

BIG TIME—by Octavus Roy Cohen

Radio Digest

December

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WABC-CBS

Lullaby Boys in Greenwich Village

Gertrude

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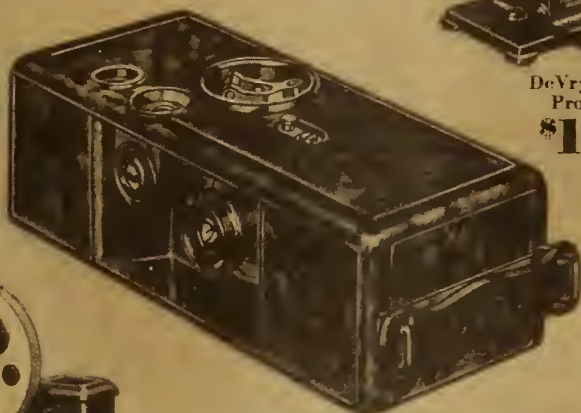
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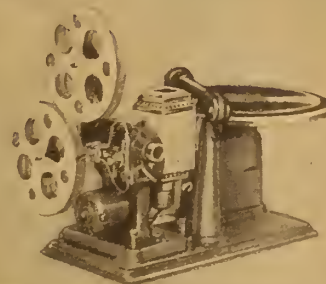
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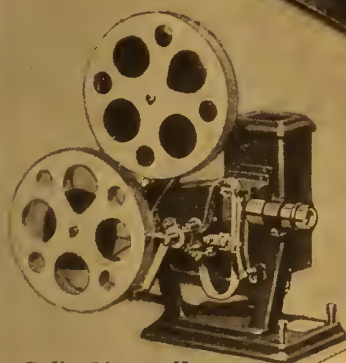
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Radio Digest

Illustrated

E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Harold P. Brown,
Editor

December, 1929



DEAR to the hearts of the great CKLC audience is the sparkling-eyed Gladys Dickson. She touches the throaty pipe organ and it purrs soft poetic words from its tuneful lips—voicing the mountain's thunder or whispering maple leaves.



JESSICA — exquisite Jessica Dragonette—dainty idol of a countless throng who believe her possessed of the most perfect singing voice on the air. Her simple and unaffected personality wins for her the listener's highest esteem.

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WHILE far from Red Deer is little Ann Leaf in rumbling New York, where she enchants a million harmonies from the great Columbia organ, making it pour forth a riot of song from its mystic caverns to begin and end the Radio day.



YOUNGER and more beautiful each day grows the dark and langorous Bebe Daniels (see page 21). Somehow when you heard her over the National net and from the screen were you not reminded of Spanish patios, balconies and moonlight? No foolin'.

Eastern Representatives: Ingraham & Walker, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City. Phone Lackawanna 2091-2

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VOTES COME BY THOUSANDS IN Gold Cup Contest

Ballots for Most Popular Broadcaster Point to Hot Battle for Honors

BIG and small—nation reaching and local only—the fans like them and don't hesitate to say so. Flocks of new nominations and ballots have flooded the Contest Editor's desk since this new Gold Cup Contest for the most popular station in North America was announced in the October issue of Radio Digest.

Every indication points to the hottest contest ever sponsored by this magazine. Not only are the Radio listeners writing warm letters of praise to the Contest Editor, but the stations nominated are straining every nerve to put on the best programs possible that their listeners may judge them to be their favorite station.

To the station in the United States or Canada which receives the largest number of popular votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome and valuable gold cup. This trophy will be in the form of a golden microphone, and will be engraved with the name of the winning station.

That the contest may be more representative, and in order that the favorite station in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, six silver cups will be awarded in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way except the metal of the principal award and will be given to the most popular stations in the six divisions of the continent representing the East, South, Middle West, West, Far West, and Canada.

FOR the individual station winning the Gold Cup will come world-wide recognition as the most popular station on the globe. Nowhere else has Radio achieved such unanimous popularity and general utility as in North America.

It is by no means the most powerful stations of the metropolitan area that may justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is seeking to uncover the broadcaster that has the staunchest friends, followers who are sufficiently interested to stand up and fight for the honor and success of their favorite listening post.

You have a favorite broadcasting station. Everyone who owns a receiving set has one broadcaster who, to his mind, puts on better programs and renders better all-around service than the other fellow. Don't just sit back and think to yourself,

"I like that station, wish it could win the Gold Cup offered by the Radio Digest." So it is with other stations.

Give them a chance. Fill in the coupons at the bottom of this page, read the contest rules, and send them in. The prestige and success of every broadcasting station rests solely upon the strong support of its listeners.

Every broadcasting station has an individuality—an individuality and characteristics built up over a period of time and determined by personalities appearing before its microphones and the type of programs offered. There is always that indefinite and yet very real SOMETHING that gives a station popularity.

NO INDIVIDUAL can tell with any great degree of accuracy exactly how any given station 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 station in the country.

"I hope that my vote may be one of the many necessary to give WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, the Gold Cup," writes Mrs. Leroy Burlingame of Milwaukee. "We enjoy the programs that come from our favorite station and may always depend on it to furnish us with uniformly good entertainment and service."

"Here is my nomination for KFNF and Henry Field of Shenandoah, Iowa," says H. C. L. of Omaha. "Of all the stations in this country, and I

hear most of them, KFNF wins all honors, hands down, for real service. Henry Field is a great man, and has built up a great station."

From New Mexico and Virginia come strong letters of praise and nominations for WLS, and countless other correspondents are sending in their ballots, accompanied by letters. This race is getting hotter and hotter, and the fans themselves seem to realize it. This is their chance and they are taking advantage of it.

Whether or not your favorite station is listed among those already nominated, fill in the coupons today and give it a boost on the road to winning the Gold Cup for the most popular station in the world.

(Rules and nominations on page 118)



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

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Advance Tips

YOU are holding in your hand right now the magazine Radio Digest has long contemplated. Besides the innumerable Radio features including the illustrated log of chain specials (our surprise), and original broadcast scripts with specially posed scenes, there are fiction stories by some of the best known writers in America.

* * *

But just as we have looked forward to this December, 1929, edition of Radio Digest with its diversity of interesting contents so now we are looking forward to the January, 1930, issue and other succeeding numbers with still greater hopes and ambitions.

* * *

Doty Hobart will be back with us in January with a most interesting article entitled "This Way to the Big Show." He will tell you more concerning some of the great celebrities he has schooled to the microphone—and those near, intimate sketches that show you better how they act and think than you could observe with your own eyes even if you were there yourself.

* * *

Fred Smith, the Greenwich Villager who takes you touring through the town in this issue with Ford and Glenn, is working on another interesting article that will entertain and inform you equally well.

* * *

Frank R. Adams, one of the most popular fiction writers in the United States, has written a graphic study of a girl, a man and a married woman who came between. It is called The Background. The first background was plotted by the girl who did not know of the other background—and the man, being a knight of modern chivalry, could not explain. It comes in January.

* * *

Gertrude, by Salisbury Field, which starts in this issue for a three part serial, will reach an astonishing peak of comedy romance in January. This is a story you probably will see and hear later in the talking pictures. It will create a great deal of talk.

* * *

There's another Octavus Roy Cohen story on the schedule. You will like this story probably better than any you have ever read before by this scintillating young author.

* * *

Everybody seems to be talking about Seth Parker. Well, we finally heard from Seth himself and it appears likely we'll be having one of the meetin' house singin' school episodes along about January. And we're goin' to have a picture of ol' Seth, too, by hookey.

* * *

For the more serious minded of our readers there will be an article of interest by Miss Margaret Harrison of the Teachers College of Columbia University on what Radio is doing for public education today—and what it is expected to do tomorrow.

* * *

There's real Radio romance in the story of Sen Kaney, senior announcer and program director at the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. Sen Kaney originated a style eight years ago and it's been growing in favor ever since. He's a vet, proud of it, and you'll like the story.

Across the Desk

“**W**HAT is the biggest thing in Radio today?”

This question was put to an executive of one of the greatest broadcasting organizations a few days ago by a representative of Radio Digest.

“Education,” came the immediate and emphatic response. It is the foremost subject in the minds of the leaders. Even the most casual program carries an appeal to the mind. Before another year rolls around many of us may be enrolled in serious courses of study and research directed by daily lectures from some great university. State schools throughout the country have already carried on the preliminary experiments with marked success. Great plans are afoot by some of America's greatest educators.

It would be hard to imagine a world without Radio today. Mind to mind, thirty million strong, we sit unitedly listening to a promulgation of national thought by the President. Who can estimate the power of such thinking? What will it lead to? What has it already accomplished? Those who are in a position to know say this: That we have grown measurably in our appreciation of good music, that we have responded nobly with appeals for help, that we have become infinitely more spiritual and that we have manifested unmistakably an almost passionate thirst for greater knowledge. People in middle life, even in advanced age are grasping at instructive programs. And thus Radio is lifting us to heights where the mass mental vision is broader than ever before in the history of the world. No wonder the broadcast generals and the chief educators hold daily councils of historic importance on this subject!

* * *

THERE are many people who turn their feelings quickly into action when they are pleased or displeased. The first and most common manifestation of this action is by voice. When it is a fine bit of acting on the stage we applaud with our hands. If it is an especially pleasing program on the air we write a letter. And perhaps it is because the Radio listener has learned to write applause letters to the broadcast station that Radio Digest has received so many kind letters from its reader-listeners. These letters have from time to time done more to make this magazine a success than any other one factor. Without real, sincere, well-wishing friends no magazine can hope to survive. It is with the utmost heart-felt gratitude that the publisher and the editor of Radio Digest take this occasion to publicly thank all those who have so kindly encouraged us by their letters—especially those letters that have come since we have resumed monthly publication.

* * *

ART is an important element in the structure of a first class magazine. Radio Digest readers will be glad to note that we have another cover by the famous artist, Guy Hoff. Mr. Hoff doubtless owes a great deal of his artistic success to his infinite patience. We know that he has patience because when he received the commission to paint two covers for this magazine he had booked passage on a certain large liner for a trip to Europe. And it so happened that Miss Olive Shea, the subject for the second portrait, was elected betimes the world's most beautiful Radio entertainer. Rushed hither and yon on the crest of her new wave she found it more difficult to keep her appointments with Mr. Hoff. The result was that Mr. Hoff canceled his first reservations for sailing and took passage on a smaller boat departing twenty-four hours later and for no other reason than to have Miss Shea pose at her very best for the Radio Digest cover. You will see this eventful portrait on the January number.

Dudley Gloyne Summers who illustrates the Salisbury Field story, Gertrude, in this issue is new to Radio Digest but not new to various of the best known magazines in America. He will continue to be represented in future issues of these pages.

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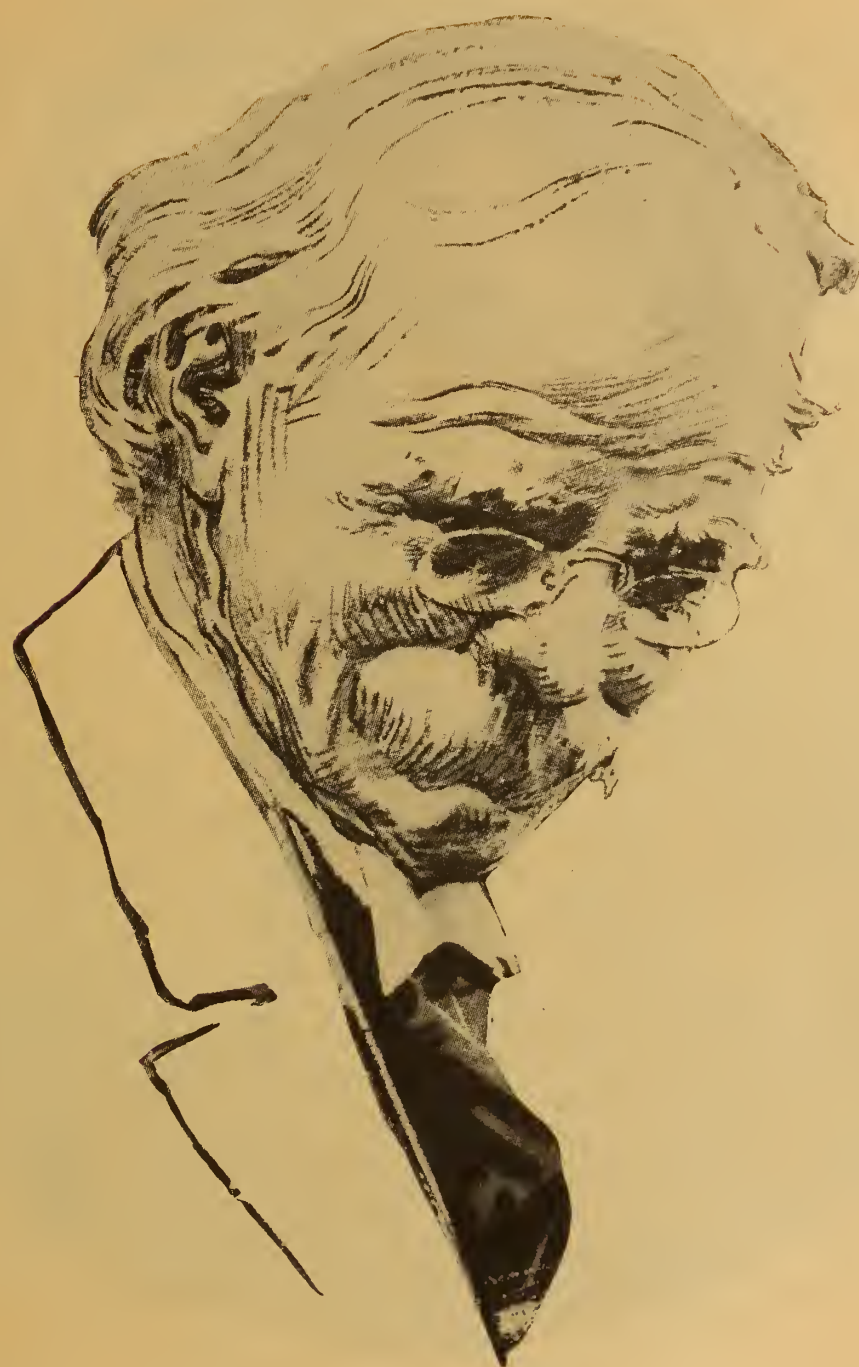
12-29

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(Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription
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Name

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Uncle Henry

(See *The Collier Hour*, by John B. Kennedy, on page 16)



BRADFORD BROWNE, Radio's latest idol, is the man who gave life to the Nit Wit Hour, Cellar Knights, and others. He received his first widespread popular recognition as Captain Kid in the Kid Boots program, a feature which achieved great popularity under his direction. Brad has a very definite ideal in his service of entertainment to the Radio audience, and works hard at it. Bill Schudt, Jr., gives us many interesting sidelights on the Chief of the Nit Wits in the story on the opposite page.

Pin Boy Makes Strike in Radio

*Bradford Browne, Creator of Famous Nit Wits
and Chief of the Tribe Once a Floorwalker—a Thrill
or a Laugh a Minute's His Goal for You*

By Bill Schudt, Jr.

ONCE he was a floor-walker in a department store, now he entertains millions! Once, he was a pin boy who plunked on an old banjo when away from the alleys, now his pleasing voice echoes and re-echoes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf to the border, thundering its way through ethereal lanes. . . . Bradford Browne, the announcer; Bradford Browne, who gave life to the Nit Wit Hour, Cellar Knights and others; Bradford Browne, who introduced Moran and Mack for countless Sunday nights in the Majestic Hour last year has had countless adventures and disappointments before finally locating his life work—Radio.

To interview Browne is something that has to be done in a series of five minute conversations either riding up and down in the elevator as he goes from studio to studio or during the brief few minutes he spends in the lunchroom "grabbing a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

When we first cornered Bradford for this interview he was half way through his script for the next Saturday's Nit Wit Hour.

Bradford is the brother of Harry Browne, who, incidentally, is the writer and producer of Hank Simmons' Show Boat broadcasts heard every week over the Columbia chain. He was born in North Adams, Mass., and had a versatile career about which more will be revealed in subsequent paragraphs.

No doubt the success of the Browne productions can be traced to the fact that much time is spent on every script. Detail and time mean much to Radio productions, Browne will tell you. How many hours does he work? Usually from about ten o'clock in the morning until midnight during which time Bradford writes scripts, announces, plays parts in his own productions' rehearsals or broadcasts, and does his regular work as continuity writer.

"YOU have to give them something good on the Radio," Browne told this writer. "Poor stuff just doesn't go, it falls flat and causes your regular listeners to lose faith in your acts and tune them out on other nights." That is why he spends so much time on the details. If it's a comedy Bradford believes in giving the audience a laugh a minute or suffer the consequences.

"You haven't got the people in your theatre," he explained, "they are out there . . . scattered everywhere and if you don't 'click,' your act is tuned out." Bradford laughed. Just like that, he said, snapping his fingers. "They don't care," he continued, "who you are or what you might give them later in the program . . . it's what you're giving them every instant that counts and you either give them a thrill or a laugh a minute or you lose two or three million listeners."

Bradford Browne's first attempt at Radio drama, The Cellar Knights, was made about four years ago, just after he left the department store and became affiliated with a Newark, New Jersey, Radio station. The Cellar Knights were so good that some months later when Bradford was asked to join the staff of WABC, then owned by A. H. Grebe, the officials asked him to continue his skit over their station. This Bradford did and when the Columbia Broadcasting system purchased WABC early this year the Cellar Knights skit was immediately put on the huge national chain.

It was shortly after Columbia had acquired WABC that Bradford got the idea of the Nit Wit Hour. Half a dozen scripts were prepared and promptly discarded following rehearsals. Bradford knew what he wanted but when the production went into rehearsal it did not sound just right. So he started

all over again. Finally he hit on the keynote idea. The present Nit Wit Hour series is the result.

The popularity of this highly burlesqued hour of entertainment can best be judged by the fact that in a recent voting contest conducted by the New York Telegram the Nit Wit Hour was named among the biggest hours on the air in America today.

IT IS not generally known that Bradford recently married one of the members of his Nit Wit cast. The character of Patience Bumpstead, which is portrayed by Margaret E. Young (officially, assistant program manager for the Columbia system), is well known to Radio listeners. Miss Young and Bradford were married early in the summer of this year.

Edson Bradford Browne has had an eventful life, although pleasant. He was born in North Adams. His father was the end man in a minstrel show. Most of Bradford's relatives are musically inclined.

A banjo was the inspiration that sent Bradford Browne on what was eventually to lead to a music-drama life in the business world.

Browne never studied music. When he became of sufficient age to study for his future profession he took up law. He studied law at Georgetown University and finally was graduated with honors.

But that is getting ahead of our story. Back in North Adams, Bradford plunked away on his banjo. Now and then he would play something that sounded different and people would sneer and think him funny.

From the banjo Bradford went to plunking on his father's piano. Here is where he first began composing original music. His musical ability made him the "life of every party" and it was not long before he was in great demand.

His musical education ended here for a brief time. He became pin boy in the local bowling alley. Then wanderlust gripped him and he went to Washington, and from there traveled extensively.

AFTER the war he worked in a department store in Newark, where he became floorwalker and held a large assortment of other jobs in the organization over a period of four years.

This work just didn't appeal to Bradford, and he began his music work again. In Newark he teamed up with Al Llewelyn, who was later to become his colleague in the Cellar Knights act at WABC. They sang well together. People often said so.

They sang so well, in fact, that it was not long before the duo received an invitation from a Newark Radio station to appear over the air. This they did and the response was electric.

Bradford liked the atmosphere of the broadcasting station and spent much of his spare time there. Finally one day his chance came. One of the announcers was ill. The others, for some reason or other, were not present. Perhaps young Browne could aid them, the studio manager thought. Browne jumped at the idea. He did very well, in fact so well that he earned himself a job immediately at the station where he became announcer and finally chief continuity man. In this latter capacity he turned out many interesting dramatizations.

Then one day Bradford received an invitation from officials of the Atlantic Broadcasting corporation in New York, then operating WABC, WBOQ and other stations. He was offered a position. He accepted it.

For a while things went rather quietly at WABC for Bradford Browne. He did much announcing work.

