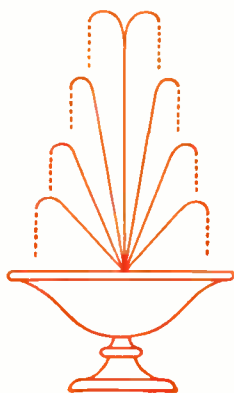


THE STORY OF
CHEERIO

BY HIMSELF



GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

Garden City, New York

COPYRIGHT, 1936
BY GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

201

SUBSCRIPTION EDITION

*This Book, one of an Exclusive Edition
for the Radio Friends of Cheerio,
has been specially printed, bound, and
autographed for*

Hellie J. Morris

Cheerio



"The Man is Nothing, the Work is All!"
An Allegory of the Cheerio Exchange.

*Dedicated to
the memory of my mother
and of R. M. H.*

I ACKNOWLEDGE my debt to Berenice Cosulich
for skillful and sympathetic editing
of this book.

CONTENTS

THE LEGEND

CHAPTER	PAGE
I THE WAY IT BEGAN	<i>1</i>
II THE BOOKSELLER AND DR. GALE	<i>13</i>
III MISS BEE	<i>28</i>
IV JIM BAGGS	<i>42</i>
V THE LITTLE MINISTER	<i>51</i>
VI THE BELL	<i>67</i>

THE HISTORY

VII ADOLESCENCE	<i>85</i>
VIII APPRENTICESHIP	<i>131</i>
IX SERVICE	<i>202</i>
X BACKSTAGE	<i>226</i>
XI OUR LINDY OF THE MOUNTAINS	<i>256</i>
XII THE INNER CIRCLE	<i>276</i>
XIII THE OUTER CIRCLE	<i>297</i>
XIV HONOR GUESTS ON PARADE	<i>316</i>
XV THE CHILD IN THE HOME	<i>345</i>
XVI THE CHEERIO RADIO FUND	<i>363</i>

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FRONTISPIECE
	FACING PAGE
<i>The Man is Nothing, the Work is All!</i>	FRONTISPIECE
<i>The Ancestral Homestead</i>	100
<i>Cheerio's Family on the Eve of Westward Ho!</i>	100
<i>The Palo Alto Redwood at Stanford University</i>	101
<i>Arch and Steeple</i>	101
<i>The '95 Oak</i>	101
<i>The Inside Quadrangle at Stanford University</i>	132
<i>At Mission San Xavier</i>	133
<i>A Wild West Dinner</i>	148
<i>Our Chinese Cook in Camp Dramatics</i>	149
<i>The Great Radio Hoax</i>	149
<i>In the Camp at Guerneville</i>	149
<i>The Portal of the Past</i>	152
<i>The Shrine of the Owl in the Bohemian Grove</i>	153
<i>Taal Volcano</i>	160
<i>At Betatakin</i>	160
<i>In the Ng Tong Garden</i>	161
<i>Bispham and Hotaling in "The Cave Man"</i>	196
<i>Hotaling in the Film "Seeing Paris"</i>	196
<i>A Group in the Bohemian Grove</i>	197
<i>Cheerio's Mother, a Memory</i>	212
<i>The Cabin of Herbert Hoover and Cheerio</i>	213
<i>The Statue of the Cave Man</i>	213
<i>Campmates</i>	213

	FACING PAGE
<i>Radio City</i>	228
<i>In the Office</i>	229
<i>In the Blue Bird Studio</i>	229
<i>Russ Gilbert</i>	232
<i>Lovina Gilbert</i>	233
<i>"Gerry" Riegger</i>	240
<i>"Pat" Kelly</i>	241
<i>Harrison Isles</i>	244
<i>The "Little Peppers"</i>	245
<i>Our Lindy of the Mountains</i>	264
<i>Alice Hazen Scott</i>	265
<i>Bernie Peavey</i>	324
<i>The Two Vans</i>	325
<i>Dan Shea, Leader of the Cheering Squad</i>	340
<i>The Vision of the Cross</i>	341
<i>Jimmie Darou</i>	378
<i>Cheerio's "Mended Brook"</i>	379

INTRODUCTORY WORDS
BY TWO DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS OF
THE CHEERIO BROADCAST

HERE is a use of the radio dedicated wholly to altruism. Over these many years it has brought daily cheer, courage and hope to millions who need just that. And no other man than Cheerio had the genius of invention and the traits of sympathy that so fitted him to adapt the radio to so kindly and altruistic a purpose.

HERBERT HOOVER.

*Stanford University
California*

AMID the many programs on the air, necessarily diverse to meet all tastes, there stands out one of such distinction in its universal appeal, in its simple, unselfish word, that its story deserves to be recorded as a glorious achievement in radio history.

"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more" was the prayer the great poet put on the lips of his hero, in the darkness that overspread the Grecian camp.

In the dawn, even the great hero would have said, as millions since have done: "Give me cheer, and I ask no more."

So we thank you, Cheerio!

OWEN D. YOUNG.

New York City

THE LEGEND

CHAPTER I

The Way It Began



ONCE upon a time there was a man who walked down to his office every morning and dropped in for a few minutes to say "Cheerio!" to a friend convalescing from an operation. After those few minutes of greeting he went on to his office, conscious of a glow of quiet satisfaction at having left a cheery word with his shut-in friend. He felt that he could not have started his own busy day in a better manner than to leave that morning "Cheerio!" behind him.

The friend to whom that magic word was spoken each morning recovered and went back to business. One day, as the two men were lunching at their Club, the talk turned to radio. "Radio is a wonderful thing for shut-in folks," said the man who had recently been one himself. They talked on for some time about the possibilities of the new invention.

Suddenly, sitting there, the thought came to the one who had made the morning calls on his sick friend that the radio might give an opportunity of broadcasting that same friendly impulse which had prompted him to drop in to say "Cheerio!" on his way downtown. For the first time he saw what broadcasting may really mean. The radio would make it possible for him, as an individual, not only to obey his own impulse of kindness but actually to represent an untold host of friendly sympathetic people who would gladly say "Good morning!" to others less fortunate than themselves in the matter of being up and about.

They'd like to do it if they only had the opportunity, he was sure.

Right there and then, the man decided he would like to be, for a while at least and as far as his personal affairs would let him, such a messenger of sympathy and good will, starting his own day right trying to help others face their day with courage and good cheer. It happened that this man was in a position to bring his idea to official attention. The idea was received as having the potentialities of real human service over radio and the National Broadcasting Company said it would cooperate with him, allowing no commercial element whatever in the feature. It would give the radio facilities, he would give the programs without compensation to himself, either in money or in personal publicity, and others would give what they could. Such a service would fail to realize its purpose unless the sincerity of that purpose could be impressed upon the listeners to such a program. Therefore, not only must it be understood that the service was rendered without pay, except in the joy of the work, but it must not be given under the real name of the broadcaster. This would make it apparent, to those who cared to know the facts, that the only reward which could come to him who desired to use the radio in this manner would be the consciousness of a loving purpose achieved and possible acknowledgment by others to an unknown friend.

"What's in a name?" Much, of course. This was proved by the general acceptance of the name chosen for the broadcast: "Cheerio." It was often misinterpreted, in the years that followed, and an idea of the misconception may be seen in a listener's letter which said: "This Cheerio idea is a joke! 'Cheerio' is an English word meaning joyful, lively, glad, happy—and this man has more people crying in the morning than anything else on the radio!" But this letter stated only a portion of what the word really means as the English use it. According to

the *British Weekly*, of London: "The word 'Cheerio' is Greek in its origin and is a corruption of 'chairete' the Greek salutation—'Be of good cheer!' We do not say this to those who acknowledge no cause for fear nor do we say it to those who are armed in heroic fortitude; we say it to those who are obviously afraid or depressed or at a loss. We sometimes even say 'cheer up!' to others when we ourselves are none too brave. But even in that case, it is not that we are deceiving ourselves; it is that we are looking away from ourselves, and we are asking others to look away from themselves, to a world of assuaging and rectifying possibilities—in a word, to God."

The Hawaiians have a word *aloha*—the common denominator of all words of affection and good-will and one that can hardly be given a single definition. Such is the quality of the German *gemütlich*, the Spanish *sympatico*. And so "Cheerio" was chosen to embody all the elements of good-will that belonged to the initial purpose of the broadcast. Least of all did it signify entertainment for entertainment's sake. Most of the antagonism which the program aroused through the years came from judging it in terms of its smallest significance. "Cheerio," then, was the name assumed by the man who had become a broadcaster and it was called out by him, morning after morning, as his signature to the message for the day.

Yet, for all the comfort and deep meaning of the word, Cheerio began without knowing what results might come from his morning greeting. He felt as must the archer in Longfellow's poem, included in his very first program:

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

*I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where,
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where,
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song.*

*Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke,
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.*

Those lines represented a hope. Many times through the ensuing years there have come evidences of that hope's fulfillment—arrows (in a kindly sense) and songs, words and music, found in the hearts of friends.

Early in the course of the broadcast there came a letter from a "Night-worker":

"Cheerio," he wrote, "it seems to me the ladies think the Cheerio message is their personal greeting. Well, this isn't a lady writing, only a mere man, a night-worker who gets his breakfast just in time to say good morning and then have the happy Cheerio good morning in chorus from WEA. Do you know what your good morning greeting means to me after a night's work in silence and alone, except for the ringing of steel against steel and a co-worker sweating blood without time to speak? It means good fellowship, service, and, last but not least, companionship.

"Were you ever a lonely boy, Cheerio, among strangers, without friends, trying to force a cold world to give you a living by honest work, your reward a growl or snarl to 'keep going and earn your dollar,' the galley slave of modern times? If you haven't been, you don't know what your Cheerio talk means to me or to others who have had that experience.

"Did you ever fight life's battle alone, and come out strong and winning in every contest, until at forty you were nearly at

the top of the heap, looking down at those who once despised you because you worked hard, wore patches, and went without shoes? If you haven't, then you don't know what the Cheerio good morning means to those who have lived that way.

"Did you ever visit the 'Rose Show' at Pasadena? Millions of roses, each nodding you a cheery good morning as you admired their beauty? Did you ever stand in the Western desert and watch the red sun rise out of the horizon and see each little grain of sand glisten its cheery good morning? Did you ever feel the cold blast of a Canadian winter night and see the sun rise out of the cold gray dawn? All these things I have seen, and each rose and sunrise seemed to be a sort of 'Nature's Cheerio,' and now see what 'God Hath Wrought.' The radio greets me every morning with 'Cheerio,' as I come out of a night of loneliness to meet a new day.

"Did you ever ride the 'black steed of night'—flashing along, now sixty then seventy, perhaps eighty miles an hour, with a string of Pullmans trailing behind, filled with sleeping people, precious lives whose every safety through the night depended upon a slight turn of your hand or the winking of your eye, when one false move meant death, torture, and destruction?

"Did you ever, when the night was done, meet loved ones at the door, someone waiting for you who had watched with anxious eyes for the morning light and your safe return, who had prayed for your safety and that you be given the strength to do your duty well, and then to hear your faithful radio call 'good morning' in chorus? If you haven't, then you don't know what Cheerio means to me. I call Cheerio my reward for work well done, a 'benediction after a night of prayer.'

"Don't fail me—I need you. It is the cheer you bring that makes the weary nerves rest through the day, to be ready for the night, new responsibility and care. When you ride the night through in your Pullman sleeper, perhaps you will remember

that there may be one who listens for you in the morning, who carries a heavy load of human lives in his hand, who left a little lady at home whose prayers are following him through the night.

“This is a homely letter from a man whose learning was from the school of hard work, and who was a man before he had time to be a boy. Please forgive me for taking up your time, for you will receive more elegant letters but none more earnest than this from the lonely ‘Night-worker.’”

In the Cheerio archives there is a companion to that letter. This one came from a girl singing at a night club until the wee small hours. It was addressed, not to Cheerio but to the National Broadcasting Company. It read:

“Gentlemen:

“I get home about five, set the alarm for 7:30, listen to Cheerio and go back to sleep! It is my one sentimentality, I suppose—or a habit. I’ll live through it. One does. But it is something different from what I listen to and sing myself, all night. Good luck.

Cristine.”

The Cheerio program meant these things to them. Arrow and song were acknowledged.

Before these letters had come, in fact, the first morning of the broadcast, Cheerio walked downtown in the company of a friend. When he didn’t turn off the avenue as usual toward his office, James Baggs asked why.

“I’m going on to say good morning to some invalid friends,” Cheerio said.

"Friends?" asked Jim. "In a hospital?"

"Some are and some aren't," Cheerio answered quietly.

Jim Baggs looked puzzled. "How many are there?"

"I really don't know—several thousand, I guess."

And then Jim said: "Oh, you mean the radio."

"You and I, Jim, have just marched in the great procession of those who have had their morning exercise, their bath and breakfast, and are out to take their part in the work of the world," Cheerio replied, explaining his idea. "Now I shall step aside, for a few minutes, and take advantage of this miracle of radio. It allows my voice to be the announcer for all that multitude of friendly folks, able to get out and about, who would like just such a privilege. Probably every one of them, at one time or another, has paid just such a call on somebody somewhere. Broadcasting merely amplifies that friendliness in an impersonal way. See?"

"Are they paying you well for this?"

"Not a cent! Of course not!"

"But you're no capitalist," said Jim, incredulously. "What are you going to get out of it—fame?"

"Nothing but an inner satisfaction, if you know what I mean. And to prove the sincerity of this purpose, there will be no money, no publicity, no photographs, no public appearances. On that I am resolved!"

Jim shook his head doubtfully. "It's a nice enough idea, if you can make it go, but I doubt it. I suppose you know you are speaking to the smallest radio audience at this time of day."

"Yes, indeed," replied Cheerio. "I'm speaking to an audience of convalescent invalids and other shut-ins and the smaller the audience the better. I hope it gets smaller every day."

"It will," said Jim, turning on his heel and leaving.

That is characteristic of him, but Jim Baggs is one of those rare persons who can take a "crack" at friends and they are not

angry at him for it. There are people with a quick tongue, but back of it is their real kindness. Cheerio knew Jim Baggs very well and he knew that Jim never devoted any of his wise-cracks to people he did not like. Jim felt that everyone would understand there was no malice back of the things he said, but that was more than Jim could reasonably expect from his fellow-men, and club associates did misunderstand him at times, to Jim's honest amazement. Many a listener to Cheerio's quotations from Jim's letters about the programs wrote in indignantly to protest against his attitude. This furnished a bit of spice to the sweetness of the program's progress.

That day, at luncheon at the Club, where both he and Baggs were members, Cheerio was reminded of a parody on the Long-fellow poem he had quoted only a few hours before on his first program:

*"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where,
Until the man on whom it fell
Came around and gave me—
Well, a report on it!"*

Baggs was making a report in a fashion characteristic of him.

"I heard you!" said Jim.

"How could you?"

"I went to a small radio service place that was just opening up and got the young fellow there to tune into you."

"Well?" said Cheerio.

"I said I heard you."

Cheerio said nothing, just waited for what was coming.

"Too bad there was so much static in the beginning."

"Static? Was there? Nobody said anything about it at the studio."

"Indeed, there was. A lot of squeaks and squeals, like a

farmer's wagon that hasn't been oiled since they put the mortgage on the farm."

"Now look here, that wasn't static at all, and you know better. That was a bird chorus, greeting a new day that could be just what we were minded to make it."

"You don't tell me!" said Jim. "Were those birds? Some of it sounded to me like the whistle of a traffic cop when some motorist signs the declaration of independence. And I thought I heard somebody cussing in a low voice."

Cheerio knew well enough Jim was trying to get a "rise" out of him, so he took the joker seriously—a humorist is upset when taken seriously—and went on to tell him what that bird chorus was intended to represent. "That babel of bird voices was to give the effect of opening one's window to the fresh morning world and listening to the notes of greeting that are on every hand. It wasn't static, it was ecstatic."

"Ugh!" grunted Jim.

"Most of the bird voices are sweet and trilling or chirping. They typify gladness, but there are notes that are lower and a little raucous, like the catbird, and those represent voices like yours, Jim, the little growls of sarcasm that go along with the cheerful talk of the rest of us and make up the symphony of life." Cheerio smiled gently and, before Jim could come back at him, went on: "They signify that if we will open the windows of our minds at the beginning of each day and listen to the bluebirds of happiness that really are singing, if we will only listen for them caroling high and sweet above the irritating little cat-calls of circumstance, we shall often find that the world is filled with music, and the cares that infest the day will fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away."

"Well," said Jim, as they finished lunch, "I'm glad to know that those were bluebirds. They sounded to me like canaries. I

suppose they were blue canaries." And he went off laughing.

Cheerio, telling his audience next morning about this interview with Jim Baggs, said, "Call them blue canaries—I don't care, as long as we get the feeling that the bluebirds of happiness are singing for us. In line with this, I want you to play a game with me, a game of make believe. The imagination of childhood makes it possible for children to do this. Perhaps the magic of the radio will supply something we have lost in the years since our youth. I want you to make believe that I am really what I suggested yesterday: a friend of yours, privileged to drop in on you each morning to say 'Hello, how are you today?' I wonder if it will be so hard to play this game? Take my impulse to be of service, give it a friendly voice and presto, the wizard radio has made a friend appear, out of thin air.

"Something very nice has happened and it has made me bold to believe that we can play this game together," Cheerio continued. "I said once that we should not expect to find any oak with the arrow still unbroken, as the poem said. I little knew how soon I should find my arrow! There is an envelope in the mail here at the studio and in it is just a bit of simple verse. It came without name or address. Simple as it is, it means a great deal to me to find it here so soon. Just the title has a world of meaning in it. It is headed: RADIO STATION B-E-D. And this is the verse:

*"Who is this man and whence comes he
Who talked to me today?
He calmed my fears, he dried my tears,
The glooms he drove away.*

*"Twelve thousand years upon my back
I've gazed up at the sky;
Twelve thousand years upon the street
The world has passed me by.*

*“But now each day I’ll wake and say:
‘Thank God, I have a friend!’
My loneliness, my sadness have
At last come to an end.*

“Speaking of the game of make-believe,” Cheerio continued: “You know there are people who have a philosophy of that sort and they get a great deal of joy out of it, and sometimes I think they are pretty wise, after all. Take my secretary, as an example. Secretary is a rather fancy name for her—she’s my stenographer, really. She has a little cubby hole of an office, just about the width of the window, but in front of that window she practices her philosophy of make believe. Do you know what she does? Last December, I think it was, she bought some bulbs from a florist and put them in a bowl with pebbles and water. They sent up strong green leaves and some of them bloomed. When the blossoms faded, she set a delicate vase of green glass, just the color of the leaves, in the center of the foliage. You couldn’t see it. She bought a few cut flowers and put them in this invisible vase, and, honestly, the bulbs appeared to be in full bloom. That wasn’t all. She also bought some pips of lilies-of-the-valley. They all sent up clear green leaves and blossomed. They were really very pretty. One day I noticed that they seemed to keep in bloom week after week and then I discovered that this philosophic young woman had substituted for the real blossoms some others that she had bought at a department store. It sounds crazy, doesn’t it? As a matter of fact, her window sill was just as pretty as before—the leaves were still fresh and green and the blossoms would fool anyone. She explained her idea to me very calmly.

“‘It seems to me, Mr. Cheerio,’ she said, ‘that life is like my window sill. Our circumstances give us green leaves, fresh and fine in themselves, but we cannot have the blossoms just as we

would like them, and so we must use our imaginations, and make effects. You may call them dreams, if you like, but we can make our lives really seem to be blossoming every day.'

"Then she gave me a little poem, by Carrie Jacobs Bond,* called 'Play Make-believe,' that expresses her way of thinking.

*"Let's play a game of make-believe
And keep him round awhile;
And when we feel all sad and glum,
Play make-believe and smile.
And when the world seems cold and dark,
And some folks seem untrue,
Play make-believe this world's all right
And folks are all right, too.*

*"I've played the game of make-believe
For many many years,
And smiled and laughed with make-believe
To cover up my tears;
Till now this game of make-believe
Has come so close to me
That I can almost make-believe
The best is all I see."*

*By permission of Carrie Jacobs Bond & Sons.

The Bookseller and Dr. Gale

IT was only the second day of the broadcast. Cheerio was striding down an avenue in the afternoon when he passed a little book shop. It was sort of a book and stationery store combined. Nothing pretentious about it, nor anything out of the ordinary, but somehow his eye was caught by a sign in the window:

EVERY DAY IS SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY
SEND A CARD TODAY

Such was his stride, he was a bit beyond the store when the idea came to him that it might be a "stunt" to buy a birthday card and send it out on the air "to whom it may concern." That is, (he mused to himself pausing in his walk) send an air card to whoever may be having a birthday that morning. He retraced his steps, entered the store to find no one there but the Bookseller, a rather odd looking person with a part of his oddity due to a very brown beard. Cheerio thought how strange it is that one does not notice a gray beard so much, but a middle-aged beard is uncommon these days. It gave the Bookseller the appearance of being made up for a play. And his eyes were peculiar. They looked as if he ought to wear glasses, he squinted so. Yet they impressed Cheerio as being so sharp they could go right through a book, from cover to cover, and he for

the first time understood how "bookworm" could be applied to a person. Explaining that he desired to look at the stock of birthday cards, Cheerio finally found one he fancied. This card read as follows:

*"Sometimes it seems so black a night
There cannot ever more be light;
Yet, when we least expect it to,
A friendly star comes gleaming through.
So now my birthday wish I send
To you, my dear but absent friend;
May every light that gleams afar
Turn out to be your lucky star."*

"I will take this card," Cheerio commented, adding, "That is a nice sentiment."

The Bookseller squinted at the card. "It means well," he said gruffly, "but it means nothing!"

Cheerio immediately recognized that here was a definite literary opinion joined with mighty poor salesmanship! He shouldn't have criticised a card he had for sale. He was frank at least, and kept the twenty-five cents. The buyer felt a little peeved at having his taste questioned in that manner, so holding the card he said: "What's the matter with it?"

"It is false astrology," the Bookseller solemnly replied. The shop keeper had that peculiar kind of squint that covers up the real expression of the eye and Cheerio couldn't tell whether he was joking or not, but decided to give the whiskers the benefit of the doubt.

"Oh, do you believe in astrology?"

"Certainly," came the reply. "Does not Emerson say that because of astrology man is not merely an isolated beggar but the farthest star feels him and he feels the star?"

This looked like awfully deep water and Cheerio thought he

had better keep clear of it, so simply said: "Why yes, of course!" And then put the envelope and card in his pocket.

"Do you wish a stamp?" asked the Bookseller.

"No. I am sending this by air mail."

"I haven't any air mail stamps."

"That's all right," Cheerio said impressively. "I shall send this by air to a thousand or so friends. It will not need any stamp."

The Bookseller's gaze became very intense after that cryptic utterance. It was plain that he considered his customer to be just what Cheerio thought he was!

"I intend to read this card over the radio as a greeting to all those listeners-in whose birthdays it happens to be tomorrow morning," the buyer explained over his shoulder as he hurried away. He was as amused to find a real, live astrologer as if he had turned up some strange reptile under a mossy log. But the time came when Cheerio did not compare the Bookseller to any strange reptile for he became guide, philosopher, and friend through years of broadcasting.

That is how the first birthday card was sent over the air on the third morning of the broadcast. Echoes came at once from the "Circle" (as Cheerio called his radio audience). People wrote that they had tuned in accidentally on their birthday and the wish hit them just right. Inasmuch as the Bookseller had said that the card meant well but meant nothing because it was false astrology, Cheerio wanted to tell him that he thought true astrology was what the listeners seemed to be doing in many cases: "looking for the lucky star in the darkness of unfavorable conditions." So he went to the store and, fortunately, caught the Bookseller again alone.

"I do not know that you have exactly proved me wrong about the astrology part of it," he said, "but you have certainly proved me right in what I have been thinking ever since you told me you were going to send that card's wish out on the air. More-

over, I was not troubled for a moment by the fact that I did not know who you were. I knew you would come back!"

"I certainly didn't expect to," Cheerio said, "that was just an idea for a little stunt the next morning."

The Bookseller looked at his caller with that strange intentness that Cheerio had noticed before. "It was inevitable that you should come back," he said, very gravely, "because where a great opportunity exists, there also exists the urge that will compel one to take that opportunity. That is how things get done in this world. And you, my friend, have what is to my mind a most extraordinary opportunity. You are in touch with the cosmic mind. You understand that, surely?"

For the life of him, Cheerio did not know why he did not say that he had not the slightest idea what the Bookseller was talking about! He felt sorry, in a way, that he had gone back at all, and yet he merely grunted "Uh-huh." Then the bearded one was off. Remember how the Ancient Mariner held the people he told his story to? This old fellow, who steered by the stars, certainly held on to Cheerio! He said that radio had already been revealed as a factor in relation to the cosmic mind, and it was his absolute duty to tell Cheerio what his opportunity was. Briefly, this was it: he said that a vast number of people were tuned into the radio station at 8:30 o'clock in the morning. They knew exactly how to tune in. They had the instruments that caught the wave-length and thus were brought into contact with Cheerio's voice, as the speaker from the station.

"All right," Cheerio said. "What of it?"

"Now," the Bookseller said, "you have shown me a number of letters about the birthday wish. Has the general response been large?"

"Yes. Very large and I'm very proud of it."

"Ah! And did you notice anything peculiar about that response? I mean a uniformity in it?"

"No, just the reverse. It's most varied, from all sorts of people, saying all sorts of things."

"Yes? Friendly and unfriendly both, eh?"

"No, indeed," Cheerio said. "Every one of them expresses exactly the same friendliness."

"Yes, yes," he said, and bent forward with the greatest eagerness. "You see now what I mean? They, too, were tuned in to you, to your friendliness, just as you had set it on your very first morning."

"Well," said Cheerio, "that's a nice analogy, but they simply reflected the friendliness which I had explained to them."

"Call it reflection," the Bookseller said, shaking his head. "I do not wish to argue with you. What I wish you would see and believe is that just as they tuned into your friendliness, the same wave-length of emotion, just so they can tune into one another if you will set them the wave-length. And you can do this in the simplest way. See," and he almost ran to a mussy desk in a corner of the shop and brought a package from one of the drawers. "I will give you this and every day I will give you a birthday card. I do not mean sell it. I will give you a birthday card, chosen by me in my own way, which need not concern you. You would not be in sympathy with that feature of it anyway," he added with a sly twinkle. "You will read this card, just as you did that other one which you yourself selected and which, even so, had such remarkable results.

"Then, you will call your audience to attention. Bid them focus their thoughts on the words of the card you are to read that particular morning, in order that they may have an impression fixed upon their aggregate mind. Remind them of my sign: 'Every day is somebody's birthday,' which, you are beginning to see, has a deeper significance than appears to the casual observer who passes the shop. Then bid them concentrate and wish the friendly greeting. That is, broadcast it on the mystic

ether and you will have marvelous results. But above all, when you tell your audience to concentrate, and to wish, with their hands extended, palms up, in the Thibetan gesture of salutation and of giving, there must be a soft-voiced instrument sounded, during the period of concentration. You must ring this little bell—it is here in this package—as they do in the temples of Asia, where a bell signifies that the prayer has reached the ears of the god.”

Those last words echoed in the quiet, dim interior of the bookshop as Cheerio stood transfixed, almost as if the Bookseller had cast about him a spell. The package was pressed in his hands, but he did not feel the weight of it. Then the whole outlandish business surged into his conscious mind, the store seemed suffocating, the Bookseller’s gaze threateningly hypnotic, the package a burning weight. Pretending to hunt for something in an inner pocket, Cheerio hastily laid the bundle on the counter, broke off the fixed directness of the Bookseller’s eyes and mumbling a “thank you” made for the door.

Outside the shop, in the clean, fresh air, Cheerio hoped he had not been too rude, but deep within him was a resolve to choose the other side of the street the next time he passed that way to his favorite cafe.

“What a lot of stuff and nonsense,” he said to himself, as passers-by wondered at his hasty flight, as from an unseen enemy. “That’s enough of that. I’m done with such clap-trap.”

As the weeks flew by Cheerio did not keep on the other side of the street and as time lengthened he and his “Circle” actually walked together on the Bookseller’s side. And the reason was that Cheerio’s good friend, Dr. Gale, advised that side of the street as a prescription for the good health of the morning broadcast!

Cheerio’s audience came to have a fairly clear idea of Dr. Tom Gale. He had been Cheerio’s physician for years and one of his

greatest friends, as should be the case, of course. In fact, Cheerio had known Gale ever since they were in college together. Gale played guard on the "Varsity," and he was a good one, too. He still suggested the football player; a big fellow who had not let himself get much heavier with the years. The most distinguished thing about him were his eyebrows; very black, coming together when he was interested and giving him rather a penetrating look. He was formidable unless one was near enough to get the expression in those eyes, as they changed the whole man—the kindest gray eyes one had ever seen!

When Cheerio got the idea of saying "Good morning" to convalescent invalids and other shut-ins, he asked Dr. Gale whether the physician thought it was a real idea, sufficiently worth while to seek the loan of a microphone daily from a great institution such as the Broadcasting Company.

"Why," Dr. Gale said, "in many cases, just having those friendly greetings every morning may speed up the convalescence of many a person who is making a wonderful fight against a conspiracy of hopelessness and despair. They deserve the cooperation of any individual or institution that has the opportunity and the facilities to help them. And a cheerful morning 'Hello' would certainly benefit them."

The Doctor rose, passed his skilled fingers along one of his many bookshelves and pulled out a volume. He leafed expertly to a passage and then turned back toward Cheerio.

"Listen to something Plato said just about 2400 years ago: 'This Thracian said the Greek physicians are right, as far as they go. But Zamoxlis, our king, who is also a god, says further: that, as you ought not to attempt to cure the eyes without curing the head, or the head without the body, so neither ought you to attempt to cure the body without the soul. And this is the reason why the cure of many diseases is unknown to the physicians of Greece because they are ignorant of the whole, which ought

to be studied also. For the part can never be well unless the whole is well. For all good and evil, whether in the body or in human nature, originates in the soul and overflows from thence, as if from the head into the eyes. And therefore, if the head and body are to be well, you must begin by curing the soul—that is the first thing. And the cure has to be effected by the use of certain charms, and these charms are fair words. For this is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body.” Dr. Gale looked impressively across the room at his visitor as he concluded.

“Doctor,” Cheerio exclaimed, “it seems to me we hear talk like that today!”

“Certainly,” he said. “That statement accurately reflects the present attitude in medicine. We doctors realize that it is poor medicine to emphasize any one factor which may serve as an irritant to the patient, whether this factor is located in the body itself (such as inflamed appendix); in the patient’s habits (such as overwork or over-eating, or the gloomy viewpoint); or his immediate environment (such as an unhappy domestic life) or in his remote past, (including incidents that the patient feels are unfortunate or shameful). Everyone of these possibilities must be considered in making a diagnosis. But when we have done so, we have only approached the old Greek idea!

“So you see, my well-meaning friend, you will be using what the ancient philosopher called ‘the charm of fair words,’ if you give that morning greeting, as you are planning to do. You will be right in line with the most modern medical thought although you had no idea of it.”

As he finished, Dr. Gale knitted his beetle brows in silence, letting every word percolate in his listener’s mind before he broke the study’s quiet and Cheerio departed.

Later, after that episode in the bookstore, Dr. Gale and Cheerio were again together. Cheerio thought he had an amus-

ing yarn with which to enliven the lunch. He told the Doctor all about the mess he had got into that afternoon in the astrologer's den, and remarked it was Gale's duty, as a professional citizen, to get the Board of Health to send an alienist to examine the Bookseller in the interest of the safety of his patrons. To Cheerio's utter amazement Dr. Gale turned his jest aside.

"Why don't you use his bell and wishing idea? I think the man was entirely right!"

"What!" Cheerio exclaimed.

"Yes! I agree with him thoroughly. You have an extraordinary opportunity!"

"Do you mean that you want me to go playing tag with the cosmic mind or any such rot as that?"

"Not at all," answered the Doctor. "I wasn't thinking of the cosmic mind, I don't even know that there is any such creature and my ignorance doesn't bother me any. But I do know considerable about the individual mind and I think that fellow has happened to suggest to you, for the most absurd of reasons, a thing which you could do for the very best of reasons. It is a playful, harmless little sport which will fit into your morning message just as certain entertaining exercises fit into the stiffer drill of a physical instructor. At the same time, it will have a real psychological value. That stunt will be a sample of thinking of others, of getting the mind off one's self. Certain physical directors call their exercises concentrated calisthenics. I'd call your little birthday-wishing exercise concentrated good-will. Don't worry about that word concentrate; all you need to mean by that is to put the mind on what you're doing, shut out disturbing thoughts and concentrate attention on the pleasant business of friendly thoughts for others. Ask your friends to think of others in that way for a few seconds every morning, and ring your little bell as a merry signal that good-will has been broadcast. You will probably find, although there won't be any testi-

monials of 'cosmic thrill,' as your Bookseller evidently expects, there will be something very real to many of those who join in the exercises for the sport of it."

Cheerio swallowed his pride, swallowed hard, and went back to the bookstore. It struck him as odd that the package which the Bookseller had tried to make him take was exactly in the same spot where he had left it the day before. The man had not seen Cheerio coming and put it there at the moment, for he was waiting on a customer when Cheerio went in. When the customer left, the Bookseller turned expectantly to Cheerio.

"I came back for that bell you told me about. I've thought the matter over. In fact, I've had some advice on it, and I've decided to try that birthday observance you suggested to me."

"I knew, of course, that you were coming back. I thought you'd be in before now. Please understand that I do not care in the least why you are doing this, or what your advice was, I am only concerned that you are doing this 'in service to others.'"

As he said those words, he put his hands on Cheerio's shoulders and looked at him very keenly. Strange to say, Cheerio didn't resent the familiarity, he didn't know just why.

"Let me repeat that," the man said, very earnestly. "'In service to others.' That will confer the mystic power."

Cheerio wasn't going to get into any more mysterious stuff, so he said: "Yes, indeed. That's exactly the idea. Thank you very much." He started out of the store.

"Please let me know what happens," the Bookseller called after him.

"All right," Cheerio replied. "If I find out, I'll tell you. I'll promise that."

Cheerio told him many things in the course of the years, none of which seemed to surprise him very much. Dr. Tom Gale was certainly right when he said there would be something real, something vital in the exercise of concentrated good-will.

It wasn't demonstrated all at once. It was realized only as the broadcast went on, morning after morning, and the proofs popped out of the morning mail—some of them with smiles, some with tears. Many of the things said were mysterious, mystical. "Deep water," Cheerio called them, but most of them were heart-beats straight from average humanity. A letter came, saying: "I haven't any need to be cheered for I am unusually fortunate in a most happy life, but as a former nurse and the wife of a doctor, I know so well how many there are who do need it, and I have even got to the stage of 'wishing' for that reason. So, when I wish, I look out over the circle of Connecticut hills and ask a comfortable day for the thousands in hospitals and homes who find the hours long and pain-filled, and an extra thought for the maternity wards, with all the joy or sadness they are capable of holding."

And another one wrote: "I had been looking forward to hearing the greeting on my birthday and feeling that the Circle's kindly wishes were coming my way, but when the morning actually arrived I was so busy concentrating upon sending my own good wishes to the birthday folk that I forgot it was my birthday, too! Not until the next day did I remember that the somebodies somewhere had wished me good things!"

"You know, Cheerio," wrote someone else. "I disagree with you a little. I contend that every day is everybody's birthday: the birth of new opportunities, new possibilities, and new hopes."

So, morning after morning, since that afternoon when Cheerio said to the old Bookseller, "All right, I'll try your birthday ritual," the greeting was sent out. Sometimes a tiny couplet of good-will, sometimes a real poem was used. As one of the letters said: "When the birthday greeting is too long for my memory, I say 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

That was the sort of thing Cheerio had to show the Book-

seller, in keeping his promise that if anything happened he would report. The bearded face fairly beamed in the man's pleasure at the successful way in which his idea was working.

"I've been wondering whether you appreciate the full force of the statement you make over the radio each day," he asked, with a knowing smile. "I presume you consider it quite a commonplace of everyday life when you make that declaration: 'Good Morning.' It is a declaration, you understand."

"Well, I don't suppose it is a question."

"No! It is a positive statement of fact."

"But, I don't quite get you," Cheerio was openly puzzled. "It was originally a wish, wasn't it? It means a courteous desire that the morning may be a good one for the person you are addressing. It takes in all the qualities that might make the morning a good one and that is your wish for the other fellow."

"But a wish is a thought," returned the other. "I am reminded of something Victor Hugo once said: 'Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever may be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.'"

"Yes?" Obviously Cheerio was waiting to have the idea made clear.

"That passage from Hugo should suggest to you the deep significance of that simple phrase: 'Good morning.' Take it as a wish, as you have said, and you have the soul on its knees each morning in a beautiful prayer of good-will. You remember, I told you once that in the Buddhist religious practice, prayer is not exactly a petition, it is a wish. Therefore, this wish for a good morning is really a form of morning-prayer. To me it is a beautiful service of fellowship."

"That is a nice way to think of it, but you began by saying the phrase is a positive statement of fact," Cheerio continued.

"That is so. That statement is a positive declaration of truth, for you are really declaring that the morning is good. I believe

that to the extent you accept the statement as positive, the morning with the day that evolves from it, will hold a realization of good, in spite of many contradictory appearances.”

“That is a little beyond me,” Cheerio sighed.

“Perhaps, but you often say that about things I express to you. After all it seems no less understandable than many of the things that are sent in to you through your Exchange. They merely affirm what I am saying: ‘Behind the clouds is the sun, still shining.’”

“I’ve pretended to be thick-headed, my good friend,” Cheerio laughed. “Actually I’ve a letter from one of our Circle who says: ‘Just now came your salutation via radio: “Good morning.” It is the best greeting that could ever be thought out for the beginning of each day. The very best beginning for an exercise in good-will. It always swings my inward vane right around to the fairest Southwest weather, even though everything is sort of cloudy and rainy, threatening a down-Easter with me.’”

The Bookseller was never content. Though he appreciated the letters and listened attentively, his mind had been off to another idea. He presented it as Cheerio stuffed the letter back in a pocket which always bulged with notes and communications.

“Now,” he said, “since our birthday service has taken form out of the air, I would like to be of help in extending that ceremony. I will give you for each day, along with the birthday card, a horoscope for those born on that date.”

It might have been seen at once, from the expression on Cheerio’s face, that the word sounded like “horror-scope” to his ear. He did start to get up, like a horse shying at something in the road, but the Bookseller held him with his hand.

“I beg you to understand me,” he pleaded. “I am not a fortune teller. I am not interested in those things. To me, astrology is for higher things than the mere predictive. My interest in

astrology should not annoy or repel you, sir. It comes from my belief that this science can teach us the laws of life, can teach us to live life better and more fruitfully by letting us know the truth of the obstacles, the so-called unfavorable aspects, which must and can be overcome by our own efforts. Astrology teaches is above all else the gospel of unity. You can have no quarrel with that, surely. There will be nothing else back of any little, personal analysis which I may give you on any morning. I hope you will follow me this much further on the birthday path which you have already found a pleasant one for the feet of your listening friends. Those who are already interested in the birthday remembrance, probably looking forward to their own day, will get nothing but added interest from these personal horoscopes. It is simply entertainment. Why not let me help you?"

He bent his singularly intent gaze on Cheerio. The visitor did not want to repulse the old fellow and then have to go back for a dish of humble pie, as he had done before. But in the back of his mind he wondered how he would introduce and explain such a new feature to his program listeners. It all seemed a mad game, but he would tell the Circle it was hocus-pocus and they were to regard it all as he did, just something for the fun of it. Visions of the scolding letters which might pour in came to mind as the Bookseller waited patiently for an answer. Cheerio was shaping within his mind's ear what he would tell his listeners. It would run something like this: "When it comes to the horoscope, the concentrating, the mystic bell and all the rest of it, scold me if you will, but you are simply going much further than I have had any idea of going. You must not misunderstand what I mean by it all."

Almost before he knew it and while still framing his text for next morning, Cheerio had said to the Bookseller: "I suppose there's no harm in trying your plan."

When the plan had been tried and not found wanting, Cheerio came to feel that although he could not follow "Old Starfish," as he called his bewhiskered friend, all through the milky way of mysterious thoughts, nevertheless, the old boy's milky way was the way of the milk of human kindness and that is all one needs to know about him to awaken appreciation and admiration.

CHAPTER III

Miss Bee

WHEN Cheerio had thus rashly undertaken a daily morning broadcast and found himself started on this thing, he began to realize how quickly one morning follows another. He wondered just how soon he would run out of poems and material he thought would be just the right selections for the special audience to whom he was speaking. He considered the weather, for one can always talk about that. It happened Cheerio rejoiced in the personal acquaintance of a very sunshiny gentleman by the name of Irvin S. Cobb. He remembered that the humorist had said that the weather helps out amazingly when you are meeting people for the first time, because: "there is always more or less weather going on somewhere, and practically everybody has ideas about it."

Cheerio was speaking of this search for new material one Wednesday evening at the dinner table. Miss Bee, the librarian, was there, as she often was, being an old friend of the family. He always inquired after her health by saying: "How doth the little busy Bee?" She never replied that since her childhood people had tried to be funny by punning on her name. As Cheerio looked down the table at her, he realized what a gentle, quiet, soft-spoken and rather quaint looking person she was, with her hair parted in the middle and drawn across her ears so only a half of the lobe showed. She seemed such a wisp of a woman, so frail-looking that he wondered how she waded against the stream of wind that almost blew her into his hall

that evening. He knew that frailty was an illusion, as she could be found any day at the library carrying great stacks of books about. Moreover, she liked to dine at his home Wednesday evenings because on that night corned-beef and cabbage were invariably served. He always asked her if she desired a second helping of the sturdy fare and she always declined—but always took it.

“You are a comfort,” Cheerio said to Miss Bee. “It is rather nice to have a guest who likes to come to your home for the very thing you would be ashamed to put before anyone whom you had especially invited.”

“Nonsense! I like corned-beef and cabbage. I am not in the least ashamed of my fondness for this plebeian Wednesday dinner dish. I have inherited it from my honorable ancestors, the Irish, and even my childhood home in Boston has not changed my liking for it. But, really, Cheerio, it is the way you cook the historic dish that makes it so delicious. How do you do it?”

“We get fresh meat—it is the plate or boneless brisket, as I remember it. I know it has streaks of fat and lean. It is soaked in the brine for only twenty-four hours. Then it is boiled with tomatoes and onions and ‘passley’ and celery and carrots, and so on. Why, it is really more like a boiled dinner. But you get the subtle flavor of the corned-beef through it all. Then I understand that the second boiling of the cabbage is——” Cheerio broke off suddenly. “You are not interested in all these kitchen details. You probably know nothing of that humble place, spending as you do all your time in a library.”

“In that you are mistaken,” Miss Bee quietly returned. “I not only know kitchens and their drudgery, but *The Divine Office of the Kitchen*,” and she recited the poem by that name.

“And what is the divine office of the kitchen? I suspect you of a quotation or a story you have found in that library of yours,” Cheerio said expectantly.

"Both. *The Divine Office of the Kitchen** is a poem, but it has a charming story. You see, it attracted attention some years ago because John D. Rockefeller liked it so much he bought a pocketful of the printed verses and took them to church one Sunday to distribute to friends. There was a legend among literary folk that the poem had been written by a servant girl, but the facts are it was written by an English poet named Cecily Hallack to encourage a friend who complained that the drudgery of housework was ruining her hands for violin playing. The manner in which the legend got started is interesting," continued Miss Bee, holding her plate for that traditional second helping. "It is said that a maid servant did read it and was so struck by the poem that she dreamed she wrote it and a portion of it got printed that way. An English clergyman read it at Westminster Chapel in London and then Mr. Rockefeller made it famous over here."

"Your story interests me, but let's have the poem. Do you recall it?"

"Quite clearly, but don't expect me to recite it with your ease, Cheerio. It runs:

*"Lord of the pots and pipkins, since I have no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things and vigilling with Thee,
By watching in the twilight dawn, and storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and washing up the plates!*

*"Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I offer Thee for souls,
The tiresomeness of tea leaves, and the sticky porridge bowls!
Remind me of the things I need, not just to save the stairs,
But so that I may perfectly lay tables into prayers.*

*"Accept my roughened hands because I made them so for Thee!
Pretend my dishmop is a bow, which heavenly harmony
Makes on a fiddle frying pan; it is so hard to clean,
And ah, so horrid! Hear, dear Lord, the music that I mean!*

*By permission of the author, Cecily Hallack.

*"Although I must have Martha hands I have a Mary mind.
And when I black the boots, I try Thy sandals, Lord, to find.
I think of how they trod our earth, what time I scrub the floor.
Accept this meditation when I haven't time for more!*

*"Vespers and Compline come to pass by washing supper things
And, mostly, I am very tired; and all the heart that sings
About the morning's work, is gone, before me, into bed.
Lend me, dear Lord, Thy Tireless Heart, to work in me instead!*

*"My Matins are said overnight to praise and bless Thy Name
Before-hand for tomorrow's work, which will be just the same;
So that it seems I go to bed still in my working dress,
Lord, make Thy Cinderella soon a heavenly Princess!*

*"Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and light it with Thy Peace!
Forgive the worrying, and make the grumbling words to cease.
Lord who laid breakfast on the shore, forgive the world which
saith
'Can any good thing come to God out of poor Nazareth?'"*

"That is just what I need for my program," Cheerio said, breaking the table's silence after Miss Bee had finished. "Will you give me a copy of it?"

"On one condition—that you share with me your secret of the front hall."

"But there is no secret about that."

"There is. I was not even sure tonight, when I came in, that it was Wednesday evening. There was no odor of corned-beef and cabbage. What did you do? On such a windy night you could not have had the windows and doors open to air the house, so you must have a secret."

"Confession is good for the soul and I see I cannot keep anything from you," Cheerio began. "I have been telling my Circle about your Wednesday evening visits to my house. Don't interrupt. It is all quite proper. I have explained to them that you

help me find tid-bits for the broadcast and that I secure them from you while we eat corned-beef and cabbage. One morning I told the audience that the second-class odor in the front hall bothered me. It seemed a poor greeting for such a lovely, dainty lady. So one of my listeners wrote in a bit of homely knowledge. She said I could give you all the savour of the corned-beef and none of the odors if I would put a dry end of bread on top of the water in which the odorous vegetables and meat were being boiled, and then close the cover on the pot. I have followed her advice and just lift out the end of bread before the dish is filled for serving you."

"I shall remember that," Miss Bee said, mentally making notes on the homely bit of knowledge. "I shall repay you in good measure, for I have with me a poem that expresses the whole idea of what you are undertaking. Before I read, I shall tell you the story of how Sam Walter Foss came to write *The House by the Side of the Road*. It is interesting and contains a neat lesson in Cheerio human kindness. Foss was tramping in New England; tired, he sought the shade of a tree along the roadside. Nearby was a crudely written sign: 'There is a spring here; if you are thirsty, drink.' A little farther on was a bench on which was written: 'If you are tired, sit down and rest.' A basket of apples was placed near with a sign: 'If you like apples, help yourself.' Who had placed these signs there? Foss sought the owner and found a kindly-faced old man. After questioning, the old man said: 'Well, we had water a-plenty, and thought we might as well share it with thirsty travelers who came this way. This is a pleasant spot to rest, so we brought this old bench down from the attic. We have more apples than we need, so we (ma and me) thought it would be nice to divide up with others, so we bring some fresh ones here every morning. It seems to do good, so we keep up the mutual joy and pleasure.'"

"What a perfectly charming story," Cheerio broke in. "If the poem is half as lovely I shall use it in a program at once."

"It is. Now be quiet and listen, like a good boy," Miss Bee remarked, although his enthusiasm delighted her. "This is Mr. Foss' poem, *The House by the Side of the Road*.*

*"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

*"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

*"I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.*

*"I know there are brook gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.*

*By permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, publishers.

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.*

*"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."*

The final, fine lines echoed in the room over the dinner table where all sat quietly listening to their meaning as it stirred in their ears.

"It may be that pretty story which inspired the poem is only a legend," Miss Bee finally said. "That often happens and we ought to be grateful for these legends that decorate the sober facts of life. Even the writing of poems needs to be decorated, almost always. But I do know, from something I was reading just recently in the library, that Mrs. Foss tells us that her husband was a great lover of nature and it was on one of his walks in the open, just beyond the boundary line of the city in Arlington, Mass., he sat down on a stone and wrote *The House by the Side of the Road*. He did not consider it his best poem and the newspaper kept it a year before publishing it, but it is the most famous of his poems today and is featured in the bronze memorial tablet in the Somerville Public Library."

"I think we shall have to have a bronze memorial to Mr. Foss in our program and use both poem and legend. They are made to order for me," Cheerio said. "We have digressed far from our original topic of the weather and my need for poems and se-

lections is already being answered by you, Miss Bee. But for all these treasures you have given me tonight, all of which I shall use, it is rather terrifying how quickly the mornings pass. Have you any other suggestions for source material?"

"I recall that once you told me about a book your mother used to read. Couldn't you use excerpts from that?"

"You mean the little book my mother had on her desk for years? The one, long out of print, called *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*? She did get a great deal of comfort out of it. But the selections were mostly Bible texts and religious writings and that is not my idea at all for my program, as there is such a broadcast already called *Morning Devotions*."

"Permit me to contradict you, Cheerio," Miss Bee began slowly. "If your mother got comfort from that book for thirty years, is it not possible that others may be needing in their lives just what she found in it? When Mary W. Tileston compiled those helpful messages, which were published in 1884, she understood our need for help outside ourselves. You can give them that help by quoting from the book. In fact, I brought you something Dr. Frederick Brotherton Meyer has said in his book *Workaday Sermons*."*

"Trust you to simply sprout material," Cheerio commented, a pleased smile spreading over his face. "What is the quotation from Dr. Meyer?"

"He says: 'God has promised daily strength for daily needs. But never has He promised that the strength for any given moment shall suffice for troubles carried over from the past, or borrowed from the future. The Divine Teacher said truly: "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."' You see, Mary Tileston's book was really founded on that theory and titled from it. You can follow her same system and can draw your selections, not

*By permission of Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers.

only from *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, but from all walks of thought."

"But how am I going to find them? I can't live in the library!"

"No. You cannot, but I do live in a library and I shall find them for you. Don't worry another minute. It is as good as done."

"Not quite," Cheerio challenged. "Just one thing more to give my listeners tomorrow morning."

"Very well," said the little librarian, quite calm about it and equal to any emergency. "You will give them Wordsworth's poem *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud*. That will be very fitting. You remember it, of course."

"Not word for word," Cheerio said. "You repeat it while I write it down."

Miss Bee gave the lines slowly, clearly:

*"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.*

*"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

*"The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:*

*“For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.”*

“You see,” said Miss Bee, when the last line was scribbled by Cheerio, “that is really just the thing for you to repeat to those who are shut away from people and things. It shows that everyone has some fine memory of past experience or thrill that can ‘flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.’ You don’t know but that you may point the way for someone to beguile a weary hour until her ‘heart with rapture thrills, and dances with the daffodils.’”

When Miss Bee left that evening Cheerio knew she was right, not only about Wordsworth’s poem but making selections from authors and using portions of *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*. He felt reassured and comfortable in knowing that Miss Bee’s years of library work and her wide acquaintance with the best in literature were at his disposal.

One day, just after he had told her of his strange and curious adventure with the old Bookseller, she came to his office in great excitement. Since she never had been in his office before, Cheerio knew the occasion must be momentous.

“I’ve been thinking about your plan for sending out birthday wishes every morning,” she began breathlessly and without even an apology for interrupting him. “I’ve a real idea! I said I would find selections for you to read, but don’t you think it would be a real addition to the birthday observance if the selections were something written by an author born on that day? I think it would be very appropriate to have such a greeting across the years, perhaps the centuries, from the author to those living today whose birthday it is.

"Listen, Cheerio, let me finish. I want to repeat something very important in this connection. George Eliot spoke of the Choir Invisible: 'those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence, in thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, and with their mild persistence, urge men's search to vaster issues.' Don't you see, their words would come through you to your audience; a special greeting from them on the anniversary of the day that gave them to the world."

"See here, Miss Bee," Cheerio broke in. "Are you going to follow that old Starfish in the bookstore and add some spooks to our radio seance and make me a medium? This morning stunt is getting queer enough as it is. Now you bring in people who are gone, call them a 'Choir Invisible.' Next thing I know, you will have me playing funeral marches on the death days of great people.

"You know perfectly well my attitude on observing the death days of people," Cheerio went on, warming to his subject. "It doesn't make sense when people celebrate the date of the world's loss. Indeed, why make it memorable at all? There must always come such a date in every life whether famous or little known, but the real date to remember is that which gave life. I'll have no celebrations of anniversary dates of deaths of some creative genius. It has always seemed a little ridiculous to celebrate the passing away of those who live again in minds bettered by their presence or their work. I shall have nothing to do with anniversaries which are not ones of joy, tributes to the creation of life—not its death."

Miss Bee looked aggrieved and replied that Cheerio knew perfectly well that of all persons she would be the last to suggest his being a medium or the herald of death.

"Apparently you were not equal to the poetic idea I was trying to present. I'll write you a letter," and she left feeling a little hurt and dashed to earth.

She wrote him a letter from the library, put a special delivery stamp on it so he would surely get it before he went to bed. If he cared to, he could use it the next morning, and if he didn't care to—well, she was just a little sorry for him and perhaps he was merely a Babbitt, with no soul for poetry and quite unworthy of his wonderful morning privilege.

The letter reached Cheerio. He was most glad to use it next morning. And many a letter from her he used after that! Miss Bee's interest in the work inspired him to give her, as chief of the Cheerio co-workers, the title of Queen Bee of the Cheerio Honey-bees. Richard Le Gallienne said, "All the bees are round the honey that the vulgar world calls money." But the story of the honey-bees of the Cheerio Exchange has had nothing to do with the vulgarity of money for its own sake. When Cheerio proclaimed her the Queen Bee, the little woman rose immediately to a poetic level far above associations with corned-beef and cabbage.

"Oh," she said, "what a picture that brings up! Your honey-bees are winging in all directions through the gardens of the world's literature. They are exploring the glorious blossoms of the classics and the little wayside flowers, almost hidden by the dust of life's passing traffic. Everywhere they find honey to bring back to the good-will hive which you have created for the storage of these sweets. And the loveliest thing about it is," Miss Bee went on, all excited, "the honey-bee that finds the sweet, old-fashioned flower or the tiny, wild flower of some homespun poet's fancy almost lost in the thick grass of the day's newspaper, that bee is giving as great service as the bee that finds the deep, heavy bloom of the poets of world renown!"

She was a bit out of breath, and Cheerio got in a practical word.

"What pleases me," he said, "is this: when I started this idea of dropping in to call on somebody who might be glad of a

cheerful greeting on a dark morning, I hadn't exactly reckoned on what every morning in the week would mean in the way of having something to talk about. But I had forgotten that the right kind of call on a convalescent invalid or other shut-in is not a monologue. I might have known I should not have to do all the talking. Such a fine thing has happened! So many persons—personal friends like you, Miss Bee, and Dr. Gale and strange accidental acquaintances like old Starfish and especially this unknown host of co-operative people—poetically speaking, they are honey-bees in the court of the Queen Bee, your sweet little self. But in practical language, they have created the Cheerio Exchange! From now on, all I have to do is to be toastmaster at a birthday breakfast every morning. I shall simply run the program which friendliness and sympathy contributes. Jim Baggs with all his experiences never had such a delightful job of toastmastering as mine!”

But he had some misgivings and again it was Miss Bee who reassured him. She had rebuked him one evening when he had used the phrase: “while I am doing this.” “Cheerio,” she said, “I cannot think of this broadcast as a temporary thing. I feel in my heart that it is going on for years, although you have no idea of that today. The thing which you have started must grow and must develop. You will not find it easy to give it up.”

“Good heavens,” Cheerio said. “You can't go on finding material for years for each of the days of the broadcast. There must be a limit to appropriate selections on authors' birthdays.”

“Of course, there is a limit,” she smiled. “But there is no limit to repetition.”

“I think there is,” protested Cheerio. “The audience will not care to hear the same thing over and over.”

“Indeed, they will! Do you remember our speaking of the little book *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*? Did your mother use that book only one year?”

"Thirty, I think."

"Exactly! Every year as a given day rolled round, she found a loved passage that she had not seen for 364 days. It was a greeting to her for the day, dearer because familiar."

"Yes, but I think radio is different. I believe the listeners want something new all the time."

"Is it so with musical programs? I wonder what would happen to them if that were true, if no composition must ever be heard again. Of course, it isn't so," she went on. "Musical treasures, if they are treasures, become better loved the more we hear them. If they are not treasures, mere ephemera, they are played to death. Let us give the poet the same compliment we pay the composer. Their treasures, too, are made more lovely by repetition."

"Well," Cheerio said, assenting, "if they have heard it, it becomes dearer for re-hearing and there must be a vast number who have not heard it and who might never hear it, if no repetition were the rule."

"Then remember the tremendous value which association gives to a poem or song," Miss Bee concluded. "Everywhere in your audience there will be people to whom the selection will be precious because it was a mother's favorite poem, a father's favorite song—ever welcome for its sacred memories."

Jim Baggs

JIM BAGGS called Miss Bee Cheerio's "Literary Bird Dog."

"She," said Jim, in the oratorical style he delighted in affecting, "will flush out for you, from the thickets and the underbrush and the tall grass of her library shelves, the delicate game birds of literature, the plover of poetry and the partridges of prose. But I, Cheerio, old top, shall be your literary bloodhound. I shall run down for you the red meat of the world's humorous masterpieces, the vitamins of cynicism that will keep your broadcast from anemia."

He was having a grand time and Cheerio, in his turn, enjoyed himself reporting Baggs literally. Many persons, from these reports, took Jim very seriously and heartily disliked him. But one of the Circle, Cheerio called her "Granny of the Understanding Heart," had the right slant on the man.

"As usual," she wrote, "we enjoyed Jim Baggs immensely this morning. As a matter of fact, we are always glad of any old excuse by which Jim enters and enlivens the morning session. I am sure we are all very fond of him and I often wonder if the said J. B. really and truly slips way down into the depths of the valley of humiliation when he realizes, as he must, that we do not take him seriously; when he realizes that the very stimulating brand of J. B. Tobasco is almost as popular as the Cheerio brand of soothing syrup; when he realizes that he is a sort of idol of the sob-sisters and hysterical females of The

Circle of the Mystic Bell. We are sorry to humiliate him, but we must tell the truth. To ease his distress a bit, let us add that even Jim Baggs' very elastic imagination will need to gather even greater elasticity before it can label us all sob-sisters and hysterical females. Tell Jim that really we are just ordinarily intelligent females, with a very fair sprinkling of men, as the letters attest. Intelligent men, too, even Jim Baggs won't dispute that! Our minds and hearts are open to receive, or to give, a kindly thought to others, even as Jim's own mind and heart. He has proved that many times.

"So let's adopt that slogan of 'Wade in!' Let's pass it on to Jim Baggs, your good friend and ours, saying: 'Wade in, J. B.! Just wade in whenever you feel inclined. Be assured we shall always be ready to wade out and meet you half way.'"

Nothing loth, Baggs waded in.

Cheerio and he were walking down the street and Cheerio told him that some British experimenter in radio had successfully reproduced, at the receiving end, an image of the face of the speaker at the broadcasting station. The image was clear enough so the movement of the muscles of the face could be seen. That was years ago and this experiment has gone still further, as may be read in the papers.

"Think of it," Cheerio said, "it's coming! Before we know it, this thing called television will be here and the radio listener will have a vision of the speaker—a clear picture of the man before the microphone in the studio." Cheerio said this with real enthusiasm as they walked along.

"Well," said Jim very quietly, and when Jim is quiet he's dangerous, "when that day comes, you're through!"

"What do you mean, through?"

"You haven't any men in this Circle you speak to," went on Jim. "You haven't had any men since your first talk, but you probably have a good many women, poor souls, and they prob-

ably get a certain kind of comfort, lying there with eyes closed while you pour out your Pollyanna stuff.”

“Anyway,” Cheerio interrupted, “I’d rather be Pollyanna than Mollygrubs.”

“Doubtless,” Jim went on. “But these women enjoy picturing what you look like. That’s where you were really clever, for the first time in your life. You have been doing this under an assumed name.”

Jim stopped while he gave Cheerio a critical look. “If any fair listener ever looked upon your portrait, she would give you the air. You could have it all to yourself, as far as she was concerned. So you see what television will do to you as a radio star!”

Cheerio could tell that Baggs was enjoying himself, so only asked: “Is that so?” and started walking on.

“You know what happens,” Jim said, “when the peacock speaks. He’s a joy to the eye but an offense to the ear. Take some of these movie idols. Watch ’em on the silent screen. How eloquently they seem to speak, you can fairly hear the music in their voices. Of course, it’s all in your mind. Then let some of them make a personal appearance and say a few words and out comes a harsh, unsympathetic voice, and the illusion is shattered. That’s you, only reverse it in your case. While you are purring over the radio, your lady listeners are imagining that you look the part. Television would be fatal to you, my boy!”

Cheerio never wilted under all this sarcasm, but quoted in a nonchalant way Anthony Euwer’s philosophical poem which Woodrow Wilson used—

MY FACE*

*“As a beauty I’m not a great star;
Others are handsomer far;*

*By permission of Anthony Euwer.

*But my face, I don't mind it
Because I'm behind it;
It's the folks in the front that I jar!"*

There was a remarkable aftermath to this conversation. Cheerio had to be out of the city one Saturday. Russ Gilbert was "batting for Cheerio" in that efficient style which has meant so much to the continuity of the broadcast as a daily program through one vacation after another. To Russ' surprise the Honorable James Baggs appeared at the studio and offered to speak a word in behalf of his dear friend, the absent broadcaster. Jim stepped to the microphone and spoke as follows:

"My dear friends: An honest confession is good for the soul and I have asked the privilege of speaking to you this morning because my conscience has been troubling me a little. I fear that indirectly, by some careless remarks about television which were quoted, I gave the impression that television would interfere with Cheerio's efforts, that my dear friend is not all that he should be as regards his personal appearance. For this reason, I have taken the opportunity presented by Cheerio's absence from New York this week-end to come before the microphone and publicly beg his pardon. I shall do my best to make amends by giving a detailed and accurate description of the dear fellow.

"Cheerio is a man whom it is extremely difficult to describe. On different occasions artists and sculptors have endeavored to present to the world a likeness of this remarkable person, but they have all failed to satisfy his admirers. Something always seems to escape them. They may accurately reproduce the broad brow, with the heavy iron-gray hair sweeping back from it, the massive head held proudly on a neck that resembles a column from a Greek temple, the splendid torso with its suggestion of great strength held in careful reserve, but the spiritual quality of the man, the magnetism of his personality, seems un-

willing to be captured by mere paint or marble. How then should I hope to fix in mere words what the graphic and plastic arts have failed to grasp and hold? But I shall try.

"Picture to yourself a human figure that seems to combine the virility and the beauty of all the classic marbles in the Louvre at Paris; imagine a face that seems to be a symphonic echo of all the manly beauty that shines upon the silver sheet at your favorite picture palace, and you get a faint idea of what this man, my friend, Cheerio, looks like. I say you may get an idea, but I doubt it. Cheerio is Apollo Belvedere and Rudolph Valentino joined in one person, with a suggestion of Douglas Fairbanks. Of course, he has his off moments, as we all have, when he looks like a mixture of the Dying Gladiator and Lon Chaney but these moments are rare and usually he is his own magnificent self.

"From this faltering description of my friend it will be apparent, to all, why Cheerio could not give a personal picture of himself over the air. It will also explain why his portrait does not appear in the publicity of the National Broadcasting Company. It would be unfair to the other artists who are, after all, simple, human beings like ourselves.

"As I look back over the pen picture I have drawn of my friend, I feel a glow of satisfaction at the service I have rendered the dear fellow. Now, when his sweet voice rings out in his daily salutation, he can have the satisfaction of knowing that he is no longer a stranger, in face and form, to his invisible audience. He can rest assured that he realizes the ideal of each and every one of them. And, if I have omitted any element, just put it in. As for myself, his devoted friend, I have done my durndest and angels can do no more. I thank you!"

Following his burglarious entrance upon the air during Cheerio's absence, Jim saw the radio personality weeks later.

"I really want to help you, Cheerio," he said seriously. "I

know that my 'higher criticism' of you is going to be an aid in your work, but I do not wish to limit my assistance to criticism, however constructive. I do not want Miss Bee to get ahead of me with her contributions. Therefore, I am going to keep track of things and send them in for you to use. I shall try to mail you every day an envelope which will contain a little message, a ray of sunshine, a bit of wisdom for the day. Will that be of service?"

"Why, bless your old heart!" Cheerio cried, slapping him on the back. "You're a good scout, after all, but won't it be too much of a task for you?"

"Oh no," said Jim. "These are merely little crumbs that are given to me right along and all I shall be doing is to pass them on to others who may need them. I do not feel that I should keep them for myself, anyway." He drew from his pocket one of his office envelopes, addressed to Cheerio at the studio. "Here. See? I have already started my morning service. Each morning hereafter you will find a similar envelope at the studio."

"Good old boy! It's wonderful for you to cooperate like this!"

"Don't mention it. It's a pleasure to anybody to do what I am doing. Really, there's nothing new or original about it—it's being done all the time. Everybody's doing it!"

With that he said good-bye and went on down the street. Cheerio didn't exactly get the significance of the gift until he had read the communication which Jim had slipped into his hand.

"To the great unknown audience of the vast unseen, greetings from Jim Baggs, private citizen, husband, and father!" it began. "Yesterday I listened to the wonderful words of Cheerio, floating out on the morning air, urging all who have cheer in their hearts to pass it on to others less fortunate than they. I,

Jim Baggs, am a poor man, as the material possessions of this world go, but I have a houseful of jewels, a family of six of the brightest children to be found in our city. If I can quote the passage correctly, 'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings shall come wisdom for the elders.' It is these treasures that I have decided to pass on to Cheerio's mystic audience. I realize that this is not the first time a proud parent has done this sort of thing, but I feel that perhaps never before has this privilege been granted to a father on such a scale as this. I can only hope that it may give others as much pleasure as it gives me. It cannot fail to prove, what is really well-known to a limited neighborhood and to a portion of the public school system of our city, that the Baggs children are some kids!"

Cheerio did not comment on this letter, for he was uncertain what to think of it. He had heard Jim Baggs repeat the bright sayings of his children many times, but had received them with one mental reservation: he never believed the things were actually said in Jim's own family. So, he said, if the Circle could stand those morning morsels a while, he would like to please Jim by putting "the kids" on the air.

It was done, but from the first, listeners were "on to him," as the saying goes, and some of their comments were very amusing. One letter wanted to know how old the Baggs' children were, because, if they were as old as the stories, they had grandchildren of their own! That was the beginning of the sending in of many amusing bits from the members of the Circle, for it stimulated others to follow the illustrious example of Jim. Many an echo came from the nurseries of the great Circle.

"I am not sure that you fully appreciate the value I am to you in your morning broadcast," Jim boasted one day.

"Oh yes, I do," Cheerio assured him. "I have had letters from people who like your kids, trusting people who believe your

children really say the things you report, which is more than I do."

"That's all right with me," Jim said, "my kids never say anything funny in front of you because they don't think you have a sense of humor. There is no person more depressing in the world than the literal-minded one who takes a joker seriously. And you have that effect upon my children. They believe in the self-expression of their own generation and they know that you are hopelessly a back number."

"Is that so?" Cheerio replied. "Well, when it comes to back numbers, you know I've had letters from people who say that your children are expressing the humor of a generation or two ago."

Cheerio should have known better than to mention the age of Jim's jokes or those attributed to his children. Jim had too much rebound and back he came, in the following days, with a lengthy explanation which he contended proved that his jokes had been found on papyri in King Tutankhamen's tomb and were bedtime stories provided by the court jester. He declared that age could not wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the Bagg-Tut collection, of which he was sole possessor.

