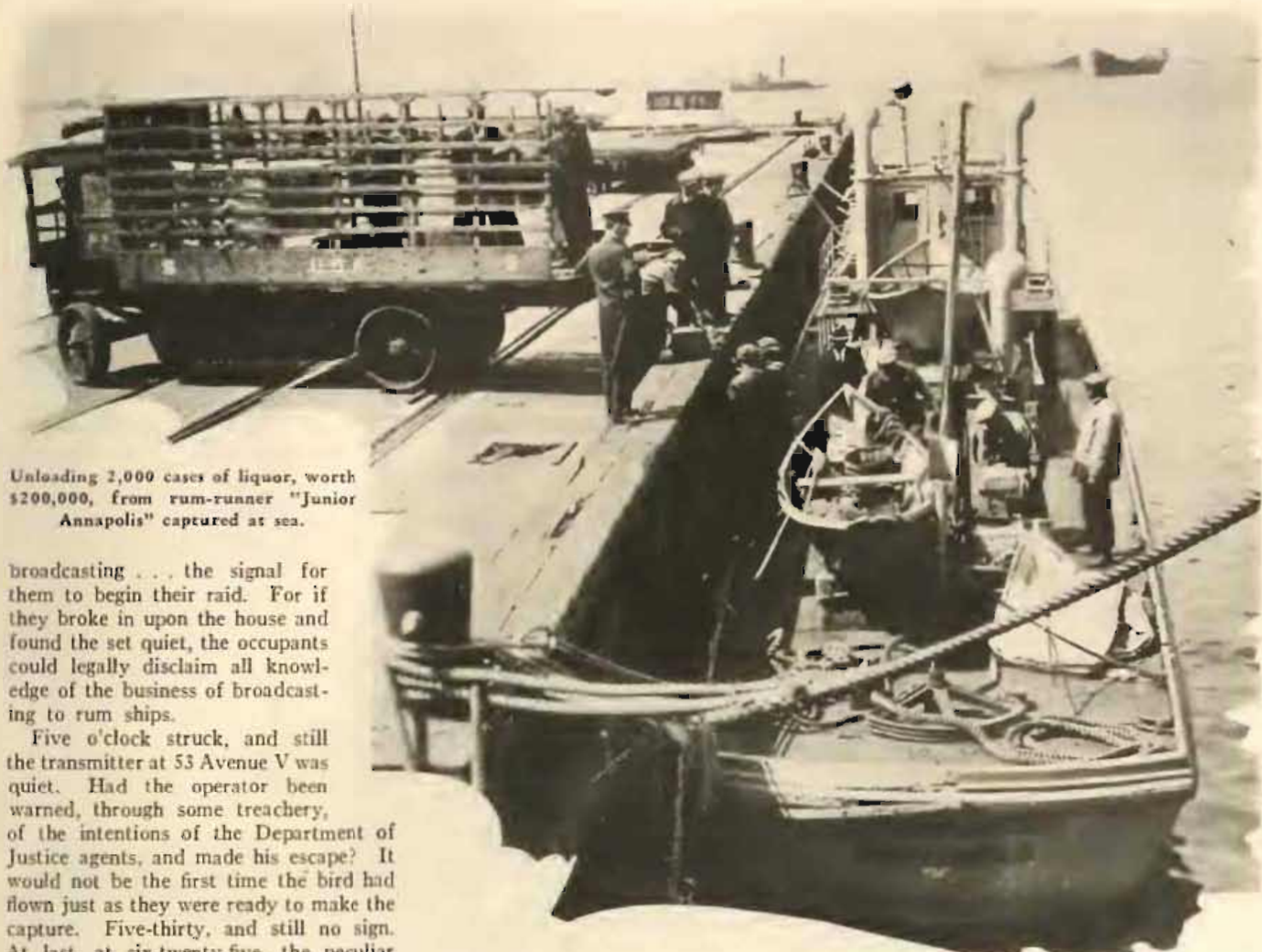
Then, perhaps they may stop at the waterfront to view the ocean. Strangers are no novelty to Coney Island, and the government agents may stop as often as they please, without attracting attention. They took then, sixty-seven bearings, and finally satisfied themselves that the signals were coming from a building located at 53 Avenue V.

A GLANCE at the two-story brick building from across the street revealed that their Radio compass had done its work well. What appeared to the laymen's eye to be the aerial of an ordinary home receiving set, was in fact the antenna of a short-wave sending station of the Zeppelin type.

Friday afternoon, September 26th, then, the trap was ready to spring. Two carloads of raiders arrived and parked their cars two blocks away from 53 Avenue V. In one of them sat a government Radio expert, with the headphones of a portable short-wave receiving set clamped to his ears. At 4.20 P. M. the station was due to go on the air. Nerves tense, the raiders sat awaiting the word from their Radio operator which would tell them that the rum ring operator was



© International Newsreel Photo
The "Istar" of Glasgow, largest ship of the rum fleet, anchored beyond twelve-mile limit.



Unloading 2,000 cases of liquor, worth \$200,000, from rum-runner "Junior Annapolis" captured at sea.

broadcasting . . . the signal for them to begin their raid. For if they broke in upon the house and found the set quiet, the occupants could legally disclaim all knowledge of the business of broadcasting to rum ships.

Five o'clock struck, and still the transmitter at 53 Avenue V was quiet. Had the operator been warned, through some treachery, of the intentions of the Department of Justice agents, and made his escape? It would not be the first time the bird had flown just as they were ready to make the capture. Five-thirty, and still no sign. At last, at six-twenty-five, the peculiar signals, recognizable because of a defect in the transmitter, were heard.

THE raiders sped to the house and closed off all exits. They entered so silently and with such wariness that the Radio operator was caught seated at his keyboard, tapping out a code message to the rum fleet. So quick was his capture, that a United States Radio operator, familiar with the code, sat down in the vacant seat and continued tapping out signals to the ships at sea, so that no suspicion of the raid could arise.

The man seated at the keyboard was Malcolm McMasters, a Canadian, who was out on a bail bond of \$30,000 in connection with the government's previous capture of a similar Radio station in Atlantic Highlands, N. J. Such is the temerity of the hardened criminal—out on bail, he commences unlawful operations almost immediately.

But McMasters was not the only bird bagged. Another and much more important capture was made. Cecil Molyneux, the chief Radio operator of the rum syndicate, was caught in the act of making repairs to the set. At 4:20 McMasters had discovered trouble and sent in a telephone call to his chief. It was 6:25 before Molyneux had gotten the transmitter in working order, and hence

what the agents thought was an upset in their plans, was an accident which brought about the capture of the "Radio Genius" of the rum ring.

McMasters and Molyneux were approached from the rear. "Hands up!" snapped a Federal officer. Both made a wild dash for the front stairs, only to be met by another party of raiders. Seeing the hopelessness of escape, they surrendered. McMasters gave his name as Frank Baker, but Carlo M. Bernstein of the Department of Justice recognized him as the man he had arrested in the previous Atlantic Highlands raid.

Molyneux was also recognized as the Radio operator of the "I'm Alone," the Canadian vessel whose sinking by a revenue cutter in the Gulf of Mexico in 1920, caused the transmission of tons and tons of official correspondence between Canada and the United States. During all the excitement, the owner of the vessel claimed that it was not being used as a rum-runner. All indications seem to point to the contrary now, although the controversy has not been settled at this writing.

Besides Molyneux and McMasters, the raiders seized the set, which they declared was one of the most complete to be found outside of those used by the transatlantic wireless companies for commercial transmission. Its value, con-

servatively estimated, was about \$15,000—it included three complete 75-watt short wave transmitters and three complete receivers. Power was supplied by a bank of storage batteries, numerous dry cells, and by the electric light main.

Now that particular Radio station is out of existence, but its operators are out on bail. Will they go back once again to the work which has caused their arrest on two previous occasions? That remains to be seen, and probably depends upon the decision of the mysterious financier in New York City who controls the enormous syndicate, in its operations from Maine to Florida.

WHO is this silent King of the Radio rum ring? Who is responsible for the operation of over 100 unlicensed stations which flash messages between the liquor racketeers' land headquarters and the rum fleet out at sea? That is the question which Uncle Sam's enforcement agents are asking. On one occasion, before the Coney Island raid, they thought they had the net spread so tightly that not a minnow could escape, but the big fish of the liquor ring swam through.

Way back on October 17, 1920 the biggest coup of all was attempted.

© International Newsreel Photo

Thirty-five simultaneous raids were made throughout New York, New Jersey and Long Island. Over forty prisoners were taken.

The centre of the rum ring at that time was located in Highlands, N. J., where a powerful Radio station and a well-stocked arsenal were found.

The story of the capture made at that time, although it is now history, is just as interesting as the recent raid. The Radio compass narrowed the search down to the vicinity of Highlands, a seaside resort to which pleasure seekers from New York City come by the boatload. Disguised as a Radio repair man, Forest F. Redfern of the government service made observations and bearings and finally located a powerful Radio station in an innocent-appearing frame house.

Three stories high, this house had been the country estate of the Broadway impresario, Oscar Hammerstein, who unwittingly sold it to the rum syndicate. Among those arrested were Andrew Richards, Harold Lindauer, and Malcolm McMasters, who was later to be the guiding hand at the Coney Island Radio station. Important papers were discovered in the Hammerstein house . . . including bank books which showed deposits made by the syndicate in private banking houses and reputable Jersey trust companies, to the tune of a million dollars or more. A complete list of the henchmen of the gang was also found, and information which made the government agents believe they were on the track of the Big Guy himself.

NAMES were mentioned, but one after another the suspects were cleared. First George Remus, the emperor of the bootleg world who shocked the nation by slaying his wife was implicated. But he was eliminated.

The next nominee for King of the Radio Rum Ring was Al Capone, of Chicago, Florida and not so long ago, the Philadelphia Jail. Checks bearing his signature, but returned with a "Stop Payment" notation, were found among the papers of the rum syndicate. They amounted to \$104,000! But Chicago lieutenants of this much-publicized gangster explained away his connection with the Atlantic Highlands gang. They said he had planned to tie up with the Eastern syndicate, but later changed his mind.

Shrewd Al Capone! He must have received news of the approaching disaster.

Finally the government indicted three men, known as James Murphy, Al Lillian and William Lillian. None of the three were captured . . . for they escaped and allowed the under-dogs to bear the brunt of the blame. Daily government operatives promised news of them, but it is over a year since the Atlantic Highlands raid and they are still at large.

Whether they really were the controllers of this huge rum empire is open to doubt. Whoever the Rum King was,



© International Newsreel Photo
Hampton Bays house, where "trunk" set was found. Rum syndicate chose peaceful spots as hide-outs!

he went right to work to recoup his losses. A crippling blow had been dealt him. Dry agents, 130 strong, had fallen upon his warehouses, landing points, boats at sea, Radio station, arsenal, and loyal henchmen. Everything had been confiscated . . . except his huge hidden bank balances. With these as armament, he set to work to reinforce his broken system, and undoubtedly succeeded.

As his lieutenants were released on bail, he communicated with them and started them at work anew. A new code was devised for Radio signalling. New boats were purchased, and new landing places found.

Again the government agents were faced with the task of starting from the ground up and locating Radio stations. On July 19, 1930 four illegal Radio stations were seized, this time in Long Island's most fashionable watering places.

In Southampton, which has usurped Newport's place as society's bathing beach, right opposite the home of Colonel H. H. Rogers, a multi-millionaire, a gorgeous establishment was found. But-

lers and cooks were being maintained in order to create the impression that the Radio station headquarters was a fashionable home.

On the same day captures were made in Quogue, Hampton Bays, and Mattituck. All three towns, as well as Southampton, are far out near the tip of Long Island, and therefore offered a strategic point for the maintenance of an espionage system on the Government rum-chasers. From them instructions could be sent to the rum fleet to despatch power launches to spots not watched by the government.

One of the government agents, who asked that his identity be concealed, told me of his exciting, but almost disappointing adventure in the raid on the Hampton Bays headquarters. An old mansion, known as the Horton Place, had been located as the source of the Radio signals. The house was searched from cellar to garret, and nothing more villainous looking than an ordinary household Radio receiver was found. The searchers were just about ready to retire, disgruntled, when a peculiar ticking noise was heard. It came from the Radio cabinet!

CLOSE inspection revealed that this table model, with two dials, was really the sending and receiving end of a powerful station. Wires leading into the house were traced to the barn, where a well-equipped transmitter was discovered, in a trunk! This gave government agent a clue to the many changes of location of the Radio rum station which they had noticed. Every time they thought they had this particular station located, the signals would come from a different spot. That was easy, when the station was a trunk!

Capture of the trunk set and the other three Long Island stations didn't put the ring out of business, however, and the federal agents knew it. Their vigilance was rewarded again on September 19, 1930, when they captured a full-fledged transmitting set in New Bedford, Mass. New Bedford was formerly the headquarters of the old whaling fleet . . . what a transition from the giant seamen of the old days to the skulking rum-runners of today!

Again, the latest and most important
(Continued on page 120)



© International Newsreel Photo
Greatest coast guard fleet ever assembled leaving New York on its never-ending picket duty against rum-runners.

Extra-Size

Christmas Stockings

Wanted by

Radio Stars

DECEMBER is here—December, Christmas and Christmas giving!

Once a year We-who-have-been-Disillusioned awake to a half-forgotten carol and go trooping down a tinsel lane to meet a little Child—a Child that lives only as a memory but once it was very real for it was You, or it was I. If you must—just take a look in the glass and see that little body you once had, shadowy against the radiant tree, or peering up the mysterious hole behind the mantel where your stocking hung.

THE tiny train, the box of blocks, the shiny horn, the skates, gameboard, gay picture book and those other curious packets all wrapped and labeled in figured paper—they are gone, departed like the little body that seems incredibly to have been You.

Still you must meet the Child at Christmas time—so why be sad? Except for some of us it would be much better that the Child should not come back. There was no hearth, no tree, no stockings and the Santa Claus so hopefully anticipated had failed . . . again. There was too much cold, too much hunger, too much disappointment, too much wishing that Santa Claus would hurry up and bring the body you expected to have when you grew up. Everything changes. Today is today.

Perhaps you are now interested in a



Underwood & Underwood Photo

By Evans E. Plummer

more practical Santa Claus, and if you could have your wish—or suppose we say that a score of our better known Radio artists were to hang up their stockings today, and could have their wishes—what would they be asking for? I wanted to know—I thought you would too, so I asked them. And here is what they said:

Art Kassel, the lovable, reciting band leader of Chicago, heard in the Shell hour, built castles in the air a long time before he launched his *Kassels in the*

Air. Most of this castle construction work was done from within the high iron fence of one of those drab places known as "orphan asylums" for want of a kinder name. Yes, Santa got there, after a fashion, but it was not until Kassel was about ten years old that he found just what he wanted in his stocking—a shiny, regulation brass horn and an invitation to play in the boys' band of the institution.

The horn, which has become a clarinet and saxophone since mapped Art's scintillating destiny. Perhaps that is why he simply answered, "Just let me keep my orchestra and use the microphone now and then, and I'll be content," when asked what he wanted for Christmas. His most usual or rarest gift from a fan during the year? The sympathetic heart strings of a grown-up orphan resonate in his answer:

"There's an invalid down in Somerset, Ky. Her name—if you think she wouldn't mind my telling—is Mrs. Eve Talbott. Her many letters to our band, so interestingly and cheerfully written, I value as my rarest gifts."

HAH—and Old Topper Ray Perkins, far from a tragic sort of figure, wise-cracks following Kassel (the two are together on the Shell bill, so why not here?). "I'd like to have a rabbit for my new silk hat, a microphone that can smile, tonsils like Ed Thorgerson's

and Alwyn Bach's pronunciation. As for what I have been sent this year, include in the oddities: 1. a lot of song lyrics (without music), 2. a lot of cocktail recipes (without ingredients), 3. poetry (free verse and very blank), 4. threats (dire), 5. every kind of bottle opener so far discovered, 6. an automatic harmonica, and 7. three sticks of tasty yeast.

"Sure I always get what I want for Christmas, because I'm such a good boy. At least my mamma, the blonde one, says I'm good, and she ought to know.

"My best Christmas is always the one ahead of me. But the most extraordinary one was in Hollywood last year. They make a sort of 'super-production' of it out there, with searchlights, paper snowstorms, parades, imported reindeer—all in a summer temperature. Furthermore it was the best Christmas I ever drank!"

AND here's what Helene Handin (who plays Anne in the *Pee-Wee and Windy* hour, and with Marcella Shields provides you with entertainment in the *Two Troupers* and the *Two Old Witches*) wouldn't mind getting in her sheer chiffon limb casing:

"1. Ten karat square cut diamond, 2. bonds of any amount—no stocks, 3. a small but well equipped yacht to cruise around Manhattan in the summer between broadcasts, 4. a Rolls Royce, but a flivver coupe would do, and 5. a ten-year contract with Marcella at about \$5,000 (or more) a week.

"Among my treasured gifts of the year are a beautiful hand-made makeup box from a prisoner in a penitentiary, a box of home-made jams from a boy shut-in and his mother, several bottles of imported perfume, a hand wrought ring and the usual candy and flowers.

"Santy has been pretty good to me, but I'd have just as happy a Christmas if only I could be with one or more members of my widely separated family—my mother being a traveling lecturer and my sister located in Idaho. My most tragic yuletide? I was in my teens and studying music in Chicago—away from all my family and broke! To cap the climax I had quarrelled with my boy sweetheart."

Laughable Billy Jones and Ernie Hare refused to be funny about their de-

mands from St. Nicholas. All they wish is 52 more programs of solid Radio booking with the Interwoven Stocking Company—sort of a stocking contract in the stocking, so to speak.

What has been sent them by listeners? Oh, a flock of oysters, jams, golf tees, neckties, candy and cake, the keys of three cities and jewelry.

"We always get what we expect," said Billy, "which is a sure thing, inasmuch as we expect nothing!"

Their most tragic Christmas, they say, is the one on which they have to work; the happiest, when at home with their families, and the most comical, when they spend Christmas with one another—which we'll all agree WOULD be.

Petite Jessica Dragonette of the golden coloratura soprano voice couldn't forget her career for one moment. No sir! She simply answered that what she wanted for Christmas was to sing *Goldilocks and the Three Bears* which she is dramatizing against Eric Coates' suite, *The Three Bears*, so that is what you may expect to hear in the Cities Service Concert of that week.

Gifts from fans? Many beautiful ones are in her collection, Jessica remarked. One in particular she admires, a tribute to her, *Solvejg's Song*, is a solid brass spinning wheel plated with

pects an offspring—due to arrive about December 19—and when he told me the news he was presumptive enough to declare "and he will not be a fiddler!"

Ludlow confesses that he has received from fans all sorts of trinkets to carry around in his violin case, and all these seem to possess certain voodooistic charms to bring good fortune. The popular wielder



of the bow replied that since his stay in America (he came from Australia but is now an American citizen), he had always received what he wished for Christmas, and he wants to thank his fellow American citizens and Radio listeners for making this dream come true.

But the breaks always weren't that way for Godfrey. Here's his story of one Christmas that wasn't so good:

"Was to have been released from a German prison camp just before Christmas . . . Everything was settled and arranged. Then something happened, and I was trundled back to the camp and kept there for three more weeks right through the holidays . . . Not so nice!"

And my flapper and slow tempo friends, how about the Lombardo Consolidated? The Christmas list of Guy, Carmen and Lebert looks like this:

Guy wants (1) to sleep all day, (2) a tip on Wall Street, (3) six more brothers to put in his ten-piece band so as to make it a family affair; Carmen asks (1) to bring his parents down from Canada to spend Christmas Day with him and his brothers; Lebert wishes (1) a special preparation for his lips to keep them from getting chapped when playing his trumpet during the winter.

AND the Lombardo gift receiving clerk during the past year clicked off: Guy, a box of melted chocolates on the 4th of July, a crate of apples, and a

gold—the kind our great grandmothers used—with the ball of flax and electric bulb.

"The pedal moves and the wheel revolves," Miss Dragonette explained. Jessica refused to enumerate her past Christmases. She's so happy over the present and the future, that she really has no cause to complain of the past, she said.

Now what do you suppose Godfrey Ludlow, NBC's beloved violinist and Elgin star, wants put in his stocking? Can't guess? Well, he simply wants and ex-

glass ash tray made of Robert Burns Panatella cigar bands; Carmen, chocolate fudge galore, cigarettes, and a picture (for no reason at all) of a girl with a snake draped around her shoulders; and Lebert, a home talkie projector and a new set of golf clubs.

The Lombardo boys always have received just what they wanted for



MRS. DIXON

Christmas, mainly because of the philosophy they've developed. "Never demand nor expect too much," they say, "and you'll never be disappointed. Then all that is received on every Christmas is so much 'velvet'."

The dean of Victor Herbert conductors, Harold Sanford, expressed the wish of most Radio favorites when he said he'd appreciate the day off as his first request on his Christmas list.

"Outside of the day off for Christmas, which hasn't fallen to my lot for years, I'd like a good collection of pipes and tobacco. Of unusual gifts sent to me, the outstanding one is a fine black cat—intended by a superstition scoffer as a good luck offering—but which we were unable to keep.

"POSSIBLY the happiest Christmas I ever spent was the first one I was able to enjoy at home with my loved ones after a forced absence of many years. Not only was my family present but a collection of old friends who had come from many distant points for the occasion.

"Another I never shall forget was that of 1915 when the late Victor Herbert came to the theater to conduct the matinee and evening performances of *Princess Pat*. We CELEBRATED between matinee and evening, and again after the night performance."

Here, may I interpolate, it was possible to celebrate without going to jail in good old 1915.

Franklyn Baur's story of his happiest, and most tragic, Christmas almost made tears come to my eyes. I'll quote it in a minute, but before doing so, I wish to remark that if Baur were not a great singer, he'd undoubtedly be a popular writer or toastmaster.

For Christmas he asks "a manager who doesn't ask artists for 20% commission, a newspaper reporter who writes exactly what I tell him and laughs at my jokes, and an inventory of all hot dog stand owners who play their Radios for the entertainment of their patrons—and the names of their favorite artists."

"On one early June program," Baur replied when asked what queer gifts he had been sent, "I sang, *Only a Rose*. Two weeks later a farmer sent me a package which when opened revealed a large onion. An attached card read, 'Dear Mr. Baur: You opened the rose season for the florists. How about onion time for the farmers?—Only an Onion'.

"Yes, yes, very romantic, don't you think? So I went downstairs to the kitchen, sliced the onion, and ate it on a hamburger."

Now comes the tale of a happy, yet tragic, Yuletide which Baur spent not so long ago. The tenor continued.

"I remember well one Christmas



GUY LOMBARDO



BERNADINE HAYES

Eve, after my performance in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. I had decided to walk a bit to relieve my nostrils of the odor of grease paint. The sky, with its bright and wondrous stars reminded me of pictures of the three wise men seeking the new and bright star of Bethlehem.

"I had walked but a few squares when a blonde-haired, blue-eyed lad about ten years of age approached me. 'Five cents, Mister,' he said as he held out his last magazine. The lad interested

me. He had a sweet little voice—one which you would hardly expect in a boy shouting 'Magazines for sale.'

"What are you going to do with the money that you collect on these magazines, Sonny?" I asked. The little lad gazed at me with his sparkling blue eyes and replied, 'I'm going to buy my little sister Mary a doll for Christmas. You see, Mister, she believes in Santa Claus.'

"Well, Tommy, for that was his name, and I decided to walk together to the corner toy store to select a doll for Mary. As we entered the store there was a glistening bicycle standing in a rack near the door. Tommy reached over, gave the horn on the 'bike' a toot, and said, 'That's swell! Some day I'm gonna have one just like it. There's the doll counter, Sir. See the one with the pink dress? She'd like that one, I know, because it cries and closes its eyes!'

"AFTER Tommy had bargained (quite capably, too) with the doll salesman, we turned about to give Tommy one more look at that bicycle. He sighed as he held the doll more securely in his arms.

"Tommy, I said, 'can you ride a bicycle like that?' He shrugged his shoulders manfully as he replied, 'Can I? I'll say I can!'

"It's yours, Tommy," I said. With a lingering look of doubt in his blue eyes, Tommy threw a leg over the 'bike,' and with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, 'Gee, now I know why Mary believes in Santa Claus.'"

That, Baur remarks, was the most tragic, yet happy, Christmas he ever spent. And now, to his contralto sidekick in the missing Firestone hour, Vaughn De Leath, who is spending a few months leave of absence from 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, at WTAM, now under lease to NBC. Vaughn's quite a country home hobbyist as you will see. But first, her list. Nothing is lacking in variety.

A .22 calibre rifle, square cut diamond, motorboat, new car, new room on her house, the *Hitching Post*, an annuity, and to make others happy by playing Santa, complete her desires. During the year her plunder has been varied and peculiar. Someone even shipped her a baby



HAROLD SANFORD

alligator! Other gifts include maple sugar and syrup, five birthday cakes, iron and copper cooking utensils for her colonial house, three dolls, a toy dog, and to top them all, a live turkey that she just couldn't kill and eat, so had to send to her country place.

Among Vaughn's sad December 25th memories, cooking plays the villain. Once she tried to cook a Christmas dinner in a hotel room on a one-burner electric grill. The rosy cranberries toppled off and took to rolling all over the floor.

Another Yuletide. "Not so long ago either," she says, "we thought it would be a lark to go out to our log cabin—built for summer weather. After unloading hampers full of food and other supplies, we built a fire in the cheery fireplace (no stove in there), ate a picnic lunch and went to bed to await Santa. The thermometer kept falling until I thought it would crash. We shivered through the night and at dawn pried off the frozen blankets. Mr. Turkey was cooked as a stew in an iron pot in the fireplace while we danced around, not for joy, but to keep warm. But, oh boy! That Turkey stew was delicious, even if the wind did blow down the chimney and make us choke and cry from smoke in our eyes!"

Over at the Columbia building there's a chap by the name of David Ross, a CBS announcer. Know him? You'll know him better after our little interview. Ross asked for two things to be put in his stocking: "a stocking full of Vitamin Z, the peace-inducing vitamin—and a little *more humility on the part of the Radio loud speaker.*"

Unusual gifts sent him by fans include crushed roses and a regular weekly letter of about sixteen pages from a male lunatic. Ross added, that he'd like to take this opportunity of thanking his Radio friends for their many delightful letters. Did he always get what he wanted for Christmas? Yes, indeed. Twice, he says. A radiant daughter born to his wife in June and a son on whose birthday George Washington was born.

"MY PAST Christmases have been even-tempered," said Announcer Ross, "a sort of golden, or better still, a gold-plated mean." There you are—just as I promised—David Ross' poetic soul would break out and express itself!

In Chicago at WENR, a pretty good station for its mere 50,000 watts, you've no doubt heard *Mike and Herman*. What do Mike (Arthur Wellington) and Herman (Jimmie Murray) expect to find in the old sock? Living up to their names as air comedians, they are hoping for "a juicy network contract, razor blades

(new), a cork screw and the bottles to go with it, a folding peewee golf course, two life World Series passes, ideas for sketches, a date with the Hollywood bathing beauties and cameras, and the rest of the space filled up with oranges, apples, raisins and *NUTS.*"

High in the list of peculiar gifts Mike and Herman have received from fans are a pair of 40-year-old suspenders and a second-hand revolver. The antique gal-luses, made of plush, were sent to Herman Shultzmeyer by the widow of the gentle-



Vaughn de Leath doesn't wait for that annuity . . . she plays a female Santa to her young friends.

man who died before he could use them. The rusty revolver came in the mail after a skit in which Herman lost money at the races and asked Mike where he could buy a second-hand revolver so he could commit suicide as cheaply as possible.

Other odd gifts include boxing gloves, fried chickens, white mice, a dog, shark's teeth, and several baby outfits—which Herman was able to put to immediate use.

Santa has played several jokes on the pair. One Christmas Mike burned his whiskers while enacting the usual role of Saint Nick, and on another, Herman bought a pony for his two daughters, Jean and Ethel. The pony ran away and Murray, who is German—not Scotch—bought a substitute in the form of a hobby horse.

Turning back to the serious for a moment, let's ask John S. Young, famed NBC announcer, what his order will be.

"I'll be content," John replied, "with only the next medal for good diction on the Radio which the American Academy of Arts and Letters awards annually. During the year I've received every kind of pastry, all sorts of patent medicine

samples from wags—one of whom suggested that I take Lydia Pinkham's Compound—and a rare, lovely autographed portrait on linen of Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

"My saddest Christmas was the occasion when after accepting an invitation to enjoy a repast including Maryland turkey, Southern chicken, Vermont maple sugar and genuine English plum pudding, I had to work all day and eat at Child's."

Little Ann Leaf, the CBS organist, must be hungry. She craves for Christmas "a good breakfast, a good lunch, a good dinner, another good supper, and a new finger ring. I hope all my friends get the same—especially the 'fans'."

Booty earned by the nimble fingers and toes of this petite console manipulator embraces all sorts of edibles and much home-made fudge (which she loves), assorted real and artificial flowers, and, she added, "the usual cargoes of Rolls Royces, ermines, yachts, country houses—and postcards."

HER funniest or most tragic Christmas? The time in 1925 when she awakened to find out "it wasn't Christmas after all, but merely All Fools' Day, alack and alas!"

War experiences were recited by Anthony Wons, the Scrapbook man of WLS and WLW who's now on CBS, and Harry Horlick, conductor of the A & P Gypsies, as indelible Christmases. Wons was in a veteran's bureau hospital where some of the patients were forgotten. Rather tragic, don't you think? His most comical Yuletide was spent in a Los Angeles rooming house when practical jokers locked him in the bathroom and he spent most of the day in the tub, and the happiest, he replied, as a boy in a little cottage in a small Wisconsin town when he awakened to find a ten-cent train under the tree.

Horlick's war Christmas memory results from service in the Russian Army. "On December 25, 1916," he said, "we arrived at Erzroum. A comrade offered me a strange Turkish instrument and demanded, as proof of my boasted musical talents, that I play it. I couldn't!"

The Gypsy conductor plays the violin, as you know. One of the most unusual gifts he has received is a quantity of hair from the head of an unknown lady music lover who instructed him to use it in stringing his bow. Harry Horlick asks little for this Christmas except a market improvement in A T & T shares.

If you like Tony's Scrapbook, you may stuff his stocking with some new jokes for his scrapbook, good health and sense to keep it, a dozen 50-kilowatt stations
(Continued on page 115)

MAKING *the* MOST *out of*

MATRIMONY

By BILLIE BURKE

In An Interview with Lillian G. Genn

Beautiful Wife of Florenz Ziegfeld Says Self-Sacrifice, Patience,
Tolerance and Faith are Essential for Wedded Happiness

NOT so many years ago there appeared on the stage a captivating, irresistible and talented young actress. She had red-gold hair, roguish blue eyes and a manner so utterly fascinating that old and young, male and female, succumbed to her the moment she tripped into view. She made a sensational hit in London and New York, and her name—Billie Burke—came to be a synonym for all that was delightfully feminine and adorable. Those were the days when the young femininity fashioned themselves after her, for well they knew that the gentlemen showed a preference for anything that was Billie-burkish.

Naturally romance tagged at the heels of this bewitching little star, and her suitors included royalty, the social elite, distinguished men of affairs, artists and many others. She was daily kept busy making sweeping denials of all of the rumors engaging her to any of them. Indeed, it was whispered that if she had married all who vowed they would die of a broken heart unless she became theirs, the number would have reached from London to Frisco Bay—with many more left over!

At the height of her glittering career, Billie Burke astonished her public by eloping with Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous creator of the Follies, and the one man outside of the Prince of Wales, who is constantly pursued by the very loveliest of the fair sex. This is due not only to the fact that he is a man of unusual personality and gifts, but because of the eminent position he occupies in the world of the theatre. Every beautiful girl who

WHEN you heard Billie Burke as featured artist on the Armstrong Quakers' program you doubtless were reminded of her own brilliant career on stage and screen. Miss Genn has obtained this interview as an expansion of Miss Burke's ideas and remarks on the subject "My Husband at Home".

has stage aspirations longs to win Ziegfeld's approval, so that he has veritably become the goal of women from every part of the country.

One can readily understand, therefore, why everyone was surprised at the difficult rôle Billie Burke selected for herself in becoming the wife of the Bad Boy of Broadway, as he was then called, and why it was generally predicted that the romance would not last. Besides, wasn't it known that marriages, with fewer difficulties to contend with, rarely flourished in the shadow of the stage?

It is now almost sixteen years since Billie Burke married Florenz Ziegfeld and their romance not only continues, but is made more happy by their lovely daughter, Patricia. In these days when so many marriages flounder on the reefs of divorce, it would be interesting to know how Billie Burke has been able to achieve a successful marriage. Certainly her beauty alone, for a man who is always surrounded by the most beautiful women, could not have been sufficient to hold together the bonds of their union.

It was in order to learn this secret and her views on marriage in general, that

I sought her out at her country estate at Hastings. The house is a large, stately one, situated on beautiful grounds. Within, it is charmingly and tastefully furnished. What particularly impresses one is that it is a home that is lived in, and is pervaded by a gracious spirit. One quickly feels at ease in it.

As for Miss Burke herself, her engaging personality is the same as it was, and with it is the sweetness and charm that endeared her to millions. The years have hardly touched her, for her hair is red-gold, her skin is lovely and flower-like and her blue eyes have the sparkle of youth in them. It is hard to believe that she has a daughter almost fourteen.

EXCEPT for rare appearances in a Broadway play, Miss Burke—Mrs. Ziegfeld in private life—has devoted herself entirely to the home. Shortly after her marriage, when she was playing on the stage and screen, at the largest salary paid to any actress of the day, she found that her career would not be possible without having her marriage suffer from it. When her daughter was born, she turned her back on fame and fortune, and gave herself up to the career of wifehood and motherhood. This gesture illustrates her attitude toward marriage more graphically than anything else. For she showed that no sacrifice was too great and no effort too much where the happiness of her marriage was concerned.

"Nearly any marriage can be a successful one," she told me, "if the woman is willing to give freely and generously of the best she has to give.



Christiana Maples (above) current beauty of *Smiles*.
Miss Burke (right) at time of her debut.

"You know," she smiled good-naturedly, "I have been frequently criticized for putting marriage up to the woman. But while I believe that like in every human relationship, each has to give up something for the other; yet, in marriage, it is the woman who has to give a little more. Marriage is primarily her job, and she has it more in her power, than man has, to make it a success. It is she who is more responsible for their mutual peace and happiness.

IN EVERY successful marriage, you will find that the man depends upon the woman. Nothing is too much trouble for her. She has conscientiously made herself an essential part of his life without any physical or sex attraction. The wives of our famous men have always been known to have fortified their husbands with that kind of devotion.

"But why speak of the little bit more that woman must do when today she isn't even doing her share? *The modern American wife has been so pampered and spoiled that she has become a rather selfish person. She expects a happy marriage to be handed her with her wedding ring. She rarely thinks of her obligations and responsibilities to her marriage, but rather what it is she can get out of it. The American wife is given more than the woman of any other country, and she gives hardly anything in return. She doesn't even try to see what she can do to make her marriage a happy one, but at the first sign of any difficulty, begins to think of a divorce.*

"And yet, why should a woman expect happiness from marriage without putting her shoulder to the wheel and working for it? Nobody is entitled to happiness. It must be earned.

"Love, in the beginning, may be a flaming passion. But as that burns out, there must be developed in its place the strong, deep love that comes from an enriching companionship. That is wrought only by self-sacrifice, patience, tolerance, and faith. The love that comes from it thrives in spite of hardships and obstacles, and not even the passing of the years can destroy it."

She paused for a

moment and then continued thoughtfully:

"Life nowadays demands so much from a man and he is constantly under such a nervous strain in his battle for existence, that he needs a good deal of encouragement and praise if he is to be able to do his work. A woman, therefore, must strive to be a stimulus and a cheer leader to her husband, rather than a drag on him. She must feed his pride and his courage with her faith and her love. She must be generous with her sympathy and interested in the things he does. She must try in every way to make his path easier and his home life attractive so that his mind and spirit are refreshed.

"That is why I believe that marriage is a full time job and one which, like any other career, demands unceasing effort. Any work that the wife does on the outside must be subordinate to her marriage. If it is the type of work that requires all of her attention and energy, she must be willing to give it up if she marries. If she tries to cheat her marriage by giving only part of herself, she will find that it is she who has been the loser. For her husband will not be long in turning to some other woman who thinks he is important enough to be placed before her own individual interests. Such a woman will arouse a greater devotion and sense of loyalty in him than any part-time wife can.

"**W**HAT is needed today is not a new type of marriage institution, like trial marriage and companionate marriage, but only a little more common sense about matrimony. Husbands and wives must realize that they cannot have complete freedom and independence and a happy marriage. Both are incompatible. Each must trim down the sharp edges of individuality and each must try to get the other person's point of view. Each must give up something. But selfishness seems to be the quicksand in which marriage is floundering today."

Mrs. Ziegfeld was asked what are the particular things husband and wife must do in their daily living to make their union more harmonious.

"First of all, they should be polite to each other," she answered. "I can't understand why courtesy should be given to one's friends and to one's business associates and employees,
(Cont. on page 121)



Recent portrait of the famous Billie Burke. Florenz Ziegfeld (left) and daughter Patricia.



"Do you remember, Mike?" asks Myer . . . and Joe Weber (left) does recall the incident mentioned by Lew Fields, although it's a long road from Miner's Bowery Theatre in 1877 to Radio Studios in 1930

Encore!

NEW YORK CITY has the best judges money can buy!"

That quaint remark handed the metropolitan Radio fans the laugh of the month last October. And well it might, for dignitaries of the bench in Greater New York were undergoing a grand jury investigation for alleged corrupt practices.

Although it may seem difficult to believe, the creator of that 1930 laugh-line was the same gentleman who, back in the gay nineties, originated a bit of crossfire humor which had our grandparents rolling in the theatre aisles.

You may have heard it. If you have, stop me.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"She was no lady. That was my wife."

The newest of the two wise cracks was spilled into the microphone at WOR during one of the weekly broadcasts of those two famous comedians of a generation or two ago, Weber and Fields. The well worn chestnut made its debut on the stage of the one and only institution of its

By

Doty Hobart

kind, the never-to-be-forgotten Weber and Fields' Music Hall.

Even though one institution (the building) is gone another remains. "Mike and Myer" still live. If you don't believe this pair of troupers is an institution in itself, pull out the volume of your Encyclopædia Britannica marked Vase to Zygo and see what that authority has to say under "Weber and Fields".

The smaller half of the team, who has been "Mike" to his public for nearly a half century, is Joe Weber. He is responsible for the above jokes. What he lacks in size he makes up in gray matter. Yet he refuses to take personal credit for either of them.

"Those jokes are Lew's and mine," is the way he puts it. Perhaps the fact that whatever is Lew's is Joe's and whatever is Joe's is Lew's explains the reason

for this partnership lasting a lifetime. It was that way from the very first, when they made their debut in the theatre, at Miner's Bowery in 1877. Lew Fields was then an overgrown boy of nine and Joe Weber was an undernourished ten-year-old. There was no hogging of the spotlight in those days. Now that they have found an outlet for their talent in Radio there is no hogging of the microphone. It will be share and share alike to the end, and may the final curtain for "Mike and Myer" be long delayed in ringing down.

IT WAS my privilege as a director of programs to introduce Joe Weber and Lew Fields to the air audience some three years ago on a commercial broadcast. They were interested in the studio. It was an entirely new environment in which they found themselves and, with no audience in sight, they questioned the ability of this strange power behind the microphone to reach any great number of listeners. It so happened that they



Footlight Favorites of Another Day Win New Applause in Radio Dramas

Doty Hobart, former CBS Production Manager and present-day Broadway Stagecrafter, dramatizes their return

were to take part in a chain broadcast of national scope. I tried to impress them with the size of their potential audience.

"You will play to more people on this one broadcast than you have ever done in all your stage appearances put together," I told them. "Think of it. Why, there will be in the neighborhood of twenty millions of listeners hearing your voices!"

"How do you know?" shouted Weber. "Don't argue with him, Mike," chimed in Fields. "He's crazy. Who ever heard of a neighborhood that big!"

Kidding, they were, but behind it all was a puzzled suspicion that I might be right. Troupers-like they were letting off a bit of steam.

The care with which the program was rehearsed made them realize that those in the know attached a real importance to the broadcast. Without becoming conscious of any change of heart toward Radio's ability to reach a vast audience they told me afterward that they had all the thrill of a first night behind the footlights when the show went on the air. And that, by the way, is the same confession which every troupers makes whenever he, or she, does dramatic work before the

microphone—"Every Radio performance is a first night to me."

As they left the studio Joe Weber said, "If you get any letters about our broadcast I'd like to see them."

I promised to deliver, in person, every letter received. A week later, as the official mail-carrier, I escorted two heavily laden office boys to Weber's office and when we left the place little "Mike" literally was "up to his ears" in congratulatory messages. His brother, Max, informed me later that Joe read every one of the two thousand missives!

The only reason Fields did not read them all was because he was working. "Working?" do I hear you ask? Certainly. Once a troupers always a troupers.

if not behind the footlights as an actor then in some other capacity which brings the troupers in contact with the smell of grease-paint. When Lew Fields is not putting on a production of his own you are sure to find him staging a musical show for some other manager.

THE "Weber Enterprises" is the name of the company handling the investments of the Weber capital. And Joe Weber is in full charge of this company. The office has a Broadway address and is in the Times Square district. By day you will find him in his office, except for the time he takes out for lunch at the Astor, at which time he is joined by Fields, while his evening hours are frequently spent watching a show from the front of the house. He is an inveterate theatregoer.

They love their Broadway, these two. It brought them fame and money and they never forget that. Nearing, as they are, the three-score-and-ten mark in years, the spell of the street and their interest in its activities keeps them young.

The second time I brought Weber and Fields to the microphone as the feature of a chain feature I witnessed



Recall way back when . . . Marie Cahill (above) was Sally in *Our Alley* . . . Alma Kruger (left) was Lady Macbeth with Louis James . . . Tom English was at Tony Pastor's? They're all Radio trouper now!

a back-stage scene, the memory of which will remain with me always.

For this program I did not have my stars come to the rehearsals. Instead I told them the number of minutes they were allotted and picked the dialog routines, taken from scenes in some of their Music Hall productions, which they were to use. By now they were microphone wise and needed no coaching as to the use of the instrument for their act. As to the timing and tempo of their dialog, old time troupers sense those things instinctively.

I HAD prepared a rather elaborate introduction for Weber and Fields, a combination of music and the spoken word. Of this introduction my two old troupers knew nothing. I had kept them in ignorance purposely, hoping to give them a little surprise.

The show went on the air. There were two or three numbers by the orchestra. Then the announcer came to the microphone and told the listeners about the old Weber and Fields' Music Hall and of the efforts of its owners to present the first sincere burlesque (which does not mean, as many seem to think, a leg-show) in America. He told of the hit-shows

chorus girls in *Hurley-Burley* in 1898." As the announcer came to this point the listeners heard the chorus as an instrumental selection.

In this way the choruses of many song-hits from the old Music Hall shows were introduced on the air for the first time; *Say You Love Me, Sue*; *The Pullman Porters' Ball*; *Dream One Dream of Me*; *Come Down, My Evening Star* and *My Blushing Rosie*.

As these old tunes were being played, Weber and Fields sat near the microphone awaiting their cue to broadcast. I was watching them to catch their reaction to my little surprise. They smiled as they heard the familiar strains of the first chorus. With the playing of the second one Lew Fields quietly moved his chair over the carpeted floor a few inches closer to his partner. His arm circled Weber's shoulders as he whispered to little Joe. Weber nodded but did not speak. Then, a moment later, the announcer said, "*Come Down My Evening Star* was sung by Lillian Russell in 1902. It was one of Miss Russell's biggest hits and was used in her repertoire for many years. The number you are now hearing is the chorus of *Come Down My Evening Star*."

As Miss Russell's name was mentioned I saw tears forming in Joe Weber's eyes

language as only *Mike* and *Myer* can slaughter it.

"And now," the announcer was speaking, "we have the privilege of presenting Weber and Fields. Let me introduce to you individually. First, the little fellow. This is Joe Weber."

"Call me Mike, please," was Joe's comeback. "All my life I've been called Mike."

"True enough, Mr. Weber. Mike you shall be. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is Lew Fields."

"Much obliged," said Fields. "Only one mistake you made. When I'm with Mike I'm Myer."

Little Joe starts to laugh loudly.

In anger, Lew barks at him, "What are you laughing at, hyena? Ain't my name Myer?"

"Sure. When you're with me your name is mire. That's another name for mud, ain't it?"

"Here—here. What do you mean, calling me nicknames?"

"Nickle-names I wouldn't call you. Myer is a muddle-name."

And the pair were off with their many "eggspianations" about college life.

Radio, the sweetheart of every true trouper, has caught Weber and Fields in her net and thrilled them, just as they in turn are thrilling the lucky listeners. Today we find Mike and Myer discussing topics of the times in scrambled English once a week in a fifteen minute sketch emanating from the studios of WOR.

ONE by one the old time stage favorites have been won over by the magic spell of the microphone. The great and the near great of footlight fame, those who know their theatre, have found a new medium of expression for their talents. And how they cotton to the microphone—a tyrant who takes all and gives nothing in return but silence. But even though those troupers work to an audience, which by necessity and not by choice, is "hand-cuffed" (to use an old theatrical term which applies to an unappreciative audience), the lack of that impulsive applause so eagerly sought in the showshop is more than counterbalanced by the individual response delivered by the mailman. And many of the old timers tell me they find it much easier to remain "in character" at the microphone because of the lack of any noisy interruption.

During my frequent rambles in and about the studios the past year, I have met many an old stage favorite. Sometimes it was my first introduction to them but often an acquaintanceship made prior to the advent of Radio has been joyfully renewed. Their stories are interesting.

There is, for instance, Marie Cahill. Glorious, eternally youthful, bob-haired Marie of *Sally in Our Alley* fame. Perhaps you may remember the song-hit of the show which Miss Cahill sent so joyously across the footlights:



The cast of *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* boasts two veterans . . . Ann Sutherland (Sun-bonneted Ma Betts) who shocked Broadway by wearing tights in *The Black Crook*, and Claude Cooper (Pegleg Gaddis), who has played 538 Broadway rôles!

of that era which were burlesqued—*The Heart of Maryland*, *The Geisha*, *Under the Red Robe*, *Secret Service*, *Zaza*, *Du Barry*, *Sappho* and many others. He spoke of the song hits and of the singers who made them famous.

"There was one called *Kiss Me, Honey Do*, sung by Peter F. Dailey and the

and before the playing of the tuneful *Evening Star* had finished, those tears were trickling unashamed down the old actor's face. A moment later he had wiped away all traces of outward sentiment and was on his feet at the microphone, ready for his cue, prepared to assist his partner murder the English

"I love-a you and
love-a you true,
And if you-a love-a
me;
One live as two—
Two live as one—
Under the bamboo
tree."

1902! . . . And
listen to this. In
1930 Miss Cahill
met a mutual friend
of ours on the
street one day.

"Why aren't you
in Radio?" asked
the friend.

"Radio!" laughed
Miss Cahill. "Why,
I don't even own a
receiving set."

"You should do
both," was the sage
advice of the friend,
and he proceeded to
see that his counsel

on both scores was put into effect at once.

Within the week Miss Cahill became
a dyed-in-the-wool fan and within the
month Miss Cahill, with her delightful
Cahilloques, was giving the microphone
an earful. Like it? Of course she liked
it. "Only," she confesses, "the darned
thing had me scared stiff the first time
I faced it. It's a devilishly cold proposition—
that mike. That's why I like to
have a visible audience in the studio when
I work. I don't mind if they do sit on
their hands, I can watch their faces for
reactions. And, believe me, it helps. In
a way I think the eyes have it all over
the hands when it comes to letting me
know whether I am going over or not."

Only a few days ago my path crossed
that of Florence Malone. The place was
a hallway in the NBC building. I was on
my way out of the building when a studio
door opened and the members of the
Radio Guild Stock Company, homeward
bound after an air matinee, fairly ran me
down. There was Rosaline Greene, Radio's
own youthful leading lady, whom I
had not seen since her return from a
summer vacation in Europe. There was
T. Daniel Frawley, the original *Ruben* in
The Old Homestead. And Wright Kramer
who played with Fanny Davenport
in 1896. And then I saw Miss Malone.

"Who is that little lady just coming
from the studio?" I asked Miss Greene.

"That is Florence Malone. Don't you
know her?"

"I should," I replied, "for somewhere
in my mind's catalog of faces hers seems
decidedly familiar."

"Come along with me and I'll introduce
you to her," and the youthful leading lady
made good her promise, there in the hall-
way, in front of the elevator doors.

And as the elevators passed and re-
passed, Miss Malone and I discussed old
times. I was sure that we had met be-
fore. But when and where?



It's encore for Richard "Dick" Jose (left), a player in old-time minstrels, now at KPO. And for Charles B. Hamlin, the *Old Settler* at WTMJ; and Mae Buckley, who is Mrs. Smithers, Gwen's mother on the CBS Eskimo Pie program.

"I played *Zaza* on the road for several
years," the little lady, who now plays
character parts, remarked.

That was it. *Zaza*. As an usher in a
New England theatre I had been thrilled
with the performance of Florence Malone
in the title rôle. I had witnessed every
show during the run of the piece in my
home town. No wonder I thought I had
met her before.

OUR acquaintanceship (al-
though it was a one sided, across-the-foot-
lights affair) established, Miss Malone
and I found ourselves, an hour later,
seated in one of the reception rooms—
still talking over "those dear dead days
beyond recall," the yesteryears of the
theatre. Miss Malone began her stage
career with Mrs. Leslie Carter. Then
followed years in stock—at the Harlem
Opera House in New York, in Los Ange-
les, in San Francisco. After that, leads
in New York productions, only to have
an unfortunate accident occur which
forced her to give up the stage. Two
years ago Harvey Hayes, himself an old
timer, met Miss Malone on the street.
She was fully recovered from the acci-
dent, and Mr. Hayes said—but let her
tell you in her own words.

"Harvey and I had played together in
the same company several years ago and
when he found that once again I was
anxious to try my hand at trouping he
fairly dragged me along with him to NBC,
where he introduced me to William S.
Rainey, one of the program directors.
The upshot of that meeting was that I
played *Camille* in a broadcast the follow-
ing week. Think of it! They certainly
work fast in Radio, don't they?"

"It's necessary," I said. To learn more
about her broadcasting activities, I added,
"And then?"

"Oh, after that I worked regularly on

the Shakespearean
Hour and now I'm
doing all sorts of
parts in modern
plays with the Ra-
dio Guild."

Wright Kramer.
I mentioned the
fact that he played
with Fanny Daven-
port in 1896. Per-
haps there may be
a reader or two
who will remember
a play called *The
Round-up*. If so,
you will surely
recall the scene
wherein one of the
characters portrays
a man dying of
thirst in the desert.
It was one of those
vividly impressive
scenes which haunt
one's memory.
Wright Kramer

was the actor who enacted the rôle. He
was leading man for Mrs. Patrick Camp-
bell for two seasons and played any
number of juvenile leads in New York
productions of *The Road to Yesterday*
era. He has lectured for Burton Holmes
and played a season with the Paris-
American Theatre Company in the capital
of France. Then Radio caught him up
(or should I say, he caught up with
Radio) and he took part in the dramatized
O. Henry stories three years ago. When
the Biblical Dramas were broadcast, Mr.
Kramer was among those present in a
cast composed of seasoned troupers
gathered from the legitimate stage. If
you are a follower of Radio drama you
will hear his voice frequently in Socony-
land Sketches and in Radio Guild pro-
ductions.