When Columbia Broadcasting system purchased WABC, (Continued on page 118)

A WARM New England sun shone down on a frowzy-headed little boy sitting on a rock by the farm house in North Adams, Massachusetts. The little boy was plunking away on a banjo which was nearly as large as he. There was melody coming from that banjo being plunked by eight-year-old Edson Bradford Browne, who in later years was to be known to Radio listeners of WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system stations for his unique, fascinating dramatizations of almost everything. In later years he temporarily forgot his music and studied law, also at times setting pins in a bowling alley, and then acting as a floorwalker in a department store. Then he found Radio his life work.

Ford and Glenn Tour Green

Famous Lullaby Boys Are Conducted by Fred Smith, Who Deserted

FRED SMITH, who was director of WLW for five years, left Cincinnati eighteen months ago to manage a daily news service sent by Time, the Weekly News-magazine, to a national group of Radio stations. Mr. Smith, who originated the Radio news service and many other broadcast features, is credited with having written the first Radio play and subsequently many others. He adapted a number of the most famous dramas in modern literature to Radio presentation form and dramatized for Radio the first serial story ever presented over a large group of Radio stations—*The Step on the Stair* by Robert J. Casey, published in *Radio Digest*. Now he is in New York for the exclusive purpose of writing.

During the past year he has made several biographical studies of noted men in contemporary life, including a number of Radio celebrities. In the atmosphere of Greenwich Village Mr. Smith is now concentrating on a book of short stories, notes for which were gathered during his eight years in Europe (1913-1922).

By Fred Smith

IN ANSWER to the bell, I stepped to the door, opened it, called: "Come on up—just keep on coming!" Three flights down I heard Ford's baritone voice answering: "We're on the way!"

Marjorie and I stood in the hallway, welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Madame and Little Glenn.

"So this is the Village!" exclaimed—puffing—Little Glenn.

"Oh, some of the modern apartments have elevators—but our building was once a livery stable, our apartment formerly a hay loft."

"No foolin'!"

To prove it I led them to the double doors of glass, in the front of the apartment, opened them, pointed to the little courtyard below which was paved with patch-work cement and stone.

"Look—there to the left, in the corner, is the old trough for the horses. Right under us, where the stable used to be, there is a garish restaurant . . . see, they are bringing out the tables and placing them about in the courtyard for those who enjoy dining as they do in Paris! Also, they've had a mason decorate the trough, transform it into a fountain . . . Then you see the window to the right? That is the window to a single room apartment—once the office of the stable where you paid your quarter for a rig!"

Glenn, looking about our apartment, measuring with his eye the forty-foot room, the huge, decorative mirrors, the fire-place, the books, grand piano, velvet curtains—remarked:

"Nothing left of the barn here but the rafters!"

"Come," I said, "have a look at Greenwich Village!"

I LED them to the balcony on the East side of the apartment. I led them into the twilight, showed them below the garden of Cherry Lane, the row of little houses and apartments—each three stories high, with here and there one towering an extra story higher, pointed out to them the little, gabled, three-story brick house, only twelve feet wide—reputed to be the smallest in Manhattan—where Edna St. Vincent Millay had lived and written so long and so much.

"Lots of writers down here, I guess," suggested Ford.

"Lots trying to be—some getting away with it. The Village, as you will see as we walk over to the restaurant in a few moments—is, to first glance, chiefly Italian. Then there are still some of the old-timers—Americans, Irish—descendants of families who settled here long time ago. But not until you get into the restaurants will you find the crowd that has given the Village its most popular reputation—I mean the writers, artists, models."

"Let's hurry!" exclaimed Glenn, then perceived that his curiosity had beaten his discretion to his tongue, so he added: "An' hear about 'em!"

"Famous writer lives in the apartment below us," said I.

"Who?"

"Clement Wood."

"What did he write?"

"*The Outline of Man's Knowledge, Henry The Rake, and—*"

"Was he the Henry who raked hay for the barn in the Village?"

I picked up a thin volume of Clement Wood poetry, read:

"*WAY* down south in Greenwich Village,
Main Street maidens come for thrillage,
From Duluth and Pensacola,
To live a la Flaubert and Zola;
After each new thrill still racing,
Rarely chaste, and always chasing;
Apartments keep no maids, in Washington Square!

Geniuses from middle Texas
Solve the social ills that vex us;
College radicals, post-progressive,
Damn all culture as oppressive.
Ph.D.'s are D.Ph's,
Swear the Dots and Jens and Raches;
Deans get Gunga'd, down in Washington Square!

Way down south in Greenwich Village,
Thinking is mere bourgeois frillage,
Since the Freudians dared to launch us
On that ocean called Subconscious.
Ev-e-ry erotomania
Known from Auckland to Ukania
Is a daily dozen, down in Washington Square!"

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Glenn, "Where is Washington Square?" "Now! Now! called cautious Ford. "The evening is before us."

"Let's get behind it, then, and give it a push!"

To give them a bird's-eye view of the previous Village, before plunging into it, I led the crowd up a narrow stairway from the hall to the storm door atop the building, thence on to the roof—a sway-back roof, reminiscent of horses grown sway-back under heavy loads. We dodged under aerials, gazed through the sunset glow at the Village—buildings chiefly three to five stories high—and to the great beyond of sky-scrapers rising like sentinels over the world's greatest city.

Standing there, Little Glenn knitted his blond brows, said:

"What worries me is which—"

"Now, now," cautioned Ford, "I told you many days ago that you should never allow yourself to worry about anything that happens any place except in front of a microphone. *There* is where the worrying act should come in."

"Excuse me, teacher," apologized Glenn, "but may I ask a question?"

"You may if you don't ask me."

Interposed Mrs. Glenn: "That goes for me, too!"

Thereupon Glenn looked all around the group, received and perceived no further objections, smiled, said:

"Which is it—*wich* or *ich*, and why?"

"Who?"

"And is it *green* or *gren*, and why do the people who insist on *wich* say *gren* instead of *green*?"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"The name of this place, of course! G-R-E-E-N-W-I-C-H Village!"

"Why my boy," condescended Ford, "you have evidently forgotten your latitudes and longitudes."

"I certainly couldn't tell you from here—looking at all those crooked streets!—which way North is to save my life!"

"I did not speak of direction—I spoke of relative position."

"Where's that?"

"It begins in Greenwich England, pronounced by all good dictionaries—and people of intelligence—*grin*, like the thing you generally wear on your face, *grin-ij*, so that it sounds just like I said it: Grinij."

Glenn brightened, said: "Then Green-wich is not right."

"No."

"And the people who say Grenich are wrong, too?"

"Why, of course!"

Glenn was now grinning triumphantly. "So," he said, "it turns out that nobody's right."

"I wouldn't say that," contradicted Ford. "I am"

"That's what I said the first time—*nobody's* right."

THE PASSIONATE look of scorn which Ford threw at Glenn at this moment, caused me to interpose hastily by way
(Continued on page 90)

Greenwich Village—See Things!

Through Historic Gotham Art Colony
Cincinnati for Ol' Manhattan



Ford, Gene and Glenn just after Ford and Glenn had returned from New York, where they toured Greenwich Village as guests of Fred Smith, formerly of WLW and now one of the Villagers

GERTRUDE

By Salisbury

*Marriage Proved a Mirage
So She Figured Out Her
Own Course For True
Love—And Brother
Harry Paid
the Bills*

GOD gave me brains and a natural love of culture and refinement—and on my father's side, an Uncle Harry for whom I was named. We hadn't heard from Uncle Harry for years; and then, suddenly, a letter came from Australia saying he'd died and left me a million dollars. It was a shock to me, of course—but a pleasant one. And right then and there I made up my mind to two things—to live on my income, and to make a lady out of my sister Gertrude. Which was some job if you knew Gert. A sweet child, you understand, and all that, but a wild Indian if there ever was one.

Gert and I were living at the time in a little town called Spring Lake in the San Bernardino mountains. Mother was living, too—but with her fourth husband in Salt Lake City. So the first thing I did, after making arrangements with the Spring Lake bank, was to stake the organist at the Gem theater to a divorce.

What Gert wanted with the baldheaded little bozo was beyond me. But music is a refining influence, and with a Radio and Victor in the home (that was his silly name, Victor, though he looked like defeat from the feet up) . . . Anyway, with Victor Wiggins and a swell flat in Hollywood, I thought maybe Gert would turn over a few new leaves and get refined.

So I gave her my blessing and a bank roll, then bought a ticket on one of those 'round-the-world cruises with the idea of getting a little culture myself. Not that I wouldn't have preferred seeing my own country first. But how can one, safely, when it's so full of bad gin? It was a swell trip at that. And if I didn't corral all the culture in the world, by the time I got back I could at least tell the difference between a Nautch girl and a narghile—even if I had a cold.

You may be sure I sent Gert a picture postcard from every port and a lot of other junk besides. And it was on her account that I only spent four months in Paris. For I'd been almost a father and a mother to that girl, and being full of ideals and hopes for her, I made it a point to be home for her wedding. (It takes a year to get a divorce in California.) And say, it was as pretty a wedding as you'd wish to see; Gert and Victor . . . and the baby . . .

I was real proud of Gert. If she hadn't had bobbed hair and been a whole lot younger, she'd have looked like one of those madonnas an Italian guide showed me. Of course Victor still looked like Ignatz, the mouse, and why, after a whole year, it was a wedding instead of a funeral was beyond me. The baby, though, was a knockout.

"A great kid," I said, "and he does you both credit. Only where in the world did he get his red hair?"

"Sssh!" said Gert. "That's the only thing Victor is sensitive about. We've named him after you, Harry. Because where would we be today if you hadn't been named after your uncle?"

You can see for yourself Gert had changed: common sense, a good wife, a splendid mother . . . We had a nice brother



and sister talk while Victor was changing the baby.

"On the level, how's everything?" I asked.

"Grand," said Gert.

"Still strong for Victor?"

"Yep."

"Is he working?"

"No."

"Has he worked since you came to Hollywood?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He's never seemed to get 'round to it," said Gert. "I used to raise Cain with him about it, but every time I did he'd put on his hat and say he was going back to his wife."

"Well, he can't run that bluff on you now. He's your lawful wedded washout now, and if he ever does go back to his first wife you can put him in jail."

"Can I really? Oh, Harry! You're such a comfort to me," she said.

Field



Illustrations by

DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

"YOU'VE improved a lot yourself," I replied. "You got repose."

"Yes, I sleep well."

"And you don't paint your face the way you used to."

"You can't, Harry—not when you're a mother."

"I saw girls in Paris out with dukes and earls that weren't a patch on you, Gert."

"Did you, honest?"

"Yes. And that's what I wanted. I wanted you to be a lady. Well, you are. You got a nice home, a swell kid, and now you're married and I can quit worrying about you."

Just then the bootlegger came. And as he was a friend of Victor's, we invited him to stay for the wedding breakfast.

After living for a whole year among the effete nations of the earth, to sit down to a simple American meal in simple American surroundings touched me deeply. I even warmed towards Victor.

"Here's a couple of hundred," I said. "You can take Gert and little Harry over to Catalina for your honeymoon."

So off they went, leaving me and the bootlegger to finish the ice cream.

"It's a great day for me," I said. "Will you have strawberry or vanilla?"

And when Carbona, the black cleaning-woman, woke us up next morning—it was afternoon.

CHAPTER II

THAT night was all right, too, because I slept some more. But the next day I was lonely. Here I'd traveled six thousand miles to see Gert, only to have her leave almost at once on her honeymoon. And you can't very well join your sister on her honeymoon—even if you don't like her husband. So I hired an automobile and drove up to Spring Lake with the idea of giving the old home town the once over.

It's funny. But you can't go 'round the world and see cathedrals, skyscrapers and what-not without getting a new point of view. Compared to the way I remembered it, the whole town had shrunk to the size of a peanut. And I'm bound to admit my interest in its inhabitants had shrunk the same.

"Get out of here," cried Gert. "What do you mean by trailing a dead fish over my best rug?"

"I gotta trail it," said Victor.

To tell the truth, of all the folks I knew there, nobody seemed interested in what I'd done or where I'd been excepting Elmer Lovejoy, who was an old flame of Gert's. And, later, he spoiled everything by borrowing a hundred dollars off me. So I spent only two nights at Spring Lake, instead of the week I'd planned, getting back to Hollywood late in the afternoon, with three days to fill in before Gert got back—or so I thought. But I hadn't been in the house ten minutes

when who should walk in the front door but Gert and little Harry.

At the sight of me she tossed her hat on the floor, little Harry into an overstuffed chair, then fell on my neck.

"Harry!" she cried.

"What's the matter? Why are you back from Catalina so soon?"

"Soon? It may seem soon to you, but it seems like a lifetime to me."

"Where's Victor?"

"COMING in another taxi. I wouldn't even ride with him. Do you know what that little side-winder did to me?"

"There, there," I said. "Be calm. Whatever it was, he'll answer to me. What did he do, anyway?"

"Do? The minute we got on the boat he began acting like a husband—left me flat. I didn't see hair nor hide of him the whole way over. He spent all that evening at a place called the Tuna club. And next morning he got up at four o'clock and went on a fishing trip with a man he'd met on the boat.

"When he didn't get back for dinner that night I was nearly crazy. I just knew he was drowned. And then who should come in but a Wop fisherman with a note Victor had given him off San Clemente, which is another island, saying he was having a swell time, and if I didn't mind he'd stay out another day.

"Can you imagine, Harry? Us on our honeymoon, and Victor laying off one island, and me and little Harry all alone on another and not knowing a soul?"

"Did Victor catch anything?" I asked.

"I'll say he did! You don't know what it means to a wife and mother, Harry, to go on her first honeymoon—and then not have any."

"If you're really through with him," I began . . .

I never finished the sentence, for in through the door came Victor, red as a lobster with sunburn, but with a light in his eye that never was on sea nor land; for he was trailing a fish almost as big as he was—a sixteen pound barracuda.

"GET out of here," cried Gert. "What do you mean by trailing a dead fish over my best rug?"

"I gotta trail it," said Victor. "I brought it home to you, Harry."

"You have no home," said Gert. "Not after the way you deserted me on our honeymoon."

"It wasn't a honeymoon. We've been having a honeymoon for a whole year. What I went to Catalina for was a vacation."

There are two things no thinking American will ever get mixed up in if he can help it—a League of Nations and a family row. When I got back from my walk around the block, Victor was busy cleaning the fish, and all seemed quiet along the Potomac. But you never can tell about Gert.

"I've decided on one thing," she confided, as we partook of a bit of cheer in the pantry. "Victor has got to go to work."

"Do you think you ought to disturb him? He seems so happy with his fish."

"That was all right before we were married. But now the time has come when he's got to stand on his own feet."

"That cuts out giving dancing lessons," I said. "What else can the poor prune do, besides play the pipe organ?"

"He's awfully quick at figures. Couldn't you use him as a sort of secretary?"

"I could."

"Will you?"

"I will not."

"Not even for me? You see now that I'm married to Victor, I want little Harry to be proud of him."

"If little Harry can manage that," I said, "there's nothing that kid can't do."

CHAPTER III

WHEN you try to put through a merger, sometimes it's the Senate that objects, sometimes it's the Attorney General. But in the merger we planned between Victor and work, nobody objected but Victor.

"I don't see why I should work," he declared.

"You owe it to little Harry," said Gert. "And you owe it to big Harry, too. Why, who do you think has been supporting you all this time—and paying your first wife's alimony?"

"But he promised to pay my alimony."

"I did," I said. "And I'm willing to go on paying it. Only now you're married, Gert feels you ought to make something of yourself."

"What?" demanded Victor.

"You're full of music," said Gert. "You might become a great conductor."

"Or a good brakeman," I said.

"Well, I'll think about it," said Victor.

So we passed a peaceful two weeks with Gert and me making trips to the beaches and movie studios, and Victor staying home with little Harry, and thinking about work.

Occasionally, after reading the want ads in the morning paper he'd come to me with a cheerful: "Here's just

the thing." But it was always something on this order:

WANTED aggressive partner with fifty thousand dollars to invest. No experience necessary.

"Very nice," I'd say. "But if you can land a job at four dollars a day, I'd take it."

So things ran along. And then, one morning, Victor got up on the wrong side of the bed, or Gert did, or maybe it was little Harry. Anyway, at breakfast—

We'd planned that day to run out and look at a rabbit ranch. For after a lot of figuring on the backs of old envelopes—mostly multiplying—Victor had decided that raising rabbits was the thing he was best fitted for.

It seems a couple of bright real estate lads, having subdivided some land you couldn't raise anything else on, were as good as broke till they thought of rabbits. And now they were getting rich. RAISE RABBITS AND RULE THE WORLD.

Not to eat, you understand, but for the fur. There was a startling shortage of fur. Women were using it on everything. And the rabbit had been Burbanked till now you could raise ermine rabbits, chinchilla rabbits, wire-haired Astrakhan rabbits— In fact, the only coat they couldn't supply was a raccoon coat—and raccoon coats weren't fashionable any more, anyway.

Even Gert thought it was a swell idea. "They'll be so cute," she said, "for little Harry to play with."

AND while I didn't believe in it as a strictly commercial venture, if Gert and Victor were willing to live in a sand wash, and do K. P. to a regiment of rabbits, it was all right by me.

But this morning Victor wasn't so optimistic. "If little Harry makes pets of all our rabbits," he said, "how can we have the heart to kill them?"

"We can't," said Gert.

"But if we don't kill 'em, how are we going to sell the fur?"

"Maybe we can keep them," said Gert, "till little Harry grows up and goes to Harvard."

"He's not going to Harvard," said Victor. "He's going to Stanford."

"You're mistaken," said Gert. "He's going to Harvard."

"Not if I have anything to say about it."

"You haven't."

"No, nor about anything else in this house."

"If you ask me," said Gert. "You're lucky to have a roof over your head."

"Sure," said Victor; "I'm a fool for luck. Had a fine wife—left her. Had a good job—left it, too. And now look at me. What am I? Nothing but a nursemaid to somebody's kid."

I'll have to hand it to Gert. She might have shied a plate at him; instead, she drew herself up like a duchess.

"This is the end," she said.

"Suits me," said Victor. "If your lawyer wants to get in touch with me, he can send me a letter, care of my first wife."

"I'm sorry, Gert," I said, as the front door slammed behind Victor.

"Oh, that's nothing! Victor and I used to have little spats like this two or three times a day. He'll come back."

"But what made him talk that way about little Harry?"

OH, THAT'S just one of those things, Harry. Just another of those crosses a wife and mother has got to bear. You see he's still jealous of Elmer Lovejoy. Of course, I *did* go around with Elmer, and Elmer *has* got red hair. I guess I was in love with him, too. Only when it came to a showdown, he wasn't the marrying kind—and Victor was crazy about me. So—

"You mean to tell me you never were in love with Victor?"

"Not much—at first. But I am now."

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"Then if you really love him, why in the world didn't you tell him your grandfather had red hair?"

"I got too much pride, Harry. Besides, I don't remember pa's pa, or ma's pa. Which one of them had red hair?"

"Neither of them," I said. "So you can take your choice."

"I think I'll choose Grandpa Giddings," said Gert. "Only maybe you'd better be the one to spring it on Victor."

"Right," I said. "I can put it over, too. Have I ever mentioned little Harry's red hair to Victor? No. Why haven't I? Because I wasn't surprised he had it. Why wasn't I surprised? Grandfather Giddings."

"Do you think Victor will fall for it?"

"Certainly. And once he does, all this nonsense will be ended. As a man thinks, so he is."

"He might be, at that," said Gert. "Anyway, when I get around to it, I'm going to see that little Harry has a sister."

"Little Harriet," I said.

"Sold!" said Gert. "That's exactly what I'll call her. Now I'm going to slip on something and run over to the fish market and get Victor a cracked crab for his supper."

But Victor didn't come home to supper. At seven o'clock Gert was nervous; by eight she was frantic.

"But he told you he wasn't coming back," I said.

"He's told me that dozens of times. And he's gone out slamming the door so hard we've had to get new hinges. But



"Who's your girl friend, Victor?" she says. Then I told her who I was and what she was and chased her out of the apartment. . . . and after I had chased her out I told Victor a few things.

he's always come home in time for supper. I'm sure something terrible has happened to him."