So the two continued to battle for years. Their friendly tilts were carried out on the air, just as were the humorous masterpieces which Jim provided in his role of literary bloodhound. His jokes gave happy-enders for the daily programs and his "vitamins of cynicism" about every phase of the Cheerio broadcast roused listeners to healthy shouts of disagreement expressed in heated letters, but elastic Jim was always ready with a snappy come-back. He continued to bob up in the broadcast, although his happy-enders were incorporated in the Sleuth Eavesdropper, that incredible wonder working device by which

any receiving set not tuned in to the Cheerio program may be converted into a broadcasting set and thus all sorts of quips and cranks are instantly caught-up from the far-away spot where they may be taking place and broadcast to the radio audience!

The Little Minister

CHEERIO acknowledged his debt to many who had helped him carry on his initial desire to greet the sick or friendless who needed a good start for the day. He knew how impossible it would have been to go on without Miss Bee searching through the library shelves; he felt indebted to the Bookseller for the birthday greetings and the ritual of sending out prayers of thought and to Dr. Gale with his sound medical advice. He even appreciated Jim Baggs and the lighter moments that sarcastic gentleman had provided. But there was another to whom he wished to turn for instruction, advice and help. He hesitated, since the man had never offered to contribute his services. As usual, Cheerio took his problem to Dr. Gale, arriving a bit early at a dinner party the Gales were giving. He spoke of their friend, who was a minister.

“As you know, he’s a very human chap and what I like about him is that he doesn’t hit you with his faith. He radiates it and somehow or other you respond to it without realizing exactly why,” Cheerio began, recalling their school days, in which Dr. Gale had shared. “In college, you remember, he was a track man and finished a race strong, even when he did not win it. He never set up to be any better than the rest of us fellows, only we all knew instinctively that he was better. You recall our crowd was anxious to have his good opinion, just because we had an intuitive respect for him. That speaks lots for a man, I think, don’t you?”

"He was always about the freshest and cleanest looking man in college," Cheerio went on as Dr. Gale assented. "He has never lost that look, in spite of a reasonable number of years coming his way. You know, Tom, he has the same boyish red cheeks, eyes as clear as a youngster's and, while the rest of us pick up lines in our skin, his face keeps on being smooth. He's wholesome, that's what he is, outside and in. That is why I need his help on this broadcast. I know that when one is in sickness or sorrow there couldn't be a better man to come into the home. He brings in goodness rather than any special doctrine. You feel that his faith means everything to him, but he does not seem concerned that you should have the letter of it so long as the spirit which actuates you is sweet and sound. How should I put it? He's got uplift without argument. Does that mean anything to you? It does to me.

"Having a friend like that, I have felt all along that he could be of help, but he would never thrust himself forward; that is the way he is, waits for the other fellow who needs him. As I said, I never asked him for help because I realize that coming after the prayer service, as my program does, I may easily be taken to be part of the work of the Federation of Churches and that would be unfair to them and to me. You see, I want to feel that Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant are joining me in the Cheerio Exchange without limitation, without division in thought, just one in good-will. So I was afraid.

"I'm pouring out a lot to you, Tom, but be patient a moment longer," Cheerio continued. "This man whose help I need and whom I shall call the 'Little Minister' fits into my ideas of universal service. There is no narrow meaning to that word minister when it is applied to him. With him it is the same as with me—my listeners know nothing about me beyond the basic fact that I would like to be of service to them. I may be an advertising man, a banker, an editor, manufacturer or merchant. What

difference does it make? On the basic fact of service, I rest my name of Cheerio. So when I speak of my friend and call him the Little Minister, he may be a priest, a rabbi, an Episcopalian rector or an Evangelical pastor—what difference does it make? Any man of God is a minister, whatever be his creed, and on the basic fact of my friend's ministry, his service to the spirit, rests the name I have given him, the Little Minister. And yet can I safely ask his help?"

"I understand your worry about that," Dr. Gale said. "You wish to be all things to all men, but it does seem to me that in worrying about the externals you have missed the substance of the thing. In fact, you have left out a vital factor in the accomplishment of your simple purpose, and I say that entirely from my viewpoint as a physician. You may remember," he went on, "I read to you one Sunday from Plato, about the mistake of treating the body and the soul as though they were two individual realities. It is true that for certain purposes we find it convenient to split up our idea of a human being into the physical and the spiritual. On the other hand, for certain very practical purposes, we have to consider the human being as a whole. For example, fear is just as true a force in interfering with a person's effectiveness as a toothache. Actually, self-confidence is as important as being properly nourished. What I want you to understand, Cheerio, is that what many call religion may be considered, from a biological point of view, as including those ideas, purposes, or aspirations which serve to unify the personality into an effective dynamic system.

"Now then," he went on, black eyebrows drawn close together in his earnestness, "you can put the religious factor into your broadcasting without breaking your determination to be all things to all men, as far as that is humanly possible. Our friend the Little Minister can be trusted to help you, without hurting you. We both know he has a firm hold, underneath the

externals of his own particular creed, on that basic thing in religion that will do the thing I spoke of—unify the personality of the listener. Only the narrowest prejudice will take offense. Of course, you must be prepared for objections. Somebody will find fault because your adviser isn't religious after his own special manner, others will resent him because he represents religion, no matter how basic it is, but you needn't sacrifice the interests of the many for fear of a few extremists."

The two had talked so long that when Dr. Gale's dinner guests were announced both men started up in surprise. Yet it seemed almost as if Cheerio's problems were in the air, for dinner guests began talking about Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's sermon on *Preventive Religion*. One guest said that Dr. Fosdick had compared the history of religion to the history of medicine. Dr. Gale remarked that the Chinese had always had the proper theory about medical practice, just the opposite from the one reflected in the words of the New Testament: "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." The Chinese paid their doctors to keep them well, but if they fell ill the physician received nothing. Dr. Gale laughed and said: "That is going to extremes. I would hardly agree with the custom of paying only for prevention and nothing for cure, since one hundred percent prevention is asking too much. I do admit the Chinese were ahead of their time in regard to the world's attitude toward medicine.

"They were as ignorant as the rest of the world as to preventive medicine, but at least they had some sound ideas on the care of the body. The rest of the world was absorbed in the matter of cure and it spent its energies in discovering remedies for disease. But all the time, there was a wise old saying: 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' Erasmus said that, and he got it from the Romans and probably the Romans got it from the Chinese somehow or other. At last there grew

up the realization of how fundamental this old saying is, with the result that an average of ten years or more has been added to the life expectancy of the individual," Dr. Gale ended.

One of the dinner guests, going back to the Biblical passage, said that Dr. Fosdick pointed out in his sermon that the history of religion was much like that of medicine, the emphasis had been laid on the power of religion to save after the soul was sick, but that modern religious practice ought to recognise the power of a true religion to prevent soul-sickness. But, he said, the healing of the sick in body, and the sick in soul, is dramatic and makes its appeal, while merely keeping well, physically and spiritually, is commonplace in comparison. Then another guest said that passage in the Bible which says there is more joy in the presence of angels over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who went not astray, always tempted him to think that he ought to be a sinner in order to repent and cause joy in heaven. Dr. Fosdick was quoted on this point as saying that there ought to be more people rejoicing in the youth who crosses the Jordan of experience, early in life, and walks along the right bank thereafter than in the spectacle of the world-scarred soul struggling through the deep waters farther down stream and clambering out upon the bank dripping and chilled and exhausted, but saved.

After the party broke up, Cheerio stayed on, alone with Dr. Gale. While he had been listening at the table he thought of the letters which had come through the Cheerio Exchange on the subject all had been discussing. He could not speak of them because only a few friends like Dr. Gale, Miss Bee and Jim Baggs knew he was doing a broadcast. Dr. Gale's interest, his encouragement in the making of the program, gave Cheerio not only courage but a sense of fitness in mentioning the Exchange letters.

"It is the same with you as with the history of medicine," Dr.

Gale said. "You get your big kick out of the letters that tell of recovery, that describe some situation when they felt down-and-out and full of despair and along you came with your Cheerio Exchange, that particular morning of all mornings, as though by a miracle. Something in some poem seemed to change the whole situation for them, gave them a better angle, and so on."

"Yes," Cheerio said, "you're right. Letters like that just keep me going. They change it from a grind to a grand and glorious feeling." Then he pulled out of his pocket, even though it was a dinner coat pocket, letters that had come. People in cities live at such a pace one has to be prepared for any chance opportunity to talk even to an old friend. One of these letters Cheerio read. It said: "I have never lost faith, always said I could get better. I've been a shut-in now since 1912, on my back for six years, helpless. I am now starting again. And what do you think? I have been out several times, all alone with one crutch, and I will soon be giving that up, for I often go without it in the house and leave it somewhere and can't find it. And this is all through listening to my Cheerio Exchange. Isn't that wonderful?"

Cheerio made haste to say to Tom Gale, who was listening to the letter with a shadowy smile on his lips: "I don't make the mistake of believing that nice remark that it all came about through our Exchange, but I do get a big kick, as you say, out of feeling that we have had some part in it, just as you told me we would when I first asked your advice about this broadcast."

"Don't misunderstand me," Dr. Gale said, "I'm not belittling such things in the least. They brought up that Fosdick sermon and the preventive idea, in religion and in medicine. What I wanted to say to you is, don't overlook something in connection with your broadcast and the letters that come in to you. A letter like that woman's is dramatic. There's a thrill to you in it and those others you showed me recently—where the woman

walked out to get your birthday card, and where the other woman turned on the radio instead of turning on the gas to end it all. Oh, yes, those are thrilling letters and when you read them on the air they stir those who are listening to you.

“But I’ll tell you of another thrill. You remember someone quoted Fosdick as saying that one of the greatest moments in history was when Pasteur concluded that a cow which had had anthrax was forever immune to that disease. If you’ve had one you’ve had a thousand letters that made a very simple little statement to you. Something like this: ‘your morning broadcast starts my day right; it seems to last through the day and the day goes better because of it.’ I suppose you never read a simple commonplace letter like that to the rest of your Exchange. Commonplace! Why man, do you know what those letters mean? They mean there’s something in what you have read during the birthday ritual or in the very idea of that friendly service that sets up in them an immunity and during the day when some germ of weakness, doubt, fear or irritation comes floating along in the air, the person unconsciously is unresponsive and unreceptive to the invader. Your healthful thought, sent out on the air, beats the germ-thought to it. Eventually you get a letter that simply says the cheerful effect of your broadcast seems to last through the day. I’ll tell you,” he had warmed to his subject, “those are the letters that mean the most to me in what you are doing. I see in them the inoculation of cheerfulness against the chill of fear; the vaccination of good-will against the pock-marking fever of self-pity; the quarantine of gratitude for one’s blessings against the paralysis of depression. Those letters are wonderfully dramatic to me, for they are a great chorus of testimony that radio is playing its part in this new era that Dr. Fosdick spoke of, in medicine, in religion, in ethics—the era of preventive service to humanity.”

After that long talk with Dr. Gale, Cheerio sought out the

man whom he had named the Little Minister. He asked for things to read occasionally and explained his doubts about seeking such a service.

"You needn't have worried that I would get you into any trouble," the minister said. "In your attitude toward religion, in a radio broadcast, I think you are justified in stating that we are witnessing the birth of a new religion. It has its revelations of the divine in modern dramas, poems, novels, scientific discoveries, mechanical inventions, commercial life and social reform. It proclaims the birthright of every person to be happy, free, and healthy. Today men are praying not merely on their knees, but on their feet. With eyes wide open, they are engaged in the practical work of life, conquering poverty, relieving the famine sufferers, curing the sick, reforming the criminals, righting the wrongs of industrial life, and serving the people in the various forms of commercial activity."

The Little Minister said that Emerson expressed this modern religion in the words: "Let religion cease to be occasional." "Every man," the minister continued, "who labors for the betterment of society is an incarnation of the divine; he is a redeemer in his own small way. Every book with a vital religious message is a sort of Bible, every day is a holy day, every man who does good work or who suffers heroically is a priest of God." As the Little Minister continued his clear blue eyes were shining with the spiritual fervor which makes him an inspiration to all who know him. "Every lofty aspiration is a prayer, the whole universe is a sacred temple and the strivings of man toward the realization of the ideal, be it in the White House at Washington or in the poorest sick room in the nation, is a never-ending service in the great cathedral of God!"

"But, I know there are a great many who do not believe in such a thing as a new religion," countered Cheerio. "For instance, I saw a news item the other day about a religious sect

which had the length of its members' garments prescribed for it by its founder. Later the church modified the rule to some extent, but an old man denounced this action because, he said, 'God is unchanging and could not have permitted this deviation from the established custom.'

Cheerio laughed and the Little Minister smiled as well, but shook his head seriously and said: "It isn't so funny, extreme case as it seems, when you think how many sincere people take exactly the same stand and are distressed and even infuriated by the attitude of others on the things which belong to their own religious experience. I have a friend, Reverend Robert Norwood, who said in his pulpit: 'We sing in one of our hymns about new thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven, but how are we to have new thoughts of God if the old thoughts get obstinately in the way, if we are told that we must never change, by jot or tittle, the letter of our theology about God when God is constantly eager to give us new ideals as to the eternal spirit of religion? Do not be afraid of your doubts or your uncertainties nor be afraid of those challenging moments when you demand for yourself some new veracity. Prove all things by the way you live. The best path to God is the obvious path of service. Love a little more. Be faithful a little more. Serve a little more. And then watch God reveal Himself to you in a larger and lovelier way. For this is the beauty and the miracle: the path to God is the path of the trivial round and the common task. And suddenly, in this lowly by-path of life, in a blinding radiance, the hiding God reveals Himself!

"The most wonderful story that was ever written is about two women on the way to the Saviour's tomb, as we are on the way to this dark mystery. Notice what they are doing—bearing spices, little simple, homely gifts, in their hands. They are not asking, not making any demands, but they are doing a definite thing—they are on the path of loving service. Some one whom

they loved has been hurt and they are doing their poor simple best to help; rising early in the morning to do the little that lay within their power. They are not asking to know the secret of the universe, to meet a beautiful Lord Christ in a garden, to meet an angel at the tomb. They are not asking for phenomena, not asking and demanding for manifestations; they are asking only for an opportunity to express the love that is in their hearts, and to them the stone is rolled away.

“Do not ask for a solution. Do not ask to communicate with your beloved ones. Do not go to the sorcerers and witches, to those who peep and mutter. Stand in your own right and in your own order. Go on your way with the spices of loving thoughts and beautiful deeds, and you will find that the stone has been rolled away.

“Who is God? Go on with your spices and you will know. What is the soul? Go on; be fragrant with loveliness for humanity and you will become an authority on the soul. Can we commune with those behind the veil? Still give . . . give . . . give to those who are this side of the veil, and those others shall be closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet. I call you, my comrades, those of you who are ready, to the adventure of the path of the sweet spices. There are no stones at the end of that path.”

Both men were silent for a while after part of Robert Norwood's sermon had been read. Then the Little Minister went on. “Really, Cheerio, I think you do not need to be much afraid of what I may say to you, for I would consider myself, for your radio purposes, what has been called ‘a priest after the order of Melchizedek.’”

As Cheerio looked puzzled, the Little Minister drew from his pocket a shiny black wallet and took a bit of typewriting from it. “This poem will explain,” he said, “not only to you, but to your listeners. It will sound like heresy to some, perhaps, but

it seems to me Dr. Gale was right and only the narrowest prejudice could justify the thought, for this poem was written and published by a man who speaks from one of the great pulpits of New York. I will tell you solemnly, I believe that this poem expresses what lies deepest in the heart of any man who is worthy to be called a priest of God."

Cheerio read *After the Order of Melchizedek** which Robert Norwood had written:

*I am a priest upon whose head
God, long ago, poured holy oil.
He gave to me a word, and said:
"With this thou shalt mankind assoil"*

*I come from out the Holy Place
With benediction for the earth,
To wipe the tears from every face,
And tell the fallen one his worth.*

*My business is to be a priest
Whose holy task is to forgive,
To bid the beggar to the feast,
To touch the dead and make them live.*

*I have no temple and no creed;
I celebrate no mystic rite;
The human heart is all I need
Wherein I worship, day and night.*

*The human heart is all I need,
For I have found God ever there—
Love is the one sufficient creed,
And comradeship the purest prayer.*

*I bow not down to any book,
No written page holds me in awe,*

*By permission of Mrs. Norwood.

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*For when on one friend's face I look
I read the Prophets and the Law.*

*I need no fountain filled with blood
To cleanse my soul from mortal sin,
For Love is an unbounded flood—
Freely I go to wash therein.*

*"Love" is the word God gave, and said:
"With this thou shalt mankind assoil!"
Then forthwith poured upon my head
Anointing of His holy oil.*

Not long after that first talk, the Little Minister and Cheerio were together again.

"You have shown me letters that speak of the loneliness of the writers, but I think," he said, "we are too prone to let ourselves be conscious of our human loneliness instead of being conscious of God."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Cheerio asked.

"I mean wherever a man may be and whatever he may be doing he may be conscious of the presence of God, in whatever aspect he may interpret that word God. The training of a man's spiritual nature is a problem of supreme importance. There are latent spiritual aptitudes in every person and they may be developed. Man needs to contemplate the highest in his life, until thought, will, and emotion are perfectly fused and he is enraptured with the consciousness of what I call the presence of God."

"But," Cheerio protested, "the development of the spiritual nature seems difficult to many persons."

"I know, but it is helpful to have a fixed time every day to devote to that development. The time comes in the life of every earnest seeker when the consciousness of God is easily realized. It is possible for a person to build, in his mind and by the train-

ing of his thoughts, a spiritual universe and in it God is the all-pervading presence. The worth of this conception of God is determined by the way it meets the tests of life. I know Tom Gale would agree with this.

“If in the time of sickness it gives you more strength to bear the pain and be patient; if in the moment of temptation it helps you to resist the vice that threatens to overwhelm you; if it inspires you to rise above the hatreds of life and the desire to make use of revenge; if in the hour of discouragement it drives away doubts and fills you with courage; if in the time of sorrow it enables you to realize that all life is one and death cannot destroy your love, then you may be certain that such a belief is not a mere subjective fancy, but has great value.

“In a family of my acquaintance there is a slogan as follows: ‘Don’t get scared; you’ll get your quilt.’ Of course that slogan makes no sense unless you know its origin. It seems that all but Grandma had gone to church. On returning, the six-year-old came into the house first and when Grandma asked him what the minister’s text was, he replied: ‘Don’t get scared; you’ll get your quilt.’ Grandma was considerably puzzled at this. When the rest of the family came in, Grandma learned that the text really was ‘Fear not, the Comforter shall come.’” The Little Minister smiled, but did not break the thread of his thought.

“That is just what happens to me. I go into my pulpit with a chosen text and preach the best sermon I can on that text. I make myself as clear as possible, trying to stir the spiritual understanding of those who listen to me, striving to give them something to lay hold on, to carry away with them to use in their lives during the coming week. How often it happens that even my text is not understood, that apparently my effort has gone for naught!”

“Well,” Cheerio said, “even I, in this little broadcasting stunt of mine, know how easily one is not heard aright.”

"I have been speaking from my heart, for many years," said the Little Minister, "as best it has been given me to speak, and I have learned some things that give the lie to discouragement. I am aware of the mystical fact that words are seeds and that sometimes the seedsman appears to have put them in the wrong envelope, so that when they have fallen upon good ground they spring up and bear entirely different blossoms from the picture on the package. I remember once hearing a dear lady tell how she had seen in a seedsman's window in Florence, Italy, some morning-glories whose name, translated, meant 'Heavenly Blue.' This appealed to her for she loved that color. She bought the seeds, brought them home to this country and carefully nourished them until they came up out of the earth, in due time bearing a crop of splendid red tomatoes! This woman said to me, and I thought her a real philosopher: 'I do love blue flowers, but I also love sliced tomatoes, and so I feel that all is not lost!'

"I recall a story, told in connection with Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, which seems to me to illustrate the service your broadcast is rendering. It is said that when Thorwaldsen returned to his native Denmark with those wonderful works of art which have made his name immortal and which he chiseled in Italy with patient toil and glowing inspiration, the servants who unpacked the marbles scattered straw on the ground. The next summer flowers from the gardens of Rome were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen from the seeds all unknowingly planted.

"So you, Cheerio, as all others in life, are dropping words and scattering seeds of kindness which tomorrow flower in the gardens of God, though they may seem the dusty streets of earth. A few seed-words dropped by you on the morning air have bloomed into lovely thoughts, renewed courage, hope and cheer, thoughtful deeds of kindness for others. We cannot even guess the beauty spots that spring up here, there, everywhere because of words spoken often by chance.

"No," the Little Minister went on, "there is really no loss in this world where the seeds are planted in sincerity and love. It matters very little what was said that Sunday morning by the clergyman who preached the text: 'Fear not, the Comforter shall come.' To be quite frank with you," and he laughed, "I have an idea that this family would never have made a slogan out of that text as the result of the sermon alone. So often it is proved, though we joke about it more often than we take it seriously, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.' It was that youngster who really brought the sermon home that Sunday. Back of that child's phrase is the spiritual magic of the idea that we shall put aside fear and worry and anxiety and distrust; for there is a Comforter ever ready to our needs.

"I don't mean to sermonize to you, Cheerio, but this applies to you in a way. You are sowing seeds, in your own manner, by the broadcast in the morning. You have a seedbag, that is being filled gradually by the kindly hands of those who are rallying to the support of your idea. You are scattering these contributed seeds abroad. But you must expect that many of the things you say will be misunderstood, that is often the fate of the spoken word and even the written word does not escape. But the response that has come to you so far in the operation of what you call the Cheerio Exchange has shown that words uttered in sincerity and received in gratitude have, by a sort of magic—I use the word in its best sense—been made to serve. And that I know to be the only reason that this sower went forth to sow!

"Let me tell you how I estimate this Exchange of yours. The Scripture says: 'and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth, and when the sun was up, they were scorched and because they had no root they

withered away; and some fell among thorns and the thorns sprung up and choked them; but others fell upon good ground and brought forth fruit.' Believe me," he said fervently, "I do not think it is irreverent to quote Scripture in connection with your radio broadcast and to say, 'He who hath ears to hear, let him hear.' Your Circle, which has been created by the simple call of an impulse of good-will, is composed of those who received the seed into good ground, hearing the word of kindness and understanding, while the letters which make up the daily operation of your Exchange, are the fruit brought forth, some an hundredfold, some three hundredfold."

Then he drew out again that black wallet of his and found in it a little poem by John Oxenham which he gave to Cheerio, saying: "This expresses it all more musically than I can—take it along."

SOWERS OF SEEDS*

*I spoke a word,
And no one heard;
I wrote a word,
And no one cared,
Or seemed to heed;
But after half a score of years
It blossomed in a fragrant deed.*

*Preachers and teachers all are we,—
Sowers of seeds unconsciously.
Our hearers are beyond our ken,
Yet all we give may come again
With usury of joy or pain.
We never know
To what one little word may grow.
See to it then that all your seeds
Be such as bring forth noble deeds.*

*By permission of John Oxenham.

The Bell

AGAIN the lights in Dr. Tom Gale's study were burning late. Cheerio had sought his old friend for reassurance regarding the continuation of the birthday ritual, a little abashed that he doubted this portion of the program's value yet wanting to be very sure he was correct. The soft glow of shaded lamps and the comfortable presence of his friend eased his uncertainty even before Dr. Gale began to speak.

"I encouraged you to do that little stunt which your stargazing friend suggested because of a very real reason," Dr. Gale said positively, but not impatiently. "It will do good. Repetition won't hurt it, because it is based on something that is new every day to some one. 'Every day is somebody's birthday.'"

"Yes, I know, but it isn't everybody's birthday," interrupted Cheerio. "It is only somebody's and everybody isn't interested in somebody."

Tom Gale put a strong hand on Cheerio's arm.

"Don't you think it will do everybody good to be interested in somebody, particularly when they are under unusual temptation to think only of themselves? It is not foolish and don't let what the Bookseller says is its occult nature keep you from doing a real human service, however fanciful or fantastic may be the manner of it. Somewhere, in that Circle of convalescent invalids and shut-ins there is bound to be somebody to whom the day is important, because it is a birthday. And remember,

too, it's a birthday that especially needs some bright candles lighted on a cake. You know what I mean. You and I, my boy, busy with the day's activities, can forget about our day when it comes around and it won't hurt us any, but don't let us pass by the birthday of the one who has nothing to do but think, and perhaps suffer while thinking."

Cheerio was more impressed by Dr. Gale's earnest enthusiasm than he had been by the fervor of the Bookseller. Yet both seemed to see beyond the birthday idea itself into things he did not perceive. "At least I've an open mind," he consoled himself.

"Now, I want you to imagine that great Circle of people putting its individual minds on a good, friendly thought for others who are having birthdays. Then, in your mental eye, see the birthday folks happily conscious of that fact and enjoying the realization, as they lie or sit, ill or maimed, in home or hospital, that they are the center of those wishes. Naturally, they will open their hearts to receive the thought of that good-will. You can believe that would bring a definite enjoyment, can't you? If all the great Circle which is sending out the wish thinks of the pleasure of those who are receiving it, what have you got? Not a stunt to be handled indifferently, or given up for fear it may grow stale by repetition, but a real human service!"

So Cheerio continued what he called the "hocus-pocus" and found that many listeners agreed with the Doctor. Cheerio told the Bookseller of the idea's success, one afternoon when he went back to the little shop.

"Certainly a lot of our listeners are strong for you. And here's one that picks me up sharply: 'Hocus-pocus nothing!' she writes. 'Thoughts are things! The Star Man is right, and you are called to a wonderful service in this world, so gray and humdrum to many.'

"And here's a letter which I think is a real testimonial for

you," Cheerio continued. "Listen to this—I was one who said I did not like the mystic part, but I assure you it was with no ill-feeling toward our friend, the Bookseller. It was because I had spent twenty-eight years of my life around one who thought of nothing but mysteries of every description and who lived a narrow, selfish life. I do enjoy everything you say and am glad the mystic part is doing such wonderful work. My throat gets tight, my eyes grow dim—I am not ashamed to say I weep—because I have a heart.'"

"How well I know what that letter explains," said the Bookseller, nodding strong assent. "That is the case with the Oriental mystic who retires from the world and its activities into a life of contemplation. He fails of the highest development when he attempts to make of himself an ever-expanding, but ever self-contained reservoir—open at the top for the inflow of knowledge, but without sufficient outlet, resulting in a stagnation."

"Well," Cheerio answered, "our Occidental idea is entirely different, I'm sure. As you once said, we have the ideal of service. That's what led me to give the time to this broadcast every morning, I suppose."

The Bookseller smiled that funny smile of his which rather disarms one.

"The practical Occidental," he said, "fails equally when he closes his reservoir at the top. He imprisons within it whatever fragments of creed and dogma may have been dropped into it in his early youth; he assumes that these embody all of spiritual truths that ever existed, or that he will ever need. And then he opens that reservoir at the bottom into innumerable busy outlets, which you describe as the ideal of service, but they are fed only by stagnating waters." He could see that Cheerio was chilled a little by this kind of talk. "I do not mean that you should build water-gates," he went on, "to hold within yourself the River of Life. I only ask you to remember that it is a

river, to understand that it must continually flow, that you may the more fully serve!"

"I feel that I am serving," said Cheerio, somewhat challenged by what had been said. "Don't these letters show it? Here's one which says: 'I think we each find in your voice just what we need and are looking for. You express more than you really know you do.'"

"I am sure that is true," said the Bookseller. "But you must not make the mistake of thinking that it is simply the quality of your voice; you must not think that it is any special gift of yours, or any reservoir of education or life experience or treasures of memory. My dear friend," he bent toward Cheerio earnestly, "it is simply that you have been so blessed as to have unwittingly made yourself, not a reservoir, sealed at the bottom and receiving from the top, not one sealed at the top and leaking out at the bottom in a false ideal of service, but a channel through which flows truth and life."

The Bookseller's tone suggested that Cheerio himself had nothing to do with the morning program. So Cheerio said, feeling, the moment the words were off his lips, like a spoiled child: "You mean there is no credit coming to me in this matter?"

"No credit at all," the Bookseller answered promptly. "Your reward is in results, and you can get results only if you make sure of one thing. Putting it plainly and from the standpoint of your listeners, one of two things will happen: either they will tune out self, or they will tune out you. That is the test of your audience. But even though they are willing to tune out self, they will tune you out if you have not been the first to tune out self. You must think of yourself as a channel, and a channel only."

Cheerio, contrite and sorry for the selfish slip he had made,

rummaged through the sheaf of letters he had brought with him to the Bookshop.

"It seems to me a lot of these correspondents have tuned out self. Look at this one. 'Wishing is a child's game, but the child is still within every one of us and the first time I heard you say to make a wish, I wished. I wished for happiness for myself. The next day I wished again for happiness for my family. And the next day, I wished for happiness for all the world. Did you do this to me? Is that the wish that you are sending out each morning from lifted hands? I think it must be!'

"Here's one," said Cheerio, "thinking of others at the moment of friendly thought: 'There are lots of lonely souls everywhere who have no one, so I always wish the birthday wish for those whom no one remembers, and I hope something does come to them, even if we do not hear of it.' But we do hear of it, my good friend, in letters like this: 'No birthday cards, no presents, but the happiest I have ever known because kind hearts were wishing me a happy birthday, not even knowing whether I deserved it or not, just a wish, pure and good. The first real birthday at fifty-seven.'

"These letters get at one's heart," Cheerio remarked, glancing at the Bookseller, whose brown beard was being stroked slowly as he looked off into the distance and nodded his head with a suggestion of "Go on, I'm listening." So Cheerio drew another letter from its small envelope and said: "Here is one which has a deep significance which you will appreciate. Shall I read it?"

"I am waiting," the Bookseller said from behind his hand and beard.

"Perhaps you would not like to think of your birthday wishes as little prayers, but to me they are often just that, prayers winging their way along God's radio currents, perhaps to unknown realms where kind mothers are listening and hop-

ing to be remembered. How closely those dear unapproachable folks seems to hover; surely they will hear us sometime and know that love and faith know no boundaries of time and space.'

"All these letters are rather wonderful, it seems to me, and each has its own interpretation of the meaning of the wish," Cheerio said, meditatively. "But here is one report which I must read you. This woman writes that she visited an old lady of seventy-five 'living in the back woods. I found her all dressed up and in the dining room of her farm house where the table was set for guests. I asked her if she expected company and she replied that "This is my birthday and I have had guests. We enjoyed it so much. I have had radio friends today—Cheerio and the others on his program were my guests." I wish you might have seen the smile of contentment on her dear, old face.'

"I am frank to tell you," Cheerio said to the Bookseller, "the stroke of the bell seems to start something larger than self."

"Did I not tell you it was a magic bell?" the Bookseller said breaking his silence. Getting up from his chair, he stepped to the shop's door, looked into the street and then closed and locked the door.

"Why do that? It is not your closing time," said Cheerio. "That is very bad for business."

"Never mind. Closing time is almost here and I must not be interrupted in the story I have to tell you about this bell you have been using for weeks and which has brought you such amazing letters in response. I will tell you the story as briefly as I can, but we must not be disturbed. The time has come for you to know the truth about the bell. I am afraid to keep it hidden any longer."

"What's the matter with it? I know you said that it was stolen from a temple in Thibet, but I didn't think that made

any difference. The world is full of Oriental loot of one kind or another."

"Not loot like this!" the Bookseller said so solemnly that it made Cheerio feel uneasy. "Listen carefully as I tell the story. Some years ago a man came into my shop and mulled over the books without buying any. Finally, after several casual visits from him, we got to talking about the occultism of Asia, astrology, and such congenial subjects. It seems the man had gone into Thibet. He said the Thibetan people put much faith in astrology, believing that the planets exercise direct and potent influence upon man's welfare, and their evil effects are only to be foreseen and counteracted by the priests. We talked together about these things, and, although he never became a customer, we grew to be friends, in a way. I noticed he was sick, but never got anywhere by asking him questions about his condition until one day he seemed very badly off and suddenly poured out his story.

"He had been in Lhasa, the Mecca of East Asia, the sacred city where the Living Buddha, enthroned as a god, reigns over a nation of monks. How he got there and into the temples the way he did, I am not quite sure now, although he told me at the time. I don't suppose the details matter, but the man described them in a marvelous manner.

"He had seen a chance to get an interesting souvenir the day he got into the Temple of Medicine, on the pinnacle of the Iron Mountain near the Palace of the Grand Lama. In this temple, he told me, sits the Healing Buddha holding a blue lapis lazuli bowl in his hands, as the god of the physicians. There the Lamas combine the duties of a physician with those of a priest, for the Thibetan Buddha takes care of the body as well as the soul.

"He described to me the temple very particularly and I was all ears. It was there he saw the prayer-flags which are con-

sidered talismans for good fortune. I have already explained to you that prayer, as we understand it, is not exactly a Buddhist custom, at least not in Thibet. The expression 'Mon lam,' which I find is often translated as 'prayer,' means more exactly an aspiration and is used especially to signify a wish. Now, these prayer-flags were like posters, mounted on poles beside the altar. On them were the special charm or spell of a god or deity who would grant the wish of the person who owned the prayer-flag, and the birthdate of that owner. The particular god invoked by these prayer-flags at the altar was Vajrapani, the giver of health and long life. It was an altar sacred to the use of the sick and suffering. The man did not know this at the time, but it probably would not have meant anything to him then, anyway. He admitted that realization of this significant fact did not come until sometime afterward. What the traveler was paying attention to then was a small bell that the priest took up from the altar and struck, with a short wooden wand, to invoke the god to whom the birthday prayer-flag was raised. Apparently, as soon as the bell was sounded, the person praying was satisfied and went away. The tone of this bell appealed very strongly to the man, he didn't exactly know why. I am not quite clear how it happened that the priest left the altar or in some way the opportunity was presented for the man to steal the bell, get away from the temple, and eventually away from the holy city with his precious souvenir.

"You know," said the Bookseller, "all those bells have inscriptions engraved upon them, and almost always it is the mystic legend of the Grand Lama, 'Om ma-ni pad-me hung,' meaning, 'Hail, the Jewel in the Lotus Flower.' My friend had taken the bell from the temple assuming that this was the legend engraved on his bell. He found out it was a very different inscription. It was not until months afterward, when he was beginning to suffer from a mysterious sickness in Japan, that he discovered

what the inscription really said. This was the translation that a Japanese Buddhist gave him:

*'In the service of others,
Healing answers me;
Hold me in selfishness,
Misery is my echo.'*

"You understand," said the Bookseller to Cheerio, "this man came finally to realize that he had committed a sacrilege and that his ever-increasing malady was the manifestation of some occult force fulfilling the warning of the inscription. At the time he told me the story of the bell, he was literally starving and, eventually, appealed to me for help, offering to give me the bell if I would take it under the circumstances. I asked him why he had never disposed of it, and he said he had hoped constantly to find some way to make use of it so the curse would be lifted. Well, I thought it all over. Meantime, I helped him and decided that by aiding him I was not holding the bell in selfishness and that later, perhaps, I would find a means to make use of it in harmony with its original purpose. Then I put outside my shop what appeared to be just an ordinary advertising sign: 'Every Day is Somebody's Birthday; Send a Card Today!'"

The Bookseller fixed Cheerio with his peculiar glance, as he went on with the story. "The day you came to me and brought that birthday card for the radio 'in service to others,' as you explained, it was given me to know that the time had come!" The old fellow was by now talking eagerly, rapidly and convincingly.

"I have gradually guided you in your morning messages suggesting a new procedure, until today you are presenting what is akin to the prayer-flag and the spell of Vajrapani. Once more the message has gone forth as the voice of the drilbu, the bell of the Healing Buddha, protector of the body and the soul! Do

you understand now, Cheerio, how it is that these letters come to you, bearing witness to the realization that this is a magic bell?"

His bearded face was all aglow with exultation. The best Cheerio could do was to admit it was all very interesting, but that he must be getting home. So the Bookseller, looking a little disappointed, unlocked the door and once again Cheerio fled to the good fresh air of an unusually fine twilight hour, and did some deep breathing and rapid thinking.

But he found the story was still bothering him, even after a good dinner, and rang up Dr. Tom Gale. He told the Doctor frankly that he wasn't going through the concentrated good-will service any more "because it has taken on an aspect of Oriental bunk and I am not going to be put in the position of asking a lot of respectable citizens of this country to follow me in any outlandish mummery under the guise of a pleasant little ceremony of kind thoughts for others. I refuse to be made the instrument of some crazy occultist to put over any of his wild propaganda!"

Dr. Gale let Cheerio fume and sputter over the telephone and then said, in the quiet, cool voice he uses to troubled relatives in a sick room: "Nevertheless, it is a pleasant little ceremony of kind thoughts for others, and it has appealed to many people as just that, and no more. It has operated to take somebody's thoughts off his own troubles for a minute or two at the least each morning, and it has been real fun for the one whose birthday it happened to be. I should say that no amount of fairy stories about the sweet-toned little bell would change any of the essential virtue of the birthday wish. I think it would be rather too bad to give it up."

"But," Cheerio protested, "I don't want to appear to believe in this stuff——"

"Wait a minute!" said the Doctor. "If you brought me an

interesting legend of a strange people, it would not occur to me that you believed it or expected me to believe it. This is nothing more than another bit of entertaining evidence that ours is a seaport town and that men blow through here from the Seven Seas."

"Is that the way it strikes you, Doctor?"

"Partly," he said, "But chiefly I think somebody's going to sell you a bit of Oriental junk before he gets through with you."

"Oh! no! Don't be unjust to old Starfish," Cheerio protested. "I know he believes every word of all this."

"All right, then," said the Doctor, soothingly. "If that's so, he may yet prove it by giving you the bell. Meanwhile, go ahead as usual. Take his little prayer-flag birthday card, read the names of the birthday personages born under the special planetary influences of the day, ask for the concentrated good-will of your Circle of people who are enjoying the harmless little game with you each morning and lifting their open hands in a gesture of releasing bluebirds of happiness to carry a friendly thought to somebody somewhere, ring the wonderful magic bell from the far-off altar of the Temple of Medicine. But above all don't take this so seriously. Good-bye!"

Cheerio found the doctor was right and he need not have been so afraid about the "Oriental bunk" or "Occultist propaganda." He received testimonies from many a Christian family circle, some of them headed by a minister of the Christian gospel, saying that hands were extended and good-will thoughts sent forth to somebody somewhere when the magic bell of Vajrapani sounded on the morning air.

The Little Minister became very much interested. His comments revealed that he felt the mystic bell was a sort of church bell calling people to worship, instead of some "heathenish Far Eastern trinket with a background of mystery and Grand

Lamas of Thibet and other Asiatic folderol," as Cheerio said, one day as the two men looked out at the towers of the Little Minister's church. They were talking about the "exercise of concentrated good-will," as Dr. Gale had named the birthday wish of the Circle, and of how strong had been the appeal of the bell's sound to so many persons.

"You know, bells are associated more intimately than any other instrument with the religious, the imaginative, the most joyous and the saddest of all our feelings," the Little Minister remarked, as the air echoed with the sound of his own church's deep-toned bells. "Look through poetry and everywhere you will find the bell with a message for the heart and the soul of man.

"I know the story the Bookseller has told you about the bell, but I do not concern myself with that at all. It is to me quite unnecessary. I do not need to have faith in the mysticism with which he has surrounded that bit of clear resounding metal to appreciate the message that it sends out. If we go back into the darker years of our own racial history, we would find that such a bell as the one you sound each morning was thought to have a magic against fairies, witches, and demons. Such creatures, it was thought, belonged to the more ancient stone age and the new iron metal was considered hateful and harmful to them, and to have a great virtue for restraining their evil influences. Among many peoples we find bells used for the driving away of the evil eye, for instance."

"Well," Cheerio said, "I think we all of us have a lot of that sort of thing still active in our consciousness even though we smile at it. For instance, Friday, the thirteenth."

"Of course we have. The Bookseller is, I think, an excellent psychologist who understands this very well and who knows that the clear voice of the bell may wake such echoes in the consciousness of your listeners! But here is the idea," said the Little

Minister, eyes shining as they always do when he sees where a spiritual point is to be made, "those echoes are different in each consciousness, and our little superstitions, half-acknowledged to ourselves, may yet be helpful. In every sick room or temporary prison into which your voice goes, there are very real devils, evil spirits, malevolent goblins. Not grotesque, human-shaped ones, but mental goblins which we visualize in a different way. So when you have asked your Circle to concentrate on a good thought, I may even say a holy thought, (for the good-will toward others is certainly holy and partakes of the nature of God), and when the bell sounds it is not hard to imagine devils of doubt, sorrow, hopelessness and all the other evil spirits that haunt the bedside or the chair fleeing away on the morning air."

"When I hear you talk like that, you, a minister, I am ashamed that I ever said 'pish' to old Starfish when he suggested our morning exercise!"

"You should not have said that to him, Cheerio, for to me your bell is as those bells mentioned in Zechariah which were marked 'holiness unto the Lord' and were undoubtedly thought of as sending far and wide among the people the message of God's holiness."

Cheerio showed the Little Minister an interesting letter that had come from someone whose very dear friend was a monk, living in a remote monastery among the snowy Alps of Europe. This holy man sent her occasional letters of wise counsel and encouragement. In turn she had told him about the morning broadcast. In this letter, which Cheerio handed the Little Minister to read, the European monk sent a message to be passed on.

"There is divine magic in sending good thoughts to others. In our earnest prayers for the welfare of others, we forget our own trials, of which we have many. When we send out kind thoughts or pray we fulfill the law of giving and receiving, and thus we find our good in the hearts and lives of others.

“Very often the channel through which God can bestow his blessings upon us seems very narrow, but good wishes and prayers sent forth for others, constantly enlarges the channel until it becomes so deep and wide that a great stream of God’s love and good constantly flows through us.

“Sometime, dear child,” said that letter from Europe, “when you write to Mr. Cheerio, please tell him that in an ancient monastery situated on a snow-covered Alpine peak, an old man offers a prayer for him and his co-workers, in this wonderful work of theirs, and also to all shut-ins of all kinds throughout the world.”

The Little Minister handed back the letter with the remark that his Christian brother in Europe quite shared his own feeling and said that Cheerio should consider such words an echo of the little temple bell which he sounded.

“Your bell and the chant you use may have come out of the dim temples of ancient Asia and yet both voice the deep consciousness of all who open their hearts to the universal law of love. But I am curious as to the meaning of a portion of that chant. I believe you pronounce it ‘om mani padme hung.’ What did the Bookseller say it meant?”

“His translation for ‘Om ma-ni pad-me hung’ is ‘Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus Flower,’” Cheerio replied. “When he was telling me about it I confess I looked mystified and he commented that I would probably understand better if he showed me a picture. The drawing was of a great Lotus flower, its petals wide-spread in glistening light, floating upon unruffled water. Resting upon the great flower was a snow-white swan. I wrote down the Bookseller’s interpretation of the picture and I’d rather read it to you than bungle the idea, for it is really beautiful. Here it is:

“‘Hail to the Jewel in the Lotus Flower! The individual soul or the lotus flower at rest upon the calm of unselfishness, opens

its petals and the jewel or the swan is the universal soul come to rest there bringing the consciousness of universal love.'

"He also spoke of you that day, Little Minister, saying that you had recognized the universal message of the bell and knew that in the calm silence before the chant and sounding of the bell, there is an instant of such consciousness, if listeners will take it. He said you, too, knew that when the East and West are illumined by the light of mutual understanding then the world will be like a full-blossomed flower, with the nations as its petals (each different from the others and all with special missions to fulfill), and the stem of Humanity uniting all by the bond of Love. I think Tennyson's lines will describe what the Bookseller meant:

*'And East and West, without a breath,
Mixed their dim lights, like Life and Death,
To broaden into boundless Day.'*"

THE HISTORY

Adolescence

I HAVE told the tale as it came to me.

But I am advised that in a permanent record I must not let this imaginative Legend, presenting the conception and development of the Cheerio broadcast, remain as my only statement. I am told that *The Story of Cheerio* must give fact as well as fancy if it is to be a true record of this ten years of service.

The broadcast itself, they point out, was founded on a definite series of personal experiences, contributory to it and making possible the variety of its material and presentation. The story, they say, will not be completely told if limited to the history of the actual broadcast. When I protest that my attitude from the beginning has been that "the man is nothing, the work is all," they reply that this does not obtain where the work intimately reflects the man, as the Cheerio programs have done. Impersonality, as to name, physical appearance, habits of life, has been consistently maintained, but personal experiences have entered the program again and again. These experiences were used in following the advice: "If you have a single memory that will help somebody somewhere whose life is empty compared with yours; if you have known and enjoyed celebrities who would never enter the lives of most of your listeners—*share* these things with them, that they may enjoy them vicariously; this is in accord

with what you have set yourself to do in this radio-activity." Riley puts it in his *Prayer Perfect*:

" . . . O divide, I pray,
This great measure of content
That is mine today!"

Now that I have undertaken to recount the history of my ten years use of radio in a special way, it seems my duty to set down also enough of my personal history to make a complete record of everything pertaining to these programs. Very well; where I see there are relationships between my life story and the story of the Cheerio broadcast, I shall give them here, in more or less detached episodes, using the name Cheerio for boy and man.*

Sir Hubertus was an Alsatian knight who went to England with William the Conqueror and was evidently useful as he was enrolled in 1069, three years after arriving, as the owner of lands in Lancaster (the county of). I imagine you might say there was something of the pioneer spirit in William and his companions. Pioneering comprises conquest of various kinds and pioneers were explorers and conquerors of peoples, lands, and mysteries. Hubertus pioneered in Lancastershire, and five centuries later, his descendant, John, was pioneering in astronomy. He was the first to introduce the Copernican system into England. Copernicus had just died, leaving as a legacy to the world his great work on *The Revolution of the Celestial Orbs* in which he overthrew the system of Ptolemy which had ruled the world for two thousand years. Attacking so boldly the general belief of mankind, the new system made its way very slowly among the scientific men of Europe. That John had clearness of mind and intellectual intrepidity, it is plain, for he saw the truth in

*Confusion will be avoided if the reader will remember that the name Cheerio, when used in connection with incidents prior to the institution of the Cheerio broadcast, is merely a substitute for the man's real name.

the new theory. At once he stood forward in its defense, so quickly indeed that in 1556, thirteen years after the death of Copernicus, Sir John published *Ephemeris*, the first astronomical tables that ever appeared in England, and calculated on the basis of the new discoveries. He thus made the true system of the universe familiar in the dawning science of Great Britain. And no less quickly was his own service recognized by the crown, for two years after *Ephemeris* appeared, Philip and Mary confirmed his right to wear the family arms (in the language of heraldry: "sable, three garbs argent, differenced by a chevron") and in addition, a crest was granted him: "a dexter arm issuing out of clouds proper fessways, habited gules holding an armillary sphere by its axis." His biographer, (Rev. Joseph Hunter) says "there was meaning if not poetry in this: a right red arm issuing from the clouds and presenting a golden sphere, intimating the splendor of the Copernican discovery, a light from the heavens above." It may be that some member of the Cheerio Circle may be enthusiastic enough to discern a far faint echo of this ancestor in the friendly hand that has for ten years reached out from the clouds of an impersonal radio broadcast, extending the inspiration of "those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence."

John's grandson, Zechariah, had the pioneering spirit, for he sailed from Bristol, England, arrived in Boston, and settled in Dorchester, in 1629. Seven years later he struck out, with a number of other English emigrants, leaving the suburbs of Boston for Hartford, and was one of the forty-two men furnished by Hartford to take part in the Pequod war. But it was not only with the Indians that there was war at Hartford and in neighboring frontier settlements. There was strife in the churches, after the death of Rev. Thomas Hooker, in 1658. A minority held rather liberal views about baptism, church membership, and the rights of the brotherhood. They did not like the doc-

trine of infant damnation, which hardly gave their children a fair chance; they wanted church privileges if they were respectable even though not sure that they had been regenerated; and they wanted a congregational form of government rather than a government by the elders. It was just one hundred years since Zechariah's grandfather had successfully dared the persecution to be feared in England from persons who considered the teachings of Copernicus opposed to those of the Bible. Zechariah was one of sixty who were uncomfortably in advance of their neighbors' thinking. These sixty associates, harassed by ecclesiastical dissension and attracted by the fair meadows along the Connecticut beyond Northampton, purchased twelve miles of land up and down the river and braved the dangers ever lurking near the new settlements. Zechariah was sixty-two years old, but he was thinking with the modernists and he went along into the wilderness and planted and traded for the remaining seven years of his life. The family continued to share in the further settlement of the section—Sunderland, Leverett, Deerfield—while King Philip looked down from his rocky eminence above the river and the Indians were stirred up throughout the countryside. The massacre of Bloody Brook routed the whites, but some months later they turned the tide at the battle of Turner's Falls, and were at rest for some years until the Indians were again roused by the French, and the Deerfield massacre took place. Few families suffered more than Zechariah's descendants, of whom some were killed and others, including women, carried in captivity to Canada. Yet they helped to hold the frontier until the Indians ceased troubling them and the settlers were at rest. One of the seventh generation from Zechariah was a boy among the now safe and peaceful green hills of Vermont.

I was born in a respectable boarding house in what was called, in the geographies of the preceding generation, "a neat little

town on the Onion River." A great many years afterward, I drove with an aunt and cousins from New York up the elm-shaded street. As we neared this historic building (it is true that there is not a commemorative tablet upon the building as there is for Admiral George Dewey further along the same street) I saw an encouraging and welcoming sign, "Tourists Accommodated."

"Let us have lunch here," said I. "It'll be a pilgrimage!"

The door bell was answered by an elderly gentleman with keen grey eyes.

"May we have luncheon for a party of four?"

He looked me up and down in silent and deliberate appraisal.

"Can't accommodate ye."

"But," I persisted, "I wish we might. I was born in that room at the head of the stairs."

He spoke firmly and finally. "I said we can't accommodate ye!"

There was nothing to do but to return rather shamefacedly to the car. Apparently there never would be a tablet there. We went to a hotel, lunched and drove away. Twenty miles out of town I turned suddenly to my aunt.

"Did you pay for the lunch, Aunt Alice?"

"Most certainly not. I was a guest."

"Well," said I, "I didn't."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "My dear nephew, I think the first innkeeper was the better judge of people."

As a child, I lived largely in the Land of Make-believe. I have always rather fancied its climate and its landscape, although I may have had some materialistic tendencies since one of my earliest clear recollections of myself was as the guest of honor at a party on my fifth birthday. I remember there were guests and games, all merely preliminary to the divine event of refreshments. Yet when these arrived, on leaden feet, behold my two

gastronomic abominations at that age, and ever since: baked apples and caraway-seed cookies! How it happened that my hostess, Aunt Julia, slipped up on that feature of her hospitality I never knew, but years and years afterward, I lunched in New York with a gentleman nearly my age who said he remembered me at that birthday party and that I was very much of a kill-joy!

However, at the age of five I was not thinking only of things to eat. I was already broadcasting, although the listening circle was not much larger than that of the immediate family. The parlor was my studio, the audience were luckless visitors at our home listening to a child reciting poetry. My star piece was something about a "Merry Mike." How's that for a long distance foreshadowing, in slang?

However, I preferred Make Believe Land to doubtful stardom in the parlor. The corn grew fine and tall behind our little house at the end of the hilly street. It was easy to play that these were woods in which Indians lurked or, on fortunate days when a younger child could be lured into the green depths, to do the lurking ourselves and hold a massacre. Evidently, I had heard talk about Zechariah and his conquest of the Connecticut valley.

I also remember, in this same childhood period, sitting on the fence with my chum, Harry. Large paper wings were pinned to our little jackets. Harry's mother, my mother's dearest friend and neighbor, had died recently. The funeral had been mysteriously thrilling to me and I had gone to the cemetery. Harry and I used to lie on our backs in the daisy-frosted grass, gazing up at the blue sky with it floating white clouds and imagine Harry's mother "on upward wing cleaving the sky." Somehow I envied Harry just a little. My mother, in her domestic round, lacked something of distinction. So we pinned on our paper wings and perched upon the garden fence and as Mamma emerged from the door we flew lightly down upon the lawn and announced that we had just come from heaven to bring her a message from

her friend. We took to noticing any irregularities in the lawn and promptly decorated them with crosses of daisies for the sake of the unknown who slept beneath. A young robin fell from his nest in the maple and we buried him with elaborate rites. No Egyptian youngsters could have been more imbued with the passion for necrology! Odd, isn't it, that years afterward I should preside at exercises in which the central figure was the mummy of the Lady Isis, of the court at Thebes three thousand years ago?

During a visit to my grandmother, when I was six, a friend of the family died and again I attended a funeral. It was a Quaker service and I can feel the silence yet. On the way home I said to my grandmother: "If you should die while I am here, Grandma, I could tell Mamma I have been to two funerals!" I heard of this remark more than once during my childhood.

About this time, I wrote my first poem. It was entitled, *My Mother's Grave*. I wish I could remember some of it. It is gone, burned in the San Francisco fire. It was obviously one of the most imaginative of lyrics. I have no doubt friends of the family prophesied to my mother that I should grow up to be a weeping philosopher, seeing that I was so full of unmannerly sadness in my youth. Their prophecy was fulfilled when a listener to the Cheerio program wrote: "This man has more people crying than anybody else on the radio."

Toads and frogs always had a definite personality for me. A hoptoad family lived in a sunny corner of the foundation of our house. One of these was almost always in my pocket and sometimes forgotten until bedtime. A little brook near our home ran down the hill through woods to the river. I knew vaguely that the river ran to the sea somewhere, but the brook ran definitely into the Winooski river and that was ocean enough. There was a specially large polliwog which was just sprouting legs beside his heavy tail when we left for California. On one of my return

trips when I was grown—as a matter of fact, I had already started the Cheerio program in New York—I went up into Vermont to visit an aunt. I had to stop over at Essex Junction in the early morning for about three hours. I wandered about, before people were stirring, and at last I found a man on the street and I asked him if there were a stream or a river anywhere nearby. He said “Yes, indeed; half a mile down is the Winooski.” The very river into which flows the brook beside which I had played as a child! I had not realized that I was anywhere near that river. So I walked along until I came to it. There was a bridge and a rocky gorge and a pretty waterfall below a dam. I wanted to go and sit down by the waterfall, but something made me go up above the dam and by the quiet water. As I came to the edge, the biggest frog I have ever seen plunged in, making a loud sound of surprise as he jumped. I sat down and soon he came up, swam ashore toward me, and sat there looking at me intently; his eyes seemed bulging with interest. I was as still as a statue and gazed back at him. Really, he was as big as a muskrat! Back to my mind came the memory of that giant polliwog in the brook. I suppose I had wondered what he grew up to be—he certainly promised to be something great in his line. And he may have wondered about me—who knows? You will say I was merely day-dreaming there, on a soft early morning, beside a river I had known in my boyhood. Anyway, I said, quietly, to that great frog, with his shoulders out of the water and his eyes fixed on me: “Well, Aristophanes, my old friend, what are you doing so far from your home waters? Thirty-six miles downstream is a long way for you, just as the three thousand cross-country miles have been for me. It was far, far away and long, long ago that we met.”

I hated to move and break the spell of my reunion with Aristophanes, but I was cramped. I had to shift my position at last, although I knew this meant his speedy departure. Not at

all. His gaze never wavered at any motions I made. I rose. His eyes were fixed on mine and there seemed a glint of recognition there! I simply accepted this as a fact, as one does in the strangest dreams. Going to the edge of the water, I patted his green nose, and said: "You do remember me, old fellow, don't you!" Then I picked him up. I don't think he expected this, for he struggled with all his wonderful length, and my, he was slippery! Then something,—of course, it was whatever fairy was directing this whole proceeding—whispered: "Look to the left." There, on the grass, lay a perfectly good, watertight milk can with a convenient wire handle. Aristophanes was fairly comfortable in this with my handkerchief tied over the top. I carried him on the train to my aunt's house and we had quite a time talking through the handkerchief of all the things that had happened since last we met. I made him a nice rocky pool and just for safety's sake, wired it round with fine chicken wire, three feet high. I am afraid that my reminiscences bored Aristophanes, as is, perhaps, the case with you, gentle reader, for he climbed up and over the wire. In the morning he was gone, across the golf links to McGettigan's brook which flows into the Lemoile, which flows into the Winooski at the junction where I found him. There was a serious flood down that valley later. I wonder how he made out. This is a true story, in every detail, but when I told it one morning, I knew that only the pre-school children in our Circle believed me.

The Winooski river lost all suggestion of ocean to me when I was seven. Papa made a special effort to take us all to Maine for the summer and there, on the bathing beach at Harpswell, we small inlanders saw the sea. My loyalty to a brook as the loveliest work of Nature was not shaken then, nor ever. I remember two things most clearly from that trip: the great flat rock where we boys and girls perched like seabirds; and my mother, swimming before our admiring gaze in very shallow water close to shore.

I found out that she was really walking on her hands and kicking her feet, but this did not destroy my faith in her—she was still my ideal mermaid. There was another siren there, my own age, but she made no impression on me. Not then. I am stating things exactly as they happened throughout this personal narrative. It is a plain unvarnished tale that I deliver, for I do not wish to lose the faith of my friends. Ten years later—but we shall come to that.

My thought of my mother as a mermaid relates to what was my first taste of the dramatic, unless you include funerals under that head. It was at a church social. My mother appeared as a mermaid. The proof of this was a voluminous tail of green cambric which Papa had stuffed with straw. She was very lovely, with her bright hair falling over her shoulders as she ran the big shell comb through it. Mr. Fred Bancroft, the tenor in the church choir, sang something about

*“Above the maiden waiteth,
A wondrous form and fair;
With jewels bright she plaiteth
Her shining golden hair;
With comb of gold prepares it—”*

I didn't know about Lorelei then, (although she came to be featured on the Cheerio program) but I did know Mamma's song because it was one she sang to me:

*“Little John Bottlejohn, pretty John Bottlejohn,
Won't you come down with me?”*

I used to love to comb my mother's red-gold hair as she lay on a couch and I tried always to be careful about snarling it. The night of the church social I wanted to be a part of this

scene about the mermaid and promised to be extra careful with the comb, but it seemed that it could not be arranged. Not until many, many years had passed did I get my chance to take part in such a play and that was in the *Sirens* from the *Odyssey*, given as a "musical mosaic" on a radio program. I wish there had been radio when my mother was young. Her voice was made for it—small, pure, of an incredible sweetness. How it would have gone out on the air!

That performance in which my mother took part faded in my child's memory before the glamour of *Pinafore* at a Boston theater. The curtain was rung down a minute or so early on the concluding chorus, and I could hear them all finishing behind.

"Papa," I whispered, "listen, they love it so they can't stop!" I knew just how they felt.

My next play was *Camille*, when I was eight. I recall I thought the lady very foolish, with her cold, to stand near an open window putting a fur coat on and off with nervous indecision. The lady was Modjeska, who was playing in a San Francisco theater. But between *Pinafore* and *Camille* quite a lot had happened in our family.

Before we left our little house on the Vermont hill for California, there was considerable excitement one afternoon. Some men had fastened something to the wall of the dining room. Mamma could talk into it and Papa would answer from his office. She could tell him what she wanted without having to send me upstreet on my velocipede with a note. It was a marvelous thing even if it did not prevent my having to take Papa's lunch to him on days when he was too busy to come home. Only a year after Professor Bell had applied for his patent on transmitting vocal sounds by wire, Hubbard's idea of local telephone exchanges was sweeping the country and our town had fallen into line. We had a Bell telephone—to my young mind a tele-

phone with a bell. My amazement at the working of the new marvel would have been nothing to the astonishment of my parents could they have looked forward down the years and seen me at the first transcontinental banquet, speaking on the newly installed long-distance telephone from San Francisco to a dinner company at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. And I, in my turn, would have been dumb-founded that night in 1915, to know that twenty years later our great-grandfather's violin would be played in a New York studio and listened to by his descendants at the Golden Gate, coming to them by wire to Denver and from there with no wire at all!

Nobody dreamed of such things the afternoon that Papa telephoned home that we were going to California. Then, indeed, there was excitement in the little house. I have always loved coincidences and made special note of them. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of our emergence from that little house with our faces toward the Golden Gate, I again sat, as a young man, on an outcropping rock in the pasture above the house—it had been a favorite aerie in my childhood—and, believe it or not, there came to me from the garden a childish treble singing, "I'm off for California in the morning!" Hardly less credible is the fact that when another twenty-five years had gone by, I again called at that little house and when its owner learned that I had been a child there, she said: "Do come in. Perhaps you can explain something to me." She took me to a clothes closet under the stairway. I noticed that the strip of wood carrying the clothes hooks was painted brown except in one spot where, for the distance of three hooks, the wood was yellow. The lady pointed to pencil marks under these three hooks. They were the names of myself and two brothers in my mother's handwriting.

"But," said I, puzzled, "how did these happen to be left?"

"I don't know," she answered. "When we bought the place, thirty-six years ago, those names were there. I asked the lady

from whom we bought the house what they were and she said she didn't know, but they had been there for fourteen years—she had never had the heart to wash them off. No more had I."

And so it came to pass one morning that I went again to that little house with three small boys from the West and we had breakfast there and the kind lady gave me that strip of Vermont pine, with the hooks and writing on it, and we gave her, in significant exchange, a tray made from California redwood.

The very first winter we were in California, when I was still a child, there was a slight snowfall one day. Native Californians gaped at it in wonder, but out of doors hopped we native Vermonters with pans to gather what we could while Mamma put the maple sugar on the stove that we might "sugar-off" in due and ancient form.

Since the days when Mr. Bancroft had been the star in the church choir, I had determined to be a choir boy some day and the ambition was ultimately achieved in our California church. This lasted through the years when I had both voice and legs like a bird, through the period when my voice was arriving at a decision and soprano lingered in the lap of bass, so that I could sing the music for either the front or the back row of the choir stalls. (I am aware, from various comments made by my radio correspondents, that they are of the opinion that my voice never did come to a real decision—I suppose my lyric burst in the *Cuckoo Clock* is evidence enough!) Of course, being a choir boy meant also being in church and school dramatics, and, in addition, I became the editor of *The Acorn*. This was a semi-monthly journal with the motto "Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow." I wrote the editorial matter. The boy next door had a little press and we both set the type, including the advertisements of certain merchants who enjoyed our families' trade.

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

I do not recall now just what the trouble was, but I find a poem by myself, published in *The Acorn* during these days, entitled:

THE EMPTY NEST

*Before my ice-bound door there swings
An empty nest upon a leafless bough;
No more its happy builder sings—
The nest is bare, and cold and cheerless now.*

*So, in the winter of my care,
When dreams have from my sad heart fled,
'Tis bare and cold and cheerless there—
The snow has covered all, and hope is dead.*

*Yet, in the sweet, life-giving spring,
The bird may build again before my door;
Dreams may come back, my sad heart sing,
With the glad bird, in hopeful life once more.*

I am glad to note a trace of optimism here. There had been no such note in *My Mother's Grave*. The dormant Cheerio seed was probably sprouting.

Angel-faced choir-boy, deep-souled visionary finding hope in the midst of adolescent despair, there was yet another side to my boyhood—a give-me-liberty-or-death quality that protested against discipline however much deserved. My seat, in grammar school, was at the back of the line and opposite me was a little girl of exceptional charm. I found the large geography most convenient, when opened upright on the desk, to screen conversation back and forth across the aisle in a sort of sign language. Mrs. Tucker, who presided over the class, had absolutely no sympathy with this. One morning she suddenly put an end to it by summoning me to move my things, geography and all, to a desk which stood beside her on the platform and which although wearing the aspect of a seat of honor was in fact a sort

of pillory. Shame-faced but raging, I suffered the humiliation. During recess I, with vengeance in my heart, scaled the fence and went into the neighborhood drug store.

"What is that stuff that smells so bad?" I asked the druggist, pretending I couldn't recall a name I had never heard.

"You mean asafetida?"

"Yes, that's it. Ten cents worth," I answered.

I poured it on my handkerchief and returned to my shameful seat. Mrs. Tucker did not seem to notice anything unusual, but the class was restive and I myself was near asphyxiation. Windows were opened because the raised hands of the class pleaded for it, but Mrs. Tucker expressed surprise that the room seemed close. I have never known whether there is such a thing as asafetida-immunity. Mrs. Tucker either had that or she was a stoic. As for me, I was fumigated and admonished at home.

At this time occurred an event the influence of which is still apparent in my life. My father was a member of the Bohemian Club, a social organization formed in 1872 by San Francisco newspaper men, artists, musicians, and actors and now including congenial business men as well. There came an opportunity one midsummer night to smuggle me in to listen to the program at the Club's annual outing among the majestic redwoods. I had first seen the redwoods when the family had gone camping among them in the Santa Cruz mountains a few miles south of San Francisco. The Bohemian Grove was north and the trees much finer. I have never forgotten the effect of the music, the lights, the poetry and wit of the program. I remember being stirred when E. J. Ratcliffe, a New York actor, was called upon and the man sitting next to me rose and recited. But the major memory is that vision of Druid priests officiating at stone altars among those giant trees in a performance of the Club's traditional rite, the *Cremation of Care*. I shall have much more to say about this ceremony in the course of this narrative.

My senior year in High School was a bit troubled, partly my own fault, largely the fault of a teacher. There was a girl in my class who came from a distance by train and she was always five minutes late. She was allowed this privilege, but the indulgence did not extend to me who wished to meet her train each morning. Thus I was persistently five minutes late which, of course, was a fault. On the other hand, I sat up until long after midnight on one occasion, laboriously putting a passage of Virgil into English hexameter. It was a labor of love. I presented it in class with a tingling sense of having done something. The Latin teacher may have been in a black mood that morning, too black even to appreciate a pupil's doing something out of the common routine.

"Why do you always try to be different from the others!" he snarled at me, "I asked you for a literal translation."

"You ought to know I couldn't have done this if I hadn't made a literal one first," I snarled back at him, storming out of the room. I never really amounted to a whoop in the class after that.

High School days came to an end and somehow I was the class poet. In after years I met Masfield, England's poet-laureate; I doubt that he was ever faced with a harder nut to crack, as an "occasional poet," than I, forced to make poesy out of teachers' names, like these:

*"Now to the past mine eyes I turn
And in its fading depths behold
Five names in flaming letters burn
By Gratitude's firm hand enscrolled:
Firehammer, Biedenbach and Scott
And Eickhoff! Can they be forgot
Who laid the rock on which we raise
The fabric of our future days
And build our destiny?"*







Cheerio's family tree is a Vermont maple rather than a California redwood. (*Above*) The ancestral homestead. (*Below*)
Cheerio's family on the eve of Westward Ho!



At Stanford University. (*Above*) The Palo Alto (*Tall Tree*), historic redwood landmark. The Arch and Steeple, brought low in the earthquake of 1906. (*Below*) The '95 oak, dedicated to the Pioneer Class and cut down to make way for the expanding buildings of the University.

NO! With them, in the after-life,
 The name of Sullivan! shall bring
 Our spirits courage for the strife
 And make life's mountain heights to ring!"

I don't remember whether they rang with laughter. Probably not. As class prophet I disposed of myself as follows:

*"At length your prophet. What is he?
 A poet, think you? Not so fast.
 Incredible though it may be
 This mighty effort is his last.
 In journalism's swelling tide
 He plunges, 'neath its wave to hide;
 Where editorial scissors go
 Is seen the last of—Cheerio—
 Forgive him and forget!"*

And incredible though it may be, that's just how it turned out!