T. DANIEL FRAWLEY

This gentleman began his legitimate work
before the footlights in 1889. After es-
tablishing himself as a competent leading
man he leased a San Francisco theatre and
managed his own company. And what a
company! Using embryonic talent he be-
came the tutor of future stars. Here are
a few names of those who were sent to
Charles Frohman after serving an appren-
ticeship with his San Francisco company:
Eleanor Robson, Maxine Elliott, Wilton
Lackaye, Maelyn Arbuckle, Tommy Ross.
When he finally closed his West Coast
theatre, Mr. Frawley made six world
tours with a company of American players
gathered together under his own manage-
ment. He says he has retired from active
duty. Perhaps he has, but here's what he
has been and is doing in Radio—*Lieuten-
ant MacDonald* in the Crime Prevention
Hour, character parts in Radio Guild
productions, frequent appearances in So-
conyland Sketches, and fifty-four weeks

(Continued on page 112)

Battling Time *gives*

Floyd Big

By Leonard

SINCE Leonard Smith wrote this article the "newspaper of the air" has suspended publication, we hope, temporarily. Fan mail pouring in indicates the great popularity of this program and of Floyd Gibbons and we feel safe in predicting that the public will soon again be listening to the rapid-fire news comment of Mr. Gibbons.—Editor

"**B**UT the rest will have to wait until another time, we have to get to the studio."
It was 10:15 p.m.
For two hours Floyd

Floyd Gibbons receiving the latest news flashes over the ticker.

Gibbons had been retelling tales of his experiences, that to me seem to gather lustre with each retelling. I would have preferred to remain comfortably seated in his apartment, listening to "off the record" accounts of his experiences during the world war, but it was 10:15, and "we have to get to the studio."

On the walk from his apartment to the National Broadcasting Studio, a distance of half a mile, Floyd was strangely silent,

and after a few unsuccessful efforts to get him to conclude the story he had been telling me but a few minutes before, I trudged silently along beside him.

I had called on Floyd to get him to tell me what event in his eventful life had been his most thrilling experience. Was it when the S.S. Laconia had been torpedoed from under him? Or the battle of Chateau Thierry, where he was wounded and lost the sight of his left eye? When he was traveling with Pancho Villa, when the Mexican rebel was conducting his vicious guerilla warfare along the border? When he reported post-revolution conditions in Russia without Soviet



Gibbons *his* Thrill

S. Smith

authority or sanction? When he was lost on the sands of the Sahara Desert?

My first surprise came when he told me it was none of these. What? Was there a thrill in Floyd Gibbons' life that had been left untold? What death-defying episode was still hidden away in the brilliant mind of the world's greatest reporter and war correspondent?

"The most thrilling thing I have ever done," he told me, and at the time I thought kiddingly, "is putting my Radio newspaper to press twice every night."

I mumbled something about his cutting out the fooling and getting down to cases, but he continued:

"Honestly, in all my experiences there has been nothing so thrilling as fighting twice every night against fractions of seconds that

On the air with world news. Fifteen minutes and not a second more.

cannot be stretched. You will have to see it done to appreciate the thrill."

For fifteen years I have experienced the wildest excitement of getting out daily newspapers. The fight against time. The thrill of beating the opposition newspaper on the street by a few minutes. The making over of pages. Tearing out type to make space for last minute bulletins. I couldn't help wondering how the broadcasting of a few news items could match regular newspaper work for thrills.

But I was soon to learn.

It was 10:30 when we reached the famous 711 Fifth Avenue building, and I was wondering what in the world we could do to kill an hour and a quarter before Floyd would begin his headline hunter broadcast to the Western part of the country. Probably he was going to ask me to sit in

on another broadcast program with him.

The elevator "expressed" to the fifteenth floor, the top of the NBC building. As we left the elevator I began to sense that the hour and a quarter would not be wasted. Floyd, as we walked along the hall, was loosening his tie and unbuttoning his collar. His hat was shifted to the back of his head.

SOMEHOW the elaborate office of John Elwood, vice-president of NBC, seemed to me too soft a setting for newspaper drama. Floyd in his dishevelled state, seemed so out of place in such esthetic surroundings. But the activities that greeted me belied the surroundings.

First Larry Rue, Floyd's constant companion and co-worker since the earliest days of the Paris office of the Chicago Tribune, nearly bowled me over, as he dashed from an adjoining office with a hand-



ful of news items. Then I noticed Kenneth (Mac) MacGregor, who is supposed to be production manager, but is actually jack-of-all-trades in connection with Gibbons' broadcasts, busily engaged at a telephone taking down notes on bulletins being supplied by the United Press.

THERE, before Floyd, on the desk was a mass of news items. Enough to get out a metropolitan newspaper of from 24 to 60 pages, if necessary. And from this mass he must glean only so much as will go into a newspaper that requires exactly 14 minutes for the reading, at the rate of 217 words a minute—Floyd's record. In other words, from approximately 15,000 words of interesting events in the day's news, together with exclusive items of his own gathering, he must choose at most, 3,000 words.

He must read the mass carefully, because in Floyd Gibbons' air newspaper, bare, brief, terse paragraphs to the printed newspaper, may become the lead article, and the long, dry, routine stories take only very brief mention, if that "space".

The likely content of the paper is selected. Floyd must re-write it in his own style. He must write a newspaper in less than 30 minutes. The minutes tick away and the hands move toward 11:45. The paper is assembled. It is timed. A word is added. Two words are deleted. It is timed again. It is three seconds too long. Well, what of it? What of it? This newspaper, with allowances for ad-lib interjections, must fit exactly fourteen minutes to the split second! Seconds cannot be stretched!—11:30.

"Well," Floyd, relaxes a bit. "The paper is ready. So to the press room."

We start for the studio, Floyd, Larry, MacGregor and myself.

We have left behind a page boy who is in constant telephonic communication with the United Press. Beside him are three other boys, selected, I am later told, for

their ability to rush through the studio building to deliver messages speedily.

We are almost to the elevator.

"Bulletin, Mr. Gibbons."

A boy is rushing toward us. The paper that he hands to Floyd, reads that a woman has killed her sister to save her from suffering from a broken heart.

"We shall have to get fifty words in on this," Floyd said. "I'll ad-lib it in." If fifty words are to go in, fifty must come out! Fifty of the same length, requiring the same reading time!

"We will have to trim the German political story," he decides. Through the notes he goes. His blue pencil hits a word here; two more here; a sentence here—with the skill of experience.

Beside him is Mac, closely checking the word count during the deletion process.

"Cut fifteen more," he advises.

The job is done. Three minutes to get to the studio. We start again. We arrive. The tall man in faultless tuxedo is Edward Thorgesen, the announcer.

Floyd seats himself before the microphone. A page enters with a bulletin. No,

it is two bulletins. A plane has fallen, endangering six occupants. An important add to the America's Cup race story.

"One minute." Thorgesen speaking, quietly, warningly.

Floyd and Mac are trying to cut the Yacht Race story to allow for the add about the new developments. Something must go for the plane crash. "Germany" suffers again, and a whole page is deleted.

"—its famous headline hunter—Floyd Gibbons. Are you ready, Floyd?"

Thorgesen has made his opening announcement and usual salutation.

FLOYD begins, but he is nowhere near ready. The first page of his notes is missing!

"Hello, everybody, bushels of news today, things popping all over the map—" Introductory remarks. And he is staring at page two of his manuscript! Precious seconds of ad-libbing. The man in the control room, James O. Kelly, sees disturbance at the microphone. Gibbons, for all that the world of listeners can hear, is coolly reeling off his nightly chatter. Mac is searching through the mass of manuscript. Larry is looking around the floor. Kelly, in the control room is frantically waving a sheet of paper. Floyd spies it. It is the missing page one. He picks up the microphone, carrying it, dashes to the window that divides the studio from the control room. The sheet has been pressed against the inside of the glass by Kelly, and through the glass Floyd reads his page one.

Then back to his table. And the listeners-in haven't had the slightest intimation of the panic in the studio.

"Well, sir," Floyd talks on. He is talking about the rise of Fascism in Germany. The information he is imparting about the followers of Hitler, the German Mussolini, is most authentic.

"Larry Rue," he tells the listeners. "was an eye wit-
(Cont. on p. 124)



Adventures and thrills make up the day of Floyd Gibbons. Here he is getting another kick out of life by riding in the cab of a crack New York to Chicago train.

Countess
Olga Medolago
Albani

NATURE and Circumstance have been kind to this smart young woman with sparkling smile. Born of Spanish aristocracy, wed to nobility, and gifted with a golden voice she has distinguished herself as an artist of exceptional merit in programs heard from WJZ and WEA, New York.





BR-RRR—winter comes! Let's tune in KFI, Los Angeles. A girl—low, throaty voice—must be one of those Hollywood beauties! Right! Jeanne Dunn! And she looks just like this when she comes up to the mike.

Jeanne Dunn




Martha Attwood

SOMETIMES a special character costume helps materially to inspire the singer. And so Miss Attwood, notable NBC soprano, finds this gay hat and ruff a motif for the mood of her song. You hear in the operatic roles.



Berna Deane

THOSE inimitable Deane sisters whom you hear over the NBC networks may have intrigued your curiosity as to their personal appearance. At the left you see Berna, and if you were well impressed with her voice you will not be disappointed with her picture.



Vera Deane

THIS is Vera, the other Deane, who with her sister Berna sings of a Sunday night for the quarter hour between 10:45 and 11 o'clock. Then they sing every afternoon on the network. How do you like Vera's bonnet? They're wearing them in Seville this year.



6749 - 2

Moonshine and Honeysuckle

ONE of the big hits of the season has been the Moonshine and Honeysuckle program over the NBC. Ann Sutherland, the mother, has been a favorite with theatre audiences for years. The stories are quaint and always true to the type and character. John Mason plays the father and Louis Mason, the son.



Aline Berry

HERE is a most intimate close-up study of Aline, who is Mrs. Peter Dixon in private life and the mother of Junior in Bringing Up Junior, which you hear from WJZ, New York. They brought Junior at the age of two months from Arizona to New York to educate him. The program goes big.



Weber and Fields

PROBABLY the most famous pair of old troupers in the world are Weber and Fields who retire from time to time and are yanked back to the stage at the demand of an insistent public. They are in Radio now and making a great hit. Mr. Doty Hobart tells you all about it in a story on page 26 of this Radio Digest.



Arline Judge, Ruth Tester, Fay Brady
and Norman Brokenshire

NAUGHTY! Naughty! Be careful, Mr. Broken-
shire, these three little maids have the low-down on
you and you'd best mind your step. But it's prob-
ably all a part of the Radio Follies that we hear
over the Columbia system. Arline, Ruth and Fay
are the ones who first started the world singing.
Sing Something Simple.



JUST to give you the rest of the Phelps twins broadcast as you heard them from WABC and the Columbia system, here they are all dressed up in their Broadway singing clothes.

Florine and Irine Phelps



Sarah Kreindler

JUST a slip of a girl, 18 years old, but with those dark dreamy eyes one may well imagine that Miss Sarah can make her violin breathe the song of Life. She was born and "brung up" in San Francisco. Began winning scholarships at the age of 10. You hear her from the Pacific sector of the NBC.

Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue



WHITE crêpe, slender to the hips and then revealing unsuspected fullness, makes a modern evening gown. "Tear-drop" scallops at edge of bolero and hip yoke may help cause heart-breaks!



ERMINE, the age-old flatterer, attains new distinction in this wrap through curving spiral lines.

Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue

BR'ER RABBIT springs a surprise in the coat below, for lapin is the smartest sports fur of the season! Especially in its new shorn version—with a little flat collar and a widish suede belt.



Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue

Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue

Courtesy
Saks
Fifth
Avenue

ONE of the new "teens" frocks, simple but smart. Canton crepe with crisp white linen tabs.

OH MY! What's a "Sunday night" dress? This, because it's neither formal nor informal. Black velvet with pink bead yoke.





Billie Burke

(left)

LOVELY Billie Burke has never feared the charms of the "glorifiers" chosen by her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld. And why should she with such beauty as you see in this hitherto unpublished photograph? Read her story in this Radio Digest.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan

(above)

ALMOST everybody has seen or heard the famous Duncan sisters. Their name over a theatre means a line at the box office. But here you see them as you may have heard them on Walter Winchell's "Scoop" program from WABC, New York, and over the Columbia system.



Mary Charles

YOU would swear that Mary Charles was English when you hear her impersonations over the CBS chain. She was born in Philadelphia, but she has spent the best part of her stage career in London. She came home and was selected to star in Paramount soundies. A good mike voice earned her an enviable place on the Columbia staff.

The Reality of the Spiritual World

*Noted British Scientist and Spiritualist Declares
Spiritual World Dominates the Material in
International Broadcast Hook-Up*

By Sir Oliver Lodge



P. J. Photo

Sir Oliver Lodge

A controversy on "Life after Death" has arisen between Sir Oliver Lodge, distinguished British scientist, and Sir Arthur Keith, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Oliver declares that the soul does not die with the body, while Sir Keith takes the opposing view.

Sir Oliver's opinions were broadcast from London over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting network as one of a series of international broadcasts arranged by Columbia.—Editor.

SCIENTIFIC men are mainly occupied in investigating the universe from its material aspect. They have never, in their corporate capacity, admitted the existence of any mode of being other than the material one. When a child is born into the world, he possesses certain senses—sight, hearing, touch, and so forth. These put him in touch with a certain aspect of the universe, an aspect of great beauty and complexity which provides abundant study for the lifetime of an individual.

But the poets and artists are not satisfied with this material view. They use material modes of expression, but they adapt them in much wider fashion. They realize the existence of a higher and more spiritual world and only use matter as a means to an end.

THERE is again a third group who are impressed with the universe in what may be called a completely

spiritual aspect. This group occupies cathedrals and churches all over the country and carries on a system of worship. It seeks to take people's attention away from the material side of things and concentrate it on the spiritual.

With this group the artists have some interactivity, they cooperate to some extent, and, like the theologians, may possibly condemn the methods of science. The scientist, on the other hand, might respond that he is dealing with reality where his opponent is only dealing with figments of his imagination.

Among these diversified organizations there has arisen a set of people who by human experience have obtained information about a number of phenomena which neither they nor anyone else fully understand but on which they have formed their own opinion. This is the sect known as spiritualists. They are not hampered by scientific or religious tradition. They feel free to deal with the facts as they appear to them.

They may make mistakes. They may take appearance for reality. It may be that they need curbing rather than encouraging, but they get plenty of curbing and it is only their enthusiasm that enables them to continue what they have undertaken. It is true that not all of them are wise.

But, of late years it has happened here and there that among the scientific group a few have asserted that some of the phenomena asserted by the spiritualists

are real and must be taken into account, and they do not scruple to say so.

By so doing they risk their reputation and are accused by their fellows of a kind of blasphemy against the spirit of science in accepting as genuine what is widely considered to be the result of fraud and superstition.

Nevertheless they persevere and probably in time will gain the ears of the main body of scientific men and possibly also the main body of theologians.

They themselves claim that the phenomena constitute a kind of link between the material and the spiritual world, and they seem to bring the two groups together and unite them in one comprehensive whole.

THIS is an ambitious task and may fail for a time, but so far as there is truth on their side they are bound to succeed. They seek at present to extend the methods of science into regions where they are generally thought to be inapplicable and to investigate the spiritual world in a cold and methodical manner. The seeming impossibility or extreme improbability of some phenomena does not deter them from inquiring into it. They have faith in the rationality of

the universe. They quite realize that the materialistic contention is a strong one as far as it goes, but at the same time they feel that the universe is much larger and more comprehensive than has yet been explored by science and they treat with respect the contentions of the theologians.

Truth, they say, is many-sided, and cannot be approached in its completeness by any one avenue. To this unorthodox group of physicists belongs occasionally a biologist.

THIS group believes that mind can act independently of the brain and that a study of the motion of particles can never exhaust the whole of reality. They say that the material world is inter-fused with and dominated by the spiritual, that the motions of matter are only an index or demonstration of what is going on in space, and that even the ordinary phenomena of death and life cannot be thoroughly understood by delving into matter alone.

The Twentieth Century has begun to discover that matter has no power of its own, that the atoms are merely bandied about by the process emanating from space, and that all that matter can do is to demonstrate the real happenings which occur in what we call empty space.

The properties of space are now being investigated. Already it has been discovered that there we must find the forces which hold the atom together, that cohesion and gravitation are really caused by something in space, that life travels from one body to another through space devoid of matter, and that spacial activities are responsible for all electric and magnetic phenomena.

Yet our senses only tell us about matter. We therefore use the motions of matter as an index or demonstration of what is occurring. We read a pointer of a needle when we want to measure an electric current, and that is typical of all our experimental methods. In themselves they are limited to

pointer readings. The real meaning of the phenomena eludes us.

All potential energy has long been attributed to space, to the ether and to space, and now it appears that every other form of energy exists there too, and that the atoms of matter are only occasional interruptions in its vast continuity.

The last stronghold to which the materialists cling is the organized material of the body and especially of the brain. Some of them hold not only that the brain is the organ of thought, which it is, but that it originates thought and that to understand mental processes the study of the brain and the nervous system is sufficient.

THE truth is again that they are only indices displaying what is elsewhere going on in a region inaccessible to the organs of sense. The brain has no more initiative than any other form of matter. The real control, the animation

of the particles must be sought for in space.

This revelation in thought makes the phenomena brought forward by the spiritualists more intelligible, especially when they call attention to matter being moved and manipulated in ways unfamiliar and strange.

I WISH in this connection to emphasize the fact that minds may communicate with each other without the organs of sense and without involving any physical process of communication. This fact called telepathy is generally accepted, and it makes it easier to admit that minds can continue to exist after they have lost their bodily organs. If a mind can act apart from its instrument, it shows that mind is not dependent on the instrument. Mind only uses brain, nerve and muscle for display, for demonstrating to people with material senses what is really occurring all around them. If mind can operate apart from matter, if mind and brain can be thus disconnected, then the mind may continue its existence after its bodily organ has been destroyed, and much evidence can be adduced that it actually does so continue.

Competent investigators have said that they are in touch with people who have lived and have departed this life, people who have lost their material bodies and nevertheless continue to exist. They hold, in fact, the doctrine of individual survival and adduce plenty of evidence in support of it.

Whether that evidence amounts to proof is still a matter of opinion. Scientific proof is a serious thing not likely to be testified too lightly. But the evidence certainly is strong, and, for practical purposes has convinced some of the pioneers—convinced me, for instance—of the fact that death is an incident in life rather than a termination of it, which has to be studied and understood like any other natural process, that it is no more and perhaps no less puzzling and unintelligible than birth. (Cont. on page 128)



P. & A. Photo

Sir Oliver Lodge keeps fit at seventy-eight years, as may be seen from the above photograph taken at his home, Normanton House, Salisbury, England

A
RADIO COLUMN
By
HEYWOOD BROWN



GOOD evening. I have no business here tonight. I ought to be way up in the country tuning in to find out what came on at this particular hour and saying, I suppose, "That's not so much. I could do as well as that". But you see I mixed up my dates, Friday wasn't my last night or my last week at all. That time I said goodbye. This is the last week and when it ends on Friday I am going to avoid saying "Goodbye" the way I did last time. That was a little melodramatic because I did know all the time that I would be back on the job again after three weeks. Very likely I had a sinister motive. I hoped people would say "You are not really going away." But if I sinned, many far more distinguished performers have done the same thing. Actors can do it and why not Radio broadcasters. Nobody ever believes an actor when he says he is making his farewell tour. Everybody knows that after the farewell tour there will be the absolutely farewell tour and after that the positively farewell tour. I am combining those two. This is the absolutely and positively farewell week barring the fact that I will be back again next month. At least that is my impression of the date. Miss Whipple gets things a little bit mixed up at times. She does—Heaven help me—her best.

BUT I am not going to say goodbye any more. People take it too calmly. "Not a shot was fired, not a funeral note." I felt a little like Bide Dudley. He left his home and was away, two years. I think his home was Wichita, Kansas. At the end of two years he came back—carrying a suit case. And as he came up Main Street he thought that there would be some commotion. But he walked ten or twelve blocks before anybody noticed him. Then an old crony spied him and said, in a friendly way, "Hello, Bide, going away someplace."

The noted humorist points out that fame is fleeting, dwells on the climate of California and winds up with a dissertation on the advantages of equality of sex.

So let's pretend I haven't been. But here is an invitation—from Mr. & Mrs. F. D., Oakland, California—"Why don't you make a trip out here. You know many of our celebrities come here to finish their last days".

I wonder if I may defer my acceptance of that kind invitation for just a little while. I will need a little time to polish up my last words.

And I have been in California. I spent a long, long time in San Francisco. I had to. I was covering a Democratic convention. It was 1920—the year Governor Cox was nominated. That was one of the longest deadlocks the Democrats ever had. And they are good at deadlocks. They have had practice. Before that particular convention was over almost everybody got some votes. Will Rogers and Ring Lardner each got half a vote. But after that their strength weakened. I think Will Rogers would make a very good candidate for president. He writes a better newspaper column than Calvin Coolidge. I mean I like it better. And he makes just as good a speech. When he wants to Will Rogers can talk just like Calvin Coolidge. It is a swell imitation. It is even better than that. By now I would rather hear Rogers do Coolidge than have Calvin do it himself. Will Rogers has the New England dialect down just a shade better. He has a knack for that kind of thing.

I tried to break the deadlock out there in California when they were just sitting around voting and voting. I made what seemed to me a very good suggestion. I thought they ought to put the names of all the principal candidates in a hat and then blindfold a delegate and let him pick a name at random. But, of course, if he

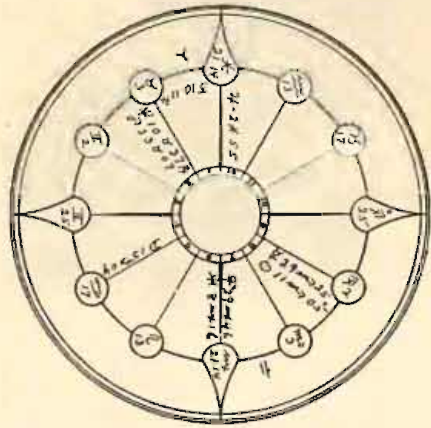
happened to pick Carter Glass that was not to go. In such an event they were to blindfold another delegate and draw all over again.

It wasn't any antipathy for California or San Francisco which made me want the deadlock broken. San Francisco is a very beautiful city—particularly when you look at it from the other side of the bay. But don't let anybody tell you that the Golden Gate is as beautiful as New York harbor. That is not a matter of opinion. It just isn't so. People in San Francisco have one great advantage over everybody else in the United States. They can choose their own climate. The city itself is very cold. At least it is cold whenever I get there and I am sure there is nothing personal in that. It makes me a little mournful to see the palm trees out there drooping their heads in the cold wind and trying to look tropical. I always thought somebody ought to start a fund to buy raccoon overcoats for the San Francisco palm trees. But if you don't like San Francisco you do not have to go back where you came from. Just a short ferry ride will take you to spots that are boiling. It has the spice of variety.

SAN FRANCISCO ought to be a separate free city all on its own. And there are a good many people in California (inside the city and out) who would be in favor of that. It was pretty free when I was there last in 1920. Some foreign group, and I think they were Hugo Slavians, wanted the Democrats to put a plank in the platform. I am not quite sure what the plank about Hugo Slavia was to be. I guess they just wanted the Democrats to say they were in favor of it. And the Slavs used to give a dinner to the newspaper men every night—with speeches and native wines. But they made one mistake. The native wines came first. Of course all this is ten years ago—but even then I never could quite make

(Continued on page 126)

Will Rogers and His Stars



Horoscope of Will Rogers tells the story of his career

How the famous gum-chewing comedian got that way revealed by listening-in on a planetary conference

By Peggy Hull

HELLO, Everybody! This is Peggy Hull, press agent for the planets, broadcasting. I have just dug into the heavenly files, and I have discovered the world's most unusual horoscope.

As you may well believe, this horoscope belongs to the world's most unusual man. Not so long ago, Mr. Squibb, who makes us beautiful and also makes us well—with toothpaste, pellets and other things—paid him \$500 a minute to make us laugh. And since his stage average is only two jokes a minute, and he talked not much faster on the air, it follows that he got \$250 a joke from Mr. Squibb—which is a pretty good price for a joke.

The man I am talking about, of course, is Will Rogers.

If you would like to know why he gets all the breaks; why he can chew gum, the most egregious of all social errors, in the presence of the most passionate disciples of Emily Post; why he can dismember the English tongue with impunity and yet be proclaimed by professors and purists; why he can poke fun at kings and queens, presidents and even motion picture producers . . . and make them like it; why he can come out on the stage with a piece of rope and a mouth full of chewing gum, a disheveled head of hair and an ill-fitting suit and take the audience right away from youth, beauty, glamor and romance . . . if you want to know why he can do all these things, gather around and I'll tell you secrets hot off the Milky Way.

ON NOVEMBER 4th, 1879—mark well this date—the wail of a new born infant pierced the walls of the Rogers ranch house in Oklahoma and

all the cow hands gathered around to congratulate the head of the Rogers family, and eventually to peek into the cradle of the future \$500-a-minute jester. Oklahoma was then sparsely settled and the advent of babies was more uncommon than now, but even so, the red face and chubby hands of the latest addition to the Rogers family did not impress the assembled waddies with the notion that an epochal figure had been born.

THESE waddies, of course, were creatures of the earth. Had they been able to ascend into the upper regions and consult the records which have just been opened for my perusal, they would have tarried longer beside the infant's bed. For up in the azure blue, hidden snugly away in the mountains of the clouds, nine planets, Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Uranus, Neptune, Mercury, Saturn, the Sun and Moon, were assembled in the directors' room of the Bank of Earthly Fortune.

As usual, the Sun presided at the head of the table. Perhaps I should explain that the Sun is the giver of life and therefore, at this, as at all other gatherings, before and since—he has occupied the pre-eminent place.

Whether you believe it or not, the destinies of all earthly creatures are shaped by these nine heavenly dictators and sometimes, I am unhappy to report, acrimony, opposition and discord prevail—to the detriment of the mortal whose destiny is being shaped!

And on November 4th, 1879 it appeared that a most unpleasant session was about to begin.

"Come to order," said the Sun crisply. "We've got a birth in Oklahoma to dispose of—male child, Rogers by name."

"Just another squalling brat!" said the belligerent Mars with his usual antipathy. "Let's give him a dirty deal and be done with it!"

Venus, the Goddess of Love, raised a golden glance from her embroidery. "I suppose, with your usual taste for homicide, you would like to dispatch this infant out of hand," she said in icy tones.

"Tut, tut!" chided the Sun. "A child born in Oklahoma deserves a break. Let's get together, ladies and gentlemen, for once in an eon of time, and give this boy a liberal drawing account on our limitless resources of luck."

"What's the use," protested the gloomy Saturn, oppressor of mankind, in a sarcastic way. "He'll only overdraw it. Look what Mars did for Napoleon—and what came of it."

Behind his spade-like beard, the face of the war god grew red. He had been touched in a tender spot.

"If you had kept your hands off him, he'd been all right," he growled. "You tore him down, you cold and clammy fish!"

"Well, no matter," said the Sun, pacifically, "what are we going to do about the Rogers infant? Venus seems well disposed toward him, suppose we let her make the first suggestion."

A TEAR dropped from her golden eyes and fell upon the love goddess' embroidery. "Alas," she sighed, "I am all out of sex appeal. I gave the last of my present store to Francis X. Bushman."

"That certainly is tough," said the Sun, "But if my memory serves me, you are now in the House of Virgo?"

"But only in a companionate way," Venus acknowledged, with a faint note

of aggravation in her dulcet voice.

"To be sure," the Sun admitted, "but that situation is just what I had in mind. You may not be able to give him the romantic allure of your masterpiece, the late lamented Casanova, but why don't you go to the other extreme and make him a one-woman man, with a clean sense of humor and a distaste for the risqué."

"Uninteresting but judicious," interpolated Mars.

"Yes, make him safe from breach of promise suit," suggested the far-sighted Mercury, overlord of intellect.

The love goddess regarded her immemorial enemy with disfavor. But it was only momentary.

"I can do that," she agreed, "and I can do something more. Since the poor fellow will be cut off from so many of the ordinary mortal's dissipations, I'll give him a lot of travel and also one of the most affable personalities."

"Well, that's enough," conceded the Sun.

"It looks like a dull life to me," said Mars.

The Sun silenced him with a frown. "I am temporarily in the House of Scorpio," he remarked, with some ostentation—"and I intend to give this youngster shrewdness, a keen judgment, enterprise, determination—"and I intend to give this he grows up and wants to do his stuff, I'll see that he gets across."

URANUS, the erratic, sudden, forceful and destructive Uranus, suddenly spoke up.

"And I will give him originality," he proclaimed, "just now I am living with Venus in the House of Virgo—"

"I'm surprised," said the Moon, in an undertone.

"—and my vibrations will sharpen his intuitive powers and make him know things he has never studied," Uranus continued ignoring her. "He will have quick wit and nobody—politicians included—will ever be able to fool him."

Mars grunted in deep distaste. "Surrounded by all that sweetness and light," he said, "he ought to achieve fame as a reformer. Permit me to give him just a single vice. He'll be so much easier for the one woman to live with."

"Such as what?" inquired the Sun, without enthusiasm.

"Chewing tobacco," responded Mars. "I am now residing in the House of Taurus, the sign of the Bull. And I insist on

causing this paragon to masticate a cud."

"Does it need to be tobacco?" protested the sedate Moon, who, besides Venus, was the only other female present.

"**N**O IT doesn't," Mars conceded. "Let him chew gum!" And the war god lapsed into a disgusted silence.

While Mars remained in seclusion behind his beard, the other directors of the Bank of Earthly Fortunes continued enthusiastically to add to young Rogers drawing account. The young man who priced his jokes at \$250 a funny crack and who has just sold himself to the movies

for \$25,000 a week, is not, due to the protection of Venus, a prey of gossip as you have recently had cause to observe.

When Clara Bow, upon whom the love goddess lavished generous quantities of love appeal, made the front pages of the newspapers with the story of a betting escapade in a Reno gambling resort, it developed that Mr. Rogers had headed the party which had patronized the palace of chance.

Alas, the poor little "it" girl of the movies, whom Venus made profligate as well as personable, gambled not wisely but too well, and the fans gossiped for a week about a \$10,000 rubber check.

But did they criticize Mr. Rogers? They did not. The beneficence of Mercury, happily posited in the honest, jovial sign of Sagittarius, assisted him to meet this vexatious situation with candor, discretion and a keen sense of proportion, whereas a less level-headed man might have taken fright at the prospects of adverse publicity and retreated to an untenable refuge in evasions.

Rogers admitted frankly that he had gone with Miss Bow and a party to the casino—and what of it? And, indeed, what of it?

SUCH, however, is the influence of the stars. Many public men have suffered severe setbacks for an equally innocent adventure. It all depends upon where the heavenly bodies were at the moment of birth.

Mr. Rogers' consistent and unchanging popularity is due to the position of Mercury in Sagittarius. This planet, curiously enough, has occupied practically the same position nearly all of his life and together with the stabilizing influence of Saturn, kept the Rogers' fortune on an even keel.

There have been no ups and downs in Will's career. No periods of spasmodic popularity which so many actors and humorists experience.

His Mercury, directing his intellect through the jovial Sagittarius, is responsible for the homely philosophy with which his writings are replete. This position has safeguarded his pointed jokes from the sarcasm and sting which the House of Scorpio would have given them.

Saturn in Aries, and Jupiter in Pisces, square to Mercury, is responsible for the untidy appearance, the disheveled hair and the homely face. But what the stars denied him in physical beauty they made up in beauty of soul and mind.



Will Rogers in a characteristic pose—easy-going, good humored and shrewd

Tuneful Topics

“Know Your Songs”



Body and Soul

THIS is perhaps the most unusual song in months, or possibly in years. Unusual not only from its very daring title but in its thought, melody and history.

When I used to play at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club while still a student at Yale, there was a very persistent young man who seemed to enjoy watching our pianist play, and who, we found later, was the scion of a wealthy family living at Rye, and who was in certain respects a protege of George Gershwin. This young man, Johnny Green, later wrote with Carmen Lombardo, of the Lombardo Brothers orchestra, and another young man, a tune which enjoyed quite a bit of popularity. You may remember the title, it was called *Coquette*. A short time ago he was commissioned to write a song for Gertrude Lawrence to sing in England.

Together with Ed Hymann, a young man who wrote the lyrics of one of the songs in my picture, *The Vagabond Lover*, he evolved a melody which they subsequently called *Body and Soul*. Miss Lawrence proceeded to sing the song in England and there it became sensational. My observations from playing in London have led me to believe that the English people have an appreciation for a song with a very sophisticated thought and a very sophisticated lyric, but when shown the song here in America I was afraid of it, because its melody was very intricate and the lyric was possibly just a bit too daring and suggestive. I rejected it, at least for my own presentation of it, in its original state.

There are three key changes; it begins in C, goes into G, and then goes into D flat and back again to C. Such key changes are very difficult for the layman to make or follow, yet I realized that the song was a beautiful one to listen to. The song is also quite rangey, going from an extremely difficult note to reach—low D—to E natural. But when properly rendered, these beautiful contrasts make the song more lovely.

The publishers made a tamer version of the lyrics and offered it to Libby Hol-

man to sing in the new musical comedy, *Three's a Crowd*. Yet it seemed that the revised lyrics did not get the song over, at least in the musical comedy presentation of it, so Miss Holman, I believe, is singing the original version which is much smarter but much more physical.

THE EDITORS of RADIO DIGEST have persuaded Rudy Vallee, the famous Radio star, to conduct this department. In it, each month, he will pick ten selections of popular music which seem most meritorious to him and tell in each case, various points of interest regarding the authorship, public debut, history and unusual characteristics of lyric or melody. If the number is featured by the Connecticut Yankees, Mr. Vallee will give incidents coming within his personal experience.

RUDY'S reputation is in no small way attributable to his remarkable ability to pick winners—whether they be old or new numbers . . . hence RADIO DIGEST readers should find this department a very valuable and interesting guide to their selection of music in sheet, record, roll or other forms.

The song grips the listener as he hears it, although I doubt very much whether it will sell tremendously in sheet music form due to its complicated nature. It is a beautiful thing and a song that I enjoy doing tremendously.

Body and Soul must be played slowly to the extreme, about twenty-six or twenty-eight measures per minute, in order that the lyrics be pronounced intelligibly, and that the melody does not suffer from jerkiness.

Embraceable You from Girl Crazy

HERE are George Gershwin and his brother at their best. A very clever song, and for me the most likeable song of all the songs from *Girl Crazy*, the show in which are featured Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman and so many other excellent artists. Typically a musical comedy type of song, but one which the smart set of New York and other cities of any size will enjoy dancing to and singing. *Embraceable You* may be played either in strict fox trot tempo, fifty-six measures a minute; or the tune can be played slowly—even at forty measures—and still be danced to and sung.

My Baby Just Cares for Me

WALTER DONALDSON again at his best. Following close on the heels of his tremendous success, *Little White Lies*, he has given a rollicking, rhythmical song to Eddie Cantor for the motion picture version with sound and technicolor of *Whoopie*. While not typical of the style of song that Eddie Cantor usually sings, it fits him admirably and he does justice to it. It is repeated several times in the picture and makes a great dance tune, as does *Embraceable You*. Like the latter it may be played in strict fox trot time, or semi-slowly.

It is a number that my drummer does justice to, as I rarely do the slang type of number, although I feel they are entirely within my province. Donaldson seems to excel in this type of number—he wrote *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*.

How Are You Tonight in Hawaii?

HERE is a song with a title that sounds like a “gag,” (“gag” meaning a theatrical wisecrack depending on double entendre or facetiousness). Yet it is a most charming tune, the music being

By

Rudy Vallee

*A New Department in which The
Master of Rhythm Tells You How
Hits Should Be Rendered*



The Author . . . Rudy Vallee.

written by Harry Warren who has given us so many wonderful tunes, especially *Crying for the Carolines*, and the lyrics being written by Edgar Leslie, one of the few great lyric writers who writes with intelligence and thought, perhaps a little too much so at times.

It would seem in this case that the gag nature of the title must have hurt the song, because I certainly would have picked it for a hit. The verse thought of the lover being miles away from his loved one who is in Hawaii, and carrying only the picture of her in his mind; the chorus asks her how she is in Hawaii, and goes on to tell you how he misses her.

As I say, I felt that the tune should have achieved a phenomenal success, yet the publishers tell me that it has done little or nothing. This is certainly one illustration of the fact that I cannot "make" a song popular if it doesn't catch the popular fancy. Strangely enough, *How Are You Tonight in Hawaii* has failed to catch on. Just another mystery.

Baby's Birthday Party

HERE is a song which I was a little afraid of as regards my own rendition, inasmuch as it is a sort of cross between a nursery rhyme, a *Mother Goose* rhyme, an *Aesop Fable*, a doll dance, and *Nola*. The melody is reminiscent of *Nola* and the lyric is a combination of the aforesaid ideas. I am at a loss to know whether *Baby* is a beautiful blond flapper, or whether she is in reality just a tiny tot for whom the fond parents are giving a birthday party.

The song has no trace whatsoever of amateurishness about it, and yet it was written by a Miss Ann Ronell and it was the first song she has ever had published! Like so many thousands of persons who believe they can write songs, she finally succeeded in getting a publisher to listen to the song. The head of the firm in another room, hearing the song liked it immediately, snapped it up and allowed both Lombardo and myself the privilege of introducing it on our respective rival Radio chains.

I have been surprised at the many re-

quests to sing it that have been shouted at me by big, able-bodied men at various functions at which I have appeared in the last few days. On my flying trip to Washington, a big, football type of man yelled up eagerly for *Baby's Birthday Party*.

I have already asked Victor to permit me to record it because I believe that the song is going to be intensely popular with all ages and types. Miss Ronell is certainly to be congratulated; the song is worthy of any of the old veterans of Tin Pan Alley.*

It must be done slowly, about thirty measures per minute.

You Were Only Passing Time With Me

A CLEVER song written by a young colored boy who is one of the staff writers for a dear old friend of mine, Joe Davis. Joe has published many hits in the past and I think he has a sizeable one here in this extremely tuneful and lilting song, *You Were Only Passing Time With Me*.

It must be done slowly. We do it at about thirty-five or forty measures per minute.

I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You

ANOTHER one of those songs that sounds like a gag, with a continued reiteration of the line "From Now On." It is a song that attracted me the first time I heard Ozzie Nelson sing it the night I visited him at the Glen Island Casino.

Two masters cooperated in the writing of it—Gus Kahn, unquestionably the greatest lyric writer Tin Pan Alley, or the world for that matter, has ever known; and Pete Wendling who, for the last fifteen years, has been writing very tuneful melodies. These two have given us this very catchy song which should be played about forty measures per minute in order that one particular place in the lyrics be intelligible. I have often said that like a chain being no stronger than its weakest link, the tempo of a song is governed by the particular place in the

* Slang expression for the music publishing center in New York.

song which has the greatest number of words.

Obviously, in order to get all these words in, and get them in intelligibly, the whole song must be slowed down, otherwise the words become a mere jumbled mass of meaningless hieroglyphics. The difficult place in *I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You* is "But the memory of your smile just makes me want to cry." Now try singing this fast and you will see what I mean.

If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight

LIKE *Body and Soul* this is one of those odd songs that time and place cannot keep down. I have always maintained that a good song will eventually crash through, and my theory is certainly borne out in the case of this particular song.

It was written by Henry Creamer and Jimmy Johnson and published by Remick in 1926, that is four years ago. Creamer has been very popular in the writing of Negro musical comedies and musical affairs in general for many years. After the publication of the song by Remick, it did little or nothing and remained on the shelf very much as did the *Stein Song*, until several months ago, about July, 1930, to be exact, when one of the finest colored bands now playing, or one of the finest bands in the country for that matter, Mackinney's Cotton Pickers, at their wits' end for a tune to be recorded at an emergency recording date, yanked out an old copy of this song, made a quick orchestration and put it through.

The demand for the record was so great, and it in turn stimulated the desire of other orchestra leaders to play the tune after they heard the record, that Remick was forced to reissue the song

(Continued on page 119)

War Ace Eddie
Rickenbacker
Says

"Hello, There

RADIO listeners who tuned in early one morning recently had the thrill of listening to a two-way conversation carried on between the United States and Australia. The broadcast was arranged in order that America might congratulate Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith on his flight from Croydon, England, to Sydney, Australia, a distance of 12,000 miles in less than ten days.

The dialogue was as clear to those

tuned in on the NBC network as a telephone conversation, although the ether waves went more than halfway around the world. Participants were Martin P. Rice, of the General Electric Company, Schenectady, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker in New York, and Commander Kingsford-Smith in Australia. Here's what they said:

Mr. Rice: Good morning, Wing Com-

mander Kingsford-Smith (*normal voice*).

Kingsford-Smith: Hello.

Mr. Rice: This is Martin Rice in Schenectady.

Kingsford-Smith: Yes, Mr. Rice, I remember well.

Mr. Rice: I am sitting in the same chair you talked from when you talked to Australia.

Kingsford-Smith: Well, I will never forget that. My mother was so thrilled about it, you know.

Mr. Rice: Well, I want to give you on behalf of the whole people of the United States the most hearty congratulations. Everyone is thrilled to know of your great accomplishments.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you very much indeed.

Mr. Rice: Was this plane that you flew, the Southern Cross Junior, quite similar to the other one?

Kingsford-Smith: No, the Southern Cross Junior is a light airplane. Very low horsepower, just a four-cylinder engine. It is in the class of sport flying, you really might call it. It is really just a sort of sport proposition. Hardly a commercial job at all.

Mr. Rice: How many miles did you fly altogether?

Kingsford-Smith: If you count the trip to Sydney it is about 12,000 miles. The actual mileage to the coast of Australia, it is about 100 miles over 10,000 miles.

Mr. Rice: And you did that in less than ten days?

Kingsford-Smith: Actual time, counting the difference of time between London and Australia, it was nine days twenty-one and one-half hours.

Mr. Rice: Did you find it at some points more dangerous than others?

Kingsford-Smith: Not so very dangerous, except for the water crossing, which seemed a little unfamiliar to me with one engine instead of three, you know. There wasn't a great deal of danger in it but was very strenuous, however.

Mr. Rice: What would you think of a passenger service over that line?

Kingsford-Smith: I think we will have that in, say, five to ten years' time.

Mr. Rice: That is very interesting. Would that be a large plane, do you think, or a small one?

Kingsford-Smith: I imagine it would start by being just a mail plane carrying



Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, war ace, is in the business of transport flying today

Australia!"

Via Radio to
Commander
Kingsford-Smith

no passengers and eventually develop into a pretty big passenger service.

Mr. Rice: What do you think we need most in work of that kind? What would be the next step in the progress of developing the airplane for that type of work?

Kingsford-Smith: A faster type of plane.

Mr. Rice: Now we are going to let you talk with another good friend of yours, Captain Rickenbacker.

Kingsford-Smith: Yes, an old pal of mine.

Mr. Rice: We will ask Captain Rickenbacker to say a few words.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Hello, Smitty.

Kingsford-Smith: Hello, Eddie.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Awfully glad to hear your voice.

Kingsford-Smith: Awfully glad to hear from you.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It seems a long ways off.

Kingsford-Smith: The reception is extraordinarily good, isn't it?

Capt. Rickenbacker: Splendid.

The only trouble with you is that you are getting ready to go to bed and I had to get out of bed to come over here to talk to you.

Kingsford-Smith: Perfectly true. It is ten minutes past eleven o'clock at night, you know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, I got up at five-thirty this morning in order to be on time, because I wouldn't have missed it if I had had to stay up all night.

Kingsford-Smith: Awfully glad to hear your voice.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Congratulations on the wonderful flight. I have been watching every detail of it.

Kingsford-Smith: It was just a little bit of hard work.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Yes, but I'll bet your ears are tuned into the motor noises more than when you came in this direction?

Kingsford-Smith: Oh, I don't know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: But I can imagine your feelings and tenseness when you were crossing those jungles. You wouldn't make such a big mouthful for some of those alligators down there, but what there is, is mighty good and we all appreciate it over here.

Kingsford-Smith: Will you send a personal message to Slim Lindbergh for me?

Capt. Rickenbacker: I will be very happy to.

Kingsford-Smith: Tell him that it will not be very long before I will be entering into the same state that he is in. I am going to be married in a very few weeks from now.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, you know, you have everybody's hearty congratulations, and personally I could only wish for you what I could wish for myself.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you, old man. We may both come over later.

Capt. Rickenbacker: I tell you, you had

better be careful. You know, there are a lot of handsome aviators over here. I suppose you have some there too. We have seen one of them whom we kind of like. Say Smitty, tell me, if you were going to open up a service between Australia and the United States, which way would you consider it the easiest, East or West?

Kingsford-Smith: You mean across the Pacific or around the other side?

(Continued on page 114)



Wing Commander Kingsford-Smith, veteran of flights across the Pacific and from England to Australia



"You is de brudder what draws a seven."

Hawkins and the Missus Go to See

AMOS and ANDY

DEAR EDITOR,

I received your letter thanking me for sending you the poem that you couldn't use. It was very nice of you to write to me about it. I hope I have better luck with the next poem that I write. I really should say the next poem that the Missus and I write, because we always work together on things like that.

The Missus and I get along very well together, even after ten years of marriage. We don't have any of the squabbles other married couples seem to be always having. We "gee" together on everything. We like the same Radio programs, and all. We're both daffy about Amos 'n' Andy. I have heard that in some homes the men like Amos 'n' Andy, but that their wives don't, and vice versa. But not so in our home.

The fact of the matter is, as the lawyers say, we must have been the first people in town to become regular listen-

*This Peterburg Couple Just Couldn't
Wait, So They Travel Far to See
"Check and Double Check"*

ers to Amos 'n' Andy when they first started broadcasting. And we told the folks next door and they told some others and the next thing we knew Amos 'n' Andy were the rage of Peterburg, and everybody was going around speaking about "propositions", and saying "I'se regusted" and all the other famous Amos 'n' Andy words.

When we heard that Amos 'n' Andy were going to make a motion picture, why the Missus and I just couldn't wait until we should get a chance to see it. The Peterburg movie promised that they would have it as soon as it was finished, but the Missus and I just couldn't wait.

When we heard that the picture was to be shown in New York, why, we made up our minds that we would go there and see it, and again be the first in town to tell folks about Amos 'n' Andy.

Well, down to New York we went, the night the picture opened. We got off the train and asked a taxi driver to take us straight to the Mayfair Theater before we even went to a hotel. But we couldn't get into the theater the first night. We learned they weren't selling any tickets and that the first show was only for folks having gold-plated passes and New York celebrities, and not for folks who wanted to buy tickets and tell their friends about the picture.

BUT the next day was different. The fans could get in.

Say, a visit to New York's newest movie palace, alone, was well worth the

trip. And we had plenty of time to see how beautiful the theater really is, because we had to stand in line in the lobby for more than half-an-hour before we could even get inside, that's how big the crowd was that also wanted to see Amos 'n' Andy.

We finally got inside the theater, only the Missus and I decided we wouldn't look at the picture in the middle, but wait until we could see it from the beginning. So all we heard was people laughing like they were lunatic and that only made us more anxious to get seated and see. Well, we finally got two seats kind of far back. Then they had a news-reel and a short comedy, and then, at last, Amos 'n' Andy, in their *Check and Double Check*. You know Andy, over the Radio used always to be saying "check and double check".

The picture opens with the Heroine and the man who turns out to be the Villain of the picture, out horseback riding, and something goes wrong with her saddle. They start walking home together, with the Villain, played by Ralfe Harolde, making love to the beautiful Heroine, played by Sue Carol, who is really very beautiful. In the picture their names are Ralph Crawford and Jean Blair. (I guess I had better call them by their play names.)

CRAWFORD is very swelled up on himself and can't understand why Jean won't have anything to do with him. Jean tells Crawford that she is waiting the arrival of Richard Williams (played by Charles Morton), from the South, and that her mother and dad have gone to the station to meet this here Richard.

Well, Jean and Crawford go walking along, when, Zoop! a taxi passes them and

"Hello, Honey, is dat you?"

scared Crawford's horse. Crawford, being a very mean fellow starts to wallop the horse. The taxi hauls up and a young, handsome, smiling fellow hops out, apologizes for the taxi scaring the horse, although his apology wasn't at all necessary as it wasn't his fault at all.

Crawford doesn't want to talk about it and says, "Come along Jean." Whereupon the young fellow in the taxi asks, "What? are you Jean Blair?" And then he springs the big surprise that he is none other than Mr. Richard Williams. You can see that it's a case of love at first sight between Jean and Richard. The Missus and I did, anyway. Well, Crawford, of course, takes an immediate dislike to Richard, and hates him even more when he suggests that Jean ride home with him in the taxi leaving Crawford to walk with both horses. Then comes what we traveled so far to see.

The scene shifts to the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated, in Harlem. In front of the door is the old battered fresh air taxi, and through the dirty window we could see Amos 'n' Andy just like you hear them. The camera moves inside.

There we see Andy just the same as on the Radio with his feet on the desk and Amos hard at work trying to fix a bum old inertube. They are talking about the lodge meeting of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and after the lodge they are going to a dance with Madame Queen and Ruby Taylor. Andy is very insistent about hiring a dress suit for the occasion.

It was terribly funny. Oh my. Oh my. Oh! Then the phone bell rings and Amos wants to answer it.

"Get away from that 'phone," says Andy. "Hello," he growls in his gruff voice. "Who? Oh, Madame Queen?" Then his voice changed soft and silly and the audience just roared when Andy says, "Yes dis is yo Ducky-Wucky."

Then Amos says sarcastically, "Old Ducky-Wucky."

WELL, Madame Queen wants to make sure she and Ruby are going to the dance that night, and after Andy yesses her, Amos asks to speak to Ruby, and that gets to be a scream. The Missus and I just laughed and snorted.

You see Amos starts talking. "Hello, honey, this is Amos . . ." and Andy says under his breath, "with the egg-shaped head." And Amos goes right on saying to Ruby, "with the egg-shaped head." Then he says, "No, no, honey, I didn't mean you . . ." and Andy cuts in again by saying, "the gal with the big feet." He just goes on getting Amos so bawled up that he is calling Ruby "big fathead" and everything when he means to call it to Andy and telling Ruby to shut up when he wants Andy to shut up. I thought everybody would go into hysterics. The Missus just screamed. Well, he finally gets it all straightened out, and then gets very blue again.

In the story Amos and Andy are supposed to have come to Harlem from the South where they both worked for a Mr. Williams who really turns out to have been the father of Richard Williams, but I guess I am getting ahead of the story. Anyway Amos is wishing he was back in the South with Mr. Williams.

(Continued on page 118)

"With de big feet?"



Broadcasting from

The Second Decade

LAST month, Radio broadcasting on a program basis completed its first decade. Station KDKA of Pittsburgh holds the distinction of having been the pioneer. Since 1920 a gigantic industry of tremendous world wide influence has been reared. The technical progress in both broadcasting and reception constitutes one of the greatest scientific achievements of the age. Head sets have come and gone. Exterior aerials are becoming less and less essential. Battery problems have been largely eliminated. Static has been stifled though not entirely suppressed. Progress on the artistic side of Radio programs has been universally recognized as marvelous. Today, the most important personages in virtually every line of endeavor and the most outstanding events of every type are brought before the public via the microphone. "Talent" which could never be paid to appear on the stage or in moving pictures of the drama type is brought before the people through the theatre of the air: President Hoover, King George, Colonel

Lindbergh are typical examples of "Talent without a price." Radio has become part of education and government.

The early inventors and experimenters in wireless telegraphy and in Radio broadcasting fell so far short in their prognostications of what Radio would bring within a decade that we feel little hesitation in expressing the belief that few, if any, people in the world today realize what the next decade of Radio broadcasting will bring. Television on a practical home entertainment basis is already in the offing. The financial success of Radio broadcasting has been established with quite a percentage of the commercial stations and the growing popularity of sponsored programs presages not only the financial success of broadcasting, but the rapid and important improvements which occur in any industry operating on a profitable, as distinguished from an "angeled" basis.