Gert was right. Something terrible had happened to Victor. When he strolled in an hour later and told us about it, I could hardly believe my ears.

"Where have you been?" demanded Gert.

"Down town."

"You wouldn't lie to me, honey?"

"Sure I would. But I don't have to. I was down town having dinner with the boss."

"Boss?" I said. "Whose boss?"

"My boss," said Victor. "You see, Harry, old scout, I've gone to work."

CHAPTER IV.

YOU'D have thought, having got her own way, Gert would have been perfectly happy. Not at all. She complained bitterly when Victor didn't come home to dinner, which he
(Continued on page 117)

Uncle Henry's Editor Man Writes About

The COLLIER HOUR

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

ON A STREET in Trenton one morning three citizens met. If Will Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Kit Morley, or any of the Elizabethan loudspeakers who are particularly interested in overhearing and reporting conversations between citizens at street corners—if any or all of this blessed trio had been commissioned to put down the triologue, this would be about it:

1st Citizen: "Didst hear strange sounds i' the air last night?"

2nd Citizen: "Zounds, yes! And merrily o!"

3rd Citizen: "Music and voices with play-acting. All passing pleasant, but methought at first 'twas pranks or trickery."

1st Citizen: "By my bodkins I'll swear 'twas a relishable hour. . . ."

Well, this sort of thing could go on for weeks. The fact remains as attested by a letter postmarked Trenton and signed with due knowledge by a citizen of the ancient capital, that three men did meet on the streets one morning, and they did talk about sounds they had heard in the air between eight-fifteen and nine-fifteen the night before, and they did unanimously agree that the sounds were about the best they had ever heard on their Radio sets. So one citizen, in the name of the others, told Collier's Weekly the true story of that incident, to use as the case might be.

COLLIER'S has resumed broadcasting. That is good news to millions of Radio listeners.

Before Collier's experimented with broadcasting the contents of a magazine, air-programs were of a level that ran mostly to the mediocre, save when the names of celebrities in politics, the theatre or movies, music and, of course, prize-



FAMOUS artists who make up the Collier hour as they gather in the NBC New York studios. Below, John B. Kennedy, associate editor of Collier's magazine, and director of the Collier Hour.

fighting were included in a studio's offerings. Pioneer attempts had been made, it is true, to furnish dramatic ensembles and to bring stage atmosphere to the American living-room as far as the limitations of one vehicle, that of sound, would permit. But the

trend of the larger commercial programs, in frankly engaging orchestras or renowned vocalists—not excepting eminent pugilists—to play and sing and split ears and noses between direct-advertising appeals, showed that the technique of combining entertainment with commercial utility was raw and undeveloped.

Then came Collier's, and from the first hour's production there was no mistaking the success of the project. The contents of the magazine, interesting enough to command the attention of some 1,500,000 each week, were found, when transcribed to air delivery, attractive to Radio fans in every corner

(Continued on page 115)

Al and Fay Who OOPY-OOP AT KMOX



Al, of Al and Fay, hanging on to a deep one while Fay chimes in.

BEHOLD Al and Fay, the melodious duo at KMOX, in the midst of one of those soul-stirring rhapsodies for which they are noted. Al seems to be reaching low down in his throat for a deep note and for all we can tell by the picture he's made it and is still holding it. Maybe it's "Oopy-oop-doop." Al and Fay have a national reputation. After President Coolidge had listened to them on the White House lawn they were considered good enough for WBAP of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram. They played for that fiery knight of the Southland, W. K. Henderson, owner of KWKH, Shreveport, La. George Junkin heard them while dialing around the country one night and whistled them over to KMOX at St. Louis. Finding the spirit of St. Louis very suitable to their air diversissements, Al and Fay have camped on the KMOX campus

since last June much to the listeners' joy.

Many Radio listeners will recognize Al Hurt and Fay Smith as former members of the Ray Miller's Brunswick Recording orchestra, which has toured the country playing at the best vaudeville houses. They also were featured with Thelma Terry's Play Boys, a Columbia recording orchestra. Fay is versatile with the strings and plunks a banjo with the same facility that he cajoles a guitar. Al is a boom-boom artist, aside from his vocal talents. He made his first public appearance as a drummer at the age of eight.

So it's oopy-oop and boom-dee-ay on your loud speaker when you tune in to KMOX. But don't worry, it's only this famous melody team doing its stuff before the mike for the entertainment of the thousands who love their offerings.

Some Big Timers

Artist Cugat Sketches
Whose Business It Is
Their Stuff So You



*ERNO RAPEE, on the
Roxy symphony over
NBC, December 23.*



LEADER of the Philadelphia Philharmonic, Leopold Stokowski, above. Lopez speaking, Vincent, in person, at the left. Radio listeners have been dancing to his music for five years.



a la Caricature

Headliners of the Air
to Make Musicians Do
Will Tune in Again



NONE other than Nat Shilkret, Victor artist, seen above in an amiable mood.



EVERYBODY Happy? The headless gent above is the inimitable Ted Lewis, while at the right you see Sam Lanin of the Ipana Troubadours and Ingraham Shavers.

Montegle Kidnaps Margot and Robs

MYSTERY HOUSE

Episode From Finis Farr's Serial
Over NBC Provides Thrilling Story

STANDING bleak and alone, the only dwelling in a neighborhood of lofts and warehouses down near the river in New York is the old Denby mansion, remodelled after a fashion and made tenable for Richard Brooke III, wealthy young bachelor.

For some special reason, not altogether clear to his associates, young Brooke has taken up his abode in the old place where he is visited most often by his good friend Johnny Walker. His personal needs are attended to by his faithful valet, Williams.

Haunting the district of the old Denby home, in more recent years known as Mystery House, is a particularly vicious gang of murderous cutthroats under the domination of a powerful overlord known as Professor Montegle. Who Montegle really is or from whence he came seems to be somewhat legendary. There are those who live in the neighborhood who say he is only a myth. Others maintain he is a super-educated man gone daft on socialism—that he formerly held a high position on the faculty of a prominent New England university.

Montegle in recent months has directed a villainous campaign against young Brooke, to drive him from Mystery House. He has been aided by his powerful henchman, Fragoni, patron of the Club Siena and a sinister shadow between the law and the outlaw.

Not long ago the New York newspapers were filled with the accounts of the strange kidnaping of Brooke who was aided in his escape by a dancing girl named Sally. And Sally was discovered to be one of the girls at the Club Siena. This embarrassing publicity brought Margot Hemingway, Brooke's fiancée, to his strange abode to ascertain for herself the true facts.

"I WISH I could tell you the whole story now," said Bob as they sat in the re-made splendor of the old drawing room, which still contained some of the original furniture. "There are some things I am trying to straighten out which so far are only theories of mine. They involve names that must not be smirched by unproven suspicions."

"But who is this strange bandit Montegle? Why does he seem so vindictive toward you," Margot persisted as she leaned back in an old plush upholstered chair with intricately carved woodwork over the back.

"Now you would laugh if I told you that Williams doesn't believe he is a real man at all. He thinks he is the ghost of Old Man Denby. He says that he is the exact counterpart of a picture of the old renegade taken shortly after the Civil War. And you may as well know, Margot, that old Denby and my grandfather were partners in this old house where they piled up a fortune through all kinds of nefarious schemes. Montegle is no ghost but he may be blood relative of old Denby, and I suspect he knows that there is a great deal of valuable treasure hidden in this building. He would like to get rid of me so he can ransack the place."

"And what about this girl Sally, Bob?"

"An unfortunate little waif in very bad hands—good at heart—"

"Listen, what was that?" Margot stirred uneasily.

"Spooks, maybe," said Johnny, who had just come in from an adjacent room. "The place is haunted, you know. Why, Old Man Denby was strangled to death in that very chair where you are sitting, Margot. They looped a piece of window shade cord around his neck and tied the ends to the carved lion heads on the back. They say he comes back every Friday at midnight and groans from that chair."

"Don't be silly," laughed Margot.

"But this is Friday night, and in five minutes it will be—"

"Say, ghosts or no ghosts, I certainly heard something then," said Bob. The two men walked toward the street window and peered through the old fashioned shutters.

MMARGOT feasted her eyes on a heap of gems—the Denby diamonds—which Ransome Renwick, the expert criminologist, had discovered while searching for young Brooke after he had been kidnaped. They had been hidden for forty years in a secret chest off from the living room.

"Did this girl Sally really rescue you?" asked Margot, whose mind apparently was elsewhere from the object of her vision.

"She helped, but it was Renwick and Sergt. Hanrahan and

our friend Johnny here who really performed the thrilling deed. . . . I feel kind of creepy right now—but I guess we are all alone—

"It's 12 o'clock—hear the funny old grandfather clock tolling away down stairs," said Johnny.

Suddenly a large, dark figure like a grotesque shadow from a candle flame slid silently into the room. He laughed—a silly madman's cackle.

"Not quite alone, my friends," he said. "You are not quite alone—Professor Montegle is here. And the fabulous Denby diamonds—they sparkle there on the table. Ah ha!"

"Montegle—himself—in person—not a picture!" Bob exclaimed, and then he added softly, "nor a ghost. Well, what do you want, Montegle?"

"You shall soon see, Mr. Brooke."

"Don't try to bluff me, Professor. That won't work. Besides I've a mind to—"

"Stop where you are, Brooke—one more step—don't move, I warn you now."

Brooke glared blue lightning at the intruder but he stopped. Margot gasped audibly and Johnny emitted a venomous growl.

"Margot! Johnny! Stay right where you are. I'll take care of this—" Bob hissed under his breath.

"Oh, Bob, be careful; he'll hurt you," begged Margot.

This brought a grin of amusement to Montegle's massive face.

"You are quite right, Miss Hemingway," he agreed. "Mr. Brooke is in acute danger. He should heed your advice. And now for a look at those diamonds—"

Bob twitched under mighty restraint as Montegle edged rather hesitatingly toward the table. Suddenly he threw back his shoulders with a roar.

"Keep away from that table!"

(From the NBC Continuity Script)

MONTEGLE: I'm going to get those diamonds, Brooke, and you can't stop me.

BROOKE: Sorry, old man, but you are going to do nothing of the sort.

WALKER: For heaven's sake, Bob! Leave him alone.

BROOKE: Not this time. This is too good a chance.

MONTEGLE: You're right. This is a good chance. Fragoni!

FRAGONI: All right, boss. What's it gonna be?

MONTEGLE: Just stand here beside me.

BROOKE: Here's the other one; this is a nice little reunion. I'm awfully glad to see you, Mr. Fragoni.

FRAGONI: Yeah?

MONTEGLE: Don't talk, Fragoni. Leave that to me.

BROOKE: By all means.

FRAGONI: Yeah? Say, boss, I'm going to drill this fellow.

MONTEGLE: Wait, wait! Do you see those diamonds on the table?

FRAGONI: Sure, I see 'em. They're puttin' me eyes out.

MONTEGLE: Good. Close the box and put them in your pocket.

BROOKE: I warn you, Mr. Fragoni, you'd better leave them alone.

MARGOT: Bob! Don't talk to them!

WALKER: If those diamonds are all they want, what I say is, they're welcome to them.

BROOKE: Let me run this, Johnny.

WALKER: By all means.

MONTEGLE: Go on, Fragoni, pick up the diamonds.

BROOKE (whispering): Johnny! When he reaches for them upset the table. I'll do the rest.

FRAGONI: Have you got 'em covered, boss?

MONTEGLE: Certainly. If you move, Mr. Brooke, I'll shoot you through the head.

BROOKE: You haven't that much nerve. One shot would bring the police in here in half a minute.

MONTEGLE (laughing): The police! That's pretty good, eh, Fragoni?

FRAGONI: Them cops won't bother us now.

MONTEGLE: Go ahead and pick up the diamonds, Fragoni.

FRAGONI: O. K., boss.

BROOKE: Now! Johnny!



As they moved toward the door Fragoni seized Margot's wrists in his gorilla grip. Just as she screamed in sheer agony came a strange voice, "Let go that woman!"

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the clatter of the falling table the room was plunged in darkness. This was an incident neither Bob or Johnny had anticipated. There was the sound of a dull popping explosion, Margot screamed, and her voice was suddenly muffled as though a hand had closed over her mouth.

"Turn on the lights, Johnny. Turn on the lights," Bob shouted with a stifled sneeze and a burning sensation in his eyes.

Then the lights flashed on, but Johnny continued to grope, stumbling over the furniture.

"Margot! Margot!" Bob called frantically. There was no answer. They were alone in the room.

"Good Lord, Johnny," Bob wailed, "They've kidnaped her!" "And those confounded diamonds too," Johnny observed.

Williams was aroused from his sleep and sent scurrying to the nearest police station. Bob and Johnny returned to the room for clues as to the raiders' retreat. They were confronted by a fog of eerie green gas, it came seeping in from beneath an unused door.

"Open the window quick, I'm dying," moaned Johnny as he wilted blindly down on the rug.

"Professor Montegle's trick," Bob surmised. "We're locked in. We'll both be dead by the time Williams gets back."

Blinded and mentally in a whirl, Bob reeled a half a dozen steps and also collapsed without reaching the window.

"**I** SUPPOSE this is the Club Siena," said Margot after a tempestuous motor ride in which she had been conducted blindfolded to the room where she now sat. It was indeed a small private room. Beyond could be heard faint snatches of dance music and intermittent singing.

"It is, Miss Hemingway," said Montegle. "Perhaps you have not come here before?"

"Certainly not," Margot tilted her nose haughtily as she answered. "I suppose you realize you are putting yourself in a very dangerous position. Kidnapping is a penitentiary offence. Mr. Brooke will be certain to bring you swift retribution."

"Whatever Mr. Brooke may do does not interest me in the least, my fine lady."

"Anyway you must let me go at once."

"Oh no, no! Why, you've only just come! And you're being here is a most flattering tribute to my genius. Moreover, the diamonds—you must see them. It was so peculiar—they were falling off the table when Fragoni caught them and absent-mindedly stuck the diamonds, morocco case and all in his pocket."

"Most remarkable dexterity, I must say. But you will have to give them back to Mr. Brooke, you know."

"Now how could you possibly be so utterly mistaken, Miss Hemingway? Mr. Brooke never will see the Denby diamonds

again. Alas!"

"The police will be here at any moment."

"Do not be alarmed; they will not find you."

"Can't you see how absurd this is? Everybody will know you have these diamonds."

"Ah, Miss Hemingway, how little you understand everything! If the unexpected should happen and Mr. Brooke would put in a demand for the Denby diamonds, I am sure you would be very useful in helping to persuade him that it would be much better for him to forget all about the Denby diamonds."

"Plain blackmail is your game, then, Professor Montegle?"

"Terminology, my dear Miss Hemingway, is sometimes misleading. Nothing is plain where beauty is concerned. Blackmail is ambiguous."

"**W**HY do you not call up Mr. Brooke and arrange your terms immediately? It would be better for all of us."

"Doubtless that is the most sensible thing I ever heard you say, but there are certain contingencies now in suspense. At almost any moment I expect a report on the results of a certain scientific experiment that may render further parley with Mr. Brooke unnecessary. And, you know, there is a girl named Sally in whom he was so much interested. It is such a pity—I fear she will not be with us long."

"Yes, I read about Sally. Why, what is the matter with her?"

"Why, she tried to help Mr. Brooke more than she did me. And now she will have to die—die, just as you would if you were to make the same mistake."

"Is she here now?"

"Yes. Would you like to see her?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Fragoni, bring Sally here, please. She may tell you something of her experience that will be useful to you, Miss Hemingway."

"You are going to murder her?"

"Again I must call attention to your frightful terminology. Murder? Ugh! No, we must all die sooner or later. And death usually is such a wasteful transition. Nothing is accomplished when I take a human life it is a laboratory experiment that adds to my scientific knowledge. Murder, as you think of it, is generally the result of passion or greed for gold. My obliteration of a human life achieves a nobler purpose. You see how misleading your terminology is."

"Here's you gal, Boss," Fragoni pushed a trembling young woman in dancing frock into the room.

"We'll leave you to get acquainted," said Montegle as the two men walked from the little room to the crowded dance floor beyond.

Margot regarded the girl with a chill at her heart.

"And you are the girl Sally?" she said softly, as though speak-

(Continued on page 120)



HARRIET CRUISE, known to KFAB listeners as the Oriole of the Air—not that she sings exactly like an oriole, but she has that brilliant, flashing color in her voice. She's soloist in the Capella choir.



***B**EBE DANIELS seems to look younger every day, as this picture indicates. That may come from her joy at the discovery of her singing voice for the pictures. She has been featured by NBC on the Fleischmann hour.*



LOIS BROWNING is a Lone Star beauty who radiates curls, smiles and a dulcet voice from WFAA at Dallas. She was a candidate for the Radio World's Fair beauty queen, but this picture was lost in the mail.



JEANETTE MACDONALD sings songs in "The Love Parade" and the Radio crowds stand up on their toes and cheer. She is one of the stars heard during the Paramount-Publix hour over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



RHENO MARSHALL (above) and Ruth Messmer, blues artistes. Smiley blues is their specialty according to these photos; otherwise they are members—and popular, too—of the KGW staff at Portland, Ore.





HILDA HANNAN, A. T. C. M.—and how our British friends do love a nice collection of letters after a name! Miss Hannan as pianoforte soloist in CKLC Calgary studio gets inspiration for her classical repertoire from a doll.



*M*ARIE CONNER,
able leader of the
Rainbow Orchestra broad-
casting from WIL, and
Janice Smith (below),
clever staff artist from the
same station at St. Louis.





GEORGIA MILLER is another one of those favorites at KOA Denver, whose voice gives the mile-high station personality and distinct individuality. Georgia is as restful to the eye as to the ear.

MADGE ~ in a

*Exact Reproduction of Columbia Radio Drama Script
Wherein Madge Helps Her Dad and Rescues Her Man*

By Donald Clark



EACH new season finds a keener interest in the dialog form of Radio entertainment. Probably one of the most outstanding features of this character to be brought out during the past year is the series of Night Club Romances, written and directed by Donald Clark, chief of the continuity department of Columbia Broadcasting System.

Don Clark is a young man of exceptionally vivid imagination and facility of expression. His fertile mind may be judged from the fact that the script reproduced herewith was the twenty-fourth in the weekly series, each a complete story, and each with a similarity of background.

Madge, the heroine of this particular story, is the daughter of the managing editor of a newspaper. Her rival lovers are newspaper reporters, and of course, one is a villain. Clark knows all

about newspaper men, their codes and their weaknesses; he has spent much of his time since graduating from Union College covering the news and writing it himself.

For you who hear and never see how these dramas are acted this is a typical Radio drama script reproduced exactly and as originally written.—EDITOR

ANNOUNCER: Again tonight, we invite you to travel out with us, in fancy at least, into the night life of the metropolis.

NIGHT CLUB ROMANCE

TED: In your condition? You're boiled to the ears, Wilson . . .

JACK: I can manage my own affairs, I guess, Droman. Will you dance with me, Madge?



It has become our custom to seek out, one night in each week, some story in the making—some unusual incident in the cabarets of New York. Broadway at night presents a vivid, kaleidoscopic picture, with its dazzling electric signs—its hurrying crowds, laughing or shouting as they go, ever in search of diversion and entertainment. It is in one of the many glittering, gaudy cabarets burrowed down behind a battery of lights that

we find ourselves tonight—here, we hope, we shall witness the creation of another Night Club Romance. Let's go inside and look around.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA STARTS PLAYING No. 1, UP FULL UNTIL CUE (—).

(Continued on page 91)

Dan Cupid Cues In on Johnny's

B I G T I M E

*And When the Great Headliner Comedian Finds
His Lines Mixed He Almost Gets the
Hook—Love's Wings and Exit*

THE HUGE electric sign in front of the Lyric theater proclaimed to all and sundry that Jimmy Harper was in town. The daily papers were more specific: "Jimmy Harper, World's Funniest Comedian, Assisted by The Carrigan Sisters—In a Rib-Tickling Potpourri of Mirth and Melody."