When Stanford University opened its gates for the first matriculation, it called us three hundred and fifty freshmen the *Pioneers*. Shades of ancestors Hubertus, John and Zechariah! I was one of them! In his autobiography, *The Days of a Man*,* David Starr Jordan, Stanford's first president, remarks: "In early years, at least, the Stanford Student Body contained an unusually large number of original and varied characters, adventurous students drawn to the new institution from all parts of the country and representing almost every conceivable form of talent or genius. This was particularly true of the 'Pioneer Class' and of those who were graduated soon after. A history of those present would make a striking record: notable among them

*From D. S. Jordan's "The Days of a Man." Copyright, 1922, by World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

were Herbert Clark Hoover, the best known of all the Stanford graduates (because probably the best known man in all the world), Ray Lyman Wilbur, ultimately president of the University, Will Irwin, sane and accurate war correspondent, and his brother Wallace, distinguished for satirical verse and character sketches . . . and Cheerio, whose volume dealing in fancies both grave and gay forms a delightful record in verse of much that gave color to the early days at Stanford. None of our other versifiers had his light and joyous touch, a poetic link between him and his well-known kinsman. Without his saucy felicitous note, no joyful Stanford gathering is quite complete."

I have before me, as I write, the pages of my father's diary of his freshman days at Amherst. "September 1st: My first day in college," he writes in pencil, "rise at 6 o'clock, spend the time from 6 to 7:30 in dressing and preparing for the duties of the day. Breakfast at 7:30, thence to prayers where the first lessons for the day are given out for the freshmen. Seventh Book of the *Odyssey*, first fifteen lines."

Beside my father's college diary lies my own, also in pencil: "October 1st: the birthday of the Leland Stanford Jr. University! Was rather late down to breakfast and got little to eat. Before 10:30 all the seats in the Quadrangle except those reserved for the students were filled and still there was an immense throng that had to stand. Mrs. Stanford stood beside the Senator while he read his paper."

There I sat among the rest and heard Dr. Jordan speak of the University, "hallowed by no traditions and hampered by none, its finger-posts all pointing forward." I heard him declare, "the highest value of tradition lies in the making of it." Little did I dream that in a day to come he would repeat those words in an introduction to a book of my verses!

Also the Doctor said that memorable morning: "The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going."

Near me sat young Hoover, also listening, to good purpose. As for me, I recalled the words long years afterward during my struggle to be allowed to give the Cheerio program in New York and I kept on until at last I said "Good morning" on the Eastern air.

Suggestions of the pioneers were about us as we sat there taking our part in the opening of a University. Against the October sky rose the stately if somewhat weather-beaten *Palo Alto* (tall tree), redwood landmark from which the 9,000 acre farm of the Stanfords had got its name. Many a traveler in the dawn of California history got his bearings from that redwood, nine feet in diameter at the base, over a hundred feet high and some 950 years old. In 1769, when Governor Portolá came back along the beautiful valley which now bears his name, after San Francisco bay had been glimpsed for the first time, friendly Indians greeted him and urged him to stay in their village, but he pushed on and camped on the bank of an arroyo, November 6th, when the freshening winter rains had set the yellow stream running. Five years later, in the same month, Captain Anza camped there. "Near the crossing" Padre Palou says in his Diary, "there is a grove of tall redwood trees and a hundred steps farther down another very large one of the same redwood which is visible more than a league before reaching the arroyo and appears from a distance like a tower above the surrounding trees. The place seemed to us, to the Commander as well as to me, suitable for a mission. There is abundance of arable land, pasture, timber, firewood and water, for that of this arroyo, though it is very deep, yet as it comes down from high hills can easily be conducted to irrigate this plain. It seemed to the Commander and me proper to fix there the standard of the holy cross which we did, making it of good timbers. We planted it on the bank of the arroyo near the ford where we made camp." March 26th, 1776, when the stream ran bank-full and the plain was aflame

with flowers, Anza found the cross still standing, but he explains that intermediate exploration, meaning the expedition of Hezeta the preceding year, in September, had discovered that the San Francisco creek goes dry in summer. It was no place for a mission, but he gave to the Indian rancheria located there the name of *Palo Alto*.

Somewhere, probably in the University museum, I have seen a painting of the *Palo Alto*, but it showed *two* trees. I had heard there had been two originally and at the time when Senator Stanford died and Mrs. Stanford stood alone to carry on the plans of the young university, I thought it symbolic of them. And yet the name *Palo Alto* is singular and the good Padre had recorded "a tree like a tower." There were other redwoods in the vicinity so this was plainly a special tree. Dr. Jordan says that a freshet undermined the other tree some time before the University opened, and on the base of the count of the rings on the fallen twin it was possible to approximate the survivor's age. He felt that Palou viewed the towering trees from a distance and to him they blended into one. I went one day and studied that tree and it seemed to me to be very clearly a case of a tree forking near the base. To the view, as in the painting, it could have appeared as two trees, but to the close observer it would have been, as the Padre named it, one tree. Whatever the fact, there is symbolism enough here. And it may be carried on in the thought of the mission that had been planned for this place—a dream frustrated by the failure of supply until the day when an ever-flowing stream of gold made possible the mission arcades and towers that rise there now, with the tall tree itself on the official seal.

Another pioneer suggestion was close at hand. Up the road from the new, yellow, sandstone buildings of the University was the Senator's stock farm where he delighted in the breeding

and training of race horses, blue-blooded aristocrats of horsemanship, in those days making and breaking records on the race tracks of America. We freshmen enjoyed strolling between the white-fenced paddocks, beside the white village of cottages and stables. We saw, gazing at those glorious stars of the race-course—Sunol, in the pride of her world's record; Palo Alto coming home in a box-car in triumph and whinnying to us from his stall under a gigantic horse-shoe of immortelles marked 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$; other get of Electioneer, the patriarch, whose champion sons and daughters brought more glory to one establishment than ever before or since; we saw the "kindergarten," a toy trotting track for young colts on which they were taught to maintain a proper gait; saw the Senator in his red-wheeled buggy driving by, appraising us, we imagined, with the same eye he turned on his colts. As a matter of fact, we stood where history had been made beyond mere racing records. Absorbed one day in watching the horses as they sped around the track, Senator Stanford was reflecting upon an argument he had had with a friend in which Stanford had insisted that at times a trotting horse had all four feet off the ground. The thought came to him that it might be possible to make an elaborate series of instantaneous photographs which should record in detail the several steps in the fleet movements of a racer. To that end he engaged one Eadweard Muybridge, a clever English photographer, who had a special device. As I understand it, the speeding hoofs struck strings that tripped the shutters of a battery of cameras, producing a succession of pictures disclosing each motion of the trotter. The record was there and the Senator was right. Then in the primitive "diorama," the revolving series shown through slits put the racer in motion! More than one of the Stanford human colts has been photographed in action at Hollywood by the process that came out of those experiments on the old stock farm. We had no such

dreams as these, but we felt we were at the beginning of things!
As for me,

*I made myself a poet in the place,
And blithely sang of college life and ways,
The pleasure of the undergraduate pace,
And all the joy between the holidays;
No care spoke ever in my careless song,
From graver strains I kept my pipe apart
And played the upper notes; ah, was it wrong
To dream my music reached the student heart?*

*Upon a day one said, with kind intent:
"Why sing forever of these trivial things?
For better music was your piping meant;
Will you confess such earth-restricted wings?
Strike some Byronic chord, sublime and deep,
Find in ethereal flight the upper air,
And speak to us some word that we may keep
Within our hearts and ever treasure there!"*

*Then, with a pang for wasted hours, I gave
Another meaning to my faltering lay,
And sang of Life and Pain, an early grave,
Hope and Despair, and Love that lives always;
But when I listened for an echoing heart,
I saw all other lips with laughter curl,
And heard them whisper jestingly apart,
"He's got it bad, poor fool; we know the girl!"*

How often I have been misunderstood! And yet, in all honesty, I can hardly blame that early interpretation of my muse. Stanford was coeducational from the beginning. As in all history, the pioneer women played an important part. I was decidedly impressed by one of them and I endeavored to impress her in return by stating that I was not a native son of California, but hailed from across the continent, from Vermont. She replied that

she was not a native daughter and that she came from further East than I, from Maine.

"I have been in Maine," I said. "At Harpswell."

"We spent every summer there," she said, "until we came to California."

We two had perched together on the great flat rock, but neither could recall the other!

It was a picturesque incident but, in a way, it was rather unfortunate. I believe that had it not been for what came of that second meeting I should have made my Phi Beta Kappa key in college instead of having it given me some years after.

FATE

*I took my books the other day
And studied in the Quad, alone;
But no professor passed that way,
I wasn't called on the next day,
That work was never known.*

*Up on the road beside the brook
One little hour we two beguiled;
I never looked inside a book,
But I met each prof whose work I took,
And when I flunked, he smiled.*

The story continued to be picturesque after we left school. Fifty years to the month after our childhood meeting, for the first time since then for each of us, we stood again upon that great flat rock at Harpswell! I shall not gloss the picture. We were there, two weeks apart, and we had not met for years, but we did meet in New York that same summer and we celebrated the coincidence.

The first original college dramatics occurred early in our freshman year and I was part of them. In time I forgot not only the plot of my skit but even its name, but Dr. Jordan remembered.

"The young people," his autobiography records, "contributed in many ways their share of merriment, frequently, it must be confessed, at the expense of their elders. I remember distinctly a one-act play entitled *A Faculty Meeting* in which various members of the teaching staff were cleverly impersonated and the outstanding traits of each pleasantly hit off. After expansive idealism on the part of the literary fellows and some droning by others, an instructor came rushing in with exciting news from the baseball field where an inter-collegiate game was in progress. Upon this, the session broke up incontinent, all the professors, led by the president, making for the sidelines. For it was then a common joke among the boys to say that ability to play baseball was the first requisite in securing a professorship at Stanford."

The only thing I had remembered about this first dramatic effort was the fact that I wrote it. Dr. Jordan seems to have remembered everything but that. However, I doubt that he ever knew. Certainly that kind of a skit carried no identification of authorship! Now, in the intensive research that has been necessitated by the unexpected decision to include in the *Story of Cheerio* not only a record of the broadcast but some account of the apprenticeship of the program maker, the manuscript of that bit of incunabula has turned up. Yellow sheets ruled in lavender—plainly paper used in class-work. The author is stated simply as "one of the uninitiated." Here was a case where anonymity was the better part of valor!

But the fact that freshmen were lampooning the faculty in this free fashion indicates pioneer days in a University. Dr. Jordan goes on to say:

"During the first year of the University a number of professors had rooms in Encina Hall. This naturally brought about close and friendly relations between them and their fellow lodgers, the more so as the faculty was then made up of men under forty years of age. And it was quite often said that the only way

to tell an upper classman from a professor was that the student was probably the older! As a matter of fact, some of the boys being over thirty were older than several of the professors. Indeed, the average freshman was twenty to twenty-one years of age and thus more mature than in Eastern colleges. Faculty homes were meanwhile freely opened to the young people, joint excursions to mountain and sea were common, and the 'major professor' relation—including the professor's wife—was no mere item of officialism, rather a source of enduring personal intimacy. A unique factor of that period was the annual match game at Commencement time between the faculty baseball team and one made up from the senior class. The spectacle of the president covering first base was always the leading attraction. The remarkable attire in which the senior players appeared also constituted a special drawing card. The Pioneers came on the field in flannel shirts and overalls, each carrying a pick and shovel. In the course of that game, I happened to hit a difficult foul fly which the catcher, Tracy Russell, captured after a long run, thereby assuring victory for the class. This was recorded in the show that night in a song, by Cheerio, the poet laureate:

*'Doc Jordan's baseball playing
In his new suit was dismaying,
He caught out men on first and then he
knocked a fly as well—
But oh who would have thought it,
Poor Tracy Russell caught it—
Will Tracy graduate this year? The
stars alone can tell!'*

I knew the young lady who was secretary to Mrs. Stanford. She told me that one day they were driving over to the Quadrangle from the residence. The road led through a vineyard and the grapes were ripe. The thoughtless girl remarked, "I guess

the students are having a grand time in the vineyard now!" Mrs. Stanford looked at her with indignant eyes. "There isn't a boy in the University who would touch one of those grapes!" But it wasn't only the boys who were unworthy of the good lady's trust. The teaching staff was not above a grape or two. In my capacity as poet-laureate, I commemorated this.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

*A horseman rides through the autumn night,
 (The grapes are heavy upon the vine,)—
 He searches the left, and he scans the right,
 And his eyes are keen in the cold moonlight,
 (For grapes devoured shall never make wine).*

*There crouches a student among the leaves,
 (The grapes are purple upon the vine,)—
 But many a shadow the eye deceives,
 And the guard rides on in his quest for thieves,
 (And grapes devoured shall never make wine).*

*Somebody crawls through the yielding fence,
 (The grapes are trembling upon the vine,)—
 His Faculty whiskers give evidence
 Of unimpeachable eminence,
 (But grapes devoured shall never make wine).*

*There in the shadow the two have met,
 (The grapes are fewer upon the vine,)—
 The sudden start that one doesn't forget,
 The recognition that's sadder yet,
 (And grapes devoured shall never make wine).*

*A clasp of hands in the hush of night,
 (The grapes are missing upon the vine,)—
 And somebody's lips are pledged so tight
 That to somebody else they need never recite,
 (And grapes devoured shall never make wine).*

To recall Senator and Mrs. Stanford at the university they founded is almost like remembering the earlier day when Rev. John Harvard left money and books to the college being established to educate the English and Indian youth in knowledge and godliness, or when Merchant Elihu Yale sent three trunks of valuable dry-goods to the college later named for him. We marched through the vineyard and serenaded the founders of our University at their home. The Senator came out on the veranda and asked us in and we formed a "U" in the library and he talked to us, pleasantly and very seriously of all he hoped for the University that was beginning with us. Not long afterward on the eve of a great national panic, he died suddenly and his widow, faced with many complications and threatening disaster, struggled steadfastly to maintain the educational enterprise they had started in memory of their dead boy. I think we, in those early years, were exceptionally close to sentiment—it was the foundation and moving force of our environment—and I think we learned loyalty in a very special way. There was beauty all about us that was more than gleaming arches under drooping palms. In the Museum, two rooms were set apart to hold the collection which young Leland Stanford had gathered. These rooms duplicated in size and form the two rooms that had been allotted to the boy on the upper floor of the family residence in San Francisco. Careful pictures had been taken so that everything might be placed as the youth had had them. As Dr. Jordan has said, this served to fix forever the warm human quality underlying the dedication of the Stanford millions to the training of American Youth. Young Leland was a real boy with healthy interest and undoubted promise. In the collection he had made at seventeen were many fine objects well chosen and giving proof of dawning artistic judgment. The significance of his life to the uncounted number who have passed or shall go through the institution that bears his name is impossible to realize. That

fact alone should hallow the collection he left. Among the things he fancied is a piece of white and yellow marble, easily suggestive of a fried egg. Some malicious mind started the legend that "Leland's last breakfast" had been immortalized. Now and then some thoughtless tongue delights to bear this false witness to the sentiment which founded Stanford. Nothing can more savagely arouse the loyalty we learned there.

I was walking one day with Mrs. Stanford through the nearly completed church which she was building to the glory of God and in loving memory of her husband. Skilled workmen from Italy, on scaffolding high in the dome, were placing the rainbow bits of glass that made the rich mosaics, and singing as they worked. It was Mrs. Stanford's plan at that time to devote her extraordinary collection of jewels to the cost of the memorial church. When financial disaster had lowered over the University in the dark days after the Senator's death, Mrs. Stanford had said: "We may lose the farms, the railways, the bonds, but still the jewels remain. The University shall be kept open. When there is no other way, there are still the jewels." Once, indeed, she took the precious stones to London, during the Queen's Jubilee, but she did not have to sell them. Better times came, the money of the estate freed from litigation became available for its destined use. The jewels came back to be held in reserve against another time of need, and eventually they became a permanent endowment for the library. But on this particular day, when we walked in the nave of the memorial church looking at the "storied windows richly dight," at the magic murals taking form from the skilled fingers of the Italians, Mrs. Stanford said to me: "He gave the jewels to me for my adornment and now, when that is nothing to me, I shall make this church a jewel-box to remember him."

Before she too passed on, I spoke these lines in a Stanford program:

TO MRS. STANFORD

*"The child of California
Shall be our child," they said,
Bent in the heavy shadow where
Their dearest hope lay dead;
"Henceforward shall our tenderness
Encompass, by God's grace,
The lives of those we make our own
To cherish in his place."*

*They made a cradle wondrously,
Mid flowers and sunlight sweet;
They brought the treasures of the world
About their children's feet;
But when this labor of their love
Was but begun, at best,
God, leaning from his heaven, called
The father to his rest.*

*We reverence his memory,—
The power of his name
Is in our loyal hearts to-day,
The impulse of his fame;
But ah, how can her children's love
Be adequately shown
The mother-heart that folded us
And fought for us, alone!*

*Gray mother of our fostered youth,
Some day, through clearer air,
Your eyes shall search our souls and read
What you have written there;
Take now the comfort of our love
Till that rich guerdon when
The God you bring us nearer to
Gives you your own again.*

Herbert Hoover was treasurer of the student body and thereby financial manager of the football team. I was what is known as a "bleacher-athlete." I sat in the rooting section, abusing my vocal chords. There was, however, a man on the eleven who had the same surname as I, a husky Texan named Joel. There were occasions at college dances when visiting maidens would hear me called by name. Surprised, they would say: "But it can't be—not the football player!" Many years after these school days the treasurer of that team gave a dinner at the White House in reunion with all the old players who could be gathered together. And lo, and behold, the old Texan stalwart was described by the confused press in terms of *me!* Perhaps because I, too, was invited to that dinner, for old time's sake although I couldn't get there. But anyway, I was delighted at the unearned laurels and in waggish mood I took the original photograph of the team and had my unworthy head pasted on Joel's mighty shoulders. I hadn't seen or heard of him in over thirty years. I sent him the mutilated picture with a plea for mercy. Back came a letter from Texas: "I don't know anybody whose head I'd rather see there than yours. We listen to Cheerio every morning and you're O. K."

Those were great days when a freshman could actually walk down the Quadrangle arm-in-arm with the President of the University and find nothing strange in such familiarity. Dr. Jordan brought it on himself by declaring publicly that he had been the Cheerio of Cornell University, meaning that he *was* in the Pioneer class at Ithaca and that he had been like me, self-appointed poet-laureate. "Both of us" he used to say, in his happy, laughing fashion, "were first-class poets!" Ah, what a friend for a young fellow—pure gold in the pan of the pioneer! Educator, scientist, poet and prophet of peace, a big man physically and mentally, with a heart to match body and brain. They carried him through eighty years of truth-seeking, truth-

asserting; eighty years of service to his country and his race; eighty years of living in infinite richness, helpfulness and uplift. If any of us minor prophets of service to our fellowman seek a source of inspiration, we may well find it in the life of this beloved teacher and friend.

Melville Best Anderson, distinguished translator of Dante, was my major professor. He is reflected in my "juvenilia" in some verses entitled

FALSE LIGHTS

*I have a little attic room
That looks upon the Row;
My head professor's clover lawn
Grows grudgingly below,
And he can watch my study-lamp
Until to bed I go.*

*So with incentive such as this
I trim my studious light,
And far into the short-wicked hours
My window-square is bright,
And my professor knows he need
Not ask me to recite.*

*Then sweetly let my beacon burn,
And my professor smile,
Although between my light and me
There lies a darkened mile;
My signal-lamp is trimmed, and I
In Mayfield all the while!*

Young Herbert Hoover's special inspiration was Dr. John Caspar Branner, eminent geologist and fit companion for a man like President Jordan. I took geology along with Hoover in my freshman year; he eventually produced a monumental work, *In Re Metallica*, translating and explaining the mysteries of Agri-

cola's Latin text, but all that survives of my hours in that class is a poem:

IN GEOLOGY HOUR

*There was an ancient wingless bird
Who, when some dateless flood
Had covered half the stripling earth
With tertiary mud,
Went wading through his oozy world
And questioned with a cry
Between his labor purposeless
And his desire to die.*

*Yet, never knowing why or how,
He plodded on until
Within the mud's encasing hold
His wading legs were still;
He died with weary gaze upon
The waste that stretched ahead
Nor dreamed his useless tracks behind
Should last though he were dead.*

*The eons passed; above his head,
As he lay buried there,
They piled the never-lasting hills,
They laid it almost bare,
Until one day above the place
An eager scholar bent
And found an added link to tell
A world's development.*

*We who are lame with wading through
The mud of circumstance
Are not the judges of the end,
The unrevealed Perchance;
For, dull though our horizon lie,
It may not hold the less
What store of service yet to be,
What hope of usefulness!*

One of my college vacations was made notable by several weeks in Yosemite Valley and meeting the aged, bearded Galen Clark, discoverer of the Big Trees of the Sierra. Scaling a steep incline after a bear, Clark had come suddenly into the presence of these, the oldest living things. Think of being the first man of his race to stand before the "Grizzly Giants," that tree which seems more than a member of the vegetable kingdom, giving the impression of a prehistoric monster rooted on a mountain top and held prisoner through the ages! There seemed to me, as a youth, something solemn about Mr. Clark, as though that tremendous first moment with the trees was ever with him. When I walk into a Sequoia forest, with its ever-present thrill as of re-discovery, I think of Galen Clark.

That summer, climbing Pilot Peak for its beautiful view, I saw a lovely spectacle, white butterflies hovering above the white lilies which the Spaniards named *mariposa* (butterfly). This poem has so many friends in the Cheerio Circle, I give it here.

COMPENSATION

*The Mariposa lilies grow
On Pilot Peak, all white and fair,
As though by some mistake the snow
In summer-time had fallen there;
And close above this flower-snow,
A wonder out of azure skies,
Falling and resting lightly, lo,
A flurry of white butterflies!*

*Each lily hears a butterfly:
"Ah, daughter of the earth and sun,
My sight is dazzled by the dye
Upon your wings, you splendid One;
What are my pallid wings to me
While you stand here in royal pride,—*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*Breathing your honeyed ecstasy
With all the rainbow gift beside!*

*"Light spirit of the upper skies,
Envy me not; you do not know
What heavy meaning underlies
The radiant dress you covet so;
What are my painted wings to me!
Never with life my petals thrill,
I cannot rise like you and be
One of the blest that move at will.*

*"Sometimes I hear the false wind pass
And whisper: 'If you would but try
You need not keep herein the grass
But with my helping learn to fly;'
And when, beguiled, I fancy power
Is in my wings, he cries in mirth:
'Have you forgotten, foolish flower,
Your feet are buried in the earth?'*

*"Sail on your sweet, untrameled way,
Your wings are free though jeweled not,
Leave me in empty pomp to stay
Rootbound forever in one spot."*

College dramatics were great fun, but some of us got a special thrill from association with those who had become famous in the world beyond the campus. I was no particular star in my French course, but when Coquelin and Hading came over from the Théâtre Française and played *Thermidor*, which they had just created abroad, I joined them for one performance only, fitting in nicely in the crowd of the last act where nothing in the way of the spoken word was required of me. My part consisted chiefly of reading with intense but silent interest the list of those condemned to die on the guillotine that day. My acting would have been entirely satisfactory to the management, I know, had it not been that I carelessly displayed to the gaze of

the audience the heading of the French bulletin which fairly shouted in two-inch type: *THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*.

On another occasion I went up to the city to help Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry put on a really splendid performance of *Becket*. Sir Henry was the Archbishop; Miss Terry was Fair Rosamund. How sweet and gentle she was to the meanest of us backstage! I was a Chain Armor Knight, Sir Something-or-other. There was quite a crowd of us knights with our blazoned banners, but none more intensely interested than I in the acting of the great thespian. When the doors back-center swung open and Becket stood there, defying the King who was plotting with his nobles, I leaned forward eagerly. "The voice of God is the voice of the people," boomed Sir Henry. But I felt that something was wrong. After the curtain had fallen on the big scene, one of my fellow knights said: "The stage manager is looking for you." One moment of startled feeling that ability had been recognized beyond the friendly campus, then he said warningly:

"Beat it. You got your banner between the calcium light and Irving."

Disappointment, yet I could boast afterward, on favorable occasions in college, that I had once put Irving in the shade!

I recall another occasion. Madame Melba was given a dinner by Senator James D. Phelan and he, friendly soul that he was, included me among the guests. The long line passed slowly by the host and the diva. I could hear her saying graciously as each guest was presented, "I am pleased to meet you" over and over again, like a needle caught in a groove of a phonograph record. I knew what a bore it must be to her, yet she was so brave about it. I resolved to give her, if I could, a moment of psychological relief, even though I took my social life in my hands to achieve it.

"I am pleased to meet you," said Melba to me.

"But Madame Melba," I said, in a surprised tone, "I thought you'd remember me."

Of course, she could have said "Why should I?" and I think the amazed line behind me would have applauded, but she was too much of a lady.

"I'm so sorry," she said, "but I meet so many people."

"I know," and my host wore a look of thunder at my insistence, "but you must remember—think, Madame, think back. I was the third soldier from the right, in *Faust*."

The great lady (always to me the purest voice of all time) took both my hands in hers; her matchless voice rose in the notes with which Marguerite answers Faust at their meeting:

"No, my lord, not a lady am I nor yet a beauty." But I knew her for both.

Then I passed on, and I heard her say, brightly, "I'm very pleased to meet you" to my successor in the line.

While I was still in college, our home was honored by a visit from Eugene Field, the poet, and Father sent for me to come home, even though it interrupted my class work. The poet stopped me one morning after breakfast.

"I'm going up to see Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierra. Come along, my boy; it will be something for you to remember."

Eugene Field knocked at the door of the chapel-like cabin on the heights above San Francisco bay. A voice called, "Come in," and we entered. Facing the door was a bed and propped up on pillows with his grey hair and beard flowing over his rough shirt lay the author of *Columbus*.

"Good morning, Joaquin. I'm Eugene Field."

"Come in, Eugene. Make yourself at home."

I was properly awed by my surroundings. The last thing that

could have come to my youthful mind that morning would be the thought of myself on the same platform with Joaquin Miller, at an author's reading, or any foreknowledge that long afterward, when his wishes were carried out under the auspices of the Bohemian Club of which I was president, I would stand beside a great stone pyre erected back of that cabin, (into which Eugene Field had taken me as a college youth) presiding at exercises while the poet's ashes were thrown into the soaring flames upon his funeral pyre.

That morning long ago I listened to Eugene Field and Joaquin Miller talking after the manner of poets and I held my peace in appreciation of the privilege that was mine. That night my parents gave a dinner party in honor of our distinguished guest and Eugene Field told the dinner company of his visit to the gray poet on the Heights.

"Our young man here," he said, smiling at me benignly, "stood by while we talked. We paid no attention to him. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, then coughed, and said, 'I, too, am a poet.'"

Funny, isn't it, how something that would delight my soul to-day made me wish then that the dining-room floor might open and swallow me up!

However, even though the dinner guests must know that the famous man was joking, I had made myself a poet at Stanford when it opened its gates to the Pioneers. Now it seemed the University was about to close its gates with me on the outside. School days were almost over. I had sung my little songs and other bards would take my place. Dr. Jordan, indulgent friend, said in a preface to a collection of my verse:

"A fellow can be young but once. So it is with a University. It is a royal experience when one's own youth and that of his University come together. All the more glorious is it when, with

all this, one has the gift of song, if he does not take it too seriously, and when the University has the charm of beauty and the glow of hope. The highest value of tradition lies in the making of it, and these rhymes are part of the traditions of Leland Stanford Junior University. They are 'original documents' in our academic history. Each recalls a day which the now sober and decorous university will never see again."

I had served my term as laureate, sounding forth the great occasions of college experience as was my official duty. Years and years after I had laid the wreath aside, I came back to the campus and the classes were given a recess that the students might hear me give a program of my Stanford verse, with Dr. Jordan presiding and the Glee Club assisting. I called it *Dinosaur's Eggs, the Lay of the First Minstrel*. That might have sounded a bit forbidding to the undergraduate mind, but the college paper came out reassuringly: "Just at first glance, an assembly featuring an old alumnus reading some poems which he wrote while in college may not sound very interesting, but these verses reflect the life students led here in the first years of the University's existence and are chuck full of the vigor and exuberance of a typical undergraduate. They will show that the Stanford of that day and this are the same in spirit and attitude toward life."

I remember telling the young people, as I have told here, that my first poem was entitled *My Mother's Grave* and I recited to them that morning a later composition:

*When I was but a little tyke,
First evidence I gave
Of rhyming in a stumbling verse
Upon my mother's grave;*

*And as I wrote, a childish tear
Blotted the scrawling page.*

*"The boy has feeling," others said,
"Unusual at his age."*

*Today I smile from where I stand
Upon Parnassus Hill
For Mother has the curious thing
Among her treasures still.*

My mother was in that audience and I know she enjoyed as much as I the evidence the students gave of their opinion that although it might be as Dr. Jordan had said "a fellow can be young but once," it might be that now and then a fellow could stay young for a considerable time.

The day had been when I felt a lot older and that was when I realized that four years had slipped by me, stealthily and irrevocably, and that my college singing was at an end. Looking back on the four years, I knew then that one of the deepest moments in that experience had been what I put into verse for a Phi Beta Kappa meeting. Looking back on the ten years of Cheerio, I know it has had its part there, too. Dr. Jordan introduced this poem, on publication, with the sympathetic understanding so characteristic of him:

"This exquisite poem tells the story of a crisis of feeling in the poet's own career. It touches the experience of thousands of sincere and thoughtful youths who in their studies reach what seems to be the parting of the ways. The University deals with actual truth, with the Universe as it is, not with opinion however plausible or tradition however venerable. 'The winds of freedom' blow on its heights; whatever is not fastened on the 'solid ground of Nature' is swept away. The student finds that much he has revered as faith is only the debris of his grandfather's science.

"First of many problems is that of the meaning of prayer. Is it true that by faith he can move mountains, wring rain from the

steel-blue sky, or make one hair black or white? Or are its functions that of a boat at its moorings, in which he may draw himself to the shore, the shore remaining immovable? Or must he merely turn away as from another of 'the faded fancies of an elder world?'

"In this condition of bewilderment our poet while a student at Stanford University met a young man—old in the path of wisdom—Dr. Wilbur Wilson Thoburn, a professor of Zoology. Whether prayer would or would not change one atom in the physical universe did not concern Thoburn. His conception, like that of Jesus was that prayer is an individual act, to be performed in one's own closet, for the time being his temple. Prayer he interpreted in terms of life, the expression of some noble purpose. If our prayer aims to realize hope in action, it will be answered. Prayer is not a plea to change the world about us, but our own resolve to consecrate ourselves to our loftiest duty in the affairs of life.

"Wisdom is knowing what one ought to do next; virtue, doing it; religion, our conception of the reason why right action is better than wrong, and prayer, the core of our endeavor."

PRAYER

"Ah well-a-day, what evil looks
 Had I from old and young;
 Instead of the Cross the Albatross
 About my neck was hung; . . .
 I looked to Heaven and tried to pray,
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came and made
 My heart as dry as dust."

I

*There is a season of high-hearted song,
 The vocal glory of the greening spring,*

When life stirs up through music, pulsing strong
 Toward the hushed wonder of its blossoming;
 No meditation softens this clear tone
 That rings with newly-wakened consciousness;
 The tingling upward impulse asks alone
 Expression, and the song is purposeless
 Save that perhaps some thrill of mystery
 Lies at the roots of life, an unguessed hour
 Felt in the lifting leaves, a prophecy
 Locked in the promise of the folded flower.
 As yet along the stalks the tender green
 That the fond roots first ushered to the light
 Remains, although an urgency unseen
 Compels division to release the slight
 Brave color of the buds that must have way;
 And where the new leaves spread old leaves appear,
 Caught in the stalks' uprising where they lay—
 Dead straws that linger from the parent year.

Over the hills the free winds blow,
 The lithe stalks bend and the old leaves go,
 And the young plants shiver a little as though
 They miss the touch they are wont to know,
 And a sense, somehow, of loss and wrong
 Bears heavily at the heart of song.

II

Who knows the number (I remember one)
 To whose glad youth the Springtime has upheld
 Her green and silver mirror in the sun,
 How many musings it has paralleled
 When thought intruded on the wordless joy
 The field-lark set to music; I have known
 How in new leaves and wind-swept straws a boy
 May see reflected his dear faith outgrown.
 For who shall measure what minutest change
 Can stiffen stem and bud or harden thought
 From tender trust to question, and estrange
 Old leaf and new, home and the youth it taught?

*Chance breeze, chance word—what grows that may escape it?
 Light breeze or wind, light word or argument,
 Men's faith is as environment shall shape it,
 Trees are but twigs continuously bent.
 Thus it has been that simple faith in prayer,
 Taking the open road, was blown away
 By winds of freedom, taken unaware
 In shining weather and the mind swept bare
 Of confidence and any will to pray.
 So many hands there are to rend
 The masonry of faith apart!
 Books unexplored, some rare new friend
 Whose trust already has had end,
 Who cannot find it in his heart
 To beg of what he cannot see,
 To dare inform Infinity;
 So many hands destructive, and so few
 To rear upon the ruined heap a new
 Abiding comfort! All too long remain
 The fragments, never wholly set again;
 The winds of doubting blow the dust
 Of the old comfortable trust
 Whereto there stretches no return
 Save only as the mind may learn
 Some satisfaction to discern.*

III

*To such a mind a voice may reach,
 In class-time or some graver day,
 Whose calm authority of speech
 Shall fill an eager ear and teach
 A troubled spirit how to pray;
 A voice like one—this much we know:
 It sank in silence years ago
 When he was put from sight and sound
 Beneath the still sequestered ground
 Where sweeps, as in a long caress,
 The pepper-branches' tenderness—
 So much we know, how'er we guess!*

*Voice unforgotten! Once your message came
 Set in a quiet sentence! others heard
 Doubtless no more than word trail after word
 Along the dry course of the droning hour
 As in a drowsy shower
 Drop follows drop along the window-frame;
 Yet one heart there was stirred
 As by its name
 Called suddenly at night; a flame
 Leaped up with power
 Upon the instant to illumine
 Its path's impenetrable gloom.
 Your words were like the ocean's utterance
 Whose deep illimitable swell
 Has waked a wistful assonance
 Within the hollow of a shell,
 An echo yearning to set free
 Its understanding of the sea
 And able only to impart
 A hint of what is in its heart.*

IV

*"Prayer, if it be such deep desire
 For good that it shall realize
 Its hope in action, may aspire
 To answer and not otherwise."
 So spoke the voice, and prayer became
 A force, no more an emptied name!
 And over Faith's inverted cup
 A gleaming Grail was lifted up.
 No mere petition could express
 That inward prayer for righteousness,
 Nor any supplicating word
 Voice the diviner speech unheard;
 For life itself was made the only prayer
 And life itself the only answer gained;
 Unlimited the soul's expression there,
 Unlimited the heart's desire attained!*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*The eager stem shall find its hour
Of answer in the opened flower
And the flower's rapt unfolding lead
To rich fulfillment in the seed;
Man's self-dependent will to be
In tune with God's high harmony,
Right thinking ever turned to act,
Shall make unceasing prayer a fact
And prayer, thus answered, shall allow
A larger faith and teach it how
To find its heaven here and now!*

That self-same moment I could pray
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off and sank
Like lead into the sea."

On moonlit nights, in the last week of college, I walked in the shadowy Quadrangle. I walked alone, which was unusual. Perhaps there is no place more romantic than the Stanford Inner Quadrangle when it is all blue-and-silver and the moonlight drips from the palm fronds; maybe it's only a state of mind; but—I don't know—one doesn't get over it really. I had an experience there when nineteen classes had laid their bronze plates in the pavement of the arcade. I put it into verse for another Phi Beta Kappa meeting—a dinner this was. I put it into the rhythm of *Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, Rock Me to Sleep*. I told how I had found myself walking round the Inner Quad with a sweet young thing who had just entered college.

*"We walked round the Quad; 'twas a marvelous moon,
The kind that sets arcade and palm-beds a-swoon
In a smother of silver. Unseeing I stepped
Over nineteen class tombstones, so sweetly I slept!
Alas, were that slumber a trifle more deep:
I talked in my sleep, Mother, talked in my sleep!*

*Why can we not learn that the long-long-ago
Is something the present considers de trop?
The moonlight on concrete and gravel lay fair;
Why must I describe the asphaltum once there?
Why must I discourse on how "queening" was done
In the magical moonlight of one-eight-nine-one!*

*The dream-maiden suddenly poised, as for flight,
And her eyes were as those that have seen a great light
And she cried: 'Mister Cheerio! I know who you are:
You're the one in the Pioneer class with Papa!'*

Twenty years before this experience, how I hated to have my college days end! I had gone to Professor Anderson and had said, in glee, that I was three credits short of graduation and that I wouldn't have to go. He answered me in that rough voice which hid the softest of hearts: "No, you've been here long enough. We'll find a way to get rid of you." And they did.

So we Pioneers went out together into the cold, cold world. I had been so busy being a laureate I wore no scholastic laurels. Hoover had devoted himself so assiduously to bringing order out of chaos in his organization of student financial affairs and the creation of a constitution which is still followed on the Stanford campus, his crown had fewer leaves than it might have had. Neither of us knew that we had a distinguished predecessor in this position. Many years after graduation, I was at Dartmouth College, addressing a group of the faculty there in presenting to Dartmouth the fraternity pin which Daniel Webster had worn at Hanover.

"It is for us this afternoon to visualize that historic youngster of eighteen who was wearing this pin at commencement time one hundred and twenty-five years ago," I said, looking down at the little silver badge in my hand, with its slender engraved initials "D. W." "Here was superior scholastic qualification, here was hearty delight in the athletics of the time—riding and hunt-

ing and fishing—and in the social life of his contemporaries, as his letters tell, and here was also intense eagerness in those extra-curricular activities for which the United Fraternity was founded. Moreover, here was self-help financially. What I know of Hoover is singularly like what I read of Webster. 'Black Dan' was a star student, so recognized by faculty and classmates, but he did not emerge with the very highest scholastic honors. Webster, like Hoover, was intensely active in college activities that were in themselves fundamentally related to the great career of usefulness which crowned his college work. Both of them achieved 'margins of leisure and of energy.' I hazard the wild prophesy that the day will come when undergraduates like Daniel Webster and Herbert Hoover will be given the degrees of great distinction at commencement time in preference to the type of student to whom our institutions, obsessed by the marking system, usually award the victor's palm."

Our college mate who became President of Stanford, Ray Lyman Wilbur, has phrased it thus: "One of the principal aims of Stanford training is to make it possible for men and women to care for themselves and their families and to have left over margins of time and of energy which can be used in the advancement of science, in public service, and in doing those worthwhile things which must be done by educated men and women if they are to be done at all."

On my commencement day I had little thought of all this. I only knew that I was leaving a golden age behind me and going out to—what? I had no inkling of the great truth that one golden age follows upon another!

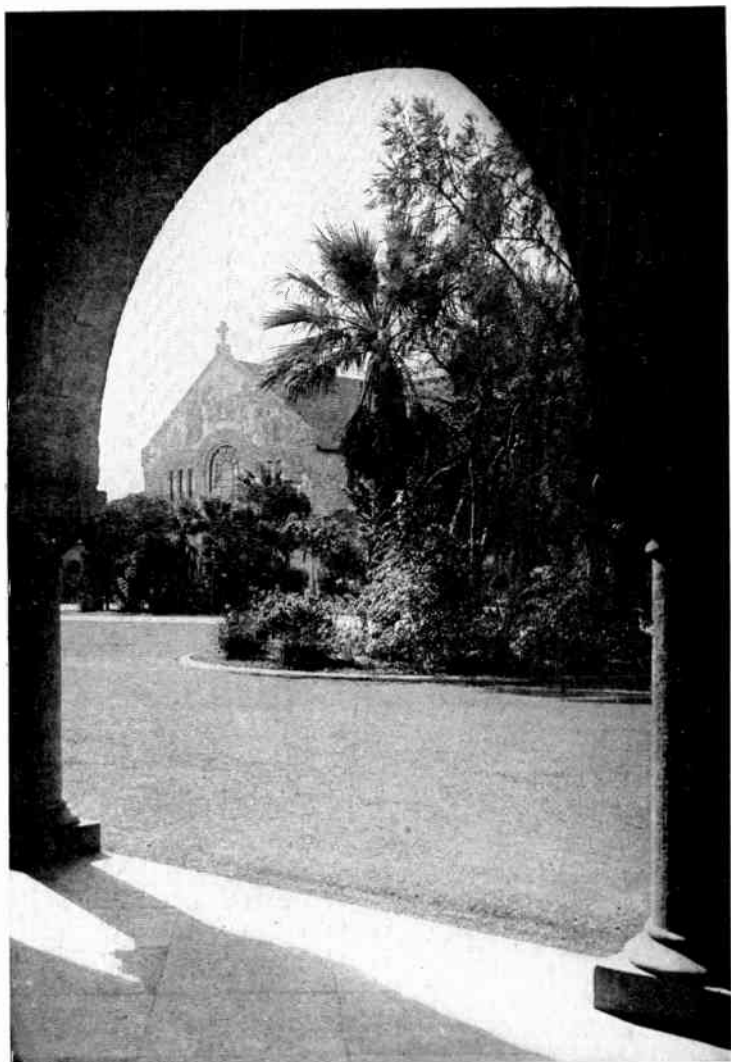
Apprenticeship

THE Bohemian Club of San Francisco, in November, 1895, gave a farewell dinner to Joseph D. Redding, all-round Bohemian stalwart: lawyer, composer, librettist, orator, champion chess and billiard player, and other things which I have forgotten. In short, he was the supreme spirit of the Club and that is saying a great deal. Nicholas Murray Butler, in his autobiography *Across the Busy Years*,* in the chapter on "Companionships and Conversations," says: "The Bohemian Club of San Francisco, that truly marvelous club with more than a half-century of fine tradition and distinguished performance in letters and in arts! San Francisco owes much to the fact that from 1849 until the opening of the first trans-continental railway, some twenty years later, it was so remote and so cut off from the rest of the country that it was not only under invitation, but almost under compulsion, to develop its own independent literary and artistic life. Therefore, there came to be about the Bay a group containing a number of brilliant men who, whatever their calling in life, found time and opportunity to have a real interest in and for letters and the fine arts. They were drawn together in the Bohemian Club, the summer camp of which eventually grew into the magnificent Bohemian Grove on the Russian River, which is a place beyond compare in this world. It is no exaggeration to

*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

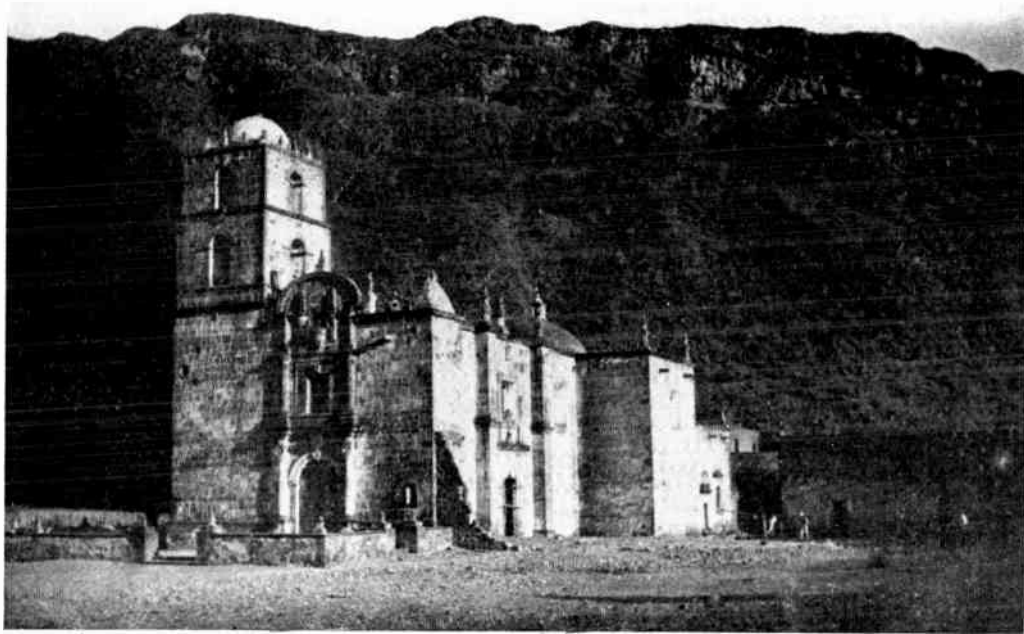
say that not since Ancient Greece has there ever been such whole-souled and truly human devotion, on the part of a large group drawn from every walk of life, to all that is best in that life, including human relationships, letters, and the fine arts, as is to be found each midsummer at the Bohemian Grove. It is the one place in the world where a man counts for nothing but what he really is. Its motto is: 'Weaving Spiders Come Not Here.' When one comes to the trees which mark the entrance to the Grove he is, figuratively speaking, stripped naked of all his honors, offices, possessions and emoluments, and is allowed to enter simply as a personality, there to be weighed and measured in terms of personality and nothing more. I have seen men of highest official position and men of great wealth treated with the greatest unconcern by the dwellers in the Bohemian Grove, simply because the men put on airs and endeavored to assume a superiority to which they had no possible claim. The talk there by night and by day, and the music, vocal and instrumental, and the thousand and one human happenings are unique among modern men."

To this fellowship, as I have already indicated, my father was so fortunate as to belong and as a graduation present he bought me a membership in Bohemia. Doubtless he thought of it as some measure of consolation in my grief at having to leave college, but that was an idle thought—how could there be, in all the world beside, another enchanted land? I went with him to the good-bye dinner to Mr. Redding, grateful but in unmitigated despair. I sat there amazed as the evening progressed. I heard men speak friendly sentiment, naked and unshamed. I heard real poets, Lucius Harwood Foote, Dan O'Connell, Peter Robertson, read their verses of farewell. But I heard also several physicians, a member of the Academy of Sciences, two insurance men, a financier, a coal dealer, the proprietor of a great de-



Photograph by BERTON CRANDALL

*"They made a cradle wondrously
'Mid flowers and sunlight sweet."*
The Inner Quadrangle at Stanford University



At Mission San Xavier, in Lower California, where Cheerio helped to dig for the buried treasure of Captain Ozio.

partment store, read original verse as well! From the Lambs Club in New York came a poem by Clay Greene, the dramatist; and from Sir Henry Irving, a telegram of greeting. Wit and humor and unabashed emotion flowed about Redding, the lawyer, while eight of his musical compositions were featured on that evening's program. Did something whisper to me that seven years later, on one of his visits to California, "Joe" Redding and I should write the first Grove play of that Club? No, indeed! I only whispered to myself, "Where am I?" In this atmosphere, campus dramatics seem to fade, fraternity-house gatherings were adolescent. Beyond doubt, there was something waiting for me in the world beyond the sandstone gates of Stanford.

At another dinner in the Club I found myself seated next to Richard M. Hotaling. Slightly older than I, he was known to me as a chum of Holbrook Blinn, who had been at Stanford in the early days and who had gone on into that splendid dramatic career which found him at the head of his profession when his end came. I knew that Hal Blinn and Dick Hotaling talked deaf-and-dumb language in crowded street-cars; or, walking together down Market Street of a Saturday afternoon, they would stop some dignified pedestrian whose face was adorned with whiskers and would say to him: "Excuse me, sir, but they are not wearing them that way now!" I knew that Hotaling had a reputation locally for ability as an actor equal to that of his friend, Blinn, but that circumstances had not been favorable to his going on with Blinn into professional life. Perhaps I found Dick at a most favorable moment, when Blinn had gone and there was a place for another companion even though he could only rattle round in the space which Blinn had left vacant. At any rate, there began, that evening, between Hotaling and me a friendship of over a quarter of a century, a devoted companionship that excelled anything which college had given me.

Now began what might be called a life of program-making and by that I mean building programs and taking part in them either as toastmaster or performer. So frequent were they as to make it reasonable to consider them as indeed an apprenticeship for an every day radio program! These delightful activities were interfered with, to a considerable extent, by the necessity of making a living and by various emotional interests which were absorbing and distracting at times. And also by experiences here and there which in their turn have actually served what appeared to be the main business of life—program-making. There is no reason why these elements of *The Story of Cheerio* should be recorded in any chronological order—this is no history demanding logical sequences. These are but scattered reminiscences and are set down for the sole purpose of following the general design of remembering this and that when this and that may seem to be germane to the radio feature which eventually came to fill my days and often my nights as well. They are but episodes and instances, jumbled together in memory and jotted down here in much the same inconsequential fashion.

I found myself, indeed, in a land more strange and whimsical than any the undergraduate mind could have conceived. I made my dramatic debut as “*Taenia Solium*, a tapeworm;” Frank Norris was “*Rarebit*, a Welshman;” Gelett Burgess was “*Liver Pill*, a Physician,” (distinguished company!). The scene was the interior of the stomach of our Club’s largest eater and the time was Christmas night!

Memories of the campus came back at a dinner tendered by the Club to the delegates of the Association of American Universities in convention assembled at San Francisco. I was the

class poet, as I had been in high school, and I gave the *Commemorative Ode of the University of Bohemia*:

*"I, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 My soul's immensity,
 (The mighty line
 Is Wordsworth's, but the figure's mine!)
 Bard of Bohemia, Alma Mater's tongue,
 I charge thee now, commemorative Musel
 Thou speak'st through me thy wisdom to the young,—
 Then, as is custom in these cases, use
 The mother's simple language to her child,
 Sweet pot of pidgin-English undefiled!
 So, in the dove-cote of the poets, I,
 Like a squab Homer, shall be nourished by
 The soft, regurgitated words
 Of elder birds!*

*BANG! We're off!
 Student and prof!
 In vino veritas, adsum!
 Ecce causam, Clicquot et Mumm!
 Vinum in facultate,
 Wow! what a lovely party!
 Joy now arrives in a wonderful brisk way
 Communicative
 (Remember the dative)
 Professoribus puerisque!"*

Professor H. Morse Stephens, of the University of California, revered "Magister" and beloved friend, once remarked that it was amazing that any university could turn out a man so essentially uneducated as myself. Surely, he had never seen this Ode!

I delivered the poem in an appropriate make-up, pallid cheeks, hair clustering about my ears. Henry A. Melvin, Justice of the Supreme Court of California, three times my size, wore heavy sweater and moleskin pants as "Muggsy O'Toole," professional

member of Bohemia's varsity eleven. Before the program began, "Harry" had come to me and asked me to help him out in his stunt. "I am going to use bad grammar," he said, "and when I do, you sit near me and correct me." So, when he made an obvious slip, I spoke up with the correct phrase. I had rendered this service thrice when a gentleman sitting near growled at me, "That will be *enough* from *you!*" I wanted to help Harry but I could not bear to be in the position of a "butter-in," particularly as Harry was giving realistic signs of annoyance. Therefore, I quietly withdrew. Another slip. Nothing from me. Melvin turned round and, seemingly at a loss, ended his speech lamely and sat down. It seems that his grand finale was to seize me by the neck at the fourth interruption and wipe up the floor with my puny form. That escape convinced me that I was destined to live long in the land to which an indulgent fate had led me.

Having ruined my voice in raucous support of Stanford's athletes against those of California, our hereditary foe, twenty-five years older than we, it was but fitting that in graver years I should join with a kindred spirit of the other camp in the presentation of *A Pageant of Peace* for a Charter Day banquet of the University of California. It proved to be an echo of those days when, with my childhood chum in Vermont, I perched upon the fence as an angel. Milton Schwartz and I were angels of peace on this occasion. He in a yellow wig, I in a red, with enormous wings, and each carrying on a forefinger in the medieval manner doves of peace, hooded like falcons. Schwartz announced, "Mercy and truth are met together." We gave each other the French salute on both cheeks. I replied, "Righteousness and peace have kiss-ed each other." There was a pause. "Well, go on, Sister," I said. "You're the older." The California angel was nettled. "Even if I am, I don't see any occasion for speaking of it!"

From there, in spite of the best efforts of the toastmaster, things went from bad to worse and eventually the unhooded doves were at each other, like a cock fight, while we angels, dipping our concealed hands into bowls of white chicken feathers, filled the air with a flurry of strife, in the midst of which the program came to an inevitable close. Intercollegiate pacifists were confounded and unabated rivalry remained secure.

It may be that Cheerio listeners have wondered whence came the hoarded wealth which has enabled me to devote ten years of my life to this program without pay. There may or may not be an inkling here:

We were seven, seekers after buried treasure. There was a doctor of science, who later left his microscope to gaze through the camera into the eyes of society women. There were three physicians, all German university men and friends of the scientist. There was an artist. There was a football playing Stanford undergraduate. And there was I who apparently possessed the only business head of the party. For I had made a real effort to get the others to pay my travelling expenses in consideration of my assigning them one-half of my share of the treasure. They all agreed it would be a good investment for them, but they would make no such ungenerous arrangement with me.

In the long course of his scientific work, the scientist, whom we shall call the Doctor, had been in Lower California and had been largely responsible for maps of that region. A considerable time before we set sail on our quest, there had come into the Doctor's office a pale-eyed Pole. His was a very mysterious, secretive nature. He got all the information he could out of the Doctor and imparted barely any in return. Months later the Pole appeared again, and took the Doctor more into his confidence. This was his story:

Many years before, his widowed sister had lived in San Diego.

She was a hard-working woman who kept boarders, one of whom, a man who had been a miner in Mexico, had been befriended by her in his final illness in her house. Before he died, he told her she would find in the bottom of his trunk a paper which she was to take and profit by if she could. It had come down to him, hand to hand, from two murderers in a death cell. She puzzled over the paper which began, "In the name of God, Amen!" It contained explicit directions for finding hidden treasure to the amount of several millions in bullion and pearls, buried in the garden of the Mission of San Xavier. The Polish woman, risking all, started out after the treasure, making for the Mission of San Xavier del Bac near Tucson, Arizona. A woman, alone, inexperienced, with very little money, and obsessed by fear for her secret, she exhausted herself and died before she ever reached Tucson. Thereupon her brother swore a mighty oath that he would find the treasure which had cost his sister's life. The Pole was an uneducated man, a sea-farer who had finally risen to the position of mate on a small sailing vessel. He never seemed to find the opportunity to get inland, but for years at sea he cherished his resolve.

When all that potential wealth had been in the man's possession for years, something happened. He was lying on his bunk on the sailing vessel, reading Bancroft's history. He nearly fell out of the bunk when he came to a page wherein he read that Captain Ozio of La Paz, Lower California, who had the first concession for pearl fishing from the Spanish government, had buried all his pearls, with bullion and a large amount of altar decorations, in the garden of the Mission of San Xavier, in Lower California. Ozio had been killed for the treasure which had never been found and which, so far as Mr. Bancroft knew, was still in the garden. In Mexico, not Arizona!

Weary were the days before the Pole could get back on land. Provided with maps and a little money, he got to the mission

garden. There the realization came to him that if anyone knew the purpose of his coming, he would be instantly killed. He left at once. Again seeking the Doctor, he proposed the organization of a treasure-hunting company, exacting the promise of a good share of the stock for himself. The Doctor had always wanted to return to Lower California, there were wonderful specimens of bugs to be collected there, and he needed only the excuse offered by a prospective share in a few buried millions. So he gathered us about him—I venture to say the most select little circle that ever went seeking treasure. Before we left San Francisco, we used to have weekly meetings to discuss our preparations. The thing, as put up to us, could not fail. This was the argument:

“Do we know that this treasure was buried?”

“Yes, we do.”

“Do we know that it has been dug up?”

“No, we do not.”

“Well, then, it must still be there.”

Logically convincing as this had sounded in San Francisco to our treasure-seeking minds, in our leisure on the good ship *Curacao*, bound for Lower California, doubts would disturb first one and then another. We were intensely anxious to see the mysterious and precious document, but even the Doctor had not been so privileged. However, the Pole had divulged some of the directions. One point was that the burial place of the treasure was marked by an *aromatic* stone, the color of which was a dirty violet. We also knew, before leaving San Francisco, that the treasure was buried under a water course, so one of the physicians had provided himself with a complete suit of rubber clothes. We had been further informed that the treasure was buried in a vault, so another physician took a magnificent electric torch. Knowing also that we would have thirty-seven miles to travel on mule back, laden with the treasure, we took a com-

plete arsenal of weapons. Each of us was armed with the latest repeating rifle because we knew terrific dangers were attached to our expedition. This rifle was not yet on the American market. It had been invented in Germany by a friend of one of the physicians which gave the guns a special significance in our eyes.

Everything was significant to us, now that we were actually embarked upon the quest, and we heeded every omen. The third night out a stormy petrel flew through the porthole of the Pole's cabin. He captured it. A furious discussion immediately arose as to whether this was a good or bad omen. The most ominous result of the event was that our guide wrote a poem concerning the capture of the petrel. This poem was a double blow: first, to discover that our leader at blind-man's buff had a creative imagination; second, and more alarming, that the poem betrayed a far from logical mind. Later in the voyage, the Pole began to talk of his ambition. He was determined to avenge on fate his sister's death, to conquer where she had failed. After that he would devote his life and his glutton's share of the treasure to air ships! This, please note, was in 1899. He was a fanatic; at the moment he said "air ships" one of the German physicians burst out: "Now I am sorry I came!"

But presently we got to La Paz and there saw pearls on sale, a distant echo from the days of Ozio, when La Paz was a booming port. Even I, convulsed with amusement as I was, was a little thrilled by the pearls. Interest was certainly not lessened to learn now that "the historian Llavigero relates that Don Manuel de Ozio, licensed soldier of the presidency of Loreto and the only rich man in California, succeeded in taking out, in the years 1742-43-44, four hundred and two pounds of pearls."

We took the *Rio Yaqui*, a little steamboat about seventy feet long and carrying eighty people, up the coast to Loreto, the site of the first mission established in the Californias. At this little

village, where the bumble-bees droned like organ notes in the ruined mission, we maintained absolute secrecy as to the object of our trip. Engaging our mules to go to San Xavier, we stated distinctly that we were bound for Commandu, in the opposite direction. We were hunting for osmium, that rare metallic element of the platinum group and the heaviest substance known. That would explain our outfit for transporting something in bulk.

It was at Loreto that one of those trifles light as air came like confirmation strong as Holy Writ to a mind running upon our secret. We met there an American woman, a dear sweet old lady, wonderfully like my own Aunt Mary. The poor lady was homesick for the United States, but there was some awkwardness connected with her going back. One was not supposed to mention it.

"Will it not be awfully hot where we are going?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "It is lovely at Commandu. The water is running there and it makes a noise falling upon itself! That, too, is the place where you find the aromatic stones."

She stood beside my mule, for we were mounted and about to go. I nearly swooned off the animal. The aromatic stones! Up to that moment it had all been a joke. What if, after all—?

All day we rode the mules bareback across a dry country and camped at night high on the ridge below which nestled the Mission San Xavier. After supper, a discussion arose between the graduates of the German universities. "Does the moon turn on its own axis?" They did not agree. And before the argument was finally ended in uneasy slumber, some friendships had been broken that were never mended. I marveled that when there was even the slightest possibility, based on aromatic stones, that we were on the brink of affluence a purely intellectual interest could so absorb them.

If any of my skepticism had remained after the lady men-

tioned one of the secret directions in our chart, it tottered on its throne the next morning when at sunrise we rode down into the valley of the mission. All about were masses of yellow flowers, brilliant yellow, golden flowers, drawing through their roots—and flaunting the secret to the blue sky—sustenance from the hidden golden treasure!

A more peaceful, quiet haven you could not imagine. The place was in charge of an aged Mexican caretaker who lived there with his family, sons and grandsons. At long intervals, a travelling priest would come to hold a service and marry and baptize. Midway of the garden, a woman was bathing an infant in a shallow concrete pool. Guilefully we asked the caretaker if we might rest; receiving an affirmative answer, we stopped. We had no intention as yet of taking the caretaker into our confidence. We had a lot to learn ourselves. We ate our lunch and then got hold of the secretive Pole.

“Now, show us the chart!” we cried and we were a little breathless.

The Pole took out his precious document, with a translation attached. The Doctor read it aloud to our intent ears.

“In the name of God read that there lies buried in the Mission of San Xavier the sum of five million pesos. From the two nearest distant mountain peaks, look for the mark 10. Directing yourself from the baptismal font to the right-hand side of the Mission, you will find two sharp points of a basket. Thence direct yourself in a straight line across the creek. You will find a boulder in direct line of the avocado tree. Dig there and you will find an aromatic stone. There you will find five millions in gold, pearls, silver and silver-ware, and he who has faith in God and goes to take up this treasure shall give thanks to the Saint and reward his temple for this favor.

“Amen! Amen! Gracias a Dios!”

Our eyes were searching the landscape for the enumerated

markers. But the Doctor said to the Pole peremptorily, "Show us the place." We followed our guide, knowing that the treasure was largely to be located from the water course.

"This," said the Pole, pointing to a little irrigation trench that might have been dug the day before with a hoe, "this must be it."

The man who had brought the complete set of rubber clothes snorted. He was the maddest man I have ever seen. He denounced the Pole. Some punishment must be meted out to him, we agreed, but it must be nothing public, with the natives looking on. As befitting the crime, we shut off his rations of fine cigars. Then we tried, on our own, to make some sense of the directions, but with no success. Then we went into the church to hold a meeting. We called for a show-down. We compelled the Pole to give up the paper, not only the translation but the original Spanish. The Doctor studied the Spanish document carefully, for the first time.

"What is this?" he asked suddenly. "Pilar. Why do you say baptismal font?"

The Pole shook his head forlornly.

"All I know, it is in the dictionary."

A dictionary was promptly produced.

"Baptismal font" was a secondary definition of "pilar." Its primary meaning was "a bathing place."

Seven treasure seekers dashed out of that quiet church. There were the two nearest distant mountain peaks. With our backs to them, we found the mark 10 with no difficulty on the portal of the church and then oh heavens, before us lay the bathing place and then unmistakably, the boulders! It was all true in spite of mis-translation and misunderstanding! The doctor took out one of our best cigars and handed it to the Pole without a word and then we started for the caretaker to divulge our secret errand.

“Sí, señores. I now understand. You have come for the treasure. Well, the board will be one dollar and a half per day. If you do not find the treasure in this place, I will show you the next best place to dig!”

At least, that was his manner, as though we had struck a tourist resort for treasure seekers. On the other hand, we understood that fifty years before, a party had been there and had dug near the same spot where we now proposed to end our quest. Well, we were still in such a state of delighted hallucination over our chart working out that, upon the caretaker's recommendation, we hired all his male relatives to dig. The digging would be just as effective, we reasoned, if done by proxy.

They dug until midnight. By then there was a considerable pit. We sat on the edge of it and watched eagerly. The man with the rubber clothes could see that they would not be needed for the ground was very dry, but the man with the electric torch was all ready to do his part when the vault should be uncovered.

The orange moon was just tip-toeing on the edge of the farthest of the two nearest distant mountain peaks. It was the charmed, the weird, the witching hour. Suddenly the pick of one of the peons, as it struck far down in the excavation, gave forth a dull thud, not the ring of metal on stone, an entirely different sound, with breath-taking possibilities. He struck again. A piece of perfectly good brick flew from the pick's end.

What a moment! Everybody stopped digging. The Mexicans fell on their knees in the dirt and began to pray: “Madre de Dios!”

The old caretaker was spokesman now. “All our lives we have lived here and have known there was a treasure buried somewhere in our garden, but we have never found it for we have never had a leader. Now you have come and because you are so wise, you have found it. Be merciful and give to our families and to the mission a part of the treasure!”

We promised it like princes if they would only dig! By the lights of heaven, reinforced by the electric torch, the peons again fell to. A great quantity of brick and mortar was uncovered. After awhile there were no bricks and mortar, nothing but prehistoric gravel. The place was not a tomb and not a vault, but evidently it was a long buried relic of early occupation and of some such industry as threshing.

Do not tell any of us that our document was not authentic. It had been passed on from hand to hand, direct from Ozio himself. Not from Ozio's live hand had it been wrested. For that document he had been murdered, and the cut-throats who murdered him had, on the morning of their execution, given it to a fellow prisoner. From that fellow prisoner, the document's history could be clearly traced until we had touched its thumbed and yellow-brown surface in the mission. It had caused the death of the Pole's sister and had created in him a madness which he had passed on to us.

Back to San Francisco we went, with our elaborate arsenal, our electric torch, our rubber garments. Only the Doctor carried back Treasure-Trove, innumerable bottled bugs. More than one of us now protests that he never went for anything but a lark. I am certain I started out in the spirit of pure joy in adventure of any kind, and if, before we were through, there were moments when I believed in the expedition, I do not see how anyone with any imagination could have escaped it.

One wonderful dinner after another with notable guests of honor followed my return to San Francisco. Pablo Casals, cellist supreme even then as a young man. I had just come from the mission garden, albeit empty handed, but I had returned with more Spanish than when I left. It was different from that of Casals, but we got along famously and he was much amused.

Mascagni, touring America with *Cavalleria*. Dick Hotaling de-

livered an oration in Italian, very impressive to all of us, but very amusing to the composer who recognized it as made up entirely of the stage directions of his opera. The chorus marched in, blowing the Intermezzo through kazoos. Mascagni leaped to his feet, laughing, and directed us with fervor.

Caruso, drawing and signing a caricature of himself on my dinner card, along with the signature of Charles Warren Stoddard and Henry James.

Ysaye, who made a speech in French supposedly to be translated by Sir Henry Heyman, the host. Sir Henry was too shy. I was called on and I interpreted the virtuoso's speech, although I had no idea what it was he had said. He had sufficient English to laugh heartily at the absurd speech I put in his mouth.

Leoncavallo, with a bright bandana on his head, enormous brass rings fastened to his ears, and in his hand, a giant baton of Italian bread, leading us all in Neapolitan songs. The dinner had begun with the diners in evening dress, but a Bohemian had broken in upon the program, denouncing the chairmen of the evening for honoring our great guest after the manner of mere millionaires, instead of as the premier Bohemian of the world. He summoned the chorus which came tumbling in dressed in gypsy costumes (Leoncavallo's *Gli Zingari* or *The Gypsies* was being performed in San Francisco). Massed in front of the composer, they sang the old glee-club joke, *Italian Salad*, hiding the diners from the guest of honor. When the human screen drew aside, every man-jack in the room wore a bandana and ear rings and rose *en masse* in a gypsy salute to Leoncavallo. And then a wonderful speech from the maestro, all about the happening in his father's court room from which came the story of *Pagliacci*.

Sir Henry Heyman, violinist and good friend, always entertaining visiting musical notables and now rewarded by a special dinner in his own honor. Sir Henry had derived his title from

the late Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands. Legend hath it that the King invited a company of the Bohemians to the Islands to celebrate his birthday. The Clubhouse in San Francisco was always His Majesty's headquarters when he visited the mainland and he was returning hospitality. It was a marvelous *luau* and Henry Heyman played his violin so assiduously that the King was weary of it and going up to the visitor he struck him lightly with his cane and said "Good *Night!*" Henry fell on his knees. "Oh Your Majesty," he exclaimed, "this is so sudden!" This may be legend, but it is a fact that ever afterward one addressed this Bohemian by the name given on his visiting card "Sir Henry Heyman" or received no answer. I have no doubt that Sir Henry's use of this title, which sounded exactly like the one the Queen of England bestowed upon Henry Irving although Heyman's came from the King of the Cannibal Islands, was by no means as naive as it might look to the casual observer. How many music pupils came as the result of it I have no idea, but I can guess. I do know that the canny San Franciscan travelled through Europe with his title emblazoned upon his luggage and received distinguished attention. On the occasion when the Hawaiian swimmer Duke Kohanamoku (no title there of course) was exhibiting at the Grove swimming-hole, Sir Henry told me that he felt more at home now that the Duke was there. It all sounded sincere but ah, the twinkle in those shrewd old eyes! At the dinner, in honor of Sir Henry, there were two long tables in the dining room. The guest of honor was led between them to the far end of the room where there was a large cartoon of himself attended by hula-hula maidens. The cartoon was labeled "A Hawaiian Knight's Entertainment." After examining this picture for a moment Sir Henry was escorted to his seat midway of one of the long tables. This brought him facing the other which, while his back was turned, had been occupied by clubmates made up to represent various

celebrities whom the guest had entertained from time to time. Midway of this distinguished company sat a clever mimic, dressed in a purloined suit of Sir Henry's own, and imitating him to the life as he posed as the guest of honor. The program was furnished by the pseudo-celebrities, all at the expense of Sir Henry himself, and the evening broke up in some confusion when a hula-hula dancer indulged in hysterics at the sight of the Hawaiian Knight.

