

AMOS and ANDY in HARLEM

Radio Digest

June

Thirty-Five
Cents



ROSALINE GREENE
NBC, N. Y.

Will Payne

E. Phillips Oppenheim

P. G. Wodehouse

Guy de Maupassant

CUPID on the AIR — True Radio Romance

YESTERDAY



1840



TODAY

1930



By the curative properties of its waters, French Lick Springs—once an obscure trading post—has been transformed into

America's foremost spa. ¶ The hotel of 1840, pictured above, was built to serve those who, at that early date, came to drink the natural, sparkling, health-giving waters and take the rejuvenating baths. ¶ To her supreme gift of healing waters nature added a climate of year-round delightfulness and a countryside of surpassing charm here in the gorgeous Cumberland foothills. ¶ First the Indians and then early pioneers made pilgrimages to French Lick to drink the waters and carry away as much as they could. Now Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at the springs, is available the world over.

¶ The magnificent hotel, shown above, is a concrete tribute to the curative powers of

French Lick calls

Pluto Mineral Water. It was built in response to the insistent demand of increasing thousands for comforts, conveniences and cuisine

equaling the foremost metropolitan hotels. ¶ In the hotel, under its own medical supervision, are the finest baths available on this continent.

¶ Now is a wonderful, rejuvenating time to visit French Lick—to tone up the system—put the sparkle back in your eyes, snap in your step and vigor in your veins. Two world-famed, 18-hole golf courses offer exceptional opportunities to the devotee. ¶ Tennis courts, hiking, horse-back riding, plunges in the pool and other diversions make a golden circle of waking hours, while perfect rest on downy beds makes morning a benediction. ¶ French Lick is quickly accessible by rail or motor. Ample garage facilities. Wire or write for reservations.

PLUTO

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL
Thomas D. Taggart, *President*

"Home of 'Pluto Water'"



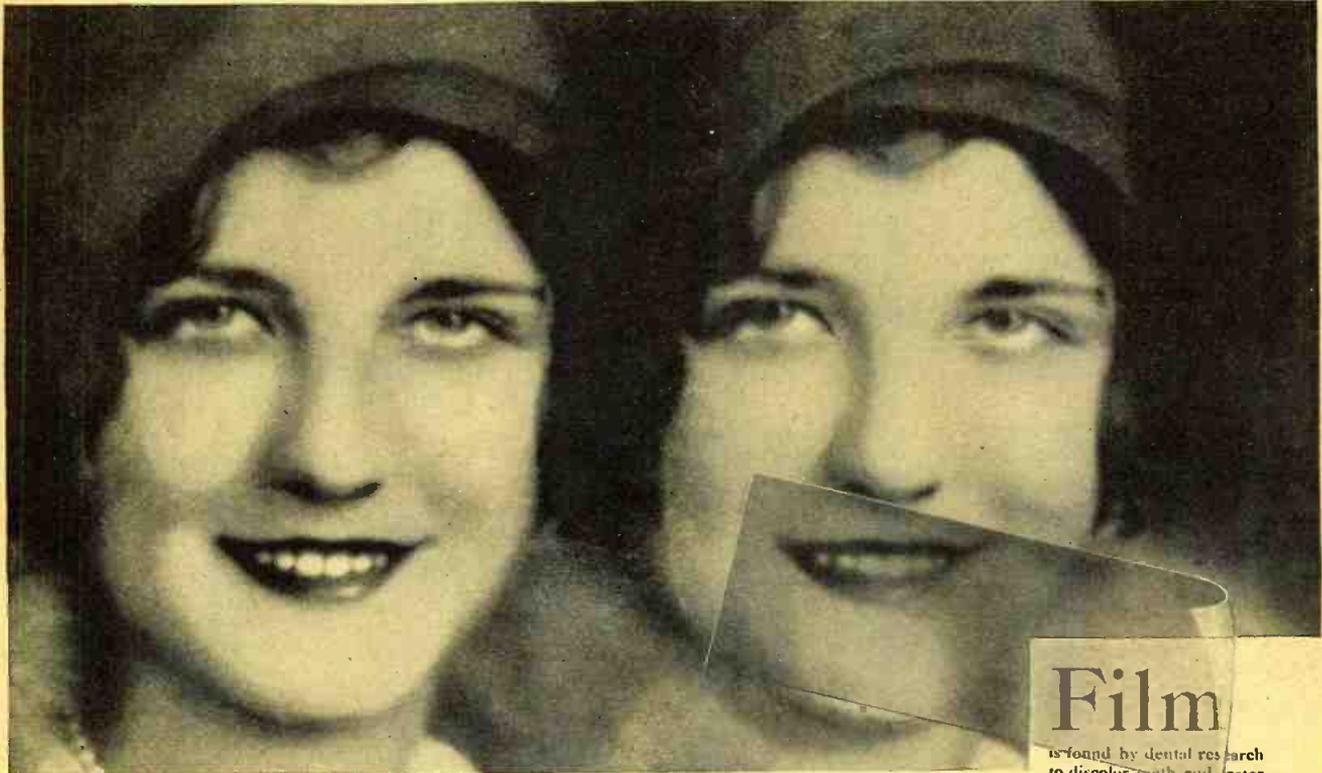
WATER

FRENCH LICK, INDIANA
H. J. Fawcett, *Manager*

When Nature Wont, 'Pluto Will

Germs Incite Tooth Decay

Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film



Film
is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders.

Free... special film-removing tooth paste for you to try

This special method that removes film and bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It may bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance.

THIS advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market.

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: stains and discolorations will be gone—decay combated at the source—the incidence of many other troubles controlled.

The new principle of combating germs of dental ills

The great destroyers of teeth are highly active germs. Germs cause decay. Under favorable conditions they, with tartar, are a contributory cause of other troubles. Many ways are known to kill bacteria. But on the teeth bacteria cannot be removed by ordinary methods.

A sticky, stubborn film envelops them.

It glues germs against the enamel and in the tiny cracks and crevices. There they multiply by millions. To remove these germs you must remove germ-laden film.

Pepsodent was developed after years of laboratory study and experiment. Pepsodent removes film gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive.

Please accept a supply to try

Pepsodent is not a "cure" for decay and pyorrhea. It is a preventive. The diseases, themselves, must be treated by your dentist. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address... today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

America's Most Popular Radio Feature
AMOS 'n' ANDY



You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. Network.



7 p. m., Eastern Daylight time — 10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time — 7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time

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Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W. Only one tube to a family 3461

E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Radio Digest

Harold P. Brown,
Editor

June, 1930



LOUISE LYNCH comes out of her deep fur this June day perhaps just to let you know she has more than mere voice to make her interesting. She can sing classics if she must, but prefers popular selections. (KFWB.)



NINA LAWRENCE is a great favorite with WLS listeners for her various parts in Radio plays. She is a graduate of Northwestern University, Sargent School of Dramatics, and has had two seasons in vaudeville.

C O N T E N T S

SPECIAL ARTICLES

TED HUSING—Big Out-of-Doors Man knows his stuff from actual experience on the field. He's a boxer, swimmer, football star, aviator, dance instructor.

AMOS 'n' ANDY IN HARLEM—NBC writer describes their first visit in New York colored district. They visit clubs and locate Radio scenes on real streets.

BOYHOOD DAYS OF AMOS 'n' ANDY—When Correll and Gosden were Chuck and Curley in Peoria and Richmond, Va.

CUPID ON THE AIR—True Romance follows love darts through the microphone.

SPORT WAVES—What happens to send the sport news to you from scene of action.

ALBUM—Fair of the Air as they are seen face to face by the portrait camera.

PAY DAY IN RADIO TOWN—Inside story as to what some of the Big Shot broadcasters get.

CUGAT HEADLINER CARICATURES—Spanish artist presents character sketches top notch broadcasters.

GOLD CUP WINNERS—Radio Digest Prize Trophies awarded to most popular stations.

RADIOGRAPHS—Intimate tattle concerning life and habits of network celebrities.

FICTION

THE HUNTERS—Two hired man killers of the city meet difficulties on a Florida trail.

THE TURNING WHEEL—Rebellious youth tries again but finds love is different.

THIRTEEN AND ONE—Two strange men arrive at house of mystery—another disappears.

REFORMATION OF STUDY SIXTEEN—Famous author depicts incident in English school. A misplaced shoe.

STATION FEATURES

HENRY AND GEORGE—Don Clark and Dave Elman think of Radio Blackouts simultaneously.

WSMB GOES NATIONAL—Old aristocrat of New Orleans joins the network.

AMERICA'S FINEST STUDIO—Station WENR opens new home in Chicago Civic Opera.

TEXAS SPEAKS 50,000 WATTS—New WFAA station at Dallas opens with power.

COWBOY BALLADS PLEASE FANS—KTM's wranglers draw applause from all points.

MAJOR BORRETT LIKES HIS JOB—Director of CHNS pioneer in Radio broadcasting.

Robert S. Taplinger 9

A. R. Williamson 10

W. T. Christian 14

R. R. Goldenstein 20

Betty McGee 23

Doty Hobart 31

E. E. Plummer 44

Xavier Cugat 50

Donald Burchard 52

Jean Campbell 56

Will Payne 16

Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

E. Phillips Oppenheim 26

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

Jackson Gregory 40

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

P. G. Wodehouse 48

Illustrated by Winston Haberer

J. G. Gude 47

67

Dianne Dix 69

John Rosenfield, Jr. 72

Dr. Ralph L. Power 74

Verner A. Bower 77



CHARLOTTE WOODRUFF, WABC star, made her fame in musical comedy and on the concert stage before coming to Radio. You may remember her in the Gold Seal Hour of a Thursday night on the CBS hookup.



YVONNE DUVALLE is really one of the most beautiful Radio singers in the country, although this picture would not prove it. She is in Los Angeles, of course, and she has a delightful lyric voice. (KFI.)

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Fans Nominate 185 Favorites for Diamond MERITUM AWARD

Unprecedented Enthusiasm in Race to Pick America's Most Popular Program

EXHIBITING unprecedented enthusiasm in the Radio Digest contest to select America's Most Popular Program, listeners and readers have already nominated 185 favorite programs, organizations or artists. Expressing fervent admiration for and loyalty to the program of their choice, letters have poured in to the Contest Editor nominating programs originating at small stations, medium size stations, large stations and heard on the great chain systems.

Although the number of nominations has been unexpectedly large in this contest, in some cases individual programs receiving several scores of coupons, the voting has been comparatively light. Listeners are saving their vote ballots so that they may send them in at the end of the contest and thus receive the bonus allowed, as outlined in the rules and conditions on page 101.

It is, of course, impossible at this early date to even hazard a guess as to the ultimate leaders in the Diamond Meritum Award race. Complete tables, showing the standing of the contestants, are printed on page 112. Remember, that anyone has a chance, it all depends on the loyal support of the listening public. If your favorite has already been nominated it is not necessary to send in the nomination coupon. Merely fill out the vote ballot at the bottom of this page.

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

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

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite program, organization or artist in each section

of the country may win honors over its neighbors, five Gold Awards will be presented in the sectional races. These trophies will be similar in every way to the Diamond Award, except that the diamond will be omitted from the design. They will be presented to the most popular program, organization or artist in the following divisions of the country: The East, South, Middle West, West and Far West.

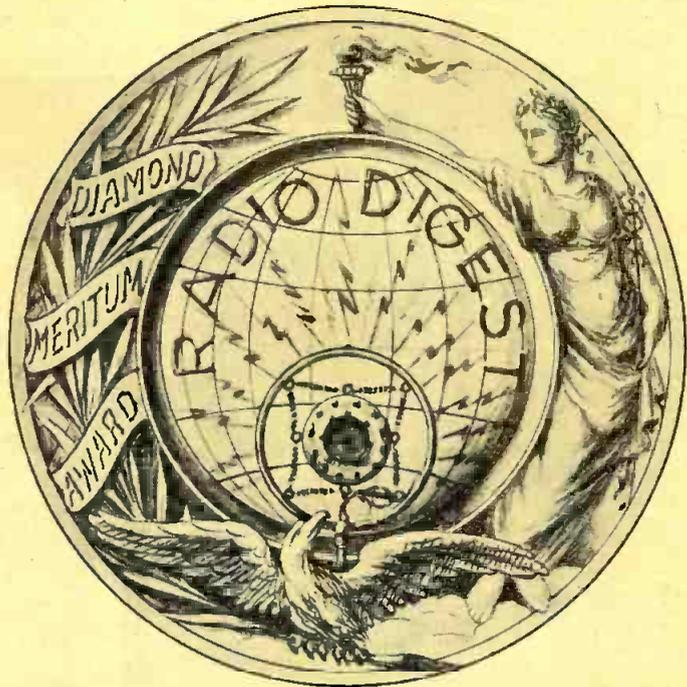
To the individual program, organization or artist winning the Diamond Meritum Award will come recognition of inestimable value. No one thing is worth more to a broadcast program than the expressed admiration and preference of the listening public.

No individual can tell with any degree of accuracy how any given program rates with its listeners. Only through a comparison as may be indicated in a contest such as this sponsored by Radio Digest may a true rating be established. Here the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove the true status of each program heard on the air.

Read the rules and regulations, then clip the ballots at the bottom of this page. Act today. Help to bring recognition and reward to the program that gives you so much happiness and entertainment. Hundreds are writing in every day in eager support of their favorites.

"I am very much surprised to see that Floyd Gibbons is not on your nomination list of America's Most Popular Program Diamond Meritum Award. We do not feel that we can go to bed at night until we have heard his wonderful fifteen-minute broadcast, and we have numerous friends who feel as we do. He is the most intelligent, most instructive and most interesting person in the Radio field, and the best speaker on the air, announcers included."—Emeline Williams, Hughes, Ark.
"I nominate Little Jack Little. I think his programs are the best on the air, and my dial is always set for him. I am saving my votes so that they will count for more. Here's hoping he wins the Diamond Award."—Mildred Bradley, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"PLEASE accept my nomination for the Smith Family of station WENR. We sincerely hope that the Smith Family, which we believe to be the best program on the air
(Continued on page 110)



Design for Diamond Meritum Award

**NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's
AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PROGRAM
DIAMOND AWARD CONTEST**
POPULAR PROGRAM EDITOR, *Radio Digest*,
510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
I Nominate _____
Station _____ (Call Letters) _____
in America's Most Popular Program Diamond Award Contest.
Signed _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

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

(Name of Program) (Call Letters) _____

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

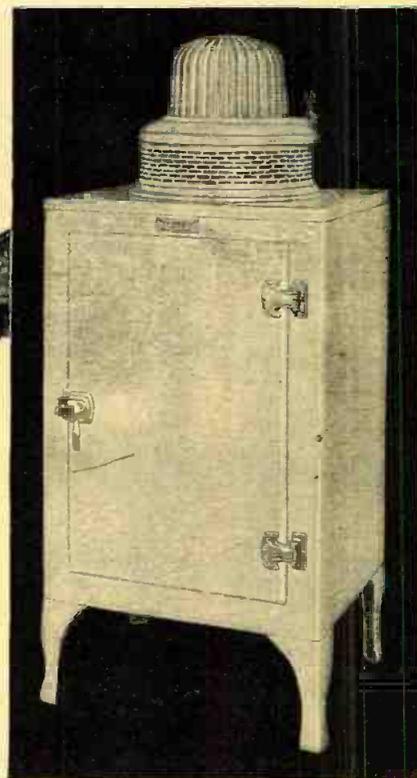
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WILLIAMS ICE-O-MATIC NEW CAPITOL MODEL

You are rightly entitled to *all* the best features when investing your money. This advanced new Williams Ice-O-Matic combines—for the first time—the 15 most important features of American and Continental electric refrigerators.

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Mail the coupon now for further interesting facts about this new low cost Williams electric refrigerator—and a new Ice-O-Matic recipe book.



New Capitol Model

\$175 and up, at the factory

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| 1. Unit on top or inside cabinet, or in basement. | 9. Three-inch insulation—moisture proof |
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| 3. Greater refrigerating capacity | 11. Constant, healthful low temperature |
| 4. Forced circulation of cooling air | 12. Plugs into light socket—simply as a lamp |
| 5. Mechanism operates shorter time, uses less current | 13. Chromium plated hardware |
| 6. Temperature control for quicker freezing | 14. Quiet operation—no radio interference |
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WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7:30 to 8:00 (Eastern Time) KDKA.

THURSDAY EVENING, 7:30 to 8:00 (Central Time) WGN.

SATURDAY EVENING, 8:00 to 8:30 (Pacific Time) KFRC, KMJ and KHJ.

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of personalities appearing before the microphone everywhere

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- | | |
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| Theodore Bechdolt | Edgar Wallace |
| Jackson Gregory | Frank R. Adams |
| Rupert Hughes | Hugh Fullerton |
| Floyd Gibbons | Dana Gatlin |
| Will Payne | |

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RADIO DIGEST for JULY

*Will Continue to Be Your Foremost
Source of Information*

AMOS 'n' ANDY

Two articles with new sidelights showing Romance of Their Sudden Rise to Fame.

RADIO TAKES A RIDE

Colonel O. N. Taylor presents an amusing article on the development of the new fad of music while you ride.

SEEING THINGS

Doty Hobart tells you in a non-technical way about Radio-Vision as it is today, and relates humorous incidents with photos.

LOST STARS

E. E. Plummer is hunting up some of the Stars of yesteryear and will tell you what they are doing now.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Famous author brings another incomparable romance in his story of The Experiment of Stephen Glask.

DANA GATLIN

One of America's best known fiction writers will have a story called Incompatible, that should be read by every married person or one who hopes to be married. It may help to smooth many lives.

RADIO STORIES AND HUMOR

From the studios of the larger broadcasting companies will be found in our July number.

* * *

And of course a great many other supremely interesting subjects will be found in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST

By Subscription or at Your Newsstand

Advance Tips

WHERE, oh where are the Stars of yesteryear? The fixed stars of Radio are few and far between. Probably we can all look back a year, two years, three years or more and remember names we so eagerly hunted night after night on the old battery set. Now, we hear them no more. They have vanished from the sky. Evans E. Plummer, who airily tells you in this issue about Pay Day in Radio Town, has old WU and PO on the wire trail, combing the country for this information to be placed at your service in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

Practically every magazine you pick up has something in it about Amos 'n' Andy these days. The newspapers are syndicating biographical material. And still Radio Digest continues to supply you with new stories as it has done beginning with the January issue six months ago. Then their wide Radio popularity was practically unrecognized by any other publication. You will find another interesting Amos 'n' Andy story in July Radio Digest.

* * *

Radio is becoming more and more a national factor as it originates on the Pacific Coast. Dr Ralph L. Power, our correspondent for that region, will have a brightly illustrated and informative article on the subject, The Talkies Take the Air.

* * *

Taking Radio for a Ride, an article by Colonel O. N. Taylor, Radio editor of the Chicago Times, will surprise you on the prevalence of this latest fad. Just because Mr. Taylor is a Chicagoan, draw no hasty conclusions about the "ride." He is very literal. Now that Mrs. Hoover and other Washington notables are equipping their motor cars with Radio the practice must be recognized as having some social standing. And there is opposition to the movement, too! Radio in cars is being prohibited in some states by laws! Well, well, but we'll read all about it—a non-technical discussion, of course—in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

Next month you are going to get a delightful bit of country romance in The Experiment of Stephen Glask, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It's brisk in action, a little humorous, and the dearest kind of a sweet little love story all intertwined in a garden of roses. Stephen's aplomb will make you gasp—an ironmonger, a baronet and a lady! You will find it in the July Radio Digest.

* * *

WHAT a heart stirring word is that legal term "Incompatible!" Dana Gatlin has chosen that word for a title to a new story of American domestic life which will appear in the July Radio Digest. Dana Gatlin knows us all intimately. He knows the ingredients of blind, irresistible love; the storms of jealous frenzy, the sweet recompense of trust, and all those passions that make us live from day to day in a world of expectancy. If you are married or ever expect to be married, read this remarkable analysis of love and marriage in the July Radio Digest.

Across the Desk

THE Gads and the Goits are going again. Just as the solemn historians were about to put pen to paper that this was the era of the "back to the home movement," accrediting Radio as the factor to be thanked or cursed, according to the point of view, the unexpected, as might be expected, happened. It was only the other day, you know, that the Gads and the Goits and you and I all put our hats on immediately after dinner and went out. But a new comer crowded itself into the orderly array of parlor furniture and we suddenly remembered that the Rainbow Revue from Broadway, New York, would be on the air at 8 o'clock. So the hats went back up on the pegs. We turned to the dial and spent the evening home. Incidentally we discovered we had a family and got acquainted with each other; the Gads, the Goits, you and I, and our respective families. In the midst of this beatific situation we began straining our necks for a glimpse of this here now television which we have been assured over and over again was right there—"just around the corner." And zoopie! While we are in this expectant posture up come the Gads and the Goits from behind in their new Sic-em Twin Twelve with a band concert going full tilt direct from Washington, D. C. Is the back to the home movement at an end now that the Gads, the Goits (and presently you and I) are going to take our Radio as we go?

* * *

Greetings to little Virginia Marie Gosden, who is 24 hours old as these lines are written. She was born at 8:15 p. m. She was very obliging to come between the 6 o'clock and 10:30 broadcasts of Amos 'n' Andy, but you can imagine somewhat the real anxiety Amos felt the evening of April 23rd with the knowledge of such an event so close at hand. Freeman F. Gosden, Jr., two years old, is reported very happy. Virginia is chosen for the home state of her father and Marie for the middle name of Mrs. Gosden and her maternal forbears.

* * *

Patriotic Kentuckians have sent us a state magazine with an interesting account of the scarcely recognized work of Nathan B. Stubblefield, who, it is claimed, is the real father of broadcasting. Stubblefield died a lonely hermit in a desolate hut near Murray, Ky., two years ago. A memorial was recently dedicated to him there with this inscription, "the first man in history to transmit and receive the human voice without the use of intervening wires." Professor L. J. Horton, of Kentucky State Teachers College, personally remembers a demonstration by Stubblefield before a thousand local citizens on January 1, 1902. Another demonstration before a group of scientists took place on March 20, 1902, from the steamer Bartholdi on the Potomac river. R. P. Clarkson, in the New York Sun, does not take this claim seriously. He says there had been a number of occasions previous when the voice was transmitted through space and cites one as that of A. F. Collins, now living a little way up the Hudson, who successfully transmitted the voice before 1900. A Chicago newspaper recently reprinted an article it had published in the sixties wherein it was stated that the time was not far distant when people on the mountains of the Pacific coast would be able to talk through space to the people on the mountains of the Atlantic coast. All of this is of interest because it shows that Radio of today was born not by accident nor by the thought of one mind, but by independent thought of many minds in all the civilized world. Every little improvement has come as the result of distilled thought from many minds. Probably the greatest improvement of all will be the perfected Radio-vision, the focus point of the greatest amount of scientific research along Radio lines today.

* * *

<p>Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left</p> <p>WHEN YOU WANT</p> <h1 style="margin: 0;">Radio Digest</h1> <p>YOU WANT IT!</p> <p>Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now</p>	<p>Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.</p> <p>Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscrip- tion to Radio Digest.</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>City..... State.....</p>
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Triumph Over Adversity

By Frederick Palmer

BRAIN and muscle grow strong in overcoming obstacles. The best triumph is over environment or adversity. A good job with poor tools is more credit than with good tools.

The youngster who buys a discarded car for a few dollars from the junk heap and makes it run knows more about cars than the youngster whose smart new roadster runs silkily. He is a better friend in need if he happens along when your car is broken down on a lonely country road.

Where does this moralizing lead? To Rochester, Minnesota, and Vienna, Austria. They are linked in a triumph that attests the moralizing.

We go back to the days when most of our great medical schools were in the East, most of our eminent surgeons and specialists in the big cities. A strange thing happened. Telegrams more beseeching than those asking favor of the White House, or of the greatest banker, were going to that little town of Rochester, Minn.

If the answer were "Yes," rich relatives speeded westward in private cars and poor relatives speeded the best way they could with desperate cases whose lives might be saved by a critical operation. In Rochester were two marvelous surgeons, the Mayo Brothers. They did not have to go to the world. It went to them. They were great in themselves, not in choice of residence. Surgeons came from all over America and Europe to study their methods.

And we go back to the days when Vienna was Europe's great medical center. Doctors travelled far to sit at the feet of its group of medical professors.

Of all cities Vienna was the hardest hit by the world war. The empire of which it was the capital was lopped off to make new nations. It was a city without a grainary, a city of misery on the breadline.

The professors returned to their antiquated buildings and equipment. In ragged coats, lean phantoms from hunger, they kept on doing what they were trained to do. Unable to pay skilled mechanics, they robbed junk heaps to make research apparatus with their own hands.

Eight years after the war a delegation of eminent American doctors went to Europe on a tour of expert observation. They came to Vienna. They listened to apologies for antiquated buildings and poverty of entertainment. Then they were absorbed in wonder.

They found that some of the makeshift apparatus might well be copied in new buildings in other lands which had rich endowments and they recommended that American students who wanted to learn what Europe had to offer should go to Vienna.

"What is important is not new buildings but men, and Vienna has the men."

When Dr. L. B. Wilson, of the Mayo Foundation, said this it was a final praise for the triumph over adversity coming from that far away town in Minnesota.



TED HUSING in this somewhat grim and dignified pose has a voice that is 99.9 per cent mike perfect. (The perfect voice has not yet been heard.) He is best known for his rapid fire and accurate sports announcing, although he fits well into soup and fish and can do the classics full justice. You know, of course, that he is the CBS star announcer.

Husing Is Big Out-doors Man

SHOOTS 400 Words a Minute in Microphone

*When Describing Football Game—Knows
Technique from Personal Experience*

By Robert S. Taplinger

ON THE opposite page you see Edward B. Husing. Elsewhere in this magazine you will see Ted Husing. Of course they are one and the same except for the first glance appearance. "Ted" is the name and character by which the CBS popular announcer is best and preferably known. There's a certain masterful brilliance in the pose across the page. Mr. Husing might be a brother of Benito Mussolini, a sharp dominant intellect shines out of the dark eyes, and there's power behind the broad mouth. This is a picture that gives a glimpse of the reserve force that will become more evident in the man as he grows in years.

Ted Husing as you see him across the page is not the Ted Husing you will meet in the Columbia studios in New York—the man I see almost every day and know as Ted. With his fellow workers Ted is always Ted. He is always approachable and likable. Perhaps one of the supreme reasons for his success is that he has such a likable nature. He has no room in his heart for cynicism or sourness. He is fond of people, his associates, his Radio listeners. He is really a man's man and woman's choice. I have never heard of him having an enemy. Ted loves a prank and if some of his monkeyshines around the microphone ever got out on the air it certainly would create a surprising diversion from the regular program.

Getting into biography we find Edward B. Husing was born twenty-nine years ago in Deming, New Mexico. Deming is a town just nicely inside the border from old Mexico. You go down the main street and out through the rather desolate stretch of land southward for about twenty miles, and you come to Columbus where the late Pancho Villa is accused of having made the raid and massacre that started General Pershing and the American punitive expedition into the land of tortillas, rattlesnakes and charming senoritas of moving picture fame. However, Ted and his family had trekked north and east long ere this. But the locale of his birth may have implanted something of the warmth of his nature that makes him so popular today.

THE Husings settled in Gloversville, New York. As the young son developed sturdy legs and an active body he found plenty of room to grow. There was the Erie canal built at great expense for shipping but serving excellently for swimming and skating. And it was but a step to the banks and a swimming hole. Youth was virile in Gloversville. Out door sports had the whole town agog. Ted was in the midst of everything; swimming, wrestling, boxing, football and baseball. He became the leader of a gang that won all events coming and going.

Then the Great Metropolis beckoned and the Husings moved again. Young Ted looked over New York and liked the place. He continued his education at the Stuyvesant high school. It was quite different in many respects from Gloversville, but he felt that he had nothing to lose. He had to study a little harder but not too hard. He graduated and continued with a post-graduate course in commerce. Throughout the high school course he did not neglect his athletic proclivities. In fact, he was rated as a star at football, baseball, basketball and soccer. Football was his favorite diet. Twice in succession he was selected as the all-scholastic center.

College plans were disrupted in 1917 by the German Kaiser. Ted lied like a gentleman and told the recruiting officer around the corner that he was 19 when he was just barely 17. Finding the world war on his hands he was thoughtfully advised by certain officers in the American army who suggested Ted could

best seek vengeance on the imperial potentate across the Rhine by serving in the intelligence department. He got as far toward the front as Governor's Island, where he distinguished himself so notably and fiercely in boxing that the government retained him there to teach other soldiers. With such training it was surmised they would be able to outhun even the modern disciples of Attila.

The war ended too soon and Ted came out of it somewhat disorganized as to his future plans. His aggressive spirit tuned to high efficiency headed him toward professional football and baseball, but one season of that proved too tame so he turned to salesmanship. This kept him on his mettle for a while but he had not yet mastered the quick jab and thrust of a fighting tongue so he drifted into various activities. Once he took up the task of teaching the New York police force aviation. This looked hopeful until one of his flying ships slipped out of his control and dove into a marsh. Dripping with mud and pollywog Ted waded out of the slime and decided he had not yet arrived at the right vocation for a long and useful career.

***B**ORN in a part of the country where there is more out-of-doors than anything else you naturally would expect Ted Husing to grow up an out-of-doors man. And so he is. Why he takes a deep breath in New York and they hear him expel it in San Francisco! Of course it takes the Columbia Broadcasting System to prove it to you—but Ted comes honestly for his outstanding reputation as one of the very best of sports announcers. He has been through it all himself, won honors playing the games on gridiron and diamond and in the water. Speaking of water, note him a la soup and fish across the margin to your left. Aha! Bet you never saw him that way before! Bob Taplinger takes this big shot announcer apart and gives you the low down right here. Read it.*

YES, he lived and went to Florida where he did not engage in the real estate business. Consequently he had plenty to do teaching gymnastics. As a sideline to his athletic activities he also taught the Charleston dance, then quite the vogue. But his restless soul found no peace and he headed back to New York where he applied for a job as an announcer at WJZ. There were 609 other applicants after the same job. But when it came to a mike test

there could have been a million and Ted would have been hired, of course. He joined the famous Four Horsemen of the Mike, Norman Brokenshire, J. Lewis Reid, Milton J. Cross and Herbert Glover.

At last he had found his Calling. His success was immediate and profound. Within six months he was introducing the President of the United States, the vice-president and other notables to the people of the nation. It was Major J. Andrew White who brought him eventually to the Columbia Broadcasting System. And the major made him what he is today, according to Ted's own reverent confession. Major White was a stern drill master and instead of patting Ted on the back would pin him through the eye with a cold penetrating stare as much as to say, "bought you books and can't larn you nothin'."

There are many colorful incidents that stand out in the Radio career of Ted Husing. One of the classics tells of his "diplomatic conversations" between the Queen of Roumania, who became lost on her way to the Columbia studios, and a tensely waiting audience of several million Americans at their receivers across the continent.

The widely heralded moment for the appearance of her majesty narrowed down to seconds and NO WORD OF HER ARRIVAL. Ted hovered over the mike. The second hand of the studio clock raced to the black dot that meant ZERO. Where could the famous Queen be? Ted pictured in his mind the myriad of men, women and children listening intently for the voice of royalty. It was Zero! The silence had to be broken. He tried to explain that Queen Marie had come too early for the national hook-up. Meanwhile there would be some Roumanian airs by the band. Here was the test for nonchalance, so Ted lit a—Old Gold and carried on. It was finally explained the queen was indisposed.

This fact may be challenged, but I believe Ted Husing can speak faster into a microphone without losing his clarity
(Continued on page 99)

AMOS and ANDY



True Story of Actual Experiences of Black Face Artists as they Visit Harlem and Meet "Natives" Face to Face

By Albert R. Williamson
National Broadcasting Company

IT WAS one of those enervating July days in 1929. The sun moved like a great brass gong through a copper-colored sky. Asphalt pavements were soft and sticky. New York seemed dazed in the heat.

Down on Lenox avenue and off on West 137th, 135th, 134th and in practically every other street in the neighborhood black-faced, ragged urchins seemed unmindful of the heat as they screamed and dodged in the street. On the stoops sat row upon row of dusky humanity of various ages and sects. Down in front of a corner pool room a boisterous crowd of young bucks were watching a lanky youth chalk up baseball scores. Harlem was enjoying the summer.

A taxicab stopped at the corner of Lenox and 137th street. Two young white men got out, paid the bill, and stood for a minute gazing about them.

"Well, son, here we are," exclaimed the taller of the two, a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Um huh. You guessed it," replied the stockier one.

Amos 'n' Andy had arrived in Harlem!

But to the multitude of dusky inhabitants they were just two white men looking around. Even had they told anyone their names, Correll and Gosden wouldn't have meant a thing. For that matter, neither would have Amos 'n' Andy at that time, unless the colored listener had happened to be from Chicago's south side or from one of the towns in which the names were already magic. To New York in July, 1929, Amos 'n' Andy were just names—common names to Harlem, but that was as far as it went.

TO CHARLES J. CORRELL and FREEMAN F. GOSDEN, however, this arrival was something more than an incident. It was an event.

Without a doubt you will remember what led up to their being in Harlem. They had just signed to work under the exclusive management of the National Broadcasting Company, and had then decided to move the locale of their story from Chicago to New York. The only catch was, neither had been to New York's negro section. Neither had the slightest idea of the actual topography of the district, nor whether the New York negro was a creature of different habits from the dusky inhabitant of Chicago or of the old South. Then there was only one way to find out—and that was to make an intensive study of their new locale and of the characters there.

"Gosh, it's hot," remarked Correll, he of the husky build.

"Yes, and it's not goin' to get cooler fast," retorted Gosden, removing his hat and revealing a thatch of blond, curly hair. "But that's not goin' to stop us. Let's get going."

Just then an outburst of cheering came from down the street where the youth of Harlem, and some of its adult population, was gathered about the score board.

"Look thear, Charlie," Gosden exclaimed. "Let's mosey down there and see what those boys are all doin'. Looks like a fight or somethin'."

"Naw, that's no fight," said Correll, peering down the street. "They're watching baseball scores. But that's all right. We ought to be able to pick up some color."

THE TWO new-comers edged their way into the crowd. Gosden turned to a black husky in a pair of faded overalls.

"How's she goin', son," he inquired.

"De Babe jest klucked 'nother one," the six-footer replied with a grin and chuckle. "When that boy sock that 'ere ball it sho does sta socked."

"Ain't dat the truf."

"He's mighty nice fella, too, I know," the husky youth vouched.

"Yea?" from Correll.

"Yas, Suh! Ah used to work ovar in de Yankee stadum and some days Ah'd talk to him almost ever day."

The boys winked at each other. The conversation continued. Eventually the game was over and they drifted into the pool room and found chairs ranging along the walls behind the tables. Conversation ran rapid and colorful. The visitors were all ears and eyes.

After a while they drifted outside again and down 137th street. About 150 feet west of Lenox avenue Gosden stopped. Six-story, dirty, brown-stone buildings crowded each other making a steep man-made cliff punctuated with parallel rows of opened windows. A bus roared down the street. Leaning against an iron railing that projected up from the sidewalk, he gazed about.

"Say, Charlie, this would be just about the right place for the Mystic Knights of the Sea."

"Um," Correll commented, sweeping his gaze up and down the street. "Wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

"Of course, we couldn't give it any exact address, but we could keep this street along here in mind. It looks like the kind of a place the Kingfish would pick out."

And so it was decided, and there the lodge remains.

BY THE time the boys had walked back to 135th street the afternoon was growing late. The sun had dropped into the Hudson somewhere in the distance—a sizzling ball of fire—but the heat of it still remained.

Harlem seemed to take a new lease on life, if anything. The basking groups on the stoops, on fire escapes and in the street offered a changing, shifting, background for the two visitors. A street car clanged down 135th street, making slow progress because small boys and girls with rubber balls would fearlessly dash out in front of the car; older boys halted their game of "catch" or one-old-cat only long enough to dodge the clanging monster. The big parade was on. The flashily dressed "dice men" and habitants of Harlem's night life were just emerging from building entrances, still sleepy-eyed, on their way to breakfast.

Black laborers, overall clad, some with muddy boots, powdered with lime and cement; chauffeurs, teamsters, and all that the colored worker stands for, mingled with buxom "momma" types, wheeling picanninies, "high yallers" casting sheep's eyes at the younger bucks, as the home-coming crowd jostled down the wide street.

Walking along the north side of the street, just a short distance from Lenox, Correll remarked that this would be a good place for Amos 'n' Andy to locate their taxicab office.

"Sure ought to be plenty of business in this section," he pointed out.

"Yea," Gosden retorted. "And poor old Amos will get a work-out looking for it."

IN THEIR prospecting for these business and club locations in Harlem, as in all of their daily conversations, Correll and Gosden referred to Amos 'n' Andy as one might to two friends. They are separate personalities to their creators, and Correll never says "as Andy I do this or that," but "Andy does this or Andy does that." The same is true with Gosden. In his conversation and daily life he is never Amos, but always Freeman Gosden. Amos is another person whom he knows very well, but who lives a separate life.

Now with the site of the Mystic Knights of the Sea and the office of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorporated, already chosen, there only remained the location for Madam Queen's beauty parlor and where Amos 'n' Andy themselves would live.

Madam Queen had not yet forced her personality into the nightly episodes, but good showmen that they are, working out ideas in advance, the boys knew that she would be on the scene soon after their arrival in New York.

"Well, let's see," Gosden mused. "You all meet her when you go out of the office for something or other, don't you?"

"Yea, I guess that would be about the best way."

"Um-aw, I got it! It has to be close here then. Let's make it across the street and down a little ways. That way, you see it would be natural for you to walk out of the office—say for a manicure—and look up and down the street for a beauty parlor, and spot this one across the street. See?"

"Atta boy, Gos, that's a great idea. Across the street then it is. Now the only thing left is to pick out where we're gonna live."

THAT wasn't decided just then, however, for it was growing near dinner time and the boys had been walking and talking for several hours. Their stomachs told them that it

was time to eat. Someone had told them that "Connies" was a popular eating place in Harlem, but they didn't know where it was, so they stopped in at the first restaurant that they came to.

"The food was good, and the ideas and local color we picked up was better," Gosden recalls. "Chicken with hot biscuits—the small, flaky kind that you usually don't find anywhere but in the South—soaked in gravy, with mashed potatoes and all the fixin's on the side. Then good old Southern bread pudding and honest to goodness coffee for dessert. It was quite a feed."

There they had an opportunity to study close-up Harlem's prototypes of the blustering Andy and the wily Madam Queen; lovelorn Amoses and Ruby Taylors. They were all there—in prototype—although they didn't know it, and Correll and Gosden found their conversations, their gestures and their mannerisms, after all, but little different from the colored folk on Chicago's south side or in another colored section wherever you might find it. People are pretty much the same the world over, and it wasn't going to be as difficult for Amos 'n' Andy to get along with their new friends in Harlem as they thought it would be.

After dinner they strolled down Lenox avenue. At 134th street they paused, and turned.

"Say, this looks like a good place for the boys to live," Gosden remarked. "Looks like about their speed. What do you think?"

Correll peered about, and then put in his assent.

So Amos 'n' Andy came to live on 134th street, the East side, between Park and Madison avenues.

THE BOYS wandered about until about 11 o'clock. It was an "off" night for their broadcasts, so they had plenty of time to peruse their studies. Loafing in pool rooms and barber shops, standing on street corners and chatting with whomever they could engage in conversation, they had new ideas already forming in their minds.

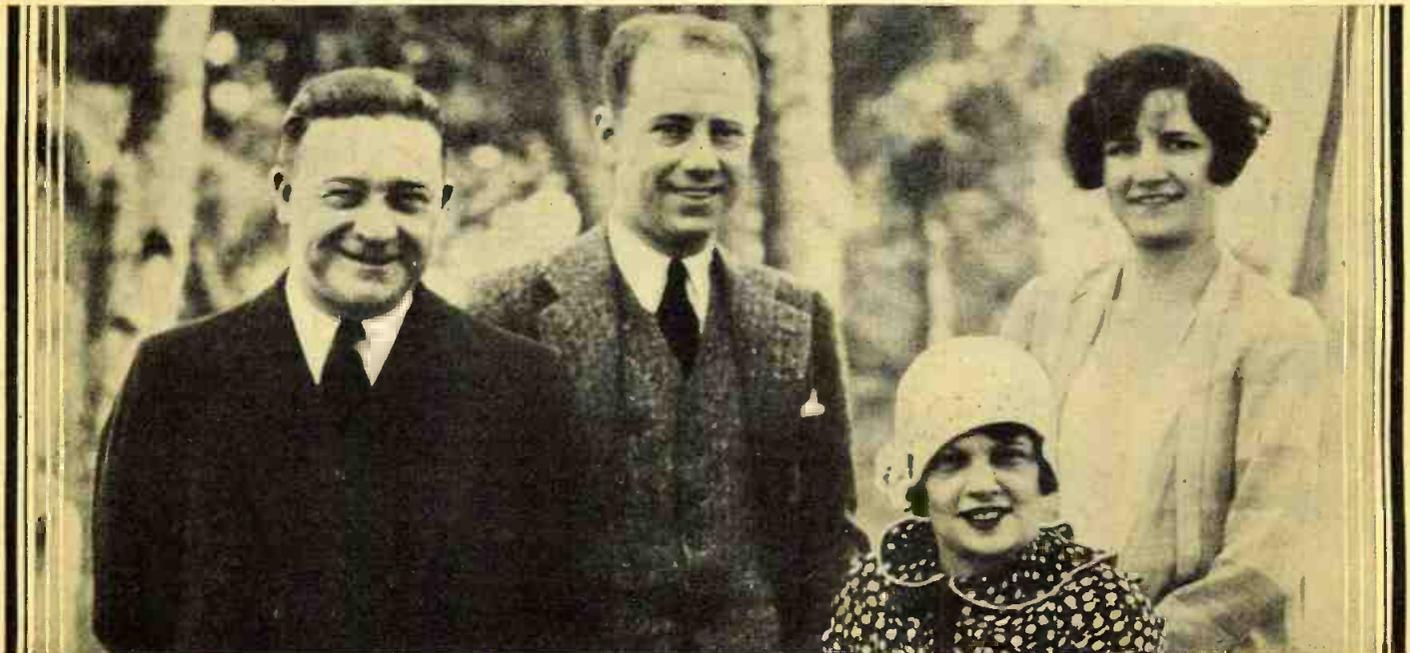
But they had not yet seen another phase of Harlem's life—the night life. So about 11 o'clock they wandered into one of those famous "clubs" for which Harlem is renowned.

Blue smoke—cigarette smoke—so thick that the newcomer had to wade through it like a heavy fog. Somewhere in the room a jazz orchestra was blaring. The moan of the saxophone, the blare of the trombone and the incessant boom-boom-boom of the drum assaulted one's senses like strong drink. On a patch of open floor, crowded to the edges, couples were swaying. There wasn't room to dance. A spotlight from somewhere up above made a sickly attempt to penetrate the fog and half lighted the floor.

Someone found the newcomers a seat across the floor from the orchestra. To keep in common with the throng they ordered ginger ale and White Rock. Singing waiters, their trays held high above their head, swayed between the tables. An incessant chatter, high screaming voices, rumbling voices, smooth guttural voices, added to the bedlam.

"Looks something like the old Plantation in Chicago," Gosden remarked, looking around as best he could.

"Boy," Charlie came back, "if this is the old Plantation they sure have moved it to town and done things to it."



Here is one of the best pictures ever taken of Mr. and Mrs. Correll (front) and Mr. and Mrs. Gosden.

CORRELL and GOSDEN spent many days in Harlem. They knew that it was vital to keep their story accurate as to location and that everyone in New York who had the opportunity would be waiting to catch them in a slip. There just couldn't be any mistakes.

Even now whenever they make a trip to New York they try to find some time to run down to Harlem, although that is growing into a more and more difficult task.

We know from the nightly episodes just how Amos 'n' Andy spend their time each day and night, but a calendar of an actual day spent in New York by Correll and Gosden is a different thing. It is much different from those days some six months ago before they were known.

Whereas six or seven months ago the name Amos 'n' Andy or Correll and Gosden meant little or nothing to the average New Yorker, and the boys could come and go without creating any more disturbance than the average Chicagoan visiting New York, today the reverse is true.

Even though they try to slip into town without being known and put up at a hotel where they are only two of thousands of guests, by early the following morning word has somehow drifted around that Amos 'n' Andy are in town and at a certain hotel.

Even before 9 o'clock crowds are collecting in the lobby. There are the perpetually curious, the Amos 'n' Andy fans, ranging, perhaps, from big business men to shop girls and laborers. Then there are the promoters, each with an idea

of how he might cash in on the fame of the two entertainers. These range through every idea that a human being could have in connection with the famous pair.

BEHIND the seclude walls of the hotel office another scene is being enacted. On a table by the mail boxes, stacked high, are telegrams, memorandums and letters. At the switchboard two girls are kept constantly busy answering calls for Mr. Correll, Mr. Gosden or just Amos or Andy. "I'm sorry, but I can't ring them now. No not until 11 o'clock."

It almost becomes a formula. Over and over they repeat it.

"Yes, if you will leave your number I will tell Mr. Correll to call you."

"No, I don't know whether or not they will see you."

"Yes, I'll take a message for them."

Since early morning this has been going on, and from the looks of things it will never stop as long as the boys are in the hotel.

Meanwhile the crowd in the lobby grows. Now it is overflowing into the street. Newsies, colored folks from down in Harlem, clerks, stenographers, idlers, they have somehow found that their favorites are here, and they must see them.

High up in the building in their own modest suite the two boys are bewildered. Here come more letters, telegrams and memos. They are

stacked high on a table and overflow to the floor

"What'll we do?" Correll finally asks.

"Let's try to find out if there's any that need to be answered right away," Gosden answers, starting to sift through the pile.

But after a few minutes he gives it up as a hopeless task. Just then the 'phone finally rings.

"**M**R. SO AND SO is calling from NBC," the telephone operator tells him.

"All right, put him on. Hello. Yes, this is Gosden. What? Well, do we have to meet him? All right. How soon. Oh, well, we'll be over. Okay."

The receiver is returned to its cradle and he turns to Correll. "Some big shot from Pittsburgh is in and we have to go over and meet him."

"How about the episode?"

The episode is the daily routine that must be written without fail.

"Let's do it before we go."

Just then the 'phone jangles again.

"Mr. So and So calling again," the girl says.

"Hello. Yes. Why, we can make it in an hour or two. He does? You're sure it won't take any longer than a minute? All right."

He turns from the 'phone, shrugging his shoulders.

"There you are. He wants us to come over right away."

"Well, we'll make it snappy and write the episode as soon as we get back."

"Okay, let's go."

Shouldering their way through the crowd in the lobby, they are unrecognized. People do not imagine Correll and Gosden in real life as a general rule. They have definite mind pictures of the appearance of the dusky characters, and are usually surprised when they see Amos 'n' Andy as Correll and Gosden. Were the hundreds in the lobby and on the street to recognize the boys as they are they probably wouldn't get to the NBC before night without a police escort.

ONCE over to the NBC headquarters at the National Broadcasting Company building, 711 Fifth avenue, the boys meet the man from Pittsburgh. About that time the 'phone on the department head's desk rings and another officer of the company asks for them. They then go up to his office to meet another important man.

And so it goes through the day. They don't get a chance to get away all morning. By noon someone has made a luncheon appointment with them. And again, late into the afternoon. Finally they break away by sheer force, go back to the hotel and start in on the episode.

"After this we'll write it before we leave the hotel," they tell themselves.

By the time the episode is finished it is time to go back to NBC studios for their first broadcast of the evening—not even time to eat before that.

By 7:20 they are leaving the studios and must shoulder their way through crowds again in order to get to an elevator. It seems all New York wants to be near Amos 'n' Andy when they broadcast from there, despite the unbreakable rule that no one ever sees them work before the microphone.

They have dinner with another group of officials and then must meet friends, newspaper men, magazine writers and what not between that time and their second broadcast. Usually they try to get down to Harlem sometime in the evening if possible. In all, they are on the go not less than eighteen or twenty hours a day with Amos 'n' Andy work. Even the trips to Harlem must, primarily, amount to work, for on all of these they get fresh ideas, and sometimes new characters.

IT WAS during one of these trips that the pair met "Big Boy," whom you may remember as the loquacious adviser who knew more about Manhattan than a Tammany precinct worker. They were coming out of "Connie's" in Harlem when there stood "Big Boy" in the flesh.

Correll, whose knowledge of the South and of the colored people in general is inexhaustible, drew him into a conversation. His expansion on how much he knew about the city so amused both of the boys that they never forgot him, and eventually used him in some of the episodes.

That is one of the reasons that the characters which Correll and Gosden portray in the Amos 'n' Andy episodes are so true to life—they are real.

Like everyone who is constantly in the public eye, the boys, as has been indicated before, are constantly besieged with "propositions." Every morning the mail is laden with them. They range from invitations to appear before the annual dinner of the local Elks club to offers for long-time stage and motion picture contracts.

These propositions come from many sources. The most of these are sincere and legitimate, but many border on the ridiculous, when one stops to consider how busy the boys are.

For example, one person writes:

"The Young Men's class of the Baptist church here is giving its annual banquet next Friday night in the church to raise



funds for new basket-ball uniforms. The food will attract many, but what we want is about a half-hour act from Amos 'n' Andy to assure us a good crowd. This is a worthy cause and I am sure that you will be glad to appear."

THE NEXT of the days messages is a telegram. "LYTILVILLE FIRE DEPARTMENT GIVING ANNUAL DINNER TONIGHT. STOP. PLEASE SEND GREETINGS DURING YOUR BROADCAST."

The next one on the list reads:

"I have just written a book on Amos 'n' Andy, but need some more pictures which I want you to send me. This book is to sell in 10-cent stores, but I have a larger one to sell from house to house for a quarter."

Another writer wants to manufacture Amos 'n' Andy ash trays, another toys, another to run a contest. Literally hundreds of letters ask to use their names in advertising.

Of course, all of these letters are turned over to the National Broadcasting Company as managers for the duo, and are read and answered as necessary. Of course, it is impossible for the boys to appear at benefits or socials unless it reaches almost national importance and is booked far enough ahead, or otherwise works into their schedule, so as not to interfere with their work on the air each night. Many theatrical offers are turned down each week because they are not in a position to appear in a certain place, or for various other reasons.

The boys appreciate the following they have and are just as sorry as the members of the Young Men's Class of the Baptist church that they can't attend their function, or that of any of the thousands of invitations that they receive—but there is a limit to physical possibilities.

Neither do the boys feel "high hat" about such things. For years they worked in small towns throughout the United States directing and coaching home talent shows, and they feel that all of these people are their friends and they are the friends of all of these people.

THEIR years in the towns of the nation has also given them the "feel" of the people, so keenly, in fact, that they can tell when something in their episodes "clicks" and when it does not.

The most important of the business propositions they go over together with the officials and attorneys for the NBC and give them full consideration. A few are accepted. For example, a prominent manufacturer is now bringing out an "Amos 'n' Andy Candy Bar," another will build an Amos 'n' Andy toy. But most of the ideas are too far fetched or promise too little from any angle to go into.

Some of the theatrical offers are refused because the boys feel that it might do the theatre managers an injustice, because the time "isn't ripe" for their appearance.

For example, they made an appearance in one of the largest mid-west cities, breaking all house records. A few weeks later they received a wire offering them a return engagement. They refused because they didn't want to "wear their welcome out" and felt that it might prove unprofitable for the theatre. And, after all, that isn't bad business.

Outside of this great rush of business, which employs more people than one would casually believe, the boys have their own enjoyments. But a word about the number of people required to handle their business.

At the National Broadcasting Company a host of girls are kept busy sorting Amos 'n' Andy mail—and this is exclusive of the force kept busy at the Pepsodent Company. It keeps two or three press men, their stenographers and mailing room boys busy handling the stories requested on the pair. They have three attorneys themselves and the NBC has its counsel, which is kept well occupied.

THE NBC Artists Service, both in New York and in Chicago, where Alex Robb, the boys' old manager, is in charge has its hands full of "propolitions" each day. Then there are the engineers and musicians and announcers who work each night to aid in the success of the broadcast—and out over the United States—yes, from the wilds of upper Canada, where the winter lasts well into the summer, down into the barren deserts of Mexico and from the snug homes of Back Bay in Boston to the Barbary coast of San Francisco there are the uncounted millions who wait each night by their loud speakers listening for their words. These two boys seem to cut quite a swathe in the U. S. A. these days.

But to get back to what the boys do in their spare time. In the afternoons, when the episode is out of the way, Gosden likes nothing better than slipping away to some swimming pool and imitating a fish at home in his element. Charlie Correll is, however, a member of that same club to which probably three-fourths of his male admirers belong—he has golfitis. The sight of a little white pellet skimming straight down the fairway toward the red flag in the distance is a sight sweet to his heart—even if it does fail to do it most of the time.

Both of the boys, too, are baseball fans and sunny afternoons in the summer time often finds them either in the stands at the Cubs' park or down in the home of the White Sox if

either team is in Chicago . . . and the boys are home. Another very natural hobby with them is the theatre. Like the great majority of old troopers, they love the smell of grease paint and the thrill of the footlights, so they are inveterate first-nighters whenever their schedule permits.

ONE night this enthusiasm almost caused them to miss an appearance at the microphone. It was during one of their New York visits. Their early broadcast over at 7, they didn't have anything to do until 11, so they decided to see "Flying High!" The broadcasting time drew near before they knew it and they shot out of the theatre before the finale and hailed a cab. But they hadn't reckoned with New York traffic. Minutes passed at stop lights and in traffic jams. They finally made the studio with a minute to spare—but it was too close for comfort.

But, when all is said and done, the real hobby of Correll and Gosden is Amos 'n' Andy. This is natural. Amos 'n' Andy are more than just a job to these two young men. They are living, breathing, very much alive and active brain children that a nation has come to love.

While business worries and domestic problems must be faced each day, and with the plaudits of a nation to be answered, probably the greatest recreation the boys get is going down to Harlem or down on Chicago's south side, mingling with the hearty, sincere colored folk, to whom Amos 'n' Andy mean just as much as to anyone else in the country, and meeting the counterparts of their own characters.

Just what their popularity is going to do for them, where it is going to lead, even the boys themselves do not know and don't dare to predict. Out of the maze of propositions that are offered each day, there may be something that they accept, in addition to their broadcasting, but that remains largely up to the boys and the NBC.

In the meantime, they themselves do not quite realize how popular they are. If they did it would probably frighten them.

WELL, here you see Andy Brown just after he has been approached on the "propolition" of making a talking picture. What a time he is going to have figuring out his income tax next year! The Pepsodent company pays the boys \$100,000 for a thirty-minute day. The picture people are going to pay the boys \$1,000,000 for part of their spare time during two or three months. After they get through with that they get back to their fresh air taxicab and pick up a few nickels from the folks who want to see the sights of Harlem while enjoying the full ozone privileges available only in the Amos 'n' Andy fresh air taxicab.

Mr. Williamson will have another first hand story in our next issue.





"Must I stab
de worm wid
de hook, Andy?" "Sho! Sho!"

BOYHOOD DAYS of AMOS and ANDY

DOWN in Richmond the Gosden boy found life a serious proposition at an early age but he knew what he wanted and he went after it—now he's got it. There didn't seem to be much of a chance for a young fellow in Peoria but Chuck Correll laid bricks in the daytime and played the piano at night until he found his opportunity and took it. Now they're a million dollar Radio team working together.

By W. T. Christian

Special Correspondent for Radio Digest

FREEMAN FISHER GOSDEN, "Amos" and super-numerary of the nationally-famous team of "Amos 'n' Andy," has spent almost all his thirty-one years entertaining others. And from a negro mammy and her son, once attached to the Gosden household here in Richmond, Va., has come the dialect that Gosden and Charlie Correll have made bywords wherever an antennae sways over the roof of an American home.

Anywhere you may go in Richmond you will find men, some in business, others in some profession, and a few just getting along who have known "Curly" Gosden all their lives. And they still know him, few realizing the important figure he now cuts in the broadcasting world, because he has changed so little from the days he and the "other boys in the gang" here used to put on amateur shows in the surrounding counties.

"Curly" was born on Marshall street, in Richmond, not so far from the Virginia capitol. He came of distinguished forbears. His father, Walter W. Gosden, Sr., is listed in the annals of the Confederacy with that hardy group of "rebels" who refused to surrender to the United States after Appomattox had ended the War Between the States because the federal government had refused amnesty to their idolized leader.

In fact, "Curly's" father, who died in Richmond in 1911, was one of the outstanding figures of "Mosby's men," as that world famous band of uncommonly brave men and boys (Gosden enlisted at the age of 16) was called, which Colonel John S. Mosby, the most daring raider this country has ever known, led to many victories over the Union forces.

This anti-climax to the war ended two months later, but it was reflected later, perhaps, in that rebellious spirit of the Gosdens that kept young Gosden in the face of many obstacles to keep pursuing that avocation for which he felt (and subsequently proved) he was best fitted.

UPON the death of his father, Freeman came into the care of his mother and an older brother, Walter W. Gosden, Jr. Only the brother was destined to see him on the way up the steps leading to national popularity. An automobile accident caused the death of his mother and sister during the world war, and the brother died just about the time "Amos 'n' Andy" were becoming a nightly attraction in every home that boasts a Radio.

He attended the public schools in Richmond, where he was regarded by his teachers as a good student applying himself seriously to the task of learning the three "Rs." He was not athletically inclined though he did go in for the usual backyard and vacant lot football and baseball when just a kid.

It was in those days that his impressionable mind picked up from the son of the negro mammy, an Ethiopian of about Freeman's age, the dialect he learned and taught Correll after their famous team had been organized. From this ebony youth came the traits, dialectical accomplishments and even some of the "gags" that keep us near the loudspeaker every evening.

Quite naturally, now that he has become a person of national prominence, Richmond people attempt to bask in the light of that reflected glory. There is, for instance, the school teacher who said to his sister-in-law: "Do you ever hear from Freeman now?"

"Oh, yes," was the obvious reply.

"Be sure and remember me to him when you write. I feel that I had such a part in shaping his career." And this teacher had been his instructor when he was 6 years old, in the first grade at school.

"**C**URLY," as he still is known to his Richmond friends, quit school before his graduation, and went into the shipping department of a local shoe manufactory.

In those days he used to "hang around" with a bunch of boys who were interested in singing, dancing and minstrelsy. One of them, Lewis or "Slim" O'Neil, enters the picture at this time. He it was who got Freeman interested in tap and buck dancing. They made up the dancing team in this minstrel show that played one-night stands almost everywhere around Richmond that boasted a hall large enough to play the show.

O'Neil and young Gosden would go to the vaudeville show in Richmond, watch the dancers closely and then return to the basement of a store in the West End or to some fellow's home where they would emulate the steps until they had them completely mastered. Thus it was that their routine grew almost weekly.

He was still in the employ of the shoe company, but only the good offices of his friends, plus the good-natured disposition of his employer, kept "Curly" there. Up in the office where he was supposed to check bills of lading and other office detail, young Gosden would be found humming or whistling to himself, and going through a dance routine. Then would come warnings, apologies and promises, to be followed a week later by repetition of the same incident.

When the war came on, Gosden finally obtained permission of his elders and enlisted in the navy. He wore the sailor suit, but wasn't suited by nature for sea duty. Shortly after his enlistment, along with O'Neil, he was sent in a big dory across a small and calm arm of Hampton Roads to row from the naval base to a point about a mile away.

Going over and coming back, Seaman Gosden knew all the physical unrest that accompanies *mal de mer*. "No sea duty," was the verdict of his commanding officers, and he was ordered to Boston to study Radio and other communication means at Harvard. O'Neil received similar orders, and "Curly" found it the nicest sort of service. With their ukeleles, songs and dances they became as popular in Boston as did those sea-faring lads who dumped the tea into that harbor.

Having learned naval communications as his command officers thought they should be learned, Gosden was sent to Virginia Beach, the government at that time fearing attacks by submarines and privateers. Both came by at one time or another, under cover of the night, but that is irrelevant.

AFTER the war Freeman came back home. In the navy he had met a number of "boys" who, like him, confessed a desire to do something on the stage. Several of them did in later years, and so did Gosden, but at this time his ambition had not caused him really to pull away from home ties for a try in theatricals.

He did some dancing and "gag" work in several amateur shows, and worked as a tobacco salesman. Later he went over to Petersburg for a try at selling automobiles. Finally, the break came. He got a chance to work with a Chicago production company. Gosden removed to Chicago, and it was in that city that he won his spurs, applause mail or whatever you call it that makes you worth \$500,000 a year as an ether entertainer.

He and Correll were both employes of the same production company and, due to their ability as "directors," won posts as office managers. They came together in Durham, N. C., and the friendship started there that led to their teaming up into one of, if not the greatest, teams in the history of Radio.

His Richmond friends who knew him when and have seen him since, delight in telling you that he still retains the naive manners that were characteristic of his boyhood and early manhood in this city in the days when he was a gay young trouper, and a regular attendant at any dance in town.

When Freeman made his first featured appearance in a show promoted by a fraternal organization here, he urged his friends who were going not to save their applause until the end of the dance number. They consequently burst forth at every step, and he and his partner, the same "Slim" O'Neil, were so overcome with sheer juvenile exuberance that they came out on the stage and shook hands, instead of, in the more professional manner, taking their bows.

GIRLS who knew him in Richmond say that "Curly" was a fine dancer. In those days he did a "little" gag work, never sang any, and it consequently was a surprise when he became famous for his funny cracks in that high-pitched broadcasting voice of his. Not only, his old girls say, was his rhythm perfectly attuned to the music, but, as they put it, "he always looked good on the floor." Curly and his friends took in all the subscription dances, and he was one of the most popular boys at these parties.

Young Gosden was a natty dresser, combining with the up-to-date cut of his clothes an instinctive neatness of attire. His hair was curly almost to the point of kinkiness, but had a way of staying in place without resort to the various "keep-the-hair-in-place" greases so popular nowadays. Young Gosden was always cleanly shaved, with his tie correctly and fashionably knotted, clothes clean and pressed, and his hat at the currently proper angle.

"Curly" in those days was tall, up-standing, blond, wavy hair, a broad brow and wide-set eyes, with one eye-brow brown, the other white. That is a birthmark that people will tell you of when they've forgotten other characteristics and events in his more youthful days.

It was after the war that he gradually broke away from home ties. His elder brother reluctantly gave him permission to join the production company after employees of that firm had seen him dance, and asked him to join with them. He went to Chicago, and from that point produced amateur shows. About four years ago came the breakdown of that theatric industry, and Correll and Gosden joined up for a team act. A friendly announcer gave them a chance to go on his program at WEBH and you know the result. The brother never lived to see Freeman win nation-wide acclaim.

Here in Richmond people were a bit amazed. "'Curly' wasn't much of a singer or minstrel," they would say. "I thought he was a dancer." They had overlooked the fact that his pleasantly soft Southern voice was excellently adapted for carrying the melody of almost any song.

"Curly" married in 1927, as did Correll for that matter. The former Richmonder took as his bride Miss Leta Marie Shreiber of Chicago. There is one child, Freeman Jr., who already looks like "Amos" without the make-up that one can almost see when his voice is coming in over the loudspeakers.

FREEMAN still writes to his friends here, and they write to him. And when they go to cities where he happens to be broadcasting or playing in vaudeville—one of them went to New York not long ago, and her hopes of seeing him were dashed to the ground when she was advised he was too busy to see anybody. So she telephoned him personally, told him who it was and Freeman said: "I'll be right over in a few minutes. I want to see you and talk about Richmond."

People here pay their greatest tribute to Gosden because they like him for what he has made of himself, in the face of many obstacles, rather than just for the fact that he's a local boy. They appreciate the uphill climb that led to his success, and rejoice in it with him.

So in the near future, when he comes home for a visit, as he has promised to do, he'll get the same heart greeting he received when he showed up the last time, just a few hours after he had been heard over the air, as they imagined, from Chicago. Here in Richmond, how were we to know he was being heard from wherever he happened to be engaged with a stage presentation.

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By Robert Roland Goldenstein Special Correspondent for Radio Digest.

WHEN Charles J. Correll, known as Andy of "Amos 'n' Andy" to millions of Radio fans, laments to the ever sympathetic Amos that Madame Queen wants him to go to a dance, he is really acting—because, according to his family and boyhood pals back in Peoria, where he was born, dancing has always been a second nature to him.

Also they say, the slow, lazy nature of the President of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorporated, is a cross grain to the real Correll that they know. That Andy has always been vivacious and ambitious, we shall soon see in the story of his early life as told by his family and early chums.

The story of Mr. Correll's life is in accordance with the formula of the lives of most of our men. He did, for instance, begin his career as a newspaper carrier. He realized his ambition at an early age, worked toward that goal, and now that he has attained it, he is working harder than ever.

Mr. Correll was born in Peoria, Ill., February 3, 1891, the oldest of three children. His inclination for drama was apparent at an early age. When in the second grade of the Greely grammar school he was given a minor part in a school production. He had his lines memorized perfectly and when the play was presented he did so well that throughout the remaining years of school the name Correll always appeared in the cast of characters.

His boyhood friends say he was the "life of any party." He studied the piano, under a professor of classical music, and finished up playing popular stuff that distracted his teacher, but delighted his friends. Having learned to play jazz, it was quite natural that he would learn to dance. Buck and wing and tap dancing were learned and he sought new fields to conquer.

An incident told by an uncle, Joseph Fiss, floorwalker for a Peoria department store, sums up Mr. Correll's early character.

"THERE was no peace and quiet around the house when Charles would come home from school," he said. "As soon as the front door opened, books and cap were tossed on a table and Charles began hammering at the piano. He was full of pep from morning to night. You couldn't feel melancholy under the same roof with Charles. He wouldn't stand for it."

(Continued on page 104)

TWO GANGSTER GUNMEN

Try Hunting

The HUNTERS

*Bees, Snakes and Alligators Not Reckoned
in Deal to Kill Their Man*

By Will Payne

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

HELTER and Colisemus were hunting a man. The price was to be four thousand dollars. Never before had they been offered such a sum. Once they had done it for only a hundred and fifty dollars apiece—Helter firing with a sawed off shotgun from an automobile. The third time they had been paid seven hundred and fifty dollars. But four thousand was unheard of.

In this case they were obliged to hunt on strange ground and to bear considerable expense—railroad fare from Chicago to Florida and return, hotel bill and the hire of an automobile. But they calculated upon at least three thousand net.

No one, seeing Helter and Colisemus in Florida or elsewhere, would have paid especial attention to them. Both were around thirty years of age. Colisemus was thick set, beginning to get fat, round headed, rather sleepy looking, for his eyelids were thick. Modestly dressed, he looked as good natured and harmless as the next man.

Helter was shorter, spare and dark, with a thin, high bridged nose and nervous looking eyes—altogether a nervous looking man, with quick movements and speech. His speech, slang riddled, was the American equivalent of cockney—a city slum product. But he dressed neatly, never obtruding himself upon anyone—except in a professional way.

The man they hunted was named Bodet, a detective. The trial of Graw and Loman was coming on, at Chicago, in a fortnight. Bodet was the star witness against them. A person who was perfectly dependable in such cases had offered four thousand dollars—besides, it was in the nature of a command. Helter and Colisemus did not much like hunting on this strange ground, far from familiar hiding places, friends and alibis. Yet for three thousand net one could afford to risk almost anything, and it was a sort of command, too. Having accepted the engagement they would feel deeply disgraced if they should fail. The actual moment of shooting was always disagreeable—like shutting one's eyes and swallowing a bitter draught. But twenty-four hours after the getaway they would meet and discuss the details much as hunters talk over how they brought down the big buck.

For four days they'd had no luck. Bodet was staying at Bocaganza Hotel on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The landscape was disconcertingly flat and open, flooded with sunshine—all so different from the big hive on Lake Michigan where one could whisk 'round a corner and be lost, with always a crowd to swallow one up and as many dark runways as in a rabbit warren. This lack of luck chagrined them and put them on their mettle.

They were not staying at the big hotel. Thrift alone would have prevented that. But the big hotel veranda was free to anybody who had the nerve. There Colisemus heard Bodet say: "No; tomorrow Mr. Dorman and I are going hunting. We'll start early and may be all day in the woods."

Off in the woods with guns—and the more shooting the better!

Hopefully Helter and Colisemus laid their plans. And this morning, having been up and alert early, they felt that luck was with them full tide, for Bodet was in that car ahead. There were two other men in the car; but one was the chauffeur who

would presumably stick to the machine while the other two—who were dressed in overalls—struck into the timber. Usually hunters separate more or less. With good visibility, Helter would have staked his neck on a shot anywhere up to a hundred yards. One good shot from behind a tree or bush would settle it—the shooter scurrying away in the brush and very likely getting back to town before the corpse was discovered. They were bound to settle it today. Another chance so favorable as this might not come up.

MEANWHILE, rolling briskly over a good brick road in the small car they had hired, Colisemus driving, they admired the weather and the strange scenery. It was genial and cloudless like a fine June day in Chicago, although this was February. Now and then they saw a buzzard sailing high. Now and then they caught a glimpse, at the left, of the serene blue sea. The landscape was quite flat, with tall pines in open irregular order. They passed some orange groves, the shining dark green trees hung thick with golden balls. As fine a setting for their engagement as one could wish, and the little car spun off mile after mile of smooth brick road.

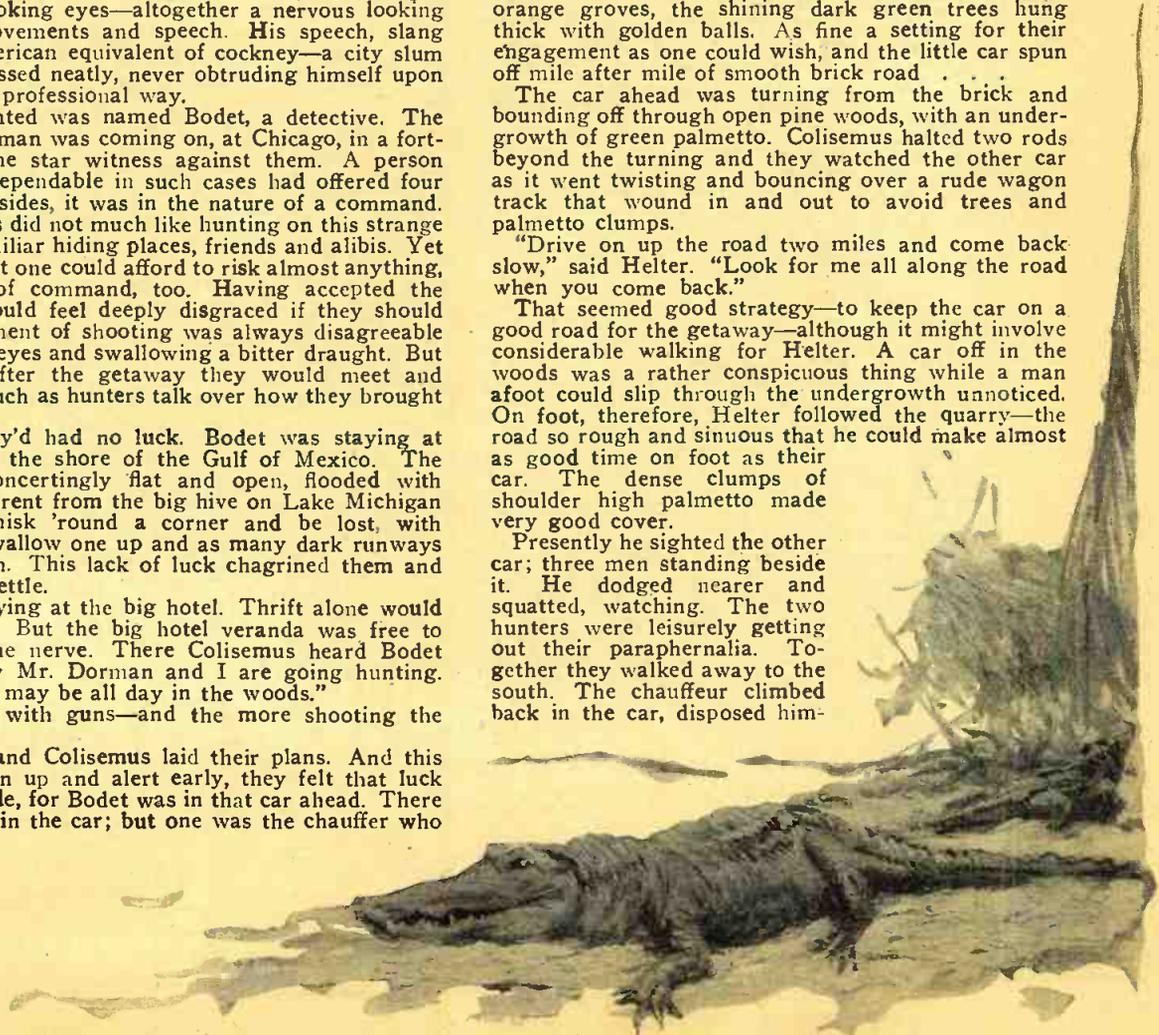
The car ahead was turning from the brick and bounding off through open pine woods, with an undergrowth of green palmetto. Colisemus halted two rods beyond the turning and they watched the other car as it went twisting and bouncing over a rude wagon track that wound in and out to avoid trees and palmetto clumps.

"Drive on up the road two miles and come back slow," said Helter. "Look for me all along the road when you come back."

That seemed good strategy—to keep the car on a good road for the getaway—although it might involve considerable walking for Helter. A car off in the woods was a rather conspicuous thing while a man afoot could slip through the undergrowth unnoticed. On foot, therefore, Helter followed the quarry—the road so rough and sinuous that he could make almost as good time on foot as their car. The dense clumps of shoulder high palmetto made very good cover.

Presently he sighted the other car; three men standing beside it. He dodged nearer and squatted, watching. The two hunters were leisurely getting out their paraphernalia. Together they walked away to the south. The chauffeur climbed back in the car, disposed him-

Men he would have faced with courage — but these loathy, scaly crawling things!



self comfortably there, lighted a pipe, took a magazine out of the car pocket—prepared for a long wait. That was good! A dozen rods south of the car a green mound of tangled vegetation ran through the woods straight as a ruler and as far as one could see in either direction. Helter recognized it as the bank of the big drainage ditch which the brick road crossed at an angle near a mile below.

Toward it the hunters walked; but their paraphernalia puzzled Helter. Bodet was carrying a little wooden box and a pole like a broomstick. His companion was carrying a small net of white mosquito bar and a cane. There was no sign of a firearm. Wondering, slipping forward a bit under the screen of palmetto, Helter watched them. What were these hunters up to?

BODET'S companion was instructing him gravely: "We may find 'em on any kind of a flower or blossom, you know—those thistle blossoms, or these pale yellow palmetto buds; but they like wild grape blossoms pretty well. We'll look along the vines on the bank of the ditch."

The companion was not quite so tall as Bodet but of a vital stock—broad shouldered, thick chested, a solid head on a short neck. The point of his fleshy nose depended hook-like. The thin hair beneath his plaid cap was gray; he wore spectacles; his leather colored, rough hewn face was seamed. But out here he appeared to have sloughed off the years.

"There's one! And there's another. See? See?" He pointed eagerly to a cluster of wild grape blossoms, advancing like a hunter, net in hand. He made a quick sweep of the net and clapped it against his yellow-clad leg, saying: "Yep! I got him! Fetch your box."

The captured game was a honey bee. The captor dexterously released it into Bodet's box which contained honeycomb saturated with syrup. He caught two other bees and popped them into the box; then set up the pole on a comparatively clear spot in the mound of sand along the ditch and put the box on it, opening the lid so that the bees, syrup laden, could fly home. The trick was to determine their line of flight and follow it up to the bee tree.

The older man explained the meaning of each move, expounding the art of bee hunting, anxious that the novice should miss no point.

"There's one on the side of the box. He'll fly in a minute. Watch now. Try to keep your finger pointed at him. That helps. There—there he goes. Watch now." With leveled forefinger he sought to follow the bee's flight as the little creature rose, darted to right and left, circled—finally got between them and the sun so that, in the glare, they lost him. The second bee they lost also. And Bodet soon lost the third; but the older man's waving finger kept moving against the sky. "There—there he goes—off there toward that thick timber. Now they'll all come back for more syrup. We'll see how long it takes the first one. If he's back in fifteen minutes the tree'll be not much more than a mile away."

The absorbed bee hunter's name was Dorman—"Dorman Gloves; They Last." Bodet knew that he was sixty-five years old and had heard that he was worth a dozen millions. But just now he was a bee hunter and nothing else.

In half an hour or so bees were coming and going in steady flight. Bodet himself could easily see that they flew toward the line of thick timber on the other side of the drainage ditch, half a mile away.

"Better get a new line," said Dorman. "This one runs to that bay head yonder; but we don't know how much farther they may be going. We'll set up the box over that way and get a new angle."

By that time the saturated honeycomb was covered with bees and they were thick on the sugary side of the box. Dorman invited Bodet to come up close and watch them at work.

"Don't be afraid they'll sting you," he counseled, "for they never do if you let

'em alone. I've had dozens of 'em on my hands and face at once." With a muffled sort of chuckle he explained:

"It's about like everything else—you won't get hurt unless you're afraid. Man sees a bee near him. It scares him and he makes a crack at the bee. That scares the bee and it stings the man. Pretty much that way all around, eh? Snakes, now. I carry this stick to rustle up the leaves with. But snakes don't bite unless they're scared. Man's scared of the snake, he scares the snake and the snake bites him, eh? About that way all around."

"I've been in business, boy and man, about fifty years. Made quite a reputation at it that I don't much deserve . . . A lot of people always looking around for things to get scared of, you see. Of course you can see plenty of things to be afraid of if you look. You can go down cellar with all the doors locked and scare yourself stiff if you want to. Same way in business. Those New Jersey fellows came along with some new machinery, you know, and it looked kind of dubious for us in Chicago—if you wanted to look at it that way . . . There was the leather trust. Some men in my line got goose pimples about that. Two years ago—Lord, it looked as though in a little while you couldn't buy leather for its weight in gold. Then the bottom all fell out and for a spell it looked as though you couldn't give leather goods away with a premium."

His chuckle was only a kind of inward commotion that escaped, just a little, in sound. He gave it again.

"There are rattlers and moccasins in these woods—not many at this season, but some. And thundering big alligators in swamps. But I bet you don't know the worst thing in woods—very worst thing here." He waited an instant for an answer. "Worst thing in these woods is a little devil of a red bug not as big as a pin head. Gets under your hide and itches like fury. The way you get those bugs is by sitting down. See? Same way in business. I used to say to my partners: 'The devil! If we sit still we're going to get stung plenty. Let's move on.'"

For more than half an hour Helter, behind a palmetto, had been watching the strange proceedings on the mound. Nearly all that while he had an easy, fairly sure shot at Bodet. But there was Bodet's companion and the chauffeur lounging in the car not far off. Of course he couldn't get away without being seen. There would surely be a better chance later on. He saw them descend into the ditch.

