

WLS

at the
FAIR

*A whimsical little book about
our staff and its visits and
impressions at the great Century
of Progress Exposition held
right here in Prairie Farmer's
front yard at Chicago 1933.*

Published by
Prairie Farmer Publishing Company
BURRIDGE D. BUTLER, President
1230 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

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Dear Folks:

FOR the three longest years in history we've been serious. Those three years are past. They don't need to ever come back on our account. Now let's relax the jaw muscles, and let the little curly wrinkles come back around the corners of the mouth, and we'll laugh our way through this World's Fair. If we should happen to laugh right in the middle of something that's supposed to be serious, other folks may scowl at us, but it won't matter, just so **you** understand.

Yours cheerfully,

The WLS Crew

P. S.—This was supposed to be the introduction, but we felt that we Prairie Farmer folks didn't need an introduction—you already know us.

ARCTURUS — The Star That Started Something

THE star Arcturus is so far away that a ray of light which started from it forty years ago, and has been traveling 186,000 miles a second ever since, just arrived in time to operate the mechanism that started the lights of A Century of Progress Exposition on May 27, 1933. The strength of the light from that star, so the astronomers said, was just about the same as that of a candle flame five miles away.

When that ray of light started on its earthward journey there was not an automobile or an airplane or a radio announcer in the world. Folks still went to town once a week for their mail, took a bath in the washtub on Saturday night by the light of a coal-oil lamp, and never heard of vitamins. The young swain who is now a grandfather wore a beard at 25, drove a horse and buggy when he went courting, and there wasn't a foot of concrete highway in all America. But all the time that ray of light from Arcturus was on its way, headed for Earth at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, just to start this World's Fair.

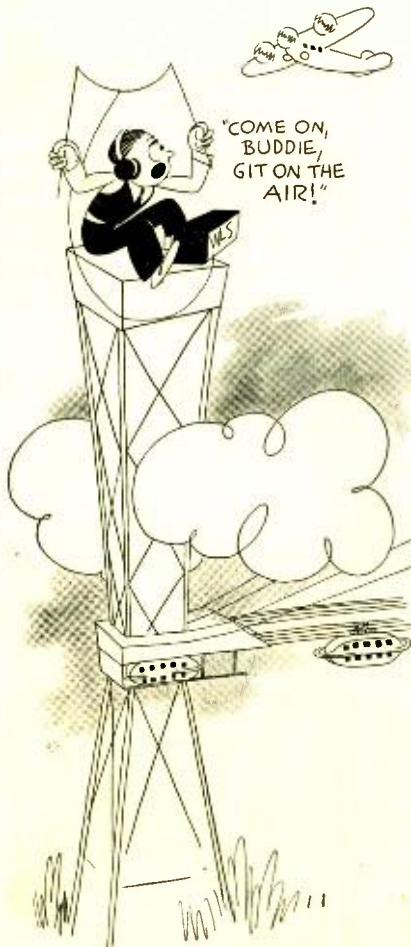
We were just thinking, that when you smile, the light from your face travels just as fast and just as far, and who knows what it may start! Let's have a good smile with Hal O'Halloran as he counts "One, Two, Three—Smile!" at the speaker's stand in the great plaza in front of the Hall of Science. That big Irish smile has started many a day off with good cheer at 5:00 A. M., and was to start the big PRAIRIE FARMER National Barn Dance, the grand climax of Farmers' Week at the World's Fair, August 18.

"One, two, three—Smile!" says Hal.



We Put it on the Air

WLS HAD the honor of giving the first descriptive broadcast of the opening of A Century of Progress Exposition. In order to do it, we utilized the skill and experience of our engineering staff, the modern tri-motor airplane furnished by American Airways, a short wave transmitter and receiving apparatus to pick up the broadcast from the air, and the telephone line to carry the description through the WLS control room and to the big transmitter at Downers Grove. If you were listening on the morning of May 27th, just before the big gates swung open, you heard Jack Holden, 2,000 feet in the air, describing the Fair grounds and the crowds assembled in front of the gates up to the very moment when the signal was given and the first of the millions of visitors surged through the gates and started down the now famous Avenue of Flags.



There were many technical details to work out in such a broadcast. Our engineers, under the leadership of the veteran Tommy Rowe, tried many places on the Fair grounds to set up the receiving apparatus. There was great difficulty because of the large amount of electrical equipment, causing interference. They tried the top of the Sky Ride, and the Prairie Farmer Lounge in the Agricultural Building, and many other spots. When the broadcast finally went on the air, there were three short wave receiving sets hooked up, one in the Agricultural Building, and two at the Prairie Farmer Building, two miles away.

The broadcast was actually received through the set at the Prairie Farmer Building. This was the first broadcast descriptive of the opening of the Fair, and certainly it was typical of A Century of Progress that the description should come from a plane 2,000 feet up, picked up in the offices of America's oldest farm paper, sent by telephone across country to the transmitter, and from there to go out on 50,000 watts of power where it could be heard in every state in the Union.

What would John S. Wright, first editor of Prairie Farmer, have thought of a stunt like that!

Really A World's Fair

THE World's Fair is just about ten times as big as you thought it was. In order to see everything worth seeing at the Fair, you would have to take all summer and work at it every day. If you were interested in science, you could find in the Hall of Science the most amazing assembly of displays ever gathered under one roof, showing many things never before seen by the general public. The same thing was true of transportation, with everything from the old stage coach to the most ultra-modern railroad and automobile transportation. If you were interested in poultry, you could find the greatest egg laying contest ever put on in the world. Or if you wanted to study religions, their history and work, there was the Hall of Religion. Over by the Agricultural Building you could see pineapples growing and a whole live orange grove, with the trees loaded with yellow fruit, transported bodily from California. You could go down inside of a submarine, you could hold the handles of an Alaskan dog sled, you could ride in a dirigible balloon or a Chinese jinrikisha.

Small wonder then that many a family, seeing the World's Fair, found itself in the same state of mind as pictured below by Lula Belle and Slim Miller of WLS, when one wanted to go one way, and the other wanted to see something else.

One feature of the grounds, entirely unlike any other World's Fair in history, was the wonderful Public Address System, through which at any place on the grounds you could hear the quiet voice of an announcer telling of events. It was our privilege many times during the season to connect directly from the WLS studio in the PRAIRIE FARMER Building to this Public Address System, so that programs coming to you over the air were also heard by all the thousands of Fair visitors.