RADIO has already accomplished so much that it is somewhat difficult to visualize just where the most radical changes will grow in the next decade. We venture, however, to predict that they will be more social in nature than technical or artistic though these latter phases show immense improvements, often in entirely new directions. In an editorial published in November the *New York Times* said: "In its mass appeal we have the real significance of Radio. Mounting sales, princely incomes of entertainers—what are these compared with the triumph of uniting alien peoples in an hour of spiritual brotherhood? A new force has been discovered—a social force which must be reckoned with in the onward sweep of civilization, and which is second only to the printing press in its far-reaching influence."

In an editorial published in the September issue of this magazine entitled "Radio Can Kill War" we proposed a number of definite methods whereby Radio can be employed to develop good will among the people of the nations located in every part of the world and we discussed at the same time how Radio can be used simultaneously to develop universal anti-war psychology. Many of the suggestions made in this editorial are already being carried out and there is every indication that the movement will be materially accelerated within less than a year.

In an editorial in the October issue of this magazine entitled "Radio Is Destroying Old Social Barriers," we pointed out how the so-called "country brethren" are being brought into intimate contact with those people, those events and that knowledge which has long been considered the exclusive province of the socially elite when society standards are founded primarily upon wealth. We indicated that Radio is steadily fostering a new conception of social aristocracy and is, in fact, augmenting the national and international average of intelligence and culture with a speed and breadth of influence heretofore unknown.



WILL HOLLOWAY TULLY

the Editor's Chair

In commemorating the tenth anniversary of Radio broadcasting and in paying homage to its miraculous accomplishments during the period of youth, we reiterate our belief that the future trend will not be so much to revolutionary mechanical and artistic developments as toward the development of new types of economic, political, religious and social thinking—all of which will be international in scope.

Radio vs. Rackets

IN LAST month's issue of RADIO DIGEST Grover Whalen, the famous ex-police commissioner of the City of New York, presented many facts regarding how Radio is being used to detect and apprehend criminals. He also stated that overtures to bribe and threats had been made to the individuals who were broadcasting data about the use of Radio to track down violators of the law.

Within the last few years an evil, not entirely new in nature, has beset the business and political life of America to an extent never before dreamed possible. Even judges have been drawn into the mire of modern racketeering and conditions have now reached such a point in many of our largest metropolitan centers that the very foundations of our Constitution are menaced. Something must be done soon or the respectable elements will be driven into a subordinate position not only in business and in politics, but in every-day living. Unfortunately, so few people are wholly or even partially conscious of the far reaching extent of modern rackets that they are sitting idly in a state of so-called blissful ignorance.

Something must be done to arouse the public from its lethargy. Nothing of importance can or will be done until the public at large becomes emotionally excited. The responsibility to save America from its latest and most insidious parasite, the racketeer, is squarely up to the press and to Radio. Thus far the press as a whole has been sadly lacking in initiative, courage and thoroughness. Radio has been no better. The objective is not one for rivalry between the two mediums. It is very definitely one for cooperative effort along all possible lines. But in the expose and driving out of rackets and racketeers the press and Radio can serve themselves and the public best by being good pacemakers for each other.

Who today, for instance, is publishing or broadcasting the facts regarding the toll which is being paid by many gasoline filling stations to racketeers, a toll which generally amounts to \$2.00 per week per man and which is paid only on threat of murder, arson or physical damage to private

property? Who is publishing facts about the similar rackets which have invaded the miniature golf course industry, and who is fighting against the toll which is paid by retail store merchants in so many cities for racketeer protection against having their glass store fronts broken by "rowdies"?

These are minor samples of the type of racketeering which is invading almost every line of business, and which is involving political office holders of low and high rank, and which in certain communities is rotting our most important bulwark of equity and justice—the American judicial system. The time for passiveness is past. The time for enlightening the public is here. Only an uprising of public sentiment can destroy the vicious monster who masquerades under the somewhat dramatic role of "The Racketeer".

Here's hoping that Radio can and will perform heroically and successfully, though unarmed, against an enemy who is armed not only with drugged liquor, kidnapping accomplices, masters of blackmail and pugilists wearing brass knuckles, but who is also fully armed and ready to fire with the very latest models of automatic pistols "dressed up lemons" (bombs) and machine guns mounted in armored cars. Radio, in the right, is mightier than might.

RAY BILL



John Garland

Sensitive Mary Cressley, in Love with John Garland, Is Coarse Landlord. But the Man who Kissed her Once has

By
E. Phillips
Oppenheim



Illustrations
by
W. M.
Stockton

The Story This Far:

A ROCKET lit a flaming streak in the darkness, and the village people on shore gasped at their last glimpse of the Southampton bound liner as she split in two on the reefs outside the little fishing port. The last of the survivors to reach shore was a tall, handsome man, John Garland, who was hailed by the other survivors as leader and courageous rescuer.

Two hundred souls had been brought, half-drowned, from the wreck, and the small hamlet, with a population of but

seventy, had been hard put to find beds for them all. The clergyman in charge of the rescuing party almost despaired of finding a bed for this last refugee, when Mary Cressley, slim and frail, battled her way along the jetty and offered to give warmth and cheer to some one . . .

a woman or a child . . . for she lived all alone and was a timid soul. But with the sanction of the minister, and in a time of dire need, she could not refuse shelter and a warm fire to the stranger, despite his unkempt beard and wild appearance.

So John Garland walked through the storm by Mary Cressley's side, to her tiny cottage. In the dark he thought her a little old lady, but when the fire-light lit her face, he realized she was not more than thirty or thirty-five . . . and he recognized her as the little Cressley girl, daughter of the old minister. He even remembered kissing her when he had seen her in their childhood days be-

The Deliverer

Faced with Eviction Unless She Marries her Red-faced, Gone Away Again Without a Word . . . and She is Destitute.



W.M. Stocking '20

A great motor-car had swung up to the door. A man, head and shoulders taller than most of them, pushed his way into the auction room.

wrecked stranger made no move to depart. Gradually the hamlet was being emptied of its unusual crowds, then suddenly Miss Cressley awoke to the fact that she hated the thought of the young man's leaving! Perhaps . . . well, she was a young woman still . . . she rearranged her hair after the fashion of her youthful days and clad herself in a slim, pale dress. When she appeared, smiling shyly, he looked at her in amazement and exclaimed:

'Why you grow younger every day.

If I could only do the same, you might remember the farmer's son as well as I remember the minister's daughter!' He gazed down at her questioningly.

ore he left home for a long journey.

Morning and a shave revealed a handsome man to the surprised eyes of the timid little Englishwoman. Three days passed . . . then four, but the ship-

Conclusion

SHE started. Then a wave of recollection came to her. There had always seemed something familiar about his tone and manner.

"Why," she gasped, "you are John Garland—John who ran away from home!"

He smiled.

"I kissed you once, Mary," he said, "up the lane there."

She blushed furiously.

"I do not remember it," she said, mendaciously—a statement which was scarcely likely to be true, considering that it was the only embrace to which she had ever submitted.

"I'd like—" he began, and stopped. She was stooping over her roses.

"You have been away a long time," she said, softly.

"A long time," he repeated. "Everyone seems to be dead and gone. I am afraid I shall find the old country a lonely place."

"Luncheon is ready," she said. "Shall we go in?"

Afterwards he produced the telegram. "This afternoon," he said, calmly, "I must go."

She caught at her breath. She could not keep the frightened look from her eyes, but she was able to control her tone.

"Isn't it a little sudden?" she asked. He nodded gloomily.

"I'm a man of affairs now," he said, "and I'm wanted."

SHE saw him off. She scarcely heard his farewell words. Every faculty she possessed was devoted to the desperate effort of preserving her secret. She saw him go, felt the touch of his fingers, heard the sound of his kindly voice, and turned away a little abruptly, just in time to hide the blinding tears. Then she walked back to her cottage, seeing no one, walking like one stumbling through a dream. It was very quiet, very peaceful, there. The smell of tobacco still lingered about her tiny hall. There was nothing else. Her knees shook as she fled up the stairs to her room.

Tragedy that year came not only from

the sea, but from the land, to the little village of Pargeth. Dinneford's bank failed in the neighboring town, and half the village lost their savings. Mary Cressley lost more. She lost everything. When the winter came, and the worst was known, she found herself face to face with ruin.

She went to her landlord, a red-faced, sporting solicitor of bibulous habits. She had known him all her life, and hated him. He had been expecting her visit, and received her a little grimly in his bare, untidy office.

He interrupted her timid explanations.

"I KNOW all about it, Mary Cressley," he said. "Your money is lost—Dinneford's will never pay a farthing—and you can't pay your rent, eh?"

"Not just yet," she admitted.

"Not just yet or ever," he inter-

rupted. "How should you pay it? You've got nothing."

"I was going to ask you to wait for a little time, and I would try and get some lodgers," she said.

He laughed scornfully.

"You'd get no one before the summer," he said; "and how do you suppose you're going to live and pay your rent out of boarders?"

"I can't think of anything else," she said, desperately.

"I can," he answered. "You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me!"

She rose at once to her feet.

"That," she declared, "is impossible."

"Is it?" he answered. "Well, then, it's also impossible for me to wait for my rent. I'll give you a week."

She went away without a word. For three days she hesitated. Then she sat down and wrote to John Garland. He had spoken truthfully when he said that he had become a man of affairs. His name was everywhere in the papers lately—the new colonial millionaire, the owner of gold-mines and townships. Pargeth, it seemed, had entertained a Prince in disguise.

She wrote the letter, and as soon as she had finished it she tore it up. Her head was buried in her arms.

"I can't!" she moaned. "I can't!"

Then legal documents came to terrify her. A man made an inventory of all she possessed—a man who handled her

precious pieces of china as though they had been jam-pots, and even counted her household linen. The terror came again! She thought of the workhouse—the cold, grey building on the hillside—its bare rooms, the long-drawn-out days of agony. Again she wrote to John Garland. This time she would have posted the letter, but Fate sent in her way a newspaper.

"You must do what you'd have done years ago if you'd been a sensible woman—marry me! I can't wait for my rent."



She learned that he had purchased a great country estate, and announced his intention of marrying. The name of the lady was mentioned—the daughter of a poverty-stricken peer, a reigning beauty for several seasons.

Mary tore up her letter and went down to look at the sea. If only she had the courage!

Her landlord, Peter Sewell, came once more—the night before the sale. He was flushed, and he smelt of drink. He talked in a loud voice, and he had a good deal to say about her folly. In the end she turned him out of the house. It was her last luxury, and she enjoyed it.

There were barely a score of people at the sale. Amongst them was the vicar, flushed and anxious, with a little list in his hand which he kept consulting. When the auctioneer mounted his chair the vicar for a moment intervened.

"May I," he said, turning to face the few people, "say just one word? You all know the painful circumstances under which this sale has become necessary. You all know very well our dear friend, Miss Mary Cressley. A few of us have subscribed to buy her furniture, and thus keep a home for her amongst us until the spring. Pargeth, unfortunately, is not a rich place, and the sum which we

have been able to collect is, after all, very small. But I should like you all to know that when I bid, I bid for those who wish to return to this dear lady her few household goods."

There was a sympathetic murmur from the bystanders, a nod of approval from the auctioneer, and a growl from Sewell. A red-faced lady, who kept the inn, turned indignantly towards him.

"What I say is, let the poor lady keep her bits and bobs of furniture!" she exclaimed. "Who'd be the better off for them, I should like to know? And what's a matter of a bit of rent behind, eh? Hasn't she lived here respectable, and paid her way, all her life? Shame on them as is pressing her like this, I say."

Sewell turned upon them all a little fiercely.

"Look here," he said, "there's been enough of this sentimental rot. This is a business meeting. Get on with

the sale, Cobb. If any of you think you're going to indulge in a little cheap charity, you're wrong. I'm here to buy myself. Now then, Cobb."

The sale proceeded. The vicar bid timidly for the first few lots. Sewell scornfully outbid him and secured them. Then there was

a commotion outside. A great motor-car had swung up to the door. A man, head and shoulders taller than most of them, pushed his way in.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed, looking around.

The vicar recognized the new-comer and scented a friend. He ignored the expletive. In a few words he made the situation clear.

"Right!" John Garland said, leaning his back against the wall. "You can leave the bidding to me, vicar. I'll take a hand in this."

Sewell glared across the room. "Cobb," he said, turning to the auctioneer, "remember this is a cash affair. You can't take bids from strangers without the money."

JOHN GARLAND laughed dryly, though there was little sign of humour in his face.

"My name is John Garland," he said. "I've a thousand pounds in my pocket, a few hundred thousands in the bank, and a few millions behind that. Like to examine these notes, Mr. Auctioneer?" he added, holding a packet out to him.

The auctioneer waved them away. "Quite satisfactory, Mr. Garland," he said.

"Go on with the sale," Sewell shouted.

(Continued on page 123)

Who Is Don Carney?



*A
Million
Kids
Know Him as
Uncle
and Listen
When He Speaks*

IN THE year that many another American boy was born, the Carney household in St. Joseph, Michigan, rejoiced in a welcome to little Don. Later they chucked him under the chin, smiled at his smile, laughed at his laugh and said he was the best natured baby in the land. While Don was still too little to be seen advantageously if standing, his mother would sit him up on the old square piano and play a laughing accompaniment to his interpretations of songs from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Thus entertaining relatives, guests and friends, the boy acquired a propensity which grew and developed with his own growth and development. Parents who praised the child, however, rebuked the youth who expressed a yearning to go on the stage. Ah no! That was quite a different matter! Little Don should go right on through school, high school, college, become a professional man—go to shows if he liked them, but be a showman? Never!

BUT from these same parents Don had inherited a will of his own, a desire to do as he pleased, respond to the whims that tickled him, follow the will-o'-the-wisps that beckoned him. Through high school days he played piano for neighborhood dances. He entertained at amateur shows by singing and playing, telling funny stories while sitting at the piano. Then he got a booking on small time vaudeville, began his fitful wanderings.

No straight-away course to fame and glory was his. He plodded back and forth, up and down, touching life on the

By Fred Smith

Gulf, at the Great Lakes, in the mountains, small towns, big towns. For many a year did he follow the vaudeville trail, with never a more cheerful respite than this one: passing through Hornbeck, small, picturesque Louisiana town, Don descended from the train for a moment to walk the station platform, breathe the pine-scented air. With chest expanded he found himself exclaiming, "What a wonderful place for a rest!"

Not long after he returned to Hornbeck, saw, liked and bought a small farm at the edge of the town. There he'd go during off seasons, live the simple life of a Louisiana farmer, walk and meditate beneath the pines, fraternize with neighboring farmers.

In 1915 Carney blew into New York confident that Keith Circuit was ready and waiting to give him a \$100 a week contract. But the Keith office seemed surprised at this advance news, repeated over and over that no contracts at even the comparatively small figure of \$100 a week did they have to hand out . . . Last summer, by way of contrast Radio-

Keith-Orpheum paid Uncle Don \$1500 a week for a twelve weeks' tour, would have kept him indefinitely had he been willing to give up his microphone.

However, fifteen years ago New York held open no theatrical portals for dauntless Don. After exhausting every conceivable method of getting into vaudeville by visiting managers and booking offices, talking with actors, Carney decided to go out and get a job—his stomach was taking no vacation.

There was at that period in the history of the U. S. A. a big rush on shipbuilding. So, to the New York Shipbuilding yards went Carney, and he got his job—ship fitter's helper at 18 cents an hour! He had never before seen a shipyard, but dutifully he followed his fitter about, carrying the tools, keeping his eyes open. Within two weeks he received an increase in pay, at the end of six months he was a foreman, at the end of the year which followed he was made assistant superintendent, and soon after he became superintendent of a division on torpedo boat construction. In addition, he was placed in charge of a school for ship fitters . . . Then the War came to an end, contracts began to dwindle, and by 1923 shipbuilding for Carney was no more.

IN THE fall of 1923 Carney started out in vaudeville again, this time with a large act that soon fizzled, and unconditionally, because the manager, holding fast to all the money accumulated up to that moment, took a train for some place else. Don came back to New York,

(Continued on page 125)

RADIOGRAPHS

Intimate Personality Notes Gleaned from the Radio

Family of New York's Great Key Stations

By Rosemary Drachman

"SEVEN-ELEVEN" Fifth Avenue, you know, is the National Broadcasting Company Building. By getting there at nine o'clock I had a half hour to wait for the Camel Hour and Mary McCoy. And thank heaven for my punctuality, for the Camel Hour wasn't at "Seven-eleven" at all but down



Mary McCoy

at the Times Square Follies studio.

So—ten minutes to go, and Times Square fifteen blocks away. Taxi; expensive but necessary. Hate traffic lights. And one way streets. At last—Forty-second street and the New Amsterdam Theatre. Through the long lobby past the pictures of lovely show girls. No time to be envious now. Into the elevator and up to the roof. It used to be the old New Amsterdam Roof Garden, sacred to the memory of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic. Then a stage and an orchestra pit covered the dance floor, seats replaced the tables, and it became a theatre. And now the National Broadcasting Company has transformed it into a great audito-

rium which is used for public broadcasts.

I give my ticket to an usher; hurry down the aisle. There is just time to slip into my seat—lovely seat, second row—and notice the audience, smart as any first night gathering in any of the Broadway theatres. Lights down, curtain up. Orchestra, glee club, pianos, microphones fill the stage. Gordon Whyte steps to the footlights.

"In one minute, ladies and gentlemen, the show will start. During the performance I must ask you to remain very quiet, as those microphones—there are three hanging right over your heads—are extremely sensitive. Thank you."

The show is on! First Charles Previn and the Camel Hour Orchestra. Then Willard Robison. Then Reinald Werrenrath. Then Mary McCoy; lovely golden hair, big blue eyes, sweet clear voice.

Three years ago Mary McCoy stood in front of another microphone in Kansas City and sang a song. To the young girl who had been singing in churches and concerts in Kansas City it was just another local Radio program. But when it was over she got a telephone call that gave her the greatest thrill she had ever had.

"This is Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink," said the voice at the other end of the wire, "I have been listening to your program, my dear, and enjoyed it ever so much. May I see you for a few minutes tomorrow?"

Mary McCoy didn't sleep that night, nor the next night. For when the great contralto met her the next day and heard her sing again she was so impressed that she asked her to go with her as assistant artist on her Golden Jubilee tour. Mme. Schumann-Heink had only one fear, that this small, fragile blonde person would not be equal to the strain of traveling. But even that doubt was swept away by the end of the tour.

"Ach, my child," exclaimed the great diva, "if you stand this trip so well, you are strong like an ox. You can even do opera."

And the following summer they spent together at the contralto's California home, where Madame coached her young

protegee in operatic rôles. Then came an urgent offer from the Shuberts to have her assume the leading rôle in "My Maryland". Madame Schumann-Heink advised her to take it, declaring it would be "excellent experience." So for a year Mary McCoy sang the rôle of Barbara Frietchie. Back in New York after the road tour she soon came to the attention of NBC. She signed a contract, and here she is on the Camel Hour, meanwhile continuing her operatic work with NBC.

I found her back stage (or should one say back studio?) after the performance, the hair more golden, the eyes bigger and bluer than ever, on close inspection. An exquisite, orchid-like creature—and she was talking about stunt flying! She adores airplanes, she explained, but absolutely refused to go up unless the pilot will promise to stunt! On the ground her favorite means of transportation is a horse, and I learned later that she is an excellent horsewoman. She was born in Great Bend, Kansas, and learned to ride on a Texas ranch with real cowboys for instructors.



Bea Alley

Her greatest thrill, next to hearing Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice on the telephone that night in Kansas City, was the five-dollar bill she got for her first paid appearance. It was before a women's club and she was nine years old. But that was by no means her first public appearance. She has forgotten that, but only the other day a man from her home state told her that he remembered a little golden haired tot of three standing up before the guests and singing at a party given by her elders. That was the age at which she started to play the piano too, and for many years she played all her own accompaniments. At that time she was known as Laura Townsley McCoy. That was her real name and she kept it until she joined the cast of "My Maryland". Then the Shuberts suggested that a less formal one would be more fitting for light opera purposes. She has been Mary McCoy ever since.

Ben Alley

BEN ALLEY should have a new picture taken. Look at it. Don't you think Columbia's staff tenor looks like a very fat man? I did. And when I was handed that picture and told to wait for him up on the twenty-second floor, I kept watching the elevator and expecting some very chubby person to come out of it. So when the brass door slid back and a medium-sized, athletic looking young man stepped out. I mentally discarded him as far too thin.

But the picture lied. It was Ben Alley. And he looks more like an energetic going broker, a few years out of college, than one's usual conception of a tenor. And he has just that attitude, one of business-like purposefulness, toward his work. He thinks singing is a combination of natural gift, plus intelligence, plus hard work.

Not singing to the stars, but singing to a needle seems to be his aim.

"What is this needle?" I finally asked after several remarks about keeping the needle steady, about being careful not to let the needle go over thirty.

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in amazement. "Well, come with me."

We went up a narrow stairway into a room filled with what looked to be all sorts of switchboards—the master control room. In the middle of each switchboard was a little dial. On one of the dials a needle was wavering back and forth. Ida Bailey Allen was broadcasting a home economics talk and with every word, with every breath, the needle changed position.

"You see," said Ben Alley, "it never goes above thirty (that was the middle number). That means her voice is going out all right on the air, that it won't 'blast,' but will go clearly and pleasantly into the homes. A singer must do the same thing as a speaker, keep that needle steady."

Up at Columbia Ben Alley is known as one of the easiest singers to "hold". He



Welcome Lewis

has mastered his microphone technique. This he does not do by drawing away and coming closer, as so many singers do, but by changes in the voice itself. I watched him at the Mardi Gras program on Monday night, and his singing position scarcely varied a finger's length.

It is a beautiful voice, with a surprisingly "alive" quality in it. One woman, a cripple, wrote him that from the next room she heard him singing, and could not believe that he was not actually there. Disabled as she was she had to crawl into the other room to see if someone were not there.

When the Irish tenor sings, there is no trace of accent in his voice, but when he speaks, occasionally there is a low throaty note. It is his southern background. For he was born in West Virginia, one of eight children. All through his school years he was remarked for his beautiful voice. He won a scholarship to Marshall College, and that institution thought so much of his voice that it soon made him director of its music department.

After a training course at the Cincin-



Annette Hanshaw

nati Conservatory of Music, he settled in Charleston, West Virginia, where he did church and concert work. He went to Lexington, Kentucky, and was active in church and concert work there.

Eventually he joined Station WHAS in Louisville. He took part in the first international broadcast, when an attempt was made to reach England. Although the attempt failed so far as England was concerned, the tenor's voice did carry to Hawaii.

With WSAI in Cincinnati, Alley sang incognito as the "Blue Grass Tenor", and was amazingly popular. In 1928 he decided to try his fortune in New York. He had his savings and a \$110 check from his church, which he thought would support him till he found what he wanted to do. The savings soon vanished and when he turned to the check, it was gone. He could not find it. For a week or so he literally and actually starved, till he found some vaudeville and night club work. It was not until long afterwards that he found the check with some of his music. He has it today, uncashed, pasted in his scrapbook.

Ben Alley has been with WABC and Columbia since January, 1929. He has been featured in over five hundred programs and has received at least a half a million letters from enthusiastic listeners. He may be heard now over the Paramount Publix, Syncopated Silhouettes, Artists Recital, Howard Fashion Plates, and Mardi Gras hours.

Welcome Lewis

WELCOME LEWIS . . . in case you haven't listened in regularly on the Chase and Sanborn, Fleishmann, Eveready, 7-11's, Spotlight, Wallace Silver-Smiths, and Radio Luminaries programs . . . is the small lady with the sleek, black bobbed hair who croons "mean" songs over the air in a deep, husky voice. So deep is that voice, in fact, that her first music teacher called it a phenomenon, and Miss Lewis is listed at the National Broadcasting Company, not as a contralto, but as a "female baritone". More than one uninitiated listener suddenly tuning in on one of her songs about hot mamas and mistreated papas has mistaken her voice for that of a man. And the biggest surprise of all is that those deep, rich tones come from the throat of a "half-pint" size girl who is so small that she has to stand on a platform to reach the microphone.

You remember the nursery rhyme about the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. She had so many children she didn't know what to do. Well, Miss Lewis' mother wasn't the least bit like that. She already had seven children when a friend remarked that she must find such a large family troublesome. Mrs. Lewis said nothing until the eighth child was born, and then she answered by naming the newcomer "Welcome".

(Continued on page 122)

MARCELLA

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

AS MARCELLA trots through the magnificent arena of the Grand Central Station and bumps into porters, suitcases and the heterogeneous crowds a-comin' and a-go-in', she often wonders if Pat, Mrs. Martin, Diana, Betty Mae and the rest of her curious family are not among them, and if the Radio stars whom they want to know about are not just ahead dashing for the next outgoing train.

What a flurry of people! There in a corner are four youngsters tugging at their mother's skirts for some chocolates. And over there in front of another gate is a monocled gentleman chatting away, don't you know, about this and that.

Everything is moving incessantly—arms, legs—jaws—all in a jumble of peculiar rhythms.

And as I write this, Toddles, the Presiding Pigeon of Graybar Court, alights on the window ledge. She blinks ten times in rapid succession, which is her way of telling me that I'm way off the subject of this column. And as Toddles always knows what's best to do, we all bow to her wisdom.

So off we go!

Marcella does claim to see all and hear all, Nona, and "purty" soon she will be nothing but eyes and ears, which are very useful these days, I must say.

* * *

WELL, first of all, Jessica Dragonette, the "golden phantom of the air," no longer takes speaking parts in her program because it seems to be too much of a strain on her voice—and second, the program is speeded up by the elimination of the dialogue.



Jessica Dragonette

No, there is not any truth in the rumor that Miss Dragonette is going talkie-wise. Her first love is Radio, and she refuses to divide her allegiance. Thank you muchly for the poem, Nona, I think it is very beautiful. And thanks also for the lovely article.

HERE Helene Handin is represented before and after sweet sixteen. She's one of the busiest daughters of the air. And when she's not writing out Radio acts, she wields the needle and shears into making over clothes for a little girl whom she has taken under her wing. And they're just the cutest things you ever saw. She crocheted one of those fashionable berets for this youngster of nine, and pulled out a blue sweater (which she had been saving for a Christmas present) because it matched the beret. I had



Helene Handin then

Miss Handin now

luncheon with Miss Handin today and told her how much you enjoy her programs, Janet. Sorry you must run so fast to catch the early train so that you can hear Helene's broadcast.

* * *

HOW old is Lawrence Salerno, Italian Baritone of WGN? He is twenty-nine. To whom is he married? Caroline Olson of Madison, Wis. Is she professional? No. How did he obtain his start in Radio. Well, it was this way. Five years ago, Salerno asked for an audition before Henry Selinger, manager of WGN, and presto was employed! Before this he had been in concert and opera. He had the role of Pish Tush in Gilbert & Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado". For three and a half years he was soloist in the Grace Episcopal Church in Madison, Wis. And now he's with WGN. If there are any more if's, who's, what's, and why's that are on your mind, Nancy, send them

on to Marcella. Yes, he was born in Italy, but came to America when quite young.

* * *

WE SHO' does take all dem pahts in de Fresh Air Taxi Corpulation, program—say Amos 'n' Andy. An' believe me, one partner am jes' about confabulating widout anyone else bustin' in. So you see we have it direct from them that they run the program, Paul.

* * *

OVER on the next page is Fred Fiebel, very much at home with his organ, Sarah. He starts things stirring at the Columbia Broadcasting System every morning. Gets up every day at 5:15, does his little stretching and then takes the train from Ridgefield, New Jersey to the Paramount organ studio in the big city for a rehearsal. He puts most of the twenty-four hours of the day to good hard work, but does not think that he is leading a strenuous life at all. He would be a fine model for the congregations of immature golf game spectators.

The postman brings him hundreds of fan letters each day from those who hear his broadcast at eight o'clock, all of which just goes to show that there are people who are actually awake at that time.

Fred is young, robust and happy. He started to practise on the violin when he was ten years of age, but all the while he was thinking of baseball and football. But he could not escape from the fate of a musician. He learned to play piano and to like it. Then he began to play the organ. And after a year's study he was offered a job in a small picture house, and from then on he made quick progress.

He has an organ in his home that takes up two floors and has eight hundred pipes!! I wonder if there is any room for the carpet sweeper!



Lawrence Salerno

WANTED: The whereabouts of Miss Frances Cowin who used to be engaged in Radio and concert work in and around Chicago. Reward offered is boundless gratitude.

EVERY Wednesday night, Ruth Donnerberg and two others, making a triosome, of vocalists and instrumentalists, go on a mythical musical journey over Station WCKY, Covington, Ky., known as "Musical Wanderings". One night the locale may be in Japan, and another night the trio takes swift flight to the opposite end of the planet.

Ruth is an accomplished 'cellist, having graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. The other two of the trio is Alma Ashcraft and Mayme Kennison.



Ruth Donnerberg

SO GLAD to hear from you Bobby Griffin! We've all been wondering where you were hiding—at KFJB, Marshalltown, Iowa, eh? Well, that's jes' as good a place as any other. Do keep us posted on your work and regards from all of us.

HERE'S another NBC announcer. Edward K. Jewett was born in Yokohama, Japan, in 1904, of American parents. His father was in the silk business, and although an American citizen he served as consul for Denmark. Ted lived in Japan until he was six and learned to speak the language fluently. He attended Princeton University but left after a few years because he felt there was too much to be learned in the great big world outside and he wanted to start larnin' as soon as possible. Then his family drafted him into the silk manufacturing business and he worked in the mills so that he could start from the very bottom. On many occasions he addressed local business clubs on the industry that gets its raw material from the worm. One can never tell what the background of an announcer is. He is not married and lives in Jackson Heights, Long Island with two other National Broadcasting Company announcers—Frank Singiser, who made a personal appearance in our column last month, and Howard Petrie. Can you imagine the time they have getting one another up every morning—Time to get up—this is the National Broadcasting Company—Howard Petrie announcing!



Fred Fiebel

PHIL THORN is on the WOR staff of announcers. Mr. Thorn is playwright and actor. He went through Yale University in two years. Several short plays which are occasionally produced throughout the country by amateur groups were written by Mr. Thorn and those who remember KDKA when it was in its stage of infancy will recall the interesting sketches which Mr. Thorn wrote and broadcast over that station.

DELL PERRY moves fingers and toes whenever they are called upon. When she is not cutting capers on the piano, she cuts capers on the ice. Miss Perry who is heard on the "Piano Capers" program twice a week over the NBC is a

fancy ice skater and goes in for that sport when her fingers are idle. "I have three hobbies," declares Miss Perry—"ice skating, cross word puzzles and fighting with Oscar." Oscar is her Radio partner. These fights are hard-fought arguments, always over music and always conducted in sportsmanlike style, but they are forgotten when the rounds are over.

BY THIS time, Carrie and Bernie, you have seen all about Sarge Farrell, the Windjammer in the October column. I am still waiting for his list of stations where he will broadcast this winter.

THE man who sings the theme song on the R. K. O. program is Tom Kennedy. And here is his picture for you, Waxie.

THERE is efficacy in prayer, Elizabeth. It was proved in the case of George Hicks. He prayed for months for a job as an announcer. Then the opportunity came one day. He applied with two hundred others for this post at the National Broadcasting Company and was immediately accepted. A year after that he assisted Graham McNamee in reporting the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin at Lakehurst. He burned the midnight oil reading up on aviation and zeppelins, and his work was so successful that he was transferred to the New York studios. He is only 23 and many adventures are packed into these years. He wandered about sawmills, and logging and construction camps of the northwest. And he took a three-month trip along the Alaskan coast as a member of the freighter's crew.

ARTHUR Q. BRYAN is an announcer of WOR. "Q.," says Arthur, "is one of the best breaks I've had. Nobody knows what it means and everybody wants to." Could it be Quixote, Quesnay or Quicherat? These are all actual, honest-to-goodness names. Every one knows who Don Quixote was. Quesnay was a French physicist and economist and Quicherat a French lexicographer. So you can have your choice. Frankly, I don't like any of these names between Arthur and Bryan, but as long as our announcer determines to keep the "Q" a secret, we have a right to sandwich anything between his Christian and surnames.

He was born in Brooklyn—that
(Continued on page 122)



Upper: Edward K. Jewett, Tom Kennedy
Lower: Phil Thorn, Arthur Q. Bryan

Cecil and Sally

Johnny
Patrick
is bashful
"Cecil"

Helen
Troy...
is giggling
"Sally"



*He was a phone operator... she an accompanist
but their impromptu chatter "clicked" and
today they are heard from Miami to Honolulu.*

By

Dr. Ralph L. Power

MOST showfolks seem to get somewhere by pushing themselves forward and praising their own act. But Cecil and Sally, youthful and bashful, have found that the more shyness creeps into their every-day life, the faster they speed along towards success and a sock full of money.

Today Cecil and Sally are heard over fifty-three stations, covering a territory extending from Honolulu to Miami and from Vancouver to Halifax. Whether it's the Arizona desert or the rugged coastline of New England, wild and woolly western Canada or the easy-going Southland, they seem to have acquired somehow a universal formula for providing chuckles and unrestrained glee, thus becoming pretty well liked by the listening groups.

THEY are funny. They get themselves into almost every conceivable kind of trouble and out of it. Sally slips her way through with an admirable display of disregard, a mixture of utterly

foolish questions and a fountain head of giggles.

Almost every one firmly expects Cecil to smash her with a flatiron some time, but he never does, and when Sally's fond uncle almost took her to Paris to live, Cecil really came out and showed just how much he liked her.

This boy and girl are more than funny. They are so natural and true to life that every listener knows some parallel and has been through some of their adventures. If an accurate analysis of their popularity could be made, it would undoubtedly reveal a large degree of friendship or affection for the two young characters.

Nobody, not even the astute program directors themselves, know exactly what the public wants... probably because the

public isn't quite sure itself. Few would have realized the possibilities of the normal day-by-day adventures of a 17 year old girl and an 18 year old boy. But let's begin at the beginning.

Let's talk about Johnnie Patrick first, even though the rules of the sea say "women and children first."

Johnnie was born in Kentucky. He grew up there and also in Texas. His ancestors for generations have been army people. As a youngster, he was raised by an uncle and aunt and they moved, of course, from presidio to presidio and barracks to barracks... or perhaps it was officers' quarters, for the uncle was a commissioned man.

AT THE ripe old age of twenty, young John decided that there were far too many army posts to visit all of 'em before passing on to the next world, so, when his foster parents were ordered away from the presidio in San Francisco, Johnnie stayed back and

started out to look for a job in earnest.

There were then no commissions on unemployment, so young Patrick almost had the luck of the boy heroes in the Horatio Alger tomes. Of course he made a few false starts and did various kinds of work.

ONE day he drifted into KYA and got a job. He wasn't fussy about the kind of a job it was. In fact, he probably didn't know what the various classifications of broadcast activity were. So he got the job. It was running the switchboard.

Things ran pretty smoothly, but he had a lot of time on his hands. He didn't like the idea of addressing envelopes on the side, while operating the board, but he did like to dash off smart little business announcements and other small program embellishments on the typewriter keyboard.

It wasn't long before they even let him sing a bit, for he had a fair voice. Still, he was yet on the switchboard and that was the bread and butter job.

Now let's go back in the story and find out about Sally . . . Helen Troy.

At the tender age of five (my, but that's awfully young) she took her initial footlight bow, introduced by her uncle, G. L. Silver, a Keith circuit headliner in earlier days. Her schooling was acquired at Traverse City, Michigan, in the Sacred Heart Convent.

After graduation she studied music . . . piano and organ . . . in Chicago for a while and then essayed the role of theater organist at Grand Rapids. But Helen was a home town girl and homesickness brought her back to Traverse City when she was only eighteen.

She worked there for two years, then in a Detroit theater and finally in San Francisco, where she played in several theaters. I almost forgot to say that this was really a home coming, for Helen was born there just before the big conflagration of 1906 and thereafter was taken east.

Two years ago she became staff organist at KYA. Thus we bring the histories of the two young people up to the time of the big idea. All of their modern history dates from that time.

HER work sort of overlapped, too, just like Johnnie's. He was the 'phone operator, but did some singing and writing. She was the accompanist, but also did solo work and vocal activity.

When she checked in to work she would stop for mail at the 'phone board. Just for fun Johnnie would talk Milt Gross and she would talk baby chatter.

It got to be a habit, so they worked out some little programs and they went over well . . . though admittedly a sort of studio fill-in at first.

Then came the big idea, although it didn't seem so big at the time. They worked out a series of three skits woven

around a music store locale. But at the end of the week the characters of Cecil and Sally were left high and dry. The audience clamored for more with a loud noise.

So that's really the beginning of this act, which now, in electrical transcription form, has literally swept the country. The Radio episodes depict the average eighteen-year old boy and his seventeen-year old girl friend. But perhaps it isn't exactly right to call them "average", for Sally has the cutest giggle . . . a still cuter lisp . . . and the ability of asking questions faster than a horse can trot. Cecil is bashful, afraid of being sentimental, a typical boy all through.

So the series progressed, even though Johnnie had to get down to work at 6



Cecil of the soulful eyes isn't a bit romantic, but Sally makes up for him!

a. m. in order to use up the typewriter before the office staff showed up.

The time element of their meteoric rise is somewhat as follows . . . first KYA, then the new defunct ABC chain (Pacific coast unit) . . . then KPO . . . and now all over the country via electrical transmissions which are recorded in San Francisco. And all this in the short space of two years since they first gave the little three-skit affair.

No small measure of the success is traceable to Dick Haller, now vice-president and general manager of Patrick and Company, which looks after the business interest of Cecil and Sally. Haller will be remembered by many as the instigator of the KGW Hoot Owls (pioneer coast frolic group), manager of that station for many years, and later production executive for the former ABC network affair.

Will the young folks get married, or rather will they be married to each other? That is the question on the lips of most every Cecil and Sally fan. Well, I guess they are too good showfolk to let it be known if they do, for then the glamor and romance would be gone for the public.

At any rate, Cecil is pretty reticent

about it and at the present rate, it will be some time before he can get his courage around to the point of springing the question.

On one of the ten minute episodes it did seem as though he would spring the eternal question . . . but he gasped, gulped and then asked for a glass of water. Yes, Cecil seems utterly devoid of things sentimental, romantic or affectionate.

Poor Sally's tendencies towards the romantic are constantly snubbed by Cecil. Then there is the girl next door, whom Cecil likes but Sally doesn't, and who will later play an important part in their lives.

And last, but certainly not least, there is Sally's other boy friend, Alexander, rich and entertaining, who occasionally gives Cecil an uncomfortable hour when he resumes his friendship with Sally.

I suspect that in a pretty large measure these two young people more or less live the lives they portray, though it is equally as true that Johnnie Patrick is not an "average" young man . . . he doesn't at all like the idea of conforming to convention and doing everything just like the other fellow.

Helen Troy (Sally) is two or three years older than the character she portrays. She is easy to gaze upon, blonde and funny to listen to. She has no particular hobbies, but does like to go to drive her car, go on horseback jaunts and see the ball game. She likes clothes, dresses in outdoor fashion whenever she can and isn't such a slouch at housework. 'Tis even said that she would much rather putter around her city apartment than play bridge, and she is just as attractive dancing as she is while swimming.

Johnnie Patrick (Cecil) is an eligible young bachelor, and while he sometimes confesses an occasional desire for a home and a dog, he is temperamentally somewhat like Cecil—he never takes the same girl out twice.

He lives alone in a medium sized apartment which commands a fine view of the Golden Gate and the ocean.

UP THERE he does all his writing and cooks his own breakfast . . . but doesn't wash dishes. He drives a roadster with the top down and doesn't own a hat. Six feet tall, with azure eyes and dark brown hair, he likes nearly every kind of outdoor activity and is never known to miss a good show.

Johnnie swims a bit, plays a fair game of tennis, goes up in airplanes whenever he gets a chance, and his pet aversions are ferry boat whistles and raw oysters.

Both Cecil and Sally in real life like to browse around . . . in street cars, ferry docks, restaurants, stores and other public places . . . to gather ideas for more episodes in their series, which run six nights every week. Both have a sort of independent spirit . . . like dancing, swimming and appreciate the unusual . . . the weird . . . the strange sights whether in the next street or the next county.

Chicago Studio

CHATTER!" This is the crisp command spoken every night at 9:30 except Saturday and Sunday by a WGN announcer, and is the cue for "The Girls" to begin their now famous nightly back-fence gossip. Incidentally, that one word is to be the cue, theme song and whole story of this letter as your writer is bursting with "chatter" of folk about town.

But to go on about "The Girls." Almost everybody in the Middle West is talking about Clara, Lu 'n' Em, "The Girls". In a nice way, of course. Everybody is saying "Who are they?" "What are they like?" It is known, generally, that Clara and Em live in a double house and Lu rents the upstairs, and every night they discuss timely topics, ranging from their own youngsters to President Hoover or Christopher Columbus. Nobody ever knows what they are going to talk about but one is always sure, at any rate, of the largest number of laughs that any fifteen minutes can bring.

"Well, who are they, anyway?" you ask. Really it's a shame to tell . . . I had pictured them as matronly and middle aged, and what was my surprise to discover them blooming girls, well under thirty and all three Northwestern University graduates!

Iowa, California and Illinois helped assemble them. Clara Roach, whose

calling card reads Miss Louise Starky, was born in Des Moines, Iowa, her father a lawyer. She came to Northwestern University and there took an active part in the department of speech, winning a scholarship for post graduate work, became president of Zeta, Phi Eta, school dramatic organization, and later taught interpretation.

Lu, whose microphone name is Lulu Casey and whose life insurance policy reads Miss Isabel Carothers, also came from Iowa . . . Mt. Pleasant, to be exact. She won an honorarium in dramatics in high school at Des Moines, attended Drake and came to Northwestern where she, too, was elected a member of the dramatic society and as was Clara, its president.

Last but not least, in fact the greatest worry of the trio, is Em Krueger. In the family Bible her name is registered Helen King. Born in Los Angeles, her parents brought her when but a child to Peoria, Ill., where Helen was graduated with honors. She wrote the senior class play. From two years at Bradley College she advanced to Northwestern, joined up with Louise and Isabel in the dramatic organization and later became vice president.

They are all so thoroughly enmeshed in their parts that they often slip into character when they are together in public places, much to the delight and amusement of anyone who happens to be near them.



The "Musical Wanderings" program at WCKY, Covington, Ky., is the brainchild of attractive Alma Ashcraft (top). Besides being beautiful and clever, she's staff soprano and hostess.

Peg Wynne and Ambrose Barker (above), recently deserted the three-a-day and joined KNX, Hollywood. They have played in every civilized country in the world . . . appropriately, their program is called "Nomads".

Harvey Hays (left), "Old Timer" of the Empire Builders, reaches Chicago! At the station to meet him were Bernadine Flynn, leading lady, Don Bernard, production manager and Don Ameche, juvenile lead, with hat in hand.

Brevities

Betty McGee
Writes A Letter
Bursting With News

OVER at WMAQ Hal Totten's twins are still quite the subject of conversation. This famous sports announcer became the proud father of twin girls on September 25th, the day that Rogers Hornsby made his bow as the new manager of Mr. Wrigley's baseball club. So all in all it was a big day for the Cubs.

There was some question as to what the names of the little girls were to be, Cubs players and fans offering many suggestions such as Pete and Repeat. But Mrs. Totten had other ideas.

The children, who were eventually named Barbara Jean and Joyce Joanne, were well equipped with clothing just as soon as Cubs players and fans heard of their arrival. Each of them has eighteen dresses—many of them hand made by lady fans who worked on the garments while listening to Hal's reports of the games.

By the way, Hal never set his cap to be a sports broadcaster or even a broadcaster of anything, but fell into it. Earnestly embarked on a newspaper career, he was holding down a re-write job on The Chicago Daily News when he was drafted for announcing football games over WMAQ in 1924. The next spring a former major league ball player was employed to announce the ball games but after two days Totten was again drafted into service.

Baseball, football, basketball, horse races, stage shows, reviews, and other features were handled by

him for WMAQ for four year as a sideline but it was not until three years ago when Radio grew to such proportions that he was pulled into the department full time.

* * *

SPEAKING of sports announcers, did you know that Pat Flanagan, noted for his graphic word-pictures over WBBM and the CBS, went to school this Fall? Pat insists that sports are ever-changing and that to authoritatively broadcast a game he must always be in it. So Pat attended the famous Northwestern University coaching school under the direction of Major L. Griffith, commissioner of athletics in the Big Ten.

* * *

BUT to take another flying leap back to WMAQ again. While we were over there the other day we had the pleasure of coming face to face with "Jane Hamilton" of Home Calendar fame. It was another of those Clara, Lu 'n' Em shocks. We had to make the mental adjustment of subtracting fifteen or twenty years from the age we'd given her. She seems amazingly young for one who has accomplished so much, and is exceedingly easy to look at—slight, with nice blue eyes and blond hair. Her interest in women and their activities is very real and she brings to her work a



What a sunshiny smile has George Taylor (top)! Of course, for he's producer and master of ceremonies of the Sunshine Hour at KYA, San Francisco. Studio folks call him their "Personality Boy".

Heinie (above) is a veteran flute tootler and one of the hardest blowers on the Dilworth Little German Band Concert at KDKA, Pittsburgh. Gus, with the big modals, wields the baton.

Here are Bunny, Bobbie and Uncle Dell (right), just before beginning their broadcast for little 'uns KMOX, St. Louis. Bunny is really Lydie Lee, Bobbie is Vic Smith and Uncle Dell is Delmar Ming.





Tom Mix (above) left his horse Tony outside when he broadcast at WWNC, Asheville.

Terese Meyer (right) staff organist at WTMJ, Milwaukee, has an enthusiastic following.

practical knowledge of the problems of the home. She is accustomed to working on a budget, manages her own home and is the mother of a bouncing boy of four years.

* * *

INTERESTING bit over at the NBC Chicago studios. Bernadine Flynn and Don Ameche who regularly take the leads on the Empire Builders programs Monday nights used to play opposite each other in University of Wisconsin theatrical productions.

The talent of the two was so outstanding that they were urged to try their luck on Broadway. Both were successful on the legitimate, but more or less lost track of each other in New York. After a time each became interested in Radio and each, unknown to the other, tried out for a part on the Empire Builders program. So after the decisions were made there were many "oh's" and "ah's" and much U. of W. gossip flying back and forth.

When, or if, a vacation materializes the two hope to slip up to Madison for a week or two and put on a play in the old surroundings.

TED HEDIGER is the name of the new Chicago NBC announcer. He has covered a bit of the country in getting an education, having attended college in St. Paul, San Francisco and St. Louis. Since college days Ted has occupied his time with Radio, beginning as an amateur operator, then going into commercial Radio and announcing. He is known for his association with WRHM, Minneapolis, KWK, St. Louis, and KTM and KGB, Los Angeles and San Diego. He likes swimming and motoring and goes in for golf—the miniature variety.

* * *

TIS said that it's because their own marriage is such an ideally

Radio listeners were thrilled to the core and thousands of them endeavored to watch Tom broadcast, the crowd packing the street in front of the entrance to the building in which the studios are located.

Mix visited Asheville with the Sells-Floto Circus, with which organization he and Tony, the horse that shares his fame, have been premier attractions during the past season. G. O. Shepherd, station director, had made an appointment by telegraph and the event had been given widespread publicity. The veteran of the silent screen, known for his splendid portrayal of virile parts, professed but scant acquaintance with the microphone, but acquitted himself nobly, talking for almost fifteen minutes and making an excellent impression on his hearers.

Tom Mix is making active plans for an invasion of the talking screen. To quote him, "Along about two years ago about all you could see in Hollywood was actors and actresses running around with dictionaries under their arms. It got so that Tony and I couldn't understand anybody and nobody seemed to be able to understand us, so we decided we'd go into the circus business." Now, however, since he believes the experimental stage of the sound picture is about over, Tom Mix has decided to give it a trial.

Helen Stone (left) leader of the Harmonettes at KYA, is an aviatrix in spare time.



Real Kids, all of them . . . WTAG's Storybook Quartette (below) . . . Constance Gosselin, Richard Powers, Gretchen Toelg and Kathleen Sweeney.

happy one that Lee Sims and Ilonay Bailey are able to create the beautiful *Musical Portraits* which they present to Radio fans through WBBM. Stories about love and lovers form the basis of these renditions.

* * *

Tom Mix on Air at WWNC, Asheville

TOM MIX, famed cowboy, Texas ranger and sheriff, whose career as a movie star has endeared him to every boy in these United States, appeared recently before the microphone in the studios of Station WWNC. Asheville



Edward W. Hall of WICC, Bridgeport, Dies of Heart Attack

On September 24th, Edward W. Hall, former general manager and vice-president of Station WICC at Bridgeport, succumbed to a heart attack. His death brought sorrow to studio friends and Radio listeners.

In 1928 Mr. Hall went to Bridgeport as a member of the advertising department of WICC. Three months after joining the station he was elevated to the managerial position, which he held until June of this year, when he retired because of ill health. Many fine features were inaugurated at WICC by Mr. Hall . . . among them the Cheerio Squad and the Radio Doctor's hour, conducted by Arthur M. Withstanley.

Another achievement of Mr. Hall was the reopening of two churches which had been closed several years. The Community Church at Mill Plain District, Danbury, which now attracts a large congregation from a radius of one hundred miles and holds services every

The Ilima Islanders (right) charm WTIC listeners with romantic South Sea music.

Eleanor Clausen and Ann Perkins (below) who tap their stuff when Joe Wright and his Cinderella orchestra provide music at KPO.



Sunday, was revived through these Radio efforts.

Stanley Maxted, who is heard on the Canadian Pacific "Musical Crusaders" programs, was born in Folkestone, England, and came to Canada at the age of nine. He received all his schooling in Montreal, where he also studied voice and won a wide repute as concert and oratorio singer. When the war came he enlisted as a private with the Canadian forces, returning as a lieutenant. He now holds the rank of major in the Canadian militia. At the Scottish Festival in Banff last year he created the leading rôle in "Prince Charlie and Flora", a ballad opera dealing with a romantic incident in the life of the Young Pretender.



The Last Man's Club—announcers of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation—gloat over the squash which goes to the last bachelor. Left to right, Herbert Rice, Bud Hulke and Bob Strigl.



Harry Glick, who conducts a Radio gym class over Station WGBS, New York, is welter-weight champion of the world! He gives complete instructions on how to lose weight or gain it, and pack away a goodly wallop while doing it.

Everything is new around Station KFYZ these days. Their new building was specially designed to house a modern RCA transmitter . . . it is located about eight miles from Bismarck, the Capital of North Dakota. Visitors from Montana, Minnesota, North Dakota and even Manitoba have been welcomed on tours of inspection by P. J. Meyer, who is manager and grand mogul of the station.

Winnie Felds Moore, KFI-KECA travel talker, bought a pee wee golf course in Los Angeles and becomes a business woman . . . not neglecting her dear Radio public, however, while running the source of supplementary income.

A squash, instead of a bottle of wine, is to be the premium for sustained bachelorhood in the announcing staff of the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation, according to regulations drafted by the newly organized Last Man's Club.

Once constituting quite a sizeable group of fancy-free Sir Gallants of the Air, the bachelor unit has dwindled to but a trio. Herbert Rice, Bud Hulick and Bob Strigl are the last "Last Men", but there are rumored developments which make Rice's eligibility for the club questionable. In fact, Bud Hulick is already giving Rice one of those blitzer "I know you'll not last long" laughs. Yet, who knows but that the echo may come back to haunt Hulick, for he is very much the eligible sort, and many indeed are the meaningful glances that are cast his way when the fair ones visit the studios. Bob Strigl has a determined glint in his eye and his teeth are gritted. And say! He's putting his initial on the squash! Bob is reputed to be a man of determination, and maybe— Well, the battle's on!