Fun and frolic and a lot of the hard work that goes into the smoothest and seemingly simplest of programs!

"Uncle George" Bromley was perpetual High Priest at the Cremation of Care, from its first performance through more than twenty-five years of the annual rite. He sometimes descended from his sacerdotal eminence to preside benignly at minor festivals. In his autobiography *The Long Ago and the Later On** he says, "The most enjoyable and satisfactory Fourth of July observance I have ever taken part in was on the banks of the Russian River in the year 1900, at a camp owned and occupied by the father of Cheerio, his family and intimate friends. The camp was perfect in all its appointments and furnished with all the comforts of a home and the company the most merry and light-hearted of any that has ever camped on that river."

For seven summers, we enjoyed long summer outings at this camp in which my father delighted. There were twelve tents; one of them was fitted out as an assembly room but as it never rains during the summer in California our main living-room was under the redwoods about the campfire. We had a "morning-glory" canopy over a circular dining-table, seating twenty, and two Chinese cooks in the well-ventilated kitchen. What happy

*By permission of Robertson, publisher.



Will Irwin, Gelett Burgess, Cheerio, Wallace Irwin, Arnold Genthe, Robert Aitken, and other authors and artists give Samuel Hopkins Adams, visiting from New York, a Wild West dinner.



(Above) Jew Law, our Chinese cook for twenty years, takes part in camp dramatics. Will Irwin, Jr., and Herbert Hoover, Jr., impersonate their famous sires in the great Radio Hoax. (Below) Family and friends gathered about "Uncle George" Bromley in the Camp at Guernewood.

times we had, "boys and girls together!" Hotaling and I were the entertainment committee. Mary and Ella were the mistresses of the wardrobe and marvelous were the creations that came out of bedding and other paraphernalia of the camp. How easy it is to be a king in ermine if there is cotton batting and shoe-blackening at hand! There was an enormous redwood stump hollowed out by some forest fire. Against this black cyclorama we staged charming living pictures, fading them in and out in the light of flares. One night in particular, when my Aunt Mary was there from Massachusetts, and Joe Redding was one of the party, we staged a mediumistic seance. The phonograph was an unfamiliar novelty and Dick Hotaling had had one shipped secretly into camp. Its long brass horn was detached and hung in mid-air by invisible wires. From it in the darkness, the garden hose ran to the spot where I was concealed with the phonograph beside me, duly wound up, as we all were. Hotaling was the medium who evoked spook messages through the floating trumpet above his head. My father had taken him aside and acquainted him with a romantic episode in Aunt Mary's girlhood. She had joined the other girls in the village in making and sending socks to the soldiers in the Civil War, and her gift was acknowledged in a letter from Charles Armstrong, on the battlefield. The romance ended there but it was always spoken of in the family. That night, in the redwood forest, there came from the trumpet the unmistakable sounds of drum beats and then a deep voice, "Mary!" Aunt Mary gave a jump in her canvas chair.

"Mary!" came the voice again. "It is I, Charles Armstrong! I am still wearing the socks."

Aunt Mary gasped. How could Mr. Hotaling have known? My father chuckled softly. Then stopped chuckling for, from the trumpet, came a sweet, sad voice.

"Henry!"

"Stuff and nonsense," growled my father softly.

"Henry! This is Mary Merritt. Dear Henry, I never wrote that letter!"

My mother was chuckling now. She, too, had had a secret conference with the medium.

And then a voice announced that Mario who, a hundred years before, with a tenor note could soothe a soul in purgatory, was present in spirit. The air thrilled with the voice of Caruso. It was one of his first records and a marvel to that sylvan audience.

The summer of 1905 was the last happy camping of the united family and friends. By next summer San Francisco lay, for the most part, in ashes and the following summer the indulgent father who had loved the camp so well and whose chief delight in life was to give pleasure to old and young, had gone from us. As he lay in the home he had made so precious to us, we placed upon his casket, instead of flowers, an open book. It was the poems of his kinsman, Eugene Field, who had been with us in that home. The book was opened at the poem:

SOMETIME*

*Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
Then, bending down, I kissed your brow—
For, oh! I love you so—
You are too young to know it now
But sometime you shall know.*

*Sometime, when, in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,
Your eyes shall see a weary face
Calm in eternal sleep;*

*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

*The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show—
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you shall know.*

*Look backward, then, into the years
And see me here tonight—
See, O my darling how my tears
Are falling as I write;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you shall know.*

There was to be a dinner in honor of the trustees of Stanford University and I was in charge. It would be Friday evening, April 20th, 1906; on the evening of the 17th I went down to the Stanford campus to arrange for certain features of the program. Charles G. Norris, late of the University of California, went with me for the sake of the mild diversion of a visit to Stanford. The diversion proved so diverting that in his novel, *Hands*, there is a section based upon the experiences of that trip.

We stayed over night at the fraternity house. Shortly after 5 o'clock next morning, something unusual was happening. The first thing I saw, on opening my eyes, was the chiffonier, coming gracefully across the room toward me and bowing with dignity. At first I thought it was the whimsy of a dream, but the room was rocking like a ship at sea. In the bed across the room by the west window, Charlie Norris was sitting upright. His hair seemed to be doing much the same thing and then his voice came, hoarsely excited, "My God, there goes the church!" I sat up slowly and swung my feet out of bed. After all, what was the use of being excited. It was the end of the world if the church had gone and one should await calmly the next move of the Creator. I think it was rather to my credit that I was calm under

such considerations. My father told me, when I got home, that my mother had come rushing to him from her room and he had calmed her with much the same reflections, telling her, "There, there, it is only the end of the world," and that she had not been quieted at all.

When the fraternity house had quieted down, Norris and I dressed and went down and out of the house and over to the Quadrangle. It was the tower of the church that had fallen, crashing down through the exterior mosaic mural of the Sermon on the Mount. The great picture lay in a glittering heap before the church doors, as though all Mrs. Stanford's jewels had been gathered a thousandfold. As we stood there, I saw Dr. Jordan come swinging across the Quadrangle toward us. It would be interesting to see what would be the words of a man who was at once a scientist and a poet. Which side would speak forth at such a moment? Dr. Jordan looked at the rainbow ruin before us and then said slowly: "I had thought that these hills had ceased folding!" Norris and I, not having heard that they were folding, kept a discreet silence. Presently, we walked out of the Quadrangle and under the great arch, Mrs. Stanford's pride. There was a crack in it across its sculptured face. On every hand the newer buildings showed damage more or less serious. It was not a pleasant sight to any Stanford man, but I sang a little hymn of praise that the good lady who had built it all had gone to her reward the year before this happened.

Norris and I walked down the palm-bordered avenue to the station at Palo Alto and presently a train for San Francisco came in from San Jose. On board passengers reported serious wreckage there. Excited and curious people got on the train at every station, but it stopped a dozen miles before it reached San Francisco and ahead of us were other stalled trains. We could go no further. With Norris, I cut across to the edge of the



THE PORTAL OF THE PAST. *A memory of the San Francisco disaster.*
From this famous photograph by Arnold Genthe, a long time exposure by moonlight, Charles Rollo Peters made his painting to which Cheerio gave the title. The original ruined doorway now stands in Golden Gate Park.



Photograph by GABRIEL MOULIN

The Shrine of the Owl in the Bohemian Grove in California,
scene of the annual rite of the Cremation of Care.

Bay where there was a construction camp for the new Bay Shore cut-off of the railroad. We got a good breakfast from the Chinese cook and before long were on our way in a surrey being driven by a man from the camp.

I shall always remember the scene as we neared the city. Everywhere along the road were families hurrying away from it with such household effects as they could carry and from behind them, as from a range of volcanoes, the black smoke welled up above the city's hills. All day I walked about the streets and watched the fire advance. Some of the time I was with Arnold Genthe, the photographer, who has a wonderful record of that day's walk. All sorts of excited groups were in front of the houses, pitching together what they hoped to save, sometimes fortunate enough to have a wagon, but improvising all kinds of transportation, baby carriages, step-ladder sled-like arrangements, dragging trunks on their castors, all making a babel of sound along the pavements while the dynamite blasting boomed intermittently. One old man was over-burdened with an enormous framed picture. I looked at it curiously. It was a painting of San Francisco in 1851. Most noticeable of all were the pets—dogs, cats, parrots, canary birds, and one memorable woman with a bowl of goldfish. I put all this into verse soon after.

THE CHOICE

*"Choose," cried the Fiend and his breath
Withered the blossoming city.
"I am Destruction and Death—
Choose! Is it greed, now, or pity?
Ye have been given this hour;
Hardly I wait on your pleasure;
What will ye save from my power:
Life or your treasure?"
Then, with one voice, they replied:
"All that earth hath in its giving*

*Reckon we nothing beside
 Even the least of the living;
 Light in a dog's eyes, the bird
 Caged for its song—beyond measure
 These at the last are preferred—
 Love over treasure!"*

*So, having chosen, they fled
 And the Fiend took their treasures forsaken.
 Lo, how their spirit was fed
 By the burden of love they had taken!
 All unbereaved, they behold—
 Dreams of their faith realizing—
 A city more fair than their old
 Already uprising!*

For awhile, over two hundred thousand stood in bread-lines after all the provisions were so appropriated that nothing was to be bought at markets and groceries. The commissary department fed the city as it would the hosts of an army and proved to have at hand the machinery for turning to account not only great reserves of army supplies but the gifts which soon began to pour in by boat and train from the generous state and nation. It was not long before everybody, rich and poor, had a kitchen duly installed in the shape of a more or less elaborate brick fireplace in the street. These things are reflected in another poem which has been popular with the Cheerio Exchange:

BARRIERS BURNED

(A rhyme of the San Francisco bread-line)

*It ain't such a terrible long time ago
 That Mrs. Van Bergen and me,
 Though livin' nearby to each other, y' know,
 Was strangers, for all ye could see.*

*For she has a grand house an' horses to drive,
An' a wee rented cottage is mine,
But now we need rations to keep us alive
An' we're standin' together in line.*

*An' Mrs. Van Bergen she greets me these days
With a smile an' a nod of her head;
"Ah, Mrs. McGinnis, how are you," she says,
"An' do you like Government bread?"
She fetches a bag made of crockydile skin
While I've got a sack when we meet,
But the same kind of coffee an' crackers goes in
An' it's all of it cooked in the street.*

*Sure, Mrs. Van Bergen is takin' it fine
Ye'd think she was used to the food;
We're getting acquainted, a-standin' in line,
An' it's doin' the both of us good.
And Mr. Van Bergen, and Michael, my man,
(They've always been friendly, the men)
They're gettin' together an' layin' a plan
For buildin' the city again!*

In the fall of that year, at a social function, I was introduced to a grand dame of San Francisco.

"Ah, Mr. Cheerio," she said graciously, "I know about your poem!"

It was barely a fortnight since I had delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Stanford. I was agreeably surprised.

"Why," I said modestly, "I didn't think you'd know about that."

"Oh, yes, indeed. I quoted it to my friends everywhere through the East this summer."

"Oh," said I, "you don't mean my poem on 'Prayer?'"

"Nothing of the sort! I mean that one about the whisky."

Isn't that the way of the world! The only real fame my Muse

ever acquired, and that of course was strictly local, came from the challenging little quatrain which I wrote while the city was still smoking hot and some well-meaning but misguided clerical gentleman had announced that the San Francisco earthquake and fire were a judgment on the city's sins:

*"If, as one says, God spanked the town
For being overfrisky,
Why did he burn the churches down
And save The Old Kirk whisky?"*

The wonder of it all was the spirit of the people and the rapidity of recovery. An excellent example of this was in the Bohemian Club's refusal to be prevented by the disaster from going into the forest that summer in traditional style. If there were any conservatives who felt that the festival might be better omitted in that calamitous year, their counsels were unheeded. It was decided that no Grove Play would be attempted, but nothing must interrupt the annual performance of the rite of the *Cremation of Care* and surely this year was a fitting occasion for special observance! I was already recognized in the Club as more or less of a crank about this particular ceremonial and therefore I was given charge of the historic performance of 1906. Because the text of that year's ceremony reflects so much of the spirit of the time, it is given here:*

(The place of cremation. On one side stands an enormous Dead Tree, gaunt, gray and leafless, and on the other a lofty and beautiful Living Tree. In the center of an open space is an altar on which burns a flame and before which a company of Priests are assembled. Nearby is a pyre. The procession of Bohemians

*For permission to quote this and other passages from the publications of the Bohemian Club I am indebted to President Marshall Dill and the Board of Directors.

enters and halts before the altar. The bearers of the bier place it upon the pyre.)

THE ASSISTING PRIEST

Dearly beloved in Bohemia, lift up your hearts! To-night the mantle of our sorrow has fallen from us; the memory of our evil days shall be as a dream in the night, for Care is banished!

(Care's laugh issues from the Dead Tree)

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD TREE

*Bohemians! Children of sorrow, foolishly gay,
Hearken to me:
Yesterday, now, and tomorrow, I am the sign of decay,
I am the Dead Tree;
Token and symbol of grief,
Tendril I have not nor leaf,
I am the form of despair,
And through my voice speaks the immortal spirit of Care.*

(The laugh is heard again and is echoed upon the hill.)

*Ho, do you think with this poor ceremonial me ye shall banish?
In past years I humored your pitiful rites, this summer is marked
for my own.
Sweet is the forest air and sweet are the weeds that ye walk on—
Think of the city that was, and the stink of her ruins tomorrow!
Years of depression and doubt, years of untouched desolation,
This is the hope that ye have, this is the joy that awaits ye!
Cease from this mummery, then, acknowledging me as your master;
And never shall ye escape, for my spirit shall haunt ye forever.*

(Again the laugh and again it is echoed on the hill.)

*So Care speaks through me:
I am the Dead Tree;
Answer who can!*

(A miraculous rosy light shines on the Living Tree.)

THE VOICE OF THE LIVING TREE

*Bohemians, brothers of Love,
Hearken to me!
I am the Living Tree.
The sempervirens am I,
And the Dead Tree hath told you a lie!
Lo, they may burn me with fire,
They may blacken and scar me with flame,
Yet in the magical spring I put forth my unconquerable green!
So mid the broken bricks on the desolate slopes of your city,
There ye have seen, already the delicate verdure is springing,
Symbol of life undestroyed, undismayed!
Up from the bruised heart of the peppermint under your feet,
See how the fragrant incense aspires through the night to the stars;
So from your troubled hearts arises the breath of the spirit,
For behold! you have chosen Love and all you have lost shall
return!
I am the Living Tree,
Love speaks through me,
And Love is supremel*

David Bispham, dean of American singers, was for many years an ideal of mine in grand opera. He became flesh and blood for me at a Club dinner where he recited Poe's *Raven* to Arthur Bergh's musical setting, with Harry Gilbert at the piano. When he came back to his place at the table he noticed that I was writing on the back of my menu. I said, "Mr. Bispham, you will not mind, I hope, anything done at your expense; we chaff each other a good deal in this Club!" He assured me that I need have no fear of his taking any offense and so I motioned to Dr. Harry Weill, a clever amateur pianist, and we went to the platform which Bispham and Gilbert had just left and we gave an impromptu travesty of the words and music of *The Raven*.

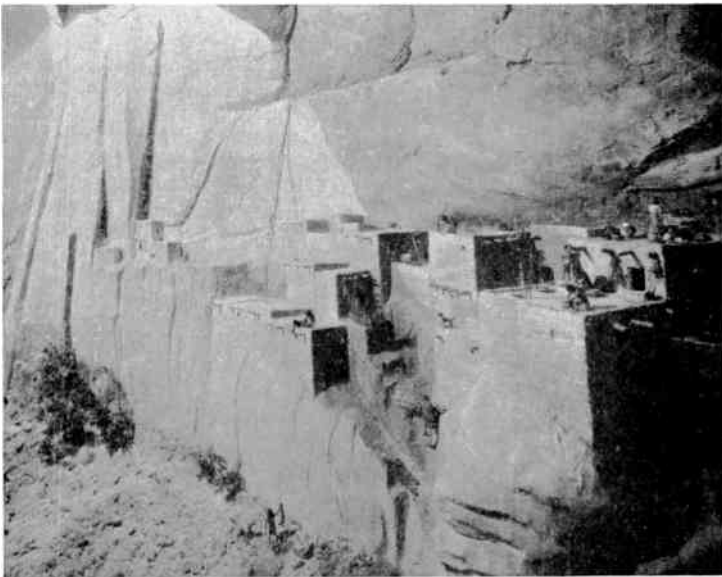
Weill had caught the principal themes of the accompaniment and he wove these into popular music of the day along with *leit-motifs* from the Wagnerian roles with which Bispham was associated. Meanwhile I was delivering a parody of *The Raven*, caricaturing the guest and the Club itself. It was a delightful method of getting acquainted with a celebrity!

When I had first heard Wagnerian opera, David Bispham was a significant figure and I had been particularly thrilled by his performance of *Alberich*. When I had thus made the singer's acquaintance and found him so genial and cooperative a spirit, I began to dream of hearing him sing a part in a Grove play. The figure of the Cave Man, as hero in a forest drama based upon the resemblance between the "Oldest living things" and the forests of the cave men's day, preserved in fossil form in Europe, grew in my mind; Bispham was the one man for it! And it came to pass that the great Wagnerian baritone declared that one of his most interesting experiences was the performance of the title role in the *Cave Man*, which I had written expressly for him. Bispham also said that our Grove plays had become so famous and had developed so steadily in high purpose that he was highly complimented at being asked to take the title role in this play of 1910.

I remember the afternoon that we arrived at the Grove and took the singer at once to see the magnificent hillside stage where he was to appear. Apparently he was a bit doubtful as to the effect of his voice from such a distance. Standing high on the hill he called down to us, "Can you hear me?" and we spoke to each other in a purely conversational tone, saying, "How distinctly he speaks!" Every syllable came clearly to his ears, three hundred feet up the hillside—so perfect are the acoustics in that glorious theatre, not made with hands. Writing of this experience some years later, Bispham said: "I reveled in a part of great originality and power."

Hotaling enacted the part of the cave woman (no women are present in the Grove at the Mid-Summer encampment) and, in more ways than one, it was a special creation! Years after, I sat on a log before the stage and described, to Mary Garden, "a woman more complex than even yourself, my dear Miss Garden!" I told her how the cave woman walked down the hillside, singing her song of spring. Hotaling had walked down the path, but he merely mouthed the words of the song; the voice of the prehistoric maiden had actually come from a choir-boy whose feminine tones were momentarily matured by the use of a megaphone sawed off at exactly the right spot to enlarge the sound without distortion; the lad sang through a gauze rock on the hillside, before a telephone receiver; beside him stood a violinist, playing the air of the song, the boy following it; the music went through the telephone to a headset worn by the conductor of the orchestra, three hundred feet below. The combination was so perfect in its effect that during the daylight rehearsal, an observer remarked, ignorant of the ingenious arrangement: "The only thing wrong that I notice is that Hotaling isn't singing loudly enough."

For some time, it had been noised about that China was stirring in her sleep of centuries. One impressive indication of her awakening might be seen in the invitation which came from commercial organizations in China to our Chambers of Commerce on the Pacific coast. For the first time,—I have never heard of a repetition of it!—the government was not the host, at least not ostensibly. We delegates sailed across the twentieth century ocean, as calm as on the day that it was named Pacific, and were met at Shanghai by a reception committee with dangling cues and rich brocades. One of them greeted me warmly, announcing himself as Y. C. Tong, Columbia, '83, and mentioning particularly that he was left-field on the baseball nine.



(Above) Taal volcano, near Manila, quiet, and in death-dealing eruption shortly after Cheerio spent the night marooned there. (Below) The Cliff House ruin, Betatakin (meaning Side Hill House), Segi Canyon, Arizona. Cheerio sang here so loudly that “the old People were angry.” From the model by Guernsey and Pitman, courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University.



In the Ng Tong Garden, where the Five Families paid court to Cheerio's mother as the "Empress Dowager."

Hotaling found a congenial spirit in Mr. Shen Tun-Ho of the Imperial Bank of China.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Shen on learning that Hotaling was interested in the theatre, "I am sorry you are just too late to see our production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And I do wish you had been here last year when we produced *Camille*. I flatter myself that I made the drama still more interesting by introducing a scene from *Diplomacy*." Hotaling declared, in all sincerity, that he was sorry to have missed so great a treat.

It was a marvelous trip of several crowded weeks, and on this visit to China I learned a great lesson which has stood me in good stead all through the Cheerio broadcast: never take anything too seriously! We had set out from San Francisco burdened with the thought that we had but one cloud upon our pleasant prospect and that was the question of Chinese exclusion, a thorn in the hearts of our hosts. In central and northern China we found no thought of this, apparently, but as we went down the coast and approached Canton, we realized that it was from this section of China that emigrants had gone to America and it was here that we would find the sore spot. The head of our expedition was Capt. Robert Dollar, old-timer in Chinese trade and with countless friends in that country. For safety first, we must leave this entire question to the Captain and he alone must speak about it as best he could. On arriving at Canton, we were overjoyed to find there Dr. Ng Poon Chew, the accomplished editor of the Chinese daily paper in San Francisco (the first Chinese daily anywhere in the world, by the way), and for thirty years a lecturer and writer on Chinese exclusion from the United States. He would interpret Captain Dollar's speech and certain perils might be avoided. At an elaborate luncheon at the Chang family temple, the moment came when the speech was to be delivered. The company was asked to draw its chairs close to the speaker. Captain Dollar delivered the critical mes-

sage, his grey beard trembling with earnestness and sincerity. The Chinese official presiding at the lunch did not have much English at his command, but he was plainly uneasy. So were we! Dr. Chew rose to give a faithful interpretation of the Captain's speech. He had hardly launched into the message when the presiding official rose nervously and left the room, passing into the courtyard beyond. Was it possible that, after all, our delightful friendly trip was fated to end in an unpleasant incident? Doctor Chew had not noticed the ominous departure of His Excellency. With hands lifted in air, he thundered forth his delivery of the Captain's speech. Back from the courtyard stalked the official. Straight up to the interpreter he walked and touched his upraised arm. Doctor Chew's words came to a sudden stop. The official turned to us with the face of a war god.

"Very sorry," he said, slowly, "no time now. Must have photograph taken."

We passed into the courtyard to find elaborate preparations for a commemorative picture. In the copy which I have, it is plain from the expression on His Excellency's face that this, after all, was the main consideration at that epochal event.

One night we were riding with some Chinese gentlemen, coming into Tientsin from a dinner party in a suburb. As we rolled along through the darkness, our Chinese hosts were talking guardedly of conditions in China, but they said enough to let us see that the volcano was rumbling and that the explosion might happen at any time. So it did. Only a few weeks after we left, the Manchu dynasty was overthrown and the Chinese Republic came into being.

We came home by way of Manila and while there went for a picnic on Taal volcano, thirty-six miles from the city. Mount Taal is an island in the center of Taal Lake. It consists of a crater rim, a mile across, lifted eight hundred feet above the

water. This island itself is but three miles across; the lake is less than a dozen miles from shore to shore. Taal Lake is clear and sparkling, dotted with innumerable small green islands. In the midst of all this beauty, like an ugly piece of gravel in a tray of jewels, lies the volcanic island, rough, bare of verdure, forbidding, with its light column of steam streaming forever lazily from the cone's top into the tropical sky.

Our conveyance to the island was a small houseboat which an American used as a home. It was a fine fresh sail across the lake that morning, just at dawn, with Mount Taal and its cloud of steam rising there ahead of us. At the island we disembarked at a bamboo hut which had been erected at the water's edge as a protection against the fierce heat of the sun. We went up the eight hundred feet proclivity to the rim and then down again an equal distance into the very mouth of the volcano. From the hut at the shore we had plainly heard an ominous rumbling from within the mile-wide cavity above and as we reached the edge of the rim, this became a tremendous roar of escaping fumes, belching intermittently from a vent in the center of the crater that led chimney-like down into the bowels of the earth. We could stay in the crater only a short time. We had been warned of the dangers when the sun reached high enough to send its rays beating directly down into the pit; when the wind arose and suddenly shifted one might be overcome with gases.

When we reached the rim again, we found the sky overcast. A strong wind was blowing across the lake. We hurried to the hut, but the storm had forestalled us. The lake had become a wilderness of white caps. The houseboat, moored a short distance away, was rising and falling, almost end on end. We made the best of the situation. The storm increased as the day wore long and by nightfall we were in the midst of a typhoon. We had taken all the bedding out of the houseboat and made beds for the night on the floor of the bamboo hut. There we sat

during the evening, marooned on the edge of this boiling volcano, with the typhoon raging outside and waves sweeping under the floor of our hut and splashing up between the bamboo strips. Of course we could talk of nothing but the volcano upon which we sat. We recounted tales of its awful eruptions and terrors. One hundred and fifty years before, it had laid waste the entire surrounding country. It had been active six or eight times since. We tried to sleep but we could not rest.

At one o'clock in the morning, the shock came. There was a grinding crash and the hut quivered and shook as though about to be engulfed. Obviously, Mount Taal was in eruption again and the end was at hand. Somehow, the calm that had attended the crashing of the Stanford memorial church in the earthquake was not with me now. The hut made another sickening leap and from outside we heard natives yelling. We rushed from the structure out into the storm and confusion to find, looming over us, a great black bulk crashing down upon the hut. After all, it was nothing but the houseboat. It had broken loose from its moorings and was being battered by the waves against the side of our little shack.

At last the sun came out and we took our drenched things and spread them upon the edge of the volcano to dry. The storm subsided and we got back to Manila after a trip of three days; we had started out to make it in one. It was a great joke talking about it afterward. A great joke until exactly eight weeks later Mount Taal went on a real rampage and from its ugly mouth belched forth a muddy tide of death, taking a terrible toll of thirteen hundred human lives within a radius of a few miles.

I remember another night, not so tempestuous nor tragicomic as the night on Taal but impressive in its own way. At the ruins of the cliff dwellings of Betatakin, in the Segi, in

Arizona, our party camped in an oak grove below the vast proscenium of the cliff village. Somehow I could not be content with a commonplace bed by an ordinary camp fire when that extraordinary place beckoned to an unusual couch. Two couples agreed to try it with me and we carried our bedding up the trail and onto the roofs of the adobe dwellings. We built a fire on the floor of the huge cave and no theatre stage ever was more beautifully lighted. Finally one of the fellows climbed with me as high as we could and we made our beds in a veritable swallow's nest under the dome. Looking down we could see the two women in their bright-colored bathrobes lighted by the fire and their shadows etched sharply on the house wall. That year women wore their hair fluffed about their ears and those shadows were for all the world like those of Hopi squaws. Next morning as I started down from my aerie, I indulged in a shrill rendition of Wagner's Valkyrie call. It was a grand place to do it!

I saw one of our ladies walking along the floor of the cave toward a small tree that grew there. From the very top of the dome shot an enormous rock splintering the tree not twenty feet in front of her. I have often wondered if just the vibration of that shrill call could have loosened that stone. But the Indian guide looked at us very solemnly and muttered: "The Old People are angry!"

The influence of my visit to China was immediately manifested in the decoration of our garden in the hills near Stanford University. Pillars of red, yellow-tiled roofs with tip-tilted eaves and blue dolphins flaunting their tails against the sky, railings of red and yellow—these signified the Summer Palace where the Empress Dowager, my mother, and the Boy Emperor, myself, held court in the Ng Tong garden. Ng Tong is Chinese, of sorts, for "The Five Families." As a matter of fact, the gardens of five houses, lying adjacent with a brook flowing through

them under the live oaks and willows, had their boundary fences discarded and the five provinces became the Flowery Kingdom over which my mother ruled in an imperial red cloak. The very first entertainment we had there was a sumptuous performance of *The Yellow Jacket* put on by young ladies from Mills College, with gorgeous costumes from various collections, and a stage-set of teak-wood furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl which flashed like jewels in the electric light. A retired sea captain had been found in the hills nearby who loaned these treasures for the occasion.

Many a program we made thereafter, grave and gay, with most beautiful music, for the talent of The Bohemian Club was available; an hour's drive and the artists and their wives were gathered for dinner in the garden, singing for their supper most gloriously afterwards. One of the high spots was an early fall evening when the buckeye trees had turned yellow. Five hundred friends gathered to say farewell to Pan and also to Puyans, solo flutist of the San Francisco Symphony. The pipes of Pan sounded among the trees, in Doppler's exquisite *Pastorale*. The music ceased, a gay laugh sounded and the shaggy form of Pan (Hotaling) sprang out upon the hillside path, syrx in hand. Leaning against a live oak, he blew musical bubbles from the classic reeds. (There was another flute behind that tree.) Then down the hill dashed the god, splashing through the brook and across the lawn to another oak. More bubbles (still another flute there), more laughter, and then from the tree he took a white dove and let it go into the air. Bounding further on, he stretched himself upon a gigantic willow trunk that bent into a couch. As he lay there, a charming figure emerged from a neighbor willow, in diaphanous lavender chiffon, and stepped delicately across the grass, stooping to pick a wild flower. Pan caught sight of her and raised the syrx to his lips. Then came the notes of Chopin's *Minute Waltz*. (Puyans had slipped

down the hill by this time and was standing in the shadows behind Pan. This Chopin piece was his star number.) The dryad began to sway, then danced a lovely *pas seul* (this was Lucille Cavanagh, lately a headliner on the Keith circuit and now a member of our social circle). As the music ended with a glad note, Pan dashed across to the nymph and together they ran laughing into the shadows beyond. (One of the other flutes was already there.) Bubbles of music and sweet laughter came back from the distance.

That party was certainly a high spot but another farewell which was said there might better be termed a low spot. For one of the most attractive girls who ever graced a garden party was leaving, just after the Armistice, to serve in an entertainment unit of the "Y." This represented, to me, the supreme sacrifice of that period! We gave her a good-bye party. A number of us were in the uniform of the Salvation Army. The lassies served doughnuts and coffee as the supper; the guest of honor gave the program she was to give in France; and I, dressed as a Salvation Army colonel, said with intensity: "Until we meet again!" But when that meeting came, two years later, she had a real army colonel with her, for keeps.

We made use of a principle in our garden dramatics which I had observed at the Columbia Park Boys' Club in San Francisco. The participants in the play were told the plot of the scene, assigned characters in the drama, and sent out upon the stage to compose the lines and develop the action. It is a wonderful drill. My mother proved the star performer and in the confines of that garden she was the leading comedienne of her time. She was featured in many an impromptu burlesque, lampooning the follies and foibles of our Five Families, to the delight of privileged friends.

Really, the most successful decoration of our Ng Tong garden was of no time nor land but the universal motif of the moon.

This moon of our delight that knew no wane for five happy years was made from a great circular reflector that came from the wreckage of the Panama Pacific Exposition, fitted with a huge "crystal" like a giant's watch and marked with the mountains of the moon. It was mounted high in the forking of an enormous willow and it shone benignly upon companies of people who never gave it a thought, accepting it as God's usual gift, even though it might be actually the dark of the moon. When I was in China I noticed as decorations porcelain jardinières holding growing plants in full bloom, the flowers being cloth or paper. Wise from thousands of years of study, the Chinese had learned that they might count upon the human mind to take things for granted. Our garden was rich in iris plants and by that same technique they were made to blossom persistently in season and out. They belonged in that picture and they caused little or no comment. Broad-leaved plants rose by the brook and bore delicate white clusters of blossoms which faded with the Maytime, but the foliage persisted and into the hollow stalks went the wire stems of creations in crepe paper that rivaled the art of the seed-catalogues. But the moon of our delight was our best bet. It happened that a local preacher did not fancy the Manchu-dynasty decorations of the Ng Tong garden and had been heard to condemn it as "much too pagan." As the saying is, I "lay for that bird" and on an evening when he was present at one of our garden parties, he said to me: "It is all very fine, with your flowers and lights, but there," pointing to the round moon that seemed rising beyond the great willows, "there, my friend is one lantern that you can't put out!"

"No?" said I, with the mien of a Joshua, "What makes you think so?" And out went the moon!

In the vast garden of the giants, the Bohemian Grove, each midsummer was a glistening peak in the sierra of the years.

Memories of them eventually served the purpose of the Cheerio programs. One summer, when I had left the broadcast in Russ Gilbert's faithful hands, I wrote him a letter from the Grove.

"I can picture you in the studio," I said, "conducting the Cheerio Exchange each morning, and I wish you might picture me here in this extraordinary enchanted forest.

"Last evening I was sitting on a grassy slope in an audience of seven hundred men, witnessing the forty-eighth performance of the Bohemian Club's *Cremation of Care*. Down through the years, this ceremony has been performed in all the solemnity that art and nature combine to give it. Beside a small lake, edged with water-lilies, stands the altar of Bohemia, a great stone pyre, above which rises majestically, the figure of an owl, forty feet high. The owl is the club's symbol. This altar stands among trees that are six feet through and two hundred and fifty feet high. The scene is on a grand scale and the ceremony is in keeping. The altar is lighted by soft moonlight. The forest is very still, for the men are waiting to catch the first note of music. It comes from far off, just a drum-beat, and then the strains of the funeral march, then lights flickering in the forest, high on a side of the canyon. It is the funeral procession of Care, who has been brought low by good-fellowship, in the tradition of the Bohemians. The effigy of Care, draped in black and purple, and escorted by a band in bright red robes, is set down beside the lake. The funeral march ceases. Then, from the forest back of the altar comes the thrilling sound of a pipe-organ playing the march of the priests, from *Parsifal*. A procession of acolytes, bearing torches, and priests in gorgeous robes with gleaming head-dresses now comes through the trees to the altar. The rich voice of the High Priest sounds across the dark water—"Dull Care and all his works are but a dream. As vanished Babylon and goodly Tyre, so they shall vanish. But the wilding rose blows on the broken battlements of Tyre, and mosses rend

the stones of Babylon. For Beauty is eternal!' Then, a hidden orchestra plays, and silently up the lake to the altar stairs floats the funeral barge of Care, a ghostly figure at the oar, the grim profile of the dead enemy outlined upon the barge. Priests lift the effigy and place it upon the altar. The High Priest cries 'Attend! that fire may have its will of Care and all the winds make merry with his dust!'

"The fire is just about to be lighted when enormous laughter comes down from the hillside that rises sharply from the little lake where the ceremony is held. It is enormous laughter because it's done with a microphone and an amplifier and it makes a voice that is superhuman and horrible. It is the voice of Care calling out: 'Fools, fools, when will ye learn that me ye cannot slay. Year after year ye burn me in this Grove, lifting your silly shouts of triumph to the stars. But when again ye turn your feet unto the market place, do ye not find me waiting for you, as of old? Ah fools, fools, to dream ye conquer Care!'

"That statement sounded pretty logical as we sat there in the darkness. But the High Priest, a man with a very fine voice which rang out beautifully in the forest, answered Care's challenge: 'Nay thou mocking spirit, it is not all a dream! We know thou waitest for us when this our sylvan holiday shall end. And we shall meet and fight thee, as of old, and some of us prevail against thee, and some thou shalt destroy. But this, too, we know! Year after year, within this happy Grove, our fellowship has banned thee for a space, and thy malevolence which would pursue us here has lost its power beneath these friendly trees. So shall we burn thee yet again this night and in the flames that eat thine effigy we'll read the sign that once again Midsummer sets us free. Answer, thou Fiend, if still thy lies have breath! Answer, or else begone!' The High Priest waited for the answer of Care, and the rest of us waited, too. It was very impressive. High up on the hill stood a tree about a hundred and fifty feet

tall and entirely dead, and this was lighted so it stood out in the night, the symbol of the arch enemy, Care. As we waited for Care to answer the High Priest's challenge, there was deep silence and the light slowly faded from the dead tree. Care was beaten, for the moment, and the High Priest turned and called in a joyful voice, 'Bring fire,' and the effigy was consumed in a blaze of colored flames, while star bombs burst against the sky and the night was filled with music.

"As the spectacle reached its climax a man beside me spoke, half-aloud: 'Oh, how I wish my wife could see this!' It was a natural enough wish, and echoed in the hearts of hundreds of others there, for women are never present at these ceremonies among the redwoods. I went even further in my wish, thinking: 'I wish the Circle of the Mystic Bell might see this with me!' I thought of the patient brave sufferer in the Virginia Mountains who looks out at the popular trees waving their friendly hands in the starlight, of blind Peter who lies on his porch in Birdland and listens to the music all about him, and of so many I have come to know and admire. I wished with all my heart that they might see and hear the beauty that was before me last evening. It seems too much to hope for, yet I would be happy to think that by your voice, Gil, reporting these letters on the air, our friends might feel that they sat with me on this grassy bank among the stately redwood trees of California, and witnessed this impressive rite of the *Cremation of Care*."

A description of this spectacle and its significance carried a powerful message for those who started the day facing some especially difficult aspect of Care, in the shape of sickness, or of sorrow. We also found that the forest plays which I described from time to time were listened to eagerly. One play of all given in the Grove will forever seem the perfect drama of trees: Will Irwin's *The Hamadryads*.

I have seen the maples of Vermont, the hemlocks and the

elms of New England, the moss-hung oaks of Louisiana, the firs of the Pacific Northwest, and the cypresses and redwoods of California, each in its own way presenting the supreme beauty of trees. Since the beginning of song, poets have tried to put their holy quality into words. The Greeks, whose religion was poetic, had one myth that was always especially lovely to me, the idea that a spirit dwelt in the trunk of a tree. Now and then, in our life experience we have the delight and satisfaction of seeing something we have always loved as an idea come true before our eyes. That happened to me among many others the night *The Hamadryads* was presented. The poet said:

*"Out of the forest have I made this dream,
Out of the winter wood. The heaven-born rain,
The wild barbarian rain; the mystic fog
That frights the forest with his ghostly touch;
The unnumbered multitude of tiny herbs,
Astir and wakening in earth's fertile womb—
These fed my fancy. From the sleeping shadows
Fair woodland people counseled me; and Apollo,
Patron of poets, blessed my minstrelsy.
From all their wisdom and their fair perfection
Made I the imperfection of my song."*

Those who know the size of these redwood trees will realize how the figure of a man compares in size with a tree trunk six feet in diameter. Redwood bark is in such great slabs that it was possible to create a marvelous illusion by building out, in the curve of the trees, niches large enough to accommodate the men acting in the play. The Grove, in Mr. Irwin's drama, was supposed to be under the evil spell of a demon who held the Hamadryads, male spirits living in the tree trunks, prisoners except on one night of the year when the moon of midsummer was at the full. Those of us in the audience looked upon the Grove at the moment when the tree spirits were to be liberated

for one night of freedom. As we sat there, the full moon actually was rising back of those giant trees. The play was timed for that moment. Music began softly as the moonlight stole down the hillside. Gradually, the trunk of a great tree glowed with a faint light, which slowly grew stronger. Suddenly a hand came through the bark, then a shoulder, and from the apparently solid trunk of that forest giant the figure of the tree spirit emerged, lifted his arms in ecstasy to the rising moon and called aloud to his fellows of the Grove. Out of many tree trunks they came, one after another, until the hillside was thronged with tree spirits. It was a sight that simply took one's breath away. It was a poem made real. For perhaps three thousand years, men have thought of such a thing, believed that spirits dwelt in trees, but only in imagination had any eye beheld a figure emerge from its sylvan dwelling. And that night, among those mighty redwoods, we saw it happen!

Throughout this play, the Hamadryads spoke of trees under an evil spell, reflecting the situation of the California redwoods for which a great movement had been started nationally with the slogan "Save the redwoods!" Year after year, progress has been reported in this splendid work. Quoting from an editorial in the New York Times in 1931: "The redwoods are really a national heritage. East has met West in the determination to save them from the lumberman's axe. California is open to the congratulations of her sister states." Therefore there was prophesy in the finale of *The Hamadryads*.

*"Simple sprites,
Who habited the groves in ancient time,
When reverence was beauty, you are spared
To keep your temples for the sons of men.
So, gliding through these sylvan groves, unseen
Do ministry of beauty. On your breast
Shall mortals know dear loveliness and rest."*

Just as the message of *The Hamadryads* was one of deliverance from destruction, so was there a special uplift in one of the most significant of the Grove plays, *The Fall of Ug* by Rufus Steele. My description of this play by one of my dearest friends meant a great deal to many a radio listener.

In telling of his vision from which the play came, Rufus Steele said: "The place I barely recognized, for no sweet hillside vista rose above. A peak of grayish rock walled all that range through which our hearts today look up to Heaven. A rock it was—but more. Some force had hewn the rock into a semblance every shuddering mortal knew to be the demon God of Fear. And on the perfect night on which that vision came to me out of the past (I know not in what century it was, for these trees have no sense of time) men gathered to affirm their endless subjugation to that god. A monstrous tinge of hope was theirs, some faith fixed by their dim forefathers told these men that if they yearly sacrificed their fairest youth to Fear, the people should be spared some measure of the daily toll they paid the god.

"And we, men of a later day sitting there in that forest with the stars above the treetops, watched those ancient people prepare for the annual sacrifice of their fairest youth and this time it was none other than the King's own son; the Prince, who loved to live! A struggle followed such as none might ever know save one called on to die the death of Fear. The Prince's father failed him as did his friends. The only priestly counsel was submission. The brave youth, alone in the forest before the frightful form of Ug, sought a promise from the god himself that his own death should be the last—that royal blood should pay the final measure of demand. The stony image belching no reply, the Prince rebelled and lifted up his eyes and marveling at the assurance of the redwood tops, he prayed the grim old sentinels to become his aids."

I know that I, for one, shall never forget how we beheld the answer to that prayer. Suddenly on the forest floor before the Prince, a little figure danced and smiled and called him. It was Trip, the wood fairy, and never before had the Prince beheld him. He wondered at it, and Trip said:

*"Change has come to you, not me;
Faith has made your eyes to see."*

When the fairy realized that the Prince was in fearful awe of Ug, he said:

*"Ug was once a rock and bare, save for vines it flung in air;
Men beheld it block the path, marvelled at the stone in wrath,
Loudly called to it, 'Begone!'—Rocks are deaf—the rock stayed on.
Lack of faith, like subtle darts, set men trembling in their hearts;
Yon dread face they graved, through tears, with the chisels of their
fears;
With their evil thoughts alone they grave life into this stone,
With impure imaginings raised a god of countless stings."*

But the Prince had feared Ug all his young life, and he cried out:

*"Deride not great Ug to his face. Beware,
He holds the world's heart in his iron beak."*

Then the wonder happened. The little figure rose serenely into the air and sailed on and upward until it landed on the shoulder of the stony god. The Prince trembled for him, but Trip, looking down in glee, thrust his hand into the dread beak and drew out something which he hid under both hands against his breast while he chuckled and called down to the amazed boy:

*"While this beak holds men dismayed
See what nests here, unafraid."*

Opening his hands, he released a dove. The bird, bewildered for a moment, saw a patch of brilliant light upon the floor of the Grove and flew softly down upon it, but that was the spot on which Trip was to settle and so the two came down through the air together. (Rufus and I, who knew that no such thing had been planned by us, held our breaths at its beauty.) Then the magic of that woodland, abetted by modern stage-craft, lifted into the air one little figure after another. In their fairy costumes youngsters from a Boy's Club rose from the Grove and floated a hundred feet above their fellows and sank gently down again, or, passing each other high in the air, called gaily—"Catch me, fairy!" (It is hard to believe, but we have a film to prove that vision of the soaring, happy spirits. And it took riggers from ships to put those wires among the trees so the boys could float about.) These fairies that knew no fear of Ug gave the Prince the courage and the all-conquering faith he needed. When the moment came for him to be sacrificed upon the bloody slab before the god of Fear, he raised his arms to Heaven and cried aloud:

*"O God of Truth, where point the redwood hands,
Thy promise be established now in me!
Thy kingdom comes, thy thunders vanquish Fear;
Thy will is done; Thy lightnings rend Fear's form;
Thy word unbars the path that leads to Thee;
Thy crystal dawn enwraps the reborn world
And lights men's famished eyes to know Thy face!"*

And lo, before our eyes, that gigantic rock shriveled and went down into utter nothingness. Where it had stood, there now was a white road rising upward toward the sky on which celestial beings floated, filling the air with their hymn of victory over Fear:

*The Lord lifts His voice, let the nations be dumb:
"Lo, man in my image is made:
Dominion be his over earth and himself;
The eyes of his faith none shall bind;
When perfect love casteth out fear from my son,
Lo, in him be the infinite mind!"*

Earlier in this chapter, I mentioned another of the Grove plays, *The Cave Man*. If the Hamadryads peopled the Grove before time was, surely the cave men, in the fancy stimulated by the presence of their relics among the fossil redwoods found in Europe, may be considered to have been its earliest human inhabitants. With that thought in mind, I wrote the drama with music by W. J. McCoy. I had the privilege of sympathetic guidance by Dr. John C. Merriam, then of the University of California, now president of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, and favorable comment by Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborne of the American Museum of Natural History. The following is the condensed story of the play:

Once upon a time, some tens of thousands of years ago, the greater part of the northern hemisphere was covered with a mighty forest of conifers. Its trees rose hundreds of feet in height; their huge trunks, twenty and thirty feet through, were shaggy with a reddish bark; between them grew smaller and gentler trees, thick ferns and blossoming vines. Today, in sequoia groves of California stands all that is left of that magnificent woodland.

On a memorable night, when the moon searched the deep shadows of Bohemia's redwoods for memories of the past and the mystery of night magnified our trees to the size of their brethren in other groves, I sat with W. J. McCoy before the sylvan stage. Fancy has ever been stimulated by fact and we were aware that we looked upon such a scene as the cave man knew. And so in the moonlight we dreamed that the forest was still growing in the comparative youth of mankind, that no light other than the fires of heaven had ever shone in the grove, that the man of that day wooed his mate

and fought great beasts for their raw flesh and made the first fire among those very trees.

The prehistoric forest was very dark and as dangerous as it was dark. Therefore the cave men went into their caves when daylight faded among the trees and they blocked the cave doorways with great boulders and they slept soundly on leaves and rushes until the daylight peeped through the chinks of the boulders. One morning, Broken Foot, a big man with heavy dark hair on his body and an expression that was not amiable even for a cave man's face, rolled back the blocking of his cave and crept cautiously out. It happened that a deer had chosen to drink from a pool by Broken Foot's cave. A great stone broke the neck of the luckless animal and the cave man breakfasted well.

As he sat there on the rocks, carving with his flint knife the raw body of the deer, certain neighbors joined him, one by one. They were Scar Face, a prodigious glutton but sharp witted and inventive, Fish Eyes and Short Legs, young hunters with specialties, and Wolf Skin, the father of Singing Bird, a much-admired maiden just entering womanhood. Then ensued such talk as belonged to that period—stories of hunting, of escape and also of discoveries. Many remarkable things were being put forth in those days by the inquiring spirit of men, shells to hold water, a log that would obey a man with a paddle, even a wolf had been tamed and made a companion of a hunter. So the morning passed in interesting discussion and all would have been harmonious in the little group before Broken Foot's cave had not Short Legs listened eagerly to Wolf Skin's description of his daughter and announced his intention of mating with her. As he rose to seek the girl, Broken Foot knocked him down with a sudden blow and bade him think no more of the cave maiden. At this, Short Legs, although no match for the great bully, burst out with a torrent of abuse, calling Broken Foot many unpleas-

ant names, and Fish Eyes, his inseparable friend, came to his aid with more unflattering words, even accusing Broken Foot of murdering his brother to get his cave and his mate. Broken Foot, making ready to seek the girl, listened indifferently to this tirade until Short Legs called him a coward.

Earlier in the day Wolf Skin had told of meeting a stranger in the forest, a young man who carried a singular weapon, made of both wood and stone. This stranger had inquired for the cave of Broken Foot, a man who dragged one foot as he walked. Short Legs accused Broken Foot of running away from this newcomer. This was too much. Broken Foot, already part way up the hill on his way to Singing Bird, turned back toward the cave men threateningly. Just then a young man came along a higher path. He looked down on the man who dragged one foot as he walked. With a terrible cry of rage he leaped down the hill. Broken Foot, with his great strength, had been the champion of those woods for years. But Long Arm, the stranger, carried the first stone axe, and under his new weapon Broken Foot went down into the leaves.

Then, of course, the whole story came out. The young stranger proved to be the son of the man whom Broken Foot had murdered. The boy had been with the two men at the time. The scene of the murder was a small lake into which tar continually oozed, making a sticky trap for all sorts of wild animals. Here was enacted the tragedy of which Long Arm tells.

*There was a snare set,—
Not by the hands of men!
Huge it was spread
Over that open land;
Out of the marshy ground,
Black as a starless night,
Oozed up a sticky slime
At the edge of a pool.*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*As from the tree trunk
Under the noonday sun
The tree's blood oozes,
Sticky and warm,
And little flying things, lighting,
Are caught there to die,
Birds and beasts
Whose flesh is our food,
Coming to drink there
Are snared in the tar!
Rabbits and squirrels,
The big wading heron,
The bison and camel,
Even the deer,
Fleeter than all,
Fast were they held there,
Rooted like water-plants
Deep in the mire.
Hearing their cries,
The coyote came creeping,
Came the great condor
Swooping to feed on
The dead that were rotting there;
Never they came again!
Fleet foot and spreading wing
Helped them no more.*

*Eagerly listened
My father to Broken Foot,
Telling these wonders,
Naming this food trap
Filled for the taking;
Then he told more:
To the tar pool the bleating
And whine of the trapped ones
Drew from a distance
The wolves and the lions,
Called from his secret lair
Him our old enemy,*

*The sabre-tooth tiger;
There, with their dripping fangs,
Came the great beasts of blood,
Lustful for prey;
Then as they seized it,
Snared there and held for them,
Sudden the sticky slime
Closed its black fingers
Fast on their bloody paws,—
Naught was their strength to them,
All that the cave man fears
Struggled there, helpless
In the clutch of the tar.*

*Few words will tell the rest;
Brief was the time of it,
Long have the years been
That brought me revenge.
Gladly my father
Leaped to the water's edge
Loudly he laughed
In the joy of the hunter
Beholding the quarry there;
Far over he leaned—
Over that pool of death—
Trusting the arm
Of the brother who led him there,
Trusting the heart
Of the man who betrayed him . . .
(He utters a wild cry which is echoed in the orchestra.)
Ah, I have lived since then
Hearing that awful cry,
Long drawn and anguished;
Hearing that wail of fear
Rise above all their cries—
Voices of dying beasts
Trapped there and terrified,
Voice of a man betrayed,
Calling his little son,*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*All blending in agony—
Helpless I heard
Over that roar of death
The shrieks of my father
Till in the crawling slime
He choked and . . .
(The orchestral accompaniment ceases.)*

*Now is that cry hushed,
It rings in my ears no more.
Grown to a man's might,
Here on this hillside,
Here by this cave's mouth,
I have heard Broken Foot
Utter his death-sob,
Strangled with blood.
I am come home again!
Fain would I rest
Under these longed-for trees.
Who says me nay?*

Long Arm was kindly welcomed by the cave men. They had no love for the dead bully and they respected a good fight. Yet the greeting held a note of warning in it. Old One Eye, fleeing through the forest, told them that the terrible man-beast was again roving through the trees. The cave men did not know that this creature was but the ancestor of the gorilla of today. To them he was a man who seemed to be a beast. They could not understand him, but they knew that he was larger than any other man and stronger than all of them together, and they gave him a wide berth.

Long Arm was left alone in the cave he had regained. He sat on the rocks, in the pleasant shade of the trees, and chipped away at the edge of his flint axe. He was very well satisfied with himself and he sang a kind of exultant song in tribute to the weapon that had served him so well. As he worked and sang, the sparks

flew from the flint and by one of those chances which have made history, from the dawn of time, some dry grass was kindled. No one in the world had made fire before that day. Long Arm saw what he thought was some bright new kind of serpent. He struck it a fatal blow with his axe and picked it up; it bit him and with a cry he shook it from his hand. Chances go in pairs, sometimes. The burning twig fell into a little pool and was extinguished. Long Arm observed and studied all this, a very much puzzled but interested young man. Then occurred one of those moments that have lifted men above the brutes. Long Arm struck his flints together and made fire again and man has been repeating and improving that process ever since.

That was destined to be a red-letter day, if we may use such a calendar term, in the life of that young cave man. He got his cave again and he had discovered something that would make it the best home in all the world, yet it was not complete. And just then he heard Wolf Skin's daughter singing among the trees. Long Arm dropped his new toy and it burned out on the rock. He hid behind a great tree and watched. Singing Bird came, unsuspecting, down the path. One of the pools near the cave was quiet and the young girl was not proof against the allurements of this mirror. She had twined some blossoms in her hair and she was enjoying the reflection when Long Arm stole toward her. But she saw his reflection, also, in time to leap away from him. Then Long Arm wooed her instead of following to take her by force, for that was not at all a certainty, since she might easily out-run him. So he told her of himself and his stone axe and his victory and his cave, making it all as attractive as possible and at last he told her of the fire and made it before her eyes with the sparking flints. Singing Bird was deeply impressed by all these things and by the confident manner of Long Arm, and especially by the bright new plaything, and she came gradually nearer to see these wonders.

Then suddenly the man-beast came upon the two, and the woman leaped in terror to the arms of the man. The man-beast barred the way to the cave. Long Arm braved him, though it meant death, that the girl might flee. The man-beast seized Long Arm's boasted axe and snapped it like a twig. Then he grasped the man and proceeded to crush him in his hairy hold. But the girl, under the spell of her new love, had run but a little way and then, in spite of her terror, turned to look back. She shrieked wildly at Long Arm's peril and the great beast threw the man aside and came after the girl. She tried desperately to evade him and to get to the narrow door of the cave. Meanwhile Long Arm had been only stunned. Recovering, he saw the firebrand burning where he had dropped it on the rocks. He seized it, remembering its bite, and again attacked the man-beast. Here was something new, and very terrible. No animal, from that day to this, has stood against fire. The man-beast fled into the forest.

Then Long Arm came back in triumph and under the spell of the woodland in springtime they began their life together in the cave. Wonderful days followed, with the happy discovery of cooked meat added to the comfort of the fire on frosty nights, but there came also the first knowledge of the terror of fire when it raged through the forest. His neighbors, who had admired and thanked him for his discovery, now threatened him with death for the disaster it had brought.

WOLF SKIN: Your fire is no friend!

SHORT LEGS: It is eating our forest, it will eat us all!

SCAR FACE: It is you who have done this and you shall die first of all.

(They menace LONG ARM, SINGING BIRD throws herself between him and her father. A peal of thunder crashes above the roar of the flames.)

LONG ARM: Hark, it is the voice of the rain! Water kills fire! It is the voice of a great power that befriends us. (Another crash of thunder.) Oh hear it, hear it, it is the voice of God!
(The rain descends and the fire dies out, hissing. The orchestral accompaniment ceases amid utter darkness. There is silence, save for the heavy falling of rain upon the rocks.)

I like to remember the comment that Stewart Edward White, novelist and sportsman, made on this Grove play of mine.

"In this drama of the prehistoric forest," Mr. White wrote, "the author showed how completely he had caught the fundamental fact of human progress. The pivot of the play is the hero's invention of an axe of stone and wood and his discovery of a method of making fire. The latter was undoubtedly the biggest primeval human achievement. The author has grasped the fact that, brains aside, the same spark of genius, the same inspiration, the same quality of god-head in humanity invented the stone axe and the aeroplane. Men's works crumble; the works of men's brains, becoming more complicated as the centuries pass, fulfill their pointed functions and drop into the vague semi-instinctive sum of human knowledge. Only the inspirations remain; the epoch-making recognitions, the results of those flashes of illumination that come to the exceptional cave man as to the exceptional modern. The achievement is the same, whether in quality or as the measure of a man."

When I had stepped from the academic halls of Stanford to the festive clubhouse of the Bohemians, I was particularly impressed by a large case of Egyptian design with glass sides which stood in solemnity at the head of the main staircase and contained a mummy of the 24th Dynasty, secured by a member of the Club through friendship with the director of the museum at Cairo. They told me of the elaborate reception which had been given to this Egyptian lady when she was presented five

years before, of the processional, the addresses, and her own reply written for her by Charles Warren Stoddard.

*"Wherefore these revels that my dull eyes greet?
These dancers, dancing at my fleshless feet;
These harpers, harping vainly at my ears
Deaf to the world, lo! thrice a thousand years?"*

*Feast well, drink well, make merry while ye may,
For e'en the best of you must pass my way.
The elder as the youngster, fair to see,
Must gird his marble loins and follow me."*

I felt a distinct pang of regret at having missed this particular function. Something about it appealed to me irresistibly. It may be that graveyard technic of my childhood stirred within me, joined to an appreciation of the whimsical and bizarre gained through the years. This narrative, it seems, is punctuated with coincidences, perhaps far-fetched, but I have always made the most of them when they came my way. That interesting relic from ancient Egypt, in spite of all the pains that had been taken three thousand years before, went the way of all flesh in the great fire of 1906. Eventually, Jeremiah Lynch, who had made the original gift, presented to the Club another mummy to take its place. And I, as President, was the one to preside at her reception!

That evening cleared, for me, the cup of past regrets and future fears, for it was a function I shall remember when many another significant affair shall have faded entirely. The great dining-room was thronged. At the height of the merry-making, in accordance with a custom of the ancient Egyptians, the mummy of the Lady Isis was brought into the dining-hall, borne on the shoulders of men dressed as Ethiopians, preceded by priests, chorale-singers and musicians, all robed in classic Egyp-

tian costumes. Not in modern history nor indeed since the days of the Caesars can there be recalled a single instance where this extraordinary function was commemorated. Its revival is thought to be the first in many centuries and certainly the first in the new world. The ancients intended that in the midst of mirth and revelry surrounding the wine cup and the banqueting tables there should be a reminder of the end and an embalmed mummy, enveloped in its enlacing shrouds, would certainly be an object of reverent reflection and contemplation. Such a procession wound in and out among the tables and as the strange notes of the funeral hymn ceased and the mummy was halted in front of the president and Mr. Lynch, the assemblage rose. At each place had been set a small cup, red earthenware from a tomb of the period, and these, filled and lifted high, were emptied in a libation: "To the Lady Isis. Be this forever her temple!" As in ancient times, the cortege then departed solemnly from the dining-hall. With a new sense of the significance of the affair, our program was resumed.

If anyone has been puzzled as to why I have persistently refused to allow my picture to be given out to those radio listeners who have asked to see it; if they are not satisfied with my repeated explanation that my picture is withheld in order that there may be no personal publicity connected with my work and especially because I prefer to have my image remain as the mind of the listener has fashioned it; perhaps I may be understood when I say that always I have been the despair of photographers and portrait painters and sculptors. I think it is because only the moving picture could possibly get a likeness which eludes those who would make a still picture of a face that is never still!

I was, at one time, tricked by my friend, Haig Patigan, the sculptor, into posing for him in the belief that my bust was merely a part of a general scene illustrating the *Cremation of*

Care. I found out later that the bust was all that had ever been planned and that it was desired for the portrait archives of the Club, which contains many such objects. I came into the Club-house one day and I found the bust displayed in the main hall. In genuine wrath, I announced that one of us must leave the Club which was not large enough to hold the two of us. A compromise was effected by which my marble bronze self was placed in the Club library facing the Lady Isis in her mummy case. There we stood for years, gazing at each other in a silence disturbed only by the occasional snores of "readers," and thinking over the marvelous night when the Club became forever her temple.

The music used in our welcome to the Lady Isis was taken from a score which, as it happened, W. J. McCoy was just beginning to write for a proposed opera on the theme of Cleopatra. I became so seriously involved in his project that I ended up by writing the complete libretto. I lost myself in delightful research into the life of Her Egyptian Majesty and was particularly thrilled to discover that the lady was actually in Rome when Caesar was assassinated. It was a pleasant exercise of the imagination to picture her listening to Marc Antony's funeral oration and later, when it was necessary to appease the Triumvir's wrath when they met again at Tarsus, telling him about it with artful ardor. For whatever interest it may have for others, I quote the passage here:

ANTONY (*with a show of friendship*)

Ah, Egypt, lovelier still than in old days!
 However black your heart, if men speak true,
 Your rosy body is a royal flower
 At noontide of its blooming!

(*He leads her to his seat.*)

Rest you here.

(CLEOPATRA *sits, in deep dejection.*)

CLEOPATRA My lord, whatever darkness fills my heart
Is but the shadow of your thought of me,
Made deeper shadow by my grief and shame
That like a judge you draw a secret forth
Which never should escape a woman's tongue.

ANTONY (*sitting by her*)
No judge more partial could you have, O Queen,
Than Antony, your friend of years!

CLEOPATRA (*as in reverie*) My friend!
Do you remember, Antony,
When, long ago, the Romans came
In generous authority
To give my father back his name;
And with them rode a captain young
Beside Gabinius' chariot wheel,
Whose speech was silver on his tongue,
Whose muscles in the games were steel;
And from the palace garden cool
A little princess watched him ride—
A child, yet prisoned in the school,
Straight bosomed, slender, wonder-eyed,
Who deemed the gods must ride as he!
Do you remember, Antony?

ANTONY (*reminiscent*)
Ah, happy fledgling days! With zest
The wings of war were first unfurled,
Ere yet upon these shoulders pressed
The burden of a conquered world.

CLEOPATRA (*warming*)
Ah, then, do you remember, too,
The later days, by Tiber's flow;
With promises of books I drew
The flattery of Cicero;
In Caesar's garden languishing
For one whom honor held apart;
Though Caesar was the wide world's king,
Another ruled my secret heart!
Oh magic, mood-mad night of power

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

When Tiber ran with molten gold!
 We wandered one enchanted hour
 And thrilled with love we never told—
 For neither you nor I were free—

(impulsively)

Do you remember, Antony?

ANTONY

(ardently)

Ah, Cleopatra, Caesar sleeps,
 And I his murderers have stilled;
 No sacred pledge of honor keeps
 Our passion longer unfulfilled!

(He moves to embrace her but she rises swiftly, in apparent grief, and comes down, Antony following)

CLEOPATRA

(wildly)

No, let me make my full confession now!
 If ever I did waver in my love,
 Or dream of Caesar's wreath upon a brow
 That was not yours, or e'er inconstant prove,
 All power to love another man than you
 Departed from me when in fear I stood
 Within the Forum, veiled from Roman view,
 And heard you speak for Caesar's silent blood.
 I heard your voice; your words were tongues of fire;
 I saw them kindle Caesar's funeral pyre;
 I saw the Roman people answer you—
 Upon that pyre their precious things they threw—
 Your voice rang through me; in my inmost heart
 You lit the flame that sears it now apart.
 Though Caesar's body turned to ashes gray,
 My heart must burn forever, waste away,
 Forever burn, yet never be consumed!
 The golden mask may hide my face entombed,
 But with Osiris, for eternity,
 My soul must burn with love for Antony!
(She sinks sobbing upon the seat)

ANTONY

(rapturously)

O Queen of Love, let us repair the years;
Revenge on Time the sweet hours we have lost;
In love's blest flame the soldier disappears;
The world may go—he will not count the cost!

Before I got through looking up these royal lovers in all the books I could find, they had become as real to me as many another historical personage came to sound on the air in the "radio reincarnations" when I presented them on the Cheerio program.

More wonderful dinners, one upon another! Thomas Nelson Page, in responding to a program of speeches in his honor, singled out my remarks for special acknowledgment. "Never," he said, "have I heard so splendid a dinner speech!" And then he went on to explain, "Never before has anyone quoted any verse by me!"

Ah, there was a lesson in that! Years after, I put it to the proof. The Club was entertaining Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian seer. "The Master" maintained his solemn poise until I presented a fanciful sketch entitled "The Redwood and the Deodar," a colloquy between the Bohemian forester and a gardener from Bengali. Every word that I spoke in the character of the Gardener came from Tagore's book of that name. The solemn poise gave way and the Master sat forward, balanced in intense interest on the very edge of his chair as long as his own words were coming to him. I'm sure that he and I were the only ones in the room who knew where the text came from, but after all, nothing more was necessary.

A British service squadron, on a round-the-world good-will tour, came through the Golden Gate into San Francisco Bay, led

by the dreadnought *Hood*, gun-turrets shining in the morning sun. With excellent judgment, the British Admiralty had picked a gentleman of extraordinary personal magnetism to head this expedition. I was on the Mayor's reception committee and was delighted to find the Admiral a distant kinsman who also could trace his lineage back to that spirited old astronomer, Sir John. When I was presented to him, he smiled and said, with characteristic tact, "Our escutcheon, with its sheaves of wheat, shows that we came from the land, not the sea!" Therefore, when the Bohemian Club entertained the Admiral and his staff at dinner, I took special delight in impersonating my kinsman in a little skit showing him upon the deck of his dreadnought, like any ordinary commuter on a trans-bay ferry boat, taking refuge in a gull-turret to escape attack from the air! Later, as a souvenir of his enjoyment of the stunt, Sir Frederick sent me his picture with a "cousinly" message, and it stands on our mantel under the family coat-of-arms.

At a dinner in honor of Will Irwin, the ace of war correspondents, I launched forth into a complimentary speech about him. My encomiums were greeted with roars of laughter. Puzzled, I turned apologetically to our guest. He sat there wearing a gas-mask!

At another dinner, however, I caught people with their gas masks off. A marble mansion was being dedicated on a height of San Francisco. Certain of us Bohemians were invited to attend the dedicatory dinner and were informed that it would be perhaps the most notable costume dinner given in San Francisco. I was a bit skeptical. I had seen too much of the disposition of the solid citizenry to ask the Bohemians to dress up and perform for them. I could delight in a costume affair where everybody was in costume; I had no intention of being one of a few performing for many who would take credit to themselves

for not being costumed. Dick Hotaling thought I was unnecessarily suspicious in this case and so I said, "All right. We'll go." We were driven to the stately door of the millionaire's palace. We found ourselves numbered among perhaps eight costumed clowns in the presence of local respectability. Out the door we two went, walking down the street, for the car had been dismissed. Hotaling's rage was augmented by the consciousness that I had been right in my suspicions.

"All that is necessary," he stormed, "is that we should be arrested now!"

A taxi came along. We hailed it and it proved to contain two gaily costumed Bohemians. We thought we recognized two fellow victims, also escaping, so we joined them. Presently the taxi stopped.

"Here we are!" said our companions merrily.

"Where are we?" asked Dick.

"Why, at the party, of course."

There was the marble mansion again. Hotaling exploded after the manner of Mount Taal. "Go in if you want to, but we're going home!"

Mystified, the others mounted the marble steps, but we taxied off, held the cab until we had changed into dinner clothes, and were back at the party before we were missed. During the quick change, I had poured my overwrought mind into verse, distorting evolutionary facts in my crusade against fake costume parties, and when the toastmaster called on me, I recited the following, pretending that the lines were Kipling's (incidentally, nobody challenged them):

*If monkeys were monkeys always,
Swinging from tree to tree
And never evolving surely
Into humanity,*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*There never would be any question
Of social savoir faire,
For no one despises a monkey
When all are monkeys there!*

*The pioneer comedian,
He chattered and leapt and ran
Until, by the law of the ages,
He one day turned to a man;
Yet sometimes, on winter evenings,
When the starlit air is mild,
His mind slips back down the racial track
That starts in the jungle wild,*

*And he dreams that again he's playing
In the place where his life began,
Till all of a sudden he gazes
Into the eyes of a man,
And he drops, like a brute, before them,
By the rule of the human stare,
For we must all be men together
As we all were monkeys there!*

Hoover was dashing across to London in July, 1914.

"Come along with me," he said; "I happen to have an extra ticket because my wife has decided not to go after all; it's such a short trip—you might just as well use the ticket."

But luck was against me. A business venture prevented my going. Hoover came back five years later, after the epic of Belgium. What might this story of Cheerio have been, had I gone with him into that Opportunity—who knows?