“OH, LET'S GO OVER THERE”



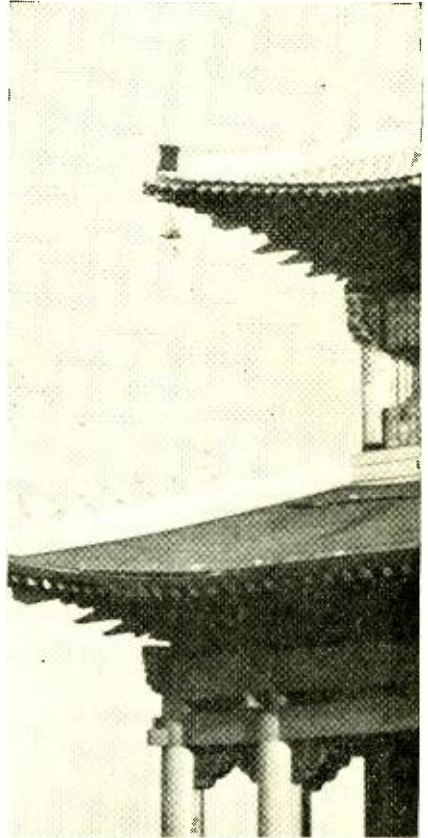
Bells That Keep Evil Spirits Away

ONE of the things you are sure to notice on the World's Fair grounds is the famous Lama Chinese Temple, an exact reproduction of the famous temple of Jehol. It is put together after the fashion of Chinese puzzles, without a nail in its construction. It was made complete in China, some 28,000 pieces, and is a permanent building which will remain after most of the World's Fair buildings have been torn down. The outside of the building is covered with carvings which seem queer to us, but which have deep significance to the Orientals. Along the ridges of the gables are strange looking gargoyles, grotesque carvings of animals and birds, such as never existed except in Chinese imagination. All of these things, however, have some significance in connection with the religion of the Chinese.

What attracted the attention of George Biggar and Hal O'Halloran as they approached this building was the cheerful tinkle of bells. "Sounds like some of our WLS cowbells," said George. They looked around until they located the source of the sounds. Under the eaves at each corner of the temple they found a square bell, somewhat like a very large cowbell, with a peculiar square clapper, and a wind vane hanging down from it, so that the passing breeze keeps up a constant tinkle of the bells. It was explained that the purpose of these bells is to drive away evil spirits.

"That sounds logical to me," said Hal; "that's just exactly what our WLS cowbells are for, to drive away gloom and make two smiles grow where one frown grew before."

Incidentally, the folks from many states and nations were to learn something new about cowbells on August 18 at the big PRAIRIE FARMER National Barn Dance.



Probably nothing of the entire Fair was more interesting to those of us who have lived here in the Middle West all our lives, than the many displays from foreign countries. For example, when you stepped through the portals of the ancient brick and stone wall and entered the Belgian Village, with a very little imagination you could believe yourself to be over across the ocean in that interesting country. About you stalked Belgian citizens in native costume, their wooden shoes clumping along over the worn brick pavement. Little shops displayed laces and other specimens of native handicraft. Restaurants had their tables along the edge of the street in native fashion, and you felt, after you had spent an interesting hour there, that you had really seen something of another country.

At other places you found yourself in China or Japan, and again you could walk among mud and sod houses, and wigwams of American Indians. It gave your mind a chance to expand, and to realize the truth of what you have probably said many times, that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

You might have found yourself thinking that here was an opportunity to comprehend something of the problems of internationalism.

You chuckled at the funny wooden shoes. You never wore wooden shoes in your life. But perhaps you might remember that some of these people might chuckle at your leather shoes. They never wore leather shoes in their life.

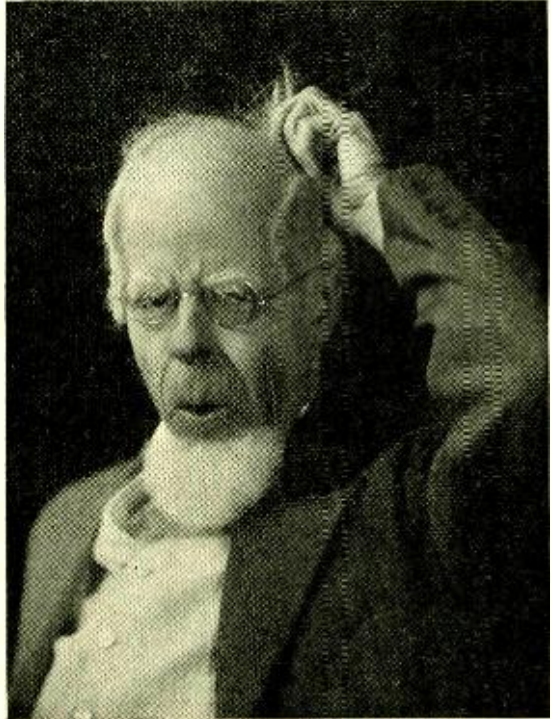
Perhaps you looked at the old bronzed braves sitting stolidly, seeing and hearing everything, but paying no attention to anything. You might turn the thought around and realize that some of those old Indian chiefs perhaps wonder how people could be so foolish as to waste their lives in hurry.



Purple Barns and Lavender Hen Houses

“**G**REAT Jumping Jenny Wrens!” exclaimed Uncle Ezra when he first laid eyes on the colors of the World’s Fair buildings. “Rose-
dale was never like this! Looks like some crazy painter was walking in his sleep when he painted these buildings. Now why do you ’spose they painted them like that?”

Well, maybe we can answer Uncle Ezra, and you. It’s psychology. These colors are stimulating. If you feel like sitting down to rest, you look at one of these buildings and it says, just as plainly as words, “Get Going!” Some colors are soothing, like a soft blue, for instance. Others, like bright red, are irritating. A lavender suggests a gentle ladylike tranquility and orange means sparkling gaiety. This is an age of color. Even the old kitchen paring knife must have a bright-colored handle these days. Maybe in the future we shall see barns painted a beautiful purple or pink or green.



Then here’s another angle. This World’s Fair represents practically all the nations of the world, many peoples, many viewpoints. There’s every shade of emotion here, the inscrutable Oriental, the vivacious French or Italian, the earnest and thoughtful Scandinavian, the taciturn American Indian, the sturdy outspoken Britishers. Try and paint a picture of them all, and you’d require all these colors, just as these buildings are painted.

“That may all be true,” said Uncle Ezra, “but still I don’t believe I’d ever get to like a purple barn or a lavender-colored henhouse. I hope nobody starts such an idea in Rosedale.”

Getting Up in the World

IF YOU really want to get up in the world," says Joe Kelley, "the quickest way I know is to go up in the Skyride at the World's Fair." The picture below was taken before the Fair was officially opened to the public, and the big Skyride towers, over 600 feet tall, caught Joe's eye immediately. "My mother used to tell me to hitch my wagon to a star," Joe said. "Well, I don't know just how I could get my wagon up there, but that would surely be a good place to start from."

The Skyride observation towers have been one of the great features of the Fair. Folks have always been curious to see what it looks like from a real bird's eye view, and this observation tower has given them the opportunity. On the one side you look far out across the blue of Lake Michigan, and on the other side across the city of Chicago, with its streets and houses and factories, and the activities of several million people.

Perhaps you will remember, as you look out over this great city, that all of its activity and all of its wealth has grown in a hundred years as a result of the great, rich territory out beyond, which has furnished wheat and corn and hogs and cattle, and likewise has furnished the market for a great proportion of its products.