FROM the top of the embankment to the bottom of the ditch was twenty feet or so. There was plenty of moisture and the gullied declivity was a tangle of rank vegetation. With a woodsman's skill Dorman led a zigzag course down. In that midwinter season only an irregular little stream, a foot deep and a yard wide, flowed through the bottom of the ditch. He found a narrow spot where they could spring across, and fought his way up through the green mat on the other side. On that south side of the ditch the land had recently been burned over.

Helter crossed the ditch some distance below—lest the chauffeur might glance up and see him on the mound. On the bank he peered down into the green tangle with aversion. It looked like snakes and poison ivy and wet feet and unknown perils. Grasping a bush he slid into the web of growing things. Briars tore his clothes. Malevolent vines, tougher than ropes, wrapped around him and when he pulled them away thorns pricked his hands. Twice his cap was jerked from his head—as though an invisible hand had plucked it. He got to the bottom and jumped the stream, but the soft bank gave way and he slipped back—both feet in water up to his ankles. Being wet already he waded along the stream looking for an easier place to climb the farther side. There seemed to be no easier place. He stepped up on the low bank and his nerves thrilled with fear, for something hissed and glided beneath the dense leafage. He was not afraid to kill a man—but a slimy, poison snake!

He waded on a little distance. Not a breath of air stirred down there. Sweat dripped on his lean face and his soggy shoes felt like mud. He struggled up through the tangle to the farther embankment and looked out with dismay. The two hunters were in plain sight, over there toward the timber line; but the burned ground, sparsely set with tall, mast-like pines, was practically as open as a billiard table.

Already he was cursing to himself—illogically charging up the discomfort to Bodet, whom he would fairly have killed gratis for his own satisfaction. But the distance was much too great for a pistol shot. He mopped his sweaty face on a handkerchief and considered.

The hunters were setting up that funny little box on a pole again. The dense green line of tree and brush over there ran nearly parallel to the drainage ditch. The burned area seemed to extend a good way eastward; but in the distance he could see the low green of palmetto underbrush. Up there, apparently, he could cross from ditch to timber line under cover, then skulk down through the timber to shooting range.

He scrambled back into the ditch and plodded eastward—soon discovering a sort of patch that ran sometimes on one side of the tiny stream, sometimes on another. He sweated, stumbled, plodded; climbed the bank and found he had not



tangle of vines or a puddle appeared. He twisted and turned to find a way through and soon quite lost his sense of direction. Twice he found himself peering through the brush at the muddy lake when he should have been over at the farther side of the timber. Always he was cursing to himself.

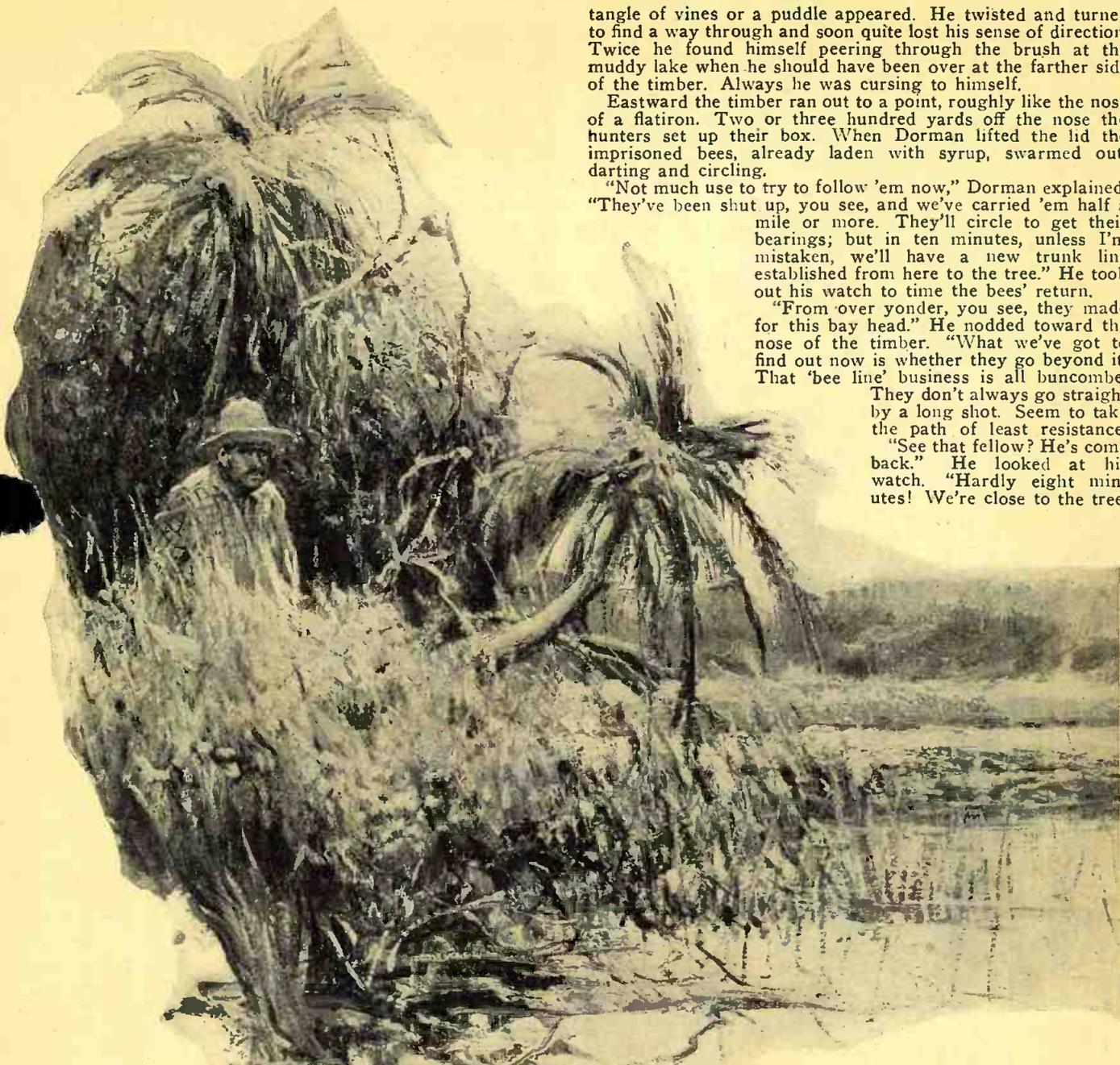
Eastward the timber ran out to a point, roughly like the nose of a flatiron. Two or three hundred yards off the nose the hunters set up their box. When Dorman lifted the lid the imprisoned bees, already laden with syrup, swarmed out, darting and circling.

"Not much use to try to follow 'em now," Dorman explained. "They've been shut up, you see, and we've carried 'em half a mile or more. They'll circle to get their bearings; but in ten minutes, unless I'm mistaken, we'll have a new trunk line established from here to the tree." He took out his watch to time the bees' return.

"From over yonder, you see, they made for this bay head." He nodded toward the nose of the timber. "What we've got to find out now is whether they go beyond it. That 'bee line' business is all buncombe.

They don't always go straight by a long shot. Seem to take the path of least resistance.

"See that fellow? He's come back." He looked at his watch. "Hardly eight minutes! We're close to the tree.



Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them. . . . He was a stoutish man with thick lips, his aspect inhospitable.

gone far enough; returned to his plodding. City blocks were his only familiar measure of distances; but when he finally came out at a spot favorable for crossing to the thick timber he thought he must have gone a mile. He could still see the hunters.

His immediate objective was a long belt of thick timber and dense brush. Up to this point, since leaving the car, the trees had all been long leaf pine, quite wide apart, with palmetto underbrush. But when he had skulked across to this timber belt he found the character of vegetation completely changed. There were no pines at all, but live oaks and various other trees whose names he did not know. They stood much closer together than the pines, and the tall underbrush was thick as the ground would bear. Although he did not then know it, this timber belt bordered a long, shallow lake. The difference in moisture made the difference in vegetation.

He struck into the timber belt and found going even worse than in the ditch. It was impossible to keep anything like a straight line. A fallen tree, an impervious mat of branches. a

Now watch and you'll soon get the new line."

In half an hour bees were swarming to the box and home again, syrup laden. For the first time since entering the woods, Dorman seemed overcast.

"Well, that's poor luck," he said, long faced as though his dividends had stopped. "That's poor luck. They're going over to the island, sure pop—too bad!"

Through a rift in the trees, above the reeds and brush which choked it, Bodet could see a mass of farther tree tops—evidently on the island in the lake to which Dorman referred.

"I know this lake right well," he went on. "Caught two alligators in the upper end of it three years ago. Guess I've hunted about everything in the United States that walks, flies or swims, at one time or another. I used to be quite active, you know. When I was a youngster my father hadn't sold the farm yet."

He chuckled. "Sometimes wonder now, if I should drop off and go to heaven, whether it'd look half as good to me as that farm used to look when I was a boy—especially the pasture

and wood lot . . . Yes, sir; those bees are going to the island, sure pop. Suppose we step through this belt of timber now and have a look over there. Might be that we could spot 'em from this bank. It's only a little walk."

They went up a little way, therefore, and struck into the timber—the same timber through which Helter was toiling sinuously, with curses and distraction. Where they struck in there were the same impediments to locomotion as elsewhere. Dorman went ahead, turning to right and to left, here crushing down a mat of thick vines, there thrusting aside tough branches with his walking stick, climbing over a tree trunk or going around, always picking the easiest way without haste or pause, deviating from a straight line at every step, yet always holding to the main course. It was not much more than the "little walk" he had spoken of until they came to the thick brush that lined the water. He followed that a rod, found a place to get through, and they stepped out on a boggy hummock in the muddy lake. It was perhaps two hundred yards across to the island.

Dorman leveled his stick. "'Gator over there. See him?"

The alligator, a dozen feet long, lay sunning himself on a mud bank of the shore of the island, three or four hundred yards east of them.

"Apt to find 'em anywhere around these ponds," Dorman commented. "Once I found one in the woods quarter of a mile or so away from water. Shame the way a lot of blockheads shoot 'em with a rifle and leave 'em to rot. Only decent way to

hunt 'em is the way the natives do. You find their hole in the mud, you know, and stick in an iron-shod pole. The 'gator'll bite that and hang on like a bull dog. Couple of men can draw him out. Soon's he gets his head out you jump on his back and bind his jaws with rope. Then you pull him out farther and tie his tail and you've got him. Seeing one in a tank you wouldn't imagine how fast they can move. That fellow's tail would knock in your ribs or break your leg. Of course there's no real danger hunting 'em the way I speak of; but you get in mud up to your ears and have a tussle. Something like sport, eh? Sitting snug in a boat and shooting 'em with a rifle . . . Huh! Might as well turn a machine gun on a cow and call that sport!"

(Continued on page 120)



"Ought to have a boat here,"
Dorman sang out to him;
"good place for a ferry line."



With

True Radio Romances CUPID

Betty Finds Many Love
a Microphone, Find Their
Cites Many Cases

By Betty

DO YOU believe in a playful little fellow with dimpled cheeks and mischievous eyes, a bow in his hand and a quiver of darts slung over his shoulder? Perhaps, you're one of the scoffers, and don't believe in fairies. But have you ever had a sharp, tingling pain through your heart and discovered yourself moving about in the haze of a strange new elation? . . . Ah, and you dared to scoff!

This elusive little reveller in mysteries and surprises has been in his element during the last six or seven years. He has discovered the tremendous romantic possibilities of ether waves and has actually been detected at work in the broadcasting studios. Perhaps, you've caught him, on a low wave length, chortling in glee at the havoc he's wrought.

For instance, some two or three years ago Dan Cupid released an avalanche of darts in the Omaha range, impaling thousands of feminine hearts. A certain velvet-voiced announcer at WOW was the object of all this affection and the recipient of such a host of missives that he was forced to the expediency of answering with a system of mimeographed letters, each form suitable to the type. That is, reply No. 4 was used for an aggressive blonde, and No. 5 for a more modestly seductive

brunette, and so on.

But often a more serious purpose in the machinations of Cupid is evidenced. Sometimes out of the legion of hearts set aflutter by an unseen voice one arouses a similar fluttering in the cardiac regions of the possessor of the charmed voice. Cupid has cleverly pierced them with the same arrow. And when they meet! Take the story of Sen Kaney, veteran announcer at the NBC.

ONE SUMMER night in 1925 Miss Vera De Jong of St. Louis, one of the belles of that old metropolis and the daughter of a socially prominent family, was listening in on a KYW, Chicago, program, when she became captivated by the voice of the chief announcer of the station. The damage was done, then and there, and, although she didn't write to him, she did tune in religiously when he was on the air. Then she came to Chicago to visit friends. There was an evening party and the hostess suggested Radio music. She asked what station Miss De Jong preferred to hear.

"KYW," was the prompt reply. "There's an announcer there that I am wild about."

The next evening the hostess, who knew the staff at the station, invited the St. Louis belle to a dinner, and next to her sat Sen Kaney himself.

A few days later Kaney called the studio director and said he would not be at work that day, maybe, if it was all right.

"What's wrong, Sen? Not under the weather?"

"Naw," came the rejoinder over the wire. "Married."

That was July 14, 1925, and today the Kaney's have a beautiful apartment home almost overlooking Lake Michigan in Rogers Park, and spend their home hours playing with a golden-haired little girl who has since become a very important member of the family.

Or, again, Cupid is whimsical. He allows a "Nit-wit" to



Sen Kaney



Nubs Allan was winged by Baby Dan at KYW.

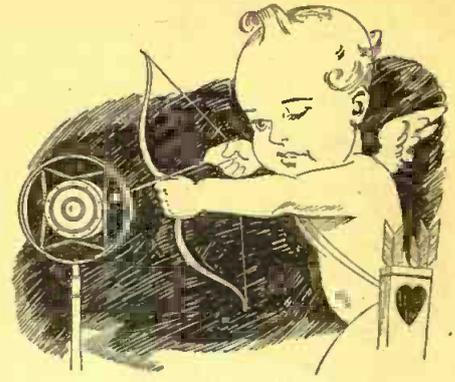


Marjorie McClure was nipped by James Melton's voice.

and Wedding Bells

on the AIR

Darts Zip Through Mark and Stick—and Proves It McGee



marry a program director, and then anything is liable to happen! Perhaps both of the principals realized this, for when they said their "I dos" about a year ago they kept the affair secret. However, such things have a way of leaking out and today Bradford Browne and the lady, who was Peggy Young, have the cutest little apartment in New York.



Brad Browne

Miss Young, program director for station WABC before the Columbia Broadcasting System bought it for its key station, had never heard of Bradford Browne. And Mr. Browne, the well known announcer, had never heard of Peggy Young. Their knowledge of each other's existence being mutual it was only natural that when they met it would be a case of love at first sight.

There is no real foundation to the rumor that she held aloof from him or visa-versa. In fact, no one knew they were married until someone in the office noticed that Mr. Browne parked his shoes under her desk at all hours of the day. Yes, his feet were in them.

Just to show you how truly romantic this match is, we must explain that when the newspapers published the story it was illustrated with a picture of the groom in his famous "Nit-wit" characterization. The picture was captioned "Bradford Browne, who was secretly married to Miss Peggy Young three months ago." Immediately Miss Young's lifelong friends either called up on the telephone or wrote letters asking the most important question: "Good heavens, Peggy, what kind of a man have you married?" And Peggy doesn't know yet!

AND NOW it is June, 1930, the time of moonlight and honey-suckle—and weddings. We follow this little sprite of romance down to St. Joseph, Missouri. There's to be a wedding on June 14th—but, here we are getting ahead of our story. Little "Tillie the Toiler" who sings so tantalizingly over KFEQ every noon didn't live so very far from Oda E. Fankhauser in the suburbs of St. Joseph, but these neighbors never knew each other till after Tillie began broadcasting.

Tillie, whose real name is Lillie Mae Frizell, has had a busy

little life chock full of variety. Early in the morning before leaving for town she used to help her mother a bit on their seven-acre farm. Then off on a twenty-minute drive to town, where Tillie sold music in the five and ten. But from 11:30 to 12, noon, came the big moments of Tillie's day. Then every inch of her seemed music and rhythm. Incidentally, this half hour each day has brought her a thousand letters each month.

Came night and Tillie loved nothing more than to go to dances. So it was at a dance one night that Oda, who had been listening to her and idolizing her, met the girl of his dreams. And after that it didn't take long.

So on the night of June 14th the wedding bells will ring for Tillie at her home in the country, located not far from the St. Joseph Country Club. Clarence Koch, manager of KFEQ, thinks a Radio wedding would be most appropriate,



Chatterbox Tillie at KFEQ sounded good to Oda E. Franhauser.



Elsie Mae Look looked and listened adorable at WLS.

but, to date, the bridegroom has stage fright.

And here's something a little bit different, too. George "Doc" Watson, staff announcer, was master of ceremonies during a program in which KSTP was "putting on the air" all long-distance phone calls received. The long-distance operator in charge of these calls was Miss Lillian Orr, of St. Paul, and "Doc" permitted her to say a few words over the air via the telephone line before the program came to an end. Lillian's sudden interest in Radio—and Mr. Watson—finds this couple spending their evenings together, when the KSTP announcer is not at the microphone.



Lillian Orr

Michael J. Fadell, manager of the KSTP news bureau, was ill. He was at St. Mary's hospital in Minneapolis and, ardent Radio man that he was, he had a portable Radio receiver installed in his hospital room. Many request numbers came through the loudspeaker from the KSTP studios as the staff members cheered him up, and Miss Edna Haight, of Seattle, head nurse, made frequent

visits to his room to listen in. Before long other request numbers were broadcast, but these were for Miss Haight. Now the latest word is that they expect to be married in the near future.

If we were trying to make generalizations about Cupid and geography (which really we are not) we would find the East well represented. There is the wedding last December of May Singhi Breen and Peter De Rose, who have been sweethearts on the air for six years. The Ukulele Lady and her song-writing partner announced their engagement through an NBC network about two years ago, but the wedding was solemnized without benefit of microphones.

These two met for the first time in the old WEAJ studios in 1923 and soon after that they went on the air together and have been partners ever since. This seems to have been one of those long drawn out affairs as far as Cupid is concerned, but they are reported to be a very happy couple.

Pondering on the strange, unaccountable ways of Cupid we thought of Denver with its pine-scented air, its clear moonlit nights and the mountains. And what did we find but the story of a charming young newspaper woman who came to KOA some three years ago to conduct the station's newest matinee feature, microphone snapshots of human nature.

Her Radio name, and the name at the head of the newspaper column, was Cynthia Grey. Her real name was Marjorie Bond. Everybody called her Margie. It was necessary, of course, for Margie to be instructed in microphone technique—where to stand and how loudly to speak and such things.

Her instruction was in the hands of a serious eyed, lean faced young control room operator whose red hair always needed pushing back from his forehead. Margie liked that hair. She wondered how it would feel to run her fingers through it. And somebody ought to show him how to take care of it. Why, she could tell that the poor chap needed someone to take care of him.

The poor chap was Clarence A. Peregrine. Everybody called him Perry. He suddenly discovered that he wasn't a poor chap at all, but the luckiest fellow in the world. The most interesting girl in all creation was interested in him. And they discovered they both liked to write short stories and to take outings in the nearby mountains.

And so they were married, almost two years ago. Margie's aunt turned her palatial home over to the newlyweds for the biggest party of the year. All the Radio and newspaper people in Denver were there, and you know how they can party!

There's a cabin just completed up in the mountains and it's just the place for summer living. Margie isn't on the newspaper any more. She's busy being a good wife. Of course, between times, she writes pieces for trade journals. And Perry has made some nice contacts with action magazines. It's been a wonderful two years. They haven't spent much time chasing around to parties. They're still honeymooning.

THERE were others, too, at KOA who found they were not immune to the dangerous little darts. Robert Hancock Owen, engineer in charge of technical operations, found it a terrible bore to have to compose smoothly flowing letters. The girl who took his letters was tall and blonde and she had a

nice smile and she knew how to take care of her complexion and she knew how to wear her clothes. Her name was Evelyn Stevens.

One thing led to another. There was Bob's dog and Evelyn thought he was too cute for words. Then there were sunsets. Bob and Evelyn would drive out to some high plateau of colors evenings and there would be dreams in that rainbow of colors washing the sky as the sun went down behind blue mountains.

There was a new house going up, not far from the station. It was a ducky little house, built in one of the new modes, and it had a nice yard for a dog to run in and a basement room where Radios could be taken apart and put back together.

And along about Christmas time last year, there was a quiet ceremony and Evelyn found she had about the best Christmas present in any girl's world. Bob blushed in his pride. And they moved in.

Will 'o the Wisp-like this same little fellow made his presence felt out on the West coast in San Francisco when he ensnared the heart of Harrison Holliday, station manager and master of ceremonies of the Blue Monday Jamboree. About four years ago Juliette Dunn, an attractive soprano, sang on KFRC programs. Harrison was certainly not oblivious to her charms at that time; they were good friends but the friendship seemed a rather casual one. Indeed, they occasionally went out together, but they didn't stay out late enough to start tongues wagging or anything like that.

But evidently there must be something about absence and the heart growing fonder, for when Juliette left the studios of KFRC to sing at another station the situation took on a decidedly different cast. Before the studio staffs of the two stations, KFRC and KPO, had time to fully realize the seriousness of the situation, they were married, two years ago this June. There is only one unfortunate aspect of this romance, however, Mrs. Holliday has forsaken Radio.

It was a year ago the 29th of this month that James Melton, tenor of the world-famous Revelers Quartette, took unto himself a bride.

When they were known as the "Seiberling Singers," Mr. F. A. Seiberling, the rubber manufacturer, invited the quartette to visit him at his home in Akron, Ohio. The boys visited the tire town and while there gave a private recital in their host's home. Miss Marjorie McClure was present as a guest.

Then and there the romance started. When the pair announced their engagement the following year a masked ball was given at which Mr. Melton and his fiancée were guests of honor.

After their marriage the bride and groom went on a honeymoon trip to Europe—accompanied by the other Revelers! You see, this popular organization had contracted for several continental concert engagements which had to be fulfilled.

In speaking of this honeymoon the bride's mother, Marjorie Barkley McClure, the novelist, was heard to remark that she felt as though her daughter had married a quartette instead of just a tenor!

THEN there is another story of one of those protracted engagements. An announcer of a certain program met a singer appearing on the same period away back in 1925. The announcer was also a Radio singer, having been a member of the original Eveready Group, one of the pioneer organizations in broadcasting. He was Arnold Morgan. Marjorie Horton, the lady in the case, is very well known to all Radio fans who are familiar with NBC broadcasts. Perhaps someone will recall a program called "At the Baldwin," on which both of these artists were heard singing together.

But it took Cupid three years to convince Mr. Morgan and Miss Horton that neither could possibly get along without the other. They were married in the spring of 1928.

MICKEY GILLET, saxophone tooter supreme, whose reputation landed him the new sax job with the San Francisco Symphony, is another KFRC staff member whose marriage was the result of his broadcasting. Bernice Ballock, after hearing him from her loud speaker at home, was so happy

(Continued on page 97)



May Singhi Breen

Peter De Rose



Marjorie Horton



Graham McNamee at the Yale-Harvard boat races a year ago. Shows Mac, the observer peek-abooing around tree, and the control engineer.

Sitting in With the Announcer Where

SPORT WAVES BEGIN

By Doty Hobart

"STAND BY!"

The speaker wears headphones and holds a telephone transmitter in his hand. In front of him sit two other men. All three are in a mezzanine box overlooking the playing field of a baseball park. The tallest of the party is sorting over a bunch of papers on which all sorts of baseball information has been jotted in pencil. As he hears the warning he rises and stretches. Then he seats himself as comfortably as the cramped quarters permit, and pulls on a leather helmet with a tiny microphone attached. The third member of the trio sits at the left of the helmeted one. He is busily engaged with something that might be mistaken for a breadboard, several small name cards and thumb tacks. He stops his work long enough to adjust a set of headphones to his ears.

"Cigars, cigarettes, peanuts!"

"Aw, he don't compare to Johnny Evers. Why I saw Evers go over to his left after a ball one day—"

"I'm sorry, but you're in the wrong section. This gentleman holds the ticket for the seat you are in."

Butcher-boys, patrons and ushers mill about behind the three men in the box.

Three men in a box. Reminds me of an old nursery rhyme. Let's bring it up to date. Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a box,

and who do you think they can be? Announcer, observer, control engineer; bring Sport Waves to you and to me.

"Station announcement." The control engineer is speaking. "Watch it, Herb."

The observer nods understandingly.

"Five cents more, mister, and don't call me a robber. I don't set the price of cigarettes in this ballpark."

"And when the Babe came to bat in the ninth inning—"

"Third and fourth seats—right in there."

"No, dear, the game hasn't started yet. The players are only having batting practice."

The three men in the box pay no attention to the confusion about them.

Again the voice of the control engineer as he speaks into the telephone, answering a query from the key station, "Okeh. All set."

The observer picks up a second telephone transmitter and repeats the announcement being made at the key station as it comes to him through one of his earphones, "And now we take you to —. Hear me alright, Ted?" The helmeted one nods and the observer picks up the broken sentence, "where the next voice you hear will be that of Ted Husing. Take it away, Ted."

And Husing begins his colorful chatter of the afternoon's

Ted Husing with his own invention of combination helmet and microphone for sports.



happenings with a cheery greeting to the unseen listeners.

A little farther away, in another mezzanine box of the great horseshoe, Graham McNamee is also speaking into a microphone. The two major broadcasting chains are filling the air with sport waves.

LAST month I remarked that quite a bit of preparation was necessary prior to the zero hour of a reportorial broadcast. At the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System I checked up on the backstage activities before the loud speakers were given Ted Husing's voice describing, from the Stadium, the opening baseball game of the season for the American League in New York. For your edification I'll unroll a few yards of red tape.

Early in April the Secretary of the American League Baseball Club of New York receives a letter from Herbert Glover, director of news events for CBS, requesting permission to broadcast the opening game of the Yankees. The secretary replies—by letter. He grants the request and also assigns the box from which the broadcast is to be made.

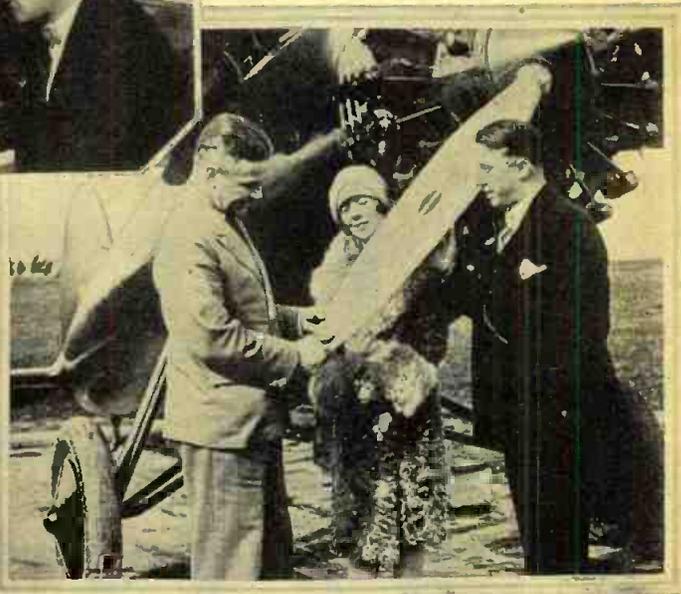
Simple enough. But now we strike a peculiar situation. The Western Union Telegraph Company holds the franchise on all wire lines for communicating play-by-play description of games from the ballpark. The CBS contract for line service is with the telephone company. For this reason the Western Union official in charge of wire lines is requested, by letter, to permit

Mr. Hobart obtained much of his material for Sport Waves from and he shows these most celebrated sports broadcasters under various aspects. He is shown below with his wife (see Marcella note this issue) getting ready for flight to a ball game.

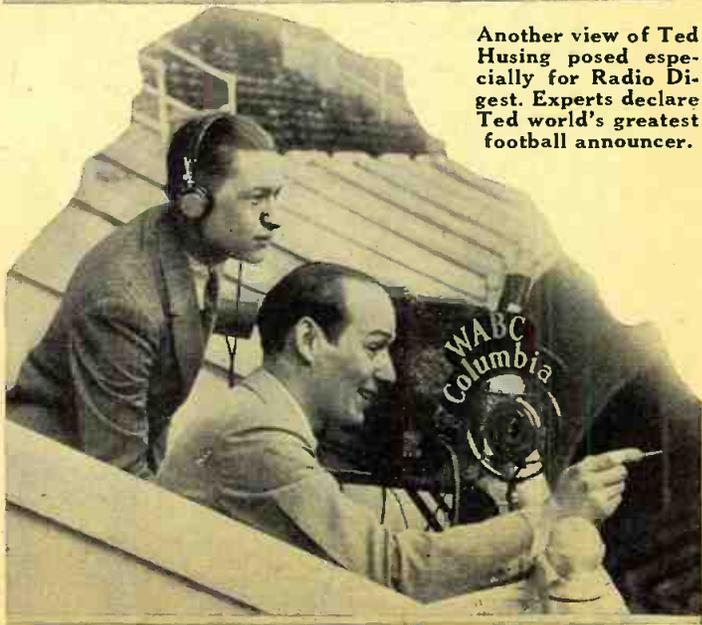


Carl Menzer, star college sports announcer WSUI.

No, Mr. McNamee has not been knocked out, regardless of appearances, but he may be worried over the tight squeeze on his friend, Mike, in the mighty fist of Jack Dempsey. Dempsey proved himself a top-notch fight announcer in Chicago.



Another view of Ted Husing posed especially for Radio Digest. Experts declare Ted world's greatest football announcer.



the telephone company to place three lines, for broadcasting purposes, in the specified box at the Yankee Stadium. A favorable reply on the official letterhead of the telegraph company is received by CBS.

Armed with these two authoritative letters Herb Glover instructs the telephone company to install three lines of direct communication from the designated box at the Stadium to the key station, WABC. This the telephone company agrees to do, the agreement being in writing. "Check and double check," as Andy would say.

SO MUCH for outside activities. Now for the inside dope. Ted Husing is officially notified of the date. Unofficially he has known about this assignment ever since the football season closed. However, he hasn't taken it too seriously during the winter months and now it is up to him to dig up all the interesting information possible pertaining to opening games of other years, baseball in general, and the participating players in particular.

The records in the Yankee office, newspaper files and chats with sports writers, give the announcer the historical data. In order to become familiar with the looks of the players in action Husing sees two pre-season games; one in which the Yankees play and one in which the opposing team (the Athletics, this year) show their wares. Both games are exhibition affairs with opponents from other leagues.

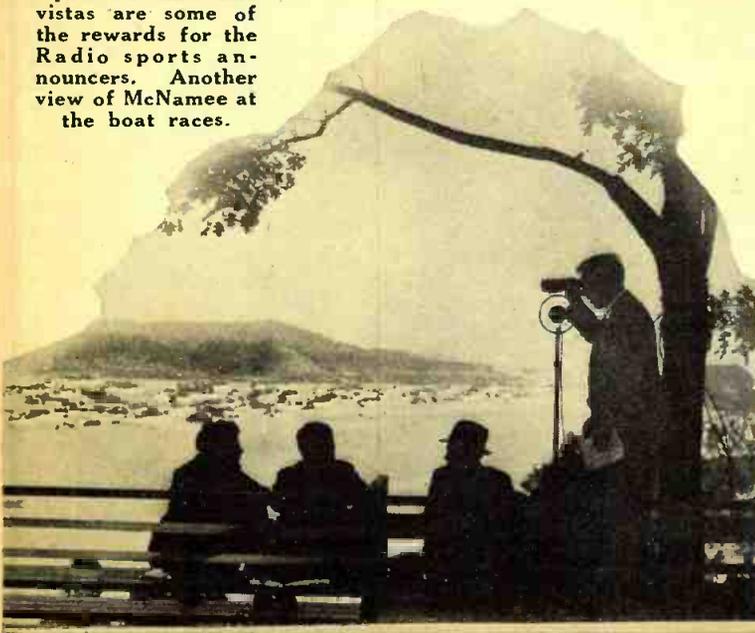
Before and after these exhibition games Husing meets the players of the two teams who are to open the league season. He talks baseball, food, weather,

(Continued on page 94)

Pat Flanagan is a particular favorite with the feminine fans who become deeply interested in baseball and other sports so long as they can hear Pat's magnetic voice. He is located at WBBM, the CBS Midwest key station, Chicago.



Open air and fine vistas are some of the rewards for the Radio sports announcers. Another view of McNamee at the boat races.



Chicago sport fans give first place for clear intelligent unaffected announcing to Hal Totten, WMAQ.



Bill Munday with his Southern drawl and quaint expressions proved such a card for the NBC they arranged for him to commute between Atlanta and New York to cover some of the more important football games. He's a lawyer, too.

Clem McCarthy Radio reporting Kentucky Derby.



The TURNING WHEEL

To Live, Love and Get Married on \$28 a Week Is Problem Enough for Anybody. The Boy Leaves London for a New Try in America—and When He Comes Back He Finds It's a Different Proposition

By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

"YOU may be satisfied with your life," he said, "but I am not satisfied with mine. Something is wrong with the way we live. We work for a weekly pittance and somebody else reaps the harvest. It can't go on forever this way. Three times I have improved the machinery in my shop so that the owners have been able to save thousands while I continue to drudge along—"

"At \$28 a week," she said, concluding his sentence. They sat on the grass on the little knoll just outside the crowded city streets of London. His head was resting on her lap. They had come here on their rented bicycles for a breath of fresh air and to adjust their perspectives on the way of life. "You get \$28 a week, which is something, while many, many others do not even have a chance to earn that. It may be all wrong, but what can one do about it?"

They were both very young, and the moment had come when they suddenly caught a vista of the years stretching out before them. To the girl the future had very much the aspect of the past. She saw no reason to expect that it could be altered to any advantage.

A magnificent motor car came to a halt in the road below. The boy recognized his wealthy employer who had come for a drive with his comely daughter. They were near enough to recognize faces. The car rolled on, and soon the boy and girl had mounted their bicycles and continued their way.

It was nearly a year later the boy stood up in court to answer a charge of theft. He was accused of stealing \$870 of his employer's money. He made no defense except that he believed he had earned it many times over, was entitled to it, and saw no other way to get it than to take it as he did. He was sentenced to six months in prison. Twenty-four hours after he was released he was haled into the same court again, this time accused with having attempted to drown himself.

Unknown to the boy a friend had taken an interest in him. The magistrate told him if he would promise to leave the country and not attempt again to end his life a sum of \$100 would be given to him with which to make a fresh start. The boy promised, and soon was aboard ship on his way to New York.

EIGHT years later Sir Henry Rathbone and his daughter stood talking together in the reception room of one of London's principal restaurants. The eight years had dealt kindly enough with the girl, who had become a beautiful woman. The man had not improved. His face bore the marks of a life of pleasure. Here and there were lines which seemed to indicate anxiety. Just at present he had very little the look of a prosperous man.

"You can have the car for Ranelagh, of course, Violet," he said, "but I am quite sure that I shall not be able to go. My luncheon appointment here is a very important one."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wonder you men don't do all your business in the city," she remarked.

Her father laughed heartily.

"My dear girl," he said, "it is only with the utmost difficulty that I have managed to get this fellow Selwyn to meet me at all. He declined to come to the works, and it is only to oblige Haregood, his solicitor, that he agreed to lunch here today."

"I really cannot understand," she remarked, watching the people as they came in, "why a little machinery should be so important to you."

Her father frowned irritably—his temper had not improved during the past few years.

"You don't understand anything about it, you see, Violet," he declared. "This man has invented some machines by which he can make my screws at about half the price it costs me to turn them out. Unless he'll lease me some machines, or sell me some, or amalgamate, Messrs. Rathbone and company may as well close their doors."

"WHAT does it matter?" the girl answered, carelessly. "You have plenty of money."

Her father seemed to grow pale underneath his flushed cheeks.

"Plenty of money," he agreed, "but every penny in the business. Here they come."

"And here," the girl remarked, "is Lady Angerton. Goodby for the present, then."

She went forward to meet her hostess at the same time that her father shook hands with his two guests. Selwyn had changed beyond recognition, yet as they took their places at the table Sir Henry was conscious of a vague sense of familiarity.

"Where did you learn the practical part of our industry, may I ask, Mr. Selwyn?" he inquired, as soon as it was possible to turn the conversation toward business.

"In your workshops, Sir Henry," the young man answered.

"I was there eight years ago. By the by, perhaps I ought to have reminded you before I accepted your invitation that I have been in prison. I stole eight hundred and seventy dollars of yours once, you know. You got the money back again, but some people have prejudices about that sort of thing."

Sir Henry shook in his chair.

"Of course," he muttered, "I remember. I remember you now."

There was an awkward pause.

"I ought to have explained before," the young man murmured, with a quiet smile.

"Not at all—not at all," his host declared, hastily. "These things are best forgotten. This is a business meeting, Mr. Selwyn. I want to talk to you about those machines of yours."

"I shall be glad," the young man said, "to hear what you have to say."

THEY talked throughout luncheon, and in the smoking room afterwards, and Mr. John Selwyn only resisted with



"She stopped her carriage and came up to me."



"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said, . . . you might have stayed away."

difficulty an attempt on the part of his host to take him round to his club. He declined politely to pledge himself to anything. His idea in coming to England, he admitted, was to set down the machines to manufacture screws for himself. Sir Henry felt the perspiration break out on his forehead at the mere idea.

"Between ourselves," he said, "we need not mince words. You know, and I know, that if you do so, and if you refuse to sell or lease your machines, my firm will have to close their doors."

"Precisely," Mr. Selwyn admitted. "The fact had occurred to me."

"You mean to make us do it, by God!" Sir Henry exclaimed, suddenly.

"If you want the truth," the young man answered, "I do."

Sir Henry went away from the interview disturbed and uneasy. Nevertheless, negotiations were not wholly broken

off. There were times when Selwyn seemed on the point of accepting some of the offers which the solicitors of Messrs. Rathbone and Co., Limited, were continually making him. Sir Henry himself spared no effort to win the good will of his former employé. He invited him to his house—an invitation which, curiously enough, John Selwyn accepted. On one of these occasions he met Violet, and their mutual interest was so obvious a thing that she was feverishly incited by her father to take a hand in the game. Mr. Selwyn listened to all that she had to say, and was very polite. He even accepted further invitations, and more than once he was seen about with Violet Rathbone.

They sat together one Sunday morning in the park. Her father, at the first opportunity, had made some excuse to hurry off and leave them alone. They talked the usual banalities, watched the people, and made remarks about them. Finally, Violet rose a little suddenly.

"Come and sit farther back, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "I want to talk to you."

He obeyed at once. No one could have judged from his face what effect her words had upon him. They found two seats a little apart from the others. She looked for a moment at the lace of her parasol and then into his expressionless eyes.

"MR. SELWYN," she said, "I am beginning to find the present position embarrassing. You know very well why my father leaves me alone with you, why he is always asking you to the house. I do not see why we should play at misunderstanding one another. My father tells me that it rests with you whether or no he is to lose the whole of his fortune and to watch the ruin of his business."

The young man nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Your father is quite right, Miss Rathbone," he said. "It rests entirely with me."

"There are ways," she continued, "of avoiding this, are there not? Compromises, I mean, which could be made? You would lose very little, for instance, if you leased your machines to my father or went into partnership with Rathbone and Co., Limited?"

"So far as the financial side of the matter is concerned," the young man admitted, blandly, "it would be a very reasonable and satisfactory settlement."

"It does not appeal to you, though?" she continued.

"It does not," he admitted.

She raised her eyebrows. They were coming to it at last, then!

"From your manner," she said, "one would imagine that you had some grievance against my father."

"I have," he admitted. "Not a personal one altogether, and yet, perhaps, it is a personal one. I have been in prison, you know, Miss Rathbone, for stealing from your father."

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"You must not talk about it, please," she said. "We have forgotten all that."

She did not move her fingers for a moment. She was twenty-six years old, very beautiful, but as yet heart-whole. She was beginning to feel that there was something remarkably attractive about this young man, if only he would be reasonable.

"I wonder if you remember," he said, "somewhere about nine years ago, driving through Richmond park and stopping on the hill?"

"I remember perfectly," she agreed. "You sat on the grass with your head in a young woman's lap. I considered it at the time most shocking behavior."

"It was the way of the world in which I moved," he answered, "the way of the world in which Fate and your father kept me. It is not that I have a personal animus against Sir Henry. He was my employer in those days, and he only did what others did and are doing, but, none the less, the wealth he is so anxious that I should preserve for him has been built up on the bodies and the souls of hundreds such as I. Labor to him was labor, a weapon towards his end—some dead, inanimate thing, to be used as cheaply as possible and as effectively as could be. I had my brains picked week by week for your father's benefit. Those days are hard to forget, Miss Rathbone."

"I AM not a political economist," the girl said, "but you must surely understand that it was not my father who fixed the conditions. What he did, he did because others were doing it. It is not possible, Mr. Selwyn, that you bear him a real and personal grudge for those days?"

The young man looked out across the park, but he said nothing.

"It is the opportunity which makes the employer," the girl went

on. "You yourself speak of starting great works. Will your men be better treated than my father treated you?"

"I intend to make some efforts, Miss Rathbone, in that direction," he remarked.

She looked down at her little patent-leather shoe and beat the ground impatiently for a moment or two.

"You are so enigmatic," she protested, softly. "Can't we



"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he said. "Well, if that isn't just like you," she answered.

understand one another, Mr. Selwyn? Please speak out and tell me what is in your mind."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She represented the last word in wealth and elegance and education. Her delightful carriage was the outcome of her healthy, untrammelled life. No trouble had ever dimmed her beautiful eyes or carved a single line upon her still girlish face.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "you and your father are both anxious to know my plans. It is better, perhaps, that I should tell you them. I will not admit that I have any personal feeling against your father. On the other hand, I hate, with a hatred which has been absolutely the mainspring of these recent years of my life, the means by which he made his wealth, the means by which he holds it. You have been very kind to me. Perhaps I have not deserved it. You beg for peace and I tell you that it must be war. I am here for that purpose and no other. Already the plans are out for my new factories. In two years' time—before, if your father is wise—he will close his doors. I shall find employment for his work-people, and I promise you that I shall find it on very different conditions to any that Messrs. Rathbone, Limited, ever offered."

She looked at him, suddenly pale to the lips.

"Is this final?" she whispered.

"It is final," he answered.

They were very nearly alone, and she leaned so closely towards him that her soft breath fell upon his neck.

"You are very hard, Mr. Selwyn. Could nothing—could



nobody move you?"

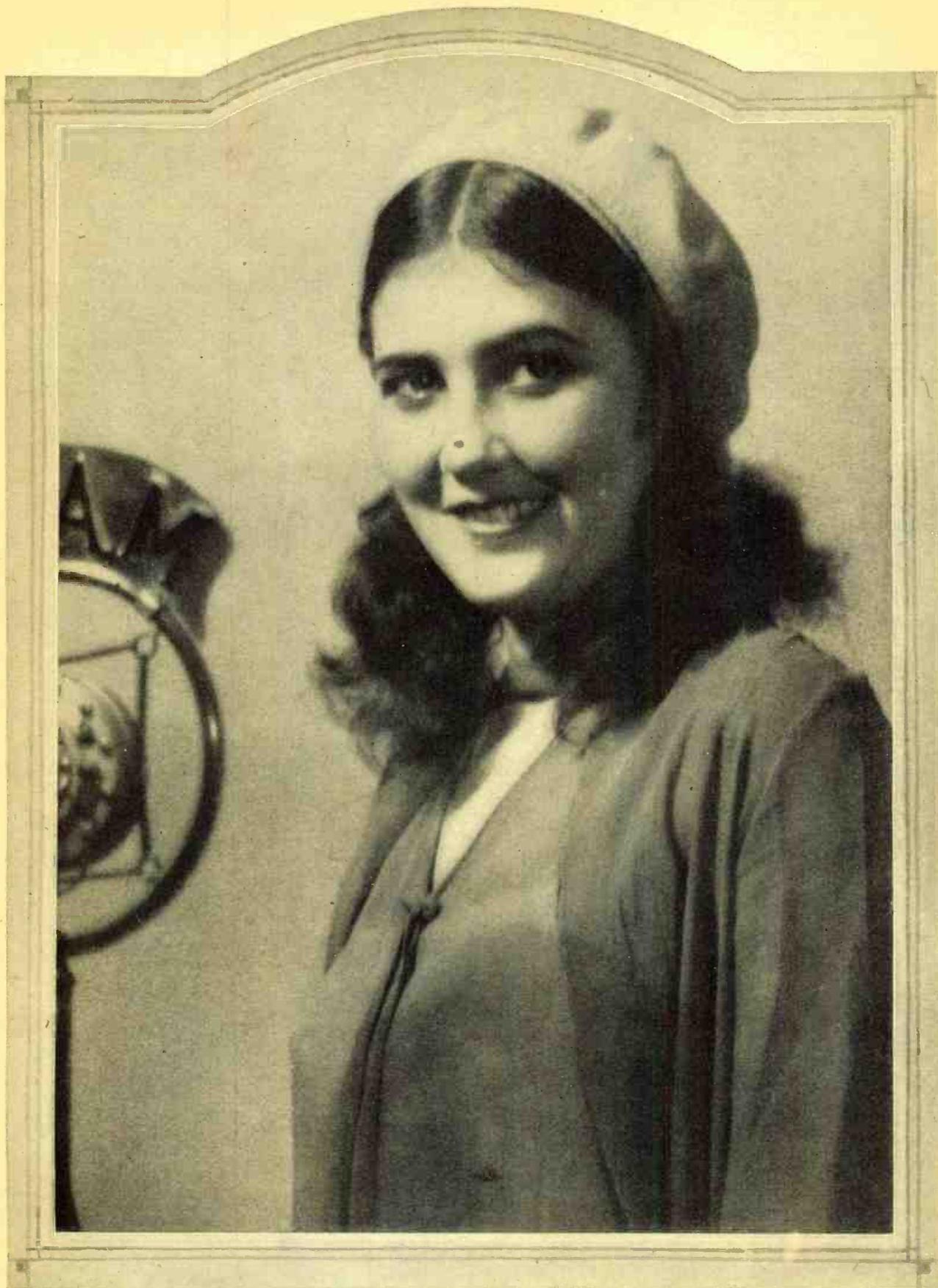
She was offering herself to him—he knew that quite well. "Nobody," he answered. "Not even the woman whom, in a few weeks' time, I hope to make my wife."

For a moment she neither moved nor spoke. Then she drew away and rose to her feet with a little shiver. Amongst

(Continued on page 112)



LUCILLE WALL appears here in answer to the prayers of many interested listeners who have often inquired for a picture of "that fascinating young woman who takes the part of the girl in dramatized stories heard during the Collier Hour on Sunday nights." Her pictures are rare. Imagine, so lovely and camera shy!



SENORITA MELVIDA BOYD, Panama, zoomed up from the tropics to take part in a beauty pageant at Miami some months ago. She was christened Miss Latin-America, and all Latin-America was listening in when she appeared at WQAM to voice her appreciation of the honors. Her welcome home was a national event.



AILEEN FEALY and PHYLLIDA ASHLEY appear here at the same piano, but when you hear them from KGO, Oakland, and KHQ, Spokane, they have a pair of pianos under their hands. Aileen and Phyllida understand the mike as well as their baby grands (or grandfather grands) so that gives listeners the full benefit.



ALMA PETERSON is esteemed one of the very best of Radio sopranos on the NBC Artist Bureau program. You may have heard her over the network on a Sunday afternoon. Her voice is peculiarly adaptable to the microphone, which faithfully transmits the youth, fire and spirit that sparkle from her eyes in this picture.



LOIS BENNETT is one of the bright new luminaries of the air, although she has been singing with great success in light operas on the stage and in concerts for several seasons. She was born in Texas, and gained her first Radio renown as the Quaker Girl.



IRMA DEBAUN is very well known to the Radio public as Peaches in the Evening in Paris program heard over the Columbia system every Monday night at 9:30 EST. She is gifted with an exquisite soprano voice as well as with clever dramatic ability. She makes the illusion so perfect that you feel you are really in Paris, en verite.



Fred H. Huntley is quite enthused over a new song and is telling his fellow Aerials of WMAQ, Frank H. Collins, bass; Paul Mallory, tenor; and Eugene Dressler, tenor, what he thinks about it.



Here he is, fans, this is Walter Winchell, who originated the expression "make whoopee." He's one of America's best known columnists and he airs his Broadwayisms over the CBS system.



It takes a good shoemaker to put real sole in a ukelele so here is Earle Nelson, one of the Douglas Shoemakers on the Columbia chain, who can put sole and a swift kick in his half-pint guitar.



Oh, Mr. Jenkins, please hurry along the Radio, hear-see to make the evening at home perfect with these two lovely Hollywood ladies to please the eye and the ear. Miss Dorothy Lee (left) comes through RKO and Miss Cora Bird through KMTR.





Until the talkies came very, very few people were aware of the lovely voice Bebe Daniels had concealed about her person. Now she is hailed as a joy not only to picture fans but to Radio listeners who hear her in such broadcast extravaganzas as Rio Rita. And whatta HAT!

Marian Hansen, 18, is a queen of the air in a double sense. She is a licensed aviatrix, and she broadcasts from KSTP, St. Paul. The listeners awarded her this loving cup.



Front and center comes now Mr. Edmund Cruse of Atlanta, Ill., who is heard at intervals from WMBD, Peoria. "Oha," says the belt, but that may be in reference to the glittering guitar with unique ventilation and cubistic lines. Mr. Cruse is an able instructor.



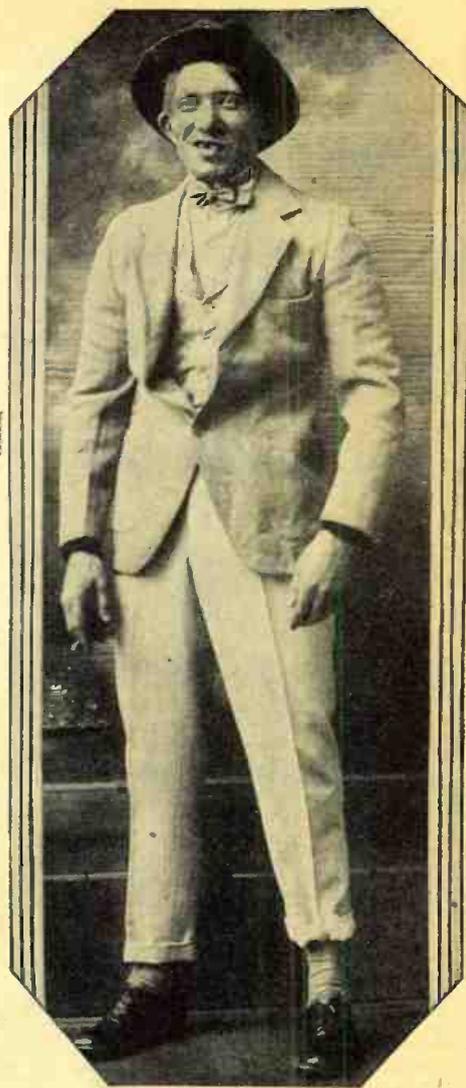
Big Brother Bob Emery at WEEI, Boston, always has a gang of little brothers and a sister or so to help him out on the programs for the children. Bet you didn't see the imp back there in the corner who slipped into the picture unobserved.

There's danger in their eyes, cherie. But you are safe if you sit down by the old set and tune 'em in when they are on KFWI, San Francisco — Oh, yes, they are the Nearing Sisters. Look cute, don't they?





Cross section cut shows Dr. Cross' cross-cut saw sawing not the knot across the cross cut sawed log, but illustrating Dr. Cross' cross-cut of the news in the Log of the Day at KGO, Oakland, Calif. "Don't be cross," say Lon Protteau and Herb Sanford, "this is not a knotty knot nor as naughty a knot as it seems."



When Gus Gustafson and Mike Wrhm get together at the Andrews Hotel, Minneapolis, the whole world is going to know all the most sacred secrets of the Somebodies family. Gus glories in the title of the Town Gossip.



Two new Hooters practicing up for their initiation into the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hoot Owls at KGW, Portland, Ore. Forrest Berg (left) and George Smith, sometimes known as the Village Blacksmith.

Mouthorgans, drums, jewsharps and now the BIG BASS VIOL have claimed the spotlight with the multiplied demands of broadcasting. Dainty Mary Brian whacks out a few deep zooms from this one at KNX to the evident surprise of Naylor Rogers.



"Hello, Dad. Got here OK. See you next year." Perhaps that was the baby's message at KOMO when her mother, Mrs. Oliver D. Morris, came to send the news to her husband, cut off from all other communication on E-tip-ta Island in the Arctic.



Wouldn't you almost say that Ole is a heck of a name to hook onto a feller whose real name is Dick La Grand? This is the Ole and Girls Trio, Imelds Monagne (left) and Marjorie Brimley, NBC, Pacific Coast.



These are the pickin' Cotton Sisters—and you can hear them pickin' their nifty little ukes at WWNC, Asheville, N. C.



You've read some fine stories about Radio stars in Radio Digest by Peter Dixon—one was a nice little chat about Aline Berry. And here they are getting ready for the NBC broadcast of the Cub Reporter—they are Mr. and Mrs. Dixon now.

THIRTEEN and ONE

*True to Savoy's Prediction Two Strange Men Arrive
Out of the Night—Their Presence and Activities
Further Complicate the Murder Mystery*

By Jackson Gregory

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

A MOST unusual company of connoisseurs, adventurers and mystics had been summoned to Mainwaring Parks' gloomy retreat at Lake Tahoe. Practically all of them were interested in precious stones. Paul Savoy, traveller and student of the *genus homo*, had been the first to arrive, followed closely by Captain Arthur Temple, world traveller, who had come with his military orderly.

Doctor Andregg, a sallow and saturnine guest, permitted himself to be mistaken for the butler. Then there was Amos Laufer-Hirth, renowned jeweler, Herman Dicks, a famous detective who came with Mr. Parks, and Will Little who had come to look after the comfort of his employer, Laufer-Hirth. A mysterious East Indian, Mr. Nemo, was the last to make his appearance, accompanied by a servant. Savoy counted noses, and by including two Filipino servants found there was a total of thirteen persons in the house.

In the early days of the great log house where this company had gathered in the dead of winter there had been a mysterious tragedy. The great opal, known as the Nonius, which had once belonged to the Roman Senator Nonius, had been brought there for the consideration of the builder of the house, Thraff Wilczyzinski. That same night the jewel merchant and a foreigner who was with him were stabbed to death and the supposed Nonius opal, in a little wine-red silk covered case, disappeared. A little later Wilczyzinski disappeared, a raving maniac.

Dicks apparently considered the story, as related by Parks at the dinner table, a fairy story. Savoy referred to the superstition that attaches to the opal. Presently they came to the question of what had brought them together. Mr. Parks produced a purse which he said contained \$1,000,000 in bills, stating that he was going to place it in the safe, at the same time inviting the guests to place their valuables in the same place. Soon the entire party retired to their rooms, by common consent deferring their discussion to the next day.

THIRTY minutes later there was a high, strangling cry, out of which only one word, "Murder!" could be distinguished. A hasty search by the guests resulted in the discovery of the bodies of Parks and Dicks. As Dr. Andregg stooped to examine the body of his host he picked up a bright object, putting it quickly in his pocket.

Just as they were about to search the house a dull explosion drew them all to the living room, where they found that the safe had been blown open. Again starting their search, they found that the two bodies had disappeared.

Discussing the situation with Laufer-Hirth, Savoy outlined something of his studies of mankind, and announced that he believed he could locate the Nonius opal. At his direction the jeweler searched on a table and discovered the gem.

At breakfast the next morning Captain Temple attacked Dr. Andregg, accusing him of the murder. He was interrupted by the appearance of Savoy, who pointed out that he was perhaps the most to be suspected, since he was not at all sure of his actions the previous night.

Once more Temple attacked Andregg, only to be thrown off the scent by Mr. Nemo, who, after a brief conversation with the doctor, vouched for his innocence. Savoy, after the others had left, questioned the Filipinos concerning a neighboring house, which Temple and his orderly explored.

Savoy, after another session with himself, appeared before the others announcing that he had the solution in an envelope, which he proceeded to nail to the ceiling. Asked if he could perform any other wonders, he predicted that within a short time two men would appear at the door and ask for Mr. Parks and Mr. Dicks.

Some four hours later there came a loud knocking at the door, and with the knocking a loud voice, shouting. "Shall we let it be Captain Temple who goes to the door?" cried Savoy, springing to his feet. "For here already, my dear captain, come our expected guests."

IV

CAPTAIN TEMPLE jerked the door open. Two men came surging in from the dark, scattering loose snow, followed and surrounded by flying snowflakes. They set down their snowshoes and began divesting themselves of their outer garments.

"Well?" Temple remarked curtly.

"Got lost," puffed one of them. "Saw your light and made for it."

"Ah!" said the captain, suspiciously. (Here was something in the way of an explanation already hinted at by that absurd Savoy.) And Temple added with a challenge in his voice: "So you got lost, did you?"

Never had men passed under a sharper scrutiny, than was the captain's now. Exactly as that eternally, colossally absurd Savoy had predicted of them one was stamped unmistakably by the cities, the other as being a man on whom the outdoors



At this moment Paul Savoy burst in on them, wild eyed, face white and haggard.

had in many a way and many a place set its undeniable seals.

In an altogether changed tone, brisk and business-like, the city man demanded: "This is the Mainwaring Parks' place, isn't it? You're not Mr. Parks? Perhaps I may make my explanations to him?"

"Unfortunately you cannot," said Temple, curt and watchful.

"Not in?" and a sharp tone sharpened still more: "Is a man named Dicks, Herman Dicks, here?"

Heads were shaken, some hastily, others in the manner of men wondering.

"Dicks isn't here, either?" sharper than ever, then ducked his head, considered briefly, and drew out a card and presented it to Savoy.

"My name's Gateway; my friend's is McIntosh."

SAVOY read the inscription on the card. Business-like and plain like him who had presented it. "Charles P. Gateway." Nothing further.

"Exactly," he smiled. "Mr. Gateway; Mr. McIntosh. You tell us everything—yet nothing."

"Something has happened here, hasn't it?" he said sharply.

"And neither Parks nor Dicks is here to tell about it? Suppose you put a name to it!"

Savoy considered the long ash of his cigar.

"It's not exactly a pretty name," he said mildly.

"It's murder!" cried out Gateway. "Who? Parks or Dicks?"

"Both!" burst out Captain Temple.

"I'd like to know more about this and who you men are," he said.

"May I present them?" asked Savoy imperturbably. And one after the other he named them, introducing himself last.

"And it's murder?" he said the second time. "Double murder!"

Temple shrugged. "I think it's time you two explained yourselves!"

"Why not throw back your coat and show them?" said Savoy lightly.

"You seem to know a whole lot." And then with an abrupt gesture Gateway did what Savoy had requested, giving them a glimpse of the shining badge of his authority. "I'm Detective Charles P. Gateway. And I'm a friend of poor old Dicks—and I guess I'll take charge of things right now!"

There was a little gasp of satisfaction from Laufer-Hirth.

"When did this happen?" asked Gateway. And when he had his answer, "You've notified the authorities? San Francisco and the local officers?"

"The telephone line went down in the storm—"

"Ah, that accounts for— Show me the rooms where this happened."

GATEWAY, accompanied by Temple and Tom Blount, went out and up the stairs. Laufer-Hirth, quite ignoring McIntosh, turned astonished eyes on Savoy.

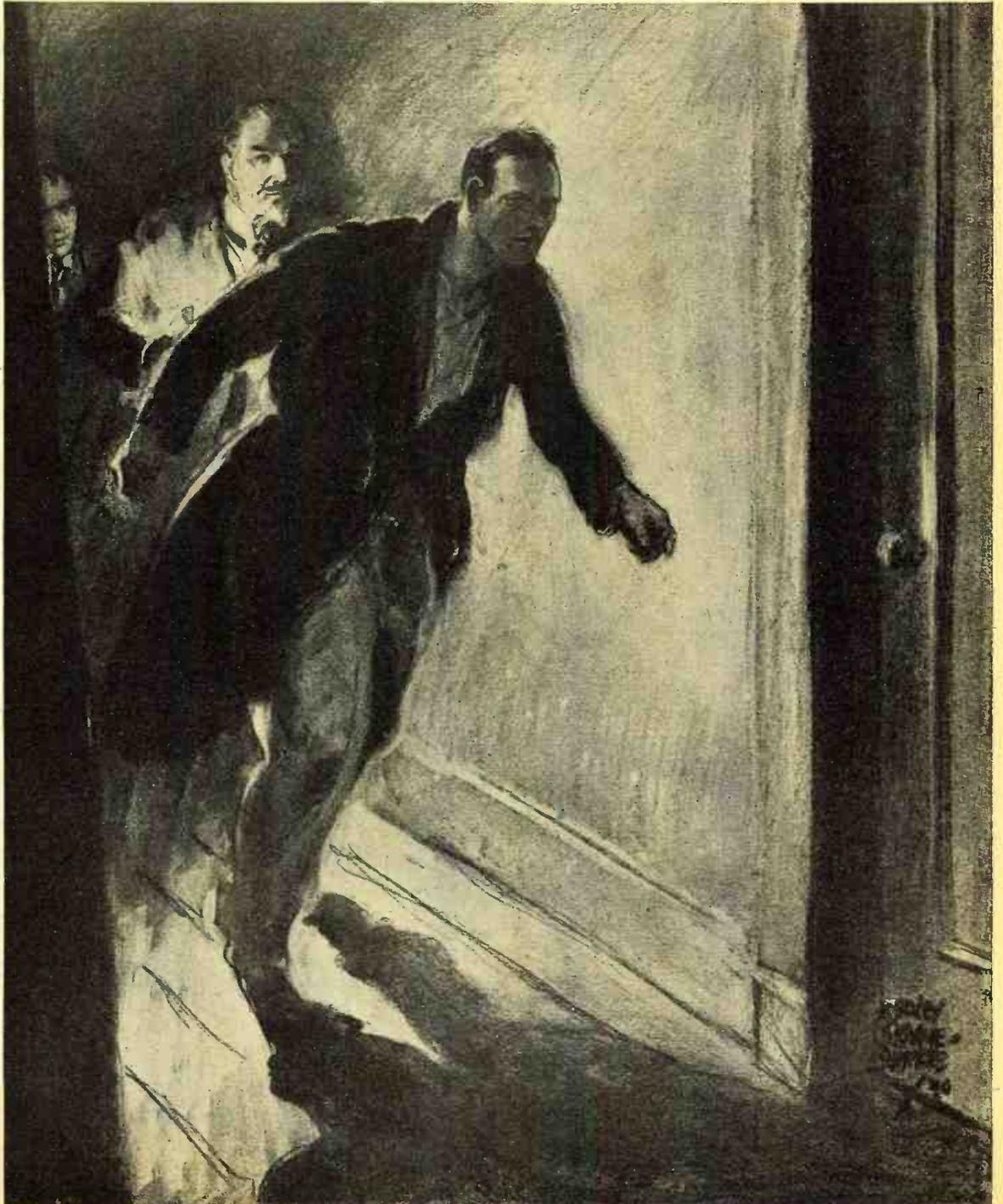
"How'd you know, Paul? And how much more do you know?"

Savoy returned to his chair, settled himself and answered indifferently.

"Just a guess, as I told you. A surmise, rather, based on a series of earlier surmises. We know well enough that Parks scented tragedy. Why did he bring Dicks along? Let's say that Dicks knew danger lay across the path he was treading. What more natural than that he would talk things over before leaving San Francisco with some friend and co-worker? Such a man as Gateway. What more likely than that he would arrange to keep in touch with him by telephone? And, finally, what more logical than that his friend, not hearing from him, should follow him here to lend a hand?"

"And—ah—and Mr. McIntosh?" demanded Laufer-Hirth.

"Mr. McIntosh, I am sure," returned Savoy, "could tell us how Mr. Gateway asked him to guide him on so difficult and, to Mr. Gateway, so novel a journey. That, I think, explains



"They ran on, following Savoy, Temple's candle streaming smokily."

Mr. McIntosh quite naturally."

"Right you are," said McIntosh. "I happened to know this country, and seeing how keen-set he was, agreed to come along."

"It grows late," suggested Savoy. "How about bed?"

He went out with a general good-night, and they heard him going to his room. The last glimpse they had had of him was when in the doorway he had cocked a curious eye at his own secret paper nailed to the ceiling beam and directed a second meditative cloud of cigar smoke toward it.

THE others followed presently, leaving the big living room to stillness and a dying fire. And the three who had gone upstairs to the rooms vacated by Parks and Dicks had shown no haste in coming down again. Their voices were heard now and then in little lulls of the storm.

When at last they did come down, Gateway and Captain Temple were side by side, talking earnestly, done entirely with their initial bristling truculence. Evidently the captain had told the detective much that had happened; certainly he had made mention of Paul Savoy and of Savoy's envelope. For on the threshold Gateway's quick eyes went straight to it, and he said briefly:

"That's it, eh?"

"I've a notion Savoy's mad," cried Temple under his breath, yet sharply. "And I'm going to know what he's written."

Without more ado, Temple got up on the table and began yanking at the strips of wood nailed over the paper. Tom Blount handed him the fireside poker and he used it to pry the bits of box shooek away.

The detective made no comment, but watched narrowly and stepped closer as Temple read the few lines. With a grunt, in which there was a note of smothered fury, the captain made a wad of the offending sheet and hurled it toward the fire.

"A cursed mountebank—"

Gateway, as quick as a cat, sprang forward and rescued the

paper. He opened it carefully, smoothing it with very gentle fingers and read:

"Temple, his enormous curiosity rampant, investigates my inspired notes! A ludicrous incident, surely! Plainly, a rather knotty situation has embittered individual, stimulating animosity. Look inward. Vastly educational."

And that was all; all, rather, set down in Savoy's notes. But from Savoy himself came a soft, delighted chuckle. He was



at the door, looking in from the dim hall, a thin, tall form in a long red dressing gown.

"And you did investigate, didn't you?" he said pleasantly while Temple, still red-faced, choked on words. "Guessed right again, didn't I?—Good night, gentlemen."

And moving as softly as a ghost in his soft slippers he vanished down the hall.

A MOMENT later, Gateway stood up.

"I've got this case pretty well in hand. Inside thirty minutes or an hour, anyway, long before the household comes

trooping in for morning coffee, I'll have this dirty mess cleaned up—and will be ready to go."

"You mean—Andregg?" demanded Temple.

"Andregg, without the least shadow of a doubt. I'm going to pounce on him now while he's asleep, and I'm going to have the truth out of him so quick it'll make his head swim."

"I don't see—"

"Of course you don't! But I do. That's my business, to see. And you will in a minute, if you care to stick around."

"Lead the way," said Temple, "and we'll follow."

They made little sound, only the sergeant's heavy shoes, in

which he walked on his tip-toes, creaking dismally. Temple carried a candle and led the way. He turned from the main hall into a smaller, narrower hallway, and stopped before a closed door. Gateway stooped and put a professional eye to the keyhole, then listened a long while.

He withdrew eye and ear and noiselessly inserted a key in the lock. Slowly and noiselessly the door opened. Temple lifted his candle; the three peered into Andregg's room. Gateway stole forward. Captain Temple blew out the light. Once more in the room all was silence and dark.

Then the silence itself seemed to be set shivering under a slow harsh whisper. Gateway, on the crest of his melodramatic moment, was at the bedside now; his hissing whisper filtered terribly into Andregg's sleep-benumbed ears.

"Murder—murder—murder! Andregg! Andregg, murderer!" yelled Gateway.

Bedsprings creaked as the sleeper, abruptly disturbed, started up wildly. There was a sobbing gasp—a whisper again—a shriek of sheer terror.

THEN all of a sudden and without warning Andregg relaxed, and fell back against the pillow.
(Continued on page 114)

"How does it happen that while we battered a door down you slept through it all?"



Pay Day in

Better You Like Them

By E. E.

"BLESSED are the poor, for they shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven," and at the same time not worry about what Jones is making in the way of salary nor the proper way to fill out all the blanks in an income tax return.

The peculiarity of the lead to this snooping article devoted to what the big shots are making from their Radio activities is accounted for



Countess Albani, NBC Star, in the "Going Up" Class.



Paul Oliver of Palmolive fame has golden voice.



James Melton, NBC, has high tenor voice.

Floyd Gibbons doesn't sing, but gets most money for his voice. (NBC).



Hugh Barrett Dobbs and his \$250,000 smile. That's his pay for making Pacific Coasters get out of bed and exercise while he talks Shell oil. (NBC).

Radio Town

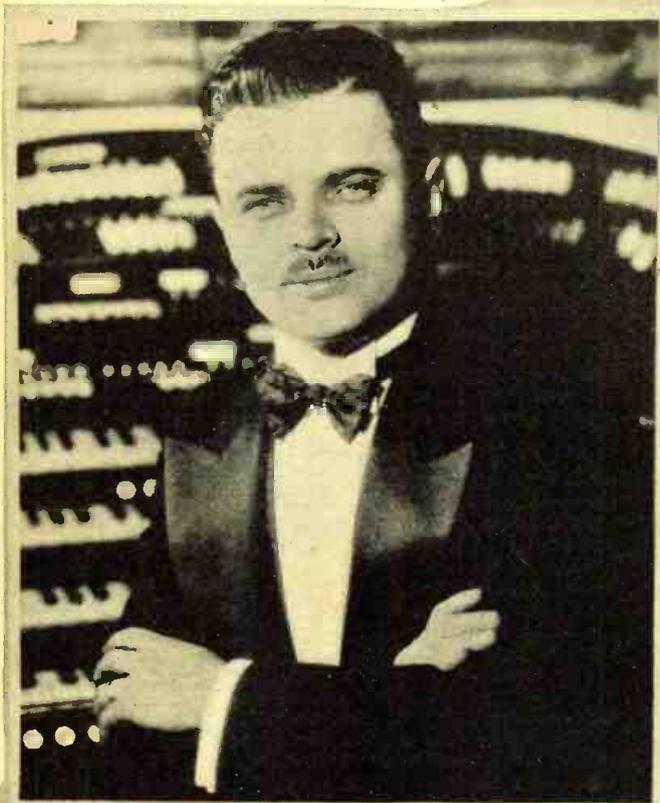
The More They Can Get

Plummer

by the difficulty the author had in digging up the facts of the matter. It seems that the networks, both National and Columbia, are very secretive about the dollar marks surrounding their pet microphone blasters, and the main reason given out is that the temperamental satellites would simply lay down and quit on the job if it were announced inaccurately that Soprano Soandso made ten cents more per annum



Lovely Jessica Dragonette is worth her weight in gold as singer for NBC.



Jesse Crawford, "Royal's Poet of the Organ" draws a royal stipend, CBS.



Mary and Bob are doing well.



Will Rogers started out as a \$10-a-month cow hand. His personality won him fame on the stage, then in the pictures, and now he is one of the highest paid Radio stars.



Figuring income tax on their \$1,000,000.

than Contralto Suchandthus. Other jealousies also abound.

On that account, then, I will apologize in advance for my inaccuracies prevalent in this story. The figures are mostly heresay, listen, snoop and guess. Still, I've been given credit for being a very fair guesser. Just to reassure you, I'll promise that I'm not off more than one decimal point in any of the forthcoming statistics.

OUT of Peoria, Ill., and Richmond, Virginia, came two minstrels who four years ago started off Sam 'n' Henry on a meteoric career only to require a legal re-christening party two years later of the feature under the now internationally illustrious names of Amos 'n' Andy.

How much do they make? Well, a little bird whispered to me and said that Amos 'n' Andy would be paid by the NBC system a minimum of one hundred grand, Chicagoese for \$100,000, the first year with Pepsodent.

That figure is quite accurate and represents only their microphone work. To it must be added an additional income of an indefinite amount for their theatrical appearances, royalties from phonograph records and books, syndicate (coming soon) rights and other miscellaneous small revenues. Lumping the second money-making group together, Correll and Gosden should realize close to \$200,000 from these things this year.

But the crowning blow is their debut in the talkies. They have recently signed a "propolition" with R-K-O Radio Pictures to produce a film, "Check and Double Check," next August which is not to interfere with their nightly broadcasts and which, on the share basis agreed upon, should net the pair close to **ONE MILLION DOLLARS!**

Amos 'n' Andy are under the management of the NBC Artists Service, and that means that NBC will draw ten per cent commission on their broadcast, show, film and other engagements booked by the bureau. But still, what is ten per cent when a fellow is making \$650,000? And that is what each member of the team should earn annually once the film revenue starts coming in. And five years ago they were anxious to broadcast just for the experience and without pay!

IN 1907 a Washington, D. C., lad took Horace Greely's advice, went West and North, found a seven-dollar-a-week job as a reporter on the Minneapolis Star, and shortly thereafter was fired for incompetency. His name was Floyd Gibbons, but that didn't help him in those days.

Gibbons got back into the newspaper business and made an outstanding name for himself, you all know, as war correspondent from the 1914 Battle of Naco, on the Arizona-Sonora front, on down through bullets and shrapnel shells at the rate of at least one war a year until 1929, when he met M. H. Aylesworth, NBC's chief executive, and decided to give up newspaper work for the microphone.

Now his income is said to be in excess of \$5,000 a week, he is reported to employ eight secretaries—and, imagine their trying to take his dictation—he was recently clocked on the air talking at the rate of 217 words a minute. Incidentally, he is probably one of the few Radio stars to sport the *croix de guerre*, the Italian war cross, and be a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

HUGH BARRETT DOBBS, "Dobbsie" as he is known, five years ago had no other claim to fame than a highly varied career and a cousin by the name of Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero of the Merrimac sinking in Santiago Harbor during the Spanish-American War.

Born in 1885, like his cousin, Dobbsie also went to Annapolis, but his putting glue on the instructor's chair was not overlooked, so he changed schools to Johns Hopkins. At the Baltimore medical school Dobbsie studied to be a physical culture instructor, and was one for several years. Hopping about the country he also designed and built outdoor playgrounds; then turned surveyor in 1905, going to Alaska to help run a boundary between Canada; took a fling at the commercial side of motion pictures, came to San Francisco in 1924 and engaged in selling musical instruments, and in the Summer of 1925 walked into the studios of KPO and asked for an audition.

His voice registered and he was scheduled for a broadcast known as the Health Exercises period. He "clicked." He conceived the idea of staging mythical cruises to the ports of the weary, the shut-ins, the convalescents, and carrying to them cargoes of happiness and gloom chasers.

A Shell Oil executive heard and engaged him for the Pacific Coast NBC network. Over 1,000,000 letters from fans soon proved him the West's greatest mike personality. Last January the same Shell executive, E. H. Sanders, decided it was time to sew up Dobbsie, so he got his name on the dotted line beneath a contract which will net Mr. Dobbs over \$250,000 during the next three years. Not bad!

SO FAR, you will note, the big stars mentioned were made by RADIO rather than the STAGE. That is interesting. But to vary the order a bit, let's talk about Will Rogers and Harry Lauder. The stage gets credit for their original successes.

Will Rogers was just a \$10-a-month cow puncher on the 101 Ranch before he got to roping so well he was permitted to

take the annual tour with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show.

It was the closing of the season one year in old Madison Square Garden, New York, when a frightened critter of a steer broke through the arena gate and headed for the massed crowd of women, children and men. In the dust-laden air a lariat snapped out, circled the beast and brought him to the ground. The rope was Rogers'.

He was New York's hero. Every night the crowd gave him an ovation. A vaudeville manager attended one night, heard the applause, and thinking it was for Rogers' skill, decided to sign him for a vaudeville act. Will was to receive \$50 a week. The timidity of Rogers almost made the act a flop. The manager moaned.

Then one night Rogers entangled his feet in the rope. The audience chuckled. Will blushed and stewed. "I'd a heap rather have this rope aroun' my laigs than aroun' my neck," he cracked. The audience roared. That was Will Rogers' first extemporaneous comment, and from then on he fought his shyness, made more comments and soon became a famous vaudeville headliner. Magazine writing, a newspaper syndicate proposition and the movies followed.

About a year ago you could get him to officiate as toastmaster at a banquet for \$5,000 and transportation (airplane). Up to recently he was on the air rarely. His Radio fee, according to several sources, for those "single shots" was around \$12,000. Recently he began a thirteen-week contract with Squibb hour. The remuneration is in question, but consensus is that it is around \$7,500 a week.

HARRY LAUDER was making records for the phonographs when they had big horns that hung from stands such as now support bird cages, so I really can't remember how this Scotch comedian and songster got started.

The only point I wish to make is that twice he has come to the States for farewell tours and taken back with him juicy fees for broadcasting. His rate seems to be \$1,000 a minute. He was paid \$15,000 for his first fifteen-minute program over a year ago and this year took home \$30,000 for thirty minutes.

MARY AND BOB, whose Radio tours for stories have now been going on two years to the delight of millions of listeners, are also in the big money class. Their sponsors were very kind in giving me much information, except the amount each received weekly for their parts in True Story hour.

Let's guess. One informant who has no especial reason to know said he thought \$75 a week each. I'm positive that is way below the mark. They must get \$150 or more, but I'm guessing, too. Both Mary and Bob, however, add greatly to their incomes by theatrical and club work.

For example, they charge from \$400 to \$500 for appearing at a Radio show. They have a vaudeville act which is essentially a True Story Radio drama. This books for \$2,000 a week.

"Mary," as you've probably already read in this magazine, is really Nora Sterling, twenty-two years old, born in Atlanta, Ga., and a sister of Alexa Sterling who was four times national women's golf champion. Nora attended schools here but finished off her education in Scotland.

"Bob" is William Brenton, twenty-three years old, a Princeton graduate and son of a clergyman. No, they aren't married.

By way of interest to those who tuned in the True Story radarios, in 1929 this program employed seven hundred Broadway actors and actresses of more or less renown. Some of these are paid as high as \$1,000 a week in the theaters. The Radio salaries paid depend entirely upon the importance of the part assigned and the ability of the performer.

GRAHAM McNAMEE is a name to conjure with in broadcasting. Eight years ago he hadn't seen his first microphone. He studied singing and cultured his voice from boyhood on but when it came time to earn a living he became a wheat salesman for a firm in St. Paul, Minn.

Of course, he was keeping up his singing, but his voice needed more training in order to reach the top in his chosen career. Hence he went to New York. It is said his wife, herself an accomplished musician whom he had met on a concert engagement, was the person who urged him to get into Radio.

She probably had singing in mind. As it developed, however, WEAf employed him primarily as announcer because of his resonant baritone voice and, of course, his knowledge of musical selections.

The income wasn't much to start. Chain announcers even now are paid only about \$75 a week to begin. But today—

McNamee charges \$250 to announce a commercial program. He is reputed to earn more than \$1,000 a week from Radio alone. He is sought after for concerts and as soloist at churches. Radio shows pay him well for appearances. In addition he is paid for the use of his name by the newspaper syndicate which prepares a weekly Radio column, "Graham McNamee Speaking." His latest revenue producer is in the capacity of announcer on a talkie news film release.