Gala week for the Lyric theater: Biggest headline attraction in years. The dear, dollar-spending public choked the house twice daily. Lobby signs proclaimed that it was Jimmy Harper—in Person; Not a Picture. Any citizen who, at this stage of the week's engagement, had failed to see Jimmy Harper was declassé.

And yet now—at 11 o'clock at night while the lobby was disgorging patrons, two male figures slunk through the stage door and down the alley. One of them seemed shrunk within himself; he walked with a guilty air and his eyes quested about in the hope that he might not be recognized. Somehow, the great Jimmy Harper was not participating in his own ballyhoo.

THE TWO men discovered a furtive little restaurant where the oysters were reputed to be good. They sheltered themselves at an alcove and ordered—with cocktail sauce. The friend turned worried eyes upon the frowning countenance of Jimmy Harper.

"Jimmy," he said, "I wonder if I'm a good enough friend to be honest."

Jimmy sighed. "Petey," he answered—"you are. So shoot." Petey drew a long breath. "I seen your act tonight, Jimmy."

"Yeh?"

"It's rotten."

"Aw say—"

"Well, maybe it ain't fair for me to call it rotten. Really, it's worse than rotten. It's a flat flop."

"Didn't they laugh?"

"Sure they did. They was laughing at Jimmy Harper but they couldn't of told you why. It's a hard thing to explain, Jimmy; you was awful funny, but nothing like you ought to be. Every time I've seen you up 'til tonight you put half the paying guests into hysterics. You used to be a wow. Acts didn't use to like to follow you when you was working single because the house wouldn't quit laughing at you. Tonight when the curtain dropped, you was completely forgotten. Folks was saying—'Jimmy Harper, he's right funny, ain't he?' Now, Jimmy, I ask you—what's wrong?"

The World's Funniest Comedian turned harrowed eyes upon his friend.

"Everything," he answered mournfully.

Petey probed more deeply. "Them two wimmin'?"

"Yeh."

"Hhm! They ain't bad . . . swell lookers, and they dress the act nice, and they step snappy. But say; what did you team up with them for in the first place?"

"Just like you said, Petey; to dress the act. I been a single for so many years—well, my agent thought it would be a good hunch to give 'em a little variety for a season or so, and he got me forty weeks' booking. I ain't losing nothing on it; I net what I got single and the rest goes to those girls, and the act is different—"

"Sure it is. It's all wet. Now tell me what's wrong."

"Well—" Jimmy sighed. "They ain't really sisters."

"I heard that. But they been together for three-four years, haven't they?"

"Uh-huh. That's the trouble; each one feels like a mother to the other, and since they started fighting. . . ."

"Holy smokes! they haven't both gone and fallen in love with you, have they?"

"Good Gawd, no!"

"Some hope then. Tell me something, Jimmy—didn't you know everything I told you before I said it?"



"Guess so."

"And ain't you worried?"

"Sweet mama!"

"Wouldn't it do you good to spill your troubles and get some friendly advice?"

JIMMY inhaled a large oyster. "I told you how I come to sign 'em up; forty weeks—even broke in money compared with what I was drawing single . . . and I was lonely. Looked like a good idea. Well, we started out fine. They said we was a panic, and we was. Stopped the show a dozen times. Swell kids, both of them. And I guess we would of made vaudeville history or something if it hadn't been for Oscar Swanson."

"What's that?"

"Oscar Swanson is a man. I ought to hate him, but I don't. He's a nice feller. He sells rubber goods."

"I didn't know anyone did that."

"Yeh—I guess somebody has to. Hot water bottles and ice bags and surgeons' gloves . . . lot of stuff they use around hospitals. They say he's a hound on that sort of stuff. Well, I blame Oscar for everything."

Petey lighted a cigarette. "One thing I'll hand you, Jimmy—you sure do make things clear. Now tell me, who is Oscar?"

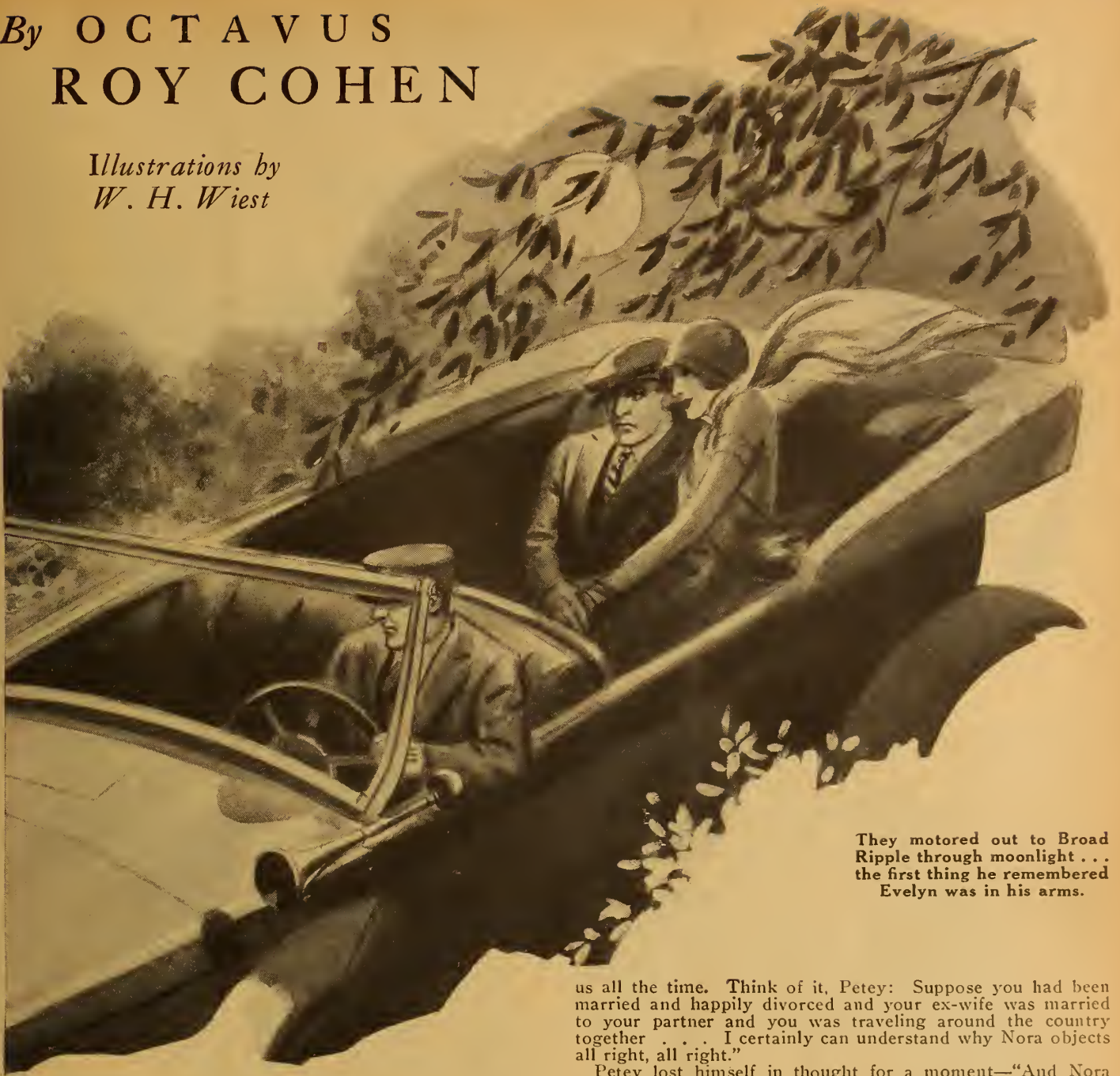
"Well, he sells hot water bottles and—"

"Not to you."

"No-o. But he's been following us around for about ten or twelve weeks. It seems he's the champion water bottle sales-

By OCTAVUS
ROY COHEN

Illustrations by
W. H. Wiest



They motored out to Broad
Ripple through moonlight . . .
the first thing he remembered
Evelyn was in his arms.

man of the world and he routes himself where he likes. And every night and some matinees he's out front giving us the hungry eye."

"Is it possible?" Petey leaned forward under the urge of an idea. "Is he in love with one of them Carrigan girls?"

"I'm afraid so. You noticed the brunette, didn't you?"

"Yeh."

"Well, her name is Nora."

"Ain't that remarkable!"

"The blonde is named Evelyn."

"I can hardly believe it!"

"Well, Oscar Swanson used to be married to Nora, and he's been following us around—"

"Trying to re-marry her?"

"No!"

"Don't bite my head off; say something."

"Well, he's trying to marry Evelyn—she's the blonde."

Silence fell between them. Then—"Lemme get this straight, Jimmy. Oscar used to be Nora's husband and now he wants to become the property of Evelyn; is that it?"

"You said it."

"Well, why don't he?"

"Nora objects."

"Ah! Still in love with her ex-husband, eh?"

"No. That is, she swears she ain't."

"Then I don't see—"

"WELL, I do. She says it's bad enough to see him out front twice a day when we're on, but it just naturally would be indecent to have him marry Evelyn and travel with

us all the time. Think of it, Petey: Suppose you had been married and happily divorced and your ex-wife was married to your partner and you was traveling around the country together . . . I certainly can understand why Nora objects all right, all right."

Petey lost himself in thought for a moment—"And Nora ain't jealous at all?"

"I don't exactly say she ain't—although she does. But you never can tell about wimmin."

"You said it! Now, suppose Oscar went and married Evelyn, what would happen then?"

"Nothing. Because he wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Because him and Nora split up on account of her refusing to quit the stage and stay home while he was selling rubber goods and he has told me private that even if he could marry Evelyn, he wouldn't unless she would resign from the two-a-day."

"But suppose he did marry her?"

"Then Nora would walk out."

"Aaah! We begin to see daylight. It sure is lucky for you, Jimmy Harper, that you had the brains to discuss your troubles with me, because I see a way to help you."

"Yeh . . . ?"

"All you got to do is to work it so Oscar marries Evelyn; then Nora gets sore and walks out on you, and that breaks your contract, because you must of contracted with the team—"

"I did."

"— And when the team busts within itself you are clear of both wimmin and you go back to the single."

"Hm!"

"Ain't my plan a swell one?"

Jimmy Harper shook his head slowly and solemnly. "Nope. It's terrible."

"Why?"

"I—well, to tell you the truth, Petey—I don't want Nora walking out on me."



"Listen, Sugarfoot; you got an awful fine head on your shoulders. Let's think up a scheme."

PETEY opened his lips to speak, then closed them very suddenly. His eyes popped and he emitted an exclamation of amazement.

"Good, Lord! You?"

Jimmy blushed. "Uh-huh."

"In love with Oscar's Nora?"

"Well, now listen, Petey, you ain't got no right using that tone of voice because you don't know Nora. She's a swell kid, the sweetest—"

"Dearest, cunningest, cutest, winsomest, wonderfulest little girl in the world and you can't live without her and—I commence to understand, Jimmy, why your act has went flooie. Nora is afraid Evelyn will marry Oscar, and you are kind of suspicious that maybe Oscar is trailing around because he wants to marry his ex-wife again, eh?"

"Well, why shouldn't he? She lays it over Evelyn seven ways from the ace—and, besides, I get kind of nervous with him around, having been married to Nora like he was. I'm in a terrible fix—"

"Boy! I'll say you are."

"And I don't know what to do . . . and with all that sort of thing going on the act is getting flatter than a pancake which was cooked for last Sunday's breakfast."

"It ain't doin' nothin' else. Now, suppose you was to marry Nora—"

"There ain't any use of supposing anything like that, Petey, because she will not discuss it with me at all except to say that it doesn't seem proper with her own husband looking at us all the time."

"Hmm! There ain't but one answer to that."

"What is it?"

"Get rid of the husband."

A slow smile of derision appeared on Jimmy Harper's lips. "I told you, you didn't know nothin'," he explained feebly. "You ain't met this bird Oscar or you wouldn't advise nothing like that."

"Why?"

"Oscar ain't the kind you can get rid of. I don't wonder that baby is a success in rubber goods. He could sell umbrellas to sheiks, he could. I never see a guy so persistent in all my life. Twice a day I see him out there staring at the stage . . . and Nora and Evelyn see him, too, and—"

"How does Evelyn feel towards Mr. Swanson?"

"We-e-ell, I wouldn't say for certain, but I think she's awful crazy about him. Reason I thinks so is that she seems kind of jealous of Nora which used to be his wife. And, remember, that Oscar ain't the kind of a bimbo you think he is from his name; he's big and tall and broad with blonde, wavy hair—regular Norseman type, whatever that is; and, I guess if I was a woman I would fall for him also—but not if I was two women."

"I see. . . . Just the same, you have got to get rid of him."

"Can't be done."

"Yeh—it's got to." Petey cupped chin in palm and gave himself over to a session of intensive cogitation. Suddenly he looked up and his face radiated optimism. "Got it!"

"What?"

"The idea how you can get rid of Oscar."

A gleam of hope shone from Jimmy's tired eyes. "Spill it."

"Well—you say yourself that Oscar is probably nuts about Evelyn."

"Yeh."

"And even if he ain't and is really daffy over Nora, his ex-wife, you would prefer to know it, wouldn't you?"

"Uh-huh. Like the doctor telling me I ain't got more than thirty days to live. I guess I would, though. Then I could buy me another pipe to smoke."

"All right. That makes everything jake. Now the way to handle this thing is to find out where Oscar and Evelyn stand with each other—and how you are to do that is to give Evelyn the grand rush."

"Give who the what?"

"GIVE Evelyn a royal time. Shower her with attentions; flowers and candy and taxi rides and all that sort of stuff and—"

"Petey, did your folks ever let you fall when you was a baby?"

"I'm talking sense. Minute you begin to crowd Evelyn, what happens?"

"I get put in the daffydill factory."

"No, sir, nothing of the sort. Everything straightens out. If Oscar is in love with Nora, he don't pay no attention to your interest in Evelyn. Same thing goes for Nora—and you know right where you stand."

"In muddy water. I see. Go on."

"But if Oscar really is nuts about Evelyn, he gets awful jealous when he sees you rushing her and he makes a compromise about letting her stay on the stage and marries her and even if that does break up them two girls on account of Nora not wanting to buddy around with her husband's wife—it leaves you with a clear field for Nora."

"I see. . . . Maybe you ain't as senseless as you sound, Petey."

"Sure. Right you are, kid. Also, the minute you begin to show Evelyn that you think she's the swellest chick that ever swallowed corn, you find out where Nora stands as regards you. If she gets upstage and snippy you know she's jealous—and if she gets jealous you know it's all applesauce. Any way you look at it you win—even if it's only by finding out that you're bound to lose; ain't that a fact?"

(Continued on page 112)

HOW does a young girl feel at the moment of her Radio debut? Let Dolores of the Crescent City tell you under her own title—

My LUCKY STAR

By Dolores Lila Martinez



THRILLS had come early to Dolores Lila Martinez, and she was confident of her first Radio appearance. But then came old man Mike Fright, and success in spite of him.

MY GREATEST thrill? My Radio debut! Successful—yes, because of my Lucky Star!

When I was of an age when most little girls rejoice in their dollies, I was scribbling verse and knowing the thrill of having the little songs of the soul accepted and published, and even praised. People used to tell me I should be proud of my verse and what "a bright little girl" I was. I almost believed them for awhile.

Then I grew up a-bit, donned short skirts and had my hair bobbed; isn't that how girls grow up now? And my first grown up thrill was to have my first short story accepted and featured in a nationally known magazine. More than that, my name and the title of my story appeared on the cover! What a thrill—the thrills of seeing my poems published from early childhood seemed so very small compared with this great thrill. The magazine was conspicuously displayed everywhere. It was quite a thrill to walk into a store and see one's name staring at her from the cover of a brightly colored magazine—to hear people you had never seen before asking for the magazine containing your story—Dolores Lila Martinez's story—it was all so wonderful, life seemed unreal!

Publicity—I was given loads of it. "The Rival Blondes" was a much read story, and the authoress was feted and praised

and congratulated. Some one said I was sitting on the top of the world, and I really felt that way.

The Editor of the Magazine of the Hour, Freeman Hubbard, asked who were I, that I had received so much publicity for my first story. I asked myself the same question. I wanted to ask him a question—why did he feature my first story, the story of an unknown writer? How many writers can boast of that honor, their first short story being accepted by a national known magazine and featured? I wonder. While I was rejoicing in this triumph, a friend of mine remarked, "Dolores, you were born under a lucky star"—I almost believed him at that time. Life was like a wondrous dream.

THEN there was the Radio. Everywhere, everyone was discussing the Radio. It was, as is now, the topic of the hour, and secretly I thought it would be a great thrill to speak over the Radio, with thousands of fans listening in—many times did I muse over this

My wish came true! I received a letter from our most popular announcer, Mr. Clyde Randall of WSMB, stating that they would be pleased to have me recite my poem, "Mother," over that station on the eve of Mother's day. I literally leaped with joy, walked on air. My dream had been realized . . . almost . . .

I was notified just one day before the eve of Mother's day; hence, I had but little time to memorize the poem. It was my own composition, 'tis true, still I never attempt to memorize every poem that I write—I read and re-read the lines, regretting a thousand times, I had been so averse to studying expression. But I was so thrilled, so optimistic, I did not think or even dream of "Radio fright," or that my recitation would not be a decided success—I was confident of myself. Very. That night and the next morning I read and reread the lines in eager anticipation of the night to follow. At 6:30 p. m. I was to face the "mike".

At 5:30 p. m. I sat composedly through a manicure. I eagerly told my manicurist of my triumph-to-be and the proximity of it, and she queried curiously, "You're not at all nervous . . . ?"

"Nervous, why no . . ." I answered surprisedly. But the

(Continued on page 108)



HERE'S the man who helped give Dolores the biggest thrill of her life when she appeared before the microphone. He is Clyde Randall of station WSMB, New Orleans, Louisiana.



Happy bridegroom is James Melton, brilliant tenor of the Seiberling Singers. Sometimes he sings to 30,000,000 and again just to One, as he is doing here



You heard Gary Cooper (above) on the Paramount - Publix hour



"Co-boss! Co-boss!" Cows were the first to discover George German's (WNAX) voice



Robert Hasenjaeger, 12, official announcer and master of ceremonies for the Billiken Troupers' program at WLW



South Sea Islanders! To your left, ladies and gentlemen. They are now heard from coast to coast on the NBC Fleischmann hour



Paul Ash jazzed from Pacific to Atlantic; now he broadcasts coast to coast



Can a cat smile his affection? Ask Mary M'Coy, NBC soprano on Tea Time Tunes—and look at Tommy's face



Artells Dickson comes from Arkansas and scores big as the WABC versatile announcer. He is louder than Harry Lauder himself



Emery Deutsch, pilot of CBS Dream Boat



This is the famous French Trio that comes to you over CBS—Elfreda Bos, violin; Sallie Possell, flute, and Lydia Savitzkaya, harp



Think they're a little devilish? Maybe so, they're the Dare Sisters of KHJ.



All set for Kitten on the Keys with variations, Kathleen Stewart, WEAFF, directing.



Jane Froman is the varsity grad with a Bachelor of Blues degree. She's featured on WLW King's Taste Night Club program.



Look, girls—Borden Quartet! Yar theyar from the left—Harry Stanton, Myron Niesley, Ben Klassen and Austin Mosher. They Hail, Hail from NBC, California.



Time to put on the ol' nose bag when the Dinner Bell gang tunes up at WLS. Them's the Prairie Daisies at the piano.



Here is the Barber Shop Trio on the Ingraham Shavers program—Henry Shope, Walter Preston and Taylor Buckley.



Guess you know these two all right—Jack Oakie and Helen Kane on Paramount-Publif hour.



Moran and Mack, heard recently over the Columbia system, always score tremendously, but as the Two Black Crows would say, "Why bring dat up?"



Andy Mansfield talks as he plays and plays as he talks over the Nation's Station at Cincinnati—Andy and Virginia Lee at midnight every Thursday.



This midnight jamboree is perpetrated every Sunday as a frivolous outburst of repressed desires over the Sabbath day by the WBBM Nutty Club.