You don't have to walk up the Skyride, but you travel in an elevator that takes you up at a speed of 700 feet a minute. It takes just 50 seconds to go to the top, but in going up you do not realize the speed, because the cars are entirely enclosed, and they seem to move no faster than a freight elevator.

We were about to say that when you are up in the top of the Skyride tower, it seems as if the whole world is at your feet, but somebody who just returned from the World's Fair said, "Please, please, do not say anything more about feet."



THE WORLD'S FAIR TOURS



Dave Thompson

ONE OF the best known men during the World's Fair season has been Dave Thompson, travel editor of PRAIRIE FARMER. Dave organized and has managed World's Fair tours for many hundreds of people, and his genial smile greeting them as they arrive at the PRAIRIE FARMER World's Fair headquarters at the Webster Hotel, has had a great deal to do with starting them off on a happy visit.

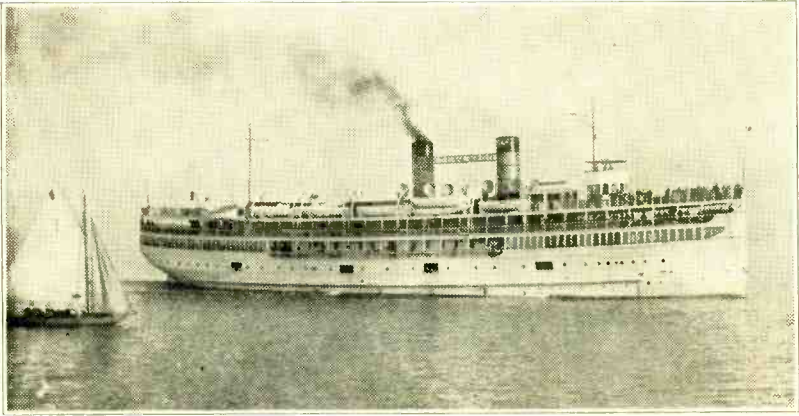
These tours were organized and planned to provide a means by which friends of PRAIRIE FARMER and WLS could see, at a minimum of cost in time and money, the really outstanding features of the World's Fair. These were called "No-Worry" tours, because Dave Thompson did all the worrying and planning in advance. In the

picture of Dave shown above, he doesn't look as if he ever had a worry in his life. We don't know any better way to tell you what kind of a fellow Dave is, than to just ask you to look at the picture. He is as big as a prize-fighter, and has a heart as big as a bushel basket. All of you folks who have been hearing about Dave Thompson, travel editor of PRAIRIE FARMER, will be glad to have this snapshot of him.

Among the folks who came on these tours were many honeymoon couples and other couples whose wedding anniversaries came during the days of the tour. For each such couple a beautiful wedding cake was provided, brought in with proper ceremony at a banquet of all members of the tour, on one of the evenings at the hotel. Various WLS artists attended these banquets and entertained, and these were delightful events.

Dave Thompson spoke to you listeners once or twice every day over WLS from his little studio in the headquarters at the hotel, and a great many of the folks who came on the tours were invited to step to the microphone and tell the listeners and the folks back home what they were seeing and how they were enjoying themselves.

Each tour lasted four days, and on the second morning a photograph was taken, which the folks carried home with them as a pleasant reminder of the new friends they made while visiting the World's Fair with PRAIRIE FARMER.



RUNNING a broadcasting station has always been a sort of one-sided proposition, with the people on the program talking and singing to a little iron microphone, never seeing or getting acquainted with the audience face to face. The PRAIRIE FARMER Family Picnics and World's Fair Tours have changed that. Many times we have taken shiploads of our listeners, along with a big crowd of our folks from the station, out on the big steamer Roosevelt, shown here, sometimes across the Lake to the eastern shore in Michigan or Indiana,

sometimes for a beautiful moonlight cruise along the Chicago shoreline.

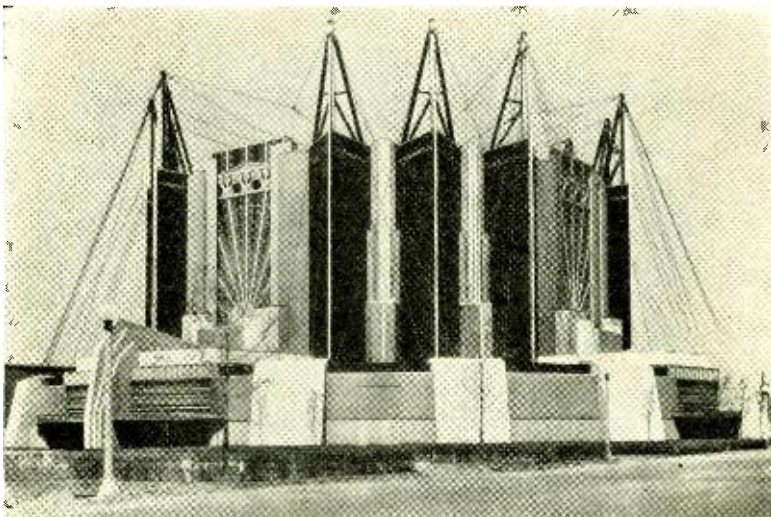
These have been delightful experiences and have made it possible for our listeners to get personally acquainted with the members of our staff. It has been particularly a delight to our own folks to meet and shake hands with so many of our listeners. The Roosevelt is one of the finest and most beautiful ships that ever sailed the Great Lakes. It is equipped throughout with a public address system, and its big ballroom is the scene of many happy programs, always opening and closing with the listeners joining in to sing with us the old classic, "Comin' 'Round the Mountain."

On one of these trips we got this snapshot of Jack Holden, master of ceremonies. On several of these trips Jack conducted a sing-



Jack Holden

ing contest between the men and the women on board, announcing that whichever side lost would be required to swim ashore. The women always won, but none of the men ever swam.



Ox Carts, Etc.

AS WE walked through the remarkable exhibits of the Travel and Transport Building, pictured above, we couldn't help realizing how closely the history of transportation has been linked up with the history of agriculture. In this building is the most marvelous collection ever assembled of all types of transportation, from the romantic days of the pony express and the stage coach, all the way down through the century to the most modern railroad trains, airplanes and automobiles. We were remembering how, back in the early days, so many of our great-grandparents came to the Middle West by ox cart, occasionally making a trip back eastward, or going to the city by stage coach. We think of all these things as very remote, ancient history, and yet some of the mountain boys who sing on WLS have known ox teams and have even traveled by ox carts back in some of the remote sections of the mountains.

The building of the railroads, which is so wonderfully pictured in the Travel and Transport Building, was very distinctly in response to the need for a means of hauling farm products to market, and hauling other products from factories to the farm. Naturally, the beautiful passenger trains, with their artificially cooled air and plate glass observation rooms, are more attractive and interesting to look at, but much more important, from the standpoint of trade and commerce, are the freight cars and refrigerator cars which carry the load and which earn the revenue by which the railroads are supported. Neither the railroad nor the city, nor the steel mill which turns out the product for their construction, could have developed in the first place if it had not been for the corresponding development of agriculture. As most people have learned in the last three years, not one of them can exist without prosperity on the farm.