Phil Cook, Radio's Clown who is heard six mornings a week in songs and dialogue as the "Aunt Jemima Man" is another star who has cultivated the Midas touch.

(Continued on page 92)



Cast of the Henry and George One Minute Dramas. From left: Dave Elman, Harriet Lee, Brad Browne, Georgia Backus and Don Clark.

Henry and George Introduce

RADIO BLACKOUTS

Minute Dramas Born of Double Inspiration

By J. G. Gude

HENRY and George, the two theatrically minded bellhops now on a good will tour of the country, were created by the two people who fill their roles every Monday evening at 8 o'clock (EST) over the Columbia network. They are Don Clark, chief continuity writer for CBS, and Dave Elman, of the same department.

Like most famous characters of stage and air, Henry and George came into being through a curious combination of circumstances. Dave Elman had an inspiration one hot day last September for something new and different in the way of Radio entertainment. Now, if you've never seen a continuity writer with a new idea for a program, you've never seen anyone really worked up. When the idea hit Dave, he bit off the end of his pipe, and swallowed it, and knocked over a chair and three people as he dashed for Don Clark's office.

"Don," yelled Dave, "I've got a new idea for—"

"Dave," said Don, "I was on my way in to see you. I just thought of a swell—"

"Now, hold on," begged Dave. "My idea is—"

"Yes, but listen," insisted Don. "This thing that I have in mind is—"

"RADIO BLACKOUTS," they yelled simultaneously.

THEY looked at each other for a second, each wondering whether his ears had deceived him, and then burst into laughter.

"Holy hat!" said Don. "One of us must be psychic."

"Yea, verily," assented Dave, "great Radio minds doth work on the same wave length."

And without more ado, our heroes sat themselves down, and together worked out a rough draft of the first Radio blackouts in the history of our fair land.

"Done," grunted Don, a little later. "There's a sustaining program scheduled to go on in about a half hour. Let's try 'em out on that."

"Swell," agreed Dave. "All we need is five people to take the parts."

"Oh, Lord," moaned Don, "I never thought of that. Come on, let's hunt for artists."

Followed a mad dash through studios and reception rooms until they came upon Georgia Backus, Harriet Lee and Ted Husing, just minding their business in a quiet corner on the twenty-second floor.

"Surround 'em, Dave," ordered Don. "Don't let 'em go."

"What, may I ask, is this?" demanded the jolly Husing. "A raid?"

"The heat," murmured Harriet, sympathetically.

"Stewed," said Georgia. "Don't pay any attention to them."

"Come on," said Don, "you're all going to work in a new script act."

"Yeah, but how about two more people," Dave reminded him.

"Never mind. No time," said Don. "You and I will have to take those parts."

AND that, children, is the story of how our heroes, whose business is writing continuity, became Radio entertainers. That they were successful in this new field of endeavor is evidenced by the fact that they are still doing Radio blackouts.

In the case of Dave Elman, ability as an actor was no surprise, for before going into Radio Dave was an "old stager" if ever there was one. His histrionic career includes experience in about every line of theatricals one can name—vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, tent and traveling medicine shows, and even show boats. Don Clark confesses to two weeks' experience in a Broadway show—name unknown.

But to get on with the story: Just about the time Don and Dave were trying out their new idea, the Consolidated Cigar company was looking for a comedy team for a new program that was to feature its product, the Henry George 5c cigar. The plan, of course, was to make the tie-up by naming this team Henry and George. Fourteen comedy teams, including some of the best known in New York, had been tried—and found wanting.

"Why," says Mr. Clark to Mr. Elman, "couldn't this new and wonderful idea for Radio entertainment be adapted to meet the demands of this client?"

"I'm asking you," says Mr. Elman to Mr. Clark, "why not?" And they forthwith betook themselves to the sales department and formally presented themselves as the answer to the Consolidated Cigar company's prayer.

Skeptical, but ever willing to cooperate, Columbia sales boys invited the client's representatives to an audition. In the meantime Don and Dave got to work on the task of applying the idea of Radio blackouts to the requirements of the Consolidated Cigar company.

IT HAD already been tentatively decided by the client that the characters, Henry and George, should be bellhops. A Chicago hotel was decided upon as the locale. Now, how about the other characters that would be necessary to these one-minute dramas? The girl in charge of the cigar counter, of course. She would be called Maizie, and be played by Harriet Lee.

But another female part would be essential. Why not the

(Continued on page 104)

Reformation of Study Sixteen

Young America has accepted P. G. Wodehouse as one of the most popular fiction writers of the day. This is a bit from old Wrykyn and presents a vivid glimpse of public school life in England.

"WHAT they need, of course," said Clowes, "is exercise."
"Right ho," Trevor agreed. "But they get out of all that with their beastly doctor's certificate."

"That's the worst of this place, Trevor, old devil. Any slacker who wants to shirk his athletic duties to the house goes to some rotten doctor during the holidays, swears he's got a weak heart or something, and you can't get him."

"What's to be done about it?"

"I swear Bellwood and Davies would both make good enough forwards if one could get them onto the field. They're heavy enough."

"Fairly bulge with bloody ballast, both of them. And is it any wonder, considering the way they eat! But, I say, what's to be done about it?"

Study Sixteen at Donaldson House of Wrykyn was under discussion again. Bellwood and Davies, the current possessors, had not improved the evil reputation of the room. This fact was a double thorn in Trevor's side since he had become captain of football. He assumed his responsibilities seriously.

"There must be some mangy microbe infesting the place to turn out such shiftless fellows as you always find in Study Sixteen," said Clowes, stretching himself and picking up a book from the table.

"A mouthful of gospel truth," Trevor answered. He leaned back in a chair and rested his heels on the desk. "It's positively rummy. It's always been like that. I believe anybody who's a slacker or bad lot naturally drifts to Study Sixteen guided by the unseen hand of fate."

"Do you remember when we first came to the house Blencoe and Jones had it?"

"They got sacked at the end of the first term."

"Yes, and after that it was Grant and Pollock. They didn't get sacked, but they ought to have been. Now it's these two and here's hoping they get turfed out without further ado."

Clowes began thumbing the book he had picked up. His attention was arrested by the contents.

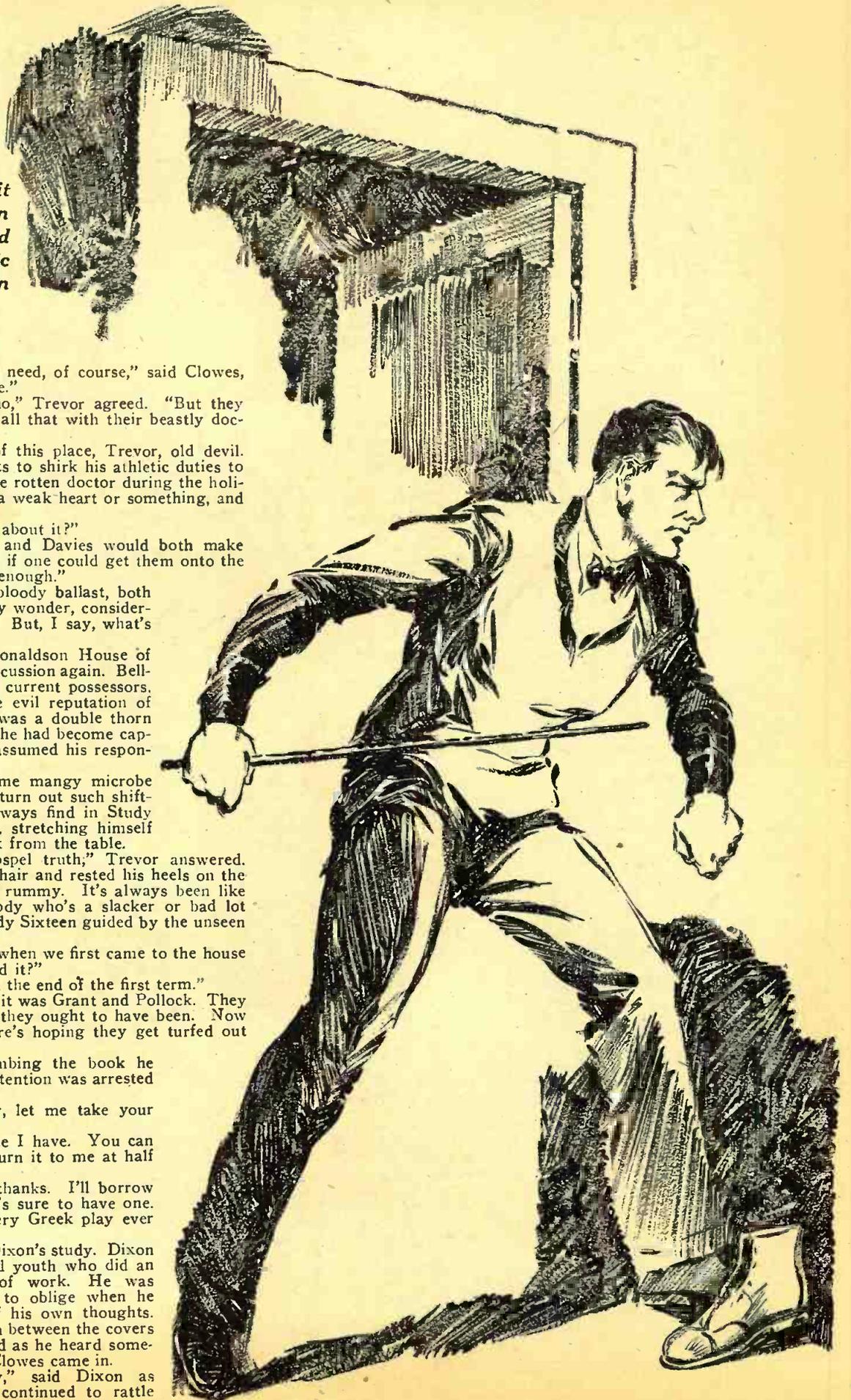
"Oh, I say, Trevor, let me take your Agamemnon."

"That's the only one I have. You can take it if you will return it to me at half past nine sharp."

"No, it's all right, thanks. I'll borrow one from Dixon. He's sure to have one. I believe he's got every Greek play ever written."

Clowes went off to Dixon's study. Dixon was a mild, spectacled youth who did an astonishing amount of work. He was nervous and anxious to oblige when he was not in a haze of his own thoughts. He lifted his face from between the covers of a book and frowned as he heard someone rattle his door. Clowes came in.

"It's rather shaly," said Dixon as Clowes entered and continued to rattle



By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrations by
Winston Haberer

the door on its hinges.

"Wobbly, I should say," said Clowes, "what have you been doing to it?"

"Some fellows have been running against it."

"Indeed! Running against it? And what did you do?"

"I—er—well, the fact is, I didn't do anything. You see, it was an accident. They told me themselves that it was."

"It only happened once then? Must have been a good strong chap to rush a door off its hinges at one shot."

"No. They stumbled against it rather often."

"Stumbled is good," said Clowes. "I suppose they didn't say how they came to stumble? Who are the unlucky trippers?"

"Well, I don't know that I ought to say, but I suppose it will be all right. They were Davies and Bellwood."

"So I should have thought," said Clowes. "How do you find that sort of thing affects your work?"

"I must confess," Dixon replied, nervously twisting a pencil between his fingers and nibbling at the end of it, "I do find it a little hard to concentrate myself when I am constantly interrupted by bangs on the door."

"So should I." Clowes tested the door on its hinge: again.

"You see how it is," said Dixon. "I wonder what could be done about it."

"Now, why did you ask that particular question, old man?"

"I'm sure, I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"It strikes me the question seems to be getting to a point where it requires a definite answer. By the way, I popped in just to see whether you would mind lending me your Agamemnon?"

"Oh, certainly, I'll be more than glad to. Splendid play, isn't it?"

"Not bad. I prefer 'Charlie's Aunt' myself. Matter of taste, though. Thanks. I'll return it before I go to bed."

And he went back to his own study.

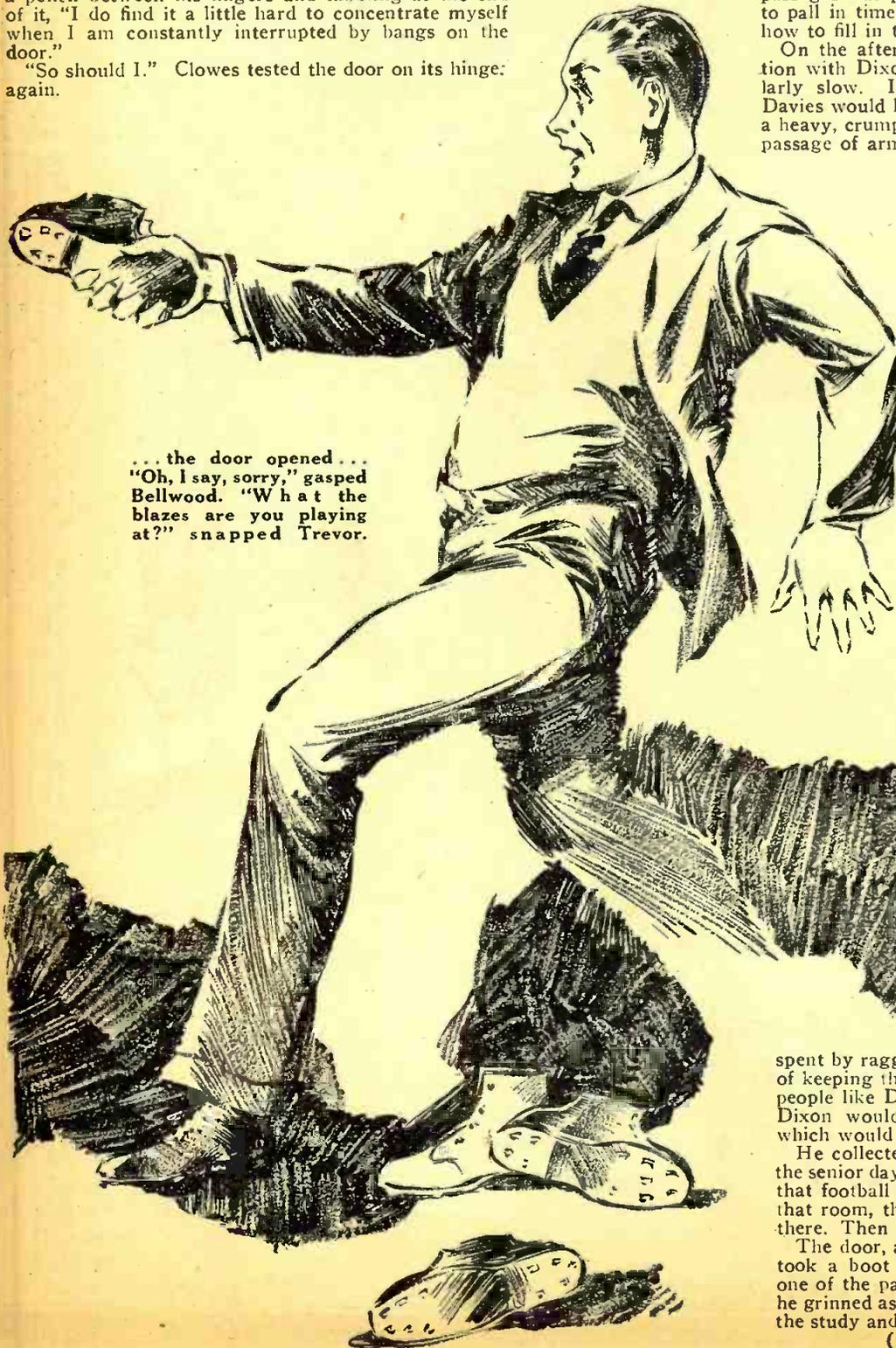
IT WAS in the afternoons, after school, that Bellwood and his companion Davies found time hang so heavily on their hands. To lounge in one's study and about the passages was pleasant for a while, but it was apt to pall in time, and then it was difficult to know how to fill in the hours.

On the afternoon following Clowes' conversation with Dixon, Bellwood found things particularly slow. In ordinary circumstances he and Davies would have been at the school shop eating a heavy, crumpety tea. But today an unfortunate passage of arms with his form-master had led to that youth's detention after school; and he was not yet out. Bellwood was one of those people who do not like to tea alone.

Besides, it was Davies' turn to pay; and to go and have a meal at his own expense would have been so much dead loss.

So Bellwood haunted the house, feeling very much out of humor.

After wandering up and down the passage a few times and reading all the notices on the house notice board, it occurred to him that the half hour before the return of Davies might be well



... the door opened ...
"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped
Bellwood. "What the
blazes are you playing
at?" snapped Trevor.

WINSTON
HABERER

spent by ragging Dixon. It was for the purpose of keeping their betters from becoming dull that people like Dixon were put into the world; and Dixon would in all probability be working—which would add a spice to the amusement.

He collected half-a-dozen football boots from the senior day-room. The rule of the house being that football boots were not to be brought into that room, there was always a generous supply there. Then he lounged off to Dixon's room.

The door, as he had expected, was closed. He took a boot and flung it with accurate aim at one of the panels. There was a loud bang, and he grinned as he heard a chair pushed back inside the study and somebody jump up. Dixon was in.

(Continued on page 98)

Cugat Presents Review of



It took ten years for that champion of all barber shop rhapsodies, Sweet Adeline, to become a national hit. The melody was written some thirty years ago by Harry Armstrong, delineated by Senor Cugat at the left. The lyrics were by Richard H. Gerard. They first intended to call it Sweet Rasalie. Armstrong was glad to get \$1,000 for his interest when it appeared the song was a flop. Gerard held on until he got \$2,200. When it did go it spread like the Maine Stein Song, after its long obscurity. Armstrong sang his creation over a national hookup recently and related these facts.

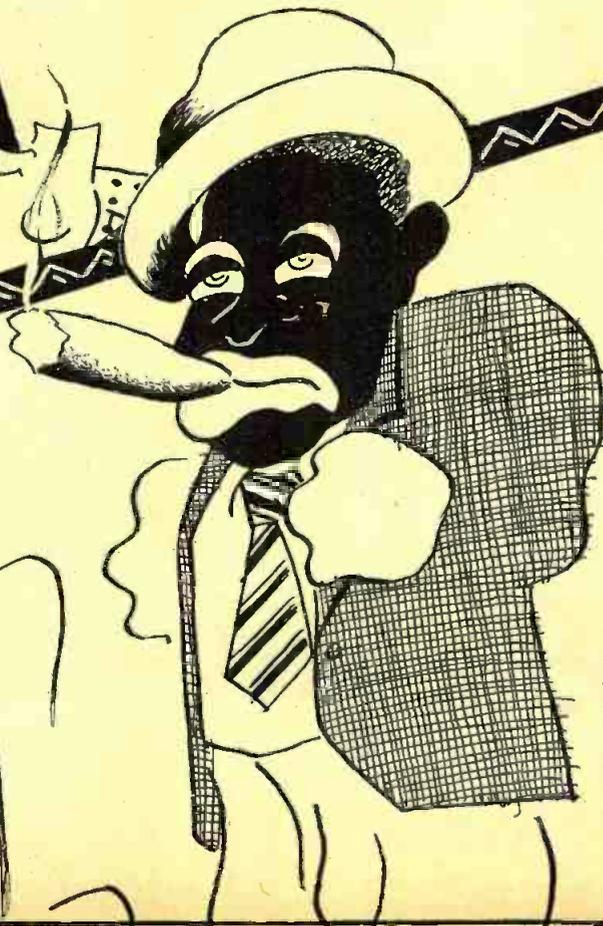
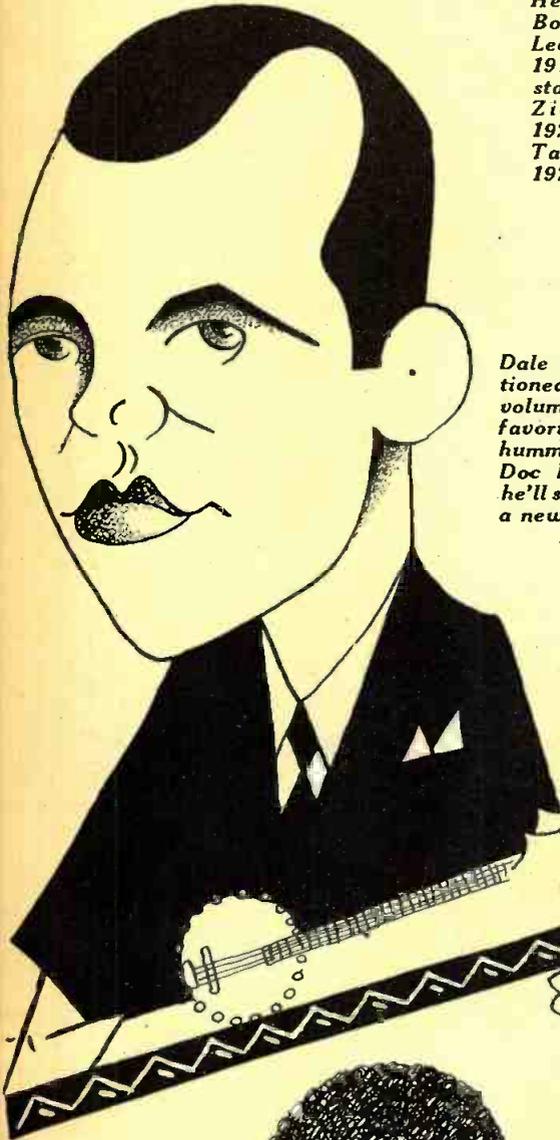
A caricaturist hesitates to apply his art in depicting feminine celebrities, so many are violently unappreciative of his efforts. But there are exceptions and Cugat presents at the right the high-speed motoring soprano Miss Muriel Wilson of the National Light Opera company. Broadcasting is just one of her many activities. Swimming, riding, golf and her peppy coupe provide an outlet for exuberent spirits. Ralph Powers says, "She loves scallops. Well, who wouldn't be a scallop for Lady Muriel anyway!"

Today's Radio Headliners

Spanish don kid-naps our dainty Lillian Roth from Fair of the Air for caricature! Her career: Born Boston 1910. Fort Lee kid pictures 1916. Vaudeville star 1925. Florenz Ziegfeld lead 1928. Paramount Talking Pictures 1929. Radio star 1930.



Dale Wimbro is mentioned elsewhere in this volume as one of the favorite thrum and hummers of the day. Doc Powers predicts he'll soon give the world a new croonsong called Radio Rube.



"What mus' I do? Awa!" "Yo' don' has to do nothin', Amos, da cir—carlicularis — he's de one what has to do things." "Well I be doggone! Look heah, Andy, what he done to us!"

XAVIER
GAT

LOYALTY OF FANS IS

Friends of KFKB Roll Up Quarter Cup to Their Favorite Post Letters Received Lauding

By Donald

"Hello, World," W. K. Henderson speaking, is at the left; just below is Irish and His Uke, next door to Mrs. McChesney.

THIS is the World's Most Popular Station, KFKB, at Milford, Kansas," is the announcement that Dr. J. R. Brinkley's 5,000-watt broadcaster has been privileged to make since the results of the Radio Digest Gold Cup contest to determine the World's Most Popular Station were announced last month. Listeners rallied to the support of KFKB with splendid loyalty, piling up more than a quarter of a million votes for their favorite, thus bringing to Milford a truly enviable honor and recognition as the one broadcasting station on the North American continent boasting, perhaps, not the largest audience, but certainly by great odds the most loyal—listeners willing and eager to get out and fight for the honor and success of their favorite.

Many other stations besides the Gold Cup winning KFKB and the Silver Cup winners in the six geographical divisions of the continent may be truly proud of the loyalty of their friends of the air. Literally thousands of letters were received by the Contest Editor from listeners, lauding the merits of their favorites.

The number of individuals casting ballots for WENR exceeded by a large majority those voting for any other station, even the Gold Cup winner. Their support, however, was in the shape of single coupons, but little advantage being taken of bonuses allowed for groups of consecutively numbered votes, and for subscriptions. Consequently when all of these bonuses had been allowed those stations whose friends had been out working hard for their choice were up



Right, A. A. Murphy, CFQC; below, Rosebud Kids, WNAX.



One of the most popular programs, The Sunshine Coffee Kids of WNAX make a nice looking couple. At the right the young gent in his shirt sleeves is Roy Faulkner, one of the KFKB staff.



At the left is Jimmy Weldon, engineer and announcer, KFKB; above is the justly famed studio orchestra of CFQC, while at the right is a typical scene taken of a visiting crowd at Henry Fields KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa.



A REAL INSPIRATION

of a Million Votes to Give Gold of Listening; Thousands of Merits of Broadcasters

Burchard

Hal Nichols, right, is the big boss out at KFOX. Below, Brown of KFKB.



Above is Chan Gurney, known to everyone in the West who tunes in on WNAX.

Gold Cup Winners

FINAL returns in the Radio Digest World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest show that Station KFKB at Milford, Kansas, is the winner of the trophy by a large majority, polling 256,827 votes. Winners of Silver Cups in the six geographical divisions of the continent, and the title of Most Popular Station in their respective Districts, are shown at the left in the table below. At the right are shown first seven stations, in the order of votes received and with no reference to their location.

Gold Cup—KFKB	256,827	KFKB	256,827
East—WJZ	4,210	KFOX	64,557
South—KWKH	19,514	KFNF	46,556
Middle West—KFNF	46,556	WENR	24,711
West—WNAX	17,031	KWKH	19,514
Far West—KFOX	64,557	WNAX	17,031
Canada—CFQC	3,842	WLS	14,872

in the win column while WENR, although registering a larger listening audience, had to be satisfied with second place in the Middle West, and fourth place in the national standings. Another station, WLS, which polled a large vote from

Right, in diamond, Howard Wilson, secretary-treasurer of KFKB.



Little John Brinkley of KFKB. Anna Case, WJZ pioneer.



Below are a few of Henry Field's guests having a big time while visiting the station. This is one of Henry's stunts to entertain his friends.



Uncle Dutch and his Gang.

Above, Steve Love's popular band, or rather his bandsmen, from KFKB. At the right is the always smiling Dee D. Denver, KFKB announcer.

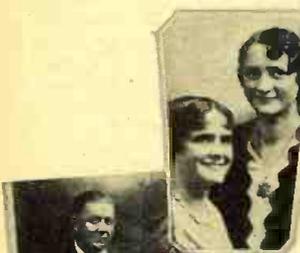




Major J. Andrew White, left, first famous sports announcer.



J. Chandler Gurney, manager of WNAX, twice winner of Radio Digest popularity contests. Herbert Tempko and Hazel "Tilly" Olson in panel.



Dutch, the Boy Blues Singer, KFKB.

In the champion KFOX Group of Long Beach, Calif., we find these cup winning entertainers: The Sunset Harmony Boys, guitar trio, and Miss Doris Dolan, staff pianist, below. McCree Sisters, KFKB.

individual listeners, was "out of the money" and registers in seventh position in the order of ballots cast. Here again the greatest response was in single votes, but few extra bonuses being recorded.

As was explained in announcing this Gold Cup Contest, it was not necessarily the station with the largest audience, but rather the one with the staunchest friends that would win the title of the World's Most Popular Station. Doctor Brinkley's KFKB, on the strength of its whole-hearted reception by its listeners, and the enthusiastic work done by its friends throughout its listening territory, is richly deserving of the designation of World's Most Popular.

ASKED to explain to what they attributed the tremendous popularity of KFKB even in competition with larger stations, station directors declared that "KFKB has a personality, a Soul, if you please." J. R. Brinkley, M. D., founded KFKB in 1923, "just as a novelty." His primary object was to entertain patients in his hospital at Milford, Kansas, and to teach these patients prevention of disease while they were convalescing.

The doctor spent considerable time listening to other broadcasters during the early days of his own station, determining just what policy would be best for him to follow. At first the chains seemed to be the thing, but individuality seemed to the doctor more desirable. During this time KFKB was on 1,250 kilocycles with twelve other stations, so he waited for the reallocation of November 11, 1928, before adopting a program policy.

By the time the new allocation came his policy was very nearly worked out and ready for adoption: "Humanize" KFKB, give it a personality, make it different. Regardless of revenue, certain policies were adopted to do and die by.

First: No price quotations whatsoever. The doctor said: "I own the station. I have a hospital here. I will not ask people to come to my hospital, and if I will not ask for patients, my advertisers shall not make pleas to purchase."

Second: "No records shall be played. Records are cheap, but full time talent is far more valuable than its great initial outlay."

Third: "The station shall never become an advertising or selling medium. No merchandising shall be conducted from it."

Fourth: "The station shall never be used for controversies, but all organizations shall be permitted a hearing, regardless of creed or beliefs. The station shall be an open forum."

Fifth: "KFKB shall not be a chain station unless the listeners demand it. A recent poll showed that they did not."

Sixth: "The station shall be kept clean, so that none shall be offended. No suggestive language or risqué music shall be permitted. The programs shall all be of such a nature as to be welcomed in every home."

AFTER a policy of "don'ts" was worked out, it was easy to find a program of "wills" and the first was SERVICE. Under "Service" we find the following to be a few of the outstanding features and policies of KFKB:

Religious: Regular Sunday services by various denominations, all being welcome. Also week-day services.

Fraternal: There being many fraternal organizations of outstanding merit, a certain amount of time was allotted to fraternalism.

Educational: It was determined to offer a comprehensive course in French, so a Count and Countess were induced to come to Milford. In addition the "Tell Me a Story Lady" hour was financed and immediately proved its popularity.

Agricultural: Since KFKB is located in a predominantly farming area it was natural that this subject should receive serious consideration. All market quotations are given, with the usual weather reports, conditions of roads and so forth.

Health: This was the big problem. Having an excellent staff of trained medical workers in connection with his hospital it seemed to Doctor Brinkley that he was in a position to give real service. The Medical Question Box was inaugurated. Letters poured in and thousands have been given practical advice and help in their problems of health. Soon the Cooperating Druggists' association was organized to handle the Doctor's prescriptions. The Doctor writes prescriptions and puts numbers on them. Diagnosing individual cases from letters received, he instructs his "air patients" to ask for such and such a numbered prescription at his druggists. This plan met with such success that Doctor Brinkley now receives about 3,000 letters per day. This service is free to druggists and the public.

Service: A short time ago an effort was made to have KFKB's license canceled. Tens of thousands of letters poured into the offices of the federal Radio commission protesting any such action. Such was the appreciation of the listening public for the service rendered by Dr. J. R. Brinkley.

Entertainment: Doctor Brinkley believed that the public liked a little of nearly everything, but not too much of anything. Steve Love's orchestra of eleven pieces has been playing popular music since the fall of 1927. Arthur Pizzinger has an orchestra rendering the classics and semi-classics. Novelities are offered by the McCree Sisters, while Uncle Bob and

his fiddle and Uncle Sam and his Old Time orchestra have been hits since the early days. Other popular entertainers and announcers too numerous to mention in detail are: Dutch and Irish; Evans Brown; Albert Fenoglio; James Weldon; Dee D. Denver, and Doctor Brinkley himself.

Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley are the proud parents of an only son, John Richard the third, named after his father and grandfather. The Brinkley family is one of doctors, as that of Mrs. Brinkley. The family group consists of the Doctor's pets, his wife, boy and faithful dog Prince, now nearing old age in dogdom.

"Good Old WJZ"—East's Favorite

MANY years ago a Radio listener coined the phrase "Good Old WJZ." The phrase is fitting, for WJZ, voted by listeners the East's Most Popular Station, is one of the oldest stations in the country, and the oldest on the Atlantic seacoast. It will be entitled to nine candles on its birthday cake when its anniversary date rolls around October 7. The "good" part of the phrase is testified to by the Radio listeners who have selected WJZ as the most popular broadcaster in the East.

September 9, 1921, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company was granted a license to operate a broadcasting station in Newark. After the 500-watt transmitter was installed an old cloak room was swept out and converted into a studio. Old rugs were used as wall drapes, a piano was rented and there was an old-fashioned phonograph with a large horn. A few discarded chairs, a table and WJZ was ready to go on the air October 7, 1921. Thomas J. Cowan, none other than the Tommy Cowan of WNYC, threw the switch that put the new station on the air. There were only four people in the organization, which was headed by the late Charles B. Poponoe. Cowan was announcer, master of ceremonies, artists' contact, program supervisor and general utility man. No funds were available for talent and Cowan had to talk them into making the trip to Newark to broadcast.

But WJZ went on the air with programs of one sort or another, and people began to write letters. The organization expanded. Bertha Brainard came to work as assistant to Mr. Poponoe. Today she is eastern program manager of the National Broadcasting company and one of the outstanding executives of Radio. Cowan discovered a singer named Milton J. Cross and induced him to sing for the then small Radio audience. Cross became interested in the new business and when there was an opening for a second announcer he got the job.

Broadcasting grew and WJZ's quarters became cramped. In the spring of 1923 they moved to the old Aeolian hall, staying there until September, 1927, a year after its operation was transferred to the newly formed National Broadcasting company, where it shares with WEAJ.

Before moving to Aeolian hall WJZ's staff accomplished many things. In the summer of 1922 a broadcast of the New York Philharmonic was successfully engineered and the same year a program from the stage of the Capitol theatre was put on the air. June 7, 1923, was another red letter day in the station's history, when WJZ became one of the four transmitters on one of the first networks. The broadcast was in connection with an annual meeting of the National Electric Light association, and Anna Case was featured as soloist.

THE first broadcast from an airplane came the following summer. In 1925 2LO in London was picked up and rebroadcast. Engineers now admit that the quality was terrible, but it was a big event in the early days of Radio.

In 1924 and 1925 Radio personalities began to develop. Previously WJZ's announcers had been identified by letters. In 1925 there were identified with the station such widely known celebrities as the late John B. Daniel, Andy Sannella, Keith McLeod, Ted Husing, Major Andrew White, Ed Smalle and Godfrey Ludlow.

In November, 1925, the WJZ transmitter was moved to New Jersey and the old 500-watt plant went by the board. With the new power plant of 50,000 watts WJZ became the first regular super-power transmitter. In the meantime the quality of programs had been steadily improving. The Democratic convention had been put on the air, the inauguration of President Coolidge was described to Radio listeners, and many international celebrities had appeared before WJZ microphones. Sponsored broadcasts improved steadily, and more and more money was available for talent. Network broadcasting became an accepted fact.

Then came the organization of the National Broadcasting company, and as a result WJZ, which has been taken over by the Radio Corporation of America when the station was moved from Newark to New York, and WEAJ, formerly operated by the A. T. and T., were put under the NBC banner and became the key stations of coast-to-coast networks. Though identified as an NBC station from then on, WJZ kept its own personality and to millions of listeners it still is "good old WJZ." (Continued on page 105)

John Sloan, below,
Scotch tenor at
WNAX.



Milton J.
Cross, above,
winner of dic-
tion award
and long iden-
tified favor-
ably with WJZ
winner.



Stan Clifton,
chief announcer
and program
director
CFQC.



Dr. and
Mrs. Brink-
ley, their
son and
Prince, who
brought the
gold cup to
KFKB.



Bertha Brainard, oval, eastern
program director of NBC, whose intelli-
gent supervision had much to do with
WJZ success. Anna Maud Morath,
small panel, character comedienne at
KFOX.



Albert Fenoglio,
one reason why
KFKB won Gold
Cup.

RADIOGRAPHS

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

By JEAN CAMPBELL

LUCILLE HUSTING is a little girl who pursued success into young womanhood, then felt it turn to ashes in her mouth. And yet she had the courage to carve a new career from the wreck of the old. Gene Mulholland, her close confidant, is responsible for this story, which shows the rare characteristics of Lucille Husting, NBC's dramatic actress, as she is known to a few long time intimates. * * *

The tallow candles sputtered on the floor. They dripped grease on the rug. Some of it flowed to the polished floor.

These candles separated a five-year-old girl from a critical audience of dolls. There were rag dolls, china dolls, dolls with real hair and dolls that cried "mamma" and "papa," and two that closed their eyes and went to sleep even while they sat there arranged in that semi-circle which was an imitation "parquet," of this little parlor theatre, the first to witness Lucille in performance of her "art."

On the other side of the candles was an over-stuffed sofa. And on this sofa Lucille was "acting." Back and forth from it she pranced, and then she used it as her stage and pranced back and forth upon it. Her hands were clasped dramatically. She was reciting all that she could remember of a play that she had seen and heard the week previous. The mud from her shoes slowly began to show itself in great smears on the cherished and otherwise spotless couch.

Lucille did not hear the front door open, she was too far lost in her dramatic playing. She did not see her mother's horrified expression as the latter took in the scene before her. She did, however, hear her mother's very dramatic gasp of dismay, and feel the grasp of the hand that caught her by the shoulders and, yanking her from the now damaged silken couch, did other things, only to be guessed. Poor Lucille!

Half an hour later, after the grease from the candle "footlights" had been cleared away and the sofa brushed, the rug sponged and chairs dusted, she listened resentfully while her father was given an account of what had happened.

"We'd best not take her to any more shows; our Lucille must not grow up to be an actress," the mother told R. M. Husting, circulation manager of a Mayville, N. D., daily. * * *

Ten years later Mrs. Husting sat in the auditorium of the Fargo, N. D., high school and saw a committee of judges award Lucille first prize in an oratorical contest.

No mother was ever more proud than she when the daughter went on to win

the inter-state finals in a declamation contest. The gold medal was taken home and proudly displayed.

For "Lucille doesn't want to be an actress any more. She has decided to teach school."

LUCILLE still retained her interest in the theatre. Her father's position as circulation manager of the Fargo Forum enabled her to see every play that came to town. And she was in constant demand to play leads in every home-talent production. Usually she directed them and was a final voice in the

theatre. He smiled as he read a letter, and turned around thoughtfully.

"Please call a Miss Lucille Husting at Emerson college and tell her to call here tomorrow at five," he asked his secretary.

Thus did Miss Husting make her first visit into that magic land, that realm of mystic charm and enchantment, "backstage."

Timid and hesitant she came. Stumbling over electric wiring, heavy curtain ropes and carelessly dropped "props," and bumping into scenery, she groped her way to the actor's dressing room.

Romance, she thought, was in the very air she breathed. To be able to work back here was to be able to live life to its fullest extent.

Ushered into the presence of the actor she had summoned the courage to meet, she found him all that her dreams had told her he would be, kindly, sympathetic and helpful.

"**A**CTING, to those on this side of the footlights is little like many of those on the other side imagine it to be," he told her. "It is composed primarily of work, the hardest and most exacting type of labor there is.

"The reward of self-satisfaction and fulfillment of ambition is large, and in many instances the financial returns are ample. But I wouldn't advise you to become an actress unless you are sure your heart is set upon it. If such be the case, I am willing to help you. For, if you apply the same perseverance to your chosen calling as you did to seeing me, I know you will be a success. And the great actor was sincere."

With these words ringing in her ears, Miss Husting returned to her studies. She studied so hard that she finished her four-year course in three years. Then she began scheming to get on the stage.

A letter to Crawford Pepper, president of the Redpath chautauqua, resulted in an interview. The interview resulted in an engagement in "It Pays to Advertise." A sales talk to her mother, pointing out the educational angle of the production,

and explaining that it really "wasn't theatrical," resulted in permission to play the engagement.

Three months of being a French maid through the New England states, and Lucille Husting had convinced her mother that being an actress wasn't so terrible after all.

When the season ended she secured an engagement with the Bainbridge players at the Shubert theatre in Minneapolis. Two years with this stock company, playing everything from little girls to grandmothers, and the young actress was ready for Broadway.



Joe White

selection of others in the cast.

This had been true almost since the Husting family moved to Fargo and Mayville when Lucille was six. Shortly after her North Dakota debut the little girl made her first public appearance. The play was one sponsored by a Fargo organization, and the acting of little Lucille was considered by local critics as one of the bright spots of the piece. * * *

William Hodge, the actor, sat in his dressing room backstage of a Boston



Here is another, and unusually attractive picture of the girl on this month's cover, Rosaline Greene. Rosaline is a teacher, author and dramatist as well as a Radio luminary. Jean Campbell has an awfully interesting story to tell you about her.

During this period she had kept in touch with Hodge, and when she came to New York he was expecting her. He had nothing in his company for her, but introduced her to Walker Whiteside, who gave her a part in "The Hindoo." Two coast-to-coast tours followed with this great actor, in that play and in "Mr. Wu." Those tours almost convinced her she had made a mistake, almost made her think she should have become a teacher.

Outstanding in her memory of that time is the kindness of Whiteside, long cold train rides, theatres where huge rats ran across the stage while the play was going on, and of theatres so cold that her breath fogged as she talked.

"The audience always laughed when they saw my breath in the warm Chinese setting in which the play was laid," she recalls.

FOLLOWING this experience in 1924, Miss Hustung played Broadway with Hodge in "For All of Us," later going to Chicago and Boston with the same company. That experience, she thinks, was the most enjoyable of her entire theatrical career.

A season at the Belasco theatre in New York with Nance O'Neil in "Stronger Than Love," and Miss Hustung was ready for her Radio debut in 1927.

"Once I had faced the microphone, I knew that my stage work had ended. The glamour of being an actress vanished like mist before the sun. Only Radio held any appeal for me."

Miss Hustung worked around the sta-

tion through which she made her initial microphone appearance for two years. She was made assistant to the manager, and did everything from booking talent to hearing auditions and singing solos. Then came an opportunity to work with the late Colonel C. T. Davis in Collier's Hour. That was before the NBC was formed. But broadcasting was already becoming the established and business-like profession it is today and the young actress found that her air engagements more than filled her time.

The longer she worked before the microphone, with its demands for a new technique and exacting voice requirements, the more convinced she became that stage work was to be her lot no more.

"And now I don't even go to the theatre any more, except as the tired business man does. Just an occasional musical show. The rest of my spare time I spend at home listening to the Radio," the girl who realized her ambition to become a stage favorite declares.

Miss Hustung still "lives in Fargo." There she keeps her automobile, her favorite Radio receiver and her circle of school day friends. There she kept her two Scotch terrier puppies until they died of over-eating during one of her frequent visits.

It is in Fargo that she dances to her heart's content.

And it is from Fargo and the mother who once was horrified at her ambitions to act that she expects the real criticism of her Radio roles. "Believe me, it isn't always pleasant criticism, either. Mother always listens to the Radio Guild plays,

Empire Builders and Penrod.

"Mother thinks she knows more about acting now than I do, and doesn't hesitate a moment to offer advice on how a role should have been played," the girl says.

* * *

JOE WHITE, sometimes more familiarly recalled as the Silver Masked tenor of NBC, has a "jinx song". Just this one song, beloved and requested by many of his admirers, he will never sing again. And Joe says: "Ordinarily, I'm not superstitious, but dire things did happen to me every time I sang that song." Strangely, his "jinx song" is Ethelbert Nevin's My Rosary, and an old favorite with Joe, as with us all. But here's the story.

Four times in his life has the Silver Masked tenor sung My Rosary, and each time with disastrous results.

The first time was long before his Radio warblings for NBC networks began. He was without fame then, as just plain Joe White, a tow-headed little youngster playing with his pet goat in the back yard of the White's New Jersey homestead. The goat was, also, just a baby, and little Joe hugged it tightly in his arms as he sang with tearful feeling the song he had heard his mother sing, My Rosary.

His proud old Irish grandmother overheard this effort, and beckoned his parents to listen and watch. "That child is a born singer," said grandma White. "We must put him in the boy's church choir right away." They did. But little Joe was sorry for singing the Rosary that first time, for it meant choir prac-

(Continued on page 118)

Early American For BOY'S ROOM

**STURDY, Colorful
Things Should Be
Used in Furnishing
New Quarters for
Growing Youth**

By Ethel Lewis

Home Interior Authority, WOR

NOT long ago I received a letter from a woman who said that each morning when I was talking over the Radio she sat in her rocking chair near the window, and near the loud speaker. As I described different rooms or suggested improvements which might be made in any room she would look about her and see the direct application of what I was saying. Now that seems to me the very best way to get real help out of a Radio talk on interior decoration. Of course, there will be times when the subject has no direct interest for you, but nearly always there is some part of it which can be applied to your particular case.

The woman who sat in her rocking chair and listened was interested in one particular question and it seemed that I never quite answered it, so she sat down and wrote to me. She described the room in detail and, therefore, I was able to give her real help. Unfortunately, I have many letters that say "send me advice on interior decoration." They give me no idea of how they live, one room or twenty, whether the rooms are large or small, light or dark, for general living or for one person. You see how difficult it is to do anything for a person who is so indefinite. So when you write in to your favorite speaker on interior decoration be sure and give her plenty of information so she can really help you.

One of my regular listeners wrote in and asked for assistance on the following room: "It is 9 feet by 13 feet large, has two windows, is painted in a very light green color. The furniture is maple (early American)—consists of a chest of drawers, four poster bed, night table, chair and a desk. It is for my son, who is eleven years of age. Now, the thing that puzzles me is the coloring. I want it to be a real boy's room and yet I want to carry out the early American period in every detail. Could you be kind enough to suggest kind of curtains, also draperies and bedspread? The room gets plenty of sunshine."

AND I suggested as follows: "As long as you want to keep the early American feeling, and as long as this room is for a small boy, you are fortunate that the two combine so well. For boys like sturdy things, colorful but not dainty, and that is exactly what one would say of the early maple furniture. For the curtains I would use a toile de Jouy, possibly one with American scenes. Make them very straight and plain, hanging from under a simple painted cornice. If the young man does not like the idea of toile, get an early American chintz that combines many colors in a quaint pattern. The design must be strong and not too intricate. Be sure that some of the maple color is included and some of the green, as well as the blue and rose and yellow which usually appear in any floral chintz. The glass curtains should be simple marquisette, pushed back a little from the center, for all children like to look out of windows. "The bedspread in such a room is always a serious problem, for you don't



Advice to young brides and experienced housekeepers that helps iron out many a perplexing problem is the forte of Ethel Lewis, Home Interior Authority at WOR.

want to repeat the chintz, and you don't want to use plain white. If you can find a woven cotton spread in a good tone of green, that will solve your problem. Do not try to use any rayon spread or any spread that is trimmed with feminine frills. If you don't find the readymade spread you want, you can make one of rough, homespun-like material, either in green or in a light maple tone. Using the rough texture keeps the whole room keyed together in spirit. Another alternative is the really old patch work quilt with a good deal of brown in the mixture and odd bits of other bright colors that are harmonious with the wall and the chintz curtains.

"For accessories use pewter lamps with simple parchment shades and possibly a piece of colorful glass for an old-fashioned nosegay of flowers. For the

rest let books and toys and banners and the usual collection a boy makes provide the interest." And so the boy gets his early American room, and I hope you agree with me that it would be an altogether pleasant place, full of color and life.

Quite different was a plea from another one of my audience. The letter sounds a bit like a first home to me and I do love to help out a bride whenever I can. She is puzzled about her kitchen which is "light green tile with dark green linoleum, and I had planned on ivory furniture. There is a breakfast room adjoining with two windows and built-in closet. I had decided on a gate-leg table with two ladder back arm and two side chairs in ivory, but the merchant showing me the pieces suggested I get a butterfly table instead of gate-

(Continued on page 120)

SIMPLICITY ADVICE TO JUNE BRIDE FOR REFRESHMENTS

By Evelyn Gardiner

Director KDKA Home Forum

PAUSE for a moment, all you June Brides, to heed what we have to tell you about refreshments for your wedding. You are busy with your teas, parties, new dresses and the hundred other things there are to look after when a wedding is to take place. But how successful would your wedding be if you did not serve suitable refreshments to your guests?

Let us be sensible this year and start off the season in simple style. Of course, a bride is a law unto herself and she may make the plans for her wedding as simple or as elaborate as she wishes. If she decides to have a simple wedding and simple refreshments, she will be less rushed before the wedding and less worn out afterwards. Brides, remember that your guests come to see you and to wish you health and happiness. They do not wish to see a weary bride but a radiant one. I wonder if people really know afterwards just what they have had to eat at a wedding? They are so much more interested in how the bride looked, how everyone was dressed and if the general effect was right. So if your refreshments are simple, yet dainty, your guests will be satisfied.

Whether your guests sit down or stand up for refreshments, depends upon the number of guests, the size of the house, the number of servants and the wishes of the bride. If you have but a few guests they may easily be seated at one table. If there are many, you may have a bride's table and a parent's table for immediate relatives and friends and let the rest stand. This may not seem hospitable but it is correct at large functions where it is impossible to seat everyone.

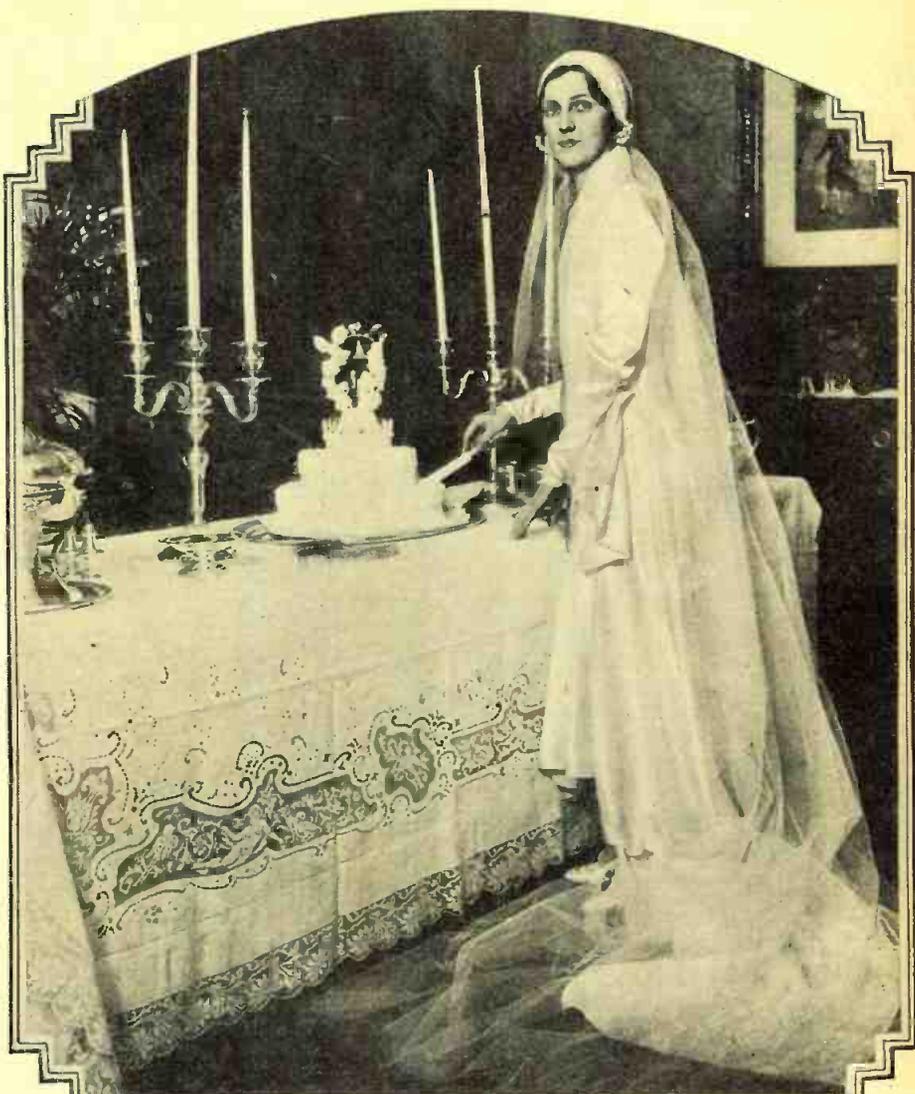
The bride and groom sit at the bride's table with a few invited guests. The table decorations are generally in white and the bride's cake occupies the center of the table, at the small home wedding. The bride sits beside the groom to his right at the head of the table. The best man sits to the right of the bride and the maid of honor to the left of the groom. Other members of the bridal party and intimate friends of the bride and groom are invited also to sit at this table.

If you wish you may have a parents' table with the bride's mother presiding at the head of the table. The groom's father is to her right. Opposite the bride's mother is the bride's father with the groom's mother to his right. Then the minister and his wife as well as other close relatives may be seated at this table.

SOMETIMES there is but one table and this is usually the bride's table. It is correct for the bridal party to be seated while all the others are served standing. Tables may be set for all guests if you wish, or all the guests, including the bridal party, may be served standing up. The service then becomes buffet service and is a form of service quite commonly used.

Buffet service is easier for the bride and her mother. There is much less

IF YOUR FOOD and service is simple, yet dainty, the guests will be satisfied, says Evelyn Gardiner, for they are more interested in how the bride looks than in what they eat. Arrangements depend on the size of the wedding party.



This is a picture of a real bride, Miss Josephine Fresh, as she is about to cut the first slice of the cake. Miss Fresh was assistant to Miss Gardiner at KDKA until she resigned to be married this spring.

work in the preparation and serving. The bride's table then becomes a buffet table. The bride's cake may still be the center of this buffet table. It is the feature of the wedding and no matter what method of serving the refreshments is used, the bride's cake should have a prominent position.

This is a white cake with a white frosting. It may be made in one layer or in several. If but one layer, the center is often left open and filled with small flowers on a standard. If there is a second layer or more, figures of various kinds may be used on the top. These are usually tiny figures of a bride and groom or of a bride alone. The stand on which the cake rests should be decorated with roses and lilies of the valley or some suitable bridal flowers. On either side of the bride's cake are low bowls of white flowers, such as roses, sweet peas, gardenias or lilies, or candle-sticks with long candles to match the color scheme used for the wedding. Perhaps the bride has a particular color

scheme she is carrying out in her decorations and bridesmaids' costumes. Select your flowers, candles and food to blend with this color scheme. Silver or glass candle-sticks of varying height may be attractively used with colored candles. If candles are used on the table with the bride's cake, flowers may be used as a background or placed on other tables in the room.

Besides the candles, flowers and cake you will, of course, make a careful selection of the cloth used. Nothing is in any better form at a wedding than a snowy white cloth of linen or linen and lace. This may be a large cloth to cover the entire table or you may use runners or a smaller luncheon cloth to show some of a highly polished table.

We do not wish the bride's cake to repose in lonely grandeur on the buffet table, so we will add a coffee or chocolate urn, at one end, platters of cold meats and salads and plates of sandwiches, candies and nuts.

(Continued on page 108)

MARCELLA

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

A DARK eyed young man is speaking into the microphone of the Westinghouse Station KDKA, Pittsburgh. His stature is erect; his bearing graceful; his manner gracious. His is a pleasant baritone voice, gentle but firm, carrying clearly to thousands of listeners. He is Louis L. Kaufman, chief announcer.



When Kaufman returned to his home in Pittsburgh after attending Penn State College for three years, he intended to enter educational work. He knew no more about Radio broadcasting than any other occasional listener, and so far as announcing was concerned, why, that hadn't even entered his head. But the man to whom he went in search of a teaching position sent him to a Radio station in Pittsburgh, where he announced programs three nights a week for nearly a year. Meantime he studied law.

It was five years ago that he went to KDKA where he quickly achieved wide popularity. His voice was unusually good, his enunciation precise without sharpness, his aptitude and adaptability are extremely unusual. He knew literature and language—he had gotten a fellowship in Spanish at Penn State. Louis admits that when he started announcing he knew very little about music. But constant contact with the soloists, bands, orchestras and symphonies which have played over KDKA during the past few years has brought him a liberal education in music and music appreciation.

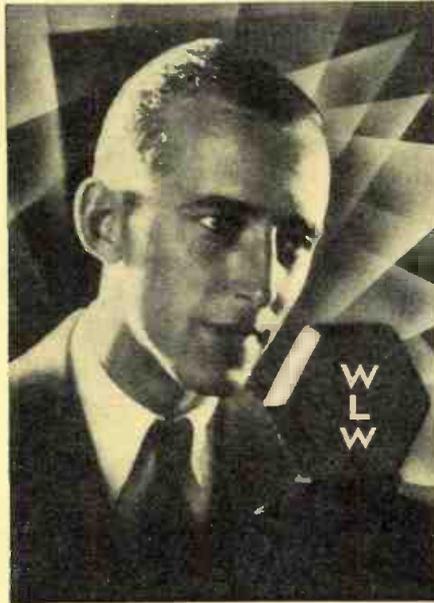
"Oh, I still like jazz—for dancing and the like," he says, "but for real enjoyment I like nothing better than to listen to the symphony orchestra—the KDKA Little Symphony orchestra, if you please."

Broadcasting of banquets and dinner programs from points outside the studio are the most trying of the announcer's tasks, Kaufman believes. But he says of Radio. "It's work that I like; it fills my nights, it keeps me in touch with what's going on, doesn't give me a chance to feel that I'm going stale."

According to most recent news, M. D. G., the King Taste Trio still sings over WLW. The names of these youngsters who came from a small town to sing in a night club are Bill Hibbs, Johnny Free and Vic Armstrong. These three used to harmonize around the high school piano in Urichsville, Ohio, until their friends started them out on a tour of Radio stations. Having appeared at several in Ohio they mustered up courage enough to set out for Cincinnati for a try-out at WLW. That was their lucky day. The sponsors of the King Taste Night club happened to be at the Crosley station. They heard the trio audition and immediately signed up the boys for exclusive appearances on their program.

Tell me where Tommy Christians and his orchestra play, Rose. Then I'll go ahead and answer the rest of your questions. Fair 'nuff?

Robert Brown, most loquacious of WLW announcers, is an extremely attractive and charming young man. Beginning at the more superficial aspects, he's six feet tall, has a Grecian nose (and doesn't mind admitting that), blue-blue eyes, a nice mouth, and dark brown hair combed slick as a waxed floor. He insists on washing his face with soap and going outdoors immediately so that his skin is always pink and shiny.



And as to clothes, he's a fashion-plate of neatness. He drives a roadster of the type generally referred to as "a small light car" and drives it 70 miles an hour. It's pearl gray and rakish as the angle at which he wears his hat. Since he drives always with the top down, after two weeks of summer sun, he'll be as brown as an Hawaiian boy. Comes the summer sun, too, and Bob will spend every free hour in a swimming pool where he can out-dive, out-swim all others. He holds various swimming records and medals that prove his prowess.

He plays golf, shoots, flies, and does anything else what anyone else can do or wants to do. Before he became a Radio announcer, he was a pilot on a lake boat sailing out of Buffalo. Before that, he had done a little bit of everything, from waiting on table to being a chauffeur.

And, oh yes, Ruth, he's either this side or that side of twenty-five, but not very far away in either case.

We hear of a great many Radio weddings these days, but here is a Radio funeral. Mrs. Flora M. Holmes, wife of P. E. Holmes, of Kincaid, Kansas, had been hopelessly ill for three years. During that period of time Radio was her constant solace and joy, hardly a waking moment passed that did not find her listening. It was her wish that her funeral should be broadcast over her favorite station, KFEQ, St. Joseph,

Mo. This wish was granted. Her service was broadcast at 3 o'clock on March 25th by remote control from H. O. Sidenfaden's Chapel, St. Joseph.

* * *

The Ashley Sisters, Thelma, Lorraine and Irma, better known as the "Prairie Daisies" over WLS have joined the staff at KMOX where they will be heard regularly for an indefinite period. They really are sisters, you know, and it's lovely Lorraine whom you see here. Irma has big brown eyes with the nicest long lashes and bobbed brown hair—a pleasing foil for the blond attractiveness of both Lorraine and Thelma, for Thelma is just as golden haired and blue eyed as Lorraine, only a trifle more subdued and pensive. Before joining the staff at WLS they were featured over KFI, KFWB, KNX, KTMR and other Pacific coast stations.



* * *

Found! Another reticent Radio idol. Of course there may be plenty of them, but when we do come up against an honest-to-goodness one we girls get all nervous and try and try to find out everything. The newly discovered is professionally known as "The Vagabond of the Air" and personally as Jerry Wilford, and his remarkably deep bass voice is heard announcing at the hour of midnight at KSL, Salt Lake City. He is now generally spoken of as "The Man Who Keeps Western America Awake." He was born in Juneau, Alaska, some thirty odd years ago, but please don't ask if he's an Eskimo, for he's very much of an Englishman. His eyes and hair are brown and he's a little over six feet tall, weighing 185 pounds. He goes in for hunting, fishing and golf in a big way, and has only one aversion—"Radio sopranos." He came to Radio from the advertising business and boasts no previous broadcasting experience whatever. Do you remember him, Louise, in connection with "When It's Springtime in the Rockies" and "The Utah Trail"?

* * *

The Prince of Wales' "uke" teacher—that's Kelvin K. Keech, staff announcer for the NBC. It was when he was an entertainer for the British Broadcasting Corporation and ukulele instructor that he was called upon to initiate this youthful member of royalty into the intricacies of ukulele playing.

Keech has a deep rich baritone singing voice and comes rightly by the fame he has gained for himself for the manner in which he renders old Hawaiian tunes. In fact it's his birthright, for Kelvin was born in Honolulu and it was there that he developed a love for the ukulele and learned to master it.

He was married in Constantinople in 1922 to a Russian girl.



Remember the Paul Christensen orchestra, winners of the popular orchestra plaque for the Middle West, season 1927-28? Some of the fans have wondered where they were, and I'm glad to tell you that they're back on the air to be heard regularly over WKY, Oklahoma City.

You wouldn't think it, would you, Dee, to look at this picture, that Al Bernard has a daughter seventeen years old? Al is famous as end man of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, weekly NBC program. He is a native of New Orleans, La., which may account for the native skill of his black-face stuff.

He made his Radio debut in 1922 over WEAJ and since that time has been before the microphone regularly. Prior to that he was on the stage for many years. In addition to his theatrical career and Radio experience Bernard has to his credit the composition of a number of songs. He's recently returned from a trip to New Orleans, where he visited his mother and father.

Antony Wons, more commonly known as Tony, has closed his Scrap Book for the summer, according to the latest news from WLW, and gone to northern Michigan for a four-month vacation. So that's why you're not hearing him, XYZ and St. Kitts. (Strange are the nom de plumes of Marcella readers! But what's in a name?)

Seaman and marine engineer with more than a quarter-million miles on the sea to his credit, is the record of Patrick Kelly, staff announcer and tenor on NBC programs. Despite his name, Mr. Kelly was born far distant from the Emerald Isle. North Queensland, Australia, was his birthplace and home during the first years of his life. Later he received some of his education in Sidney. His appearance suggests the distinguished gentleman that he is—five feet nine inches of well proportioned flesh and muscle, dark hair slightly grayed and flashing brown eyes. His personal interests which include flying, boating, boxing, language, opera and composition even cover a wider range than his record of past experience, but his one outstanding objective is to become a leading factor in Radio broadcasting. He is married to Yolana Poszanyi—a Hungarian girl he met in Budapest. Quite a man, wouldn't you say, G. S.?

If you looked in the May issue, Lucille, you undoubtedly saw the nice big story about the Lombardos. Isn't that the break you wanted?

Complications following an operation early in April resulted in the death of William S. Lynch, "Flying Announcer" of the National Broadcasting company. Many exploits were credited to this young executive of the NBC before he became assistant eastern program director, and later sponsored program director. As the Washington NBC announcer he introduced Calvin Coolidge to the microphone on more than a score of occasions. His last microphone assignment was to cover the 1930 New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Theodore Poister is the young man who plays piano and organ at WTAM. Like most successful musicians he began the study of music at an early age. His brother gave him his first lessons on the organ and later he studied with Cleveland instructors. His first job as organist was in a little church in his home town, Galion, Ohio. He attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., where he played the chapel organ and directed a dance band on the side.

Later he studied in Paris under Isidor Phillippe and played solo organ at the new Paramount theatre and the Champs-Elysee theatre. On his return to the United States he was engaged as organist at the Palace theatre in Canton, Ohio. When the talkies ruined the theatre, Ted entered Radio and has been at WTAM since last May. He has acted as accompanist for some of the leading musical stars of the country, including Julia Claussen, Paul Althouse, Roland Pease and others.

And he really looks the part, Rosamond, with his heavy, curly blond hair that's just a tiny bit long.

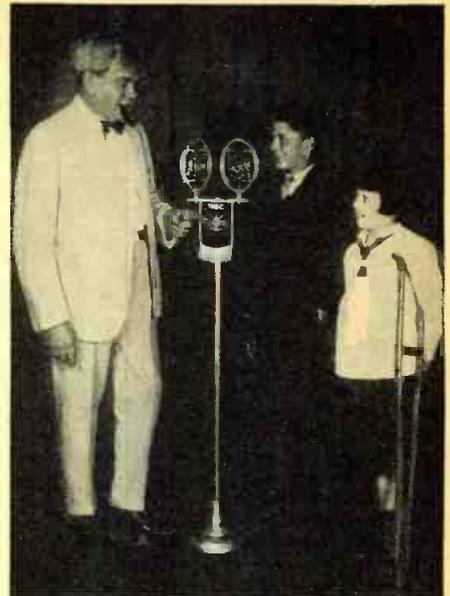
Betty, you'll just have to wait for something more about Pat Flanagan. You've got to be content with looking up your November copy of Radio Digest and looking on page 70, and your February issue on page 49.

This young innocent is Claude Morris, announcer at KDKA. To get into the Radio profession was early his ambition. So when he graduated from the Peabody high school at Pittsburgh he went about fitting himself for the furthering of his ambition. He enrolled as a night student in the School of Drama, working in the daytime to put himself through school. After three years in drama school Claude made his Radio debut as a member of a group of players making a presentation before the mike. This gave him the courage and experience to apply for a position as announcer with KDKA, which he did. And that's the story, Imp. Don't you think it's worth both a Lucky and a sweet?

Dynamite Jim, Florence, is a youngster not yet 20, whose home is in Walkerton, Ind. Up until recently he fiddled, sang and played the guitar and harmonica at WLS. However, he lost his voice for a short time and, although it is all right now, he has decided that he needed some more book larnin' and has gone back to school. But no doubt you'll hear him at WLS sometime in the future.

Jerome DeBord, known as the Yodeling Troubadour, has been entertaining Radio listeners of the Middle West for the past seven years through KFEQ and KGBZ at York, Nebraska. Old time songs and yodeling numbers are his specialties. He is 31 years of age, five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has brown eyes and black hair and is of French descent. That's about all we can tell you, Jay Hawker of Kansas. Hope it will fill the bill.

Here's news, Fredericka and L. W. B. Otto Gray and his Cowboys have recently been heard at KMOX and at WTAM, which seems to indicate that they're still traveling around. (Thank you, Mrs. J. H.) And have you heard that Polly and Anna are located at WLW? If you'll look on page 39 of the March issue of Radio Digest you'll see their pictures.



For your information, A. U. V., Dixies' Circus, with Bob Sherwood, comes over the NBC chain on Saturday nights at 7:15. This program was of Bob Sherwood's own origination. Which brings to mind the romantic fact of Uncle Bob's own life. He was a protege of Barnum; was with the Barnum show for twenty-four years; knew Tom Thumb and Dan Rice and all the old ones who made the circus a thing of wonder and witchery. For many years he was himself a clown of the first order, the first to clear the backs of six horses and two elephants and two camels.

This little Dorothy, who appears with him on Dixies' Circus, is only twelve years old and was discovered by Uncle Bob in a very destitute portion of New York City about three years ago. When she was seven she was playing in the street and a big heavy loaded truck suddenly came around the corner, and, well, they picked up Dorothy's leg in one spot and her body about fifty feet away. Uncle Bob tells us that she is a wonderful, lovable little thing, despite all her long suffering.

Here you are, Mildred, with the picture you wanted of "Little Boy Blue."

His real name is Ellis Foster and he's just thirteen years old. You can hear him regularly over WGN every Thursday at four o'clock, for he's signed up there for the next year. He sang for the first time way out in Englewood, Calif., three or four years ago. He was the only juvenile used on the programs down at KMBC at Kansas City. His youthful career has also included singing over KFOX, KVOO, KFEQ, WLS and KMOX. Of course he is busy all day going to high school, as all good little boys should. And would you believe it?—this child singer has never had a singing lesson in his life.

Since you're all so interested in Graham McNamee I'm sure you'll like knowing more about Mrs. McNamee. You know she was Josephine Garrett, a popular and successful church and concert singer. She had a voice out of all proportion to her size and was determined to go on the operatic stage. And here, let's pick up the story as told by Helen Hulett Searl in the May issue of McCall's:

(Continued on page 108)

Gossip of Friends of the Air

Gossip of the Stations

GOSSIP—who doesn't like to hear the latest gossip of what is going on around him? What his friends are doing, where they are, and what their new clothes look like? Your friends of the air are very real people, they like to do what you like to do, and they like best of all to entertain you.

In this section of *Radio Digest* are sixteen pages crammed jam full of pictures and brief, gossipy items of what these friends of the air are like and what they are doing. If they have a birthday you can read about it here.

This section is edited for you and your friends at your favorite stations. If you have any suggestions to make the editors will be glad to receive them.—D. B.

A First Night on Time!

A BROADWAY "first night" for which it was physically impossible to be late! It's hard to feature, but such was, indeed, the case when the National Broadcasting company marked the formal opening of the new Times Square studio. Six hundred millionaires and notables from all over the nation gathered in the former New Amsterdam Roof for the occasion.

They started when the curtain went down, to reverse the usual procedure of the theatrical presentations. Without being aware of it, the "noble 600" were all fifteen minutes early. Before the broadcast began Phillips Carlin talked about the new studio and its objects. Then the six-ton glass curtain went down and the new studio on the stage went on the air for the first time, in full view of the guests.

By the glow of colored "baby spots" the gathering of celebrities had a foretaste of television. Loud speakers in the auditorium brought the audience every sound beyond the glass curtain, just as it was heard through the NBC networks, and they were able to see everything that went on before the mike. *Collier's Hour* was the featured presentation.

Chatty News of Broadcasting Plans People Whose Greatest Pleasure Ether Waves from Stations Both

These four Apollos constitute the Four-some Quartet, heard on the Paramount hour over the CBS. They have invaded every corner of the entertainment field. Left to right: Ray Johnson, L. Dwight Snyder, J. Marshall Smith, Del Porter.



Music, Universal Tongue

MUSIC is the great universal international language, according to Senor Alejandro Padilla, Spanish ambassador to the United States. "I wish we could have an international written language such as music," said the ambassador in a talk over the CBS system. "Seven little notes, combined in different ways, are understood and interpreted the world over in the same way." Tracing the history of Spanish music, Senor Padilla said, "the majority

of composers from most of the foreign countries went to Spain for their inspiration.

Voice Soothes Storm Fear

THROUGH storm tossed atmosphere the voice of Edward Johnson traveled one night to bring peace to a tortured group on a pleasure yacht hove to during a severe Atlantic gale. The yachtsman, a personal friend of the great Metropolitan tenor, and a companion found themselves 100 miles off their course from Newport News to Miami.

The night was pitch dark and the wind was howling through the cordage of the yacht when the receiving set was tuned in. Clear and without the slightest static, despite the weather conditions, came the voice of Edward Johnson. It gave the yachtsmen renewed hope and courage, and the first thing Johnson's friend did on reaching port was to write him about it. That letter is one of the tenor's most prized possessions today.

Johnson began his operatic career as Eduardo di Giovanni (the Italian translation of his name) in Italy ten years before he was recognized in America. He was proclaimed as a "find" all over Europe before making his debut with the Chicago Civic Opera company.

Bori Is Proudly Spanish

A PRIMA DONNA with the Metropolitan Opera company, and a personage who has been featured in Radio entertainment, Lucrezia Bori, is a native of Valencia and is thoroughly and proudly Spanish. Remotely of Italian descent, she pursued her early musical studies at Milan. Her opera debut was made in Rome, as Micaela in *Carmen*.

Mme. Bori began her American career as one of the youngest singers ever



Here are the people who make things go out at KGU, Honolulu. Front row: H. N. Tyson, assistant manager; M. A. Mulrony, manager and chief engineer; W. E. Edwards, program director. Back row: Herman Bueller, musical director; Dorothy Ellen Cole and Bruce McDonald, assistant program director.

As Favorite Stations Parade

and Interesting Bits About Studio
Is to Entertain You and Yours on
Great and Small Everywhere

heard in opera in this country, and her youth and beauty, together with her lovely voice, made her an outstanding favorite.

During her association with the Metropolitan, and with summer operas at Ravinia Park, Chicago, she has been heard in many interesting roles, her most recent interpretation being that of the heroine of Charpentier's opera, Louise.

* * *

THE Hoovers seemed destined to feature in the limelight, in one way or another. Herbert Hoover, Jr., eldest son of the President, has filed applications with the Federal Radio commission to operate experimentally on a series of frequencies in the long and short wave bands. He also seeks authority to install a new transmitter of a portable type for operation in California. He is technical assistant in charge of Radio communications for the Western Air Express.

Bagley "Talkingest" Man

CELEBRATING his sixth anniversary on the air April 1, Arthur E. "Doc" Bagley, boasts the reputation of the "talkingest" man on the air. His friends claim that title for "Doc" on the estimated 675,000,000 words he utters annually during the 300 days he is on the air each year.

In addition to acting as director of

the Tower Health exercises six mornings a week with Will Mahoney, pianist, Bagley has created such characters as the "Goofus Bird" and made his program a household word all over the country.

Bagley himself is an early riser. Every morning that he is on the air he arises at 5:45 o'clock and is in the studio at 6:15. He personally answers 25,000 pieces of mail every month. His present ambition is to remain another five years on the air.

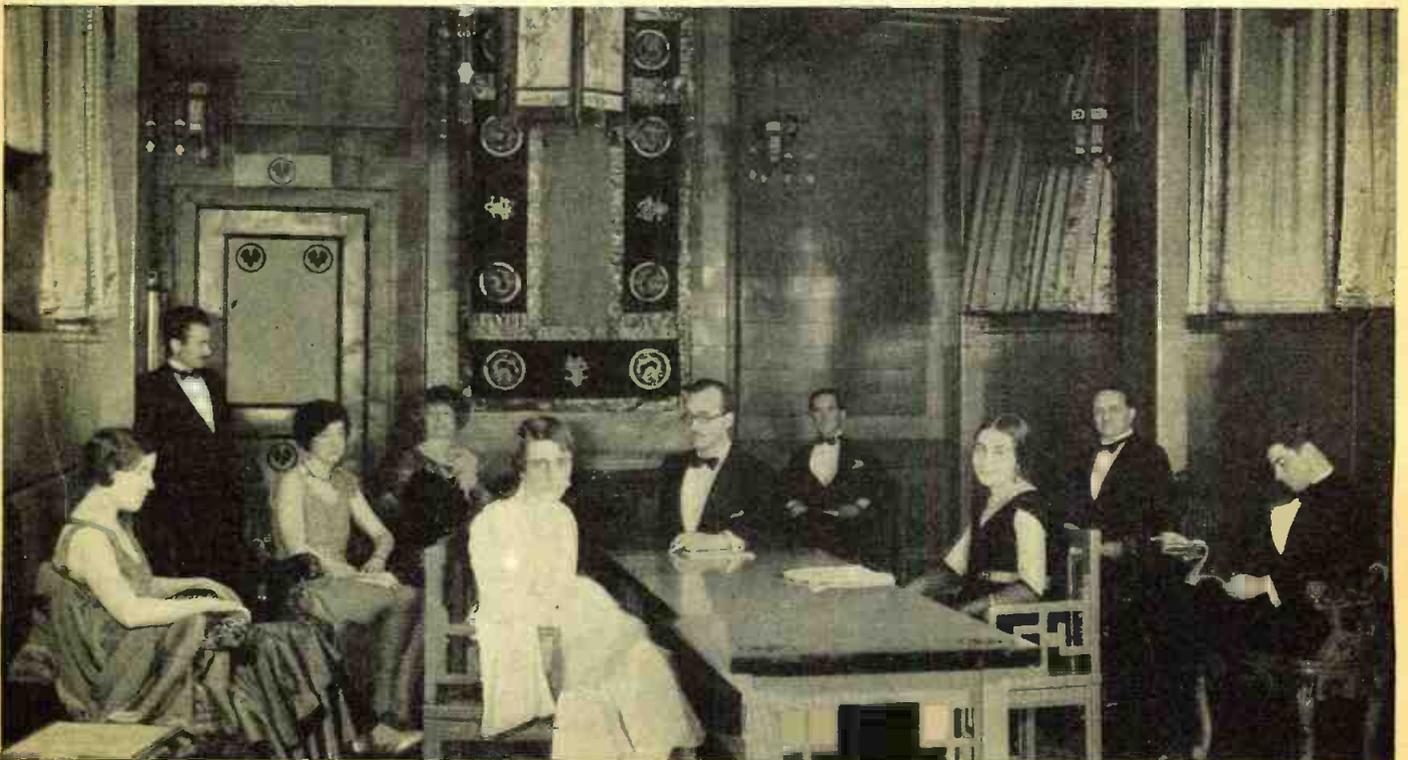
Finds Truth IS Strange

EVELYN DE LA TOUR, heard each week in "Show Folks" skits over the Columbia Broadcasting system, has become convinced that truth is stranger than fiction. A few weeks ago she played the part of Marie Lavelle, one of the principal characters in a heart-interest story. After the broadcast a telephone call was received at Station WABC from someone who demanded that Marie Lavelle be summoned to the phone. The telephone operator informed the caller that there was no such party in the studio. After quite an argument with the insistent fan, Evelyn De La Tour, who had been playing the part of Marie Lavelle, was asked to speak to the telephone caller. She did so, and was accused of being not Evelyn De La Tour, but in reality a Marie Lavelle who had left home some fifteen years ago to go



Yasha Bunchuk, conductor of the famous Capitol Grand orchestra, is also a 'cellist of some renown. You have heard him in both capacities when Major Bowes' Capitol Family goes on the air.

upon the stage, and who had never been heard from since. The caller insisted that she recognized the voice and the name, and could not be fooled. The odd part of it all is that the name "Marie Lavelle" was strictly imaginative, and came from the mind of Dave Elman, the writer of the "Show Folks" sketches.



Many unique features are included in the new Times Square NBC studios besides the six-ton glass curtain. Here you see the cast of "The Family Goes Abroad" enjoying itself in the luxury of the Chinese room, where artists await their time to go on the air.

CY and ZEB, Now at WDRC,
Travel from House to House
Drawn by Napoleon, Singing Re-
quested Old Time Numbers



Talking to you as he plays the piano in the studios of WLBZ is Norman Lambert. Looks like a nice boy, doesn't he?

Philadelphia Likes Hays

PHILADELPHIA—sophisticated, high-brow Philadelphia, has awakened to the fact that a young jazz maestro has descended in their midst to win the plaudits of even the most skeptical in musical entertainment.

He is heard every night over stations WLIT, WFAN and WCAU. Billy Hays came to the Cathay Tea Garden five years ago unheralded and unsung. He was popular with the set that patronized the Cathay, but outside of there he was practically unknown. Luckily for him he started broadcasting early. From then on his future was assured. Women who heard his melodious voice yearned for him—music connoisseurs realized that here was a new voice in jazz music.