When he came home everybody was giving dinners to Hoover. They were, as a rule, rather ponderous functions, I imagine. The Bohemian Club gave him one of these meals, over which I presided. Everybody, including the guest of honor, was admitted to the dining-room with a ration card. Hoover was served what

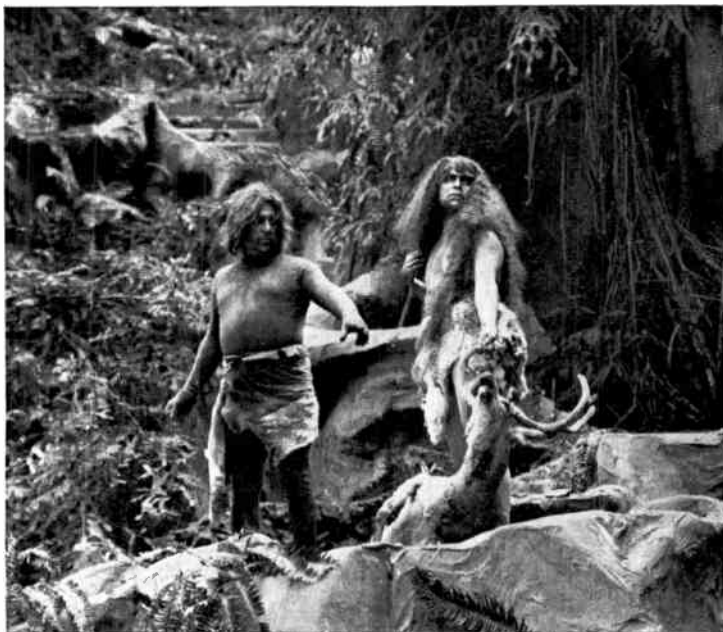
was called a Hoover meal—practically nothing, of course. The affair was fairly gay, but not nearly so impertinent as the dinner we gave him in our garden—prefaced by a so-called pageant of his life, in which his brother Theodore impersonated the object of attack. The evening ended with a note of beauty while we sat with Hoover by the campfire and Horace Britt, the Belgian virtuoso, played his 'cello under the live oaks, putting into music the gratitude of his homeland.

After such yeoman service in the creation and administration of dinners in honor of others it was a delight to find myself a guest of honor on my own account. Milton Esberg, good citizen, invited me to go to Paris with him. A group of friendly fellows offered us together a testimonial dinner on the eve of our departure. We were favored with gifts, among them a motion-picture camera. This was the motif for a film, depicting our travels with the special purpose of showing these gentlemen that they were relatively unimportant in a world which crowded to pay us homage. This was accomplished with comparative ease because the gift camera used a standard gauge film and all we had to do was to buy professional film or hire camera men to take special shots and then we would splice them on to little snaps that we took of ourselves. Five reels, if you please, resulted, and what evidence they gave of the international stir we had made! Several hundred friends marveled during the "preview" at the Bohemian Club, on our return, and laughed uproariously as they gradually realized that such manifestations as the crowds at the Harding funeral in San Francisco, and at the obsequies of Anatole France, in Paris, had been utilized to show the interest of peoples, here and there, in Milton and me. They loved the visages of the gargoyles on Notre Dame mysteriously changing to the faces of many of themselves. But when a cleverly realistic scene showed us at the tomb of Napoleon, saying: "Napoleon, here we are! But don't get up," that was too much.

The evening ended in our mock-arrest by our good friend the Chief of Police for showing a "phony" film.

Sometimes emotional moments are attended by never-to-be-forgotten beauty. One evening I sat, with one who meant a lot to me, at the edge of a cliff above the Golden Gate. There was a most glorious sunset and out of that glowing color there came mysteriously a full-rigged ship, with sails of burnished gold. Slowly and surely it came toward us as though it might be the fulfillment of dreams for her and me. The embers of the day burned low into ashes and the darkness deepened on the hills across what had been a gleaming strait. The ship of dreams came opposite that dark shore and disappeared. Many and many a time, when the Cheerio program has dealt with the sunset, with "Our Lindy's" wistful window, with the "Little Neighbor's" sailing ship, that memory has come back to me.

In April, 1915, the long-distance telephone between New York and San Francisco was the marvel of the hour. I sat, with the Mayor of San Francisco and others, at a table at the Panama-Pacific Exposition while at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York the American Newspaper Publishers Association was having a convention banquet. The dining-room was three thousand miles long; its eastern windows were dark, but through the western windows, where we sat, the setting sun was shining; it tipped with gold the herculean sculpture lifted against the sky and portraying the laborious passage of the Argonauts in their covered wagons across the continent. It seemed almost sacrilege to send lightly spoken words with the speed of the lightning along the path of their long-drawn struggle. And yet, according to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the following morning, that is what I was doing. "Making an after-dinner speech before dinner is perhaps the greatest triumph of modern invention," the editorial



(Above) David Bispham and Richard Hotaling in Cheerio's forest-drama, "The Cave Man." (Below) In the "phony" film, "Seeing Paris," a gargoyle on Notre Dame suddenly turned into Dick Hotaling.



Authors, artists and editors in the fellowship of the Bohemian Grove. This group includes, with Cheerio, Edwin Markham, Jack London, George Ade, Harry Leon Wilson, Rufus Steele, Gilbert Grosvenor, Frank M. Pixley, Richard Walton Tully, Ernest Peixotto and George Sterling.

said. "Don't say that it is paradoxical. Speaking into the receiver of a long-distance telephone, the speaker complained delightfully that he was still waiting for dinner to be served him while making an after-dinner speech. 'This is a very long speech,' he said. 'It was just before six o'clock when I began speaking and now, if you will look at your watches, you will see that it is nine o'clock.' The whole marvelous story is expressed in the speaker's words. Three thousand miles of distance and three hours of time had together been vanquished by use of telephone communication between the eastern and western sea-gates. Every sound crossing the continent that great night was both fulfillment and prophecy. A century ago prediction of such things would have invited ridicule. Today our ridicule falls only on the things of the present. We of this generation have seen too many wonders to dare to flout the future!"

Well, the future of which the editorial writer spoke has been with us sometime now and the "marvelous story" is a commonplace of every day to broadcaster and listener alike. Not wholly so! The thrill of that first transcontinental banquet has been with me to some degree every time I have risen to speak in the great dining-hall of the air.

I said at the outset of this chapter that program-making appeared to be the main business of life! And it would seem so when the items that made up the years of this apprenticeship are considered in the mass. Planning affairs, toastmastering or talking in some way: in the endowment campaign for Stanford; for the war loans; in other clubs, like the Advertising, the Commercial, the Athenian, the Commonwealth; at functions of the Chamber of Commerce and the Associated Charities; to university student bodies; to the Realty Board, the Editorial Association, the Industrial Association, the Development League; to the Japan Society and the Chinese Chamber of Commerce; to

conventions of electrical men, cement men, automobile men, railway advertising men, investment bankers; for the Children's Agency and for European Relief; at weddings and at funerals—looking at this partial list I realize that there was no end to it, apparently. But there did come an end when I replied to each invitation to do something of the kind: "Sorry, but there's a way out now. Install a good radio at your gathering and listen to some fine talk from somewhere. You don't have to put up with me any longer." And when they wouldn't take this for an answer, because the chairman of an entertainment committee must produce something exclusively for the occasion, I got the idea of a radio broadcast, every day. Strictly anonymous, my identity to be jealously guarded; a personal appearance would be out of the question!

But before this, with Lawrence Harris, (he was making programs, as I was, but twice as many!) I had written the Masque of Dedication for the Community Chest. As I look back on it now, recalling that beautiful scene in the great Civic Auditorium when the "Haves" of our City pledged themselves to aid the "Have-nots," it all seems to me like a sort of overture to the drama that has unfolded itself in the ten years of the Cheerio broadcast. Let me show what I mean by quoting here a portion of that

MASQUE OF DEDICATION

The stage is set with two tables, at one, sumptuously furnished, are seated men, women and children, of manifest well-being; at the other board, which is cold and bare, are gathered pitiful victims of misfortune. The figure of CONSCIENCE appears above the rich table.

CONSCIENCE

Unlock your hearts to pity, ye that hear
 The voice of Conscience speaking in this hour.
 Unlock your hearts to human sympathy
 That understanding may be yours this day.

So shall your eyes be opened to behold
The Chest, transfigured, in its holy place!

(The figure of HOPE appears above the poor table)

HOPE

Lift up your hearts, O ye that hardly hear
The yearning voice of Hope who counsels you:
Lift up your hearts and cast away despair;
Hold fast your faith in human fellowship.
So shall your eyes be opened to behold
The Chest, made glorious in its holy place!

(Pantomimic action now takes place, indicating the response of the groups to the counsels of CONSCIENCE and HOPE. The "Haves" rise from their table and move toward the "Have-nots," with gestures of interest, sympathy, and assistance. As they move toward the center of the stage, the "Have-nots" drawing timidly toward them, a coarse mocking laugh is heard and INDIFFERENCE and SELFISHNESS enter, dragging the CHEST. INDIFFERENCE lets go of his handle and SELFISHNESS sits on the CHEST.)

INDIFFERENCE

You laugh to see me working, hey? But I tell you, Selfishness, I am not really interested in this idea of lifting this CHEST up yonder altar stairs.

SELFISHNESS

For my part, Indifference, I have no desire whatever to see it lifted there. Its contents are mine in great part and I intend to enjoy them myself. It is you who seem to be dragging the CHEST a little higher each day.

INDIFFERENCE

Well, perhaps I am lifting it a little higher than it was before these promptings were stirring in the air. There is a magnetism in the Community, a spirit of cooperation that moves me strangely, though I would rather be left in peace.

SELFISHNESS

Why heed these promptings? I, too, have felt them, but they move me not. Only one thing disturbs me. In the burning eyes that gaze

at me out of yon wasted broken crowd, there seems to come a threat against my treasure here. But that's for me to guard against, with your help.

INDIFFERENCE

See the hands stretched out to me, by the leaders in our city's life. There is a strange appeal in eyes that have turned from the pleasant prospect of their own well-being to the realization of those sad shapes that stand there in your shadow. Were it not for these, gathered in leadership of this cause, I would go back to sleep beside this CHEST of yours, while you miserred it to your heart's content.

SELFISHNESS

I do not miser it, Indifference, I spend it, on the ones I love. Why should any of it go to those who have no claim on me?

INDIFFERENCE

My eyes were drowsy but the heaviness of sleep is passing from them. I am all aware of these reaching hands, these compelling eyes, and I turn, as they do, toward those others there. But I am not yet minded to lift the CHEST to the appointed place!

SELFISHNESS

Good, good! Let it rest here. Let things be as they are. Why trouble? Never mind their eyes.

INDIFFERENCE

Their hands reach out to me. They cannot lift the CHEST without my help.

SELFISHNESS

Let them lift it as far as they can. That will satisfy them. And I don't mind that. But I don't want it lifted out of my keeping. And I won't let them.

INDIFFERENCE

If I were minded to help them I would force you to lift it, too!

SELFISHNESS

I know my power is largely due to you. If you choose to lead I must follow. But why trouble? Think how comfortable you were before they roused you. Go back to sleep again, Indifference, and let me deal with them

INDIFFERENCE

To you I am still Indifference. But to these others, I might well become another being, Sympathy. Suppose I cared! Upon that moment, I would raise this CHEST to our shoulders, yours and mine, Selfishness, whether you will or no, and start with it toward the holy place.

SELFISHNESS

No, no,—

INDIFFERENCE

Their eyes, their hands, impel me! But I have not heard the mighty voices that have stirred their hearts, awakening them while yet I slept. Give me that word, O Conscience; speak to me, O Hope, that I, too, may hear and understand.

(INDIFFERENCE *stands in an attitude of expectancy*, SELFISHNESS *cowers in dread*. Muted music begins.)

HOPE

“Were it *your* mother on the bed of pain,
 Were it *your* sister in the wolfish street,
 We would not wait your charity in vain;
 To give were more than sweet.”

CONSCIENCE

“Were it *your* father, broken by the task,
 Were it *your* brother ailing and adrift,
 How brief a moment should we need to ask
 The sympathetic gift.”

(*Music ceases*. INDIFFERENCE *speaks, as in a dream*.)

“And these, for whom you beg compassion here,
 In them an equal power of suffering lies;
 And hearts now helpless dust have held them dear—
 Can we do otherwise!”

A few weeks later, I, myself, was dedicated to a holy cause.

CHAPTER IX

Service

A voice from the loudspeaker in my bedroom was directing the morning setting-up exercises: "One, two, one, two—right, left, right, left—bend forward, bend back" and so on. I lay in bed, listening, but doing none of those things except stretching now and then luxuriously. The exercises ended. The instructor called out gaily, "Run along now to your bath and breakfast and business of the day!" And then he added, since there remained several minutes of his period, "Our pianist will play something for the shut-ins."

Shut-ins! That meant people to whom these setting-up exercises signified nothing except a reminder of their handicaps. But did they not need some sort of setting-up exercises, some calisthenics for the spirit? The day lay ahead of them, too, and perhaps, even more than the active folk who had just been so gaily dismissed, they needed a good start for the day.

Could *I* do it? I had been experimenting on several occasions with the microphone and had received an encouraging response. Letter writers said my voice was friendly and asked me to come again. I could drop in to the studio on my way to the office and give a friendly "hello" for five or ten minutes and then go on having given myself, incidentally, a good start for the day. Why not?

But it would have to be every day, of course, just as the physical exercises were. That was a serious matter! Yet if I were to

render this service I could without conscience-pains drop a lot of the other things that were taking time and energy. Well, it was an idea.

Confidence in the idea was rooted in those experiments I had been making. Three years before, in 1922, radio was excitingly new in San Francisco. At the end of 1920, Station KDKA in Pittsburgh had inaugurated broadcasting—November 2nd is still celebrated as the birthday of radio programs; by February, 1922, seven other Eastern stations had sprung into being with local programs, and in April of that year, KPO went on the air in San Francisco. On April 25, 1922, a red letter day for me at least, I faced a microphone for the first time. I have heard a lot about “mike fever,” sudden paralysis attacking artists of the greatest experience before enormous audiences. My only feeling was one of relief. I had my manuscript before me, to read at my ease, without having to remember what I was to say, and no one was looking at me. It was most comfortable and it always has been, except when a program is finished and the clock says, “Go on, fill in but keep the climax up!” Or when the program is not finished and the clock screams, “Cut it short, but don’t spoil the climax!”

I see, from the pencilled record of that first talk, corroborated by a newspaper clipping, that my first words were about broadcasting. “We are living in a broadcasting age,” I said. “Certainly an extraordinary one! Yet probably every age has considered itself extraordinary. Perhaps the Dark Ages were proud of being extraordinarily dark. As I sit here in this improvised editorial chair in the sending room of the Emporium Department Store, my thoughts go back to the time when an author counted on an edition of just one copy, unless people thought well enough of his work to make extra copies of it with a pen. Yet that author could not know, as he wrote that first copy, whose eyes would see it or whose devoted hands would broadcast it in an

infinitesimal way by laboriously copying it. Then came the miracle of type and the printing press, and the writer realized that his work was to be published, many, many copies at a time, and sent broadcast for countless eyes to scan. Today the editor sees his printed thoughts go out of his sanctum to thousands upon thousands of readers whom he does not know. He is accustomed to speak with his pen to an unseen audience that picks him out, as it were, from the mail or the news stand. It is a new experience to speak with his voice to an unseen audience that picks him out of the magical ether. It is hardly probable, however, that magazine editors will shoot their editorial arrows into the air instead of printing them. And so it behooves us to take advantage of an opportunity like this hoping that, as in Longfellow's poem, the song may be found some day in the heart of a friend."

That thought later became almost the theme song of the Cheerio program.

In that first talk, as the newspaper clipping attests, I went on to discuss a number of vital topics that concerned the editorial desk of a western magazine. At the outset, my only thought of the opportunity presented by radio was to publicize our business in a new and fascinating way.

Of course, the range of such publicity was narrow in 1922. I have a special instance, in May of that year, to indicate that to hear some one speak across the country by radio was a wonder not yet accomplished for the average listener. We were having the annual University Day at Stanford when the four sides of the University—trustees, faculty, alumni and students—come together on the campus. I was in charge of the banquet in the basketball pavilion. Planning the program, I had what seemed then and still seems, years afterward, an inspiration. The press had announced that Professor Harris J. Ryan had been presented with an extraordinary receiving set which should achieve unprecedented results. I asked Professor Ryan to cooperate with

me in a gigantic hoax. With his connivance, the press announced that "the most unusual feature of the program of this dinner will be the receipt of radio messages from Herbert Hoover and Will Irwin, the installation for which is in charge of Professor Ryan, head of the department of electrical engineering of the University. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce of the United States, is in charge of all radio matters and he has signified that he will speak on the troubles of 'the chief of the ether cops.'"

A thousand Stanford people during the banquet noticed Professor Ryan fussing with the radio apparatus in the gallery. They heard him give a brief lecture on the possibilities of radio, they listened-in to bits of a broadcast concert from a San Francisco station, and suddenly an after-dinner speaker was interrupted and the announcement was made that the East was ready. The announcer's voice came ringing into the hall: "Arlington, Virginia, calling Stanford University. Stand by while Mr. Hoover speaks, relayed by wire phone from Washington across the Potomac." Then came, unmistakably, the voice of Herbert Hoover; the familiar intonation was easily recognized by his friends: "As Secretary of Commerce of the United States, my soul is under trial in this radio matter. By way of executing these functions of mine, Congress has provided for the establishment of ether cops whose duty it is to prevent people from talking too much. It is my burden to manage the policemen and make peace and good-will in the ether. Tomorrow morning ten thousand letters will start from the West protesting the foolishness of colleges and the consumption of precious time that might better be applied to the dissemination of intellectual uplift. Go softly, brothers; you are not supposed to be human—you are intellectual!"

The audience gasped, not at the words that were being said, but because they were coming from such a great distance. Another announcement followed immediately. Will Irwin was

speaking from still further away, from New York. Again the voice was unmistakably the well known voice of Irwin.

"One has to travel far and wide, as I have done since I was graduated—first, by request and then by diploma—to appreciate Stanford University," he said. "Our peculiar history accounts for us. Other universities have grown; we sprang full armed from the head of Minerva, just as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. Probably there never was, in all the world of learning, such an atmosphere as ours in the pioneer days. Our virtue was our willingness to tackle anything; our worst fault was excessive spirits!"

When these communications had been received, with awed attention, President Wilbur who had introduced Professor Ryan, now invited Doctor Coover, head of the psychical research department, to give a forecast of the future, in relation to scientific investigation of the mysteries of communication with the unseen. Dr. Coover declared that it was now being scientifically recognized that there are brain waves as well as wireless waves. He said that the psychical laboratories are demonstrating the existence of psychic projection and have discovered a substance called "ectoplasm" which has actually been photographed under test conditions. The Doctor offered to try to get some demonstration of the kind and the hall was darkened to permit psychic conditions. Then there issued ghostly figures who acknowledged that they were Hoover and Irwin and who held conversation with individuals in the audience, talking of long ago college happenings known only to the individuals concerned. It was a breath-taking and puzzling "materialization." Then Doctor Coover called suddenly for lights and I was revealed, in black tights and mask which had made me invisible, standing between two college boys. As proof that the entire demonstration, both radio and psychic, was absolutely scientific and not a word had been said that was not true,

I introduced my young companions as Herbert Hoover, Jr., and Will Irwin, Jr., both of them then students at Stanford. These "psychic projections" of two of Stanford's best-known graduates had delivered over a local telephone the addresses written out and mailed them by their respective fathers and then had appeared in clothes painted with phosphorus and delivered in voices resembling their parents the personal jokes on old-time friends.

I could remember when each of these boys was born, but I never thought I should live to have the fun of their joining so heartily with me in fooling the Alma Mater of their sires and themselves. I had realized that these boys resembled their fathers sufficiently to make possible one of the greatest jokes ever played upon a gathering of University graduates.

My subsequent participation in genuine broadcasting was merely a continuance by radio of my usual activities: speaking through the *Examiner's* station for the Chamber of Commerce, through the Mercantile Trust Company's facilities on behalf of the American Indians. During this period, I was figuring how we might dramatize our editorial office to advertise the magazine. I tried shooting editorial arrows to see if the friendly response, which had come to me from visible audiences, would also come from unseen listeners and to test whether a friendly voice needed a visible speaker to carry its message. There was no mistaking the fact that the radio audience took me as I desired to be taken. In 1924, I interviewed Stewart Edward White on KPO. As far as I can find out, these radio appearances had the pioneer quality.

One night on KGO, I tried out something I felt was ideal for radio because, when you heard it, there was "something more than meets the eye." I felt, too, there was a strong moral message here, the provision of an acceptable substitute for those of us who may occasionally fall into profanity under the stress

of emotion. Just the old-fashioned flowers in grandmother's garden substituted for the old-fashioned language that grandfather occasionally used. It was a verse of mine which had been printed in *Life* not long before entitled:

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!

*Say it with flowers! 'Tis better far
And hardly puritanical
To use, instead of words that jar,
The softer names botanical.
Though there are times that try the soul
And tempt one wrathfully to rant thus,
How sweet our language to control
By simply saying, "Damacanthus!"
But if there come a rage so red,
You simply must find words that tell more—
Oh, pause, before the thing is said,
Then shout: "Gardenia sunflower pitcher plant solea hellebore!"*

Of course, it really must be heard to be appreciated. And a lady who heard, appreciated so much that she asked for a copy of it, because "I know somebody who needs it terribly."

The San Francisco Opera Company had been founded, with two thousand members who were to provide a working fund for Maestro Merola's big idea. The opera company, orchestra, chorus, minor singers, all were recruited in California and topped off by a handful of stars from New York and Chicago. We chartered a theater and presented a musical rehearsal under Merola. The specially invited audience was composed of the founders, but there was a microphone on the stage and I spoke through it to those present and absent, explaining that the visible audience was merely a sort of decoration and those we really had in mind was the radio audience itself. I have always disapproved most heartily of most studio audiences, but that night

ours was important. It was that night that I learned, for the first time, that there must be no "waits" on the air, no matter what is happening in the auditorium or studio. I found myself announcing a number and the artist not on the spot to begin. I had to "fill in" and that's no fun! But I wish I could have known what I learned later—that my friend, Louis R. Freeman, the author and explorer, was searching the headwaters of the Columbia River and had set up a little radio, badly battered by the rough trip in the great Columbia ice field in the Canadian Rockies; our opera rehearsal broadcast came in so clearly from San Francisco that he recognized the voice of the master of ceremonies as his old friend. I should have enjoyed immensely filling in with that!

These were the experiences I had in mind that early morning in 1925 when I felt that I might be the one to use the radio in a friendly way to add to physical setting-up exercises a mental and spiritual stimulus for convalescent invalids and other shut-ins. As soon as I got to my office that morning, I called up Howard Milholland, of KGO, under whose direction I had been pursuing my experiments in "the friendly voice." He came back at me with enthusiasm.

"Fine!" he said. "I have on my desk a letter to the home office asking permission to put on physical exercises ourselves—I have a fine man for it—and if I can add you, I shall have a classic!"

That night I noticed upon my mother's desk a treasured book, *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, a compilation of religious selections, by Mary W. Tileston, published long ago. This book had been given my mother and for many years she had read faithfully the page for the day. On the margins she had noted special items of life and death. Moreover, she came with delight to the page she had read a year ago that day. Surely, there was a daily radio program idea here!

"Mother," I said, "I'm going to make your book come to life

on the air!" And then I explained my idea for a daily morning greeting with some helpful prose or poetry, sent out in a friendly way in the hope that it might help to give somebody somewhere a good start for the day. I admitted that it would be a sort of slavery, but I felt strangely moved to do it, without any thought of practical return such as I had been planning for the magazine. However, it was too big an undertaking and too much of a personal sacrifice for me to embark upon it without having some assurance that it was a thing worth doing. So I went to Stanford University and told my friend, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, past president of the American Medical Association, what my idea was and asked him if he thought it would be worth while. I remember his reply:

"If you will do it as I know you can, you will speed up many a case of convalescence and what is more, you will find that your audience is far and away larger than merely the invalids you have in mind!"

I left him, impressed that I had a work to do. So I set about it while waiting for Milholland to perfect his arrangements. I planned the daily program on the basis of birthdays, because that would provide a mechanical suggestion for material for a given day. I resolved at the very outset that I must make sure of the audience's reaction to the sincerity of my purpose and that I could prove this sincerity most easily by refusing to accept any payment for this broadcasting or any personal publicity from its success. I would be not only unpaid, but unknown.

Following out this design of impersonality, I decided to present my ideas through fictitious characters who should be my guides, philosophers and friends, I myself being nothing more than an humble, willing channel for the ideas of others. I converted Dr. Wilbur and Dr. Henry G. Mehrtens of the Stanford University Hospital into Dr. Gale. My literary research assistant in my hunt for program material was Miss Byrne in the ref-

erence room of the San Francisco public library, and she became Miss Bee. Dr. Clarence Reed was my Little Minister. Larry Harris and Dick Hotaling, who I knew would be my sharpest critics the moment I began, were the basis for Jim Baggs and their wit I used whenever I thought best to make fun of myself. The Bookseller was entirely a creature of my imagination although there was a sign in a stationer's window, "Every day is somebody's birthday—send a card today," and I did find a Mr. Herndon who consented to furnish me with a diluted horoscope for every day, carefully omitting any element of special prediction or advice. He told me a little mournfully that they would mean very little, but I told him they would mean enough for the purposes of the program. Eventually I gave them up entirely, fearing that, harmless though they were, they might be taken too seriously. Also, I gathered birthday cards and eventually many came from listeners. And one day, musing on the dramatic possibilities of the wish, I read up on Thibet in the library and then spent an hour testing every brass bell in the shops of Chinatown until I thought I heard one that seemed to me to have a special tone.

Not all these characters had been fully developed before the first program. They took form gradually in the first weeks of the broadcast. There were some interesting coincidences then. I had put the imaginary character of the Little Minister on the air before I asked Reverend Clarence Reed to help me with suggestions. I took him to lunch at the Club and explained the idea. He smiled and said that he certainly would be glad to help me and then he reached into his pocket and drew from it a black wallet and took from it a typewritten poem. I looked at him in amazement.

"Why, that is exactly what I said you did!" I exclaimed.

I decided to have little Miss Bee hail from Boston and, for amusing contrast, I endowed her with a yearning for corned

beef and cabbage. After I had so described her, I asked Miss Byrne at the Library if she were a native of California.

"No," she answered, "I come from Boston, but my father came from Ireland."

I had made my imaginary Bookseller wear a beard, for the sake of "make-up," and when I actually went into that San Francisco book shop which had displayed the sign about birthdays, I found a bookseller with a brown beard. Years after my fictitious "Old Starfish" had discoursed to me about Thibet and the extended hands, palms up, at the time of the wish, I met an explorer named Lamb who had been in Lhasa and he told me that the gesture of salutation among the Thibetans is extended hands, palms upward, often with a strip of cloth or some other gift across them.

Meanwhile, the hour for my radio talks had been selected and announced.

"At 8:30, following the class in physical culture, KGO will broadcast a few minutes of special greeting to that other audience to whom the calisthenic exercises are of no interest: the convalescent invalids and other shut-ins. The morning message will be entitled *Daily Strength*."

On the morning of June 22, 1925, I said, "Good morning. This is one who calls himself Cheerio." And I went on to explain my purpose in the words which have been set down at the beginning of this book in *The Legend*.

I was conscious that morning of a situation which made me marvel at the ways of fate. My mother had been in good health when I told her that I planned to say "Good morning" to unknown invalids. Only a few weeks later my first "Good morning" over the radio went directly to her in her final illness. Early in August she fell asleep. There was a tender memorial for her in our Ng Tong garden. The camp-fire lighted her red cloak which lay across the back of her special seat in the circle. Friends



Photograph by CHEERIO

Cheerio's mother, waiting for him one spring evening, was told: "I am going to make your little book come to life on the air!"



Photographs by GABRIEL MOULIN

In Pioneer Gulch, at Bohemian Grove. (*Above*) The cabin of Herbert Hoover and Cheerio, and the statue of the Cave Man. (*Below*) Campmates at the annual midsummer festival. This group with Cheerio includes, among others, the Ex-President of the United States, the Minister from the Irish Free State, the President of Stanford University, the manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the president of a great publishing house—an example of the gatherings in the Grove.

sang and talked, looking "through that same garden and for one in vain." But through it all, the water splashed musically from the little fountain, as a symbol of life and the ever-living quality of memory. When the guests were gone, I stood alone by the embers of our friendly fire and pledged myself to carry on the Cheerio program as a memorial to her.

Early in the broadcast I hit upon a procedure which has been of inestimable value to me through the years. I came on the air at the end of the class in physical culture. The exercises were conducted by Hugh Barrett Dobbs whom I met for the first time on the morning of the first Cheerio program. He called his exercises "concentrated calisthenics." His final exercise was a remarkable one, a beneficial treatment of the abdominal muscles by the mechanism of a hearty laugh. "Dobbsie's" leadership in this laughter was most infectious and it seemed to me that more than the abdominal muscles were benefited by that exercise. Since my program followed his, I was floated on to the air by the rippling waves of that joyous sound. Dobbsie usually stayed on and listened with interest to what I presented and made suggestions in the way of poems of which he was personally fond. He was especially interested in the idea of the wish and he really spurred me on to make more of a feature of it than I had planned to do.

It occurred to me that if he would read a program for me and if his pianist, who was a singer, would give some music on Saturday morning, I could run up to the Bohemian Grove where "Pioneer Gulch," Hoover's and my camp, was then under construction. So it came to pass that Dobbsie* read the programs

*It should be pointed out, to those who have examined an article by Holman Day, entitled "The Ship of Joy," published in 1931, that except as the statements agree with those in this narrative, the book reflects an utter misunderstanding of the facts regarding the relationship of Hugh Barrett Dobbs to the Cheerio program.

I wrote for Saturdays and "Wee Willie" Hancock sang and there you have the origin of a custom which has been so excellently continued by Russell Gilbert.

Inner and Outer Circles had given immediate response to the Cheerio program. That Inner Circle to which I had thought to render my service and that Outer Circle, which Dr. Wilbur had told me would enclose the rest, became actualities. A man, bedridden for almost his lifetime, but wonderfully courageous and resourceful in spirit, reacted to the program from the first morning he heard it and wrote a letter which was the bugle note of an indomitable spirit. His letter was read and the bugle note was heard and brought response in turn. A bedridden woman, with a spirit as splendid as that man's, sent in regularly sparkling communications that added greatly to the program. Casey and Molly Paintbrush, and Frances Shaw, William Dingle—from hospitals and homes the Inner Circle spoke and from the Outer Circle other voices chimed in: from Granny and Mother Bee, and that ever-faithful spirit of helpfulness who called herself the "Jolly Joy Flinger," or J. J. F. for short. This last named friend did something for me although she never knew it. I had dreamed of being a poet and I had come to see that beyond a limited circle of entertainment, the laurel crown was not for me. J. J. F. (in reality Addie M. Proctor) evidently had been through the same experience, for she sent me a poem of hers expressing the situation for both of us:

HELPING GOD TO MAKE A TREE*

*An ocean breeze, unseen and sly, had crept about and kissed
The elms and oaks and maples—O nothing had he missed—
And odors, almost imperceptible, he brought from these,
All mingled with the fragrance of the budding locust trees;*

*By permission of the author.

*And through the open door he called to me: "Come out and play;
The guide-post of the honey-bee will show you the right way;
The guide-post of the honey-bee which reads, when Spring-green
shows*

And sweet spring-odors fill the air: "This way; follow your nose!"

*So, up my hill, and up my hill—indeed, the hill is mine;
I paid for it with gold and love; I planted that low pine,
That snowy-blooming shrubbery, that flaming beech—but hush!
Upon my hill-top I heard God speak from a burning-bush.*

*With no irreverence I say we held a parley there,
About a poem, line by line, Joyce Kilmer's lyric fair;
"I think that I shall never see," the poet's words ring true,
"A poem lovely as a tree." I think the same way, too.*

*"Poems are made by fools like me" he said. "God, tell me, pray,
Am I a fool?" And crystal clear, I heard the answer. "Nay;
You never made a poem." Then He softened it for me:
"And I, without some help from you, could not have made this tree."*

*"O God, I found you, long ago, just this way, when I knew
You needed some small help from me as I great help from you;
You say I helped you with this tree; O, won't you please, this time,
Help me to make a poem instead of just a simple rhyme?"*

*I have a thought I long to sing, sing for high beauty's sake!"
"Yea, it shall have its poem" He said, "Some other hand shall make.
Not you, your Task lies otherwise. Some one who has the dower,
The jewelled word, the facile art, shall bring your thought to
flower."*

*"But, God!"—He spoke; "Nay, listen, Child; you, too, throughout
the years,
With service equal in my sight, shall wipe away some tears."
Then, like the sweetest incense, God's blessing fell on me:
"Worry no longer about poems—Come, help Me make a tree!"*

*O, down my hill and down my hill, I hurried down my hill;
A beckoning vision led me; my vision had its will.
I dug, with pick and shovel, a hole both wide and deep,
And there my worry about poems I laid away to sleep.*

*I filled the hole with mellow earth, I planted a small spray
Which, in God's time, shall be another burning-bush, some day,
Where I shall come and talk with Him, and He will question me:
"Now, did you ever see a poem as lovely as this tree?"*

Better than any poem of ours, the tree that we have helped to make!

Hoover and I were driving up to the Grove to inspect the work in "Pioneer Gulch." Hoover was in California on a visit and Ray Wilbur had told him of my radio experiment. Hoover had listened to the program. He said to me, emphatically, that the idea was too good for a small area, that I should take it east to the center of broadcasting. As Secretary of Commerce, Hoover was in the thick of his long fight to establish control of radio by the Government. He told me once: "If I could have on my tombstone the record: 'This man helped to save the ownership of the channels of the air for the people,' that would be enough!" In 1920 there was one station; in 1924 there were 1400. It was a gold rush to secure vast vested rights. But Hoover gradually pulled order from anarchy and firmly established the public right. That day, on the way to the Grove, he enunciated the principle that on the crowded aerial highway only those vehicles definitely rendering a public service could be given the right of way. The Cheerio program, in his opinion, was such a vehicle. On the other hand, it was taking so much time and energy that I was wondering how I could continue it on its unpaid basis and live at the same time.

Dick Hotaling had pretty well justified the reaction with which the listeners greeted the character of Jim Baggs. Dick had made considerable fun of me, a little Samuel hearing a mysterious call from somewhere, and he had even written me outrageous letters, signing them "One of the Circle" or other misleading names. But when he heard that I was going East to see what could be done with Hoover's suggestion, he asked me to come to his office.

"Much as I disapprove of this whole business," he said, "I know that you will need money for taxi fares in New York, going from place to place in the vain effort of getting your idea adopted, and I want you to take this to help out."

And he handed me a thousand dollars. As he could easily spare it, I accepted it. It was the foundation upon which the Cheerio program rested during the dark days of its struggle for Eastern recognition.

I had no anticipation of anything but bright days when I took my idea, proven as I thought, to the waiting East. At Hoover's suggestion, I attended the radio convention at Washington. One evening, sitting in his library on S Street, the telephone rang. Hoover passed the receiver to me with the words, "From San Francisco." I had heard that Dick was ill. A voice from one of the family told me to come at once. I was off that night—twenty-four hours too late. He was gone, but I found that he had made it possible for me to go on and devote myself to the Cheerio program, if I so desired, and to do it without pay as I had always thought essential.

We gave him a beautiful memorial at the Bohemian Club with music which has been on many a Cheerio program since. As the voices sang Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, arranged to the music of Kreisler's *Old Refrain*, dusk fell in the room, and "sunset and evening star" appeared in the sky beyond the great window set at the back of the stage. From the shadow I spoke:

“‘Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark,’ but surely, by many a family hearth where he was ever the truest kind of a friend, whenever men shall gather by a companionable fire beneath the redwoods, there must always be an afterglow of memory for Dick Hotaling!” The stage was in darkness. Distant music began and a vision of the fire-circle lighting the trees in the Grove appeared beyond the great window, for a moment, and faded away.

So it is that an afterglow of memory warms the page of this book which says, “Dedicated to the memory of my mother and R. M. H.”

With every tie that might bind me to San Francisco severed now, I came East again, deeply imbued with the purpose to devote the next ten years to the Cheerio broadcast. It did not occur to me that those years would not begin at once. My own belief in the broadcast was reinforced by letters from special persons bearing witness to whom it might concern. Dr. Wilbur wrote: “There is a great field here for personal service. You have shown how it can be done. As a physician I realize keenly the wide-spread opportunity for kindly and helpful encouragement for those facing disease or handicap. I hope you can, through the radio, make your efforts nation-wide.” J. A. Cranstons, Pacific Coast manager for the General Electric Company operating station KGO said: “Because of its human interest, your regular microphone appearance as Cheerio has created a definite good-will for this institution greater than any other part of its program. I am satisfied this idea means the greatest human service that can be rendered by radio, for it seems to reach all classes of people.” And Howard Milholland, the director, added: “Little did we think that in so short a time this would become so vital a part of our broadcasting!” And Hoover, chief of it all, declared: “The Department of Commerce has

been watching with great interest the pioneer work you are doing for the shut-ins. We expect, with your success, to see it extended elsewhere." Surely there was evidence here for any radio executive. All I had to do was to start.

Hoover gave me a letter to Dr. S. J. Crumbine, general executive of the American Child Health Association of which he himself was president, asking the Doctor to give me office room and assistance generally. Everybody was very friendly, there and elsewhere: Aida De Acosta Root, Dr. William F. Snow, Margaret Wales, as well as the executives in charge of radio for the Telephone Company, operating WEAf. No less distinguished personages than Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin, star broadcasters, showed me through the studios. Presently, I presented my plan to the manager. It was all very interesting, but they were planning to put on some religious services for the Federation of Churches and it would not be possible to consider me for the present. Come in, say, two or three months from now. When I did come in, it was still very interesting, but it would have to be taken up with a committee. In the meantime "why not take it up with a big insurance company that might add it to setting-up exercises as KGO had done—that would mean revenue." I took the plan obediently to the insurance company. The executive there asked me to leave a complete statement of everything and I should hear from him. Two months later I heard from his secretary. She wondered if I cared to have returned to me the personal letters and program material I had left with her employer. I said I would appreciate having them back. When summer arrived and no word had come from the Telephone Company, I called on my friend, Newcomb Carlton, then president of Western Union.

"I feel sure," I said, "that you would not wish me to retain the unfavorable estimate of all corporation executives which I at present entertain." And I told him my troubles.

"We executives cannot afford to have you feeling like this!" Mr. Carlton exclaimed with mock solicitude. "Come with me."

He took me to a very pleasant gentleman in the Telephone Company whom I had not met before, and left me there, bespeaking consideration. The official upon whom I was now calling had never heard of me or of my proposition, but he said he would look into it and would I call on him again in a couple of days. I did so and he was kind enough to ask me to forget the seeming indifference which had been shown, telling me confidentially that there was an organization in the wind and advising me to go home for a good time during the summer and to return in the fall when he felt sure that I would find the situation more favorable to what I desired to do.

Meanwhile, the Cheerio program had not stopped for a day, for every day had been Saturday for Dobbsie and Wee Willie! I had written a program for every day, mailed it West and Dobbsie had delivered it in San Francisco. Early in the spring he went to Los Angeles and gave the programs over KFI and Howard Milholland delivered them in San Francisco. Presently Earl Jay Glade through W. C. Brimley as "Mr. X," put them on Station KSL at Salt Lake, saying "I conscientiously feel you have started one of the biggest things in the world. My prayer is that you may be able to realize the project of making it national." The Rhodes Store, in Seattle, was interested and put them on. And then WCSH, at Portland, Maine, thought well of the idea and had them read. I was now sending West duplicate copies with help from Dr. Crumbine and Dr. Snow of the American Social Hygiene Association. Many a night I did not get them into the post-office until midnight, but the air mail service had started and never once, to my knowledge, did they fail to arrive in time. To me, climbing the steps of the General Post Office in New York on a blizzardy midnight, there was deep significance in the motto inscribed on that building:

“Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.”

I went to Boston with the idea for my program, but nothing doing. I went to Philadelphia believing the program was to start there the next morning, but I was wrong. I wrote letters to many stations and the theme song was “I got plenty of nuttin’.” I looked up wistfully at broadcasting buildings and wondered should I ever be given a chance to say “Good morning!” in the East. Then, weary with the effort that was merely keeping the thing alive but not really getting anywhere, I was finally given that tip to go home and come back to meet new conditions. I brought the syndicated broadcast to a close at the time of its first anniversary in San Francisco.

That summer in California, on the afternoon of the *Crema-tion of Care*, in the Bohemian Grove, I read in the paper that the National Broadcasting Company had been formed, with an expert in public relations, Merlin H. Aylesworth, at its head. Never did the flames consume Care with more brilliance than for me that night. But on the way East at the end of summer I read that significant book, *The Mind That Found Itself* by Clifford Beers, from which came the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and in that book there is a chapter on “elation.” I realized that I probably was “elated” and that not only explained my persistence in the Cheerio plan, but it also explained why everybody was so pleasant to me, but nothing ever happened. A man who wanted to work for nothing must be an amiable lunatic!

However, Edgar Rickard, at Hoover’s request, arranged an interview with Mr. Aylesworth. He was very pleasant, also, with this difference, he said: “Now you think this is a big thing and Mr. Hoover thinks so, and we think so, too, and we’ll put you

on WEAF for fifteen minutes every day and the rest is up to you.”

We discussed the hour and agreed that 8:30 o'clock was indeed the “psychological moment.” No program could hope to reach all the people at any one time; who then, in addition to our shut-ins, available at any hour, was it most important to reach? The mother in the home, naturally. On the average, the mother is busy getting her men-folks off to work and her children to school. When they are gone, she turns from the door that closes back of them and faces the remainder of her household duties; since these are with inanimate things there cannot help but be a let-down from the heart interest of the living objects. We agreed that as near as we could arrive at it, 8:30 was the “zero hour” for mother, the moment she needed to relax for a little and get a good start for the rest of the day, something to refresh and stimulate her. If she managed to do her mending during the broadcast so much the better.

The day was set for me to go on the air! I had decided to have some music on the program—it had been successful in San Francisco. I asked T. C. Edwards, of the National Health Council, the man who had been so helpful to me all through those hectic days when I was sending West the duplicate programs, for advice. I mentioned casually that I knew Harry Gilbert, who had been Bispham's accompanist, and that he had said he would help me at the piano the first day.

“Gilbert,” exclaimed Edwards. “Now why didn't I think of him before! Russ Gilbert, out where I live, in Jackson Heights, is just the versatile fellow you need. He can sing and play and do dialect comedy. I'll have him in to see you.” I had already listened to a beautiful contralto voice singing for the Morning Devotions which I should immediately follow on the air. I went down to the studio one morning and asked Miss Geraldine Riegger to have breakfast with me across Broadway. Before that

meal was over I knew, from her response, that I had found a treasure for the broadcast. Gilbert came to talk it over and joined in with enthusiasm. And so the three of us, with Harry Gilbert as an extra that first morning, delivered the first Cheerio program from New York, on March 14th, 1927. On the first Saturday, Gilbert's "Sweet Lady," his wife, Lovina, joined us. The end of that year we were in our grand new headquarters at 711 Fifth Avenue, and Pat Kelly had come with us. Next year there was a presidential campaign and the man who had made the Eastern broadcast possible was a candidate. It was hard not to say some word for him, but none was said until the morning after the election. And on his inaugural day the whole studio bunch of us went down to Washington and put on a special broadcast from there.

In the beginning, as soon as the way had been opened for me to put my program on the air, Edgar Rickard, financial manager of the Child Health Association, followed out Hoover's request and money was at my disposal for the necessary costs of the broadcast: the salaries of the artists appearing daily on the program, clerical help and all the varied expenses incurred. This support continued to be given in generous fashion, with Dr. Crumbine's unfailing cooperation, until, early in 1933, it was no longer feasible for the Association to maintain this radio activity. Thereupon the National Broadcasting Company, which had been gradually assuming more and more of the expenses of the broadcast, took it over entirely. It became a partnership, then, between the Company and me; I gave my services, as always, and the Company made all the rest of it possible on a scale which was not equalled in any other of its early morning programs.

A day came when Mr. Aylesworth called me in and asked me to consider making the Cheerio program a commercial one. It seems that a drug-manufacturer was wondering and asking

about the possibility. Mr. Aylesworth made it clear that he was not asking me to do it, but he would like me to consider it. I replied that I didn't feel I had any right to decide a question which concerned his profitable management of the Company, and I suggested that we have a referee in the matter. He asked me whom I had in mind.

I had been waiting for some good occasion to show him a letter of which I was very proud. I now drew it from my pocket and handed it over gravely, saying "What do you think?" The letter read as follows:

"My dear Cheerio:

"Of the many messages of affectionate remembrance which have come to my mother in the last few days, I think none was appreciated more than yours. I thank you for it in her behalf and my own.

"Certainly it was interesting to see, as it must be inspiring to you to know, that she kept this message in that small number from her oldest and most intimate friends—a message from a person she had never seen, whose name she does not even know, and yet whose voice and spirit have so deeply penetrated her heart.

"Very truly yours,

(signed) "*Owen D. Young.*"

Mr. Aylesworth smiled and handed the letter back to me. "You know what I think," he said. "He is my guide, philosopher and friend. Take the question to him."

I had never met Mr. Young, but he gave me an hour.

"It is not what the National Broadcasting Company wishes in this matter," he said, "it is what you wish, Cheerio."

"Then I think I may say that I have succeeded!"

"You have, and only because you have been sincere. Never let anybody pay you five cents for it!"

Annually, during our anniversary week in March, the perfect

tribute is paid to the Cheerio idea. In thousands of homes there is displayed a red "C," the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that responds to the friendly impulse of which the Cheerio broadcast was born.

Recently the radio editor of the *Washington Post* said in his column:

"Cheerio is not a program; he is an institution. He is not a man talking in a studio; he is the personification of hope and inspiration and comfort to a lot of persons."

Backstage

*If any little word of mine
May make some heart the lighter;
If any little song of mine
May make a life the brighter,
God let me speak that little word
And take my bit of singing
And plant it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.*

ANONYMOUS

THE studio audience as distinguished from the unseen listeners has been a constantly growing element in the production of radio programs. This growth has been in response to demands from two sides of the microphone—the seasoned stage comedian, who could not do his stuff unless he could hear the laughs, and the sales-promotion man who must have tickets of admission to placate the constant clamor of a curious public. Neither of these needs has existed in the case of the Cheerio program. When we dealt in comedy, we trusted to luck that somebody would laugh “out there,” and there was no sales-promotion man to be considered. So it was possible to maintain the attitude which seems to me proper to most broadcasting and certainly for the personal intimacy of the Cheerio program: “I am speaking to *you*.” Fortunately for the friendly broadcaster, the English language uses the same form of the

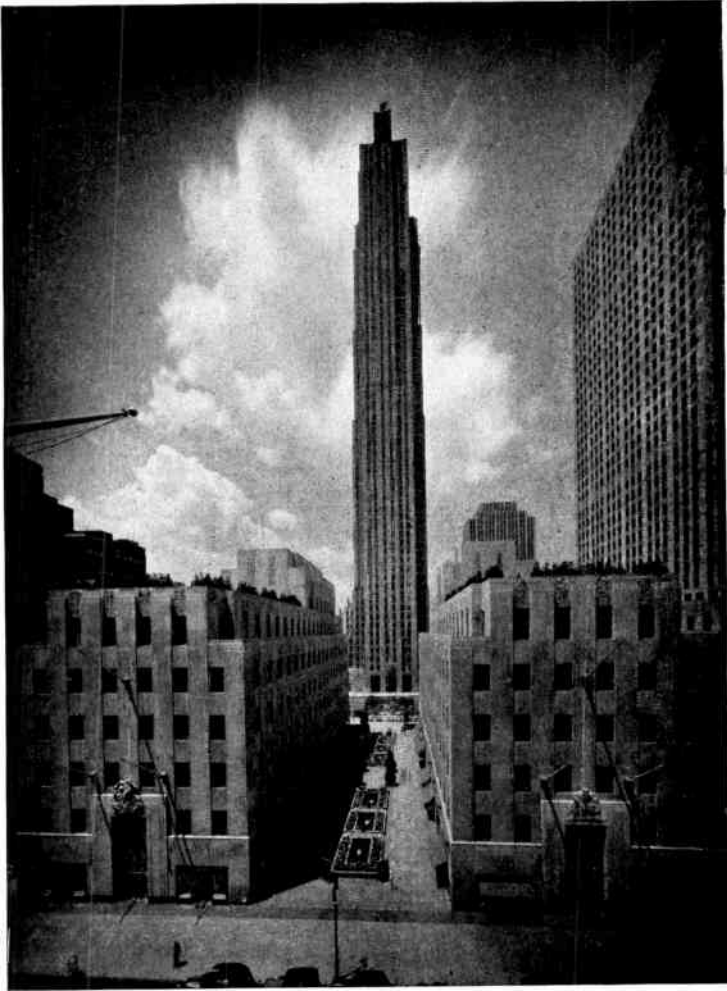
pronoun in the second person singular and plural and although it is obvious that the speaker is addressing uncounted thousands on a national network, the word applies without distortion to that average individual who is listening alone.

This chapter should open the door to the Cheerio studio in Radio City and let our friends see what goes on between those blue panelled walls under the eye of the relentless studio clock. This means presenting considerable detail regarding the personalities of those who have delivered the Cheerio programs so faithfully through the years. A shocking amount of space has already been devoted to myself. Let me speak generally for a moment before taking up respectively the ones who have made it possible for me to keep this broadcast going all these years.

I am always puzzled when someone says: "It is good of you to give a half hour of your busy day to cheer the lonely, sick and sad. I often wonder what you do the rest of the day." One might say we have succeeded, artistically, if we make the program sound so spontaneous. Perhaps we ought never to admit that it takes all the rest of the day, perhaps the evening, to be able to give that half hour. It is apparent that many think a daily radio program just grows, and all we have to do is spend a half hour presenting it. Does it spoil the program to know these facts: —that it sometimes takes a full half hour just to be sure the material is timed so it can be compressed into a half hour of air time; that every program has more than an hour's rehearsal of all who participate, not to mention individual, private rehearsals; that several, never heard over the air, are busy all day preparing the program script; that it take hours of research through books, music, mail and files to plan and fit together every detail? It does not spoil a drama, opera, symphony, painting or book to realize the work done in preparing them for public presentation, nor should it to know the volume of labor required to give any radio program.

Our office is the laboratory in which the programs are assembled and tested before they go on the air. In that office of several rooms stands the nucleus from which the years of broadcasting have grown. It is a small, black, buckram-covered box holding index cards and was the first receptacle for day by day material found by me in the San Francisco public library and around which the programs on the Pacific Coast were built. We have long outgrown that one box and today in our office are ninety metal filing cases that cover one wall of the main room and contain all the names and selections used through the years on programs. In them, also, are thousands of items of material never mentioned or used—the reserve for future days. They contain as well a complete record of all the programs ever given, as well as all research material, and contributions from the Cheerio Circle. Eventually these rather extraordinary files, with their day by day birthday material, should form the basis for *Cheerio's Book of Days*, long anticipated but not yet possible of accomplishment, as *The Story of Cheerio* has had to come before any collection of favorite items. In addition to these files, there are crowded cases of special correspondence, particularly with the Inner Circle and bookshelves packed with anthologies, reference and source books of all types. Next to my own office, which has certain special pictures looking down from the walls, is Harrison Isles' room with its lining of indexed sheet music, his own extensive library from long theatrical experience and the Cheerio music files proper containing thousands of songs. In this room we labor to time the musical selections, as well as those to which I shall read certain poems. Among the illustrations are glimpses of this laboratory in which ingredients of the daily programs are carefully mixed, allowed to simmer slowly or, often, brought to a boil in the last minutes before the program is given.

When finally the program is ready for the air, the first sound



Photograph by WENDELL MACRAE

“Radio City” (Rockefeller Center in New York) whence comes
Cheerio’s morning greeting to the Cheerio Exchange.



Photographs by D. JAY CULVER

Where the programs are made and delivered. (*Above*) In the office. (*Left to right*) Alice Phillips, Libeth Dubman, Jean Wells, Janice Wood and Miriam Meyerhoff. (*Below*) In the blue bird studio. The quartet reinforced by (*Left to right*) Harold Branch, Alden Edkins, Wallace Magill and Announcer Robert Waldrop. Engineer Pooler at the microphone. In the background, Robert Jacquinot (sound effects) and Engineer Loyal Lane.

one hears should be the notes of the bluebirds of happiness, accompanied softly by the orchestral strains of Friml's *Woodland Echoes*. If the birds are off to a bad start, the orchestra leads, but usually the first greeting is their song.

No question incited by our programs has been repeated so often as "Are the birds real?" Assurance that they are has never dispersed the cloud of skepticism. Probably the skeptics do not realize how comparatively easy it is to have the birds in the studio for the program. We ourselves did not realize this until sometime after the broadcast was started and for that reason we perpetrated a little fraud; as a punishment for it—who knows?—we have encountered suspicion all through the years. While planning the program for production in New York, I got what I thought was a real inspiration as a "signature" for the opening. What could be more typical of our intention to give a good start for the day than that music which comes with the spring-time in the country, the song of birds? Real birds seemed out of the question, but I remembered the bird records Charles Kellogg had made. He is the famous naturalist of Morgan Hill, California, who can reproduce in his own throat every bird song. At the Victor Company I found his records, but each was preceded by his spoken announcements. I found one record in which Mr. Kellogg mingled together, in a chorus, many bird songs and the Victor Company manager was kind enough to promise a special pressing. This he brought personally from Camden just in time for my opening New York program. Included in this record were various discordant notes, the catbird, the loon, and so on. Nothing daunted, I interpreted this mingling of sweet and sour as the sounds of everyday life that come to us through our open windows and fortunately was able to point the moral that the sweet tones drowned the disagreeable ones. In justice to myself, fraud though I was, I never said, in those days, that we had birds in the studio. Even when

the Victor Company made a special record for us of canaries, I always spoke of "bird voices." But later the great day came, in the new quarters on Fifth Avenue, when the National Broadcasting Company actually rented real birds, which had been carefully trained by their owner to burst into song when music sounded and even to follow a melody. We used these rented birds for several years, but with the luxurious home in Radio City NBC found it possible to purchase a bird quartet of its own. They are maintained in the studio, displayed to visitors on guided tours and when not being used on our broadcast, are to be found singing in the central reception hall of NBC.

Much of the skepticism among listeners about the reality of our birds has grown up because they have no knowledge of the mechanical means which we have at our disposal for controlling the bird songs. The explanation is simple, if you understand how microphones are switched on and off from the central board in the studio control rooms. The birds have their own microphone. At the beginning of the program, they are tuned in strong by the engineer at the dials, and he keeps the orchestra's microphone down so that the listener hears the birds clearly above the instruments. When the talking begins, the birds are tuned out so they won't interfere with the spoken word. There sits our expert engineer, fingers on the dials, and if something needs the birds for effect, he tunes them in and they seem to burst into song, to the mystification of the listener. But they have been singing right along. I should say, they may have been singing, for sometimes the engineer tunes them in and there isn't a sound. Temperamental little artists on their own account!

After the birds open the program, the announcer's voice comes in with the statement that "the National Broadcasting Company and (in season) forty-three associated radio stations

in the eastern and central time zones, take pleasure in presenting the regular morning program conducted by one who calls himself Cheerio, and intended by him to give you a good start for the day!" Many agreeable and well known voices have pronounced that salutation. At the outset, in the pioneer years, I performed this function myself. But now, years after, we have what we call Alumni Day at Cheerio's Little Red School House and as many of the old announcers as possible come back for the reunion. Their voices are now associated with large, major evening commercial broadcasts, as well as news reels, but in these reunions they again greet the Cheerio audience. Included among this alumni group are: Edward Thorgersen, John S. Young, Kelvin Keech, Ford Bond, the late Frank Vallen, Pat Kelly, Jefferson Sparks, Howard Petrie, Charles O'Connor and Lyalle Van (Valkenburgh). Our Cheerio audience has memories of their days with us when I teased them amiably and of how they got back at me in good style. What a line they made at our reunions as I hailed them in traditional jocular phrases as: Thundering Thorgersen, the Viking of the Air Waves; Yelping Young, or "Johnny, the Young Feller"; Cannonading Keech, with his songs of Montmartre given to a Waikiki accompaniment; Booming Bond, the fine southern gentleman; Vociferous Vallen, the Boy Wonder; Coo-cooing Kelly whose Irish tenor voice has something in it akin to the come-hither in the Irish lassies' eyes; Spitting Sparks—will I ever forget the morning he burst out with "Cheerio, you little devil!" Pulmonating Petrie, the highest announcer with the lowest voice; Cat-calling O'Connor, the boy with the brown ensemble clothes who was served, in the control room, with doughnuts and coffee in perfect harmony; and Van, the Perfect Youth, who found himself alone in the unfortified studio one morning while I gave a Cheerio house party in Vermont, and Van put on a program which got even with me for many a morning's persiflage. And

now, at this writing, Robert Waldrop, is our gentlemanly announcer.

THE RADIO ANNOUNCER*

*The radio announcer is a man I never see,
But a friendly sort of person I am sure that he must be;
And I sometimes sit and wonder, as his voice I recognize,
If he wears the sort of garments he is paid to advertise,
Does he use that certain toothpaste which he nightly talks about
And that celebrated tonic which keeps the hair from falling out?*

*When he's introducing speakers or is giving out the news,
Is he, actually, standing in those cornless comfy shoes?
Do those marvelous suspenders keep his trousers round his waist?
Does the gum that he is chewing hold that everlasting taste?
Who makes the watch he looks at when the chimes ring nine o'clock
And does he fill his flivver with the gas that doesn't knock?*

*Oh! the radio announcer is a man I'd like to see,
For a lasting work of beauty I am sure that he must be.
If he does as he advises no mistakes can mar his life—
But, at times, I get the notion I should like to ask his wife
When he settles down to dinner does he look about and say
By the courtesy of Whoozit we have corned-beef hash today!*

It is only fair to remember that neither canaries nor announcers would be on the air, audible to an admiring audience, were it not for the expert fingers of the engineer in the control room, throwing switches and turning dials with a wizardry which makes a little group of performers in a sound-proof room invited guests in homes throughout the land. It is not mere courtesy which credits the engineer in charge with making us sound better than we really are.

I have spoken of the very first days down on lower Broadway when the Cheerio program was an experiment on the eastern air and O'Kelly presided at the dials. O'Kelly was followed by

*By permission of Edgar Guest.



Photograph by HAUSSLER

RUSS GILBERT



Photograph by HAUSSLER

LOVINA GILBERT

other conscientious engineers, Wiking, Strang, Clements and others, but I shall always remember especially the morning when a certain engineer came on the program, a new man to me, Loyal Lane. He was a burly ex-service man from the navy, just the sort of fellow I would expect to growl to himself, "Pollyanna!" and get through the ordeal as best he could.

"Well, Mr. Cheerio, what can I do to help you put your programs on the air the way you want them?" he asked during our first meeting. "How would you like to use two microphones?"

That was a great morning for the Cheerio broadcast; I gladly credit the initiative of Loyal Lane with the successful set up now in use, which permits the birds, orchestra, apparatus for sound effects, and myself each a special microphone. Loyal Lane's successor at the dials modulates and intensifies and generally creates the finished production with which the Cheerio audience is now familiar. Loyal Lane was with us longer than any engineer we have had, about four years, although the incumbent, Bill Pooler, seems on the way to equal Lane's record. Loyal also contributed definitely to the interest of the broadcast by lending his clever youngster, Richard, to the program on Child Health days.

Friedendahl, Rhodarbach, Compton, Kempf, Ghisalbert and now Bill Pooler—I can't hope to mention everyone who has helped this program; it would read like "Who's Who in Broadcasting." All of them have my hearty thanks. In the words of Peter Dixon in the New York Sun: "The studio engineers are the unsung heroes of radio. I've worked with a lot of them during the past seven years. They've taught me almost all the useful things I know about radio. They do things with the full knowledge that someone else will get the credit. Without their skill and technical knowledge, most broadcasts would be very poor presentations indeed. They are the camera men of radio. They are as important to a radio production as the stage

manager to a dramatic production. Yet seldom, if ever, do their names appear in print and hardly ever are they mentioned on the air."

The engineer is at the dials, the birds are singing to the music of the orchestra, the announcer has set the stage. It is now time for me to say: "Good morning! This is Cheerio!" I have given that greeting, day by day, mindful of what a special privilege has been mine. Let my friend, Charlotte Geer, express it for me in her poem:

THE MICROPHONE*

*Just a room with many curtains
And a musty sunless air,
Shaded lights, a grand piano,
Here a table, there a chair.*

*Nothing friendly, nothing lovely,
Nothing strange to meet the eye
Save a slender silver circlet
By whose aid men reach the sky.*

*Just a simple bit of metal
That we've named a microphone,
Holding in a boundless circle
Those whose names are never known.*

*Lonely souls the whole world over
Look to it and call it friend,
And the circle widens, widens,
For a need that has no end.*

*When before the silver circlet
You perhaps may stand and sing,
Let your thoughts reach out to follow
Where your song is taking wing.*

*By permission of the author.

*Little lonely prairie houses,
Ships that battle with the sea,
Gray-walled prisons, homes of sorrow—
Send your song out sweet and free.*

*Words of pain when frightened children
Cry in vain for lullabies,
Homes where old folks wait neglected,
Mem'ry-haunted, weary-eyed;*

*Sordid tenements or hovels,
Rich and poor and high and low,
Bounded in that single circlet—
Loose your heart and let it go.*

*Freight your song with hope and healing,
Keep before you, as you sing,
Tired faces, patient faces,
Waiting for the word you bring.*

*Fashioned in their name this circle
By the Hand of One above,
And a circle is a symbol
Old as man—and meaning love!*

As all the world knows, it is just as likely that instead of "This is Cheerio" the greeting may be: "This is Russ Gilbert at the bat for Cheerio," for I must confess I do love a vacation on the slightest pretext! What would have happened to the continuity of the Cheerio broadcast through the years had it not been for the faithfulness of the versatile and ingenious Gil I dare not think. Let me give an abstract of his career before I found him for my right hand man.

He was born at Binghamton, New York, the son of an attorney and the grandson of two New York judges. Gil, at least, is a good judge of a joke! The boy attended public schools in Binghamton until "thrown out," to use his own words. He says he attended private schools to get sufficient credits to enter high

school. He was just too full of spirits, I guess. In high school, he reached a point where the head of the Board of Education, who happened to be a neighbor, said, "I'm sorry, it will be necessary for you to appear before the Board of Education itself and explain why you should be allowed to continue in school."

"For the life of me," Gil has told me, "I could think of no reason why I should be permitted to continue and so my despairing parents sent me away to another school. My interest in the drama was too great and I did not seem to know how to confine my dramatic performances to the proper hours!"

Finally, he decided to study music with more or less seriousness and went to the New England Conservatory of Music, where he majored in voice and diction. He left the Conservatory to go into dramatic activities, stock company work, musical comedy, and vaudeville. His greatest enjoyment and sympathy was with vaudeville, its rhythm and tempo always appealing to him. He has seen vaudeville rise and fall, and thinks we shall see no return of vaudeville's splendid days. While acting in stock, Gil played only old men or character roles. These familiarized him with dialects. He prides himself, with good reason, on technical fidelity to dialects.

Gil was early in the movies, one time studio manager for Famous Players and Selznick. He also did some acting in films, appearing in the only film Cissie Loftus ever made. He toured the United States in plays and in vaudeville, had his own skits and featured music acts. The word trouper could well be applied to Russ Gilbert, for not only does it signify experience, but also the ability to take life as it comes and not let it interfere with a performance, for the show must go on. This was shown at the time Gil's mother died, while he was at the bat for me. His wife took his place just one morning. Thereafter came Gil's bright "Good Morning!" as usual.

Gil is a philosopher. "I did not go to the top because I would not make the sacrifices necessary to get there. Maybe I'm lazy—maybe it's my desire to live well each day, without eating out my heart to get to the very peak. I question the value of getting there—it's even harder to stay at the top than to get there. When you start out to reach the summit, you have to climb over the necks of others, you have to be ruthless, and so perhaps I'm soft. Very well, if I live comfortably myself and make others happy, that's all I'm interested in, really. I'm a tinker," he told me one day. "I like photography, especially miniatures—I've won some prizes. I enjoy experimenting, photographing ordinary still life subjects at unusual angles. Then, I like to do things with my hands. If I had the time I would study wood carving. I like to garden, to make things grow. I've a little farm in Pennsylvania where I have a grand time. I guess it's in my blood. The first branch of our family came to America in 1639, and one branch lived in a Massachusetts farmhouse for nine generations. At the permanent exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts, the farmhouse shown happens to be the old home of the Gilbert family. I wouldn't want to sacrifice these tinkering just to sit at the top of the artistic world. Life's been very good to me. I'm grateful."

The Cheerio broadcast certainly has much for which to be grateful to Gil in return. When letters speak of the good laughs that have come in the program, most of them have been due to Gil, either in his delivery of humorous material from the files, his dramatization of jokes for the conclusion, or humorous skits which he himself has written. Of these latter, there have been three serials which have been greatly enjoyed. Joe Paloopus first appeared in the summer of 1930. He became Joe Aristophanopolus, and then Joe Doakes (which he still is). Then there was the Shamus and Shandy series that grew out of the conversation of two Irishmen in which Gil was as good an

Irishman as Pat Kelly himself, the "Shandy" of the act. The title "Shamus and Shandy" was, of course, a pun on the ever-popular Amos and Andy.

Then on Saturdays, Gil has written and produced a combination adventure and joke comedy series, "Big Bill Blaisdell," featuring Jennie, the cow. So often, in radio, the real star is a sound effect! It was that way with Gil's famous functioning as a frog. From the simple note of a bull frog, all sorts of stunts developed until he had a veritable school for frogs. The reading eye cannot receive the amusement which the ear permits when those frog stunts are put on by Gil. They reduce our studio staff to mild cases of hysterics. Our stunt always included George Cooper's song: *Twenty Froggies Went to School*.

I have often told the touching story of how that song was first sent to us. Long ago, after Russ Gilbert first croaked upon the morning air, a letter came from a member of the Cheerio Exchange. With it was a little printed page, yellowed by the years. "When I was a child," the letter said, "I had a book with this lovely frog poem in it. As much as I love the book, I cut this poem out for Mr. Gilbert, as I think he is the only froggie left—if there are any more, they are very far away. My six children all studied this book, and my granddaughter will soon be reading it. She won't be able to read about the frogs because they will be gone, but the vacant spot will remind me to tell her about them." There was the spirit of sacrifice that others might share in a loved thing! The page was sent back to be put in its place in that treasured book. But after we had read George Cooper's poem on the air, somebody sent us the music. And so, properly trained by Russ Gilbert, we all sang:

*"Twenty froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool."*

In the true humorist, laughter always trembles on the brink of tears, and Gil can step aside from all his foolery and use his gift of dialect to bring a lump into the throat of the listener. Nothing that he has done on the broadcast is so widely remembered as his version of the scene which George Beban, the actor, made famous in the drama *The Sign of the Rose*. Gil wanted to do this in celebration of Beban's birthday, but we did not have the date and so there began a search. As a last resort, Gil looked in the telephone directory, called the only Beban listed, and found that it was the actor's sister and a loyal member of the Cheerio Circle.

Early in the history of the development of this broadcast, I have told how promptly our staff was augmented by that other partner in the musical-dramatic team, "The Gilberts." Ever since Lovina Gilbert came on the program, our Circle has realized that Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert have a marital relationship that is almost ideal. They met in connection with the "show business." There was a big vaudeville act being got together and Gilbert was commissioned to get a soprano who could play an Italian girl. Among those sent for him to interview was Lovina Smythe. Gilbert engaged her, never thinking that he was entering an engagement for life. They were on this act together for two or three years, and then decided to put on a permanent act together, so were married. They left the theatre but, years afterward the Cheerio broadcast again presented them working and singing together as before their marriage.