RE-DISCOVERING FEET



"Great feat!" exclaimed a visitor from Saskatchewan, viewing the World's Fair for the first time.

"Yes," murmured the man who had just finished seeing the grounds, "you need 'em."

When PRAIRIE FARMER-WLS headquarters opened as a rest room and lounge in the Foods Building, people began coming in to make use of the easy chairs, and the first thing they began to do was take off their shoes. Folks who would never have thought of taking off their shoes in public, did so unabashed. After you have "done" the Fair for a day or two, you will know the reason why. This Fair will be marked in history for the "Rediscovery of Feet."

Of course, you didn't have to walk. You could ride the comfortable busses, the gondolas, the jinrikishas pulled by husky college boys, or one of the glorified baby carriages.

However, in spite of all these helps, there was more exercise for feet than lots of people cared for. Shoe manufacturers should erect a monument dedicated to the "Rediscovery of Feet."

Seems like when the folks got back to their hotel after a day's tramp, they said, "Goodbye feet, we won't need you any more today."



The Prairie Farmer Lounge

THOUSANDS of our friends enjoy the hospitality of the PRAIRIE FARMER-WLS lounge in the Foods Building on Northerly Island during the Fair. This is a favorite meeting place and rest room, and is the scene of many enjoyable visits. Several times a week a broadcast is given directly from this lounge. Sometimes notable persons on the Fair grounds are brought in, and sometimes favorite WLS entertainers are there to entertain the crowd.

Studios-minded people found great interest in the exhibition of old volumes of PRAIRIE FARMER. The entire front railing around the room was covered with copper electrotype plates, from which the actual pages of PRAIRIE FARMER had been printed. Mrs. Blanche Chenoweth was hostess in charge at the PRAIRIE FARMER lounge, and various members of the office organization put in time there during the summer. Many interesting visitors came to see us, among them one man who had been a subscriber to PRAIRIE FARMER 58 years.

While visiting with a great many people attending the World's Fair, we had an opportunity to talk to them about programs and the things they are interested in, and the kind of music they like best to hear. We were not surprised at the ideas they expressed. Our listeners, either on the farm or in the city, are home folks. When they hear Georgie Goebel sing "Danny Boy", or Linda Parker, "Little Pal", if you glance quietly about you can tell that they are thinking about their own little Danny boy, their own little pals at home, and that's the reason such music comes close to their hearts. We do not find them responding to any variety of the so-called jazzy modern music in the same way. Agricultural news and market reports seem to have a wide appeal, not only with the folks actually living on the farm, but also with the vast number in towns and cities, whose hearts are still with the country. We find that a very large number of people have come to realize that prosperity and success on the farm are closely linked up with prosperity in the cities. In general, we found folks full of faith in the future of America.



The
Three
Little
Maids,
Eva,
Evelyn,
and
Lucile



Both pictures here were taken when the Three Little Maids, Eva, Evelyn and Lucille, were entertaining in PRAIRIE FARMER headquarters.

We didn't get a chance to ask the Three Little Maids what they liked most about the World's Fair, but as we look at smiling Eva, at the left, and remember how well she likes to eat, we'll say that probably she enjoyed the Foods Building most of all. At the other end of the line, Lucille, with the guitar, has always been quite a good deal interested in aviation, so she probably would have liked best the airplanes or the flying blimps.

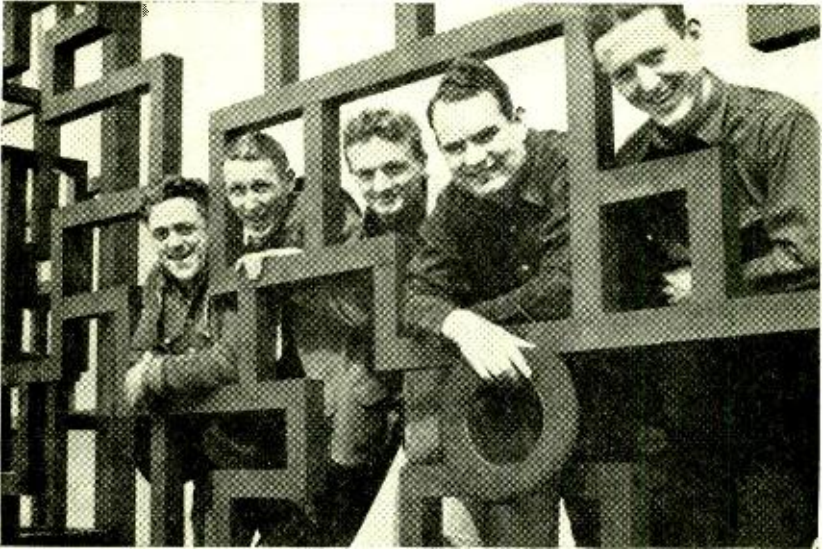
Many a story was recounted by the visitors, bringing back memories of the work which PRAIRIE FARMER has been connected with all these years. Some remembered back to those strenuous days of 1917 when PRAIRIE FARMER was taking such an active part in food production campaigns. Occasionally there was one who remembered when there was no rural free delivery, and PRAIRIE FARMER'S editors, even back in those days, were found in the thick of the fight for the protection of the man on the soil.

Dave Was An Exhibit

ONE OF the most interesting developments in agriculture in the forty years between the World's Fair of 1893 and the present Century of Progress Exposition, has been the advancement in teaching of agriculture in colleges. In 1893 the very first work was being done along this line, and we are interested to remember that our own Dave Thompson, pictured on another page as Travel Editor of PRAIRIE FARMER, was in fact one of the exhibits at the old World's Fair. He was with a group of half a dozen young men who were college students in agriculture, and the exhibit was to demonstrate the methods being used in college instruction in agriculture. At that time Dave was a student at the University of Wisconsin. Most people not only had never heard of teaching agriculture in college, but most of them thought it was impossible and a rather wild idea.

At that time it was generally believed that the only place a boy could learn anything about farming was between the plow handles. Modern research was in its infancy. Analysis of soils, study of insects, their life histories, the control of livestock diseases, and the breeding of crops, has mostly all come in that last forty years. Thousands of farm boys have been graduated from college courses in agriculture since that day.





Five World's Fair Smiles

THE FIVE smiling faces above belong to the Cumberland Ridge Runners, and the place where this picture was taken is on the trellis outside the Horticultural Building, on the World's Fair grounds. Reading from left to right the boys in the picture are: John Lair, "Slim" Miller, Karl Davis, Hartford Connecticut Taylor and "Red" Foley.

The boys found a great deal to interest them in the exhibit in the horticultural gardens. Down in the country where these boys came from, there were not so many formal gardens, but the old brooks, and the moss-grown rocks, and the old mills, with the flower-grown hills as background, made a garden scene that they can never forget, even in Chicago.

All five of these Ridge Runners are native mountaineers, so you may be assured their dialect is natural and is not an affectation. Many of the songs they sing trace back to the days of the early migration when people from the Colonial section of America traveled out into Kentucky and Tennessee. These early settlers were the ancestors of the mountain people of today, and the ballads of the mountains are typical of the songs that came from cabins and slab huts, or were crooned around camp fires beside the train of covered wagons.