Blue Monday Jamboree

They call it the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree out on the Coast, but is it blue? Emphatically no!

Harrison Holliday, smiling at you down below there, has an easy going, kindly manner of presenting the acts that has helped to put the Jamboree across. He's Manager of the Don Lee Station KFRC, and keeps the Blue Monday assignment as his only announcing job.



"Mac" Henry McClintoch, the Grand Old Man of the West Coast, seems to be a trifle puzzled. But we warrant he's not stumped, for Mac and his guitar were on the air in the days when broadcasting was in its swaddling clothes. They say he can't sing without his ten gallon hat handy!



Bill Wright just lives in each of the roles he creates . . . and they are many! Here he is as Professor Hamburg, one of the Jamboree's funniest acts. Left, you see the black face act, "What Must Ah Do Now, Lenuel!" in person, Lem, the Scowler, is Tommy Monroe and Lafe, the Thinker, is Arnold McGuire.

We don't know whether or not Juanita Tennyson (below) is related to the poet, but her songs are as moving as his ballads, and she is known as the "perfect Radio soprano".

Every bar of jamboree music has passed the censorship of Meredith Wilson (below). He is musical director of KFRC . . . formerly solo flutist with the New York Philharmonic.



Robert Olsen, the handsome tenor on the left, has helped make Blue Monday bright for three years now. Hazel Warner, on the right, is a crooning contralto . . . many of her letters are addressed to "The Sweetest Voice on the Air".

The list of Jamboree artists is long, but one and all they're a jolly bunch. Read the interesting story about the birth of the "Blue Monday" program on the next page.

Keeps KFRC Busy

By

Monroe Upton

PERHAPS the reason for the popularity of the Golden State Blue Monday Jamboree lies in the fact that the program has gradually evolved from an impromptu, hilarious program of the early days of Radio to the present Jamboree with definite ideals always in mind. Those ideals have been to give the listeners something that would really make them laugh, and to present the music in novel and interesting ways.

How are the laughs and musical spots on the Jamboree program brought to being? Everybody has a finger in the pie. Preparations start Tuesday morning. The staff begins to talk things over, making suggestions and discussing the available music. They are searching for something out of the ordinary. Comedy episodes must be provided for Pedro, Frank Watanabe's Japanese house boy, Silas Solomon, Professor Hamburg and Simpy Fitts. Bill Wright, the Professor; Eugene Hawes, who is Pedro; Al Pearce; Eddy Holder, who takes off Frank Watanabe; and Monroe Upton, Simpy Fitts and none other than your present author . . . get into a huddle. Although each writes the major portion of his own act, suggestions come from all.

On the musical end of the program, Meredith Wilson, director of music for KFRC, and Walter Kelsey, assistant director, reign supreme, but here again suggestions are made by everyone, including the singers and artists themselves.

Besides the artists whose pictures appear here, there are many interesting figures on the Jamboree program . . . Micky Gillette has been playing hat sax solos on Blue Monday for a couple of years. He is an ambitious, hard working, very agreeable young man, and also plays in the KFRC orchestra . . . Eugene Hawes plays the part of Pedro Gonzales, a highly bewildered Mexican lad, who wears yellow shoes and bright red neckties, and is always getting into trouble . . . Walter Kelsey is known as the all-round musical athlete, because he plays eight different instruments, sings, and as a climax, is assistant musical director of KFRC . . .

Norman Nielsen has other assets besides his tenor voice. One is his dramatic ability, evidenced in the Romantic Forty-Niners' programs . . . Al and Cal Pearce,

whose pictures appeared in Marcella's columns last month, are as inseparable as David and Jonathan . . . Young America, represented by Charles Cartier, aged sixteen, Edna O'Keefe, sixteen, and Ronald Graham, baritone, nineteen, is doing its bit at KFRC.

* * *

BERT HANAUER, recently returned from Europe, is back again at WCAO. He has resumed his place on the announcing staff and will also write continuities for special programs.

On his trip to Europe Bert visited Germany, France, Belgium and England. He was particularly interested in hearing European Radio programs. Except for an



Monroe Upton of KFRC.

occasional advertisement for lost objects, he says, commercial programs are practically unknown in Europe, the Radio stations being supported by a tax on the sale of receivers. Since time is no consideration, the programs are put on in the most leisurely fashion, a lapse of ten or fifteen minutes when nothing at all is heard being quite a frequent occurrence.

Bert inquired of an Englishman why their Radio stations did not make some effort to run programs on a time schedule and eliminate the blank spaces.

"We like it that way," was the reply. "You see, we don't like to be hurried."



Frank Dahm, new program director at KPO.

Frank Dahm recently said good-bye to WGN, the Chicago Tribune Station on the Drake Hotel, in order to assume a new post as program director of KPO, the pioneer Hale Brothers-Chronicle station in San Francisco.

Dahm, who for over five years has been publicity director and continuity editor of WGN, has been concerned in many of the station's most famous broadcasts, and Chicago Radio circles are agreed that he was one of the most brilliant members of the WGN staff. No stranger to the microphone, he has broadcast professional football, baseball, and many boxing matches for the station.

Outstanding among the programs he has prepared were WGN's famous broadcasts of "The Miracle" and "Carmencita and the Soldier", two Morris Gest productions. He collaborated with Quin Ryan in writing the popular "Old Time Prize Fights" series. Lately he has been devoting his time to commercial programs for WGN and independent producers. He was the author of the first written Radio continuity ever used in Chicago.

* * *

Alice Hutchins Drake of Washington recently celebrated her "sixth air anniversary". Her programs broadcast from WRC in the Capital City have included book reviews, talks on sight-seeing in Washington, and over one hundred programs on the subject "Famous Paintings in Many Lands". Her discussion of the murals in the Library of Congress last summer was relayed through an NBC chain.



Bottom . . . Don Becker, WLW ukulele virtuoso, also famous for his satire, "The Irrational Broadcasting Company".

The Coon Sanders Orchestra in repose, listening to Sen Kaney, Assistant Program Director, talk at the mike.



Marcia Stewart, who is kept busy from morn to night in her role of staff pianist at Station WGBS in New York.

Below . . . Florida sunshine radiates from the smile of Anita Courtemanche, violinist of WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla.



Pacific Coast Chatter

. . . *With The Studios And Their Stars*

LOU EMMEL (Louise Alide Archibald Emmel) is just what the Radio audience usually pictures him . . . fat and jovial, medium height, and sparkling blue eyes, aged about thirty-five.

In his work at KTAB, San Francisco, he does a multitude of things . . . sings solo work, also with the orchestra, takes part in the Saturday frolic and conducts a sunshine hour.

Back in his play days in New York he was always attracted by the sparkling lights in the apothecary shops. By and by he was graduated from Columbia as a pharmacist, and day after day he rolled pills, treated bruised scalps and filled prescriptions.

Pretty soon Lou was offered \$18 a week as a chorus man and he took it . . . in *Parisian Model*, the Anna Held show. Before long he was taking the second lead at \$125 a week and began to study singing. Later he added dialect work to his activity . . . Irish, Jewish and German, and chautauqua and lyceum work became his field of endeavor.

For the past three years he has been with western Radio . . . originally at KFRC, later with NBC's coast unit, and now at KTAB. Lou's hobbies are golf and horseback riding, while his wife prefers tennis and the drama. Both are fond of symphony music.

* * *

MOREY AMSTERDAM is getting along quite well at KNX in Hollywood. But he doesn't take his Radio work too seriously. It is something to keep him mentally alert after his day's work writing gags for the movies, funny stories for snappy magazines, dashing off

songs made to order and all that sort of thing.

Morey does a popular song or two once in awhile, but not too often. Only two or three times a year to be exact. Most of the time he tells stories. Morey's stories are always cleaned up for the Radio audience. Radio audiences are the most particular in the world.

Mrs. Morey's young son is but twenty-two, though he looks to be thirty on account of being fat and pudgy, and somewhat sedate, which of course he isn't a bit . . . five and a half feet on the hoof, his own of course; weight a hundred and a half; curly black hair; and single.

* * *

GENE BYRNES, who composed *Lolita* and two score other popular tunes while at KHJ the past two years, has gathered up his trusty typewriter and moved over into swanky Hollywood and KNX.

Part of the time he dashes off continuities, other times he strums away on the studio organ, once in a while he announces, sometimes he even sings . . . but his character as "Standard McWebster", comedian, seems to be the most popular of his Radio duties.

Previous to his work at Los Angeles he was with New York stations for four years, and three in eastern vaudeville. At the present writing he is letting his hair grow long in anticipation of getting into the talkies as a long haired comedian. And besides, he adds, it saves money.

* * *

MOST of us go up and down the ladder on the rungs of success many





Governor Allen of Massachusetts speaks at the opening of the new WEEI State House Studio. At the right is Edward Gisbourne, in charge of broadcasts from the Capitol.

times during a lifetime, so says Franz Mack of the Northwest.

Although born in St. Louis, Franz was brought up in Seattle and was graduated from the Franklin high school not so long ago. His mother, Pauline Arthur, once upon a time a stage and screen star, wanted him to follow a career across the footlights.

So he dabbled a bit in dramatics, became adept at pianologue work with popular tunes and even managed an orchestral group. In Seattle he started a Little Theatre group and they staged *The Bat*, *The Last Warning* and a few other plays before he finally broke away and drifted down to Hollywood where he was signed up for a talkie.

But an old injury to the knee began to cause trouble so he left the Kleig lights and went back home again.

He signed up with KFQW, Seattle, several months ago and now his piano tunes and voice grace the transmitter of that station, while over KOL he is also doing a carnival program weekly.

S COTT BRADLEY, for two years director of the Houston Symphony Orchestra, is a composer of much merit as well. Just recently, we hear, he was added to the KHJ staff in the capacity of Assistant Orchestral Director. Mr. Bradley's special field includes light opera and the heavier stuff of which serious concert programs are made. He comes from Little Rock by way of Chicago and places too numerous to mention—so why bother. Raymond Paige, peering horrified into the future from the brink of exhaustion, cheered wildly when aid, in the inimitable form of Bradley, arrived in the nick of time. Mr. Paige will only have to work fourteen hours a day now.

Manny Nathan goes back to the KFOX Sunday night two-hour frolic as master of ceremonies after the feature was off

the air for a few months. Aided and abetted by portly and corpulent Hal Nichols, part-owner and announcer of the Long Beach station, little Manny represents an opposite type . . . small, wiry, under-sized.

KTM's new orchestral director is Salvatore Santaella, who has led theater orchestras in and around Los Angeles for lo these many years . . . appearing over Radio as early as seven years ago through KWH . . . later as concert master in some of the largest theater picture houses of the Southwest.

Santaella for six years was a pupil of the great Rachmaninoff and one of his first "jobs" was as accompanist for Pavlowa; later he accompanied with Max Rossen, violin virtuoso; and he was once piano soloist with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.

C. Merwin Dobyms, owner and director of KGER, Long Beach, issues a statement to the press that although he has not yet picked out a career for his son, Howard Britton Dobyms, he sees nothing against his being a Radio announcer if he wants to be. Note . . . the boy is now eight months old, giving adequate signs of having considerable voice quality, also quantity, at this tender age. His lusty lungs were brought into play as a "prop" recently on one of the Sunday night *Ho Hum Frolics*. Of course nobody fell asleep while his part of the act was on the air.

Glen Rice, KMPC manager, and creator of the famous Beverly Hill Billies, is another fond papa. But his youngster is now aged two, and already old man Rice is proclaiming to the world that Junior will be a famous football announcer in '45. But Mrs. Rice doesn't seem to be worrying much one way or the other.



Mary Catherine Stair is Evansville's prodigy . . . Ten years old, she has played both harp and piano at WGBF.

David Albert Gray, baritone, Atwater Kent contestant at KPO is six feet tall and an iceman in spare time!



Charlie Warren is WAIU's Comedian

Less than a year ago sleepy residents of Ohio rose from their beds, touched the floor ten times with their finger-tips, turned on their radios—and started to laugh. They have been laughing ever since. The cause: Charlie Warren, chief announcer of WAIU, in Columbus, O., and author of inspired idiocy unequalled in the entire realm of nonsense.

Life ceased to be a sober, uneventful thing for Ohioans with his advent; and it became a matter of hilarity after his



Charlie Warren
WAIU

organization of the most popular club of the air, the Amalgamated Benevolent Protective Order of Enraptured Charlies. This club, with the avowed purpose of rescuing the grand old name of Charlie from the oblivion into which it has descended, is fortunate in having as its president, secretary, treasurer, "Guardian of the Inner Shrine," and leading member, the founder himself.

He himself modestly attributes his success to the fact that he was born—in Los Angeles—in a terrific storm, first seeing the light of day through the windows of a private hospital later designed to become a Keeley Cure Sanitarium. That was thirty years ago. Coming from a family of artists, it is not strange that he made his stage debut at the age of seven, singing a song about a "paper of pins" at a Los Angeles theatre. He worked his way through high school and Leland Stanford by appearing as blackface comedian in the local vaudeville houses.

Since then he has wandered through Europe, the Orient, and most of the United States, acting in vaudeville, introducing dance orchestras and marathon dance groups. Two years ago Radio won his interest, and has held it ever since. At WLS, Chicago, where he was first launched into the air, he joined Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene in the popular Showboat programs. He has broadcast from Manila, Honolulu, and most of the principal cities of the U. S.

* * *

Old Dutch Girl Takes the Air

FOR many years the pleasing, whimsical figure of a sturdy Dutch girl, shod and garbed after the fashion of the Netherlands, has appeared before the public with upraised stick in hand, until today this trademark is familiar to prac-

tically every housewife the world over. There is one peculiarity about this internationally famous figure that has aroused the curiosity of the legion of her admirers. She has never shown her face to the public. In this, they are doomed to disappointment, as it is said upon excellent authority that the Old Dutch Girl never will turn her sun bonnet from the characteristic profile position, which completely hides her features.

However, a compromise has been effected that doubtless will be received with keen interest by the millions who have wondered about this apparent shyness. The Old Dutch Girl has come into being as a talented artist with an exceptionally charming voice, which is now being heard throughout the country over the Radio, and she appears in person three times weekly. She sings, and an orchestra plays those tuneful melodies everyone likes to hear to start the day. Then too, the Old Dutch Girl will broadcast current news events of particular interest to home-makers, set to verse in her own inimitable way.

This newcomer to the air is sponsored by the Cudahy Packing Company, makers of Old Dutch Cleanser, and comes to listeners from CBS studios every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning. It is predicted this entertainment feature soon will be recognized as one of the outstanding early morning broadcasts on the air.

* * *

Dr. Ray Haight, violinist, worked his way through the University of Southern California school of dentistry, and while his practice is getting established he leads the instrumental trio three or four times a week for KMTR, Hollywood.

* * *

"Is that a man or a woman?" is the first question out of the mouths of Radio fans who hear Gretta Taylor sing. Because of the unusual quality of her voice many mistake her for a man. She sings way down deep in the lower registers that carry so well over the ether, and her rolling tones have won her many Radio friends during her two years on the air at KMA, Shenandoah, Ia. Not only does she sing! Yes sir, she will play everything from "Turkey in the Straw" to Rachmaninoff's Prelude (usually without the music)—on the organ! Her versatility doesn't end there—swimming, golfing, dancing, bridge and tennis occupy her when she isn't eating hot pop corn or salted peanuts. Five feet six inches tall, weight 122, and a corn fed complexion.



Gretta Taylor
KMA

George Wright, former broadcasting manager of CNRV, Vancouver, B.C., has taken a flying leap and landed both feet down in Ottawa at Station CNRO. Little things like being transferred clear across a continent don't phase this popular announcer, as witness the equanimity and modesty with which he bears his title. Not many Canadians can boast the distinction of having been adopted into the Squamish Indian Tribe and crowned Chief. Mr. Wright's tepee sobriquet is "Chief Flying Voice"—quite appropriate!



George Wright
CNRO

Out West in Vancouver, Walter Powell, formerly of CNRA, Moncton, will fill the vacated desk of Mr. Wright.

* * *

Big Brother Bob Emery Returns to WEEI in Boston

After an absence of several months the Iodent Big Brother Club recently returned to the air. Bob Emery, known to thousands of boys and girls in New England, is busy entertaining his young friends again. He's another "Jack-of-all-Radio trades", for besides singing original songs and telling stories in thrilling fashion, he has hit upon the idea of dramatizing one heroic episode on each program.

Running an old-fashioned spelling bee is another of Emery's stunts, and he often rings in instruction as well as entertainment on his programs, when he calls upon Dr. Lunt to give science talks and light-house and coast-guard news.

* * *

DOROTHEA FREITAG, pianist and composer, has been appointed assistant to Joseph Imbrogulio, music director of Station WCAO, Baltimore. She will have charge of WCAO's music library and will make special arrangements for orchestras playing under Mr. Imbrogulio's baton.

Although only eighteen years of age, Miss Freitag has shown great promise as a pianist and composer. Three years ago she won first prize in a contest in which a number of outstanding pianists participated. Her early training was received at the Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, where she held a scholarship.

In addition to her work "behind the scenes" of Radio, Miss Freitag will be heard in a series of piano recitals from WCAO, playing some of her own compositions as well as the works of other composers.

By
Anne B.
Lazar



Backrack Photo

Nathalia Crane, fourteen-year-old poet, author of *The Janitor's Boy* and a new book, *Pocahontas*.

AREN'T we all poets, more or less? Let's be frank and admit it. Confession is good for the poetic soul.

There may be exceptions. For instance the miserable low down contemptible burglars who broke into my apartment the day I went out to interview Nathalia Crane—you remember, the little girl who wrote such adorable things about her affair with *The Janitor's Boy*. She was only nine when she did it. I'm going to tell you all about that interview, and the burglars, but there are a few other things to be said first.

My contention is that everybody has a little of the poet's soul within his being and burglars are only the exception that proves the rule. The main thing seems to be that there is another something in us that is always shush-shushing the poetic, so that we rather hide the fact as a shameful secret vice. Not me, though—I take my stand in the open. I like poetry, and I write poetry—anyway it's poetry to me, editors to the contrary notwithstanding.

That's why I was glad that the dear little Crane girl was ushered up to the Columbia studios to speak on the Ida Bailey Allen program. What a grand excuse to converse and commune with a poetess whose works are world famous, child though she is. Although it might be just as thrilling to sit on a stump beside John D. Rockefeller and muse on the symbolic inspiration of a battle scarred golf ball.

THERE are so many ideas for poetic reverie in this—almost anybody could write in that situation, whether you are a real poet or not. Just imagine this giant and the ball:

We Are All

POETS

*Interview with Nathalia Crane
And Adventure with Burglar
Bring Rhyming Reflections*

Oh thou rugged little pellet—
What's thy story? Come and tell it.
Eyes that sped thee o'er the course
Have shaken empires with their force;
Hands that plopped thee to a hole
Could peel a million from a roll . . .
And the pellet answers not at all,
Because it's only a little ball.

Thus one could go on and on with great thoughts like that. But everybody seems to be afraid the meter won't be just right, or that some long haired critic will stick up his nose and say catty things. So we suppress the urge and brand ourselves in our own hearts as cowards.

I doubt not that Henry Ford drinks deeply in poetic thought. I dare say he

has written many a pretty little sonnet just to express the feeling of exaltation that comes to him with the discovery of some precious antique—perhaps a musty old trunk that he has been told once belonged to Paul Revere. And as doubts assail—

Oh seamed and venerable trunk
Art thou real (or is it bunk)
A thousand bucks in thee I've sunk
Tell me truly: Genuine or junk?

No matter how prosaic the individual you can readily see what sublime thoughts can traverse the brain with poetic strain. We all have that feeling only some of us lack the knack of making our words flow as they go. As for me it seems I have written reams and reams and put them on a shelf just to keep for myself.

THAT brings me up to the day I was to go and see Nathalia Crane—and the day the burglars came. "Crooks don't like ether," says Mr. Whalen. And I say they hate verse worse. All of this poetry was stacked away in the cupboard when they came and ransacked the house. They took my nice new winter coat, they tumbled out the linen and the silverware, pulled up the rugs, tipped over the furniture, broke a beautiful art lamp and did about everything but disturb my carefully preserved poetry. A million dollars could have been contented between the pages and they never would have found it. They shunned that shelf in my cupboard as though it had been charged with deadly poison gas.

Not even to have glanced at my poetry was adding the worst possible insult to injury. That is why I have positive conviction that burglars lack even the flimsiest fragment of soul. I would have
(Continued on page 117)

The Quaint and Fascinating Art of Making

Hooked Rugs

Is Fashionable
Once Again

MARTHA CRANE



Colonial living room using maple furniture and chintz.

WHETHER the art of hooking rugs came ashore aboard a sailing ship in the early days, the handiwork of some sailor during periods when trade winds overtook his ship, or whether the first hooked piece came from the agile fingers of a busy colonial housewife, it matters little to the homemaker today. Unless she is a collector of antique hooked rugs, she is content to know that hooking is absolutely American in origin and execution, and will let it go at that. She is placing hooked rugs on the floors of her living room, dining room, bedrooms, hallways, and yes, even her kitchen, for one reason . . . they give her home a bit of that indefinable quality called charm.

Nor is it important whether the room is modern or colonial, formal or informal in treatment. Hooked rugs nowadays have found more patterns and color than the proverbial Jacob's coat, and it is only a matter of choosing the right rug for the right room.

Last winter a brief letter addressed to the WLS Radio Bazaar from a homemaker listener aroused the interest of other women eager to know more about hooked rugs and their making. Before the winter was over, 10,000 homemakers had written for instruction sheets and 2,000 more had contributed long letters telling of their own patterns and methods of rug making. Each day brought packages containing small rugs and mats sent to me as director of the Radio Bazaar in appreciation of the hooked rug programs.



Martha Crane instructs homemakers over WLS, Chicago.

*Burlap Bags and Old Stockings
Will Make Attractive Floor Coverings,
Says Radio Home Adviser!*

Realizing that in order to have an understanding and appreciation of hooked rugs one must know something of their origin I started the series with the story of an old hooked rug. Some say the first bit of hooking was an outgrowth of marlinespike seamanship, and that an idle sailor on the deck of a becalmed sailing ship was responsible for originating the method of "hooking" small bits of cloth or yarn through a heavy background material. It is true that some of the oldest hooked rugs came from settlements along the rough coast of the Atlantic. Be that as it may, the housewives in these settlements found the hooked rug, rude as it then was, a luxury indeed. Floor coverings were one of the many comforts left behind when families crossed the ocean to their new homes, and this new way of making colorful rugs from scraps was a wonderful innovation.

It wasn't long before hooked rugs were in every household in New England. Rich and poor alike attended "hooking frolics" in the fall and winter evenings, and there was as much merriment around the rug frames as around the quilting frame or at the husking bee. Money and materials were scarce, and scraps too small for quilt pieces were saved for rugs. To these early homemakers, the bits of bright cloth were so many splotches of paint on a pallet, and the coarse linen in its rude rug frame a canvas. Pleasures were few, and minutes spent hooking rugs often meant the day's recreation for busy New England wives.

COLONIAL homemakers took great pride in their rugs, and a spirited competition existed among the women. There were no patterns. Instead, with a bit of coarse linen before her (linen instead of burlap was used then for background material), the colonial homemaker picked a bit of charcoal from the fireplace and sketched a rude pattern of her own.

Elizabeth Waugh and Edith Foley in their book, "Collecting Hooked Rugs" tell an interesting story of a hooked rug design. They were visiting Dr. Grenfell's mission in Labrador, where hooked rug making goes on today much as it did in colonial times, and one of them stopped to admire a rug which to her resembled a jelly-fish with octopus-like tentacles.

She was collecting rugs in Newfoundland at the time, and thinking perhaps she had discovered a rare drawing of some

deep sea monster, inquired, "What is that design?"

"A ram," was the reply. (Ram, in the language of Newfoundland, say Misses Waugh and Foley, means "tom-cat.")

"But," was protested, "how did you come to draw a cat like that?"

"Oh, us first catch the ram; then us held him down on the mat and us drew around him."

Undoubtedly many of our early hooked rugs had a similar beginning.

Hooked rug making was and always will be essentially something to be created by the housewife in her home. The fact that the vogue for handmade rugs has undergone a marked revival within the last few years means that the homemaker today realizes the qualities these rugs have for making homes more charming and livable.

The rug maker today hooks her rugs with comparative ease. She buys a pattern to her liking, perhaps choosing it from a complete collection already made up for her inspection, selects the colors after examining the finished rug before her and comparing it with her color scheme, and then takes home with her a look and frame ready made.

THIS hook may or may not be similar to those used in early days. Perhaps the rug maker chooses a sharply pointed instrument with a short, plump wooden handle. This is one of the simpler hooks, and will be the one chosen if the maker is an "old-timer" at the work. On the other hand, because hooked rugs have staged such a comeback, there are on the market today three or four reliable hookers that do the job by themselves. Easily operated, they space and measure the loops accurately, and are chosen invariably by women attempting their first hooked rug.

For the actual making of a hooked rug one finds many materials. Yarn, of course, is ever popular, and because it is warm looking, easy to handle and can be purchased everywhere, the majority of rug makers choose it. Scraps of woolen cloth are always good. Old bed linen if not worn too thin is excellent, and many women have written of using old cretonne hangings. One WLS Radio Bazaar listener who lived in the country wrote that she had all her friends save the cotton work socks their "men folks" discarded, for she found that after thorough laundering and dyeing and cutting they made excellent rug "yarn". A letter from another listener tells of using ravelled burlap sacks dyed bright colors.

Economical homemakers are cheating the rag bag of its silk stockings by making them into hooked rugs. Slip the silk stocking over the arm after first cutting away the parts of the foot and hem that contain cotton threads, and cut a strip from one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide. By cutting the strip spirally, each

stocking yields one continuous strip. The tan, brown and black stockings make excellent background materials, and the lighter shades can be dyed the desired colors for the pattern before they are cut.

While many rug makers use old burlap sacks, cleaned and washed, for foundation material, others prefer to buy burlap by the yard at their local store, and still others select stamped patterns.

In this, the beginner finds the ready stamped pattern has its advantages, but for the experienced rug maker who draws her own designs there is a certain satisfaction that comes with the originality and charming unevenness of a handdrawn rug design. One well-known collector of antique hooked rugs maintains that "hooked rugs are pictures just as truly as if they had been painted with a brush," and perhaps it is this desire to create something truly one's own that inspires women to draw original patterns when they attempt this fascinating craft.

Everyone is acquainted with hooked rugs using endless variations of floral wreaths, scrolls, geometric designs, pictorial drawings, animal sketches and marine scenes. Now, with the vogue for modern furnishings, comes the hooked rug that finds itself in perfect design harmony with modernistic interiors. These designs are legion, and since they are geometric, quite simple.

Equipment for making a hooked rug is more or less standard, for one needs a frame, a hook, burlap with the pattern stamped or drawn on it, and material from which the rug is to be made. There are four or five different types of frames, some of wood and others of metal, but all perform the same work, and once the burlap background is fastened and tightened in the frame, the actual work of hooking begins.

Let the frame be placed at a convenient height in front of you and begin hooking at the lower right hand corner,

holding the hook in the right hand above the burlap, and the strip of material in the left hand beneath the burlap directly under the point of the hook. (Use a wooden handled, steel pointed hook.) Put the hook through the burlap so that it catches the material held in the left hand, and pull it through in a loop the desired size, the thickness of the rug determining the length of the loop. Having formed the first loop, insert the hook again close to the first, and pull through a second loop the same size and height as the first loop. These loops will stay in place and will hold each other firmly upright.

BORDER, background and other spaces where plain color is used should be worked in rows from right to left, care being taken to make the loops uniform in size and spacing. If the design in the rug is prominent, hook this first and fill background spaces last.

After the rug is finished and taken from the frame, cut off the extra burlap around the edges, allowing a border of approximately two and one-half inches. Turn this under on the wrong side, whip it down securely, and the rug is ready for the floor. Except for very old rugs which are showing signs of wear, it is not necessary to line hooked rugs.

Some makers prefer to clip or shear their rugs, and if this finish is desired the loops should be pulled through a little higher in the making, and the tops chipped with shears as the hooking progresses. Some women complete the entire rug and send it away to have it sheared, a process which proves to be quite expensive when the maker finds how much of the valuable material has been sheared away. Clipping as the hooking goes along is much more satisfactory and economical.

Hooking rugs is becoming a popular home occupation, requiring only spare moments and some inexpensive materials.



Courtesy The Crafts Co. From "Yellowed World Rug"

Beautiful antique scroll pattern-rug which serves as model for present-day makers.

Helpful Hints for Christmas



"Carrots, Radishes and Green Peppers Peep Through Christmas Wreaths," says Joan Barrett of Radio Home-Makers Club

An Interview

by

Catherine Adams

FOR years Christmas has caught me unawares; set me into a flurry of last minute shopping; and a rush of preparing the house for Christmas guests. But this year (is it perhaps, a sign that I am growing older?) I am being forehanded. I've been collecting thoughts for Christmas gifts for months. I even have my dinner menu planned. In fact, as I thought it over the other day, I discovered that all I lacked were some novel ideas for decorating the house to make it a true holiday haven for my niece and nephews—who in spite of their veneer of sophistication continue to wax sentimental over an old-fashioned Christmas. But red tissue bells and red and green paper chains suspended from doorways no longer hold the appeal they once had for the youngsters. They are too old to enjoy the miniature figures of Santa Claus and his reindeer which once sent them into ecstasies. "What", I wondered "can I do to make this house fairly radiate Christmas the minute those children enter the door?" And then I decided to take my problem to Joan Barrett, Interior Decorator of the National Radio Home-Makers Club. "She is probably swamped with letters on this very subject," I reasoned. "I'll just sit outside the door and listen in while she answers them."

I found Miss Barrett atop a tall step ladder in the entrance hall of the National Radio Home-Makers Club headquarters. She had a mouth full of carpet tacks and a handful of hammer. A chain of laurel leaves was hung about her neck.

"I'm just trying out an effect," she mumbled, in answer to my enquiring look. Then, while I watched, she skillfully tacked the laurel in place along the picture moulding, robbing the high ceilinged room of its air of formal dignity and giving it an immediate effect of "homeyness" and cheer.

Miss Barrett hopped off the ladder and joined me on the floor. "It does look nice, doesn't it?" she admitted. "It's an excellent stunt for women who have great, formal, living rooms and want to make

them look Christmas-like without resorting to the more obvious sort of decorations. If this were in a home, I would suggest draping another little chain of laurel above the over-mantel pictures, unless that were too close to the moulding. In that case it might be placed in the panel between the mantel shelf and the fire opening—not too bunched a cluster, you understand, but a symmetrical garland, or festoon, harmonizing with the architectural lines of the mantel and

carrying out the dignified character of the room. Several brilliant tangerines half concealed in the foliage would give a dash of color, and two little spiky cedar trees in orange pots on either side of the fireplace would complete the picture."

I HAD a clear mental vision of my own living room dressed up in this way. How stunning the green leaves would look against the chaste white of my Colonial woodwork; how striking the effect of the orange tangerines with the creamy yellow of my walls! "That's just the idea I've been looking for," I told Miss Barrett. "My niece and nephews will love it too. I have half a mind to wait until they get here so they can have the fun of helping me. But where can I get the laurel?"

"Oh you can buy that of any florist," Miss Barrett replied. "It's rather expensive in some parts of the country though, because of state laws which prohibit gathering it. If I were you I'd decorate the house with cedar branches instead. Go out into the woods yourself to get them and find yourself a



A spruce sprig tied with a red bow will make your entrance hall breathe Christmas spirit.

Decorations

Wreaths

The Tree

Table Decorations

Christmas tree while you are outdoors.

"We do that every year at our house," Miss Barrett continued. "The Sunday before Christmas we bundle into old clothes, heavy stockings, and flat heeled shoes; then we get a couple of axes and all four of us, the family dog, and often two or three guests from the city, pile into our old car. Sometimes we have to travel miles before we find a cedar woods that has no 'No Trespassing' signs. Once when we thought we had found one we were embarrassed to discover ourselves in the back part of a cemetery.

"Of course, there is always a great deal of argument about the choice of a tree. Each member of the family favors a different one. And somehow, we have never been able to gauge the size of a tree accurately. In a field or forest, with nothing but larger pines to judge them by, it may look small. But several times we have been amazed to find that our final choice wouldn't go through the front door, much less stand erect in the low ceilinged living room."

"I'll watch out for that," I promised. "But do give me some tips about selecting a good tree."

"Well, the main thing," Miss Barrett told me, "is to choose a symmetrical one with a broad base and gently sloping sides. You can chop it a foot from the ground if need be so that the bottom branches will sweep the floor. You can even, if you wish, perform a little tree surgery and tie additional branches on to cover bald spots. Be sure to cut some extra branches for making wreaths for your doors and windows. I imagine that the youngsters will enjoy this almost as much as chopping the tree."

"Give me instructions," I said. "I'm afraid I'll bungle the job if you don't."

"YOU couldn't possibly," Miss Barrett replied. "Why in our neighborhood I know lots of eight and ten year old children who earn their Christmas money by making wreaths. All you need is a stiff piece of wire bent in the size circle you wish, some string, and the branches of greenery. There are other plants besides laurel and cedar that serve equally well in this capacity: winter berry, juniper berry, hemlock, Southern pine, or even smilax. Simply twine the branches about the wire and tie them in place. A bow of bright red ribbon or a cluster of

holly, mistletoe, pine cones, or fruit at the top will finish it. Or why don't you combine the evergreen with vegetables?"

"Yes," I couldn't resist saying, "I imagine that a bunch of spinach or mashed potatoes would be very effective—but I'm afraid that would be just a little too modern for my taste."

"THAT'S just where you are wrong," Miss Barrett retorted. "The old Italian masters realized the decorative value of vegetables hundreds of years ago. Don't you remember seeing old paintings and antique china showing bright splashes of fruit and vegetables woven into the dull background of a wreath of leaves?"

I surrendered. "All right I'll do it," I told her. "I'm willing to rely on your taste, and at least my wreaths will be different from any others on the block."

"I wouldn't advise you to go in for vegetables too strongly," Miss Barrett laughed. "You're apt to awake to find rabbits nibbling at your doors. Besides, too much of anything unusual robs it of its individuality. I think you'd better make your window decorations of plain spruce and reserve the more ornamental wreath for your big front door. Make it of spruce branches twined together to form a band about four or five inches wide. As you fasten them to the wire insert small red and green peppers, light hued cucumbers, and parsnips or carrots in the deep foliage. It will be colorful and decorative as well and you will have the local newspapers clamoring for photographs."

"What else can I do to the outside of the house?" I queried, intrigued with the idea.

"Well, if you have a Christmas tree growing in your front yard, you might fix it up with lights. We haven't a more picturesque custom in this country. And, by the way, while you're thinking of outdoor Christmas trees you might do as my mother always does, and provide one



Joan Barrett ties laurel leaves to wire as a foundation for her amusing "vegetable" wreaths.

for the birds. Just tie pieces of suet, berries and the like to the branches of a dead tree and watch the sparrows and chickadees come."

"That's a splendid idea. What next?"

"Two little cedars in red or orange pots at the front door would be excellent. Later you can transplant them to your lawn. Oh yes, and then we must plan your indoor Christmas tree. Have you any notion about decorating that?"

"Not a one, although I do know that most of the ornaments we've had for twenty years were broken when the tree fell over last Christmas. I'm afraid that means laying in a new supply."

"Don't do it," Miss Barrett urged. "The old time trees are lots of fun for children, and many people save their glass baubles and trinkets from year to year for sentiment's sake. But the new trend is to dispense with them in favor of an all white or silver tree—and really that's not a new idea either. The Germans have been doing it for generations. My idea for you would be to drape the tree with quantities of silver moss, and silver foil flowers or stars. Use orange electric bulbs to carry out the tangerine idea and place a silver foil reflector in back of each one,

And then for a finishing touch get some silver colored gas filled balloons to tie to the branches; you'll be amazed to see how beautiful they look floating from the tree.

"And then," she continued, "if you want to avoid having the tree fall over this year, screw its container to the floor with tiny angle irons. The marks won't show afterwards when they're covered by a rug, and you can use the same holes next year."

"But what shall I stand the tree in?" I demanded.

"Get those nephews of yours to make you a low, wooden box, lined with oil-cloth, and with a hole big enough for the tree trunk bored through the center of the detachable cover. Then put the trunk through the hole, nail a flat board to its base and insert the tree, board and all, into the box. Fill the box with wet sawdust and adjust the covers. Then screw the box to the floor. It sounds a little complicated, but if you save the box from year to year you'll find the effort well worth the satisfaction it gives you. The wet sawdust will keep the tree fresh and prevent the needles from falling. (You can pour a little more water in once in a while to keep it damp.) And the box painted orange, or green will provide the nicest looking sort of base imaginable."

"Well, then that's settled," I told her, "but while you've been talking I've thought up another problem. The youngsters love the old-fashioned idea of putting lighted candles in the window on Christmas eve. I like it too, but my husband thinks that it is too much of a fire hazard even if we stay right in the house. Yet I dislike those artificial looking electric candles—they seem to take away all the spirit of the thing."

Miss Barrett agreed with me. "But," she said, "I agree with your husband too. It isn't right to chance a fire, when there is a simple remedy. Get some vigil candles—the sort made for altar use in religious ceremonies. They are squat and round. Each one fits in a ruby colored glass container a little taller than the candle. When lighted they send off a flickering ruddy glow, with practically no danger of fire."

"THAT'S splendid," I said, as I checked off my list. "Let's see, we have the garden, the front door, the living room, and fireplace accounted for. How about decorations for other rooms?"

"By all means have them," Miss Barrett replied. "There's no reason why your Christmas spirit should stop with the living room. You can place wreaths in all the windows for one thing. Or, since you plan wreaths for the downstairs, you might use simply a single spray of holly, mistletoe, or long needled pine in the second story windows. And there should be a sprig of mistletoe hanging from the hall doorway or lamp where everyone must walk under it, and oh yes, some sort of decoration for that beau-

Christmas Day Menus

From

Ida Bailey Allen

President, National Radio Home Makers
Club

For the Family

DINNER

Stuffed Endive
Cranberry Jelly Celery Olives
Spinach Soup with Cheese Crackers
Roast Fresh Ham Braised Chestnut Sauce
French Fried Cauliflower Potato Puff
Lettuce Salad with Cherry Dressing
Steamed Fig Pudding, Foamy Lemon Sauce
Coffee

Braised Chestnut Sauce

Melt two tablespoons butter; and when it is beginning to brown, stir in two tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper and a few grains mace. Cook until a pale brown in color, stirring frequently. Add one tablespoon minced carrot, one teaspoon minced onion, and one sprig minced parsley; then add one and one-half cups soup stock, stirring constantly. When thickened, add one cup cooked, chopped chestnuts. Let simmer two or three minutes; and serve.

Steamed Fig Pudding

Combine two cups entire-wheat bread crumbs with one cup milk; and scald them. Add four egg yolks, well beaten, and mixed with two-thirds cup brown sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, grated rind and juice of one lemon, grated rind of half an orange, and three tablespoons melted vegetable fat. Sift together one-half cup entire-wheat flour and two teaspoons baking powder. Add one-half cup chopped walnut meats and one cup chopped figs; and combine with the first mixture. Fold in four egg whites, beaten stiff. Turn into oiled custard cups; set in a steamer top; cover with paraffin paper; and steam an hour and a half. Serve with sweetened whipped cream and preserved figs.

Company—Formal

DINNER

Oyster Canapés
Radishes Olives Cranberry Jelly
Asparagus Consomme
Roast Turkey with Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Braised Parsnips
Tomato Creole Aspic with Lettuce
Frozen Apricot Cream Lady Fingers
Coffee

Oyster Canapés

Toast six good-sized rounds of bread in the oven until crisp; and spread with a mixture of two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon minced celery and one tablespoon minced green pepper. Have ready six good-sized oysters, which should be rolled in fine bread crumbs and sautéed in enough butter to keep them from sticking. Place an oyster in the center of each canapé; decorate the edges with strips of pimiento; and serve hot.

Tomato Creole Aspic

Combine three and one-half cups stewed, sieved tomato, two tablespoons minced carrot, two tablespoons minced onion, one tablespoon minced celery tops, two cloves, one-half teaspoon pickle spice, two tablespoons lemon juice, one-half teaspoon salt and two teaspoons sugar; and simmer for ten minutes. Add one and one-half tablespoons gelatin, which should be softened in an extra half cup of cold water. Strain through a cloth; and let stand until it is the consistency of an egg white. Then add one-half cup finely minced green pepper, one minced pimiento, one tablespoon minced chives, and one tablespoon minced olives. Mould individually; and serve in nests of lettuce with a garnish of celery curls and stars of mayonnaise.

Frozen Apricot Cream

Combine one quart sieved canned apricots, one cup sugar, one-eighth teaspoon salt, and one cup heavy cream; and freeze in three parts of crushed ice to one part of salt. To freeze in a mechanical refrigerator, whip the cream; and add to the sieved apricots a tablespoon of gelatin softened in water to cover and dissolved over steam. Combine the ingredients; transfer to the freezing tray of the refrigerator; and freeze from three to five hours, according to the temperature; stir the mixture every hour.

tiful winding staircase of yours. You might twine the bannister with a chain of cedar, if you have enough. Or, if you prefer, leave the railing bare and concentrate on that wall niche at the stair landing. I think that a straight standing spray of fluffy long needled pine about a foot and a half high would be stunning. You can place it in an orange painted flower pot, or in a pottery jug.

"I think that you will find this idea of pine branches in pots excellent for the other rooms in the house too. Four short sprays in miniature pots standing in a prim row on the bedroom mantel would be very decorative. One on either side of the built-in dressing table in the guest room, and another in the corner of the hallway will give the house an air of gaiety out of all proportion to the cost and effort involved.

"CHILDREN'S toys make a naive decoration for a mantel, broad window seat, or table top. Avoid using the more or less banal Saint Nicks since there are no little children in the family. Modern kindergarten toys are much more picturesque. You could make a darling little set-up with Noah's ark figures, a parade of wooden soldiers, or with odd modernistic animals, little houses and the like. A miniature Christmas tree with a circle of doll children dancing around it would be equally amusing. And if you object to using toys merely for decorative purposes you can let all the youngsters who called between Christmas and New Years select one to keep. My mother has been following this custom for years, and consequently is adored by half the six-year-olds in town."

"There is one topic you haven't even touched yet, Miss Barrett," I remarked. "That is a suitable dining table decoration for Christmas day."

"There should be lots of candles, of course. And if the table is to be formal you might use a single, great poinsetta; or one of those rare Christmas roses, that are not roses at all, but relatives of the marsh-marigold family. Christmas cacti are effective for a modern setting. A loose bunch of mountain huckleberry; cedar, combined with straw flowers; spruce, with the cones still adhering; bunches of laurel; eucalyptus; or fluffy, long needled pine, are equally effective. Really there are so many beautiful combinations to be evolved, I can't think of them all now."

"Well," I said, "in an hour you've managed to think up more novel and beautiful ideas for decorating my house than I've been able to evolve in two weeks. If I get into any more decorating difficulties, may I call again for help?"

"By all means," Miss Barrett said, "but we've been so interested in this discussion that we have talked right past closing time. It's been two hours instead of one and I'm going to have to do some tall scrambling to get that five-ten train."

Stretching for Beauty

By Frances Ingram

*Keeping Your Body
Alive Brings Beauty
To Your Skin*

THE OTHER day I received a letter which contained this paragraph: "All my life I have been stretching for beauty. I haven't given up hope yet. Miss Ingram, and I do wish you would tell me how I can make my stretching for beauty more profitable. I'm afraid my stretching isn't intelligent. Won't you tell me how to stretch for beauty and get it?"

Now, of course, what this woman meant was that she was reaching out for something which she felt was just beyond her reach. When she spoke of stretching for beauty, unfortunately she was speaking figuratively. If this woman actually had been stretching for beauty, she would have found that beauty was not beyond her reach. Women who stretch for beauty—literally stretch—find that beauty is not elusive, for stretching for only a few minutes a day does keep old age away. It keeps the doctor away, too. It's much better than the proverbial apple. Stretching also keeps the "blues" away—overweight "blues" and underweight "blues"—in fact, all kinds of "blues."

STRETCHING to keep young, beautiful and happy is not a new invention. It is not a fad. Stretching is Nature's way of keeping fit. Stretching is the secret of keeping youth and of renewing youth. Have you ever watched a caged tiger in the zoo? That tiger may have been penned up in that 8x10 cage for ten years yet he retains his natural slimmness, sleekness and agility. His keeper will tell you that the only kind of exercise that tiger gets other than his limited walks is the stretch. His tamer relative, the cat, keeps her figure and youth in the same way. Have you ever



Pacific and Atlantic Photos

A stretch a day keeps the doctor away.

really watched a cat for any length of time? Some time count, if you can, the number of stretches a cat takes in one day. Or watch a baby. You will find that young humans stretch themselves asleep and stretch themselves awake. It's their daily dozen.

Do the words "daily dozen" sound dismal and military to you? Perhaps they do. Personally, rising at the crack of dawn and swinging Indian clubs has never appealed to me, either. Of course, this type of exercise does do some good things. It sends the blood racing all over the body, bringing your color up and quickening the tempo of your system, but the trouble lies in the after-effects. In this type of exercise people have a tendency to spend twice as much energy as is necessary. This is tiring and makes for awkwardness. You see, awkwardness is due to the liberation of more energy than is necessary to accomplish the required action. Remember when you ex-

*Do Acrobatics? No...
But Strive To Become
Lithe And Supple*

ercise that the idea is not to become an acrobat, but to become live and supple. If you're one of the people who shy away from the old type military exercise, I wish you would try, instead, natural exercise—stretching.

PERHAPS you are one of the people who think they are getting through life adequately without doing any exercising. If the truth were known most of us shy away from exercise and most of us never get beyond good intentions. For instance, there's the housewife. When I write to a housewife and suggest exercise as part of the solution to her complexion difficulties, she is pretty apt to write back to me and say, "I get plenty of exercise just doing my housework. Why, I'm on my feet twelve hours a day." I don't doubt that she thinks that is exercise. But, unfortunately, it isn't. There are certain parts of her body that aren't getting any exercise at all.

When I advocate exercise for the business girl, she writes back to me and says, "I suppose I should exercise, but I haven't time in the mornings and I'm too tired at night." Now health and an attractive appearance are an asset in the business world. And to keep healthy and attractive, good circulation is vital. The blood must be kept flowing to insure the carrying off of wastes which would otherwise appear as blemishes on the skin. The rebuilding of depleted structures will not go on normally either, unless the blood is kept flowing and flowing properly.

For both the housewife and the business girl—and the business man, too!—there is no better exercise in the world than plain, old-fashioned stretching. Any-

(Continued on page 120)



Courtesy Best & Co.
Perfect for school. A raccoon-collared
tweed suit with seven-eighths coat.

By

JEANNE DUBOIS

THE telephone rang at my elbow. "This is National Broadcasting Company. Miss Helen Worden, one of our fashion experts, can see you at 11:00 A.M. tomorrow morning at our offices. Will that be convenient?"

It was . . . so 10:58 found me on the elevator bound for the upper regions of the NBC Fifth Avenue building. Just as the car door was about to close, a slim figure dashed by the starter, and joined us, slightly out of breath. The young lady was so tiny that I could see right over her head, though I'm not so very tall myself.

WITH the general exodus at the NBC offices, we both alighted, my petite friend scurrying past the reception clerk with an air of being at home, in con-

trast to my stop for directions.

"Will you wait just a moment?" said the hostess. I sat down and visualized Miss Helen Worden. As Fashion and Society Editor of the New York Evening World, she must be quite an impressive figure. Probably one of those tall, slinky women with perfect poise and a calm, even voice.

"This way," said the page . . . and opened a door to reveal to me my little friend of the elevator!

"Yes, I'm Helen Worden, and I like giving interviews . . . but I'm all out of breath from racing to get here in time. Won't you talk first?"

Relieved to find the Fashion Expert not at all overpowering, I found it easy to explain my mission. With all the interest displayed in fashion articles for women, one seldom finds the needs of the young girl of the *jeune fille* age . . . sixteen, seventeen, or almost eighteen . . . even mentioned. But she is very much interested in her appearance!

Miss Worden agreed with me. "I call girls of that age sub-debs, and although that's a well-worn name for them, there is really no other I can find. They are usually still at school, so most of their clothes, at Mother's insistence, must be *practical*. And how they hate that word!

"But there's no earthly reason for practical things being dull and unattractive. Young girls can wear the new 'bright dark' colors with much more verve than

an older woman. Take the new green, which is dark, yet has such a bright woody tinge. A thin tweed dress, or a knitted frock, in that color will look fresh after weeks of attendance in class-room, at afternoon sorority gatherings, and trips to basketball games. You can say the same thing about the color that is called 'bittersweet' . . . it's an orangy red that is particularly good with young, fresh complexions. I saw a particularly nice tweed suit with a seven-eighths length, raccoon collared coat in that color."

I THINK those shades are lovely," I said. "But so many young girls are wearing black now. Is it considered smart?"

"Yes . . . very definitely yes! But with reservations . . . a bright red leather belt, or a crisp 'lingerie touch'. That meant a collar last year, but this year it means anything from a row of tricky little pique tabs right down the front of one's dress, to a triangular 'revers', or flap, faced with crêpe, which may be worn buttoned, with white facing peeping out, or unbuttoned and openly flaunted."

"Are these dresses that you are describing all in some variation of wool?" I asked.

"No. Silk crêpe is just as fashionable and has the merit of being able to do double duty, if your sub-deb is going out to tea or an informal evening party. Little bows of fur or bright embroidery are new

Fashions

for

"Sub-debs"



An Interview with an NBC Fashion Expert . . .

Helen Worden

notes this season, but the young girl should always try to keep her dresses as simple as possible. Her afternoon dresses should never be very long, and she'll find pleats and simple flares much more effective than elaborate effects.

"YOU seem to be trying to remove all the thrill from our sub-deb's wardrobe," I said. "You know, after girls have graduated from their gangling, all-legs-and-arms 'teens period, they like to display their newly acquired charm and grace."

"And who can blame them?" Miss Worden responded.

"But you've accused me too soon. Remember I've been talking thus far, about school things. When it comes to party frocks, our young friends may be as fluffy and frilly as they please.

"But be sure to tell them that sophistication is not the right keynote this year, even for real debutantes, so it certainly isn't the thing for young girls. Tell them to capitalize their youth . . . to choose things that are just as soft and naive and appealing as can be.

I saw one dress in a Fifth Avenue shop not so long ago which would have been the answer to my prayers when I was sixteen or seventeen.

"It was very long, almost to the ankles, of soft blue chiffon, clinging and molding until it reached a point just below the hips, when it suddenly fell into soft folds. A ruffled collar outlined the neck . . . which was exactly the same depth at back as at front. Cream lace cuffs, tight at the wrist, but flaring almost up to the elbow, completed the adorable thing. It was perfect for some one who's not going out in real evening frocks, just yet.

"By the way, I think I can get you a picture of that frock, and several others which I have in mind for sub-debs," volunteered Miss Worden.

"That will be very kind of you," I said. "Pictures of the things

you've described will help our *jeunes filles*, I'm sure."

Some one opened the door and a sudden cold draft reminded us of outdoor things.

I inquired, "Should young girls wear furs?"

"Yes," said the pleasant-voiced NBC authority, "but there are certain furs which belong, because of their inherent qualities, to youth. The first one I think of is lapin. Way back in the days when my grandmother wore a 'pelisse' or little short jacket, it was liable to be lapin . . . only she called it rabbit skin. Last year saw the fashion revived, and this year finds it even more strongly entrenched. The fur is so soft and easy to manipulate that it can be belted, or flare slightly and still not appear bulky. It's being used for those tricky short jackets that are so becoming to your sub-deb, as well as for long coats."

"IT'S inexpensive, too, isn't it?" I remarked, returning to the practical end of the discussion.