Professor Paul Whiteman

Word Picture of Jazz Maestro at Rehearsal and Sketch of His Colorful Career "Up to Now"

By Jean Campbell

OLIVE SHEA, the darling little blonde who won the beauty contest at the last Radio World's Fair, beamed happily at me as I entered the artist's reception at the Columbia studios in New York last Tuesday.

"Please take me in with you to see Paul Whiteman rehearse," she pleaded after a sidelong glance at her mother who sat beside her on the yellow leather upholstered bench against the wall.

"If we can crash through those formidable doors," I answered. They were heavy green baize with small oblong plate glass windows. They frowned down from the top of a short flight of eight steps. Mrs. Shea and her talented young daughter joined me with the assault which was headed by a member of the press relations department.

The doors cracked open. Ted Husing, whose deep announcing voice gives you the impression that he is serious minded, ushered us through a maze of brass, wood-winds and tinkling cymbals to seats in the back of the big studio. There we sat down and watched the show. A special performance of the highest priced band of its kind in America.

AND it was a show—something to see as well as to hear. The genius whom we have called Professor Whiteman stood on a slightly raised stage sans coat, vest, collar and tie. The band was rollicking through a medley of tunes scheduled for the evening performance. Every member seemed to be on a lark. Those who were resting between measures were disporting themselves according to their individual fancies although they seemed all to be swaying to the rhythm of the unceasing movements of their leader.

The great Paul himself bulked against the windows of the operating room, the most conspicuous figure in the room. I felt constrained to ask "What is Paul Whiteman thinking about when he stands there, his face blandly expressionless, although his arms are jerking up and down like engine pistons with steam and vigor that shakes his whole body?" Is his mind far away? Is he alertly conscious of all the multitude of sounds that permeate the room? Does he hear every tiny vibration and check it against the accurate register in his mind? The eyes are unwavering, the lips immobile, not a tremor disturbs the even brow. How profound—and yet those massive elbows tight against the sides continue their perfect rhythm—ah, a hip sags, the other responds! Yes he is almost dancing.

Suddenly, as though a wandering sunbeam had struck into the room, a twinkle sparkles in the leader's eye. He turns to one of the players and points. His mouth is wide open as though for an explosive laugh. But no sound escapes his lips. He shakes his baton and continues. The piccolo player notes several cigarette stubs on the floor. He shuffles from one to the other and kicks them all into a little pile.

YOU find yourself looking again at Whiteman. You mark his well rounded figure and the tight belt that cuts in on the upward slope, the perky little mustache astraddle his puckering lip, the tiny smile crinkles at the corners of the eyes and again the face becomes passive, the eye expressionless and you wonder what is going on behind that ponderous brow. He is rightly called professor, probably working out the intricacies of some new jazzical interpretation while he subconsciously beats to the tune in hand. Suddenly the eyebrows twitch a bit quizzically, the hands cease their rhythmic piston movements—and like magic the music reels on while Paul dives for a cigarette, lights it, takes a puff or two, lays it on the music rack before him and the guiding hands snap again to the pulsing rhythm.

Husing ambles up from behind and speaks to him. He smiles and they both laugh as they look toward the hard working blower of the oom-pah. Husing shoulders out the flutist and they begin trotting back and forth near the chairs where we sit. This is too much for our vivacious Olive. Why should two mere males be wasting such priceless moments—so the flutist goes back to his fluting and flaming youth dances, just one boy and one girl, to the one and only Paul Whiteman orchestra! I enjoyed that moment and I think Mrs. Shea was happy too.

Informal, brisk and airy the rehearsal flowed along for an hour or more. Ted injected a perfunctory announcement here

and there while the pianist rambled intermittent strains from the Rhapsody in Blue. This frank informality accounts for the fine morale of the organization. It is 100 per cent cooperative—the best for one is the best for all.

In the evening, when the real concert was filtered out to all America and a waiting world via New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and a score of other cities, the Paul Whiteman orchestra was on its toes every minute. They all wore yellow smocks and tams bearing the label of the Old Gold cigarette, the manufacturers of which were sponsors of the program.

Ted Husing also garbed in smock and tam seemed to repress his ebullient spirits with difficulty. But nothing went amiss—it never does so far as the Radio audience can discover. Paul Whiteman with a tam quite too small for his broad dome looked the leader that he is in spite of the somewhat ludicrous costume. His eye was full of fire—no vacant dreaming now. It was a concert and for me not half so interesting as the rehearsal had been in the afternoon.

IT WAS not until after the evening program I had my opportunity to chat with Professor Paul. He was still alive with the keen intensity with which he electrifies his men during the concert.

"We must have dinner together one of these evenings," he said. There was some confusion in getting away. A bus was waiting below to take them all to a rendezvous at Valley Stream on Long Island. Subsequently we had our dinner when I learned all about the early struggles that lead to the contract to appear at the Palais Royal in New York—his first big engagement and the beginning of the rise of Whiteman over the horizon of the world's gayest night life.

"Our pictures were in the papers," he said. "The Palais Royal, then the newest of New York's great cafes, was the haunt of celebrities from near and far. Thus we came to meet Lord and Lady Mountbatten while on their honeymoon. This English nobleman proved his democratic spirit by making the acquaintance of each member of the band and declared that we must come to London so that the Prince of Wales could hear us. The Prince is his cousin.

"It was soon evident he was really in earnest for scarcely had he returned to England than we received a reminder in the form of an imposing letter all bedecked with crests, and coronets and formally sealed with wax.

"Soon we began to realize what New York popularity meant. We were the vogue. Contracts were thrust at us from every angle. Society demanded our services at their most exclusive functions. Our time was at a premium.

"Out of this endless swirl we found ourselves face to face with a contract to join the Ziegfeld Follies. The contract was signed. New experiences followed.

"It could not be denied—we had won out in New York. Yet sometimes I feared that New York might prove fickle, that it might be easy for anyone suddenly to lose her good graces. Novelty more than ability seemed to be the watchword for success.

"We then decided to go to Europe, as that was the next logical step for the ambitious plans we had. Besides it would be advantageous to acquire some of that exotic manner to be accomplished only by foreign travel.

"In March, 1923, we set sail to accept some of those numerous invitations from our friends among the notables on the Other Side. And such a seasick bunch of play boys we found ourselves to be aboard that staunch ship, the S. S. President Harding."

How the Paul Whiteman orchestra took the European capitals by storm is a story that has now become a vital chapter in the history of American music. But the objective was attained.

And now we are soon to see and hear him on the screen as the King of Jazz. His adventures in Hollywood would make a story in itself. His first trip ended in failure, for the play the producers wanted did not suit Paul. Then Paul had a play written and it did not suit the producers. At last reports the producer's play had been written to suit Paul's idea of what it should be. That he has real picture possibilities may be judged from the movie tests that were taken on the lot and which are reproduced on the opposite page.

KING of JAZZ

PAUL WHITEMAN wanted to be taken seriously. The world insisted on making him a clown. So here he is in Hollywood making faces at the camera. Who knows, perhaps another Chaplin!



"Easy there Big Boy"



"Toodle—oo—"



"Oh, you will!"

"Never do that again!"

"Wait 'till I get you!"



The GIGOLO MYSTERY

CRAIG KENNEDY and Jameson in Their Search for the Murderers of Lola Langhorne Step into Line of Fire Between Two Rum Ships.

WHAT subtle and mysterious ingredient had entered the blood stream of Lola Langhorne and caused her skin to turn a ghastly green as her life ebbed away in the lonely cabin of the Gigolo?

Even the master detective, Craig Kennedy, was mystified. But searching for a motive he discovered a suddenly organized clique under the direction of Eversley Barr to import a cargo of contraband booze. Barr and Donato, known as Don the Dude, were using their peculiar charm for women to involve not only Lola Langhorne, the pretty divorcee, and her yacht but also little Judy Hancock, the seventeen-year-old banker's



With a whack on each cheek and moans from Trixie, Mazie picked her up and flung her . . . so that she dropped in his lap uncaught by his trussed-up hands.

daughter. Then there were the night club girls, Mazie Mellish, jealous of Trixie Dare and perhaps of Lola, too.

From Mazie Craig obtained his first clues that led him through some of the intricacies of the New York rum runners' labyrinth. He obtained an introduction to Dietz, a liquor broker, and through Dietz as a guide and sponsor Kennedy went out to the fleet in search of the ship that had carried the other members of the party that had been associated with

Lola Langhorne just before her death.

Dietz brought Craig Kennedy and his newspaper reporter friend, Walter Jameson, to the tanker where Eversley Barr peered over the rail and directed them to come aboard.

"Come aboard," shouted Barr, "something terrible has happened—maybe you can help us."

By **ARTHUR B. REEVE,**
 Author of Famous
 Craig Kennedy Detective Stories

Chapter VII.

THE TWELVE-MILE LIMIT

ACROSS the water out there beyond the twelve-mile limit I looked at the West-Indian Frenchman, perhaps a quarter of a mile away.
 In the cold moonlight we could see a small boat come

up, but we were too far away to see who it was that was making the transfer to the other rum-runner.

Our Viking laughed. "Cap'n has customer already! I gass we bane bring him luck!"

"These fellows in small boats have their nerve, with the revenue men all on the watch," I observed.

"Nerve?" repeated Deitz. "You mean they have no nerves! They don't know what fear is. Take a chance on anything—even being sunk out here in the ocean itself. They gotter be that way. I tell you, you don't know what bein' high-handed is until you run up against one of these here revenue boats. They don't know no law of God or man in keepin' our country pure!"

We had difficulty getting over the side of the "All Alone," as Ev Barr had re-named his tanker which looked to me like she might be rusted so through and through that she would founder if you poked a stick at her.

The name "Haugesand: Norway," a little fishing village in the Land of the Midnight Sun, had been clumsily painted out, in spite of the well-known superstition of the bad luck that attends the change of a boat's name. These were no ordinary sailors, however.

(Continued on page 88)



CHICAGO'S CIVIC GRAND OPERA

On the Air Everywhere

By A. R. Williamson

SCARCELY ten years ago, when the Radio infant was first beginning to try out its lungs and little groups of amateur enthusiasts were gathering every evening to "see what they could get," grand opera was broadcast for the first time. It was not much of an event in the history of music, for the sounds which came into the ears of listeners, mingled with "static" and other interference of the equipment, could hardly be called music. But it was, nevertheless, an event, for it was a forecast of the great things which the rapid advance of Radio science and the eager response of the American public to broadcast programs would some day make possible.

In the light of present day knowledge, it seems strange that early operatic broadcasting should have so thoroughly ensnared the public fancy as it did in those early days. Broadcasting operas was at that time, and still is, one of the most difficult feats accomplished by Radio engineers, and in the first attempts, the broadcasters made what would seem to us now "a sorry mess" of it. It is comparatively simple to send out a good reproduction of the voice of a single singer, who sings with his mouth close to the microphone, or a group of artists, performing within the confines of a small studio, where acoustic properties and other details are especially engineered for broadcasting. But it is a different matter to broadcast a performance which takes place on a large stage, upon which the actors move freely back and forth, in a theatre designed to hold and seat spectators rather than for the sole purpose of broadcasting.

But in spite of these handicaps, which the nature of the performance makes unavoidable, operatic broadcasting has remained one of the most popular aspects of Radio entertainment. There is something wonderful to the average listener in knowing that he is hearing the finest the musical world can produce—arias sung by the world's greatest artists, orchestras composed of the finest musicians and conducted by internationally known conductors—all within the walls of his own home. As methods and means improved during the years, the practice of broadcasting operas over the air has become more and more popular, until now, when the operatic scores can be heard with the same distinctness and delicacy of tone through the loud-speaker as in the theatre itself, America's opera-going, or, more properly, "opera-listening" audience numbers in the millions.

WITH the beginning of the Chicago Civic Opera season this year, millions of families all over the West tuned in on their Radios for the broadcast of the programs. This year the performances will make musical history. Gathering artists from all over the world, noted singers, dancers, musicians, composers and critics for the dedication of its new twenty-million-dollar opera house, the Chicago Civic Opera company has done everything that money and talent can do to make the season one of the most colorful and brilliant in the operatic world. And not only the theatre audience, but the Radio audience as well, will expect great things.

In order to meet this expectation, every improvement of modern Radio science has been called into use by the National Broadcasting company in its series of opera broadcasts which are carried over a wide network of stations throughout the heart of America. In the old opera house, Radio was regarded somewhat as a noisy boy who made lots of trouble but had very little importance. Although facilities were the best which could be provided under the circumstances, they were of a hit and miss nature, and those in charge of operations had to work under great difficulties. The designers of the new building, however, realized the true importance of the Radio audience in making their plans, and scientific installation of the microphones and control boards in the new building has been treated as a necessity rather than a somewhat superfluous added feature.

Fourteen performances of the Chicago Civic Opera will be



A. R. Williamson

broadcast during the season. Every Saturday night from nine to ten, Central standard time, is Chicago Civic Opera hour. Among the artists not heard last year who will sing this season during broadcasts are Claudia Muzio, who returns to the company after an absence of one year; Hallie Stiles, from the Opera Comique of Paris, a newcomer to the Civic Opera forces, and a tenor new to America, Theodore Strack, who is heard in the German repertoire; and Thelma Votipka, American soprano.

Mary Garden, Edith Mason, Frida Leider, Margherita Salvi, Maria Olszewska, Alice Mock, Cyrena Van Gordon, Coe Glade, Tito Schipa, Antonio Cortis, Charles Hackett, Richard Bonelli, Vanni-Marcoux and Alexander Kipnis are a few favorites of the Civic Opera company who are again heard in the Civic Opera broadcasts.

Surrounding the stage from every quarter is a group of microphones, designed and placed to pick up the music and send it out over the air in exactly the same way that the ears of the audience pick up the music from the stage. Microphones are installed in the footlights, in the wings, back-stage and in the orchestra pits. Far up in the last balcony, occupying much the same position as the projection room in a motion picture house, are the two sound-proof, glass-windowed control booths, where the monitor boards are installed. Under the stage is a power control room, where the power sent to each microphone may be controlled as desired.

AND in the control booth are the two men upon whom the success of the broadcasting will depend, possibly even more than upon the efforts of the artists on the stage. Sitting at the monitor board, where the control of the microphones on and about the stage is handled, is C. C. Gray, NBC staff engineer, who has performed this duty for several seasons, and at his elbow Don Bernard, program manager of the Chicago studios. It is Mr. Bernard's task to supervise the handling of the controls in much the same way the conductor of the orchestra directs the work of the musicians. He has the score of the opera in his hands, which conforms exactly with the score being used by the musicians. Following the music carefully as it is played, it is necessary for him to instruct Mr. Gray during the whole course of the entertainment. If there is to be a loud crash of brass in the opera, Mr. Bernard will foresee it by reading his score in advance, and the proper modifications will be made by the engineers to preserve the full beauty of the passage as it is heard from the stage. Further adjustments will have to be made every time a singer changes his position on the stage, and there are a thousand and one changes to be made and emergencies to be met during the program, which only careful preparation and constant vigilance can make possible.

Included in this booth is the announcer, Thomas Breen, Jr., who gives out the necessary information to the Radio world. The advantage of the new equipment in the opera house is at once apparent, when it is realized that this booth gives a full view of the stage, instead of being in the basement as it was in the old opera house. In this way, those in charge of the broadcast are not only able to see all that happens and able to reproduce it with more exactness, but get much more of the "feel" of the production.

Another element with which the broadcasters have to contend is that of time. The Chicago Civic Opera this year is broadcast for one hour only, which means that everywhere one turns in the control booths he will see stop-watches, electric clocks, and other time-keeping devices. The broadcast must begin exactly on the scheduled time and end an hour later, regardless of the time schedule of the opera. There are times, for instance, when the Radio broadcast must end right in the middle of an inspiring aria, and in order to prevent a "chopped off" effect in closing the program, the microphones must be "faded out" in a manner which requires all the skill and delicacy of touch of a concert pianist.

Unlike many attractions of a similar nature, this year's broadcast of the opera is not a commercially sponsored program. It comes as free as the air over which it is sent into the homes of America's millions, bringing them a touch of art and beauty which, without the magic of the Radio, they would never know. Until the last few years, grand opera has affected the lives of only a small per cent of the country's more cultured classes; now the Radio makes it the heritage of the millions.

WORLD'S Greatest
Singers Come to
You Free from Adver-
tising Through NBC.



*Margherita Salvini
as Rosina in The
Barber of Seville*



*Cyrena Van Gor-
don as Amneris in
Aida.*



*Alice Mock as Gilda
in Rigoletto.*

*Three charming songbirds
scheduled for this season's
broadcast of Chicago Civic
Opera by the National
Broadcasting Company.*

Newsy Gossip of the Stations

Here's News for You

HERE in this twenty-four page section of Radio Digest you will find, from month to month, interesting, newsy stories of what is going on at your favorite listening post, the station, or stations, which above all others you enjoy. If they have a new studio, if new artists are added to the staff, if the chief announcer gets married, you will want to hear and read all about it.

If you live in the South, you will find a special part of this section devoted to the stations which come in best on your loud speaker. If you live in the West, the East, the Middle West, Canada, or out on the Pacific Coast, you will find in these pages particular attention paid to your district.

If you don't find any mention of your favorite stations here don't blame us. We have asked for the co-operation of every station in the country. If they haven't responded, then write them a letter and be sure that by another month we will have a picture or story about them. The aim is to make this department of Radio Digest as complete and interesting as possible, and to include as many stations each month as possible.—D. B.

Feibel Is "Find"

FRED FEIBEL, Radio's latest arrival in the organ field, who broadcasts regularly during the "Organ Reveries" period heard at 8 o'clock each weekday morning over station WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system, is considered one of the best men in his field in America despite the fact he is but twenty-three years old.

At the age of ten, as a school boy in Union City, N. J. Feibel started his musical education with instruction in violin, shortly after playing at local concerts and with school musical organizations. Despite his interest in the violin, the piano fascinated the boy and although he did not study it, he managed to puzzle out for himself the right and left hand fingerings until he could get them both working together and by constant practice he finally developed a fair degree of technique.

It was at church, however, that he found the instrument he really wanted to play and after his first attempt at that instrument he began to study the organ. So well did the boy apply himself that he was made one of the assistant organists of his church when only fourteen.

The youngster's big opportunity came one afternoon when, watching a motion picture show in a small local theatre, he noticed that there was no musical accompaniment for the movie. While he was not particularly interested in motion pictures, Feibel had been interested in this particular theatre because of the organ music and when an announcement flashed on the screen that an organist for afternoon work was needed, he hurried to the manager's office and offered himself as an applicant for the job. The manager was dubious but gave Feibel a chance and seating himself at his first unit console, the boy launched himself on his career.

Before long Feibel was transferred from his unimportant afternoon position to be chief organist in the theatre and later came to New York—the goal of so many ambitious young men. On his twenty-first birthday Feibel was completing his fifth year as organist in the

Glimpses Behind the Scenes at

Chatter of What's Going on of Those Who Put on

neighborhood theatre and celebrated by accepting an offer to play on Broadway, which enabled him to train himself in the latest developments of featured organ music so that when a position at the Paramount theatre in New York was vacant he satisfied every requirement of that outstanding house and was engaged as assistant organist.

Artists Train for Air

TIME was when first-class artists of the concert and operatic stage viewed Radio with unconcealed scorn. Then a few of them, tempted by unprecedented emoluments, "consented" to appear "in-cog" and with the condition that nothing that might disclose their identity should go to the press.

Little by little conditions changed to the point that now, eight years after the birth of the industry, artists are not only willing but anxious that the public know everything about them. They even furnish their "pedigrees" for filling in the station's records, and Radio appearances before any of the "Big Four" stations of the metropolitan area form no little part of the literature that precedes a personal appearance on a concert stage.

It is very easy to visualize a day when a "microphonologist" will be employed by prominent vocal and instrumental teachers and institutions in the training

of students with actual broadcasts by advanced pupils.

In present-day broadcasting it is surprising to see to what lengths artists go to prepare themselves for broadcasting. Take the case of Marion Selee, contralto, singing from WOR, for instance. She has a fellowship at the Juilliard Graduate school, with Paul Reimers for the two years 1928-29, and 1929-30, studied at the New England conservatory in Boston and received her diploma at the Conservatoire Americain, Fontainebleau, France. Last year she was a star principal with the Chautauqua Opera association and has many recitals behind her. Her Radio appearances include the Eiffel Tower station, KDKA and WOR.