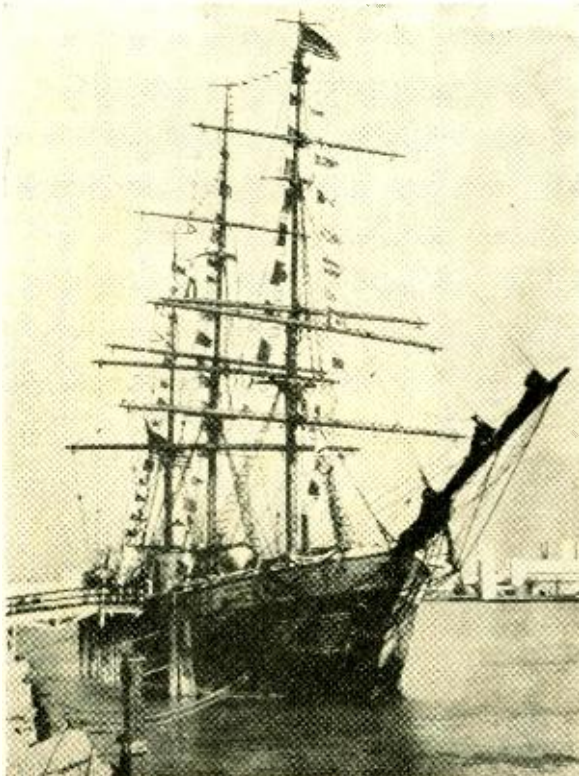
An important member of the Cumberland Ridge Runners has joined them since this picture was taken. His name is "Jig-Saw" and he is a little frisky, curly-haired puppy belonging to Slim Miller. Without knowing exactly what breed he is, the best we can do is call him a fiddle hound. "Jig-Saw" goes along with Slim Miller almost everywhere, and has learned to bark when he is spoken to, as you may have heard a good many times on recent programs of the Ridge Runners.

What Is Left for Youth to Discover?

THE chief occupation in the world in the last hundred years has been to try and find out more about this ball that we live on, to understand the forces of nature, and to find out what we can do with them. For generations there were two parts of the world that had never been explored, and the fact that nobody had ever been there made every adventurous young lad want to go there to see what it looked like. These two places were the North Pole and the South Pole.

Lying quietly at anchor in the lagoon at A Century of Progress Exposition, is the very ship, "City of New York", in which Commander Byrd made his voyage to the South Pole. Many a boy, and many a man with the thrill of boyhood still in his heart, felt the touch of awe as he stepped onto the decks of this sturdy little steamer. Visitors have the opportunity of walking about on it, seeing how its sides are made of rugged timber three feet thick, seeing the quarters where the men lived

in the howling, below-zero weather of the antarctic. On the very day that some of our PRAIRIE FARMER folks had been inspecting this little adventure ship "City of New York," came a report from Central Illinois that farmers were discovering a variety of corn immune to chinch bugs. During the same week came a news report that tuberculosis in livestock is rapidly being conquered. There is no longer a North Pole or a South Pole to discover. But any boy or girl today may look forward to high adventure in the field of research for the benefit of humanity.



How Joe Kelley Learned To Tell Time

ONE OF the old rules for the young man was that he must not watch the clock. In radio broadcasting this rule is reversed. Radio programs run on a schedule more precise than a railroad, and the announcer works with a big clock right by his side.

Now various announcers have idiosyncrasies. When Joe Kelley was told this, he said, "Oh, my, I had no idea I had them. I'll have to see my doctor right away." One of Joe's difficulties was telling time. When he looked at the face of a clock it would begin to laugh. Some of the studio folks started poking fun at him about it. And so to the memory of those times, Ray Inman has accurately portrayed Joe's state of mind when he used to tell you the correct time.

Joe finally got the better of the argument with the clocks, and now he can look them square in the face, and you can depend on it when you hear him tell you the hour, and the minute, and the second, that it's correct time for you to set your watch by.



How To Eat A Hot Dog Sandwich

In Three Illustrated Lessons



Chart No. 1

"Having secured the sandwich," says Lulu Belle, than whom there is no more expert hot-dog-sandwich eater, "approach the subject seriously. This is not a matter to be trifled with." (Lulu Belle didn't know this was being photographed, and has never seen it before.) "You have to figure out your own method of obtaining the sandwich."



Chart No. 2

"Oh, Harty," exclaims Linda Parker as she wipes off Harty Taylor's chin, "if you **must** eat two sandwiches at once, do be careful of the mustard." Only in special cases is it advisable to eat two at a time. Of course Harty is a special case.



Chart No. 3

"I don't need no instruction—none whatever," said John Lair, who is finding it difficult to look supercilious when his mouth is full. "Just wait a minute," says Max Terhune. "I'll show you how to eat one."

If you eat the crust, it will make your hair curly like Jack Holden's.

The Sunbonnet Girl

YOU have often heard us refer to radio artists as our boys and girls, and most of them are still boys and girls at heart. That's the reason why they found it so interesting on the Enchanted Island at the World's Fair. This is one of those places where there are giants and fairies, where animals are friendly personalities, where boys and girls have things all their own way.

When we took a crowd of them over to the Enchanted Island one day, one of the most interesting places they found was the Enchanted Castle. Around the castle runs a moat, and of course you know what a moat is. Across the moat was an arched bridge with swans on it, and you had to cross this bridge to go through the mysterious door that led to the cavernous interior. You climbed up and around all sorts of winding stairways, until you got to the top, and there, if you had a merry heart as a child should have, you sat down in a kind of a slippery place and let loose, and after a bumpy, breath-taking slide, you landed feet first at the bottom of the castle ready to walk over the bridge again.

Our sunbonnet girl, Linda Parker, minus the sunbonnet in this case, is pictured here as she was just half way across the arched bridge over the moat, just about to enter the castle. The way you can tell she was on her way in, instead of on her way out, is that if she had been through the castle and down the bumpy slide, those curls would not be nestling so neatly against that smiling cheek.

You have heard Linda sing with the Ridge Runners.





John Brown has his boxing gloves on this morning.

Studio Humor

IF YOU have been a regular listener to WLS, you know that we are just a big, happy family and we have lots of fun among ourselves. As much as possible, we tell the audience about it, but there are sometimes little things that you never hear much about.

On the cold winter mornings, when it's hard enough for anybody to get up, John Brown, our staff pianist, would sometimes be down at the studio, and since things are rather informal at that time of morning, he would lie down on one of the long cushioned benches at the end of the studio and go sound asleep. We remember one morning in particular when the boys decided that John was doing such a marvelous job of snoring that the public ought to know about it. So they carried a microphone over and set it down gently, close to John's reposing form. Maybe you were listening that morning.