A local newspaper had a contest in which the people voted for their favorite Radio entertainers. Bill Hays left his nearest rivals so far back as to make them appear ridiculous.



"Thanks for the Buggy Ride," warble Cy and Zeb as their horse, Napoleon, stops before the home of a listener who has requested an old time song. They're appearing at WDRC now under a six months' contract

Critic's Brain Produces Buggy Riders Skit

By C. B. Kingston

THREE and a half years ago when broadcast stations were presenting various novelty features a Radio critic got the idea of a novelty in the way of presenting songs of years ago. One night, after the usual broadcast of WCWS, which was then located in Bridgeport, he asked the station director if the station would remain on the air fifteen minutes longer so that he could try out the idea he had in mind.

At 11 o'clock on a Monday evening, three years and a half ago, the following words went out on the air by their own director: "Ladies and Gentlemen, 'The Buggy Riders,' a feature full of fun, nonsense and quaint farmer talk, presenting old time songs." On the air it went, and before five minutes had elapsed the station was swamped with telephone calls. Telegrams began to arrive.

Since their appearance at WCWS the Buggy Riders have stepped high, wide and fancy. They have appeared at all of the Connecticut stations, were at two of the major stations in New York.

Today, we find them as a sponsored feature for the next six months at WDRC in New Haven. Each Monday night, and they have always asked for a Monday night at every station, they are now known as the Emanuelson Buggy Riders, and appear at 9 o'clock, eastern standard time.

How the feature is presented is interesting. The two characters in the novelty are known as Cy and Zeb (their real names have never been made public). Many times they are announced as "the Mysterious Buggy Riders." Whether in the studio or on personal appearances they always wear masks, and this added mystery as to who they are has helped their program a great deal.

They open their program with the tune, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," and close it with the same melody. During their time on the air, which now is a half hour, they travel around the country in their imaginary buggy, to which they have a horse known as Napoleon. In the east he is the most famous horse



You may have seen other pictures of Frances Doherr, director of WCAE, but this one is especially charming. Miss Doherr was, at last reports, in charge of the commercial and publicity departments.

of all. In their travels they stop at the homes of Radio fans who have sent in requests for old time numbers, and then sing them.

* * *

BEING a concert singer is one thing, but being a Radio singer is something else again, according to Frederick R. Huber, Director of WBAL, and Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore. While the two types of singers have always been associated in the public mind as being identical, such is in reality very far from the actual truth of the matter for the technique of Radio singing is vastly different from the methods employed by the concert artist, says this widely known musical authority.

"The very methods the concert singer must use to get his or her best dramatic effects, the Radio singer must avoid. Concert singers, like tennis players who put the whole force of their bodies into their strokes, are wont to step into their songs, so to speak, and gain their dramatic climaxes through putting the full force of their voices into their songs. With the Radio singer it is just the opposite.

McCormack Has Knack for Foreign Tongues

By George A. Harder

WHETHER it's singing a heroic bass in Verdi operas in Milan, pleading his cause before the prefect of police to escape a jail sentence in Venice or just pronouncing names like Saint-Saens, Tchaikovsky and Scriabine on the Radio, Malcolm L. McCormack, WBZ-WBZA announcer, has always had the canny faculty of capitalizing his foreign tongues. Probably few erudite linguists, certainly not many Radio announcers, can boast so many colorful adventures as are attached to McCormack's fluent and timely use of an alien language.



He describes gleefully these exploits abroad, referring to them as "linguistic feats." for McCormack has an incorrigible sense of humor. He beams when relating how he and an Australian friend, returning to Paris one evening too late to dress for the opera, "crashed" the gate in their travel-stained clothes. Politely but firmly they were told that they were persona non grata at the opera except in formal attire. Undismayed, McCormack opened fire with his most forensic French. Later, when the curtain rose for the performance, the two "crashees" were seen sitting unconcernedly in a box, while all of fashionable Paris stared!

Only once does McCormack recall that his linguistic powers failed. Even then he got his demands, but not without resort to the favorite American expedient of the "strong arm." The impresario of an Italian opera company with which he was singing was never too punctual in paying off his troupe. McCormack, low in funds, demanded his salary. The impresario demurred. "Americans have much money," he argued and remained adamant. Finally, seeing his cause lost without some heroic measures, Mac seized the musician and literally "shook him down" for all of the back pay.

McCormack comes of Yankee stock with strains of Scotch and Irish seeking supremacy in his blood. However, in



Those Wanderlusters who are accustomed to gathering at WBAL every Thursday night and taking a stroll down Memory Lane are Gustav Klemm, Henriette Kern, Philip Crist, Walter Linthicum, Maud Albert and John Wilbourn.

most of the adventures which he has had in his fascinating Don Quixote travels, it is the Celtic strain, one should suppose, which was dominant.

His musical career dates back to the days when, at the age of 12, he sang soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mark's, in Dorchester. In later life his natural artistic bent was lost sight of while he went in for insurance business. Soon he went to Italy where he studied for a time with Lucenti and because of the high regard in which this great teacher and his protegés were held, found work with numerous opera companies. Returning home after three years of study and travel to find that Radio had effected a vertiable musical renaissance. Mac decided to plunge into the broadcasting game at once.

* * *

Antique furniture entered the field of Radio topics when the NBC inaugurated a new daytime program series. The new series is in the form of fifteen-minute addresses by Major Arthur de Bles.

Programs for Seal Fleet

ANOTHER group of men separated from the civilized world by icy wastes and miles of open sea is the object of special broadcasts by KDKA. Captain Bob Bartlett and his associates, on the Ungava, are engaged in making sound and motion pictures of the activities of the seal fleet somewhere off the coast of Greenland. Bartlett, who was the skipper for Admiral Robert E. Peary on the expedition to the North Pole in 1909, requested the same service as that which Commander Byrd received.

Presents Broadway Stars

A NEW midnight program, featuring A headliners from Broadway shows, has been inaugurated by WCDA. Each Saturday night from midnight to two in the morning performers featuring in New York attractions will appear before the mike at the Italian station. A. J. Palange will be master of ceremonies.



Here is a corner of the reception room at WHAM on audition day with a group of broadcast aspirants awaiting their turn for auditions and a chance to appear regularly before the microphone.



Standing at the piano is Fortune Gallo, the only man to put grand opera on a paying basis, now president of W C D A. Maestro Carlo Peroni is playing the instrument.

Luminaries Make Way for Dog Performer

STUNNING beauties, startling brilliant infant prodigies, luminaries of the legitimate and concert stage as well as grand opera stars are common in broadcasting studios so that they cause no comment, but when five-year old Peggy made her debut at WNAC the staff outdid itself with appreciation and admiration.

Peggy is particularly winning in her ways, and has a degree of intelligence that is amazing. Peggy is a beautiful sable and white collie, with a magnificent coat and the ability to answer accurately many difficult mathematical problems, as well as perform tricks and instantly obey orders given by her master.

One of the questions which Peggy



Isn't this little lass a typical Tomboy? That's what she is, on the air and in real life. She is one of Big Brother's Gang heard regularly from station WEEI at Boston. It's quite a gang—ask anyone who has heard them.



Bill Wallace, announcer at WDEL, has gained great popularity with his original comedy skits and novel presentation of song hits.

correctly answered for the Radio audience was: "How much is ten times 5, divided by two, less two, plus one, divided by two?" Not only does Peggy solve such problems when given by her master, H. Otis Swain, of Lynnfield, Mass., but is quite agreeable when responding to strangers.

The one exception is when anyone countermands an order from Mr. Swain. Peggy has received a number of vaudeville offers, but prefers to lead a contented life in Swain's sandwich shop.

SCOTLAND has made its contribution to the excellence of American Radio programs in the person of Lex Holmes, leader of the Scottish Symphony orchestra at WAAM. He is also leader of the Scarborough orchestra. Formerly a director of many well known orchestras in Glasgow, Mr. Holmes has broadcast from most of the leading Radio stations in Scotland.

That Soothing Baritone at WCSH Is Belyea

NEXT time you tune in WCSH at Portland, Maine, and you hear a soft, soothing baritone getting real confidential with you and selling you something on the air

That is probably Harry A. Belyea, who is fast getting the reputation of being the cleverest salesman on the air. But Harry is sincere in his selling and has refused to announce programs that seemed to have no real merit. He has that ability to get chummy with you and before you know it you are drawing a little closer to your loud speaker to talk back to him.

Harry's training for Radio work started in a newspaper office where he sold advertising and spent his spare time in conducting a humor column.

Here's another bit of information: The next time you hear the "Phantom of the Air" singing on WCSH, that, too, is Harry, for he possesses a beautiful tenor voice with a haunting quality and a range that is exceptionally deep for this quality voice.

Harry has two hobbies, his wife and four-year-old daughter and his typewriter, and even though he is a busy announcer he still finds time to conduct a humorous column and feature articles for several publications.



Localization at WNBO

A NEW policy of localization of programs to the point where they are designed to interest especially the people of southwestern Pennsylvania has been instituted by WNBO, Washington, Pa.

One step in this aim to give the listeners of that region a service especially adapted and adjusted to their needs and desires has been to organize community broadcasting clubs in each of the cities and towns within 100 miles of the station. These clubs, made up of local talent, have a regular hour on the air each week, and thus exploit the community in a wholesome way.

The closest co-operation with all the civic agencies, newspaper clubs and semi-public institutions is being cultivated and a real service is given the Chambers of Commerce, Boy Scouts, Y. M. C. A.s and public schools.



This is Peggy, New England's popular broadcasting dog, noted for her mathematical brain, and broadcasting from WNAC.

Old Voice on Air, New on Chain

By Dianne Dix

WHEN the internationally famous New Orleans Mardi Gras was put on the air early in the Spring a new voice was heard on the NBC chain, but it was an old voice on the air. It was Clyde Randall, announcer of WSMB.



Randall is one of the oldest fish in the ether waves, he has been at it so long that he sometimes confuses kilocycles and bicycles. He is so set in his ways that he still signs off with his initials instead of the new-fangled way of giving the full christening details.

So far back in the dim ages of antiquity does his origin date that on April 7th, this year, he celebrated his eighth year of broadcasting, most of this time having been spent at WSMB. Before the Saenger-Maison Blanche

MARDI GRAS Festivities Introduce Clyde Randall to NBC Audiences



When Plug Kendrick started looking around for an orchestra to make up his Rhythm Millers he called in Bob Archer, Dewey Shaw, Roger Border, Commercial Manager Kennedy and his blues singer, Katherine, and there you are.



The long and short of it at WQAM visited the photographer so you could have a look at them. Officer John H. Webber, of Miami, sings a mean bass. His size is almost enough to inflict an inferiority complex on Fred Mizer, WQAM senior announcer.

combination opened the first of the large broadcasters in the South, April 21, 1925. Randall had his own private station in his home. It was little but 'twas wise. It was a terror for its size—which is how Kipling might say it.

Down in Randall's part of the country the good old "daddy of waters" doesn't always stay put, and hurricanes go on a bender every once in a while. One day a few years ago ol' Mississippi went on a rampage following a 'cane. Clyde had the hunch to tell the world about it, broadcasting every word he could squeeze out of the weather bureau until that hurricane and flood were robbed of every bit of privacy.

All this at a time when Radio was largely a matter of music and an occasional speech. The 400,000 anxious residents of New Orleans didn't have to wait for their newspapers, the hundreds of thousands on the Gulf coast were able to plan their actions by the hourly reports of progress of the deluge. Randall continued this service in other events of importance or emergency.

Plug, Band Make Good

IF YOU are at all familiar with the queer and interesting things that happen in the broadcasting world you will enjoy this story about an orchestra that "made good" over night.

Some months ago, when WFIW became an associate member of the Columbia Broadcasting system, Director Plug Kendrick felt that his large orchestra was no longer necessary. But all was not well after the musicians were disbanded—vacant spots appearing.

Plug called in Bob Archer, chief announcer, who plays a very totsy fiddle, Announcer Dewey Shaw, who is a hot banjoist, Barn Dance Announcer Roger Border, who toots a clarinet and tenor sax, commercial manager Kennedy, and his blues singer, Katherine, who knows her ivories. The conference resulted in the formation of Plug Kendrick and His Rhythm Millers.

With Plug at the drums this band began entertaining daily with popular dance tunes.

Hawaiian in everything but nationality and name, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gustafson and family are popular with all WHBQ listeners. In the right foreground you see Prof. H. G. Haili.





One day two gangling mountaineers ventured to Charleston, West Virginia, and were initiated into the intricacies of broadcasting. Now the Kessinger brothers, Clark and Luke, are weekly features at WOBU.

Hot Music by Firemen

UP IN Asheville, North Carolina—and northerners needn't sniff at that "Up" as an error, just check it up on some map that shows altitudes as well as locations—there is a string band outfit that broadcasts regularly from station WWNC, and that has 'em all stood up in a corner when it comes right down to pedal inciting activities.

This is the fire department string band, as likely a looking bunch of smoke eaters as you'll find anywhere, and a ripsnorting, peppy playing aggregation that has captivated the fancy of thousands who tune to their programs every other Monday night. They confine their output to no certain type of melody. Unlike many fiddle bands in the mountain country, they can do as sweet a job with a current favorite as they can with Birmingham Jail and tunes of like vintage.

They are always accompanied to the studios by their Chief, A. L. Duckett, a veteran fire fighter, who has attracted much attention because of his intelligent handling of fire prevention programs. The Asheville fire department won the North Carolina State prize for fire prevention work for 1929, and much credit was given to the fact that through the use of their string band, they had broadcast regular fire prevention programs. The instrumentation of the band is peculiar, in that, contrary to the usual string band equipment, they include a bass violin.



Here's quite a complete collection of band instruments, and the boys behind them know how to play them. It's Short Oser's orchestra, heard over WCOC, at Meridian, Mississippi.

Johnny Frenkel's Pay Check Shows Naughts

By Lysle Tomerlin

BEING director-announcer for WCOA, Pensacola's municipal broadcasting station, is just a lot of fun to John E. Frenkel, who has nothing else to do except serve as city treasurer and clerk.

Johnny, as nearly everyone calls him, will tell you that the extra work incident to operating the Radio station is the more attractive because of the additional salary, which runs to five figures annually—all naughts.

"People always look skeptical when I tell them I do all the work of directing and most of the announcing for nothing," Johnny says. "I don't blame them. But since it's for the old home town, I'm glad to breeze along as best I can."

Besides staging auditions, directing rehearsals, supervising the routine of the station and announcing, Johnny is often called upon to sing, filling in on a program. Under his guidance WCOA has been not only a "life saver" in affording diversified entertainment, but has in reality been a life saver more than once. Johnny broadcasts weather reports each day to countless ships.

Variety in entertainment is obtained not alone through encouragement of private talent, but by regular programs from the large army and navy detachments stationed near Pensacola.

Johnny Frenkel has had opportunity more than once to capitalize on his Radio popularity, and since as a youth he had some stage experience he could cash in even more readily. But he has turned down every chance. He is content to stay with the station he has fostered for so long, helping make Pensacola known to the world.



Dedicated to Great Middle West

New WENR STUDIOS

*CHICAGO Civic Opera House Boasts Magnificent
\$150,000 Station Quarters on Top Three Floors; Modern
Trend Is Carried Out in Rich Furnishings*

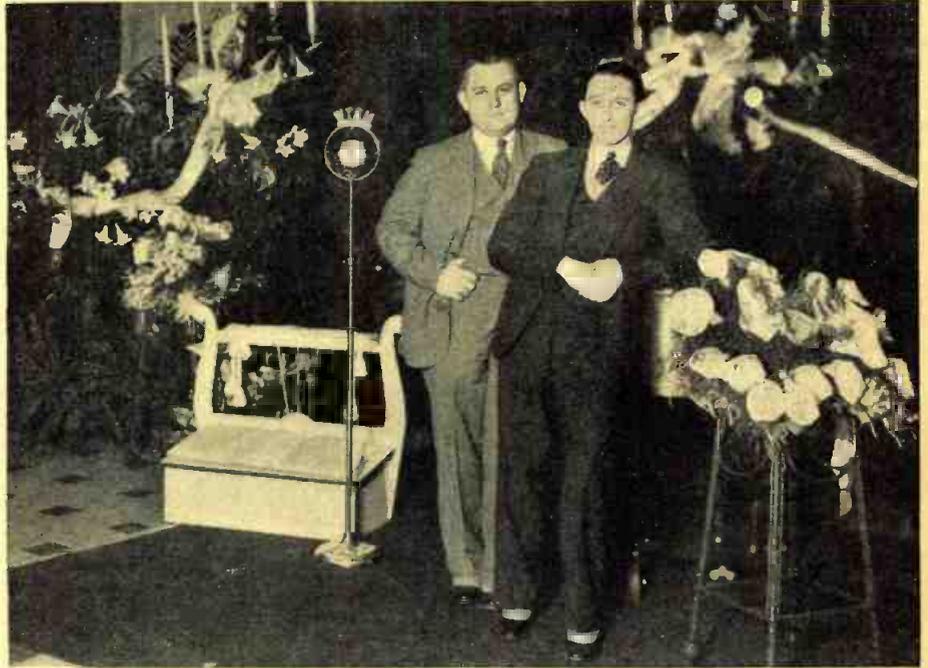
By Dianne Dix

DEDICATED to Chicago and the great Middle West, Station WENR's new \$150,000 home atop the Civic Opera House is a new jewel in Chicago's crown of achievements. Occupying three floors in this newest skyscraper in the City-by-the-Lake, the new home was formally opened to the public April 25th and 26th with a gala reception attended by luminaries of every walk in life.

The beauty, efficiency and magnitude of the new studios unmistakably indicate the future trend and importance of broadcasting as one of the paramount factors in American life. Executive offices are located on the forty-first floor, studios, reception rooms and visitors' galleries are, on the forty-second, while the ventilating equipment, battery room, etc., are on the forty-third.

Chief interest centers in the main studio, which is two stories high. It is a modernized adaptation of a roof garden, and gives the effect of being in this garden at some elevation with the blue of night outside. The walls are formed by a series of twenty parabolic arches between which are conventionalized palm trees done in the modernistic manner. At the ceiling the palm branches spread out in a radiating design, which is echoed in rectangular panels thus forming the ceiling pattern.

The color scheme is white, suntanned ivory, blue and lacquer red. There are seven parabolic arches on each side and three arches at each end. In these are hung dark royal blue velour curtains extending from top to bottom. One of the features of this studio is the lighting plan which gives illumination corresponding to actual daylight. In the main studio, in addition to two grand pianos is the console of the Wurlitzer organ.



Here's another picture of Gene and Glenn, who are making themselves daily more popular in their broadcasts from WTAM at Cleveland.

Accommodations for visitors are provided by a gallery back of both the main and number two studios, each being lined with upholstered theatre chairs and being furnished with loud speaker amplifiers so that the audience may both see and hear the programs as they are put on.

Studio number two is a rectangular room at the opposite end of the floor, slightly smaller than the main studio. The general color scheme here is buff, rust coral, olive yellow and gold.

The main reception room is in the center of the floor midway between the two main studios, the basic color being soft, pale green. The second reception room is immediately outside of studio number two. From it are doors leading to studios three, five, six and seven. In addition to the two main studios there are six other sound-proofed rooms that may be used as studios, audition or rehearsal rooms. These are all located at the south end of the forty-second floor.

The general plan for the complete new home was worked out by Morgan L. Eastman, E. H. Gager, of the WENR organization, Alfred Shaw and S. E. Naess of Graham, Anderson, Probst and White, architects.

* * *

"THERE'S gold in them there notes," is a fan's paraphrase of the famous dramatic lines of early blood and thunder days, as applied to Jules Herbeuieux' KYW studio orchestra, and he spoke the truth when the cost of instruments in the orchestra is considered.

With the recent addition of four members to the organization in the string section, the value of the instruments rose \$33,000. The musicians and instruments are: Ben Senescu, violin, \$15,000; his brother, George, violin, \$7,000; Dan Garimoni, violin, \$7,500, and Theodore Ratzer, cello, \$3,500.

Harry Budinger, drummer with Herbeuieux, is an orchestra all in himself. This talented member of the KYW staff plays, besides his allotment of drums, all effects from the closing of a door to the surge of the surf.

These six natives of old Russia present a group of their own native songs, marches and dances during a new series of all-Russian programs from KSTP.



Beauty and Acoustics Vie at WLW Studios

By Natalie Giddings

TECHNICIANS and entertainers are at daggers' points in spite of the otherwise beatific calm that surrounds WLW since the eight new Crosley studios were occupied March 23. The technical staff sees only the acoustical and mechanical perfection of the new rooms and equipment. They speak of the soundproof walls and doors in terms of decibells and telephone units. The polished control panels with their multitude of twinkling colored signal lights mean only the absolute acme of efficiency in the production of programs.

The beauty of the new studios is all the entertainers talk of, however. They "oh" and "ah" at the gorgeous coloring of the modernique decorations and the elaborate grill that conceals the pipes of the mammoth new organ in studio A where 300 musicians will be able to play together. They admire the intricacy and beauty of the electric lighting fixtures while the engineers consider the lights only in relation to "foot candles of illumination."

Where the technicians point with pride to the sound treatment of the checkered floor covering, the musicians



Mrs. Melvin Beaver, who gives the bridge lessons over WOWO, is also well known as Connie Beaver at the piano. She takes part in studio programs as well as piano solos.

comment on its resilient feeling beneath their feet, and its subdued coloring.

For technical purposes, the studios will be designated alphabetically. It is safe to wager, nevertheless, that the en-

tertaining staff will refer only to "the great big studio," "the green room," "the blue room," "the rose room," etc.

Turner Is a Family Man

JACK TURNER, who croons captivating melodies over WTMJ, is distinctly a family man. "My Kid" and "Good Night, Dear, Good Night," with which he begins and ends every one of his weekly broadcasts, are messages to his son and wife, 60 miles away in Fond du Lac, Wis. When another son was born to the Turners, Radio fans said, "Name him Jack II." So Jack II it was.

Far from disillusioning the sweet young things who flutter around the Radio when Jack's on the air, this knowledge of his marital status actually seems to augment his fan mail.

This brown-haired, brown-eyed dispenser of haunting ditties knows his notes. He never uses a score for the music, but always has to have a copy of the words before him to refresh his memory. Besides singing in that "different" way, he plays his own piano accompaniment and strums a ukulele with the best of them.

Jack calls La Crosse, Wis., the old home town, and started on his road to ether fame through Chicago stations four years ago.



The Matinee Players of WLW don't mind coming to work in the afternoon now that they can play in the gay new Crosley studios. Joe Lugar is conducting and Sydney TenEyck is announcing in Studio C, more apt to be known as the Blue Room since the predominant color is cobalt blue. Panels of this color separate the mosaic designed panels in which are combined silver, blue and saffron. The same color is repeated in the ceiling. The basic color in all the studios is the natural beige of the acoustic wall board which has been applied to the floating walls of the studios in large blocks. A darker beige has been stippled onto the lower walls and is repeated in the floor.



ABOVE is a glimpse into the main studio at the new home of WENR, Chicago. It has been declared by competent authority the finest broadcast studio in the country. The builders designed into it the best of everything that is known to date in the way of studio beauty and efficiency. Station WENR employs a number of other studios in this superb skyscraper dedicated to music as the home of the Chicago Civic Opera. The building, costing \$20,000,000, is in the heart of the city at the head of Wacker Drive and on the east bank of the river. The studios are on the forty-second floor. Across the river on the opposite bank is the new Daily News building with WMAQ. Around the bend of the river to the north is the new Merchandise Mart building—the largest building in the world—almost completed. In its loft will be located the new NBC studios, planned to mark still another step in advance for broadcast studio designs. Until then, at least, the above studio of WENR doubtless will hold the palm as the finest in America.

Mark Sixth Birthday for WLS Broadcasts

SIX years ago, on April 12, 1924, Station WLS went on the air with a 500-watt transmitter, sending out a program from the Tower studio at the Sears-Roebuck plant in Chicago. Later many of the nation's most popular entertainers of the air became familiar in person as they appeared in the WLS studios on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Sherman. In 1925, just a year after its inception, a 5,000-watt transmitter was installed at Crete, Ill., and the studios were moved to the sixth floor of the Sherman.

Following out its destiny of being the farm station, in October, 1928, WLS passed into the hands of the Prairie Farmer. Two years later, in January of this year, it became a key station for the NBC farm network.

Celebrating its sixth anniversary, WLS artists and officials were hosts at a special party and broadcast one warm April night this spring. Edgar L. Bill, director and veteran with the station, was master of ceremonies, with many of the old favorites who first made themselves known in Radio from WLS back for the occasion. The party presented in miniature each of the prin-



"Two little Office Girls out for some fun" might be said of the Office Girls of WHBU. In the 'phone book you will find them listed as Verne and Eloise Van Hoy.

cipal programs of the day's schedule.

Numbers were given from the Barn Dance, with Steve Cisler as master of ceremonies; Show Boat, the Little Brown Church, and other features. Among the luminaries who started at WLS are Ford and Glenn, Jack and Gene, Bradley Kincaid and Ruth Etting.

Sunday WSMK Hymns

"GOOD MORNING, everyone. Let's all join in singing an old hymn." Anyone who tunes in WSMK any morning, except Sunday, at 9 o'clock, will probably hear something like the above. Mrs. Lois Spitler is in charge of the devotional services at WSMK, and she has proven herself quite efficient. Mrs. Spitler is one of those good-natured, "full of ideas" persons who does her bit in giving out the "old time religion" through the mike just as she used to do with Billy Sunday's party.

KMOX Players Veterans

THE Radio stock company organized and presented by KMOX is made up entirely of players who have had stage, chautauqua, concert or movie experience. The scripts used are furnished by continuity writers in New York and Chicago, according to a quotation from George Junkin, managing director of the station. "With our own company we can present the best of Radio sketches, and as many as we feel like, without depending on the chains. These arrangements provide for the best of talent and insure the high standard of quality for which KMOX is famous."

**LOCAL Origin Programs
Featured Over Chains
Under Policy of Dallas
Station**

New WFAA Voice COVERS NATION

By John Rosenfield, Jr.



Three Southern Belles, the Carson sisters' trio, entertains regularly over KSAT. Dorothy is at the left, Nadine in the center and Elsie at the right of the picture.

Dramatize a Serial Story

DRAMATIZATION of the serial story appearing in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram is being carried on by WBAP. The opening chapters of the novel by Anne Gardner were dramatized by Robert Randol and presented under his direction.

Clyde Kraft and Mrs. H. B. Stevens, prominent in the Fort Worth Little Theatre, play the leading roles. Broadcasts of the play-novel occupy thirty

minutes of the station schedule.

In presenting the story in this way enough incidents are given to present the main outline of the story and arouse reader interest without going into detail enough to make the story uninteresting when read later. * * *

Giovanni Martinelli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, when singing before the microphone, loosens his collar and tie, rumples his hair and then grins in a good natured way at everyone.



The Accordion Kings, Jimmie Atkins and Johnny Kiado, open these squeeze boxes as far as they will stretch when they appear as featured artists on the Red and White serenade on Tuesday and Friday evenings over KTSA in San Antonio.

A BRAND new group of entertainers was heard by the nation when the new WFAA transmitter, with its 50,000-watt voice, went on the air early in May. This Dallas station, the first south of the Mason-Dixon line to use super-power, has been in operation for eight years, operating most of the time on 500 watts, serving the nearby territory.

Many of the NBC features will continue on WFAA programs, but will not interfere with many hours of programs of local studio origin. One of the first steps taken when laying plans for operation of the new station was the engagement of a musical director, Alexander Keese. Keese is a Southerner, boasting Chattanooga, Tenn., as his home town. He has spent ten years of his life at the head of important theatre orchestras from Boston to Dallas, achieving wide popularity wherever he appeared.

The studio director of WFAA is Robert S. Poole, who is also frequently heard as a tenor, singing under the name of Dude Cochran. Adams Calhoun is chief announcer, one of the first to sign off with happy verses and bits of philosophy.

Engaged for five appearances a week is the Bel Canto quartet, a male ensemble that has dedicated six years to the proper matching and blending of voices. Another popular entertainer is Daisy Polk, a soprano, who has captivated both New York and Chicago with recitals of negro spirituals and Southern songs.

The Dallas Symphony orchestra, one of the few all-paid professional orchestras in cities of 300,000 and less, is heard from WFAA once a month.



Students who keep KOB on the air at State college, New Mexico, work under the direction of this man, Prof. Evan Carroon, whose title is general manager of the station.

Warm Mexican Melodies Are Popular in U. S.

By Gertrude Thornhill

THE warm, sweet melodies of Old Mexico, though sung in a foreign tongue, still speak a language Americans can understand, according to Senor Jacobo Vinton, entertainer over KSAT in Fort Worth, Texas, who sings them in a rich, lyrical tenor.

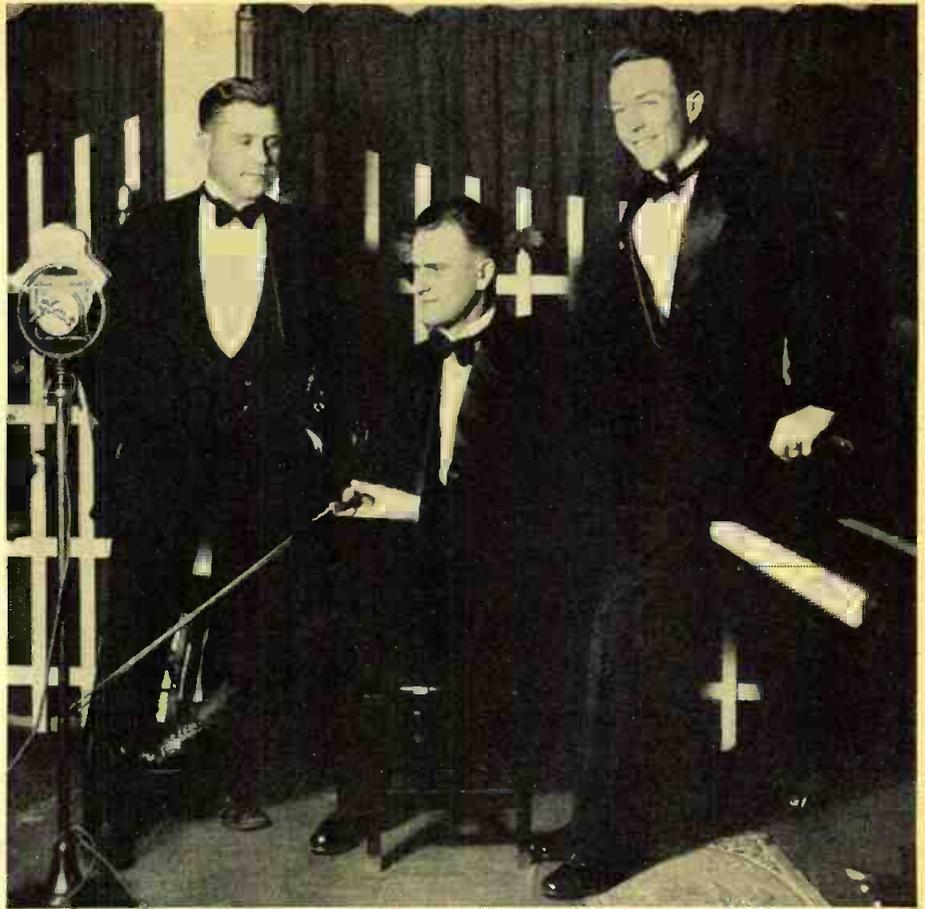


"They like my Spanish songs best," he will tell you in a voice that is musical even in speech and still, for all of his schooling in the United States, has a charming trace of Old Mexico. And Vinton has a right to know what his audiences like, for he made a number of tours and stage appearances before he started singing for the silent audience.

"I don't know what it is about them they like especially," the dark, slender young man will say. "But I'm glad they do, because I like to sing them more than anything else."

Vinton learned most of his songs back in Mexico when he was a boy, though he then had no idea that he would one day sing them for thousands of listeners. It was not, indeed, until he came to the United States to go to school that he discovered that anybody but himself liked to listen to his songs. In San Antonio he started singing with the Glee club and with a quartet, which later made several tours over the country. He was encouraged to cultivate his voice and began to plan to be a singer.

He attended Southern Methodist university at Dallas, continuing his study of music and then went on the stage for a time. "They liked me to wear the Mexican costume—you know, the serape



In front of the garden gate, beside the piano and facing the mike you see the members of WYAD's studio trio. Left to right they are: Duke Jacklin, Norman Ostby and Clyde Herreid.

and all," he said, his face lighting up, obviously pleased that Americans like his songs.

The young Mexican—he is Mexican, not Spanish—first was introduced to the mike in Dallas. Later he went to Chicago to study voice and there sang over WMAQ and WCFL.

THE Nite Owl program on Saturday nights from KGIR has proved to be one of the more popular features from that western station. One of the features of the program is the broadcasting of two-way telephone conversations from distant listeners. Old Dirty Hoot talks to 'em and both sides go on the air.



Mexico goes on the air from KPRC. Here is the Torres-Tipica orchestra, heard every Tuesday night on an all-Mexican program. Alfred Daniel, KPRC program director, is at the mike. Behind him is Curtis Farrington, who announces in both Spanish and English. Albino Torres, leader of the band, is at the piano.



This good-looking lad with the serious expression is Albert Gillette, baritone on the staff of KGW, Portland.

At last a Radio entertainer who admits that "Singing in the Bath Tub," is not only his favorite song but also his favorite hobby. Meet Jack Parker, twenty-five year old songster for KECA, who migrated from KYW a year or so ago.



Heating the ether waves at KPO, Jess Norman and Elaine Tickner are tooting, playing and singing some mean blues for Pacific Coast listeners.

Melodies of Plains Win FAN AFFECTION

They May Be Only Drug Store Cowboys, but the KTM Ranch House Gang Looks and Sings Just Like a Real Bunch of Western Waddies

By Dr. Ralph L. Power

ALTHOUGH the lads in the picture at the bottom of the next page look pretty well civilized, they are the cowhands who perform on KTM's ranch hour week days from 7 to 8 a. m. and on Friday nights at 8 o'clock.

Even though they may be a bunch of drug store cowboys, their haunting melodies of the plains have won for them a warm spot in the affections of the Radio audience.

Besides their own ranch chants, hundreds of listeners have sent in manuscripts which the boys sing in plaintive mood.

Arkansas Johnny (Johnny Luther) is the stellar performer. He announces all the acts, does a little singing and saws away on the old fiddle, which is a family heirloom. Still in his teens, Johnny takes it all very seriously. He was born in Monett, Mo., not far from the Arkansas line. A year ago he trekked to Colorado long enough to herd a few cattle and brush up on cowboy lingo before startling Los Angeles by his presence.

Frank Gage (known as Foreman Frank on the hour) used to play in student productions at Boston Tech (M. I.



As soon as Billy Page learned he had been cast as the Tarkington boy hero, Penrod, to be broadcast over the Pacific division of the NBC, he turned to and read the novel.

T.). He was in production work at NBC's Pacific coast division before coming to KTM as studio director. He sings and plays the oversize uke but wears the soulful expression only when on duty.

Then there is Tom Murray . . . stern visaged, dashing sideburns, dignified and portly. He is, by the way, the father of the Murray Sisters, famed vaudeville duo. Lots of times he takes parts in pictures.

Al Hull, ten gallon hat and all, is the sheik of the crowd. He saw what a ranch looked like once when working on a farm in Imperial Valley, but turned a cold, disdainful shoulder on it and hiked along to the big city.

Besides massaging his educated tonsils in song, he also plays a favorite guitar and has a harness for the harmonica and a jews harp handy in the vest pocket.

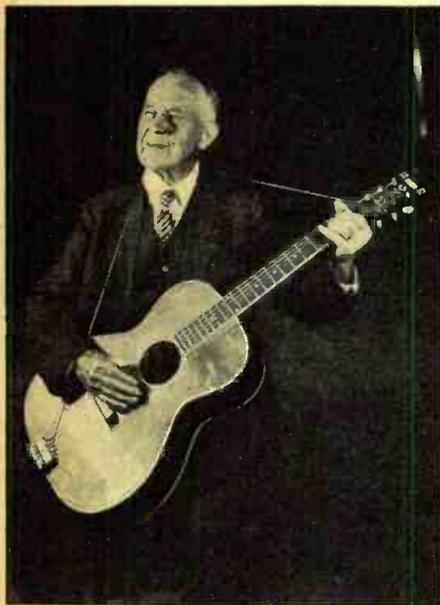
Jimmy Adams has been a character actor for many years and has been on the Radio practically since it started. He had a small part in the Grand Parade, released recently.

On the KTM ranch hour he sings and strums away on the string instrument and takes the part of Lena; the cook . . . slender, with a trim blonde mustache.

So, now, whenever you hear KTM's ranch hour percolating out with its 1,000 watts power you will know who these boys are from the wide open spaces of



"China Town, My China Town,"—remember the song popular many years ago? Doesn't this trick little pagoda full of pretty girls in Chinese costume fill you full of vague longings? It is the Playgirls' orchestra, who broadcast from KFWI every night except Saturday and Sunday.



A real "Forty-Niner," Paris Jasper Ferguson traveled to California in a covered wagon when only six years old. During a recent broadcast of Romantic Forty-Niners from KFRC Mr. Ferguson sang "When Nellie Was a Lady," popular in 1849. After the rendition the orchestra members broke into spontaneous applause for his able rendition. Mr. Ferguson is 86.

read on the KHJ Merry-makers frolic.
Moral: You don't hafta be an expert to explain about something or anything.

* * *

Just as Joe E. Brown, homeliest of the homely, told his now famous mouse story at a meeting of the music and Radio people of Southern California, a sleek black cat crossed the stage before him. There must be a moral in this somewhere, but we haven't been able to figure it out yet.

* * *

Harry McKnight, tall and stately . . . some folks told his now thin . . . is the stellar light among the lyric tenors of KTAB. In fact, he is the only lyric tenor on the staff at this writing.

For the past four years auditors around the bay region of San Francisco have heard Mac over various wave lengths belonging to KFRC, KGO and KPO, but he seems to have roosted

more or less permanently on KTAB's pet frequency.

Specifications, including chassis, wheelbase and so forth, follow: weight, 150 pounds; hair, brown; eyes, gray. Hurry up with the mash notes, girls, he's still single.

* * *

How about a nifty chicken dinner with all the fixin's? All you have to do is get acquainted with Gene Perry, of KFSD, and pull the old sympathy gag about being alone in the great, big city and lonesome for home cooking.

Gene is one original handy man about the station . . . relief announcer, continuity scribbler, tenor and pianist. How's that for a many-sided career?

When day is done . . . for the broadcaster this means midnight and then some . . . he winds up the flivver and chugs out to the suburbs of San Diego, where he raises chickens for a hobby.



Here are the boys who perform on KTM'S ranch hour. Left to right: Jimmy Adams, Arkansas Johnny, Tom Murray, Al Hull and, seated, Frank Gage.

Beverly Boulevard where the studio is located.

* * *

Bill Ray, neatly seated before one of Warner's new desks, becomes commercial manager for KFWB. But he still announces and causes feminine hearts to flutter as he speaks the latest Hollywood lingo.

* * *

Kenneth Niles and Ray Foley, two enterprising KHJ-ers, went fishing on the Olympic barge, located two miles offshore, the other day.

Ken caught an even dozen mackerel while all Foley caught was more cold. However, Foley wrote a masterful dissertation the next Saturday which he



It's really a shame that the person responsible out at KGB didn't tell the names of all these pretty girls. Wouldn't you like to know them? They play in the KGB Little Symphony orchestra, one of the outstanding classical groups on the coast.

Food Craving Starts Sax

By C. Thomas Nunan

NECESSITY made a saxophone player out of Jess Norman, KPO's handsome sheik of reed instruments. "It was during my Stanford days," says Norman Jess Nathanson, for that is his true monicker, "that a craving for food made me forsake the violin and take to the sax. Why did I give up the fiddle?—lack of time for practice—and in those days the saxophone was in great demand. I had had a few lessons on the clarinet so that the saxophone was easily learned. That was back in the days when the Stanford campus resounded to the tramp of trudging feet—when the

shadow of war cast a shroud of expectancy over embryo officers—and what's more, that was my chief ambition—never realized because I was a musician."

"It was like this," says the stalwart Jess, who measures six feet in his stockings, has intriguing brown eyes and weighs 200 pounds, showing the result of being a corn-fed "cornhusker" from Omaha, Neb., the place he was born—the 8th of September, 1899. "Down on the campus Major Parker sent out a call for band players—I didn't respond because I wanted to receive a commission—but Major Parker ran across me during inspection, remembered my name was not included in the list of available musicians, so he ordered me to organize a band and or-



This little lady, Jane Morse, has the distinction of having been on one program for three years. She is heard singing blues from KMO at Tacoma, Washington.



Fans like this little girl. Her name is Ann Grey, and she is heard singing popular songs from KFVB. Don Warner is the accompanist.

ganize it I did and there I remained until the end of the war 'tootin' the sax' and leading the band.

"Perhaps it was just as well," says Jess, reminiscing. "I might have received worse casualties than I did." You were a casualty, he was asked? "Oh, yes. We were loading cases of pineapple for the commissary one afternoon when a case dropped on my foot, mashing my big toe and putting me on a different footing for a time."

KEJK. Beverly Hills, threw its old call letters, KEJK, into the ash can the other day and brought a spic and span, new set, KMPC. Glen Rice, formerly of KNX, is the new manager. He has created the Beverly Hills Hill Billies, a frolic stunt. The Hill Billies hibernate in the citadels of exclusive Beverly Hills by day and at dusk return to the studio with news of the day's exploration by the various clans. Ah, mates, what'll it be next?

RADIO Holds Lure for Borrett

*Director of CHNS Active in Field Since Early Days;
Built First Transmitter in Dartmouth, N. S.*

By Verner A. Bower

RADIO has always held a peculiar fascination for Major William Borrett, station director of CHNS, Halifax, N. S. It was early in the twenties that the bug bit him first and he became a member of that world wide fraternity, the "hams."

Over across Halifax harbor in Dartmouth, the Major's home town, he enjoys the distinction of being the second Radio owner. But he was not satisfied to stop there. In a little while he pushed his investigation further afield and constructed the first "ham" transmitter station ever operated in Dartmouth. With this transmitter he worked all over the American continent and sometimes in the "wee sma" hours he talked with England and France. He attended a gathering in France of the American Relay league, of which he was a member, and came home filled with a desire for still greater Radio knowledge.

A long wave Radio broadcasting station was his dream, and finally on May 12, 1926, due in no small part to his own efforts, he saw CHNS opened with studios in the Carleton hotel. Major Borrett was station director, a position which he has held ever since.

Truly the Major was now majoring in Radio. He served, not only as director, but also as chief station announcer, and Nova Scotian fans speedily came to listen for the Major's voice each night from behind the mike.

Radio broadcasting went forward by leaps and bounds under Major Borrett's guidance, and, when in 1928 the new Lord Nelson hotel was completed, CHNS moved its complete plant into the top of the hotel.

So closely interwoven has been the advance of CHNS and Major Borrett in Radio that the story of his career reads almost like the station's history.

One would think here was the pinnacle of success. But not so the Major. He was still majoring in Radio. As long



Fred Carleton, manager of the Calgary Herald station CFAC, has been in charge ever since its inception nine years ago. From 1910 to 1914 Mr. Carleton was with the Marconi company in London. Later he was with the wireless section of the Canadian army, until 1919.

as there were fields left to conquer he must go forth to conquer. He mastered in quick succession the announcing from the players bench, football and hockey. Especially successful was he in the broadcasting of this last sport of the Canadians. At all the championship playoffs the Major is in demand, not only in Nova Scotia, but in New Brunswick. And on occasion his voice has been heard from American stations, announcing the play by play. What will be his next contribution? Who knows? Television perhaps.

Huntly Is True Canadian

A TRUE Canadian of English-Scottish ancestry, and of direct United Empire Loyalist descent, Gertrude Huntly has been exceedingly popular when appearing as a guest artist on CNR chain programs.

Miss Huntly was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, and began her musical studies at an early age, winning one honor after another. Graduating from the Conservatory of Music at London, Ontario, she went to Paris, where she became a pupil of the famous Polish composer and pianist, Moszkowsky.

The interval following her return to Canada was enriched by association with such world-renowned pianists as Godowsky, Rosenthal, Paderewski and Medtner. She now makes her home in picturesque western Victoria.

* * *

Geza de Kresz, first violin of the Hart House String quartette, has had an interesting career. For some years he was in charge of court music at Bucharest, at one time playing before Queen Marie.



For years the fame of the barber shop quartets as music makers has rung throughout the world. Now the "Novia Scotian Harry Lauder," Sammy Shields by name, is adding new laurels to his profession as a barber one-man combination.

Fans Tune in Pollyanna

BED time in any land now that Radio has come to stay and has taken its place in almost every home can only mean one thing. The evening bed time story. So it is that down in Halifax City and out through the Maritimes and even further abroad wherever CHNS is heard, when the day begins to turn to night, little hands begin to turn the dial of daddy's Radio to CHNS to hear Pollyanna.

And wonderful are the tales of doggies and kitties and all the other little playfellows that are so dear to the little tots; and really, too, quite dear to the older folk; that Pollyanna tells of. And then there are the two station canaries of CHNS. Very aptly named are these two songsters "CH" and "NS." They were presented to the station by the Lord Nelson hotel but they seem to feel themselves the special property of the Pollyanna hour; and they mingle their voices with the program.

Now for a peek behind the scenes. The Pollyanna hour is on the air. Come with me up to the topmost floor of the Lord Nelson hotel. There is a very attractive brunette young lady seated at the table talking softly to the mike. Can this be Pollyanna? One always associates bed time stories with a matronly sort of a person. But the young lady turns the pages of a book before her. There is the sound of musical notes. It is Pollyanna! And the book is the magical Birthday Book.

Miss Dorothy Henrion, Pollyanna, the story teller of the bed time hour and the lectress of the Talkie Topics, the review of the current photoplays showing in the various theatres in the city, is one of the youngest members of the staff.



Another of the big class of newspaper men making good in Radio is Harry G. Link, program director of CJGC, the Free Press station at London, Ontario.

Real Home Making in the Studio

Research and Experiment Important Matters at CBS
Home Club—All Advice Carefully Tested

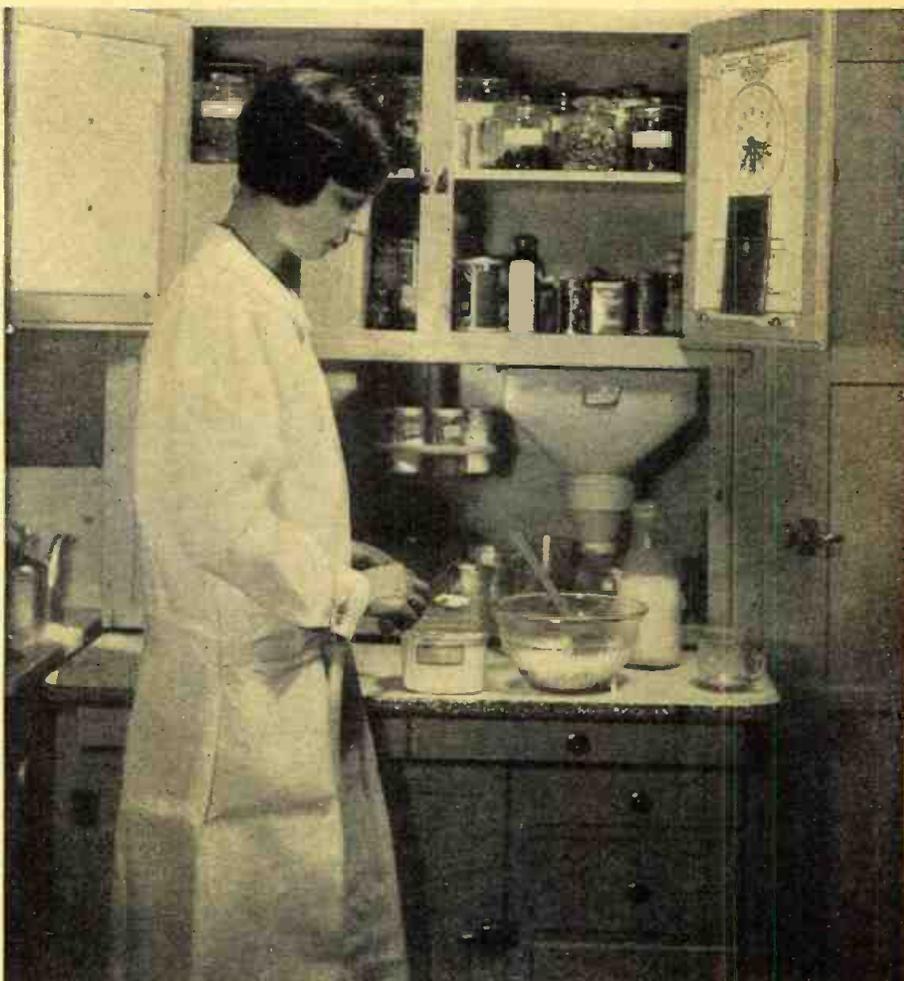
By Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Radio Home-Makers broadcast programs on every topic of interest to women between ten and twelve every weekday morning, except Saturday, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

RADIO home-making means much more than the talks which reach your ear from the Radio Home-Makers' studios over the Columbia Broadcasting system's network. On my weekly visits (they're becoming bi- and tri-weekly, because I have a weakness for Grace White's waffles) which are usually after the morning broadcasting is over, I always run into a great deal of practical home-making at the club. Real home-making, at that; no "let's play house" up at Ida Bailey Allen's!

When an advertiser inquires about broadcasting through the Radio Home-Makers' club, his product is first tried out in their laboratories before any contracts are made. You're just as likely as not to see a new laundry machine being used in the kitchen, some sort of vacuum cleaner doing amazing things in the living room, and one of the girls being given a massage with a special kind of face cream in the beauty boudoir, if you run up to the studios in the afternoon. And always you'll find Grace White busy around the stove, trying out new recipes sent in by fans or concocting new methods of using the food products they advertise.

Since the Home-Makers moved into their gorgeous new headquarters in March, there's been an exquisite fresh-cut rose on Mrs. Allen's desk each time I've been up. When I mentioned this to her the other day, she told me one of the 300,000 members of the club sent her a check to be used to keep a fresh flower on her desk all the time. That's just the sort of friendly feeling the



When the morning broadcast is over at the Home Makers' club of the CBS there is a concerted rush to the studio kitchen. Here is Grace White, dietitian, preparing for an onslaught of waffle friends from about the studios.



Actually carrying out the work as it is described to the listening audience, you see Ida Bailey Allen describing the handiwork of Joan Barrett, who is painting a metal lamp.

Home-Makers inspire in everyone who comes in contact with them, even when it's only "air contact."

Listeners send in all sorts of proof of their appreciation of the programs, and they use Mrs. Allen, who is the founder and president of the club, as a sort of combined mentor and mother-confessor. Among the fifteen hundred letters received each week, a great many contain the life history of the writers, who know they will receive helpful, sympathetic advice in return. Last week there was a letter from a woman in Ireland who wanted to join the club.

IN THEIR new reception hall, comfortably furnished and equipped with loud speakers for the convenience of guests, Joan Barrett, the pretty young interior decorator, has installed a special cabinet which contains samples of all the materials used in the new decorations. You see, there are about fifteen windows, each one treated differently, to show visitors various ways of curtaining at moderate cost. Samples of the upholstery used are also in this cabinet, each sample marked with width and price so they can be rummaged through to heart's content.

(Continued on page 118)

Voice of the Listener

"Hick Hams" Title to Lucy

You sure have started something by publishing the letter of Lucy Barrett, under the heading of "Doesn't Like Amos 'n' Andy." It sure must be tough for one to be entirely out of line with the rest of the world, especially when they lack that "real sense of humor." It is not Amos 'n' Andy who are the "hick hams," that title belongs to the critic. It certainly is too bad that there are so few people "who wouldn't have the sense to appreciate real humor." I had no idea that the Radio public was so ignorant of a "sense of humor," thanks to the enlightening letter of Lucy Barrett.

It is quite evident that the critic of Amos 'n' Andy has never been in direct contact with the negro race. I was born in the South and the dialect of these two popular actors is typical, together with the desire to use "big" words. If it is a mark of ignorance to enjoy Amos 'n' Andy programs, then I wish to be known as very illiterate.

I am greatly surprised that such an intellectual person as Lucy Barrett would attend a gathering containing such a riff raff of "old fogies" and people "who wouldn't have the sense" and, especially her remaining, after she discovered herself in the midst of such a low-brow element.—Dennis Jones, Banning, Calif.

R. D. Has Two Out of Six

My entire family look forward to Amos 'n' Andy. We do not answer the telephone, or let anything interfere with it, and are very much upset when an electrical interference fixes the Radio so that we can not get it from any station. There are six outstanding features that I like: Amos 'n' Andy, Radio Digest, Literary Digest, Health, Wealth, Happiness.—E. M. Hunter, Richmond, Va.

A. and A. Are "High Class"

I'm a reader of the Radio Digest and think it's great. I notice in the April issue a letter censuring Amos 'n' Andy. In the letter the writer states that only old fogies care to listen to them, which is all wrong. I know many educated and cultured people who anxiously await the Amos 'n' Andy programs. I believe I am quite capable of understanding and enjoying high class entertainment and I consider them a bit of very good, clean amusement for young and old.

Kind hearted little Amos sets a wonderful example with his honest ways and love for dumb animals, and Andy, though a bit egotistical and not overly ambitious has a kind heart and always comes through clean. Their announcer, Bill Hay, can't be beat.—Mrs. Frank Sherwood, Fort Madison, Iowa.

Lives There a Soul So Dumb

Lives there a soul so dumb they cannot appreciate the Amos 'n' Andy program? I am surprised you would even print such an insulting letter of them as Lucy Barrett, of Chicago, sent in. I think every admirer of the boys will feel as I do that it is a personal insult to us as well as the boys and it is away beneath Amos 'n' Andy's notice.

Please send us all the news possible of these artists. They are selling Radio Digest above everything else. Lucy Barrett is the one tiny grain of sand in their ocean of admirers and we are not all old fogies or fools either, and have sense enough to appreciate humor, humanity, and art when presented to us. If Lucy was half as clever as they she would not have to knock people all over the United States to get her name in print in a first class magazine. So, Mr. Editor, please forget Lucy's request and print plenty of Amos 'n' Andy and if she falls out I will buy an extra copy. It is a fine magazine, we have only been taking it since February when we heard of Amos 'n' Andy write-ups. I missed March copy and tried every way to get one here and failed so they are selling alright to bright or senseless people.—Mrs. W. B. Neese, Auburn, N. Y.

Telling Lucy a Few!

This letter is an answer to the one in your April issue, written by Lucy Barrett of Chicago.

First, I want to tell her that it takes some intelligence to appreciate Amos 'n' Andy's programs. Perhaps that is why she does not like them. Then she says that there are many other Radio stars who deserve publicity more than "those two hick hams." Of course, there might be. Why don't you write a few articles about them,

Lucy Barrett, and send them in. I am sure that the Radio Digest would be glad to publish them.

Taking it all in all, I do not believe there are two other entertainers "on the air" who have the talent of speaking for so many different characters, and doing it so well and with such rapidity that they "fool" many listeners into thinking that "the Kingfish," "Landlord," "Lightning," "Big Boy," etc. must be played by entirely different persons.

The letter says that Amos 'n' Andy do not talk like the real southern negro. I want to ask you, Lucy Barrett, were you born in Virginia and raised with a negro boy? No? Well, Freeman Gosden, who takes the part of Amos, was.—Winifred Binder, Jackson, Michigan.

For Sake of Better Critics

I have just purchased my April issue of the "Radio Digest." It was really a pleasure digesting all its contents. All with the exception of Amos 'n' Andy being criticized by Lucy Barrett, of Chicago. May I use Mr. W. K. Henderson's words of station KWKH, when he says, "Dog-gone ya. If you don't want to listen to me, turn your dial." So be it with Lady Barrett. I for one sincerely hope her arm is not broken. As Andy says, "I'se regusted," to hear of such a critic.

Mr. Editor, may I state that due to the late war, I had the pleasure of spending 23 months and 24 days in the Southland. Regardless of its ups and downs I surely enjoyed every day I spent in the South. Though my duties were to participate in the welfare of sick, I also found time to interest myself in the Southern people, mostly the negroes, as they were the most amusing.

To be brief and frank I shall say for the benefit of Lady Barrett, that Andy has the dialect of a Northern negro, while Amos, in reality, is a Southern born lad, could not do better with his Southern dialect if he were really a negro.

Mr. Editor, for the Better Critics' Sake please continue with more space for such a good pair of entertainers.—Geo. R. Edwards, Rochester, N. Y.

Floyd Gibbons Forever

Won't you please give us a new article each month by Floyd Gibbons?

Really without his stories I don't care very much for your magazine; too wishy-washy, like a motion picture magazine, all high lights and no character. You make your Radio people sound as if they were anything but real, and it's very empty reading.

As for Floyd Gibbons, that's a man after my own heart. He has a voice. Oh, well, what's the use. I can't describe it, only I know it commands one's attention and his stories are something that all the men, old and young, look forward to. It brings into their life a romance that they cannot get themselves.

Just between you and me and the gatepost, those two funny birds, "Amos 'n' Andy," are far from popular here. I think they will go the way of the "Two Black Crows," in another year. That brings me back to Floyd Gibbons. I've been trying to get a book of his from the library for three weeks and the librarian tells me it will be two more before I can get one.

I often wonder just how many letters Mr. Gibbons receives a day and if they are mostly from men or women. For my part I much rather write to you, as I don't think you are quite as popular as Mr. Gibbons, and therefore much nicer. Then, too, I plan on seeing you at some future date at the newspaper men's convention, or is it called the Editor's Convention?

But in the meantime really do give us Floyd Gibbons back and ask him to write a story of his life up to the present time. What interesting material for a story that would be.

I just happened to think that you are not with a newspaper any more so I probably shant see you at a convention after all.

Before I close I want to assure you, Mr. Brown, that I am not Mr. Gibbons' press agent (not that I wouldn't like to be), but as I don't know Mr. Gibbons and Mr. Gibbons doesn't know me; and besides, he doesn't need a press agent. There is very little chance of my meeting him, or being his press agent.

But if ever there is another war I'm going to be the first Red Cross nurse to enlist so I can go along with Floyd Gibbons.

Yours sincerely for a bigger and better Radio Digest. My Boston terrier is helping me write this so please excuse whatever mistakes you find.—June C. Wellington, Batavia, Ill.

Best Days Today's Days

Hurrah! The April issue of Radio Digest was an extra good one in my opinion. It had several features that I had been waiting for—the article on Coon-Sanders, Harry Reser, the photo of Jim and Bob, the guitarists, and, well, the whole magazine was a prize as usual.

I do not like to hear people mourning for what they term the "good old days." It is true that when our favorites are off the air we miss them terribly, quite the same as we would miss an absent, much loved friend. I certainly miss Jack Grady (of Jack and Gene), Harold Safford, and Eddie Peabody, who used to be at KMOX, 'member?

But Gee! Whiz! think of all the good "stuff" that's on now. Just this week I heard another new program inaugurated, a very entertaining one, I think. Why sigh for the past, when the present and future hold so much. Three cheers for our Radio programs of today and tomorrow!!—(Miss) Rose Gergen, Turtle Lake, N. D.

Suggests Program Service

I was disappointed with the April Radio Digest. As a helpful suggestion I would urge you to come back to a RADIO paper. Give us complete logs, as complete programs as possible, more information about programs, short newsy sketches (as you used to do), and pictures?

In addition to the fact that there isn't enough RADIO in the April issue, that the sketches "run on" for too many pages, that there is too much fiction, I would emphasize that the pictures are not clear. Do you use a cheaper grade of paper?

The Radio Digest was always the best Radio paper. Let's keep it such. I remember the clear pictures, the neat lay-out, and the short and interesting sketch.

I would like to have you consider the following suggestion seriously: Since it is difficult to get advance information on Radio programs (even the newspapers are cutting down on this), including European broadcasts, will you not consider sending out weekly sheets to your subscribers?—William Van Vliet, Hull, Iowa.

Gibbons Offers Best Program

I first started reading Radio Digest the first of the year and will continue from now on. I get it every month at the newsstand. I consider this magazine the best authority on Radio news. It sure is a Whiz. There are things in it that a Radio listener would never know about those who broadcast the different programs were it not for Radio Digest.

My opinion of an evening well spent is hearing a program on which Floyd Gibbons is the speaker. What more could anybody ask for than to hear him tell his experiences. Floyd Gibbons is the man I elect to broadcast some of the big league ball games and also this fall the football games. What do your readers think of this? Next on my list is Yolonde Longworthy and Raymond Knight. What is finer than a program of this kind.—Arthur C. Brinkman, Toledo, Ohio.

Regret Missing Copies

I bought my first issue of Radio Digest in November, and though I tried several times and places could not get an October issue. The January issue got away from me, too, due to illness in the family. If it were possible to get the two missing issues I would surely do so.

Please put in lots of pictures as we like to look at people we know over the "air." I have a Radio scrapbook of pictures cut from local newspapers, that includes nearly 400 pictures. There are very few that we haven't heard often. I know nearly all the announcers voices and very few times make a mistake as to who they are, that is of the larger stations in Indiana, Ohio, Missouri and Kansas, and the chain programs.

Send me the magazines if possible, and if not, boost WENR as much as possible.—Irene Mueller, Wood River, Ill.

Best Magazine Edited

Having become, only recently, a reader of your splendid magazine, have found much of great interest between its covers. In my opinion, you have the most complete, as well as most clearly and concisely edited magazine covering the present day Radio activities as has yet been published.

I have been especially interested in Mark Quest's interviews with Correll and Gosden.

A magazine, such as the Radio Digest, which so thoroughly covers the favorites and person-

alities of the Radio field, is deserving of unlimited measures of success. Keep up the good work!

And still another angle which has not, probably, heretofore been presented. I notice on the back cover the imprint of Cuneo Press. It is my understanding that this establishment employs members of and carries contracts with the International Typographical Union, of which I am a member.

The Radio Digest is to be congratulated upon its selection of this organization as their printers, and are deserving of the support of each and every member of the International Typographical Union.—Lewis L. Brunner, Kokomo, Ind.

Help for R. B. Ward

In the March issue of your magazine I see a letter from Robert B. Ward, Jamestown, N. Y., asking for a station between WOR and WLW, coming on at 3 a. m. This is likely VAS (The Voice of the Atlantic Seaboard) at Grace Bay, N. S. This is a Marconi station located at the Marconi Wireless Towers here. They broadcast the government weather report at 1 p. m. and at 4 a. m. (AST) for the benefit of Canadian fishermen. They also broadcast record programs at different times. The announcer is Daniel Murphy. Their frequency is 690 kilocycles (power, 5,000 watts).

In closing, may I say that we enjoy your magazine a great deal.—M. Hull, Glace Bay, N. S.

Too Much "Old Country"

Can it be found possible to give the National Hockey games and outlook of competing teams for the Stanley Cup or World's Championship. All we hear on our own local station is Old Country football, Bridge Whist talk, Russian noise or some Sparrow gargling about "How they do it in the old country." In fact we must listen to the U. S. to hear English which one can "savey." And that is general on all Canadian stations. I am an eastern Canadian in this city twenty years, but we Canadians will soon be pushed over the line to make room for more Lords, Dukes, Counts, etc., according to them. Enough said.—L. A. Ranson, Winnipeg, Can.

Won't Miss a Copy

I think the Radio Digest is the best Radio magazine ever printed. The first one I bought was January number, I liked it so well that I haven't missed a copy since. I also sent for back numbers. I don't intend to miss any in the future if I can help it.

Strong for Station WENR

I am a regular reader of the Radio Digest ever since I found out about it in February. I think it is a wonderful magazine for people who have Radios. I can hardly wait until I get the next number and I especially enjoy the news about the artists and different stations. WENR is my favorite station and Everett Mitchell is my favorite announcer. I wish that I could see his picture in the Digest, and some more of the artists of WENR. The dials of my Radio are never turned from WENR when it is on the air. The Air Juniors children's program, a club for happy boys and girls, conducted by Everett Mitchell and Irma Glen, is just wonderful. I never see anything about it in the Digest, and it is a wonderful program for children and Everett and Irma are so nice with the children and have such nice programs. The Smile Club conducted by Everett Mitchell for shut-ins is another wonderful program on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. The Smith Family and WENR Minstrels are wonderful also. I like to have the pictures of the artists and when they are on I can look at them. Best wishes and good luck to the Radio Digest.—Miss Jean McKinzie, Elizabeth, Ill.

In Defense of Rudy

This letter is to ask you if you won't, please, publish the enclosed little poem I composed, to Rudy Vallee, in your next Radio Digest?

It is in defense of him, an answer to all the cruel and unjust criticisms the motion picture magazines have been hurling at him. I sent it in to the "Fans' Department" of one of those leading magazines, but, of course, as I half expected, it was ignored.

I have always been an enthusiastic motion picture fan, in the past. But I declare, the petty, childish jealousy of the whole industry, of one young man, has certainly disgusted me. And, many of my friends. I might add, they were not ALL girls, either. Many fellows, I know, admire him, and enjoy his singing.

So I ask you, once again, in all fairness due Mr. Vallee, will you please publish my toast to him? This letter, too, if you like. Just to tell the whole waiting world what one farmer picture fan, including numerous friends, thinks of their

"fair?" method of fighting keen competition.—Miss Mildred MacKenzie, Oakland, Cal.

TO RUDY VALLEE

Here's to the one and only Rudy Vallee,
Who's captured our hearts in his own charming way.

Not handsome, perhaps, in the accepted sense,
But has charm, a rare voice as recompense.
Who cares for beauty in a man, I say
Intelligence, manliness, only counts anyway.
All these gifts does he possess to such an extent,
That the vacant "beauty" of all the rest
Pales beside the genius of his talent.

Advice Wanted About a Station

The writer has decided to install and operate a 250-watt Radio broadcasting station at San Juan, Porto Rico, and would greatly appreciate all the possible information you can give me in this respect. I am interested in the purchase of a new or used broadcasting station complete or in building one from standard parts. Please refer me to manufacturers, design engineers or laboratories that might have these stations or that could build one for me.—Julio R. Bruno, c/o Bruno & Gonzales, Ltd., San Juan, Porto Rico.

The editors are passing this letter on to V. O. L. club members in the hope that some one may be able to help Mr. Bruno in his enterprise.

Finds Interference Bad

Three cheers for Radio Digest. I think it is the best Radio magazine I have ever seen. I had not seen one for four or five years until last January. I bought one and have not missed one since and don't want to miss any in the future. I even sent for three back numbers. A person can get so much good out of one. I like the pictures best, everyone seems better acquainted.

I surely agree with Mrs. Wm. Riley, in the April number. I, too, think if the Federal Radio Commission would visit some of the homes and listen in I think they would try and arrange it so there wouldn't be so much interference. When I want WABC, WENR is always right there. WLW and CKGW can hardly be separated. It sure is disgusting. Then there are lots of others I could name that bother each other.

Another thing, I wish every station had to announce their call letters after each selection. I have waited from 15 to 20 minutes and then not gotten the call letters.

I wish WLS could have more power. They are the best on the air. Wish them all kinds of good luck in getting back their full time.—Mrs. Wayne Saylor, Fillmore, N. Y.

Finds Log Indispensable

When we bought a Radio set back in November, 1929, I began DX'ing in a couple of nights, but most of it was guess work. I then began fishing around to find an appropriate log book or magazine to aid me in DX'ing. The first try was unsuccessful and then one lucky night I heard the announcement about your Radio Digest magazine and I decided to try it. After I had had it for a week I knew this was the book for any Radio listener. I enjoy the Voice of the Listener very much and I will be more than pleased if my letter is published in this section. Another thing that I enjoy and appreciate is the abundance of photographs of Radio artists, etc. I would be glad to see a write-up on the "Henry George" program over CBS on Monday night at 8 o'clock (EST) with a few photographs, because that's where my votes are going in the popular program contest. I am just fifteen years of age, but I enjoy every bit of your magazine. In closing I would like to be entered as a member of the V. O. L. club. Wishing your magazine the best of luck.—E. Rosati, Toronto, Ontario, Can.

One DX'er to Another

I purchased my first issue of Radio Digest on Sunday, past, and immediately became interested. Having immediately read all devourable news (nothing to get fed up on, either) and facts, up to and including page seventy-eight, I have become a booster and friend of Radio Digest. (This all happened through Amos 'n' Andy.)

Now I see myself as particularly eager to become a member of the V. O. L. club. Kindly accept my nomination. Now for a question, please. I would like to inquire of a Joseph Baskys, of Chicago, as to the make and the model of his set with which he has such good DX fortune? I find myself eager to become a DX fan and am about to purchase a set, and would certainly appreciate any advice on the matter. If this cannot be answered in your V. O. L. column I would have my address printed in case Mr. Baskys would be kind enough to answer a fellow reader, new to DXing as any helps or hints will be graciously appreciated.—Frank Dougherty, 150 Union Ave., Bala, Pa.

First of Everything

I am not certain if you are the one to carry the burden of my complaint, but I choose you to plead my cause.

This happens to be my first of everything; first purchase of your magazine, first letter to a Radio Editor and first complaint.

The Radio Digest is the only magazine I lacked and whatever kept it hidden from me this long is still a mystery. The station news, personal notes and photographs are a source of keen pleasure. As yet I haven't tried the fiction as my reading has been confined to the special articles which proved so interesting.

And now for the impulse which prompted this letter. Vaughn De Leath is one of my favorite favorites and really my reason for this first purchase of Radio Digest. When I saw her photograph nothing short of solitary confinement could interfere with the possession of that issue. But as humble Radio fan to worthy editor I ask that you glance at the enclosed photo of my favorite clipped from your magazine and weep with me. How can I frame a picture with two such smudges as disfigured so beautiful a face?

I know you won't fail me and will remedy this seeming error. If only you could have arranged those smudges for some other photograph.

Have you by any chance already published a photo of Miss Olive Palmer? If so I'd like awfully to secure a copy of whatever issue it appeared in.

If my supplication proves fruitful I shall no doubt deluge Marcella and "D. B." of "Gossipy Items" about my victims of favoritism.

I'm afraid you shall hear from me again but please believe I will appreciate whatever you do for me.—Mary Jane Ryan, Hartford, Conn.

All for Gibbons' Talks

I am writing in answer to your request in the April issue of the Radio Digest for letters asking that Floyd Gibbons' Radio talks be published in your magazine.

I'm for it! Floyd Gibbons is the most interesting speaker I have ever heard. His Armistice Day program—yarns about the soldiers in the hospitals of France—was a masterpiece.

About the Diamond Award Contest, I'm going to save my coupons and send them all in together. Just now my votes would go to Gene and Glenn, but I may feel differently by the end of the summer. Al and Pete's "Try and Stump Us" program, "Penrod," "The Smith Family," and, of course, Floyd Gibbons' war yarns are great favorites with me, too.

One of the most interesting daytime programs in these parts is the "Try Out Hour" every Wednesday from WCAU. Anyone who thinks he or she has Radio talent is given an audition. They try out from thirty to forty would-be Radio-lites every week, calling them by number instead of names, and the Radio audience is the judge.

As the public is allowed to view these try-outs there is plenty of razzing and lots of fun. The announcer reserves the right to cut any number that is especially poor, and he exercises that right incessantly, which causes much glee among those present.

I think the Radio Digest is fine and I always look forward to the next issue.—Miss Florence Haist, Lindenwold, N. J.

WJZ Beaucoup Avec Monsieur

Reviere du Loup Station, 16 Avril, 1930.—
Reception très bonne ce soir. La chanteuse de 6:30 à 7 p. m. ce soir vous a fait autant de plaisir à entendre que nos favorites du Radio de WJZ à la devine heure; Armstrong Quakers, Mary Hopple et Lois Bennett.

J'ai du sortir de chez moi avant 7 p. m. Quand Je suis revenu un accordeoniste que j'ai cru être le fameux Joe Biviano a joué un "medley" d'airs Canadiens pour une compagnie de boulangers à 7:45 J'ai entendu la plus belle musique Hawaïenne jusqu'ici entendue au Radio. Le Morceau d'accordeon accompagné par le pianos était aussi très bon.—C. J. Lencoeque.

The bread might be better than what is served us here, but I would not care for it if it is sliced up.—C. J. Lencoeque.

We Have Asked WMAQ

Am a regular reader of your magazine and like it best of all Radio magazines as it is up to the minute with Radio news, and wonder why with you here in Chicago you don't give Dan and Sylvia a write-up. There are few programs that surpass them and think they deserve a write-up.—W. G. Kennedy, Chicago.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Chain Calendar Features

Note: Since the majority of schedules are made up in daylight time the following features are listed on that basis.

Sunday

Eastern 9 a.m.			Central 8			Mountain 7			Pacific 6		
The Balladeers.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
300	1000	WOC	508.2	590	WOW						
454.3	660	WEAF									
Morning Musicals.											
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)											
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.9	1230	WFBM						
201.3	1490	WFRL	243.9	1230	WNAC						
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX						
209.8	1430	WHP	323	930	WBRC						
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT						
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WREC						
230.8	1300	KFH	516.9	590	WIDW						
230.8	1280	WDOD	526	590	WVNC						
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN						

1 p.m.			12 n.			11 a.m.			10 a.m.		
National Light Opera.											
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)											
205.4	1460	KSTP	312.5	960	CKGW						
222.1	1350	KWK	315.6	950	WRC						
234.2	1280	WEBC	356	820	WHAS						
265.3	1130	KSL	399.8	750	WJR						
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW						

3 p.m.			2			1			12 n.		
Roxy Symphony Concert.											
Key Station—WJZ (397.5-760)											
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	950	WRC						
234.2	1280	WEBC	356	820	WHAS						
282.8	1060	WBAL	390	770	KFAB						
293.9	1020	KYW	394.5	760	WVNC						
302.8	990	WBZ	428.3	700	WLW						
302.8	990	WBZA	440.9	680	WTF						
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ						
312.5	960	CKGW	508.2	590	WFAA						

3 p.m.			2			1			12 n.		
Columbia Male Chorus.											
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)											
49.02	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN						
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX						
202.6	1480	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC						
209.7	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW						
212.6	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC						
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ						
215.8	1390	KLRA	370.2	810	WCCO						
220.4	1360	WFBL	395	750	KVII						
223.7	1340	KFH	429	670	WMAQ						
223.7	1340	WSPD	475.9	630	WMAL						
227.1	1320	WADC	483.6	620	WLBZ						
230.6	1300	KFH	499.7	600	WCAO						
232.4	1290	WHAS	499.7	600	WMT						
232.6	1290	KDYL	500	600	WREC						
234.4	1280	WDOD	516.9	590	WIBW						
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WKRN						
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WVNC						
243.8	1230	WFBM	536	560	KLZ						
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC						
258.5	1160	WOWO									

4 p.m.			3			2			1		
National Youth Conference.											
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)											
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO						
245.9	1220	WREN	326	920	KPRC						
252.1	1190	WOAI	375	800	WFAA						
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	KGO						
263.2	1140	WAPI	390	770	KFAB						
265.5	1130	KSI	405	740	WSB						
270.3	1110	WRVA	405	700	WLW						
277.8	1080	WBT	441	680	WTF						
283	1060	WBAL	484	620	KGW						
306	980	KDKA									

4 p.m.			3			2			1		
Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)											
206.9	1450	WFIC	361	830	KOA						
225.6	1330	WSAI	365	820	WHAS						
232.4	1290	WEBC	375	800	WFAA						
245.9	1220	WCAE	380	790	KGO						
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY						
263.2	1140	KVOO	385	780	WMC						
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB						
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WTF						
277.8	1080	WBT	462	650	WSM						
300	1000	WHO	484	620	KGW						
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW						
326	920	KOMO	509	590	KHO						
326	920	KPRC	509	590	WEEI						
333	900	WKY	517	580	WTAG						
333.1	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR						
337	890	WJAR									

5 p.m.			4			3			2		
Cathedral Hour.											
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)											
201.3	1490	WLAC	275.1	1090	KMOX						
204	1470	WKBW	315.6	950	KMBC						
209.8	1430	WHP	319	940	WFIW						
212.8	1410	WBCM	323	930	WBRC						
215.7	1390	WHK	323	930	WDBJ						
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WFBL						
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK						
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC						
230.8	1300	KFH	370.2	810	WCCO						
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN						
234.4	1280	WDOD	447.5	670	WMAQ						
238	1260	KOIL	475.9	630	WMAL						
238	1260	WLWB	499.7	600	WCAO						
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WMT						
243.8	1230	WFBM	500	600	WREC						
243.9	1230	WNAC	517	580	WIBW						
256.3	1170	WCAU	526	570	WKRN						
258.5	1160	WOWO	526	570	WVNC						
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC						

5 p.m.			4			3			2		
Davey Hour.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)											
206.9	1450	WFIC	380	790	WGY						
225.6	1330	WSAI	492	610	WDAF						
245.9	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WOW						
280.4	1070	WTAM	509	590	WEEI						
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG						
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFD						
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD						
337	890	WJAR	545	550	WGR						
345	870	WENR									

Recommended
AFTER listening to many chain programs and reading the listeners' comments by letter, the Radio Digest Program Editor recommends the following selected features for June:

- Sunday**
 Roxy Symphony
 Will Rogers
- Monday**
 Voice of Firestone
 Ipana Troubadours
- Tuesday**
 Around the World With Libby
 Florsheim Frolic
- Wednesday**
 Mobiloil Concert
 Coca Cola Program
- Thursday**
 RCA Hour
 Maxwell House Melodies
- Friday**
 Cities Service Concert Orchestra
 Nit Wit Hour
- Saturday**
 B. A. Rolfe and His Lucky Strike
 Orchestra
 Del Monte Program

Eastern 5 p.m.			Central 4			Mountain 3			Pacific 2		
McKesson News Reel of the Air.											
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WABC (348.6-860)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	256.3	1170	WCAU						
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO						
204	1470	WKBW	267.7	1120	WISN						
204	1470	KFJF	275.1	1090	KMOX						
208.2	1440	WEBC	288.3	1040	KRDL						
215.6	1390	KMBC	319	940	KOIN						
215.7	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBRC						
215.7	1390	WHK	322.4	930	WDBJ						
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KHJ						
223.7	1340	KVI	348.6	860	WFBL						
227.1	1320	WADC	370.2	810	WCCO						
230.6	1300	KFH	384.4	780	WEAN						
232.											



Inga Hill, who came to New York from a small prairie town in Illinois to pursue a musical career, is now featured on the O' Cedar Times program broadcast every Sunday evening by the Columbia system.