Culture in Demand

ONE of the gauges of the importance of Radio is the type of men it is attracting into its ranks. There was a time when the average listener viewed the announcers, collectively if not individually, as a group of playboys, the male counterparts of finale hoppers.

To crash the staff of any of the major stations nowadays there must be more than a thin veneer of culture, education and sangfroid.

Floyd Judson Neale, a recent addition to the staff of WOR, furnishes a good example. He was educated in Connec-



HERBERT HOOVER, Jr., is not highly excited over the fact that his father occupies the White House. His chief interests are Radio and aviation. As Radio expert for the Western Air Express he is heard over the air from time to time.

and Artists You Hear Daily

Studios Both Great and Small

in Broadcasting and Tales the Programs for You

ticut's public and private schools and graduated from Harvard in 1912. He has studied music, piano, organ and vocal in Boston, New York, Munich and Rome. His business training includes such positions as confidential secretary to Charles R. Flint, "father of trusts," with the late Col. George Harvey, ambassador to Great Britain, on the North American Review, the Financial Chronicle and on the advertising staff of the New York Times.

He is credited with making the original suggestion of awarding a medal for diction to a Radio announcer.

A Musical "Scoop"

SIDEWALK cafes of Paris, Berlin music halls, singing gondoliers of Venice and gorgeous Viennese operettas passed in vivid panorama before the Radio listeners of America when the Seiberling singers score a musical "scoop" and James Melton, Seiberling tenor, sang the outstanding European song hit of the moment for the first time in America.

The Song is "Gern Hab' Ich Die Frau Gekuhrt," from Franz Lehar's latest operetta, "Paganini." The golden voiced Melton sang the original German lyrics. In introducing this beautiful composition to America, Melton fulfilled a promise made last summer, when he left

with the Seiberling Singers for a concert tour of Europe. He promised that he would bring back with him the newest and finest examples of modern European music—and this was his first selection.

The Seiberling Singers program also included another solo by Melton, a song that Melton has endeared to Radio listeners by his splendid interpretation—"The Hills of Home," by the American composer Fox.

The Seiberling quartet also offered a special four part vocal arrangement of Schubert's "Serenade," a new transcription of Jolson's "Little Pal," from the sound-motion picture, "Say It With Songs," and Deppen's ever-popular "Japanese Sunset" in modernistic quartet form. Frank Black, musical director of the Seiberling hour, gave another of his surprise piano solos, and the famous Seiberling singing violins rendered Rubinstein's "Melody in F" in special string chorus arrangement. Altogether, it was one of the greatest musical scoops that Radio listeners have ever been privileged to hear.

* * *

"Bill" Schudt's "Going to Press" began as a one-station feature last December. Now just a year on the air this feature, dedicated to newspapermen and newspaper topics, is now on the coast-to-coast facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting system.



BEAUTY is not lacking among the stars of the Philco hour, as witness this picture of attractive Kitty O'Neill, one of the sopranos of this popular feature. She would be a hit in any stage production.

Money for Musicians

IN THESE days when the "Did you know" columnists are having their innings in the newspapers, one might be tempted to ask: "Did you know that the musicians in broadcasting orchestras get \$18.00 a broadcast?" Most of them are actually on the air less than an hour for that sum. They are required to rehearse much more than that, however, and like actors are not paid for their rehearsals.

Not a few musicians appear in as many as five broadcasts a day, which makes a tidy weekly wage. One might recall, however, the story of Michael Angelo, who when told that the sum he demanded for retouching a painting was exorbitant, replied: "It is true that it took me a moment to do it, but think of the years I've been learning to do it in so short a time."

* * *

Horace Heidt, leader of the Californians, heard from the NBC studios in the R-K-O hour, didn't start out to be a musician. He was considered as a possible representative of America in the Olympic games during his school days at Culver Military Academy. Thomas Nceley, of the NBC music department, who met Heidt for the first time in eight years in the studios, recalls that the band leader on the day before his graduation pitched a one-hit game of baseball; broke a school shot put record for the track; as captain of the swimming team, set a new record for the 50-yard swim and then boxed at night. That's what happened to one athlete.

* * *

Radio is following Broadway's example of using all male casts in dramatic shows. The cast for "The Wilderness March" included Arthur Allen, Charles Webster, T. Daniel Frawley, Wright Kramer, Alfred Shirley, John Knight, Charles D. Brown, Lawrence H. Gezil and Alfred Swenson.



THREE generations as seen at NBC studios. Two of them, Philip Katzman, the grandfather cornetist, and Louis Katzman, director, are regular members of the Hoover orchestra. Henry, at the piano, only visits and plays occasionally during intermissions. He already is leader of his school orchestra.



THIS dangerously good-looking male creature is none other than Eli Spivak, the Russian baritone whose crooning solos with his guitar are so popular over the CBS.

CBS to Encourage Composers of U. S.

ENCOURAGING native composition and to enable composers who have not yet attained wide reputation to present their works to as large an audience as possible, the Columbia Broadcasting system has instituted a series of monthly concerts devoted exclusively to scores by composers native to or resident in the United States. In this category are included all composers of talent, of whatever race or age. In addition to works by living composers, the scores of American musicians of former periods will be presented from time to time on these programs, which had their premiere early in November at a time yet to be decided.

It is hoped by this means to create an even wider public interest in American music and to give opportunity to composers of sincerity and talent, however modest their expression may be, who would otherwise have no opportunity for an advantageous representation.

At present, twelve monthly concerts are to be given, but if the number of scores accepted for presentation warrants, more concerts will be added to the list. Composers are asked to submit scores which they consider eligible for public performance. The music may be in any form, for voice, or for symphony orchestra. Those who listen to these performances will be asked to give their opinion on the music by letter, and at the end of the season the works which have received the most popular support will be submitted to the conductors of representative symphony orchestras for use on their program.

Scores should be submitted to the Librarian of the Columbia Broadcasting system at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. Orchestral works to be performed may be submitted for selection in score or piano reduction, but the or-

chestral parts for performance must be furnished by the composer.

An unusual feature of the series is that when the composer of a work selected for presentation so desires, he may conduct the rehearsals and the public presentation of his score. The Columbia Symphony orchestra is used in all these presentations.

Selections submitted will be judged by a committee headed by Adele G. Lewisoohn and William S. Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting system, Howard Barlow, Julius Mattfeld and Julius Seebach of the Music and Program Departments of Columbia are the other members of the committee.

Six Symphonies on Air Over NBC

SIX complete symphonies will be performed during the Winter for Radio listeners by the General Electric Symphony orchestra, it was announced by Walter Damrosch, who resumed conducting the Saturday evening concerts October 12. These programs are broadcast during the General Electric hour over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company.

The eminent maestro, who also conducts the National orchestra, has announced plans for the entire winter series. The first complete symphony to be broadcast was Glazounow's Symphony No. 3. Damrosch has selected for the other five symphonies of Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Mozart, Brahms and Haydn.

Damrosch explained that he had received a deluge of requests for complete symphonies and he had reached the conclusion that the musical intelligence of his Radio audiences warrants this innovation.

"I have refrained from giving too large doses of any one work and included only portions of symphonies in

my programs," he declared. "Now, however, I am convinced that the Radio listener is as eager and capable of enjoying the same musical fare as a regular concert hall audience."

The General Electric hour goes on the air each Saturday evening at 9:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard time.

* * *

German Radio authorities have guaranteed the expenses of the 1930 Wagner Festival in Bayreuth.



TO HIS multiple duties as managing director of the Capitol theatre, vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Major Edward Bowes several years ago added the important one of serving as liaison between the Capitol theatre and the Radio public.



IF IT wasn't for that big brass horn and the cello, to say nothing of the trombone and clarinet, you might easily imagine this was a picture of a tribe of wild red men in council before going on the war path. Yes, you've guessed it, it's the United States Indian band, led by Chief Roaring Thunder, the big boy down in the center of the front row.

See Revolution of U. S. Musical Life

WALTER DAMROSCH, dean of American conductors, has returned to the Radio audience with a new series of educational programs broadcast through a coast-to-coast network of stations associated with the National Broadcasting company.

Programs in the new series, described as the most comprehensive ever built for broadcasting, are known as the NBC music appreciation hours, broadcast from 11 to 12 o'clock, noon, each Friday until April 4, and are designed for students of schools and colleges in all sections of the United States. A complete orchestra is heard in each program.

This year's series will be the basis for a survey on the part of the rural education department of the Teachers college, Columbia university, to determine the value and best use of Radio as an educational aid. This announcement was made by Miss Margaret Harrison, director of Radio studies at the institution, shortly after it was announced that Walter Damrosch had been authorized by the National Broadcasting company to conduct a three-year course in music appreciation. She will be in charge of the research.

Schools covering a wide area in the East will be included in the study, but particularly intensive research will be done at Wilton, Conn., where a group of schools is conducted under the supervision of Teachers college, Miss Harrison said.

"Who shall test carefully the reaction of pupils to these programs and definitely ascertain the usefulness of Radio as an educational medium," the educator declared.

WITH the inauguration of the music appreciation series, Mr. Damrosch, known wherever music is heard as a conductor and composer, will launch a career devoted entirely to Radio, he has announced. Much of his summer vacation was spent in preparing details for

the new program series.

More than 2,000,000 children listened in on "Damrosch's Musical University of the Air" last year, according to a survey made at the close of the school season. With the addition of many new stations, bringing the total number above sixty, this audience is expected to be more than doubled this year, according to NBC officials.

The courses this year are in four series, graded to appeal to the musical development of children from the third grade upward to high school and college students.

Programs for the two younger groups will be presented in two half-hour periods on the same Friday.

"Results last season convinced me that in three years we can revolutionize musical life in America," Mr. Damrosch said. "Probably ninety-nine per cent of the school boys and girls in this country had never heard the great musical works before Radio became a part of school life. Our survey has convinced me that a majority of those who listened last year were impressed and will benefit from what they heard."

The conductor pointed out that the new series is not designed to take the place of personal instruction. It is a course in appreciation rather than technique, he said.

Thirty-eight national leaders in music education, representing twenty-two different states, will act in an advisory capacity to Mr. Damrosch during the current season, he stated. In addition they have agreed to co-operate in furthering the establishment of the concerts as part of the regular curriculum of schools in their territories. * * *

One day John Wainman, who conducts auditions for the NBC in New York, took a little longer than the usual hour for lunch. Keith McLeod, musical supervisor, wanted to know "How come?"

"I had to go all the way down to City Hall," John explained.

"Why?"

"Well, you see I took my lunch hour to get married."

Europe's Show Is a Real Sensation

THE great "Deutsche Funkausstellung" or German Radio exposition, has again been Europe's most important show of its kind this year. Its opening ceremonies in the vast halls on the Exposition grounds in the western part of Berlin were of festival character. The full orchestra of the Berlin broadcasting station played the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," and Beethoven's Seventh symphony, Sigrid Onegin sang songs by Richard Strauss and Mozart, and addresses were made by Minister of Posts Schaetzle and Mayor Boess of Berlin.

All the Radio manufacturing concerns in Germany without exception were represented at this, the fifth exposition of its kind, and many of Europe's leading Radio experts and inventors were in attendance. There were in all 320 exhibitors. This is about thirty less than last year, but the area devoted to the exposition has been increased by some 4,000 square yards to a total of more than 17,300 square yards.

A new hall had to be added to those already on hand for last year's exposition, and another has had to be built this year. Its walls and half of its roof are of glass. Moreover, a second new hall is under construction. These buildings represent the beginning of preparations for the "Great German Building Exposition," to open in 1931.

In order to give the public a peep behind the scenes of the Radio, the sending operations of the Berlin "Funkstunde" were carried on during the exposition in a large hall adjoining the exposition grounds. From here concerts, cabaret performances, songs, etc., were broadcast every evening in the presence of the public. Albert Braun, the favorite Berlin announcer, appeared personally at the microphone. * * *

Larry Cecil, heard in many NBC Dramatic Programs including Soconyland Sketches, has deserted the microphone temporarily for the stage.

TOSCANINI Wears
None of the insignia of
Popular Idol, an Extraor-
dinary Man. His Concerts
Always Bring Forth Richly
Deserved Plaudits of Acclaim.

PHILHARMONIC, PRIDE OF East Over WOR

WBAL Looks Back on Four Years on Air By Frederick R. Huber Director, WBAL

FOUR years ago station WBAL, Baltimore, came out of the ether and it didn't take long for the Radio listeners back in 1925 to realize that here was a youngster for you. In the first place, the new station created a veritable furore in the listening world by announcing that nothing but good music would be broadcast from it. And by good music it didn't mean maybe. It meant precisely what its announcement, then termed extremely radical, said—that there would not be any jazz on the air from this broadcaster. Just how closely WBAL has lived up to that announcement since it was made four years ago may be judged by the fact that it is now nation-music," a slogan which it has justly earned.

When one looks back over the past four years of broadcasting and sees the development of a gigantic industry, it is impossible to suppress a smile as some of the things that were done then one would not think of doing today, though it is plain to be seen that each of those now obsolete methods proved to be stepping stones to better and more improved ways.

Station WBAL came on the air at Baltimore in November, 1925, beginning its broadcasting the first of that month. It began its career on 5,000 watts, being at that time among one of the comparatively few stations, broadcasting on that power, the majority of stations then operating on less wattage. Within the past year, however, WBAL has increased its power to 10,000 watts, being officially licensed to operate on that full power. The big Baltimore station is operated by remote control, the studios being located in the heart of Baltimore's business district, while the transmitter is twenty miles out in the country.

All the programs from WBAL for the first two years were broadcast exclusively from our own studios. Chain programs had not then been developed as they are now and, consequently, this station, depending solely on its own features for Radio recognition, soon became known on the air as a broadcaster with decided individuality and, as the air then was not so full of signals, fans in practically every state in the Union and in Canada, Cuba, Mexico, became regular listeners to Baltimore's only high power station.

For a while WBAL had its own opera company, its own musical scenarios, its own dinner orchestras, concert orchestras, etc. Then the next step brought the commercial program.

Recently WBAL has commenced broadcasting in the mornings as well as afternoons and evenings, its new fall schedule putting it on the air every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. The other days in the week WBAL broadcasts from 7 in the evening until midnight, while on Sundays it is on the air practically all day, commencing at 11 o'clock in the morning and broadcasting continuously until 8 p. m.



THIS clever little singer, dancer and impersonator of stage celebrities, Rose Marie, started her professional career last summer at W.P.C. Since then she has toured the country as a Keith circuit headliner. She is frequently heard over the NBC and Columbia chains.

Mayo Is Seeking New Dimensions

WALDO MAYO, concertmaster of the Capitol Grand orchestra in New York and soloist violinist of Major Edward Bowes' Capitol Family, under the name of Mayo Wadler, made his concert debut in Carnegie hall in 1918. He made extensive tours throughout Europe, the United States and Canada as co-artist with Enrico Caruso, Tetrzini and Rosa Raisi. He has been a member of the Family for four years and is a native of New York. He received most of his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin.

The peculiar reaction of the microphone to sound effects, resulting in the development of orchestral arrangements unique in the concert field, has been taken advantage of by Mayo, who has experimented for three years with broadcasting. Contrary to former conceptions of Radio music he has built an orchestral combination with the microphone itself as the nucleus. His presentation began with the playing of violin solos to piano accompaniment and then gradually add to the volume of tone as the mike increases its absorption strength. He hopes to give rise to another "Dimension" in musical and symphonic compositions with this orchestra.

TOSCANINI, Mengelberg, Mollinari—truly names to conjure with. What lover of music fails to thrill at the mention of such men, fails to feel a glow of anticipation when a program by the great Philharmonic orchestra of New York is announced? For the third successive season WOR is broadcasting concerts by the Philharmonic, with an augmented schedule destined to become a landmark in American musical annals.

The season is one of twenty-nine weeks, one week longer than last year. Toscanini officiates during the first and last eight weeks of the season. Mengelberg directs eight weeks, beginning November 25, and Mollinari the next five weeks from January through to February 23.

The opening concert, incidentally, began the 88th year of the Philharmonic Symphony society's existence. It is Mr. Toscanini's fifth year with the society, and his third as regular conductor. Mr. Mengelberg returns for his ninth year.

Ernest Schelling has complete charge of the young people's concerts, comprising two series of children's concerts, and one series of Junior orchestral concerts.

Beginning in 1842, in which the musicians shared directly in the profits and deficits of each season, the orchestra has become one of the leading organizations of the world. In recent years, its growth both in artistic accomplishment and physical expansion is due primarily to the activity and generosity of the board of directors with Clarence H. Mackay as chairman.

Each concert that Toscanini has given has been the occasion for extraordinary acclaim. In foreign countries demonstrations, such as he has evoked, are perhaps more common than in this one; certainly it is a sight rare in the annals of American concert rooms to behold an audience risen to its feet, shouting, stamping, waving hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, programs—whatever comes quickest to hand—even weeping, for a quarter of an hour after the end of one of his concerts.

THE facts are the more remarkable because of the entirely unsensational appearance and methods of the conductor. Toscanini wears none of the obvious insignia of the popular idol. He is less than average height, but so erect and tense in his bearing that he is a dominating figure. He is gray haired and sixty-two years of age. He dresses with simplicity and precision. He is, in fact, that rare blend of the aristocrat, the intellectual, and the man of imperious force whose most extreme conceptions are quickly translated into action.

Toscanini was born in Parma, Italy, March 25, 1867. He was graduated from the conservatory of that city when he was eighteen with a diploma for 'cello playing and composition. He leaped into fame one year later when a member of the orchestra at the opera house of Rio de Janeiro, South America. The circumstances of his debut are legendary by now. South American patrons of opera are nervous and demonstrative. Deciding that the conductor of the eve-



VILLAINOUS looking bunch of cut-throats, aren't they? From what little can be seen of the background they might be a band of European Gypsies posing in one of the famous cellars of Paris. Really it is Emery Deutsch and his Gypsy Nomads, heard over WABC and the Columbia chain.

ning was incompetent, the poor fellow found it expedient to depart just before the curtain. The opera was Aida and, of course, the manager was in despair. His wealthy patrons and subscribers were insistent that the performance be given. Then someone observed that the score was known to the young Toscanini. He was dragged from a shelter he vainly endeavored to retain, and put in the conductor's chair. It is related that he removed the score from the stand in front of him and sat on it. The bare facts, at least, are that Toscanini, at the age of nineteen, conducted Aida from memory, and from that moment directed performances instead of taking part in them as a player.

TOSCANINI does not merely memorize, he actually absorbs a score, to its final detail. Thanks to an unprecedented synthesis of the gifts of a great mind and a flaming spirit he does indeed recreate the music which he performs—recreating it not in his own image but in that of the composer. Interesting to those who know the psychology of the musician's task; in Toscanini's score there are no conductor's markings. Everything is clear, ordered, precise in the memory, and pencil marks, for this man perhaps of all conductors, are superfluous.

Those who understand something of the conductor's technique realize certain things not apparent to the inexperienced observer. They recognize the clearness, decision, yet plasticity of the beat of the right arm, and the complex independence and virtuosity of a left hand and arm which mold the phrase and build the climax.

When Toscanini conducts, he allows no breach of discipline. The absolute

musical monarchy of Toscanini in Metropolitan performances was early made known in his famous passage of arms with Geraldine Farrar. She stopped the rehearsal.

"Maestro, I am the star of this performance—not you."

"Madame, there are no stars in my performances. There are only stars in heaven."

Toscanini lives for his art. Serving it, he knows no obstacle and has no price. He lives with his music, often working all day and night, having few recreations, and as a principal relaxation the reading of poetry or philosophy.

Honesty Pays Him Well

FIFTY dollars interest for honesty. Pays pretty well, at least in some cases. Ask Clifford Jarrett if you don't believe it.

Jarrett, formerly an usher at the Roxy theatre in New York who has enrolled at the Randolph Macon academy at Fort Royal, Virginia, was greatly surprised to receive in the mail one morning a hundred dollar check from S. L. Rothafel to be applied to his tuition.