John is such a wonderful pianist that if he ever does hit the wrong note, everybody around the place notices it. And so once in a while, especially in the early morning, when John will be playing a fast number and get his fingers twisted a little bit, the boys would begin to say, "Well, John has his boxing gloves on this morning." Even so, it's our solid opinion that John could play better with boxing gloves on than most people could without them.

There's another studio joke about the dignified Mr. Jack Holden. One day Jack was in the barber chair, two or three blocks from the



Jack Holden suddenly remembers his schedule.

studio, and the barber had just started to get him all prettied up. The radio was murmuring quietly over in a corner of the barber shop, and all of a sudden came the voice of Hal O'Halloran saying, "This is WLS saying good morning." At that moment, regardless of lather, razor or shears, Jack came out of his meditations and remembered that he was scheduled to be on the air at that moment. If you happened to hear him come in on that day a little breathless and having a sort of soapy tone in his voice, you will now understand the reason why.

The caricature of Emilio Silvestre and his saxophone is remarkably true to life. Emilio was born in Valencia, Spain, and when he plays that saxophone, bystanders may remark that if you would paste two feathers on his shoulders he could fly. Sometimes the boys try to crowd around and help him while he is playing, but he never sees nor hears a thing except the flood of melody from that soft-throated instrument of brass.

Incidentally, although the boys in the WLS Orchestra are just members of the family to you and to us, every one of them, starting with Herman Felber, Jr., the director, is an artist of high standing in the professional field. And Herman Felber often plays a Stradivarius violin valued at \$25,000.



Emilio Silvestre plays a hot saxophone.



Lula Belle and “Red”

IF YOU have heard Lula Belle on the air or have seen her on the stage, you will always think of her probably as a gum-chewing, noisy, rather jumpy sort of person. Since this is a book of real facts with the stage trimmings left off, we'll tell you about Lula Belle. She is, in fact, a gentle and thoroughly civilized young lady. She has a blithe spirit, and is of course a good deal of a cut-up at heart, but “out of character” she walks about just as calmly and talks just as rationally as anyone else. The part she is set to play is that of a boisterous girl, and she stays true to that character. However, if you listen you can detect in her singing a note of deep sincerity underneath the mask of merriment.

Lula Belle's love affair with “Red” Foley is, in fact, purely a fabrication. In the picture above “Red” Foley has portrayed very faithfully the dying calf expression of a lovelorn swain. But we're inclined to believe that “Red” really and truly has a sweetheart back in the mountains of Kentucky, and the only man Lula Belle is in love with is her father.

This picture was taken about mid-way of the bridge across the lagoon. You are looking northward, and the tall tower in the background is the east end of the Sky Ride. Just beyond this tower is the Agricultural Building, in which PRAIRIE FARMER headquarters is located. And to your left, just over “Red” Foley's shoulder, is the Enchanted Island, which is a glorified playground for the children.

Max the Mimic

MAX TERHUNE, the Hoosier Mimic, is the sort of fellow who can keep on doing interesting and unusual stunts by the hour and keep you wondering and gasping at what he's going to do next. First of all, he is an Indiana farmer boy who always liked to learn to imitate the songs of the birds and the voices of the various farm animals. Then he learned to do simple tricks of magic, and after chore time he practiced, until after a few years he was on the stage as an assistant to the great Thurston, recognized as the master of tricks of magic. Thurston has said that Max Terhune is the best of all the amateur magicians.

Max never plays cards seriously, and never at all for money. If he did play for money, he would be a dangerous adversary because Max and a deck of playing cards seem to have a most perfect understanding between each other. He does things with a deck of cards that any sensible person will declare are absolutely impossible, and he does them while you stand right in front of him and watch every motion he makes. And he seems to be so clumsy and apologetic about it, that it takes your breath away when you see him produce one card after another that you ask for, without even looking at the deck. Max is a very lovable fellow, always good-natured, always willing to pitch in and help on anything.

In the picture below Max is shown in one of the exhibits over on the Enchanted Island, with a crowd of WLS folks around him, giving an impromptu demonstration of the gentle art of calling in a crowd. There weren't any tickets to sell, but Max was selling them just the same.

Max shows how a "barker" works.



SKYLAND SCOTTY'S Up In The Air

A GREAT many of our listeners have been curious to know just what Skyland Scotty (whose real name is Scott Wiseman) looks like. Is he tall or short, fat or slender, blonde or brunette? Well, the secret's out. At last we are able to reveal the truth about this popular young radio star and give you this picture. Not taken on a mountain, for we didn't have one handy, but on the next thing to it—on top of a ladder which was perched on a tall building. We hope you like it.

Scotty is a quiet, rather serious-faced young fellow until he begins to sing, and then the smiles break out all over his face. When we started to take this picture he was looking serious. We tried all sorts of things but nary a smile could we get. We held a consultation, and then with the camera all set we said: "Come on Scotty, sing us a song." And thus this picture.

Skyland Scotty is another of those boys who came "tearing out of the wilderness," went to school working his way, went to college, and by prying around long enough you can find that he possesses a college degree, and is highly qualified for the teaching of literature.

Typical of mountain singers, Scotty writes a good many songs himself. The whole nation was saddened by the tragedy of the airship Akron, and while the telegraph instruments were still clicking, Scotty came from a quiet corner and sang "The Song of the Akron". When he sang it for the first time in public on the PRAIRIE FARMER National Barn Dance the audience broke out with a roar of resounding applause. In Skyland Scotty the art of the old ballad-maker still lives.



The Prairie Ramblers

Take in the Fair

HERE are four boys who found plenty of thrills at the World's Fair. Maybe you would recognize them better if they had their arms full of guitars, mandolins and fiddles, but you will recognize them when we tell you their name, the Prairie Ramblers. These boys were on the air a great deal during the winter and spring, making one of those interesting combinations of strings which play music that sometimes sets your feet a-tapping and sometimes touches your heart.

In the picture below they were apparently looking at one of the cars on the Sky Ride, or maybe it was one of the big dirigible balloons just going over. At any rate, it was something interesting up in the air, as you can tell by the intent look on their faces. Reading from left to right in the picture they are: Jack Taylor, Chick Hurt, Tex Atchison, and Salty Holmes. Maybe they have some other names than these, but that's what we always call them, and so long as they come when you call them, what's the use of any other names?

Salty Holmes, on the extreme right, with the lovely curly hair, has a knack of contriving weird and wonderful musical instruments. He's the one who took an old-fashioned dipper gourd, one of several sent in by our listeners on the Dinnerbell Program, and after cutting off the large end of it, and cutting off a small piece at the stem end, fitted it up with a saxophone mouthpiece and reed, drilled some holes along the handle with his jack-knife and produced a variety of sound, almost musical, such as was never before heard on land or sea.

Finally, here's something quite unusual about these four boys. They were all born in Kentucky, three of them in common log cabins, and one in a big double cabin of hewed logs. When these boys sing about the little old log cabin in the lane, they really know what they are singing about.