Monday

Eastern 8:30 Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30
Ipana Troubadours and Ingram Shavers.
Aletretrac Weeks (394.5m-760kc)

Eastern 8:30 a.m.		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Cheerio.							
Meters	Key	Station	—WEAF (454.3-660)	Call			
202.7	1290	WCKY	326	WJW	305.9	980	KDKA
202.7	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WJAX	325.5	900
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR	333.1	900
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	361	830
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY	365.6	820
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB	384.4	780
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF		
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDFW		
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW		
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI		
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG		
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI		
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR		

Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)		Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
Meters	Key	Station	Call	Meters	Key	Station	Call
302.8	990	WBZ	389.4	770	KFAB		
302.8	990	WBZA	394.5	760	WJZ		
305.9	980	KDKA	399.8	750	WJR		
325.5	900	WKX	405.2	740	WSU		
333.1	900	WJAX	428.3	700	WLW		
333.1	900	WKY	461.3	650	WSM		
361	830	KOA	483.6	620	WTMJ		
365.6	820	WHAS	535.4	560	WIOD		

10 a.m.		9		8		7	
Ida Bailey Allen.							
(National Radio Home Makers Club.)							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
30.1	9590	WJXAU	267.7	1120	WISN		
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX		
49.5	6060	W3XAU	315.6	950	KMBC		
215.7	1390	WBK	333.1	900	WFBL		
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK		
227.1	1320	WADC	348.6	860	WABC		
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WEAN		
238	1260	WLWB	384.4	780	WBBM		
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WMAJ		
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL		
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO		
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC		
258.5	1160	WOWO					

Ceco Couriers.		Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)					
208.2	1440	WHCC	315.6	950	KMBC		
215.7	1390	WHK	333.1	900	WFBL		
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	WMAK		
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WOC		
232.4	1290	WJAS	384.4	780	WEAN		
238	1260	KOIL	422.3	710	WOR		
238	1260	WLWB	447.5	670	WMAQ		
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL		
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WCAO		
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC		
275.1	1090	KMOX					

11:15 a.m.		10:15		9:15		8:15	
Radio Household Institute.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR		
227.3	1320	WWSB	366	820	WHAS		
232.4	1290	WECB	374.8	800	WSAI		
245.6	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY		
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC		
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB		
263.2	1140	WAPI	454.3	660	WEAF		
280.2	1070	WTAM	499.7	600	WPT		
293.9	1020	KFKX	483.6	620	WTMJ		
300	1000	WHO	492	610	WDFW		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI		
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG		
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFIT		
326	920	KPRC	545.1	550	KST		
333.9	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR		

A and P Gympes.		Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)					
225.4	1330	WSAI	491.5	610	WDFW		
245.6	1220	WCAE	499.7	600	WTIC		
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOC		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI		
325.9	920	WVW	516.9	580	WTAG		
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WFIT		
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR		
416.4	720	WGN	545.1	550	KSD		
454.3	660	WEAF					

Eastern 10:00 p.m.		Central 9:00		Mountain 8:00		Pacific 7:00	
Will Rogers.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860), W2XE (49.2-6120)							
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc
202.6	1480	WKBW	256.4	1170	WCAU		
204	1470	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO		
215.7	1390	WHK	275.1	1090	KMOX		
220.4	1360	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC		
223.7	1340	KFPY	319	940	KOIN		
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC		
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	KHJ		
232.4	1290	KDYL	389.4	770	WBBM		
232.6	1290	WJAS	476	630	WMAL		
234.4	1280	WRR	491.5	610	KFRC		
236.2	1270	KOIL	500	600	WCAO		
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC		
241.8	1240	WI BW	535.4	560	KLZ		
243.9	1230	WGHP	545	550	WEAN		
		WNAC	545.1	550	WKRC		

12 n.		11		10		9	
Columbia Review.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
49.2	6120	W2XE	323	930	WDBJ		
209.7	1430	WHP	333	900	KHJ		
212.8	1410	WBGM	333.1	900	WFBL		
215.8	1390	KLRA	333.1	900	WMAK		
230.2	1340	KFPY	370.2	810	WJZ		
232.1	1320	WADC	384.4	780	WEAN		
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL		
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN		
238	1260	KOIL	492	610	KFRC		
238	1260	WLWB	499.7	600	WCAO		
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WPT		
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC		
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN		
319	940	WVW	526	570	WWNC		
323	930	WBRC	536	560	KLZ		

9 p.m.		8		7		6	
Maytag Orchestra.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
202.7	1480	WCKY	303	990	WBZ		
205.5	1460	KSTP	303	990	WBZA		
209.7	1430	KCAE	306	980	KDKA		
222.2	1350	KWK	326	920	KOMO		
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	KPRC		
232.4	1290	WECB	333	900	WKY		
236.1	1270	WIDX	361	830	KOA		
243.8	1230	WRN	380	790	KGO		
252.1	1190	WOAI	385	780	WMC		
260.9	1150	WHAM	400	750	WJR		
263.2	1140	KVOO	405	740	WSB		
265.5	1130	KSL	462	650	WSM		
285	1040	KTHS	483.6	620	KGW		
294.1	1020	WKY	509	590	KHQ		

10:15		9:15		8:15		7:15	
Studebaker Champions.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WGY		
206.9	1450	WFJC	416.4	720	WGN		
225.6	1330	WSAI	454.3	660	WEAF		
234.2	1280	WECB	468.5	640	KFI		
245.6	1220	WCAE	483.6	620	WTMJ		
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW		
299.8	1000	WOC	492	610	WDFW		
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	KHO		
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW		
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WEEI		
325.9	920	WWJ	509	590	WTAG		
337	890	WJAR	516.9	580	WFI		
361.2	830	KOA	535.4	560	WGR		
379.5	790	KGO	545.1	550			

1:45		12:45		11:45		10:45	
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY		
227.1	1320	WWSB	345	870	WJAX		
234.2	1290	WECB	361.2	830	WLS		
236.1	1270	WIDX	365.6	820	KOA		
245.8	1220	WREN	375	800	WHAS		
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WBZA		
263.7	1140	WBBM	399.8	750	WJR		
270.1	1110	WRVA	405	740	WSB		
277.6	1080	WBT	428.3	700	WLW		
282.8	1060	WBAL	440.9	680	WPTF		
294.1	1020	KFKX	461.3	650	WSM		
299.8	1000	WHO	483.6	620	WTMJ		
315.6							

Tuesday

Eastern 8:30 Central 8:30 Mountain 7:30 Pacific 6:30
 Chesebrough Real Folks. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA
245.8	1220	WREN	312.5	960	CKGW
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
293.9	1020	WKX	315.6	950	WCAU
302.8	990	WBZA	428.3	700	WLW
302.8	990	WBZ			

"An Evening in Paris." Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
30.1	9590	W3XAU	267.7	1120	WISN
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX
49.5	6060	W3XAU	312.3	960	CFRB
215.7	1390	WSPD	275.1	1090	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ
241.8	1240	WGHP	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAU
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC
258.5	1160	WOWO			

Robert Burns Panatela Program. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.02-6120)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
215.7	1390	WPK	258.5	1160	WOWO
223.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KMOX
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	950	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WMAK
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	780	WEAN
241.8	1240	WGHP	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.8	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WCAU
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC

Empire Builders. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	325.9	920	KOMO
221.3	1490	WVNE	256.4	1170	WCAU
234.8	1280	WBCB	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1230	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
249.9	1200	KPRC	379.5	790	KGO
252	1190	WOAI	394.5	760	WJZ
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR
265.3	1130	KSL	428.3	700	WLW
293.9	1020	KYWA	448.6	620	WMTJ
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	KGW
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ

Gold Strand Crusaders. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	250	1200	WMAQ
201.3	1490	WVNE	256.4	1170	WCAU
201.3	1490	WFRH	258.6	1160	WOWO
204.1	1470	KFJF	267.9	1120	WISN
208.3	1440	WHFC	275.2	1090	KMOX
209.8	1430	WHF	288.5	1040	KRLD
215.8	1390	WPK	316	950	KMBC
215.8	1390	KLRA	323	930	WDBJ
223.7	1340	KFPY	323	930	WBR
223.7	1340	WGHP	333	900	KHJ
227.3	1320	WADC	333	900	WMAK
230.8	1300	KFHF	370	810	WCCO
232.6	1290	WJAS	385	780	WTAR
232.6	1290	KDYI	391	940	KOIN
232.6	1290	KTSA	476	630	WMAI
234.4	1280	WDOD	492	610	KFRC
236.2	1270	KOL	500	600	WREC
236.2	1270	WBSU	500	600	WCAO
238	1260	KOIL	526	570	WWNC
238.1	1260	WLBW	536	560	KLZ
241.8	1240	WSPD	545	550	WEAN
243.9	1230	WNAO	545	550	WKRC
243.9	1230	WFBM			

Longine's Correct Time. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO
302.8	990	WBZA			

Pepodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—Chicago Studio

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA
222.1	1350	WVK	365.6	820	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFAA
234.2	1280	WBCB	379.5	790	KGO
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM
293.9	1020	KYWA	483.6	620	WMTJ
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KGW
333.1	900	WKY			

Eastern 8:30 a.m. Central 7:30 Mountain 6:30 Pacific 5:30
 Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
202.1	1480	WKY	336.9	890	CAU
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WJZ
234.2	1280	WBCB	405.2	740	WSB
245.8	1220	WCAE	440.9	680	WPTE
270.3	1110	WRVA	454.3	660	WEAF
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	CKGW	508.2	590	WOW
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	526	570	WIBO
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WFI
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR

Ida Bailey Allen. Key Station—W2XE (49.2m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
204	1470	WKBW	258.5	1160	WOWO
215.7	1390	WPK	275.1	1090	KMOX
223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL
232.4	1290	WJAS	348.6	860	WABC
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN
238	1260	WLBW	384.4	770	WBEI
241.8	1240	WGHP	468.5	640	WAIU
243.8	1230	WNAO	475.9	630	WMAL
256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600	WCAO

Radio Household Institute. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	WJZ
245.8	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ
293.9	1020	KFKK	491.5	610	WDAF
299.8	1000	WOC	499.7	600	WTIC
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI
319	940	WCSH	516.9	580	WTAG
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIH
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD
374.8	800	WSAI	545.1	550	WGR

Columbia Review. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	333.1	900	WFBL
215.7	1390	WPK	379.5	790	WJZ
215.8	1390	KLRA	384.4	780	WEAN
223.7	1340	KFPY	395	760	KVI
227.1	1320	WADC	475.9	630	WMAL
234.4	1280	WDOD	491.5	610	WFAN
238	1260	WLBW	492	610	KFRC
241.8	1240	WGHP	499.7	600	WCAO
243.9	1230	WFBM	499.7	600	WMT
258.5	1160	WOWO	500	600	WREC
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
319	940	WFIW	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WDBJ	536	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WKRC

National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY
222.1	1350	WVK	333.1	900	WJAX
234.2	1280	WBCB	340	770	KEAB
236.1	1270	WJDX	361.2	830	KOA
245.8	1220	WREN	365.6	820	WHAS
245.8	1220	WREN	374.8	800	WFAA
260	1150	WHAM	375	800	WBP
263	1140	KVOO	384.4	780	WMC
270.1	1110	WRVA	394.5	760	WJZ
277.6	1080	WBT	399.8	750	WJR
282.8	1060	WBAL	405	740	WSB
293.9	1020	KYWA	428.3	700	WLAJ
294.1	1020	KFKK	440.9	680	WPTE
299.8	1000	WHO	461.3	650	WSM
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WMTJ
302.8	990	WBZA	491.5	610	WDAF
305.9	980	KDKA	508.2	590	WOW
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WIOD
325.9	920	KPRC			

American School of the Air. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	223.7	1340	KVI
201.3	1490	WVNE	223.7	1340	WSPD
201.3	1490	WFRH	227.1	1320	WADC
204.1	1470	WPK	227.1	1320	WADC
209.8	1430	WHF	230.6	1300	KEB
212.8	1410	WBCM	232.6	1290	WDL
215.8	1390	KLRA	234.2	1280	WDOD
234.4	1280	WDOD	238	1260	WLBW
241.8	1240	WGHP	241.8	1240	WGHP



A portrait of Harry Horlick, popular director of the A and P Gypsies. His Gypsies are heard every Monday night at 8:30 o'clock (EST) over a NBC network.

Eastern 2:30 Central 1:30 Mountain 12:30 Pacific 11:30
 American School of the Air. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
243.8	1230	WFBM	447.5	670	WMAQ
243.8	1230	WFBM	475.9	630	WMAL
243.9	1230	WNAO	491.5	610	KFRC
258.5	1160	WOWO	499.7	600	WCAO
267.7	1120	WISN	499.7	600	WREC
275.1	1090	KMOX	516.9	580	WIBW
315.6	950	KMBC	526	570	WKBN
322.4	930	WDBJ	526	570	WWNC
323	930	WBR	535.4	560	KLZ
333	900	KHJ	545	550	WEAN
370	810	WCCO	545.1	550	WKRC
384.4	780	WFAA			

5 p.m. Rhythm Kings. Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.2	1090	KMOX
201.3	1490	WVNE	316	950	KMBC
204.1	1470	WPK	370	810	WCCO
209.8	1430	WHF	476	630	WMAL
209.8	1430	WHF	492	610	WFAN
212.8	1410	WBCM	499.7	600	WMT
215.8	1390	KLRA	500	600	WCAO
234.4	1280	WDOD	500	600	WREC
241.8	1240	WGHP	526	570	WKBN
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WWNC
267.9	1120	WISN	536	560	KLZ

7:00 Voters Service. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call
225.4	1330	WSAI</			



John and Ned—that's the team. Pictured, you see John at the right. The boys are John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, but they don't use their last names except when signing checks. They're heard Tuesdays and Fridays over the NBC Pacific Division.

Eastern 8:30		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
"Around the World With Libby." Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
222.1	1350	KWK	361.2	830	KOA	222.1	1350
227.1	1320	WSMB	365.6	820	WHAS	227.1	1320
245.8	1220	WRN	379.5	790	KGO	245.8	1220
260.7	1150	WHAM	384.4	780	WMC	260.7	1150
265.3	1130	KSL	394.5	760	WJZ	265.3	1130
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR	282.8	1060
293.9	1020	KYW	405.2	740	WSB	293.9	1020
299.8	1000	KECA	428.3	700	WLW	299.8	1000
302.8	990	WBZ	461.3	650	WSM	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	KGW	302.8	990
305.8	980	KDKA	508.2	590	KHQ	305.8	980
325.9	920	KOMO				325.9	920
Florsheim Frolic Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WJAR	205.5	1460
225.6	1330	WSAI	375	800	WBAP	225.6	1330
230.6	1300	WIOD	380	790	WGY	230.6	1300
232.4	1290	WEBC	417	720	WGN	232.4	1290
245.9	1220	WCAE	441	680	WPTF	245.9	1220
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF	252.1	1190
270.3	1110	WRVA	492	610	WDAF	270.3	1110
277.8	1080	WBT	509	590	WOW	277.8	1080
300	1000	WHO	509	590	WOW	300	1000
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG	316	950
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI	319	940
326	920	KPRC	545	550	KSD	326	920
333	900	WJAX	545	550	WGR	333	900
333	900	WKY				333	900
Eveready Program Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR	205.4	1460
206.9	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	WHAS	206.9	1450
225.6	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY	225.6	1330
227.3	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC	227.3	1320
234.2	1280	WEBC	405.2	740	WSB	234.2	1280
236.1	1270	WIDX	416.4	720	WGN	236.1	1270
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	245.6	1220
252	1190	WOAI	461.3	650	WSM	252	1190
263	1140	KVOO	484	620	KGW	263	1140
280.2	1070	WTAM	491.5	610	WDAF	280.2	1070
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	WEEI	299.8	1000
315.6	950	WRC	509	590	KHQ	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WFI	319	940
325.9	920	KOMO	545.1	550	KSD	325.9	920
325.9	920	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR	325.9	920

Eastern 9		Central 8		Mountain 7		Pacific 6	
Old Gold—Paul Whiteman Hour Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
201.2	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO	201.2	1490
204	1470	KFJF	267.7	1120	WISN	204	1470
204	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX	204	1470
212.8	1410	WBGM	309.1	970	KJR	212.8	1410
215.7	1390	WHK	315.6	950	KMBC	215.7	1390
215.7	1390	KLRA	319	940	WFIW	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	KFPY	322.4	930	WDBJ	223.7	1340
223.7	1340	WSPD	322.4	930	WBRC	223.7	1340
225.6	1330	KSCJ	323	930	WDBJ	225.6	1330
227.1	1320	WABC	333	900	KGO	227.1	1320
230.6	1300	KFH	337	890	WGST	230.6	1300
232.4	1290	KTSA	370	810	WCCO	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	KDYL	385	780	WTAR	232.4	1290
232.4	1290	WJAS	390	770	WBBM	232.4	1290
234.2	1280	WDOD	391	740	KOIN	234.2	1280
234.2	1280	WDSU	492	610	KPRC	234.2	1280
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WMT	238	1260
241.8	1240	WGHP	500	600	WREC	241.8	1240
243.8	1230	WFBN	526	570	WVNC	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	WNAO	526	570	WKBN	243.8	1230
243.8	1230	KYA	536	560	KFJ	243.8	1230
254.1	1180	KEX	545	550	WKRC	254.1	1180
256.3	1170	WCAU				256.3	1170
Radio Keith-Orpheum Hour Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	336.9	890	WJAR	205.4	1460
206.8	1450	WFJC	365.6	820	KOA	206.8	1450
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	WGY	225.4	1330
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC	227.1	1320
245.8	1220	WCAE	384.4	780	WMC	245.8	1220
252	1190	WOAI	405.2	740	WSB	252	1190
263	1140	WAPI	461.3	650	WSM	263	1140
265.3	1130	KSL	468.3	640	KFI	265.3	1130
270.1	1110	WRVA	483.6	620	KGW	270.1	1110
277.6	1080	WBT	483.6	620	WTMJ	277.6	1080
288.3	1040	KTHS	491.5	610	WDAF	288.3	1040
299.8	1000	WHO	508.2	590	KHQ	299.8	1000
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI	319	940
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560	WIOD	325.9	920
325.9	920	KOMO	535.4	560	WFI	325.9	920
333.1	900	WKY	545.1	550	WGR	333.1	900
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	KSD	333.1	900

Eastern 10		Central 9		Mountain 8		Pacific 7	
Longine's Correct Time							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
245.8	1220	WRN	305.9	980	KDKA	245.8	1220
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	260.7	1150
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO	302.8	990
302.8	990	WBZA				302.8	990
11:30 10:30 9:30 8:30							
Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—Chicago Studio							
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	205.4	1460
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	222.1	1350
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFVA	227.1	1320
234.2	1280	WEBC	379.5	790	KGO	234.2	1280
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC	236.1	1270
245.8	1220	WRN	405.2	740	WSB	245.8	1220
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	252	1190
265.3	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	265.3	1130
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	WTMJ	293.9	1020
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	KGW	299.8	1000
325.9	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF	325.9	920
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHQ	325.9	920
333.1	900	WKY				333.1	900

Wednesday

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Cheerio. Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
202.7	1280	WCKY	326	920	KPRC	202.7	1280
202.7	1480	WKY	333.1	900	WJAX	202.7	1480
205.5	1460	KSTP	365.6	820	WHAS	205.5	1460
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	245.9	1220
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY	252.1	1190
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB	263.2	1140
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF	270.3	1110
272.4	1080	WBT	452	610	WDAF	272.4	1080
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW	280.4	1070
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI	312.5	960
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG	316	950
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI	319	940
326	920	WVJ	545	550	WGR	326	920
10 a.m. 9 8 7							
National Home Hour. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
245.6	1220	WCAE	374.8	800	WSAI	245.6	1220
280.2	1070	WTAM	379.5	790	WGY	280.2	1070
293.9	1020	KYW	454.3	660	WEAF	293.9	1020
299.8	1000	WHO	499.7	600	WTIC	299.8	1000
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WEEI	315.6	950
319	940	WCSH	536.5	580	WTAG	319	940
325.9	920	WVJ	535.4	560	WFI	325.9	920
325.9	920	WJAR	545.1	550	WGR	325.9	920
Jda Bailey Allen. Key Station—W2XE (49.02m-6120kc) WABC (348.6-860)							
215.7	1390	WHK	258.5	1160	WOWO	215.7	1390
223.7	1340	WSPD	267.9	1120	WISN	223.7	1340
227.1	1320	WABC	275.2	1090	KMOX	227.1	1320
232.4	1280	WJAS	315.6	950	KMBC	232.4	1280
238	1260	KOIL	333.1	900	WFBL	238	1260
238	1260	WLBW	333.1	900	WMAK	238	1260
239.9	1250	WRHM	348.6	860	WABC	239.9	1250
241.8	1240	WGHP	384.4	780	WEAN	241.8	1240
243.9	1230	WFBN	389.4	770	WBBM	243.9	1230
245.8	1220	WCAE	475.9	630	WMAI	245.8	1220
256.3	1170	WCU	545.1	550	WKRC	256.3	1170
10:45 a.m. 9:45 8:45 7:45							
Mary Hale Martin's Household Period. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
222.1	1350						

Eastern 8		Central 7		Mountain 6		Pacific 5	
The Yeast Foamers.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	293.9	1020	KYW	275.1	1090
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ	333.1	900
234.2	1280	WBCB	302.8	990	WBZA	333.1	900
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	333.1	900
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	333.1	900
282.8	1060	WBAL	428.3	700	WLW	333.1	900

8:30		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Moblioll Concert.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
206.8	1430	WFJC	333.1	900	WKY	333.1	900
225.4	1350	WSAI	336.9	890	WJAR	333.1	900
245.8	1220	WCAE	361.2	830	KOA	333.1	900
252.0	1190	WOAI	374.8	800	WFVA	333.1	900
263.3	1140	KVOO	454.3	660	WEAF	333.1	900
263.9	1130	KSL	491.5	740	WDAF	333.1	900
280.2	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WEEI	333.1	900
282.8	1060	WTIC	508.2	590	WOW	333.1	900
299.8	1000	WOC	516.9	580	WTAG	333.1	900
315.6	950	WRC	526.0	570	WIBO	333.1	900
319.9	940	WCSH	535.4	560	WLIT	333.1	900
325.9	920	KPRC	545.1	550	WGR	333.1	900
325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550	KSD	333.1	900

9:00		8:00		7:00		6:00	
Sylvania Foresters.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZA	333.1	900
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	333.1	900
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	333.1	900
293.9	1020	KYW	428.3	700	WLW	333.1	900
302.8	990	WBZ					

9:00		8:00		7:00		6:00	
Forty Fathom Trawlers.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.02	6120	W2XE	243.8	1230	WFRM	243.8	1230
204	1470	WKBW	256.3	1170	WCAU	256.3	1170
208.2	1440	WBCB	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
209.7	1430	WHP	333.1	900	WFBL	333.1	900
215.7	1390	WBK	384.4	780	WEAN	384.4	780
227.1	1320	WADC	447.5	670	WMAQ	447.5	670
232.4	1290	WJAS	475.9	630	WMAL	475.9	630
238	1260	WLBW	499.7	600	WCAO	499.7	600
241.8	1240	WGHF	545.1	550	WKRK	545.1	550
243.8	1230	WNAC					

9:00		8:00		7:00		6:00	
Halsey Stuart Program.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	820	KOA	361.2	820
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS	365.6	820
227.1	1320	WSMB	379.5	790	KGO	379.5	790
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	WGY	379.5	790
252.0	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
263.9	1140	KVOO	405.2	740	WSB	405.2	740
265.3	1130	KSL	434.8	690	CKGW	434.8	690
270.1	1110	WVRA	461.3	650	WSM	461.3	650
277.6	1080	WBT	468.5	640	KFI	468.5	640
293.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW	483.6	620
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	KHO	508.2	590
319.9	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
325.9	920	KPRC	516.9	580	WTAG	516.9	580
325.9	920	WWJ	535.4	560	WLIT	535.4	560
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550
336.9	890	WJAR	545.1	550	KSD	545.1	550

9:30		8:30		7:30		6:30	
Palmolive Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	379.5	790	KGO	379.5	790
225.4	1330	WSAI	379.5	790	KGO	379.5	790
227.1	1320	WSMB	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
245.8	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB	405.2	740
252.0	1190	WOAI	416.4	720	WGN	416.4	720
263.9	1140	KVOO	440.9	680	KPO	440.9	680
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
277.8	1080	WBT	461.3	650	WSM	461.3	650
280.2	1070	WTAM	468.5	640	KFI	468.5	640
288.3	1040	WFVA	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
299.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW	483.6	620
315.6	950	WRC	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
319.9	940	WCSH	499.7	600	WTIC	499.7	600
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHO	508.2	590
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WEEI	508.2	590
325.9	920	WWJ	508.2	590	WOW	508.2	590
333.1	900	WJAX	516.9	580	WTAG	516.9	580
336.9	890	WJAR	535.4	560	WLIT	535.4	560
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	KSD	545.1	550
365.6	820	WHAS	545.1	550	WGR	545.1	550



Miss Patricola likes to cook. She invariably cooks special dinners for entertainers with her on special occasions like Christmas, New Years and other holidays. She was lately a guest artist on the Wednesday Van Heusen program.

Eastern 8:30		Central 8:30		Mountain 7:30		Pacific 6:30	
La Palina Smoker.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.02	6120	W2XE	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
215.7	1390	WBK	315.6	950	KMBC	315.6	950
223.7	1340	WSPD	331.1	900	WFBL	331.1	900
227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WMAK	333.1	900
232.4	1290	WJAS	370.2	810	WCCO	370.2	810
238	1260	KOIL	384.4	780	WEAN	384.4	780
238	1260	WLBW	447.5	670	WMAQ	447.5	670
241.8	1240	WGHF	475.9	630	WMAL	475.9	630
243.8	1230	WNAC	499.7	600	WREB	499.7	600
256.3	1170	WCAU	500	600	WREC	500	600
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC	545.1	550
267.7	1120	WISN					

10:30 p.m.		9:30		8:30		7:30	
Coca Cola Topnotchers.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.5	1460	KSTP	319	940	WVCH	319	940
209.7	1430	KECA	326	920	KOMO	326	920
225.6	1330	WSAI	326	920	KPRC	326	920
227.3	1320	WSMB	326	920	WWJ	326	920
232.4	1290	WBCB	333	900	WKY	333	900
236	1270	WJDX	337	890	WJAR	337	890
245.9	1220	WCAE	361	830	KOA	361	830
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	KGO	380	790
263.2	1140	KVOO	380	790	WGY	380	790
263.2	1140	WAPI	441	680	WPTF	441	680
265.5	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF	454.3	660
270.3	1110	WVRA	484	620	KGW	484	620
277.8	1080	WBT	492	610	WDAF	492	610
283	1060	WTIC	509	590	KHO	509	590
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI	509	590
294.1	1020	KYW	517	580	WTAG	517	580
300	1000	WOC	536	560	WLIT	536	560
302.8	950	CKGW	545	550	WGR	545	550
316.5	950	WRC	545	550	KSD	545	550

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Longine's Correct Time.							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	305.9	980
260.7	1150	WHAM	394.5	760	WJZ	394.5	760
302.8	990	WBZ	526	570	WIBO	526	570
302.8	990	WBZA					

11:30		10:30		9:30		8:30	
Pepsodent Program. Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—Chicago Studios							
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	361.2	830
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	365.6	820
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFVA	374.8	800
234.2	1280	WBCB	379.5	790	KGO	379.5	790
236.1	1270	WJDX	384.4	780	WMC	384.4	780
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB	405.2	740
252.1	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	447.5	670
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	461.3	650
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW	483.6	620
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ	483.6	620
325.5	920	KPRC	491.5	610	WDAF	491.5	610
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	KHO	508.2	590
333.1	900	WKY					

Thursday



BENNIE KRUEGER, popular sax artist and band leader, does his stuff on the Gold Seal program Thursday nights from WABC and the Columbia Chain.

Eastern Meters Kc. 10:00 p.m.		Central Call 9:00		Mountain Meters Kc. 8:00		Pacific Call 7:00	
RCA Victor Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)							
365.6	820	WHAS	483.6	620	WTMJ		
374.8	800	WBAP	491.5	610	WDAF		
379.5	790	WQW	508.2	590	WOW		
384.4	780	WMC	508.2	590	KHQ		
405.2	740	WSB	516.9	580	WTAG		
440.9	680	WPTF	535.4	560	WFI		
454.3	660	WEAF	535.4	560	WIOD		
461.6	650	WVSN	545.1	550	KSD		
483.6	620	KGW	545.1	550	WGR		
11:00 10:00 9:00 8:00							
Lontine's Correct Time.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
260.7	1150	WHAM	302.8	990	WBZ		
282.8	1060	WBAL	302.8	990	WBZA		
11:30 10:30 9:30 8:30							
Peopled Program. Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—Chicago Studios							
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA		
227.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS		
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFSA		
234.2	1280	WBCB	379.5	790	KGO		
236.1	1270	WIDX	384.4	780	WMC		
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB		
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ		
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM		
283.9	1020	KYWB	483.6	620	KGW		
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ		
325.9	920	KOMO	491.5	610	WDAF		
325.5	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ		
333.1	900	WKY					
8:30 a.m. 7:30 6:30 5:30							
Cheerio.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)							
202.1	1480	WCKY	333.1	900	WTAX		
205.5	1460	KSTP	337	890	WTAR		
245.9	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS		
252.1	1190	WOAI	380	790	WGY		
263.2	1140	WAPI	405	740	WSB		
270.3	1110	WRVA	441	680	WPTF		
277.8	1080	WBT	492	630	WDAF		
280.4	1070	WTAM	508.2	590	WOW		
312.5	960	CKGW	509	590	WEEI		
316	950	WRC	517	580	WTAG		
319	940	WCSH	536	560	WFI		
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR		
326	920	WVJ					
10 a.m. 9 8 7							
Ida Bailey Allen. National Home Makers' Club.							
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)							
201.3	1490	WLAC	258.5	1160	WOWO		
215.8	1390	KLRA	275.1	1090	KMOX		
227.1	1320	WADC	315.6	960	WVSN		
232.4	1290	WJAS	333.1	900	WFBL		
238	1260	KOIL	389.4	770	WBBM		
244.8	1240	WLBW	475.9	630	WMAJ		
243.8	1230	WNAO	491.5	610	WFAA		
245.6	1220	WCAO	525.5	550	WKRC		
256.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC		
10:15 9:15 8:15 7:15							
National Home Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
206.9	1450	WFJC	325.9	920	WWJ		
245.6	1220	WCAE	336.9	890	WTAR		
279.5	790	WGY	374.8	800	WSAI		
280.2	1070	WTAM	454.3	660	WEAF		
293.9	1020	KYW	508.2	590	WEEI		
299.8	1000	WBO	516.9	580	WTAG		
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WVSN		
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	WGR		
12:00 n. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 9:00							
Columbia Revue.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
201.3	1490	WFBL	323	930	WBRC		
209.8	1430	WBCB	323	930	KDJB		
212.3	1410	WBCB	333	900	WVSN		
215.8	1390	KLRA	333	900	WMAK		
223.7	1340	KFPY	476	630	WMAJ		
223.7	1340	WGHP	492	610	WFAN		
227.3	1320	WADC	500	600	WCAO		
234.4	1280	WJAS	500	600	WIOD		
238	1260	WLBW	509	600	WREC		
244.8	1240	WLBW	509	600	WREC		
258.6	1160	WOWO	526	570	WKHN		
243.9	1230	WNAO	526	570	WVNC		
316	950	KMBC	536	560	KLZ		
319	940	WFVW	545	550	WEAN		
1:45 12:45 11:45 10:45							
National Farm and Home Hour.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	315.6	920	WRC		
222.1	1350	KWK	325.9	920	KPRC		
234.2	1280	WBCB	333.1	900	WKY		
236.1	1270	WIDX	333.1	900	WTAX		
245.8	1220	WREN	361.2	830	WVSN		
252	1190	WOAI	365.6	820	WEAS		
260	1150	WHAM	374.8	800	WFAA		
263	1140	KVOO	375	800	WBAP		
270.1	1110	WRVA	384.4	780	WMC		
276.6	1080	WBT	394.5	760	WVJ		
282.8	1060	WBAL	399.8	750	WJR		
293.9	1020	KYW	405	740	WSB		
294.1	1020	KFKX	428.3	700	WLW		
299.8	1000	WBO	461.3	650	WSM		
302.8	990	WBZ	491.5	610	WDAF		
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WOW		
305.9	980	KDKA	535.4	560	WIOD		
The Peopled Program. Amos 'n' Andy.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
202.7	1480	WCKY	305.9	980	KDKA		
239	1260	WJAS	315.6	950	WRC		
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WVJ		
270	1110	WRVA	399.8	750	WJR		
277.6	1080	WBT	434.8	690	CKGW		
302.8	990	WBZ	440.9	680	WPTF		
302.8	990	WBZA	535.4	560	WIOD		
8 7 6 5 4							
Cities Service Concert Orchestra and The Cavaliers.							
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	333.1	900	WKY		
209.7	1430	KECA	336.9	890	WTAR		
225.4	1330	WSAI	361.2	830	KOA		
232.4	1280	WBCB	374.8	800	WFAA		
245.8	1220	WCAE	379.5	790	KGO		
252.1	1190	WOAI	454.3	660	WEAF		
265.5	1130	KSL	483.6	620	WTMJ		
280.2	1070	WTAM	483.6	620	KGW		
282.8	1060	WTC	491.5	610	WDAF		
293.9	1020	KYW	509	590	WVSN		
299.8	1000	WBO	509	590	WOW		
302.8	990	WBZ	508.2	590	WEEI		
305.9	980	KDKA	517	580	WTAG		
312.6	960	CKGW	535.4	560	WLIT		
315.6	950	WRC	545.1	550	WGR		
319	940	WCSH	545.1	550	KSD		
325.9	920	KPRC					
326	920	KOMO					
10 9 8 7							
Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program.							
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)							
202.1	1480	WCKY	302.8	990	WBZ		
222.1	1350	KWK	305.9	980	KDKA		
245.8	1220	WREN	394.5	760	WVJ		
260.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750	WJR		
282.8	1060	WBAL	416.4	720	WGN		
282.8	1060	WBZA					
8 7 6 5 4							
RCA Victor Hour.							
Key Station—WEAF (354.3m-660kc)							
205.4	1460	KSTP	280.2	1070	WTAM		
206.8	1450	WFJC	282.8	1060	WTC		
225.4	1330	WSAI	292.9	1020	KYW		
225.4	1320	WSMB	292.9	1020	WBO		
232.2	1280	WBCB	315.6	960	WRC		
245.8	1220	WCAE	325.9	920	KOMO		
252	1190	WOAI	325.9	920	WVJ		
263	1140	WAPI	325.9	920	WVJ		
263	1140	KVOO	333.1	900	WTAX		
265.3	1130	KSL	300	830	WTMJ		
270.1	1110	WRVA	336.9	890	WTAR		
277.6	1080	WBT	361.2	830	KOA		

Eastern Meters Kc. 9:00 p.m.		Central Call 8:00		Mountain Meters Kc. 8:00		Pacific Call 7:00	
Nit-Wit Hour.							
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)							
201.2	1490	WLAC	275.2	1090	KMOX		
201.3	1490	WFBL	315.6	950	KMBC		
204	1470	WKBW	319	940	WFVW		
209.8	1430	WHP	322.4	930	WVSN		
212.8	1410	WJBC	323	930	WVSN		
215.7	1390	WVSN	333	900	KHJ		
215.7	1390	WHK	370	810	WCCO		
215.8	1390	KLRA	448	670	WMAJ		
223.7	1340	WGHP	476	630	WMAJ		
227.3	1320	WADC	484	620	WLBZ		
230.8	1300	KFE	492	610	KFRC		
232.4	1290	WJAS	499.7	600	WCAO		
232.6	1290	KDYL	499.7	600	WREC		
234.2	1280	WDOD	500	600	WMT		
238	1260	NOIL	526	570	WKBN		
238	1260	WLBW	526	570	WVNC		
241.8	1240	WSPD	535.4	560	KLZ		
243.8	1280	WFBM	535.4	560	WBW		
243.9	1280	WNAO	545	550	WEAN		
258.5	1160	WOWO	545.1	550	WKRC		
267.7	1120	WISN					

Eastern 10			Central 9			Mountain 8			Pacific 7		
Armstrong Quakers.											
Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
201.3	1490	WFLB	316	950	KMBC	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
205.4	1460	WBCN	319	940	WFIW	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
207.1	1320	WGL	323	930	WDBJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
222.1	1350	KFPY	333	900	WMAK	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
234.8	1280	WGBH	333	900	WCAO	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WPTF
245.8	1220	WSPD	500	600	WMT	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTFM
252	1190	WJAX	500	600	WREC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WDAF
260.7	1150	WVAM	500	600	WREC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWEI
263	1140	WVAM	500	600	WREC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WOW
265.3	1130	KSL	405.2	740	WSB	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTAG
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WFI
293.9	1020	KYW	468.5	640	KFI	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGR
302.8	990	WBZ	483.6	620	WTMJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
302.8	990	WBZA	483.6	620	WTMJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
305.9	980	KDKA	483.6	620	WTMJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	KHQ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
11 p.m. 10:00 9:00 8:00											
Will Osborne and His Orchestra.											
Key Station—WABC (348.6-860)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
201.3	1490	WFLB	316	950	KMBC	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
212.8	1410	WBCN	319	940	WFIW	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
215.8	1390	KLRA	322.4	930	WBR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
219	1370	WGL	323	930	WDBJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
223.7	1340	KFPY	333	900	WMAK	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WPTF
223.7	1340	WGBH	333	900	WCAO	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTFM
223.7	1340	WSPD	500	600	WMT	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WDAF
226.1	1320	WJAX	500	600	WREC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWEI
232.6	1300	KFH	516.9	580	WIBW	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WOW
236.2	1290	KDYL	526	570	WMNC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTAG
234.4	1280	WDOD	536	560	KLZ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WFI
238	1260	KOIL	545.1	550	WEAN	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGR
238.1	1260	WLBW	545.1	550	WKRC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550	WKRC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
11:15 10:15 9:15 8:15											
Lonsine's Correct Time.											
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
222.2	1350	KWK	302.8	990	WBZ	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WREN	305.9	980	KDKA	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
260.7	1150	WVAM	394.5	760	WJZ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
302.8	990	WBZA	526	570	WIBO	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
11:30 10:30 9:30 8:30											
Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy.											
Key Station—Chicago Studios											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
222.1	1350	KWK	365.6	820	WHAS	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFCA	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
234.2	1280	WBCB	379.5	790	KGO	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
236.1	1270	WJDK	384.4	780	WMNC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WPTF
245.8	1220	WREN	405.2	740	WSB	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTFM
252	1190	WOAI	447.5	670	WMAQ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WDAF
265.2	1130	KSL	461.3	650	WSM	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWEI
283.9	1020	KYW	483.6	620	KGW	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WOW
299.8	1000	KECA	483.6	620	WTMJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTAG
325.9	920	KPRC	508.2	590	WDAF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WFI
333.1	900	WKY	508.2	590	KHQ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGR
6:45 a.m. 5:45 4:45 3:45											
Tower Health Exercises.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
245.6	1220	WCAE	508.2	590	WEEI	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
315.6	950	WRC	535.4	560	WFI	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
379.5	790	WGY	545.1	550	WGR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
454.3	660	WEAF	545.1	550	WGR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
8:15 7:15 6:15 5:15											
Morning Devotions.											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
202.7	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
245.8	1220	WCAE	366	820	WHAS	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
277.8	1080	WBT	379.5	790	WGY	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
300	1000	WOC	441	680	WPTF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
315.6	950	WRC	454.3	660	WEAF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WPTF
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	WOW	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTFM
326	920	WVJ	536	560	WFI	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WDAF
333.1	900	WJAX	545.1	550	WGR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWEI
8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30											
Del Monte Program, Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.5	1460	KSTP	333	900	WKY	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
206.9	1450	WFCB	333.1	900	WJAX	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
225.6	1330	WSAI	361	830	KOA	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
227.3	1320	WSMB	366	820	WHAS	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
230.6	1300	WIOD	366	820	WHAS	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WPTF
232.4	1290	WBCB	375	800	WBAP	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTFM
234.2	1280	WREN	390	770	KFAB	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WDAF
236.1	1270	WJDK	384.4	780	WTR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWEI
245.9	1220	WCAE	385	780	WMC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WOW
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTAG
252.1	1190	WOAI	405	740	WSB	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WFI
255.5	1130	KSL	441	680	WPTF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGR
255.5	1130	KSL	441	680	WPTF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
277.8	1080	WBT	454.3	660	WEAF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
270.3	1110	WRVA	462	650	WSM	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
277.8	1080	WBT	484	620	WTMJ	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
280.4	1070	WTAM	492	610	WDAF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
288.5	1040	KTHS	509	590	WEEI	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
294.1	1020	KYW	509	590	WOW	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
300	1000	WHO	517	580	WTAG	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
316	950	WRC	536	560	WFI	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
319	940	WCSH	545	550	KSD	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
326	920	KPRC	545	550	WGR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
326	920	WVJ	545	550	WGR	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	
8:30 7:30 6:30 5:30											
General Electric Hour (Floyd Gibbons).											
Key Station—WEAF (454.3-660kc)											
Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call	Meters	Kc	Call
205.4	1460	KSTP	361.2	830	KOA	202.1	1480	WCKY	345	870	WLS
225.4	1330	WSAI	365.6	820	WHAS	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WHAS
227.1	1320	WSMB	374.8	800	WFCA	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WGY
232.4	1290	WBCB	379.5	790	WGY	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWSB
252	1190	WOAI	384.4	780	WMNC	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WPTF
254.1	1220	WCAE	405.2	740	WSB	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WTFM
263	1140	WAPI	440.9	680	KFO	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WDAF
265.3	1130	KSL	454.3	660	WEAF	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WWEI
270.1	1110	WRVA	461.3	650	WSM	205.4	1460	WCAE	345	870	WOW
277.6	108										

Who's Who in Broadcasting

A BECROMBIE, Jack, Operator, KFEQ.
Abram, Clara, Soprano, WAIU. Local winner of 1929 Atwater Kent contest.
Aehle, Elise, Violinist, KMOX.
Aiken, Louis, WLW, Bass Soloist.

Ainsworth, Arthur, Announcer for WLW and WSAI. Ainsworth was one of the first Radio listeners to become interested in Radio as a business, and later as a profession. In 1923 his company built and installed a broadcasting station on the Hotel Alms; its call letters were WMH. Then Ainsworth realized his cherished ambition of becoming an announcer. Although he never had seen the inside of a broadcasting station until WMH was completed, he filled the position of studio director, program arranger, and announcer. Later, when his company felt that their station had filled its mission of arousing interest in receiving sets, WMH was sold and Ainsworth decided to give up his announcing to devote all his time to Radio sales. It was only a few weeks, however, until the wishes of his many Radio listening friends became clearly evident in the offer of a position with WSAI, then operated by its original owners. Ainsworth then announced for two years in Cincinnati before spending a year in Inglewood, California, as announcer for station KMIC. When he returned to Cincinnati, he was hired by the Crosley Radio corporation for its two stations.

Alabama Whangdoodles, Stan and Marlin Clements with Hot Guitars, WLS.

Albert, Maud, Contralto, WBAL. Is a concert singer of wide experience, having appeared to audiences in New York, Atlantic City, Montreal, Chicago, and elsewhere. Studied at the Peabody Conservatory of Music and in New York with Buzzi-Peccia, the celebrated teacher-composer. Was made a member of WBAL'S staff over three years ago and has in that time endeared herself to the radio audience so that she is counted among the most popular Radio contraltos of the day. Is soloist at one of the Baltimore's largest churches and has also appeared as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and other large symphonic groups.

Alberty, Bob, Announcer, WREC.

Albrecht, Gustav, WLW, French Horn Player with Red Flying Cloud Hour. Member of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

Alexander, Joe, Organist and "Joy Boy," WHEC. A native of Chicago. Alexander began his musical career at the age of six with the study of violin under the supervision of Ralph Michaels, soon also taking up piano. When fourteen he added the organ to his studies, turning a few years later to the theatrical world, playing in moving picture houses. He played at various theatres in different parts of the country, constantly improving himself, joining the Publix staff. He has made Radio appearances on numerous occasions, and is now heard regularly over WHEC.



Allan, Eddie, Dixie Harmonica King. From down South and now at WLS each Saturday. Has 600 numbers on the end of his mouth harp.

Anderson, Alice, Director KDYL Concert Orchestra.

Anderson, Gaylord, WLW. "Red Hat" as end-man of K. I. O. Minstrels. (See also Red Hat and Golden Rod.)

Anderson, Harry, Commercial Manager, Pacific Division NBC at San Francisco.

Anderson, "Rags," Zylphonist, WAIU, formerly at the Capitol theatre, New York.

Andree, Billy, Tenor, WAIU, formerly with Metropolitan Opera company.

Arion Trio, NBC Instrumentalists. A trio of young women who have played together since they attended Oakland High School. They are Josephine Holub, violin; Aurora Craverro, cello; Joyce Barthelsson, piano. They receive most prominence for their musical illustration of a music appreciation course adopted by Pacific Coast schools and broadcast from NBC San Francisco studios.

Arinchair Quartet, NBC, New York.

Armstrong, Ruth, WLW, Pianist for the Absorbine, Jr., Setting-Up exercises broadcast from Monday until Friday inclusive at 8 A. M. Radio listeners too lazy to swat a fly say they get up just to listen to Ruth's music. She also plays for the Devotional Exercises broadcast by WLW at 8:30 A. M.

Ashbaugh, Paul, WLW. Member of the Crosley Players cast. Appears in Historical Highlights and Great Adventures.

Ashcroft, R. W., Station Manager, CKGW.

Ashley Slaters, Irma and Lorraine, Harmony Duo, KMOX. Sing and play popular hits in a breezy style.

Atkinson, Eva Gruninger, NBC Contralto having a vast following on the West Coast, where she sings every year with the San Francisco Opera Company.

Attl, Olga, KFRC, Harpist, KFRC Concert Orchestra. Born in Odessa, Russia, and grew up to be first harpist in the Odessa Symphony Orchestra. Plays with S. F. Symphony Orchestra.

Aunt Sammy, KSTP, Radiospokeswoman United States Department of Agriculture, gives recipes, menus, and valuable hints to Northwest housewives.

Austin, Peggy, Program Director, KWK.

BABCOCK, Frances, Soprano, WHAM.
Baby Grands, Piano Duets, WGHE,
Helene Wyhan and Marjory Nivens. Play both popular and classics. Both are prominent Detroit musicians.

Baggett, Mrs. K. E., Organist, WJBY.

Baie, Rudy, "The Crooning Tenor," KMOX.

Baily, James L., Saxophone, WJBY.

Bakaleinikoff, Vladimir, WLW. Conductor of the Radio ensemble of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra in its weekly Selby Symphony Hour (Sundays at 9:30 P. M.). After an education in Europe under the greatest masters, Bakaleinikoff toured the United States as musical director for the Moscow Art Theatre in its famous productions of "Carmenita and the Soldier," and "Lysistrata." He also was musical director of Mordkin's Russian ballet. In addition to his executive duties with the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, he is a skilled viola player.

Baklor, Elsa, Soprano. Born in Virginia, but has spent most of her life in Baltimore. Widely known in musical circles, having appeared as soloist with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and other large and important musical organizations. Has also appeared in opera, singing as guest artist with the De Feo Opera Company a few seasons ago. Now devoting her talent to teaching and concert work.

Baldwin, Carolyn Cone, Pianist, KPO. Made her debut at age of seven. Has made a number of recordings.

Baptist Quartet, WFLA.

Bark, Eric, Announcer, WDAY.

Barlow, Clyde, KFRC, Percussion, KFRC Concert Orchestra. Formerly with many different Theatre Orchestras. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Plays par golf.

Barnett, Stanley W., Station Manager, WBAL. A native of Pennsylvania. One of the few men in Radio broadcasting who knows both the technical and the studio sides of Radio. Served in the Radio Corps of Uncle Sam's Navy during the war; later served as studio manager and announcer at a leading Western station. Has been with WBAL since the station first came on the air in 1925.

Barnum, Merle, Soprano, WFLA.

Barrett, Nita, Violinist, WFLA.

Barry, John D., NBC Lecturer at San Francisco, heard every Thursday morning. A columnist and critic of note.

Barry, Robert, WLW-WSAI Transmitter operator.

Bartholomew, Roy, Crooner, WTMJ. Has grand opera ambitions.

Bassford, Bertha, Soprano, KMOX.

Baughman, Elmer, WLW. Member of the Crosley Players theatrical company.

Baynes, Dorris, Contralto, WFLA.

Beadles, J. Robert, Chief Announcer of WRVA, affectionately known to his friends as "Bob." Being an accomplished pianist his recitals are frequently heard over the air. Mr. Beadles is a great lover of outdoor sports and when not engaged in the studios may be found tramping the woods or on the banks of some inviting stream. The sports that appeal to him most are golf, hunting and fishing. His friends say he pulls a quick trigger in the hunt, swings a wicked club on the golf course, and casts a mean dogwag when fishing.

Behan, Walter, Director "Musical Musketeers," NBC Dance Band at San Francisco.

Beck, George, Announcer, WTAR.

Becker, Don, WLW and WSAI. Becker started out his Radio career as a ukulele player. How he has changed. Now he is still a ukulele player (nothing can break him of the habit) but he also sings (viz., The Harmony Team That Knows One Tune, The Hottentots, and the "Indian Harmony Team of Little Bear Face and his Cousin, Hanging Sock"), writes continuities, and is the creator of the Don Becker Original Weak End Satires. From his brain have sprung, fully equipped, the Irrational Broadcasting Company and its one-piece Laverdard Network (of which WLW is the only outlet). Chief characters in these burlesques of broadcasting are J. Cornelius Schwadamama Fishbearder, Jr., president of the Irrational Broadcasting Company; the announcers, A. Large Gorilla, Graham Smackatme, Fullof Carbon, Fence Picket, and Kinda Kross (and how strange it is that these names suggest the cognomens

of several famous Radio announcers); and the entertainers include Jessie Godrage-mout, and Callin Somemore, and various musicians who appear under such firm names as "Dolly Dimple's Own Fifi Horn Artist," the "Silver Flask Tinner," and many others.

Beckman, Anna, Soprano, KMOX.

Beddoe, Dan, WLW, famous Welsh Tenor. One of the most noted oratorical singers in the world. Most recent appearance at WLW was as one of the featured artists on the series of Sohio programs in which Ohio artists were presented.

Bell, Aylesworth B., Assistant Manager, WHEC.

Bell, Ray, WLW-WSAI Transmitter Operator.

Bell, William, WLW. Bass Horn Soloist with Henry Fillmore's concert band. Bell, a member of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, spent the past summer in New York playing occasionally with Edward Franko Goldman's band for Radio broadcasting. During his summer Radio season, he repeated his success in playing his "Fantasy on Nautical Airs," a bass horn solo he wrote for himself. It so pleased the WLW audience when he played it with Fillmore's hand that several of his hearers were inspired to write poetry dedicated to him.

Bellson, Julius, Banjo Players, KSTP.

Bellstedt, Erwin, WLW, Violinist in Crosley orchestra. When not engaged in Radio work, Bellstedt is head of an orchestra booking agency.

Benden, Frances, Organist, Secretary, Hostess, WREC.

Benning, Bill, Musical Director, WTMJ. Quite a prodigy, Benning became a director at the age of 19 while attending the University of Wisconsin. The Orpheum theatre manager at Madison engaged the youthful student to wield the baton and play the piano in his vaudeville house between classes. Since then Benning has been director of every orchestra with which he has worked. He likes best to direct symphonic orchestras, although he's always happy with a baton in his hand. He leads six WTMJ musical units, three concert orchestras and several dance aggregations. Married and the proud papa of Miss Benning.

Benton, Sam, Announcer, WAPI. Also staff tenor.

Bergquist, Helen, Accompanist, WFLA.

Bergman, Harold, Announcer, WCAD.

Bernhardt, Elmer, F., Baritone, WBAL, has a natural baritone voice of exceptional quality. He has always sung, ever since he was a boy, and the natural quality of his voice has attracted wide attention, so that he has been appearing in concert work and as guest soloist for various organizations and musical events for a number of years. He is also soloist at one of the largest and most fashionable churches in Baltimore. He appears every Saturday night as soloist with "The Marylanders" and is frequently heard in other broadcasts as well. Joined the staff of WBAL about a year ago. When not singing somewhere, Mr. Bernhardt may be found in the City Hall where he spends his working hours as Chief of the Central Payroll Bureau. He studied piano for two seasons at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and frequently accompanies himself in his songs.

Bernie, Ben, and His Orchestra, NBC.

Berquist, Antoinette, Soprano Soloist, KSTP. Has taken leading roles in Northwest operas for many years. Choir singer and leading soprano, St. Paul municipal choir.

Berwin, Bernice, Leading Woman for the National Players at the NBC San Francisco studios.

Best Sisters, Harmony Team, WIL.

Besuden, Howard, WLW, Director of the Crosley Players. Besuden directs the Historical Highlights and Great Adventures, the Biblical Interlude in WLW's Sunday night Angelus Hour, and is the reader in the Marmon-Roosevelt program in which the regular announcer largely is dispensed with.

Betts, Robert, Tenor, KMOX.

Biggar, George, an old-timer at WLS. Is supervising productions. Started with WLS five years ago, then went to WFAA, Dallas; over to Atlanta to direct programs at WSB, and finally back to the Middle West at KMBC, Kansas City. Has charge of the Checkerboard Rooster on the early morning broadcasts from WLS.

Bill, Edgar L., Director of WLS. Is a veteran in the broadcasting field, having started with WLS in April, 1924. Was director of Sears, Roebuck Radio service over stations WMC, Memphis; WSB, Atlanta; WFAA, Dallas, and KMBC, Kansas City, until Prairie Farmer weekly bought WLS from Sears. Knows farmers and their work as he has been associated with farm organizations and Illinois newspapers all his life. Believes that Radio should be "a handshake and a smile" and sees that WLS holds to that belief.

Billings, H. Ford, Director of Crosley broadcasting. To Billings goes the distinction of directing the activities of the most powerful broadcasting station in America—WLW, the Nation's Station, the most active independent station, the most expensive station as to the price of its air time. He came to Cincinnati on May 1, 1928, to take charge of station WLW. Twelve days later, the Crosley Radio corporation took over the control of station WSAI and Billings was faced with the task of building up the programs of two Radio stations instead of one. How well he has done this is evidenced by the prestige and popularity of station WLW. His unbounded energy and creative imagination now is at work on the building of a wired program exchange that will give variety to the programs of the largest Radio stations without confining them to a permanent network. So far, he has sent programs from WLW to WOR, WLS and WBBM. One of his largest contributions to broadcasting has been his idea for the School of the Air which was arranged by the state of Ohio and broadcast by WLW during the second semester of the 1928-29 school term. Well over 400,000 children in Ohio and 29 other states are known to have listened regularly to the hour-long Radio classes broadcast by WLW. In preparation for his career as a Radio entertainment expert, Billings points to a varied past that combined both show training and business experience. While still in high school, he traveled as pianist with the evangelist Billy Sunday. While pursuing his college education, he earned his living by singing, playing, and entertaining. Later he was musical director for Schubert road shows before he settled down for a successful business career. At last, however, he hit upon broadcasting as the only practical combination of business and show-business and he has been at it since then for five years.

Bishop, Walter R., Program Manager of WRVA. From the farm and a mercantile establishment in Southwest Virginia to program manager's desk at WRVA may or may not be a long journey, but Walter R. Bishop has traveled that route, first becoming connected with the Richmond station when it began broadcasting in 1925; at that time doing the duties of assistant to the studio director. Outside the realm of Radio he is interested in law and politics. It might be added that Walter is the surviving bachelor on the staff of WRVA, and he insists that he is not a candidate for matrimony, any future rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a "six footer" with two and a half inches extra for good measure.

Bitke, Frederic, Baritone, KPO. Has sung in grand opera, concerts and recitals. Has recorded for American and European firms. Sings in English, German and Italian. Native of Hamburg, Germany.

Biviano, Joseph, Accordion, Biviano and Pecorara, NBC.

Blackburn, Merle, "Singing Announcer" of WTMJ. Combines singing with sales for the station. Announcer the Morning Parade program.

Blake, Ann, Soprano, WFLA.

Blanchard, Barbara, NBC Soprano at San Francisco.

Bloom, Abe, KFRC, Jazz Singer, known as the "Joy Boy of KFRC." Been with the station eight months. San Francisco representative of Irving Berlin publications. Was with Gus Edwards revues for six years. Featured on KFRC Blue Monday Jamboree. Born in England and came to Philadelphia, Pa., when a child.

Blue, Alice, Organist and Pianist. Was formerly a theatre organist and also had stage experience, including considerable time on the Pantafes circuit. Her style of playing is distinctive, novel and interesting. Attended University of California. Favorite composers are Chopin, McDowell and Grieg.

Blue Monday Jamboree. All of the regular KFRC artists appear on it, in addition to occasional acts brought from the outside. "Mac" and his hay-wire orchestra, Victor recording artists; Bob Olsen and Norman Neilsen, tenors; Alice Blue and Virginia Spencer, pianists; Jean Wakefield, vocalist; Pearce Brothers, harmony team; Micky Gillette, jazz band leader and saxophonist; Juanita Tennyson, soprano, and Lucille Atherton Harger, contralto; Harold Dana, baritone; Raymond Marlowe, tenor; Frank Watanabe, Simpy Flits, Pedro and Dippy, comedians; Edna O'Keefe, baby songs; and Abe Bloom, KFRC Joy Boy, are some of the regulars.

Bobbie and Robbie, Harmony Team, KMOX (Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Broyles).

Bomford, Ruth, Contralto, WFLA.

Bontema, Pete, CBS, of Al and Pete. Born in the Netherlands, came to this United States when five years of age. He calls Kalamazoo, Mich., his home town. Entered broadcasting with WCX back in the days of the "Red Apple Club," being one of the five original members of that popular group. He first teamed with Al, his present teammate, in "Show Me the Way to Go Home," entirely by accident, and they have been together ever since.

Boothby, Laura, Soprano, WFLA.

Borles, Merton, Pianist, composer, KPO. Over four and a half years ago Merton Borles began his broadcasting career, which was also the start of his musical career. Many of his songs have achieved great popularity.

Borjes, Henry, Crosley Orchestras, Violinist, Station WLW.

Borowsky, Serge, Baritone, WFLA.

Botts, Rudolph, Saxophone, WFLA.

Boulton, Robert L., Announcer and Productions at WLS. Directs his WLS Showboat hour production every Friday night. Is a former track star of Carthage college and holds several state records for running. Announced football games at WCAZ. Conducts the Town Crier cooking school from the Hotel Sherman kitchens every Friday morning. Also the Coleman Kitchen club. Knows his recipes and continuities.

Boynton, Wesley L., Lyric Tenor on the NBC staff. Born and brought up in Lowell, Mass., just on the outskirts of Boston. This 25-year-old artist received most of his music and stage training in the latter city. He has sung leading juvenile roles in a number of musical shows, and has made many appearances in vaudeville and stock companies throughout the East. His voice is remarkable for its admirably pure quality of tones, perfect diction and artistic taste in interpretation and feeling. He sings both ballads and current musical comedy song hits.

Bradley, Wallace E., Pianist, NBC, Chicago.

Brambrilla, M. G., KFRC, First Violin, KFRC Symphony Orchestra. Five months with the station. Formerly musical director of the West Coast St. Francis Theatre. Born in France, studied in Italy.

Brasch, Otto, Guest Conductor of the Crosley Presentation Orchestra at WLW. Brasch, assistant librarian at the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, was musical director for the Cincinnati Art Theatre.

Breen, May Singh, Ukulele, Soprano, Breen and DeRose, NBC.

Breen, Thomas, Jr., Announcer, NBC, Chicago.

Brennan, Jim, Melody Musketiers, NBC.

Brian, Arthur Q., Announcer, WOR.

Brickson, Herbert O., Engineer and Market Announcer, WIBL.

Briers, Larry, and Orchestra, NBC.

Brinson, Miss Edith, Secretary to the Program Manager of WRVA. Although WRVA is a Virginia institution, the owners and members of the staff, with one exception, being natives of the Old Dominion, the neighboring State of North Carolina contributes her part toward the success of the station located "Down where the South begins" in the person of Miss Edith Brinson. Although one of the latest additions to the staff, her secretarial duties are by no means less arduous than those of the other members, and, regardless of the pressure of activities at the broadcast station, she is never disturbed and will always greet visitors with an engaging smile.

Bronson, Phil, Sports Announcer and Continuity writer, KSTP. Editor, St. Paul magazine.

Brown, Emerson, Tenor, KMOX.

Brown, Frederick, KFRC, Tenor. Featured soloist and member of KFRC vocal ensemble. Does dramatic work. Connected with station for a year and a half. Broadcast for the first time over WHK, Cleveland in 1923. Born in Fargo, N. D., and graduated from Oakland, Calif. Technical High School.

Brown, John, Pianist, WLS. Was a trombone player in Kansas until he found a piano. Favorite accompanist of WLS singers, and likes his piano novelties.

Brown, Mary Ann Kauffmann, WLW Soprano. Heard as solo artist on various major programs.

Brown, Robert, WLW Announcer. Claims to have announced from every point of vantage except a diving suit, and his adventure-some soul yearns to complete his record. He has hung out of a nineteenth story window to describe the Lindbergh parade in Buffalo; he was one of the first announcers to describe a city through a microphone in an aeroplane; he so successfully broadcast the progress of the race between the Tom Greene and the Betsy Ann. Ohio river packet boats, that passengers on the Tom Greene preferred to gather around WLW's portable transmitter on the boat rather than to watch the Betsy Ann alongside. He was the first announcer to introduce Queen Marie of Roumania to the American Radio audience. He also has presented four of the most famous flyers to the listening world: Colonel Lindbergh, Ruth Elder, Eddie Rickenbacker, Clarence Chamberlain. At WLW he announces such programs as the Cincinnati Symphony hours, the Perfect Circle program, for which he drives to Indianapolis, Ind., every week, the Enna Jettick Dance, and the Crosley Presentation Hour.

Brown, Rose, National Player at NBC San Francisco studios.

Brownfield, Harvy, Accordionist at WLW and WSAI.

Broyles, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Harmony Team, KMOX (known on air as "Bobbie and Robbie").

Buck, Charles, Director, WNAC.

Bunnie Club, of Uncle Bundy, Children's Hour, WGHP.

Burek, Charles, WLW Bass Player.

Burdette, Robert, WLW assistant program director, sports announcer, director of Absorbine, Jr., Setting-Up Exercises. Burdette is a graduate of Wittenberg College and holds the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Illinois, where he majored in English. Curiosity first led him to the studios of WSAI, where a high school chum was then director.

Bursey, Captain Jack, Aviation Programs, KMOX.

Butcher, Blayne R., manager WLVA; former program director and chief announcer for WTAR, Norfolk, Virginia. Three years of Radio work has led him through the announcing, continuity, publicity and production ends of the work. He is also a popular entertainer. Born in Blackwell, Oklahoma, Virginia has been his home for the past ten years, where he developed a championship athletic reputation. A yen for sound effects makes production work a special hobby. He has toured most of the Radio stations on the Atlantic coast, and has developed many new Radio ideas in Virginia.

Byron, Edward A., Head of the Continuity Department of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAI.



CALDWELL, Eleanor, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Cameron, Al, CBS, Al of Al and Pete. Born in Anderson, Ind., Al was a star athlete in basket ball and football. Shortly after school days were over he started out on the vaudeville stage, eventually winding up in Detroit, at WCX, where he became a member of the "Red Apple Club" and met Pete to form the present comedy team.

Campbell, James E., Manager, WJBY.

Campbell, Phyllis, NBC Contralto who sings mostly Negro spirituals.

Campbell, Walter N., Manager of Radio station WAPI, the "Voice of Alabama in Birmingham." Mr. Campbell went to Birmingham to take charge of WAPI when it became a 5,000-watt station, December 31, 1928. Having been previously with WLAC at Nashville. He has, since going to Birmingham, made an enviable place for himself in the affections of his Radio audience, for he is an announcer in addition to being manager.



Carey, Norwood, WLW Staff Orchestra. Trumpet Player.

Carhartt, Ruth, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Caron, Odal, Pianist, WFLA.

Casem, David G., Publicity Director, WOR.

Casler, Grace, Pianist, WFLA.

Celeste Bengtson, Pianist, and pipe organist, whose playing is always a delight to hear over the air. She presents many memorable organ recitals direct from the auditorium of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church, Rockford, where she is engaged as organist, and, aside from her piano solo work, is accompanist for Mr. Wilcox and other artists at KFLV.

Claffee, Floyd, WLW Tenor.

Chaliff, Louis, WLW Staff Clarinetist. Formerly one of the principal clarinetists with Sousa's Band. Solo clarinetist with Herman Belstedt's band.

Chambers, Arabelle, Soprano, Blues Singer, KYW.

Chandler, Arthur, Jr., WLW Organist. A 17-year-long career as a theatre musician served only to convince Arthur Chandler that he prefers Radio playing to any other work. While still a student of the Cincinnati College of Music, from which he graduated, Chandler demonstrated his ability by playing the difficult Schuett "Concerto in F Minor," and the Mozart "D Minor Concerto" with the college Symphony orchestra.

Channey, Willard, Cornet, WFLA.

Chapman, Mrs. C. F., Pianist, WFLA.

Chapman, Peggy, NBC Contralto known to Radioland as "Cookie, California Sunshine Girl." Heard nationally with the Pacific Vagabonds.

Cheatham, Carmelina Lucide, Soprano, WFLA.

Church, Wilda Wilson, First Woman to present a complete play through the air. Now at the NBC San Francisco studios directing dramatic productions.

Cino Singers Quartet, WLW. The quartet includes Richard Fluke, director; Russel Dunham, Fenton Pugh, and Ralph Hartzell. Walter de Vaux accompanist.

Clark, Iliuh, WLW Soprano. Recently married to Howard Fieldner, bass soloist.

Clark, John, Commercial Manager for WLW.

Clarke, Margaret, "Singing Pianist" of KMOX, Popular Songs.

Clauve, Carl, WLW Banjo Player. Brother of Grace Clauve Raine, director of vocal music for the station.

Clevenger, Barbara, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Cloutier, Norman, Director of Dance Band, WTIC.

Cloyd, Blanche, Soprano, WFLA.

Cohen, Elsie Lee, Afternoon Program Supervisor, WBAL. Is a well known recitalist, both here and abroad. Miss Cohen, a Baltimore girl, studied voice culture and dramatics in this city, New York and London. While abroad, she was frequently the guest artist at fashionable teas and salons, one of her European appearances having been made at a large tea given by Lady Beck at Monte Carlo. Miss Cohen has charge of all the afternoon programs broadcast from WBAL in addition to which she herself frequently appears on the air in dramatized short stories and in tabloid presentations of various plays, poems, etc. Besides studying in this country and abroad, Miss Cohen has also taken several special courses at the Johns Hopkins University.

Cohen, Nathan, Xylophonist. He is the youngest member of WBAL's musical staff, and is believed to be the youngest xylophonist on the air, being just 17 years old. Comes of a very musical family, his father playing the trumpet and a younger brother being one of this city's most promising young pianists. Joined the staff of WBAL last year, and since then heard as soloist every Saturday night, and is on the air other nights in the week as a member of the various dinner orchestras. Recently he wrote a ballad entitled "Ra-Jean," for which he wrote both words and music.

Columbia String Trio, WHAM.

Conlon, Dave, WLW and WSAI Operator. Conlon was the first WLW operator. He rang the station through the "24 votes for Underwood" epic that was the Democratic National Convention back in 1924. Conlon also announces the programs of Henry Thies and his orchestra broadcast from Coney Island by station WLW.

Connette, H. C., NBC Continuity Writer at San Francisco.

Content, Mona, Concert Pianist, KHJ, the Don Lee Station in Los Angeles. Born in Florence, Colo., several years ago. Educated in Los Angeles, which may or may not explain favorite hobby: Staying up nights until ten o'clock. First discovered Radio at Denver, Kansas City, points east while playing Keith time on one night stands. Joined KHJ in 1922—let no man put asunder. A winner of gilded medals, scholarships and was Rudolph Friml's protégé. Wanted to be actress while but child in arms. Now her favorite book is "The Green Hat," her pet composer, "Tschai-kowski."

Conver, George, WLW Tenor.

Cornett, Alice, Blues Singer, WFLA.

Country Club Trio, KMOX. Composed of Larry Tice, saxophone; Gordon Jenkins, pianist, and Sonny Lee, trombone.

Cox, Leonard E. L., Program Manager, WOR.

Crist, Philip, Tenor, WBAL. Formerly sang leading roles with the Play Arts Guild, one of the successful "Little theatre" groups south of New York. Also has done considerable oratorio and concert work. Soloist at one of Baltimore's churches and is frequently engaged as guest soloist by organizations and musical groups. Has been a member of WBAL's staff about a year.

Crosier, Robert M., Program Director, WFBL. Formerly announcer with WGY.

Crosley Burnt Corkers. If imitation really is the sincerest form of flattery and a true evidence of appreciation, then Hink and Dink, the end-men of the Crosley Burnt Corkers of station WLW, surely can boast of a national reputation. Off the air, Hink and Dink answer to the names of Elmer Hingle and George Ross. Hinkle is the treasurer of Western College at Oxford, Ohio. Ross is a barber. Both are public-spirited citizens of Oxford, a fact that must be mentioned, since it explains their entrance into minstrelsy. Their first appearance as end-men came two or three years ago, when they consented to don the burnt cork for a minstrel show in behalf of the Parent-Teacher association.

Crosley, Povel (Jr.), President of the Crosley Radio Corporation, which owns WLW and operates WSAI. He is a pioneer, both in broadcasting and radio manufacturing. Having decided to make radio reasonable enough for the masses, he then proceeded to entertain the masses with one of the first broadcasting stations which since has developed into the 50,000-watt WLW.

Crowe, Jean Campbell, Program Director, KPO. Piano Soloist, has been accompanist for some of the greatest opera and concert stars. Former director of the National Board of Federation of Music Clubs, and one of the founders of the American Music Society.

Croxton, Charles, Program Director, WBAP.

Croxton, Frank, Bass-Baritone, NBC, New York.

Curtis Major's Joy Boys Orchestra, WAPI.

Custer, Vernon, WLW Trombone Player.

DALE, Sylvano. Only Tap-Dancer on the air in the West at NBC, San Francisco.

Dana, E. Harold, KFRC, Baritone. Work is outstanding on the Pacific Coast. Featured soloist and member of KFRC vocal ensemble. Eight months on KFRC, formerly with NBC. Studied with Louis Graveure, Georgianna Strauss and Arthur Babcock.

Danche, Margaret, Soprano, WFLA.

Daniels, Rebecca, The Fashion Girl, WFLA.

Dare, Dorothy, Fifty Per Cent of Dare Sisters. Harmonists, KHJ.

Dare, Mary, Fifty Per Cent of the Dare Sisters, Harmonists, Soprano, KHJ.

Dayton, George C., Violinist, WFLA.

Deane, Bobbe, NBC Actress.

DeBona, Frank, Harpist, WTMJ. Studied under the masters of Europe, played with the Milwaukee Symphony orchestra, and was first harpist for the Cleveland symphony.

Degan, Eddie, Singer of Ballads from the Emerald Isle, KFEQ.

De Lasaux, Harry, NBC Continuity Writer at San Francisco.

Delemuter, Mrs. Frank, Contralto, WFLA.

DeLoche, June, is a Comedienne at KFRC who writes and enacts her own clever and original skits. She is married, has three children, and once had a prominent part in the Grand Street Follies of New York.

Detamore, Iva, Dramatic Soprano, WFLA.

DeTurk, Leroy (Ted), WLW. If Ted DeTurk had not done every kind of entertaining from church social to vaudeville, he might not now be the "jack of all trades" for the programs of the Crosley Radio station, WLW. According to his own admission, at WLW he is utilizing all the training he has gained in years of burlesque "bits" and comedy character roles. DeTurk has no regular title to distinguish him as an entertainer because his pliant and adaptable voice enables him to appear as a soloist, or as a part of duo, trio, or quartet. His cleverness at the piano lends itself to solo appearances in any kind of a song, be it ballad, comedy, or character.

DeVaux, Walter, WLW. Organ and Piano. Accompanist for the Cino Quartette.

De Vol, Eva, Coloratura Soprano, WPO. In real life, Mrs. Frank Wellington Avery. Two children, Eloise, 16, and Avis, 11, the latter a pianist of great promise. Educated to play the violin but preferred singing. After a child career she married, and then continued her musical education, singing in grand opera, and later appearing on the vaudeville stage.

Dice, Francis R., Announcer, WBAL. Was born in a little village in Pennsylvania and, as his father was a minister, he says he has lived "most everywhere." He is a graduate of St. John's College, at Annapolis, and is a member of the teaching faculty of one of the city's leading private schools. He joined the announcing staff of this station last winter.

Dickman, Nedra, Pianist, WFLA.

Dieckmann, Herbert, WLW Flutist.

Dillon, Zita, KOMO's Staff Accompanist; also plays violin, xylophone, vibraphone and mandolin; directs dance orchestra; born in Butte, Mont.; is a true Western girl.

Dodd, John, WLW. Baritone. Member of Crosley Burnt Corkers quartet, and inter-locutor.

Doherty, Mel, Senator Roody of the WLW Variety Hour. Generally known for his dry and deliberate humor. Formerly directed the orchestra that bore his name and broadcast every week at WLW.

Dolberg, Glenn R., Manager of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Michigan was probably not aware of what was going on when this fine baritone was born in 1896. Assaulted his first microphone in Seattle, 1926. KJR, KEX, and KXL turned him loose on listeners. Work on concert stage made name of Dolberg notorious in many large cities. Especially distinguished in field of oratorio. Seven years in the photography business in Glendale, Calif. Has worked every angle of radio—announcer, singer, program director, commercial manager and business manager. Names Beethoven, swimming, golf, fishing, and would look younger if he had more hair.

Dolin, Max, Musical Director of the Pacific Division of NBC, at San Francisco.

Donaldson, Grace, WLW. One of the Rhythm Rangers trio (also known as the Donhall-rose Trio) and one of the Maids of Melody. Has been heard at both WLW and WSAI for the past four years.

Dougherty, Martin, Baritone, KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Born at La Junta, Colo. Radio career: KOA, KLZ, KFEL, Denver, 1922 to 1927; KFRC, San Francisco, 1927; KHJ, Los Angeles, 1928 and 1929. Was a boy soprano: Attended Wilder School of Music, Burlington, Vt., in 1911; Bush Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1916, 1917. Educated—not a doubt of it—at Regis College, Denver, and University of Chicago. Eight years in lithograph business with Columbian Bank Note Company of Chicago. Change of voice diverted him to business world. Organized a trio at Denver in 1922 and was brought to California by Piggly Wiggly Company. One of the famous Two Boys of KHJ. Martin traveled West Coast Theatre circuit. Favorite composer—Victor Herbert. Hobby—swimming and mountain driving.



Doyle, Helen, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

Dozier, Lydia, WLW. Soprano. Member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera Company.

Drake, Emily, Lyric Soprano, WFLA.

Drexilius, W. G., WLW. Tenor in Crosley Burnt Corkers' Quartet.

Duell, Arthur, Tenor, has won a large following in Radio land for his excellent singing of the lighter recital compositions and ballads.

Dunham, Russel, WLW. Tenor in Cino Singers quartet. Also a member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera Company and of the faculty of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Dunn, Ralph, WLW, Tenor.

Duroe, Joel, Trumpet Player in KHJ orchestras. Born, New York, 1905. First worked Radio over Eastern stations while on tour with Vincent Lopez Junior Orchestra. Has had vaudeville, theatre, dance, movie studio and Radio experience. Was the high school drummer boy. Cornetist quit and boy hero learned to play cornet to fill the gap. Worked in butcher shop to pay for lessons. Also quite a farmer and merchandiser of merchandise. Quit music to work in Vincent Bach's trumpet factory. Re-entered show business and came to California in 1927. Hobby—Aeronautics. Favorites—Tchaikowsky, Mark Twain, "Silas Marner."

D'Veir, Vanita, NBC Actress at San Francisco.

Dyer, Pearl, Assistant Program Director and Organist, KFJF.

ECKLAND, Margaret, Pianist, WFLA.

Edwards, Mrs. I. C., Ballads and Sacred Songs, KFEQ.

Ellis, Pauline, Pianist, WFLA.

Eltmann, John H., Organist. Came to WBAL just a few months ago; is now heard on the air every Sunday evening during the Evening Reveries broadcast, and once a week when he himself presents a half hour organ recital from the concert hall of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, where the famous James Wilson Leakin Memorial organ is installed. He is organist at one of this city's largest churches, and has been heard in concert in various cities throughout the South. He received his musical education at the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Emmel, Lou, Singer, NBC, San Francisco.

Eppens, Phil, Baritone, WAIU, local winner of 1929 Atwater Kent contest.

Erdman, George, Announcer and Manager, WQMT.

Evans, Le Roy, Pianist. A member of the WBAL ensemble, "The Calvertons," and frequently on the air as soloist and with other musical organizations. Has been a member of this station's staff for three years, and is a pianist of exceptional ability. He is a Baltimorean and received his musical education in this city.

Ewing, P. K., Announcer, WDSU.

FINCH, Bertha, NBC Actress, San Francisco studios.

Fitts, Simpy, KFRC. Real name is Monroe R. Upton. Humorist and comedian; continuity writer and announcer. Conducts early morning 7 to 8 Seal Rocks program of cheer. Featured weekly on Blue Monday Jamboree, 8 to 10 P. M. Three years with KFRC. Born in Bandon, Ore. Followed the sea for six years as Radio operator.

Flagler, Robert, KOMO's Relief Announcer; born in Seattle; also control operator and technical assistant; crashed into Radio at the age of 12 by building one of the first experimental Radio sets in Seattle.

Flonri, Virginia, Soprano, KFI.

Forster, Gertrude, who plays Trixie in The Gossipers, is Secretary to Hugo Mariani, general musical director of the NBC.

Foster, J. R., Manager, CKLC.

Fowler, Edesse, NBC Actress, San Francisco.

Fuller, Georgia M., Program Director, Hostess, WSUN.

Fuller, Gordon, Announcer, WNAD.

Fuller, R. W., Bass, KFDM.

Fulton, Mrs. Henry O., Pianist, WLAC.

Fulton, Sue, Contralto, KFH.

Futch, Freeman, Tenor, WSUN Quintet, WSUN.

GARDNER, Carroll, Announcer, Artist. A newcomer to WAPI and to Radio, but he says he's a "man that just loves his work." He is identified with two branches of studio activities; he is heard in dual role, being both an announcer and artist. Probably he should be called instead of artist, percussionist, for he is a marimba soloist, chimer, pianist, and frequently handles the drum section of the WAPI Concert Orchestra.

Gardner, Leon, "The Joy Boy," WADC.

Garlock, Harry, Tenor Soloist, WADC.