Lovina's mother, as a child, went from Indiana to Missouri in a covered wagon and knew all the privations of pioneering in the West. Mrs. Smythe was left with her two little girls to care for and educate. Eventually, on a return to the East, she developed an extensive business in Philadelphia with her own modiste shop in which she created the designs for clothes.

There Lovina was taught how to do everything in connection with a home, and was also introduced to the details of business life. But most important of all in Lovina's life was music. Her one joy, as a child, was to sit on the stairs of her mother's home and sing every song that would come into her head. She started studying the piano when she was six and voice when she was twelve. At sixteen, she gave her first recital in Philadelphia, and one in New York. One day someone in the family chanced to remark that she would probably do nothing with her music after all her expensive preparation. This was a challenge to that same independent spirit which had prompted her father to run away to sea as a boy. She left home and went to New York to get a singing job. She found one in a show, rehearsed eight weeks, and then was given her walking papers, without being paid, just before the show opened. One week later, she got a job with Jefferson De Angelis on the road in a musical comedy show. Then she went into vaudeville and later worked with Winthrop Ames in several productions and also in many vaudeville musical acts, one of which culminated in the popular team, "The Gilberts."

For quite a while after their marriage and retirement from the stage, life was a good deal of a struggle. During this period, the various arts she had learned in her girlhood stood them in good stead, especially after their son was born. She worked in a business office and installed the entire system for bookkeeping which is still in use. She did tailoring and sewing in her own home for she had learned to make her own clothes and she delighted especially in creating something out of nothing. This extended even to meals and her ingeniousness in planning menus. Today the qualities of business woman, housewife and mother appear in the life of a woman of divergent interests, many capabilities, and one who leads a normal and well-rounded life in spite of the hours of devotion demanded by her



"GERRY" RIEGGER



Photograph by RAY LEE JACKSON

"PAT" KELLY

exacting duties in connection with the Cheerio broadcast and her faithful vocal studies. Not only does she contribute her music to the Cheerio half hours, but the compilation and working out of the programs themselves take many hours of her busy day. Yet in addition, she manages her home for the most part by herself, is an active factor in her church organization, and is a gay companion and helpmate.

Lovina Gilbert is petite, fair-haired, with a tinkling laugh, while Geraldine Riegger is a brunette, tall and queenly in carriage, large with a feeling of strength, and with a deep laugh that is infectious.

Gerry's musical history began one morning in Columbus, Ohio, at the Riegger home. Never dreaming that she was an instrument of fate, Miss Stout, teacher of piano despite her failing eyesight, arrived to give Geraldine Riegger a piano lesson. As she stopped on the porch, reaching for the bell, something stayed her hand. Geraldine's voice floated clearly out to the teacher as she stood there, her head tilted a bit, listening. When the song ended, she rang.

"You must study voice!" Miss Stout said with enthusiasm.

That incident changed the pattern of Gerry's life. She had wanted to be a nurse; she was filled with all the fine idealism and self-abnegation of a high school girl. A music career had never entered her mind. Yet some of Miss Stout's enthusiasm fired Gerry as the days passed and the Columbus Women's Music Club accepted Geraldine as a scholarship voice student, and convinced her that she was a contralto, and not a soprano, as she had thought. There was no denying this as the lessons progressed and the lower register of Gerry's voice began to develop beautifully. Finally, Mrs. Marple, her voice teacher, took her to the Juilliard Foundation in New York and secured an audition for one of its scholarships offered promising students.

Miss Riegger was granted a scholarship for a season and was scheduled to study under Madame Marcella Sembrich!

For five successive years, the Foundation awarded Gerry precious scholarships. Looking back on those five seasons of study under Madame Sembrich, Gerry says, "She was one of the loveliest ladies I ever knew, a marvelous artist, a splendid character and what she gave me was more than just voice lessons!"

During those five years, Gerry had not been merely studying music under an inspiring teacher, she had been working for her living by doing anything she could, small jobs at this and that, singing in New York churches and clubs, and at funerals. While still working at the Juilliard School, Gerry began her radio singing which was eventually to bring her into the Cheerio program. In that program, she found something that appealed to the idea she has always held that music should be of service, should be intimate and close, giving pleasure, but also strength. While she gave up the ambition of high school days to be a nurse for sick bodies, she literally has become a nurse for sick minds and souls with a vaster hospital of patients over the air than ever she could have handled in even the largest institution. In addition, she has a happy home of her own, with a devoted husband and a charming little daughter. In a world given over to pretenses and artificialities, seeking after selfish goals and the tinsels of life, Gerry Riegger's ideals are firmly based on fundamentals that make life worth the living, make goals worth achieving, and make self but an instrument in the service of others.

Our listeners have grown to think of Pat Kelly as the Irish tenor of the Cheerio broadcast, but he is far more than that. I mentioned that at one time he was announcer for the Cheerio program, but now he is supervisor of all announcers for NBC. Under Pat's assignment the announcers, like reporters working on news stories for a city editor, dash here and there to the

broadcast rooms to announce a multitude of programs; they are up in airplanes, out on the high seas, near some catastrophe or national event and are sending back to the central control room reports of what is happening. Often Pat's office is "just a madhouse" when several of these super or extra broadcasts are being sent in at one time by "mobile units" out in the field of action. "Mobile units" are announcers who handle broadcasts away from the studios proper, as for instance the time President Roosevelt reviewed the entire United States Navy, or the German *Hindenburg* arrived in New York.

Supervisor Kelly has twenty-six announcers under him and an office staff of six. He is up at 5:30 o'clock every morning, at the office at 7:30, and he makes a consistent effort to leave each evening at 5:40, but there is never anything certain about his getting home. Mrs. Kelly often has to keep the dinner hot when her husband stays at the helm for some special broadcast.

Pat Kelly became associated with NBC as an announcer the day after the Cheerio program celebrated its first anniversary, March 14, 1928, and was assigned as our announcer, but before his first year was out he was made supervisor of announcers. I had heard that Pat was an ex-opera singer and one morning I asked him to sing *The Little Grey Home in the West*, on its composer's birthday. That was his debut on our morning hour as a singer. His specialty has always been Irish ballads, but now and then, when there have been too many adoring letters and it might be well to use a little discipline to keep the song bird's feet on the ground, I remind him that although it is true that his father was a Kilkenny man and his mother a Galway girl, he himself is merely an Australian. His parents emigrated from Ireland to North Queensland before he was born at the mining town of Charters Towers. Educated there and at the Christian Brothers School in Sidney, the young man left his books and shipped as a sailor, seeking adventures on the Pacific. There's

a bracelet of leaves tattooed on his wrist which remains, as is the way of tattooing, as a souvenir of his sailing days, which ended at Vancouver, British Columbia. There he apprenticed himself as a machinist with a company manufacturing marine gasoline engines, and began a special kind of singing lesson as a hobby—he bought phonograph records by Caruso, Martinelli, and especially John McCormack, and tried to imitate them. Many a letter has likened him to McCormack. Still as a mechanic, he went to Seattle, and took up music lessons seriously with a Professor Kantner. Two years later, his teacher invited him to a party and asked him to sing a couple of songs. Among the guests was Fortune Gallo, the impresario. Gallo offered the Irish lad a five-year contract with the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. For ten years Pat sang under Gallo's management although during six of these years, Gallo loaned him to the Schuberts to sing the tenor lead in *Blossom Time*. One of the pleasant duties in this opera was to sing a love duet with the charming Yolanda Presburg. The song was *Only One Love Ever Fills My Heart*. As so often happens, (take the case of the Gilberts) such songs become realities in the lives of the singers, and today "Yutsi" keeps dinner hot for Pat when things are extra hot at the office.

His engagement to sing in *Blossom Time* began by one of the Schuberts hearing Pat sing at an Elks' benefit in New York and wanting him, then and there. "Each time I have looked for a singing job, I've failed to get it," Pat says. "Got all those positions by accident, and I got out of singing also by an accident." This accident was an auto smash in the fall of 1927. The following March he was announcing radio programs. Today, as supervisor of announcers for the NBC, credited with the recognition of some of the most talented announcers in NBC history, Pat dashes out of his frantic office down to the Cheerio studio, two floors below, and stands almost breathless before the micro-



Photograph by RAY LEE JACKSON

HARRISON ISLES



Photograph by D. JAY CULVER

Harrison Isles, Director, and the "Little Peppers." *Left to right:* front row, Frank Gurovitch, Angelo Sasso, Frank Vagnoni, Sam Zimbalist; middle row, Abe Edison, Eddie Dornisife, Leo Russotto; back row, Dave Gusikoff, John Winters and Arthur Zazmar.

phone. The orchestra begins playing. Pat's face loses all sign of stress, his eyes brighten, his lips smile and he looks as he sounds. It may be *My Wild Irish Rose*; it may be *Ave Maria*. If it chanced to be *In the Time of Roses*, perhaps the expression on Pat's face comes from the thought of his garden with fifty-two bushes of his best-loved flower. Another hobby echoes his machinist's work on the coast when his sailing days were over, and his singing days were to come. He likes making modernistic steel furniture for his wife. There is one room in his new house which he himself panelled with antique cypress. Pat delights in his house and garden and yet he says, "I still hate to see a ship pull out without me. I can see shows in the theater and have no desire to be in them, but a ship sets me going." Fortunately, he doesn't go.

What a musical evolution has taken place in our program (as in all others) since our earliest days in the Telephone Building studio on lower Broadway. I thought discarding records and obtaining real birds was an achievement; thought growing from one to many microphones a blessing; sighed with relief when I no longer had to announce myself coming on the air; and thought it rather splendid to watch our development from a one-man show with a buckram box of research cards to nearly a hundred file cases and a large office and studio staff. But I believe our musical changes the most amusing and, at the same time, the most helpful to our broadcast.

In those early days our musical equipment consisted of a piano and a phonograph, for which I carefully selected records. Carefully selected are the words, for those records were chosen for their age and the general disability of the piano accompaniments. Those accompaniments had to be pretty well over-balanced by the solo instrument so that the piano work did not amount to much, for Gil sat at the studio piano with music

before him playing a new accompaniment. The record had to be adjusted to play the same key as the printed music. That was easy enough and if Kreisler or Casals or some other artist did not take any liberties with the composition the performance went off very well.

Meanwhile, I had experimented for hours fitting the words of a poem to the music of the record. I couldn't ask the recorded Mr. Kreisler or Mr. Casals to change his tempo to suit me or Longfellow's words. So the poet, through me, had to make some very drastic adjustments. Doubtless it would have surprised Longfellow to see what happened to a certain stanza when the musician played seven bars instead of the eight required by the poem. But it was pioneer work in the art of reading poetry to music—not just to a background but fitted to the beat. Today the accompaniment is cut and phrased to fit the poem as closely as may be and is delivered by the orchestra under Harrison Isles' baton. Sharp contrast there with the inexorable phonograph's speed-indicator at 78!

For a long time, Russ at the piano and records on the phonograph were our only program orchestra, but we began to grow and the first break away from those early, primitive conditions came with the introduction of the Parnassus Trio, under the direction of Olga Serlis and composed of Elfrieda, Ana and Olga. This was a great improvement on our catch-as-catch-can wrestling with orchestral music. We could have instrumental numbers for their own sake and beauty had indeed entered the broadcast! As the program grew to require a larger and more elastic group, Emil Seidel and his Little Peppers took the Trio's place. Don't ask me why I chose that name—I don't remember except that we needed a kind of vaudeville "pep" for many of our numbers and there it certainly was. The nimble-fingered Emil left us and his place at the piano was taken by a big modest fellow from West Virginia with a world of expe-

rience as leader of theatre orchestras. He was Harrison Isles. Not long afterward, Frank Vagnoni, who had been conducting, was needed to direct the office of the orchestra department and Harrison rose from the piano stool to conduct the Little Peppers. He hasn't sat down since! When a viola was added to our ensemble, it was Sam Zimbalist, whose famous brother is the concert violinist. One summer vacationing in Maine, imagine Sam's surprise to overhear a voice saying: "No, I don't know nothing about anybody named Efrem; the one I want to see is named Sam and he plays on the Cheerio program." When Eddie Dornsife came with his clarinet, there was nothing wrong with him except a sly sense of humor. He found he could fit *Silver Threads Among the Gold* with a perfect counter-melody, and when the orchestra would start to honor our Honeymooners, Eddie would play, harmoniously enough musically but most discordantly in sentiment, *The Prisoner's Song*. Successive string-bass players have played, with sad sincerity, that difficult bit of humorous music picturing the *Dance of the Elephants*, written for the bass-viol by Saint-Saëns, with a twinkle in his eye. Incidentally, these bass players have been heard ostensibly to sing—marvelous bass voices accompanied by themselves, but this has been a trick graciously contributed by artists like Alden Edkins and Armand Girard who came into the studio on special occasions and gave of their professional excellence just out of kindness toward the shut-in audience.

I recall a special story that developed because of the presence in our orchestra of Dave Gusikoff, expert player of the tympani. We called him Davy the Drummer Boy on the broadcast and one mother wrote about her own crippled son, David, who regretted not being able to march in the escort of honor for the elderly folk whose birthdays we were observing. I suggested, over the air, that David's strong arms and hands could certainly beat a drum for the escort of honor and he could help out our

studio Dave. The boy was sent a little drum and frequently we mentioned the two drummer boys playing together, one in the studio and the crippled lad in his home. What a great repayment to know that bit of thoughtfulness changed the lad's whole outlook. We were developing rapidly, musically, and doing wonders with our orchestra, but it was a great day when a new, portable Hammond electric organ was wheeled in. When we had plugged it in to the wall-socket and set orchestra and organ going together we all felt as if we had the best, if perhaps, the smallest symphony orchestra in the world!

What of this orchestra's director, Harrison Isles, who has been with the broadcast so many years?

His family's history began in England, but his parents came to this country with their separate families while in their 'teens. Harrison was born in Montgomery, Orange County, New York. As a boy he began the study of music on a wheezy old reed organ—very much to his disgust, for he wanted to be playing outdoors. These first lessons were given him by Laura Kaune when Harrison was only nine years old. He became a choir boy in the Episcopal church and during four years in that service was for two years the soprano soloist. When he was fourteen, his family moved from New York state to Keyser, West Virginia, which has always been home to Harrison, his wife and their two sons. He attended school in Keyser, continuing his musical studies, and finally went to the Ithaca Conservatory for special music training. His father, who had been a man of moderate wealth, suffered reverses and Harrison had to leave Ithaca in his third year of school and return home. Music became his primary interest in life and served as a means of earning a living. His principal musical gifts came from his mother's family in which her youngest brother, Jeremiah Harrison, was outstanding. That uncle was the principal organist at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in the late nineteenth

century and gave concerts on what was then the largest organ in the world.

When Harrison began his professional musical work, it was by way of a motion picture theatre in Keyser, the Electric Theatre, in which he played suitable music to accompany the action or words of the silent screen. When the Music Hall Theatre was built, he was employed there. Later Luther Carskadon secured this theatre and with it young Harrison Isles' services. That began a long inter-family friendship, as well as business relationship.

In 1911 he went to Detroit and took a two year course in arranging music for orchestras and bands—an ability which has been of incalculable help to our broadcast and often we have had a program made up entirely of his original compositions. He worked all the time he was in Detroit at various theatres. Completing the course in 1913, he returned to Keyser and then "in real earnest started to develop a music business for myself," which he did to the extent of having the best known, most popular and well liked orchestra in that section of the country. His orchestra, especially following the World War, became popular throughout university circles of the South; he directed his group which played for dances at Washington University, Washington and Lee University and especially was sought each year for the big military ball given at the West Virginia University. Throughout the Virginia valley, he and his orchestra became familiar figures at campus dances. I might add that wild creatures in woods and brooks knew him only too well for he has always been an ardent sportsman.

During this same period, he became connected with Charles W. Boyer of Philadelphia and was made Boyer's personal music director and music arranger. Boyer was a producer of vaudeville acts and musical comedy shows for road circuits. It was Harrison's duty to rehearse and arrange all the music for those

many units as they were created. He would get the units started on the road, but he did not travel with them, returning instead to Philadelphia to whip another act or unit into shape for its tour.

In 1920 he took his own orchestra on the road and for over two years traveled throughout West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio and northern New York, with real success. December 15, 1922 marked Harrison's first appearance over radio, at which time his orchestra played over WIP in Philadelphia, giving a half hour program of dance and popular music. So he, too, had pioneer experience.

Throughout all those years, whether traveling with his own orchestra or getting shows ready for Boyer, Harrison continued his connection with Luther Carskadon and the Music Hall Theatre, in Keyser.

After Mr. Carskadon's death, his son Tom got Harrison to come back to the theatre. Seven years later, when young Carskadon was associated with me in radio work, he secured Harrison for our program. And so it came to pass that I, unwilling to be outdone by the Damrosch music appreciation hour, conferred upon Isles the honorary degree of "Good Doctor." Laura Kaune, listening in Berkeley, California, to our evening program, *Cheerio's Musical Mosaics*, wrote to the man who had first studied music with her. "I can't believe," she said with pardonable pride, "that one of my choir boys can have grown up to participate in such activities!"

Perhaps it was because we had both been choir boys that Harrison and I were congenial. At any rate, we found a third colleague in our announcer, Van, and we put on a little whimsical skit about our vanished youth with Gil as the choir master and the voices of the three Langstaff boys, Kennedy, Jack and David, to get us back to our boyhood. It would all have been very wistful and sad if it had not struck everyone in the studio

so funny. Let me give a summary of that skit here for the memories it awakens. I said that morning how wonderful it would be if all three of us choir boys could slip back to the days of our childhood when we had served in that capacity in our churches. We touched off the Sleuth Eavesdropper (that mythical invention which knows no boundaries of time or space) and turned back the hands of time to dramatize Van, Harrison and myself rehearsing under our choir master. There was much boyish teasing and rough-housing, with indignant mothers trying to protect their precious sons and finally the choir master's order to sing. Then there rose the voices (actually the Langstaff trio) of the choir boys, sweet and true, but when Time had marched on a year, the voices cracked on the high notes. With more comedy lines and musical interlude Time marched on and we three, actually in the studio together, tried the Trio again. Alas! Time had marched on too far.

It was in a program of our *Musical Mosaics* that Harrison's old music teacher heard her pupil again. Those Mosaics represent a special instance in which I have profited from two of Harrison Isles' special qualities—industry and dependability. Nobody knows, but him and me (unless it be Richard Malaby, who sat in on many an hour of cutting-and-fitting) the labor that has gone into making what we call a Mosaic—described as jewels of poetry and music cemented together to make a picture for the mental eye. I recall what David Bispham said, years before I thought of trying my hand at this sort of thing. He warned those who intended to perform in this way that it was very hard to do acceptably. He had found that the music so covered the tones of the speaking voice that one must achieve both power and clearness of utterance beyond the average and yet the speaker must never let the tone of his voice become a singing tone. The musical critics of that day disapproved of the

performance because they felt that the words and music stood in each other's way, that the text couldn't be understood for the music nor the music for the text.

In David Bispham's day it was much more "difficult to do acceptably" than it is today when the voice may go into one microphone and the music into another, and the two instruments be so manipulated that the music does not "cover the tones of the speaking voice." But there is another difficulty that mechanical invention has not yet mastered. This is in the mind of the listener. Many people agree with Bispham's critics that words and music are in each other's way. There is no trouble, of course, when every syllable of a poem has a note of music to go with it—then it is just a patter-song, spoken instead of sung, in the manner of the light-opera comedians—but when there are sustained notes in the melody and phrases in the poem—aye, there's the rub!

I once gave a little lecture on this. "It is very simple," I said. "Do not try to take in the melody with one ear and the words with the other. It won't work. If you pay special attention to the musical accompaniment, you do not get the words that are being said, because you have not listened to them really. But, conscious of not hearing them, you think the music has drowned them out. If you put your attention on the reading—odd, but it doesn't work the same way because it is easier to feel rhythm and melody than it is to follow syllables which are making words and sentences, so when you hear the reading clearly you can still be conscious of the music running under it as an accompaniment, if the two have been properly fitted. And then it sounds so easy to do. Believe me, it isn't. No opera-singer ever watched the conductor more keenly than I watch Harrison's beat on these poems to music! But they are fun and I have enjoyed them. They have been something in my life all undreamed of on that long-ago night when I heard Bispham

recite *The Raven* to Bergh's musical setting and I followed with an impromptu parody of it a moment later. Thus does life put together its bright patterns and make mosaics of us all!"

One aspect of this association of the spoken word with music has been especially interesting. I have made a point of reading a hymn to its tune before our Choristers sang it. This has often meant delicate fitting—there are many sustained notes in hymns!—but our listeners have borne witness that the hymns have been given a fuller meaning by this preliminary treatment of them as poems where they had been not much more than tunes previously. The morning hymn has been a precious feature of our daily program. So many favorite hymns were asked for and so many listeners said they liked to join with us in the singing of them, that the Hall-Mack Company, of Philadelphia, offered to print a collection of the favorites at cost and twenty thousand copies of *Cheerio's Favorite Hymns* were bought by our Circle.

At 8 o'clock in the morning we are all in place in the studio, facing a blackboard upon which the order of the program has been set down. The orchestra men have shuffled their sheet-music to agree with this listing. The microphones are in place. The bird-cages on their table are heavily draped with black cloth, but the tuning of the instruments has started them proclaiming the day in spite of the darkness. Bill Pooler has a microphone in trick position to make us sound like a festival chorus instead of the little group we are. Harrison gives the Little Peppers a full minute for their persistent gossip, then "cracks down" on them and the first musical number is under rehearsal. There was an hour yesterday when the music was gone over, but this morning the final testing with the microphone must be made. Harrison gives me my rehearsal card of poem or mosaic and lo and behold, what is the matter with the

thing? The markings must be right, because we did it before. Try it again—but we can't try it again as there are two more songs to be rehearsed. Very well, we'll take a chance. Where is the music for this next number—good gracious, it must have been left in the office—somebody who isn't rehearsing, run over and find it—here's the key—you'll have to "step on it." What makes that accompaniment sound so queer in that place near the middle—the men have different editions of the piece and they don't agree. Never mind—cut that part and play in "G." "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I wish the boys to—." "ONE MINUTE!" comes the announcer's warning. No use, we can't talk about it—while I'm on the spoken part of the program, Harrison will whisper it to the orchestra men—perhaps something can be written on the board. Gerry will read the script and make the sound effect at the proper place. But it isn't in the script. I only thought of it while I was shaving and I forgot to write it in. Can't be helped now—let's trust to luck. The list of Honeymooners has been carefully fitted to music—that's all set—no, two telegrams change the whole thing—I can work it out again while Gil is singing. *Woodland Echoes* begins at exactly twenty seconds before 8:30 o'clock. Gerry leaps to uncover the birds—too late, the orchestra has beaten them to it, but perhaps there will be five seconds at the end when they can be left singing alone. Where is the one who ran to get the forgotten music? A page boy comes in. A lady would like to see the broadcast. "You know that no one is ever—"

"Good morning! (Everybody answers) I trust you had a good night last night. This is Cheerio!"

And for twenty-nine minutes the program flows along (apparently) like a placid brook through meadow-grass. Somehow or other, the things are done—largely by the intuition of a group of radio "trouper" and what doesn't go right is usually not detectable by most of the audience. And then, at the last min-

ute, Old Devil Clock plays its part. The studio clock is a large one on the wall, with a bright red second hand. The studio lights manage to strike a spark from the clock-crystal at exactly the spot where the final minute is marked. It looks like two minutes to go—just time to round out the climax. Midway of this rounding out, hysteria seizes the group, hands are waved, or pointed at the clock—there was only one minute, not two! There has to be a quick cut, hoping it may make sense. Or it looks like a minute and a graceful finish is reached, only to find that it was two minutes, and Harrison must keep the finale going for sixty extra seconds. Meanwhile, all through the carefully timed script, something has happened to lose time—dramatic pauses, little impromptu foolings that wreck the timing and make me skip the next page although I wanted to give that part specially. One way or another, we arrive at the breathless last minute and calmly or wildly we come together singing, with the orchestra, “Until tomorrow, Cheerio!”

Our Lindy of the Mountains

ON MARCH 28th, two weeks after the broadcast was started in New York, I shot an arrow into the air—just one of the daily random shots in a wish for somebody's birthday somewhere. I remember the little wish went:

*"Happiness, old time happiness,
And all that's good and true,
We're wishing for somebody's birthday,
And that somebody's YOU!"*

Now, long years after in an oak, we find that arrow still unbroke, for none of the incidents of the Cheerio broadcast has meant more to the Circle than the story of Our Lindy of the Mountains. It begins with a letter from the Virginia mountains, mailed at Upperville, and signed by Richard H. Schott.

"The twenty-eighth of March was my birthday and I wondered just how many birthday wishes I had. I'm used to just three—Mother, Grandfather and Little Dan. I say 'thank you' for all that came to me. You say you like to get letters and so I'll tell you how I like your talks. By the way, you said did anybody listen further away than 125 miles? We live up in the mountains of Virginia, 70 or 80 miles below Washington, so we are lots farther than 125 miles.

"My back was smashed up in France during the War. They

fixed me up so I could walk with crutches and come home. But last autumn, I fell and they have been trying to undo the damage I did then by strapping me on a board for two hours at a time twice a day. The first hour goes pretty well, but on bad days the second hour is just something to be lived through. It was that way, one day about two weeks ago, and I reckon Mother sensed it for she said, 'Let's try if we can get WEA-F and see what "Cheerio" means.' And she turned on the radio. Then for the next twenty minutes I listened to you and forgot how uncomfortable I was and for the other forty minutes, I thought about what you said and Jim Baggs' funny children and it helped me a lot.

"A hundred and twenty minutes are very short when you're well, but when the pain is bad and you are nervous as a tadpole and can't move an inch, they seem forever. And when someone comes along, like you do every day, and shortens the minutes up, a fellow is grateful and wants to say 'thank you.'

"I wonder if any of the other shut-ins would care to hear a little verse that has helped me a lot. A nurse told it to me when I first came home from France and the lookout seemed pretty black.

"Saying it over has helped me right many times to realize that somehow I must try anyway to make some sort of stepping stone out of what's left of my life. And it's easier every time."

I recall feeling that this was just the sort of response that was helpful in the broadcast. It was more than just a young man's acknowledgment of his interest; he was passing along to others something that had helped him. This was in the true spirit of the Cheerio Exchange. His letter was included in a program soon after it was received and we prefaced it by a gay poem which just seemed to fit him—"God's Instrument"—and we learned, through the months that followed, that the title fitted him exactly.

When I had read the letter from that broken soldier with its ringing statement that he was bound to make a stepping stone out of what was left of his life, I remarked that our listeners should hear a musical accompaniment to it similar to that used for the poem—a sweet clear whistling, the vibrant note of a courageous spirit. I said I just knew that young fellow whistled to keep up his courage while he was strapped to that board. And he wrote back: “How did you know I whistled? I do. It helps.” Later, when we had become fast friends, the soldier’s mother wrote to thank me for a copy of the book of which my mother had thought so much, *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*. She said, “My son Richard was fighting bravely, but I knew him too well not to see how hard it was, to notice that his smile was often forced and that he stopped whistling when he thought I was out of hearing. That is all changed. You have made him so happy and he feels he must live up to what you think him. I do not think you are far wrong, but I am his mother and he is all I have left.”

It was great to feel that by the magic of radio we could say of Richard Schott’s brave whistling what the poet said of the boy’s tune: “Nobody knows just how far it has gone.” We could not know what fresh courage and resolution had been given others who were ill, but listened that morning and heard, spiritually, that clear whistle from the Virginia mountains. He protested against our statement that his courage was an example to be followed by others.

“There’s nothing about me to teach anybody else to be brave. I fail too often myself. I was listening, the day you read my letter, and I never was so surprised in my life. And right much ashamed, too. It sounded as if I was asking you to be sorry for me and I didn’t mean it that way. I just thought, if you didn’t know how things were here, while I listened, you couldn’t know how much you helped. Can you understand that?”

"I wish they could see what I do, out of my window. I never saw boats and the sea till I went to France and my, I loved them! I wonder, if you are a city man, if you would like to look out of my window, or if you are like a buddy in the hospital who laughed so hard at me when I said the thing I wanted most was to see a sunset. He said he was homesick to hear a fire engine and a trolley car. Anyway, I like my window. There are five apple trees in full bloom. You know the lovely pink and white of the apple blossoms and the green of the young leaves. And under the trees are a lot of small coops with hens in them, and the grass is covered with little brown and yellow chicks. I can hear the old hens clucking and telling their children it's time to go to bed for the sun is going and the sky back of the apple trees is gold and fire with just enough white clouds to make it very beautiful. I don't have any chance to be homesick for sunsets now for we have lovely ones here.

"This letter is too long and stupid, but I've not had much schooling and I can't make a letter read smooth, somehow. I have to write just a little at a time, for sitting up long, these days, don't work and it's hard to make a letter connected writing that way. Thank you again."

At this point in my relationship with the young soldier a letter came, signed "Just a Nurse." Although all Lindy's letters revealed him and his life, I should have been without many precious details had it not been for the unusual coincidence which caused her to write. She said "the description of a sunset behind the flowering Virginia apple trees which you read from someone's letter sounded so much like a boy I am proud to call a friend that I wrote him to see if he had written it and he replied that he had. He and his mother have told me so gratefully the pleasure that has been brought to him in many ways that I feel I should pass it on to you. I knew this dear fellow first in a hospital and was so impressed with the gallant fight he was put-

ting up to get well enough to go home. He won out and later, when my work took me to Virginia, I saw him in his home and was filled with admiration at his quiet, patient courage. He had fallen, as he told you, but he did not tell you that it was Shep, his dog, whom he dearly loves, that caused him to fall by greeting him too joyously. The boy has a strong individuality and a beautiful character.

“He and his family are to me a wonderful example of how much stronger birth and breeding are than mere environment. Before the Civil War, the family had everything that money and culture can give. His grandfather had been trained to play the violin, but just as he was to go abroad for further study, the Civil War began. The family had borrowed heavily from Northern capitalists and they were wiped out after the War. All that was left was a plantation in the mountains. They drove there in wagons with the few possessions they had left and with just two of their many slaves, who were faithful and would not remain behind. The young violinist had been madly in love and when he heard that the young woman was almost in want in Richmond, as a result of the War, he went there by horse, married her, and they returned to their mountain retreat. There the family has lived for three generations, alone and aloof from other families, maintaining their gentleness, the culture, manners and behavior of their illustrious and wealthy days. In that isolation, this young invalid’s radio is his one link with the outside world and the meeting of the Cheerio Exchange each day brought so much help and pleasure that he wrote you, he tells me, because he felt he must say thank you. And the result has been too many splendid things for him to find words to describe them. His mother wrote me that you sent him some comments that had been received after you read on the air his letter describing that view from his window. She remarked that: ‘The tears that no amount of pain, discouragement or disappointment

have ever brought filled his eyes while he read those letters. But they were happy tears.’”

All this information further excited my growing interest in the Virginian. The boy and his family's history was such a dramatic segment of American life that it had more substance than many a novel. Yet it was not an impulse to grasp at fresh, new radio material which led me to give portions of his story, as told by the nurse, over the air. Rather it was a desire to show our listeners what real triumph over difficulties may be. A deep sense of intrusion into private lives attended me as I spoke of him and his family to our listeners. In fact, I apologized over to the air to him, remarking that Charles A. Lindbergh, who had just returned to a worshipping nation, had had to stand many jolts to his modesty during that welcome home. Then I said that to me the boy in the Virginia mountains, strapped to his board for hours each day, smiling through pain, whistling bravely, was the Lindy of our Exchange when it came to our feeling deep emotion and admiration.

“I'll wager he has never dreamed that anyone would think of that board as the aeroplane of a hero!” I said during one broadcast. “Why, he can speak of that board as ‘WE’ for the two of them together have actually done a great thing in the world. They're famous. I know that if this young fellow rode up the Fifth Avenue of Cheerio Town, there would be a wonderful crush on the curbs and in countless windows to see him pass and to cheer him as he went by. Those on the curbs would be our actives, and those at the windows would be our shut-ins; we'd all be there. And that's why I read the letter—that we all might see him!”

An especially interesting incident happened after we had christened Dick Schott “Our Lindy of the Mountains” and had said that the board to which he was strapped was his Spirit of St. Louis blazing the way through the blue sky of courage for

countless others. A woman, who had got hold of a piece of a strap which had been used to hold Charles A. Lindbergh's airplane when it was brought back to the United States on the *Memphis*, mailed it to me, saying: "I send this piece to our aviator in the Virginia mountains. Wouldn't he love to have it? Just tell him where it came from and how I thought he would like such a souvenir. This little strap gives me courage and hope. Will it not do the same for our dear Lindy of the Mountains? Please, send it to him."

Our Lindy's friend, the nurse, caught the meaning of what the broadcast was trying to do. "It seems to me, now that you have let the other members see him, Dick's brave example will be an inspiration to others, as he has often been to me," she wrote. "Our Lindy of the Mountains is a hero and his mother is almost as wonderful in her way. Dick has always said that anything that was fine about him he would owe to his mother and to the memory of his father, who died when he was a little boy." And to placate that feeling I had of having exposed him to the public gaze, I quoted his letter, not realizing how much it would mean to him. The mountain boy wrote at once saying:

"Man, if I hadn't words to describe what had come to me before, what have I now! I heard you, and if Lindy felt like I did, I'm sorry for him and yet I'm glad, for I know how happy he was, too. I don't believe he could have been more pleased than you have made me. But while I am happy, I am ashamed, too, for you and my friend, the nurse, have not painted the true man. You don't know how often I fail and she is one of those happy natures who sees the best in everyone. She helped me get my radio and I am so glad she also listens in.

"You ask me to tell you more about us. We are all tall. I'm six feet and mother comes nearly to my shoulder. Her hair is snow white though she's only just past fifty and her eyes are dark brown. I think she is beautiful and that dear nurse said she had

one of the loveliest faces she had ever seen, that she looked like a Madonna.

"I just can't understand how a half-educated cripple up here in the mountains has helped people like you, but if I have, I'm happy and proud."

He, with those of us in the studio, learned the nurse was right when she prophesied that his brave example would be an inspiration to others. It was! Miraculous things began to happen. Letters came in great numbers from the radio audience attesting the help he had been by his example. For instance: "My nights have been full of pain, and often I cannot help groaning. But now, nearly all my groans end with this sentence: 'Hear the sweet clear whistle of the boy strapped to a board!' I must have said or sung this at least five hundred times and my groans have almost all changed to whistling, because I am ashamed to groan after hearing of Our Lindy." Another person said that "Through Lindy of the Mountains, I have walked nine blocks, which is more than I have done in years, and two whole blocks alone!"

Our Lindy had uttered the plaintive cry: "Like all other young fellows, I've dreamed of doing something big and it's so hard to be useless." With all these proofs that he had been "doing things" I asked him: "Who's useless now?"

"No, man, I don't feel so useless," he answered. "I'm not sure whether it is the real I or a fictitious character you and my friend the nurse have made, but I'm trying to live up to it, so it has helped both ways."

But he tried a little too hard to live up to the things we had imposed upon him. He wanted to answer the friendly mail that crowded the rural box every day and it overtaxed him. Being responsible through the broadcast for this flood of letters, I now had to advise him not to feel this obligation and to explain to those who had written him that he could not reply. Even his letters to me were stopped, by my order, but with pleasure one

day I read: "This has been very slow getting done, but Mother has been doing like you said and being firm. She put my paper out of reach and said no writing until I had two days together of no more than the usual amount of pain. I've had a right good chance to watch the poplar trees and I never look at them without seeing the friendly hands waving and I can see some of the faces, too, it seems to me. For I have had some such wonderful letters!"

One morning we had Gerry sing *How Beautiful Upon the Mountains Are the Feet of Him That Bringeth Good Tidings*. It was sung for our friend in the Virginia mountains as it applied to him. He was a bringer of good tidings to many who were inspired by his example, but we did not know that that particular song had a special meaning to Our Lindy. Its selection was one of those pleasant accidents that return cake for the bread thrown upon the water. He wrote:

"My father was an organist and the last Sunday he played at church, it was the anthem *How Beautiful Upon the Mountains*. I can remember it plainly although I was only six years old. Somehow your broadcast, when the organ played while you were reading about windows and Miss Riegger sang that same anthem Father had played last, brought it all back to my Mother and me without any sting.

"Please don't stop saying you hope last night was a hundred per cent. They are not, all the way through. Often, at some time each night, they aren't half of one per cent. But it's this way: I'd gotten so I just dreaded the nights. When the pain comes, you feel it is going to tear you to pieces and you find yourself praying to have spunk enough to stick it out without calling somebody and often, when you think you're not going to be able to, it eases up and you go to sleep. I've learned this about pain: when you don't work or walk or do anything else to get tired, pain's about the only thing that makes you tired enough to go



"OUR LINDY OF THE MOUNTAINS"



Photograph by RAY LEE JACKSON

ALICE HAZEN SCOTT
Director of the Cheerio Radio Fund

to sleep. One of the nicest things I have is a clock with a face I can see at night and sometimes that face tells me I've been asleep two hours and almost always when I wake, the pain is gone. Your hoping the night has been a fine one and that the stars look down on a refreshing sleep has helped me, right smart, to keep that part on top. It's gotten to be a real game to count up the part that has been fine and if it's more hours than the other part, I call it one hundred per cent and say to you, 'Yes, thank you, it has' when you ask next morning. This isn't good mathematics and may sound very childish, but it's helped me to stop dreading the nights and when you are laid up a right long time, you have to be childish some and live in a land of make-believe because reality is too uninteresting.

"Another thing I have at night is my window. I feel so sorry for the people in the city who don't have one. Now, it's summer, my bed is pushed up to the window. Last night was moonlight and I lay and looked up into two Norway poplar trees. Do you know them? Their leaves are slick and glossy and a bright green on top and gray underneath. They grow on stems a little like aspen leaves and quiver and shimmer in the moonlight. Last night was so clear and the stars so bright through the branches. Then, as it got towards dawn, the stars faded, but the trees stayed just as lovely. I can't see the sunrise because my room is on the west side and I get the sunsets—I love them. But at dawn, the rosy light spreads all over the sky and then the birds begin to sing a welcome to the new day. It's very lovely and I thought this morning how it all spoke of courage to face life or death."

The poetic beauty of that picture simply demanded its use on the air, but I told him to think of those Norway poplars, making merry signs through the long watches of the night, as friendly hands signalling to him from the Circle of our Exchange.

As summer wore on in the mountains, Our Lindy wrote: "Grandfather heard me laugh over your story about the man

who tried to wean his car with a quart of gas. He told Mother he should think anyone who had just been told how short a time he had to live would better be praying than listening to fool jokes. But, do you know, I was more thankful to have something to make me laugh that day than I could have been for any prayer. There's lots of time to pray at night, but in the day I must try to stay happy for Mother. The day before, the doctor had come here, a big doctor who did most to fix me up in the hospital, and I wanted the truth, so he told me. He said miracles did happen, but it looked as if the paralysis would spread until it reached a vital point. That might take quite a while or come very quickly. The pain is the best sign and the hours on the board may do the trick after all. I just hope I don't have to live after I can't hear my radio. I'd rather be blind than that."

There is more of a story behind his mention of the doctor's visit than even he suspected at the time. The same friend who had given Our Lindy his radio, had offered to pay this doctor to see the boy injured in the Argonne. The doctor is one of the famous men in his special field of the profession. He agreed to go, but would accept no fee. He went not once, but several times and after his second visit he turned to the boy's mother, when they were out of the sick room.

"What has made this change in him?" the doctor asked.

The Mother, who told us this incident, thought the physician meant the boy's thinness. She explained that it had been a difficult summer, so hot that her son had not eaten much.

"No, no. I mean what has changed him mentally," the doctor protested. "When I was here before his lips smiled, but his eyes were so hopeless they have haunted me."

Then the mother told him about the Exchange, all the new friends and interests it had brought.

"When you write your Mr. Cheerio," the doctor replied, "tell him I take off my hat to him. I could tell you what the medical

treatment should be, but I could not incite the interest and hope and courage to carry through—Cheerio has done that.”

The letter which contains that information sent in by Mrs. Schott is one of my most precious possessions, not because I feel personally responsible for that change, but because I know that the ideals of the broadcast had functioned as Dr. Wilbur had long before assured me they would.

As time passed, one of the boy's precious, painfully executed letters came. They were as eagerly read as any from my own family. They were so revealing, so richly philosophical that these three, especially, should be preserved:

“Some of the people who write to me are sick or crippled and often they say things like this: ‘Why should the Lord have afflicted me like this’ or ‘What have I or you done to be so punished?’ I don't know how to explain to them the way it seems to me, but when you have lain and thought as much as I have you see things differently than when you are well and busy. I can't believe in a God who lets people suffer just for the sake of watching them. I'll tell you this about myself so you can see what I mean. I always had an awful temper. After my father died, when I was six, I was unhappy and perhaps that made me worse. Grandfather would put me across his knee, every time I got into a passion, and when I grew older there was a strap, in the barn. Also, if I made any noise about it, the thrashing was repeated, until I had taken it with my mouth shut. Now what I'm getting at is this: Grandfather's idea was that if he could teach me self-control, teach me to stand a good strapping, and he did it right thoroughly, I would learn to control my temper as well. And when, in after years, that piece of shell ripped me open, Grandfather's training helped more than I can tell you. So many of the fellows weren't used to bearing any kind of pain, and they couldn't stand it quietly. The dressing times were awful for them and sometimes for the rest of us around them.

My wounds didn't heal for nearly three years, but I can honestly say that only twice did I make any noise and those were surprise times. You see, what I am trying to explain is: I couldn't see during those early years what I was getting from Grandfather's whippings, but now I can and I'm so thankful for the way they prepared me to meet and to stand what came to me later in life. Don't you think that sickness, or being crippled or very unhappy or whatever it is that comes to each of us in a different way, may be just training us to meet something else? I am sure being laid up has helped me, at least to keep my temper. Knowing how close I am to handing back to the Lord this soul he has given me has made me more careful not to scar it all over, as I often did when I was well. You see, I thought if I told you there are people in our Exchange who feel bitter and hard about their afflictions, not understanding, you might make them see this thing I feel so sure of, that somehow this is fitting us for some other thing or helping us in some way we are too ignorant to see or understand now."

"When your letter came while you were on a vacation in California, saying you had told Pacific Coast people about me, and when the letters to me from California came, I felt almost frightened. It's so incomprehensible to me why you want to talk about me or how anything I have done can help others. I've just tried not to make a fuss and to keep cheerful. There wasn't anything else to do; no one with two such people as Mother and Granddad around could act ugly. That I have helped any one pleases me more than anything ever has, but I still don't understand it at all. As for me, I have found my weakness harder to bear than pain, somehow; it's just the difference between gun-fire and gas; one makes you mad and you fight to the last ditch and the other takes the fight right out of you. I can tell you this now because it has passed. I am right smart stronger, most of the

time and so happy over it. My hands and arms are pretty no good, but I'm sure now it's just this weakness and not the paralysis spreading as I thought last summer. I tried, the other night, to picture what the summer would have been like without the radio and the Cheerio Exchange and the letters. But I stopped, right quick. Perhaps God would have made me able to stand it, but I'm glad he didn't ask it of me. I am having the head of my bed raised, twice a day now, while I shave in the morning and just to sit up awhile in the evening. That's a distinct improvement. Most of the time I can say 'yes, thank you' when you say you hope we have had a good night. Last night, for instance, was a Jim Dandy. I noticed the clock said 1:30 and then never knew a thing until five. And no bad pain, either.

"The last few days, here, we have been slicing apples, for drying, and Gosh, it's nice to be able to do something. I've been so no-good all summer. But the other day Mother brought some apples to my room to peel and slice and I said: 'Let me try to slice them.' I did—a plate full, so I've done some, each day, when I am raised up for an hour."

"My mail is having to go round Robin Hood's barn, these days, but I do enjoy it so much. Grandfather sends little Dan down for it every day. Little Dan is the only help we have now. He's a colored boy, ten years old, and a descendant of the slaves that came here with great-grandfather. One reason we were able to have him is because he stutters so they won't be bothered with him in the colored school. I told Uncle Dan, his grandfather, that if he would let us hire little Dan, for what we could pay, I'd teach him to read and cipher. I didn't say a word about spelling. There were years in my life when part of getting ready for bed was a session with grandfather's slipper because I'd missed in my spelling lesson, but even that didn't make me learn to spell, as I expect you've seen. But little Dan has learned what

I could teach him, right smart. He can read anything to himself and some days a whole chapter without a stutter. He goes after the mail every day at three-thirty and there is almost always something there. The mail is left a mile and a half down the road in a box. Somebody was kind enough to say they'd come in and see me while they were traveling through Virginia, if I cared to have visitors. But they couldn't get within four miles of here in a car, maybe not that far in a good city one. And I reckon it's just as well; I've lived so long without visitors I'd rather hate to have some one I didn't know come and look at me this way.

"But, Oh! what the letters from members of the Exchange have done for me. There's one lady, she's almost blind, she cannot read a word of what she writes, and yet she has written me such great letters, all summer, sharing every pleasure she has had, with me; an auto ride, a trip to the city, a visit, just word pictures that take me along with her. One lady writes me long letters that are like stories, and another's letters are illustrated with such funny faces. Another friend has sent me a bulb that is blooming, right now, on my window sill, with no earth and water. It's like cheerfulness—it can be done, can't it? And then there's a disabled veteran in Baltimore who writes me. We got to know each other through you. His life is largely bounded by his radio, just as mine is. He was well enough to go to Providence and he wrote me a description of the parade, just as McNamee does it and as I know how any effort or concentration brings terrible pain and some times days in bed, you can guess how much I appreciated it.

"I am so glad to have the copies of the poems I asked for. New poems to learn are always so nice and saying them over to myself makes the nights lots shorter. I always could remember easily anything that rhymed.

"The Exchange is an endless chain. The letters Cheerio wrote to Gil while on his vacation and of which copies were sent to me because I missed them when my radio was out of commission I sent to my disabled buddie who was too sick to listen during those two weeks.

"I like something that Ruth Lang wrote in the Newark News not long ago: 'Only those who have suffered mental and physical pain themselves can enter into another's distress and heart-ache. There are so many little things that a person may do to bring brightness and sunshine into the shadows of another's trouble and lighten the despair in the heart grown weary with the struggle. It is so hard to cling to the beautiful and the ideal in life when the heart is torn with sorrow and frightened with trouble or shattered by pain. But when some one comes along with a word of cheer, a warm handclasp of sympathy and a bright smile, one takes fresh hold upon life and the smile breaks through the tears and the rainbow of promise is thrown across one's life.'"

These letters were put on the air that all might share them. They had a strong appeal and made the Circle feel they knew this young fellow whistling in that isolated place.

Incidentally, a letter from Our Lindy said: "Little Dan was within call when you started to read what I wrote about him and I whistled for him. As he listened, his eyes got bigger and bigger and when you were through, he said, 'Fo' de Lo'd, Massa Dick, what he read dat fo'.' I said I thought it was because Cheerio was pleased that little Dan was getting so he could read aloud so much better and that he must try harder than ever. And he has. So you see, the Cheerio Exchange has helped somebody else."

There has rarely been a one-sided aspect to the Exchange. Others help us, as we try to help them. So, while Our Lindy in-

spired many, some of these air-made friends helped him. Somebody sent the Virginia soldier an anthology, *Between the Lights*. He marked several of the selections that appealed to him particularly. One of these contained words by Ann E. Hamilton:

*"This learned I from the shadow of a tree
That to and fro did sway upon a wall;
Our shadow selves, our influence, may fall
Where we can never be."*

On the margin, he pencilled: "Right good description of the Cheerio Exchange!" And we might add to his note: "It is a right good description of Our Lindy himself, for his influence, his blessed shadow self, fell and still falls where he could never be!" Another selection in that book which he particularly liked was:

UP-HILL

*Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.*

*But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.*

*Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at that door.*

*Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.*

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTY

His interest in this poem was reflected in his wistful talk about the sunsets he loved, the significance of which was increasing for him. "A woman sent me," he wrote, as fall painted its sunset colors on the world beyond his window, "a poem, and one verse of it goes this way:

*'Gold in the west, and as our ships go on
Down Life's long stream and toward the setting sun,
Though clouds may dim the brightness of our skies,
Yet are they silver-lined from Paradise.'*

That's a happy thought to hold on to, isn't it?"

"Once on a trip through the Panama Canal on the Pacific Ocean side I saw a sunset that I'll never forget," began a letter I wrote to Our Lindy. "I had read about the Heavenly City and that sunset convinced me that everybody who had described the celestial city had seen a sunset like this one: there were streets and gates of gold and towers of precious stones. It floated in the air and the ocean was dark between us and that glory—like the great void of mystery that separates us from what is to come. And another time I was sitting on the beach along a narrow entrance to a harbor. There was a wonderful sunset and out of it came sailing a full-rigged ship and its sails turned to cloth of gold in that radiance. On it came, a rare sight even some years ago and into the narrow strait. The light died and dusk came, just as the ship got abreast the hills across the narrows. The ship vanished as though it had been a phantom. But it still spreads those golden sails in my memory. From what I have read in your letters I wish you and I might have watched those sunsets together."

"You act like I was a man even if I do love music and a sunset and all beautiful things," he replied. "Everybody don't, you know. Once, when I was a half-grown boy, a new teacher came

to the school and she said: 'Write a composition about something you have done or seen and liked, right smart.' And I couldn't think of a thing; I hadn't an idea. Well, that night the cow didn't come in and I had to go find her. She had strayed way off and I had to bring her home right slow and we walked toward the sunset. It was a beautiful one—looked like the Celestial City, as you said. Mother used to point out the sunset to me and tell me it was just a touch of what Father had gone to, so the sunset always means Heaven, to me. Well, when I got home I wrote about it and the teacher read it aloud to the class and then she said it was a 'very lady-like piece of work.' You can just guess how the boys took that up. I've told you about my temper and you can imagine the fights I got into. Years after, an officer on the transport going over to France held me up to be laughed at because he found me looking at the sunset from the deck of the boat. I managed to turn around with my back to the rail and hold it tight with my hands behind me and laugh with them, but I wondered afterward if that man guessed how near he came to being knocked down. For a minute I could have killed him. But by then, I had learned some self-control, as I said. You said, in your letter, the ocean was dark between you and the glory of the sunset, like the great void of mystery that separates us from what is to come. That void used to frighten me, but that feeling is all gone. Somehow the radio has brought heaven so much closer, and the way the members of the Circle have stretched out their hands and helped me, all these months, has brought God nearer, too. I write this in all reverence. If I live, I shall try to be a better man because of it. I dare not think of the depths I might have slipped to without the Cheerio Exchange."

In December there came a prophetic message from him which said: "When you went west this summer, you said 'Mizpah!' I say it to you now, for I think I'm going west." That moved us

to put on a special program for him the morning of the twelfth of December, 1927, and although we gave no word that it might be a goodbye we sent him a very special greeting from all our hearts. We hoped Our Lindy was listening, but we didn't know. A few days later his Mother wrote: "My son listened that morning, and he answered, 'Cheerio!' as you signed off. When I turned back from shutting off the radio, he smiled at me, but he never spoke again. He breathed so quietly that it was hard to tell just when he spread his wings."

We could hardly believe he had walked into the sunset, but he left behind inspiration and beauty that are still felt in our Exchange. When Our Lindy's birthday morning came the following spring, March 28, 1928, our Circle heard the impressive account of his passing. Because I had made Colonel Lindbergh acquainted with the story, the Lone Eagle himself sent through me his greetings to that mother listening in Virginia. He thanked her for having given to her country such a son.

They are all gone now from the little plantation in the Blue Ridge mountains, and you might think the story is ended. But not so. As one of our members has phrased it for us: "I will believe, now that Our Lindy has joined the Choir Invisible, he will come back to all who know his story, in the radiant sunsets and in the happy whistle of childhood, still teaching others how to find their wings!"

His story is living in a special way through the Lindy-Log Memorial Radio. This is not just a birthday remembrance of someone who has gone. It is the living record of a continuing personality. But that is another story.

The Inner Circle

*My nosegays are for captives;
 Dim, long-expectant eyes,
 Fingers denied the plucking,
 Patient till paradise.*

—EMILY DICKINSON*

NO MYSTERY or geometric problem is implied in the term Inner Circle. It is the name which has been given those for whom the broadcast was inaugurated years ago, the invalids, convalescents and other shut-ins. At first it meant only those physically "shut in from all the world without," but its meaning was expanded to include those whose spirits and minds have ingrown. It was the only Circle contemplated when the broadcast was conceived, but only a short time after the broadcast started, as Dr. Wilbur had prophesied, I was made aware of a vast Outer Circle of cordial, friendly persons to whom our designation of physically handicapped did not apply. They became the Outer Circle which surrounds the Inner with protective helpfulness, but in turn they gained inspiration from those limited lives by admiring the patience and courage of the sufferers. It is significant that when trouble besets any of us, those who offer consolation invariably speak of others whose lot is far harder to bear than our own. Yet it is not sufficient or fair to those who are ill to serve solely as a contrast or as an inspiration. Their own founts of courage need to be refilled, but especially

*From "The Poems of Emily Dickinson" Centenary Edition, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

do they need to have their interests widened so they are lifted out of self. They need to be given a sense of objectivity and to have their minds rescued from staleness. Even the well person tends to lead a life which narrows and becomes more circumscribed than is ever necessary, and how much more danger of this exists in the sick room. So from the immense reservoir of material to which philosophers, poets, preachers and workers in the world's history have contributed, we hoped to select materials which might act as a new force in enlivening interests, refurbishing ideas, giving a spirit of play while learning. We followed that New England philosopher, Amos Bronson Alcott, in his advice: "Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness." And we heeded his daughter, Louisa May Alcott, by trying to "make each day useful and cheerful and prove that you know the worth of time by employing it well. Then youth will be happy, old age without regret and life a beautiful success."

There was also need to refute the idea that those who are ill are incurable. That is one reason the broadcast has always used the term: convalescent invalid. Dr. E. P. Boas, director of the Montefiore Hospital of New York, once said that the word "incurable" should be removed from the dictionary. "In the present state of medical knowledge," Dr. Boas said, "the pronouncement of the sentence 'incurable' on a patient places a serious responsibility on the physician and implies a greater knowledge than he possesses. The acceptance of the verdict by the patient and the community not only cruelly quenches all hope but checks every further effort at physical rehabilitation. Yet how often such diagnosis is mistaken. Not infrequently an incurable can be restored to comparative health and economic usefulness and in many instances properly directed efforts will serve to prolong life and relieve pain and discomfort."

When the world becomes bounded on its four sides by one's

bed there is great need of introducing hope and something of the life which lies beyond the prisoning room. It was all very well for me to give the "one, two, three, bend" exercises of the spirit and to say "now stretch your imaginations" and to advise mental foods and exercises for the eyes, which might make them better able to see their blessings, but something more had to be offered while sound instructions were given and extraneous information introduced. That something had to be a sense of friendship and a renewal of the sick person's confidence in himself as an important entity in life. Therefore, as I have previously said, my remarks were always addressed to the "you," who was listening, and when particular cases of shut-ins came to my attention from the Inner Circle, I presented them to all our listeners in what I hoped would be such a manner that they not only inspired others, but were themselves bucked up by a new feeling of self-importance.

Many within this Inner Circle are prisoners within themselves; that is, their afflictions have bound every joint until only eyes or tongue may move, or an accident has robbed them of all mobility. They are pinioned to their beds. Some have gone through Dante's several Infernos to reach the comparative peace of complete, painless immobility, while others have days filled with pain, such as Lindy of the Mountains knew. Some, in addition, cannot see. In still greater numbers are those less afflicted, but bound to their rooms. Their families and the few friends who drop in make up their world. They have, indeed, need of some outside strength for daily needs, refreshment of spirit, outlets for thoughts and mental energies. The normally healthy individual knows little or nothing of such a limited life. To struggle against these difficulties and yet to find something over which to be joyful may be called Pollyanna philosophy, but I see in it fine courage and dauntless spirit.

A Chinese listener wrote, "some types of character can only

be grown in the horizontal position and many in your Circle are finding that true." It is a fine character that goes through years of suffering and shut-in life and still is normal and healthy in outlook. Our Inner Circle has demonstrated this again and again. In fact, the organization of its own club, called the Joy Gang, is another manifestation of that normalcy. I can speak of this Joy Gang with what extravagance I please, for I had nothing to do with it. It grew, like Topsy, out of the needs of these people to communicate with one another, not in morose, clinical discussion of their afflictions, but in sharing with each other the pleasures which they either had or imagined. They developed a make believe world in which visits were made via the United States postal service, in which a magic carpet carried them in imagination here, there, and everywhere, and which served to widen the horizons of their small worlds until new interests, friends and activities actually brought, in many instances, an improved physical condition. There is something infinitely inspiring to me in this. That others shared my reaction is amply proved. The group might be down-and-outers, but they were up-and-coming in their helpful correspondence with one another. One may quote the Bible in their connection: "They shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles."

It was Mrs. Dorothy Worsley, of Cameron, Ontario, Canada, who started the Joy Gang within the Inner Circle, and the time came when "knowing so many of them, it just seems to draw them right into my little farm kitchen and the rafters ring with their cheers." Before that mythical assembly began, Dorothy's kitchen was a lonely place. Then, one morning, she heard the story of Katie of Texas and that began the Circle's correspondence with one another.

Katie Swinden's story is full of charity, which the poets say makes life worth living. Picture five firemen in Station Thirteen in Houston, Texas. In the number is the captain and the chap-

lain. They heard of a red-haired young woman who was paralyzed, lying in bed most of the time and only occasionally allowed up in a wheelchair. Those men decided to make her their mascot. They installed a telephone to break the deadly monotony of her hours and developed the custom of talking with her each day. One day the Chaplain, who listened to programs on the Cheerio Exchange, decided Katie Swinden should be a member of the Inner Circle. The men selected the day on which Our Lindy's birthday was observed to write me a letter. "We have heard of your Lindy so we wish to state that we all know that no finer, more cheerful spirit exists than our mascot, Katie," the letter said. "She calls us her 'Sub-Cheerio Exchange,' although she knows only what we tell her of you."

The firemen were not content to leave the situation limited to just their telephone calls to lighten Katie's day. They knew of the Cheerio Radio Fund, and they made plans. They started a movement which resulted in the Episcopal church paying for the electric materials needed to wire Katie's house. The men placated the shut-in's protests by telling her that, as firemen, they couldn't allow their mascot to be endangered by having a kerosene lamp in her room. So "we've banded together and put in an electric light. That got by and she accepted it." But this was only a prelude to the installation of a radio. By this time much of Houston, Texas, was interested. The Houston Light and Power Company agreed to install the radio for her and the firemen planned to pay for the electricity every month. The Cheerio radio was to be a complete surprise to Katie. It was. The men had their reward for their kindness and wrote us: "It is hard, when men's hearts are full of thankfulness and happiness, to express their thoughts, but 'the deed is did.' We wish you could have seen Katie today in her wheelchair as we brought that beautiful instrument into the house. One of us made a speech, but tears choked him so he had to end by saying: 'Well,

Katie, there it is.' Then we read your letter to her and hooked up the machine. A picture was taken of us all on the porch with Katie and we left the house to the strains of dance music."

The letter from Katie was jubilant: "I hardly know where to begin or what to say after getting started. I tried to thank them, but found it utterly impossible to do much more than stare first at one visitor and then another, then back at the radio. One of the first songs I heard over the set concerned making others happy. Was it not an appropriate one? If all who took part in presenting me with the Cheerio radio are just one hundredth as happy as I am, then I will be satisfied. About the only way I know to effectively thank you and every one else is to say: Imagine you are a young person craving the good times which all young people whole-heartedly desire, yet having to sit back and watch the rest of the world go by. Don't think I indulge in self pity, but I wanted you to get my side of things so you could understand my appreciation. Imagine months at home unable to read, little to do except lie still and wait for night so everything may be forgotten in sleep. Then to have your room filled with friends and that lovely radio to bring in the world to me—I do so appreciate it!"

It was to our radio report on this event that Dorothy listened in her snug Canadian kitchen. She wrote a note and addressed it to "Beautiful Katie" in Houston. Some weeks later came an answer. And so began the correspondence among those in the Inner Circle. Dorothy found this initial correspondence so pleasant that she asked the Exchange for other names of members in the Circle to whom she might write. They were Meta and Dixie of North Carolina and Marvin of Alabama—all of whom have since walked into the sunset. Throughout the summer they exchanged letters and that fall Dorothy gathered autumn leaves and berries and sent each of them a box.

As the five wrote back and forth from North Carolina, Ala-

bama, Texas and Canada, they gradually added to their numbers Sea Breeze, the Good Samaritan, Freda of Virginia, and Margaret B. By this time they were referring to themselves as the Joy Gang and wrote in round robin fashion, pretending they were visiting each other by "our magic password: 'Joy, Joy, Joy,' which is a sort of open sesame which permits us to enter one another's rooms and chat away as if we were actually there."

During that first summer's correspondence, Dorothy had given Katie a make-believe vacation with her in Canada. She had written the Houston girl a letter a day for two weeks, describing each of their fourteen days together during which time they pretended to have a glorious time in Canada at camping grounds and around Dorothy's farm. Katie played the game and "the vacation was made very real."

It was such a delightful evidence of sharing, widening the interests of shut-in lives that I, naturally, mentioned it on the program as a tribute to the two women. That set others desiring to share in this pleasurable game and new members of the Joy Gang were added to the players: Bertha of Pennsylvania; Ethel of New York and her hospital room-mate, Betty; Princess Pat, whom the Exchange later knew as Mary Make-believe; then the Lady of Memories of Washington, D. C.; Elsie H; the Mid-westerner; Mickey, the war nurse, and her friend, Patsy; Margaret S, who was perfectly helpless. When the Joy Gang learned of Margaret S's difficulties, its members clubbed together and sent a box of sick room necessities. Margaret's letters had to be written with a pillow on her chest, but later even that outlet was cut off when joints became inflexible. Other members were Mamie of Brooklyn, who though blind became known in the Joy Gang as "the bravest indoor sport" and whose letters, radiating her Irish wit and humor, were coveted. Dan Shea and his friend and "secretary," Mickey Dwyer, were

introduced to the Gang by Mary Pat. Dan Shea's more prominent rôle was played in the Cheering Squad, of which more shall be told in another chapter. Bonny Van of Michigan, Cherry Blossom of Connecticut; Billy Smith, Launcelot Stewart, Vernon De Forest, Gerber Schafer, Little Jean, Marion, or the Lady of the Isle; Wildflower; and Nellie Darling—all took their places in the Joy Gang.

The Gang grew until it could not keep up with the correspondence which united a group scattered over many states in the Union and in Canada. The founder, Dorothy Worsley, decided to send a letter each month, which she called "Joyland." From it there developed a mimeographed newspaper called *Joyland Echoes*. In this monthly publication the members sent messages to one another, listed the current birthdays and gave any news of importance about the Inner Circle's Joy Gang. The circulation averaged one hundred and only Gang members received it. Mrs. Worsley was followed by The Lady of Memories as editor, and eventually the Cheerio Exchange took over the costs of producing and mailing the paper.

Even in so select a group, some few came to stand out from the others until now they have become figures beloved not only by fellow "Gang-sters" and the Inner Circle, but by the Outer Circle as well. They have demonstrated that there is more to this broadcast than merely broadcasting itself. While we tried to bring the world into the isolated sickrooms of the nation, the members of this group extended it to personal friendships and interests beyond the programs themselves. In addition to their letters, their mimeographed newspaper, their gifts to one another, and their make-believe meeting in various homes, they banded together under the leadership of Miss Mamie Bogan of Brooklyn and provided money for a "visiting radio," which was put in circulation near Baltimore, Maryland. It was given into

the charge of Charles E. Coleman, who took over the task of seeing that it reached those who deserved to have the radio visit them.

A tribute to this group was written by Jennie Little for a Newington, Connecticut, newspaper. It read: "The far-reaching hand of radio has beckoned together a widespread group whose lives have been enriched through their own efforts to bring needed friendship and sunshine to others. For most of these brave spirits have been halted in the feverish activities of life, when Pain laid his hand upon each shoulder and said gently: 'Stay—the world needs you in this room a while, instead of in the rushing crowds.' And though they be confined to bed or wheel-chair, yet they march on like an army with banners, gloriously, for they fly the flaming colors of courage and cheerfulness. A splendid old hymn describes them well: 'A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid . . . triumphant over pain. They, patient, bear His cross below; they follow in His train.'"

Triumphant over pain is Vernon De Forest of Madison, Ohio, whose story is one of those in which even the prisoning body cannot hold a spirit fast, nor warp an alert, inquiring mind. One of his childhood teachers gives an account of their meeting, after many years, that more than merits inclusion in this record of Joy Gang membership.

"We drove out that afternoon, my friend and I," her letter states. "On the way I was told not to be too shocked when I went in, but assured that Vernon was alert and 'will be awfully happy to see you.' I had known that Vernon's sister took care of him, but I was not prepared for all that I saw. She is one of the unchronicled saints—a sunny tempered, sweet faced woman, who keeps Vernon's room immaculate. He remembered my voice, for he could not see me. All that is visible of Vernon is a head of hair. You might see a small, bird-like hand if it is above

the covers but it is almost as if there were nothing in that white bed but a tiny child's body. And that bent, dark head! He is so twisted by the years and affliction that now his face is completely buried, bent over into his chest. You just cannot ever see his face. In the long years since I had seen him, his sight had gone and all that was left was an unconquerable spirit. I talked for a little while and then asked:

“Do I tire you, Vernon?”

“Oh! No. You must not think of me as sick, Miss S—I'm not sick, I'm just a prisoner, that is all.”

“When I am inclined to grumble, I think of that. Not sick! But he has not seen for a long time and has not been off that bed for eighteen or more years.

“That winter his friends bought him a radio and it would take more than my efforts to make you appreciate what it meant and still means to him to have the world carried to his bedside. I am not able to visit him often, but when I do he has saved up questions. They range from interpretation of symphony music to an explanation of the gold standard. I cannot answer, but I can add my questions to his and together we accumulate quite a bit of wonderment.”

Each member of the Joy Gang contributed through his or her life story new impulse to others to carry on. Mary Make-believe widened the horizon line for the Gang until it took in a crippled soldier in South Australia, brother of a Circle member. She put him in touch with Gerber Schafer, Dixie and Dan Shea—all disabled veterans of the World War. It did not matter that the far-away, never-seen man was in Australia, he became as much a Gang member as those closer home and each of the soldiers helped the other “carry on.” As Mary Make-believe wrote: “talk of the Magic Circle! It is, indeed, magic, the magic of a kindly heart.”

One of the younger members of the Gang in its early days,

was little Billy Smith of Brooklyn. Locked in a body that permitted him the use of only one hand and giving him eyes that "see in shadows," Billy has grown to young manhood as a part of the Gang. He was made a member immediately after the Little Neighbor Memorial Radio had been loaned to him. The complete story of the Little Neighbor and the Good Samaritan belongs in another section of this book, but for the moment it will be sufficient to say that the Cheerio Exchange created a memorial to the Little Neighbor. That memorial consisted of a loaned radio. Billy Smith has grown up treasuring the memorial, which made available to him the broadcast and the Joy Gang. His mother has written that "if it had not been for this, our son would have been known to no one except his family. Life I'm sure would have been a rather lonely one."

It may be noted, in Billy Smith's instance, that it was his mother who kept him in contact with the Joy Gang and Inner Circle activities. So, too, it was Vernon's sister who brought light and cheer to their farm house and his bent head. For every invalid in a home there must be someone who is practically a shut-in because of ministering to one. In the broadcast any such person has been made a member of the Blessed Auxiliary. The Auxiliary means those who are healthy, but whose love, devotion and more or less constant care of a patient restricts their lives. Whether in and of the family itself, or paid for their nursing, all who devote themselves to the care of convalescent invalids deserve that membership, which should extend to those who give periodic, friendly assistance to shut-in lives.