Fifty dollars of that amount represented a bill which the boy found at the theatre just before he left for school and turned over to the management. It is a rule of the Roxy theatre that after waiting two weeks for a claimant, unclaimed money is turned over to the finder. The other fifty is a bonus which Roxy himself added as a reward for the boy's honesty.

This little incident emphasizes the truth of the old copy book adage and is convincing evidence of the moral caliber of the Roxy uniformed staff. Little things like that make for loyalty.

New Transmitter at KDKA Is Under Way

WORK on the new transmitting Station of KDKA near Saxonburg, Pa., is well under way. The transmitter itself is now under construction. The first broadcasts from the new station will be early in 1930, it is predicted. This will be the second big transmitter move of the Pioneer station since it began broadcasting in 1920. The first was from the East Pittsburgh works to the present site, one mile from the works.

Westinghouse officials are reluctant about predicting the value of their Radio equipment because of the fact that their own men built it, thus reducing the cost, and because experiments now being carried on may alter their plans and add materially to the final expense. It is known, however, that the station will embody the latest developments in the Radio field.

The new building is located a mile from Saxonburg on the road to Butler. The site was chosen only after extensive surveys and tests. Important among the reasons for the choice were the location on an elevated rolling land, the presence of ground water near the surface, and no big industrial sections nearby.

The building which will house the transmitter will be one story high in front with a deep basement which will be above the ground level in the rear. It will be similar to the building being erected for KYW in Chicago, which will soon be completed.

Originally eighty acres were purchased for the station site, but Westinghouse has just added forty acres adjoining so that 120 acres of land are available for future development.



THIS studious looking chap is Clarence I. Dreisbach, director and announcer of WCBA, Allentown, Pennsylvania. He is doing big things at this 250-watt station.

Roxy and His Gang Have New Hits

TRUE to his reputation of offering the best available in every field of entertainment, Roxy recently presented, in his New York playhouse and on the air, a program of brand new songs. Certainly not the least interesting of the compositions offered were two from "Great Day," by Vincent Youmans, for which William Rose and Eddie Eliscue provided the lyrics. "Great Day," the principal song of the operetta, was sung by Douglas Stanbury and the Roxy male quartet. Ethel Louise Wright sang the second new number, called "Without a Song."

Another work heard for the first time anywhere was "My Fate Is in Your Hands," a new song by Thomas Waller, composer of the music in "Hot Chocolates." It was sung by Mary McCoy. "Evangeline," the most recent effort from the pen of Irving Berlin, was contributed by Willie Robyn and the Roxy male quartet. David Drollet and Viola Philo presented to the Radio audience "Dance Away the Night," theme song of "Married in Hollywood," a new effort by Dave Stamper that promises to succeed the "Merry Widow" waltz in popularity.

The program further marked the return of Arturo Fillippi to the ranks of the "Gang." Fillippi had been on a successful concert tour of the West. He sang Cilea's "The Narrative of Frederico," one of the notable compositions in his repertory.

Dancers in the Roxy Ballet Corps have been recruited to participate in experiments to determine the ideal feminine type for television broadcasting. The tests were made as a special feature of the Radio World's Fair in New York. Those selected represent perfect types of the red-head, the blond and the brunette. Among the headliners Irene McBride and Julia Diamant, outstanding types of brunette beauty, were pitted against Ann Fleming and Lo Reitzig, blonds, with Patricia Bowman, premiere danseuse of the Roxy, as the intermediate red-head.

Dorris Relates Very Interesting Story of Record Boys

By Dorris R. Campbell

REMEMBER the "Record Boys from WJZ"—Al Bernard, Frank Kampain and Sammy Stept?

Who that had felt the spell of their personalities could forget their broadcasts, every period chock-full of fun? With that past master in the art of 'round-the-bush conversation, that wanton waster of words, the intriguing Norman J. Brokenshire, gracing the mike in a fashion of his own!

This talkingest of announcers,—he whose gift o' gab has contributed so much fun and humor and just charming nonsense to George Olsen's dance music programs (and this band and this announcer seem peculiarly and delightfully suited to each other), to the Kansas Frolickers and to numerous other broadcasts,—is, at the moment of writing, a CBS attraction. The boys themselves separated at the cross-roads some time ago. Frank, the balladist and yodler of the trio, kept to the road straight ahead; with the consent of the others, and with their good wishes, he took the unit name with him. Perhaps you see them sometimes in vaudeville as "The Record Boys," but this is not the original line-up.

Sammy, the pianist—and a corking one—and accompanist, occasionally added his own vocal efforts which were for the most part hot, clipped little syllables, softly staccatoed, of the do-do, dut-dut-dut type and the first of their kind I'd heard. He and Al wrote many of the songs they used. The last time I heard from Al, who is obviously very fond of the slim, dark, good-looking Stept boy, he told me that Sam was in business for himself, publishing his own songs, and "doing great." I've heard since, tho, that Sammy has struck the western trail along with the many other song-writers signed by various companies to work on musical shows for the out-loud movies.

But Al . . . Al is still a record boy, any way you look at it. He records his own songs, as well as others, for several phonograph companies; he makes an occasional personal appearance at some theatre; he is a prominent and popular NBC entertainer, scintillating brightly as Ray, one of those wise-cracking songsters, on the WEA chain, known as the Raybestos Twins, and he adds, in his own inimitable way, to the general hilarity of the Dutch Masters Minstrels (which are heard each week on the WJZ chain), sharing many honors with Percy Hemus. I read in Billboard that the Dutch Masters have renewed his contract for one year, holding an option on his services for two years, and that he has refused an offer of \$1,000 a week for regular personal appearances at first-class movie houses.

One of Al's newest songs is "Louisiana Susie," and Al should know all about these southe'n gals, for he was born 'way down South in New Orleans and he has been imitating the Negro "from so high," as he expresses it. He's tall, slim, good-looking, with dark hair and twinkling dark eyes. Married? Yes, ma'am—a nice guy like him *would* be.

He's still crazy about that puppy, Bud, the one he and Sammy wrote the song about and without mention of whom any story about Al is utterly incomplete. "Black and white, with great, big feet, and when he's dressed he's hard to beat," says the song. "My Buddy," Al, assures me, "is still the outstanding pup around. He has an invitation from the Astor Hotel, and he is the only animal except Tom Mix's horse, Tony, to be allowed



THE attitude of dreamy concentration is doubtless induced by one of the many problems which come with building up a broadcasting station. For this is Howdy Clark, the Howdy man and station manager of WJAS at Pittsburgh, Pa.

in the hotel. He also holds a written invitation from the National Broadcasting company." Of course, Buddy—who is one of these little-but-oh-my! chaps, a Boston Bull,—is quite grown up now; his feet no longer get in his, and other people's, way and he has acquired those gentlemanly qualities which make him so welcome at the high-hat joints. However, all dogs in the neighborhood are, no doubt, still stepping aside—"cause he looks so good!" A popular man-about-town,—Mr. Bud Bernard,—and a real good guy. No wonder Al is proud to be his accepted pal!

Her Second Birthday

HANNAH KLEIN, the popular young pianist of Major Edward Bowes' Capitol "Family," recently celebrated her second birthday as a member of this well-known Radio group by being the featured soloist on a "Family's" Sunday evening concert program. Miss Klein played an elaborate concerto opus with the Capitol Radio orchestra playing the accompanying orchestral score.

With Sergei Rachmaninoff, Harold Bauer, Leopold Godowsky and others of equal note as judges, Miss Klein won two gold medals in contests held by the New York Music Week association—in 1924 she won a gold medal for sight-reading and in 1925 the highest gold medal award in the open piano competition for all ages.

Her concert appearances include recitals at Albany, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Carnegie Hall, New York; Town Hall, New York; MacDowell Club, New York; Hotels Roosevelt and Pennsylvania, New York; Chickering Hall, New York; Orange and Lakewood, N. J.; Barrington, Mass., and Thetford, Vt. She was twice soloist with the Brooklyn Choral Society and the Elizabeth Oratorio Society, New Jersey.

Dodge Conducts Big Musical Moments at Boston Station

By Lewis S. Whitcomb

"WILL" DODGE, well-known to every Radio listener in New England as organizer and director of broadcasting orchestras, is the musical advisor in program production and conductor of various programs at WEEI.

Dodge was the leader of the first commercial broadcasting orchestra in New England, more than six years ago, and has had no difficulty in maintaining musical leadership in broadcasting. He has been referred to many times as New England's Radio impresario.

While the music of various Dodge units has been heard for the past four years continuously on broadcasts from the Boston Edison station, his association with WEEI marks the broadcasting by this station to give regular daily periods of music by an orchestra comprising thirteen musicians.

Every morning from 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock a concert orchestra under "Will" Dodge supplements and furnishes a background for the shopping tours of Caroline Cabot and Nan, a feature sponsored by the "Radio wise" merchants of Boston. This hour opens with a straight concert program of twenty minutes then "Caroline and Nan," battle over the bargains for 20 minutes and the hour is brought to a peaceful and happy end with another 20-minute period of concert music.

The second new feature is heard each day from 10:30 to 11:15 and consists of a daily group of old time tunes with a different title each day. For instance, "The Family Album" is depicted in music each Thursday morning and "Will" Dodge has arranged 45 minutes of music that remind the listeners of the wedding picture of Aunt Hattie and Uncle Phineas that always held the frontispiece position in the album on the parlor table.

Symphonic dance music furnishes the third big feature at WEEI, heard every evening from 5:00 to 6:00 o'clock. In securing Dodge and his organization the Boston Edison station was fortunate in taking intact a broadcasting group with several years microphone experience and a Radio following second to none in New England.

Now for something about William E. Dodge. He has had a long and varied career of musical activities. At the early age of eight he began the study of the violin, through no fault of his own, except that he seemed to have an inclination to get noise out of cats. Not always having a cat that was agreeably inclined, the best substitute was a violin. His early endeavors gave a near enough imitation to satisfy his unusual propensity. From then on an appreciation and love for music developed.

His teachers included Emil Mollenhauer, Jacques Hoffman, and Felix Winternitz, each well-known to symphony lovers. At the age of 14 he was playing solos publicly and also leading orchestras and occasionally assuming leadership of the town band in the village of Natick, Massachusetts.

Dodge first appeared in Boston musical circles, at the age of 15, with the Boston Festival orchestra under the direction of Emil Mollenhauer and at the first concert no less an artist than the eminent pianist de Pachmann was the soloist. His virtuosity made a profound impression and added fresh fuel to the musical flame in the heart of the embryonic musician.

From then on his varied experiences



JUST why they call this highly decorative sextette the Co-eds is rather hard to tell, for it is evident that two of the members are very masculine. They are heard weekly in light operettas over WCAU, Philadelphia.

included the leadership of the Boston Municipal orchestra, seasons with the Philharmonic symphony under the direction of Fritz Schael, concert tours with his own trio, engagements as director of music at several of the leading hotels of the country. He was also the assistant concert master of the Boston Opera company during its entire existence and has played with the Chicago Civic Opera company in its appearances in Boston.

Mr. Dodge is one of the few musical directors able to bring the same interesting and finished interpretation to both a classical and a modern dance music program.

* * *

An announcer's "day's work" in Denmark is prodigious, according to what Carl F. Schionning, chief of the microphone specialists of Denmark, told the staff of the British Broadcasting company. Mr. Schionning begins his labors at 9 a. m. every day, Sundays included, and on alternate days maintains activity until midnight, on the other days at 5 p. m. Danish announcers also conduct auditions and rehearsals, and make business arrangements in connection with the engagements of artists and the programs with which they will be connected.

Helen and Ted Meet

A BRIGHT eyed, dark haired young woman walked into one of the WABC studios not long ago, looked at the orchestra, the director, the microphones and the announcer, and prepared to walk out again.

The announcer forestalled this when he stepped forward and apologized, "Just a moment, Miss Morgan," he remarked, and brought another microphone from the control room, placing it beside the piano. "And you should have your handkerchief in your hand," he reminded, as he assisted Helen Morgan to climb to the top of the piano.

The star of Show Boat, Applause and other Broadway successes turned to the director and nodded toward the announcer, who had retired to the other side of the studio. "Who is he?"

"That's 'Ted' Husing," was the reply. "It's a part of every announcer's duty to know as much as possible about celebrities and their idiosyncrasies," he added, "and 'Ted' knew you wouldn't feel at home should you try to sing any place but on top of the piano, and knew as well you wouldn't look natural without your handkerchief in your hand."



THIS serious looking gentleman with the high forehead is Tom McCrae, the genius who acts as program director at WTIC, the Traveller's Radio station at Hartford, Conn.

Hartford is Famous Radio Headquarters

By George M. Smith

HARTFORD, Connecticut, has for generations been known as the nation's insurance center. It is the "home office" of half-a-hundred nationally known insurance companies.

Of recent years it has attained national significance in still another field—that of Radio. It is the birthplace and headquarters of the American Radio Relay league, the organization of more than 17,000 Radio amateurs in the United States.

It is also the home of Station WTIC, one of the half-dozen "Big Fellows" of Radio broadcasting. With its booming signal strength, Station WTIC is serving the entire nation, and is capable of sending entertainment almost around the globe.

Station WTIC, operated by The Travellers, familiar to millions as the largest multiple-line insurance organization in the world, transmits its programs on 50,000 watts from a plant which is the last word in the mechanics of modern broadcasting. Its transmitter bears the number "One," being the first of its kind manufactured by the Radio Corporation of America. It is the model after which the transmitter for the proposed national station in Rome is being constructed.

Although it is the primary principle of Station WTIC to be "the Voice of New England," and to give the Eastern States consistent service, Radio columnists of newspapers scattered throughout the country assert "it comes in like a local" practically everywhere. There is not a state in the union nor a dominion in Canada in which the station cannot be heard. Early morning broadcasts are received regularly in Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and other islands of the Pacific. To the East, out across the Atlantic, the station's weekly programs are heard with remarkable

consistency. To quote a British listener in Lancaster, England, "the carrier wave of Station WTIC is by far the strongest of the American stations we have heard here, and the modulation is excellent."

THE growth of Station WTIC from an unpretentious "local" station of 500 watts to a gigantic 50,000-watt transmission plant of international scope is a story which has occupied approximately five years of broadcasting progress.

Station WTIC mounted the ether waves for its initial program on February 10, 1925. During that first year it completed almost 700 hours of broadcasting, utilizing a total of 19 remote controls. One of these was at Yale university in New Haven, which is some 40 miles from Hartford.

In the first two years of its history it became increasingly evident that the Hartford station intended to grow into an institution of more than local importance. During that period it broadcast several events of national importance. President Coolidge, Secretary Hoover and other members of the cabinet (including Davis, Jardine and Mellon) Chief Justice Taft and Vice-President Dawes, were among the celebrities whose messages were transmitted to the public from the antennae of Station WTIC. Shortly after its second anniversary, in 1927, it served a nation-wide network by hooking up with the National Broadcasting company for a broadcast of a Chamber of Commerce meeting in New Haven, at which Secretary Hoover was the principal speaker. Walter Johnson, WTIC's first announcer, had sole proprietorship of the microphone for this chain feature, an honor never before accorded an announcer not directly affiliated with the NBC.

In the light of events which have transpired since that time, it is interesting to note that John Philip Sousa made his first broadcast from Station WTIC. In those days he was much

averse to Radio, but he was prevailed upon to give an address through a WTIC microphone. Also of some historical significance is the fact that Rudy Vallee—now the idol of the feminine audience—made his Radio debut from Station WTIC.

DURING its second year—1926—the Hartford station inaugurated a plan which was later adopted with great success by Walter Damrosch through the NBC chain, that of teaching music appreciation to the children of the public schools by Radio. Dana S. Merriam, who was then musical director of Station WTIC and is now a member of the NBC staff, collaborated with members of the Connecticut State Department of Education to conduct a course in musical education for the pupils of the schools of five New England states. Approximately 175,000 children benefited by this course, and the idea attracted nation-wide interest.

During its third year Station WTIC became the pioneer in another field of Radio activity which developed with nation-wide significance. The station began one night a week to broadcast the proceedings from the stage of the Fox-Poli Capitol theatre, then known as Poli's Capitol. It was the first station to broadcast professional vaudeville from the stage. Today the Radio-Keith-Orpheum and the Paramount-Public organization recognize the value of broadcasting and each sponsors a weekly program. In 1927, however, vaudeville magnates regarded Radio as hostile competition. In fact, performers' contracts were constructed in a manner designed to prevent their appearance in Radio presentations. Sylvester C. Poli, owner of the Poli chain of variety houses, did not share this antagonism. Rather, he encouraged it. His attitude made it possible for the WTIC audience to hear Doctor Rockwell, Belle Baker, Eddie Foy, Bert Lytell, Theodore Roberts, Pat Rooney, Bob Murphy, Aileen Stanley and a whole firmament of other stage stars.

For these broadcasts James F. Clancy, manager of the Capitol theatre and a veteran showman whose experience covered many years in theatrical enterprises in both the United States and Canada, was drafted for the role of announcer. His descriptions of proceedings on the stage and in the pit, together with his intimate back-stage gossip, won him a large following among Radio devotees. He later became manager of Station WTIC, and today heads the WTIC studio staff.

Since 1928 the nation has looked to Station WTIC for the broadcast of one of America's most colorful and thrilling sports events, the annual Yale-Harvard regatta on the Thames river, near New London, Conn. Acting as key-station for the NBC chain, the Hartford station each year installs a system of Radio and telephonic connections that covers the entire course of the race. More than 60,000 feet of telephone wire was used last June to facilitate the broadcast. Approximately 100 Radio and telephone technicians, under the supervision of H. M. O'Neill, plant manager, and J. Clayton Randall, plant engineer of Station WTIC, installed the connections through which five stellar announcers stationed at points of vantage along the four-mile stretch narrated eye-witness accounts of the contest. The announcers were Graham McNamee and Paul Dumont of the NBC staff, James F. Clancy, Paul Lucas and Walter Johnson of WTIC. Nine operators and three engineers manipulated the controls for this broadcast, one of the most spectacular of the year.

South Boasts Historic Site

VIRGINIA'S VOICE, first big station in the Old Dominion, stands on site of Civil War battle near Richmond. It is historic in location, sentiment and many features on its Daily Program of Broadcasts.

"VIRGINIA'S VOICE," the first big broadcasting station in the Old Dominion, is on the air with a new plant boasting five times its previous strength. Historic in location, sentiment, and in many features on the program, the transmitter of WRVA stands on the site of the Civil War Battle of Seven Days, at Mechanicsville, near Richmond, Virginia. The studios are on Main street, known to Pocahontas as an Indian trail; the same street up which Benedict Arnold and his British soldiers and, later, General Weitzel and his Union soldiers marched. Long ago the site was familiar to Colonel William Byrd, the founder of Richmond, and ancestor of Commander Richard Byrd. It was known to Alexander Tardy, the pirate, and to Edgar Allan Poe. Libby prison stood near the location of the present studios and St. John's church, famous for Patrick Henry's "Liberty or Death" speech, is a stone's throw away.

Past the hill where the tall towers now stand at Mechanicsville, the confederate soldiers of Robert E. Lee marched against the forces of General George B. McClellan in 1862 when the Seven Days battle began. General Lee is said to have had his headquarters near the site of the WRVA transmitter building.

"In soil which was soaked with the blood of Americans in mortal combat we have built the foundations of what we believe will be an agency of peace and understanding forevermore," said C. T. Lucy, station manager, on the occasion of the dedication ceremonies. "From these towers Virginia will send out daily messages of welcome to the world. The tourist who pauses in his study of the worst battles in the war between the states will look upon a symbol of the



HARRY O. NICHOLS of WREC at the console of the giant studio organ of "The Voice of Memphis," down in Tennessee.

new Virginia and the new South. The voice from those towers that the distant listeners hear will have in it, we hope, the ancient spirit of Cavalier Virginia—courteous, romantic, adventurous, hospitable."

"Virginia's Voice," owned and operated by Larus and Bro. company, began in October 1925. Until the fall of 1928 it was a strictly non-commercial station. Since then it has accommodated numerous chain programs and has acted as an advertising medium for many Virginia business concerns. More than 15,000 persons have performed from WRVA under the slogan of "Down Where the South Begins," the station which uses as its signature "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." Approximately 100 Virginia communities have used the station's facilities, and the programs have been heard in every state in the Union, the greater portion of Canada, and in Mexico, Honduras, Bermuda, Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Australia, New Zealand.