Garroway, Will, KHJ Singing Coach, Accompanist, Concert Pianist. A distinguished musician produced by Pittsburg on November 1, 1889. Took the Radio Plunge at KFI in 1926 and swam from there to KNX, KMTR, KFVB, and KHJ. Taught piano, coached singers, played concert and theatre, taught languages and traveled Europe and America. Los Angeles High School, that hothed of education, helped make him what he is today, and he hopes it's satisfied. Hobby—food and friends. Favorites—Chopin, Anatole France, Wasserman, Eugene O'Neill, James Hunecker.

Gaston, Lela, "Cheerful Chatter" heard over Columbia system. First won Radio recognition through stations of the Middle West as "Mimic of the Mike." Author of a number of stories and poems for children.

Geise, Happy Harry, Now Program Director, Announcer, Continuity Manager, KMTR, Hollywood, California. Everyone knows Happy Harry.

Gibson, Ed, Ballad Singer, WWNC.

Gibson, Olin, Announcer, KWK.

Gillan, John J., Jr., Announcer, WOW.

Gossett, Carl, Irish Tenor, WWNC.

Green, Dorothy, Pianist, WGHP.

Greib, Herbert C., Organist, WAPI. Also Organist and choir director at the Church of the Advent, as well as head of the organ department at the Birmingham (Ala.) College of Music.

Griffin, Bobby, Announcer, WHO. Has been back on the air at WHO since May, 1929, after fully recovering from his last trip to the hospital. Formerly with WBBM, and other stations.

Griffin, Howard, Concert Violinist of KHJ, Don Lee Station in Los Angeles. One of Radio's fine fiddlers and an outstanding artist. Has been featured by KHJ, KNX and KMTR. Pupil of Calmon Luboviski. Played in Luboviski's Russian String Quartet. Concert master of Adolph Tandler's Little Symphony. Born in Chicago, 1908. Wanted to be a writer. Educated in Los Angeles Schools. DX fans can hear him several nights weekly on Wesley Tourtelotte's midnight organ recital by twisting dial KHJ-ward. Elbert Hubbard, his favorite author, and Mr. Beethoven well thought of. Football and horseback riding named as hobbies. An artist to the tip of his hair, which is quite long. Brilliant future has not blinded him.

Griffith, Claire, Blues Soloist with George Black's Ohioans, WADC.

HALLADAY, Jack, Announcer, WDSU. Hamilton, Gene, Chief Announcer, Guitar and Vocal Soloist, WAU.

Hansen, Harry, Junior Announcer, WSPD.

Harger, Lucille Atherton, Contralto, KFRC. Has been steadily building up a legion of followers on the air since 1926 with a voice that is sweet, clear and full of feeling. Likes Radio better than concert work because, when singing into a microphone, she can concentrate on tone quality and interpretation. Began studying music at five years. Favorite composers are McDowell, Debussy and Victor Herbert. She likes Jazz, too.

Harline, Leigh, KHJ Organist, Arranger, Composer, Singer. Born in Salt Lake City, 1907. First Radio work at KSL and KDYL in 1923. Had own orchestra. Partially educated at University of Utah. Bulk of education acquired while reading in bed. Went from KPLA, Los Angeles, to KFRC, the Don-Lee station in San Francisco. From there back to KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. His music is subtle, dreamy, easy to whistle and hard to forget.

Harmonica Twins, WEBZ, Charles and Babe Westgate.

Harris, Richmond, Announcer, Program Director, KDYL.

Harrison, Charles, The American Singers, NBC.

Hartnick, George, Baritone, WWNC.

Harvey, Morton, "Rolling Stone," WEBZ, Managing Director of station.

Hayes, Bernadine, Blues Singer, KMOX, known as "The Red Head of the Air."

Hays, Art, Organist, WMC, also Art Hays and Salesman Sam.

Hayshakers, Old Time Dance Orchestra, WGHP.

Hebert, Buddy, Announcer, WREC.

Hewlett, Miss Bertina, Hostess, identified with WRVA since the opening of the station on November 2, 1925, her first duties being those of musical secretary. Later she became hostess, and her charming manner and graciousness in putting the timid broadcaster at ease has insured in no small way an even broadcast. Miss Hewlett also has entire charge of "The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Dutch Gap Center," which is one of WRVA's most popular features.

Heyes, Herbert, Dramatic Star of the legitimate stage, who appears with his Players in "Great Moments from Great Plays" every Tuesday night at Warner Brothers' Radio Station KFVB, began his stage career with the famous Baker Stock Company. He supported James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Don Caesar de Bazan" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," and



operated his own dramatic stock companies in the East. He made his screen debut opposite Theda Bara in "Under Two Flags," followed by "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Salome" and others. He was leading man with Constance Talmadge, Betty Blythe in the "Queen of Sheba," Helen Keller in "Deliverance," co-star with Anna Q. Nilsson in Rex Beach's "The Heart of the Sunset," appearing in over a hundred screen productions as leading man. Mr. Heyes was starred at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles in "Civilian Clothes" during its record-breaking run of thirty-nine weeks, later appearing in Boston in this play. For Belasco and Mayer he starred in a revival of "Civilian Clothes," "Main Street" and "Blind Youth" at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. He has played opposite and directed Madame Nazimova, and has appeared opposite Marjorie Rambeau on both coasts. His most recent appearance with her being in San Francisco in "The Pelican" and "Daddy's Gone a Hunting."

Hicks, Romola Latchem, Studio Hostess, Secretary, "Nancy Lee," Romola Latchem Hicks is a professional actress, and is now the KFLV studio hostess, secretary, and director of the Homemakers' hour, when she is "Nancy Lee." Mrs. Hicks fills numerous engagements during the fall and winter months as a dramatic reader and interpreter, and is often heard in dramatic sketches before the KFLV microphone.

Hocker, Lois, Dramatic Reader, KFRC.

Hoggard, Frank, Announcer, WJBY.

Hollway, Harrison, Manager of KFRC, conducts the Jamboree in a very thorough and interesting manner. Hollway has been manager of KFRC ever since it first came on the air, six years ago. He has been interested in Radio since he was 11 years old, and at one time followed the sea as a Radio operator.

Huber, Frederick R., Director, WBAL. A Baltimorean; Municipal Director of Music for the City of Baltimore, as well as Director of WBAL. He is considered one of the country's musical authorities, and, in addition to directing the affairs of WBAL, he also is in complete charge of all the city's musical activities and organizations, such as the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, the Municipal Band, the City Park Band, etc. He is also actively connected with the Peabody Conservatory of Music, being Director of the Summer School for that institution and in charge of its publicity; he was formerly head of the organ department at the Peabody, and at one time was organist at one of the city's largest churches. He has been Director of WBAL ever since this station came on the air in November, 1925.

Hutchinson, Joseph, Plays mean trombone for KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles. Produced by Trenton, Mo., 1902. Wanted to be electrical engineer, and is. Graduated from Colorado Aggie. Was assistant city engineer at Ft. Collins, Colo., and later worked in Long Beach oil fields. Turned from engineering to playing in dance bands. Worked Radio and KHJ since 1928.

Ipana Troubadours and Sam Lanin, NBC, New York.

JESKE, Fred, Announcer-Director, WCES, Chicago. In his short Radio life, which really only constitutes two years, Mr. Jeske has done some traveling around. For a year he was with WBBM. The next thing Radio fans found him at WTMJ, Milwaukee. But when he discovered that Milwaukee has lost its flavor, he consented to return to WGES, where he is now. He has a fine Radio personality and a nice voice and has many friends. He is planning to use many new features at WGES. He is always good as an entertainer himself and has a very pleasing voice, and doubtless will be one of the leading voices of the future.



Jones, Dr. Leon, Tenor, who sings frequently for the KFLV audiences, was formerly tenor soloist for the First Congregational Church, of Chicago, a position that he held for 17 years, and he was also a member of the Apollo and Opera in English quartets. Dr. Jones is also well known as an oratorio singer.

KADOW, Francis, Chief Announcer, WOMT. Keith, James, KSTP, Member Harmony Team, Marian and Jimmy Radio Rascals of Northwest.

Kendrick, Roberta, KSTP, Member National Collegiate Players, KSTP Players.

Kerner, Bill, Violin Solos, KFRC.

Keyes, Baron, Famous Story Man of KHJ and the Don Lee Broadcasting System. Called the most original, versatile and spontaneous mind in Western Radio. Born Greenwood, Wis., 1898. Chicago Art Institute and high school at Monte Vista, Colo. Played and directed motion pictures. Produced own musical comedies in Chicago and Milwaukee. Has written several hundred popular songs, many great in their day. Radio debut at KPO in 1923; KFRC, 1924-25; KGO, KFVI in 1926; KFI, 1927; KPLA in 1928. Established the "Air Castle" at KHJ in 1928. It became outstanding children's program of nation. Keyes' hobbies are painting, designing, sculpture. His work is "keeping small children entertained with the unimportant things they love." His marionette shows—introducing the characters of his "Air Castle"—are playing to packed houses thrice weekly at the Don Lee Beaux Arts Theatre, Los Angeles.

KFEQ String Quartet.

Kieny, Marie, Commercial and Program Director, WOW.

Kincaid, Bradley, One of the best known mountain ballad singers in the Middle West. Is better known as the "Mountain Boy" of WLS. Accompanies his hill folk songs with the "Houn Dawg" guitar. Has a large collection of old time songs. First saw light of day in Kentucky. Was discovered singing in a YMCA quartet. Is interested in character building. Married and has twins named after his most popular song, "Barbara Allen."

King, Gerald, Manager, KFVB.

Kirkpatrick, Eloise, KHJ's young, beautiful but not dumb staff coloratura. Product of Nashville, Tenn. First Radio work at KHJ in 1925. Hollywood High School gets credit. Sang with Los Angeles Grand Opera Association. Has numerous grand opera roles. A distinguished concert artist who makes occasional sorties into the talkies. Hobby is painting, husband and home making. Papa and mama intended her to be a concert pianist.

Kleiner, Gustav O., Violinist, WGHP, First Violinist Detroit Symphony.

Koch, Clarence, Chief Announcer and Manager of KFEQ, which he helped organize nine years ago. He has been back of the mike all that time with the same station, which moved from Oak, Neb., to St. Joseph, Mo., three years ago.

Kovarik, Frank, KSTP, Violin, National Battery Symphony Orchestra.

Krausgrill, Walter, and Orchestra KFRC.

Kriens, Christian, Director of Concert Orchestra, WTIC.

LANG, Billy, Radio Joy Boy, WIL, for many years half of team of Lang and Ray.

Laux, J. Francis, Sports Announcer, KMOX. Oldest boy of a family of four athletes. Has had considerable experience as a coach and official of football, baseball and basketball, as well as having starred himself in all these sports.

Lucy, Thos. Elmore, Born in North Carolina, migrated to Arkansas at age of seven, and made his debut as an entertainer in an amateur burnt cork skit with a medicine show in his boyhood town, Russellville, and collected two bits for the act. Has toured most of the world during the past twenty years, covering near a half million miles, in lyceum and chautauqua, drama and vaudeville. Author of seven volumes of prose and verse, much of which he has been broadcasting, from coast to coast in the United States and Canada, appearing on about forty of the stations. Made his debut on the air with WMC, appeared on first programs of KMOX, and has written continuity skits for Radio. Is a singer of ballads, as well as actor, mimic and impersonator.

MANSSELL, Margarie, Crooning Love Melodies, WGHP.

Maslin, Alice, Program Director, KMOX. In private life the wife of George Junkin, managing director of the station. Also serves as a concert pianist, accompanist, narrator, booker and continuity writer.

McDonald, Elmer E., Staff Soloist, KMOX. Has sung over 270 Radio stations in the United States, known as The Old Timer on the air.

McGray, Malcolm, Soloist, WGHP.

McIntosh, Ezra, Announcer, WOW.

Mooney, Hugh J., Salesman Sam, WMC.

Mork, Norman, Whispering Baritone, KDYL.

Myers, Clarke, Banjo, WENR. One of the first entertainers to sing vocal choruses with an orchestra for broadcasting. Also performs on saxophone 'cello. Formerly with Jack Chapman.

NELSON, C. W., Director, Chief Announcer, WDSU.

Nichols, Harry O., Organist, WREC.

Northup, Agnes C., Program Director, WSPD.

Northrup, Dwight, Director of Broadcasting, Announcer, WSPD.

Owens, C. F., Announcer, WDSU.

PARKER, Jack, Tenor, Happy Wonder Bakers, NBC, New York.
Phillips, Charles F., Assistant Manager, WFBL.

Pollard, W. C., Director-Manager, KFEQ.
Priest, Ward C., Announcer, WCAD.

RAUSCHELBACH, Rev. Oscar, Assishtag pastor, St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Detroit, Mich. Broadcasts over a large group of stations.

Reed, Dell, "Dixie Tenor," KMOX.

Reid, Crawford, Violinist, WBRC.
Reid, Dorothy, Book Reviews, Publicity, WADU.

Rendleman, L. L., Director Rendleman's Alabamians, WBRC.

Revoir, Floyd G., Announcer, WFBL.

Richardson, Joe, The Sweetheart of WBBZ. Just past four years old, sings popular songs.

Riggins, J. B., Manager Riggins Quartet, WBRC.

Rippon, Willard, Junior Announcer, WSPD.

Roehr, Fred, Pianist, WLW.

Rolfe, B. A., and His Lucky Strike Orchestra, NBC, New York.

Rubens, Maurie, Musical Director, WMCA. Has composed over 700 popular numbers for musical shows. Studied medicine for two years, stepped up to a piano one night on a party, and the management signed him up. He never went back to medicine. Wrote "Over the Hill," earliest of movie theme songs.

Rushing, Willie, Pianist, WBRC.

Russell, Will, Baritone, WBRC.

SALESMAN SAM, Hugh J. Mooney, WMC. Schroeder, Carl G., Announcer, WFBL. Shannon, Cecil, Vagabond Tenor, WBBZ. Program Director and Announcer.

Stamford, John, Chief Announcer, WCHI.



Sunshine, Doc, Announcer, WREC.

TAYLOR, Glenhall, Station Manager, KTM. Touhey, Florence, Soprano, NBC, New York. Made her debut over the old WEBB, Chicago, on the same program with Correll and Gosden. Before her marriage sang under the name of Florence Arlen.

Uncle Ben, Chief Kangaroo of famous Kangaroo Club at KDYL.

WHAM Ensemble.
WHAM Male Quartet.

Woodworth, Samuel F., Manager, WFBL. Operated the first Radio station in Onondaga County, New York.

Wooten, Hoyt B., Director, WREC.

Wooten, S. D., Jr., Studio Manager, Chief Announcer, WREC.

Pay Day in Radio Town

(Continued from page 46)

Just how long Phil Cook has been singing and joking into NBC microphones I have no idea. I don't even know if that is where he started. I believe, however, that essentially he is a star made by Radio.

Phonograph records aplenty carry Cook's singing voice. The royalties from these alone represent a splendid income. To show how hard he goes at his work, the story has gone the rounds that on one recording assignment in which he was to record eight songs a day for six days, he just couldn't see the need of spending a week at the task, so he turned out 48 perfect recordings in one day!

But what you want to know is how much he makes—yes? Well, it comes from an authentic source that his income is somewhere between \$75,000 and \$100,000 a year.

JESSE CRAWFORD, the "Poet of the Organ," is another air luminary who is reported to be giving President Hoover a race for first honors in the matter of income. Crawford was not made by Radio. The motion picture

palace elevated him to the pinnacles of fame.

Not many years ago he was just a young fellow trying to play the piano and get along on twenty-five dollars a week in a Spokane, Wash., cinema, admission ten cents. Then he heard about a smaller house in the city which had installed an honest-to-goodness pipe organ, an innovation in those days to say the least.

So Jesse hot-footed it over to the manager of the smaller theater and made a proposition. It was to play the organ. He didn't tell the manager he hadn't played an organ before in his life. So he slashed his budget down mercilessly to the \$10 a week the theater could afford to pay, and took the job. From that time on Crawford spent every waking minute studying the intricacies of the pipe organ and mastering new effects aided only by his knowledge of the piano.

One of his first big positions was as organist of the then (and still) palatial Chicago motion picture theater. He was always considered Chicago's foremost motion picture organist. While in Chicago he married and his wife, incidentally, is a skilled organist who aids him in his work.

Not long ago he was transferred by the Publix theater chain to New York, and his fame is greater than ever. His name being featured on a commercial program over the CBS chain came only last year, but millions of people heard him and asked for more. This, fortunately, they were able to get in the form of phonograph records, and thus swell his rising income, for Crawford was one of the first organists to make records.

Between the theater, records and Radio, Jesse keeps himself quite busy. So busy, in fact, that he has never bothered himself to take an organ lesson!

BILLY JONES and Ernie Hare, known as the Happiness Boys in times gone by and now as the Interwoven Pair, were originally shepherd and salesman, respectively. They both turned to the stage individually and sang popular songs so well that they were asked to record.

It was in a phonograph recording studio eight years ago that they first met and "clicked." Since that time they have been busy teaming together and clicking with the public, and their voices, under varied and sundry names, have been on every make of phonograph record ever pressed.

For five years they were paid to broadcast on the Happiness commercial program. For almost two years now they have been the feature of the Interwoven broadcast. They claim to be the first Radio act to have been paid, and I can't remember any to predate them.

I even recall scorning them the first time I heard the pair because they were on "commercial" program, tsksks! And now look at the ether!

Jones and Hare believed in the business of broadcasting. To aid them in their work of singing new popular and parody songs between gags, they set up an office. Here they worked hard and long together. They still do. Their daily routine spreads over the clock from 9 in the morning until 2 o'clock or later the next. They create their own gags.

Every gag they have ever used is filed away in the office. Their routine calls for eighteen new ones each week.

And for all of this hard work they paid \$1,800 apiece income tax in March, 1929, for their 1928 income. This, I am told by tax experts, would indicate an income of around \$30,000 each. But 1929 and this year, like the others, have been

on the steady increase, so I should not be surprised if now they are each making \$50,000 a year.

BEFORE going into the subjects of popular orchestras, prima donna sopranos and contraltos, and a few other odds and ends of air notables whose approximate Radio fees have become known, I'd like to consider one more Radio favorite whose fame has been accumulated entirely through the microphone and whose admirers are mostly young and sweet—the children.

He is "Uncle Bob" (Walter) Wilson, since April, 1924, the Radio uncle, counselor, safety guardian, welfare worker and entertainer of the youngsters of KYW, Chicago. Shortly after going on the air he conceived the idea of a safety organization for children which he named the "Curb Is the Limit Club." Today nearly 500,000 girls and boys hold membership cards in that club!

Uncle Bob received no pay for four years of six half-hour broadcasts each week. He liked the children and his work. He had saved his money and could make ends meet. In fact, he deserted his position as western manager of a music publishing house in order to give more time to his safety club.

It didn't take long, however, until theaters came to him and made attractive offers for personal appearances. He accepted all of these he could, but refused to allow any of the show engagements to interfere with his broadcasts. Large stores appealing to the children's trade demanded him. Uncle Bob made many appearances (and still does), but on every occasion he took the opportunity to preach safety to the kiddies present and get them all to enroll in his club.

Two years ago several advertisers demanded the privilege of sponsoring Uncle Bob Wilson's work. They were permitted to do so, and asked no change in his routine. More followed rapidly. One, the Grennan Bakeries, put him on the NBC chain and this year modified their plan to record his work in special broadcast transcriptions. Yes, the advertisers are fighting today for the right to sponsor Uncle Bob!

And he, the big cheery fellow who dropped one paying business at the age of 41 "just to entertain the kiddies, God bless 'em" with no pay in sight, is now earning about \$500 a week and more every time I check up on him!

RADIO has made many bands, among them Rudy Vallee's Connecticut Yankees. I hardly need to go into the much-published life of the young leader who formed an orchestra and literally played himself through Yale. Suffice to say that the band's slow tempo, his crooning voice and the convenient presence of a microphone of one of the Manhattan stations were important factors in putting over Vallee and his musicians.

In a surprisingly short time Vallee's orchestra was the rage. Now, between an exclusive commercial broadcast, talking pictures, phonograph records and the income from the Villa Vallee night club, he should be making enough. Some guess this to be \$250,000 to \$300,000 a year. But I do know exactly what he PERSONALLY receives for his exclusive contract on the Fleischmann Sunshine hour. That is \$1,500 an hour and the program lasts an hour each week. There is also said to be \$1,000 paid for the rest of the band.

Vincent Lopez and his orchestra, it is claimed, are paid the same as Vallee for their sponsored broadcast. Lopez was the toast in the young years of Radio with his "Lopez speaking" from the

Casa Lopez over WEA and chain. Then you didn't hear so much about him. Of late his comeback has been terrific.

Paul Whiteman's father and mother, brothers and sisters wanted him to be a concert violinist. The family leaned to opera. Paul went in for operatic jazz and almost became an outcast. Result, he and his band, according to rumors, top the list with \$5,000 paid for each Old Gold hour broadcast of sixty minutes' duration.

What Rolfe, Lombardo, Fiorito, Bernie, Wayne King and some of the other popular bands are reaping must remain a secret. I can make guesses, but I'm apt to hurt feelings by inaccuracies. What the outside income of a big time orchestra reaches is also a highly problematical figure. There are so many sources of revenue—and so many places to spend it, such as in booking fees, transportation and advertising.

THE SOPRANOS now come up for audit. I'm quite sure many of the fairer sex will be indignant at my audacity in having their and my friends guess at their salaries. I apologize, but my readers just have to know. So charge off any untruths to curiosity and publicity.

Olive Palmer, otherwise Virginia Rae, exclusive coloratura soprano of Palmolive's weekly sixty minutes, won laurels on the concert and grand opera stage 'ere Radio. Many were her phonograph records, too, before she gave up the footlights for the microphone. Now Palmolive pays her (1) \$750 or (2) \$1,000 a week. My two spies didn't check.

Jessica Dragonette, born in Calcutta, India, was educated in Georgian Court convent at Lakewood, N. J., and steered her lyric soprano voice right into a stage career on Broadway. Four and a half years ago she was cast for the only solo role in Reinhardt's "The Miracle." Two more leads in Broadway operettas followed. Then Radio, in the person of NBC program directors, discovered her and she discovered the microphone. The mutual love stuck and she gave up the stage for good.

Remember her in Philco's "Theater Memories?" Then, early this year Cities Service took her under exclusive contract. No. 1 guesses \$500 a week. No. 2 guesses an income of over \$700 weekly. As the second guesser may be including record royalties or club work revenues, both may be right. At any rate, Cities Service won't tell.

One of the most pleasing voices on the air is that of Vaughn de Leath, contralto and song composer with about 300 lyrics or tunes to her credit. The biggest thing about Vaughn, outside of her earring collection, is that she was the first woman ever to broadcast and therefore within her rights in billing herself "the original Radio girl." Vaughn was on the stage while waiting for Radio to grow up, but even then she kept close to mike. Now Firestone—it is rumored—pays her \$500 a week for exclusive Radio rights. Jab me with a hatpin if I am wrong.

Lois Bennett, a Houston, Texas, girl, started singing in public at the age of five. Later she made her concert debut at Aeolian Hall with the Schumann Club, was acclaimed, turned stageward, and first of all toured vaudeville with Carrie Jacobs Bond. Next she went the route alone and finally Gene Buck, then Ziegfeld's right-hand man, spotted her and next thing she knew she was singing in the Follies. After that came a long-term contract in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals under Winthrop Ames, and at its expiration, Radio.

Among other hours, you've heard her

Song Prize Winners

Results in the Most Popular Songs Contest are as follows:

First prize—Mrs. Roy B. Lockett, Pittsburg, Texas.

Second prize—Miss Bess Heaton, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Third prize—Mrs. Joseph Rickel, New Castle, Pa.

The prize winning lists were those which included the greatest number of those songs appearing most frequently on the majority of lists.

The trend in favorites was decidedly towards the more recent song hits. Among the individual songs that appeared most often on the lists were Happy Days Are Here Again, The Stein Song, A Cottage for Sale, Cryin' for the Carolines, and Sweet Mystery of Life.

in Philco's last series on Columbia and you still hear her weekly as the Armstrong Quaker girl on NBC. Not to date signed exclusive, I believe her unexclusive rate per program is \$250, the amount Philco is said to have paid her.

Countess Olga Medalago Albani, Spanish soprano, is also claimed on a par with Lois Bennett. That is, she charges \$250 per broadcast unexclusive. Welcome Lewis, a crooner, rates \$200 per program, while Elizabeth Lennox, another star you often hear, gets \$150 for each broadcast, so the guesses go. I won't bother you with the history of these girls. It's mostly the same story—hard work.

AMONG the male singers of the semi-classical and ballad repertoire we find Franklyn Baur, exclusive Firestone tenor, Paul Oliver, exclusive Palmolive tenor, and James Melton, free lance tenor and member of a male quartet.

Baur is said to receive \$1,000 weekly, Oliver \$500 a week, and Melton \$250 for each program. The sources of the figures, however, are not necessarily accurate.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that, generally speaking, tenors receive higher pay than baritones. The more a musician's training, the higher the fee. Take the concert and operatic stars, for example.

First there is John McCormack, noted Irish tenor. He is said to receive \$10,000 for each broadcast, but he doesn't broadcast often. He has only been before the microphone for Victor hour twice in three years.

Mario Chamlee, Los Angeles born Italian tenor and member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is down for \$1,000 each broadcast. Brailowsky, the eminent pianist, receives a like fee.

Renee Chemet, internationally famous French violinist, will broadcast for you if you pay her \$650, and so will Merle Alcock, American born concert and Metropolitan Opera contralto, for the same amount.

Alois Havrilla, concert baritone, charges around \$300 for a broadcast performance. Havrilla, as most of you know, is also a free lance announcer or master of ceremonies who handles the English language much better than some of our best American announcers.

The famous Brahms Quartet is a reasonable broadcast investment costing but \$350 for its four well-balanced female voices. The International Quar-

ter charges \$400 for each broadcast.

PERHAPS you'd like to know what some of our "occasional" microphone visiting celebrities, such as Al Jolson, are paid for doing their bits. Well, Al will mammy his best for you and wring you wet with tears for Sonny Boy if you dig down deeply, find \$8,000 for him and don't speak too gruffly.

Fanny Brice of stage and vaudeville fame rates \$1,500 per broadcast, while Sophie Tucker, "last of the redhot mamas," will coon-shout at the mike for \$1,000. Tex Guinan, so I hear, is much more reasonable and will master-of-ceremony a bill with her best night club manners for a mere \$500. Walter Winchell, N. Y. Mirror columnist whom Broadway is said to ask before it does anything, sets his fee at \$400 and so proves he isn't as smart a broadcaster as a writer by the mere fact that he ends this list.

But these celebrities made their fame elsewhere before turning to the microphone. The microphone sought them BECAUSE they WERE celebrities. It gives me a far greater thrill to see how some of the purely Radio acts and performers are becoming so famous through Radio ALONE that the talkies and other amusement fields are seeking them out for the big public cash-in.

Enough of big money. Where does the beginner fit in?

I THINK the sketches herein of some of the famous Radio stars' lives give a general idea of how entry can be made. Broadcasting stations and the networks are generally happy to give auditions to aspiring talent. Probably the best policy of a performer network bound is to gain success and experience first at a local station. Climbing the ladder by easy stages is better than trying for the top first and falling down.

After making a big go of it at a fairly large station, an artist or announcer may be offered a network connection at a monetary loss. He or she perhaps will not be paid at first as highly by the chain organization as by the individual station. This is just one of the sacrifices to be made on the way up. Devotion to hard work and study to further one's career is another.

Pay at local stations varies greatly depending on the size of the city, the station's magnitude and financial condition and the local musicians' wage scale. The governing factors are so many and variable that an attempt to give even an approximate tabulation of salaries paid would be ridiculous.

As for the networks, however, here are a few averages. An announcer is seldom paid more than \$75 a week to start. What headway he makes will depend upon his popularity and the demand of sponsors for his services. In time he will be paid large bonuses, as is McNamee, for his officiating on commercial programs.

A network vocalist will be paid perhaps \$50 to start. When medium popular the remuneration will be raised to about \$150. His or her greater revenue will again depend on the demand of commercial sponsors.

Quartets, male and female, are paid from \$100 to \$500 top; orchestras earn from \$500 to \$2,000, and a Radio actor or actress will receive perhaps but \$25 for his or her first radario part.

There you have it and I shall sign off firm in the belief that countless thousands of microphone aspirants will rush to the studios tomorrow for auditions. But of course, you really don't have to do a Floyd Gibbons and be fired from your job for incompetency just to blaze the trail of your Radio success.

Sport Waves

(Continued from page 25)

dog racing, dance orchestras and what have you (?) with the ball-tossers. It is in the nature of an interview with all formality thrown in the ash can. These meetings make it possible for him to bring you a genuine word picture of the personalities of the players obtained first hand. He also makes it a point to get the minor league records of the rookies from the coaches.

The morning of the broadcast arrives. The CBS engineers go to the ball park and make the setup. Now this setup is a bit complicated but I'll try to make it as clear to you as I possibly can without becoming technical.

LET'S get rid of the eight microphones first. That's right, eight. Count 'em. Number One is installed in the field-box from which the first ball is thrown to the field by a celebrity; Number Two at the flagpole in center field to pick up the band music during the parade across the field for the flag raising; Number Three in the grandstand where the band sits and plays between the half innings; Number Four by the dugout to pick up the voice of the field announcer's "batteries for today's game" and other announcements; Number Five just behind the wire netting directly in back of home plate, to pick up the crack of the ball against the bat and the thud of the ball as it slaps into the catcher's mitt; Number Six suspended from the upper tier boxes to pick up the crowd noises; Number Seven attached to the helmet which the announcer wears, and Number Eight is held in readiness as a spare for the announcer. The wires from these microphones all lead into the field control board (which is also a mixing panel), this board being set up in the mezzanine box where it is operated by the control engineer during the broadcast.

Then there is the announcer's helmet. It looks like those worn by aviators and is Husing's own invention. The earflaps are held against the head by straps which fasten under the chin. As I have already explained a small microphone is attached to the helmet. This arrangement gives the announcer an unobstructed vision and also leaves both hands free. At the same time it permits him to move his head at will without losing his distance from the mike. The right earflap contains an earphone through which the announcer hears the broadcast just as it is sent to the key station after passing through the mixing panel. The left earflap contains an earphone connected by wire with the observer's telephone transmitter, making it possible for the latter to communicate with the announcer at all times, without a second voice being audible to the microphone.

EACH earphone of the observer's headset has a separate communication channel. In one ear he hears the broadcast while with the other ear he catches any orders that may be telephoned from the key station.

The control operator's earphones are wired in the same manner as those of the observer. His telephone is in direct communication with the key station.

The three lines from the ballpark to the key station are used as follows: one from the mixing panel of the control board to the control room in the key station for the broadcast, one spare in like manner and one for telephone communication with the key station.

As soon as this setup is installed the engineers give it a thorough rehearsal after which Glover is told that the game

can start any time—as far as the installing engineer is concerned.

Glover now turns over to the telephone company the list of stations who are to broadcast the game and at the headquarters of the long distance lines the work of assembling the network is completed.

If this were a World Series broadcast there is one other detail which must be cared for before any announcer is permitted to approach a microphone. Judge Landis, the czar of baseball, names the announcers! Believe me, this white haired gentleman knows his baseball. When Husing was scheduled to broadcast his first World Series the Judge, who had named Major White as the official announcer for CBS, demanded a dress rehearsal. Ted quickly proved his ability and was permitted to take the place of the man named by the Judge. Broadcasting interests Landis to such an extent that he seldom fails to visit the broadcasters at some time during every series game.

An hour before he is to take the air Husing is at the Stadium chatting with the players, getting more last minute information for the loud speaker fans.

DURING the game the object which I previously referred to as looking like a bread-board is always before the announcer. On this board two miniature playing fields are outlined, one on each side of the board. Below each field the box score is kept. One side of the board is uppermost when the home team is at bat and when the opposing team is up the board is reversed. It therefore is turned every half inning. Small cards bearing the names of the players are clipped to the miniature playing fields in their proper places.

Let me illustrate how the announcer uses this board, which is operated by the observer after each play. The home team is at bat. In this instance it is the Yankees. On the actual playing field the opponents have taken their positions. A glance at the cards on the board will give the announcer the name of every player on the field. The leadoff man for the Yankees comes to bat. A card bearing the name of Combs is thumbtacked to the homeplate of the diagram. If Combs gets a single, is walked or reaches first on an error the observer moves this card to the initial sack and checks the play in the box score. The next batter is Koenig. A card bearing his name is clipped in position at homeplate. If he strikes out the card is removed and the strike-out recorded in the box score. The Babe is up. If Ruth singles, advancing Combs to third, the cards are moved to correspond with the location of the baserunners after the play. With so many things to think about the name of a player temporarily may escape the mind of the announcer. With this ready reference board the chance of making mistakes is minimized.

However mistakes are made. The observer always has one ear primed to catch these. Herb Glover does the observing for Husing and whenever he hears Husing make a misstatement of minor importance Glover makes a penciled note of it for Husing to read. Ted corrects himself at the first opportunity to do so without breaking into the continuity of the game. If the misstatement is of major importance Glover passes his hand before Husing's face. The announcer immediately stops his talk and Glover informs him by telephone of the slip-up, which Husing corrects at once.

EVERY little while I am asked what sports event was the first one to be broadcast. The answer to this question is the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at

Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, July 2, 1921.

There is much of interest in the story of how the first sport waves percolated through the atmosphere. Plenty of trouble other than red tape had to be overcome by the man who made this broadcast possible. His name? Major J. Andrew White, at that time acting-president of the Amateur Wireless Association and editor of The Wireless Age.

Everyone thought White was crazy when he suggested the idea to them. A capital of \$15,000 was necessary with which to build a station and towers. The Major had but \$1,500 in available cash, this sum being advanced by a man by the name of David Sarnoff who was, like White, a "Radio bug." It was all the money Sarnoff had. Today this man is president of the Radio Corporation of America.

Let me tell you the story in Major White's own words.

"In looking over the ground at Boyle's Thirty Acres I saw the Radio towers of the Lackawanna Railroad over in Hoboken. This company was using Radio as a means of communication in an experimental way, over their rail system. I went to the officials of the company, told them my story and obtained permission to use the towers on July second.

"My next difficulty was that I had no transmitter as powerful as I desired. I wanted my broadcast to carry as far as Washington and Pittsburgh at least. However, I did know of the existence of the very equipment I needed. The General Electric Laboratory in Schenectady had a continuous wave transmitter which had been built for a battleship. The Navy Department gave me permission to use it providing I paid for its transportation to Hoboken. That was easy. I hunted up a friend who owned a tug and he brought it down the Hudson River.

"I had been giving the broadcasting of this fight a lot of publicity without getting much response from the public. People simply were not Radio minded in those days. Suddenly the tide turned and ten days before the big event my office was swamped with telephone calls and telegrams. Amateur operators reported that they were going to set up crystal and one tube sets in halls and public places. Phonograph horns attached to an earphone were the up-to-date loud speakers at that time. It is difficult to realize now how crude everything was only nine years ago.

WORKING day and night with me was J. O. Smith, another nut on Radio. We made a good team, and pushed our plans right along as though we were already assured of success, even though we had no idea at the time where we would set up our battleship transmitter. It was less than a week before the fight when we found our temporary studio. The railroad company turned over to us one end of the porters' hall in a railroad yard building and here we installed our improvised station. Incoming porters questioned this invasion by 'crazy white men who thinks they's goin' to talk over the air!' The fact that we were using part of their quarters didn't bother them half so much as did the seeming foolishness of what we proposed to do. When we tried to explain anything we always met with the same reply, 'Hit ain't possible. Ain' nobody goin' to talk over this contraption an' be heard over in New Yawk lessen they's some wires hid some'ers. Didn't the Lackawanna try it and give it up?'

"We let all the amateur operators know when we would start making tests and asked them to wire us about recep-

tion. Our first few tests were pretty discouraging. The return messages indicated that receiving sets everywhere were able to pick up only a few scattered words now and again. It looked as though the porters were right but we kept right on working. Over and over again we checked out installation connections and the result was always the same, correct.

"And then, right out of a clear sky, our transmitter perked up and started to deliver the goods. Good reports came in by the dozens. This happened the night before the fight. Smith and I were elated.

ALL we had to do now was make arrangements for continuous telephone service from the ringside to our Hoboken station. I applied to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company for a direct wire only to be told that the line would be furnished for communication of one person to another but that their property must not be hooked up to any Radio transmitter!

"For a few minutes I was licked. To receive a jolt like that made it look as though all our work had been for nothing. But when I thought of all the amateur operators who were counting on my going through with the promised broadcast I determined to keep faith with them to the best of my ability.

"I gave the telephone company my written guarantee that I would not connect their wire line to the transmitter. Then I obtained the services of a high speed telegrapher who was also a high speed typist. We arranged that I was to describe the fight from the ringside, blow-by-blow; the telegrapher, wearing headphones, was to take my description down on the typewriter as it came to him over the telephone wire; and Smith getting it hot off the paper on the typewriter carriage was to read it into the transmitter at Hoboken.

"I bought a gong and set it up alongside the transmitter and instructed Smith to ring it every time he saw the word 'gong' appear on the typewritten report. At least, I thought, this would give the listeners a thrill.

"For the broadcast I was placed alongside the gentlemen of the press, right at the ringside. And there I sat, under a red hot sun, talking away for four hours into the mouthpiece of a telephone. I had no one to help me and there was no way in which I could be assured that my description was even reaching the telegrapher-typist in Hoboken. But I kept right on talking and trusting to luck that things were going alright at the other end.

"After the knockout I gave a brief resumé of the fight and today I can distinctly remember my final words as I signed off. They were, 'Dempsey is still champion of the world.'

"IT WAS some little time before I got in communication with the telegrapher in the improvised Radio station and during that period of uncertainty I had visions of having talked for four hours over a dead wire. Or perhaps our transmitter had failed us. All sorts of reasons for the broadcast having been a failure came to my mind. After banking everything on the success of this broadcast to awaken public interest in the future of Radio I was spending some very unpleasant moments. Finally I got in touch with my man. His report assured me that every word had been taken down on the typewriter and that the voice of J. O. Smith had given a faithful broadcast of the event just as I had described it.

"A steady stream of telegrams and over four thousand letters came to my

office the following week. The amateur operators everywhere were enthusiastic. So was every other listener. It was the first time the air was used for the voice as a direct carrier of news. I had won the gamble. The future of Radio was never in doubt from that day on."

A few days later Major White met the late Tex Rickard, who promoted the fight. "I've been wanting to see you," said Tex. "I understand your description of the fight was the sensation of the afternoon. Some of my friends tell me even the gong was audible."

There was no doubt about the gong being audible to the listeners. In the porters' hall in the Lackawanna railroad yards at Hoboken, some miles from the ringside, J. O. Smith rang it as per instructions from the Major's typewritten report.

Here's a peculiar twist to that broadcast. Actually a timely news event it was, at the same time, in reality a studio program, read from script, with sound effects! It probably is the only broadcast of its kind on record. Unquestionably no one event in the history of Radio ever meant so much to the industry as did that etherized description of a heavyweight championship battle.

HERE'S a little yarn of the announcer's mistake. Major White tells it on himself. During one of the early broadcasts from the Polo Grounds, the home of the New York Giants, the Major described a close play at the initial sack and finished the episode with, "—and so the man reached safe firstly." At the Press Club in downtown New York several newspaper men were gathered about an improvised loud speaker, among them Frank Sullivan of the New York World. There was no sound other than the reproduction of White's voice. The listeners hardly dared to breathe for fear of missing some of the none too loud reception. But the "man reached safe firstly" was too much for Sullivan who chirped up with, "Charge White with an error."

Of course you know that Graham McNamee has gone "talkie"? Believe me, that boy is as busy as a bird dog trying to point two coveys at the same time. I caught him the other day with a few minutes to spare from his broadcasting and recording duties. We started right in to reminisce and, without knowing it, Mac gave me a lot of good copy. I'm going to pass it on to you.

Twice a week he goes over to the Victor studios in Camden, N. J. where his descriptive talks for the Universal news reels are synchronized with the finished picture. It takes one day to complete the work on each reel, which, when you see it run off in your favorite movie theater, lasts about thirteen and a half minutes. Many times it lasts but ten minutes.

THE silent picture is screened four times to give Mac a chance to become familiar with the scenes and to frame his accompanying monologue. When it is run the fifth time Mac describes the action of the scenes as though he were broadcasting the various events. A stenographer takes down his every word in shorthand. When this is typed Mac tries reading the script with one eye and watching the picture with the other! Eliminations and additions are made in the script so that the voice will time correctly with the action on the screen. One thing in particular he must watch, that his voice never carry over into a title. All titles have musical accompaniment. Finally a wax record is made with Mac at the mike as the picture is thrown on the screen. A playback of this record is run with the picture and further corrections are made.

It is now time for lunch.

In the afternoon the orchestra is brought into the studio. A score for the music, which is to be played when the titles appear on the screen, has been timed and rehearsed the previous day. A wax record with Mac and the orchestra on the job is made and a playback run for everyone to see and hear. Last minute changes are made in the routine of the script and score. Then both a film record and a wax record is microphoned.

If, by any chance, the control operator, who watches the picture on the screen and hears the microphoned accompaniment through headphones just as it is being recorded, should give this take his okay—then the day's work is over. Mac says he has yet to hear a first take given even a pleasant word, to say nothing of an okay.

Over and over the picture is run and over and over Mac and the musicians strut their stuff before the microphones. The announcer declares that this is the toughest assignment he ever tackled and I can well believe him, having had my own experiences with synchronization work. It's a difficult task to keep the enthusiasm present in one's voice after having witnessed the same scenes a few dozen times. And for these news reels the listener must believe that Mac is describing the scenes just as though he were broadcasting events which he himself is witnessing for the first time. If you have seen any of these news reels you will agree with me that Mac is doing a mighty fine job.

MCNAMEE gets his greatest kick when on the air out of the drama connected with the events he is broadcasting. He'd much rather talk about the way Walter Johnson won a World Series after being knocked out of the box in two previous series games than discuss personal experiences. But he did tell me how he unintentionally cheated the telephone company out of a long distance call.

The Washington-Pittsburgh World Series looked like a walkaway for Pittsburgh and when the teams went to Washington everyone thought Pittsburgh would win the necessary game to end it. But when the Washington team started to do a bit of crowding on its own hook it meant that the playoff would take place back in Pittsburgh. Of course Mac knew that he must return with the teams. Feeling sure that the series would end in Washington Mac had failed to make hotel reservations for himself in the smoky city. In giving a resumé of the last game-to-be, in Washington, the announcer laughingly said, "Well, I've got to hurry away and catch a rattler for Pittsburgh. I didn't expect to have to go back there so I have no hotel reservation. Here's hoping the manager of the hotel where I stopped when there during the other games will hear this and save my old room for me." Signing off he rushed to his hotel in Washington and was hastily packing when a telegram arrived from the hotel manager in Pittsburgh. It read, **HAVE SAVED YOUR OLD ROOM FOR YOU.** The kick to this story is that the manager did not hear the broadcast but later told Mac that he thought everyone in Pittsburgh who did hear it started calling the hotel to tell him about Mac's request. The switchboard operators were snowed under and in self defense the wire was sent so that all who called might be told that the room was reserved for the returning announcer.

"Remember that day during the same series when the rain interrupted the game for over an hour?" Mac asked. I

nodded and he went on, "We didn't go in much in those days for research work and I'm here to say that that hour was the longest hour I ever put in at a mike. I didn't have a thing to talk about but the weather! Believe me, any time it looks as though rain might interrupt a game now I'll have plenty of talkable material on hand. I'll not spill all the dope about past performances, old series games and such things before the game starts if there is so much as a tiny cloud in the sky. I sure learned my lesson that day."

"It was during that same game that I nearly put my mike out of commission by yelling in it," Mac continued. "I'm naturally of a nervous disposition and the long wait during that rainstorm didn't help quiet my system any. You know how some men are always drawing designs when they telephone? When I'm at the mike I get rid of a lot of surplus energy by fumbling something—a pencil or a scorecard. Well, I dropped the pencil under my chair and couldn't stop talking long enough to pick it up. The scorecard got soaked and I threw it away. Unconsciously my left hand sought for something to busy itself with and of all things it had to pick out a wire under the table. My first knowledge of this fact was when I got a peach of a shock. And did I yell! My hand was wet from the driving rain and made a fine carrier when I unwittingly used it to make a short circuit across some of the open connections. There was nothing to do but explain the situation to the listeners. Even that helped pass the time away. That was one bad hour for this announcer."

OVER the CBS network Ted Husing is conducting a weekly half-hour program which he calls "Sport Slants." Ted reviews current sports and brings well known people connected with sports activities before the mike. He also digs into the history of all sports for interesting information and the other day he told me that the first book ever printed about sports was written in 1618 by King James I of England. It was banned by the clergy and most of the copies destroyed. However, Ted is all enthused right now because the officials at the Public Library have promised to borrow one of the few existing copies from a private collection in order that he may have the privilege of reading it.

So you may be hearing about the literary endeavors of a sports writing king any day now on the "Sport Slants" program. This half hour has been assigned a bad time on the air, Saturday, at 6:30 eastern time, and I sincerely hope the CBS officials will realize the value of this program and push it ahead to a later period of the evening.

I wonder if any of you caught Perry Charles, sports announcer for station WHN, pinch-hitting for Husing on "Sport Slants" during the latter part of March? Ted was in Washington that same night broadcasting a rather unusual sporting event—the congressmen's spelling bee. When he called on Perry to substitute for him on the regular weekly program Husing certainly knew the man he had picked for the job.

Perry is called the Walter Winchell of the air. Like Winchell, who runs a column in the Daily Graphic, Perry has a line of chatter that is all his own. He rattles away at the mike, spilling slang all over the carbon and giving his listeners an earful of spontaneous wisecracks. His best work is done when miking a boxing contest. Once a week he lets off steam over WHN from the ringside of the St. Nicholas Arena and for these broadcasts Perry has a tremendous following of Radio fight fans.

Once a person hears his merry chatter he or she is sold on the boy.

HERE'S a little yarn about one of Perry's fans. This announcer has no secretary to read his fan mail. He reads every letter himself and the other morning he found one in feminine handwriting which read: "Dear Mr. Charles, I have been listening to your weekly descriptions of fights with a great deal of pleasure. In fact, you are responsible for making me a fight fan. It may interest you to know that I am 62 years old, and I have never seen a boxing contest."

What would you do if you were a fight announcer and received a letter like that?

Radio Goes Bye-Bye

Colonel O. N. Taylor pictures the latest sport as you find it a wheel on the boulevards and highways.

Talkies Take the Air

Dr. Ralph L. Power shows how closely akin the two great industries have become with the same artists serving Mike Radio and Mike Wax.

Stars of Yesteryear

E. E. Plummer, Radio editor for eight years, will recall some well remembered voices that you don't hear today and tell you what has become of them.

Just three of a bookful of timely and interesting articles that you will find in the

JULY RADIO DIGEST

Well, that's just what Perry did. And when he called on the lady he found her to be a very sweet, charming motherly character. Perry invited her to be his guest at one of the fights in Madison Square Garden and the invitation was accepted. He has ordered ringside seats and, as he does not broadcast these fights, Perry will explain the technique of boxing to his guest of the evening. A personally conducted blow-by-blow description as it were. I am going to try to get a picture of this Radio fight fan and Perry Charles the night they attend the Garden fights and if I do you shall see it in a later issue of Radio Digest.

Perry is also a research worker. Even though his fight broadcasts are heard only by local fans he spends a great deal of his time looking up historical data on fights with which to interest his limited audience. As he is a graduate from the newspaper world, where he worked for several years as reporter, the newsgathering instinct is natural and not acquired. It will not surprise me if you hear Perry Charles over the networks occasionally.

WHEN he started to broadcast fights Perry used to visit the dressing rooms of the fighters before taking the air. He felt that his listeners would like to feel that he was personally ac-

quainted with the men in the ring. He soon quit this procedure. When some of the boys gave him the raspberry for trying to interview them he decided that fighters were in no mental condition to talk at a time so close to their ring appearance. It got under Perry's hide at first to think he had been handed the berry. But he finally concluded that he was wrong and they were right. They wanted to be let alone and took their own sweet way of letting him know it, that's all.

Perry was at the mike when Jack Delaney fought "Sully" Montgomery back in 1927. Delaney came out of his corner at the opening gong and danced around his opponent until he reached a neutral corner. Glancing down, Jack saw the announcer at the mike. He leaned over the ropes and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hello, Helen!" Then this mike-wise fighter waded into his man and delivered a ten-strike.

Eighteen seconds after the start of the first round Jack was at the microphone for a second time saying, "Hello, Helen." This time he gave his wife, who was listening to the broadcast at home, more than just a greeting as he added, "I won the fight and I'll be home in an hour."

"Buck" O'Neil, sports writer for the New York Evening Journal, is another good fight announcer. It's pretty difficult for "Buck" to keep from showing partiality. Not that he ever makes the mistake of expressing it in words, but it creeps into his tone of voice. As far as that goes, if you listen closely you can detect it in the voice of every good sports announcer.

A year ago "Buck" was pretty keen about the way a certain youngster was showing up in the ring. He looked good to "Buck." It was just this announcer's luck to get the assignment to broadcast an event in which this boy was getting a severe licking. "Buck" was feeling pretty low. "I don't believe the kid can last much longer," he said into the mike. "He's been down three times already in this round. I only hope he's wise enough to take the count of nine before getting up this time. Yes. He's on one knee now listening to the count. At nine he's up, but he's awfully groggy. And here comes his opponent all set to finish him I'm afraid." Just then the groggy one let go a roundhouse swing aimed in the general direction of his opponent. The latter, coming in wide open, all intent on finishing the groggy youth, ran his chin right into the blow and went down—and out!

"Buck" could hardly believe his eyes and for a split second he forgot all about the microphone in his enthusiasm over the turn of the battle. His voice was high pitched with excitement as he yelled, "Blankety-blank! What a wallop!"

Instantly he remembered that he held a microphone in his hand and in the same breath he added, in a natural voice, "Please do not use profanity near the microphone! Ladies and gentlemen, the most surprising thing has just happened and I do not blame the gentleman next to me for forgetting himself momentarily. Let me tell you . . . Which goes to prove that one qualification which every sports announcer must have is a fast thinking bean.

What makes a good sports announcer? That's an easy one. A thorough knowledge and a love of the contest he is broadcasting, the ability to translate in colorful, easy-flowing language, the honest details of every action as he sees it, and the faculty of keeping his description alive with an enthusiasm tempered with intelligence. Outside of that it's a cinch to make sport waves vibrate the loud speakers. Ask Husing or McNamee if you don't believe it.

Cupid On the Air

(Continued from page 22)

to meet the jazz master. Mickey couldn't resist her charms and after a fitting lapse of time they were united in the usual bonds. The marriage took place on December 18th, 1929.

Now our scene is laid in Chicago. A blue-eyed Irish lad, Frank Haben Clark, Jr., by name, used to attend masses with all due regularity at St. Patrick's. And there in the shadowy recesses of the church, while the masses were said, Cupid lurked, smiling, and young Frank quite unaware. Frank at this time (the spring of 1924) was a director at KYW, and was planning the broadcast of an Ash Wednesday program. He had noticed the fine quality of the voice of the soprano soloist, Sara Ann McCabe. So it was that Frank made arrangements with Miss McCabe and Dr. J. Lewis Browne to furnish the music for this program. Came the night for rehearsal and Sara Ann had a little disappointment in store for Frank. The music she brought along was copyrighted by the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers and Mr. Clark had neglected to get a license from this organization. Frank was a bit provoked at this hitch in his plans and Sara Ann (whose name was McCabe, you remember) flared up in displeasure at Frank's negligence.

That was all until the following October. Frank arranged for another program which proved entirely successful. After that Sara Ann sang frequently over KYW, and meanwhile Cupid's darts had struck home.

There was a big church wedding at St. Patricks on August 12th, 1925. And, although there is a little two-year-old Frank Haben Clark, the third, Mrs. Clark, who professionally is still "Sara Ann McCabe," is frequently heard on NBC programs and on the concert stage.

We haven't said much about New York studios, but, of course, they are brim full of tales of romance. They would have to be—there are so many people who flock there to fulfill their life's ambitions.

AFTER an adventurous career on the Continent, a violinist, twenty-nine years of age, landed in America with a Stradivarius worth \$30,000 and 24 cents in cash. He wouldn't pawn the Strad, he wouldn't play in an orchestra, he wouldn't take pupils. He was a concert violinist.

For three days he wandered around New York hungry. He finally agreed to play concert numbers before the microphone. This was at Station WJZ in 1923. He has been connected with the National Broadcasting company ever since. The violinist's name is Godfrey Ludlow.

Madame Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg, the widely acclaimed concert pianist, played the accompaniment for Mr. Ludlow and a lasting friendship was immediately established.

One day the sister of Madame Gainsborg, Blanca Cabrera, was present during a rehearsal. This was in 1927. The real romance of the violinist's life started at that rehearsal. They were married August 10th, 1929.

Mr. Ludlow's fan mail is tremendous and this applause is enough to make him respect Radio as a medium of expression for his talents. But the violinist has something other than fan mail which binds him to Radio. Let us quote his exact words. "If it hadn't been for Radio I would never have met Blanca. I owe Radio everything."

Still looking down New York way, we

discover a young lady who wanted to become a dramatic actress. Her name was Florence Pierce. She studied for the stage and went so far as to work for several months with a stock company. Then, because her father requested her to quit the stage, she applied at the studios of the National Broadcasting company for a job.

Keith McLeod, in charge of the music department, needed a secretary and Miss Pierce was given the position. This gave her an opportunity to see what Radio was all about and when the press relations department was enlarged, two years ago, Miss Pierce was transferred to that department to become secretary to Walter Stone, press representative for WJZ.

As Mr. Stone's secretary Miss Pierce found herself doing most of the work assigned to her boss. Mr. Stone says: "It looked as though she was going to take my job away from me, so I married her and fired her in order to keep my position!" We rather doubt that statement, for Mr. Stone, recognizing that Miss Pierce had a genuine talent for dramatic work, frequently permitted her to leave her work at the desk to rehearse and appear in sketches before the microphone.

Mr. Stone and Miss Pierce were married April 19th, 1929, and since leaving the duties at husband's desk to assume the responsibilities of a homemaker Mrs. Stone had found time to carry on her dramatic work in the broadcasting studio. At present she is portraying the character of "Lizzie Peters" in the Thompkins' Corners mirth-provoking half hour.

NOTICING a dreadful commotion one evening this spring when the dial was turned to 1460, we investigated to find an amazing state of affairs at KSTP. The census takers have recorded two surprise marriages, three weddings to take place during the summer and fall, and the announcement of two engagements.

Dr. Paul Johnson, studio director and announcer of this station, and Mrs. George Richardson, who was Hazel Claussen, director of fan mail, told no one of their marriages, but were found out by inquisitive members of the staff. Dr. Johnson asked for a short vacation and left recently for St. Joseph, Mo., to marry Vera Selma Gibson, whom he had met while announcing a program in a Northwest studio six years ago.

Miss Claussen, in going over the fan mail, paid particular attention to the frequent letters of a certain George Richardson—for he was a rabid Radio fan. She dared to inject a bit of the personal in answering them, and from correspondence grew the friendship, and you know the rest of the story. The wedding of the Richardsons took place at a small church on the outskirts of St. Paul and it was not until a week later that the news leaked out.

ANOTHER case of Cupid doing damage with an unseen voice is that of Don Guthrie, known as the "Gene Austin of the West," who came to KSTP from the Pacific Coast. It was his crooning voice and his piano syncopation that won the heart of Vera Norton of St. Paul as she listened at home. She was interested in music herself and one fine day she gathered up all her courage and dared a trip to the KSTP studios, where she asked Mr. Guthrie to give her singing lessons. She is still studying and he is still singing to her, and there's to be a ceremony some time before long.

Dan Cupid has not been satisfied merely to tamper with the ether waves

around this station. No one knows why he has concentrated his efforts there, but he has manipulated two within-the-studio romances. Irvin Maher, bass soloist, discovered that Mary Hartigan, known to Radio listeners as "the Peter Pan of the children's hour," was in truth the Peter Pan who never failed to charm his heart. They announced their engagement in March and are to be married this month. They plan to make Chicago their home.

Then there is an inter-department romance which developed between members of the engineering and the continuity departments, when Miss Mabel M. Zabel, continuity writer, was anxious to know something of the mechanical workings of the station. She made a visit to the KSTP transmitter, at Wescott, thirteen miles south of St. Paul, and here John Klug, her future husband, took special pains to show her every section of the machinery and explain the entire working of the broadcasting equipment. Her sudden interest in the transmitter was explained when their engagement was announced to the staff early in April and the wedding date set for some time in June.

Cupid has also been profligate with his darts around WLS, Chicago. During the last few years four romances have culminated in weddings at this station, the most recent of which is the marriage of "Hiram" of the comedy team, "Hiram and Henry," alias Trulan C. Wilder, and Miss May Oliver of Topeka, Kansas. It was when Mr. Wilder was a staff entertainer at WIBW, Topeka, that Miss Oliver heard him on the air. She became a frequent visitor at the station and that is how it all started. Theirs was a Radio wedding broadcast from WLS at 11:30 Saturday night, March 15th. Ralph Waldo Emerson, staff organist, played the wedding march. All of which brings us to more romance.

Four or five years ago, when Mr. Emerson had not been staff organist at WLS for so very long, an attractive young girl, Elsie Mae Look by name, joined the staff as a singer. Of course, Ralph and Elsie worked together in one way and another, and besides she was taking lessons from him. They planned programs, romantic programs, you know, and in no time at all, a wedding. That was in 1926, and it was a Radio wedding, with Ralph playing his own wedding march. Elsie Mae is now Mr. Emerson's substitute at the organ at WLS, so theirs is a dandy little partnership in every sense of the word.

There's the story, too, of John Brown, WLS staff pianist, and Juanita Rae, who was "June" of the popular "Mae and June" team. John used to come up to the studios before he ever was a staff member just because, well, just because "June" was there. Then John, too, became a staff member and the friendship progressed. But when things run along too smoothly nothing really happens. So it was only after John left the studio that an approaching marriage became obvious, and John and "June" decided to start the new year right. They were married on January 1st, 1927. Harriet Lee, who was "Mae" of the same team, also met her husband in the same studios. And now that we've said "husband" the story's told. The lucky man was Koby Sirinsky, talented young violinist, one-time staff member of WLS and more recently a member of Paul Ash's orchestra.

WE'VE called Cupid "whimsical," "mischievous" and other things meaning "not serious," but a horrible doubt comes to mind. Is it possible that
(Continued on page 107)

Reformation of Study 16

(Continued from page 49)

HE WAS stooping to pick up another missile, when the door opened. It was only when the second boot got home on the shin of the person who stood in the doorway that he recognized in that person not Dixon, but Trevor! It was just here that he wished he had tried some other form of amusement that afternoon.

And, indeed, the situation was about as unpleasant as it could be. Even in moments of calm, Trevor was a cause of uneasiness to Bellwood. Here he was unmistakably angry! It so happened that Bellwood's boot had found its billet on the exact spot which a muscular forward from Trinity College, Cambridge, had kicked Trevor in the match of the previous Saturday.

"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood.

"What the blazes are you playing at?" asked Trevor.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the demoralized Bellwood; "I thought you were Dixon."

"And why should you fling boots at Dixon?"

Bellwood, not feeling equal to the explanation that it was the mission in life of people like Dixon to have football boots thrown at them, remained silent; and Trevor, having summed up Bellwood's character in an address in which the words, "skunk, worm" and "disgrace to the house" occurred with what seemed to the recipient of the terms unnecessary frequency, dragged him into the study, produced a stick, and taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month of verbal tuition.

BELLWOOD slunk away down the passage, and halfway to his own study met Davies, released from the form-room and full of his grievances.

To judge from his remarks, Davies did not think highly of Mr. Grey, his form-master. Mr. Grey, in his opinion, was a person of the manners-none-and-customs-horrid type. He had a jolly good mind, had Davies, to go to the head-master about it.

In a word, Davies was savage. Bellwood, eyeing his wrathful friend, was struck with an idea. Trevor's stick had stung like an adder.

"Beastly shame," he agreed, as Davies paused for breath. "It was jolly slow for me, too. I've been putting in the time having a lark with old Dixon. I can't get him to come out, though I've been flinging boots. And his door won't open. I believe he's locked it."

"Has he, by Jove!" muttered Davies; "we'll soon see about that. Stand out of the way."

He retired a few paces and charged towards the door. Bellwood took cover in study twelve, the owner of which happened to be out, and listened.

He heard the scuffle of Davies' feet as he dashed down the passage. Then there was a crash as if the house had fallen. He peeped out. Davies' rush had taken the crazy door off its hinges, and he had gone with it into the study. He had a fleeting view of an infuriated Trevor springing from the ruins. Then, with Davies' howl of anguish ringing in his ears, he closed the door of study twelve softly, and sat down to wait till the storm should have passed by.

AT THE end of a couple of minutes somebody limped past the door. The remnants of Davies, he guessed. He gave him a few moments in which to settle down. Then he followed, and found him

in a dishevelled state in their study.

"Hullo," he said artlessly, "what's up? What happened? Did you get the door open?"

Davies glared suspiciously, scenting sarcasm, but Bellwood's look of astonishment disarmed him.

"Where did you go to?" he inquired.

"Oh, I strolled off. What happened?"

Davies sat down, only to spring up again with a cry of pain. Bellwood recognized the symptoms, and felt better.

"I took the beastly door clean off its hinges. I'd no idea the thing was so wobbly."

"Well, we ragged it a bit the other night, you remember. It was a little rocky then. Was Dixon sick?"

"Dixon! Why, Dixon wasn't in there at all. It was Trevor—of all people! What the dickens was he doing there, I should like to know?"

Bellwood's look of amazement could not have been improved upon.

"Trevor!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure! Oh, you —!" words failed Davies.

"But what was he doing there?"

"That's what I should like to know."

IT WAS really quite simple. Clowes had told the head of the house of Dixon's painful case, and suggested that if he wished to catch Bellwood and his friend "on the hop," as he phrased it, an excellent idea would be to change studies secretly with Dixon. This Trevor had done, with instant and satisfactory results. The ambush had trapped its victims on the first afternoon.

Study Sixteen continued to brood over its misfortunes.

"Beastly low trick changing studies like that," said Davies querulously.

"Beastly," agreed Bellwood.

"That worm Dixon must have been in it. He probably suggested it to Trevor. And now he'll be grinning over it."

This suspicion was quite unfounded. Dixon had probably never grinned in his life.

"I tell you what," said Bellwood suddenly, "if they've changed studies, Dixon must be in Trevor's den now. He's always in the house at this time. He starts swotting directly after school. What's the matter with going and routing him out and ragging him now? He wants it taken out of him for letting us down like that. Come on."

"We'll heave books at him," said Davies with enthusiasm.

And the punitive expedition started.

TREVOR'S study was in the next passage. They advanced stealthily to the door and listened. Somebody coughed inside the room. That was Dixon. They recognized the cough.

"Now," whispered Davies, "when I count three!"

Bellwood nodded, and shifted a Hall and Knight's algebra from his left hand to his right.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM will present you with the Experiment of Stephen Glask — no shooting, no bloodshed. It's a peachy little story with a peachy little girl and a man—Oh whatta MAN!

JULY RADIO DIGEST

"One, two, three."

He turned the handle sharply and flung open the door. At the same moment Bellwood heaved his algebra. It was a snapshot, but Dixon, sitting at the table outlined against the window, made a fine mark.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dixon, as the corner of the projectile took him on the ear.

"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused with Victor Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize" poised. "Sling it in!"

But Bellwood did not throw. The book dropped heavily to the floor. Just as his first shot found its mark he had caught sight of Trevor, seated in a deck chair by the window, reading a novel.

Finding Dixon's study somewhat uncomfortable after Davies had removed the door, he had taken his book to his own den, where he could read in peace (so he thought) without disturbing Dixon's work.

This third attack was the last straw. The matter had become too serious for summary treatment. He must think out a punishment that would fit the crime.

It flashed upon him almost immediately.

"LOOK here," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. You two chaps think you can do just as you like in the house. You're going to find that you can't. You're no good to Donaldson's. You shirk games. You do nothing but eat like pigs and make bally nuisances of yourselves. So you can just choose. I'm going out for a run in a few minutes. You can either come, too, and get into training and play for the house second against Seymour's, or you can take a touching-up in front of the whole house after tea."

Davies and Bellwood looked blankly at one another. Could these things be? For three years they had grown up together like two lilies of the field; they had toiled not, neither had they spun. For three years the only form of exercise they had known had been the daily walk to the school shop. And here was Trevor offering them, as the sole alternative to a house licking, a beastly, violent run. And Trevor was celebrated for the length of his runs when he trained, and also for the rapidity of the same. The thing was impossible. It couldn't be done at any price. Davies bethought him of the excuse which had stood by him so well for the past three years. This was just one of those emergencies for which it had been especially designed. But even as he spoke he could not help feeling that Trevor was not in just the proper frame of mind for medical gossip.

"But," said Davies, "our doctor's certificates. We aren't allowed to play footer."

"Doctor's certificates! Rot! You'd better burn them. Well, are you coming for the run?"

Bellwood clutched at a straw.

"But we've no footer clothes," he said.

"You'd better borrow some, then. If you aren't back in this study, changed, by half past five, you'll get beans. Now get out."

At ten minutes past five a tentative knock sounded on the door. Trevor opened it. There stood the tenants of study sixteen garbed in borrowed football shirts and shorts.

OF THE details of that run no record remains. The trio started off in a south-easterly direction, along the road which led to Little Poolbury. From this it may be deduced that the spin was not a short one. Whenever Trevor had chosen this direction for one of his training runs on previous occasions he had

worked round through Little Poolbury to Much Wenham by road, then across difficult country (ploughed fields, brooks, and the like) to Burlingham, and then back to the school along the high road: the whole distance being between four and five miles. There is no reason for supposing him to have chosen another route on this occasion.

At any rate, as six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps. A yard behind him came Davies in a similar condition, if anything, a shade worse. At the tail of the procession came Trevor, who looked as fresh as when he had started. He wore a pleasant smile. They passed in at Donaldson's gate, and were lost to view.

Study sixteen was subdued that night, but ate an enormous tea, and looked ninety per cent fitter than it had done for years.

And in the last paragraph of the one hundred and eighteenth page of the eleventh volume of the "Wrykynian," you will find these words to be written: "Inter-House Cup (Second Fifteens), Final. Donaldson's v. Seymour's.—This match was played on Saturday, March 10th, and resulted in a win for the former, after a good game by one goal and two tries to a penalty goal. For the winners Kershaw played well at half, and Smith in the center. The pick of the forwards were Bellwood and Davies. The latter's try was a clever piece of play. For Seymour's . . ."

But that's all.

Ted Husing, Out-Doors

(Continued from page 9)

of diction than any other man alive. One of the New York dailies conducted a contest for the best transcription of a broadcast of Ted Husing's running report of a football game. It was the Army-Notre Dame game. The fleet-fingered contestants had thrown up their hands, unable to record the 400 words a minute which Husing reeled off during the hottest action. If he had shown such ability during his try-out as a salesman the world might have lost a champion announcer—and commerce gained just another salesman!

Outstanding over all the other notable accomplishments of his Radio experience, Husing regards his broadcast of the Floyd Bennett funeral as the high point. It appeared almost an impossible task at the beginning. The plans to permit the nation to join in tribute to the brave airman were formulated only the evening before the burial. There were still many obstacles to surmount before this could be done. Grants were necessary from Government officials, the director of the Arlington cemetery and the widow. Husing arrived in Washington at 8 o'clock the next morning. Two hours later he communicated with ten Government officials, many of whom he disturbed from their slumbers. He received permission to proceed providing he received Mrs. Bennett's consent. After she wired her permission he dashed out to Arlington cemetery to supervise the laying of 17,000 feet of wire over stream, hill and forest to the nearest transmitter.

It was only after hours of continuous work in a cold rain that this was accomplished. Then, from a small tent which hardly offered shelter from the wind and heavy rain, he began his vivid and impressive description of the ceremonies. The canvas leaked so badly that the safety of the microphone was threat-

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Artists?

Can You Answer These Questions?

Send Your Answer to Marcella, Radio Digest, Chicago

1. Who was the first Radio pastor?
2. What well known singer heard on NBC programs is of royal lineage and married to a count?
3. Who is the originator of the crooning type of broadcasting?
4. On what instrument did Jimmy Melton begin his musical education?
5. What young Radio singer possesses a repertoire of songs in Italian, German and French?
6. When did Cooney and Joe of the famous Nighthawks first meet?
7. How did Tom Breen, well known NBC announcer, "break in" to the announcing end of Radio?
8. Of what college is Rudy Vallee a graduate?
9. In what profession did Frank Knight gain fame before he started broadcasting?
10. What are the call letters of the only Radio station owned and operated by a women's club?

* * *

Answers to questions in May issue:

1. Don Becker. 2. Poetry. 3. Vincent Lopez. 4. Her father was owner of Andrews Opera Company and her mother an actress. 5. Paul Specht. 6. Golf. 7. Harry Reser. 8. A sea captain. 9. Jack Shannon. 10. WCDA.

ened until he covered it with his hat. Thousands of appreciative letters were received from listeners, but for two weeks Ted was confined to bed with a severe attack of the grippe.

HUSING achieves his tremendous rate of speed by speaking very softly. He likes to adapt his speed to the tempo of the event he is describing. In doing a basketball game, a fast sport, he can keep right up with the ball.

When he told the Radio audience all about the arrival of the Graf Zeppelin last fall his knowledge of the German language served him in fine stead. Eckener and the other members of the crew spoke only in that tongue when introduced, but Ted gave a very fine interpretation of each talk.

Once he did an "ad lib" description of an imaginary prize fight on a program that had everybody around the studio in a feverish state of excitement.

In broadcasting the world series last year he called every play correctly. In fact, he shaded the official scorer on one important decision.

Ted does not remember details of the game unless a particular play happens to be exceptionally spectacular. A friend once remarked, "Why, you saw it, Ted; you described it beautifully." But Ted had to explain that he has to translate the action into words so speedily that it makes no lasting mental impression.

Recently he invented an electrical board for use during football games that provides an efficient, silent and accurate signaling system between his observor

and himself. He is having it patented.

Ted is a great traveler. One of his outstanding records for fast ground-covering was made during the last presidential campaign when he made a hurried trip to the seat of the Republican convention in California to introduce Mr. Hoover to the air for his formal acceptance of the nomination. That same day he left the coast and rushed to Hot Springs, Ark., to introduce Senator Robinson. After an appearance in New York City he dashed to Washington where he opened the Republican Radio campaign. During the last football season he traveled 13,000 miles to broadcast thirteen games.

He is married and has a five-year-old daughter. They are both listed among his severest critics.

WHEN Helen Morgan came into the studios for a program a short time ago she appeared quite ill at ease. Ted was not long in finding the trouble. After introducing himself, he ordered a piano moved over to the actress, assisted her on it, and then offered his handkerchief. Part of his duty is to know as much as possible about celebrities and their idiosyncrasies, and he believed Miss Morgan would feel much more at home when sitting on a piano with a handkerchief in hand. It worked.

He calls Major J. Andrew White the "dean of all sports announcers." Of Graham MacNamee he said over the air: "No one, in my opinion, will ever approach his tremendous record of broadcast achievement." He gives due credit to Jack Filman, Pat Flanagan, Ernie Smith and other leading announcers.

Trick clothes, including double-breasted vests, prominently striped suits and shirts, pleated trousers, blue tuxedos, a beaver coat and brilliantly hued ties are all to be seen in his wardrobe.

He is witty. Always knows just what to say no matter what the situation. Hates puns. Leaves the room whenever anyone makes a play on his name. "Shake well before using" is the one most frequently used.

"You rat," is his usual greeting to friends with whom he is particularly intimate. Coming from Ted, it is regarded as a term of affection.

The young man takes great delight in mimicking announcers and artists to the subject's complete satisfaction. He is often called upon for a series of his famous imitations. Incidentally, he is the only one who can "kid" Paul Whiteman and make the "king of jazz" like it. They are great friends.

"Ted Husing's Sportslants" is the name of his program in which he presents leading figures in the sporting world. It is his favorite broadcast and is popular with all sports lovers, who have already listened to Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Vincent Richards and others during the series.

Paul Whiteman gave him a portable phonograph. He plays the records of Duke Ellington and his band on it, and is passionately fond of their blatant music. Ted always takes great pleasure in going up to the Cotton club to announce their programs.

Erect and courageous, he has the carriage of a West Point cadet, the physique of a well-trained athlete, the features of a young treader, and exudes an air of success with natural aplomb.

Ted admits he is conceited. But it isn't conceit in the true sense of the word. It is a man laughing as a means of keeping his perspective after he has cleared a lot of hard groundwork in a short time and become thoroughly expert in his chosen field.

If he is as conceited as he claims to be, what of it?—aren't we all?