Their service to others may be illustrated by a story that was once told by Dr. John Watson. He was better known to the world as Ian MacLaren, the name under which he wrote numerous stories which have lived after him. Dr. Watson was on a lecture tour. A woman asked him to tell a story in Scotch dia-

lect. So much of what he wrote used the dialect of his childhood home. His story has the moral I wish to point in connection with the Blessed Auxiliary.

“One hot summer day, just when shadows are the longest, down a country lane in the interior of Scotland I saw a tiny maiden fairly staggering under the too great weight of a brawny boy whom she was carrying in her arms. I stopped her, and with solicitude inquired:

“‘And is not the laddie too hivvy for ya, lassie?’”

“Two great blue eyes looked wonderment into mine and the answer came:

“‘He’s nae hivvy, Sir! He’s my brither.’”

That might be the motto for the Blessed Auxiliary; “He’s not heavy. He’s my brother.” Through the years there have come many examples of adherence to that motto, whether the one nursed be mother, father, brother, sister, friend or paying patient. For all of these nurses the patron saint is Florence Nightingale, who made modern nursing a glorious institution. Florence Nightingale belonged to the Blessed Auxiliary that has always been, wherever love has existed—fine women caring for those who are ill, sacrificing self that others may be comfortable and have hope of recovery, or at least have comfort while enduring is necessary. We know that Florence Nightingale’s years of service, as she moved through military hospitals in the Crimea and through other institutions of healing throughout the nations, broke her own health and she became a shut-in for a while. But toward the end of her life her health returned and even in old age she continued aiding others.

Several of the World War nurses have found themselves in the position of accepting care they once gave. One of these wrote her pleasure that something had been said of the Blessed Auxiliary, which recalled to her Longfellow’s poem about Flor-

ence Nightingale, *The Lady With the Lamp*. "It brings to my mind the days in France when we could not even carry a lamp for fear our hospital would be bombed," she wrote. "Those days of suffering and sorrow, when the boys looked to us for comfort and cheer, are changed now and I find myself looking for what I once gave, for I have been in bed three years."

The Exchange has heard many stories concerning nurses in our Blessed Auxiliary, but unquestionably the most dramatic is this one I shall briefly retell from her letter. Its strange coincidence is startling. This young woman had been engaged to a man who answered the call of his country and went to the front in France. He was killed. Where, exactly how or when, she did not know as no details were given her by the War Department. The shock of his death was little eased by knowing that he had given his life for their country. Eventually she turned to nursing those who returned after the armistice was signed and guns stilled in a weeping, bleeding world. In her daily rounds of a hospital she cared for many, but one badly wounded soldier especially needed her. They became friends and would chat away as dressings were being changed or his bed made beneath him. He wanted to talk of the war, how he got hit as a fellow soldier lay beside him in a hole in No Man's Land. As the story unfolded, the soldier mentioned his buddy's name. The nurse stood a moment completely dazed. Had she heard correctly? She asked her patient to repeat the name. He did, sensing that it meant much to her. He waited to be asked to go on, regretting that he had brought such a look of suffering to her face. But she was eager for information. How had her sweetheart looked? What had he said? Did he suffer much after he was hit? Every detail of those two men's last stand on the wasteland of France, the soldier told her.

That she should have been assigned to nurse this very soldier, with whom her fiancé had spent his last hours, made a

tremendous impression upon her. It seemed something more than just a coincidence, something rather fine in the Divine plan of things.

There are other stories which have come to the Exchange about the fine services of the Blessed Auxiliary. They may not have the unusual quality of the nurse and her soldier messenger, but they are, from another standpoint, quite dramatic in their patient, unheralded self-sacrificing. They tell of individuals whom J. W. Foley mentions in his poem. For years that poem has been a symbol in the broadcast of the Blessed Auxiliary.

SOME ONE LIKE YOU*

*Some one like you makes the sun shine brighter,
Some one like you makes a sigh half a smile—
Some one like you makes my troubles much lighter—
Some one like you makes life seem worth while.
For Life's an odd problem of briar and roses—
Clouds sometimes darken, no sun shining through,
But then the clouds lift and the sunshine discloses
Near to me, dear to me, some one like you.*

*Some one like you who stands steadfastly near me,
Knows me and likes me for just what I am;
Some one like you who knows just how to cheer me—
Some one who's real without pretense or sham—
Some one whose fellowship isn't a fetter
Binding my freedom, who's loyal and true,
Some one whose life in this world work is better;
Heart of me, part of me, some one like you.*

*Some one like you who's the same, day and morrow,
Firm as a rock and square as a die—
Some one who's steadfast in joy or in sorrow,
Some one who's dearer each day that goes by—*

*By permission of The Wise Book Company, Inc.

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*Fortune is fickle and hope is deceiving,
Comradeships end and life changes, all thru;
There's only one thread that runs all thru my weaving—
Best to me, blest to me, some one like you.*

*And now come the thoughts of you, joyously welling
Up like the waters of Spring, bubbling clear—
What a new joy, every time, in the telling
Something I always so want you to hear—
Roses of June or the snows of December
Gray be my skies or like azure their blue—
Far be the day when I may not remember—
Near to me, dear to me, some one like you.*

There have been far nobler battles fought since than during the World War. These have taken place in the United States Veterans' hospitals where remnants of fine men have fought for life and health. No Congressional Medals are given them for bravery under fire in these hospitals, no crosses with palms for heroic service to their nation. But several of these men, Lindy of the Mountains, Dan Shea and Gerber Schafer, have won citations from the Cheerio Circle.

Gerber Schafer belongs to our group of soldiers, as well as to the Joy Gang of the Inner Circle. His record since the war is one of splendid defiance of handicaps, as he passed from one government hospital to another, was listed as "incurable" and told to select an old soldier's home in which to spend his last days. Some of the credit for lifting the weight of those days and nights of suffering from his shoulders he has given to the Cheerio broadcast:

"The first morning my name was mentioned, I don't believe there could have been anyone living more blue than I, who knew that the rest of my life on this earth would be spent as a shut-in and whose out-look on life was as dark as any cloud could be. Not many days went by until I started receiving mes-

sages from the Circle. Next thing I knew, I was looking forward to what cheer the mail man would bring. It gave me new thought, strength and courage to carry on."

That he carried on amazingly is known to all Reading, Pennsylvania, and the veterans in American hospitals. He is one of their inspirations, according to newspapers, which record his singular achievements during the latter portion of his 17 years in bed. He found that a telephone head set, such as exchange operators wear, permitted him to contact the outside world and he got behind the Disabled American War Veterans' drive to purchase a home of its own.

"After seeing what I had accomplished during that drive, the light shone into my life," he wrote. "I, too, as a shut-in could bring cheer to the lives of others and it was not for me to just lie on my bed and wait for others to bring cheer to me."

Gerber Schafer aided the organization of the Legion Post at Laureldale, Pennsylvania and for three years was a member of the executive board; he helped with card parties, dances and in getting an American flag and Legion colors for parades; was made an honorary member of the 40 et 8 of the American Legion; promoted subscriptions for a flag for the hospital; helped start a drive for new hospital operating room equipment; a drive for Sons of the American Legion, which group needed drums and bugles for its new corps; metaphorically jumped in to aid Community Christmas tree festivities and, during the floods of 1936, telephoned Legion friends to help get food, clothing and medical supplies to the stricken. Gerber Schafer's life had become of sufficient importance that Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, with other notables, went to see him. That does not conclude Gerber Schafer's record and who knows what activities he will engage in during years to come.

The Joy Gang's membership is not entirely composed of those who are completely disabled. One shut-in became known as

the Lady of Memories. Her story might have a thousand variations upon the theme which the depression brought to those in America. In her case it meant loss of position for the husband and a return from city to country with five children. She had been a listener to the broadcast since its New York beginning in 1927 and in the country without radio or electricity she wrote one day to the Exchange.

"I have said goodbye to servants, radio, running water, electricity and all modern conveniences we feel we must have. During the years we had these things, I loved the program. It was an inspiration then; the memory of it is a comfort now. You have taught me that love, service, kindness and cheerfulness, in spite of difficulties, mean everything and to keep singing when things look blackest.

"At one time I thought a radio absolutely necessary for a mother who seldom went out and had many duties around home. Now my husband goes out to temporary work under the Relief Association earning enough to keep us together, if we cut down to the bone. The children all go to school. I am absolutely alone, miles from neighbors, without a telephone or any other means of communicating with anyone. I can go on happily without things because I must. No one can take away my memories of your programs. It all gives me a warm feeling of friendliness.

"I have learned much in these past few months. We make our own happiness. It seldom comes to us from outside things, and even when we think fate has dealt us a bitter blow and life could not be harder, we find someone who is in greater need than we."

One of the pleasures of the Cheerio program has been to bring new interests into lives. Those of us in the office who read that letter instantly named her the Lady of Memories. We wondered how we might contribute happiness to her lonely life. The pro-

gram for the next morning was in the making and some portions of her letter were included with a suggestion that those interested write her in care of the Exchange.

And did they write? Rather! Thirty letters the first day, seventy-five the next and so on day after day. The Joy Gang, through Cheery and Mary Sunshine, invited the Lady of Memories to join and she began corresponding with the members. One of her contributions to those round-robin letters was the description of a Southern county fair to which she pretended to take the Joy Gang. She was no longer lonely, there was no need for neighbors or telephone for she used the Gang's magic carpet to visit all of them. Once she actually visited one of the Gang members with whom she had been corresponding for years—"It seems odd that I shall go to the home of someone whose face will be entirely strange, yet who is a close, dear friend of mine," she wrote me before the visit.

Through these scattered incidents, both in time and membership, may be glimpsed something of the meaning of the Inner Circle and its Joy Gang. Every member's life is a story, but I will not risk a strain upon the reader's interest by reciting all the pathetic bravery contained in their countless letters, which is my one contact with them. Sometimes the weight of sorrows might seem to burden the spirit of one who is powerless to do more than extend a good start for the day, with a "Cheerio" greeting, but in the main it is something to know that some kind of service is being given them through the facilities of radio.

Those who walk the busy avenues of life with hosts of friends, more letters than they care to answer and pressing business and social duties, have little conception of the needs of those who are shut-in. We know disappointment when the postman passes our door without dropping an expected letter, but we fail to understand the emptiness in the life where a letter is never expected. The Joy Gang of the Inner Circle has taken care of that.

Their round-robin letters permit glimpses into the minds and lives of others, gives free rein to fancy, poetic muse, tragedy and comedy, provides friends and even activity, of a sort.

But most of all the Joy Gang gives a vista to the bed-confined individual and lets him look out beyond his four-posted domain into the world. One of these shut-ins in California wrote of these glimpses beyond a room. And what one of us, who is well, does not need a bit more flexibility of understanding and imagination, strengthening of courage and silent endurance, gratitude and appreciation for blessings given? Faye Gardner,* while alive and looking out from her room in the San Joaquin valley, wrote *Windows* and as we read it and catch her view, we may also catch little self-appraising reflections of ourselves in the window's pane.

"We shut-ins have so many beautiful windows through which we may look out. They are not small windows, but long ones, opening like doors. May I tell you about them?"

"First there is the window of Love. We step out of that long window, into a green valley. It is surrounded by purple hills—steadfast, enduring forever. Love is like that.

"Then we may pass through the window of Friendship. We find ourselves in a fragrant, old-fashioned garden. The paths are bordered with violets; there are beds of bright pansy-faces; fragrant lilac bushes grow high by the wall. There is a garden seat under an arbor of tenderly drooping wisteria, where we pass happy helpful hours with the friends of our choosing.

"And there is the window of Silence. It leads us to a deep woodland. The trees are tall and straight and very solemn. Their

*Faye Gardner wrote "Windows" especially for the Cheerio broadcast, which was then being given from San Francisco. June 22, 1926, station KGO proposed printing and distributing "Windows" to Cheerio listeners. This was done and thousands of copies were mailed. Later in New York the essay was used many times.

tops sway in a gentle breeze and we have glimpses of blue sky. There is no sound save for the murmur of our thoughts. Hushed for the moment, we listen. A still small voice within us whispers: 'Be still, and know that I am God.' Life appears to us then in its reality—a beautiful experience. New courage comes to us, new hopes, a faith renewed.

"The window of Memory opens upon a flagged walk which leads us to a little cottage. In a low chair by the window sits a dear little lady. She is darning stockings. She has been there ever since we can remember. We take our hurts and our heart-aches to her and she smooths them all away and we go away assured that everything will be all right. It may be that we haven't seen her for a long, long time, but we know just where to find her, through the window of memory. That window is curtained, but the curtains may be drawn aside by a golden cord. And there we find her, in her dear old fashioned room, in her low chair by her window. We call her 'Mother.'

"There is also the window of Service. Do you think a shut-in has not the privilege of this window? It may not be always an actual material serving, but the light in the eyes of a returning loved one is lovely to see, when greeted by a happy smile from the shut-in. Friends who are physically fit come often for sympathy and help. For we can give them understanding thoughts, we who have time to think, shut away from the clamoring distracting noises of the world. The children come to us for stories and 'What to do next.' It may be only a gentle 'please,' or a pleasant 'thank you' or just saying we feel 'all right' which makes the family happier for our saying it and really brings us ourselves that much nearer our goal of restored health. Ah, there are many things to be found through the sunny window of service.

"And so, finally, there is the beautiful window of Peace. We are in a chapel. The breath of lilies floats with the organ music

on the air. The light through the rainbow window-panes falls in glorious colors all about us. Softly we slip to our knees, our faces lifted to the glory, our hands lifted to send and to receive. All struggle, all misunderstanding, all pain, all griefs melt away. The peace that passeth understanding steals into our souls.”

The Outer Circle

WHAT of that Outer Circle which I mentioned? How does it differ from the Inner? Who composes it and what do its members find in the broadcast and, in return, give to it? Life is reciprocation and one of the first laws of the program has been sharing. I wish to make it clear that in using the two terms, Inner and Outer Circles, they denote a relationship, just as sister and cousin carry quite different meanings. I may say, then, that the Inner Circle is our most immediate Cheerio Exchange family, while the Outer Circle includes all our relatives from aunts and uncles to cousins twenty times removed. There is yet another distinction. The Inner Circle members are "bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease" as Dryden suggests, while the Outer Circle takes in those in the busy marts of men. Yet even those in the stirring walks of life find that "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" leaves them spent, needing reinvigoration of spirit. It is this mental-spiritual recharging which this program has tried to give for many years.

It was Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur who first pointed out to me that the broadcast might have an appeal beyond the sick room which I had planned to enter with my greetings and "good start for the day." He called my attention to a fact I had neglected to remember. Each of us has a "down day" when we say our "spirits are low," or we "have the blues," or life hardly seems "worth the candle." Dr. Wilbur said that if active, well persons listened-in on these depressed and doubting days they

would find something of value in the broadcast. He also remarked that the natural curiosity of men would be roused on their own birthdays to learn who, among the famous of today or the past, was also born on that special day. To hear some of the words of poet, philosopher, king or potentate, or to know something of the activities of great actors, military leaders or scientists, would indirectly be an inspiration.

As the years have rolled by over this broadcast, increasing its age as well as its Outer Circle of listeners, Dr. Wilbur has been proven correct in his analysis. The program—and I speak of it not as mine, but ours, composed not only of studio staff and office assistants, but members of the whole, vast congregation which we call the Exchange—has gone into the lives of many people. Since our only way of knowing about these listeners is through their letters, necessarily to them I must turn to catch the various facets of life which they have reflected back to us. In all gratitude, I acknowledge those reflections for they have enriched the programs, widened the horizon for my own views of life and shown me, as well as listeners, by-paths in the world that hold charm, ugliness, fascination, homely facts and strangeness.

The broadcast, we thought, would go primarily into the sick room and the homes, but, we found, it has been caught up on radio sets in offices of men and women in all professional walks and in homes of such far-distant lands as Sweden, Mexico, England and Ireland. Some of our listeners call themselves “converts” and I’ve had letters from convicts; some write their first letter after nine years of listening while others rip out a pan-note on first hearing me; to some it is a good start for the day, while others find it a terrible beginning to any day; some want to hear about those who have conquered trouble and pain, while others feel that the inclusion of such material makes me a sob-sister, maudlin, feeding on the handicaps of listeners;

those of us in the studio have been likened to a colony of Greek gods, while others damn us as devils; some families feel absolutely united, though they live at great distances, because they all listen to the broadcast, while others write their disharmonies to the Exchange; the broadcast's name has been used for clubs founded in many cities and to name a miniature yacht; we've had children call me "Mr. Cereal" because of the program's breakfast hour, and we have been welcomed at cooking schools for housewives, in hospitals for veterans and prisons for the unfortunate. We've been appreciated and abused, understood beyond any of our intentions and misunderstood about everything that has been done. But it is all in the game, just as having our "Musical Mosaics" listed in radio broadcast columns as "Cheerio's Musical Maniacs" and the "Musical Mimics."

One man wrote me: "I have been listening to your 'philosophy' as you call it, and I have tried to reason out what your object is. As far as I can see, you do nothing but praise yourself and frankly I never heard such nonsensical talk. Why don't you do something worth while, for I assure you any sane person would not listen-in for long. No doubt you have erratic people who enjoy that sort of thing. What a waste of time and money. I should love to know just what you are trying to lead up to. I surmise a great deal."

It is everyone's privilege to disagree as disagreeably as they care to. Our most ardent critics are those for which this broadcast was not designed. We have nothing to offer them.

One letter may show what the broadcast may mean to at least one person in the Outer Circle. Her first letter told of her night employment at a House of Refuge for Women, where she was in charge. "All night I listened to suffering of all sorts, screaming for drugs, for drink; cursing and obscenity. When I go off duty my ears are ringing with it. I go home and work around the house until the Exchange comes on the air. I am

writing to thank you for the help you have given me, for I have been embittered by a great wrong done me. It is hard to think that a voice of a stranger had to come to my aid.”

Months after, another letter came from her with blunt frankness, its honesty, the depth of suffering revealing something that passed her understanding, as well as showing us a seamy side of American life.

“My dear Cheerio: Before you begin to read this letter I warn you it isn’t going to be a nice one. I am going to be brutally frank, sarcastic, everything else that goes with it. At Easter time I wrote what the spirit of the Cheerio Exchange was doing for me and for some I had in my charge. Well, since then I have had all the goodwill knocked out of me. Three years ago, as I told you, I had about everything in the line of contentment and happiness. Then something came into my life and changed everything for me in a flash. I went to work at the hardest work I could find, to hold my mind steady. I succeeded beyond my imagination in a House of Refuge for Women. And then one night, in another terrible flash, I learned who caused the wreck of my little world and it was someone dear to me. I took the blow standing, but I hated God and all the world—you and your Exchange and everything that pretended to be good. I went back to the poor unfortunates who so relied on me in the Home, but I didn’t listen any more mornings when I came home from those nights of misery. I hardened myself against your broadcast and against any belief that anybody could be honest and good in this world again.

“One day a girl came under my care, a girl 17 years old, but 117 in sin and knowledge of the rottenness of the world. She saw no good in anyone, regardless of who it was. One night I was in her cell, talking to her. She had had a letter from her mother that day and she was in a mood to talk nicely to me. She told me of the birthday present she and her brothers had

bought for their mother a short time before she left home. It was a radio, and her mother enjoyed listening to Cheerio and sending out the wish to her little girl, honestly working as she thought, in another city. I listened to my charge, and suddenly it dawned on me that she had mentioned your name. Before I knew it I was telling her about your broadcast—different things you said, the birds, and the music. She remembered quite a little from what her mother had told her, and after a while we were very quiet together, quiet in that awful bedlam. I wonder if I can make it clear to you? Try from the bottom of your heart to grasp it. I was trying to make her live, and not wanting to live myself.

“After a long time, when I thought she was asleep, she said: ‘Will you listen in the morning and tell me about it tomorrow night? I promise I will be good all day, if you will do this for me because it brings my mother nearer to me.’

“‘No,’ I said, ‘I can’t do that. Don’t ask me, I can’t.’

“‘You won’t do that because you think you are the only one that God has turned against. You are afraid to listen in!’

“I went out in the corridor. ‘Am I afraid?’ I asked myself.

“She never asked me again, although her mother’s letters mentioned something about your broadcast every time she wrote. I avoided my radio at your hour as if it were a plague.

“That poor child grew gradually worse. It was awful to see and to listen to her. After a night of hell, I was played out, watching the clock for the time of release. She called to me and said ‘Mother didn’t say in her letter what Cheerio said the day she wrote. I only wish I could hear him tomorrow morning.’ And she looked directly into my eyes. It was just a question of days with her. I went to my home after my release and sat and thought of everything, and I was very sorry for myself. And then it came to me, who was I to be selfish and not to give someone whose time is very short now a little comfort, just because

of my own trouble. Well, Cheerio, I tuned in on your period and heard your voice, and the birds, and Mr. Gilbert singing. It was the first time in many and many a day. And you read that poem 'Aspiration' with the line: 'If I could only dedicate my life to helpfulness.' That hit me hard. Don't you see how the Exchange is working? The very mysterious way it has worked out in my instance? Perhaps all the good people of the Cheerio Circle who have gone before us have held the echo of your mystic bell after it has rung and have sent it back to me. I am going to try to come back. If I don't listen every day I am sure of the Circle's good wishes. In a most mysterious way it does comfort and help such people as I have told you of. Thank you all.

"A Night-Worker."

I would like to hope that those who cannot ascertain what our object is may find a ray of light in the Night Worker's letter. Be that as it may, there is one line that means much to those in our Circle whose loved ones no longer listen to the wishing bell. That Night Worker, in the fires of torment, has expressed the feeling that they are still joining in, in a mysterious service of benediction from afar.

Just as the programs as a whole have been an inspiration to some, so special segments from it have come to have special significance. That is particularly true of Hugh Fawcett's poem *Wits' End Corner*, which has served throughout many lands to renew hope and courage. It has been given many times in our broadcast and there are innumerable stories which have been written to me of its effect upon the lives of members in our Outer and Inner Circles. None of these stories is so spectacular as this one told in a letter to me:

"You recited a poem called *Wits' End Corner*. I can tell you that was just where I was standing. My husband had been out of work so long, the bills were mountain high; we have two lit-

tle children and I had lost my courage. I had all arrangements made to turn on the gas and end it all, but I turned on the radio instead. Not because I wanted to. Something made me. I knew nothing of Cheerio, it was the first morning I had ever listened to what you call the Exchange. But that poem made me hold on to life and that very night my husband got a good position. How can I ever be grateful enough for being saved from a foolish act?"

Here are Mr. Fawcett's lines:

"WITS' END CORNER"

*Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Christian, with troubled brow?
Are you thinking of what is before you,
And all you are bearing now?
Does all the world seem against you,
And you in the battle alone?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
Is just where God's power is shown.*

*Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Blinded with wearing pain,
Feeling you cannot endure it,
You cannot bear the strain,
Bruised through the constant suffering,
Dizzy and dazed and numb?
Remember—to "Wits' End Corner"
Is where Jesus loves to come!*

*Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner,"
Your work before you spread,
All lying, begun, unfinished,
And pressing on heart and head,
Longing for strength to do it,
Stretching out trembling hands?
Remember—at "Wits' End Corner"
The Burden Bearer stands.*

THE STORY OF CHEERIO

*Are you standing at "Wits' End Corner?"
Then you're just in the very spot,
To learn the wondrous resources,
Of Him who faileth not!
No doubt to a brighter Pathway
Your footsteps will soon be removed,
But only at "Wits' End Corner"
Is "the God who is able" proved!*

One of the most interesting reflections of the scope of that Outer Circle of listeners has come from business men and women. At one time the program had been especially challenged as being listened to only by convalescent invalids and other shut-ins, with no wide appeal to general audiences. I confess I asked those who were in business to write me on their office paper, but that confession carries no tone of regret for in the radio world it is only through letters that the non-commercial program can find out who is listening.

No exact tabulation of those business and professional letters was made, but they certainly came from every walk of life. It is a fact that the majority were signed by men whose names appeared on the letter heads. The largest list was dealers in some commodity—stores, filling stations, or farm products. They made up twenty-five per cent of the total. Dealers in real estate and insurance came to over eleven per cent; close behind were financial institutions such as banks, accountants and sales promotion concerns; then ministers, and doctors; lawyers and manufacturers followed close behind. The letter heads included officials of universities and public schools, engineers and those in mechanical services of all kinds; public officials and organization officers, printers and publishers. Naturally, I felt a little gleeful at this evidence.

By the way, the very first letter that came to me when the program finally went out on the Eastern air was from a man,

who remarked: "With the cynicism of a score of years as a newspaper man, and a dozen extra years in the State Labor Department, I was prepared to hear something about the merits of some special brand of pickles or door-bolts or something else; but I gave you the benefit of the doubt and as a result, although I have been a radio fan for six or more years, I am writing my first letter to a station. The whole thing strikes me right."

I mentioned that the broadcast brought in details about American life, of which I knew too little, shut away in studio and office and concentrated over-much at times on program details. Some of the letters already quoted reveal the activities of the Outer Circle, but a few others will serve to show still new phases which came to the attention not only of the staff but of the listeners-in. The engineer's letter, used early in this book, was responded to by other trainmen of the country and uncovered some of the gay, speeding kindnesses which they are peculiarly privileged to spread. One of these engineers had been in the habit of pulling his train whistle four times as he passed a sick boy's window every night. The invalid always replied by flashing his bed lamp four times. Without knowing each other at all, they built up between them a fine companionship which eventually was realized in actual acquaintance. Then, from still another engineer, came the following chatty, pleasant, understanding letter:

"Thank you for telling about the bedridden boy who found his signal man. These whistling friendships are not at all uncommon, but not all come to such a beautiful climax as did the one between Engineer Loucks and the sick boy in Ohio who flashed his bed lamp four times each night.

"The sick bed in a sun parlor or some other evidence of physical suffering always gets the interest of the railroad man. I don't know why, for railroad men are supposed to be big rough men

who fear neither man, beast or God, but each one has a heart and memories perhaps of a home, or loved ones far away, and he adopts a certain cottage with a sick bed as a reminder of the ones he loves and misses while he pounds along his steel highway.

“Sometimes an engineer will try to fool some other engineer’s friends, perhaps with the same whistle, but no two engineers can make the whistle sound alike. Many times I have seen, when temporarily covering another man’s run, a figure standing near the right of way. It might be a big, heavy bearded man in the ‘sticks,’ an old lady in an arm chair sitting in the shade, or a young lady shading her eyes from the sun, or perhaps it is a school boy on his way home, standing at the crossing watching for his engineer. The fireman will say ‘That is Jack’s whistling friend. Whistle for him.’ But the friend is never fooled, for the whistle is never in tune. They always answer with a wave, but it is a disappointed boy or man or old lady that waves, and I always feel guilty when I try to fool somebody’s whistling friend.”

In sharp contrast is this letter which needs no comment:

“I hope you will pardon the above address, and of course I realize that this letter, coming from a prisoner, has no standing nor carries any influence. Your program this morning brought a great, big lump to my throat and choked me. I felt the only relief was to let you hear from me. I do so much appreciate and, probably because of my confinement, I am in a better position to judge the value of your programs, and the meaning of starting the day off with a hymn. If you will accept my word for it, start your program with a hymn—it means so much.

“I feel that I must explain my presence here. I am not a burglar, a highway-man, or a murderer, but happened to be president of a bank that failed in the early part of ’33 about the time all banking institutions were having their troubles. As the out-

growth of it, I was convicted and sentenced to ten years. Thank you so much for your program, and should they ever try to change it, tell them what it means to so many people like myself, away from the outside world, away from their families and friends, forgotten by many, shunned by others."

Quite another side of life, with its reactions to the broadcast, came in a letter from a masseur and medical gymnast, who took care of an aged patient. I quoted that letter and was given many a good gibe because of its reference to our program as laughing gas which permitted the patient to relax and thus let the masseur administer "rather harsh treatment."

This reminds me of a conversation I had years ago with the late Edward Bok, then editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. He had an ideal for that publication which was quite apart from his own ideals of what literature meant to him. He kept in mind his millions of readers and their reading desires, rather than his own, but he did say that he constantly endeavored to give them something that was a notch or two above and beyond anything they consciously wanted. He coaxed them to accept something more than they had been capable of accepting at first. He actually raised their standards.

Courting the danger of being called a radio missionary and uplifter, I have the right to declare that I, too, have kept in mind the listening tastes and the intelligence levels of my audience at the same time that I have striven to raise that standard. I set out to serve a definite audience and have never lost sight of that goal, but in all fairness to myself I may say that many times the material presented by me on programs was far from that which I myself would have chosen either as examples of great poetry or literature, or as the most salient or significant facts of a man's life. Selections and illustrations had to be chosen to fit the purpose of the program as well as the listening minds. Nothing but a continuing faith in what I have tried to do could have held

me to ten years of unpaid service. My creed for the radio broadcast has something in it of that which Thomas Upham once compressed into these lines:

“Be willing to live by believing and neither think nor desire to live in any other way. Be willing to see every outward light extinguished, to see the eclipse of every star in the blue heavens, leaving nothing but darkness and peril around, if God will only leave in the soul the inner radiance, and pure bright lamp which Faith has kindled.”

One of my hopes has been to give morning exercises not only to the spirit, but also to the mind. I hoped to make people aware of things that might ordinarily lie beyond them in unopened volumes accumulated through the ages. Too, I have hoped to make them aware of the things of beauty that are all about them, not only in characters within a family or the physical appearances of individuals, house or furnishings, but the things of Nature. One reason I have so freely sprinkled programs with details of sunsets, sunrises, apple blossoms, a way-side inn, toad or brook, mountain or hill, has been to jog the seeing eyes into consciously recording the sight which a sluggish brain had previously passed by. The ability to make-believe has also been fostered as a prod to imagination which, once stimulated, can take in more fully the charm of reality. Some may snort that this is building up escape mechanisms, substituting the dream and wish-fulfillment states for reality. But what, then, is all literature? If I wished to push the argument, I might contend that the only reason we read books is because we wish to escape from ourselves into the lives and stories of others, into the scenes and places which physically we never can reach. Life is real and life is earnest, but it is not necessary to constantly press in upon grim realities, for life is also the stuff of which dreams are made and we often return from imagination's flights richly laden with materials which better our earnest lives.

Those in the Inner Circle have constantly proven this, to such an extent that its therapeutic value often has been greater than that of medicines.

It is not inconceivable that the make believe trips, vacations and visits which the Joy Gang give one another by letter are more pleasurable than the actualities might have been. Moreover, the impossible was achieved through imagination.

Yet another segment in this Outer Circle, and perhaps the most important one, is the home. Radio's very existence has been based on that factor whether in commercial or sustaining programs. Home listeners are the ones every program tries to serve. Our concern with the American family has a completely different type and appeal from most. We sell, for nothing, a good start for the day, cheer and family understanding. More, we count it a privilege to have been permitted to enter these homes and to have become a part of them, even to having birds, dogs, frogs and pets named for us.

There is much talk these days of the decline of the American home, the loss of its influence and the break up of family life. Perhaps that is so, but the thousands of letters which crowd our files do not show that side to the Cheerio Exchange. I could write a treatise on the influence of the home as it relates to society, but the Exchange specializes in letters which show the influence of the home as it relates to the individuals in it. It is a rather happy picture. As in the past, I shall continue to emphasize this brighter side, this sharing of love and happiness, this inter-dependence and understanding which make precious the days in a home. I respond with alacrity to evidences which come in our mail bag that this broadcast has done something to help keep burnished that word—home.

One of the favorite expressions used by those who attack the broadcast has been that the listeners are "hysterical, neurotic housewives." Were that so I should feel deep alarm about the

American home. Perhaps I am unable to recognize either hysteria or neurotic tendencies. Yet I cannot find it anything but natural that a mother should write of the happenings within her home. Those letters tell a thousand facts of American home-life—the husband off in a flurry to business, the children being prodded out of bed, the matters of cooking and making beds, neighboring visits, questions of diet and child psychology, how to make life happy on a small budget, finding blessings where before there had seemed burdens, obtaining a new lease on life through some helpful word of relative, family, or friend. Possibly I mistake these as normal reactions when they are, as our critics say, “hysterical and neurotic.”

It is pleasant to think of these American families uniting in their common interests around the radio and giving that morning half hour to us. We have been allowed such glimpses as these into homes: “I am rearing my young son on your program” . . . “Three generations of us listen, my grandmother who is eighty, my daughter who is four-and-a-half and myself” . . . “your optimism has a beneficial influence over a handicapped boy who sometimes feels his infirmity more than he would like to admit” . . . “my daughters are far away and I am alone, but we have a half hour a day all together by listening to the broadcast across the continent” . . . “my daughter wanted to know the other day while listening to the birthday parades and then the wish, why she felt ‘tickly all over and my back is all crinkly when Cheerio says to wish?’” . . . “I’m not a shut-in nor very old, 18 to be exact, but I’m an enthusiastic member of the Cheerio Circle. I lead my Christian Endeavor society and I have told them about Lindy. I believe they feel as I do that we, being young, need you most of all. We need inspiration that we may make our lives finer, purer and that we may lighten burdens of others, give light to those who need it.

You teach us to begin the day with a smile, you give us a challenge.”

How innumerable are the times letters have come in with the phrase: “Here I am, my children with me.” They paint a picture for us of homes to which our voices go in greeting, in which the juniors stand as escorts of honor for the Gay Nineties, the Century Plants and the Honeymooners and the entire family joins to send bluebirds of happiness flying away with good wishes and receive for themselves the boomerang of happiness—for when you throw out good to others it always returns to you. In one of these families is the very special Cheerio Junior who actually was born March 14, 1927 at 8:30 o’clock, which marked the exact month, day, year and hour of the beginning of our New York broadcast. We give this boy of nine the lead in our escort of honor. He is Ronny McDonald of Woodside, Maryland.

Some of these children take us very seriously, not, however, when I presume to displace Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Pat Kelly and Gerry Riegger. Then I’m told: “Ah! Poor Cheerio, he’s singing.” But on other matters they do take me seriously, as when I ask them to raise their hands, as if releasing a bluebird of happiness, and to wish. One girl in high school wrote: “You remember you said something along this line: ‘Now Mary, hold up both your hands, act as if you were holding a bluebird and when you hear the gong, let the bird fly out of your hands and carry a good wish to some desired place.’ Just as you were saying those words, I, my name being Mary, was standing by the radio with a real bluebird in my hands. I carried out all your directions, but when you said: ‘let the bluebird fly,’ I could not do that because my bluebird had a broken wing. I hope that you do not feel hard towards me for not fully carrying out all your suggestions, but I had a tender feeling for that little bluebird and would not turn him loose.”

The use of birds, real ones, on our broadcast awakened many to a fuller realization of bird life which would have pleased Audubon and has rewarded us with many amusing and touching stories about those in or about American homes.

Often, we have been told, the sound of the broadcasting canaries has caused pets in homes to sing. One woman wrote that she had two birds, but "Lady" died when she was sixteen years old and the second canary refused to sing until one morning he was taken into the room where the radio happened to be sending out the Cheerio bird songs. The sad bird forgot its lost mate, began to warble and "has done so each morning since. Even the Exchange magic has brought happiness into the heart of a bird." Yet another likened herself to the pair of birds, and "the story of that lonely canary came to me with a very special message one morning. For I am one of two who sang until recently the song of life and love together. Then the other voice was stilled. In that silence I could not find my own voice. My heart was as that lady's house must have been where two birds had been warbling and suddenly there was no song. Your message through the radio that morning helped me find my voice again. So that little canary is a symbol to me of the music that a good-will thought can bring back into a silent, shadowed world."

Quite a different reaction was given us one time when a woman wrote in about her parrot, Chuckey. Her note was so amusing that we read it, the name, Chuckey, being repeated several times in the broadcast. The bird got a violent recoil which is told by its owner: "Chuckey was making a slow, pigeon-toed pilgrimage around the room, stopping to furtively nibble furniture, making wicked little runs at our feet or trying to pick the pattern off the carpet. Paying no attention to music or words from the radio, she wandered about. I was all ears as my letter was being read and Chuckey lifted one claw medita-

tively at the words 'Chuckey' and 'Parrot.' Her neck feathers began to rise in anger. Low croaks of rage rattled in her throat, but she held in her temper, unwilling to commit herself until fully justified and sure she heard aright. When more 'Chuckeyes' came clearly over the air, she lifted both wings, like an old woman gathering up her petticoats, and ran, stumbling over her own claws, in her pigeon-toed rush at the radio, crying 'Don't you dare! Don't you dare.' She leaped head-long into the loud speaker, her big beak making a hollow sounding thud from the impact. Mother and I laughed heartily and Chuckey, always sensitive to ridicule, looked astonished, eyes changing in circles of black to orange, and finally gave up sheepishly and waddled deliberately back to her cage for a long, long sulk."

Echoes from the studio birds have been heard from Nova Scotia to California, marking not only a difference in area and types of birds reported to us, but difference in time at which the broadcast birds were heard. Nova Scotia heard us at 9:30 o'clock and those living in California caught the programs at 5:30 o'clock. These Far Westerners make me remember the beauty of Tennyson's lines:

*Oh, sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds. . . .
When the casement slowly grows a glimmering square.*

A boy in California not only reported our birds in the West, but reawakened our interest in an old mining country. I could picture, from his letter, those ranges rising toward the high Sierra, the grass on the foothills just beginning to turn yellow as the rains stop for the long, dry summer and could imagine the birds out there waking to the clear, cool morning in the oleander bushes. The listener lived in that part of the country called the "Mother Lode" and the oleanders are probably the only tokens left that once there were cabins by the roadside,

people coming and going. All are gone now, people and cabins, since the surface gold no longer shows in the pan. Cross-country broadcasts bring in the whole far-flung pageantry of American life and make listener and program builder aware of a uniting life which welds us into a great nation.

As an example of that welding together of people through a common interest I may speak of the organizations of clubs and groups which gave themselves the name of "Cheerio" and have as their purpose the furtherance of the ideals which had been set up for the broadcast. "Cheerio Choristers" were organized in one city and gave entertainments for old people and shut-ins, and presented programs in hospitals and orphanages. A Sunday school class asked permission to call itself the "Cheerio Class" and had for its ideals aiding the sick and unfortunate in Connecticut. Cheerio clubs were founded in Springfield, Massachusetts, by Eva Auger Wright and these have grown into fourteen club branches with memberships varying from 12 to 60 individuals whose ages are from 18 to 92 years. The purpose of these Cheerio clubs as outlined by Mrs. Wright includes: "spreading cheer in the home, the community and with all whom we come in contact along the way of life. Our creed is: give, not necessarily of cash, but of cheer, smiles, kindly thoughts and help to the weaker ones over the rough places. Our clubs gain inspiration from Cheerio on the air, from whom we try to catch the vision which he sends out in the form of beautiful poems, music, and heart throbs from the many folks who make up this vast army of cheer workers from coast to coast. It is our aim to reflect to others the help we receive from it."

It may be presumptuous, but it seems that through the Inner and Outer Circles, there has come a brotherhood of man which may be likened to that which Elbert Hubbard pictures:*

*From "Consecrated Lives," by Elbert Hubbard, by permission of The Roycrofters, Inc., publishers.

“There is a brotherhood of consecrated lives and you can reach out and touch fingertips with the members. Beauty is an unseen reality; it is an attempt to reveal a spiritual condition. Hidden away in the heart of each member of this brotherhood is a mystic lamp, burning before a shrine dedicated to love and beauty. To join this brotherhood of consecrated lives requires no particular rite of initiation, no ceremonial, no recommendations. You belong, when you are worthy. You know that you belong when you realize strongly the consciousness of the unseen world of truth and love and beauty.

“The first emotion, just as you are coming into this brotherhood, is one of loneliness and isolation. You pray for comradeship; your empty arms reach out in the darkness. But gradually you awake to the thought that you are one of the many who hope and pray alike, and slowly the oneness of thought and feeling is making its impress. No other bond is required than that of devotion to truth; the passion of listening, in the silence; the prayer for wholeness and harmony, the earnest desire to have your life reflect the good. This brotherhood admits all who are worthy. All who are excluded, exclude themselves.”

Honor Guests on Parade

*"Believing hear, what you deserve to hear:
 Your birthday as my own to me is dear.
 Blest and distinguish'd days! which we should prize
 The first, the kindest bounty of the skies.
 But yours gives most; for mine did only lend
 Me to the world; yours gave to me a friend."*

—MARTIAL

THE common interest in birthdays and in anniversaries, which are sacred to each of us, has acted as the cement binding together separate groups in the Cheerio family. Through these observations of special days there has been built an unseen structure centered by the mystic bell and providing a temple in our minds from which issues concentrated, unselfish, good wishes for others. They have made us all members of Elbert Hubbard's "brotherhood of consecrated lives." That the birthdays of others have been important to the broadcast since its beginning needs no further reiteration, nor my belief that "mine did only lend me to the world." The program has striven to give greetings to unknown persons everywhere. It has also featured the birthdays and anniversaries of men and women who have lived many years, or who have observed many milestones marking the passage of time since their wedding day. One of my impulses has been to lift these persons of ripe, rich years out of their corners, make them actively proud of age, aware they are not through with the game of life and, in an era of casual divorce, to salute those who are triumphant in long marriages.

In honor of this group of special personages, we created The Parade. Only those who are ninety or more years old and those

who are celebrating fifty or more years of marriage are permitted to march in our Parade. We have given these splendid persons designations of their own. The Gay Nineties are all those ninety or more years old, the oldest of them being commissioned as Captain of the Old Guard; the Century Plants are those one hundred or more years old. The Honeymooners are all those who have been married fifty or more years. As a tribute to all these divisions, which we pretend march by the Cheerio Exchange reviewing stand, there is provided a special Escort of Honor composed of juniors who are members of the Exchange family. And, to send them on their way for another year, the Cheering Squad roots from its separate beds throughout the country. That Cheering Squad is composed of members of the Joy Gang within the Inner Circle.

Repeatedly I have been asked to keep these grand old folks from marching through the broadcast. Some have said that golden weddings are "nothing exceptional" and, as for living to be a hundred, "it must be rather boring." I am sorry not to share that feeling. I shall continue to keep my illusion that it is really wonderful to have been married over fifty years and that living to be ninety or a hundred is an important achievement. I like the privilege of paying my respects to these persons I so admire. Were I alone in this belief the program custom might have been dropped, but when innumerable others, including young people, follow that picture of those old-young folks high-stepping their way on parade to the sound of special music and drums, it confirms my judgment. I want an important place for these oldsters today, as I shall want one for myself in the tomorrows.

If more concrete evidence of others' attitudes toward extreme age and wedding anniversaries crowning length of days is needed, I may point out the fact that newspapers of the country devote space to stories and pictures of men and women who have attained a century of birthdays and to couples who cele-

brate golden and diamond wedding anniversaries. They are considered not only "news copy," but "camera" stories.

We have frequently been asked how many of these anniversaries are observed each year through this broadcast alone. We compiled the figures for just one year, March 15, 1935 through March 14, 1936 and were amazed at the numbers. A count was made each day the program had been given in that period, or six days a week for fifty-two weeks. The figures were so remarkable that we worked the adding machine overtime to be sure no mistakes had crept in.

In that one year period the following figures show the birthdays celebrated: 2,897 persons who were between ninety and ninety-nine years of age; 271 persons one hundred to one hundred nine years old and six who were over one hundred ten years, or a total of 3,174 birthdays. The oldest person honored in that year was one hundred nineteen years old and his story shall be included. In the anniversary section for the same twelve months: 1,366 persons celebrated Golden Wedding anniversaries of fifty years; 1,332 observed wedding dates from fifty-one to fifty-nine years; 1,153 had been married sixty years and over and thirty-one had been married seventy or more years, or a total of 3,911 anniversaries. The long-time record was held by a couple married seventy-four years. Some of these persons have observed their birthdays and anniversaries with us as old friends for ten years.

One of the delightful results of featuring this parade of wonderful old-young folk has been the awakening in those under ninety years a realization that they are not yet really old, that they are "fields of winter wheat, full-kerneled and sturdy," with much work yet to accomplish in life. One letter will illustrate what I mean: "Five years ago my mother retired, thought she was old. She got a surprise when you, morning after morning, brought out some really old folks. She is now seventy-three, but

what do you think? She is going back to her own home on six acres of ground and going to 'tend her roses.' When you stir that Fountain of Youth in your studio a few drops fall on Mike and he transmits them to us. You have made Mother younger. She will be happier in her own house and she will feel useful once more. One morning when you had given your cheers for one of the Century Plants, Mother cried out: 'Twenty-seven years older than I!' Yes, she has at least twenty-seven years to go and you have made her realize it."

Ponce de León searched for an actual Fountain of Youth, as has many another since his time, but it seems to lie within ourselves, as it does with Pasquale Cammarata. He belongs to that gay group of oldsters who still enjoy life. He was first an Honor Guest for his birthday when 118 years old and came to the broadcast studio the morning of March 7, 1935. His age, his record and his life's achievements are all authenticated and he was not only sponsored by, but was accompanied to the studio by Father Armand Morin of St. Rosalia's church in Brooklyn, New York. Think of the history he can recall since his birth in Italy, March 7, 1817! Time and change have altered the map of Europe many times since his birth; just as amazing changes have come to New York City since that day, March 7, 1835, when he landed, an emigrant from his homeland. His papers and records show that he was a member of the New York City police department when Abraham Lincoln was President of these United States. That day in our studio in 1935 was an exciting one. After the broadcast and his remarks over the air, we had a hard time getting Mr. Cammarata out of the studio. He did not want to go. He asked the orchestra members to play for him and even danced a few steps to their music. It was all such an adventure, compared with the circumscribed life he has led for years in Brooklyn behind his little push-cart, sleeping here and there, and never more than a few blocks away from

St. Rosalia's church and Father Morin. It was hardly to be expected, but he came again for his 119th birthday in 1936 and he actually looked younger!

Dr. E. P. Boas, already quoted, has said that "Old age is a relative concept. To children all adults seem old. As we ourselves advance in years, our ideas as to the particular time of life that marks the onset of senescence are constantly changing." Certainly my own concept of age has changed since the beginning of the Parades. When I began mentioning those of years in the program, the age minimum was eighty, but there flooded in so many names of those only eighty that it became mechanically impossible to devote so much of the broadcasting time to them. We did not even give their names, just indicated their cities and grouped them in the various year-brackets above eighty. The minimum had to be raised to ninety years and even that has frequently put a tax upon our time on the air, as may be judged by that fact that 2,897 persons between ninety and ninety-nine were mentioned by cities and age groups only in 1935-1936. The Century Plants are named. This same group designation is given in the wedding anniversaries and only the names and cities of those married sixty years and more are given.

After years of association with longevity, I have come to the conclusion that any one under a hundred should feel young at heart. As one chap of a mere seventy years said, after explaining that his whole attitude toward himself as an "old man" had been changed: "I thought I was an old fellow traveling down the hill towards the sunset and into the 'valley of shadows,' grasping at such support as would aid me on. You have given me, instead, a staff that will enable me to look up and not down, to walk surely and not stumble, to think cheerfully and not despondently and to see clearly and not blindly. I had thought that the sunrise and springtime of life constituted

and made all the joy of living, but you and your precepts have taught us older people that sunset and autumn are just as beautiful and joyous."

The abundance of stories from members of our Parades has kept young our interest in them and when some suggest musical numbers as substitutes for the space and time given them on the broadcast, I can but reply that they make up a rather interesting symphony themselves. One may imagine, in the following true story, the music which it suggests to the imagination:

In the Church Home in Westminster the birthday of Miss Mellie had been announced over the radio and the old folks were in a flutter of excitement about it, while Miss Mellie could hardly believe she had been toasted by listeners over the land. She was skeptical when asked by a nurse to go to a hospital room in the Home building. The nurse had put a cake there with nine candles for her ninety years and set out refreshments for a party of 23 old friends. When Miss Mellie was ushered in and gifts pressed upon her, the only remark she made was: "What will happen next?" As all the guests gathered, an old man and his wife wished Miss Mellie a happy birthday and he stooped and kissed her. When Miss Mellie said: "Well, this is the best birthday I have had in all my life," the room echoed with laughter and a new youthful happiness came into wrinkled faces.

Quite a different variation upon a musical theme is provided in another story. One of our listeners, for nine years, was a restorer of tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. As she prepared to leave her apartment each morning she took our good start for the day and then "as I would sit at my work on the beautiful tapestries, I would think of what had been said on the program and the words would be woven in with my colored threads. Sometimes you would say something to the Little Peppers about 'weaving your magic

tapestry' in music and what an uplift I would get. I have been retired for a year now, but I love to think of my Museum years and what a part the Cheerio Exchange played in my weaving. I want to thank the Cheerio family for making so many people happier and better able to bear their burdens, myself included. May you have strength and inspiration to carry on." And with her letter there came a copy of this poem:

MY TAPESTRY*

*I wonder how the other side will be,
When I have finished weaving all my thread;
I cannot see the pattern nor the end
Of this great piece of work which is for me;
I only know that I must weave with care,
The colors which are given me day by day,
And make of them a fabric firm and true,
Which will do service for my fellow-men.*

*Sometimes these colors are so dark and gray,
I doubt if there be any line or trace
Of beauty there, but all at once there comes
A thread of gold, or fair bright blue or rose
As deep as that at sunset after rain,
And then I know that there will always be
That one bright spot to cherish, yes, to keep,
And, maybe, 'gainst its ground of darker hue,
It will be beautiful.*

*The warp is held in place by Master hands;
The Master mind made the design for me;
If I but weave the shuttle to and fro,
And blend the colors just the best I may,
Perhaps when it is finished, He will say,
" 'Tis good," and place it on the footstool
At His feet.*

—MARY MILES COLVIN

*By permission of Mary Miles Colvin.

That applies, somewhat, to the Parades in the programs. We often do not know what the other side of the tapestry will be, nor how our weaving in the colors of others' lives will affect the pattern of the whole. But one may hope that the threads of gold which these Gay Nineties, Century Plants and Honeymooners have provided will accent and embellish not only the activities of the years over the air, but the lives of those who have been included. Whatever ultimate award or condemnation is given this service to others, it lifted the heads of many who thought themselves old and took their feet off footstools of inactivity.

In the broadcast, we have always spoken of these old people as "high stepping along" during the Parade and walking together for the wedding march. That must be taken symbolically, of course, for many of them must substitute the march of the spirit for that actual high-stepping.

I mentioned that long marriages are a novelty in this day of casual divorces. Others seem to share my feeling and there might be included a long chapter of stories from our Honeymooners, those who have triumphed over many years of adversity, raising of families, depressions and adjustments of personality to come through together to a Golden anniversary.

While our emphasis has been on those who have achieved the goal of fifty to seventy-four wedding anniversaries, we paused in one of our celebrations to pay tribute to those whom death had severed in their march through life. After years of experience, I have come to believe that the program's appeal, in its fullest sense, is to those who know from actual experience or from the intuitions of a sympathetic imagination the two sides of life's shield—the shining gold and the shadowy black. With this two-fold meaning, I do not think I have ever had a more understanding letter than this one:

"To me the most beautiful part of the broadcast has always been that moment when the lofty and impelling chords of the

wedding march announce the triumphal approach of those who for fifty and more years have walked life's pathway together. On each anniversary morning my husband and I moved up a space further in that honored line and always there was a prayer in my heart that we might march the way together as long as others. But a few months ago, the music to which we had so happily marched suddenly stopped. A funeral march was played and I walked alone. One Monday I would have stepped up, with him, just a bit further in that line of wedded couples. I cannot bear to think that this year I shall have no part in the anniversary celebration and so, when the music begins, I shall raise my head and with my beloved, invisible escort, I shall try to keep step with those who still march gloriously and happily together."

These more solemn and touching moments are given relief, in our programs, by the toasting of the Century Plants by the Cheering Squad. That versatile and diversified Squad has grown to considerable proportions within our Inner Circle and gladly I pay tribute to them.

Perhaps I should pause to reconstruct the history of our Cheering Squad. At first the only cheering done at the end of the Parade, after Gay Nineties, Honeymooners and Century Plants had passed by, was by our studio staff. But one day there came to my desk a letter from a young sailor named Dan Shea. He said: "I cannot move any portion of my body except my lips and tongue, but you have shown me that I should use these to cheer up my buddies in this ward." Later, I learned that Dan Shea was actually leading other patients in his Veterans' hospital ward in real cheers for our Century Plants on their birthdays. I made Dan Shea our official cheer leader and named as his rooters those in our Joy Gang. In imagination, morning after morning, we heard Dan lead his Cheering Squad in tribute to beautiful old age.



Photograph by **FREDERICK SKIFF FIELD**

BERNIE PEAVEY

With her Cheerio typewriter, "The Joy-Bringer"



The two Vans, stationary and moving. Van Wallace, "bonnie Van," and Lyalle Van, "the Perfect Youth." A combination picture by Ray Lee Jackson.

Dan had been introduced to the Cheerio program by Mrs. Mary Chesley and joined the Joy Gang of the Inner Circle through Mary Patterson, who sent him the first letter. Mrs. Chesley had given him a radio in 1930 and had obtained from hospital authorities permission for him to hear our program in the ward during the morning, the usual custom having been to permit radios to be used only after 3 o'clock in the afternoons. Dan has told me that the ward's custom of cheering the Century Plants followed immediately after the football season when Stanford had played Dartmouth and everyone had rooted during the game's broadcast over the radio. The patients in the ward, under Dan's leadership, fell into the habit of cheering the Century Plants, which would bring the nurse on the run, wanting to know what was the matter. The patients explained they were cheering people a hundred years old, to which she would reply: "There is none around here, so keep quiet." The next morning the same outbreak would occur and she finally gave up her morning sprints to the ward and left the men to their yelling.

It would be impossible to fully delineate each of the members of that Cheering Squad, but I should feel remiss in setting down a permanent record should I fail to give at least some sketch of the lives and personalities of the more prominent members. Dan Shea shall be left until the last, as they do when introducing football teams to college audiences, the entire squad taking a bow before the captain is extolled and asked to give a pep talk and receive the laurels for the season. It should be kept in mind that my acquaintance with the Cheering Squad, with the one exception of Dan Shea, is an epistolary friendship and that I have been entirely dependent upon these communications or those from their relatives or friends for my acquaintance. In many instances the sincere revelations have caused those of us in office and studio to devote much air-time to them,

as well as to carry on an intimate mail relationship. We admire one and all for they sing the song of the unconquered, they are masters of their fates and captains of their souls. To recite all their afflictions and sufferings would sound like a physician's clinical report, but we do not think of them as maimed or handicapped; rather they are keenly alive and whole. To write just how triumphant they have been and are over obstacles placed in their path would probably sound too eulogistic. But I believe if these brief reports of some of those in the Cheering Squad are read with a penetrating, discerning eye these personalities of a modern broadcast will be of inspiration to others.

If the meek should inherit the earth, a goodly portion of it would go to Bernie Peavey, one of the most distinguished members of the Joy Gang and the Cheering Squad. Some have justly said that she deserves as prominent a niche in the Cheerio Hall of Fame as Dan Shea. Bernie Peavey's home has always been in Maine, where her people were folk of culture, education and refinement, but illness over a long period of years wiped out most of the earthly possessions of the young woman and her mother. They both were confined to their room, but the mother died and Bernie Peavey was left alone, faced with the fact that there were not sufficient funds to pay for so large a room for one person. That necessitated moving, rather being moved, for she is almost immobile, and with dread and apprehensions she finally consented. She herself wrote that "what seems dark in the distance may brighten as you draw near."

"Knowing I could not sit up at all or be moved round much, I naturally thought it a real calamity when I was told I would be moved from a high ceilinged room, with electric lights where I have been for years, to a tiny low ceilinged room in a different house in another part of the village with no electricity. On the appointed day, men placed me on a stretcher, brought me here and all that I had thought a calamity was apparently with me.

But after several days I realized that electricity had been installed, just for me, so I might have the radio Cheerio had loaned me. I found I could look out of doors. Think of it! In the other room I could not do that. I had to look at the wall all day. You see I can lie only in my right side. The one small window in this tiny room is in the same wall I face all the time and I am placed so I can look out slant-wise on a part of the street. I can see people passing by, see a small portion of railroad tracks beyond, over which four trains pass daily, a little further I can see a dozen trees, a small part of a church spire, roof and part of one side of the building and a whole lot of sky. A picture! I haven't seen anything like that for years."

That account, with its opening of windows for the eyes and the soul, so stirred listeners that immediately the New York branch of the Joy Gang sent off to Bernie Peavey an electric pad, woolen foot bag and other comforts against the cold of a Maine winter. They had learned that Sunnyside Nook, as Bernie called her room, was sometimes only nine degrees above zero, even with a fire going. A woman in Florida sent a check and we asked whether Bernie would like the money or wanted us to do some shopping for her.

"O! may I choose a blanket for my bed? It seems like an answer to a prayer, for I have asked that a way might be opened for me to have a blanket, for it is cold here, freezing sometimes in my room and a blanket would bring warmth and comfort and not much added weight."

So a beautiful, rose coloured blanket went up to that cold room in Maine, taking with it something of the fortunate warmth of Florida from the kind woman in the south and producing for the Cheering Squad another recruit whose voice joined them in gay salutation to the Century Plants. The Joy Gang also bought a typewriter which is loaned her and called "The Joy Bringer." She, in her partially crippled condition,

operates it while lying on her side in bed. This was the first typewriter loaned on the plan used for Cheerio radios.

Then there is Airy Fairy Lilian, whose name we amplified from the title of one of Tennyson's poems to describe the spirit of a philosophic young woman whose body is just the opposite to her name, but whose spirit has lifted her up and out of affliction. She is an old-timer on the Cheering Squad, a part of the Inner Circle since the beginning of the New York broadcast. Never able to manage many letters because of her helpless physical condition, she wrote one which is prized:

"It is a noble tribute to be added to your most worthy Cheering Squad. Indeed, you have done me a great honor, not only including me as one of those unconquerable spirits, for which I myself take no credit, but also by giving me the privilege of helping you in your morning broadcast. Perhaps only those who are entirely helpless can understand why I say it is a privilege. I believe that you and those who assist you in the studio from day to day also understand by now what it must mean to one who has been helpless, and often felt so useless for years, to at last be a real part in something being done."

There are many of these charming women in one section of the Cheering Squad and their numbers include Mary Make-believe, Katie Swinden, who came to prominence in the Joy Gang and, in fact, most of the feminine contingent of that Gang. There are Miss Sarah Ellen Hopkins of McMechen, West Virginia, and Miss Beryl Russell of the Royal Edward Hospital of Montreal, Quebec, and others scattered from East to West. There is a girl in El Campo, Texas, who has been shut-in since she was three, but defies the lack of use of either hands or feet by writing a neat letter holding the pen in her mouth. The Squad can never forget the woman who lives on top of the tablelands of the great Alleghenies. She is paralyzed from chin to toes, except her fingers and with these she fashions the most

exquisite baskets, using two mirrors that she may see how the delicate weaving progresses. And—for the first shall be last and the last shall be first—every Cheering Squad assembly is incomplete without Sea Breeze and her friend Mickey Storey. The two young women got acquainted through the Joy Gang correspondence. When they finally met in person, they merged their homes and have been together since, “managing to find a silver lining to some pretty dark clouds which sometimes hang over us.”

Just how many children belong to this Cheering Squad, I have no idea. We understand from letters that their ages vary from those a few months old, who unconsciously squeal in response to the studio yells, to those of 15 and 16 years. Some of these juniors, who also serve as the Escort of Honor for the Parades, bring their animals. These are called the Noah’s Ark of the Cheering Squad. From the junior legions three children have been especially adopted by the Squad and the broadcast: Little Gerry, Baby Susie and Little Jean.

The rising generation may be so sophisticated that it no longer believes in fairies, despite the efforts of Angelo Patri, but Little Gerry had a Fairy Godmother in Geraldine Riegger of our studio. When the first information came in about Little Gerry’s crippled condition Miss Riegger and I decided that the child needed a Fairy Godmother to bring new interests into the girl’s life.

As the relationship between Gerry in the Studio and Little Gerry continued the mother noticed an actual, physical improvement in her girl: “slow, but sure for she can take three or four steps all by herself, so you can see the wings which the Fairy Godmother gave her are helping so much. Perhaps it is silly, but we feel Gerry’s improved condition is due to the broadcast and its interest in us.” Whatever the true source of improvement, less than a year went by before trips to specialists

in New York resulted in Little Gerry being “fully recovered. I was so thankful to God,” the mother wrote.

Another of the precious children of the Inner Circle and Cheering Squad is Baby Susie. Her story is also like a modern fairy tale. Baby Susie was made famous to our Circle one morning when Santa Claus left a bugle at the studio addressed to her. We had had a card from the child’s grandmother telling us that Baby Susie had spent most of her young life in hospitals or at home in bed while every effort was being made to make her walk as other children do. The card mentioned that the girl wanted a bugle for Christmas. The morning after that card was read in our program there was a bugle at our studio addressed to Baby Susie. We were in a quandary. We had no address for the child and could not deliver it. Someone suggested we blow the bugle and if child or mother were listening, they might give us their address. The plan worked well and the bugle was sent on. Even better fairy tale events were to come, for one day a woman doctor heard the story of the bugle and the child. Her own son had wandered away into the sunset and every Christmas she planned something kind with the money which would have gone into his stocking if he had stayed in this world with other children. So she sent a doll, and then visited the hospital where Baby Susie was being helped to walk. The child, as our Lindy, was strapped to a frame day and night, but she played and laughed, even apologizing for being a little fussy at times. Our listeners were kept informed of Baby Susie’s improvements—the Cheering Squad welcoming her at once and gifts poured in for her. One of these gifts came from a woman whose own child, named Susie, had died forty years before, but whose silver spoon and fork had always been treasured. As the months went by the child improved slowly; later news came that she was standing so many minutes each

day in her cast, and today, completely recovered, her name is "Runabout Susie."

It is difficult to pass from this junior group without telling many of the other stories, including that of Little Jean whose bedroom window looks out to the hospital where Dan Shea leads the Cheering Squad. I must move on in this introduction of our rooting Squad so there will not be too much delay before the captain himself is presented. I shall have to skip over some of the forwards, tackles and substitutes to get at our speedy quarterback and guard. First, I want to speak of one Squad member in Kingfisher, Oklahoma, who cannot move from his wheel chair, but who earns his living by teaching voice pupils, directing a choir which meets in his home and sending pupils to twice win state voice competitions; and another in Miami, Florida, who had never been ill a day until a motorcycle accident sent him with a broken back to his bed, from which he cheers and writes: "Oh! I'm getting along all right." Then there is Forrest Bilderback, a lad who has never walked, but who has been devoted to the Squad for years.

Now comes our young quarterback, Raymond Dodenhoff. I think his own first letter will tell the story:

"Dear Cheerio:

"Will you throw another 'Log' on your fire of good cheer? This time only a small one, but I know you need small ones to keep the others burning, don't you? May I come into your Inner Circle for awhile? I've heard you speak so often of Dan Shea, the beloved Lindy of the Mountains and The Log. I am only a little log. I have been in bed four months and the doctors say it will be several more before I can hope to get up. Perhaps I'm too young to hope to get in with the above brave soldiers, but I think of them all through the long days and they help me to be brave, too.

"You see, I am only 15 years old and was a sophomore in high school. It is hard to lie quiet so long, but I try to smile. I have found out, in these four months, what a wonderful pal my mother is. She always smiles. But, Cheerio, one day when I was real bad, and she came into my room after the doctor left, she had a big smile, but it looked kind of April-y to me. I asked her, 'were you crying?' She said, 'Crying? I should say not. I was just peeling onions for dinner.' I didn't say more, but I knew. My mother is the brave soldier, not me. All my best to the Cheerio Circle, may I come again?"

"Your little log, Raymond."

Now we come to Bonnie Van, next in line to Dan Shea himself. He has been practically helpless in his Michigan home since 1924 as the result of a diving accident, when his neck was broken. But he can type with a stick tied to his index finger and he does write the most engaging letters. He claims the title of being the world's worst correspondent, but that is unfair to his achievement in writing at all and some idea of just what a triumph it is may be gained from this letter:

"I've been delayed since I began this letter. I've been at it nearly two weeks now. You see my hands are paralyzed and I do this typing by means of a wire hood of my own design, which is attached in my wrist and palm, glove-fashion, so I write literally 'by hook and by crook.' A slow business when all the days on which I can do no writing at all are added. The letters could be dictated, but I think you'll understand that I'd rather write them myself.

"What I started to say long ago up this page is that, as an insider on this sort of thing of being shut-in, take my word for it that the next seven years, as a whole, will not be as difficult to get through as the first two. There seems to be a sort of inverse-square law that holds in this sitting-on-the-inside-looking-on-the-outside stuff. The difficulty increases inversely as the square

of the total number of years. So while I am grateful for the sympathy you extend, I really don't have too valid a claim on it. Thanks just the same, though."

Bonnie Van registered in engineering college just a few months before that fateful dive and since then he has been registered in philosophy in the great training school of adversity. I know so many who are taking the course with him, just the members of the Cheering Squad alone would make a little college, but I doubt if any would get better marks than this boy in Michigan. I saw a leaflet his university sent out one Easter time telling about Bonnie Van, which said: "He hasn't winced yet. He can read, he can think, he can joke, he can look out of the window at the world going by. He hasn't kicked, because he's not that kind."

I wish I might think of some special introduction for the captain of this Cheering Squad, Dan Shea. He so deserves it. But perhaps if I just say he is not only outstanding as a dominant character in this broadcast, but that members of the American Legion cited him as the "best known, most loved and respected of disabled veterans of the United States," that will give some indication of his importance and our pride in him.

A number of things had happened in Dan's life before he became known to radio listeners and veterans of the World War. I shall run through them briefly. He was born June 27, 1899 in Holyoke, Massachusetts, of Irish parents. He attended St. Jerome school, but after one year in the Holyoke High School he quit and went to work.

He was only 18 years old when the "flags were flying, bands playing" and the spirit of war got into his veins. He enlisted in the United States Navy in 1917. In addition to seeing the world, he was on duty as a sub-chaser in foreign waters and from that constant exposure came his arthritis disability which

was to bring years of "pure agony" before his body became the unmovable structure it now is.

After Dan had completed his duties in Uncle Sam's navy, he returned to his home city and started life anew in the business world. From a meat cutter he rose to the position of head of a large store, then to meat buyer and then, "having the luck of the Irish with me, when an assistant was needed they pointed their finger at me and there I was, sitting at a desk and people calling me Mister." But arthritis was creeping upon him, slowly and surely. He kept on with his work, however, and a position at \$5200 a year was offered and "there was me, reaching for one of those rungs at the top of the ladder, but old arthritis beat me to it and said no." December 31, 1926, Dan had to resign his position, abandon a career and begin the tedious and thwarted life of a man in a wheel chair whose joints tortured him and whose eyes were slowly dimming.

Fighting a battle "more courageous than was ever fought on land, in the air, or at sea," as someone said of him, Dan took his years of "pure agony" with such a spirit that every veteran in the Chelsea Naval Hospital in Massachusetts and, later, in the Veterans' Administration Facility Hospital at Newington, Connecticut, knew him as "Happy Dan." In those days and even at the present, Dan has had no desire to be called a hero, yet he has been an inspiration to thousands of ex-soldiers and shut-ins.

