



WHAT *Radio* MEANS  
TO ME

I am a farm woman.

On dark mornings I hear the  
inspiring thunder of city pipe organs;  
gay singers salute me.

Mending husking mittens, I follow  
the China Clipper.

I pause in my churning to hear  
the chimes of Westminster Abbey.

Radio and its tireless workers  
widen my world.

FIRST AWARD  
MRS. F. M. PACKWOOD  
ROUTE 2, BEAUNEY, NEBR  
KFAB  
LINCOLN AND OMAHA  
1936