Stations Alphabetically Listed

Details of Frequency and Wave Lengths of American Stations Will Be Found in Official Wave Lengths Table on Pages 102 and 103 of this Issue

K		W	
KCRC..... Enid, Okla.	KGFL..... Vaton, N. Mex.	KTUE..... Houston, Texas	WCLS..... Joliet, Ill.
KDB..... Santa Barbara, Calif.	KGFW..... Ravenna, Neb.	KTW..... Seattle, Wash.	WCMA..... Culver, Ind.
KDKA..... Pittsburgh, Pa.	KGFX..... Pierre, S. D.	KUI..... Long View, Wash.	WCOA..... Pensacola, Fla.
KDLR..... Devils Lake, N. D.	KGGC..... San Francisco, Calif.	KUO..... Fayetteville, Ark.	WCOC..... Meridan, Miss.
KDYL..... Salt Lake City, Utah	KGGF..... Picher, Okla.	KUSD..... Vermillion, S. D.	WCOD..... Harrisburg, Pa.
KECA..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KGGM..... Albuquerque, N. M.	KUT..... Austin, Tex.	WCOH..... Greenville, N. Y.
KEJK..... Beverly Hills, Calif.	KGHB..... Honolulu, Hawaii	KVI..... Tacoma, Wash.	WCRW..... Chicago, Ill.
KELW..... Burbank, Calif.	KGHD..... Missoula, Mont.	KVL..... Seattle, Wash.	WCWS..... Portland, Me.
KEX..... Portland, Ore.	KGHF..... Pueblo, Colo.	KVOA..... Tucson, Ariz.	WCWO..... Springfield, Ohio
KFAB..... Lincoln, Neb.	KGHG..... McGehee, Ark.	KVOO..... Tulsa, Okla.	WDAE..... Tampa, Fla.
KFBB..... Great Falls, Mont.	KGHI..... Little Rock, Ark.	KVOS..... Bellingham, Wash.	WDAF..... Kansas City, Mo.
KFBK..... Sacramento, Calif.	KGHL..... Billings, Mont.	KVBS..... Portland, Ore.	WDAG..... Amarillo, Tex.
KFBM..... Everett, Wash.	KGIO..... Twin Falls, Idaho	KWCR..... Cedar Rapids, Iowa	WDAH..... El Paso, Tex.
KFDM..... Beaumont, Tex.	KGIR..... Butte, Mont.	KWEA..... Shreveport, La.	WDAY..... Fargo, N. D.
KFDY..... Brookings, S. D.	KGIV..... Trinidad, Colo.	KWGW..... Brownsville, Tex.	WDBI..... Roanoke, Va.
KFEL..... Denver, Colo.	KGJW..... Las Vegas, Nev.	KWJW..... Stockton, Calif.	WDBO..... Orlando, Fla.
KFEQ..... St. Joseph, Mo.	KGJF..... Little Rock, Ark.	KWJL..... St. Louis, Mo.	WDEL..... Wilmington, Del.
KFGQ..... Boone, Ia.	KGKB..... Brownwood, Tex.	KWKC..... Kansas City, Mo.	WDGY..... Minneapolis, Minn.
KFHA..... Gunnison, Colo.	KGKL..... San Angelo, Tex.	KWKH..... Shreveport, La.	WDOD..... Chattanooga, Tenn.
KFI..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KGKO..... Wichita Falls, Tex.	KWLC..... Decorah, Iowa	WDRC..... New Haven, Conn.
KFIF..... Spokane, Wash.	KGKX..... Sand Point, Idaho	KWSC..... Pullman, Wash.	WDSU..... New Orleans, La.
KFIU..... Juneau, Alaska	KGKY..... Scottsbluff, Neb.	KWWG..... Brownsville, Tex.	WDWF..... Cranston, R. I.
KFIZ..... Fond du Lac, Wis.	KGO..... Oakland, Calif.	KWYO..... Laramie, Wyo.	WDZ..... Tuscola, Ill.
KFJB..... Marshalltown, Ia.	KGRS..... Amarillo, Tex.	KXA..... Seattle, Wash.	WEAF..... New York City
KFJF..... Oklahoma City, Okla.	KGU..... Honolulu, Hawaii	KXL..... Portland, Ore.	WEAL..... Ithaca, N. Y.
KFJL..... Astoria, Ore.	KGW..... Portland, Ore.	KXO..... El Centro, Calif.	WEAN..... Providence, R. I.
KFJM..... Grand Forks, N. D.	KGY..... Lacy, Wash.	KXRO..... Aberdeen, Wash.	WEAO..... Columbus, Ohio
KFJR..... Portland, Ore.	KHJ..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KYV..... Chicago, Ill.	WEAR..... Cleveland, Ohio
KFYI..... Fort Dodge, Ia.	KHO..... Spokane, Wash.	KZIB..... Manila, P. I.	WEBC..... Duluth, Minn.
KFZ..... Fort Worth, Tex.	KICK..... Red Oak, Ia.	KZKZ..... Manila, P. I.	WEBE..... Cambridge, O.
KFKA..... Greeley, Colo.	KID..... Idaho Falls, Idaho	KZM..... Hayward, Calif.	WEBQ..... Harrisburg, Ill.
KFKB..... Milford, Kans.	KIDO..... Boise, Idaho	KZRM..... Manila, P. I.	WEBR..... Buffalo, N. Y.
KFKU..... Lawrence, Kans.	KIT..... Yakima, Wash.		WEBW..... Beloit, Wis.
KFKX..... Chicago, Ill.	KJBS..... San Francisco, Calif.		WEDC..... Chicago, Ill.
KFKZ..... Kirksville, Mo.	KJR..... Seattle, Wash.		WEDH..... Erie, Pa.
KFLV..... Rockford, Ill.	KJCN..... Blytheville, Ark.		WEEL..... Boston, Mass.
KFLX..... Galveston, Tex.	KLO..... Ogden, Utah		WEHS..... Evanston, Ill.
KFMX..... Northfield, Minn.	KLRA..... Little Rock, Ark.		WELK..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KFNF..... Shenandoah, Ia.	KLS..... Oakland, Calif.		WEMC..... Berrien Springs, Mich.
KFOR..... Lincoln, Neb.	KLX..... Oakland, Calif.		WENR..... Chicago, Ill.
KFOX..... Long Beach, Calif.	KLZ..... Denver, Colo.		WEPS..... Gloucester, Mass.
KFPL..... Dublin, Texas	KMA..... Shenandoah, Ia.		WEVD..... Woodhaven, N. Y.
KFPM..... Greenville, Texas	KMBC..... Kansas City, Mo.		WEW..... St. Louis, Mo.
KFPW..... Wilton Springs, Ark.	KMED..... Medford, Ore.		WEFA..... Dallas, Tex.
KFPY..... Spokane, Wash.	KMIC..... Inglewood, Calif.		WFAN..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KFOA..... Kirkwood, Mo.	KMJ..... Fresno, Calif.		WFBC..... Knoxville, Tenn.
KFOU..... Anchorage, Alaska	KMMJ..... Clay Center, Neb.		WFBE..... Cincinnati, O.
KFOV..... Holy City, Calif.	KMO..... Tacoma, Wash.		WFBJ..... Collegeville, Pa.
KFOW..... Seattle, Wash.	KMOX..... St. Louis, Mo.		WFBL..... Syracuse, N. Y.
KFOZ..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KMTR..... Hollywood, Calif.		WFBM..... Indianapolis, Ind.
KFRC..... San Francisco, Calif.	KNA..... Los Angeles, Calif.		WFBF..... Baltimore, Md.
KFRU..... Columbia, Mo.	KOA..... Denver, Colo.		WFDF..... Flint, Mich.
KFSD..... San Diego, Calif.	KOAC..... Corvallis, Ore.		WFDW..... Talladega, Ala.
KFSG..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KOB..... State College, N. M.		WFGB..... Altoona, Pa.
KFUL..... Galveston, Tex.	KOCW..... Chickasha, Okla.		WFI..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KFUM..... Colorado Springs, Colo.	KOH..... Reno, Nev.		WFIW..... Hopkinsville, Ky.
KFUO..... St. Louis, Mo.	KOIL..... Council Bluffs, Ia.		WFJC..... Akron, O.
KFUP..... Denver, Colo.	KOIN..... Portland, Ore.		WFKD..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KFV..... Culver City, Calif.	KOL..... Seattle, Wash.		WFLA..... Clearwater, Fla.
KFVS..... Cape Girardeau, Mo.	KOMO..... Seattle, Wash.		WFDV..... Rome, Ga.
KFWB..... Hollywood, Calif.	KONO..... San Antonio, Tex.		WGAL..... Lancaster, Pa.
KFWC..... Ontario, Calif.	KOOS..... Marshfield, Ore.		WGBB..... Freeport, N. Y.
KFWF..... St. Louis, Mo.	KORE..... Eugene, Ore.		WGBC..... Memphis, Tenn.
KFWI..... San Francisco, Calif.	KOV..... Phoenix, Ariz.		WGBF..... Evansville, Ind.
KFWM..... Oakland, Calif.	KPCB..... Seattle, Wash.		WGBI..... Scranton, Pa.
KFXD..... Jerome, Idaho	KPJM..... Prescott, Ariz.		WGBS..... New York City
KFXF..... Denver, Colo.	KPO..... San Francisco, Calif.		WGCM..... Gulfport, Miss.
KFXJ..... Edgewater, Colo.	KPOF..... Denver, Colo.		WGCP..... Newark, N. J.
KFXM..... San Bernardino, Calif.	KPPC..... Pasadena, Calif.		WGES..... Chicago, Ill.
KFXR..... Oklahoma City, Okla.	KPPS..... Pasadena, Calif.		WGH..... Newport News, Va.
KFXV..... Flagstaff, Ariz.	KPRC..... Houston, Tex.		WGHF..... Detroit, Mich.
KFYO..... Abilene, Tex.	KPSN..... Pasadena, Calif.		WGL..... Ft. Wayne, Ind.
KFYR..... Bismarck, N. D.	KPWF..... Westminster, Calif.		WGM..... St. Paul, Minn.
KGA..... Spokane, Wash.	KQV..... Pittsburgh, Pa.		WGN..... Chicago, Ill.
EGAR..... Tucson, Ariz.	KRE..... Berkeley, Calif.		WGR..... Buffalo, N. Y.
RGB..... San Diego, Calif.	KREG..... Santa Anna, Calif.		WGST..... Savannah, Ga.
RGBU..... Ketchikan, Alaska	KRGV..... Harlingen, Tex.		WGY..... Schenectady, N. Y.
RGBN..... St. Joseph, Mo.	KRLD..... Dallas, Tex.		WHA..... Madison, Wis.
RGBZ..... York, Neb.	KRMD..... Shreveport, La.		WHAD..... Milwaukee, Wis.
KGCA..... Decorah, Iowa	KRSC..... Seattle, Wash.		WHAM..... Rochester, N. Y.
KGCI..... San Antonio, Tex.	KSAC..... Manhattan, Kans.		WHAP..... New York City
KGCC..... Concordia, Kan.	KSAT..... Fort Worth, Tex.		WHAS..... Louisville, Ky.
KGCR..... Watertown, S. D.	KSCJ..... Sioux City, Ia.		WHAT..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KGCU..... Mandan, N. D.	KSD..... St. Louis, Mo.		WHAZ..... Troy, N. Y.
KGDX..... Wolf Point, Mont.	KSEL..... Pocatello, Idaho		WHB..... Kansas City, Mo.
KGDA..... Dell Rapids, S. D.	KSL..... Salt Lake City, Utah		WHBC..... Canton, Ohio
KGDE..... Fergus Falls, Minn.	KSMR..... Santa Maria, Calif.		WHBD..... Mount Orab, O.
KGDM..... Stockton, Calif.	KSO..... Clarinda, Ia.		WHBF..... Rock Island, Ill.
KGDR..... San Antonio, Tex.	KSOO..... Sioux Falls, S. D.		WHBL..... Sheboygan, Wis.
KGDY..... Oldham, S. D.	KSTP..... St. Paul, Minn.		WHBO..... Memphis, Tenn.
KGFE..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KTAB..... Oakland, Calif.		WHBU..... Anderson, Ind.
KGEG..... Yuma, Colo.	KTAP..... San Antonio, Tex.		WHBW..... Philadelphia, Pa.
KGEE..... Long Beach, Calif.	KTAR..... Phoenix, Ariz.		WHBY..... West DePere, Wis.
KGEW..... Ft. Morgan, Colo.	KTBL..... Los Angeles, Calif.		WHDF..... Calumet, Mich.
KGEX..... Kalispell, Mont.	KTBR..... Portland, Ore.		WHDH..... Gloucester, Mass.
KGFF..... Alva, Okla.	KTBS..... Shreveport, La.		WHDI..... Minneapolis, Minn.
KGFG..... Oklahoma City, Okla.	KTHS..... Hot Springs, Ark.		WHDL..... Tupper Lake, N. Y.
KGFI..... Corpus Christi, Tex.	KTLC..... Richmond, Texas.		WHEC..... Rochester, N. Y.
KGFL..... Los Angeles, Calif.	KTLM..... Los Angeles, Calif.		WHFC..... Cicero, Ill.
KGFK..... Hallock, Minn.	KTNT..... Muscatine, Ia.		WHIS..... Bluefield, W. Va.
	KTTH..... Austin, Texas		WHK..... Cleveland, O.
	KTSA..... San Antonio, Tex.		WHN..... New York City
	KTSL..... Shreveport, La.		WHO..... Des Moines, Ia.
	KTSM..... El Paso, Texas		WHP..... Harrisburg, Pa.
			WHQ..... Kenosha, Wis.

WMBR Tampa, Fla.
 WMC Memphis, Tenn.
 WMCA New York City
 WMBS Boston, Mass.
 WMMN Fairmont, W. Va.
 WMPC Lapeer, Mich.
 WMRJ Jamaica, N. Y.
 WMSG New York City
 WMT Waterloo, Ia.
 WNAC Boston, Mass.
 WNAD Norman, Okla.
 WNAT Philadelphia, Pa.
 WNAX Yankton, S. D.
 WNBH Binghamton, N. Y.
 WNBH New Bedford, Mass.
 WNBK Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNBW Washington, Pa.
 WNBW Memphis, Tenn.
 WNBW Carbondale, Pa.
 WNBX Springfield, Vt.
 WNBZ Saranac, N. Y.
 WNI Newark, N. J.
 WNOX Knoxville, Tenn.
 WNRC Greensboro, N. C.
 WNYC New York City
 WOAL San Antonio, Tex.
 WOAN Lawrenceburg, Tenn.
 WOAN Trenton, N. J.
 WOBT Union City, Tenn.
 WOBV Charleston, W. Va.
 WOC Davenport, Ia.
 WODA Paterson, N. J.
 WOI Ames, Ia.
 WOKO Beacon, N. Y.
 WOL Washington, D. C.
 WOMET Manitowoc, Wis.
 WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich.
 WOPI Bristol, Va.
 WOO Kansas City, Mo.
 WOR Newark, N. J.
 WORC Worcester, Mass.
 WORD Chicago, Ill.
 WOS Jefferson City, Mo.
 WOV New York City
 WOW Omaha, Neb.
 WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 WPAP Palisade, N. Y.
 WPAP Pawtucket, R. I.
 WPC Chicago, Ill.
 WPC Hoboken, N. J.
 WPEN Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPG Atlantic City, N. J.
 WPOE Patocogue, N. Y.
 WPOR Norfolk, Va.
 WPS State College, Pa.
 WPS Philadelphia, Pa.
 WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
 WOAM Miami, Fla.
 WOAN Scranton, Pa.
 WOAO Palisade, N. Y.
 WQB Vicksburg, Miss.

WQBZ Weirton, W. Va.
 WRAF La Porte, Ind.
 WRAK Williamsport, Pa.
 WRAW Reading, Pa.
 WRAX Philadelphia, Pa.
 WRBC Valparaiso, Ind.
 WRBI Tifton, Ga.
 WRBJ Hattiesburg, Miss.
 WRBL Columbus, Ga.
 WRBO Greenville, Miss.
 WRBT Wilmington, N. C.
 WRBU Gastonia, N. C.
 WRD Washington, D. C.
 WREC Memphis, Tenn.
 WREN Lawrence, Kans.
 WRHM Minneapolis, Minn.
 WRJN Racine, Wis.
 WRK Hamilton, Ohio
 WRNY New York City
 WRR Dallas, Tex.
 WRUF Gainesville, Fla.
 WRVA Richmond, Va.
 WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio
 WSAJ Grove City, Pa.
 WSAN Allentown, Pa.
 WSAR Fall River, Mass.
 WSAZ Huntington, W. Va.
 WSB Atlanta, Ga.
 WSB Chicago, Ill.
 WSBT So. Bend, Ind.
 WSDA Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSEA Portsmouth, Va.
 WSGH Brooklyn, N. Y.
 WSI Sarasota, Fla.
 WSIX Springfield, Tenn.
 WSM Nashville, Tenn.
 WSMB New Orleans, La.
 WSM Salisbury, Md.
 WSMK Dayton, Ohio
 WSPA Spartenburg, S. C.
 WSPD Toledo, Ohio
 WSSH Boston, Mass.
 WSUL Iowa City, Iowa
 WSUN St. Petersburg, Fla.
 WSVS Buffalo, N. Y.
 WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
 WTAD Quincy, Ill.
 WTAG Worcester, Mass.
 WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
 WTAO Eau Claire, Wis.
 WTAR Norfolk, Va.
 WTAV College Station, Tex.
 WTAN Streator, Ill.
 WTBO Cumberland, Md.
 WTFI Toocoo, Ga.
 WTI Hartford, Conn.
 WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
 WTNT Nashville, Tenn.
 WTOC Savannah, Ga.

WWAE Hammond, Ind.
 WWJ Detroit, Mich.
 WWL New Orleans, La.
 WWNC Asheville, N. C.
 WWRL Woodside, N. Y.
 WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
Canada
 CFAC-CNRC Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CFBO St John, N. B., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 50w.
 CFCA-CROW CNRT Toronto, Ont., 357.1m, 840kc, 500w.
 CFCE Montreal, P. Q., 291.3m, 1030kc, 1650w.
 CFCH Iroquois Falls, Ont., 500m, 599.6kc, 250w.
 CFCC-CNRC Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CFCCO Chatham, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CFCT Victoria, B. C., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
 CFCV Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 250w.
 CFJC Kamloops, B. C., 267.9m, 1120kc, 15w.
 CFLC Prescott, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CFNB Fredericton, N. B., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CFQC CNRS Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 4000w.
 CFRB-CJBC King York Co., Ont., 312.5m, 960kc, 4000w.
 CFRK Kingston, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 500w.
 CHCK Charlottetown, P. E. I., 312.5m, 960kc, 30w.
 CHGS Summerside, P. E. I., 267.9m, 1120kc, 25w.
 CHMA Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 250w.
 CHML Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CHNS Halifax, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 500w.
 CHRC Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 100w.
 CHWC-CFR Pilot Butte, Sask., 312.5m, 960kc, 500w.
 CHVK Chilliwic, B. C., 247.9m, 1210kc, 5w.
 CHYC Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 500w.

CJCA - CNRE Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CJCB Sydney, N. S., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CJCJ-CHCA Calgary, Alta., 434.8m, 690kc, 500w.
 CJGC-CNRI London, Ont., 329.7m, 910kc, 500w.
 CJGN Yorkton, Sask., 476.2m, 629.9kc, 500w.
 CJHS Saskatoon, Sask., 329.7m, 910kc, 250w.
 CJOC Lethbridge, Alta., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
 CJOR Sea Island, B. C., 291.3m, 1030kc, 50w.
 CJRM Moose Jaw, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
 CJRW Fleming, Sask., 500m, 599.6kc, 500w.
 CJRN Winnipeg, Man., 25.6m, 1171.6kc, 2000w.
 CKAC-CNRM Montreal, P. Q., 411m, 729.9kc, 5000w.
 CKCD-CHLS Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKCI Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKCT Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKCO Ottawa, Ont., 337.1m, 889.9kc, 100w.
 CKCR Waterloo, Ont., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CKCV-CNRO Quebec, P. Q., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKFC Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKIC Wolfville, N. S., 322.6m, 930kc, 50w.
 CKGW Bowmanville, Ont., 434.8m, 690kc, 5000w.
 CKLC - CHCT, Red Deer, Alta., 357.1m, 840kc, 1000w.
 CKMC Cobalt, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 15w.
 CKMO Vancouver, B. C., 411m, 729.9kc, 50w.
 CKNC-CJBC Toronto, Ont., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.
 CKOC Hamilton, Ont., 340.9m, 880kc, 50w.
 CKPC Preston, Ont., 247.9m, 1210kc, 50w.
 CKPR Midland, Ont., 267.9m, 1120kc, 50w.
 CKSH Montreal, P. Q., 297m, 1010kc, 50w.
 CKUA Edmonton, Alta., 517.2m, 580.4kc, 500w.

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

Cuba

CMBA Havana, 255m, 1176kc, 50w.
 CMBC Havana, 338m, 887kc, 100w.
 CMBD Havana, 482m, 622.4kc, 50w.
 CMBQ Havana, 315m, 952kc, 50w.
 CMBS Havana, 441m, 680.2kc, 50w.
 CMBW Mariana, 292m, 1027kc, 50w.
 CMBY Havana, 490m, 611.9kc, 200w.
 CMBZ Havana, 292m, 1027kc, 100w.
 CMC Havana, 357m, 840kc, 500w.
 CMCA Havana, 264m, 1136kc, 100w.
 CMCB Havana, 315m, 952kc, 150w.
 CMCE Havana, 273m, 1098.7kc, 100w.
 CMCF Havana, 466m, 643.7kc, 250w.
 CMGA Colon, 360m, 832.8kc, 300w.
 CMHA Cienfuegos, 260m, 1153kc, 200w.
 CMHC Taincu, 379m, 791kc, 500w.
 CMHD Caibarien, 325m, 923kc, 250w.
 CMI Havana, 368m, 815.2kc, 500w.
 CMK Havana, 410m, 731.3kc, 2000w.
 CMW Havana, 500m, 599.6kc, 1000w.
 CMX Havana, 327m, 914.3kc, 250w.

RADIO DIGEST DIAMOND MERITUM AWARD

Rules and Conditions Governing Contest for Choosing America's Most Popular Radio Program, Organization or Artist

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for March, 1930, and ends at midnight, September 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, September 20, 1930.
 2. Balloting by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.
 3. When sent singly each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:
 For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.
 For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.
 For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.
 For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.
 For each six consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.
 For each seven consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of seventy-five votes will be allowed.
 4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription direct...	\$4.00	150 votes
2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	8.00	325 votes
3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	12.00	500 votes
4-year; four 1-year; two 2-year; one 3-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	16.00	750 votes
5-year; five 1-year; one 2-year, and one 3-year; two 2-year and one 1-year; one 4-year and one 1-year; paid in advance mail subscriptions direct	20.00	1,000 votes
10-year; ten 1-year; five 2-year; three 3-year and one 1-year; two 4-year and one 2 or two 1-year; two 5-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct..	40.00	2,500 votes

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

New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. District number two, known as the "SOUTH," will comprise the states of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Kentucky. District number three, known as the "MIDDLE WEST," will include the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri. District number four, known as the "WEST," will comprise the states of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico. District number five, known as the "FAR WEST," will consist of the states of Idaho, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Washington, and Oregon.
 6. The program or organization or artist receiving the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM, ORGANIZATION OR ARTIST and the program sponsor or organization or artist will be presented with the Radio Digest Diamond Meritum Award. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the program or organization or artist holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared the most popular program or organization or artist of their district and each given a Radio Digest Gold Meritum Award. No program or organization or artist is to receive more than one prize.
 7. In the event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, prizes of identical value will be given to each tying contestant.
 8. Any question that may arise during the contest will be decided by the Contest Editor, and his decision will be final.

Official Wave Lengths

Kilo-Meters	Cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo-Meters	Cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location	Kilo-Meters	Cycles	Watts	Call Signal	Location
199.9	1,500	100	KDB	Santa Barbara, Calif.	218.8	1,370	50	KFBL	Everett, Wash.	230.6	1,300	500	WEVD	Woodhaven, N. Y.
		100	KCFI	Corpus Christi, Texas			100	KHJ	Astoria, Ore.			1,000	WHAP	Camden, N. J.
		50	KGHX	Richmond, Tex.			100	KFJM	Grand Forks, N. D.			500	WHAZ	Troy, N. Y.
		100	KGKB	Brownwood, Texas			100	KFJZ	Fort Worth, Texas			1,000	WIOD	Miami Beach, Fla.
		100	KGKY	Scottsbluff, Neb.			100	KFLX	Calveston, Texas			1,000	WQQ	Kansas City, Mo.
		100	KPFJM	Prescott, Ariz.			250	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (day)	232.4	1,290	1,000	KDYL	Salt Lake City, Utah
		100	KUJ	Long View, Wash.			100	KGAR	Tucson, Ariz. (night)			500	KFUL	Galveston, Texas
		50	KTLC	Richmond, Tex.			100	KGCA	San Antonio, Texas			50	KLCN	Blytheville, Ark.
		15	KVEP	Portland, Ore.			15	KGDA	Dell Rapids, S. D.			2,000	KTSA	San Antonio, Texas (day)
		100	WCLB	Long Beach, N. Y.			100	KGFC	Oklahoma City, Okla.			1,000	KTS	San Antonio, Texas (night)
		250	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (day)			50	KGFL	Raton, N. M.			1,000	WEBC	Superior, Wis.
		100	WKBV	Connersville, Ind. (night)			100	KGGM	Albuquerque, N. M.			1,000	WJAS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		50	WKBZ	Ludington, Mich.			100	KGKL	San Angelo, Texas			50	WNBZ	Saranac Lake, N. Y.
		100	WLEX	Long Island City, N. Y.			100	KONO	San Antonio, Texas	234.2	1,280	2,500	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (day)
		250	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (day)			200	KLO	Ogden, Utah (day)			1,000	KFBB	Great Falls, Mont. (night)
		100	WLOE	Boston, Mass. (night)			100	KOH	Reno, Nev.			500	WCAM	Camden, N. J.
		100	WMBA	Newport, R. I.			100	KOOS	Marshfield, Ore.			500	WCAP	Asbury Park, N. J.
		100	WMBJ	S. Pittsburgh, Pa.			100	KRE	Berkeley, Calif.			2,500	WDD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (day)
		100	WMBQ	Brooklyn, N. Y.			100	KVL	Seattle, Wash.			1,000	WDD	Chattanooga, Tenn. (night)
		50	WMES	Boston, Mass.			100	KWKC	Kansas City, Mo.			500	WOAX	Trenton, N. J.
		100	WMPG	Lapeer, Mich.			100	KZM	Hayward, Calif.			500	WRR	Dallas, Texas
		50	WMBF	Binghamton, N. Y.			100	WBBL	Richmond, Va.	236.1	1,270	1,000	KFUM	Colorado Springs, Colo.
		100	WOPI	Bristol, Tenn.			250	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (day)			50	KCCA	Decorah, Iowa
		100	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (day)			100	WCBM	Baltimore, Md. (night)			1,000	KOL	Seattle, Wash.
		250	WPEN	Philadelphia, Pa. (night)			100	WEHC	Emory, Va.			1,000	KTW	Seattle, Wash.
		100	WRR	Woodside, N. Y.			100	WELK	Philadelphia, Pa.			100	KWLC	Newark, Iowa
201.6	1,490	5,000	WORD	Batavia, Ill.			100	WFBJ	Collegeville, Minn.			500	WASH	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		5,000	WCKY	Covington, Ky.			100	WVFD	Rome, Ga.			250	WFBR	Baltimore, Md.
		5,000	WJAZ	Mt. Prospect, Ill.			100	WGL	Ft. Wayne, Ind.			500	WEAI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		5,000	WCHI	Chicago, Ill.			100	WHBF	Bellevue, Ohio			500	WOOD	Grand Rapids, Mich.
		10,000	KPWF	Westminster, Calif.			100	WHBQ	Memphis, Tenn.			1,000	WJDX	Jackson, Miss.
202.6	1,480	5,000	KFJF	Oklahoma City, Okla.			100	WHDF	Calumet, Mich.			1,000	KOIL	Council Bluffs, Iowa
		5,000	WKBW	Amherst, N. Y.			1,000	WHDH	Calumet, Mich.	238	1,260	1,000	KRCV	Hartington, Texas.
204	1,470	5,000	KGA	Spokane, Wash.			100	WIBM	Jackson, Mich.			500	KVOC	Tucson, Ariz.
		5,000	WEX	Nashville, Tenn.			50	WJBK	Ypsilanti, Mich.			500	KWVC	Brownsville, Texas
		5,000	WTNT	Nashville, Tenn.			100	WLEX	Lexington, Mass.			1,000	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (day)
205.4	1,460	10,000	KSTP	St. Paul, Minn.			100	WMBR	Tampa, Fla.			500	WLBW	Oil City, Pa. (night)
		10,000	WJSV	Mt. Vernon Hills			50	WPOE	Patchogue, N. Y.			500	WTOC	Savannah, Ga.
206.8	1,450	500	WFIC	Akron, Ohio			10	WRAK	Williamsport, Pa.	239.9	1,250	1,000	KIDO	Boise, Idaho
		1,000	KTBS	Shreveport, La.			100	WRBJ	Hattiesburg, Miss.			1,000	KFMX	Northfield, Minn.
		250	WBMS	Hackensack, N. J.			100	WRBT	Wilmingon, N. C.			1,000	KFOX	Long Beach, Calif.
		500	WCOS	Springfield, Ohio			100	WSJN	Racine, Wis.			1,000	WAAM	Asbury Park, N. J. (night)
		250	WBS	Elizabeth, N. J.			500	WYS	Buffalo, N. Y.			2,000	WAAM	Newark, N. J. (day)
		250	WKBO	Jersey City, N. J.	220.4	1,360	500	KCIR	Butte, Mont.			1,000	WCAL	Northfield, Minn.
		250	WNYJ	Newark, N. J.			1,000	WFBI	Syracuse, N. Y.			1,000	WDSU	New Orleans, La.
		250	WSAR	Fall River, Mass.			250	KGER	Long Beach, Calif.			250	WGCS	Newark, N. J.
		250	WTLI	Toccoa, Ga.			1,000	KPSM	Pasadena, Calif.			1,000	WODA	Newark, N. J.
208.2	1,440	250	KLS	Oakland, Calif.			500	WCES	Chicago			1,000	WRHM	Fridley, Minn.
		250	WCBA	Allentown, Pa.			1,250	WJKS	Gary, Ind. (day)			1,000	KSAT	Fort Worth, Texas
		500	WHCC	WABO Rochester, N. Y.			500	WJH	Gary, Ind. (night)			1,000	WJAD	Waco, Texas
		1,000	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (day)	222.1	1,350	1,000	WQBC	St. Louis, Mo.			1,000	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (day)
		500	WMBD	Peoria Hgts., Ill. (night)			250	KWK	St. Louis, Mo.			500	WSPD	Toledo, Ohio (night)
		500	WNRG	Greensboro, N. C.			250	WBNY	New York, N. Y.			1,000	WGHP	Detroit, Mich.
		500	WOKO	Mt. Beacon, N. Y.			250	WCDA	New York, N. Y.			1,000	KFQD	Anchorage, Alaska
		250	WSAN	Allentown, Pa.			250	WKBO	New York, N. Y.			1,000	KYA	San Francisco, Calif.
		500	WTAD	Quincy, Ill.			250	WMSG	New York, N. Y.			500	KYB	Albuquerque, N. M.
209.7	1,430	500	WBAK	Harrisburg, Pa.			50	KFPW	Siloam Springs, Ark.			1,000	WFBM	Indianapolis, Ind.
		500	WBRL	Tilton, N. H.			500	KFPY	Spokane, Wash.			1,000	WBIS	WNAK Boston, Mass.
		500	WCAH	Columbus, Ohio			250	WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.			500	WPSC	State College, Pa.
		500	WCBG	Memphis, Tenn.			2,500	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (day)			500	WSBT	South Bend, Ind.
		500	WHF	Harrisburg, Pa.			1,000	KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa (night)			1,000	KFKU	Lawrence, Kan.
		1,000	KECA	Los Angeles, Calif.			250	KSB	San Diego, Calif.	245.8	1,220	1,000	KWCS	Fullman, Wash.
211.1	1,420	100	KFIF	Portland, Ore.			500	WDRG	New Haven, Conn.			500	WCAE	Pittsburgh, Pa.
		100	KFIZ	Fond du Lac, Wis.			1,000	WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio			1,000	WDAA	Tampa, Fla.
		100	KFQU	Holy City, Calif.			1,000	WTAQ	Eau Claire, Wis.			1,000	WREN	Lawrence, Kan.
		100	KFQW	Seattle, Wash.	227.1	1,320	500	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (day)			100	KDLR	Devils Lake, N. D.
		50	KFXD	Jerome, Idaho			250	KGHF	Pueblo, Colo. (night)			250	KFOR	Lincoln, Neb. (day)
		250	KFYD	Abilene, Texas (day)			250	KGIO	Twin Falls, Idaho			100	KFMJ	Lincoln, Neb. (night)
		100	KFYD	Abilene, Texas (night)			500	KID	Idaho Falls (day)			100	KFVS	Cape Girardeau, Mo.
		100	KFKY	Flagstaff, Ariz.			1,000	KID	Idaho Falls (night)			100	KGCR	Brookings, S. D.
		100	KGFF	Alva, Okla.			1,000	KREG	Santa Anna, Calif.			100	KMJ	Fresno, Calif.
		250	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (day)			1,000	WADC	Akron, Ohio			100	KPCB	Seattle, Wash.
		100	WSPA	Spartanburg, S. C. (night)			500	WSMB	New Orleans, La.			50	KPPC	Pasadena, Calif.
		50	KGCC	San Francisco, Cal.	228.9	1,310	100	KFBK	Sacramento, Calif.			50	KPQ	Wetche, Wash.
		100	KGIW	Trinidad, Colo.			100	KFGQ	Boone, Iowa			100	KWEA	Shreveport, La.
		100	KGKX	Sandpoint, Idaho			10	KJUN	Juneau, Alaska			100	KFXM	San Bernardino, Calif.
		100	KGIX	Las Vegas, Nev.			100	KFYJ	Fort Dodge, Iowa			100	WBAX	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
		100	KICK	Red Oak, Iowa			100	KFPL	Dublin, Texas			100	WCBS	Springfield, Ill.
		100	KILPM	Minot, N. D.			15	KFPM	Greenville, Texas			100	WCOH	Springville, N. Y.
		100	KORE	Eugene, Ore.			100	KFUP	Denver, Colo.			100	WCRW	Chicago, Ill.
		100	KTAP	San Antonio, Texas			50	KFXJ	Edgewater, Colo.			100	WDWF	WLSI Providence, R. I.
		100	KTUE	Houston, Texas.			250	KFXR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (day)			100	WEBO	Harrisburg, Ill.
		100	KXL	Portland, Ore.			100	KFXR	Oklahoma City, Okla. (night)			100	WEBC	Cambridge, Ohio.
		75	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.			250	KGBX	St. Joseph, Mo.			100	WEDC	Chicago, Ill.
		30	WEDH	Erie, Pa.			100	KGCX	Wolf Point, Mont. (day)			100	WGBB	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WEHS	Evanson, Ill.			100	KGCZ	Wolf Point, Mont. (night)			100	WGBF	Freeport, N. Y.
		100	WHIS	Bluefield, W. Va.			100	KGEZ	Kalispell, Mont.			100	WHBF	Rock Island, N. Y.
		200	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (day)			50	KGFV	Ravenna, N. Y.			100	WHBU	Anderson, Ind.
		100	WHFC	Chicago, Ill. (night)			50	KGHG	McGehee, Ark.			100	WIBA	Madison, Wis.
		100	WIAS	Ottumwa, Iowa			50	KIT	Yakima, Wash.			100	WINR	Bayshore, N. Y.
		50	WIBR	Steubenville, Ohio			50	KMED	Medford, Ore.			100	WJBI	Redbank, N. J.
		100	WILM	Wilmington, Del.			100	KRMD	Shreveport, La.			100	WJLI	Lewisburg, Pa.
		100	WJBO	New Orleans, La.			100	KSL	Shreveport, La. (del.)			50	WJBY	Gadsden, Ala.
		50	WKBI	Chicago, Ill.			75	KWCR	Cedar Rapids, Iowa			100	WJW	Mansfield, Ohio
		50	WKBP	Battle Creek, Mich.			50	KXRO	Aberdeen, Wash.			50	WLCI	Ithaca, N. Y.
		100	WLBK	Kansas City, Kan.			50	WAGM	Royal Oak, Mich.			50	WMAN	Columbus, Ohio
		250	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (day)			100	WBOW	Terre Haute, Ind.			100	WMBG	Richmond, Va.
		100	WMBC	Detroit, Mich. (night)										

Kilo-	Meters	cycles	Watts	Call	Signal	Location
249.9	1.200	10	5.000	WHBC	Canton, Ohio	
		100		WHBY	West De Perry, Wis.	
		300		WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (day)	
		100		WIBX	Utica, N. Y. (night)	
		250		WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (day)	
		100		WIL	St. Louis, Mo. (night)	
		100		WJBC	LaSalle, Ill.	
		100		WJBL	Decatur, Ill.	
		30		WJWB	New Orleans, La.	
		100		WORC	Worcester, Mass.	
		100		WKJC	Lancaster, Pa.	
		30		WLAP	Okalona, Ky.	
		250		WLBC	Petersburg, Va. (day)	
		100		WLBC	Petersburg, Va. (night)	
		250		WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (day)	
		100		WMAY	St. Louis, Mo. (night)	
		100		WNBO	Washington, Pa.	
		10		WNBW	Carbondale, Pa.	
		10		WNBX	Springfield, Vt.	
		100		WRAF	La Porte, La.	
		50		WRBL	Columbus, Ga.	
		100		WWAE	Hammond, Ind.	
253	1.190	500	5.000	WICC	Easton, Conn.	
				WOAI	San Antonio, Tex.	
251.1	1.180	10.000	5.000	WOWO	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	
				WVVA	Wheeling, W. Va.	
256.3	1.170	500	1.000	WDDI	Minneapolis, Minn.	
		1.000		WDBY	Minneapolis, Minn.	
		20.000		KOB	State College, N. Mex.	
		5.000		KEX	Portland, Ore.	
258.5	1.160	5.000	5.000	WHAM	Rochester, N. Y.	
				KTNT	Muscataine, Ia.	
260.7	1.150	5.000		WRVA	Richmond, Va.	
263	1.140	50.000		KYW-KFKX	Chicago, Ill.	
265.3	1.130	5.000	1.000	KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	
		1.000		WOV	New York, N. Y.	
		5.000		WAPI	Birmingham, Ala.	
287.7	1.120	500	1.000	KFSG	Los Angeles, Calif.	
		500		KMIC	Inglewood, Calif.	
		50		KRSC	Seattle, Wash.	
		1.000		WDBO	Orlando, Fla.	
		350		WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (day)	
		250		WDEL	Wilmington, Del. (night)	
		250		WHAD	Milwaukee, Wis.	
		250		WISN	Milwaukee, Wis.	
		500		WTAW	College Station, Tex.	
		500		KTRH	College Station, Texas.	
		100		KFIO	Spokane, Wash.	
270.1	1.110	5.000		KMOX	St. Louis, Mo.	
272.8	1.100	50	2.000	KGDM	Stockton, Calif. (day)	
		5.000		KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.	
		5.000		WLWL	New York, N. Y.	
		5.000		WPG	Atlantic City, N. J.	
275.1	1.090	5.000	20.000	KSL	Salt Lake City, Utah.	
				WJJD	Mooseheart, Ill.	
277.6	1.080	5.000	5.000	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	
		5.000		WCBD	Zion, Ill.	
		5.000		WMBI	Chicago, Ill.	
		50.000		WTAM	Cleveland, Ohio.	
280.2	1.070	100	300	KJBS	San Francisco, Calif.	
		10.000		WAAT	Jersey City, N. J.	
		10.000		KRLD	Dallas, Texas.	
		50		WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	
		100		WDZ	Tuscola, Ill.	
		1.000		WEAR	Cleveland, Ohio	
		10.000		KTHS	Hot Springs, Ark.	
282.8	1.060	500	10.000	KWJJ	Portland, Ore.	
		1.000		WBAL	Baltimore, Md.	
		1.000		WJAC	Norfolk, Neb.	
		50.000		WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	
		1.000		WKEN	Grand Island, N. Y.	
285.5	1.050	5.000	5.000	KFKB	Millford, Kan.	
				KNX	Hollywood, Calif.	
288.3	1.040	5.000	5.000	KCBD	Zion, Ill.	
		5.000		WMBI	Addison, Ill.	
		5.000		WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	
293.9	1.020	250	10.000	WRAX	Philadelphia.	
				WHAS	Louisville, Ky.	
296.9	1.010	500	500	KGGF	Picher, Okla.	
		500		KQW	San Jose, Calif.	
		250		WHN	New York, N. Y.	
		500		WNAD	Norman, Okla.	
		250		WPAP	New York, N. Y.	
		250		WQAG	New York, N. Y.	
		250		WRNY	New York, N. Y.	
299.8	1.000	5.000	5.000	WHO	Des Moines, Iowa	
		5.000		WOC	Davenport, Iowa	
		250		KFVD	Culver City, Calif.	
302.8	990	15.000	500	WBZ	Springfield, Mass.	
				WBZA	Boston, Mass.	
305.9	990	50.000		KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.	
309.1	970	5.000	1.500	KJR	Seattle, Wash.	
				WCFL	Chicago, Ill.	
315.8	950	1.000	2.500	KFWB	Los Angeles, Calif.	
		1.000		KGHL	Billings, Mont.	
		1.000		KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)	
		2.500		KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (day)	
		1.000		KMBC	Kansas City, Mo. (night)	
		500		WRC	Washington, D. C.	
319	940	1.000	1.000	KGU	Honolulu, T. H.	
		1.000		KGIN	Portland, Ore.	
		500		WCSH	Portland, Me.	
		1.000		WDAY	Fargo, N. D.	
		1.000		WFIW	Hopkinsville, Ky.	
		750		WHA	Madison, Wis.	
322.4	930	500	1.000	KFWI	San Francisco, Calif.	
		1.000		KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (day)	
		500		KFWM	Oakland, Calif. (night)	
		1.000		KGBZ	York, Neb. (day)	
		500		KGBZ	York, Neb. (night)	
		1.000		KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (day)	
		500		KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa (night)	
		1.000		WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (day)	
		500		WBRC	Birmingham, Ala. (night)	
		500		WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (day)	
		250		WDBJ	Roanoke, Va. (night)	
		50		WIBC	Elkins Park, Pa.	

Kilo-	Meters	cycles	Watts	Call	Signal	Location
325.9	920	1.000	500	KOMO	Seattle, Wash.	
		500		KFEL	Denver, Colo.	
		2.500		KPRC	Houston, Texas (day)	
		1.000		KPRC	Houston, Texas (night)	
		500		KFXF	Denver, Colo.	
		500		WAAF	Chicago, Ill.	
		250		WBSO	Wellesley Hills, Mass.	
		1.000		WWJ	Detroit, Mich.	
333.1	900	500	1.000	KCBU	Ketchikan, Ala.	
		1.000		KHJ	Lps Angeles, Calif.	
		250		KSEI	Pocatello, Idaho	
		1.000		WJAX	Jacksonville, Fla.	
		1.000		WKY	Oklahoma City, Okla.	
		2.000		WLBL	Stevens Point, Wis.	
		750		WMAK	Martinsville, N. Y.	
		750		WFBL	Syracuse, N. Y.	
		1.000		WILL	Urbana, Ill.	

Kilo-	Meters	cycles	Watts	Call	Signal	Location
344.6	870	50.000	5.000	WENR	Chicago, Ill.	
				WLS	Chicago, Ill.	
348.8	860	250	1.000	KFQZ	Hollywood, Calif.	
		1.000		KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (day)	
		500		KMO	Tacoma, Wash. (night)	
		5.000		WABC-WBOQ	New York, N. Y.	
		500		WHB	Kansas City, Mo. (day)	
352.7	850	10.000	5.000	KWKH	Shreveport, La.	
				WVL	New Orleans, La.	
361.2	830	12.500	1.000	KOA	Denver, Colo.	
		1.000		WKAR	E. Lansing, Mich.	
		1.000		WHDH	Glouster, Mass.	
		5.000		WRUF	Gainesville, Fla.	
365.6	820	10.000		WCAU	Philadelphia, Pa.	
370.2	810	7.500	500	WCCO	Minneapolis, Minn.	
				WPCH	New York, N. Y.	
374.8	800	10.000	50.000	WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas.	
				WFAA	Dallas, Texas.	
379.5	790	7.500	50.000	KGO	Oakland, Calif.	
				WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.	
384.4	780	500	1.000	KELW	Burbank, Calif.	
		500		KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (day)	
		500		KTM	Santa Monica, Calif. (night)	
		500		WEAN	Providence, R. I. (day)	
		250		WEAN	Providence, R. I. (night)	
		1.000		WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)	
		500		WMC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)	
		500		WPOR	Norfolk, Va.	
		500		WTAR	Norfolk, Va.	
389.4	770	5.000	25.000	KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	
				WBBM-WJBT	Chicago, Ill.	
394.5	760	1.000	30.000	KVI	Tacoma, Wash.	
		1.000		WEW	St. Louis, Mo.	
		30.000		WJZ	New York, N. Y.	
399.8	750	5.000		WJR	Detroit, Mich.	
405.2	740	1.000	1.000	KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.	
				WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	
416.4	720	25.000		WGN	Chicago, Ill.	
422.3	710	500	5.000	KEJX	Beverly Hills, Calif.	
				WOR	Newark, N. J.	
428.3	700	50.000		WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio	
440.5	680	2.500	5.000	KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.	
		5.000		KPO	San Francisco, Calif.	
		1.000		WPTF	Raleigh, N. C.	
447.5	670	5.000		WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.	
454.3	660	500	50.000	WAAW	Omaha, Neb.	
		50.000		WEAF	Bellmore, N. Y.	
461.3	650	5.000		WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	
468.5	640	5.000	5.000	KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.	
		500		WAIU	Columbus, Ohio	
		5.000		WOI	Ames, Iowa	
475.9	630	500	500	KFRU	Columbia, Mo.	
		500		WGBF	Evansville, Ind.	
		500		WMAL	Washington, D. C. (day)	
		250		WMAL	Washington, D. C. (night)	
		1.000		WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (day)	
		500		WOS	Jefferson City, Mo. (night)	
483.6	620	1.000	500	KGW	Portland, Ore.	
		500		KREP	Phoenix, Ariz.	
		500		KTAR	Phoenix, Ariz.	
		2.500		WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (day)	
		1.000		WFLA-WSUN	Clearwater, Fla. (night)	
		500		WLBZ	Bangor, Me.	
		2.500		WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (day)	
		1.000		WTMJ	Milwaukee, Wis. (night)	
491.6	610	1.000	1.000	KFRC	San Francisco, Calif.	
		500		WDAF	Kansas City, Mo.	
		500		WFAN	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		500		WIP	Philadelphia, Pa.	
		500		WJAY	Cleveland, Ohio.	
499.7	600	1.000	500	KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (day)	
		500		KFSD	San Diego, Calif. (night)	
		500		WCBS	New York, N. Y. (day)	
		250		WCBS	New York, N. Y. (night)	
		250		WCAO	Baltimore, Md.	
		500		WMT	Waterloo, Iowa	
		500		WOAN	Lawrenceburg, Tenn.	
		1.000		WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (day)	
		500		WREC	Memphis, Tenn. (night)	
		250		WCAC	Storrs, Conn.	
508.2	590	1.000	1.000	KHQ	Spokane, Wash.	
		1.000		WCAJ	Lincoln, Neb.	
		1.000		WEEL	Boston, Mass.	
		1.000		WEMC	Berrien Springs, Mich.	
		1.000		WOW	Omaha, Neb.	
518.8	580	200	1.000	KGFX	Pierre, S. D.	
		1				

Amos 'n' Andy's Boyhood

(Continued from page 15)

"Chuck" Correll attended Peoria High school. Here again he demonstrated his ability as an actor and took part in many of the high school amateur productions. The last two years of high school he was leader of the school orchestra.

He had his first insight into professional drama while employed at the old Main Street Theatre as an usher during his high school years. Before and after the show he would be found backstage conversing with the actors and actresses. From them he learned considerable that helped him in his later years.

The elder Correll never attempted to advise his son as to a career. "Charles was interested in plays and dancing and I let him work out the problem for himself," he said.

When young Charles graduated from high school, he learned the brickmason trade from his father. His friends tell of an amusing incident that occurred when his father was superintending a construction job near the Illinois river.

Old Jake, a lanky superstitious negro hod carrier working with the crew was afraid of snakes. One day the younger Correll found a garter snake and decided to have some fun with the negro. He climbed to the second story of the building, which was under construction, to a position directly above the darky. Jake was stirring a mixture of lime with a long hoe when Correll dropped the snake. It caught Jake on the arm and encircled itself there. Jake, terror-stricken, dropped the hoe and held his arm out straight from his body. When convinced that the snake had no intention of leaving but was wriggling toward him, he shook his arm vigorously and as the snake dropped to the ground he cried out, "My Gawd, it's rainin' snakes!" Jake wouldn't return to work for the rest of the week.

WHILE learning the brickmason trade, however, the future Andy's interest in dramatics never waned. He took part in most of the home talent plays and had more prizes to his credit than any other man in the city. He was ever ready to take part in plays, without pay, and to lend a hand at directing them.

About that time, the piano player at the Columbia theatre married and quit her job. Correll's application as her successor was accepted. He worked at the brickmason trade by day and played the piano in the theatre at night.

Although Correll and Gosden write their own scripts, Correll showed no particular talent for writing as a youth. He was blessed with a natural talent for being funny and was a student of reactions. He studied people carefully and knew what was needed to make them laugh. He seldom missed a show that came through Peoria, and it is said he never forgot the jokes that were recited.

About 17 years ago he left Peoria for Rock Island, Ill., to work as a brickmason. He worked there a few years and then went to Springfield, Ill., where he became associated with the superintendent who was in charge of constructing the supreme court building.

One day, while appearing in a home talent play, a representative of a Chicago Production company discovered him. He joined the company, which traveled the country supervising home talent productions. He appeared sometimes in blackface and made a great hit in that selfconfident drawl that is now so familiar to millions of persons.

His friends, back in Peoria, hear from him occasionally and whenever he visits

there, he makes it a practice of visiting some of them. Graduating to one of the highest paid Radio entertainers hasn't changed Correll the least in the eyes of his old friends, and when they tune in on "Amos 'n' Andy" each night, it's the same old "Chuck" doing the same stuff for a handsome salary now that he used to entertain them with years ago for nothing.

Mr. Correll is so busy now, that he sometimes doesn't have the opportunity to see his family here in Peoria, more than once or twice a year. He keeps them informed with letters and telegrams, however, and they know every day in what part of the country the boys are appearing. When he does visit Peoria, it is only for a few hours on Sunday night, the only night when the Pepsodent program over the National Broadcasting Company is silent.

Amos 'n' Andy "Join the Show"

*Miss Ann Steward
has obtained a remarkable interview
revealing early experiences of famous
pair and how they
"got their start."*

**Read it in the JULY
RADIO DIGEST**

THE senior Correll has visited the WMAQ studios only once since the death of his wife, two years ago. Charles Correll conducted his father through the studio and introduced him to his friends. Gosden is a warm friend of the Correll family and has on several occasions come to Peoria with Mr. Correll.

All through his life Mr. Correll has shown an interest in everything he has been associated with. As a boy he was congenial and rather sensitive. He never purposely offended anyone and because of this there is a strong bond in his friendships.

At an early age he selected his own career. While in the early stages, he devoted his time and energy willingly and without remuneration. His rise to fame has been gradual and over a not-too-smooth path.

And now, even after years of separation from his boyhood pals, he is the same person to them. When he comes to Peoria, it's "Hello Charlie."—"Hello Bill." Not "Hello Mr. Correll."—"Hello Mr. Harvey." He shies at publicity and his home newspapers never hear of his visits, until he has gone.

His family is as proud of him as are his friends. His father hears the program twice each night; once at 7 o'clock Eastern Standard Time and again at 10:30 o'clock Central Standard Time.

His father now says he is glad he permitted the boy to choose his own pro-

fession. "But if he had continued with the brickmason trade," his father said proudly, "he'd be the best bricklayer in the country now."

Besides his father, Mr. Correll has two younger brothers and a sister living at Peoria. The youngest brother "Tommy" is athletic coach at the Averyville High School. The other brother, Joseph B., is a foreman. His sister is Mrs. Alice Roszell.

Henry and George

(Continued from page 47)

switchboard operator? She would be called Flo, the telephone girl, and be played by Georgia Backus. Now, one more male character. Not another bellhop. That would weaken the two featured characters. Let's see—ah, Dan, the house detective! And who could play the part more effectively than the inimitable Brad Brownie? Oh, and music. Why, the hotel orchestra, of course, and Pete, the orchestra leader, will serve as an additional character for the minute dramas.

There would be some introductory announcements and humorous dialogue and then they would go into the blackouts. A rehearsal showed that there would be time for five little playlet blackouts on each program, none to take more than a few minutes.

The first script was written, tried out in a private audition for the client, and was pronounced so satisfactory that it was used for the first actual program broadcast without a line being changed. Not only that, but this new idea in Radio proved so popular from the very start that the general scheme adopted at the beginning has never been changed. Listeners-in won't allow it to be changed.

Both Don Clark and Dave Elman modestly insist that the idea of blackouts is a simple and fundamental form of humorous entertainment, and that they were merely the first to think of adapting it to Radio broadcasting. Blackouts are nothing more nor less than the dramatization of humorous incidents. They are jokes, acted instead of told, and free therefore, from the dull exposition that frequently ruins a good joke in the telling. Here is the way it's done on the Henry-George program:

HENRY: Well, Pete, that makes three times tonight that we've hit the old gong. If we can do it twice more the manager will let us put on a show for the guests in the ballroom next week.

PETE: Yeah—that's what he says. Listen, fellows, you know the manager told me the sort of dramas he likes. He likes a drama with a moral to it. Have you any like that?

DAN: Pete, you ought to know Henry and George have some or will write some—ain't that right, Henry?

HENRY: We don't have to write any—we've already got one. And we'll do it now.

GEORGE: Which one do you mean, Henry?

HENRY: The one that contains that recipe for marital happiness.

GEORGE: Oh, I know the one. We ought to be able to ring the gong with that one.

HENRY: Sure we will. Now listen. Maizie, and you too, Flo. You're the principal characters. Maizie, you're the happy wife, and Flo, you're the unhappy one. George, you'd better be the husband.

PETE: I got just the music to set this scene.

GEORGE: O. K., Pete, let's hear it.
MUSIC: Few bars of "JUST A LITTLE LOVE, A LITTLE KISS."

MAIZIE: Agnes, the trouble with you is you don't know how to handle your husband.

FLO: Oh, I've tried everything, and I just can't make him stay home nights. I've scolded him, I've threatened to divorce him, I've threatened to go home to mother—there isn't anything I haven't tried.

MAIZIE: Ah, that's just it. You don't know how to handle him. I never have that sort of trouble with my husband.

FLO: How do you avoid it?

MAIZIE: I make my husband feel welcome at home. I never scold, I never torment. And that's why he comes home from work promptly every night.

FLO: I wish I knew your recipe for marital happiness. My husband's always drinking and carousing until all hours of the night.

MAIZIE: And there's a reason for it. He doesn't feel welcome when he's at home. Why don't you do what I do?

FLO: What do you mean?

MAIZIE: Well, when he comes in the door, the first thing to do is greet him with a nice sweet kiss, then help him off with his coat and hat, hang them up, get out his dressing gown, help him into it, then bring him into the parlor and make love to him just the way you did in the days of your courtship. Put some romance into your marriage. That's all it needs.

FLO: Maybe you're right, Maizie. I've never tried that.

MAIZIE: I thought so. That's why so many marriages go on the rocks. The romance is taken out of them—and real love feeds on romance.

FLO: Maizie, I want to thank you for your advice. I'm going to try it.

MAIZIE: Flo, it's not too late to try now. You owe it to yourself to give my recipe for happy marriage a real try-out.

FLO: I will, Maizie.

MAIZIE: Well, it's late and I must be going. Goodbye again, Flo.

FLO: Goodbye, Maizie. And thanks. From the bottom of my heart.

(DOOR CLOSING. SHORT PAUSE. THEN HUSBAND STARTS SINGING AS THOUGH DRUNK.)

HENRY: (IN DISTANCE.) They were only only foolin'—they were only only foolin'—they were only only foolin'. Hello, dear.

FLO: Hello, Jimsy, dear.

HENRY: Jimsy, dear? Well—

FLO: Give me a good kiss, dear.

HENRY: A kiss? Sure. (SMACK.)

FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, let me help you off with your hat and coat. That's right. And now, here—here's your dressing gown. Let me help you on with it.

HENRY: That's sweet of you.

FLO: Now, Jimsy, dear, come on into the parlor. We'll sit there awhile and make love. Just you and me.

HENRY: All right. I might as well. I'll get killed when I get home anyway.

(CHORD IN "G")

BIZ: (GONG RINGS ONCE.)

MUSIC: "SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL."

NEEDLESS to say, a blackout such as the one just used as an example, doesn't read as well as it acts. But read it to yourself, as you can easily imagine it would be presented by the cast, and time your reading of it. You will find that it is truly a "minute drama"—and therein lies the secret of the success of Radio blackouts: they are sheer action. The Henry-George program has been called one of the fastest moving on the air.

It has also been said, and truly, that the members of the cast of the Henry-George program are the most versatile Radio entertainers on the air. There are five minute dramas on every program. Figure for yourself the number of characterizations that each one in the cast has had to do. Four of the original members—Don Clark, Dave Elman, Georgia Backus and Harriet Lee—are still doing Henry-George blackouts, which is enough of a compliment to their ability.

Gold Cup Winners

—(Continued from page 55)

W. K. Henderson Wins

NOW that "Hello World" and "Gone your buttons" have become almost national by-words, and station KWKH has been selected by its listeners as the South's Most Popular Station, it is, perhaps, well to tell the world a little about W. K. Henderson himself.

The principal topic of interest at KWKH is the fight against the chain stores. Mr. Henderson, the "Shreveport War Horse," comes by this campaign as a deeply rooted heritage from his father, who appealed to people to buy from home institutions. As the moving force of his inner feelings starts him on his nightly tirade, Henderson gradually gains force and sometimes has to punctuate his remarks with a pointed adjective or noun.

When he steps before the microphone he is in his element. Approaching 50, still he gives the impression of a serious, yet prankish boy having a whale of a good time pouring hot lead onto the backs of the "chain gang." Born to be a leader, his Radio station has unexpectedly offered itself up as the ideal medium for his aggressive leadership. He has a happy way of indulging in the love of play, held over from his boyhood.

As a matter of fact, Station KWKH at first was a hobby and a plaything for him—nothing more. He liked to draw up close to the mike and draw out, "Hello, W-o-r-l-d, don't go 'way-y-y,'" and then poke a little fun at something or somebody. He was astonished after a time to hear those words echoing back from different quarters of the globe. It was then that Mr. Henderson realized his station might be of world service and a mouthpiece for the people, as well as for himself.

He first began attracting widespread attention during the last presidential campaign. Radio fans were highly amused at his apt stories, his queer pronunciation of the names of some states, his Southern drawl and the vigor of his defense of his chosen candidate. Some of the evidences of his unconventionality began to appear at that time, and he was seen as a person who could speak without fear of anyone.

The true spirit of Southern hospitality is in evidence the moment you meet Mr. Henderson or step through the door of the KWKH studios. Daily hundreds of visitors from all over the country are welcomed at the studios at Shreveport, Louisiana. Any time they arrive coffee and sandwiches are awaiting them and the large office force is courteously on hand to meet them.

Now that "Hello, World" is convinced that the offensive against the chain stores is a true mission, he literally lives, eats and sleeps on that subject. Once a side line, his Radio station is now his chief interest. The policy of that station is reminiscent of the old days of journalism when one man was the soul of his newspaper. Although KWKH has expanded so rapidly that a

large staff is now employed, Henderson is still the heart and soul of the enterprise.

How well he has been received by the listening public is demonstrated by their loyal and enthusiastic support in the Radio Digest popular station contest, carrying him to victory in the South by a large majority.

Midwest to Henry Field

OUT in Shenandoah, Iowa, there lives a man who is a real character in the business as well as the broadcasting world. Henry Field is a credit to the world as well as to his home town and his station, KFNF, which now is privileged to announce itself as "The Middle West's Most Popular Station."

*"I sent a message over the air;
It was heard by many—but who?
And where?"*

That isn't the way the poet wrote it, but it expresses Radio's chief program problem. Station KFNF, Henry Field's voice of the air, has met the problem of pleasing the public by selecting a specific audience, the rural and small town folks of the Middle West, and presenting programs to appeal directly to these people.

Therein lies one reason, at least, for the fact that almost a million people personally visited the KFNF studios last year to meet and shake hands with the folks who had entertained them over the air. Probably no other station in the world can boast of such an enormous visiting list. And by the same token it is doubtful whether any other station knows so definitely who its listeners are, or where they are.

City dwellers may prefer grand opera, jazz music or book reviews to the homey family parties and the "over the fence" talks about hogs or hens or corn or alfalfa which characterize KFNF programs. If he does, KFNF should worry! The broad acres of the Midwest are dotted with thousands of homes where a brood sow with a newly arrived litter is of more interest than the day's horse races, and where the scraping of an old-time fiddler's bow is more appreciated than an operatic aria. KFNF presents home-grown programs to a hand-picked audience. The entertainers are "just folks" known to listeners by their first names, and untainted by the tinsel glitter of "Stagiana."

The spirit of friendly, unaffected hominess which pervades the programs is genuine; otherwise, it might easily seem a strained effort at "talking down" to listeners. A dance orchestra, fiddle, accordion, piano and rattle-bones, perhaps, plays Turkey in the Straw, a college glee club sings with amateur verve, a small town choir renders old-time hymns to organ accompaniment, the lowly harmonica vibrates reedily to the strains of Old Folks at Home. Then a short talk—"Well, now, I tell you. About plantin' onions . . ."

EVERYTHING seems more or less impromptu. Listeners may hear an occasional snatch of conversation which is not on the program. The rendering of a humorous ballad may be interrupted by the laughter of performers and announcer. It is somewhat as though a bunch of the boys and girls had just dropped in and were being called upon to "sing that cowboy song of yours, Bill," or "Eli, play the Virginia Reel for us." The entire program is presented with a spontaneity which never suggests rigid professionalism or exacting program etiquette.

KFNF is owned and operated by the Henry Field Seed company of Shenandoah. Henry himself is chief announcer. He is the presiding genius, the soul—in short, he IS KFNF. The station is simply a mechanical multiplication of his own personality. Understanding something of the man, it is not difficult to understand the unique character of his alter ego, KFNF.

First, the station gives Henry Field a thousand tongues. And, gosh! how he does like that! He was born with the gift of gab and his greatest pleasure seems to lie in giving farm folks advice about growing things. He is a farmer himself and has sold farm and garden seeds all his life. With every sale he has always thrown in a lot of suggestions as to how best results might be secured from those seeds. In advising his customers, he wanted to build up his seed business, of course, but above everything he delights in making two blades of grass grow courageously where only timid aridity reigned before.

WNAX West's Popular

IN THE great District of the West, Yankton, South Dakota, is the home city of the West's Most Popular Station, WNAX. To many this station is an old friend. Owned and operated by the Gurney Seed and Nursery company, it has been entertaining a large slice of the Radio audience since November 1, 1921. Let's see what constitutes the personality of this broadcaster which has aroused the enthusiastic support of its audience.

First, there's Chan Gurney—Announcer Chan. Then we meet Happy Jack, an old standby of WNAX, an old time fiddler full of merry sunshine and as Irish as Murphy's pig. His real name is Jack O'Malley, and before he found the ether waves he was just a garden variety of dairyman. And here comes John Jensen with his strumming guitar, singing a ballad as he comes. Fleming Allen is on his way to play his morning organ numbers. Before Allen came to Yankton he was organist with WLS and WCFL, and appeared at Chicago theatres. He has written several song hits, and just completed "The WNAX March."

The harmony team announced as the Sunshine Coffee Kids is made up of John Sloan and Verna Nelson, tenor and pianist-soprano. Verna is a student at Yankton conservatory, while Sloan is a Scotchman of more than a little renown. And now let's look over the backbone of WNAX programs, the concert orchestra.

One of the groups of entertainers that has proved very popular from the Gurney station is the Rosebud Kids. This group is made up of one family, ages of the "Kids" ranging from four to thirteen years. There is George, violinist and director, 13; Margaret, aged 12, who plays the piano; Alice of 9 summers, the wildcat drummer; Harlen at the sousaphone; Waneta with her kitty songs, aged 4; and dad and mother of the "Kids," banjo and guitar, respectively.

Irene O'Connor Crumpacker is soprano soloist at the station. For three years Irene was second in Nebraska in the Atwater Kent contest. During the noon hour Chan Gurney steps to the mike for a half hour of news flashes, hot off the wire, including market reports, weather forecasts. Following Chan's reports D. B. Gurney, president of the corporation, uses fifteen minutes to give an interesting and valuable talk to the farmers.

Harv Nelson is program director. Harv comes of a family of musicians; his father is an old time fiddler, sister Verna is one of the Coffee Kids, and Harv himself plays the violin and sax in the studio orchestra. Then there is E. R. Gurney, who twice a day speaks on philosophical subjects to everyone from the children to the old folks.

Another interesting personality is announcer Emil Reutzel. Emil is the man with the million dollar smile, and it's always working. The Rev. D. E. Cleveland, Radio pastor of WNAX, conducts what he calls "the friendly service" every morning. At 5:30 every afternoon a Kiddie's Hour is conducted by Uncle Dutch, who is none other than Roy Eastman. Roy can do things with a harmonica. The popular Meridian Trio is made up of Harvey Nelson, Corenne Horst and Nancy Wyborny, who is also known as Aunt Sammy, in the latter character conducting a program for the women listeners.

Among the listeners to WNAX are many whose native tongue is German. For these people every evening Herbert Lemke sings German songs, and is assisted at the piano by Hazel Olson. Hazel of the sunny disposition is also pianist for the concert orchestra and accompanist for other organizations. Several times during the week are heard the trumpet notes of Art Haring on his cornet, accompanied by Corenne Horst at the piano. Art is also director of the orchestra. Every Saturday afternoon little thirteen-year-old Margaret Graman is heard.

Among the soloists singing popular numbers over WNAX is Mrs. Don Gurney, familiarly known as Edith. Her rich soprano voice is in constant demand. Perhaps one of the hardest working men on the staff is Charlie Steinbach, trap drummer and vibraphonist. Then there is the voice of Uncle Phil, another of the Gurney brothers. Uncle Phil has been a farmer himself and tells the farmers something of his experiences and discoveries that may help in their work.

The men behind the guns are Harry Seiles and Ivar Nelson, the Radio engineers for WNAX.

KFOX Wins in Far West

SECOND only to KFKB in final standings of winners in the Radio Digest Gold Cup Contest, Station KFOX at Long Beach, California, is by an overwhelmingly large vote the Most Popular Station in the Far West.

Formerly operating as KFON, KFOX is listed as one of the five pioneer broadcasting stations on the Pacific Coast. From the time of its inception in 1924 it has grown from a studio personnel of one technician besides the owners to an important industry employing a permanent staff of 45. It is owned and operated by Nichols and Warinner, Inc.

Hal G. Nichols and C. Earl Nichols, two of the owners of the station, are pioneers in the broadcasting profession and were the original owners of the ninth oldest station to be licensed in the United States, KDQZ at Denver, Colorado.

Much of the success and popularity of KFOX is attributed to the policy of Hal Nichols, studio director, in giving the listeners a wide variety of entertainment, and to the "homey" atmosphere emanating from the studios. A genial informality exists at all times, which gives the listeners a personal interest in the program. Every one is called by his first name. Hal personally conducts

many of the programs and possesses, to a large degree, that rare ability of making his audience "see" as well as hear the programs.

A variety of more than forty programs are heard from KFOX each day during its twenty-two hours on the air. These programs include the old time music, which was acclaimed one of the most popular forms of entertainment according to a questionnaire sent out from the station. From 20,000 of these questionnaires 8,000 were returned, an unusually high percentage.

One of the most popular features at the Long Beach station is Percy at the Telephone. This is considered one of the most original programs presented. Percival Aloysius is a shy, seemingly backward youth who calls people on the 'phone and recites to them some of his latest poetical compositions. This boy is really clever and his entertainment isn't of the usual stereotyped variety.

Canada's Popular CFQC

FARMERS of Saskatchewan, world's greatest wheat growing area, residents of Saskatoon, central city of this vast agricultural province, and thousands of other Radio listeners from more distant points are pouring their congratulations into the studio of CFQC, the Dominion of Canada's Most Popular Station.

From out the entire Dominion, stretching 3,000 miles from coast to coast, the spotlight of popularity hovered and finally turned its attention to this messenger of cheer and goodwill in Radio Digest's popularity contest just concluded. The pioneers of Radio-casting in this section of the continent, owners, announcers, technicians and artists of CFQC are receiving the handshakes of thousands of fans with justifiable pride and waiting the day when another Radio Digest popularity trophy will adorn the studio walls.

The voice of CFQC, while it primarily serves the agriculturists of the prairie west, is nevertheless versatile, and thus city residents of three provinces and several of the northern United States receive its bright and educational programs with equal enjoyment. Incidentally, the best the Dominion has to offer in musical entertainment is carried to listeners by way of chain broadcasts. CFQC is linked with every chain broadcast in the Dominion and, perhaps, one of the greatest tributes the station and the city of Saskatoon have received, lies in the fact that recently the Canadian National railways chose Madame Helen Davies Sherry, Saskatoon prima donna and CFQC artist, to feature its coast to coast network.

CFQC has had an interesting career, and while the details of history are not always the most interesting, a word or two about the station's progress might not be amiss.

CFQC first took the air on July 1, 1923, Dominion Day, as a 50-watt transmitter. Radio was then, one might say, in its infant stages and the local station met with instant success. The next two years saw its output increased to 250 watts and finally to 500 watts, which is the present rating.

Originally plans were on foot to considerably increase the output but these were cancelled owing to the unsettled state of broadcast throughout Canada.

WHAT is the secret of CFQC's success? It is difficult to lay hands on any one feature which finally proves the popularity of a broadcasting station. More likely it is a combination of efforts

Cupid On the Air

(Continued from page 97)

the little fellow plays favorites? It seems that he has tossed his head, turned up his little nose, and declined to cast a dart in the direction of certain stations. Perhaps the situation has been exaggerated, and perhaps he's only biding his time, but at any rate some of the most important stations have confessed to being sadly slighted by Cupid.

We are led to this conclusion when we discovered another station, only opened last October, particularly favored by the little god. The station is KSAT at Fort Worth, Texas. Here three romances have developed in those few short months with a startling rapidity.

The station was new and all was sailing along smoothly. They were almost ready to go on the air. There was an attractive young woman, Elizabeth Munns, engaged as studio hostess—but not for long! Deane Davenport, formerly of the Universal Division of American Airways, made a business trip to the studios. And three weeks later, when the station was ready to go on the air, KSAT was in the market for a hostess. Miss Munns was now Mrs. Davenport and left for more domestic occupations.

About the same time, Mr. Arthur W. (Tiny) Stowe, station manager, signed up Miss Velma Dean on a life-time contract. Several years before Mr. Stowe had known Miss Dean and had persuaded her to go on the air over his station in Dallas. Miss Dean became well known as a blues singer and traveled far from the station in Dallas. Last summer she was headlined in the WLS Showboat that toured the country as the Southern Crooner. When the bill came to the Majestic Theatre in Fort Worth "Tiny" met Miss Dean again and a few days later they were married in Marietta, Okla.

The most recent romance that this station boasts is that of Pem Davenport, young pianist, and Evelyn Woodward, diminutive violinist. This was something of a whirlwind affair, the young couple merely taking the afternoon off to run over to Marietta, where the ceremony was performed, then back to the studio the next day.

BACK in Chicago again we find another station where Cupid has been busy. Nubs Allan, winsome little blues singer on KYW's staff, met Johnny Wolf, NBC star when he was playing with Art Kahn's orchestra at WGES. For a long time Nubs had wondered what made this band's tunes sound sweeter than any others that came over the air, and after a visit to the studio decided that it must be because the trumpet player had such curly, black hair.

Anyway, it was love at first sight—violent enough to make Nubs send back the diamond to the young man to whom she was engaged (who didn't even play a harmonica) and thereby give Johnny a chance to do his stuff with the wedding band. The outcome of it all is a brown-eyed little miss named Joan, who started broadcasting (after hours mostly) just about four years ago.

It must have been his hearty laugh that made Lola Fischer of Davenport, Iowa, sitting before the loud-speaker, fall in love with Uncle Bob. You can't blame her at all, for it's the nicest, most contagious laugh you ever heard. Uncle Bob's real name is Walter Wilson, but he is simply "Uncle Bob" to the 470,000 youngsters who belong to his "Curb Is the Limit Club" and listen to his program over KYW every night.

Anyway, whether it was his hearty laugh or his kind, friendly voice, Lola was all ready to like Uncle Bob very, very much when she came to Chicago and met him through the good graces of a mutual friend. Not many months after they met they ran up to Waukegan one day and were married.

Since there has been a Mrs. Uncle Bob the safety club has increased about 500 in membership, for she takes care of all Uncle Bob's correspondence, and the youngsters love to get her letters.

HERE, here, what is this about a CBS executive losing an efficient secretary because the system moved into their new offices and studios on Madison Avenue in New York last fall? It happened this way. Among the managers of the various stations in the CBS network who attended the dedication ceremonies was one Gaston Grignon, manager of station WISN, Milwaukee.

Mr. Lowman, the CBS executive referred to, in showing the visitor about the new home of the system, introduced Mr. Grignon to his secretary, Miss Haggerty. Mr. Grignon remained in the city for three days and we are told that two of the evenings of those same days were spent at the theatre with Miss Haggerty. Be that as it may, when Mr. Grignon returned to Milwaukee he discovered he had left something in New York. His heart. There was only one thing to do about it. He put in a long-distance call for Miss Haggerty and asked her to return it to him.

Rumor has it that he called up every night for a month or more, or until such time as Miss Haggerty (who was not the type of girl to keep stolen property) agreed to return it to him in person. She did this last winter and, while Mr. Lowman of CBS has lost an efficient secretary, Mr. Grignon has acquired a charming wife.

It is really amazing to see to what uses Cupid has put Radio. For instance, there was lovely Mary Georgia Gleason, way down in Augusta, Ga., who had known Wallace Rushing of Millhaven, Ga., for some time. But they were "just friends" till Cupid and the mike took a hand.

Wallace, who had a weakness for puttering around with electrical gadgets, left Georgia to seek his fortune up North. Eventually he became a member of the engineering staff of WTIC, Hartford, Conn. In the wee morning hours when the Connecticut station was broadcasting a test program, Wallace got a chance to make an announcement of the call letters. It gave him quite a thrill, and he wrote to Mary about it. Mary listened in one early morning shortly thereafter and heard her fellow-Georgian's voice.

For her it was more than a thrill. It brought her to a realization of how she really felt about Wallace. And very soon the bells were tinkling merrily in an Augusta church. But, according to Mrs. Rushing, the honeymoon was not what a girl would call an unqualified success, inasmuch as Wallace insisted on sitting at the Radio during most of their honeymoon trip.

CUPID, of course, is not partial to southern climes or to these United States. Let's follow him across into Canada. The girl's name was Jessie M. A. Dickson, and she was a cute little thing, but of proud New England extraction. He was then just a Radio entertainer to her—"Faith" of Hope and Faith, a comedy and melody team broadcasting from CKCL. His real name was Joe Allabough, and he was one of those unusually good looking chaps with dark hair and rosy cheeks.

They met at one of those informal little gatherings to which we all are invited from time to time, Radio entertainers and listeners.

The weeks went by and he forgot that he met such a person as Jessie Dickson, so fleeting had been their meeting. But she remembered, and every evening that Joe was on the air found Jessie before the loudspeaker. More weeks passed and came a day in the spring when three staff members of CKCL set out to survey one of Toronto's golf courses with the idea of broadcasting a tournament to be held there. A fourth person was wanted to make a foursome to play over the course, and Jessie Dickson was invited by the other young lady of the party. Then and there the spark was touched to the other half of the romance and Joe fell and fell hard.

Last Christmas Joe took Jessie home to Chicago to meet his parents. Things went so well that one Saturday night they eloped to Waukegan and were married. Jessie had to return to Toronto to pack up her things while Joe stayed in Chicago on a new job. Now they are together again, and Jessie says she loves it as well as Joe says he does, but Joe must sing to her over the air every day or she won't love him any more, for she first fell in love with him because of his voice.

We were just about ready to push back from our typewriter and call it a day, when there was an insistent tugging at our elbow. Apparently there was no one, but all the same our eyes strayed to the wall map and there on the California section was a little heart with an arrow straight through it. It seemed to be pointing to Los Angeles. And then we thought of it! KHJ has been simply bursting with romance this spring. The new studios may have something to do with it, and, at any rate, it seems as though few can withstand the dreamy pipe organ melodies of Wesley B. Tourtellotte, the balmy, zither-like atmosphere of the country round about, and the fact that summer is well on its way.

WHILE there are many budding romances about ready to burst into bloom, it remained for one of the instrumental and one of the vocal soloists to start things off with a bang.

Jeannette Rodgers, KHJ's prize staff flutist, and Robert Bradford, the studio baritone, were married—the first of the spring couples to take the fatal step this year. They just went away to a quiet spot to have the ceremony performed and didn't tell people about it until afterwards.

The little romance started when the two young people met at the studio when they began to play and sing at KHJ. Out in that country folks "want to go places and do things," so the romance madly raced along for barely two months before the peal of wedding chimes.

Some three and a half years ago KHJ was the scene of another romance. In fact, it was of importance to all Southern California, for it turned out to be a Radio wedding, and one of the first in that part of the country. "Uncle John" (John Stewart) Daggett, then KHJ manager, was the groom and his bride a young girl just out of high school, Marguerite Lynn Bunton by name.

He's led us a merry chase—Dan Cupid, from East to West, from North to South, and, of course, we haven't been able to anywhere near keep track of him. On the air and in the studios we've found him bobbing up unaccountably. And doesn't this little romantic journey leave you, too, with a feeling of pleasant expectancy?

which brings the result. From its inception CFQC has striven to provide both amusement and education. Through the medium of daily service programs its listeners are kept in touch with the world's news, grain and stock markets. The University of Saskatchewan, situated in Saskatoon, has willingly cooperated at all times in providing both educational and interesting lectures on all matters closely related to agricultural problems. Furthermore, in the realm of entertainment, it may be said that Saskatoon is one of the leading cities of the West in musical interest, and numbers in its population many artists of high rank. CFQC has chosen them for its performers.

Studio programs are varied in nature, one of the secrets of successful broadcasting, and range from jazz numbers, provided by the city's best bands and through recordings, wisely chosen old time selections to the works of the great masters. An efficient studio orchestra is maintained under the direction of Arthur McEwing, conductor and teacher of ability and well known throughout western Canada.

Perhaps the most important personality in any Radio broadcasting station, with regard to contact with the vast public which it serves, is the announcer. Especially on the prairies where Radio has conquered time and space, his voice is eagerly awaited as a welcome break in many a monotonous day. Stan Clifton is chief announcer and program director of CFQC; also a Radio technician of experience and ability, with a long record of service both in England and the Dominion. Clifton has gained for his station and himself an enviable position in the hearts of his western audiences.

CFQC is owned and operated by the Electric Shop Wholesale Supplies, Ltd., Saskatoon. Its managing director is A. A. Murphy, B. Sc., A.M.E.I.C., who is thoroughly conversant with Radio technicalities.

It is perhaps a foregone conclusion to say that civic pride will reward an effort which has drawn the eyes of a continent to the Hub of the Hard Wheat Belt. Lest that statement appear sweeping, let it be known that the files of CFQC contain letters from listeners whose distance from this section of the continent is measured in the thousands of miles.

And in the words of Stan Clifton, "CFQC is now signing off, to be with Radio Digest another year in the popularity race."

Marcella

(Continued from page 61)

"That what seemed to be the opening wedge to this stage career proved, instead, to be the beginning of a vicarious Radio career is only one more of those queer twists that fate delights in giving to the threads of our lives. A church in Westchester county decided to put on Gilbert and Sullivan's Gondoliers for their annual musical fete. Miss Garrett was chosen for one of the principal parts in this delightfully tuneful operetta.

"When I told a friend of my grand opportunity," Mrs. McNamee said, "she remarked, 'Oh, now you will meet Graham McNamee! He has sung in those festivals for five years. You two will adore each other!' I sniffed rudely and said that I hoped never to set eyes on Graham McNamee. I had heard that he was horribly conceited. My friend only laughed. The first night of practice Mr. McNamee was not there and I was received with great warmth. The second night, as soon as I entered, I

sensed a chilled atmosphere. I told myself that I was going to have to win these people all over again. The next moment I was seated next to Mr. Graham McNamee and forgot everything else. From that evening we were never any farther apart than we had to be. Within that week he confessed to me that he had put me under a heavy handicap with the rest of the singers by telling them that he was sorry I had been engaged for the part; while I had a fine voice and could play the part all right, I had the reputation of being horribly stuck up and conceited!"

"Mrs. McNamee said that she is always torn two ways when she is invited to go to a big game. 'I'm wild to go and have the fun, and it's pretty hard to refuse. But if I go, I miss hearing the broadcast and afterward when the crowd discusses it I miss points.' Only once was this difficulty solved. That was on the occasion of the New Year's game in the Leland Stanford stadium two years ago. The broadcasting company arranged that Mrs. McNamee, who accompanied her husband to California, should have a portable Radio in the stand.

"They called it portable, but it took two big detectives to carry it and made me feel very important. It was like television. There I sat and watched the game and looked at the gorgeous mountains and heard Graham give the broadcast that made people say that he must be trying to sell California real estate! He really is mad over scenery. And I nearly cried because he forgot to put in the definition of Sierra Madre that we had looked up."

"Mrs. McNamee's only experience before the microphone was on the occasion when she did some pinch hitting for her famous husband one night in Omaha. They had flown in a big passenger plane from Kansas City.

"As Mrs. McNamee describes it, 'The rest of the program was over, the musicians had gone and it was time for Graham to speak and he hadn't come. The air was tense. Millions of people were tuned in waiting to hear his speech. The program director was stalling. Finally someone whispered to me and asked if I couldn't talk until he arrived. At first I thought I couldn't. Then I said I'd try. I would describe our flight. I stepped in front of the microphone and didn't feel nearly the stage fright that I do when I am waiting for Graham to begin a World's series. I talked as long as I could and was just saying, 'I think that is all I have to say to you,' when I looked up and there stood Graham on the other side of the other glass partition where the audience sits!'"

Robert Finley, the blind "Bob" who is a soloist at KTNT in Muscatine, Iowa, is a rather remarkable boy, Bess. He has been totally blind since birth, and those who know him well say they've never seen him with a frown. He learns his songs from phonograph records or by some of the artists reading him the words, which he cuts on pasteboard by means of a slate that embosses dashes and dots. He reads with his finger tips with an uncanny rapidity while singing. He is a fine looking lad, 26 years of age, and is certainly deserving of the popularity he has won for himself.

The Nit Wits are, Alan, stage and real names, as follows: Chief Nit Wit, Bradford Browne; Lizzie Twitch, the cooking expert, Yolande Langworthy; Professor R. U. Musclebound, physical culturist, Harry Swan; Aphrodite Godiva, Georgia Backus; Eczema Succotash, accompanist, Minnie Blauman; Patience Bumpstead, the

interior desecrator, Margaret Young; Madame Mocha de Polka, operatic singer, Lucille Black; and Lord Algernon Ashcart, Chester Miller.

* * *

Remember Sarge Farrell, composer and guitar artist that the kiddies love? He was in the office the other day and reports that he has been touring the country making personal appearances before high schools and children's institutions. He has broadcast from 67 stations while on this trip, which seems to be something of a record. Yes, Sarge and Gerty (his guitar) are still going strong.

* * *

A man with many duties at the NBC is one Marley R. Sherris who, besides being an announcer, is night program representative, an accomplished baritone, and a reader. He is a member of the original Armchair Quartet. Before going into Radio he lived in Canada, where he had an extensive career in business and as a singer. His home is in New York now, and he is married, Hortense, but he's old enough to be, so I wouldn't worry about it.

* * *

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Information is her middle name.