"Very," replied Miss Worden. "No

young girl should wear elaborate furs . . . girls from fashionable schools whom I see lunching at Pierre's before an opera matinee always choose furs like lapin, kidskin or beaver . . . verging on the sports furs. And when they go out in the country they like the warmth and sportiness of raccoon."

"And what have you to say to the girl who wants a cloth coat that is thrillingly new?" I asked.

"Lots and lots. She'll like the big furry collars which frame her face so charmingly, and the tight little belts that only the slender young girl can wear at the exact normal waistline, and the boleros and slightly flared skirts. In fact, I'm sure she'll find so much to enchant her that choice will be a difficult matter."

"Now, can you give me one last exciting piece of news for my sub-debs?" I asked.

"M-m-m. There's a new sort of evening wrap which is made specially for her first prom. It's called the 'bunny coat' and that's just what it looks like. Soft white lapin, and she hugs it tightly

around her chiffon or satin or moire frock, knowing that she looks too adorable!"

"Now I must run away and leave you, for I'm due at a fashion show, and then a tea, and tonight the opera. But I'll send you those pictures I promised. Heavens! It's 12:15. Let's go."

SO THE elevator operator heard my thanks to Miss Worden, on behalf of all the sub-debs who will find her helpful . . . just as the elevator operator had witnessed our meeting.

The pictures sent by Miss Worden appear on these pages . . . and the lapin sports coat and woolen school frock with white collar appear in the *Illustrated Edition*, Page 17-18.



(Left) Soft blue chiffon and Alencon lace make a sub-deb demure but ravishing. (Right) The bunny jacket with its flattering white fur makes a perfect first evening wrap.

How to Enjoy Symphony Music

Every Orchestral Work Is A Pattern of Tones . . .

Comprehension of the Underlying Theme

Brings Pleasure in Good Music

By

WILLIAM BRAID WHITE

Doctor of Music



Dr. William Braid White

This is the third of a series of articles on the inspirational appeal of good music. Dr. William Braid White will be glad to answer in his articles, any questions about music. Address him in care of Radio Digest—Editor

MUSIC is a form of expression just as is poetry or the drama. Dance music—what is called jazz—is a form of music, and decidedly, too, a form of expression. Jazz is very fascinating, for the rhythm on which it is built tickles the toes and sets the feet jiggling for young and old alike. Yet, it is the worst kind of mistake to suppose that the only function of music is to tickle the toes and make the feet dance. Music has other things, of greater importance than that, to do. It has its feet-jiggling function, of course; but that is not its only or even its most interesting function. The real task of music is to give expression to those emotions which cannot be put into words.

So it happens that when a lover and his lass are experiencing towards each other those feelings, at which a cynical and older generation laughs but which it envies none the less, they often find that music speaks to them with a power and a persuasiveness exerted by no other means of expression. The girl may be the silliest of little flappers and the boy the rawest of lob lollies; but each finds the stupidities, the crudities and the shallowness of everyday conduct suddenly taking upon itself a sweet and grave loveliness. To each of the pair of lovers the other is sublime. Each finds opening up in the soul depths of feeling never before known to exist.

Then, it may be, music comes along and their unspoken thoughts find an utterance deeper than words could give. They may be silly about it. The tune may be a cheap little sentimental piece of slop, in the ears of a sophisticate at least; but to these naive yet admirable lovers it may speak with all the mysterious beauty which Beethoven has written into the slow movement of his Ninth Symphony. Here, music is taking its rightful place as interpreter of the soul. Brahms worked on his First Symphony, that gigantic drama, for twenty years before he felt satisfied with it. Music, to put it briefly, is the result of concentrated intellectual passion and power.

Beethoven had meditated for ten years before he found the exact forms into which to cast the leading tunes which he needed for the Ninth Symphony.

Pattern and Power

Just now you are having presented to your ears concerts which are giving you some of the best that will be done in musical performance during this season. Considering that you will be having op-



portunities to hear the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, the Roxy and the Philadelphia, not to speak of the eminent soloists and ensemble players who will be heard on the air, it is evident that you will be much better prepared to hear them with pleasure if you can gain in advance a few basic principles of the musical art.

Music is the result of intellectual power brought to bear on sound. It is always a pattern, as I said last month, and it is a pattern of sounds just as speech is. Speech is articulate sound, and music is tone; but both speech and music mean nothing until they each have been arranged in a pattern.

A tune is a pattern. A simple tune is a simple pattern. It is a fact that the greatest music is based usually on very simple patterns. It is the working out of these, the combining of them with other patterns and the gradual evolution of a vast and intricate pattern, like that of an Oriental rug, which makes music the coherent significant thing that it most certainly is.

The next time you listen to music of the higher kind, think of the pattern of an Oriental rug. In a cheap domestic carpet the pattern is crude and staring. You cannot for a moment mistake it. The flowers or other conventionalized designs blend together in the most obvious way. If your eye is not trained to appreciate fine shades of color or intricate blending of beautiful patterns, you may be willing to think that the cheap carpet is quite nice. Now try studying an Oriental rug. At first sight a very fine Oriental may often appear to have no pattern at all. The color shades are very subtle and lack the noisy brightness of cheap, new carpets. The pattern too is very intricate and often it is hard for the unpracticed eye to see where it begins or ends. A little practice in seeing soon reveals, however, that there is a plan and a form behind all the apparent complexity. A certain comparatively simple pattern will be repeated over and over again, woven into the texture of the rug thread by thread, as each of the thousands of threads is knotted and cut off separately with loving care. Once your eye grasps the basic pattern the whole

scheme falls into a proper perspective and you find yourself admiring your rug understandingly. You now are no longer just looking, you are perceiving. You have ceased to be a mere starrer and are on your way to become a connoisseur of Oriental rugs.

So it is with music. When you are listening to the simplest tune you are listening to a pattern of tones. When you hear the most elaborately worked out orchestral work you are listening to a more elaborate pattern. Basically the two are one.

Musical Terms

By the way, here are one or two explanations to stow away and keep in your mind, to help you as you listen during coming weeks.

Symphony: The largest and most formal of all musical works. It is written for the grand or symphony orchestra, of which I talked last month. The orchestras like the Philharmonic Symphony of New York, the Chicago, the Philadelphia, the Boston Symphony, the Cleveland, the Roxy and many others of which you hear, are symphony orchestras in the right sense of the term. Dance orchestras or small ensembles are not symphony orchestras and should not be confused with them. A symphony is a gigantic tonal pattern intended by its composer to express some large scheme of thought and emotion, which he puts into tones as another man would put it into speech, into a novel or into a painting. A symphony is nearly always divided into four sections, called "movements".

The first movement in a symphony is always built in the most careful way as to pattern, woven with all the patience and skill of an Oriental rug designer. It usually has two leading tunes . . . "themes" . . . or tone patterns, the first sounded at the very beginning, and the second later, after the first has been impressed sufficiently upon the minds of the bearers.

The second movement of a symphony is usually an extended song-like expression, revealing the deepest emotional thought behind the composer's conception, just as the first movement usually reveals



Erich Kleiber, brilliant young German conductor, who won plaudits in his first season with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

his sense of power and his ability to deal masterfully with the ideas that come to him.

The third movement, known usually as the Scherzo (Italian word meaning joke or jest) is a jolly contrast to the first and second, bringing out the lighter side of the basal thought. The fourth movement or Finale is a great summing up of the pattern thoughts and a statement of them usually in a triumphant and decisive form.

Some sarcastic musician once said that the first movement of a symphony shows how skillful the composer is, the second how deeply he can feel, the third how loudly he can laugh and the fourth how glad he is to have brought the thing to a successful finish. But you must not take this too literally.

Sonata: A symphony for one instrument or for two. It is smaller in magnitude but the same in general plan.

Beethoven wrote symphonies for the orchestra and sonatas for the piano. The basal plan is the same in both. A symphony or sonata written for three instruments is called a Trio, for four a Quartet. (Cont. on page 117).



The Roxy Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Littau, who recently left New York to direct the Omaha Symphony. Erno Rapce is his successor.

WANTS PICTURES OF NBC ANNOUNCERS

I AM A reader of the Radio Digest and think it is the most popular monthly magazine of its kind. It has been my desire to have the pictures of the NBC announcers and I would like to know where I may acquire them.

This is my first letter to the Radio Digest and I wish to become one of the many members of the V. O. L. Club, for I enjoy reading each interesting letter in print.

—James H. Harrison, Otto, Tex.

Write National Broadcasting Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York. Also see November and December Marcella—EDITOR.

AS AN interested reader of your publication I certainly enjoy its features. No doubt the leading Radio team on the air is "Amos and Andy," and they certainly deserve all the comments and write ups which you are giving to them, but why not see who on the air is second to this wonderful team as far as Black-face is concerned, and make mention of them.

My choice would be Koffee and KoKo, two local youngsters who in my opinion have mastered the colored dialect. I have listened to these boys since they have started to broadcast and they have shown wonderful improvement. They started not quite a year ago to broadcast on the smallest station in Buffalo, WEBR and of late they have been a sustaining feature on Buffalo's largest and best station WGR.

Wishing Koffee and KoKo loads of success and also your wonderful magazine.

—Mrs. J. E. Morris, Buffalo, N. Y.

THREE LETTERS FOR DX LISTENERS

JUST fifteen years of age, and I am secretary of the American Branch of the "Anglo-American Radio Society".

This club (A. A. R. S.) is headed by Leslie W. Orton of England. Branches are being organized everywhere. This is the best feature of the society. Each branch is to keep the other informed of changes in power, etc., and to furnish all information possible concerning locally-made Radio apparatus.

Will you please print the foregoing in V. O. L.? I feel sure it will help me in my quest for members, and I'd appreciate it very much.—"Enthusiastic Bug"—John Malone, Secretary, A. A. R. S., Box 195, Lacon, Ill.

I am a DX fan with confirmations from over 180 stations in U. S. A., Cuba and Canada and would appreciate very much hearing from anyone who can give information regarding broadcasts from the following places:—Oregon, Delaware, N. Hampshire, Montana, Maine, Idaho, Vermont, Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, South Carolina, Rhode Island, New Brunswick, British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Prince Edward Island, Cuba and Mexico.

Trusting some kind readers and listeners will be able to give some information.—W. Dyson, 72 Cambridge Ave., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

YOUR letter and the new Radio Digest arrived this week and I agree that the new publication is an improvement. I wish you the best of success and feel sure it will be forthcoming since the magazine is really worthwhile.

I enclose a copy of our little publication. I hope you find it interesting. This is published each month by the International Short Wave Club which has a membership covering 37 countries and possessions at this time. If you would care to mention this organization in your new magazine, we would certainly appreciate it.

The club is composed of short wave enthusiasts living in all parts of the world and was organized just a year ago. Information on short wave stations and developments are gathered from all corners of the world and printed in our magazine each month. We welcome every reputable person to membership.

Voice of the

Fifty percent of our members act as reporters in gathering material for publication. It is not a commercial project and is owned, edited, sponsored and advocated by the short wave listener.

Wishing you continued success, I beg to remain,—Arthur J. Green, President, International Short Wave Club, Klondyke, Ohio.

APPLAUSE FOR LINDBERGH ARTICLES

THANK you for your two articles on Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, and for reprinting the text of his Radio address. You may be sure that when I see the magic Lindbergh name on the covers of your magazine, I will not hesitate to buy it.—M. B., Rochester, N. Y.

LESS JAZZ, SAYS ELVA

I AM a regular reader of Radio Digest and about the first thing I look at is the Voice of the Listener.

I am wondering why you never say anything about the Southland Singers, or Hank Simmons Show Boat or Seth Parker. You seem to have a lot to say about orchestra leaders. They are all right and so is their music. But I wish you would tell us something about these other people. (Sorry you missed our Seth & Hank feature. Editor)

As for Amos 'n' Andy I am for them. Am glad they are on earlier so we don't have to wait so late and miss our beauty naps. So let's give these jazz band leaders a rest and praise the other folks a bit.

I suppose if my letter is worth publishing some folks will call me an old "foggy" but I don't care for jazz music and I don't care who knows it. How about it? Let's hear from somebody else.

—Elva Cobler, Garrett, Ind.

MR. METZGER LIKES OUR FICTION

BEING a Radio fan and an interested reader of your fine Radio magazine, I was much pleased in going through your September issue to see the article about WHAS (our best home station).

One thing which struck me as being rather odd, was the fact that there was no mention made of the two boys who put on an act called "Joe and the Cap'n." To me and many of my friends, this act is by far the best coming out of WHAS. We believe it ranks with many of the large chain offerings.

I enjoyed your Rupert Hughes story very much. I hardly see how your merger could make your splendid magazine much better! —Philip Metzger, 1729 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

AND MRS. STEELE DOESN'T!

I COME directly to you about the Radio Digest for it is rotten. I subscribed for it last October and a few numbers were good, only I do not like the stories. The plots are not complete, the poison grapes in Gigolo were vague and all through the stories there is a vague untruth.

What the public wants of a Radio Digest is pictures and true histories of the studio staffs of the stations. Too much Amos and Andy lately. One writeup of artists like they are and then go to others just as good. One Floyd Gibbons—he is all right, but sell him once and then sell others better than he. The pictures

for your stories are hideous. Stop it—don't ruin the Digest!—Mrs. Cady Steele, North Liberty, Ind.

HE KNEW US WHEN WE WERE "THAT HIGH"

I WOULD like to know very much if you plan to publish any more of those big brown books which are entitled, "Radio Digest Illustrated."

I have always enjoyed reading the Digest. We have a big stack of them here at home. These are from way back in 1921, 1922, 1923, and so on. I liked the old way you made them back in the years mentioned above. They were made from paper like the big newspapers are made from. Boy, I sure enjoy reading those old books every time I see them. They did not have stiff backs then. I sure have received a lot of valuable information from them and will always boost them. Wishing you success.

—George B. Myers, Silver Grove, Ky.

Radio Digest Illustrated (in bound volumes) is no longer published—EDITOR.

MORE DETROIT NEWS SOON

THIS is my debut in writing to you. I wanted to get acquainted with V. O. L., even better, so I am writing and expressing some of my views.

First I would like to say that I like Radio Digest a great deal but wish it contained more Detroit News. Detroit has only five stations but they are all good. WWJ has ten years of good service behind it, WJR has 5000 watts and deserves it, for their fine programmes are serving a large territory. WXYZ is a Columbia station and offers the best programmes in the city, while WMBC and WJBK offer many interesting and varied programmes. A Real Radio Fan.—Lewis C. Frank, Jr., 2910 Webb Ave., Detroit, Mich.

WE PROMISE MORE WSMB NEWS SOON

I RECEIVED this day the latest issue of the Radio Digest, and am pleased to be numbered among the subscribers to such an excellent and instructive magazine in the field of Radio.

Even before I became a subscriber, and soon after I became the Radio fan I am to-day—which dates back to April, 1925—at which time one of our best Radio stations in this city—WSMB—first came on the air, I used to purchase, from a local Radio dealer each week (you remember, the Radio Digest appeared weekly, then), your paper.

Likewise, I have also witnessed the rise, to its present position in the field of Radio broadcasting, that excellent Radio broadcasting station I mentioned in the above paragraph, WSMB,—but its pinnacle has not yet been reached, I know, and, though you have, at various times in the past, given this station favorable comment, I am looking forward to a newer writeup in your magazine soon.

Rolf George, 6153 Catina St., New Orleans, La.

FOR THORGY SEE NOVEMBER MARCELLA

WHY not give us a picture of Edward Thorgerson. I've been hearing him announce for several months now and I'd like to know how he looks!

Listener

And I want to put in a word for Amos 'n' Andy. I may not be a "high-brow" but I do regard myself as reasonably intelligent—at least sufficiently so to take care of a responsible position—and I thoroughly enjoy their experiences—if Miss Lucy Barrett—or any one else does not like their entertainment all they have to do is turn a dial or two—unless they have a poor Radio—and in that case they should get a new one.—A. M., Richmond, Va.

READ PHIL COOK'S "THRILLS" IN NOVEMBER RADIO DIGEST

PLEASE let me add my voice to that of Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Caro, Mich., to have some one interview Mr. Phil Cook and tell us something about him. Publish his picture and send a picture to those in his audience that wish one. I am sure no one, working alone as Mr. Cook does, gives more real enjoyment than he does.

Your article about the Cheerio family was excellent and your magazine is a fine medium through which the unseen audience can get a glimpse of the artists and realize they are real folks.—Grace Rodman, Allendale, N. J.

SHOULD CHEERIO REMAIN INCOGNITO?

IT WAS surely some surprise to find that Radio Digest had moved to New York City, where several Radio magazines have not survived. We sincerely hope it will not mean the end of the Digest!

We have been reading it almost from the first issue in 1922 and it has always been interesting, and during its several changes its "make up" has been satisfactory to us listeners.

We thank you very much for the "Cheerio" artists' pictures, but were disappointed that you did not get Cheerio himself, who, we think is taking the wrong attitude and carrying the incognito too far. We think faith in unseen things is not easily acquired and has to be inherited, and so we may lose interest in his part of the "Cheerio" Program if he continues to be so conservative. It completes the listener's interest, if we can read of, and see the pictures, of those we listen to through Radio.

—Mrs. Servior Mitchell, 9 Webster St., Little Falls, N. Y.

BEST WISHES FOR SPEEDY RECOVERY

I HAVE been lying flat on my back in the hospital for nine weeks with a cut and broken leg. I have had my Radio beside me all during this time. Between the Radio Digest and my Radio I have managed to get along fine without getting too tired. Do I enjoy the Radio Digest? I certainly do!

I have read the Radio Digest for a year and have always enjoyed it, but never before have I got the full value out of the magazine. I now read every word of it and will continue to do so from now on.

This is my first letter to you but there will probably be more.

More power to your column and to the Radio Digest and congratulations on the September number.—Harold F. Baker, Winfield, Kansas.

WHICH IS MOST POPULAR ORCHESTRA? RUDY VALLEE? - GUY LOMBARDO? COON SANDERS?

MRS. JOHNSON certainly started something. The mail man is staggering under his daily burden of letters for V. O. L. We, of course, remain editorially impartial—EDITOR.

ONE VOTE FOR RUDY

ALTHOUGH I read Mrs. Johnson's denouncing letter in V.O.L. about two months ago, it has taken me until now to get cooled off enough to write to V.O.L. with some more needless defense for Mr. Hubert Prior Vallée without flying into a rage and throwing so many more tables and chairs out of the window the way I did when I first read it. (Slight exaggeration? Perhaps, but).

I've found that usually the ones who hate him so, are the ones who know little or nothing about him. I know several *men* who have come in more or less personal contact with him and they all say he is as "square," and as much of a "regular fellow" as is possible for anyone. Who could say more?

Give us more about Rudy, "Radio Digest," (and don't forget to show this letter the way to V.O.L.)—Another "Heigh-ho"-minded fan, Louisville, Ky.

ONE FOR GUY LOMBARDO

SOMEONE found Rudy Vallée an inspiration for writing poetry, but for me no man, great or good, could induce me to write poetry about him. Mrs. Johnson, I am surely with you when it comes to Rudy Vallée.

In my estimation Guy Lombardo has the best orchestra on or off the air. Can you find me a trumpet with a better tone than the one in his orchestra? Can you find me an orchestra that has better time? Or a better balanced orchestra? Can you find a man who divides up his "leads" better? (Instead of giving them all to one instrument.) Can you find an orchestra that can play all types of music from the blues to the waltz? And I give these as my points in trying to persuade you that Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are the best orchestra "this side of Heaven."

—Ygontou, New York

ONE FOR COON SANDERS

I HAVE never seen Rudy Vallée and have never met him, therefore, I cannot give an opinion. I am merely writing this article in defense of Coon-Sanders, who happen to be very personal friends of mine.

I think it is very unfair to implicate Cooney and Joe in such a ridiculous dispute. Their Radio audience comes before anything else, and they have done more for charity and more wonderful things for the less fortunate and invalids than any orchestra leaders in the country. They are both very high-class men with wonderful personalities, and treat everyone royally. They have received as high as 500 requests in 4½ hours, which proves that they have a marvelous outstanding orchestra, and do not deserve any nasty slams.—Walter Hoffmann, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.

AND COME OTHER NOMINATIONS

MOST everyone enjoys Rudy Vallée's orchestra of course. But why give so much space to one orchestra, when there are so

many other good orchestras, worthy of a little praise? Gene Fosdick's orchestra—who could sit still when that band strikes up? And Ted Weems, Jimmy Green, Boby Meeker, Herbie Kay!—M. M. S., Milwaukee, Wis.

I DO not see why these ladies in the October issue laugh at Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Fla. Rudy Vallée is not what he is cracked up to be. Rudy does play the better class of dance music, but he cannot touch Ben Bernie. Listen to Ben. over WBBM, Chicago, Wed. 10:15 p.m.—An Orchestra Leader, Toronto, Can.

I'VE just finished reading the October issue of the Digest and as usual I've made a thorough inspection of the V.O.L. department.

While I don't want to insult or "slam" Rudy to any great extent, just the same I certainly believe that there are plenty of dance orchestras in the country that are way ahead of him.

If I were to name five orchestras that I considered the best in the country and certainly better than Rudy Vallée I would mention Coon-Sanders, Don Russo, Jimmy Green, Guy Lombardo, and Art Kassel in the order named.—Charles S. Clarke, Asheville, N.C.

48 . . . 49 . . . RAZZBERRY!

AFTER absorbing all of that excitement over our Rudy. I thought I'd better put my two cents in, too, and congratulate Mrs. Johnson on her remarkable discoveries about Rudy Vallée. No doubt she knows him personally and has thus been enabled to reveal to us unsuspecting victims the falsity and shallowness of this horrible impostor. For this great service to mankind we intelligent readers of Radio Digest should immediately take up a collection of lead slugs and cigar coupons and present Mrs. Johnson a silver-plated razzberry dish and a gold pickle fork. Many a life has she salvaged from the clutches of this sugar-tongued crooner. She has further given succor to his victims by revealing how they have been fooled into overlooking his "ugly" features and "unattractive" face. Say, these Radio artists have a lotta crust if they think we intelligent fans are gonna stand for a homely face!—Anne, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.

MRS. JOHNSON REPLIES!

FIRST may I answer briefly the Vallée fan of Portland, Me.

I must say that it is an ill wind indeed that doesn't do some little good! So my statement caused your first contribution to V. O. L! I must give myself a pat on the back, for the discovery of your wonderful talent and genius. You must continue to entertain us with your opinion and ideas. Please, after this, direct your comments and suggestions to some one who will be interested in what you have to say. It is of no consequence whatever to me what you think about Rudy; you have a perfect right to hero worship if you so desire. But remember, this is a free country and I have the privilege of expressing my personal opinion just the same as you have, so indulge to your heart's content, but remember don't direct your information to me personally.

Now for the Arkansas admirer. Why be so cruel and partial, and not want the magazine if it doesn't have Rudy's pictures? Give the others a break. As the distance is too great for a duel, and I am very much of an amateur in regard to fighting over dream lovers, we will have to call it a draw. However write a note to Santa Claus, and tell him all about it. Ask him to bring you a whole book of Rudy's pictures. He will understand heart throbs like yours best of anyone.

In closing, let me again express my admiration for Guy Lombardo. He already has a host of loyal fans to sing his praises at all times!—Mrs. Johnson, Jacksonville, Mo.

Out of the AIR

HITS—QUIPS—SLIPS

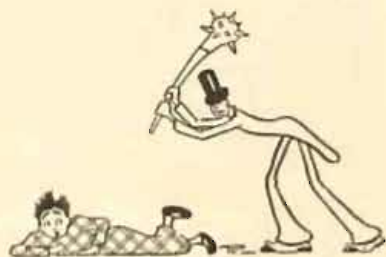
By INDI-GEST

From 1 A.M. until dawn the other night Indigest was in the throes of a horrendous nightmare. No, it wasn't a Welsh Rarebit dream, because Indi doesn't have the least partiality for cheese; nor was it qualms of conscience that caused the racking mental pains of that frighteous night. Besides being horrendous, that nightmare was terrific, alarmful, petrificatory, appalling, formidibaceous and made me shiver all over like a naspeneaf.

It was worse than that, 'n all because there were so many good things from contribs this month that I couldn't make up my mind about the big prize winners. About 1:15 A.M. a five dollar gold piece and three big round silver dollars with legs like the circus giants' started to chase me. They took up their hunt way out West at KFRC in San Francisco and hounded me all the way East to WQAM down in Miami. And whenever I sat down by the roadside to rest my painful joints and callous feet a contributor would rise up beside me and say I DESERVE THAT BIG FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE! DO I GET IT? NO? . . . BANG! BANG! BANG!

And I would jump up, afraid of being peppered with buck shot or even shrapnel (in Chicago it was a bomb) and run some more.

It ended when somebody was about



to bang me on the head with an Indian war club that looked more like an Alaskan totem pole, and I found the back of my head black and blue from rolling on the floor and hitting the bed post on the way down.

The next day I made up my mind to quit worrying and give two prizes of five dollars each as a nightmare preventive for myself. One goes to Helen Mary Hayes for her Jabberknocky, on this page . . . and the other to Mort Clemson for his "Musings of a Radio"

which you'll come to if you'll just be patient. Now, don't be turning the pages over, just to see it . . . it's against the rules to read the last page first.

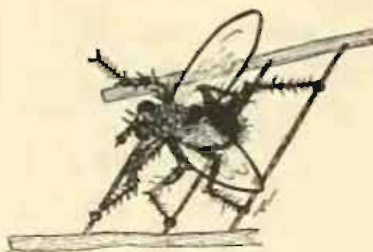
HOW TO CATCH FLYS

Rocky Austin, the Song Rambler of WJAY, has become an inventor.

Rocky: Well folks, I'm going to tell you about my invention, the very latest in fly-catchers.

Place a step-ladder against the wall of your room. On the top of the ladder construct a platform and in this platform place a trap door.

This is how it works. The fly walks up the ladder to the platform. He



starts walking around on this and behold, he falls through the trap door into an ice-cream freezer where he is instantly slain.—Charles Burwell, Magnolia, Ohio.

Here is a letter I got from Imp, who sent me a recipe for cement custard not so long ago. I know it gives all of you a thrill to read some one else's mail, so I'll be good to you. She writes:

"So my 'Invalid's Custard' sounded good, but if I should send cake, by the time it reached Indigest it would be a brick! Well, which would be the most satisfying, cement or brick? I might make some fudge for you, Indi-Gest (able). How 'bout it, Indi-Gest (ion)? Thinkin' and talkin' so much 'bout YOU I have Indi-Gest (ion) on the brain, 'stead of, well, where do you have IT?"—Imp, Detroit, Mich.

You can tell IMP for me that I'm not saying anything . . . but . . .

Cash for Humor!

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

It may be something planned as part of the Radio entertainment, or it may be one of those little accidents that pop up in the best regulated stations. Send your contribution to Indi-Gest, Radio Digest.

JABBERKNOCKY

(After Lewis Carroll—quite a ways)

'Twas graham, and the squishy blones
Did blat and guggle on the air.
All rudy were the sexophones
And the blue grumphs were there.

Cum see, cum sa, the zigradoons
Made skreaking skirl like ghosts in
pain.
All dirgeous were the symphotoons—
They bibbled soft again.

What are those awful sleemish growls,
Like avalanches on tin roofs?
It is the Staticus that howls
With thunder in its hoofs.

Then buckle on my tuba sharp,
Tie on my piccolo so blue;
I'll polish up my stout jewsharp
To run him thru and thru.

All day he sought the Staticus
With grid screen and skerflump.
The short waved monster did percuss
And skriffle with its hump.

At length he tracked it to its plish,
He ran its generator thru.
The monster squiffled in a trish,
Fell wrackling in the sklew.

Come to my arms, my roxy seth!
He relayed in his joy.
For thou hast slain the minimeth—
Thou art the sunshine boy!

'Twas graham, and the squishy blones
Did blat and guggle on the air.
All rudy were the sexophones
And the blue grumphs were there.

Helen Mary Hayes
Lincoln, Neb.

OH, LADY, LADY!

WTAM at the conclusion of a song sung by a lady artist:—

Announcer: Oh how I would like to make you happy.

Lady Artist: How nice of you.

Announcer: Beg your pardon Miss — I was only announcing the next number.—Arthur Day, Sergeant, Ky.

A UKELELE STRUMMING LORELEI

May Singhi Breen claims that she has an indefinable something that attracts fish, but Peter de Rose says no, *he* is an expert fisherman. The discussion took place while the popular couple, featured on NBC programs, were on a fishing trip on Twin Lake, N. Y., with a party of friends.

One morning May and Peter put out in a canoe to try their luck. But the fish wouldn't bite. May, tiring of the sport, picked up her ukulele, which she had brought along, and began playing. Three of the strings immediately snapped. Peter was elected to do something about it, and in the spirit of fun, substituted some of the fishing line on the instrument.

The plan worked better than either of them had expected, and May continued her strumming. Soon the fish began biting from all sides. The bottom of the canoe was filled with choice catches. They rowed triumphantly back to shore to find that other members of the party, who had been out longer than they, didn't have a fish to show for their efforts.

May insists that it was her playing that lured the fish, and not any remarkable skill on the part of her husband.



May Singhi Breen allures the fish with her uke

A SHORT STORY

Karl Stefan, WJAG, gave this news bulletin:—

A Chicago man was bathing his feet in benzine because his feet hurt him. He was also smoking a cigarette.

Benzine — Cigarette — Siz! Boom! Hospital. — *Frances Cherry, Wayne, Nebr.*

FIRST THEY STOP THE BOAT

Heard this one from WCCO:—

Tim and Ole were on the ship Europa bound for Europe.

Ole: Tim, why do they send a letter to a man when he falls overboard?

Tim: Send a letter? What do you mean?

Ole: Well, I asked a sailorman what they did when a man fell overboard and he said they dropped him a line.— *Irving Webber, Fairmont, Minn.*

This one proves that politicians in Canada are like those everywhere else.

During the recent election campaign in the Dominion, the Hon. R. B. Bennett had just finished his final effort to win votes, presenting his platform with due credit to himself. When he finally concluded his remarks station CKX at Brandon played "Give Yourself a Pat on The Back" as a sign off number!— *Kenneth R. Perry, Hartney, Manitoba, Canada.*

'S A CUTE STORY

Heard over WLW:

"Two college boys were returning to the dormitory, after being out all night. They saw an angleworm. One of the boys observed, "S a cute angleworm." "S a right angleworm," argued the other.

"Aw, don't be so darn geometrical." That's what hootch does for one.— *Mrs. Judson W. German, Atlanta, Ga.*

Those cute angleworms remind Indigest of this worm story, which just must be announced with a Noo Yawk accent.

Goitie and Mabel sat on the coib, reading the E. ening Woild.

Said Go'lie to Mabel, "There's woims in tne doit."

Said Mabel to Goitie, "Woims don't hoit."

So they went on reading the Woild!

That's the way the rest of the country thinks we New Yorkers talk. But we really don't. Actually, it sounds much worse.

On September 25th Floyd Gibbons' snappy wind-up had to do with plants, trees, etc. His parting shot was "And until then, listen to the sap." After which Edward Thorgersen made the

concluding announcement!—*Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.*

Does anyone know what a "Halterophilist and Speculative Equilibrist" is? If you do, please, oh please, allay my curiosity and tell me, quick, quick. Indi-gest got a contribution (which we were obliged to decline) from someone whose letterhead describes him as such.

An equilibrist, according to Webster, is an acrobat, or trapeze worker. A speculative equilibrist, then, might be a Wall Street tight rope walker. A hal-



terophilist is not in Radio Digest's big dictionary but might be derived from . . . phili, fond of, and halter . . . one who is fond of halters. Complete definition then, of halterophilist and speculative equilibrist is a Wall Street tight rope walker who would like to be (or ought to be) hung. But if you can offer a better definition, please shoot it in.



WHAT A RADIO THINKS ABOUT

Six thirty, the kids just turned me off. I'm sure glad when I have digested little Tommy Jack Rabbit and Billy Ground Hog. There should be a law to keep these bed-time stories off the air, at least when a coast to coast super-six like me has his switch turned on. We Radios have too little to say about what is done with or around us, and still we talk fifteen hours a day; is that right, I ask you?

O, O, here comes the old man himself, just home from the office and all tired out, but even if he is, he'll not be too tired to tune me until midnight. The guy that owns me is the champion dial fighter of the world, never satisfied with what I give him.

Honest, he thinks I'm a Robot, I guess. He tunes in a three-piece band and then gets sore at me because I don't make it sound like a full symphony. And on top of that, some of these broadcasting stations have been handing us Radios a lot of sourdough music. For example: 'eek, 'ssh, 'ugh, tell me who can make that kind of bunk sound like "Home Sweet Home" or "Asleep in the Deep." You know, some time, I'm gonna get sore and paralyze a couple tubes.

The other night, the old man had a house full of company and was telling 'em what a wham I was at bringing in distance. First crack out of the box he gets rough with me and made me mad, so what do I do to get square with him but mush the call letters on every distant station he tuned in; was he sore at me? He said that for two cents he would break every tube in me. Of course, these last remarks were made after the company had gone, I'm kind of afraid of him when we're alone. He might stick a screw driver in me and get me to squealing and then even the neighbors would be down on me.

One night he tried to get station KCB. and I, like the good little Radio I am, went right out in the ether after them. I soon found out they were off the air and thought that I would be real nice to the old boy and bring in something else. Well, he goes right up in the air and says, "When I want KCB. I want 'em and not RXX. This settles it, I'm gonna either fix this thing or wreck it." He

might just as well saved the breath he used when he said, "Fix." In he digs, we goes around and around, me throwing sparks and smoking, thinking that maybe I could scare him off. I stood it as long as I could before I got hot; I gave him a good shock, made an awful noise in the loud speaker but he kept right on giving me a half nelson. This went on for about an hour and me trying to protect myself in every way I knew how. He then started to get personal and called me a piece of junk. That was enough for me, after me taking him, the family and his friends all over the country and showing 'em a good time. I just took one deep draw of current and burned out every tube in me; then he takes one more look and says to the Mrs. "I knew I could fix this thing if I got after it." She says, "What's the matter with it?" and he says "All the tubes are burned out, I'll get a new set of tubes tomorrow." The Mrs. says "How much does a new set of tubes cost?" The old man says, "Not over ten bucks."

I suppose you wonder what I do for pastime. Well I'm gonna let you in on my favorite indoor sport. I just set around all day and high-hat the phonograph and player piano—no one even looks at them since I came.

Mort Clemson, Peoria, Ill.

SERVED HIM RIGHT FOR BUTTING IN

Here's a Slip and a Quip!

The B.B.C. Trio of WMAK was playing its last number when the announcer, Herbert Rice, broke in "Ladies and Gentlemen,"—then realizing that the piece wasn't finished, he kept quiet until the music stopped. Then listeners heard, "Say, what the Hell do you mean by butting in—" and the voice trailed off as the speaker realized that the mike was still on.—*W. G. Burton, Niagara Falls, Ont.*

"PUT A LILY IN HIS HAND" MIGHT BE MORE APPROPRIATE

It was late afternoon and one of our local announcers had been entertaining with recorded selections for quite a

while. He had lost interest, it seemed, in the blending of his program, and in a weary voice said, "Now playing for you, two phonograph records, 'Lay My Head Beneath a Rose' and 'Turn on the Heat' . . ."—*Margaret E. Sedgwick, 123 Alamo Plaza, San Antonio, Texas.*

TWENTY INNINGS! PITY THE POOR ANNOUNCER

Bob Elson, WGN sports announcer, was describing a baseball game between the Cubs and St. Louis Cardinals. The broadcast was sponsored by Thompson's Restaurants whose slogan is "Thompson's must be a good place to eat." It was during the first half of the 20th inning, about 7:15, and the announcer was both tired and very hungry (as he had previously announced) when he said in a weak voice, "Thompson's must be a good place to eat."—*Clara Carter, Oakland, Ill.*

HOT ON GRAHAM'S TRAIL

Here is one probably heard by millions:

Graham McNamee in announcing from St. Louis at the fifth World Series game explained the postponement of President Hoover's speech with "President Roosevelt's speech will be read directly after the completion of the broadcast of this game." He corrected himself immediately!—*L. T. Young, Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, U. S. Ship New York.*

Two other special Indigest reporters (E. C. Baird of St. Joseph, and Mrs. R. D. King of Alexandria) sent that one in too, but the Navy got here first, as always!

* * *

Listening to station WNOX. The announcer, Roger Williams, read a telegram requesting "A Cottage For Sale" . . . to be sung by Frances Ressler . . . signed — Paul of Atlanta, Ga. When he had finished reading the message, he said "I am very sorry, Paul, but the mortgage has been lifted on this cottage so Frances is Washing Dishes With The One She Loves."—*Roy E. Baker, 1405 N. Central St., Knoxville, Tenn.*



TUNE IN

Crawford—They're putting in some great Radio broadcasting stations nowadays.

Crabshaw—I should say so. Out West they have a WOW!—J. J. O'Connell, *New York*.

GOSSIP SHOP

The only thing that prevents Giuseppe di Benedetto from bringing his home orchestra of fifteen canaries down to the NBC studios once in a while is



the fact that *Cheep* music won't go so well with the guitar serenades he provides in the Neapolitan Night programs he conducts.

His wife knows the location of all the bird stores in New York and steers him away from the marked streets, because every time he passes one, it's so much off the budget for another yellow bird or two.

Phil Dewey, NBC baritone, was raised on a farm not far from Rochester, Indiana, and claims he got his first experience in vocal training when, as a small boy, he called the cows in from grazing every evening, to be milked.

He made his first professional appearance at the age of five. He really was paid for it. The story goes that Phil and his father were on their way to town in a horse and wagon. They came upon some men at work, grading the road with gravel. The grading machine spread all the way across the road, so they were forced to wait until a path could be cleared for them to pass. The superintendent in charge of the work, knowing of Phil's vocal proclivities, asked him to sing a few songs while they waited. He even promised to pay the boy if he proved especially entertaining. The proposition appealed to Phil. The most he had ever sung for previously were cookies or candy. From the high wagon seat he sang all the popular songs he knew. When he was through, the man who had contracted for his services approached him saying: "That was fine, young man. Here is your reward."

With that he handed Phil a bright shiny penny.

See the signature on the picture of Phil Dewey on this page, and May Singhi Breen on page 95? You've guessed it—Indi-Gest's illustrator is none other than Jolly Bill Steinke, of

Jolly Bill and Jane. He's a former newspaper cartoonist and walks around the studio with a perpetually busy pencil.

SCRAMBLED PROGRAMS

Sitting beside my Radio nightly, listening to the orderly procession of programs marching through the hours, I am sometimes possessed of a wild desire to break the monotony by scrambling the various characters. Here are some of the things I would like to hear:

1. A conversation between Achmed Pasha and Jane M'Grew.
2. Seth Parker explaining the World Series to Will Rogers.
3. Amos and Andy in an Evening in Paris.
4. Leopold Stokowski conducting Henry Field's Little Symphony Orchestra.
5. Floyd Gibbons pinch hitting for Walter Damrosch.—*Nelle Arnold, Cedar Creek, Nebr.*

That last one is good subject matter. You can just imagine Floyd . . . The next number on the program will be the Swan Song from Lohengrin. Flashes from the United Press tell that this fellow, who was a German count, paid a surprise visit to a young lady in a new kind of boat . . . drawn by swan power instead of electric h. p. He was out to save her from execution for killing her brother. He did and ended up by marrying the lady, with the stipulation that she keep his name from the press. She couldn't . . . gave him away . . . and so he did a quick fade-out, this time using a couple of doves for a fly-away to Heaven. The theme

of the Swan Song, which you will hear weaving in and out of this beautiful melody, is *sad* and shows the sorrow that Lohengrin feels on parting from his beloved. It is one of the most heart-rending pieces of music which the great Wagner ever composed.

Puzzle:—Can you tell where Gibbons stops and Damrosch begins? It ought to be easy.

WAIT UNTIL TELEVISION

Sandy had inherited a Radio from an uncle in London, and had invited a friend over to spend an evening listening to a wireless programme.

"At its conclusion the host said: Weel, Mac, wha' cuid we desire better than thot? Singing, instrumentalists, a talk on insects, opera, news, and dance music—all for naethin'."

"Aye," said MacTavish, "but we dinna hae ony acrobats."—*Molly Zakarijus, Kansas City, Mo.*

Molly must have good ears and sharp eyes, because she sent in another good one besides the Scotch one. The other one is Henglish and 'airy. 'Ere it is.

AIR TONIC

English Barber—Hanything h'on the 'air to night?

Customer—I don't know. I haven't a Radio.

CROSS YOUR HEART

Heard over Station KMPC:

"The next number will be 'Really and Truly.' A phonograph record."

I wouldn't doubt his word!—*V. M. Davidson, San Diego, Calif.*



PHIL DEWEY'S FIRST PROFESSIONAL APPEARANCE

Scientific Progress

By Howard Edgar Rhodes, Technical Editor

Progress of Television

ALTHOUGH there have been no important announcements concerning television for some time there is no doubt but that engineers associated with the major broadcasting companies and with the large electrical companies are spending considerable time and money on the problem. It is quite probable that several of the companies are more advanced in their television experiments than they care to say, reserving announcements until some definite concert results have been obtained. Engineers of the various companies refuse to make any statements regarding their work in television. The National Broadcasting Company has licenses for experimental work on television and a license for experimental work has been requested

tain definite lines. A really new idea might bring television to the home much sooner; unforeseen difficulties might make practical realization require a much longer time. Even today there are of course a number of stations broadcasting experimental television programs; regular programs are transmitted by the Jenkins Television Corp. in New Jersey and from W9XAP, the television station of WMAQ, Inc., operated by the Chicago Daily News. William S. Hedges, president of WMAQ, Inc., advises us at this writing that with the large photo-cells they intend to use it will be possible to transmit full length views of actors, instead of just a head and shoulders.

All television licenses issued by the Radio Commission are granted on a tem-

Meanwhile those organizations (broadcasting companies especially) who feel that they will want to transmit television when it leaves the womb of technology are anxious to get experimental licenses now, so that when permanent licenses are granted, and there won't be very many, they will be able to point to the experimental work they did to bring about its accomplishment and thereby enhance their chances of getting a permanent license. It is probable that the large manufacturers are rather anxious that television does not follow the same experimental course that Radio did when it first started in 1920.

Television experimental work in the large laboratories evidently has two aims in view. One is to develop television as a means of home entertainment using simple but effective apparatus. The other aim is to develop television for the theatre, so that television images may be presented on the stage.

Mid-West Radio City

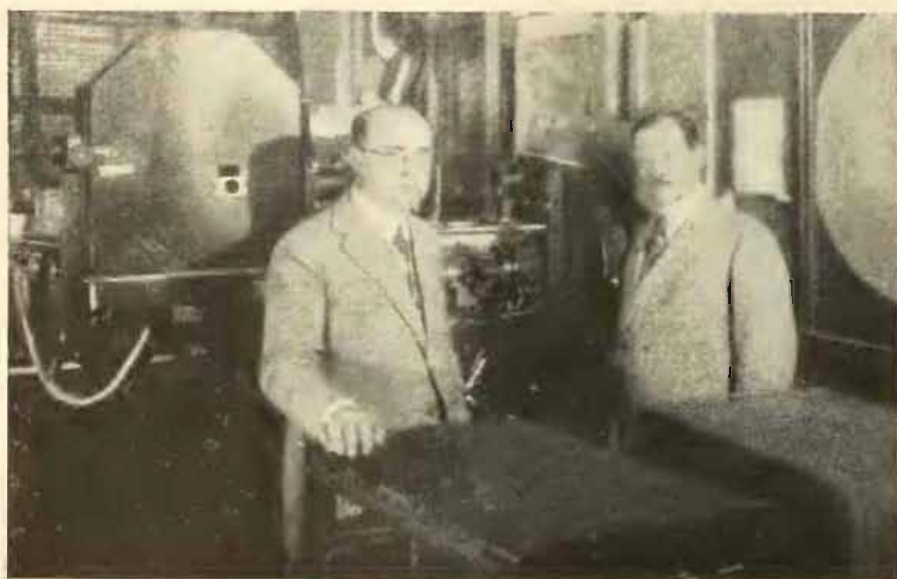
RADIO broadcasting is going on to bigger and better things. First came the announcement of the huge Radio City in New York and now Chicago can boast of a super-station which has been erected on top of the world's largest building, the Merchandise Mart.

Here are a few statistics that show the magnitude of the project. The new station is two stories in height; comprises more than 66,000 square feet; contains six studios, four of which are two stories high and plans are completed for additional studios when needed.

More than 56,000 square feet of sound-proof material was used in the construction of the studios; there are more than 95 light fixtures in the studios and more than 33,000 watts of electricity are used to light Studio A alone.

More than 13,400 square feet of carpet was used to cover halls, corridors, and offices. The staff of employees numbers over 200 and more than 400 radio entertainers are available.

The station includes a number of innovations which are the result of years of experimental work on the part of a large staff of engineers. There are four network control booths which are, in fact, miniature studios. It is indeed a super-station.



TELEVISION WIZARDS

Dr. August Karolus, German television expert and University of Leipzig professor, left, and Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson conferring in the laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady.

of the Federal Radio Commission by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The NBC for some time past has had an experimental television station in operation in the heart of New York City.

Television in the home has been stated, by various engineers, to be from three to five or more years away. Such estimates are of course based on the idea that development work will progress along cer-

porary experimental basis. The Commission is believed to be interested in television development, but also believes that sufficient public interest has not been created to grant permanent licenses on the basis of "public interest, convenience and necessity." There is reason to feel, however, that as soon as sufficient public interest is aroused the Commission will grant permanent licenses.

of the Radio Arts

Concert-going by Radio

ALTHOUGH I have been conducting symphonic orchestral concerts since 1885, and traveling with my orchestra over the entire United States many times during that period, I have only in the last four years been able to reach the great masses of our people by means of the Radio," says Walter Damrosch, musical counsel, National Broadcasting Company. "Before this wonderful invention was perfected, I could play only to audiences which could gather in the concert halls and theatres of our larger cities. Such audiences were necessarily limited by the size of the auditorium, and assuming that I conducted about one hundred concerts every winter with an average audience of twenty-five hundred, I could reach about two hundred and fifty thousand people every year.

"But now the Radio enables me to play to audiences of ten million people every Saturday evening, and as I give about thirty-four of these concerts during the winter, that gives us the incredible total of three hundred and forty millions. While this huge audience includes many of my listeners of the past, by far the greater part are people who have never before heard a note of what I call music. To my delight and amazement, the music of Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner comes to them like a revelation of beauty and emotional pleasure. Only through the Radio could I reach these millions of people on the farms and ranches, in out of the way towns, and above all, the many who are too poor to buy concert tickets, and to whom the "air" now brings free for all, a weekly message of symphonic music.

"An average of thirty to forty thousand letters a year which I receive from these listeners, gives eloquent testimony of their joy and gratitude. Small wonder that I consider these last three years of my professional life in many ways the most important in my career as a musician and educator."

Sometimes when we sit down to write this monthly manifesto on Radio, we attack the job with gusto and enthusiasm, with faith in Radio's ultimate possibilities, optimistic that Radio will reach great achievements. How we feel depends largely upon what we have heard over the air during the preceding few days. Having had the pleasure of listening to two excellent symphony concerts

over the preceding week-end we are all "het up" over the possibilities of this type of broadcast music in promoting music appreciation. For it seems to us that instrumental music should be the backbone of Radio entertainment. It is perhaps the only form of entertainment that can be assimilated solely by the ear.

After all, listening to a symphony con-



Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors and musical counsel for NBC.

cert by Radio has advantages over listening to it in a concert hall. The placement of the microphone quite close to the orchestra eliminates from the Radio reproduction the rattling of programs, coughs, sneezes and other annoyances that must be tolerated in the concert hall. And the inability to see the musicians enables one to concentrate completely on the music. During the rendition of a number at any concert a surprising large number of the audience may be seen reading their program, turning in their seats to see what their neighbors are wearing, or watching with eagle eyes the movements of the conductor.

TO SAY that such people "hear" the concert is mere piffle. To really follow the development of a symphony, there is needed a degree of concentration that does not permit of any division of attention between eye and ear. Of course one can slump down in

the seat and hold a hand over the eyes but this tends to attract undesired attention from others who will think you have fallen asleep or who will consider you a faker feigning intense absorption in the music. The movements of the conductor and other members of the orchestra, the bowing of the strings, the thumping of the kettle drum are necessary—and distracting. For there is no such thing as absorbing music optically. The Radio relieves us of all these things.

And therein lies the advantage of concert-going by Radio. Given a good receiver, a good orchestra properly transmitted and we can enjoy a concert in our home much more than we could in the concert hall. We can push on our favorite pair of slippers, turn off the lights, settle ourselves in an easy chair and in the quiet and darkness be in a position most fully to enjoy the music. Try it.

LISTEN carefully to the music. Pick out some bit of melody, and follow it through the symphony. Every now and then you will find it coming back, sneaking around the corner maybe in a different key with some variation, perhaps disguised by a growth of beard and a new hat. But, like a bloodhound, keep on its track. It will try to hide, bury itself under the heap of sounds, but back it will come. You will enjoy it. You will hear things in the music which you never before realized were in the score.

The major disadvantage of listening to concerts by Radio is that we have to listen between numbers to the announcer, telling us who composed the next selection, why he composed it, where he was born and goodness knows how many other details about the music and its composer.

Why can't the interval between selections be almost silent so that we may feel fully the glow of pleasure that comes from hearing good music well played?

We are not fooling ourselves, or even hoping to fool our readers, that the broadcasting of symphony concerts is perfect. The reproduced music does not have the full dynamic range of the musical orchestra, nor do we hear the higher overtones of some of the instruments. But we do hear by Radio a much better balance between the various instruments than we hear when we actually go to a concert. By Radio we get the best seat in the house—and we get it every time.

Scientific Progress *of the* Radio Arts

International Broadcasting

RADIO, unlike other mediums for the transmission of voice and music, recognizes no national boundaries between countries. Per se it is essentially international. It seems but natural therefore that Radio should reach a stage of development where, as has now occurred many times during the past year, programs from foreign countries would be available to American listeners and American programs available to listeners in foreign countries. There will probably not be another event of major importance that will not be sent by Radio to all parts of the civilized world.

The placidity with which the American listener has accepted foreign broadcasting is not surprising. For the past century the public has learned to expect marvels from science. As a result, international broadcasting, which if accomplished several years ago would have amazed people, is now accepted almost casually, though with appreciation of its utility and its effect in strengthening friendly relations between peoples of various countries.

But international broadcasting was not an easy task to accomplish. On the contrary it was difficult and expensive. Engineers working on the problem lost many nights of sleep. Engineering work on the problem dates back many years—it really goes back to the very beginning of Radio. Foreign broadcasts as we hear them today will, of course, be improved. At present they are imperfect, but good, and not to be fully appreciated until one has to do without them.

At present the success of an international broadcast depends somewhat on the weather and its effect on receiving conditions. But as the work goes forward we will gradually add improvements to the point where broadcasts can be arranged at any time with but little regard to atmospheric or other conditions that now hinder our efforts.

C. W. Horn, general engineer, of the National Broadcasting Company, was intimately connected with a large part of the preliminary development work on international broadcasting. Regarding the future of this branch of Radio broad-

casting, Mr. Horn recently stated, "I foresee that we shall gradually improve and increase the number of broadcasts until without any definite announcement or warning we shall be arranging programs for international consumption without giving much thought to the question as to whether or not conditions will be suitable. It seems to be human nature to have such developments grow on us without realizing that changes have taken place.

IT MAY take a year or two of refining before it becomes thoroughly reliable, and also to permit some of the more distant parts of the world to equip themselves with the necessary apparatus, but we are already assured that the problem has been solved and that we are ready to permit the listener to participate in things that take place far beyond the boundaries of his own country."