Along The Historic Trail

THIS World's Fair is particularly rich in history, and PRAIRIE FARMER-
WLS is proud to have a place in the story of A Century of Progress
which it tells. The modern history of Chicago begins with Fort
Dearborn, built as a western outpost of law and order at the place
where the Indian trails crossed, near the mouth of the Chicago River.
That fort, built at the beginning of the last century, was the nucleus
around which grew the little village which is now the great city.

Up to the year 1841, when Chicago was still a dismal little frontier
city in the mud, nine businesses were started which still continue to
this day. PRAIRIE FARMER is one of these, having a record of continuous
service for 92 years.

It was rather a daring and novel idea—starting a publication for
farmers—back in those days, but John S. Wright, with the cooperation
of other sturdy pioneers, had the courage and foresight to do it, and
PRAIRIE FARMER stands today as America's Oldest Farm Paper. Its
ideals then were as simple as they are today—to give sincere and
faithful service to agriculture.

The picture at the right shows the interior of the stockade of old
Fort Dearborn, as reproduced on the World's Fair grounds. Notice the
powder magazine of stone in the center of the picture. Notice the bell
in the foreground—first pioneer ancestor of the famous Dinnerbell used

Replica of the famous "Wigwam" where Lincoln was nominated.





Interior view of the replica of Fort Dearborn at the World's Fair.

on PRAIRIE FARMER-WLS programs. When there was danger that bell gave warning—just the same, indeed, as the modern PRAIRIE FARMER dinnerbell on 50,000 watts of radio power gives warning of danger to agriculture.

The old fort stood scarcely more than a stone's throw from where, later, stood the first PRAIRIE FARMER office. The thousands of people going on "family picnics" with PRAIRIE FARMER-WLS this year have trod the very river banks nearest to where the old stockade was built. It was in those days that PRAIRIE FARMER acquired the slogan you have heard so often, "Where the latchstring is always out." The latchstring of leather lifted the bar of the door and was the symbol of welcome to visitors.

To the left is the replica of the plain wooden building, "The Wigwam," as it stands on the World's Fair grounds. The original building, which in its day was rather a pretentious convention hall, stood just around the corner and down the street from the early PRAIRIE FARMER office. It was in this building that there was a meeting of progressive thinkers, sturdy folks from the new West, who nominated for the Presidency the tall, gaunt Abraham Lincoln. "Old Abe" had been a frequent visitor in the little farm paper office down the street, and many a time the office chairs had creaked as this deep-thinking, sad-eyed man had stretched his long legs and sat with the editor of PRAIRIE FARMER to talk out some of the pressing problems of that day. In the entrance to PRAIRIE FARMER'S modern building at 1230 West Washington Boulevard today there's a bas-relief of Abraham Lincoln on the wall.



A Million Years Ago

NOT content to talk about and picture the events of a century of progress, some of the exhibitors at the World's Fair turned back the calendar a million or a hundred million years, and showed reproductions of some of the animals that scientists tell us roamed and browsed over the earth in those dim, distant days of the past. Some of us who have lived in Chicago had thought that there could be nothing more dangerous than trying to cross a busy boulevard, with 10,000 rubber-tired gasoline dragons all trying to be in the same spot at the same moment. But when we saw these ancient animals we decided that 1933 is not such a bad year to live in.

We were just thinking that if some of our musicians, maybe some member of the Little German Band, had been on the job a million years ago, he probably would have been a distinguished snake charmer, at least that's what Ray Inman had in mind when he drew this picture.

As might be expected, automobiles constituted one of the fascinating exhibits at the World's Fair. In one building you could stand and watch while expert mechanics started a set of castings and queer looking pieces of steel along a moving track, and added on one piece at a time until there before your eyes was assembled a complete automobile chassis. On another track, queer shaped pieces of oak were fitted together, fastened with screws, reinforced with metal, until a car body was completed. Then it passed through the lacquer rooms, was rubbed down and polished, lifted onto the chassis and fastened in place, so that at the end of the line, with a gallon of gasoline in the tank, a man climbed into the seat, stepped on the starter and drove away with a completed car. Forty years ago there was not an automobile in the whole world.



LITTLE DIXIE MASON

HERE at last is a picture you have long wanted to see, of little Dixie Mason. You have often heard her sing, and you have often heard the announcer speak about her diminutive size. We always have to let the microphone way down for her.

Dixie has been along on our boat trips, and has sung for the folks over in the PRAIRIE FARMER lounge and broadcast from there to the larger audience on the air.

Of the many songs you have heard her sing, perhaps not one has been sweeter than one which Dixie herself wrote, both words and music, entitled, "An Old Sweet Song for a Sweet Old Lady". Dixie wrote it for her mother.

One of the high spots of the World's Fair for boys and girls was Friday, July 21. Every Friday was Children's Day, but that particular Friday was known as Daddy Hal and Spareribs Day. Daddy Hal, of course, was our own Hal O'Halloran, and Spareribs, our own Malcolm Clair of WLS, who in the blackface character "Spareribs" gives such delightful interpretations of old fairy stories for the boys and girls. Their celebration on July 21 started with a big parade and finished on the Enchanted Island, where microphones were set up on the side of the famous Magic Mountain.

Daddy Hal was master of ceremonies, and made the best of this opportunity to get acquainted with thousands of his boy and girl admirers, introducing to them that sweet-voiced little singer, Georgie Goebel. Spareribs told them the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk," while Ralph Waldo Emerson, several miles away in the PRAIRIE FARMER studio, played the sound effects on the organ. Some of them discovered that Spareribs is not only a comedian with a rich sense of humor, but also a very shrewd philosopher.

ADVANCEMENT

A NUMBER of great programs were brought to you over WLS in course of the World's Fair, from the Court of the Hall of Science, the great open space shown on the opposite side of the lagoon in the picture below. It was here that the light from the star Arcturus was captured to start the entire lighting system of the World's Fair, and from here you heard great addresses and many splendid choruses of music.

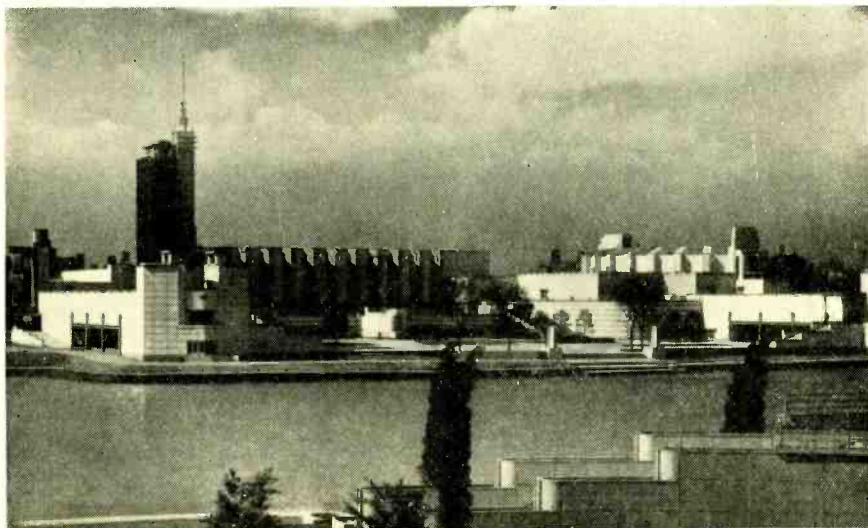
The Hall of Science was a World's Fair in itself. People came from it blinking their eyes and shaking their heads, saying: "We didn't realize how little we knew."