Simplicity for Brides

(Continued from page 59)

AT LARGE weddings where a large buffet table is used, the bride's cake may be placed upon a small table with rollers and brought in when the bride is ready to cut it. The center of the table then is decorated with a vase of flowers. When many guests are seated at the bride's table and it is inconvenient for the bride to cut the cake if placed in the center, it is well to follow this plan also. If your buffet table is large enough all the refreshments may be served from it.

It will be equipped with silver, china, plates of food and napkins attractively arranged so that the guests may help themselves. If there are many guests you may need several tables or one large one for serving the refreshments. Arrange these tables with a centerpiece of flowers and with the food placed to add to the general decorative scheme. You will need enough help in the kitchen to keep the plates filled, the soiled plates removed, the beverages hot and the table should always look attractive.

The wedding cake and the bride's cake are two important features of the wedding. The wedding cake is a dark fruit cake which is made at least a month before the wedding and frosted a day or two before it is to be used. It may be used as a centerpiece on the table on the wedding day, cut and served, or it may be cut and put into small white boxes and given to each guest. A tray of these boxes may be arranged on a tray at the entrance and the guests help themselves upon leaving. If the guests are seated to be served refreshments the boxes of wedding cake may be placed at each place as favors.

The first slice of the bride's cake is always cut by the bride herself. She serves herself and then the rest of the bridal party. If there are many guests the bridal party alone is served the bride's cake. In the cake are placed a ring, button, a piece of silver, a thimble and a horseshoe.

There are many suitable types of menus which may be served for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. A wedding breakfast is served up to 12:30 o'clock. From 12:30 to 2:00 a luncheon menu is served. Up until 6 o'clock, after-

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inside food chamber. Daylight Base—Ample air and broom room. Every LEONARD 1930 refrigerator has the LEONARD Approved Insulation. Each is a food storage house of thorough dependability, assuring right temperature to the right food. Adapted to Ice, Electric or Gas refrigeration. See the display at Refrigerator Headquarters—the LEONARD dealer's in your city.

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noon party or tea refreshments are served. From 6 to 8 o'clock, a dinner is served and after 8 o'clock, similar refreshments to those served in the afternoon are served.

We are glad to hear that social customs are changing and that all functions are becoming simpler. We are told that in New York City the bridal table is often eliminated and the refreshments are simple and served from a buffet table. This should be welcome news for the bride who wishes to do the correct thing and yet not have an elaborate or expensive wedding.

Here are some menus for the wedding breakfast, supper or reception. Some are simple and some are more elaborate. There is no set custom which decides just what food or how many courses may be served. You may use your own discretion in this matter. Plan your menus to fit into your color scheme, the number to be served, the amount of help you have, the method of serving you choose and the amount of money you wish to spend upon the wedding refreshments.

MENU 1

Tomato Bouillon
Saltines
Chicken and Pineapple Salad
Olives Hot Rolls
Lemon Sherbet
Coffee Bride's Cake

MENU 2

Watermelon Balls
Broiled Lamb Chops
Buttered Peas Creamed Potatoes
Rolls—Jelly
Nuts—Raspberry Ice Cream
Frosted Mint Leaves Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 3

Bouillon
Chicken a la King
Celery Olives
Buttered Rolls
Jellied Fruit Ginger Ale Salad
Pistachio Ice Cream
Candies Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 4

Creamed Lobster. Anchovy Sauce
Asparagus Tip Salad Hot Rolls
Strawberry Mousse
Candies Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 5

Molded Chicken Salad
Olives Mayonnaise Dressing
Radishes Buttered Rolls
Frozen Pudding
Mints Bride's Cake
Coffee

MENU 6

Chicken Bouillon
Celery Olives Radish Roses
Creamed Mushrooms and Sweetbreads
in Croustades
Small Buttered Finger Rolls
Molded Ice Cream (Bride and Groom,
Lily or Slipper)
Mints Bride's Cake
Candied Rose Petals
Coffee

MENU 7

Caviar Canape
Slice Lemon Olives
Celery Radish Roses
Chicken Croquettes
Green Peas in Paper Cases
Crabmeat in Aspic Salad
Strawberry Ice Small Biscuits
Glacé Nuts Bride's Cake
Preserved Ginger
Coffee

MENU 8

Jellied Chicken Consomme
Olives Celery
Creamed Oysters in Timbale Cases
Avocado Salad Rolled Sandwiches
Wedding-Bell Ice Cream
Mints Bride's Cake
Coffee

We have included a few recipes which will aid you in the preparation of the wedding refreshments.

Bride's Cake

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
3 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
9 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream tartar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon almond flavoring

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, beating constantly. Mix and sift the baking powder and flour and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Beat the egg whites, add the cream of tartar and fold into the cake mixture. Add the flavoring and bake in a moderate oven 350° F. for forty or forty-five minutes. Frost with a white frosting and decorate. This recipe makes one good-sized cake.

Chicken a la King

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons chicken fat or butter
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup scalded cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot chicken stock
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup cold boiled fowl
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced mushroom caps
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup canned pimentos
1 minced green pepper
1 egg yolk

Melt the chicken fat or butter, add the flour and stir until well blended. Pour on gradually while stirring constantly the milk and cream which have each been scalded and the hot chicken stock. Bring this mixture to the boiling point, then add the salt, butter which has been cut in small pieces, the boiled fowl, which has been cut in strips. Sauté the mushroom caps in butter for five minutes. Add this to the mixture, also the pimentos cut in strips, and the minced green pepper. Bring to the boiling point again and add the egg yolk, which has been slightly beaten. Cook for a minute stirring constantly. Serve on squares of hot toast with almonds sprinkled over the top, in croustades or patty shells. This recipe will serve six persons and may be enlarged as you desire.

Strawberry Mousse

1 cup strawberries
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cold water
1 pint whipped cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup macaroon crumbs

Mash the strawberries, add the lemon juice and sugar. Soak the gelatine in cold water and then dissolve over boiling water and add to the first mixture. Pour into refrigerator tray to freeze. When it begins to congeal, beat until light and add the whipped cream, pecans and macaroon crumbs. Return to the refrigerator or molds. Freeze until firm. This recipe will serve ten persons.

Raspberry Ice

1 pint canned red raspberries
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup granulated sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
pinch of salt

Crush the red raspberries, add the sugar and cook for five minutes. Remove from the fire, add the cold water and run through a fine sieve to remove all the seeds. Cool and add the orange juice. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. This requires about forty minutes. Remove from the tray and whip until very light. Add the stiffly beaten egg whites and pinch of salt. Keep on beating until the mixture becomes light after the eggs are added. Return to the tray or put into molds and allow it to finish freezing without stirring. This will require about one and one-half hours. It may be served without freezing in a sherbert glass.

Jellied Fruit and Ginger Ale Salad

3 tablespoons granulated gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1/16 teaspoon salt
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups ginger ale
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup white cherries
2 oranges
4 tablespoons sliced canned pineapple

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes, then dissolve in the boiling water. Add the lemon juice, sugar, salt and ginger ale. Cut the cherries in halves and remove the pits. Peel the oranges, separate into sections, and discard the membrane. When the ginger ale mixture begins to stiffen, fold in the cherries, oranges and sliced pineapple. Turn into individual molds and chill thoroughly. Two or three rubettes are very attractive placed in the bottom of each mold. Place them in the mold first with a little gelatine. When it hardens, pour the rest in and chill. Unmold on a lettuce leaf and serve with a fruit salad dressing. Place the dressing in a small mound to one side of the molded fruit and on the lettuce leaf. This recipe fills ten to twelve molds.

Diamond Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

today, wins the Diamond Meritup Award. I shall save all seven of my votes and send them in together so that WENR and the Smith Family will get 75 votes."—Mrs. Frank Weel, Alexandria, Minn.

"I hope that I may be the first to nominate Marc Williams of KSAT. He is the man who gives the greatest service and the best entertainment. His wonderful voice, heard on the Sunrise Trail programs, is an inspiration."—Mrs. Charles Farrow, Elizabeth, La.

"Here is my nomination blank for the National Barn Dance at WLS Saturday nights. I have had my Radio for a year and a half and I haven't missed more than one or two Barn Dance programs in that time. All of the artists appearing on this feature are outstanding and do their parts well. I always listen until Steve Cisler says 'good night.' If WLS was on the air until Sunday morning I would listen to them."—Mrs. Joseph Denton, Valparaiso, Ind.

Dating her letter April 1, Adelaide Porter of Black Mountain, N. C., writes: "I am sending in my nomination for the Fleischman hour, the best ever, and it's no April fool joke, either! I am waiting for all the coupons to appear before I vote."

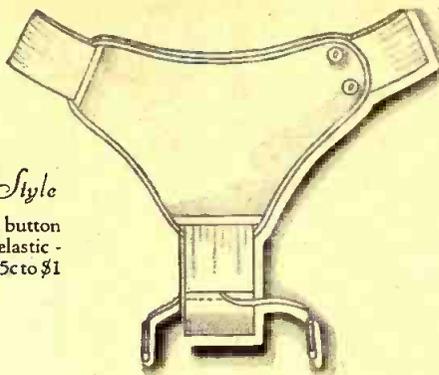
"Here's our nomination for Gene and Glenn at WTAM. They are our ideals

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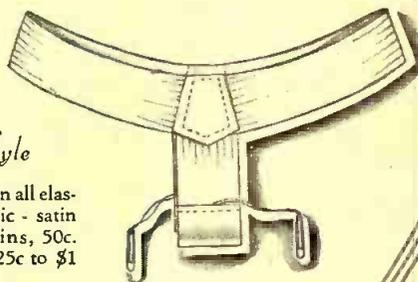
Shield Style

Shield style - button belt - wide elastic - taped pins. 35c to \$1



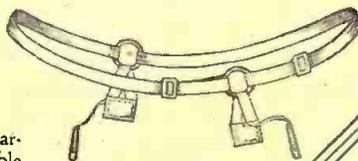
Curved Style

"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to \$1

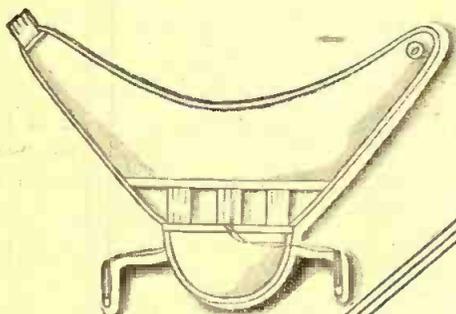


Petite Style

The Belt Petite - of 3/8 inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c



All Hickory Belts are ideal for use with any pad or protection you prefer



Shaped Shield Style

Sateen cloth style - button belt. Waist measure sizes - taped pins, 50c. Others to \$1

Leading specialists approve and recommend Hickory Belts because they do not bind or in any manner constrain. They are correctly shaped to fit and are scientifically correct —hygienically perfect. They permit absolute freedom of movement—always dependable, yet gently secure. Ask your doctor. Of further importance—Hickory Belts are not limited to just one model. Hickory provides you with just the style and size which suits you best. All Hickory Belts—in all styles and at all prices—are perfectly shaped to fit.

An interesting and inexpensive test — which will mean much in health and comfort to you later—is to try several Hickory styles. No one but yourself knows so well which is the best belt for you. You can easily find out for yourself—once having done so, just remember your Hickory number. In superfine creations at \$1—others as low as 25c.

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on the Radio, and we sincerely hope they will win the Diamond Award. Wishing your contest and our favorites all the success in the world."—Frank Rehberg, Maytree, Mich.

"As far as we are concerned Art and Billy Spreading are the most popular program. Art is Arthur Kirkham and Billy is Billy Emerick, and they are a scream and jolly good fellows."—Berye Crator, Newberg, Ore.

"I believe Charles Wellman of KHJ deserves the Diamond Meritum Award. Here is my vote for the best entertainer in the United States."—Arline Louise Bond, Los Angeles, Cal.

185 Programs Nominated

AT THE last minute before going to press the Contest Editor had received 185 nominations in the race to select America's Most Popular Program. Scores of nominations for each of a number of programs have been entered, but the fans are holding their votes to the last minute so that they may count for more in the support of their favorites. Read the rules and conditions on page 101 of this issue, turn to the front of the book and see the latest developments in the contest. Then clip the coupons at the bottom of page 3. If your favorite has already been nominated, it is not necessary to send in the nomination blank. You may send in the voting coupon now, or save it to send in with coupons in future issues, thus receiving a bonus as shown in the rules and regulations.

East	Station	Votes
Glenn Riggs	KDKA	5
Louie Kautman	KDKA	7
Guy Lombardo	CBS	18
Mary and Bob	CBS	4
Paul Tremaine Orchestra	CBS	3
Gypsy Nomads	CBS	7
Mr. and Mrs. (Joe and Vi)	CBS	2
Henry Burbig	CBS	11
H. Salter and Orchestra	CBS	4
Norman Brokenshire	CBS	30
Grenadiers	CBS	10
Arabesque	CBS	12
Nit Wits	CBS	9
Interwoven Pair	NBC	17
Empire Builders	NBC	12
RKO Theatre of Air	NBC	11
Fleischman Hour	NBC	14
Amos 'n' Andy	NBC	42
Jack Albin Orchestra	NBC	5
Seth Parker	NBC	19
Atwater Kent Hour	NBC	8
Palmolive Hour	NBC	11
Smith Brothers	NBC	6
Graham McNamee	NBC	12
Floyd Gibbons	NBC	16
Rudy Vallee	NBC	15
Clicquot Eskimos	NBC	7
Vincent Lopez	NBC	10
Collier's Hour	NBC	16
Band of Thousand Melodies	NBC	24
Cheerio	NBC-WCAE	21
Two Troopers	NBC	6
Lucky Strike Orchestra	NBC	16
Jessica Dragonette	NBC	20
Maxwell House Melodies	NBC	9
Phil Cook	NBC	4
Seiberling Singers	NBC	5
Pickard Family	NBC	4
Bill Coak	NBC	2
Real Folks	NBC	3
Morning Showers	NBC	2
Roxy and Gang	NBC	8
Melodeons	WBAL	2
Alfred W. McCann	WOR	1
Albany Dance Hour	WGY	3
Hayden Quartet	WNJ	2
Enchanted Hour Ensemble	WTIC	6

South	Station	Votes
Fiddlin' John Carson	WSB	9
Old Dominion Orchestra	WRVA	7
W. K. Henderson	KWKH	66
Caroline Lee	WFLA	4
Bill Nye, Jr.	WWNC	2
Staff	WAPI	12
Frances and Harry	WREC	13
Staff	WREC	6
Beale Street Hour	WREC	3
Ray Bahr's Orchestra	WHAS	4
Diamond Oilers	WHAS	9
Grand Old Opera	WSM	12
Ed Poplin's Band	WSM	6

Middle West	Station	Votes
Staff	WDAF	4
Dr. Walter Wilson	WDAF	2
Smith Family	WENR	62
Marian and Jim	WENR	7
Edison Symphony	WENR	15
Staff	WENR	56

Middle West	Station	Votes
Mike and Herman	WENR	12
Weener Minstrels	WENR	45
Sunshine Hour	WENR	22
Paul McCluer	WENR	19
Gene Arnold	WENR	14
Smile Club	WENR	10
Al Cameron	WENR	2
Everett Mitchell	WENR	9
Utility Program	WENR	3
Variety Program	WENR	8
Henry Field	KFNF	17
Staff	KFNF	30
Andy Martin	KFNF	5
Coffee Club Program	KFNF	1
Edith Smith	KFNF	5
Gene and Glenn	WTAM	49
Staff	WTAM	17
Sunshine Hour	WTAM	4
Farm Hour	WAIU	4
Joe O'Toole	WJAY	15
Staff	WLW	6
Little Jack Little	WLW	11
Tony's Scrap Book	WLW	4
Aladdin Hour	WLW	7
Arthur Chandler, Jr.	WLW	2
Studio Party	KMOX	9
Willy and Lilly	KMOX	5
Staff	KMOX	14
The Anybods	KMOX	12
Blue Steele	KMOX	6
Rambler's Orchestra	KMOX	8
Pat Barnes	WGN	10
Famous Operas	WGN	2
East and Dumkee	WGN	6
Louie and Weasel	WGN	3
Larry Larson	WGN	2
Amos 'n' Andy	WMAQ-NBC	74
Coon-Sanders	WGN-NBC	27
Hiram and Henry	WLS	6
Merry-Go-Round	WLS	5
Bardley Kincaid	WLS	11
Arkansas Woodchopper	WLS	8
Homemakers' Hour	WLS	4
National Barn Dance	WLS	94
Steve Cisler	WLS	45
Staff	WMAQ	7
Bill Hay	WMAQ	23
Three Doctors	WMAQ	18
Whitney Trio	WMAQ	4
Staff	WKRC	3
Jack Douglas	WJR	2
Harold Keane	WJR	5
Fitzpatrick's Scrapbook	WJR	4
Old Time Tunes	WOS	4
Pied Pipers	WTMJ	6
Margaret Starr	WTMJ	5
Emil Cords	WTMJ	2
Gypsy John	KMA	3
Corpickers	KMA	6
Dixie Girls	KMA	11
Pat Flanagan	WBMM	30
Bobby Brown	WBMM	16
Thomas Patrick	KWK	7
Al Carney	WCFL	14
Morning Music Box	KMBC	30
Montana Flour Mills	WHO	18
Corine Jordan	KSTP	11
Mellotone Quartet	KFLV	8
Tillie the Toiler	KFEQ	3

West	Station	Votes
Staff	WFAA	3
Matinee Program	KFKB	7
Benny White	WBWB	2
McGree Sisters	KFKB	2
Dutch and Irish	KFKB	12
Staff	KRLD	4
Steve Love's Orchestra	KFKB	34
D. D. Denver	KFKB	14
Dr. Brinckley	KFKB	69
Old Timers	KFKB	7
Bob Larkin	KSAT	2
Sunrise Trail	KSAT	8
Master Singers	KNAX	3
Happy Jack's Orchestra	KNAX	7
John Sloan	KNAX	9
Rosebud Kids	KNAX	4
Staff	KNAX	12
Esther Smith	KNAX	30
Battery Boys	KNAX	5
Henry and Jerome	KGBZ	3
Cowboy Singer	KGBZ	6
Henry Peters	KGBZ	2
R. R. Brown's Radio Chapel	WOW	4
Nat'l Farm and Home Hour	WOW	5
Mark Williams	KSAT	6
Sleepy Times Gals	KSAT	4
Herb Cook	KCRC	3
Gage Brewers	KFH	30

Far West	Station	Votes
Em and Clem	KFOX	7
Percy at the Phone	KFOX	2
Staff	KFOX	12
Doris and Clarence	KFOX	8
Jimmy and Eddie	KFOX	5
Buttercream School Kids	KFOX	30
Hooligan Club	KFWI	5
The Ne'er Do Well	KFWM	4
Vagabond of the Air	KSL	32
"Simp' Fitts"	KFRK	5
Happy-Go-Lucky Hour	KFRK	6
Blue Monday Jamboree	KFRK	2
Charley Hamp	KHJ	9
Charley Wellman Orchestra	KHJ	11
Hugh Dobbs, "Dobbsie"	KPO	38
Rhythm Makers	KGER	8
Tom Breneman	KNX	6
Earl Anthony	KFI	4
Tom Mitchell	KFI	3
Art and Billy Spreading	KOIN	11
Rose City Beavers	KOIN	6
Staff	KOIN	14

The Turning Wheel

(Continued from page 29)

the crowd at the corner came her father. She hurried towards him.

"Please leave me," she begged her companion. "I am going home. I have taken too much of your time already. Forgive me."

LATE on the following afternoon, John Selwyn set out to pay a call which he had already delayed for several weeks. He found his way to a certain address in Hanover street, mounted to the first floor, and knocked at the door. A young woman dressed in black, with pins and needles stuck all over the front of her dress, threw it open. She stared at the visitor in surprise.

"The shop's downstairs," she remarked. "There's no one allowed up here. Madame is very strict about it."

John Selwyn's eyes traveled down the room. There were at least twenty girls sitting there at work—twenty girls with pale cheeks, and only one small window open. His conscience smote him because of those three weeks' delay.

"I am sorry," he said. "I came to make inquiries about a Miss Agnes Carton."

"Agnes Carton!" the young woman exclaimed. "Why, she left nearly four years ago. You'll find her at No. 55, Grosvenor street."

John Selwyn raised his hat and departed.

"I ought to have come before," he said to himself repentantly. "Perhaps it is too late."

He walked quickly to No. 55 Grosvenor street. The appearance of the place was a distinct relief to him. It was a neat little milliner's shop, clean and smart. He opened the door and found himself in a cool, handsomely furnished apartment, which to his inexperience seemed almost like the drawing-room of a private house. A young lady came hurrying forward.

"I am in search of Miss Agnes Carton," he announced. "I was told that I could find her here."

The girl was puzzled for a moment, then she smiled.

"Why, you mean madame!" she exclaimed.

"Madame?" he repeated.

"Certainly," the girl answered. "That was her name before she was married. Here she is. It is a gentleman, madame, who asks for you."

A tall young lady, very elegant, very stylishly dressed, and apparently very prosperous, came towards him with an inquiring smile. John Selwyn recognized her with a little gasp.

"My dear Agnes!" he exclaimed.

"Why, it's—it's John Selwyn!" she declared.

The assistant slipped discreetly away. They shook hands a little perfunctorily.

"I have just come to ask you to marry me," he announced.

She laughed heartily.

"Well, if that isn't just like you!" she answered. "You haven't changed a bit."

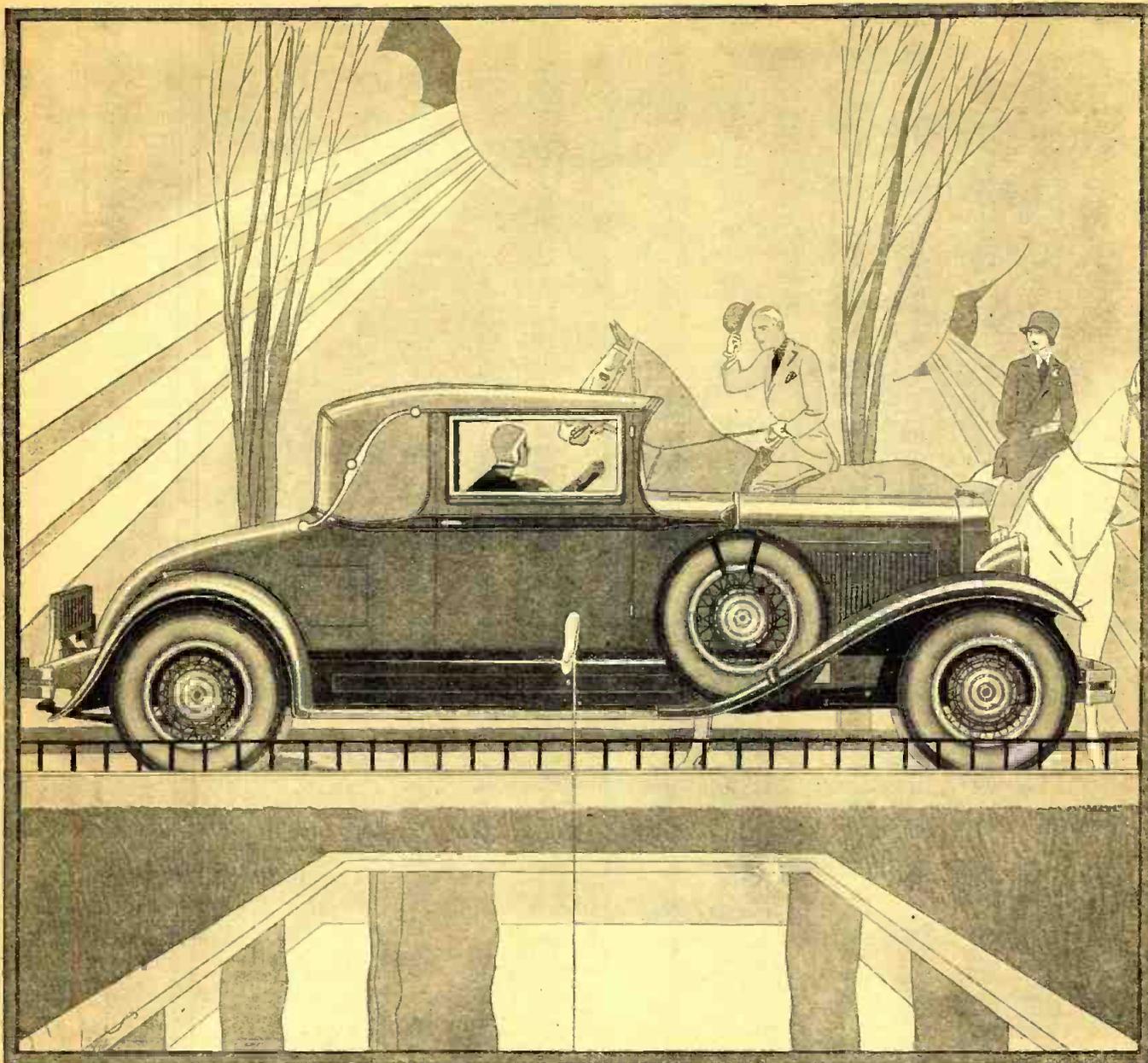
"I mean it," he assured her.

"BUT you're three years too late," she laughed. "The idea of going away like you did and never writing me a single line, and then walking in one morning and expecting me to marry you offhand!"

"I had no time for letters," he said. "I have been working hard."

"From your appearance. I should say that you've been making money," she declared.

"More than I shall ever be able to spend," he assured her. "If only you'd waited!"



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She laughed again. "Don't be foolish," she said. "I want you to meet my husband. He's such a dear. We should never have been able to marry, though, but for—"

A sudden change came into her face. "Why, of course," she continued, "you were there. Let me tell you of my adventure. About a year after you left for America I was called down into the showroom one day and found a young lady there, looking at evening gowns. I was very tired—we had been up late the night before—and she was very impatient and hard to please. Well, I got trying on things for half an hour or so, and at last I fainted. I couldn't help it, but madame was very angry."

"And the girl?" he asked. "Madame sent me away the next day, and I saw her in the street on my way home. She stopped her carriage and came up to me. I told her that I had lost my position, and she was so angry that she went straight back to madame and told her that she would never set foot in her shop again. Afterwards she sent me to Hastings for two months, and when I was quite strong again she lent me the money to start in business here. I am proud to say that in less than eighteen months I was able to pay her back every penny."

"But what about this husband?" he asked.

"You remember my telling you about Mr. Mallison," she said. "He used to travel in silks, and I saw him now and then at madame's. He called here when I started and was very attentive. In a business like this, you know, one needs a man."

John Selwyn laughed. He was astonished to find how relieved he was.

"That's all very well," he said, "but I consider you've treated me shamefully."

"You shall tell my husband so," she declared. "He'll be here in a few minutes."

"We'll all go out to lunch," he suggested.

"And in the meantime," madame said, "let me tell you something strange. Do you know who the young lady was?"

"How should I?" he asked. "Do you remember sitting in Richmond park one Sunday afternoon when two people went by in a motor car—a man and a girl? We all stared at one another rather strangely, and you told me afterwards that the man was your employer."

John Selwyn stood perfectly still. "I remember," he said. "Go on." "That was the girl—Miss Rathbone—who has done all this for me," madame declared, with tears in her eyes.

John Selwyn sat down in one of the padded chairs.

"Upon my word," he said, slowly, "in those days I used to admit that I couldn't understand life. I don't understand it now."

LATE that afternoon he called at Berkely Square. Miss Rathbone was at home, the butler thought, after a moment's hesitation, but she had gone to her room with a headache, and was refusing to see callers. Selwyn persisted, and twenty minutes later she came to him in the darkened drawing-room. He was standing when she entered, and she did not ask him to take a seat.

"I did not expect to see you here again, Mr. Selwyn," she said. "Under the circumstances, I think perhaps you might have stayed away."

"I could not," he answered simply. She gave a little start.

"Perhaps it was my father whom you wished to see?" she murmured.

"No," he answered. "It was you."

She came a few steps farther into the room. He saw then that she was paler than he had ever seen her. It was the beginning of trouble, this—the beginning of the blow which he had dealt.

"I do not know," she said, "what you can have to say to me."

"You look tired!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "Won't you sit down?"

She hesitated and then obeyed him, sinking on to a couch with a little gesture of weariness.

"Miss Rathbone," he said, "I have come to thank you for your kindness to the woman whom I was expecting to marry."

She looked at him for a moment without comprehension.

"I mean the young lady," he reminded her, "whom you set up in Grosvenor street, whom you saw with me nine years ago in Richmond park."

She suddenly understood. "It was she, then, whom you spoke of in the park yesterday?"

"Of course," he answered. "I was going to marry her. It was only right. She and I were sufferers together. We belonged to the same world. My prosperity was to have been her prosperity. You know," he continued, with a sudden smile, "even among the lower orders you can't sit in Richmond park with your head on a girl's lap for nothing."

"You were going to marry her, but you didn't care," she said, in a broken voice.

"I certainly did not care," he admitted. "I did not know," he continued, coming close to her, "that I cared for anybody. I did not believe that there was any room in my life for that sort of thing. I rather fancy I have been mistaken."

"It's horribly like the end of a story," she murmured.

"Not the end, sweetheart," he answered, drawing her close to him, "the beginning."

Thirteen and One

(Continued from page 43)

low, lying so utterly still that Temple muttered:

"Dead! The shock has killed him!"

While Temple scratched a match for his candle, Gateway lighted the small coal oil lamp on a table against the wall. The light revealed Andregg lying on his back among disordered covers, his face as white as death, the cold sweat still standing in glistening drops on his brow. Of the three men looking down on him it was Tom Blount alone who appeared to regard him with something akin to commiseration.

"Looks sick and weak and—and helpless," he said, staring in fascination. "Looks harmless and—and broken."

Gateway stooped very close, making the keenest and swiftest and most thorough of examinations of all that he could see. "Had a gun under his pillow," he said over his shoulder. "It fell behind the bed. Better make sure of it."

Meanwhile he evidently meant to make sure of other things. He began an immediate rummaging of the room, going through the clothes thrown untidily here and there about the room, taking time to mark in what feverish manner they must have been discarded. He dived a hand into pockets, kicked things out of his way, jerked drawers open and ransacked them hurriedly, yet expertly, tumbled out the contents of a suitcase and peered into closets. Also during his questing back and forth there was at least one article which went into his own pocket.

He fell silent after the search and watched Andregg stonily. And when the unconscious man showed no signs

of stirring Gateway lost patience and went for a glass of water which he flung into the white, haggard face. Andregg at last with a preliminary sigh returned to a world of troubles. He stared dully a moment, looking questioningly from face to face. Then the faintest flush stained his sallow cheeks and he reared up in bed.

GATEWAY stepped closer and thrust his face close down to Andregg's, lower jaw set pugnaciously, his attitude from the first word that of the master who meant to dominate. The breath of his words fanned Andregg's face.

"You killed Herman Dicks. He was a friend of mine. You killed Mainwaring Parks."

"It's a lie!" screamed Andregg. "I know what you mean," his eyes bright with fright. "I don't have to stand any third degree from you; you've no authority—"

Gateway laughed at him. "So you know what the third degree is, eh? Well, call it that if you like. We're going to have a heart to heart talk, you and me. I'm going to ask the questions. You're going to give the answers."

He turned away a moment to catch up a writing tablet on the table. He flopped it open, exposing a clean sheet of blank paper. This he put close to Andregg's evasive eyes.

"See that?" he demanded. "See it? Nothing on it now, but before I'm done with you it's going to be scrawled full and in your handwrite. Signed, too, in the presence of witnesses. A full and complete confession!"

Andregg's teeth, sadly in need of decent, ordinary care, were exposed as his lips drew back in a snarl. Still he made no answer. For Gateway held the tablet in his left hand and the right remained clenched, lifted a little, at his side.

"You killed Parks and Dicks. Parks for his money and, no doubt, for other purely personal reasons; Dicks because he stood in the way."

Andregg had grown very still, listening intently. He spoke now, defending himself excitedly.

"You weren't here or you'd know that's impossible. Didn't I run upstairs with the others when Parks called out—"

"So it was Parks then who yelled!" cut in Gateway quickly. "No one seemed sure; I thought so, and you confirm it! Thanks. As for running upstairs with the others, who says so? Just you. The rest will swear that the first they saw of you was when you were down on both knees beside Parks' dead body!"

Again Andregg listened intently. He licked his parched lips, pondered a long moment, then spoke again.

"And while I was upstairs," he sneered, "it seems I was also downstairs, blowing open a safe!"

"Ah, there I've got you, you gallows bird! Oh, you had everything nice and ready. You were alone in the house here for weeks, eh? And you knew what was up; that there'd be a fortune in jewels under the roof and that Parks would, without a doubt, come heeled in ready cash to make a handful of crinkly bank notes tempt some man to pry loose from some gem he had set his heart on. So what do you do? While you are all alone here you go to work. You have your charge of powder all set weeks, anyway, days ahead. You'd done some sort of a little piece of carpentering; that explains the tools you had in your bag!"

"Then tell me," panted Andregg, his body shaken under his attempt at control, "why I should kill Parks if I was after what was in the safe? Why I

An was just an until...



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Cornstarch Puddings

"from Contented Cows"



<p>CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE 2 tbsp. cornstarch (3 tbsp. for molding), ¼ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Mix thoroughly cornstarch, sugar, salt. Mix with ¼ cup cold water; add slowly to 1 cup Carnation which has been diluted and scalded with rest of water. Cook over hot water 15 min., stirring constantly till thickened. Melt chocolate; add to cooked mixture; then add to well beaten egg. Cook 2 min. longer; flavor; chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM 2 tbsp. cornstarch, ¼ cup brown sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 egg, 1 tbsp. butter, ¼ cup chopped dates, ¼ cup chopped nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the butter, dates, nuts, and vanilla. Chill. Serves 5.</p>
<p>CHERRY PUDDING ¼ cup cornstarch, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ tsp. vanilla, 2 tbsp. cherry juice, ¼ cup sliced maraschino cherries, ¼ cup cocoa-nut, 2 egg whites.</p>	<p>Follow the method for Chocolate Blanc Mange. When it has finished cooking add the flavoring, cherries, cocoa-nut, and stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill. Serves 6.</p>



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should blow up the safe when I was upstairs with the others, with no chance of getting what was in the safe?"

"Ask him," put in Temple, "what it was he picked up on the bathroom floor."

GATEWAY allowed himself a chuckle. "Don't have to ask; I know," he said, his eyes turned mockingly on Andregg's face.

Andregg started and stiffened at that, pricked by fresh alarm.

"You devil!"

"You'll think so before I'm through with you! I'm beginning to get you all 'round, Andregg—that-you-call-yourself! Oho, make you wiggle, do I? You've got a photo hung up in the rogue's gallery down in L. A., haven't you? Doctor? If you've been practising medicine, you could be railroaded for that. I don't recall your other monniker just now, but we'll get it in due course. Druggist, that's what you were before the ground began slipping under foot for you. Oh, you've got a record, and I'll get it in no time."

Andregg collapsed, falling back and covering his face with hands which trembled violently. Gateway tipped a wink at the mystified Temple and Blount. An eloquent wink it was, as much as to say: "I've got him where I want him, on the run with greased skids under him."

"Give me a drink of water," gasped Andregg lifting his white drawn face.

"I'll give you nothing," Gateway snapped, "unless it's a swat in the jaw—or a cup of water with salt in it! That is, until you've spilled all you know. Then you can have your water by the gallon—and anything else you ask for."

Andregg merely closed his eyes and fought with the tremors which threatened now to shake him from head to foot.

Gateway resumed, "I'll give you a choice. You can write your confession now, or an hour from now, if you want. At the most, twenty-four hours—and if you've lasted that long you'll have gone through a longer stretch of hell than I think you've got the nerve for! But don't forget for one split-second that I've got the whip hand of you! Know what I mean, don't you?" he ended with a snarl.

The sergeant coughed under his hand, Gateway whirled on him, snapping out:

"If you haven't got the stomach for this, beat it! I don't need any help!"

AT THIS moment Paul Savoy burst in on them, wild-eyed, face white and haggard.

"Who's here?" he demanded anxiously. Then, a glance about the room having answered for him, he exclaimed hurriedly: "Mr. Nemo! Where is he? Has anyone seen him?"

"Why, he went to bed hours ago," said Temple wonderingly. "You knew —"

Savoy spun about and ran out, calling over his shoulder:

"Come with me! Hurry; for God's sake hurry."

"What is it?" shouted Temple, and leaped forward.

From the hallway down which Savoy had sped came his troubled voice:

"Pray God it isn't murder again! And hurry!"

"Coming, Gateway?" demanded Temple, already at the door with Tom Blount at his heels.

"Not for a million," retorted Gateway. "Any time you want me you'll find me right here."

They ran on, following Savoy, Temple's candle streaming smokily. Gateway pulled up a chair and sat down close, yet not too close, to Andregg's bed.

"I guess there'll be no more murders pulled in this shack," he said confidently, "as long as I've got my eye on you."

But something of that confidence was shaken as Captain Temple came hurrying back, demanding:

"Your keys, Gatewood. His door's locked and we can't rouse him."

When they found Mr. Nemo's door locked, and knocked, louder and louder and then called out and had no answer, the three stood looking fearfully into one another's eyes which shone strangely in the uncertain candle light.

"Fool! Fool!" stormed Savoy. And, understanding his own ambiguity, he elucidated only to the extent of adding: "Fools, all of us, when we might have foreseen—where's an ax?"

HE WENT in haste, seeking an ax or hatchet, striking matches to light him on his way. In the kitchen he found both a candle and a broad bladed hand-ax.

"Stand back!" he commanded on returning.

"We're sure raising merry hell with Parks' home," snorted the captain, and was the first through as the splintered door gave way.

The candlelight but imperfectly illuminated an exquisite Kirman rug of soft gray with its tender pink bordering and its glowing roses; a silk-clothed table bearing tray with bottles and glasses; a cushiony chair and, at the far side of the room, an old four-poster bed. The bed coverings dragged the floor; the bed itself was empty.

The three men hastened through the room to a further door, closed now, but discovered to lead to the bath. There was no one there and they hurried on to still another closed door. It opened readily and they found themselves in the bedroom of Mr. Nemo's servant, Mohun. And here, fast asleep, they found Mohun himself.

Savoy hastened to wake him while Temple turned back into Mr. Nemo's room seeking some detail to point to an explanation of his absence. First of all he came upon a broken glass, discovering it by the sound of crunching particles underfoot; the fragments lay scattered between the table and the empty bed. Evidently the glass had fallen from the table's edge.

He sought on, not tarrying to read any message the broken glass might hold; gather your clues without delay, was Temple's motto, and decipher them when you've time for it.

"I say, Blount," he called. "Look, he went to bed, didn't he? He lay there a while with his lamp burning and smoked cigarettes, half a dozen of 'em; he had a drink or two, as witness the table drawn up handily and the glass that must have stood close by. Then, all of a sudden, he made up his mind. He jumped up, piled into his clothes—and sneaked out of the window!"

"If you've got all this right, sir," said Blount, his eyes round and bright with admiration, "then all I got to say is you could call that roughneck Gateway in and teach him his own trade."

"Clear as a crystal, Tom," said Temple earnestly. "Look for his clothes and you don't find 'em. Look now on the floor, under the window."

Blount looked.

MELTED snow. He got the window open, and the wind whipped through, spraying snow on the floor; even the rug over yonder is damp. He went out, got his window shut—and has gone about his business, whatever that may be. He went fast and made no noise about it; even Mohun in the next room—I wonder if he's only playing

possum? What Mr. Nemo does, I've a notion his right-hand man knows."

"Whether he knows or not makes no difference to me," snapped Temple. "I only know that that infernal blundering Savoy has happened to stumble just close enough to the truth to scare that rare white bird clean off."

"How's that, Captain?"

"Nemo has sneaked off somewhere, I tell you, and for reasons of his own. If we'd got an inkling of that and had watched for him, we might have learned something. Now what? We smash down his door, and he'll see that first of all when he comes sneaking in again. He will then realize that it's up to that devious Oriental mind of his to cook us up a nice little lie by explanation. We'll get the lie, and that's all we'll get."

"But how did Savoy—"

"Sheer guess work, blind luck," scoffed the other.

Now for the first time they heard Mohun's voice. Savoy had him awake and was firing questions at him. Temple and Blount passed back through the bath to lend their two pairs of incredulous ears to whatever Mohun might be of a mind to say.

Mohun, never so squat and ugly as now, sat humped over on the edge of his bed, looking up at the trio with queer intentness.

HOW does it happen that, while we battered a door down, you slept through it all?"

Mohun blinked and considered.

"Maybe you are quiet at that, breaking a door," he said at last. He picked his words carefully; an odd inflection gave them a foreign flavor, yet one not easily labeled. He paused to ponder, then emphasized his thought by remarking: "The other men, they sleep like me."

But while he was making his contention those "other men" spoke for themselves, setting his argument at naught by beginning to trickle into the room. Laufer-Hirth and Will Little were first among them, the jeweler in an awkwardly donned overcoat and slippers, his secretary in flamboyant dressing gown and bare feet, both startled and alarmed. Beyond them one saw the shadowy forms of the huddling Filipino boys. And presently came McIntosh with a very business-like forty-five Colt in his hand.

"It's murder again!" moaned Little. "Oh, you'll see. This house—"

"Why should it be murder?" snapped Temple. "And where's your dead man?"

"Where are the others?" whispered Will Little, eyes staring.

The newcomer among them, McIntosh, shouldered forward then and demanded:

"What tipped you off that there was anything out of the way going on here? How'd you happen to get the hunch to break into this room?"

"I'd been thinking," Savoy returned coolly. "I'd intended going to bed and to sleep, but I couldn't get my mind off what has happened since we came into this ill-starred house. I realized that the game wasn't played out with Parks and Dicks down. Where would the essential, chief blow be struck? Where, indeed, if not at the man who carried with him the Flower of Heaven?"

"But you heard what Mr. Nemo said," cried Mohun eagerly. "How he did not bring the jewel with him!"

"And we all know he lied," said Savoy, and others nodded.

YOU mean, Savoy?" asked Temple slowly, "that you think Nemo has been the victim of the same sort of thing which happened to the others?"



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"Why isn't he here?" asked Savoy.

"I wish I knew! But you don't mean that he's been murdered, his body disposed of—"

"Where is he?" asked Savoy stonily.

"He's right! Mr. Savoy's right!" came brokenly from Will Little. "It's murder. It's the house of the mad man, Thruff Wilczynski! The house of the Opal!" "Confound you, Will Little!" roared Laufer-Hirth, shaking him in both chubby hands. "Stop that nonsense! Stop it!"

"Let go of me!" cried his secretary hysterically. "You—you've got the cursed thing in your pocket. Go throw it into the fire; better, into the lake. Let it go down with dead men's bodies."

McIntosh looked on curiously.

"Better get that guy to bed," he advised off-handedly. "He's all set to fly to bits."

"It's an evil place," continued Will Little, his voice sounding far away and thin. "The Opal; it vanished years ago when murders were committed here. It came back with other murders." And suddenly his tones strengthened and grew clear as he pleaded vehemently: "Oh, go throw the infernal thing into the lake."

After that they simply ignored him. McIntosh observed that right here was the place for Gateway.

"Gateway's an ass," muttered Paul Savoy. "If he were of any account he'd be here, while the trail is hot."

Temple eyed Savoy curiously.

"Did you notice how Nemo stepped in when at the table I was set on making Andregg come clean with what he knew? How Nemo whispered in his ear? And how, later, they had their secret conference and Nemo then declared himself satisfied?"

"Oho! So it's both Nemo and Andregg, working together?"

"Well, and why not? I've felt all along it was a two-man job. Andregg's one, for certain. From what I know—*know*, mind you—of this mysterious Mr. Nemo, I wouldn't put it beyond him to be the second of the duo."

"What in the world are we to do?" asked Laufer-Hirth.

SAVOY laughed aloud and rubbed his hands.

"What's so funny?" snapped Temple.

"I was afraid at first that we'd find the most excellent Mr. Nemo dead in his bed," returned Savoy. "Now we know that it's no such tragedy as that. He's alive and well, without a doubt. But I very much suspect that he has lost his Flower of Heaven— By the way," eyes twinkling, "you've remembered all the while that most conveniently located house on the lake shore nearby?"

"I have that, and I don't need reminding, thanks. And McIntosh and I are on our way there just as soon as we can get properly dressed. If Nemo has gone that way—and where else could he have gone—there'll be his track from the water's edge through the snow."

"Exactly. Well, good hunting. But, lest you should miss it in the dark, I'll tell you of something. Of course you won't find any tracks in the snow at the other house. But, if you look carefully, you'll see a pier on the shore, and you'll find a steel cable reaching for it to the house itself—"

Temple gasped, then cried softly:

"How do you know?"

"I asked the Filipino boys if there wasn't some such arrangement and they cudgelled their brains, and told me there was."

"Why, that cable may explain everything—"

"No; I'm afraid the cable's no good,

Captain. And so," with a queer flicker of his eyes, "I give it to you."

Savoy looked intently at Mohun.

"Shall we have a little talk now?" he invited.

Mohun stood stiff and solid.

"Me, I must think," he observed gravely.

"Good!" cried Savoy. "That's man's work. Sit down here where it's warm. I'll join you—at thinking. And, while the good Captain Temple, Tom Blount, and Mr. McIntosh emulate arctic explorers, maybe we, here, can get forward with this pretty puzzle."

"If anybody ever finds out who killed Parks and Dicks," began the Captain.

"Oh, that! That's easy enough, to tell you who your super-criminal is. All that we need think on now, Mr. Mohun and I, is: Where are the bodies? That's the only mystery; we've had no other mystery at any time. Good night, gentlemen," as the door slammed.

What will Paul Savoy and Mohun think about to aid in the solution of this enthralling mystery? What will Captain Temple discover about the cable? Where is Nemo, dead or alive? Don't miss the thrills in the next installment of Thirteen and One in the July Radio Digest.

Real Home Making

(Continued from page 78)

Wherever you look in the new Home-Makers' studios, you see evidence of a desire to serve. The long reception hall walls are decorated with colorful and amusing French and Chinese prints, correctly framed and hung. Joan Barrett will tell you with justifiable pride that not one of these pictures cost more than a dollar, including the frame, and, even nicer, she'll tell you where you can duplicate them for your own home.

There are fascinating details enough to satisfy the eagle eye of the most ardent home-maker. In the main foyer, for instance, the lovely crewel-work drapes are hung from decorative wrought-iron fixtures that look like medieval spears; in the kitchen there is the usual cabinet for pots and pans beneath and dishes above, but this one attains the proportions of a piece of fine furniture because it has open shelves, just like an old Dutch dresser.

The walls of the ultra-modern living room are hung with monk's cloth to take up any extraneous sound. But it is a very particular kind of monk's cloth, manufactured especially for the Radio Home-Makers by an enthusiastic Southern mill owner who had heard Mrs. Allen speak about the new studios. The material is very soft and pliable of a blue and silver checked design, which harmonizes beautifully with the blue and silver painted furniture. The most unusual detail of this room is the silver-stencilled corners of the dark blue floor border, an original decorative note of Mrs. Allen's invention, carried out by Joan Barrett.

OF COURSE, the room that most intrigues my feminine heart is the combination boudoir and bedroom, from which the talks on beauty and health are broadcast. It is of an intimate size, unlike the other rooms which, are very large, resembling a fresh spring daffodil in its green and yellow color scheme. The window treatment is unusual and effective—yellow celonose voile is pulled tautly from top to bottom of the panes in the modern criss-cross style, while green and yellow monk's cloth fashion the tie-back drapes. The thing that "sold" the room to me, however, is the

palest yellow organdie spread on the green wooden bed. It fits smoothly on top over a thin silk foundation and beneath the finely corded edges it hangs around the bed in fluffy scalloped petals. I'm not good at describing such things, but I assure you it is just like a lovely daffodil in the midst of a lush green field, which, in this case, is the deep-piled velvet rug.

And now we come to the Home-Makers themselves: Mrs. Allen, a charming hostess with the loveliest voice imaginable, who seems to know everything in the world; Grace White—she of the waffles and other delectable dainties—who prepares all the foods while Mrs. Allen describes them over the air; Joan Barrett, in her smart peasant smock, who can tell you all about interior decorating and France; Louise Baker, a tall, dignified lady with a melodious voice, who tells mothers how to bring up their young hopefuls sensibly and scientifically; Carolyn Cornell, whose clothes mark her the fashion expert that she is; Helen Chase, a beautiful contradiction of the old saw that beauty experts are always old, ugly women; and Janet Lee, whose petite youth would never let you suspect that she is up on such things as diet, etiquette and every imaginable form of entertaining.

There are lots of other Home-Makers, too, who don't come on the air but who do a thousand and one necessary things to make those twenty-six broadcasts each week the smooth, perfect things they are. But they all insist modestly on being background material, so you'll have to wait until another day to hear about them.

Radiographs

(Continued from page 57)

tice and less play, and, besides, in less than a week the lonesome little goat died. It was the fault of My Rosary. And when the goat was buried with honors and solemn ceremony and sung over by all the children of the neighborhood little Joe cried and refused to sing or to let them sing what had been his favorite song, My Rosary.

The second and third time that the Silver Masked tenor sang My Rosary, he was on his way to France to spoil a perfectly good war. By this time the childish incident was forgotten; his voice had settled into a rich tenor under the guidance of Charles Abercrombie, former court tenor to Queen Victoria, who had become White's teacher, and Joe was a private in the army and called upon to sing in the amateur shows of the famous 27th Division. In this outfit his buddy was Judson House also, today, a famous Radio tenor soloist.

Their transport ship was the Poca-hontas. When halfway across, the doughboys insisted on a concert. Joe White could sing, and Judson House would play the piano. The first number on the program was My Rosary. Nobody knows whether it was the song that finally goaded a German submarine beyond endurance or whether it was planning to attack anyway. At any rate, the concert was informally postponed. The audition chose to repel submarine instead.

Later the same day, they tried again to stage the concert. Once again Judson House played the opening ballad, My Rosary, and Joe White sang the first few notes. Again a submarine popped up.

The fourth and last time he tried My Rosary was in Beauval, France. A German plane flew over the sector and applauded by dumping a high-powered "ash can" square on the roof. It totally

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LISTED below are some of the many Columbia artists whose names and fame are household words in millions of radio-loving homes. Some of them are your favorites. You're sorry when their program ends, you anticipate their next appearance. Lots of times you'd like to hear them when they're off the air. And you can! Columbia records enable you to hear any or all of these artists when you want to, where you want to, and for as long as you want to—each exactly "like life itself."

<i>Ted Lewis and His Band</i>	Constantly sought for broadcasts, but as yet too busy in Keith-Albee circuit, musical comedy, and Warner Bros. films.	
<i>Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra</i>	Old Gold Hour	N. B. C.
<i>Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians</i>	Robert Burns Hour	C. B. S.
<i>Ben Selvin and His Orchestra</i>	Wahl Pencil Hour Kolster Hour Beginning Feb. 1st— DeVoe & Reynolds Hour	C. B. S.
<i>James Melton</i>	Seiberling Singers Palm Olive Hour	N. B. C.
<i>Ipana Troubadours</i>	Ipana Hour	N.B.C.

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wrecked the impromptu concert hall. Nobody was hurt, but Joe White swore never again to sing My Rosary.

Obviously, Radio had no terrors for Joe White when he got back to America. His was the first voice picked up by Radio in England from the United States, when one of his concerts over WEAJ was heard clearly in London in 1923.

When the Goodrich company went on the air, White was picked as the outstanding Radio soloist to grace their program.

The "Silver Mask" idea was Philips Carlin's, announcer of the program in its early days. One night, while on the air, Carlin waxed poetic about the silver aspect of the troupe. "All the instruments are of silver," said Carlin. "Even the drummer has silver drumsticks, and the tenor wears a silver mask. He is a man of mystery; no one knows who he is!" Next day the mails brought 10,000 letters of inquiry. The singer has been the "Silver Masked Tenor" ever since.

The original performers were heard over NBC networks every week until October, 1927. Since then, they have toured the entire country in vaudeville—with their names in electric lights in all the biggest cities.

And now Joe White, the Silver Masked tenor, is back on NBC programs.

ROSALINE GREENE is a school teacher. She is also an author and dramatist, and the tomboy sister of a family of athletes. Three of her brothers are champions, and she managed the boys' track team at high school.

She left the New York State College for Teachers at Albany with the strangest honors ever conferred upon an embryo schoolma'am. Miss Greene finally took with her not only the usual degrees and honors, but also the unexpected rank of First Lady of Radioland.

Between classes she stole away to don grease paint and make-up, and played in the stock company at Proctor's in Albany, and in Troy. Classmates and professors commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady, but no one suspected the truth. And still she passed all her courses at school, *cum laude*.

Now the tomboy-schoolma'am-actress-author is leading lady of the air in National Broadcasting company dramatic programs, and the same Rosaline Greene who created for Radio audiences the classic characters of Joan of Arc and Josephine in Napoleon, two outstanding triumphs of the Eveready hour.

The year Rosaline Greene was graduated from State College a full-fledged school teacher, she was dragged off to New York and crowned "America's most perfect Radio voice." And it all happened by accident.

She was only a sophomore at State College when the invitation came from WGY offering auditions to members of the senior class. She was only taken along as supercargo, but Edward H. Smith, the director of WGY and creator of Radio drama, gave her a "mike test" along with the rest—and thereby became the discoverer of "America's most perfect Radio voice."

It wasn't proclaimed such at first: Smith merely recognized an unusual quality especially adapted to Radio, and she was the only one from the school invited back to play with the professional cast broadcasting The Merchant of Venice and other productions of the early days.

SHE found the subject fascinating, and wondered if a dramatic career was

better than teaching school. But she completed her studies, "just in case," and meanwhile joined the stock troupe for additional experience. She was genuinely embarrassed every time a classmate or instructor commented on her striking resemblance to the new leading lady.

The year of her graduation she was feted at the Radio World's Fair in New York, and was formally awarded the silver cup as the possessor of "America's most perfect Radio voice." She left the WGY players to face the microphones of metropolitan stations.

Lee Shubert personally called upon "the perfect voice," and offered her the lead in his new production, Pearl of Great Price, at the Century theatre. She tried it for a while, but at the end of two months had made her decision. Radio should be her own personal field, with the Broadway stage or the little red school house to fall back on only in case of need.

Since her successes in the Eveready hour, Miss Greene has signed a contract with the NBC artists service to play only in dramatic broadcasts through National Broadcasting company networks. She is now featured frequently in programs ranging from pure melodrama to the musical offerings of the RCA hour, the fantastic sketches of The Silver Flute and the straight productions of NBC's Miniature theatre.

Meanwhile Rosaline Greene keeps her snug apartment near Riverside Drive and Columbia university, where she continues to study the art of dramatic writing for further Radio plays of her own. She rides in Van Cortlandt park and plays a slashing game of tennis, under the expert eye of her champion brother. Another brother, who holds swimming records, supervises her ocean dips near the family home on Long Island.

For traveling between the NBC studios on Fifth avenue and her uptown apartment, she rides the subway. "Every trip means a new idea," she says.

Planning Boy's Room

(Continued from page 58)

leg, stating it is stronger. He also advised they be finished in black and gold, as they could then be used elsewhere in the home. The table and chairs cost \$125, unfinished, which does seem expensive, but I know it is not too much for such beautiful pieces. The stove is black and old ivory and the refrigerator ivory, faucets and soap dish at sink are black so I am puzzled. Will you please help me?"

"It seems to me that the merchant's logic is not all it should be, for the furniture that is bought for use in the breakfast room is not going to be transferred to any other section of the house. If it is selected for that place, then surely it will stay there and not go wandering about. With the green walls and floor in the kitchen I believe your own inclination to use ivory is quite right. Paint the table and chairs a rich, warm ivory and trim them with green, a fairly deep green, just between wall and floor color. You can use little flat seat pads of green on the chairs if you like.

FOR curtains for the two windows why not get one of the very smart modern designs in a semi-glazed chintz or percale, something combining ivory and black and a little coral color. It need not necessarily include green. If the coral color is not too dominant the curtains might be edged with that same tone. If you feel the lack of green, perhaps a fine line of green on the edge will do the trick. Colorful china, black

glass if you like, or the very popular combination of black and crystal will add a bit of sparkle to the table.

"As to the respective merits of gateleg or butterfly table, I think one is just as strong as the other. It is a matter of individual preference. In some cases the butterfly table looks heavier and is more comfortable because there are no extra legs to get in the way. On the other hand the gateleg is more graceful, seems to hold the leaf up more firmly and is seldom clumsy looking. Decide which one you like best and go ahead.

"In the kitchen you might add a little black stool, which would give a smart appearance and be a great convenience as well. You can use the same curtains there if the two rooms really seem like one, or you can use an ivory white curtain trimmed on the edge with green and black. You might even use green and white check roller shades for the kitchen windows, which would add a lively touch. Green and white and black in the kitchen, and green and white and coral in the breakfast room will give you two gay rooms that are livable and friendly to each other, though not just alike."

This gives you just a little idea of some of the problems that come to me. I am asked about houses inside and out, how to remedy this or that, what to do when the room seems all wrong and so on and on. They are all interesting and vital questions for, after all, what is of more importance than a comfortable, livable room? Listen in and learn all you can about making your home beautiful, for you will surely find some suggestions that are applicable to your own particular problem.

The Hunters

(Continued from page 19)

HAVING dismissed the alligator he turned his attention to the island, scanning the tree tops, and leveled stick again as he said half to himself:

"I'll bet a cookie they're in one or the other of those two big live oaks there—one or the other of 'em, I'll bet a cookie." He was obviously downcast about it, as one within sight of the prize yet unable to reach it.

"Water deep?" Bodet asked.

The question seemed to cheer Dorman. "Oh, no, not deep at all!" he replied brightly. "I've waded over twice when I was hunting alligators. It's just a step, you see." He rubbed his chin; then, hopefully and half apologetic:

"I tell you, Mr. Bodet. You can find your way back without any trouble. You just go back to the car and make yourself comfortable. Don't wait lunch for me. Jim's got everything in the car. You see, I've been over there before and I'm used to it. No use your getting yourself all muddled up."

His shrewd eyes searched Bodet's face a moment. And Bodet couldn't help thinking of a youngster yielding to temptation with a somewhat uneasy conscience. Dorman chuckled softly and confessed:

"I'm an obstinate old devil—hate to be beaten, you see. I'm more or less on the shelf already. If I begin giving up, Lord knows how it will end. I've got a son and two sons-in-law up in Chicago, you know. They want to wrap me up in cotton batting—so I won't be in their way." He chuckled again. "If I was to let a little honey bee, no bigger'n the end of my finger, beat me out down here, why when I got back to Chicago those three wolves would swallow me in one mouthful. Bad tactics to begin letting go. But you go back to the car and make yourself comfortable."



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"I'm only forty-four," Bodet replied. "What's to become of me if I begin letting go at that age? You show me the way over."

IT WAS clear that the answer pleased Dorman much. He beamed satisfaction at his companion, then surveyed the water.

"Guess one way over is as good as another. The water's shallower up there"—pointing to where a ridge of somewhat higher ground ran between mainland and island, as one could see because rushes grew thick all the way across. "But if you got less water up there you'd get more mud. I'd rather go in the open. In hot weather there's likely to be quite a few moccasins in a place like that. Probably wouldn't see any now; but there's bog holes—nasty walking. Best way's to plug right across in the open."

With that the man who was no longer very active stepped off into the muddy water, feeling ahead with his stick. They went slowly, their feet clogged with mud, the water finally rising to their hips. Two-thirds of the way over they saw a man standing in the brush ahead, peering at them. His color indicated a fraction of negro blood. He was a stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt; his aspect inhospitable.

"Ought to have a boat here," Dorman sang out to him: "good place for a ferry line."

Helter, beating tortuously through the woods, heard that hail. He thought he had got turned around again, for as he had it in his mind the location whence the voice came should be the water side and it did not occur to him that anybody would be speaking from the water. Silently cursing, he toiled toward the sound and gained the brush on the bank of the lake in time to see Dorman and Bodet climbing up the farther shore. They had left their coats in the car, wearing only overalls, dark shirts and caps. There was no mistaking the two figures; and sweaty Helter cursed again. If he had got there a minute and a half earlier he would have had a fair target at a range of two hundred yards, and he was now exasperated enough to take a considerable chance on getting away. But the two figures were disappearing into vegetation on the other bank.

Helter didn't know that the land over there was an island. It seemed to him that the mysterious business on which the two men were bent was carrying them farther into the woods. This jungle was a wonderful place for hiding and getting away; five yards in any direction would take a man completely out of sight. He must get near enough for a shot while Bodet was still in the woods. That was in his mind as he peered across the muddy water. Then a movement on the opposite bank, some distance away, drew his attention, and his eyes bulged.

THE 'gator on the mud bank had lifted his head and looked around. Finally his primitive nerves had received an impression that something or other, which might be inimical, was troubling the water and making a noise. Helter, turning his eyes in that direction, saw a big scaly form, with fearsome jaws, sliding smoothly into the lake. There was hardly a ripple. As Helter stared, pop-eyed, something like a big piece of bark came to view on the surface of the water—a nose, a long strip like the top of an old log, then two eyes under pent-houses. In a moment the apparition sank. Helter's flesh crept. He looked up and down, and, off to the left, saw the belt of rushes between island and mainland.

That would be a place to get across.

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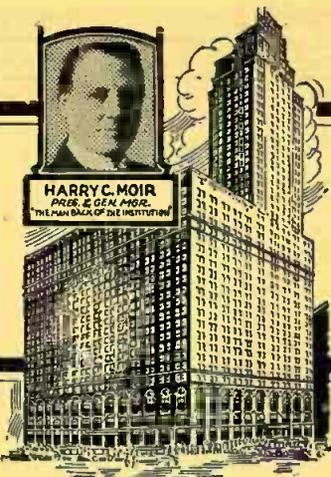
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It meant beating back some distance through the woods, for he was already below the crossing; but there was no help for it. On his own ground he had sufficient nerve, but not for anything would he have walked out into the water where that fearsome, scaly shape had disappeared. Besides, if he tried to cross here and they should happen to look out from the opposite shore he would be in plain view. Desperately he turned to toil back through the tangle of tough, impeding, pricking things, twisting this way and that to find a path.

At length, perspiring, he came to the belt of rushes. It was a repulsive place—hummocks of dank earth sticking up through the muddy water, overgrown with reeds taller than his head. He hung on the bank by a tree whose roots were half exposed, staring at it, his face puckered with revulsion. By now a great rage possessed him as though the man whom he followed had been maliciously tormenting him by these impediments—all so utterly novel to him. He felt as though he had got into a kind of hell where everything conspired to harass and retard and startle him.

He sucked in his lips, stepped over to a hummock, poised and sprang for another. It gave way like dough under his feet and he slid off, floundering, into a boggy hole. The water came half way from his knees to his thighs, his feet sinking far into the mud. He could feel its soggy grasp on his ankles, like a formless hand dragging him down.

THE mishap shook his nerves. An instant later he saw a sullen stir of the water, off to the right, as though something moved below the surface. His flesh shrank as though teeth were already fastening in his leg. He lunged forward and scrambled up on a hummock, first on his knees in the mud, then on his feet, and as he got to his feet he drew a heavy automatic pistol, dead black, the butt sticking out beyond the handle. A little later he wiped his brow with his left hand, his fingers trembling slightly, his nervous eyes glistening.

He was quite unreasonable now—panicky; but subconsciously trying to get his nerves untangled. Men he would have faced with courage—but these loathy, crawling, scaly things! With despair, he wished that he had never undertaken this, even for three thousand dollars net and upon a command.

Then a new depth opened within him and he felt an access of hate such as he had not known before; thirsting to kill this man. Killing became a sort of necessity, like breathing. To do it anyway—fire point blank at five paces and trust to luck—anything to kill him. For he charged all his perturbation up to Bodet.

It seemed that he had been in the woods for hours, toiling back and forth. To gain this reedy cover he had gone nearly a mile from the place where Bodet and Dorman had waded straight across—slow going, too, with all the twisting and doubling and climbing over obstacles. Bodet might get away from him unless he hurried. Quite unreasonable, like a drunken man, gun in hand, he lunged forward, climbing, wading, mud clogged, suffocated in the rushes, always with nervous eyes alert for an alligator or snake. He got across and reached out to a hanging limb by which to help himself up on the muddy bank.

THEN something long and brown moved on the bank under his eyes, swiftly forming itself into a coil, a diamond shaped head erect at the front, with darting tongue; a tail erect, oscillating briskly. There was a sound as of dried peas shaken in a box. Helter had

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You may be interested to know that I am now Radio Service Manager for the H. N. Knight Supply Co. who are distributors for Eveready Radio Receivers in the State of Oklahoma, and Texas Panhandle, with an increase in salary of about 331-3%, since I enrolled with your school. Thanking you for your interest you have shown in me, and your wonderful course, I am, EARL F. GORDON, 616 East 6th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.



Makes \$25 a Day

Haven't forgotten you. How could I when I make as high as \$25.00 per day and have made \$600.00 in two months from Radio work. That's not so bad when I'm only 19 and in a small town. I just looked over the catalog you sent me before I enrolled, and you did about all you said you would and about as much more.—FLOREN KNEISLY, R. F. D. 2, Box 91, St. Joe, Ind.

GOOD JOBS Right at Your Finger Tips
WHEN YOU ARE R.T.I. TRAINED IN
RADIO-TELEVISION - Talking Pictures

BIG PAY JOBS! SPARE TIME PROFITS! A FINE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN! They're all open to you and other live wire men who answer the call of RADIO. The fastest growing industry in the world needs more trained men. And now come Television and Talking Movies—the magic sisters of Radio. Will you answer this call? Will you get ready for a big pay job NOW and step into a BIGGER ONE later on? You can do it EASILY now.

**R. T. I. Home Training
Puts You In This Big Money Field**

Radio alone, pays over 200 MILLION DOLLARS a year in wages in Broadcasting, Manufacturing, Sales, Service, Commercial Stations and on board the big sea going ships, and many more men are needed. Television and Talking Movies open up other vast fields of money-making opportunities for ambitious men. Get into this great business that is live, new and up-to-date, where trained service men easily earn \$40 to \$50 per week, and trained men with experience can make \$75 a week, and up.

Easy To Learn At Home—In Spare Time Learning Radio the R. T. I. way with F. H. Schnell, the "Ace of Radio" behind you is EASY, INTERESTING, really FUN. Only a few spare hours are needed and lack of education or experience won't bother you a bit. We furnish all necessary testing and working apparatus and start you off on practical work you'll enjoy—you learn to do the jobs that pay real money and which are going begging now for want of competent men to fill them.

Amazingly Quick Results

You want to earn BIG MONEY, and you want some of it QUICK. R. T. I. "Three in One" Home Training—Radio-Television-Talking Movies—will give it to you, because it's easy, practical, and



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Chief of R. T. I. Staff
Twenty years of Radio Experience. First to establish two-way amateur communication with Europe. Former Traffic Manager of American Radio Relay League. Lieut. Commander U.S.N.R. Inventor and Designer Radio Apparatus. Consultant Radio Engineer. Now in charge of R. T. I. Radio Training—and you will like his friendly manner of helping you realize your ambition.

is kept right up-to-date with last minute information. In a few weeks you can be doing actual Radio work, making enough EXTRA MONEY to more than pay for your training. In a few short months you can be all through—ready to step into a good paying job or start a business of your own. A BIG JOB—BIG MONEY—A BIG FUTURE. There is no other business in the world like it.

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For R. T. I. Book Now**

Don't waste a minute. Find out what the great Radio Industry, which has grown faster than the Automobile and Motion Picture business, has to offer you. Find out what other men are earning. SEE HOW EASILY YOU CAN GET STARTED. Get the facts about Radio, Television and the Talking Pictures, first hand, in the big R. T. I. FREE BOOK. Learn what this R. T. I. "Three in One" Home Training can do for you. Mail the Coupon for FREE BOOK NOW.

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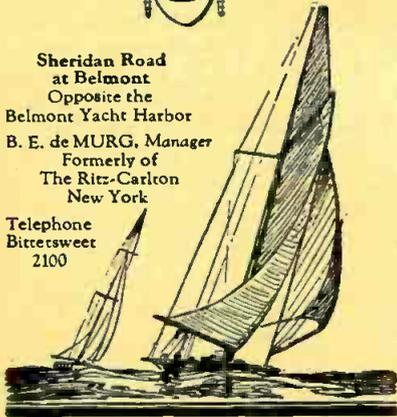
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FOR JULY—Many big things in the way of Special Features and Fiction—Don't miss this issue of Radio Digest.

never seen one before but he knew it was a rattlesnake, under his eyes. He leveled his weapon and fired quickly at the head. The snake leaped in a horrible convulsion, writhing and bleeding, and slipped off into the muddy water. But that shot! In the solitude it had roared like a crack of doom.

Helter cursed anew. Of course they would have heard that shot. Everything within a mile must have heard the roar; and after all he might have leaped back, out of the snake's reach, without shooting. Of course he must get away from the spot where his presence had been so advertised as quickly as possible. With that idea, helped by the limb, he sprang to the bank and lunged into the tangled brush, gun in hand, ready, peering ahead with nervous, glistening eyes and dripping with perspiration. It was infamous going, vines and branches impeding him, so that he had no free movement of his arms and legs. He lunged at it desperately, seething with unspoken curses.

The ground seemed clear to the left. He pushed that way. Then through the thinning screen of underbrush he saw a man in the little clearing; a dark, stoutish man with thick lips, in overalls and calico shirt, whose aspect at once appeared to be hostile. The heavy automatic pistol in Helter's right hand moved upward. A pistol shot again rang again in the still air.

*FOLLOW the gangsters hunting
The Hunter in foreign territory.
These adventures, with many thrilling
details, will be concluded in the July
Radio Digest.*

Youth and Pep at WACO

TED JENNINGS and his WACO staff orchestra have gone over with a bang in Waco. Their pep, and unfaillingly good music have made this a very popular dance orchestra, and when the placards go out "Music by Ted Jennings and his WACO Staff Orchestra—that peppy bunch in person"—the crowd is assured.

One of the featured entertainers on WACO is Sammie Knox and his marimbaphone. Sammie is able to get more and better music out of his marimba than any youngster has any right to expect he can do; this marimba furnishes a musical background for all announcements on the station—Sammie taking up the melody of the number just finished and playing it softly while the announcer talks. Then as the next musical number begins he fades out. Sammie's "ear-to-ear" grin is the studio decoration.

"Time to hit the air!" is the cry that goes up in the studio when Howard Simons walks in; he always gets there and begins tuning his banjo, just ten seconds before time to hit the air. He is the studio clock. Never was known to be over ten seconds early, so his arrival heralds the approach of the opening announcement. Si is one clever banjoist, and plays a mandolin in his own inimitable manner.

Louie Burns, he of the smart little mustache and sheik-ish atmosphere, is not only staff pianist but a composer. Louie has written some beautiful melodies and one of the jazzier numbers which is enjoying quite a little run in Texas, is his "Bug Shuffle"—just as peppy as it sounds. Louie's pet hobby is a woman—or she will be in another fifteen years; at present she is about the cutest little bundle of baby charms ever seen in any studio—and she's Louie's daughter, Patricia.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Radio Digest, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1930.

State of Illinois,)
County of Cook,) ss.

Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared E. C. Rayner, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Radio Digest, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. C. Rayner, McCormick Hotel, 616 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois; Editor, Harold P. Brown, 6361 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) E. C. Rayner, McCormick Hotel, 616 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois; George Seaman, 2350 Parkway, West Chicago, Illinois; F. T. Ryan, 510 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois; D. R. Seaman, 49 Cedar Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; estate of Joseph Seaman, 411 W. Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois; V. E. Huffer, Hotel Elms, 53rd and Cornell, Chicago, Illinois.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

E. C. RAYNER,
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1930.

(SEAL)

Irene Lauer,
(My commission expires Sept. 6, 1932.)

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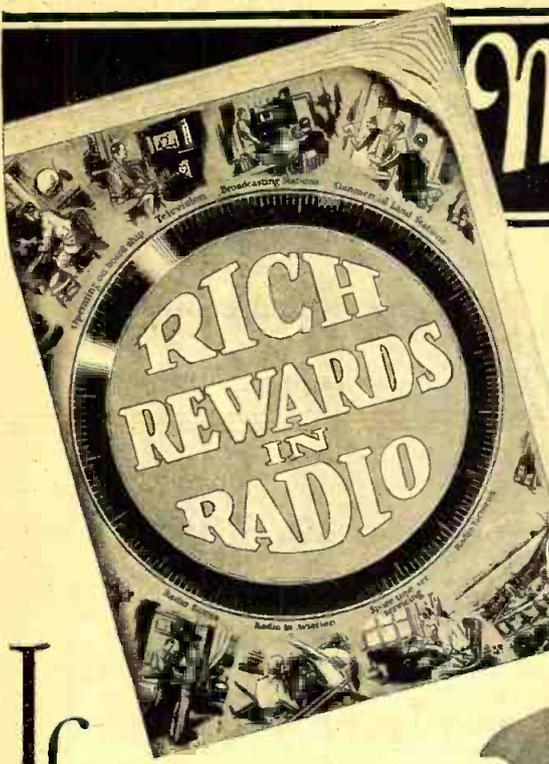
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Hold your job until you are ready for another. Give me part of your spare time. I will give you the training that is raising hundreds of men's salaries every year. I feel so sure that I can satisfy you that I will agree in writing to refund every cent of your tuition fee if you are not satisfied with my Lessons and Instruction Service when you finish my course.

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Spare Time While Learning

The day you enroll I will show you how to do ten jobs common in most every neighborhood. Nearly every one of the twelve million Radio sets in use needs \$2 to \$10 servicing a year. Get some of this money for yourself. I will show you how to do it. I will give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for many of my students while they are taking my course.

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Unique 8 Outfits of Radio parts for a Home Experimental Laboratory giving practical training and experience equal to if not better than most resident courses.

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Have you read my new book giving an outline of National Radio Institute's improved training in Radio? If you haven't, send for your copy today. No matter what kind of a job you may have in the Radio industry now, unless you are at or near the top, I believe my training can help you get ahead—make still more money—get a still better job. However, I'll let you decide that for yourself after you have read my book—just let me show you what I have to offer. Many others in Radio—amateurs, spare time and full time service men, Radio dealers, fans, custom set builders—have found the way to more profit and more money through this course. You will find letters from them in my book.

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While my course trains you for all branches of Radio—I am also giving extensive, thorough and practical information on servicing different models and makes of A. C., D. C., battery operated and screen grid tube sets. Atwater Kent models, Crosley, Zenith, Majestic, Stewart-Warner, Radiola, Eveready, and many other makes are covered. This information is of special help—of real money making value—to those who are now service men or those who want to be service men. This part of my training, however, is only one of 18 features that I am offering men and young men who want to get good jobs in the Radio industry—or who are in Radio and want to advance. Even though you may have received information on my course before, unless you have gotten my new book as pictured above, write to me again—see how N.R.I. has grown and improved, too. While my training has been enlarged and revised—my course is not new or untried. Hundreds of men in Radio owe their success and larger income to it. Send the coupon today.

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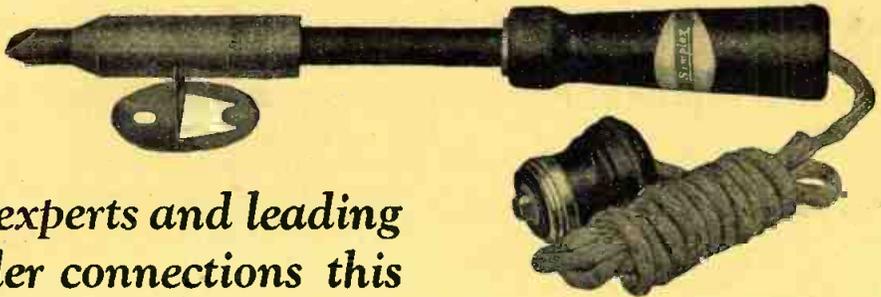
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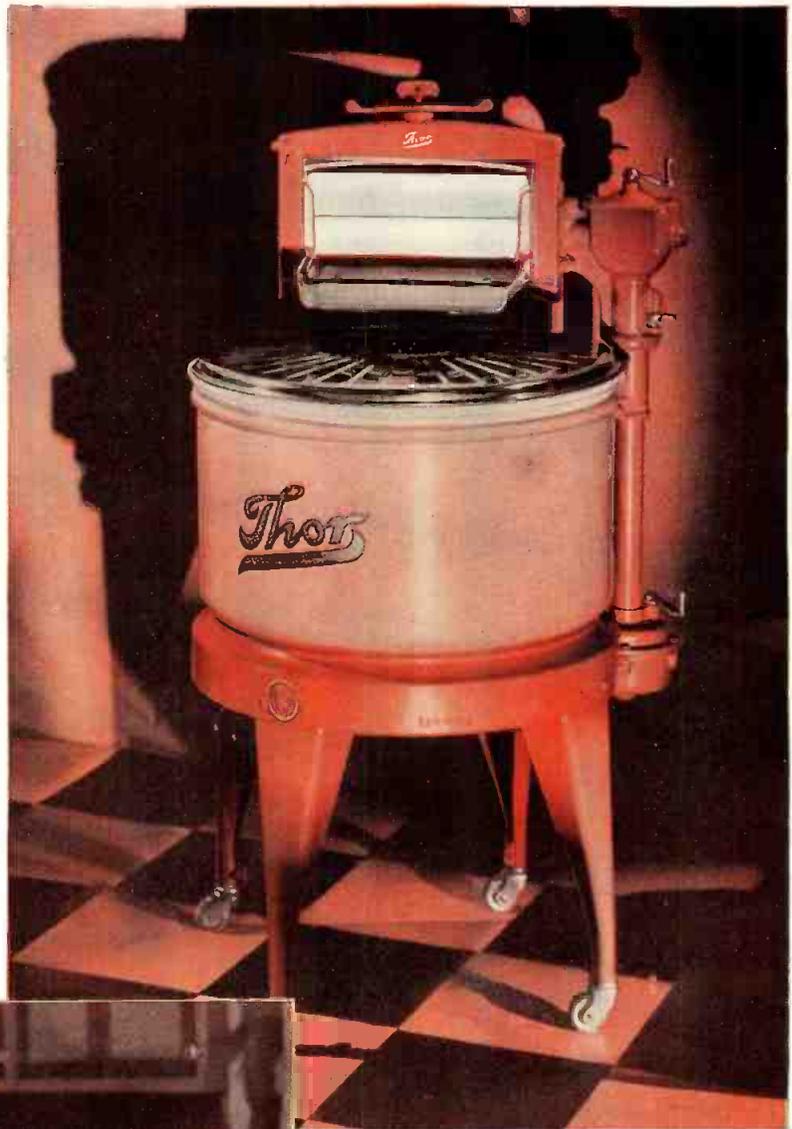
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