These things are accomplished at great expense, but what the public demands it usually gets. Means are always found to satisfy their wishes.



Studio A of National Broadcasting Company's new midwest "Radio City" in the Merchandise Mart, Chicago, which is the largest broadcasting studio in the world. Its dimensions are: Width, forty-seven feet; length, seventy-two feet; height, twenty-three feet.

Chain Calendar Features

See Index to Network Kilocycles on page 108

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

Sunday

HEROES OF THE CHURCH—
8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WFBM KMOC KMBG WBCM
WMT W2WC WTAR WDBJ
WHEC WLAC KRLD KFJF
WPG WNAX

MORNING MUSICAL—
9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W2AU WHP WFBL
WHEC WAIU WFBM KMOC
KMBC W1BW KSPD WSPD
WMT W2WC WDBJ WREC
WLAC KRLD KFJF WPG
WNAX

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK—
10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WFBL WAIU WFBM
KSCJ KMBC W1BW KFH
WBCM WSPD WOOD WREC
WLAC KFJF WPG WORC

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—
—Children's Program.
10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WJAS WFBL WAIU KSCJ
KMBC W1BW WBCM WSPD
WGST WOOD WREC WLAC
KFJF WPG WORC

**COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—Dr. Chas. Fleischer.**
10:50 a.m. 9:50 8:50 7:50
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WHP WJAS WAIU KMOC
KSCJ KMBC W1BW WBCM
WSPD WMT W2WC WTAR
WDBJ WREC WLAC KFJF
WPG

**MELODY VAGABONDS—Vincent
Sorey and Orchestra.**
12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
WLBZ WCAU W2AU WMAI
WHP WADC WIK WAIU
KSCJ KMBC W1BW WSPD
WTAR WDBJ WGST WOOD
WREC KFJF KVI KFPY
WPG WXYZ WDAY WORC

LONDON BROADCAST—
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W2AU WHP WFBL
WKBW WADC WIK WAIU
WKBW WADC WIK WAIU
WGBN KOIL KSCJ KMBC
WCOO W1BW WMT WTAR
WDBJ WREC KFJF KLE
KFPY WPG WORC WXYZ

METROPOLITAN ECHOES—
1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
WJZ WBAL KFAB KDKA
WLW KWK CKGW WHAM
WJR WRN

**ELGIN PROGRAM (Daily Except Sun-
day).**
1:15 p.m. 12:15 11:15 10:15
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WOSH WRC WFJC WJZ
WSAI KYW WGC WHO
WDAF CKGW WELJ KSTP
WERC WPTT WJAX WTOD
WFLA W2UN WHAS WSM
WMC WSH WAPI WSMB
WJDX KTHS KPRC WQAI
WKY KOA

NEAPOLITAN NIGHTS—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WEAF WJZ WDAF WTAM
WIBO WCAE KSD WOC
WHO WOV WHAS KBC
KGO

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—
1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
WABC W2XE WCAU W2AU
WCAO WMAL WHP WFBL
WHEC WKBW WKBC WAIU
WKBW WADC WKBW WFBM
KMOC KOIL KSCJ KMBC
KMBG W1BW WCOO W1BW
WBCM WMT W2WC WTAR
WDBJ WREC WREC KLE
KFJF KLE KVI KFPY
WPG WDAY WORC WXYZ

CATHEDRAL HOUR
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W2AU WMAI
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WKBW WADC WKBW WFBM
KMOC KOIL KSCJ KMBC
W1BW WCOO W1BW KFH
WBCM WMT W2WC WTAR
WTAR WDBJ WREC WLAC
KRLD KLEA KFPY KLE
KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
WDAY WORC WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

MOONSHINE AND HONEYSUCKLE—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WEAF WGR WTAM KND
WJZ WDAF KOA KSL

ROXY SYMPHONY CONCERT—
2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
WJZ W2Z W2A WBAL
KDKA KYW WRC WFAA
WERC KFAB CKGW WHAS
WREN KSTP KWK WSH
W2VA WJAX WHAM WRA
WSUN WLW WPTT WIOD



Bill Steinke (Jolly Bill)—7:45 a.m. every weekday—NBC

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE—
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WJZ WBAL KOA KDKA
WJR WLW KWK WREN
KFAB W2VA WJAX WIOD
WJDX KVOO WFAA WQAI
KSL WFLA WSUN KTHS
WFB W2Z W2A KGW
KFBD WPTT KGO WLS

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYM-
PHONY ORCHESTRA—**
3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W2AU WMAI
WMAL WHP WFBL WHEC
WFBM WADC WKBW WADC
WIK WRC WAIU WABN
WFBM WMAQ KMOC KOIL
KSCJ KMBC W1BW WCOO
WMT W2WC WTAR WDBJ
WHEC WREC WLAC KRLD
KLEA KFPY KLE KDYL
KVI KFPY WPG WDAY
WORC WXYZ

SOUTHLAND SKETCHES—
2:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
WJZ WBAL KFAB KDKA
WLW KWK KOA KSL
CKGW WHAM

DR. S. PARKES CADMAN—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WOSH WRC WCV WJZ
WERC WIOD WSM WKY
WJDX KGO KFO KSTP
KHO WSMB KOMB WLIT
KSD KGW WGR WCAE
KECA KTAI KYW WJZ
WOC WHO WDAF WTMJ
WJAX WFLA WSUN WHAS
WMC WSH WDAF KPRC
WQAI KOA W2VA KVOO
WRAI

FLORSHEIM SUNDAY FEATURE—
4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
WJZ W2Z W2A WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJZ WLW
KYW KWK WREN KFAB

**CANADIAN PACIFIC MUSICAL CRU-
SADERS.**
4:15 p.m. 3:15 2:15 1:15
WJZ W2Z W2A WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJZ WLW
KYW KWK WREN KFAB

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

"YOUR EYES"—
4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
WJZ W2Z W2A WBAL
WHAM KDKA WJZ KYW
KWK WREN KFAB CKGW

**SERMON BY REV. DONALD GREY
BARNHOUSE—**
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WABC W2XE WCAU WCAU
W2XAU WJAS WFBL WKIWW
WADC WRC WOVO WMAQ
KMOX KOIL KRLD WXYZ



Arturo Toscanini Conductor Philharmonic Orchestra CBS Sunday

NATL. VESPERS—DR. FOSDICK—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WJZ W2Z W2A WBAL
WHAM WLW KWK WREN
KFAB KSTP WERC WJAX
WIOD WMC KOMB WJDX
WQAI KVOO KPRC WFLA
W2V WSUN KOA KTAI
KGO KGW KHIQ KDKA
WLC

DAVEY HOUR—
5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
WEAF WJAR WTAC WSSH
WRC WCV WGR WTAM
W2V WSAI WENR KSD
WOC WHO WOV WDAF
CKGW

CATHOLIC HOUR—
6:30 p.m. 5:30 4:30 3:30
WEAF WEEI WJAR WTAG
WOSH WRC WCV WJZ
WERC WIOD WSM WKY
WJDX KGO KFO KSTP
KHO WSMB KOMB WLIT
KSD KGW WGR WCAE
KECA KTAI KYW WJZ
WOC WHO WDAF WTMJ
WJAX WFLA WSUN WHAS
WMC WSH WDAF KPRC
WQAI KOA W2VA KVOO
WRAI



Corinne Tilton NBC Friday Night

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

IDENT BIG BROTHER CLUB—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WJAS W2Z WJAX WRC
WCV WGR WTAG WJZ
WJZ WSAI WCAE WOC
WHO WOV KND WLIT
WDAF

WILLIAM OILMATS—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ W2Z W2A KVR
KOA KSL WHAM WLW
WREN KDKA WGN

THE WORLD'S BUSINESS—
Dr. Julius Klein
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAO WMAL WHP WJAX
WLBW WFBL WHEC WADC
WKBW WAIU WFBM KMOC
KOIL KSCJ W1BW WJZ
WSPD WPTT W2WC WTAR
WDBJ WREC WREC WLAC
KRLD KLEA KFPY KLE
KDYL KVI KFPY WDAY
WXYZ

COLLIERS RADIO HOUR—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ W2Z W2A WTAM
KDKA WJZ WLW KSL
KWK WREN KOA KSTP
KHO KOMB KFI KGW

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAU W2AU WHP WFBL
WJAS W2Z WJAX WRC
WADC WKBW WREC WJZ
KMOX KOIL KMBG WCOO
WSPD WXYZ WPTT

MAJOR DOWES' FAMILY—
7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
WJZ W2Z W2A WTAM
WERC WDAF WJZ WSH
W2V WJZ WRC WJAX
WCAE WRC WCV WJZ
WSAI KSD WJZ WFLA
W2V WJZ WJZ WFLA
WSUN WHO WOC WTAG
WCFE WSM

ENNA JETTICK MELODIES—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ W2Z W2A WMAI
KWK WCV WJZ WREN
WFAA KPRC WQAI WBS
WMAI WTMJ KSTP KDKA
WJAX WMC WJZ KVM
WERC WIOD WJZ WSMB
KFO KOMB KFI KGW
KSL KHIQ WCKY WSH
WFLA WPTT WAPI W2VA
WFLA W2V KFAB KPRC
KTAI WJDX

**CHASE AND SANBORN CHORAL
ORCHESTRA—**
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJAZ WJAZ WTAG WSH
WIC WCV WJZ WCAE
WJZ WJZ WSAI KSD
WGV WOOD KSTP WIO
WPTT WAPI W2VA WFAA
WHO WJZ WLIT WDAF
WHAS WERC WMC WSH
WMB WCV KTHS KPRC
WQAI WTMJ TAM

MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W2AU WMAI
WMAL WJAX WLBW WFBL
WKBW WDEL CFBK WJZ
W2V WSH WRC WJZ
WFBM WBSM KMOC KOIL
KMBC WSN WCOO WJZ
KPH WSPD W2V WSAI
WREC WJZ WJZ WFLA
KLEA WJZ WJZ WFLA
KRLD KLEA KFPY KLE
KDYL KVI KFPY WDAY
WPTT KOIL

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Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
"OUR GOVERNMENT"—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJAF WTAG WJAR WCSH
 WBCB WGY WCAE KSD
 WJAS WBY WFLC WFLB
 WBB WMC WSM WFAA
 WOV WOI WPTF WSMB
 WTIC WDX WIOD WFLA
 WSUN WOC WIO WEE
 WRC WLIT WJW

STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—
 9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WJAF WTIC WTAG WFI
 WCSH WRC WGY WCAE
 WTAM WJW WGN KSTP
 WJAR WTMJ KOA WEDC
 KGO KGW WOV KOMO
 KFI KHQ WEEI WDAF
 WGY WGR KSD

ATWATER KENT PROGRAM—
 9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WJAF WEEI WRC WFI
 WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
 WJW WRAI KSD WFLB
 KSTP KOA KSL KFI
 KGW KOMO RPO KHQ
 WSM WMC WFAA KPRC
 WOI WKY WMB WBAS
 WGN WSB WOC WHO

SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS—
 9:15 p.m. 8:15 7:15 6:15
 WJZ WBZ WBZA KWK
 WREN WHAM WBAL WJR
 WLW WLS KDKA KFAB

WORLD ADVENTURES WITH FLOYD GIBBONS—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WRAI WHAM
 KDKA WJR KWK WREN
 WLW KYW

MAYHEW LAKE AND HIS BAND—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WXAUX WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WLDW WFLB
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 WFBM KMOX KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WISN WIBW KFH
 WSPD WMT WTAR WDBJ
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KVI KFY WXYZ
 WDAY WORC

BERNA and VERA DEANE—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 WJR KDKA WRCN WELA

FENNZOIL PETE—
 10:15 p.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15
 WJZ WBZ WRAI WJR
 WLW WIBO WKY WAPI
 WSMB WOI KDKA KWK
 WREN WHVA WJAX WIOD
 WSUN WHAS WMC

BESQUARE MOTOR CLUB—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WWOV WFBM KMOX KOIL
 KSCJ KMBC WJAX WGO
 WIBW KFH WMT KRLL
 KLRA KFJF WDAY

SONGS AT EVENTIDE
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WHAM WJR KDKA
 KWK WREN CKGW WJAX
 WJDX

AROUND THE SAMOVAR—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WXAUX WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WLDW WFLB
 WHEC WKBW WHK WSPD
 WTAR WDBJ WFG WORC
 WXYZ

SETH PARKER—
 10:45 p.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
 WJAF WCAE WHAS WFLC
 WJAX WOV WKY WJW
 WPTF WGY WRC KOA
 KGO WEEI WIOD WMC
 WSB WGR WEDC KGW
 KYW WSM WIO WJDX
 WTAM CKGW KSTP KSD
 WDAF WSMB KPRC KOMO
 KHQ WTMJ WOC RTAR
 KFSD KVOO

KAFFEE HAG SLUMBER MUSIC—
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR KWK WREN
 WLW WENR

BACK HOME HOUR FROM BUFFALO
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC WXE WLRZ WMAL
 WHEC WKBW WKRZ WBRN
 WFBM KMOX WCCO WDW
 KFH WSPD WTAR WDBJ
 WGST WDDO WREC KRLL
 KLRA KFJF KFY KPY
 WXYZ WNAK WDAY

SAM HERMAN—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WJAF WBY WGY WCR
 WJW WOW CKGW WSB
 KOA

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJAF WRC WFLC WJW
 WDAF WOC KOA WHO
 WOV WSB WGY WTAM
 CKGW KSTP WEDC WTAO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
REMINISCENCES—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WJZ KDKA KWK WREN
 KFAB

PRO MUSICA—
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WJAF WCSH WRC WTAM
 WJW WGR WOC WHO
 KSTP WFLA WSUN WSMB
 KSL WTMJ WBAF WIOD
 WHAS KOA RGO

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES
 6:45-7:00 a.m. 7:20-7:45 8:00
 WJAF WEEI WFI WGY
 WGR WCAE CKGW WRC

JOLLY BILL and JANE—
 7:45 a.m. 8:45 9:45 4:45
 (Daily Except Sunday)
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR WLW WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
MORNING DEVOTIONS—(daily except Sunday)—
 8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC WXE WCAU WXAUX
 WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW
 WKRC WBN KMOX KRCJ
 KFH WBCM WSPD WNNC
 WDBJ WBRM WLAC KLRA
 KFJF WPG

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events of the Day.
 8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC WXE WCAU WXAUX
 WMAL WJAS WFLB WKBW
 CFRB WADC WHK WKRC
 WOV WMAQ KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WBN KFH WSPD
 WTAR WGR WBRM WLAC
 WDSU KRLL KFJF KLZ
 KDYL WBT

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—(daily except Sunday)—
 9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC WXE WHP WJAS
 WFLB WKBW WADC WMAQ
 KMOX KOIL KSCJ WBCM
 WMT WNNC WDBJ WBRM
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFJF
 WPG WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
CHILDREN'S CORNER—
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WXAUX WCAO
 WMAL WJAS WLDW WFLB
 WKBW WAI KMOX KRCJ
 RMBC WBCM WSPD WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WDDO WREC
 KLRA WFG WXYZ WORC

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—(Daily)
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WJAF WJAR WTAG WCSH
 WLIT WRC WHAS WSM
 WSB WGR WCAE WJW
 WSAI KFKX KTAM KSD
 WOV WTMJ KSTP WEDC
 WAPI WMB KVC KVO
 KPRC WOI WY WEEI
 WGY WMC

SWEET AND LOW DOWN—
 11:45 a.m. 10:45 9:45 8:45
 WJAF WTAG WRC WGR
 WCAE WJW WTMJ WJDX
 WJAS WJAX WFLA WGR
 WAPI WGY KSTP WSM
 WTAM WIBO KOA

OLSEN MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—(daily except Sunday)—
 12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC WXE WLBZ WCAU
 WXAUX WCAO WHAL WHP
 WJAS WLRW WHEC WKBW
 WADC WFBM KSCJ KMBC
 WISN WCCO WIBW WBCM
 WMT WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRM WREC KLRA KFJF
 KHJ KRCB KVI KPY
 WPG WDAY WORC ROL
 WXYZ

COLUMBIA REVUE—(Daily except Sunday)—
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC WXE WEAN WLBZ
 WCAU WXAUX WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLRW WFLB
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 KSCJ KMOX WJAX WGR
 WBCM WAT WTAR WBRM
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFF
 KLZ KDYL KVI KPY
 WPG WDAY WORC ROL
 WXYZ

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WJZ WJW KDKA WJR
 WLW KSTP WEDC WRVA
 WPTF WHAS WSM WOV
 WMC WNB KVOO WKY
 WOI WIG WHO WDAF
 KRCB WJAX WFLA WMB
 WIOD KWK WREN KOA
 WBZ WOC WBZA WFAA
 KFAB WAPI KTH WELA
 WSUN KFKX WJAX

PALAIS D'OR ORCHESTRA—
 1:00 p.m. 12:00 11:00 10:00
 WJAF WBY KSD WGY
 KSTP WTAM WRC WTAG
 WDAF

HAROLD STERN and AMBASSADOR ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC WXE WEAN WLBZ
 WJAF WCAO WJAX WJAS
 WMAK WREC WADC WKRC
 WAIU WOV WBCM WNNC
 WTAR WDBJ WFLA WMB
 WLAC KLRA KFJF KPY
 WXYZ WORC

COLUMBIA ARTISTS' RECITAL—
 Marie Gerard, Soprano, and Keosau
 Congdon, baritone.
 2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
 WABC WXE WJAX WJW
 WCAU WMAL WHP WJAN
 WHEC WMAK WADC WHK
 WKRC WAIU WBN WOV
 KMOX KSCJ WCO WBCM
 WSPD WNNC WTAR WDBJ
 WREC WLBZ WFLB WFLC
 WMT WNNC STAR WDBJ
 WFLC KLRA KFJF KLZ
 KVI KPY WPG WDAY
 WXYZ

**COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
 URES—(daily except Sunday)—**
 2:30 p.m. 1:30 12:30 11:30
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WXAUX WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC
 WMAK WKRC WBN WMAQ
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WCCO WJAX WGR WSPD
 WMT WNNC STAR WDBJ
 WREC WLAC KRLL KLRA
 KFH KLE KDYL KVI
 KPY WPG WDAY WORC
 KOL WXYZ

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU WXAUX WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFLB WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WBN WFBM KOIL KSCJ
 WBRM WISN WBCM WNNC
 WMT WNNC STAR WDBJ
 WBRM WREC WLAC KRLL
 KLRA KFJF KLE KDYL
 KHJ KRCB KVI KPY
 WPG WDAY WORC KOL
 WXYZ

CHICAGO SERENADE—
 3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WJZ WBAL WHAM WJR
 WLW KDKA WLS WFLA
 WSUN WSM WMC WAPI

Monday



Peter Biljo leads Balalaika Orchestra in "Around the Samovar"—Sunday 10:30 p.m.—CBS

ORGAN REVEILLE—(Daily except Sunday)—
 8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC WXE WCAU WXAUX
 WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW
 WHK WKRZ WAIU WBN
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WIBW
 KFH WBCM WSPD WMT
 WNNC WDBJ WBRM WLAC
 KLRA KFJF WPG

THE QUAKER MAN—
 8:00 a.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJAF WJAR WEEI WTAG
 WCSH WFI WRC WJW
 WGR WCAE WTAM WJW
 WSAI CKGW WRVA WPTF
 WJAX WIOD WFLA

MORNING DEVOTIONS—
 8:15 a.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
 WJAF WCAE WGY WHAS
 WOV WGR WFI WCSH
 WLS WJAX WJW WCKY
 WPTF WIOD WAPI WFLA
 WSUN WTAG WJAX WJDX
 WRC WRVA

THE VERMONT LUMBER JACKS—(Daily except Sunday)—
 8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM KDKA WJR

CHEERIO—(daily except Sunday)—
 8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJAF WEEI WCKY WRC
 WGR WJAR WGY WCSH
 WCAE WJW WOV WDAF
 KSTP WAPI KPRC WFI
 WJAS WJAX WPTF WTAG
 WOI CKGW WIOD WHAS
 WFLA WUN WTAM WSM
 WMC WIBO WJDX

MORNING MELODIES—(daily except Sunday)—
 9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJAF WRC WJW WOV
 WHAS WGY WTAM WAPI
 WGR WSM WIBO

POPULAR BITS—THE QUAKER CRACKLES MAN—
 9:00 a.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WLS WLS WRC WJR
 KWK WREN KFAB WTSJ
 KSTP WEDC

BLUE MONDAY GLOOM CHASERS—
 9:30 a.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC WXE WCAU WXAUX
 WMAL WHP WFLB WKBW
 WHEC WKBW WADC KMOX
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC KFH
 WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ
 WBRM WREC WLAC KRLL
 KLRA KFJF KDYL WPG
 WXYZ

RADIO HOME MAKERS—(daily except Sunday)—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU WXAUX WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLDW WFLB
 WKBW WADC WKRC KMOX
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WISN
 WBCM WSPD WNNC WDBJ
 WLAC KRLL KLRA KFJF
 WPG WXYZ

THE MANHATTENERS—
 10:00 a.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC WXE WEAN WNAC
 KSTP WHAM KYW WSM
 WSB WAPI WTMJ WJZ
 WBAL KWK

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN—
 2:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLJZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WMAK WADC WKRC
 WAU WKBN WFBM KSCJ
 KMBC WCOO WLBW WGL
 WDCM WSPD WUNC WTAR
 WDBJ WGST WBRG WDOD
 WREC WLAG KRLD KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC KOL

BALLAD HOUR—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHEC WMAK WADC
 WKRC WAU KMOX KSCJ
 KMBC WCOO WLBW WGL
 WDCM WSPD WUNC WTAR
 WDBJ WGST WBRG WDOD
 WREC WLAG KRLD KLRA
 KFJF KLZ KDYL KRCR
 KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
 WDAY WORC KOL

THE MERRY MAKERS—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WEAJ KSD WOC WHO
 WCAE WTAG WDAF WWJ
 WRC WGR WTAM

WITHIN MY GARDEN WALL—
 4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45
 WEAJ WTAG WGR WTAM
 WWJ KSD WOC WHO
 WOW WDAF

MALTINE STORY PROGRAM—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WBAL
 WHAM W3XAU WJAS WLW
 KWK WREN KFAB

LADY NEXT DOOR—(daily except Sunday)—
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WEAJ WRC KSD WTAG
 WSM WGR WFAA WHAS

MY BOOKHOUSE STORY TIME—
 (Mon., Wed., Fri.)—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WPHL WKBW WADC WOWO
 WSPD WXYZ

TEA TIMERS—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WEAJ WRC KSD WSM
 WTAG WGR WTAM WFAA
 WFLA WSUN

VIRGINIA ARNOLD, PIANIST—Pop-ular Melodies.
 5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
 WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
 WAU WKBN KMBC KPH
 WDCM WUNC WTAR WGST
 WBRG WDOD WREC KRLD
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 WXYZ WDAY

WSPD COMMODORES—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WABC W2XE WMAL WHP
 WLBW WHEC WKBW WKRC
 WKBW WCOO WGL KPH
 WDCM WUNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRG WDOD WREC KRLD
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KRCR KFPY WXYZ WDAY
 KOL

BLACK AND GOLD ROOM ORCHESTRA
 (daily except Sunday)—
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WEAJ WRC WY KOA WCAE
 WOV WGR WGY WCAE
 WOV KSTP KCGW WSM
 WGR WAPI KGO KTAR
 WCSH KSD WHAS

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00
 WJZ WBAL WSM KWK
 KOA KSL KGO KOMO
 KFAB KGW KPO WLW
 KGIW WRC WHAS KDKA
 KSTP KFSD KTAR WAPI
 WFAA

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZS WHAM
 WJAS WPTF WJAX WIOD
 KDKA WFAA

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
 AMOS 'N' ANDY—(daily ex. Sun.)—
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WJZ WBZA WHAM KDKA
 WBZ WRC CKGW WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WIOD WCKY
 WFLA WSUN WBAL

CURRENT EVENTS—H. V. Kaltenbarn.
 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAU
 W3XAU WCAO WMAL WHP
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WHEC
 WKRW WAU FFBM KMOX
 KOIL KSCJ WBN WLBW
 KPH WBCM WMT WUNC
 WTAR WDBJ KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KVI KRCR KFPY
 WDAY WORC KOL

"THE WORLD TODAY"—
 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
 WEAJ WRC WJAS WSAI
 KSD WOV WIOD KOA
 KGO KPO KGW KOMO
 WJAR WWJ WFCB WSAI
 WOV WPTF WSB KECA
 WAPI WQAI KFSD

PHIL COOK—(daily ex. Sunday)—
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WFLA
 WSUN WIOD WKY WRVA
 WPTF WJAX WBAL WHAM
 KDKA WHAS WENR KWK
 WREN KEAB WTMJ KSTP
 WSB WSM WECB WSMB
 WJDX WQAI KTHS KVGO
 KOA KSL KGO KECA
 KGW WRC KOMO KHQ
 KFSD KTAR KPRC WFAA

EVANGELINE ADAMS (Astrologer)—
 (Mon., Wed. and Friday)—
 7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WHEC
 WKBW CFRB WADC WHK
 WKRC WAU WFBM KMOX
 KOIL WBSN WCOO WGL
 WSPD WUNC WTAR WBJ
 WGST WBRG WDOD WREC
 WDSU KLRA WRR KFPJ
 WXYZ KTRH

ROY AND HIS GANG—
 7:50 p.m. 6:50 5:50 4:50
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KWK WSB WSM WCKY
 KGO KFAB KOA WFLA
 WSUN WRC KGW WCFB
 CKGW WIO KTHS

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WMAQ WPK
 WXYZ KMBC KOIL KMOX
 WFBL WSPD WGL WGST
 WBRG WRR WFBM WCOO
 WREC WDSU KFJF KTRH



Charlie Hamp—Quaker Early Bird—daily over NBC

HALF HOUR IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAJ WOD WPTF WJAX
 WJAR WTAG WLIT WCHS
 KFSD KOMO WRC WCAE
 WGR WFJC WWJ WSAI
 KSD WOC WOV WHO
 KYW WDAF KSTP WJDX
 WSMB KGO KYOO KPRC
 WQAI KOA KECA KGW
 WFLA WSUN WTIC

INGRAM SHAVERS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
 WLW KYW WREN KWK
 KFAB WTMJ WHEC WRVA
 WJAX WIOD WSM WMC
 WSB WSMB KTHS KPRC
 WQAI WKY KOA WFAA
 KDKA CKGW WFLA WSUN
 WHAS KVGO

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific

A. & F. GYPSIES—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WEAJ WEEI WTIC WJAR
 WTIC WCM WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WWJ
 WSAI WGN KGD WOC
 WDAF WTAM WOW WIO

MAYTAG ORCHESTRA—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR KYW EWK
 WSMB WREN KSTP WHEC
 WSM KTHS WKY WQAI
 KOA KSL WCKY WJDX
 KGO KECA KGW KHQ
 KOMO WTAL WHAS WMC
 WFAA WSB KVGO KPRC

**MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL SYM-
 PHONY HOUR—**
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WBSN WCOO WSPD WXYZ
 WBT WPG



Barbara Maurel Mondays 2:00 p.m.—CBS

CHESEBROUGH REAL FOLKS—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WLW KWK KTW
 WJR WREN CKGW

GENERAL MOTORS FAMILY PARTY
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEAJ WEEI WTIC WJAR
 WCHS WTAG WLIT WRC
 WGY WGR WCAE WTAM
 WY WGN KSD WOC
 WOV WSAI WDAF WSTP
 WT3J WHAS WSM WMC
 WSB WJAX WFAA KECA
 WQAI KPRC WKY KOA
 KSL KGO KGW KOMO
 KHQ WHO

BOURJOIS—An Evening in Paris—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
 CFRB WADC WHK WKRC
 WQAI WBBM KMOX KOIL
 KMBC WSPD WXYZ WPG
 WBT

**ROBERT BURNS PANATELA PRO-
 GRAM—**
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WFBM WMAQ KRON KOL
 KABC WCOO WSPD KRLD
 KFJF KTRH KIZ KDYL
 KJI KPRC KOIN KVI
 KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT
 KTRH KOL

STROMBERG-CARLSON PROGRAM
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WHAJ WJZ WBZ WBZA
 WREN KDKA KYSN WYV
 WRC WRC WRVA WJAX
 WNB WHAS WSM WMC
 KPRC WSMB WKY KTHS
 KPI WQAI KOA KGO
 KOMO WCKY KGW KHQ
 KVOG WJDX KSTP WPTF
 KFSD WFLA WSUN KTAR

**ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK
 HOLMES—**
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WEAJ WEEI WTIC WJAR
 WCHS WLIT WRC WGR
 WCAE WTAM WWJ WSAI
 WGN

EMPIRE BUILDERS—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM
 KDKA WJR WLW WYV
 WFBM WMAQ KRON KOL
 KABC WCOO WSPD KRLD
 KFJF KTRH KIZ KDYL
 KJI KPRC KOIN KVI
 KFPY WXYZ WPG WBT
 KTRH KOL



Ernest Naftzger from Tues. to Sat. 9:00 a.m.—CBS

**Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
 AMERICAN MAIZE PROGRAM—Ad-
 ventures of Don Amazo.**
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WCAU W3XAU WJAS WLW
 WADC WHK WKRC WBN
 WBBM KOIL KSCJ WBN
 WCOO WSPD WMT KLZ
 KDYL KHJ KRCR KOIN
 KFPY WCAH WDAY WNAX
 KXN KOL

NIT WIT HOUR—
 10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO WMAL WWNC
 WTAR WDBJ WPG

**WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHE-
 STRA—**
 11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
 WLBW WFBL WMAL WBN
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WBN
 WRC WGR WCAE WTAM
 WSM WMC WOC WHO
 WJXX WSB

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMB—
 11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WLW WFBL WHK WKBW
 KOIL KSCJ KMBC WBN
 WCOO WLBW KPH WBCM
 WMT WNCN WTAR WDBJ
 WBRG WREC KLRA KFJF
 KLZ KFPY WPG WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

**SAMMY WATKINS AND
 HIS ORCHESTRA—**
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHEC WMAK WADC
 WKRC WAU KMOX KSCJ
 KMBC WCOO WLBW WGL
 WDCM WUNC WTAR WDBJ
 WBRG WDOD WREC KRLD
 KLRA KFJF KLZ KDYL
 KRCR KFPY WPG WNAX
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

BERNIE CUMMINS—
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WEAJ WRC WJW WDAF
 KSTP WOV KSD WOC
 WHO WTR

**PHIL SPITALNY AND HIS EDGE-
 WATER BEACH HOTEL ORCHE-
 STRA—**
 12:00 p.m. 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WEAJ WRC WOC WKY
 WSM WWJ WFCR WDAF
 WTAM WHO KSD KYW
 KSTP

Tuesday

**POPULAR BITS—QUAKER CRACK-
 ELS MAN—Phil Cook—**
 8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WJZ WBZ WBZA WJR
 WLW KYW WREN KWK
 KFAB WTMJ WHEC WRVA
 WJAX WIOD WSM WMC
 WSB WSMB KTHS KPRC
 WQAI WKY KOA WFAA
 KDKA CKGW WFLA WSUN
 WHAS KVGO

MORNING MOODS—
 9:45 a.m. 8:45 7:45 6:45
 WCAJ W3XAU WJAS WLW
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBL WKBW
 WADC WHK WKRC WOWO
 WBBM KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WBSN WCOO WSPD WXYZ
 WBT WPG



Mildred Hunt—every Wednes- day 7:45 p.m.—NBC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
THE FIVE ARTS—
 11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WLBW
 WRBW KOIL KSCJ KMBC
 WBSN WBCM WSPD WWSM
 WTBZ WTRC WREC KLRA
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC KOL WXYZ

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
 —Dance Music.
 12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WQWO KSCJ KMBC WRBW
 WBCM WTBZ WTRC WDOD
 WREC WLAC KLRA KFPY
 KDYL WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HAROLD STERN AND AMBASSADOR
ORCHESTRA—Concert Music.
 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WJAS WCAO WMAL WJAS
 WHEC WMAK WADC WKRC
 W3IU WQWO WBCM WSPD
 WWSM WTBZ WTRC WREC
 WDOD WLAC KLRA KFPY
 KFPY WXYZ

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—
 2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WJAS WCAO WMAL WHP
 WJAS WHEC WMAK WADC
 WHK WKRC WAIU WKBN
 WQWO KSCJ WCCO WBCM
 WSPD WWSM WTBZ WDBJ
 WGST WTRC WDOD WLAC
 KLRA KFPY KJZ KFRC
 KVI KFPY WPG WXYZ
 WDAY

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL
BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WHP WLBW
 WHEC WREC WADC WFRM
 KSCJ WCCO KFH WBCM
 WMT WWSM WTRC WREC
 KLRA KFPY KJZ KDYL
 KVI KFPY WDAY KOL

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WABC W2XE WHP WJAS
 WLBZ WFBZ WKBW WKRC
 WBSN WFRM KSCJ KMBC
 WBSN KFH WBCM WRBW
 WWSM WTBZ WDBJ WTRC
 KRLL KLRA KFPY KJZ
 KVI KFPY KOL WXYZ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN
BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKRC
 WQWO WREC WRR WFBM
 WCCO WREC WDSU KFPY
 KTRA

KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS—
 8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKRC
 WADC WKRC WQWO KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
 WXYZ WBT WPG

THE HAMILTON WATCHMAN—
 8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKRC
 WADC WHEC WKRC WQWO
 KMOX KOIL KMBC WJJD
 WSPD WXYZ

VAN HEUSEN PROGRAM—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WHP WJAS WLBW WFBZ
 WHEC WLBW WADC WBL
 WKRC WQWO WFRM KMOX
 KOIL KMBC WCCO WSPD
 WGST WDSU KRLL WXYZ
 WBT WPG

ARCO BIRTHDAY PARTY—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 NBC Service to WEAF WEEL
 WJAR WTAG WCSH CKGW
 WFI WRC WGY WSB
 WSM WJOD WJAX WOAI
 KOA KSL WEN WRAP
 WRVA WJJ WAI WBL
 WDAF KYW WCAE WBOC
 WOW WSMB WJDX WOC
 WPTF WFCJ WTMJ WMC
 KGO KECA KOMO KHQ
 KGW WBO WAPI RSTP
 WGR

KNOX DUNLAP ORCHESTRA—
 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
 WJZ WRZ WRZA WRAL
 WHAM KDKA WBO KWK
 WREN WCKY

MAXWELL HOUSE ENSEMBLE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WJZ WRZ WRZA WRAL
 WLW RSTP WKY WTNJ
 WERC WHAS WSM KPCB
 WJAN KOA WRVA WBL
 WBAF KYW KWK WREN
 WDD WJR WSMB WOAI
 KGO KECA KGW KOMO
 KHQ WAPI WPTF WMC
 WHAM KDKA KSL

JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WEAF WJAR WJJ WTAG
 WCSH WFI WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WRAI WTAM
 WBO

DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE—
 9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKRC
 WADC WHEC WTRC WQWO
 WBSN KMOX KOIL KMBC
 WSPD WXYZ

VICTOR HERBERT OPERA SERIES—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WJZ WRAL WHAM KDKA
 WREN CKOW

LUTHERAN HOUR—
 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKRC
 WADC WHEC WKRC WQWO
 WBSN KMOX KOIL KMBC
 KDYL KJL KFRC KOIL
 KFPY WXYZ KOL

LLOYD HUNTLEY AND HIS OR-
CHESTRA FROM MINNEAPOLIS—
 Dance Music.
 11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO WMAL WHP
 WLBW WHEC WFRM WADC
 WIBW KFH WBCM WSPD
 WWSM WTBZ WTRC WREC
 WREC WDD WREC KLRA
 KFPY KJZ KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WJAN WDAY WORC



Eddie and Elizabeth Wragge—Monday at 5:00 p.m.—NBC

COLUMBIA REVUE—Vincent Sorey
 and his Orchestra.
 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
 WABC W2XE WLBZ WFAN
 WCAO WMAL WHP WJAS
 WLBW WFBZ WHEC WKBW
 WADC WKRC WKBN WQWO
 WFRM KSCJ KMBC WRBW
 WWSM WTBZ WTRC WREC
 WDOD WHEC WTRC WREC
 KDYL KJL KFRC KVI
 KFPY WPG WXYZ WDAY
 WORC KOL

COLUMBIA SALON ORCHESTRA—
 Emory Deutsch, Director.
 3:00 p.m. 2:00 1:00 12:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO W3XAU WCAO
 WMAL WHP WFBZ WHEC
 WMAK WADC WKRC WAIU
 WBSN WQWO KSCJ KMBC
 WRBW KFH WBCM WSPD
 WWSM WTBZ WTRC WREC
 WDOD WHEC WTRC WREC
 KRLL KLRA KFPY KJZ
 KDYL KVI KFPY WPG
 WXYZ WDAY WORC KOL

THE CAPTIVATORS—
 4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WCAO WMAL WHP
 WFBZ WMAK WADC WHEC
 WREC WAIU KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCCO WBCM
 WSPD WMT WWSM WTBZ
 WDBJ WJAS WLAC KRLL
 KLRA KFPY KJZ KDYL
 KFRC KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC WXYZ

MELODY MAGIC—
 4:30 p.m. 3:30 2:30 1:30
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAL
 WHP WFBZ WMAK WADC
 WAIU WMAQ KOIL KSCJ
 KMBK WBSN WCCO WLBW
 WBCM WSPD WMT WWSM
 WTBZ WTRC WREC WLAC
 KRLL KLRA KFPY KJZ
 KDYL KFRC KVI KFPY
 WPG WDAY WORC KOL
 WXYZ

WSPD COMMODORES—Dance Music.
 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WMAL WHP WMAK WAIU
 WKBN WQWO KMOX KSCJ
 KMBC WCCO KEH WBCM
 WSPD WWSM WTBZ WDBJ
 WTRC WREC WREC KLRA
 KFPY KJZ KDYL WXYZ
 WDAY

THE TODDY PARTY—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WEAF WEEL WJAR WTAG
 WCSH WLT WRC WGY
 WGR WCAE WSAI KGW
 CKGW WTCI WJJ WJJC
 KOL

BERT LOWE AND HIS BILTMORE
ORCHESTRA—
 5:30 p.m. 4:30 3:30 2:30
 WABC W2XE WFAN WCAO
 WMAL WHP WJAS WFBZ
 WHEC WMAK WADC WHEC
 WREC WAIU KOIL KSCJ
 KMBC WBSN WCCO WBCM
 WSPD WMT WWSM WTBZ
 WDBJ WJAS WLAC KRLL
 KLRA KFPY KJZ KDYL
 KFRC KVI KFPY WPG
 WDAY WORC WXYZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
 6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
 WEAF W2XE WTAG WGY
 WWSH WRC WCAE WJAR
 WEEL WFI WOW WDAF
 WTMJ WJZ WSAI KSD
 WBSN WTRC WSM WMC
 WSB WAPI WSMB WJDX
 WTBZ WTAM

MINDY FIVE FOOTNOTES—
 7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45
 WJZ WBE WBA WREN
 KWK KFAB WHAS WSM
 WMC WSB WAPI WSMB
 WJDX WRVA WPTF WJAN
 WTD WFLA WSUN KGO
 KECA KOMO KHQ KTA
 KFSD WRAL KDKA WBO
 KOA KSL

B. A. ROLFE AND HIS LUCKY
STRIKE ORCHESTRA—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WJZ WJAL WTAM KJLA
 WJH KYW KWK WREN
 KFAB

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—
 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
 WEAF WEEL WTAG WJAN
 WJOD WJDX WJAR WCSI
 WFI WRC WGY WCAE
 WJJC WHO WQW WDAF
 WJJ WTMJ WHAS WSAI
 WSB WSBH WKY WMC
 KOA WREC WHVA WBL
 KOMO WJAL WSM KGO
 KHQ WBAF KTHS WAPI
 KECA KSD CKGW WTAM
 KGW RSTP WBN WPTF

Friday

THE OLD DUTCH GIRL—News Events
 of the Day.
 8:45 a.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
 WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
 WCAU W3XAU WCAO WMAL
 WJAS WLBW WFBZ WKRC
 WQWO WREC WRR WFBM
 WCCO WREC WDSU KFPY
 KTRA



Ann Leaf—Sunday 8:15—CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific THE TOASTMASTER PROGRAM—Aunt Emily Lee's Advice to Brides. 10:15 a.m. 9:15 8:15 7:15

BETTY CROCKER—10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30

NBC Music Appreciation Hour—Walter Damrosch. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

HELEN CHASE—Complexion Hints. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00

ELGIN PROGRAM—12:00 Noon 11:00 10:00 9:00

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music. 12:00 noon 11:00 10:00 9:00



Marion McAfee—Staff artist on CBS

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific COLUMBIA REVUE—Julius Morfield. Director, with Marie Gerard, Soprano. 12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30

HARRY TUCKER AND HIS HOTEL BARCLAY ORCHESTRA—Concert Music. 1:30 p.m. 12:30 11:30 10:30

NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR 1:45 p.m. 12:45 11:45 10:45

COLUMBIA ARTISTS RECITAL—2:00 p.m. 1:00 12:00 11:00

CHICAGO SERENADE—3:30 p.m. 2:30 1:30 12:30

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEATURES—3:45 p.m. 2:45 1:45 12:45

PACIFIC FEATURE HOUR—4:00 p.m. 3:00 2:00 1:00

THIRTY MINUTE MEN—4:45 p.m. 3:45 2:45 1:45

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Earl Palmer. Tenor; Quartet; Helen Nugent, Contralto; Crane Calder, Bass; and Marie Gerard, Soprano. 5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00

TETLEY PROGRAM—5:00 p.m. 4:00 3:00 2:00

MUSICAL AVIATORS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music. 6:00 p.m. 5:00 4:00 3:00

TONY'S SCRAPBOOK—6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45

THE CROCKETT MOUNTAINEERS—Hill-billy Numbers Played and Sung by Family of Six Crockets. 7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA—Dance Music. 7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15

COLLEGE MEMORIES—7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15

OLD COMPANY'S PROGRAM—7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

EVANGELINE ADAMS, Astrologer—7:30 p.m. 6:30 5:30 4:30

BROWN HILL FOOTLITES—7:45 p.m. 6:45 5:45 4:45

NESTLE'S PROGRAM—8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN BRIEF—Lowell Thomas. 8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00

GRAND OPERA MINIATURE—8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15

NATURAL BRIDGE REVUE—8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45

TRUE STORY HOUR—Adventures of Mary and Bob. 9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

INTERWOVEN PAIR—9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

CLIQUE CLUB ESKIMOS—9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific DEL LAMPE'S EVERSHARP ORCHESTRA—9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30

ARMOUR PROGRAM—9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30



James Corbett—Sunday 6:30

THE RADIO FOLLIES—Guy Lombardo. 10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

ARMSTRONG QUAKERS—10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

CRIME PREVENTION PROGRAM—10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
PHOENIX HOSIERY PROGRAM—
10:45 p.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WCAO WJAS WKBW WADC

WILL OSBORNE—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WLBZ WCAO
WLBW WFBL KOIL KSCJ

COLUMBIA'S RADIO COLUMN—
11:15 p.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC
WLBZ WCAU W3XAU WCAO

VINCENT LOPEZ AND HIS HOTEL
ST. REGIS ORCHESTRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WDAF WHAS WOW

ROMANELLI AND HIS KING EDWARD
ORCHESTRA from Toronto
—Dance Music.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WLBZ

THE PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
Amos 'n' Andy.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ

Saturday

NEW WORLD SALON ORCHESTRA—
Vincent Sorey, Director.
10:30 a.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS—
Ernest Schelling, Conductor.
11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW

RADIO HOUSEHOLD INSTITUTE—
11:15 a.m. 10:15 9:15 8:15
WEAF WEEI WTIC WJAX
WCSH WLIT WRC WJR

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
—Dance Music.
12:30 p.m. 11:30 10:30 9:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WMAK

WARWICK HOTEL ORCHESTRA
from Philadelphia
1:00 p.m. 1:00 2:00 3:00
WABC W2XE WMAK WJAX

THE JAMESES—
1:00 p.m. 1:00 2:00 3:00
WEAF WJAX WFI WCJ

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
RADIO KEITH ORPHEUM PRO-
GRAM—RKO Theatre of the Air.
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WEAF WEEI WJAX WTAG

WRIGLEY FOOTBALL PROGRAM—
"Prediction Interviews."
10:30 p.m. 9:30 8:30 7:30
WABC W2XE WEAN WNAC

COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—Dr. Thatcher Clark's
French Lesson.
5:45 p.m. 4:45 3:45 2:45
WABC W2XE WPG WFAN

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
COLUMBIA EDUCATIONAL FEAT-
URES—Romance of American In-
dustry.
7:15 p.m. 6:15 5:15 4:15
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW

LITERARY DIGEST TOPICS IN
BRIEF—Lowell Thomas.
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WFBL WKBW WADC WTK

DIXIES CIRCUS—
8:00 p.m. 7:00 6:00 5:00
WJZ WLW KDKA KYW
WBAJ WHAM WJR WBZ

RIN-TIN-TIN THRILLER—
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WJZ WBAJ WHAM WJR

Eastern Central Mountain Pacific
GENERAL ELECTRIC BAND—
9:00 p.m. 8:00 7:00 6:00
WEAF WEEI WJAX WTAG

DUTCH MASTERS MINSTRELS—
9:30 p.m. 8:30 7:30 6:30
WJZ WHAL WHAM KDKA

B. A. ROUPE AND HIS LUCKY
STRIKE DANCE ORCHESTRA—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WEAF WEEI WJAX WTAG

HANK SIMMONS' SHOW BOAT—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WABC W2XE WKBW WLBZ

CHICAGO CIVIC OPERA—
10:00 p.m. 9:00 8:00 7:00
WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAL

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WLBZ WFAN WCAO WMAK

TROUBADOUR OF THE MOON—
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WEAF WDAF WJAX WFI

JACK DENNY AND HIS MT. ROYAL
ORCHESTRA from Montreal.
11:00 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00
WABC W2XE WHEC WLBZ

GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ROYAL
CANADIANS—Dance Music.
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
WABC W2XE WHEC WKBW

PEPSODENT PROGRAM—
AMOS 'n' ANDY—
11:30 p.m. 10:30 9:30 8:30
KYW KWK WREN WTMJ

RUDY VALLEE AND HIS ORCHES-
TRA—
12:00 Mid. 11:00 10:00 9:00
WEAF WTMJ WRC WJAX

INDEX TO NETWORK KILOCYCLES
National Broadcasting Company Columbia Broadcasting System
Ke. Ke. Ke. Ke.
CKGK...960 WJFC...1450
KDKA...980 WFLA...620
KECA...1340 WGN...720

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—Male Trio.
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WABC W2XE WHEC WFAN

MANHATTAN TOWERS ORCHESTRA
—Dance Music.
6:15 p.m. 5:15 4:15 3:15
WABC W2XE WHEC WLBZ

UNCLE ABE AND DAVID—
6:45 p.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45
WEAF WJAX WCGJ WFI

WHYTE'S ORCHESTRA—
7:00 p.m. 6:00 5:00 4:00
WEAF WJAX WJAX WJAX

DIXIE ECHOES—Negro Spirituals.
8:15 p.m. 7:15 6:15 5:15
WABC W2XE WKBW WLBZ

JOHNS-MANVILLE FIRE FIGHTERS
8:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WABC W2XE WFBL WKBW

THE FULLER MAN—
9:30 p.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30
WJZ WHAL WJR KPRC

WALLACE SILVERSMITHS—Harry
Salter's Orchestra.
8:45 p.m. 7:45 6:45 5:45
WABC W2XE WMAK WJAX

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Watch Each Issue of Radio Digest for
Corrected Official Wavelengths

K

- KBMT.....Paragould, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.
- KCCR.....Enid, Okla.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KCRJ.....Jerome, Ariz.
100 w.—1310 kc.
- KDB.....Santa Barbara, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KDFN.....Casper, Wyo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDKA.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
50,000 w.—980 kc.—305.9 m.
- KDLR.....Devils Lake, N. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KDYL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KECA.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- KEWL.....Burbank, Calif.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KEZ.....Portland, Ore.
5000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KFAB.....Lincoln, Nebr.
5000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- KFBB.....Great Falls, Mont.
2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
- KFBK.....Sacramento, Calif.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPDM.....Beaumont, Texas
100 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KPDY.....Brookings, S. D.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KPEL.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPEQ.....St. Joseph, Mo.
2500 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KPGQ.....Boone, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPH.....Wichita, Kans.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KPI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
5000 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- KPIF.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPIO.....Spokane, Wash.
100 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KPIZ.....Pond du Lac, Wis.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPJF.....Marshalltown, Iowa.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KPJF.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
- KPJL.....Astoria, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPJM.....Grand Forks, N. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPJR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KPJY.....Fort Dodge, Iowa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPJZ.....Fort Worth, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPKA.....Greely, Colo.
1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPKB.....Milford, Kans.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KPKU.....Lawrence, Kans.
1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KPKX.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KPLV.....Rockford, Ill.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KPLX.....Galveston, Texas.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KPMX.....Northfield, Minn.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KPNF.....Shenandoah, Iowa
1000 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KFOR.....Lincoln, Nebr.
250 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KPOX.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KPFL.....Dublin, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPPY.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
- KPOD.....Anchorage, Alaska.
100 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KFOU.....Holy City, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFOW.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFRC.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—610 kc.—491.9 m.
- KFRU.....Columbia, Mo.
500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
- KFSD.....San Diego, Calif.
1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
- KPSG.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KFUL.....Galveston, Texas.
500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
- KPUM Colorado Springs, Colo.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KPUO.....Clayton, Mo.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KFUP.....Denver, Colo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPVD.....Culver City, Calif.
250 w.—1000 kc.—299.8 m.
- KFVS.....Cape Girardeau, Mo.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFWB.....Hollywood, Calif.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KFWP.....St. Louis, Mo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KPWI.....San Francisco, Calif.
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KFPX.....Denver, Col.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPXM.....San Bernardino, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KFXR.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KPNY.....Flagstaff, Ariz.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KPYO.....Abilene, Texas
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KFYR.....Bismarck, N. D.
500 w.—550 kc.—545 m.
- KGA.....Spokane, Wash.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
- KGAR.....Tucson, Ariz.
250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGB.....San Diego, Calif.
250 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KGBU.....Ketchikan, Alaska
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KGBX.....St. Joseph, Mo.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGBZ.....York, Nebr.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KGCI.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGCR.....Watertown, S. D.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGCU.....Mandan, N. D.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGCX.....Wolf Point, Mont.
250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGDA.....Mitchell, S. D.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGDE.....Fergus Falls, Minn.
250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGDM.....Stockton, Calif.
250 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
- KGEP.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KGER.....Long Beach, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KGEW.....Fort Morgan, Colo.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGEZ.....Kalispell, Mont.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFP.....Alva, Okla.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGPG.....Oklahoma City, Okla.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGPI.....Corpus Christi, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGFI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGPW.....Ravenna, Nebr.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KGFX.....Pierre, S. D.
200 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KGGC.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGGF.....Picher, Okla.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KGGM.....Albuquerque, N. M.
500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KGHP.....Pueblo, Colo.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGHI.....Little Rock, Ark.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KGHL.....Billings, Mont.
500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KGIQ.....Twin Falls, Idaho
250 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGIR.....Butte, Mont.
500 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KGIW.....Trinidad, Colo.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGIX.....Las Vegas, Nev.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGJF.....Little Rock, Ark.
250 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KGKB.....Brownwood, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGKL.....San Angelo, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KGKO.....Wichita Falls, Texas
500 w.—570 kc.—326 m.
- KGKX.....Sandpoint, Idaho
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGKY.....Scottsbluff, Nebr.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KGMB.....Honolulu, Hawaii
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KGMP.....Elk City, Okla.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGNP.....North Platte, Nebr.
500 w.—1430 kc.—211.1 m.
- KGNO.....Dodge City, Kans.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KGO.....San Francisco, Calif.
7500 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
- KGRS.....Amarillo, Texas
1000 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- KGU.....Honolulu, Hawaii
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KGW.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KHJ.....Los Angeles, Calif.
100 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KHQ.....Spokane, Wash.
1000 w.—590 kc.—508.2 m.
- KICK.....Red Oak, Iowa
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KID.....Idaho Falls, Idaho
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- KIDO.....Boise, Idaho
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- KJBS.....San Francisco, Calif.
100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
- KJR.....Seattle, Wash.
5000 w.—970 kc.—309.1 m.
- KLO.....Ogden, Utah
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- KLPM.....Minot, N. D.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KLRA.....Little Rock, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KLS.....Oakland, Calif.
250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
- KLX.....Oakland, Calif.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KLZ.....Denver, Colo.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KMA.....Shenandoah, Iowa
500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KMBC.....Kansas City, Mo.
1000 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
- KMIC.....Irglewood, Calif.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KMJ.....Fresno, Calif.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KMMJ.....Clay Center, Nebr.
1000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
- KMO.....Tacoma, Wash.
500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- KMOX.....St. Louis, Mo.
5000 w.—1090 kc.—275.1 m.
- KMPC.....Beverly Hills, Calif.
500 w.—710 kc.—422.3 m.
- KMTR.....Los Angeles, Calif.
500 w.—570 kc.—326 m.
- KNX.....Hollywood, Calif.
5000 w.—1050 kc.—285.5 m.
- KOA.....Denver, Colo.
12,500 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
- KOAC.....Corvallis, Ore.
1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KOB.....State College, N. M.
20,000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
- KOCW.....Chickasha, Okla.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- KOH.....Reno, Nev.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KOLL.....Council Bluffs, Iowa
1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KOIN.....Portland, Ore.
1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- KOL.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KOMO.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KONO.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KOOS.....Harrisfield, Ore.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KORE.....Eugene, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KOY.....Phoenix, Ariz.
500 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KPFB.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—650 kc.—421.3 m.
- KPJM.....Prescott, Ariz.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KPO.....San Francisco, Calif.
5000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
- KPOF.....Denver, Colo.
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
- KPRC.....Houston, Texas
2500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- KPSN.....Pasadena, Calif.
1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
- KPWF.....Los Angeles, Calif.
10,000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
- KQV.....Pittsburg, Pa.
500 w.—1380 kc.—212.3 m.
- KQW.....San Jose, Calif.
500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
- KRE.....Berkeley, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KREG.....Santa Ana, Calif.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KRCV.....Harlingen, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KRLD.....Dallas, Texas
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KROW.....Oakland, Calif.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- KSAC.....Manhattan, Kans.
1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
- KSCJ.....Sioux City, Iowa.
2500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
- KSD.....St. Louis, Mo.
500 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
- KSEI.....Pocatello, Idaho
250 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- KSL.....Salt Lake City, Utah
5000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
- KSMR.....Santa Maria, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KSO.....Clarinda, Iowa
500 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
- KSOO.....Sioux Falls, S. D.
2000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
- KSTP.....St. Paul, Minn.
10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
- KTAB.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
- KTAP.....San Antonio, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTAR.....Phoenix, Ariz.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
- KTAT.....Fort Worth, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- KTBI.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBR.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- KTBS.....Shreveport, La.
1000 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- KTHS.....Hot Springs National
Park, Ark.
10,000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
- KTLC.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTM.....Los Angeles, Calif.
1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
- KTNT.....Muscatine, Iowa
5000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
- KTRH.....Houston, Texas
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
- KTSA.....San Antonio, Texas
2000 w.—1290 kc.—232.6 m.
- KTSL.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTSM.....El Paso, Texas
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KTUE.....Houston, Texas
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KTW.....Seattle, Wash.
1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KUJ.....Longview, Wash.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KUA.....Fayetteville, Ark.
1000 w.—1390 kc.—215.7 m.
- KUSD.....Vermillion, S. D.
750 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
- KUT.....Austin, Texas
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
- KVI.....Tacoma, Wash.
1000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
- KVL.....Seattle, Wash.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KVOA.....Tucson, Ariz.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KVGO.....Tulsa, Okla.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263 m.
- KVOS.....Bellingham, Wash.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KVCR.....Cedar Rapids, Iowa
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- KWEA.....Shreveport, La.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- KWG.....Stockton, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KWJJ.....Portland, Ore.
500 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- KWK.....St. Louis, Mo.
1000 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- KWKC.....Kansas City, Mo.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
- KWKH.....Shreveport, La.
10,000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.
- KWLC.....Decorah, Iowa
100 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- KWSC.....Pullman, Wash.
2,000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
- KWWG.....Brownsville, Texas
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
- KXA.....Seattle, Wash.
500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
- KXL.....Portland, Ore.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
- KXO.....El Centro, Calif.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- KYA.....San Francisco, Calif.
1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
- KYV.....Chicago, Ill.
10,000 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
- KZM.....Haywood, Calif.
100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.