Mickey Dwyer is one of Dan's closest friends and, because Dan is immobile, he became known as Dan's "secretary," for at the time he wrote most of that veteran's letters. Mickey can and does thank Dan for getting him up and out of a wheel chair and on to crutches. Major T. J. Bannigan, manager of the Veterans' Administration Facility at Newington has said that Dan has been of invaluable aid at the hospital, "I call him our Chief of Staff and his room has become known as General

Headquarters. When I've a patient low in his mind, depressed and unhappy, I send him to sit by Dan's bed and talk things over. Dan is so human, so much of a man, that the other fellow walks out with his chin up thinking: 'If Dan can face it, so can I.' "

It is his personal courage which endears Dan to all who know him. Just how esteemed he is may be seen in this incident. The Holyoke chapter of the American Red Cross sponsored a party for Dan at the Veterans' hospital. Forty automobiles carried nearly two hundred persons from Holyoke, Mass., to Newington, Conn., for the celebration. Dan's bed was placed on a stage where he could hear everything and as that crowd of home-town friends passed by to greet him he remembered almost all through their voices, even though his eyes could not see them.

When Dan Shea came into the Cheerio Inner Circle and Joy Gang he was already an important figure in the Veterans' world, but it did not take many months for him to be entrenched in the hearts of the Exchange family and to be busy with his "secretary," Mickey, corresponding with the Joy Gang. He contributed so much to all of us, but he feels that in our turn we gave him a great deal. He told me once that "the first, most important impression I received from the broadcast was from your description of the giant redwoods and the Bohemian Club's presentation, in a natural stage setting, of *St. Patrick*. It has been very vivid in my memory ever since."

No less vivid in my memory was Dan while I vacationed in California the summer of 1934. I sat on the redwood logs that make the seats of that most wonderful theatre in the world. The play about to be presented was a repetition of *St. Patrick of Tara*, written by Prof. Henry Morse Stephens. I recalled how impressed Dan had been with the story told over the air. Sitting

next to me was Fred Walcott, United States Senator from Connecticut.

"Senator," I said. "There's an Irish lad in the Veterans' hospital in Newington in your state who is one of my best friends. I wonder if you know about him?" The shake of his head gave me leave to tell him about Dan and just as the lights were dimmed and the music for the play began, he leaned close and whispered: "No, I never heard of Dan Shea before, but I'm going to see him as soon as I get home."

That was the beginning of a series of events. Late that summer Senator Walcott spoke to a convention of the American Legion at Stamford, Connecticut. He mentioned in his talk that that afternoon he would visit Dan Shea. He had hardly completed his address when a Legion member rose and said that inasmuch as the Legion chapter had that morning passed a resolution concerning Dan, would Senator Walcott not act as a special messenger and himself deliver the citation to Dan. So the Senator had the unexpected pleasure of delivering a message that would have gladdened the heart of any man in the United States. The citation spoke of Dan's being "the best known, most loved and respected disabled veteran of the United States, and by his fortitude, cheerfulness and patience renders a very real service to his disabled comrades." The document "conveys to this hero, Daniel F. Shea, the message that his courage and gameness have won the respect and admiration of all his comrades," so "we extend to Comrade Daniel F. Shea our best wishes for his future happiness and well-being, and that the Connecticut Department of the American Legion send to Dan Shea a citation of meritorious service."

The citation by the Veterans was a big moment in Dan's life, as well as in our broadcast, for it was told to his friends over the air. In November of the same year another honor was given him. He was sworn into office as junior vice-commander of the

Donald MacLellan Deckrell post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, of Newington. He took the oath lying, as always, in his bed, surrounded by officers of the post and 250 patients and guests invited for the installation. In an unfaltering voice he addressed the group, urging a uniform pension system for veterans of the United States.

Dan has had many honors, including a personal visit from the late Will Rogers, and the interest of Miss Helen Keller, but he has said that none of these quite so excited and thrilled him as the birthday party and broadcast which we staged at his bedside the morning of June 27, 1935. That broadcast not only observed his birthday, but that of Miss Keller and it went far and wide over the nation. The fact that the National Broadcasting Company was willing to bear the expense of sending a technical crew and a portion of the Cheerio staff to the Newington hospital may indicate somewhat a corporation's feeling about this hero.

By special arrangements, Russ Gilbert conducted the first half of the program from the New York studio, during which Miss Keller's birthday was observed. A letter from her to all those in our Exchange was read:

"Dear Cheerio:

"This is my birthday message. Please tell them I like to think God has made his shut-ins special transmitters of hope to the world. It is our lofty duty to defy the seeming omnipotence of Fate. To love. To endure. And to create, from our own wreck, the thing we desire. If we succeed in growing the sweet flowers of happiness among the rocks and crannies of our limitations, others will be inspired to nobler achievement. This alone is compensation. This is joy and victory! As I stand at the doorway of a new birthday, with its new opportunities and new tasks of faith and courage, may I ask my handicapped comrades to rejoice, with me, in that inner vision which makes us superior to

outward circumstances and enables us to be one with all great ideals, all heroisms, all deeds of beauty.

“Sincerely yours,

“Helen Keller.”

After honoring Miss Keller, the program was switched to the Newington hospital and Dan's bedside. The night before, Major Bannigan had taken me to Dan so we could go over the program and get him acquainted with the cue-lines which would lead into his speech. Dan had been a little frightened, especially when I held a stop-watch on him while he talked for a few seconds and when I admonished him not to clear his throat while speaking. But the next morning he was probably the only calm one around, including myself. The engineers set up the microphones, tested everything, while Pat Kelly tried to find the most favorable spot from which to sing, and Richard Malaby gave a final shove to get the piano at the correct angle.

When our turn finally came and Russ Gilbert had signed off in New York, we began with fervor. I recited the many distinctions of which Dan might boast, compared his work with that of his birthday companion, Helen Keller, who though sightless, soundless and at one time speechless, had founded libraries, created institutions for the blind and contributed to American literature. Then I presented “in person our distinguished birthday guest, the Honorable Daniel F. Shea.”

“Thank you Cheerio,” Dan began, conscious that he must not pause to clear his throat. “My friends, I want to thank the National Broadcasting Company and everyone else who had anything to do in making this the happiest and greatest day of my life. Here is Cheerio broadcasting from my bedside and now I would like to tell you what the Cheerio Exchange means to me. It has taught me how to attain happiness. As Russ Gilbert told you in the message from the great Helen Keller, happiness is something you cannot buy and it is not an article you can

pick up. It must be obtained by one's self and that is what the Cheerio Exchange shows you how to do. Happiness comes from within, but first you must give of yourself, not material things, but a good word of cheer, or a kind word to some person who needs it, and almost before you know it, happiness will be yours. Cheerio has taught us by giving of himself every day. I want to greet all members of the Joy Gang, you are my friends and I am very happy to receive the many letters you send me. I cannot express what it means for me to be a part of this Cheerio family."

After he had finished, I took up the program and had the pleasure of reading to him and our audience over the air a letter from Helen Keller, which should be reproduced here.

"Dear Cheerio:

"Will you kindly greet Dan Shea for me on his birthday? I am proud that you should associate my name with such a brave spirit in your broadcast. I admire the splendid fortitude with which he bears his heavy yoke. It is wonderful how he has found the way to carry it with dignity and make of it an inspiration to others.

"As the Prophet of old struck the rock, and water flowed in dry places, so misfortune opens the heart, and out of it pours a sweet stream of new life. Dan Shea's life is such a stream, refreshing and encouraging every one who has the will to see and understand.

"Sincerely yours,

"Helen Keller."

With a few additional remarks on Miss Keller's generosity and Dan's bravery, and after an Irish song from Pat, the program closed. A feeling of elation, exaltation accompanied that entire crew of us back to New York. We had a feeling that the end of that special broadcast would not be the end of the episode. Nor was it.

Dan has certainly had that inner vision for himself and in-

spired it in others, but he carried it into a more tangible form with his gift to St. Mary's church at Newington. One Christmas, Major and Mrs. Bannigan had given Dan an electric clock with silvery, Westminster chimes. As he listened to those chimes carrying away the days by quarter, half and full hours, he thought of the little church of St. Mary, silent and unable to call the parish members to mass because its tower had no bell. He had some money saved and at once ordered a bell which he would give the church in memory of his mother.

Dan was not alone in his interest in obtaining a beautiful bell for the church. With what excitement and reverence it was finally delivered to St. Mary's church at Newington and placed before the altar to be blessed before it should be hung in the tower and allowed to send forth its calls to prayers! Bishop Maurice F. McAuliffe blessed the bell as hundreds were pressed into the little church and a thousand others stood outside.

As those hundreds filed past the bell, touching it with reverence, they read the inscription which ran around the bell:

"To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of My Mother.
Daniel F. Shea, Christmas, 1935."

The bell was blessed the evening of January 12, 1936 and many members of Dan's family, including his seventy-three year old father, were present for that ceremony, while Dan lay in his hospital bed waiting for reports of the service. He thought much of his mother, Bridget Scanlan Shea, who had died the year before her eighteen-year-old son had gone to war. She never had to know of her soldier-boy's life of suffering and blindness. His family came to his bedside to tell him, with glowing eyes, of every detail attending the blessing of the bell. A few days later the bell was raised to the church tower and Dan, his bed moved close to an open window, spoke the command which caused the cord to be pulled for the first time and the valley filled with the majestic tones. In special tribute to Dan the



The leader of the Cheerio Cheering Squad, the beloved Daniel F. Shea. (*Above*) Dan, in the Navy, and afterward, with “the smile that won’t come off.” (*Below*) Sworn in as an officer of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.



Photograph by GABRIEL MOULIN

The Vision of the Cross, at the finale of the Bohemian Club's
Grove Play, "St. Patrick at Tara."

morning after the bell was rung for the first time, our New York broadcast retold the story of Dan's memorial to his mother.

Dan's bell still calls daily to those who seek the shadowed sanctuary for prayers. It is a spiritual symbol of inspiration to others, just as he himself has received inspiration from the story of St. Patrick as given in the redwoods. That play by Professor Stephens has become much loved by all our listeners and I feel that in tribute to its author, to Dan and those who know the broadcast, some portions of it should be included in this book.

I myself did not know the story of St. Patrick until I saw it given by the Bohemian group. His name and the annual day of its celebration have always meant more to me since that night in the forested hillside when I saw Professor Stephens' historically accurate play. He was professor of history at the University of California and had become so deeply interested in the character of Patrick, later made a saint, that he had written the play.

The Grove that evening became the Holy Hill of Tara, to which the High King of Ireland had summoned the chiefs of the kingdom. They were asked to consider the news that a band of missionaries from continental Europe had landed to preach the gospel of Christianity. The band was headed by a Briton named Patricius, or Patrick, who had been consecrated a bishop for that purpose in Gaul. The time of the play was the year 432 A.D. As all the chiefs were gathered on the hill a messenger descended to tell them that Patrick has been seen coming down the shoulder of the sacred Hill of Tara. Then there descended, chanting the strange unknown music of the early Christians, (which Wallace Sabin had written for the modern production), a procession of monks, with a crucifer bearing a cross aloft, and the great missionary Patrick, himself, coming forward in robes of lustrous green.

Ireland had never been conquered by the Romans or a part of that Empire, and, therefore, had neither roads nor cities, com-

merce nor Christianity, in the fifth century after Christ. Its organization was tribal, its civilization pastoral, its religion was purely nature-worship. To such a people Patrick presented himself at this meeting of the kings in the play.

"Who art thou?" they asked him. "What thy name? And thy degree?"

And Patrick answered them (his words being drawn by the author from scholarly research in all that has been written about him)—

*"Hither I come to preach the Cross of Christ.
 Sucat my British, Patrick my Roman Name.
 Britain my birthplace, where my father was
 A Roman citizen of high degree,
 A Roman magistrate in place of trust,
 A Christian deacon active in the Church.
 Myself, in boyhood, Irish pirates seized
 And sold to slavery in far Connaught.
 Six years I served my master tending flocks,
 And eating bitter bread of bondage—
 Exile from Britain, lost to kith and kin,
 Far from the empire of immortal Rome,
 Hearing no church bell in a heathen land
 Where my soul starved for lack of sacred food.
 And then I fled—
 I found a ship upon the Leinster coast,
 Laden with Irish wolfhounds; thanks to God,
 The sailors rough received the fugitive.
 Led by God's hand, I traversed stormy seas
 And desert lands, until, in southern Gaul,
 My soul found rest in Lerins' holy isle.
 There, as I grew to manhood, more and more
 God called to me in a peculiar way;
 And in my dreams He oft reminded me
 Of Ireland and her light-hearted sons
 Whose merry jests and kindly spoken words
 Had eased my many years of servitude.*

*A kindly people, but without the faith
And without knowledge of the most high God
And of His Son who died upon the Cross.
But most of all, in dreams there called to me
The little unborn children of Fochland,
Doomed not to know the Gospel of the Christ
Nor hope for their salvation. I resolved,
Poor and unlettered though I was, to preach
The Gospel to them, for their little hands,
Tugged at my heart-strings.*

As Patrick preached and the Druids opposed him, the play moved on to its glorious climax. Patrick was giving the message of immortality to ears that had never heard it. A sad-faced chieftain, suddenly asked him:

*"Did I hear
That we could meet each other after death?"*

"Yea, weary soul," Patrick replied, "God's grace is infinite. Who art thou?"

And the man answered:

*"One whose joy went out of life, the day I lost
My wife and babes."*

*"Alas," cried Patrick, "poor suffering soul,
Look on the Cross. Oh, believe,
And thou shalt see thy loved ones once again."*

One of the Druid priests, infuriated by this evidence that Patrick was making converts, sprang suddenly toward the intruder with lifted dagger, but the convert to whom Patrick was talking so earnestly, saw the danger, threw himself in the way

and received the blow. As he lay there, dying, Patrick besought him:

"Look up, my son, look on the Cross of Christ."

The Crucifer stood there, with the cross upraised above the suffering face.

*"I do believe" panted the man. "But I lose strength,
My eyes are growing dim; I cannot see
The Cross of Christ."*

Patrick lifted his face toward the stars that shone above the towering trees.

*"This, my first convert, gave his life for me,
And can I not a miracle perform
To aid his dying sight? Will not God hear
And set the symbol of salvation high
Upon the Hill of Tara, as a sign
That God has come to Ireland to remain
And make this favored land the Isle of Saints?"*

The monks began to chant softly, as Patrick prayed. The lights died out. Two hundred feet up in the air a great radiant cross grew out of the darkness, shimmering with an unearthly loveliness. There came the glad cry of the dying man whose eyes had seen the vision and who passed to join his loved ones. The cross faded away and among the tree-tops there was a miraculous illumination of silver light, like the realization of a new heaven over a new earth.*

*That realization came finally to Dan Shea on the morning of September 15th, 1936, during the Cheerio hour.

The Child in the Home

RADIO, apart from its function as entertainment for young and old, may also render a service so intimate, so bound up in the deeper things of home life as almost to defy analysis. The thousands of letters from American homes that have come to us demonstrate that truth and substantiate my judgment in having devoted thought and air-time to mothers and children. The accent on this phase of the broadcast was especially strong between 1927 and 1933 when one day each week was devoted to discussions of child health and psychology, with practical advice to mothers and fathers.

The part which Herbert Hoover played in this phase of the Cheerio broadcast has already been told in a previous chapter, but I would again call attention to the fact that as president of the American Child Health Association in 1927, he was directly responsible for making expert child health information available. It was Mr. Hoover who sent me with a letter of introduction to Dr. S. J. Crumbine, general executive of the association. Dr. Crumbine cooperated for five years with me and the National Broadcasting Company to the extent of financing office and musical expense, while the Broadcasting Company gave of its air facilities and I donated my time to the work. Mr. Hoover had said that child health would be advanced by this radio work which (quoting from his letter to Dr. Crumbine) "has had an

extraordinary result in the West. It is strongly supported by the medical profession, and hospital people say that this sort of institution is a real contribution to their province. Cheerio's work, which is purely an altruistic effort, is only indirectly related to our Association although we could, through this broadcasting service, give information to parents, doctors and people generally."

It is all very well to look back over success and say "I knew it would work out that way," when actually we were uncertain how our pioneering efforts would be received. The Child Health Association, Dr. Crumbine and myself felt, in fact knew, there should be a real place for what we had to offer, but we did not know whether it would be welcomed or rejected. We were rather elaborate in our explanations in the initial program as to our intentions and careful to show that what we would do was unrelated either to propaganda or commercial advertising. As a matter of history I think part of Dr. Crumbine's first radio talk, which opened five years of weekly appearances, should be set down:

"Members of Cheerio's Circle: In beginning the series of informal chats with you, for the sake of the mothers who make up so large a part of this audience, you are entitled to know, first of all, the nature of the association which I represent. The American Child Health Association is a national organization, a voluntary, independent, non-governmental, non-profit, child health organization. It was organized in January, 1923, by the amalgamation of three national organizations dealing with the health problem of the child. What are the aims? This organization believes that the health of children is of fundamental importance to the soundness of our nation—physically, mentally and morally—and to our economic stability. There is a vital national need for concerted effort by public and private agencies, and especially for the awakening of parents and citizens

generally to their responsibility for the health of the children of their community.

“Our general objective has been stated concisely under the heading:

“‘The Child’s Bill of Rights’

“‘The ideal to which we should strive is this: That there should be no child in America—

“‘That has not been born under proper conditions;

“‘Does not live in hygienic surroundings;

“‘That ever suffers from under-nourishment;

“‘That does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection;

“‘That does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health;

“‘That has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body;

“‘That has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within, which is the final endowment of every human being.’

“Such is the Child’s Bill of Rights and to translate this ideal into a working program is the purpose of the Association and of its membership. It is with the idea that this purpose may be fostered by the interest of those most directly concerned, the mothers in the homes, that radio is being used to further our ideals.

“The Association has for its president a man who is deeply interested in children—in the health of all children. That interest was quickened and intensified by his remarkable experience and service abroad and following the World War—the Honorable Herbert Hoover. Incidentally, I might mention that Secretary Hoover’s special interest in child health is continuing, specifically, because Herbert Hoover, Third, has recently arrived.”

Timorously we began our weekly child health programs, Dr.

Crumbine and I discussing the question of the day in an informal, conversational manner. Confidence was quickly given us by the response from our unseen audience, which reacted so favorably that we were made aware we were filling a great need in the American home. Letters poured in from mothers. As the weeks passed, we took up every conceivable aspect of child health—teeth, hair, eyes, posture, sleep, food, exercise, hearing, nervousness, family background and heritage. We treated the child's pre-natal influences through the mother's health and mental attitude, touched upon his progress through pre-school days and on up through the grades. Finally, I realized that our greatest response from listeners came after some program had been given on the mental and emotional life of children, or on the attitude of mothers toward their children. I told Dr. Crumbine: "Let's forget about diet and brushing teeth, for that type of material is abundantly given in books and schools, and emphasize instead mental hygiene and the emotional life of children." He agreed, and that plan was followed.

I recall that one program on adult wearing of childhood scars from emotional difficulties in younger years brought amazing reactions. One woman wrote that she could see herself in that program and, while she had no children of her own, she easily traced many of her own emotional difficulties back to her childhood when a mother had been little concerned with "feelings" and much devoted to "appetites."

There are so many volumes today on every detail of child development, mother's pre-natal conditions, and mental hygiene, that it is not necessary here to detail the programs which the Child Health Association provided, excellent though they were. Instead, I shall present some features which brought unusual response and reflected the appeal which we made to the radio audience. Among our listeners, beside mothers, we had grandmothers, foster-mothers, adopted mothers, step-mothers, aunts,

older sisters, all those fine women who devote themselves to other people's children. Naturally, there were those to whom this work made no appeal. I remember one amusing instance. A friend of the program told a spinster of 90 years that she "should listen to Cheerio's programs. You will get much of value from them." The first morning that elderly spinster listened-in, Dr. Crumbine and I were presenting a program for expectant mothers and it requires little imagination to understand the tart letter which the spinster sent her friend.

One of the points which we constantly impressed upon our listeners was the need for some obedience on the part of parents to ten commandments particularly directed to them. I recall that Dr. Crumbine presented these as follows:

"It is well for parents to remember that children broadcast pictures of their home life wherever they go, for they are fundamentally honest and give themselves and their parents away without in the least meaning to. So it would be well for parents to obey these ten commandments.

I "Be a good friend, a fellow adventurer in the life of your child.'

II "'Give your child a home where his friends find the latch key on the outside.'

III "'Within the home, give your child a place that is all his own, be it corner, attic, basement or an entire room.'

IV "'Give him chores to do and make him such a partner in the home that he will want to do his share of the work.'

V "'Give your child equipment to play with, toys, pets, tools, materials, musical instruments, goods to sew and food to cook.'

VI "'Praise his feeblest attempts and don't harp on his shortcomings.'

VII "'Give your child good books and magazines and a place to read.'

VIII "Give him a strong body, checked by examination and corrected by treatment if need be."

IX "Educate your child to his fullest capacity, but no more, and don't forget the part clinics play in correcting poor habits."

X "Give your child a parent he can model after."

Those commandments still echo through our mail from mothers.

Yet another phase of these talks on juniors which appealed greatly was that of parents selecting careers and life work for their off-spring. Again, many parents of today spoke feelingly of what their parents had done to them, resolving the while that none of the parental dictatorship to which they were subjected should creep into their handling of their own children. Our program on this subject said that "it is a piece of dishonesty and treachery for a parent to attempt to recreate himself in the child."

We were told that many children grew up under the influence of our talks and that those five years of special service for their benefit reaped a rich harvest.

The juniors were a surprise audience.

The programs were never intended to interest children directly, but it was very soon apparent that certain whimsical features, introducing the elements of the Land of Make Believe (primarily intended to appeal to the imaginative interest of invalids) including the Bluebirds of Happiness, the Wish, the Parade of the Gay Nineties, Honeymooners and Century Plants, with the activities of the Cheering Squad, did appeal greatly to our young listeners. Children appreciate the festival spirit in the home and birthday parties or other celebrations are to them a delight, so these engaged the attention of even very young children. In many instances it was the child in a home who induced the other family members to listen to our broadcast. With the delight children have in imitation and imaginative play, they

took quite seriously the matter of being Escorts of Honor for the oldsters mentioned each morning over the air. Best of all, from the standpoint of our purpose in these chats with Dr. Crumbine, they seriously undertook in many cases to bring erring parents to listen to the radio. Rather smart of them so to plead their own cases indirectly! Of course, those instances were the exception rather than the rule. Usually it was the mother who, by the very fact that she listened and did not wish to be interrupted for the half hour period, brought the children to attention before the radio where they absorbed what they could of that which was offered. That fact, plus our many years on the air, has led to what we call "family cycles" of listeners. These cycles may be illustrated by one of countless letters:

"Although I shall not become eligible to membership in the 'Mothers' Section' of the Cheerio Exchange until late in the spring, I want to write now and express my gratitude for all the good cheer you are spreading across this continent. I have listened almost as long as you have been on the air. I learned to love the programs when I was living with my parents between periods of school. How I did hate to miss them while away. Then I remember one morning in February of 1934, taking a half-hour to hear you honor me, yes me, for it was my wedding day and your message was just as much for me as those with golden and diamond anniversaries. Now during the long hours when my husband is working and I am waiting for our child I am not lonely, for I know that back home Mother listens, too, and we both hear canaries of happiness sing."

Certain programs were developed which would be of direct appeal and benefit to the expectant mothers in our audience. Special music and poetry were used to illustrate Dr. Crumbine's talks during the years he was with the broadcast. It became our custom to give an annual mid-December program for those expecting babies and we wove into this the theme of Mary's antici-

pation of the birth of her son, The Christ. Also as a feature on that particular program we have used for eight years a poem by Constance Skinner. I know of few things in our entire broadcast more popular than this beautiful Indian lyric, which I always read to the accompaniment of Kreisler's *Indian Lament*.

SONG OF CRADLE-MAKING*

Thou has stirred!
When I lifted thy little cradle,
The little cradle I am making for thee,
I felt thee!
The face of the beach smiled,
I heard the pine-trees singing:
In the White Sea the Dawn-Eagle dipped his wing.
O, never have I seen so much light through thy father's doorway!

(Wast thou pleased with thy little cradle?)

Last night I said: "When the child comes—
If it is a Son—
I will trim his cradle with shells:
And proudly I will bear him in his rich cradle
Past the doors of barren women;
And all shall see my Little Chief in his rich cradle!"
That was last night;
Last night thou hadst not stirred!

Oh I know not if thou be a son—
Strong Chief, Great Fisher, Law-of-Woman,
As thy father is;
Or only Sorrow-Woman, Patient Serving Hands,
Like thy Mother.
I only know I love thee,
Thou Little One under my heart!
For thou didst move; and I trembled.

*From "Songs of the Coast Dwellers," by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Copyright, 1930, by Coward-McCann, Inc., by permission of the publishers.

*I will trim thy cradle with many shells, and with cedar-fringes;
Thou shalt have goose-feathers on thy blanket
I will bear thee in my hands along the beach,
Singing—as the sea sings,
Because the little mouths of sand are ever at her breast.
O Mother-face of the Sea, how thou dost smile—
And I have wondered at thy smiling!*

*Aiihil Thy little feet—
I felt them press me!
Lightly, so lightly I hear them coming:
Like little brown leaves running over the earth—
Little leaves, wind-hastened, over the autumn trails!
Earth loves the little running feet of leaves.
—(Thy little brown feet!)*

*O K'antsamiq'ala Soe, Our Praised One,
Let there be no more barren women!
May thou bring no tears, my child,
When I bear thee, in thy rich cradle,
By the chanting sea-paths where the women labor.*

Thou hast stirred!

*Oh! haste, haste, little feet—
Little brown feet lightly running
Down the trail of the hundred days!
The wind is white with rocking bird-cradles;
Day is in the eyes of the Sea.
Ah! never have I seen so much light
Through thy father's doorway!*

Those lines kindled new joy in the hearts of mothers-to-be, but they also poignantly recalled to others their loss of some precious child. The program, therefore, endeavored to offer messages which might ease the ache for the saddened parent. This is no more than minister, friend or family would do. Our privilege lay in being able to reach many over a great area, to give

fresh support in grief from a source unexpected. That it helped, I have had ample evidence to prove. Some disliked the introduction of this sad material, but I sincerely felt (and still do) that those who did not like to listen to such a poem as *Little Boy Blue*, were individuals who did not know from experience what the words meant.

So, with a tender thought for those who do understand the loss of a child, let us again have Eugene Field's tender lines, out of the heart of his own experience.

LITTLE BOY BLUE*

*The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands!
And the little tin soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was, when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.*

*"Now, don't you go till I come," he said.
"And don't you make any noise."
And toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel-song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Ah, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.*

*Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;*

*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons. A facsimile of a copy made for Cheerio's father by Eugene Field four days before his death, and believed to be the last of the poet's beautiful verse-manuscripts, is reproduced on the following page.

Chicago, Oct. 31, 1895.

My dear Dad

Since the school term and four term here.
This is the summer of our little boy's life.
On the first night of the school.

And they wonder, so meeting the long year through

the smile of a little boy:

Amusing the world of a little hand.

Each in the same old fashion.

Bye. I'll give to little boy's life long and

Don't the little try friends in time:

Oh, the years are long. The years are long -

Amused our little boy's life: -

And so the first morning, on my first day

The dream of the little boy's

So, taking off to the world to live.

"And don't you make any more!" -

"Don't you go till I come," he said.

Don't the school term and four term here.

And that was the first return on little boy's life

And the school term was passing by -

Then was the first time the little boy's

And the market made in his hand:

And the little try outside in his hand

That study and school he found.

The little boy's life is covered with dust.

Little Boy's Life

*And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.*

EUGENE FIELD

The New York *Herald Tribune* used in its magazine section some years ago an article by Conan Doyle which carried a message of great significance to bereaved mothers. It was so perfect for those who have lost their children that it is included here:

"It was so beautiful a letter that I remember that when I received it I had some thought of publishing it as a leaflet. It is from an Australian mother who had lost her only child. It begins, 'For five years I had prayed day and night that the good God would send me a little baby. As the years passed, and my heart was still empty, my prayer grew almost to a cry of despair. He sent so many babies to mothers who did not want them—mothers who had too many to care for, and mothers who left them in parks to die, and I asked for only one, just to comfort the big aching loneliness in my heart.

"When the baby did at last come it was born dead.

"They buried him in the garden, under a wattle tree, and I filled the tiny grave with fresh sweet violets so that the cold damp earth would not touch the dear dimpled body. I folded away all the tiny clothes that I had made, but my heart was like a stone. It had died with my baby.'

"Very shortly afterward the mother had a serious operation and while under ether had a vision which she describes in remarkable language. She found herself in a lovely country and in company with some guardian friend who explained all things to her. He led her to a lovely cottage in a garden full of bright colors.

"Where have you put my baby?" I asked. He turned and looked across the garden on the left of the path. There, lying

in a bed of white pansies, was my happy little baby. He was laughing, and his dimpled hands were stretched out to catch a gay butterfly that darted about, to and fro, playing with him. The pansy faces seemed to be caressing his sweet little body, the taller blossoms swayed overhead, and the laughter of my baby ringing in that garden seemed a perfect thing.

““Do you want to take your baby back to earth with you?” asked the guardian friend.

““Oh, no,” I said, “I could not take him away from such happiness to know pain and sorrow. He is better with you.”

““Then he took me by both hands and said, “You must go back now, but it is only for a short time, and always remember that this little cottage with your baby is awaiting you.”

““So I opened my eyes and found myself in the hospital bed, just coming out of the anesthetic. I said to those who stood around, “I have seen my baby. He is so happy that I shall never fret for him again.”

““They thought it wonderful that a dream could make me so happy, but it was more than a dream.”

“One may take all this as a pure fantasy or as an actual psychic experience, but whichever way you take it, it seems to me to be very beautiful and consoling. I have not heard from the mother since, and perhaps she also (as she wished) has gone to the garden and is playing with her babes.”

How vitally that dream affected the lives and attitudes of other mothers may be seen from this letter which came to me one day after Mr. Doyle's words had been read:

“My husband and I had been married four years and had no children. We wanted a baby. I gave birth to a lovely boy, but he lived only three hours. We had made such plans for him! I will never forget the scene that followed after my husband told me our baby was dead. They brought him to me for a few minutes. The first thing I thought of was the woman you told about

on one of your programs. I had heard you read the letter twice and had told my husband the story. When they brought my baby to me, I said to him: 'This is like the woman Cheerio told about.' And my husband answered 'Yes.' Now I think of my child as being in heaven and I know he is happy and contented there. If I remember correctly, that other woman was told she could never have another baby, and my heart goes out to her, because I wasn't told that."

These losses with their sad motif gave place in our programs to discussions of the adoption of children. Dr. Crumbine and I went into this matter rather thoroughly. We suggested that which is neither novel nor new, but needs constant repeating—that the going of one's own child and the absence of hope for having others need not mean a childless existence; that in selfishly filling one's own want the greatest of all philanthropic acts is done—sharing one's plenty and privileges with a child which might otherwise know only lonely orphanhood and institutional rather than home life. That a child not of one's own flesh and blood could not be as dear as one's very own, or indeed, as worthy, we denied. And then there was given us so perfect an example of what adoption may mean that I include it here in the following letter:

"You read a letter from one of your radio friends who had been left alone in a tidy home without dear ones, just as I was left, ten years ago. I looked at the house, so big and full of sunshine, in such perfect order and yet so empty. I wondered how I could ever live in it. The thought came to me to have in some child to share the sunshine.

"I prayed and my prayer was answered. God sent me a little boy and girl whose Mother passed away when they were born. It is needless to say I had to forget myself and think and do to make those two little lives happy and God has blessed me and them, too. And now I am going to tell you something,

Cheerio, which seems strange to me: in taking out their adoption papers, I discovered they were born on the same day as my own dear son was taken from me. So you see, two souls were taken and two were sent. I cannot help but think that my boy and their mother met along the road on their journey.”

Can you not imagine for yourself the conversation of those two who met along that invisible road to the undiscovered country? Can you not imagine how two souls carried with them sorrow at leaving others lonely on earth? The result of that conversation was some mysterious arrangement by which those who needed love met her who was yearning to give love, and thus two came where two had been taken away.

In our glow that one mother had found happiness by adoption, we did not forget that sometimes adoption may mean cruelty to the child. Is there any lower form of torture than the abuse of an adopted child by casting sly aspersions on his parents, birth or heritage? Nothing inflicts such mental suffering or leaves such wounds to warp an entire lifetime. However emphatic Dr. Crumbine and I were in our program talks I am confident that the following letter did more good by its direct case-illustration than any of our abstractions or theories:

“I was very much interested in this morning’s talk. It was very important in my estimation. Your example of that child brought to my mind a case somewhat similar. In this instance, the child’s mother was dead and the father had disappeared, leaving the little girl to be shifted from one home to another. She had about seven different homes in a period of eleven years. From every home where she was placed the people would bring her back with the same story—she was incorrigible. She would destroy anything when reprimanded, scream, fight like a regular little demon. Her only wish and prayer was that she might die.

“Her reason for such behavior was never accepted by the Church Society trying to place her. Instead, she was severely

punished and sent somewhere else. Eventually they made plans to send her to a reformatory. And the girl ran away.

"You see, wherever she was placed, it was the same story: 'Your father has deserted you. Bad blood will tell. You will probably grow up to be a bad, bad girl. You should get on your knees and thank God that I have taken you into my home, etc. etc.'

"Never an effort was made to show this little girl affection or kindness, or to try to understand that she wanted a little love. Instead, she was beaten and shamed until she wanted to die. You see, I have inside facts, for I was the little girl. I'm married now and happy, although I've been nervous and super-sensitive all my life due to early environment. I know a fine conscientious woman who has taken a little boy to raise, but with the best intentions in the world she is treating the boy the same way I was treated. Just as I did, that boy acts like he is possessed of the devil. Yet I know personally that if he thinks someone really loves him, he can be just the opposite.

"Will you not please sometime speak about the children placed in homes? They need to be better understood that their lives may not be innocently wrecked by those who really want to do for them and help them."

We did what we could.

It was the story of Emma which had called forth that letter. How that story stands out from ten years' history of broadcasting! It was a tremendous influence upon others' lives, upon their attitudes toward children and brought scores of responses which showed just such childhood scars as had been left upon the woman who wrote the preceding letter. I have already said that in our talks about children we quickly got away from just physical aspects to those of the mind and spirit. It is comparatively easy to provide a balanced diet for the body, but when it comes to a balanced diet for the emotions, mind and heart, what

a different story! That necessitates understanding others and how few of us can do it, try as we may. Emma's story illustrates what I mean.

Emma (she shall be called that, although it is not her name, but her case is recorded by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene) was the perfect result of lack of understanding of child psychology and, on her own part, mental maladjustments to a situation. When she was nine years old she was a happy, normal child until her mother died, leaving Emma and her younger brother and sister and father alone. Emma lost her gayety, became subdued, silent and as the months went by her preoccupation and gloom seemed to increase. About two years after the mother's death the father brought a new wife to the home. This served to increase the girl's unhappiness. In addition, she became very naughty, doing senseless things like digging holes in the new grand piano with a kitchen knife, dancing on the mahogany dining room table with her shoes on and trying to set fire to the house. Her father tried to talk to her, but ten minutes after promises to be good, she was at some new destruction. She was thrashed. The father was at his wit's end to know what to do and with his new wife decided it must be a reform school. Both felt the child's mind must be affected. Fortunately the child had a school teacher who had known her for several years and was fond of the errant girl, who misbehaved only at home. When the parents confided that Emma was going to the reform school, the teacher asked them to tell her the whole story in detail. Having that, she advised that an expert in mental hygiene examine the child.

That examination revealed that all Emma's trouble stemmed from the death of her own mother. Being a thoughtful, sensitive child, the mother's death had been a tremendous blow, but worse than all was the blow which seemed to follow when her younger brother and sister seemed to forget their mother and

when her father seemed to completely forget by bringing home another wife. Emma thought all this cruel and heartless, not realizing the youth of her brother and sister which made them forget, or the naturalness of her father's remarrying. As with so many children, Emma kept all this bottled within herself, brooded upon it and even imagined her mother came to console her. When new things were brought into the house for the new wife, she tried to destroy them as the discarded pieces had belonged to her mother. To burn down the house became in the child's disturbed mind a defense of her mother's memory.

It took months of patience and care from physician and psychiatrist to win the story from Emma and to begin to correct her impressions, which were so deep-seated and entrenched by this time. The father and foster-mother, her teachers and relatives all worked carefully with the trained men in the desire to reconstruct Emma's life. One of the most vital steps was that of convincing the father and new mother that they had failed the child and to get them to see why. Once convinced, they saw that Emma most needed a feeling of security and companionship. What effort and thought went into undoing the wrongs done, not out of cruelty—never that—, but lack of realizing the child's emotional reactions and mental state. Fortunately, the outcome was a happy one and the girl at fifteen was gay, trilling cheerfulness, and fond of her stepmother, content in her home and surrounded by friends. For all of them, however, there shall always be one special household god—the school teacher who pointed the way for them all.

There is no doubt about the two-sided, difficult situation which may exist between parents and children. For all these discontents of children, many a mother has had her children "arise up and call her blessed." Dr. Crumbine, the American Child Health Association and I did whatever we could to provide advice and helpful suggestions until he found (March 9, 1933)

it no longer possible to continue on the Cheerio programs. That we provided some little help to the American home we are certain from letter reactions. One of the parental difficulties, I suppose, is in retaining sufficient detachment from loved ones that behavior may be governed wisely. Our programs gave in many instances that detachment which helped parents to see their own problems through those of others.

The Cheerio Radio Fund

*If I can stop one heart from breaking
 Or cool one pain,
 If I can ease one life the aching
 I shall not live in vain.*

—EMILY DICKINSON*

IF YOU take a piece of redwood, which is called burl, put it in a dish and pour over it cups of cold water there will presently begin to sprout from it delicate green sprigs and you have in miniature what may be seen in the forests of California: the young trees springing from the roots of the old forest giants.

In our Cheerio Exchange we have had something grow which has made us think of that—the Cheerio Radio Fund. The dark burl may be likened to those individuals who suffer some physical handicap with the greater burden of little means and being shut away from the world. Over them has been poured the water of human kindness which has permitted the green offshoots of new interests to grow, brought the sunshine of the outer world into their lives and given new strength from the hidden roots of the Exchange. Before anything in nature grows well it must have proper climatic and soil conditions. So in our Exchange, the radio fund did not even sprout its first green until there had been established the undeniable fact that gift radios flourished in the homes of shut-ins. There were two particular examples that all our listeners remember—Our Lindy

*From "The Poems of Emily Dickinson" Centenary Edition, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

and the Little Neighbor—and a third which actually started the cups of water pouring over the burl to set it growing.

It will be recalled that a war nurse became interested in the case of Richard Schott in 1924. Miss Alice Hazen Scott was—and still is—one of the pillars of the beneficent Shut-in Society and had been a hospital nurse after the World War. Miss Scott knew a woman who had just lost her son and wished to place his fine radio with some deserving young man. She recommended the boy in the Virginia mountains and he received the radio. Through some knowledge young Schott had picked up while in the army, he and his grandfather were able to install it from written directions, and through the remainder of his too-short life it brought him joy and he in return jealously kept it in condition. That gift radio brought him into touch with the Cheerio Exchange and he became our Lindy of the Mountains, his influence and courage still echoing through the years which have followed his walking into the sunset.

Often over the air we have told that story of Our Lindy's radio, just as we have told of that given the Little Neighbor, but for this permanent record I shall again recount that very pleasant tale of the Little Neighbor, the Good Samaritan and the Wise Women. One day there came a letter to our Exchange from a person we christened the Good Samaritan. It read:

"Across the street from me is a Little Neighbor who could well lay claim to being as cheerful a member of your Circle as Our Lindy. For forty years she has walked on crutches. This last year has added another burden for her to bear, which she does with a smile. The rest of her days will probably be spent on her couch. Every morning at nine o'clock, she looks for me to come over and tell her all about the Exchange. I have tried not to fail her. She is a faithful listener, by proxy. If the concentrated wish of her friends bears fruit, some day perhaps she will have a radio. Think how wonderful that will be! You could

help us wish. The power of concentration is great, so they tell us."

It developed that just as there were three Wise Men, so there were three Wise Women—three women so wise they knew where true happiness could be found—and given. The Good Samaritan herself in New York and two sister spirits that she had never known personally, one in New Jersey and one in Washington, D. C. These women, strangers to each other, seemed to get that concentrated wish in some mysterious way. I suppose their minds met somewhere in the ether. The three agreed the Little Neighbor must have a radio and the Good Samaritan set out to obtain it. She told a radio merchant about the project and his enthusiasm rose.

"Thank you for letting me have the first chance to get in on this," said he. "I'll furnish the radio and the Wise Women can supply the tubes and the 'B' batteries and the expense of installation."

Shortly after that the Cheerio mail bag contained three letters which were like three songs of joy. The first was from the Wise Woman of New Jersey: "Words fail to tell how I feel about the Little Neighbor's radio. I never enjoyed anything more than the privilege of helping in this. I am so glad for her if this will help make her pain easier to bear." "Oh! the joy of giving a little happiness," chimed in the Wise Woman of Washington. "To realise that I have been the least bit instrumental in giving such comfort! Please ask the Little Neighbor to say a prayer for one who has drained the cup of sorrow almost to its last drop, but who has this joy, at least."

And the third letter was from the Good Samaritan herself. "Did you ever feel so happy you just had to tell someone all about it?" sang the words on her page. "After everything was settled about getting her radio, I went across the street to the Little Neighbor and told her what the concentrated good will

of the Cheerio Exchange had done for her. When she had finished hearing of all this and read your letter, there was a storm of weeping, but like the sun shining after the storm, she smiled and said: 'It is only because I am so glad and so grateful!' And now I have something more to tell you. Hardly had everything been arranged with the radio man, when a woman rang my telephone and said she and her daughter would like to give the Little Neighbor a radio, through me. I was speechless for a minute, but after conferring with the Little Neighbor I found she would prefer the matter to stand as it was. Perhaps that will show you just what the Exchange has meant to her, although she is a member only by proxy. If you could see the glow of happiness radiating from that little face when she tells anyone how she got her radio! I am going over to her house Tuesday to enjoy the wonderful, happy morning with her. Cheerio, were you ever so happy you had to tell somebody or bust?"

The Tuesday morning to which the Good Samaritan's letter refers was the one on which a special greeting was sent from the studio to the Little Neighbor. Close by the sick woman's side was her gift radio and its loud speaker was adorned with a large ship sailing out into the blue ocean. She herself wrote that when the programs started she closed her eyes and imagined herself sailing off somewhere. But all too soon after the gift of the Wise Women she sailed away to cross unknown bars.

That incident of giving happiness through a radio deeply impressed our listeners. It was shortly followed by the third important root which was to feed our Radio Fund and make it grow. Again Miss Scott entered the Cheerio Exchange scene, this time through information she had about a young man named Dixon who lived in North Carolina. He was terribly crippled with arthritis, but earned some money by tinting cards,

which he did most artistically. From those earnings he had long been saving pennies in the hope of having an electric radio to replace his old battery set. He lived in his brother's home and just about the time he had \$50 toward his longed-for radio, one of his nieces became ill and the money was turned over to the family for her operation. Miss Scott learned of this disappointment to Dixie, as she had come to call him. Through a friend who decided that Dixie must have a radio, money was loaned him which he could use to procure the much-wanted radio and which he would pay back slowly, as his little earnings came in from the tinted cards.

Miss Scott wrote me about all this and said the new radio would be installed just in time for Dixie to hear his own birthday greeted from our studio. When I told on the air the nice thing that had been done for Dixie, I mentioned another man who was as greatly in need of a radio. I spoke of this helpless old man's love of music and poetry, of his blindness and bed-ridden condition, and of his living alone on an isolated farm. I made no direct appeal for him, but the money came flooding in. In fact, two minutes after the broadcast, my telephone rang and someone somewhere wanted to help get the old man a radio so the joy of the outside world might be brought into his darkness. These money gifts were the cups of cold water which started the green appearing on the dark burl of the situation. Most of the time they were tiny cups, little drops of loving kindness, with now and then a big splash. Whether large or small, all were pouring out friendliness in their eagerness to take away loneliness from an unknown person. Quickly, the dark burl became hidden in rich green sprays, but in those sprays could be seen the generosity of many. For instance one nine-year-old crippled girl demonstrated that it is more blessed to give than to receive for she sent one of the two dollars she

herself had been given for Christmas. Another generous soul said: "I'd send more if I were sure I were going to keep my job."

Those first, voluntary and unsolicited contributions—and always donations to the fund have been unsolicited and voluntary—provided a sum more than adequate to supply the man on the farm with a radio. But before it could be sent to him, he passed on. That left me in a quandary. My contact was entirely with persons who had radios. I cast about in my mind for a moment trying to think of just the one who would know of some deserving shut-in person who might receive the radio instead of the helpless man for whom it had been intended. Miss Scott! Her name came flashing into my thoughts with the word "shut-in." She was connected with a fine organization using that as its name. She would know. Happy moment when I sent for her to talk over the situation, to determine whether or not she would be willing to undertake placing the radio and handling the money left over, which would be held as a maintenance fund. She came and agreed to the task. An eager member of our Circle had told us of a Mrs. Carrie J. Beaman, bedridden for 30 years, who holds the honored position of being the first person to whom one of our Radio Fund instruments was loaned. Interestingly enough a letter came only recently from Mrs. Beaman: "Will you kindly give an old-timer a moment? Eight years ago I received the loan of one of the Cheerio radios. I have listened to your program every day since that time, excepting the days when my radio was at the repair shop. In the year 1898 I received an injury from which no skill has been able to relieve me and since that time I have been a bedfast invalid, so you and your studio group have given me many pleasant hours, for which I thank you all."

The incoming money did not stop when it was known that one person had been loaned a radio. It continued to flow in,

adding cup after cup of water to our burl, which sprouted anew. In addition, individuals sent their radios through us to those who were sick. Miss Scott's tasks grew along with the Cheerio Radio Fund. With Virginia Davis to help her, she took up in earnest her labor of love and lending radios. She became and still is the foundation stone of the Radio Fund. Without her services it could not have been carried on through its years of development. She has had direct supervision of the Fund to which she has devoted her splendid self year after year without pay. In the same unselfish spirit, Thomas C. Edwards, of the National Health Council, has served as treasurer of the Fund. It has been Miss Scott who investigated suggestions that some person needed a radio and was too poor to secure it. It has been she who found the case deserving or not—and few have been refused—and sent the radio on its way to a sick-room where its magic might give contact with the outside world. It has been she who has kept up the correspondence with those who have the radios, kept track of all the cases, and when some recipient left this world found a new home for the instrument. With all these hundreds of details she has concerned herself with the kindly understanding that is so characteristic of her. It is she at whose name unnumbered people rise with blessings on their lips, as Our Lindy of the Mountains did when we knew her as "Just a Nurse."

No direct appeal has ever been made for contributions to this Radio Fund which began with such fine generosity from the goodness of our listeners' hearts and has continued in that manner until there are hundreds of these radios bearing witness. The Fund is still growing with bequests even being made in wills. We, in the administration of that fund for the Cheerio Exchange, have laid down but few rules. Among these are: the radios shall be loaned to those who are sick, suffering or lonely, too poor to buy them for themselves; they shall not be left with

well members of a family after the disabled one has recovered or passed on; the instruments are not loaned to patients in institutions where there is companionship and people coming and going; none is ever loaned until assurance is given that some individual or organization will install, maintain and keep the radio in working order and that always the person loaned a radio must be someone shut away from the world and the joys of active life.

Miss Scott, in looking after all the duties of actual administration of the work, has been delighted, as I have been, with the wonderful cooperation given. The local sponsors for installation and maintenance of the radios have often been a church or church society, Sunday school class or lodge, women's or other clubs. In some instances these organizations have supplied not only maintenance but cost of electric current and have even wired a home that the radio might be installed. Members of Kiwanis, Lions, and other men's clubs have investigated cases and sponsored radios for the Fund and our Exchange. For example, the President of the Kiwanis Club of Raleigh, North Carolina, appointed a "Shut-in Committee" to visit the sick each week during the year. Members of this committee report at Kiwanis meetings the experiences they have had with those who are enjoying the Cheerio radios provided by the Fund.

To me, the sweetest story of the Cheerio Radio Fund is that of "The Golden Radio." It began with a letter that came to me about 1933.

"Good morning," it said, "this is a grouch who has listened to Cheerio, now and then. I got smashed up in an auto accident a few months ago. Did you read an article entitled *Two Years to Live?* Anyone can live for two years—it's ten, twenty, maybe fifty, that's what gets my goat. I curse fate, day and night. I've only had my radio a couple of weeks. Father asked me if I'd like a radio. I said 'No, I hate the cussed things.' He looked

so disappointed I told him the next day I'd changed my mind. Someone said the Glee Club was good; I tuned in too early, by mistake, and got you. You read *A Fence of Trust* and Gerry sang *Fear Not* and I scoffed at you both. But the things stayed with me all day, and I tuned in again. Your Dr. Gale was right. One morning you told about somebody you called Lindy of the Mountains. You said that something about him made you stand before the microphone in a sort of reverent awe. Tell us about him again, will you? Was he smashed, too? Others have been and have met it, but I can't seem to. If you know why I write you all this, it's more than I do; but you're just a voice and I'm just a pair of ears. You'll never think of me with 'reverential awe' as you did of that other fellow, but you'll know that a devil here in New York, who swears when the pain is bad, is listening and gets help. But I am and always will be a log."

I began to call him by his own nickname, The Log. Some of our Circle thought I ought not to call him that, but he didn't seem to mind, and people began writing in charming things about logs, and the bright light and the warmth they send out, and so on.

Meanwhile, I learned that this young fellow who called himself "a log" had graduated from college a few months before. He and a boy, who had been his chum since they met at boarding school as little fellows, were finishing a wonderful, post-graduation tour of the National Parks and life was beckoning them. The chum was driving the car. "My friend saw it coming and he swerved the car to try and save me, I guess, and the last thing he said was 'Jump!'"

The friend was killed outright and the other boy, our Log, was left terribly injured and wishing he might have been killed instead, dreading to face the years that perhaps might lie ahead. Yet in the midst of pain and foreboding, The Log wrote some beautiful letters to me. Dan Shea, listening to them from his

hospital bed with a keener ear than the rest of us, said: "Sounds more like a Lark than a Log to me."

But before his name had been changed, his faithful male nurse Collins had written me a confidential letter. He apologized for what he feared was an intrusion, but he told me that his patient seemed to be so interested in the morning program that he ventured to suggest that if, on the morning of February twenty-eighth, I could say something special, it might help a birthday that might otherwise be a gloomy one. I kept Collins' confidence—indeed, I have kept it until now—but I made a program that morning which did apply directly to my new-found friend although I pretended that I was just shooting an arrow into the air, to fall to earth I knew not where. A harmless deception, surely! Collins reported:

"I did not think you would be so kind. His birthday started worse than I supposed it could. When I brought his breakfast he would not even take the tube in his mouth to drink anything and he hardly spoke, except to ask me to find and give him a gold piece that he said was in a jewel box. He held it in his hand all day. I turned on the radio for your program and he lay just staring. When your musician played that piece by Liszt (*Liebesträum*) he shut his eyes and before it was over I saw him bite his lips and the tears came from his closed eyes and stood on his cheeks. It is the first time I have seen that. I went into my room where I could hear, but not give him the feeling I was watching him. I came right in when your program stopped and his black mood was gone. He wondered whom you had in mind all the first part of the program and remarked how some of it fitted him. He hoped the other fellow got as much comfort out of it as he did. He went back to the program several times during the day in his conversations. I thought you might care to know you helped more than all the luminal and bromides the doctor could give. If I have tired you I ask par-

don, but I thought you might care to know that again you have helped a man strapped in a frame.”

A few days later a letter came from The Log himself. Among other things, he remarked; “You said that I was twenty-three years old in February. What do you think when I tell you I was, February twenty-eighth! I hope the man you made the program for found the comfort in it I did for all the dragons were abroad that day. Will you put this five dollar gold piece in your radio buying fund? Mother gave it to me on my eighth birthday.”

Before long, The Log sent me a book saying, “This has just been gotten out by a modern poet who has done with his life what you are trying to help me do with mine.” The author of the poems was Robert Kingery Buell of California and he is as helpless and as blind as Dan Shea. But like so many we have come to know in our Inner Circle, limbs which no longer move and eyes which no longer see seem to have lent their powers in double measure to a mind already keen and to have given an inner vision far beyond anything his optic nerve had ever seen. The Log felt that others beside himself should share this poet’s vision and so he marked some of the poems just as Our Lindy had done in his own book. One of these poems which The Log had noted was:

ADVENTURING*

*These eyes of darkest brown no longer see
The sunrise fill the world with light,
But memory once more reviews the sight—
Mine eyes have seen it, then it lives with me!
The world in all its beauty is set free;
The chains that bind, and seem to hold me tight
Shall never chain my soul, and stop its flight,
Life lies ahead, for I am twenty-three.*

*From “My Land of Dreams,” by Robert Kingery Buell, by permission of the author.

The Log himself was just twenty-three. After the phrase "life lies ahead," he had pencilled a big question mark. It was a symbol of where the lad was when we first knew him.

Just as Our Lindy was surprised to receive a response from those who heard me speak of him, so The Log acknowledged, in a sort of amazement, bunches of cards and letters relayed from the Circle. "Cheerio, I can't tell you what it has done to me," he wrote. "Collins gives me one at a time and I can read it and enjoy it slowly. Please thank the Circle. I've read them all. But I can't answer them. Two mothers have said they'd adopt me after you told them I lost my mother fifteen years ago. Several of them have said that my courage and bravery have inspired them. But that's the cart before the horse. It's their belief in me that inspires me to try to be what they think I am. I tell you, Cheerio, it has made the tears come and I'm not the crying kind. And when I hear you tell about the others in the Cheering Squad, I wonder can I ever match their courage."

Elsewhere in Buell's book of poems The Log marked these lines:

*"My soul was dark and drab till I was shown
That I must live my life from help within;
No memories or visions can atone,
But happiness is truly mine, for in
My heart I know I need not walk alone."*

There was no question mark pencilled after those lines, and he told me, "Now and then I touch Dan's peace." And he wrote of "that brotherhood as ancient as the stars" in a way that showed that he had begun to understand "the mysteries which only those who suffer know." He acknowledged the bond of affliction knitting him to Dan Shea and Bernie Peavey and all the others. Dan and he exchanged letters. The Log came to admire Dan tremendously. Of Bernie Peavey he says, "She de-

serves all the praise you can give her and it makes me feel ashamed—me with a fireplace and steam heat in winter and out on the penthouse roof in summer where I can watch the stars and the clouds and see the dawn come and the sunsets. Oh! man, after so many months in a room you can't know what it means. I wish I could share the comfort and the view with Dan Shea and the others you tell us about. Queen Mab would have none of the roof at first but now she sleeps out here with me like any bum under the stars."

You shall know who Queen Mab is. The Log told us of two special Christmas presents he received. His father gave him a clock which chimed every quarter hour. "It has shortened the nights no end. I can't turn my head to see a clock nor raise my arm at night to see a watch and sometimes I've thought I'd stood a thing for hours when it's only been minutes. And now I know from the chiming of my clock just how long it is. And often I make up my mind I won't call Collins until a certain time and before then the bad feeling wears away." It recalls Our Lindy and his clock, doesn't it?

But the other present. "Collins asked to go out for an hour on Christmas Eve and he came in with a basket—and he had a very doubtful expression on his face as though not quite sure he was doing the right thing. When he opened the basket, out crawled the funniest little dog you ever saw. He had heard of it somewhere—the pet of somebody who was going to England and couldn't take it and wanted a good home for it. She, the dog, is a 'mistake.' Her father was a Peke and her mother a Skye terrier. She's not bigger than a pint of cider—tan and gray silky hair, big brown eyes, and when she's pleased, she rolls her lip back and really smiles. She is gentle as can be and lies on my bed even at night. Collins tried shutting her out but she cried, so I said 'try her' and I like having her. Father is horrified; but he doesn't have to sleep with her. She's less than two years old,

they say, and when Collins plays with her, she tears around the room like mad. Even on the bed, she will get hold of my handkerchief and tug till I'm tired. You can't guess what company she is, with the goldfish and the canary. Now with Queen Mab, we have quite a zoo. When you tell Dan to get his Cheering Squad together, Collins puts her on a table where I can see her and she sits up and howls on each cheer, and barks like fun with 'the tiger.' Twice lately on radio programs they have announced a selection from *Queen Mab*, and each time she has noticed and answered in the funny short bark she gives when one calls her. She's smart! But the morning you put on 'Noah's Ark,' she was on the bed. When the chickens began to cackle, she cocked her head on one side, but when the elephant began to trumpet, that was too much. She flew around the bed and then up on the table. She wasn't expected there, and a glass of water went off on the floor and she almost broke her neck when the table cover slipped. It was a circus, not a church service all right! I'm sure she thought it was a new kind of cheer. And you should see her walk on her hind legs in the parade!"

Hark, hark, the Lark!

By the time we observed his birthday the next year, he was able to write, "I was pretty good that morning, not a bit like a year ago. Something in the sheer beauty of the Cheerio programs, their sympathy, their understanding, helped me face that day with a smile when last year I couldn't bring myself even to speak to anyone—all I wanted was to be out of my misery. But now I have a sense of gain through the long and bitter year that has passed. Please thank the boys for their music. I wonder if they can realize how the lovely things they play quiet the nervous wanting-to-move that seems tearing me to pieces some days. I never knew the truth of music hath charms to soothe the savage breast until I got here. But I'm awfully lucky in one way: I can't always do it, but sometimes

when the black mood shuts down, I can bring up some lovely thing I've known like the Cathedral at Chartres, or the Alps, or a music festival, and gradually make it drown the devils."

The story of the Golden Radio remains to be told. It starts with that mysterious gold piece which The Log held in his hand one day and then sent to me for the Cheerio Radio Fund. Let me tell the rest of it as I know it.

Once there was a little boy—a sensitive, affectionate little fellow, full of music and imagination, who simply worshipped his mother. Nothing so very original about that! On his eighth birthday, his mother was ill in bed. He had never seen her like that. She called him in to her bedside and told him that she wasn't able to go out and buy him a present for his eighth birthday, but she had a gold piece in her hand. She gave it to him and told him to keep it carefully, and when she came back from the hospital they would go out together and buy something nice with it. When she did come back, he was told not to go into her room, but he disobeyed and crept in. She was very white and still and oh! so icy cold! And when he realized what it all meant, and would get to missing her too much, he would bring out the gold piece. It would be cold, as he had found her, but he would hold it in his hand and it would grow warm as it was when she gave it to him, and he would be comforted, with a sense that she had, in a way, come back to him. Years later, when the little boy had grown to manhood, he was smashed in an accident. When his next birthday came along he had them find the keepsake for him among his personal things and he held the gold piece in his hand that day until it grew warm—just as he used to do when he was a little fellow and missed his mother so terribly. Sometimes, a grown man who is tortured day and night with pain will become a good deal like a lonely little boy.

On that 23rd birthday, when the gold piece had grown warm,

he sent the coin to me and asked me to use it to help get a radio for some other young fellow like himself who needed a radio but couldn't afford one. It happened that I had a little money that had come to me from the mother of Our Lindy of the Mountains. "We'll have a 'Lindy-Log Memorial Radio' with money from two mothers," I wrote *The Log*.

Another mother heard about the fine thing this young fellow had done and she sent me another gold piece, saying: "My daughter won this as a prize and she said, 'Some day, Mother, we shall do something lovely with it.' I have kept the precious gold coin all the years since she was taken from me, and I know this is the something lovely my daughter would wish to have done with it."

And a little later, another mother wrote in much the same way, and then from a young boy came a gold piece his grandfather had given him—he wanted to add it to the fund for a memorial; and a dear lady in Vermont sent a gold piece she had treasured all her life.

So it came to pass that our Lindy-Log Memorial Radio became a Golden Radio. The title of the custodian belonged first to a young fellow in a hospital in Montreal, Launcelot Stewart. When he recovered and left, it passed to another young fellow there, Jimmie Darou, a jockey who was smashed up but who rides a stepping steed of courage and cheerfulness and whose bubbling-over letters mean a lot to us in this work.

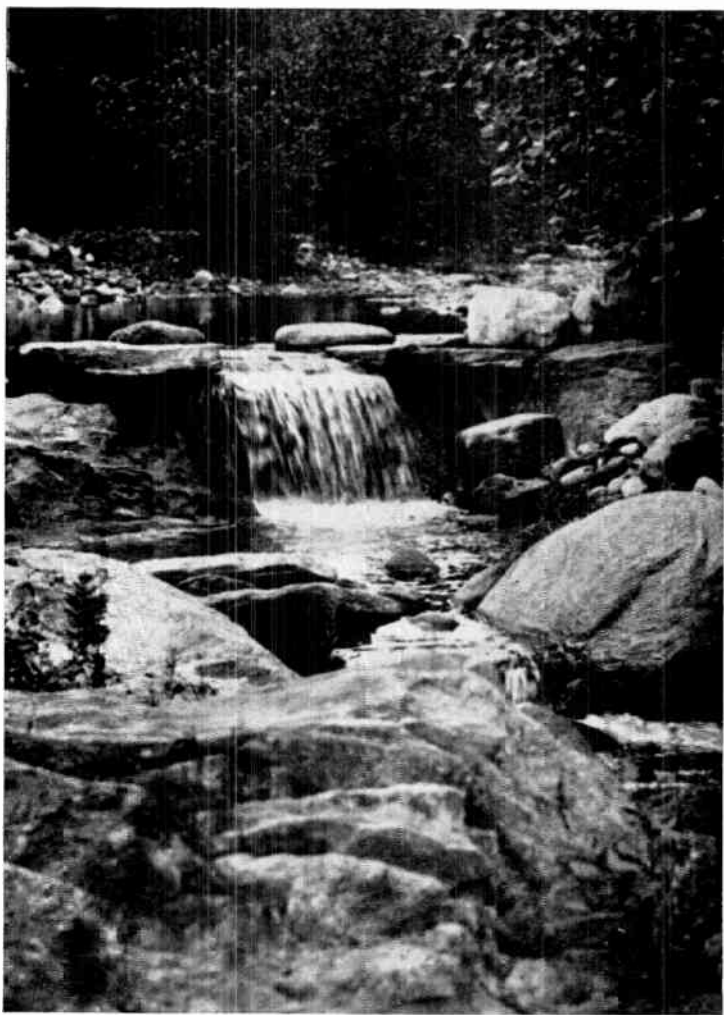
On the birthday of *The Log* this year, 1936, I was standing beside a hospital bed near Montreal and near it was a radio set that seemed to shine with an inner radiance, as though it were really a Golden Radio. But that radiance was nothing to what was shining from the face of the young fellow in the bed—the irrepressible optimist, Jimmie Darou. The following dialogue went over the air to our listening circle.

"What makes your eyes laugh so, Jimmie?" I asked.



JIMMIE DAROU

Custodian of the Golden Radio, the morning he broadcast from his hospital bed.



Cheerio's "mended brook," a symbol of the witness borne by members of the Inner and Outer Circles. Broadcasters may come and go but the stream of service goes on forever.

"I was thinking all along what I knew and the rest of them didn't!"

"We had a secret, didn't we? And even you didn't know until I landed here last evening."

"No, but you weren't at the studio yesterday morning, and Gil didn't say why, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith of the radio station looked so funny. I sort of smelled a rat," Jimmie went on.

"Well, the secret's out now, and The Log is actually hearing a report from the custodian of the Golden Radio. Is it a good report, Jimmie?"

"I hope so, Cheerio. There's the Golden Radio, in good condition, as you see. It has given me a lot of gold to spread among the unfortunate people here in this hospital with me. You know, Cheerio, all the doors are opened at 8:30 o'clock every morning, just like you see them now, and the Cheerio Exchange is in command here. I tell you honestly it is has been a big help to a lot of the patients."

"And how about yourself?"

"Why, Cheerio, to tell you the truth, I've been so busy lately with them I've almost forgot about my accident."

"Aha—you've found out how it is when you get your mind off yourself in service to others."

"You know, Cheerio, I was way down in the glumps at first. I don't know whether I told you, but when I was riding, down at Hiialeah, in Florida, I used to listen to you and then when I was in a hospital at Jamaica, Long Island, I listened."

"As long ago as that?"

"You may not know it, Cheerio, but you and I have been pals for years and I intend for us to be pals for years to come."

"O. K. with me!" I replied.

"My head will be in front of my body for keeps—it's been in front from the first time I perked up and took heed to what you were saying, every day. You've given me something with

your teaching that is priceless; you've taught me to smile in spite of everything. Be cheerful at all times! Always have a kind word for everybody, and be good and patient. I'm really doing all those things and I'm not going to let you or the Cheerio Circle down, either. What I start, I'll finish."

"That's the stuff that has rung all through your letters, but I had to see you to fully appreciate how true it is. Like going to see Dan, at Newington!"

"The doctors gave me up, long ago—they gave me up to Nature, and when a man speaks of Nature, he speaks of God. And so I've tried to do my best. Do you know what the doctors ordered me to do here?"

"What?"

"Get up and try to walk! Gee, what a tall order that was! But every day, so far, I get hold of two nurses and stand up and try my darnedest to make my legs move."

"Oh, you'll make it."

"I know I have a long, long weary road to travel yet, but first thing I know I'll be on crutches and two years ago they said it couldn't be done. But you, and Dan and The Log, and the Joy Gang, and all those who mean so much to me, they've taught me to say, 'It can be done.' I'm going to beat this rap some people thought had ruined me. Far be it from me to be ruined! I think I have the power to overcome anything, and so has everybody else."

"And everybody listening to your voice this morning, everybody who needs just that, Jimmie, is helped by you as you say you are helped by others. Now you see the meaning of the words, 'The Cheerio Exchange.'"

"Yes, I see," Jimmie concluded, smiling happily.

The Log had listened to our Montreal report. "Cheerio," he wrote, "each year I feel more ashamed over what I haven't done and yet a bit encouraged over what I have. Can you understand

that? Gee, what a man Our Lindy was! How can you say you feel that he is living on in me? If I've done anything with myself, it's owing to you and the picture you painted for me of your Lindy. It has made me proud. It may sound awfully childish to you, but there's been many a day when I wanted to tear things up and slay anyone near me and I have made myself whistle because he did and because I didn't want to let you down. Truly, my gift has come back to me 'pressed down and running over.' I hope the others who gave their gold pieces have got as much as I. What a power for good a fellow like Jimmie must be in a place like that! I envy him, and Dan, too, in a way; but I guess each of us has to do what he can and with your help, I've done quite a bit for those around me in this corner and perhaps that is my job. But I am like Our Lindy in this: 'I dare not think to what depths I might have fallen without radio and you!'"

As I end the story of Cheerio, I am thinking of some things eminent men have said about broadcasting. First of all, the words of the President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt, most expert of broadcasters, whose friendly voice seems to have no equal on the air. He spoke recently about radio ideals: "I am glad to say that radio today is enjoyed in the humble as well as the palatial home and contributes greatly to the enrichment of life. In cooperation with the government, radio has been conducted as a public agency. It has met the requirements of the letter and spirit of the law that it function for public convenience and necessity. To permit radio to become a medium for selfish propaganda of any character would be shamefully and wrongfully to abuse a great agent of public service."

Then there comes to mind the statement made by the English author, H. G. Wells: "The ones whom radio should reach are in the sad minority of lonely people, isolated people, endan-

gered people, helpless people, sleepless people, people who must lie on their backs and who, for one reason or another, cannot indulge in reading. It is the prime duty of those who engage in broadcasting to reach these people!"

Then Herbert Hoover's pronouncement: "The coveted places on the over-crowded air must be awarded to those broadcasters who render the most definite service to the public."

Harold A. Lafount, member of the Federal Radio Commission, has said: "Radio programs must do more than amuse and provide varieties of entertainment for passing fancies; in the final analysis they must pierce the blasé and ever-indifferent veneer of humanity in order to reach the fundamental chords which produce the impelling motives in human life. They must present programs which leave permanent spiritual impressions."

To what extent *The Story of Cheerio* presents evidence of the proper use of broadcasting facilities is for the reader to judge. But I believe, where radio is used in this way, though we broadcasters come and go,

*"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
Forever and forever!"*