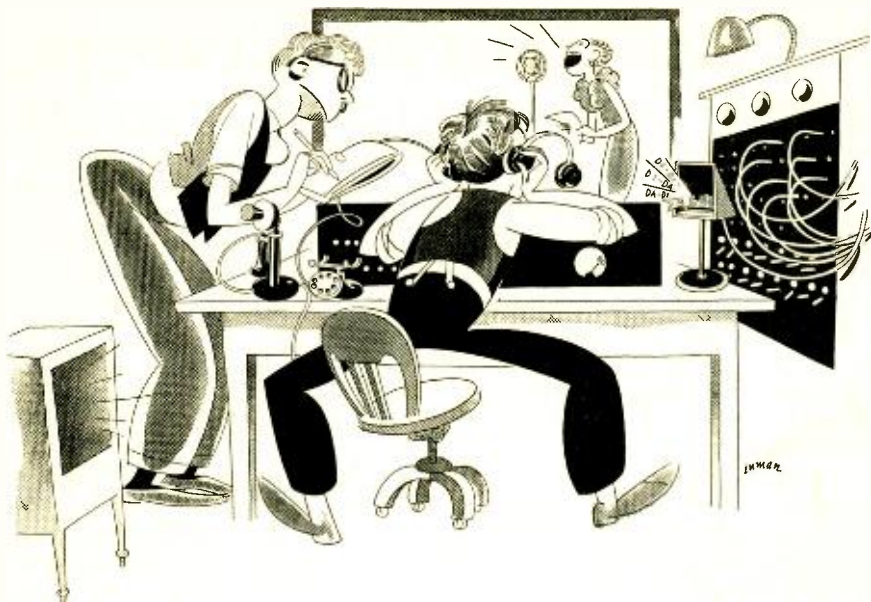
The interesting thing to us at PRAIRIE FARMER has been to see how the things that were marvels a few years ago are now part of everyday routine.

Imagine, if you will, the spectacle of WLS operators with slender strands of wire and a little metallic instrument no bigger than a small alarm clock, bringing to you in your own home the voices, the music, the applause and the description, minute by minute, of what is taking place in some great event here on the Fair grounds.

The thing which PRAIRIE FARMER is concerned about is, with your support and cooperation, to harness that tremendous power and utilize every moment of it for the benefit of mankind. On account of its location in Chicago, the agricultural capital of the world, the PRAIRIE FARMER Station, WLS, feels a very special responsibility to this great agricultural region.

One of the boys undertook to collect for you some up-to-the-minute information about the technical phases of broadcasting, and his report of his interview with the operators in the control room is hilariously reported and pictured on the next page.





Your reporter undertakes to interview one of the boys in the control room of WLS.

Interviewing the Operators

Now where is that announcer at
 In a jiffy we have to go
 His head's a place to park his hat
WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO KNOW?

Hurry, push that button—let's go
 Crash! Get off that mike base
 Are you an announcer? Who said so?
 Herbie, this battery's running low
WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO KNOW?

Just a minute—"Hello, hello—"
 We switch to the Fair at half past two
 Want to check the time? Stand by
 Exactly two minutes coming up—WUFF
 Say, Herbie, that mike's too high,
 Where is the script for that show?
WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO KNOW?

They want an operator at studio B
 Well, go find one, don't bother me
 That singer is half a tone off key,
 Doesn't she know she can't hit high C?
 We pick up NBC at three
WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE ASKING ME?

ARKIE, The Woodchopper

FOR the first time in history we are able to present to you a picture of the Arkansas Woodchopper on horseback. The only connection this has with A Century of Progress is that it took us a substantial part of that century to get the picture. You have heard Arkie sing about the Strawberry Roan, and about the Bronc That Wouldn't Bust, and if Arkie sings these songs with real feeling, it is because he has spent many hours on horseback. In the order of Arkie's affections, probably apple pie would come first, his guitar second, and at least in third place would be a good horse.

You may not know why it is that you like Arkie so well, but we can tell you. It's because he has never lost that straight-forward, clear-eyed sincerity that was his heritage on that timbered farm back in the Ozarks. If anybody is in trouble, Arkie is one of the first to speak up and advance a practical idea for doing something about it. The mail

tells us some of the things which Arkie never tells. Driving home through a rain storm in the night from an entertainment down in Indiana, a farm family was stalled by the roadside. Their engine was wet. Arkie came along, saw that somebody was in trouble, stopped to investigate and to pull around behind and give them a push.

Recently Arkie came in with his thumb bandaged up. He didn't say a word about it, but inquiry disclosed that it had been badly cut on broken glass when he rushed to the rescue of a family of strangers in an overturned car. There were father, mother, grandmother and a tiny baby, and no one was injured but Arkie.

So in case you have wondered why you like him so much, now you have the answer.





The Ideals of WLS

PICTURED here is a poor looking old log cabin on the grounds of A Century of Progress Exposition. The cabin is a faithful replica of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln at Hodgenville, Kentucky. No man can look comprehendingly at this poor hut of logs without a surge of emotion at what it signifies.

All about this great World's Fair are the modern, scientific discoveries of the century. Laboratories have brought forth marvelous things. Machines have been devised which would have seemed miraculous a few generations ago. The world has become wise, and part of it has become sophisticated, making a god of materials and the acquisition of property.

Yet not one of the great inventions, not one clever device nor product of laboratory has brought to the world a millionth part of the power transmitted through the brooding heart of the man born in this cabin of logs. Only a man, like one of us, yet destined to be the messenger of a new day for mankind. How wonderful if Lincoln could have had the facilities of radio to talk to the people!

We were going to write of the ideals of WLS. Let this World's Fair picture be our story. Here at PRAIRIE FARMER we believe in folks. We believe in happy homes, in children who say their prayers at Mother's knee, in fathers who work faithfully for love of their families. We feel deeply the responsibility of this great broadcasting station and the opportunity it gives to serve mankind.

We are striving to serve, to be true, and through the power of the radio transmitter, to make this old world a more enjoyable place for you and yours.

WE HAVE enjoyed this opportunity to have a little visit with you and give you some of these little glimpses of our boys and girls at WLS, and just a few of our observations at the great World's Fair. As we look through the book now, we find that it is far from complete, and just like a visit between old friends, we have jumped from one thing to another, and probably have forgotten to say some of the very things that we most wanted to tell you.

The phrase that has been heard more times than any other this year is, "A Century of Progress." We are proud of of the fact that PRAIRIE FARMER has lived and served during 92 years of that century. Now we are looking to the century ahead. As we see it now, the most important thing is to have friends, and to have earned and deserved their friendship by service. We are proud to have you as a friend and to start with you into a new century of progress.

(Signed),

The Folks at WLS