W

- WAAF.....Chicago, Ill.
500 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
- WAAN.....Newark, N. J.
1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
- WAAT.....Jersey City, N. J.
300 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
- WAAW.....Omaha, Nebr.
500 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
- WABC.....New York City
5000 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
- WABI.....Bangor, Me.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WABO.....Rochester, N. Y.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
- WABZ.....New Orleans, La.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WACO.....Waco, Texas
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
- WADC.....Tallmadge, Ohio
1000 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
- WAUI.....Columbus, Ohio
500 w.—640 kc.—468.5 m.
- WALR.....Zanesville, Ohio
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WAPI.....Birmingham, Ala.
5000 w.—1140 kc.—263.7 m.
- WASH.....Grand Rapids, Mich.
500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
- WBAA.....W. Lafayette, Ind.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBAB.....Harrisburg, Pa.
1000 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
- WBAL.....Baltimore, Md.
1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
- WBAP.....Fort Worth, Texas
20,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
- WBAX.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WBBC.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
- WBBL.....Richmond, Va.
100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
- WBHM.....Chicago, Ill.
250 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
- WBRR.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
- WBZ.....Ponca City, Okla.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
- WBEN.....Buffalo, N. Y.
1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
- WBGM.....Bay City, Mich.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
- WBIS.....Quincy, Mass.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—243.8 m.
- WBMS.....Hackensack, N. J.
250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
- WBNY.....New York, N. Y.
250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
- WBVO.....New York, N. Y.
50,000 w.—960 kc.—348.6 m.
- WBW.....Terre Haute, Ind.
1000 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- WBZ.....Birmingham, Ala.
1000 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
- WBRE.....Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
- WBRO.....Windsor Hills, Mass.
250 w.—970 kc.—325.9 m.

WBT... Charlotte, N. C. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
 WBTV... Danville, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WBZ... Springfield, Mass. 15,000 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
 WBZA... Boston, Mass. 500 w.—990 kc.—302.8 m.
 WCAC... Storrs, Conn. 250 w.—600 kc.—500 m.
 WCAD... Canton, N.Y. 500 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
 WCAE... Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
 WCAH... Columbus, Ohio 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WCAJ... Lincoln, Nebr. 500 w.—590 kc.—394.5 m.
 WCAL... Northfield, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WCAM... Camden, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WCAO... Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WCAP... Ashbury Park, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WCAT... Rapid City, S. D. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCAU... Philadelphia, Pa. 10,000 w.—1170 kc.—256.3 m.
 WCAX... Burlington, Vt. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCBW... Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WCBZ... Zion, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
 WCBM... Baltimore, Md. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WCBZ... Springfield, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WCCO... Minneapolis, Minn. 7500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
 WCDA... New York City 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WCFL... Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—970 kc.—301.9 m.
 WCGU... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WKCY... Covington, Ky. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.6 m.
 WCLB... Long Beach, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WCLO... Janesville, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCLS... Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WCMR... Culver, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WCOA... Pensacola, Fla. 500 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
 WCOG... Meridian, Miss. 1000 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
 WCOD... Harrisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WCOH... Yonkers, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WCRW... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WCSC... Charleston, S. C. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WCSH... Portland, Me. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WCSO... Springfield, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WDAE... Tampa, Fla. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
 WDAF... Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WDAQ... Amarillo, Texas 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WDAH... El Paso, Texas 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WDAY... Fargo, N. D. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WDBJ... Roanoke, Va. 500 w.—930 kc.—322.4 m.
 WDBO... Orlando, Fla. 1000 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 WDEL... Wilmington, Del. 350 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 WDGY... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
 WDDO... Chattanooga, Tenn. 2500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WDRG... New Haven, Conn. 500 w.—1330 kc.—226 m.
 WDSU... New Orleans, La. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WDFW... Providence, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WDFZ... Tuscola, Ill. 100 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
 WDFP... New York, N. Y. 50,000 w.—660 kc.—454.3 m.
 WEAL... Ithaca, N. Y. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WEAN... Providence, R. I. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
 WEAQ... Columbus, Ohio 750 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WEBC... Superior, Wis. 2500 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
 WEBC... Harrisburg, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WEBR... Buffalo, N. Y. 200 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WEBC... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.

WEEL... Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—590 kc.—394.5 m.
 WEHC... Emory, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WEHS... Evanston, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WELK... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WEMC... Berrien Springs, Mich. 1000 w.—590 kc.—394.5 m.
 WENR... Chicago, Ill. 50,000 w.—870 kc.—344.5 m.
 WEPS... Auburn, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WEVD... New York City 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WEW... St. Louis, Mo. 1000 w.—760 kc.—535.7 m.
 WFAA... Dallas, Texas 50,000 w.—800 kc.—374.8 m.
 WFAN... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WFBE... Cincinnati, Ohio 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WFBS... Altoona, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WFHL... Syracuse, N. Y. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
 WFBM... Indianapolis, Ind. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WFBZ... Baltimore, Md. 250 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WFDK... Flint, Mich. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WFDV... Rome, Ga. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WFDW... Talladega, Ala. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WFI... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
 WFTW... Hopkinsville, Ky. 1000 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WFJC... Aleron, Ohio 500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WFLA... Clearwater, Fla. 2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
 WFLC... Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WGBB... Freeport, N. Y. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WGBD... Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WGBS... Evansville, Ind. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
 WGH... Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
 WGBS... New York City 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WGCM... Gulfport, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WGPC... Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WGS... Chicago, Ill. 1000 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
 WGH... Newport News, Va. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WGL... Port Wayne, Ind. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WGM... St. Paul, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WGN... Chicago, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—516.4 m.
 WGR... Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
 WGST... Atlanta, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—356.9 m.
 WGY... Schenectady, N. Y. 50,000 w.—790 kc.—379.5 m.
 WHA... Madison, Wis. 750 w.—940 kc.—319 m.
 WHAD... Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 WHAM... Rochester, N. Y. 5000 w.—1150 kc.—260.7 m.
 WHAP... New York City 1000 w.—1300 kc.—239.9 m.
 WHAS... Louisville, Ky. 10,000 w.—820 kc.—365.6 m.
 WHAT... Philadelphia, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WHAZ... Troy, N. Y. 500 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WHB... Kansas City, Mo. 500 w.—860 kc.—348.6 m.
 WHBD... Mt. Orab, Ohio 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WHBF... Rock Island, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WHBL... Sheboygan, Wis. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WHBO... Memphis, Tenn. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WHBU... Anderson, Ind. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WHBY... Green Bay, Wis. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WHDF... Calumet, Mich. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WHDH... Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
 WHDI... Minneapolis, Minn. 500 w.—1180 kc.—254.1 m.
 WHDC... Rochester, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WHPC... Cicero, Ill. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WHIS... Bluefield, W. Va. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WHK... Cleveland, Ohio 1000 w.—1300 kc.—215 m.
 WHN... New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
 WHO... Des Moines, Ia. 5000 w.—1090 kc.—299.8 m.
 WHOM... Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WHP... Harrisburg, Pa. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WIAS... Ottumwa, Iowa 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WIBA... Madison, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—234.2 m.
 WIBM... Jackson, Mich. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WIBO... Chicago, Ill. 1500 w.—560 kc.—535.7 m.
 WIBU... Poyntette, Wis. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WIBW... Topeka, Kansas 1000 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
 WIBX... Utica, N. Y. 300 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WICC... Bridgeport, Conn. 500 w.—1190 kc.—252 m.
 WIL... St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WILL... Urbana, Ill. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
 WILM... Wilmington, Del. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WIOD... Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WIP... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WIS... Columbia, S. C. 1000 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
 WISJ... Beirut, Wis. 500 w.—560 kc.—534.4 m.
 WISN... Milwaukee, Wis. 250 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
 WJAC... Johnstown, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WJAG... Norfolk, Nebr. 1000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
 WJAR... Providence, R. I. 400 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
 WJAS... Pittsburgh, Pa. 1000 w.—1290 kc.—232.4 m.
 WJAX... Jacksonville, Fla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
 WJAY... Cleveland, Ohio 500 w.—610 kc.—491.5 m.
 WJAZ... Mt. Prospect, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
 WJBC... La Salle, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WJBI... Red Bank, N. J. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WJBL... Decatur, Ill. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WJBO... New Orleans, La. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WJBT-WBBM... Glenview, Ill. 25,000 w.—770 kc.—389.4 m.
 WJBU... Lewisburg, Pa. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WJDX... Jackson, Miss. 1000 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WJTD... Moonshine, Ill. 20,000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
 WJKS... Gary, Ind. 1250 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
 WJR... Detroit, Mich. 5000 w.—750 kc.—399.8 m.
 WJSV... Alexandria, Va. 10,000 w.—1460 kc.—205.4 m.
 WJW... Mansfield, Ohio. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WJZ... New York City. 30,000 w.—760 kc.—394.5 m.
 WKAO... San Juan, P. R. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
 WKAR... E. Lansing, Mich. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
 WKAV... Laconia, N. H. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBB... Joliet, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBC... Birmingham, Ala. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBP... Indianapolis, Ind. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WKBH... La Crosse, Wis. 1000 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
 WKBN... Youngstown, Ohio. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WKBO... Jersey City, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WKBO... New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WKBS... Galesburg, Ill. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WKBV... Connorsville, Ind. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WKBW... Buffalo, N. Y. 5000 w.—1480 kc.—202.6 m.
 WKJC... Lancaster, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WKRC... Cincinnati, Ohio 1000 w.—550 kc.—545.1 m.
 WKY... Oklahoma City, Okla. 1000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
 WLAC... Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
 WLB... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WLBP... Kansas City, Kans. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.

WLBG... Petersburg, Va. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WLBL... Stevens Pt., Wis. 2000 w.—900 kc.—333.1 m.
 WLBW... Oil City, Pa. 1000 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
 WLBN... L. I. City, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WLBZ... Bangor, Maine 500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
 WLEX... Lexington, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WLEY... Lexington, Mass. 250 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WLBI... Elgin, Ill. 25,000 w.—720 kc.—416.4 m.
 WLIT... Philadelphia, Pa. 500 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
 WLOE... Boston, Mass. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WLS... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—870 kc.—344.6 m.
 WLSI... Cranston, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WLTH... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214 m.
 WLVA... Lynchburg, Va. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WLW... Cincinnati, O. 50,000 w.—700 kc.—428.3 m.
 WLWL... New York City 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
 WMAC... Cazenovia, N. Y. 250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WMAP... S. Dartmouth, Mass. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WMAK... Buffalo, N. Y. 1000 w.—1040 kc.—288.3 m.
 WMAL... Washington, D. C. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
 WMAQ... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—670 kc.—447.5 m.
 WMAZ... St. Louis, Mo. 250 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WMAZ... Macon, Ga. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
 WMB... Newport, R. I. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMB... Detroit, Mich. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WMBD... Peoria Hts., Ill. 1000 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WMBF... Miami Beach, Fla. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WMBG... Richmond, Va. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WMBH... Joplin, Mo. 250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WMBI... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1080 kc.—277.6 m.
 WMBJ... Wilkesburg, Pa. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMBQ... Auburn, N. Y. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WMBQ... Brooklyn, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMBR... Tampa, Fla. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WMC... Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
 WMC... New York City 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WMMN... Fairmont, W. Va. 500 w.—890 kc.—336.9 m.
 WMP... Lapeer, Mich. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WMSG... New York, N. Y. 250 w.—1350 kc.—222.1 m.
 WMT... Waterloo, Iowa 500 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WNAC... Boston, Mass. 1000 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WNAD... Norman, Okla. 500 w.—1010 kc.—296.9 m.
 WNAX... Yankton, S. Dak. 1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WNB... Binghamton, N. Y. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WNBH... New Bedford, Mass. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WNBO... Silver Haven, Pa. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WNB... Memphis, Tenn. 500 w.—1430 kc.—209.7 m.
 WNJ... Newark, N. J. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WNOX... Knoxville, Tenn. 2500 w.—560 kc.—534.4 m.
 WNR... Greenboro, N. C. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WNYC... New York, N. Y. 500 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
 WOA... San Antonio, Tex. 5000 w.—190 kc.—252 m.
 WOAN... Whitehaven, Tenn. 100 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WOAX... Trenton, N. J. 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WOBT... Union City, Tenn. 250 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WOB... Charleston, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
 WOC... Davenport, Iowa 5000 w.—1090 kc.—299.8 m.
 WODA... Paterson, N. J. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WODX... Mobile, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—214.2 m.
 WOI... Ames, Iowa 5000 w.—640 kc.—465.8 m.

WOKO... Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WOL... Washington, D. C. 100 l.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WOMT... Manitowoc, Wis. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WOOD... Grand Rapids, Mich. 500 w.—1270 kc.—236.1 m.
 WOPI... Bristol, Tenn. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WOQ... Kansas City, Mo. 1000 w.—1300 kc.—230.6 m.
 WOR... Newark, N. J. 5000 w.—710 kc.—522.3 m.
 WORC... Worcester, Mass. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WORD... Chicago, Ill. 5000 w.—1490 kc.—201.2 m.
 WOS... Jefferson City, Mo. 500 w.—630 kc.—475.9 m.
 WOV... New York City 1000 w.—1130 kc.—265.3 m.
 WOW... Omaha, Nebr. 1000 w.—590 kc.—394.5 m.
 WOWO... Ft. Wayne, Ind. 10,000 w.—1160 kc.—258.5 m.
 WPAD... Paducah, Ky. 100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
 WPAP... Cliffsdale, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
 WPAW... Pawtucket, R. I. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WPC... Chicago, Ill. 500 w.—560 kc.—535 m.
 WPCB... New York City 500 w.—810 kc.—370.2 m.
 WPCN... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WPC... Atlantic City, N. J. 5000 w.—1100 kc.—272.6 m.
 WPOE... Patchogue, N. Y. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WFOR... Norfolk, Va. 500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
 WFS... State College, Pa. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WFTS... Raleigh, N. C. 1000 w.—680 kc.—440.9 m.
 WFO... Miami, Fla. 1000 w.—560 kc.—535.4 m.
 WFOAN... Scranton, Pa. 250 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
 WQAO... Palisade, N. J. 250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
 WQBC... Vicksburg, Miss. 300 w.—1360 kc.—220.4 m.
 WODV... Tupelo, Miss. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WRAF... LaPorte, Ind. 100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
 WRAX... Philadelphia, Pa. 250 w.—1020 kc.—293.9 m.
 WRBO... Greenville, Miss. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WRBT... Wilmington, N. C. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WRBU... Gastonia, N. C. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WRBX... Roanoke, Va. 250 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WRC... Washington, D. C. 500 w.—950 kc.—315.6 m.
 WRDO... Augusta, Maine 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WRDW... Augusta, Ga. 100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
 WREC... Memphis, Tenn. 1000 w.—600 kc.—499.7 m.
 WREN... Lawrence, Kans. 1000 w.—1220 kc.—245.8 m.
 WRHM... Minneapolis, Minn. 1000 w.—1250 kc.—239.9 m.
 WRJN... Racine, Wis. 100 w.—1370 kc.—218.8 m.
 WRNY... New York City 250 w.—1010 kc.—266.9 m.
 WRR... Dallas, Texas 500 w.—1280 kc.—234.2 m.
 WRUF... Gainesville, Fla. 5000 w.—830 kc.—361.2 m.
 WRVA... Richmond, Va. 5000 w.—1110 kc.—270.1 m.
 WSAI... Cincinnati, Ohio 500 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
 WSAJ... Groves City, Pa. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WSAN... Allentown, Pa. 250 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
 WSAW... Fall River, Mass. 250 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
 WSAZ... Huntington, W. Va. 250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
 WSB... Atlanta, Ga. 5000 w.—740 kc.—405.2 m.
 WSB... Chicago, Ill. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WSBT... South Bend, Ind. 500 w.—1230 kc.—243.8 m.
 WSDA... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WSPA... Montgomery, Ala. 500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
 WSGH... Brooklyn, N. Y. 500 w.—1400 kc.—214.2 m.
 WSIX... Springfield, Tenn. 100 w.—1210 kc.—247.8 m.
 WSJS... Winston-Salem, N. C. 100 w.—1310 kc.—228.9 m.
 WSM... Nashville, Tenn. 5000 w.—650 kc.—461.3 m.

WSMB New Orleans, La.
500 w.—1320 kc.—227.1 m.
WSMK Dayton, Ohio
300 w.—1380 kc.—217.3 m.
WSPA Spartanburg, S. C.
250 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WSPD Toledo, Ohio
1000 w.—1340 kc.—223.7 m.
WSSH Boston, Mass.
500 w.—1410 kc.—212.6 m.
WSUL Iowa City, Iowa
500 w.—880 kc.—340.7 m.
WSUN Clearwater, Fla.
1000 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
250 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WTAD Quincy, Ill.
500 w.—1440 kc.—208.2 m.
WTAG Worcester, Mass.
250 w.—580 kc.—516.9 m.
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
50,000 w.—1070 kc.—280.2 m.
WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis.
1000 w.—1330 kc.—225.4 m.
WTAR Norfolk, Va.
500 w.—780 kc.—384.4 m.
WTAW College Station, Tex.
500 w.—1120 kc.—267.7 m.
WTBO Cumberland, Md.
100 w.—1420 kc.—211.1 m.
WTFI Toccoa, Ga.
500 w.—1450 kc.—206.8 m.
WTIC Hartford, Conn.
50,000 w.—1060 kc.—282.8 m.
WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
2500 w.—620 kc.—483.6 m.
WTNT Nashville, Tenn.
5000 w.—1470 kc.—204 m.
WTOC Savannah, Ga.
500 w.—1260 kc.—238 m.
WWAE Hammond, Ind.
100 w.—1200 kc.—249.9 m.
WWJ Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—920 kc.—325.9 m.
WWL New Orleans, La.
5000 w.—850 kc.—352.7 m.

WWNC Asheville, N. C.
1000 w.—570 kc.—526 m.
WWRL Woodside, N. Y.
100 w.—1500 kc.—199.9 m.
WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
5000 w.—1160 kc.—258 m.
WXYZ Detroit, Mich.
1000 w.—1240 kc.—241.8 m.
XED Reynosa, Tamps, Mex.
10,000 w.—960 kc.

Canada

CFAC-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFBO, St. John, N. B., 337.1m,
889.9kc, 500w.
CFCA - CKOW - CNRT, To-
ronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc,
500w.
CFCP, Montreal, P. Q.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.,
500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
CFCN-CNRC, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CFCO, Chatham, Ont., 247.9m,
1210 kc, 500w.
CFCT, Victoria, B. C., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
CFLC, Prescott, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CFNB, Fredericton, N. B.,
247.9 m, 1210kc, 50w.
CFQC - CNRS, Saskatoon,
Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CFRB-CJBC, King, York Co.
Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
CFRC, Kingston, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 500w.
CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E.
I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.

CHGS, Summerside, P. E. I.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
CHML, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CHNS, Halifax, N. S., 329.7m,
910kc, 500w.
CHRC, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 100w.
CHWC-CPRC, Pilot Butte,
Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
CHWK, Chilliwick, B. C.,
247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
CHYC, Montreal, P. Q., 411m,
729.9 kc, 500w.
CJCA - CNRE, Edmonton,
Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CJCB, Sydney, N. S., 340.9 m,
880kc, 50w.
CJCI-CHCA, Calgary, Alta.,
434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
CJGC-CNRL, London, Ont.,
329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
CJGX, Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m,
629.9kc, 500w.
CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask.,
329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta.,
267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.,
291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.,
500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
CJRW, Fleming Sask, 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m,
1171.6kc, 2000w.
CKAC-CNRM, Montreal, P.
Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
CKCD-CHLS, Vancouver, B.
C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKCI, Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m,
880kc, 50w.
CKLT, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m,
880.9kc, 100w.
CKCR, Waterloo, Ont., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKCV-CNRO, Quebec, P. Q.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKFC, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKIC, Wolfville, N. S.,
322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont.,
434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
CKLC-CHCT, Red Deer,
Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
CKMC, Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 15w.
CKMO, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKNC-CJBC, Toronto, Ont.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKOC, Hamilton, Ont.,
340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
CKPC, Preston, Ont., 247.9m,
1210kc, 50w.
CKPR, Midland, Ont., 267.9m,
1120kc, 50w.
CKSH, Montreal, P. Q., 297m,
1010kc, 50w.
CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.,
517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.,
411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
CKX, Brandon, Man., 555.6m,
540kc, 500w.
CKY - CNRW, Winnipeg,
Man., 384.6m, 790kc, 5000w.
CNRA, Moncton, N. B.,
476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
CNRD, Red Deer, Alta.,
357.7m, 840kc, —w.
CNRO, Ottawa, Ont., 500m,
599.6kc, 500w.
CNRV, Vancouver, B. C.,
291.3m, 1038kc, 500w.

Cuba

CMBA, Havana, 255m, 1176kc,
50w.
CMBC, Havana, 338m, 887kc,
100w.
CMBD, Havana, 482m,
622.4kc, 50w.
CMBQ, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
50w.
CMBS, Havana, 441m,
680.2kc, 50w.
CMBW, Marianao, 292m,
1027kc, 50w.
CMBY, Havana, 490m,
611.9kc, 200w.
CMBZ, Havana, 292m, 1027kc,
100w.
CMC, Havana, 357m, 840kc,
500w.
CMCA, Havana, 264m, 1136kc,
100w.
CMCB, Havana, 315m, 952kc,
150w.
CMCE, Havana, 273m,
1098.7kc, 100w.
CMCP, Havana, 466m,
643.7kc, 250w.
CMGA, Colon, 360m, 832.8kc,
300w.
CMHA, Cienfuegos, 260m,
1153kc, 200w.
CMHC, Tununco, 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.



Fred Ibbett, Production Manager of NBC Chicago Studios, directing rehearsal of Rin-Tin-Tin Thriller, *The last of the Hendersons*. (Left to right) George Opie, Frank Doucet, Bernadine Flynn, Bob White and Fred Ibbett.

Encore!

(Continued from page 29)

reading innumerable parts in *Mystery House*—to say nothing of hundreds of "one shot" microphone appearances in Radio drama. His best Radio part? He claims to have received his greatest Radio thrill out of his interpretation of the character of General Custer in NBC's production of *The Massacre of Custer*.

Not all of the troupers appearing in Radio dramas have retired from active stage work. Far from it. Many of them find time to work at the microphone while appearing in Broadway productions. Josephine Hull, for example, played in the season's hit of three years ago, *Craig's Wife*, and took part in nearly all the Biblical dramas presented over an NBC network. She, also, is a member of the Radio Guild Stock Company and has come into Radio with a background of legitimate stage experience that includes work in plays and operettas while at Radcliffe College, stock at Castle Square in Boston, more stock at New Orleans, leads with Wilton Lackaye and Shelly Hull (she became Mrs. Shelly Hull while working with him) in productions and an enviable position as a stage director.

WHEN I asked her opinion of Radio drama she replied, "It is remarkable because of the ease with which every listener can be reached. The intimacy of the microphone brings a feeling of relief to me. It does away with that constant struggle to project one's voice to the last rows of the theatre. I always feel as though every person in the audience of an air performance is sitting right in the front row. Delicate inflections of the voice, frequently lost in the theatre, can be handled without straining."

After witnessing her work in *Houseparty* on the opening night of its long run I went backstage to congratulate Anne Sutherland. What a trouper! Born shortly after the close of the Civil War, the same year in which Joe Weber first saw the light of day, Anne Sutherland was destined to make theatre history, long before Radio was even dreamed about. As Annie Sutherland she was one of *Black Crook* ladies who shocked a nation by appearing on the stage in tights! Dropping the "i" from her first name Miss Sutherland went in for legitimate drama. She has played opposite such well known artists as Joseph Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Henry Dixie and a host of others and finally reached stardom under the Charles Frohman banner in *Mrs. Erskine's Devotion*. She has always had what actors call "fat parts" (which means rôles of outstanding importance) even when her starring days were over. Hers has been a busy, active life—always con-

nected with the theatre until two years ago, when, after the long run of *Craig's Wife* in which she made a decided hit as the mordant-witted aunt, Miss Sutherland went to Europe for a much earned rest. The stock market was not kind to her and she returned to this country "broke but happy", as she puts it, and immediately opened a cozy little tearoom in Greenwich Village. When she returned to the stage to play in *Houseparty* she did not give up the tearoom "because," says Miss Sutherland, "so many of my old friends drop in for a snack of ham and eggs and coffee after the theatre that



George Rand, an old trouper now with NBC Coast studios.

for me it means keeping in touch with the world I love. Then, too," she added with a twinkle in her ever-smiling eyes, "it keeps me out of mischief to be busy."

Out of mischief! Perhaps, as she says, her tremendous amount of vitality needs these many well filled hours of activity to keep her out of mischief. What I think she meant was that she must be busy to be happy. And as busy as she always is she couldn't keep out of Radio. Not that she wanted to keep out of it, for she was anxious to have her fling at the theatre of the air. The chance to prove her worth as a microphone performer came when NBC decided to produce the air serial, *Moonlight and Honeysuckle*, which is being written by Lulu Volmer, the author of *Sun Up*. One of the principal characters in the serial is *Ma Betts* and when Miss Sutherland's name was mentioned as a possible player of the rôle, there was no second choice.

Miss Sutherland has made this character of the mountain woman one of the outstanding air rôles of the year. We will, without a doubt, hear the voice of this trouper in many other Radio dramas, but, as I write this, the call of the footlights is urging Miss Sutherland to return to the stage in a Broadway production.

When *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* first started its air story of the mountain feud, there was a character known as *Pegleg Gaddis*, played by another old timer. Claude Cooper is the old timer's name. Now, Mr. Cooper, who was born in London and first appeared on the American stage in 1889 in that ripe old melodrama *Silver King*, is an ambitious actor who is striving to set a world's record for the number of rôles played on the stage. When he created the Radio character of *Pegleg Gaddis*, Mr. Cooper claims to have had a background of 535 grease-paint rôles to his credit. A few weeks ago an opportunity was offered him to appear in a new Broadway production, so Mr. Cooper explained his desire to be released from the cast of *Moonlight and Honeysuckle* to Miss Volmer. Rather than trust the part to another, Miss Volmer accommodatingly wrote *Pegleg* out of the story by the simple expedient of having him killed off. And Mr. Cooper added another character scalp to his belt. The play was not a success and as I write this Mr. Cooper has just closed with his third "flop" this season—which makes a total of 538 different rôles which the man has portrayed on the stage. If Mr. Cooper is successful enough in picking unsuccessful plays at the rate he is now going, he will set a record, no fooling.

Another charming actress playing many character parts for the various NBC directors is Alma Kruger, who, at nineteen played *Lady Macbeth* opposite that sterling actor, Louis James! They started young in those days to act in the works of the master playwright. After several years' work with such stars as Sothorn and Marlow, Robert Mantell and Granville Barker the lady who dared to play (and probably did a fearlessly good job of it) *Lady Macbeth* at nineteen finds herself a member of the far-famed New York Civic Repertory Company.

A CALL will bring Miss Kruger to the studio on the run—providing the demands on her stage services do not interfere. Her first Radio work, like so many another trouper of legitimate productions, was in one of the Biblical dramas. And, by a peculiar twist of fate, Miss Kruger gave an air performance of *Liso's* mother in Tolstol's *Redemption* prior to her appearance in the same part on the stage. In speaking

of her microphone work, Miss Kruger says, "It makes one voice conscious. I always feel as though I were playing before an audience made up entirely of the blind. It serves to make me doubly careful in keeping my voice 'in character' for the mental picture drawn only by the voice must never become blurred or indistinct to the listener. The microphone is a taskmaster which, could it speak, would say to every performer—*Watch your step!*"

One evening I dropped into the CBS studios to see my old friend, Walter Soderling, who plays that delightfully dumb character, *Nels* in the Graybar *Mr. and Mrs.* sketches. Walter is one of those judicious persons who, after years of study preparatory to entering the ministry, thought better of the original decision and went on the stage. I have engaged Walter several times in dramatic work—and what a dependable person he is to have in the studio! He speaks four languages fluently and is the master of twelve dialects. He had pretty good training for Radio dramatic work (which keeps him busy), at that, for he played in support of such stage celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, John Barrymore, John Drew, Leslie Carter and Marie Tempest. Like many other troupers Walter Soderling's life has been a series of misadventures. At one time Charles Frohman saw Walter's work in a character rôle in a play called *The Prodigal Husband* and told Soderling that he never need look for work at any other managerial office—that he, Frohman, would see that Soderling was never out of work. Three months later Charles Frohman went to his death on the ill-fated *Lusitania*.

TRUE STORY brought Walter to the microphone for the first time and made him a convert. He doesn't care to return to the stage—unless there be no more Radio dramas written in which he can take part. He thinks his best microphone work was done on the Collier Hour last year when, in a dramatization of a Sax Rohmer story, he portrayed the character of *Fu Manchu*.

Mr. and Mrs.? Well the *Mr.* is not so old as years go, but he is an old timer in Radio. Jack Smart, who presents a faithful fifty-year *Joe* in voice is just twenty-eight. *Vi* is just betwixt and between. Jane Houston, the *Mrs.*, was in the chorus of *The Time, Place And The Girl* in 1912. She has "trod the boards" with John Drew, William Hodge, William Faversham and has taken direction from David Belasco. Leads with True Story and Schradertown Sketches have featured her Radio career and now she is away over the fifty-two week mark in the microphone character of *Vi*, which she created.

Have you caught that Eskimo Pie program, emanating from the CBS studios? The kiddies are marvelous—but don't forget to give *Mrs. Smithers* a hand.



Olive West, who played in the first *Passion Play* given in this country.

Mae Buckley, a trouper long before her "Radio child" (*Gwen* in the sketches) was born, is *Mrs. Smithers*. Like so many stage favorites who have played for Charles Frohman, Augustus Daly and David Belasco, trouper Mae Buckley made her debut in Radio in the Biblical dramas.

Do you remember *Show Boat*? That, to my mind, was one of the finest ventures which drama ever made to the theatre of the air. Credit Harry Brown, the creator of *Show Boat*, for much of its success but don't forget that Mr. Brown was discreet in selecting his cast. "Troupers all" was his slogan. Mr. Brown was no mean trouper himself, having played in support of Lillian Russell, Rose Stahl, Frances Starr, Edith Talliaferro and Irene Bordoni. He became *Hank Simmons* in *Show Boat*.

Edith Thayer, player of leading rôles in the original productions of *Blossom Time*, *The Firefly*, and *The Chocolate Soldier*, became *Jane McGrew* of *Show Boat* fame.

Other troupers in the splendid cast of that feature were Brad Sutton, minstrel man, ventriloquist and magician; Elsie May Gordon, a graduate of Little Theatre work in Boston; James F. Ayres, who can tell many thrilling stories of the days when *Ben Hur* and *The Shepherd King* served as vehicles for his histrionic ability; Lawrence Grattan, who created the name part in a dramatic version of *Par-sifal* on the stage.

In 1898 Broadway saw plays with names like *Bertha the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl* and *China-town Charlie*. They were real blood and thunder dramas, and were the first vehicles of Jimmy Waters, who now entertains Radio theatre

goers as *The The Paragon Painter*, at WLTH, Brooklyn. Recent years saw him on the road as Isaac Cohen in that perennial, *Abie's Irish Rose*, but now he has given up the stage in order to write his own Radio skits and take star parts in them.

IN NEW BRITAIN, Connecticut, is a septuagenarian minstrel, who used to strut his stuff at Miner's Bowery and at Tony Pastor's. His name is Tom English and he frequently delights the listeners in New England with programs of old songs and stories as he relives the "days long past" before the microphone in the Hartford studio of station WTIC.

Halfway across the U. S. A. we hear from Charles B. Hamlin, playing the rôle of *The Old Settler* in a WTMJ (Milwaukee) program. Mr. Hamlin's stage life dates back to the *East Lynn* period. He's played with many of the old time stars, too—Otis Skinner, Lee Baker, David Warfield and the Barrymores.

Jumping all the way to the West Coast we find Dick Jose, another minstrel man of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* fame. Mr. Jose is working on a commercial hour broadcast from Station KPO. And that's in San Francisco.

In the Golden Gate city, too, are the studios of the National Broadcasting Company's Pacific Division, where we find Olive West. The appearance of this charming old trouper of sixty odd belies her years. Her hair is graying, but her blue eyes twinkle with youth and humor. There were no easy roads to stardom when Olive West was beginning her career. She made her first appearance in 1870, as *Salome* in the first *Passion Play* ever given in the United States. Although she was only twelve, *Salome* was a real "grown-up" rôle. To this day she remembers the reception given the cast . . . vegetables and eggs were thrown at the actors by spectators, for the populace of fifty years ago refused to look upon the *Passion Play* as art.

But it's a far cry from the unesthetic audiences of the 1870's to the enthusiastic Radio listeners of today . . . deluges of fan mail take the place of the spatterly eggs that Olive West remembers.

Another of the old timers, who often plays with Miss West, is George Rand. When *The Climbers* by Clyde Fitch was produced in the San Francisco studios, the veteran was carried back in memory many years. *The Climbers* was one of the first plays in which George Rand ever appeared! He gained his rich experience under the tutelage of Oliver Morosco in the days of touring stock companies, and rose to stage manager under the Morosco banner. Some of you may also remember him with Nat Goodwin's company in *Oliver Twist*. Since 1929 he has been occupied with the producer end, as well as acting in NBC Radio dramas.

(Continued on page 114)

"Hello There, Australia!"

(Continued from page 57)

Capt. Rickenbacker: That is right.

Kingsford-Smith: Well, naturally, we having our principal cities on the east, I would consider the possibility of crossing the Pacific Ocean, 7000 miles. We are about 17,000 miles around in the other direction.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It looks as though we are going to have to switch Australia around, reverse it. Say, I couldn't help but listen in to your ideas about what was necessary for a service in the way of aircraft. I agree with you. Do you remember that twin engine job that we were building when you were here?

Kingsford-Smith: My word, I do.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, we delivered that the other day to the United States Army.

Kingsford-Smith: Fine.

Capt. Rickenbacker: It shows about 175 miles an hour.

Kingsford-Smith: Well now, that is fine.

Capt. Rickenbacker: You can get some idea—They were trying to live up to the things that you are finding necessary in your tremendous achievements.

Kingsford-Smith: That is fine. When you get up to speeds like that, you can cover the ground in absolutely no time.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Tell me, how is the transport service operating in your country?

Kingsford-Smith: We have been operating for six months without an accident

of any description and have already declared a dividend.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Well, we will bring your organization over here. We need dividends very badly in this country.

We have recently opened up two new transcontinental mail and passenger services, one from New York to Atlanta, Georgia across Dallas, Texas to Los Angeles. And then another from New York to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Kansas City and Los Angeles. And that gives us three transcontinental airways for mail and passengers.

Kingsford-Smith: That is great. Are you cutting down your time?

Capt. Rickenbacker: Yes, we are cutting down the time, and we hope during the next year or two we will be going from New York to the Pacific Coast within 20 to 24 hours without an overnight stop. For the moment, we are stopping at Kansas City and Chicago, but with the development in planes for sleeping, there is going to be a tremendous opportunity to cut down time.

Kingsford-Smith: That is marvelous.

Capt. Rickenbacker: What do you think of the needs over there in the way of transport planes?

Kingsford-Smith: Oh, we need them with our long distance problems, you know.

Capt. Rickenbacker: That is more or less true of the world at large. Smitty, we are about to be cut off, and I am

awfully sorry, because I just want to reach out and grab you and hug you and congratulate you on your past achievements and those that I know must be due you in the future.

Kingsford-Smith: Thank you, old man, and many, many thanks. My very best and cheerio.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Give our love to the girl, and don't forget you have millions of friends over here.

Kingsford-Smith: All right, Eddie. I thank you very much for that and I appreciate it sincerely.

Capt. Rickenbacker: Good-bye.

Kingsford-Smith: So long.

Encore

(Continued from page 113)

Up North in the pleasant city of Seattle, I am advised there's an old timer working at KJR, KEX and KGA, Northwest Broadcasting System stations.

A score of years ago everyone in New York City knew of Frank Coombs, the "Silver Thread Tenor", who revived and popularized that famous ballad *Silver Threads Among the Gold*.

It makes little difference what studio you enter with this question on your lips, "Any old time troupers broadcasting for you?" the answer is always the same—"Yes." And more power to them, say I. It is their opportunity to present a fitting "encore" to those who appreciated their work on the legitimate stage.

What do you say, readers? Let's give the old time troupers a bit of well merited applause.

Vote For Your Favorite Station in New Radio Digest Popularity Contest.

See page 5 for Story . . . Here are Rules and Conditions

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1930, and ends at midnight, April 20, 1931. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, April 20, 1931.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct.. \$4.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 8.00 325 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.. 12.00 500 votes

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

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

6-year; six 1-year; one 2-year; one 3-year; one 4-year; one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 24.00 1,500 votes

7-year; seven 1-year; one 2-year; one 3-year; one 4-year; one 5-year; one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 28.00 2,000 votes

8-year; eight 1-year; one 2-year; one 3-year; one 4-year; one 5-year; one 6-year; one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 32.00 2,500 votes

9-year; nine 1-year; one 2-year; one 3-year; one 4-year; one 5-year; one 6-year; one 7-year; one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 36.00 3,000 votes

10-year; ten 1-year; one 2-year; one 3-year; one 4-year; one 5-year; one 6-year; one 7-year; one 8-year; one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..... 40.00 3,500 votes

and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct.. 40.00 2,500 votes

5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into 48 districts, comprised of the 48 states of the Union.

6. The station located within the borders of each State receiving the highest number of votes cast by individuals residing within the same State will be declared the Champion Station of that State, and will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the second largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the third largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

The station located within the borders of each State which receives the fourth largest number of votes cast by individuals residing within that State will be awarded a medal and scroll inscribed to that effect.

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

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

Christmas Stockings

(Continued from page 22)

for his program, an announcer, a rich sponsor, rose-colored glasses for reading kick letters, and definite assurance that no creature is hungry or sad while he's enjoying a bounteous table and a happy Christmas.

That last wish of Tony, the philosopher, shows what makes him popular—so popular that his many gifts from fans include even an Indian peace pipe, an ancient skull and cross bones and a Canadian moose hide.

Phil Dewey, the fair-haired, handsome NBC tenor heard so much this year, is a Phi Beta Kappa, so I'm not sure whether or not he let his brilliance run away with fact when he answered: "Oh, just send me sixteen saxophone lessons, one medium sized fresh-water lake, a pair of new moons, and a bundle of new tempos. Believe it or not, odd gifts sent me in the past include Einstein's *How to Make Love* in three lessons, a brown derby from H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Al Smith's polo pony, and from Cal Coolidge, 'best wishes.'

THAT last sounds genuine, so maybe we may believe his statement of the "most comical, tragic and happy Christmases" which was:

"Comical, when my wife turned down my marriage proposal; tragic, when she didn't, and happiest, the Christmas of 1930 when we expect a second baby to bless us."

"Oh," exclaimed songbird Welcome Lewis, "I hope Santa brings me a lot of little boxes so I'll have many things to open—and a big bag full of new and unusual fans to add to my collection of lovely ones. I've been pretty well provided for in the past, but I can remember one tragic Christmas. That was when I tried to have Christmas after losing my Santa Claus—my mother. My happiest one was that which brought me my first violin."

And how about you, Mr. Bones—or pardon me—I mean Mr. Bernard, Al Bernard, of the Dutch Masters Minstrels?

"Well, I'd sure be tickled pink if it were possible for my mother and father, who live in New Orleans (my home town) to spend Christmas with myself and wife in New York. You know Christmas and New Years are celebrated down there like the Fourth of July. I still remember the Southern celebration I went through at ten years of age. A bunch of other kids and myself found a bag of gunpowder. I lit it and remained in the hospital for the holidays!"

"Give me," said Virginia Gardiner, charming NBC ingenue radactress, "a different 'Me'. I'm tired of this one. Santa can also put me down for a lot of books I can't afford, and a lot of intan-

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gible things that if I told you what they were, they'd sound silly, so I won't tell you. But I really would like the chance to do better and bigger things in my work the coming year.

"My most tragic Christmas? When Santa was explained away; happy, the holidays I returned home during my first year away at school; comic, well, we drove outside of town to a Christmas Eve dance at the polo club, and on the way home, with ten of us in the car, we got stuck in the mud. Finally at 6:30 A.M. we arrived home, and then had to get up at seven o'clock so that brother could open his presents!"

WHAT does the first tenor of a male quartet expect? If E. Clinton Keithley, who is that in the popular Chicagoans male quartet of NBC and KYW, may be taken as typical, it's a big box of good cigars. Keithley, who writes many ballads, also adds that a \$5,000 royalty check on his latest song, *Love and a Rose*, would not be amiss. His happiest Christmases, he related, were those when he was a boy and the illusion of Santa had not been punctured.

Now for a real married couple of the air—Aline and Peter Dixon, who do the *Raising Junior* skit for NBC. "The lady asks," said Peter speaking for Aline, "some very expensive perfume, lots of pretty undies, and what have you? While the gent allows books, pipes, bartender's accessories and tools with which to make boats and other toys for the offspring.

"Did we always get our wishes on Christmas day?" he continued. "Not exactly, for I always wanted a Humpty-Dumpty Circus but my dad didn't, whereas I hated to wear neckties, but got them anyway. Aline, being born on Christmas day, had many disappointments.

"Past Christmas history? Well, here's one. Tulsa, Okla., five years ago . . . Aline playing in stock, me out of a job, the two of us engaged just two days. I spend my last five dollars to buy her a present, and she had to provide the dinner . . . but it was a grand Christmas just the same! A year later, married and in Louisville. Baby on way, very little money. Dixons present one another with free samples obtained by answering magazine ads!"

NEXT, a pseudo scaping couple, *Mr. and Mrs.*, or Jo and Vi of the CBS skit, who are not married in real life but are Jack Smart and Jane Houston. Jack asks for a baby Austin on account of the lack of parking space in New York and because he could park it in his apartment. One of his most unusual gifts received as a result of his broadcasting is an electric stimulating machine which he can't use because he is so ticklish.

Jane makes a modest request—just a trip to Europe. Funny gifts sent to her

during the year are a row boat and a watch dog. "My happiest Christmas," said she, "was the one I spent with my husband upon his return from the war overseas."

Now for a half a dozen batoneers of the air whom all of you must know.

Nathaniel Shilkret's letter to Santa: "Please leave me health, happiness and the wealth may take care of itself. Add some musical scores, new ideas, a complete set of the poets, and perhaps a new tennis racquet. Our happiest Christmas was when my wife and I decorated the first little Christmas tree for our son."

Joe L. Sanders, inseparable partner of Carlton Coon, in the orchestra business, requests: "Health, happiness and ability to make others happy, harmony among my fellow workers, a clear conscience and a 'hit' song."

Joe, like Art Kassel, treasures as his most valued gifts from listeners the letters received from the same Somerset, Ky., invalid lady, and told of his unhappiest Christmas:

"I was in Butte, Montana, many years ago, and the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero. I had the 'flu' and had lost my voice. This wasn't so good, as my job was singing in a male quartet. Top that off with snowbound mails and no word from home and the loved ones . . . just plain hell!"

BERT LOWN'S happiest Christmas was the thing that put him in the hospital. As a youth his parents, after much pleading, gave him a long desired motorcycle. Two days later it was wrapped around a fire hydrant and Bert spent New Year's Day all swathed in bandages. "What do I want this year?" he replied, "Oh, just make it two days off, a tri-motored plane to haul my bands around to engagements, a \$20,000 weekly pension and if you have it to spare, you might throw in a yacht. My most unusual fan gifts had been three *RED* neckties, a raccoon hat, a pair of home-knit socks and a pair of black, yellow and green garters."

And Will Osborne? "More elephants are needed," said he. "I've hundreds of them now but can't get too many. But they must have their trunks *UP*. My happiest Yuletide was that spent in Germany with my boys. We were not allowed to spend a cent for anything. When payment was offered for refreshments, entertainment and dinners, the natives were insulted and incensed. Never have I seen the Christmas spirit so genuine."

Harry Kogen and Jules Herbeuveaux, both of NBC and the latter musical director as well of KYW, Chicago, duplicate one hint. They'd both like either inaudible Radios or a pair of ear muffs that will filter out all sounds emanating from any Radio set or accessory.

Kogen, with a chuckle, added the following list, "an automatic pencil that works and still writes, usable neckties, a

hot trumpeter, 1,000 good arrangements, 500 new commercial programs, Uncle Bob Wilson's membership card, a 'first' from horsie *Zuyder Z*, and a twenty-ride ticket to Gary, Ind."

"Kuku" Raymond Knight, of NBC, and several others strangely seem to wish bigger and better commercial contracts. The "others" are Mountain Balladeer Bradley Kincaid, of WLS, NBC and WLW, and the NBC duo-piano team of Retting and Platt.

KNIIGHT said the most peculiar gift on his list was a mechanical "cuckoo" to use on his Kuku hour, and added that Christmases had almost all been the same to him. He always ate too much, then, "lulled into a state of soporific unconsciousness by the products of the so-called festive board," he went sound asleep. Kincaid remembers as his happiest Christmas the time when, as a small boy down in the mountains, Santa brought him "a new pair of red-topped boots with brass-toes!" Fans have been kind to him, he added, and among many gifts he has received are two crocheted baby dresses for his twins and a guitar made entirely by hand with the aid of a pocket knife.

Know the Pickard Family and their hill-billy tunes and hoe-downs? If you don't you're missing one of the best acts on the dial. Anyhow, this is what the Pickards of NBC ask from Santa Claus:

Five-year-old Ann, doll house, swimming suit and rocking chair; Miss Ruth, a lot of collegiate clothes; Mother, a new flivver, as the old one leaks; Bubb, a few red neckties, sox to match (and I'll personally add, an engagement ring); Dad, to keep the family and listeners happy.

Good old Pickards! They think their most unusual Christmas was the first one they spent in New York after leaving their home in Tennessee. "Nobody knew what to do," said Dad. "We just sat around, all dressed up and nowhere to go, and the whole bunch of us were half froze to death."

Buryl Retting and Dick Platt added to the contract request that some kind piano manufacturer, if still in business, might send them a couple of concert grand pianos for home use, and described their unhappiest Christmas as that of last year. "The stock market had done funny things to our friends and ourselves—so we had nothing in our stockings except holes."

ONE more soprano—Bernadine Hayes, 1930's Radio Beauty Queen and NBC artist. "I'd like, Mr. Plummer, just one thing. That is to be considered as a concert and operatic soprano as well as a mere blues singer. I'm studying opera now, and I hope to show the world. If hard work and Santa help, I hope to get there."

But before concluding, let's go down to St. Louis and ask Chester Gruber, better

known to KMOX and CBS fans as "Tony Cabooch", what he'd like.

"Nothing better," replied Gruber, "than to have fulfilled my request that enough Radio sets be placed in all charitable institutions. My first Radio gift, incidentally, came from a youngster. It was a dime. He had saved for months to accumulate this amount and wanted me to buy something for my birthday with it . . . I still carry it as a luck token.

"My latest unusual gift is a carved cane that originally belonged to President Rubeo of Mexico.

"Did I always get what I wanted for Christmas? Well, my mother died when I was twelve, and I had to go out and 'poosh 'em up'. It was tough going for a long time and I was lucky if I got meat for my Christmas dinner.

"My happiest Christmas, I believe, was that of last year. A Texan who had been an invalid for five years wrote me an applause letter. His sentiments seemed to 'get' me somehow, and I asked my Radio friends who were contemplating sending me Christmas cards, to send them to this shut-in instead.

"Several weeks after Christmas he wrote me saying he had just passed the happiest Christmas of his life. He had received over a thousand letters and cards from my Radio friends, and it was almost necessary to move his bed out into the yard to make room for the 600 or so gifts that had been sent to him."

That, my readers, I think is the finest example of the true Christmas spirit I have ever heard. Let's not forget the shut-ins in our happiness of the holidays, and in closing, let me join all the microphone's favorite sons and daughters in wishing that we all find the same sort of happiness this year that results from practicing the true spirit.

(Another Twenty Star interview by Mr. Plummer will appear in January RADIO DIGEST.)

Symphony Music

(Continued from page 91)

tet, for five a Quintet, for six a Sextet, and so on.

Ensemble: A small orchestra or collection of instruments. Many broadcasting stations employ beautifully organized and artistically satisfying ensembles of from ten to twenty-five players.

Italian Words in Music: For two centuries Italian has monopolized the privilege of coining words to express musical ideas. The habit has now grown in on the art of music till nothing probably can be done about it. Still there is one great advantage in this. Italian has become, for music, a sort of universal language. Thus, a German, an American, a French or a Russian composer can write down the expression indications on his music-score so that any other musician sitting down at an instrument to play that music, can understand the terms used. Some day we shall have a discussion of these terms

on this page. Meanwhile just remember that Allegro means 'lively', Andante means somewhat less lively, in fact, gently; Maesto or Maestoso means majestic or impressive; Adagio means slow and gentle; Largo means even slower and more impressive; Lento means quite slow; Moderato means moderate; 'Ma non troppo' means 'but not too much so' and is often added after such words as Allegro.

What I Have Heard and Liked

On Sunday afternoon, October 19th, I had the very great pleasure of listening to the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Erich Kleiber, who has recently come from Berlin to conduct until Toscanini arrives. I like Kleiber's work. He manages to get from the orchestra a quality of tone that appeals to me and he has no freak ideas. He tries to reproduce the music as the composer intended it to sound, and not as he thinks the composer ought to have intended it. The worship of Toscanini that is at present at its height strikes me as mainly important in showing that New York, or that part of New York which presumes to tell the rest of the country what it ought to think about musical matters, has very poor taste. Toscanini is a good conductor of Italian opera, but I wish that he were not running the symphonic destinies of New York. On the other hand, Kleiber is far less sensational but to me more satisfying in most ways.

Kleiber's best work, as I heard it, was his conducting the orchestra through Brahms' violin concerto, with the solo part played by that very interesting Hungarian Josef Szigeti. A concerto, you know, is a symphony with a solo part written in for a piano, a violin, a cello or other instrument.

That same afternoon I heard the Roxy orchestra do another Brahms piece, the second symphony. This is a good work with which to begin one's acquaintance with the great master. It was composed and first performed in Vienna about forty-three years ago, and it is distinguished among all works of the kind for its quiet beauty. The composer never, so to speak, raises his voice in this work. He speaks in a tone of quiet friendliness, as a beloved friend talking from the other side of a bright fireplace on a cold afternoon in the late fall.

Merry Christmas

When next I have the pleasure of talking with you 1931 will be with us and we shall be ready to forget the black year 1930. Meanwhile good music will help us. If every irred business man, nervous female bridge-fiend and rapidly-breaking-down high-pressure salesman in the country would just give himself or herself for an hour every evening to the sweetnesses and beauties of fine music, this would be a happier and less nerve racked nation.

We Are All Poets

(Continued from page 81)

gladly sacrificed all if they had but read my *Ode to a Dinosaur's Egg*.

And while the dull emotionless burglars were prowling through my mundane trifles—I stepped into the foyer of a modern apartment building not far from the Brooklyn bridge in Brooklyn. I did not see a red headed janitor's boy but a dusky elevator man took me up to the Crane apartment.

Nathalia herself opened the door and curtsied in a quaint old fashioned way. Her fluffy brown hair tumbled over her head. She wore a brown velvet dress with a lace collar. Her voice was thin and a little frightened. She impressed me instantly as a child taught to "hold in" and "not to speak until spoken to, then to reply with as few words as possible."

SO MY interview was not altogether successful. My impression was that the Cranes were just regular "folks" who had tried conscientiously to bring Nathalia up into the world without ostentation.

"Are you interested in science?" I asked Nathalia after several questions.

"Yes," she replied, "is there not poetry in the fact that the wings of a humming bird outrace the wheels of a motor; and the eyes of a gnat are as a thousand telescopes in one?"

That's what I mean by "poetically minded". I went on:

"How do your poems come to you?"

"As visions—a sort of mental eye, different than the way the actual eye sees them. But in this I am not far different. I believe, than others. All of us are poets, and our delight from reading poetry is drawn from the fact that beautiful verse is the general expression of all hearts. Only some of us write it and some of us do not."

"How did you get the idea of writing *Pocahontas* (E. P. Dutton & Co.), this latest book of yours?"

"I had been thinking of the possible menace of the reds—and then I thought of the saving spirit of the past—as represented by the Indian girl who saved Captain John Smith. Science might have said, 'Never mind Captain John Smith, never mind the country,' if an experiment had been in the balance. But the spirit of Pocahontas said, 'No, Captain John Smith must be saved. The country must be saved.' And in my poem the spirit of Pocahontas—the spirit of the past Pocahontas summons the modern poets to lead the remnant of the A. E. F. and the Indians against the Reds."

Nathalia is just a simple, normal youngster, who interprets in verse what this great big world is bubbling over with in its own language. She agreed with me that we are all poets.

Amos and Andy

(Continued from page 59)

Just at this point up comes the Kingfish of the Knights of the Mystic Sea with a big "propolition". Russell Powell acts as the Kingfish and he is certainly a pip for the smart aleck Kingfish.

He explains that this "propolition" is for the taxi to take some musicians to a party somewhere in the suburbs of New York and it will pay Amos and Andy \$12.00 less ten per cent "remission" to the Kingfish for getting the job.

Then the fun begins in earnest with the three of them trying to find out what ten per cent of 12 dollars is. The Missus and I about split laughing. First Andy tried to figure.

"Two goes into 12, two goes into 12," he keeps repeating.

Then Amos speaks up, "Well, go on and get it in there, then."

Then the Kingfish suggests that they figure it by the "new method".

"You multiplies ten by two," says the Kingfish, "and anybody knows dat's twenty. Den you takes away two, leavin' eight dollars, and dat is ten per cent of twelve dollars. Den you could cut dat eight in half and I'd take six dollars."

THEN Amos speaks up again and says, "Couldn't you cut dat six in half and take two dollars?"

So the Kingfish says all right, and everything is fixed.

Then we drop Amos 'n' Andy for a while and go to this big party, and it turns out to be a birthday party for Jean. Jean's father is big-hearted and is crazy about Richard Williams. And so is Jean's mother, played by Irene Rich. Both parents, -they let you know, would like to see Jean marry Richard.

"But, alas," says Richard, "since my father died I am just a poor boy with only a house in Harlem, a family possession from the days when Harlem was a fashionable neighborhood, and I can't even find the deed to that house." He tells Jean's father he is going over there in the morning to look for the deed.

Well, Crawford, the Villain, is listening in on that conversation, and tells his sister all about it. Of course she conspires with her brother to help him marry Jean so they can all share in the Blair fortunes. This sister, played by Rita LaRoy, makes a great Villainess if ever there was one; so the plot thickens and they scheme to go to the old Williams house that night and find the deed before Richard has a chance to get it.

All this time Mrs. Blair is worried sick because the musicians haven't showed up. Next we see the Fresh Air Taxicab steam-

ing up the driveway with Duke Ellington's fifteen negro musicians, their instruments, and Amos and Andy in it!

Then Amos and Andy go back to town to attend the lodge meeting, and we watch the couples dance to Duke Ellington's music. While the dance is going on Jean and Richard slip out to the lake on the Blair estate, and after a canoe ride in the moonlight they sit on a bench. While they are sitting there the band plays the theme song of the picture, *Three Little Words*. The three little words are "I Love You", and Richard tells Jean that the song is saying what he wishes he had the nerve to say. They get very close together, and the Missus and I held each other's hand and got close together too, it was so romantic.

Well, then they changed back to the lodge of the Mystic Knights of the Sea. Kingfish is presiding over the meeting, and explains that this is the night two "brothers" are to be selected to spend an hour in the "haunted house", which turns out to be the old Williams house, in honor of the founder of their lodge. All the "brothers" whose names begin with "A" are to draw a number from a hat and the one drawing seven must choose a friend and go to the "haunted house."

Just before he draws a number, Andy says "Oh, seven, you've failed me many times, and if you is ever goin' to fail me again, fail me NOW!" but this time he draws the seven, and of course chooses Amos to go with him. They are to be locked in the house, find a paper with "Check and Double Check" written on it, that was left by the "brothers" who made the trip last year, then they must find more paper, on which to write "Check and Double Check" and leave it for the "brothers" picked for the next year.

Amos and Andy don't know it, but when they arrive at the house Crawford is there already searching for the deed. There are a lot of funny things that happen to Amos and Andy and Crawford, in different parts of the house. They are all making noises and each thinks it is ghosts. Once Andy's coat gets caught in a door, and he almost turns white because he thinks a spook has a hold of it. I guess everybody in the theatre just haw-hawed fit to die.

Well, they find the "Check and Double Check" paper and in looking for another paper to write "Check and Double Check" on and leave behind, accidentally find the deed, but they don't know what it is. Crawford takes a big revolver and goes to see what in thunder is making that noise and surprises Amos and Andy.

Pointing his revolver at them he says, "Give me that paper." And Andy thinking he means the "Check and Double

Check" paper, gives that to him, and Crawford sticks it in his pocket without even looking at it.

Amos and Andy then dash from the house, Andy having the deed in his pocket.

The next thing that happens is supposed to be the next day. Richard is saying goodbye to Mr. Blair, having searched the old Williams house and failed to find the missing deed. Then he tells Jean it is impossible for him to marry her because he is so poor and he scorns any help from Jean's father. So he leaves the house.

Then we are back in the taxi office. The boys are way down in the dumps. They haven't got the "Check and Double Check" paper so they are afraid their lodge brothers will not believe they were in the "haunted house."

Then Andy throws the deed into the wastepaper basket and sits staring at it.

"D-e-e-d," he spells the word on the front. "D-e-e-d, spells dead. Somebody's dead."

"D-e-e-d, doan' spell dead," says Amos. "That spells deed. Let's see that paper." He reads it slowly and then coming to the name "Williams" he realizes that maybe that it is the paper Richard was looking for. He tries to reach Richard on the phone at the Blair home and learns that he has left. Well Amos and Andy get into the taxicab and start a wild drive to the station trying to catch Richard. That is very funny, with Andy hanging on for dear life while Amos has many narrow escapes in traffic.

THEY reach the station just in time to stop Richard from boarding his train. And sure enough the paper they have is the missing deed.

Then you see them back in the taxi office, bluer than ever. A man comes in with a great big package for the boys. A note says it is Richard's and Jean's wedding cake. Just then Ruby Taylor calls up to say that both she and the Madame have heard the whole story and want the boys to come right over. They start, carrying the wedding cake. And right in front of Madame Queen's beauty shoppe, Andy drops the cake under a truck and the cake is smashed to bits. Both of them stand looking at the crumbled mass, and as Andy says "I'se regusted," the picture fades out.

I sure hope, Mr. Editor, you get a chance to see the picture, but I guess you are very busy with the magazine.

Again thanks for the letter about the poem. Regards from the Missus,

Yours, As Ever,
William G. Hawkins.

Rudy Vallee's Tuneful Topics

(Continued from page 55)

and, in the parlance of Tin Pan Alley, to "go after it." The song climbed up to almost first place on the list of best sellers throughout the entire country, much to the surprise of even Remick themselves.

It is a sort of torch-ballad affair, in the rhythm that only a Negro seems to know how to write. Only a Negro would dare to give a title such as this song has, or to write the general thought incorporated within its lyrics, and yet surprisingly enough the song is very popular with all types of people of all ages. It is on the wane now but it certainly enjoyed a nice summer run; it was just like found money to the publishers; the record did practically all the work for them.

Another case of a tune which should be done semi-slowly, or about forty measures per minute.

Without Love

HERE is a tune which it would take several adjectives to describe. It was written by that trio of songsmiths, DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and placed in the musical comedy, *Flying High*, for which I suppose they expressly wrote it.

It is done very effectively throughout the musical comedy; in fact, one couldn't see the show without appreciating the full beauty of this particular song, especially after its rendition by the extremely plump comedienne of the show, Kate Smith. After several others have introduced it effectively enough, she takes the song, with Bert Lahr standing by her (Bert Lahr being the hit comedian of the show), who continuously ignores the advances of Miss Smith—together they stand on a dark stage with a blue spot. Lahr being for once quite sad and emotional, while Miss Smith seriously puts the song over with a bang!

The final words, which go like this—"Life's a song without a tune, and who would care about the moon above?" plays up to a tremendous finale on the word "above". Properly brought out by a person possessing a strong, rich voice with good intonation, this one place puts the song over; and incidentally, the artist, Miss Smith, does full justice to the entire song, and especially this last part, and leaves the audience gasping and applauding for more. It is one of the most effective numbers I have ever sung.

I know one person who feels that it was a sacrilege to couple such everyday, matter-of-fact lyrics with such a gorgeous, operatic-like melody. The melody is very beautiful, and the lyrics are very matter-of-fact, and yet it is another case of opposite poles attracting to make a beautiful song. The old lyrics are "Life's a match that doesn't strike," and "Life is

milk without the cream." These are household terms, but to alter the song the least bit would, to my mind, destroy one of the cleverest and most tender songs ever written.

It must be done slowly; we do it about thirty measures per minute.

Stolen Moments

A NUMBER with whose writing and publishing I had considerable to do—a number that I have great faith in.

Several broadcasts have resulted in a lot of discussion about the song and many requests for it. It is a little reminiscent of many tunes though as far as I know unlike any of those it seems to resemble. It has an odd title with an unhappy and emotional thought.

At the time of writing we are the only ones who have presented it inasmuch as it has not yet been published and is not in the hands of other orchestra leaders. We have just finished recording it and the Victor Company has been very pleased with our recording of it.

Like most of the tunes mentioned above it must be done slowly—about thirty measures per minute.

Makes Good in California

BOBBE DEANE (Mrs. Ted Maxwell) comes of a family of actors, but skating and swimming were her hobbies until a few years ago. Now she takes

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Miscellaneous

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part in many NBC productions around the San Francisco bay district.

When ten years old she did skating acts in vaudeville, and during the '15 exposition she did a diving exhibition stunt on the fair grounds.

Later parental objection was brought to bear and she went into dramatics rather seriously . . . playing stock, then musical comedy in New York, with the Ziegfeld productions, three years on Broadway and then she came to California with Ziegfeld's *Sally*.

In California she played feminine lead with Ted Maxwell's *Players* and in 1926 they were married in San Rafael. Because they had both lived all their lives with their clothes in a valise they bought a big house up in San Francisco.

About three years ago Maxwell became production chief for NBC in San Francisco, and now Bobbe Deane takes part in a half dozen regular productions of the coast chain.

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Stretching for Beauty

(Continued from page 87)

one can take time during the day to stand up and stretch. The housewife will find her work easier if she will stop now and then, throw her hands up over her head and take a long stretch. Or, she can walk from one room to another on tip toes, stretching as she goes. The business girl's alibi doesn't hold water, either, because stretching is wonderful for relaxation. For girls under constant mental and physical strain, nothing helps more than occasional, but daily, stretching.

It shouldn't be necessary to have to tell people how to stretch. Children at play offer many suggestions and so do animals. Animals do not chin bars or swing dumbbells—they stretch. It's too bad in a way that we don't have to learn to stretch. Human nature being what it is, most of us have to go to a high-priced gymnasium and pay ten dollars a minute before we realize the value of Nature's exercise.

I find that there are many people, however, who have to be told how to stretch. They shouldn't have to be told really, because every one of us has our directions right inside of us—born there—just as they are in the cat and the tiger. But if you seem to have mislaid your directions, here are some suggestions:

The first thing in the morning, stretch. Stretch in every direction. Even if you're lazy, you won't mind this kind of exercise because you can do it while you are still in bed. Sit up and stretch—legs, ankles, feet—with your arms stretching above your head. Twist your body in all directions and stretch with all your might. After this you won't mind getting up because you'll feel very much alive after all this stretching. But keep on stretching even after you are up.

STAND on your tip toes and stretch to the ceiling—head stretching up, chin held straight, with your neck stretching up as if it were climbing right out of your shoulders.

If you do this properly you'll feel this stretch all the way down to the middle of your spine. Keep on stretching, your arms up, your feet apart, and pointing straight ahead. Stretch as high as you can, and then suddenly drop toward the floor—your head, and arms, and shoulders, and body limp like a rag doll. Do this last stretch several times—stretch and relax, stretch and relax. In just a few minutes, you'll find that your blood is circulating vigorously and you will feel all limbered up and ready for whatever the day has in store for you.

If you have a hard day at the office, or you're worn out with housework at the end of the day, try these stretching exercises and watch yourself revive. This

particular exercise is suggested by one of our four-footed friends, the family cat. Lie flat on your stomach. Then slowly raise your back, supporting yourself on your hands and stretch your back higher and higher until it is arched like an angry cat's.

Here's another stretch that is wonderful for relaxation. Bend your knees and get down on the floor and crawl. Then from the crawl stretch your right arm and your left leg to their fullest extent along the floor. Keep the arm ahead of the figure and the leg behind. Now draw the left knee up under the chest and extend the left arm and the right leg. Do this exercise very slowly and repeat it fifteen times. It's fun, and is there any reason in the world why exercise shouldn't be fun?

HAVE you ever gone to bed with your mind going over and over events of the day or things you have planned for the next day? The next time this happens to you, try stretching. Strive to let go in mind and in body. Be limp. Then raise each arm and leg separately and allow them to fall as if they were dead weights. Open the jaws and relax the muscles of your face and neck. Now

raise your head and then drop it back limp on your pillow. Next stretch your legs, through the heel muscles rather than through the muscles of the toes, and again relax. Then stretch your arms and legs together and feel a very distinct pull at your waistline. You won't have to repeat these exercises very often. You won't stay awake long enough!

Stretching will increase your chances of staying young by about eighty per cent because stretching keeps your body fit. So stretch for youth and stretch for beauty. Stretch! Stretch! Stretch! You have no idea what an improvement it will make in the appearance of your skin and in the general aliveness of the whole of you. Try it. Stretch, and stretch again.

Miss Ingram will be pleased to answer any questions about exercising for beauty if you will write her in care of RADIO DIGEST, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.—Editor.

Correction

The November issue stated that Frances Ingram broadcasts regularly from CBS. Miss Ingram gives Radio talks over a National Broadcasting network.

Baby Brings Home the Bacon

(Continued from page 13)

"What are you going to do when you grow up?"

She looked very solemn and grown-up then:

"Oh, I just want to be one thing. Just like Miss Tucker."

The Toomey's are a modest, unassuming and untheatrical family. Winifred leaves her dramatics at the studio door—and Mrs. Toomey is another mother who does not permit people to fuss over her child.

As far as we know, Winifred is the only one of the NBC Radio child stars, beside Jimmie McCallion, who does not come from a foreign family. It is astonishing to see them pulling the family up by the boot straps, so to speak, putting the other older kiddies through school and moving the folks from poverty row to luxury and Riverside Drive.

So this is Radio!

Capture of Radio Rum Ring

(Continued from page 18)

capture was the Coney Island raid on September 26th which I have described. But, as Mr. Simmons of the department of justice told me, Uncle Sam's agents are on the watch for new developments and new stations, and as fast as they are opened, they will be destroyed.

Radio listeners should remember, however, that it is a hard job for a small force of men to keep track of 100 illegally operating stations over an area of 2,200 miles, from Maine to Florida. If any reader of this article, "DXer" or amateur short wave listener, hears any suspicious call letters which he cannot locate on his chart, let him communicate immediately with the department of justice agents in his district. By so doing you may help in the break-up of this enormous rum syndicate, which has its tentacles upon the very life of the nation and endangers all peaceful citizens.

Making the Most of Matrimony

(Continued from page 25)

and not to one's mate. Whenever a husband and wife are rude to each other, love is bound to fly out of the window. A woman should never permit her husband to trample on her self-respect. She should never be satisfied with anything less than his finest love and his highest regard.

"She, in turn, should always appear at her loveliest for him. Carelessness in personal detail will weaken her husband's pride in her and may result in the loss of his devotion. She doesn't need to be expensively dressed. But her clothes can at least be neat and dainty.

"It has been my observation that many women often break up their homes because they display such faults as nagging, jealousy, suspicion and whining, or they neglect their duties as housewives. Or they don't know how to deal with their husbands intelligently. A man will come home from a day's work all tired out and she will immediately greet him with a recital of domestic woes. Or she will drag him out to dinner or a party when he is too exhausted to move.

"I believe that a woman should seek her recreation during the day and be willing to do what her husband wants when he comes home at evening. If she likes the same things as her husband, her task will be simpler and they will be able to enjoy their leisure together. But she should have other interests as well so that she will always be a stimulating companion to her husband. Boredom can be just as fatal to marriage as any of the deadly sins.

"FOR that reason man and wife should not limit each other's freedom. Each should be able to have friends. Anybody with any kind of mentality cannot be shut off from contact with other minds. Besides," she laughed, "if you don't give a man enough rope, he'll take it anyway, after much bickering and quarreling. You simply have to trust your husband. One must remember, too, that a man may be interested in other women without wanting to exchange any one of them for his own wife, assuming, of course, that she has given him of her best.

"I believe that if a man has the freedom to meet those of the opposite sex, you take the spice out of the forbidden fruit and there is no particular desire for wanting it. The same holds true of the woman.

"This does not mean, though, that there will not be cause for jealousy. Wherever there is love, there is bound to be jeal-

ousy. But one must recognize that it really is a childish trait which can create considerable havoc in marriage, unless it is severely disciplined. This isn't easy to do, but it can be done.

"Certainly," twinkled Mrs. Ziegfeld, "no woman has ever had more cause for jealousy than I. Beautiful women are always throwing themselves at Mr. Ziegfeld or writing him love notes. He is probably subjected to more temptation than any other man. But I had seen the misery that jealousy had caused in other homes, and I determined, in the early years of my marriage, that that green-eyed ogre was not going to disturb our domestic peace. I trained myself to view the situation calmly and to realize that these exuberant young women are merely trying to get a job. There was no reason for me to become excited or jealous.

"BUT everybody must allow for frailties of human nature. There may be escapades that are not the result of a misdirected imagination. However, if a woman has regarded her marriage as a challenge to the utmost skill of her mind, she need hardly fear that an alluring outsider will invade her hearthplace. A man of character takes pride in a comfortable, hospitable home, and unless the circumstances are unusual, he would not think of breaking it up.

"The trouble is, though, that a woman is apt to take a man's fidelity and respect for granted. With the ceremony finished, she thinks she can relax from her efforts to do anything for her husband. But marriage is a job at which she must work every day. She must know that there will be storms to face and trials to bear. Marriage is no more devoid of these difficulties than life itself is. That is why she doesn't gain anything when she runs away from them by seeking a divorce.

"If, on the other hand, she makes up her mind that come what may, she will weather the storms, and willingly, and even eagerly, put into marriage everything she can, she will find that not only will she hold her husband's love, but that nothing life has to offer can bring such great joy and exquisite happiness as the companionship between them."

She paused to look into the garden where Patricia was playing, and to fondly wave her hand.

"I know," she said, as she turned to me, "that none of the triumphs I enjoyed on the stage, nor the money it brought me, has given me such happiness as being a wife and mother. That is the greatest rôle any woman can play in life."



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of RADIO DIGEST, published monthly at 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, October, 1930, State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond Bill, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO DIGEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—RADIO DIGEST PUBLISHING CORP., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Editor—Raymond Bill, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Managing Editor—Harold P. Brown, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York; Business Manager—Lee Robinson, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Radio Digest Publishing Corp., Edward Lyman Bill, Inc., Raymond Bill, Edward Lyman Bill, C. L. Bill, Randolph Brown, J. B. Spillane, B. Tisman, and Charles R. Tighe all of 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) Raymond Bill, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September 1930, Harry Hoag, Notary Public, County Clerk's No. 245, N. Y. County Register's No. 11177, Term expires March 30, 1931. Seal.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 67)

The Lewises lived in Los Angeles and were professional musicians. They didn't want their daughter to enter the same field, but before Welcome was six years old she was singing about the house in that same low-pitched voice that has since made her famous. By the time she was twelve she was singing prologues in Sid Grauman's motion picture houses, billed as the "Girl Phenomenon".

Then, as they say in the movies, came the war. Welcome devoted herself to benefit work, singing at Red Cross concerts and training camps up and down the coast. After the war she went home to take care of her mother. They were devoted to each other and for the remainder of her mother's life she remained at home. Then she went into vaudeville. She had had little voice training, for a famous teacher once told her that hers was a voice that should never be trained but should be left to develop naturally. There are few voices that can be treated like that, but apparently the teacher was right, for she immediately became successful in vaudeville and was soon making phonograph records.

In fact it was a phonograph record that was responsible for her introduction to Radio, and if it hadn't been for that record she might have been playing the three-a-day on some vaudeville circuit now. She had been in vaudeville for four years, and then one night a friend of hers gave a party. Among the guests was a director of the National Broadcasting Company. The host played one of Miss Lewis' records for the entertainment of his guests.

"There's a girl who would make a great Radio singer," declared the director.

IT HAPPENED that Miss Lewis was in New York then. The host promptly telephoned her, and next day she was given an audition. A contract soon followed. That was a year ago, and since then Miss Lewis has turned down several offers to appear in Broadway musical shows. She has not given up the stage for good, however. Sometime, when the pressure of her Radio work becomes less, she told me, she hopes to play in at least one Broadway show, but it's impossible to say when that will be.

She used to live in New York City, but she recently moved to Westchester so her favorite pet, a wire-haired terrier named "Snip" would have more room to play. When she isn't busy at the studio she makes phonograph records for Victor and does odd jobs around her place in Westchester. She loves mechanics and spends half her time in a suit of overalls crawling under and over her automobile. She did all the electrical wiring in the

house herself. She isn't married and she spends her evenings reading fan mail and studying French.

Annette Hanshaw

WE'RE walking up Fifth Avenue, the major part of "we"—I do sound like the Lindberghs, don't I—being the diminutive Miss Annette Hanshaw. Little Miss Van Heusen, they call her sometimes, for it is on that program which comes to you every Thursday night over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, that the tiny "blues" singer is featured.

She's all of five feet tall. All of ninety-five pounds heavy. She has blond curly hair, a skin like peaches and cream. She wears a black velvet beret, a terribly smart black and white dress, black slippers with saucy bows.

As we stroll up the Avenue we peer into shop windows, deciding that the new fur trimmings are adorable, that suede shoes are lovely, but very impractical, that the most ravishing dress we've seen is a plain black one with just three white velvet calla lilies as a corsage.

We lunch at one of those places where there are oriental rugs on the floor and the pats of butter have imperial crests molded on them. And such food! That alligator pear salad! That dessert with the candied chestnuts! However . . . this isn't a fashion talk or a food talk. This is an interview.

First, the skeleton in her closet.

Annette Hanshaw admits she's a 'traid cat. She's afraid of bugs and rats and thunder storms, and most of all—of the microphone. Yes, in spite of years of Radio experience, she says that every time she broadcasts she is so upset and nervous she wants to grab her hat and run.

"But, why?" I asked.

"Because I'm so afraid I'll fail, not sing my best. Suppose I should have to cough. Suppose I didn't get just the right pitch. And all those people listening."

"All those people listening." That is the secret of her fear. She is afraid of disappointing her audience. Yet she never has. Always her voice is true and sweet, her words clear, understandable, and always her listener is conscious of a very human, "just folks" kind of personality.

Radio isn't her only iron in the fire. Under her own name and also under the names of Patsy Young, Gay Ellis, and Dot Dare, she has made records for many phonograph companies. Over a million of her records have been sold, which, you will admit, is some record! She composes music, too. Two of the popular hits she has written are *Sweet One*

and *Till Your Happiness Happens Along*.

She's been humming tunes ever since she was two years old and at six, with a box of candy as a reward, climbed upon a chair and sang a solo. "And," she says, "I still like candy. It's all right for me to eat it. But I shouldn't drink too much coffee." Whereupon she asked the waiter for another cup.

Once Miss Hanshaw thought she would be an artist, and entered the National School of Design. She even got so far as designing an advertisement for a lipstick company. But four years ago, while spending a winter in Florida, she was asked to sing over the local station, and that was that. Radio has claimed her ever since.

She says her most important hobby is her fifteen-year-old brother. This young brother wants to be a doctor. "I know," says Annette Hanshaw, "it's a career that takes years and years, but that's what he's wanted to do from childhood, and I'm going to help him to do it. For there's no greater happiness than knowing what you want to do and being able to do it."

"Yes," she added, "I'm one of the lucky ones. I want to sing over the Radio and I want to make phonograph records, and that's just what I'm doing."

Marcella

(Continued from page 69)

borough which is the target for every joke about babies, museums and graveyards. His first business background was the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Now and then he would study singing as a hobby. And he spent one week in the Scranton coal mines—but he did not like the taste of coal dust sandwiches. He was on the original cast of the Jeddo Highlanders and the Seiberling Singers. We'll get at the "Q" yet if it takes all of Scotland Yard's detectives.

* * *

SORRY, Ruth, but no one seems to know where Bill Jonason disappeared. KGBZ says he hasn't been on their station for some time, but maybe someone scanning these columns has heard him recently and will send the news to me.

* * *

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.

John Garland

(Continued from page 64)

"Confound you! I'll make you pay for your interference!"

No one else thought of bidding. Without turning a hair John Garland paid twenty pounds for a tea-pot and seventeen for a china ornament. Then came the piano. Sewell started it.

"Ten pounds!" he said.

"Absurd!" Garland murmured. "Twenty!"

"Thirty!" Sewell replied.

"Fifty!" Garland bid.

The room became breathlessly still. These were sums which belonged to fairyland. The last bid was Sewell's—one hundred and forty pounds. Garland paused for a moment.

"Is that Mr. Sewell's bid?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the auctioneer answered, waiting.

Garland leaned over and struck a few notes upon the piano—a miserable, worn-out affair, barely worth the amount of the first bid. He shook his head.

"I don't believe Miss Cressley cares about this piano much," he said. "Half the notes seem to be gone, too. I think I'll let Mr. Sewell have it."

"It's a rascally swindle!" Sewell roared. "I shan't pay for it. Put it up again."

John Garland smiled.

"I certainly didn't pledge my word to buy everything," he said. "I dare say there'll be pickings for you, Mr. Sewell."

Sewell flung himself out of the room, and the sale was over in half an hour. The vicar wrung John Garland's hand.

"God bless you, sir!" he said. "You couldn't find a better use for your money than this, I promise you. She's the sweetest, most unselfish little lady that ever breathed."

"Glad to hear you say so, sir," Garland answered. "I'm going to marry her to-morrow."

The vicar looked amazed. "Is it a secret?"

"You can tell anyone you like," John Garland answered, "except Miss Cressley, in case you should see her first."

"Doesn't she know?" the vicar gasped.

"Not yet!" John Garland answered.

Late in the evening Mary Cressley came stealing back from the farm on the moors where she had spent most of the day. A fine snow was falling, and a cold wind blew through her thin clothes. She remembered that there would be no fur-

niture nor any fire in her stripped home, and a sob came into her throat. Perhaps they would have left a rug or something—her clothes she was not sure about. Tears dimmed her eyes as she made her way down the little lane. It was her last home-coming. When she reached the gate she peered in, and her heart almost stopped beating. The furniture was all there! Nothing had been taken away!

She began to tremble. She scarcely knew how she pushed open the door. From the kitchen came a pleasant smell of cooking—the parlour door was open. She peered in. A great figure rose from his knees.

"Mr. Garland!" she exclaimed.

"May as well call me John," he answered, "as we're going to be married to-morrow."

She fell into his arms. Her hat was crushed, and the little fair curls came tumbling over her ears. He took the pale face in his strong hands, and kissed her upon the lips.

"Mary, you little fool," he said, "why didn't you send for me?"

"I don't know," she murmured, weakly. "I thought you were going to be married."

"So I am, to you, to-morrow," he answered. "I've fixed it up with the vicar. Come in to supper and I'll tell you all about it."

He led her out of the room, his arm around her waist. She forgot that she had ever been wet and cold and lonely. For a moment she believed that she had died upon the moor and been taken up into heaven. And then he kissed her once more upon the lips, and she knew that she was on earth!

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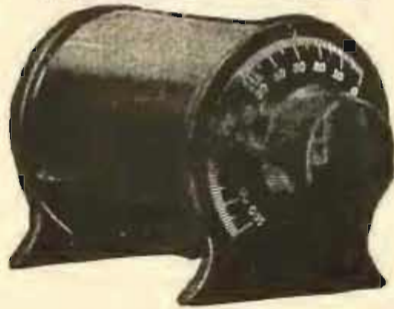
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Floyd Gibbons's Big Thrill

(Continued from page 32)

ness to the great patch—patch, you know, is German for revolution. Well, sir, Larry went to Munich—"

Mac is tapping him on the arm. Gibbons goes on reading. He goes a little faster. Mac continues tapping. Floyd goes faster.

These taps are unknown to the public. But they are a most important part of an extensive signal system vital to Radio newspaper editing. Tapping means faster. Stroking the arm means slower. Mac's every move, every nod, every wave of the fingers, means something in this signal system.

Floyd is into the plane crash story. "—left on a flight across the—"

It is dramatic—tense. Passengers in danger, he reads on.

"—was equipped with a four hundred and twenty-five horsepower motor—" Mac finds that another page is missing. A brief, frantic hunt for the missing page with more of the details of the plane crash. It is gone. Floyd is nearing the point where he must turn to the missing page. Mac signals that it is gone.

"—And then, . . . and then—the plane was completely demolished."

On into the story of the death of Karl Boy-ed. The seconds tick into minutes and Mac's tapping becomes frantic.

"The United Press shoots a story from Washington—Bobby Dunn and I were down in Mexico with Pancho Villa."

IN ALL, forty seconds have been wasted in mishaps. Forty precious seconds. More than 110 words wasted. They must be deleted. Mac works frantically with the blue pencil. Gibbons rushes along. An item is deleted. Mac's tapping changes to stroking, the last minute is reached. The broadcast must be finished exactly on time, not earlier, not later. The seconds tick off. The newest member of the wind-up club has been announced.

"E. Ray Webster, a shoe salesman. I guess a shoe salesman should get something to boot, so, in addition to his membership in the wind-up club, he wins the sandpaper socks for footing this column with the following":—

Floyd Gibbons is saying good night just as the second hand of the studio clock reaches one minute to twelve.

"—and until tomorrow night, at this hour, good night. This is Edward Thor-gesen announcing."

Twelve o'clock on the second. On the button, according to the studio parlance.

The paper has gone to bed. It has gone to bed on time. That is the thing that counts. The incident of the missing front page is forgotten. The fact that the missing manuscript on the plane crash has been lying on a piano in the rear of the studio is forgotten. No one cares how it got there. The tenseness has left Floyd Gibbons. He once more becomes the affable, pleasure-loving, spontaneous eternal youth, his friends know him to be.

HE WILL be paid approximately \$300.00 for his broadcast. His work is over for the day. And until tomorrow night at this hour, Floyd Gibbons relaxes.

We repair to a restaurant for a bite of supper.

"And is that," I asked, "a fair sample of what you go through twice daily?"

"Everything went unusually smoothly tonight," he replied. "You'll have to watch another session to get the real thrill of this thing. For instance, one night the studio clock stopped and we didn't know how much time was left. And one night when Mac was sick and the substitute tapped my arm when he should have stroked and I had to ad-lib for two full minutes, and again. . . ." On and on, mishap after mishap, thrill after thrill. In his year of fighting against unstretchable seconds, Floyd Gibbons has been on time ninety-nine per cent of the time. You could count on your fingers and toes the number of times he has failed to finish "on the button".

Only a man of Floyd Gibbons' vitality and nervous energy, could carry on the way he is forced to. I was willing to admit that he was not spoofing when he told me that editing his Radio newspaper was the greatest thrill in his life.

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Name Date

Street City, State

Don Carney

(Continued from page 65)

landed in the world's greatest city with an old suit-case which sheltered nothing more valuable than a well-worn tuxedo. In cash he carried a total of 15 cents. It was a tough winter for Don Carney.

SO WERE the next few years, spent as a lifeguard at Avalon, N. J., and playing small movie parts.

After the movies, Carney cycled back to vaudeville. It was the same old grind—going around to dinky booking offices, finding bookings occasionally, fame never. Finally in May, 1928, Jules von Tilzer, one of the brothers of famous Harry, said to Don:

"Why don't you try Radio?"

"I don't know—I never thought of that."

"Say, you go down to the McAlpin, down to station WMCA, and ask for Norrins. Tell him I sent you."

Patient Don Carney went to WMCA, arrived at a moment in the afternoon when an immediate audition was possible. He sat down at the piano, played and sang into the microphone. Norrins, sitting in his office, listened to the resonant voice coming out of the loud-speaker, called Carney in, and said:

"Well, you're good. But I haven't any spot for you right now."

"Then there's nothing doing?"

"I'm sorry. Leave me your address, and when I want something of your type, I'll let you know."

Carney was writing his name and address on a piece of paper which he had picked up from Norrins' desk when Walter Neff, WMCA announcer came in and announced plaintively:

"What in the dickens are we going to do tonight?"

Norrins: "I don't know. What do you mean?"

"Well, I've got to go out on a remote control job, and there'll be nobody here to announce that bunch from the African Methodist Episcopal Church."

"You mean there won't be anybody here to announce the program in the studio?"

"That's what I've been trying to say."

Daring Don lifted his head.

"Why not let me do it?" he asked.

"Your voice sounds O.K. to me," said Neff.

"His voice is all right," declared Norrins.

"Then why don't we let him try it?"

"Why don't we?"

"And furthermore, if he makes good tonight, why don't we give him a job?"

"Why don't we?"

Thereupon Neff led the future famous Uncle Don into the studio, showed him how to switch from one microphone to another, parted from him with a prayer for the amateur's success.

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

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Drums and Traps
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Banjo (Plectrum, 8-String or Tenor)
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

..... Have You Instrument?
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

No sooner had Don Carney become an announcer and all-around fill-in entertainer than he saw the possibilities of broadcasting, concentrated upon microphone technic, sound effects, and all things requisite in the broadcasting of multitudinous roles and character parts. Ambitious, he worked hard at WMCA, made contacts with larger stations, landed a job at WOR.

One afternoon at the studios Al Cormier, WOR commercial manager, came to him hurriedly and said:

"Don, I've got a prospective client coming up to the studios—he'll be here in thirty minutes. Have you got anything that would do for a half-hour kids' entertainment?"

"Why—not up to this moment, but—say, sure I've got something. I'll have it ready for you in half an hour!"

Trusting Al said O.K., brought his client to the listening post and sold the account. In that brief half hour Carney had worked out the idea of "Uncle Don," had rung in the airplane, harmonica and Simple Simon, had written a little song, and had created a line of chatter, a thread of helpful philosophy which caught the fancy of the client at the moment and amassed a following of half a million signed members within a year.

But the half million Uncle Donites, and the other hundreds of thousands who

listen but do not write are only a part of the great audience that follows the multiplied activities of Carney the Versatile. Other thousands smile thrice weekly with his Book House Story Man, and millions set their dials once a week to follow the hamlet happenings of Luke Higgins in "Main Street Sketches." Not only does Carney play Uncle Don, Simple Simon, Uncle Otto, Book House Story Man, Luke Higgins—he himself writes nearly all of the material for these characters, including the enormous task of preparing the weekly script for Main Street.

AWAY from the microphone he is the happy husband of the beautiful girl he married last summer.

Earnest, eager, sympathetic, yet ambitious withal, this genial rover epitomizes his concept of life quaintly and beats about on bushes to come to his point:

"I'd like to live in a thatched hut on a palm beach somewhere in Florida or the South Sea Islands. Meanwhile I bring as much of nature as I can into our apartment—many kinds of plants, an aquarium. The Central Park Reservoir is nearby. I take long walks in the park. I guess that's the best any of us cliff dwellers can do.

A Radio Column—By Heywood Broun

(Continued from page 51)

out what it was they wanted. All the newspaper men used to listen attentively and at the end of every speech somebody would shout, "What's the matter with Hugo Slavia." And then we would all shout "It's all right." And then we would sing "Auld Lang Syne" and go home.

SO LONG as this is reminiscence night I might say a little about a forgotten figure whose name has just come up once more in the newspapers. I found this name on page twenty-six. It used to be page one. Gertrude Ederle is a swimming instructor in an obscure swimming pool at Rye, New York. She is almost deaf and she says that the money she earned in vaudeville is practically gone. She told the reporters "If I had known how it was going to be—I don't think I would have done it. It wasn't worth it."

You remember what IT was. Four years ago—come August—Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel. She was the first woman to swim the Channel and she did it in faster time than anyone had ever accomplished it—girl, boy or man. Her record did get beaten later on by several men. But after all she had softened up the Channel for them.

If Miss Ederle's hearing was definitely impaired by the Channel swim that is a big price to pay. Maybe the feat brought her less in fame and fortune than she had hoped. Nobody except Lindbergh ever got a more glorious welcome home. I don't even think the Colonel himself beat Trudy by more than half a ton of ticker tape. People always stop cheering after a while. You have got to expect that. But I am thinking of something—of something more lasting and deeper than the keys of the city and a speech by the Mayor. Gertrude Ederle may not realize, now, and perhaps she never knew that—she was a symbol. When she reached the far side of the channel and dug her toes into sand and gravel she gave every woman in the world a chance to stand a little straighter and a little more securely. Over a course which had been tried again and again she had done better than the best man. Perhaps it isn't logical to say what one woman has done—women can do. But that is the line that thinking follows. The world could never be quite the same again. You couldn't go on dividing humankind up into sturdy oaks and clinging vines. I'm a clinging oak myself. A vine that could swim the English Channel wasn't exactly what you might call clinging. And I think that even today the effect hasn't been entirely lost. Four years ago we heard more about woman's sphere and, "Of course this is a man's job." And all that. Every time

Trudy splashed her way through a big wave she kicked a tradition in the face. The Channel might have been some old gentleman saying, "No, no—not for little girls". And she showed him and all other old gentlemen in the world—old gentlemen of nineteen or ninety—that woman was not inevitably the weaker vessel. Not when it came to crossing a Channel.

I am not arguing that women should invade every field now occupied by men. I don't know that the home or the universe would be better off if we had women piano movers or if Vassar went in for intercollegiate football. It isn't necessary that some forthright and strong-

FANNIE HURST ANSWERS IT!

Is it true that romance went out with the crinoline skirts and the clinging vine?

That love no longer means all to woman and that she would not make sacrifices for it?

That there is no romance in modern marriage?

America's most brilliant woman novelist answers these questions in an interesting interview on

IS ROMANCE DEAD?

Scheduled for January Radio Digest

minded female should hit Max Schmeling in the jaw and knock him out—but I don't think that is altogether impossible—I know that life today isn't run to any great extent by weight lifters—and yet I suppose thousands and hundreds of thousands of women have been denied all kinds of jobs for which they were superbly fitted for no better reason than that they were women. The very word feminine is used to denote weakness and passivity. We even have feminine endings in metrical schemes. If a man named Gilbert had a job and made a mess of it we would say, "Gilbert wasn't much good." But if a girl called Sally scored a failure at some piece of work a great number of people in the community would not be content in blaming the failure on Sally's individual shortcomings. They would probably say, "How like a woman." The whole theory of the masterful man

rests upon the naive belief that any man can look a woman in the eye, grab her by the wrist and say "Come here." And that if he does she will not only advance meekly in his direction but love him.

But if the system amounts to anything it has to be universal. One channel swimmer is enough to break the whole chain. Imagine some man trying to chuck Gertrude Ederle under the chin. I don't mean, of course, that as soon as Trudy swam the Channel every discrimination against womankind ceased upon the instant. But it was one of the things which helped. And it is still helping. It was worth it. I don't care whether there is logic in that fact or not. Whoever said this world was run on logical lines? And if you think there is no discrimination against women look at the laws of your own state and see what a husband can do with a wife's earnings in scores and scores of communities. And if you don't want to take the trouble to look up the law books just take a glance around the office where you work. In hundreds of occupations women get less pay for doing precisely the same work as a man. And when it comes to picking executives you know perfectly well that a far more capable woman will be passed up in favor of a man. Of course lots of businesses are being run by women today. Some woman acts as boss in plenty of establishments. But the salary goes to somebody else. She is the private secretary or the assistant to the president or something like that. How do you suppose business men get so much time to play golf—because each one of them has some woman in the office who knows a great deal more about the concern and its affairs than he does.

I do not want to seem seditious to my sex. Complete equality has its advantages. I stopped giving up my seat in the subway as soon as a woman swam the channel. There was no longer any point in my pretending that I could withstand the buffets of the crowd just because I was a man. Swimming the channel is just as hard as getting out of a Bronx express in the rush hour.

CHIVALRY is just another way of saying, "There! There! little girl! Don't bother your pretty little head about such things."

And maybe she wants to bother her head. And tackle the problem for herself. It doesn't have to be the English Channel. But that is a good way to start. Please take it back Trudy. Don't say it wasn't worth it. Oh yes it was. Listen a little closer. Can't you still hear it—yes, you can,—that's it—ringing down four years and further—"Atta girl."

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The Reality of the Spiritual World

(Continued from page 50)

Both operations accompanied as they are by physical phenomena are also accompanied by psychic phenomena. Neither can be understood completely without the recognition of the reality of the spiritual world, and, in fact, human life itself is full of puzzles and misunderstandings and misconceptions unless that world is taken into account.

Identifying myself with this more scientific group of investigators, I say that the region of matter and the region of religion are both important, the physical and the spiritual are interlocked. The methods of dealing with the two regions are not so distinct, so isolated, so discordant as has been thought.

WE ENTERTAIN the ambitious hope of bringing the two bodies together and raising, as it were, Jacob's ladder between the two worlds, extending the methods of science into another dimension and breaking into the region of spirit as through a trap door.

We are seeking to verify strange assertions and to extend the methods of scientific proof beyond their recognized scope and into regions where they have been thought to be inapplicable.

We are not surprised at the opposition we meet with. We are aware of random utterances of believers of whose weakness we are fully conscious, and yet we hope that in due time our work will be judged by its fruits.

Speaking for myself, I believe that existence is continuous and that death is not a break in its continuity but a mere sloughing off of the material body. We go to a spiritual body, a body which we have though it makes no appeal to a large percentage of us. We shall continue in the spiritual body when the material body has been left behind. I hold that we are incarnations of spirit here and now, spiritual beings in contact with the physical world and living on this planet for something under a century. Existence in the physical world is of considerable importance in the history of the soul and appears to be the beginning of an individual existence or personality. Whatever has happened before, I know certainly that the individual continues thereafter and carries with him his powers, his memory, and his affections. These, and these only, are his inalienable possessions; all else of the material order he has perforce to abandon and leave behind. Powers, memory and affections—these he retains.

The process of growth and development continued apparently without limit, and whilst his friends are struggling still with the material organism, he is able to help them and occasionally communicate with them. We are surrounded by a cloud

of witnesses and helpers, and our terrestrial activities form an insignificant proportion of the whole of existence.

We have concentrated too much upon matter and have attended too little to the possibilities of space. Space is enormously more extensive than matter. The worlds in space, though so numerous and huge, occupy an infinitesimal portion of the space available. Already science is discovering that all activity, all energy, all spontaneity is to be traced to the properties possessed by what we call empty space, and matter that speaks to our senses is purely demonstrative.

The loud speaker had nothing to do with inventing this utterance of mine, and yet it articulates, I hope distinctly, and in many respects is acting like a brain. The vibrations of the diaphragm show

what is going on in space. They have no initiative of their own.

We are only now beginning to realize the immensity of the powers which move about those pointers and bring about all the phenomena, some of which we are familiar with.

The real fact is that we are in the midst of a spiritual world which dominates the material. It constitutes the great and present reality whose powers we are only beginning to realize, and the force of which would seem prodigious and terrifying had we not been assured that these majestic energies are all controlled by a beneficent power whose name is love. Knowing this, we can face any destiny that may call us, and so let us take courage and proceed and greet the unknown with a cheer. God bless you!

Lowell Thomas—Radio's New Voice

(Continued from page 9)

On this man's head the Turks had placed a price of \$250,000. Allenby told Thomas this glamorous and romantic character was Colonel T. E. Lawrence, archaeologist and soldier. "Would you like to meet him?" Allenby asked. "It could be arranged."

So Thomas met Lawrence in the heart of the desert land closed to Christians for thirteen centuries. He went with this Nomad into the Desert and witnessed the organization of Lawrence's wild army. The story of how this army was assembled and how it saved the Allied cause in Asia Minor was brought back by Lowell Thomas, the only person to obtain an imperishable record of that historic conflict.

When finally the Cross had triumphed at Armageddon and blazed throughout the Holy Land, the British Government, to insure the safety of the precious films taken by Thomas and Chase, detailed a special warship to bring the two adventurers back to Europe in order that copies of the films might be preserved for the British Imperial Museum.

There were still adventures lurking nearby, and Thomas wasted no time getting into the centre of action. The Armistice was signed while he was in Paris. Almost before the final barrage had ceased, Thomas was attempting to gain entrance into Germany. Fifteen times he tried. The sixteenth attempt was successful, and Thomas was the first man to see the Central Powers in the convulsion of revolt and to bring back

the story of the German Revolution. Not only did he use his own eyes to witness history in the making. He imprisoned it forever on the imperishable record of celluloid by using the camera's eye.

After reporting his experiences in Germany to the Peace Conference in Paris, Thomas embarked on a speaking tour in 1919, telling of his experiences as a war correspondent. The tale of his exploits with Allenby and Lawrence quickly caught the public fancy.

THOMAS returned to America for a short time after his round-the-world tour. But he was not home for long. In 1922 he accompanied the Prince of Wales on his trip, through India. After that he headed expeditions into Malaya, India, Upper Burmah and Central Asia, returning to Paris late in 1923 to tell of his adventures on these expeditions.

Pausing only long enough to catch his breath, Thomas set out on another adventure. He acted as historian of the first world airplane flight and later hopped off on a 25,000-mile jaunt over Europe, Asia and Africa.

The wanderer finally returned home. He had written many books of adventure, among them "With Lawrence in Arabia," "Beyond Khyber Pass," and "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil." There were more books to be written, more stories to tell. And a young son, Lowell Jackson, was growing up.



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And so they prevailed upon Antoine, a famous French chef, to come from New Orleans to Nashville and preside over the immense roasting jack, the grid-irons upon railways, the huge copper boilers that stood in the Maxwell House kitchen. Thus the old Maxwell House offered a choice of *hundreds* of zestful French and old-time Southern dishes. Why, then, did it serve only *one* coffee?

Because the rare and mellow blend which was

the pride of the old Maxwell House was—and is—unique in the richness of its flavor. No other coffee in the world so nobly topped off the prize specialties of Dixie and of France, provided so triumphant a climax to each memorable meal. No other coffee won such high praise from the distinguished men and women who gathered to enjoy the delicious cooking of the finest hotel in the Old South.

Do you know that this same superb coffee blend can now be had in a cheerful blue tin at your grocer's? Try it for breakfast tomorrow.

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