Among the popular features at WRVA are: the music of J. Harold Lawrence, the blind musician; the addresses of Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, the editor of the Richmond News-Leader and one of the foremost authorities on the history of the South; talks and songs by Holland R. Wilkinson, the "Sunshine Hour Man"; Negro spirituals; and the Corn Cob Pipe club.

WJAX Band Popular

THE Hotel George Washington orchestra directed by John Lucy has been one of the most consistent broadcasting units ever to put out a program over WJAX at Jacksonville, Fla.

Their schedule calls for three luncheon and five dinner programs each week and this schedule has been continuous since the summer of 1928. They grind out some snappy dance stuff and are highly popular both with the George Washington diners and the Radio listeners. Randolph Mai handles the warbling interruptions.

This aggregation also does the music on the Burwell Motor broadcast.

WDBJ is Now Part of Columbia Chain

RECEIVING sets within the radius of service of WDBJ, Roanoke, Virginia, are revelling in at least eight hours a day of programs from New York these days, for the Richardson-Wayland Electric company, operators and owners of the station, have signed up with the Columbia Broadcasting system. For the past year a few programs have been used from the CBS studios, but Roanoke now boasts a full time arrangement.

In May, 1924, Station WDBJ started its first broadcasting on a transmitter having 20 watts. This first station caused much interest locally at that time. A little later the station was rebuilt to operate on 50 watts; then again Station WDBJ was increased to 250 watts, on which power it has been operating for some time.

WDBJ now has an entirely new station with all operating machinery and antenna located on top of the Shenandoah Life Insurance company building. The present station operates on 500 watts.

One of the special features of the transmitter of WDBJ is 100 per cent modulation, which makes it possible to cover the same distance and produce signals as loud as a station having twice the power and using the ordinary degree of modulation.

The present station is capable of operating on 1,000 watts and is readily adaptable for use up to 5,000 watts when permission is granted.

The present station has been on the air since March 12 of this year, and during that time has drawn letters from practically all sections of the country.

The staff personnel of WDBJ is as follows: F. E. Maddox, manager and technician; R. P. Jordan, program director; J. Virgil Huffman, announcer; Robert Avery, associate technician; J. Hayden Huddleston, operator; R. C. Wolfenden, associate operator; Chas. E. Stone, announcer; H. E. Painter, Morse telegrapher.



HERE is Harry Stone, assistant director, announcer and chief high mogul of the microphones when the boss is away, down at WSM in Nashville. Harry is quite a lad, in spite of his serious expression in this picture.



SINCE WBT moved into its new studios at Charlotte, N. C., a full studio orchestra has been maintained which, as a unit or in parts furnishes the sustaining programs. The station is under the management of Earl Gluck, with Donnell O'Connor as program director and Fritz R. Hirsch as chief announcer.

Dedicate Studios of Station WBT

DEDICATION of the new studios of Radio station WBT, located in Charlotte, N. C., was made recently when installations were completed in the Wilder building a new and modern office structure centrally located. The 5,000-watt transmitter operates near Pineville, eight miles from the city.

Until recently the station was owned by the former C. C. Coddington, a motor car distributor of national repute. Mr. Coddington's death made the transfer of the station to new interests essential, and it was recently reorganized as station WBT, incorporated. The studios were housed in the Coddington building,

the taking over of which by the Buick Motor company made necessary the removal to new quarters.

Officials of the station state that equipment and facilities have been so rounded out that it is second to none of comparable size in the country.

WBT is a member of the National Broadcasting company network and has been evolved from one of the pioneer stations of the world. A full studio orchestra is maintained which furnishes the sustaining programs. The station is managed by Earl Gluck, with Donnell O'Connor as program director and Fritz R. Hirsch, chief announcer.

* * *

Pauline Haggard, NBC soprano, has her own "mike" technique when she sings sentimental songs. She pretends the mike is "him" and flirts with it.

Recalls the Old Days

HARRY STONE, Assistant Director of WSM in Nashville, who dates the beginning of his Radio career back in 1922, likes to look back on those days occasionally and recall the many and varied experiences which were the foundation for his training in Radio.

A so-called "hay-wire" transmitter, homemade microphones, tents for studios, sometimes ten and twelve hours' work to broadcast one hour, fan mail by the thousands on a single program, and all the while paying money out of his own pocket to get to do it. It is no wonder then that he tells you that he is in Radio today because of the love of the game. And, he adds, there are none of us sorry that those days are gone forever.

Harry knows quite a little about all phases of broadcasting from the technical side through the business side and his announcing is one of the features of WSM. His work at the Nashville station has had much to do with the wide popularity it has achieved with the Radio audience.

* * *

The Bok Carillon at Lake Wales, Florida, which is the only thing of its kind in Florida, is to be heard on regular schedule over WFLA this winter. The tower is located almost 75 miles inland from the WFLA towers, and the weekly hookup over the Radio will give the listeners a timely treat.

* * *

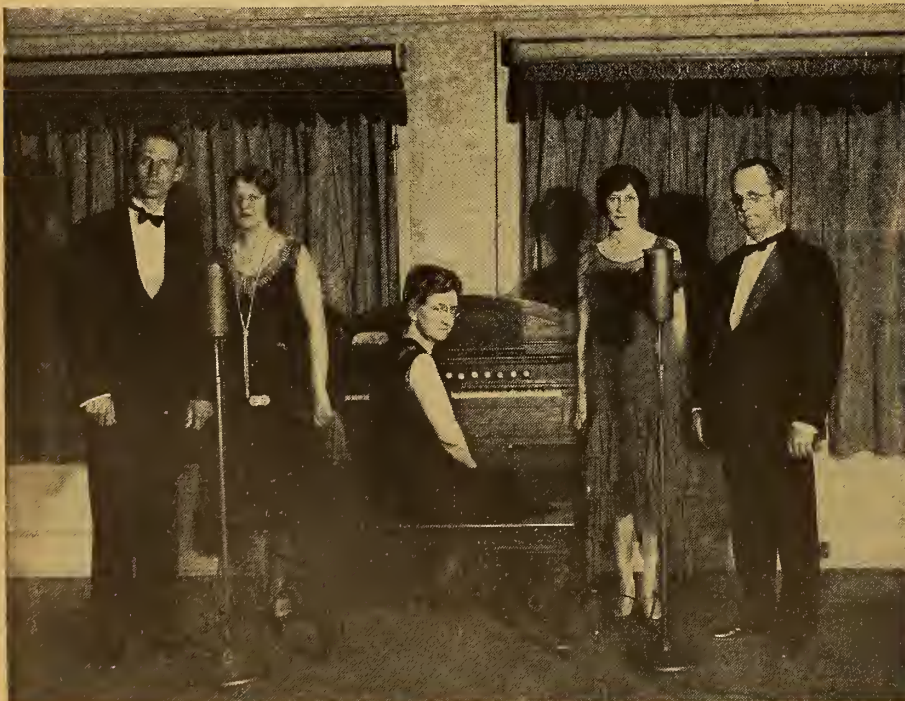
WFLA—won new honors for summer broadcasting when a postal card was received from a listener in Washington state, who described himself as a frequent listener in spite of static.

* * *

Harry Reser, leader of the Clicquot Club Eskimos in their weekly broadcasts over the NBC system, has been elected a fireman of Merrick, L. I., where Reser lives. The Eskimo chief says he's not sure yet which end of the hose is the nozzle—being too busy giving banjo lessons to the rest of the volunteer fire company.

* * *

Due to its rapidly increasing staff and number of entertainers, the Columbia Broadcasting system has taken over another floor in its new building for its exclusive use, despite the fact it was thought ample provision for everyone had been made when the building was occupied a few weeks ago.



SACRED music is the specialty of this quartet, heard from WSM, Nashville. From left to right stand Ovid Collins, baritone; Christine Lamb, contralto; Margaret Rich Ackerman, soprano, and George Nevins, tenor. Seated is Miss Frank Hollowell, accompanist. This talented group is on the air each Sunday evening from the Tennessee station.



IDEAL location for a broadcasting station, or almost anything else for that matter, is the Wonderful Isle of Dreams, site of WIOD. Just outside the limits of Miami and Miami Beach, Florida, towers 250 feet high shadow the beautifully designed buildings of studio and transmitter.

New Talent Is Aim of WJSV Stunt

DEVELOPING new talent for broadcasting stations that is really capable of providing worth while entertainment, and which is "mike wise," is something of a problem. WJSV at Washington, D. C., has evolved a plan for bringing local talent not engaged in Radio work before the microphone.

Each Saturday evening anyone desiring to be heard over the air from WJSV is given an audition. A committee hears all prospective entertainers, and the first few evenings brought forth a wealth of soloists of every variety, musicians and readers who had never broadcast.

Another feature emphasized by WJSV is an undenominational church service broadcast each Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. These services include scripture reading, singing of the old Gospel hymns by a choir of twelve voices, and an inspirational sermon by a prominent evangelist.

Orchestras, trios, old time fiddlers, sopranos, contraltos, bassos, tenors, baritones, watermelon, roasting ears, lemonade, hot dogs, tennis, kilocycles, grand masters and old time square dances—all these were gathered together in one spot when WJSV went on a picnic at Mt. Vernon Hills, near Washington. Entertainers, their families, their friends, their friend's families, and notables from the legislature and judiciary, it was quite a gathering and a large time was had by all. This was really several months ago, but they are still talking about it, and everybody says it isn't too early to start promoting another big party for next year.

Voice Dixie Product

MANY years ago, but not too many at that, a Kentucky girl migrated to Florida. Whether the state of Colonels or the more southern state is to get the credit is a question, but at any rate Miss Blanche Cloyd, the person in question,

has a mighty sweet golden voice.

Blanche Cloyd first came to the attention of the regular WFLA staff at Clearwater, Florida, when her soprano voice won that station's Golden Voice audition contest. The result was her appointment as a regular staff member. Her musical education was attained at Louisville Conservatory of Music and Chicago Musical college.

Miss Cloyd is best known to the Radio audience in her character sketches. In addition to her regular studio work she has made many personal appearances as a soloist in the open air aggregation for the entertainment of the tourists.

Wonder Island of Dreams Is Real Dream

WONDERFUL Isle of Dreams—that's the slogan of WIOD, down at Miami Beach, Florida, and if ever a slogan was borne out by reality that of this southern station is an inspiration. Not only is the island, which is just outside of the city limits, an ideal spot for a transmitter, but a spot of rare beauty besides. Special buildings in the southern patio style are grouped about the towers which stand 250 feet high in the center of the land.

Situated as it is in the heart of a beautiful tropical setting, the headquarters building is considered one of the most beautiful Radio buildings in the country. An unusual design for a studio or transmitter, a Spanish court is featured.

The main studio of WIOD compares favorably with those of the largest cities in the country. The ceiling is twenty feet high and space is adequate to provide for a thirty-five piece symphony orchestra. It has been acoustically treated to provide the best broadcasting conditions.

Jesse H. Jay is the announcer and directing manager of this Isle of Dreams station. With such an inspiring situation it is no wonder that Mr. Jay has developed his station to such a high point of service and entertainment.

Gold Chain Used at WSM Birthday

By Donald Burchard

CELEBRATING its fourth birthday, WSM presented an anniversary program that will live long in the minds of the listening audience. Five southern stations joined in the festivities called the Gold-Filled chain. Those included in the broadcast were WSB, WMC, WAPI, and WSMB, besides the birthday station itself.

The reason for the trick name of the hookup is twofold, the principal one being that the program was a burlesque of chain broadcasting, filled with good-natured hokum about the various programs which are heard regularly each week through a network of many stations across the continent.

Phillips Carlin, celebrated National Broadcasting company announcer, Leo Fitzpatrick, "The Merry Old Chief" of WJR, Detroit; Lambdin Kay, "The Little Colonel" of WSB, Atlanta, Georgia; Walter Campbell of WAPI, Birmingham's excellent representative of the air; and Bucky Harris, of WMC, Memphis, left their microphones to take part in the festivities which originated at WSM on October 5. Clyde Randall of WSMB, New Orleans, on account of a heavy schedule was not able to be present.

In addition to the guest announcers who took part in the program, several of the outstanding musical organizations of Nashville added their able support.

The National Life and Accident Insurance company's station was represented on the air by members of its own staff, including George D. Hay, "The Solemn Ol' Judge," director and announcer, and Harry Stone, assistant director and announcer.

* * *

Bobby Tucker has been retained as staff pianist in the studios of WFLA. Bobby has the distinction of being one of the youngest musicians in such a capacity.

Specialists for Radio Central

*PICKED Men Behind the Mike at
World's Largest—NBC Chicago Studios*



A RECENT addition to staff of KOIL, Harold Fair is announcer and program director. His musical experience includes theatrical work, broadcasting, composing and playing with various dance orchestras, including recording for Victor.

New Announcers on Staff at KMOX

TWO new announcers, A. Russel Walker, Jr., and Homer C. Combs, have joined the staff of KMOX. Walker, who will be night announcer, succeeds Gale Curtright, who has resigned to enter the newspaper field, and Combs will serve as relief announcer.

Both Walker and Combs served as announcers during the Lions club Better Baby Show broadcasts over KMOX, and now become regular members of the staff.

Graduating from Cleveland High school in 1925, Walker attended Washington university for two years, and since that time has been connected with the Superior Hardwood Floor company and the law firm of Strubinger and Tudor. He has been active in the work of the St. Louis Junior Chamber of Commerce. Combs is a teacher of science at the Webster Groves High school, coming from Georgetown college, where he attended college and was instructor in biology. While at Georgetown he was a member of the men's glee club and a member of the champion male quartet of Kentucky.

* * *

Using the weather forecast to decide what dress to wear each morning is one of the unique services of WLS, according to a listener at Durand, Ill. The two girls of the family listen to the 6 a. m. report from WLS before finishing their dressing for school. As they ride five miles on horseback to school each day the forecast for rain or fair weather is especially important in determining what to wear, the girls said.

* * *

Activity is the key word at WBBM since Carnival time arrived. Every other Saturday from 9:00 until 10:00 P. M., the carnival broadcasts. You would have an added treat if television were national, because you could see the dancers, the trained seals, the horses, as well as see and hear the Bally Hoo artists.

THE men behind the men behind the microphones who will be responsible for the efficient operation of the world's greatest broadcasting central—the new studios and offices of the National Broadcasting Company in Chicago—are all specialists in their respective work.

Niles Trammell, vice-president and manager of the Chicago division of the NBC who will head the organization in its new headquarters, is a veteran in the Radio industry. Born and reared in Georgia and educated at the South's famous institution, Swanee, he joined the Radio Corporation of America soon after the World War and at the time of his joining the NBC was their Pacific Coast sales manager. In May, 1928, he was chosen by M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company, as manager of the Chicago division. So noteworthy was his work and so great has been the progress of the Chicago division under his management that early in 1929 he was named a vice-president of his company.

Don Bernard, program manager for the Chicago division, the man who is responsible for the high type of Radio productions that have established Chicago as one of the foremost program originating centers in the country, is a product of Ohio. When but a boy he came to Chicago and made his professional debut as a singer and violinist in motion picture theatres, and his Radio debut over KYW, the Middle West's pioneer broadcaster. Later he became manager of a station in Columbus, Ohio, and from there went to the NBC in New York. He is a finished musician, a fine showman and a good executive.

Howard Lutgens, division engineer, is a typical product of the Radio industry. He is young, efficient, a product of eastern training, and one of the most capable young engineers in the country. He was sent to Chicago from the New York studios of the NBC and in less than two years has handled some of the most difficult engineering assignments possible with the highest possible credit. He is responsible for the good transmission and quality of programs from Chicago, and has won the praise of engineers in the highest circles.

Frank E. Mullen, director of agriculture for the NBC, has his headquarters with the Chicago division and is the man responsible for the nationwide transmission of agricultural programs. His work with the National Farm and Home hour, in co-operation with the United States Department of Agriculture, and other notable broadcasts of infinite value to the farmer, has won the acclaim of farmers and agricultural experts in every part of the country. He is a product of mid-western farms and agricultural colleges and has been in Radio since its inception—first as a Radio editor on agricultural publications, and then as a broadcaster and director of Radio activities.

J. Oliver Riehl, music supervisor, is another Chicago division man who has been in Radio since its earliest days. He is a Pittsburgh product and joined KDKA soon after the war because Radio fascinated him. He has never been able to throw off the fascination, and

consequently is now the music authority of the Windy City studios, and Bernard's most capable assistant.

George Redman, continuity editor, is an Illinois product who polished off his writing ability at Illinois Wesleyan University and won his first prominence by contributions to newspaper columns. His friendship with Richard Henry Little took him to WGN soon after he had written "finis" on his college days, and from there he came to the NBC a year ago last June. His ability to use the King's English and a typewriter won him praise from the program manager and before long he was writing continuity for all of the shows out of Chicago. He is now writing the notable Empire Builders program from material he gathered this summer during a month's tour of the Northwest and Puget Sound country.

In charge of the Chicago Press Relations department is another Illinois Wesleyan man—Albert R. Williamson—who was editor-in-chief of the school paper when Redman was business manager. He is a veteran newspaper man, having been trained on the famous Bloomington Pantagraph, edited a country weekly, learned metropolitan journalism on Mr. Hearst's evening paper in Chicago and then managed a group of press association bureaus before joining the NBC.

The sales department in Chicago is headed by I. E. Showerman, Chicagoan, University of Illinois product and a thorough advertising man, who knows advertising and especially Radio advertising from A to Z.

The newly organized Chicago division of the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau is headed by Alex Robb, a showman of the old school, who was responsible for discovering Radio's most famous comedians, Amos 'n' Andy, and putting them on the high road to success. His experience has been long and varied and his fine work known to almost everyone in the field.

* * *

It's always fair weather in the studios of WBBM since Harold Fair arrived to join the announcing staff. Harold is experienced, capable, a fine pianist, and a general all 'round good Radio man. He came to WBBM from KOIL at Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he was chief announcer and director of studios. Under the latter title comes timing of programs, checking continuity in much the same manner as a proofreader in a newspaper office. Versatility is the word in an announcing staff, and Harold has "it."

* * *

The artists who appear before the microphones of the WBBM Air Theatre, Chicago, have an added incentive for making perfect broadcasts. If letters are received from the audience about a performer's work, he or she is summoned to appear before the court which will be held every Thursday night at 10 o'clock. Pat Flanagan, the tough old Irish judge, presides on the bench, and he hands down severe sentences to artists found guilty of misdemeanors on the air. Instead of working out the sentence on the rock pile, however, the artists are put to work before the microphone.



THE SHOWERBATH WHEEZE being put into action by Pudd'n Rice of the Maple City Four. These four boys specialize at WLS on trick arrangements of songs. Helping Al with his tin flute and rubber hose are: Pat Patterson, Art Janes and Fritz Meissner, some singers.

Life of Lincoln on Air for Two Years

A RADIO biography of Abraham Lincoln is being unfolded in a series of weekly dramas, "The Prairie President," broadcast by WLS, Chicago, each Friday evening at 8:30 p. m., CST.

The picture of Lincoln's pioneer family, their hardships in Kentucky and migration to Indiana and Illinois forms the first part of the biography which began November 1. Week by week the WLS broadcasts trace the life of Lincoln. The "rail splitter" as a youth in the Middle West, as a promising lawyer, as the soldier, the town philosopher, and finally as the president of the United States passes before the WLS microphone in a variety of dramatic episodes.

Through the trials and events of Civil War Lincoln's life will be followed until his tragic assassination at Ford's theatre in Washington. Interwoven with the thread of Lincoln's life is the story of the American people and their customs, home life, and their work during past decades. Because of the immense amount of material available the biography will extend over two years of broadcasting, leaving no gap in the continuity of the Great Emancipator's life.

Documents, books, pamphlets and old newspapers contemporary with the Lin-

coln period have been combed by Raymond Warren, author of the series, in search for accurate historical material. Although possessing one of the outstanding collections of Lincoln books and objects in the country, Warren, a prominent Chicago author and artist, has searched in many states for anecdotes and sidelights of human interest on the great president.

Many months were spent by Warren living with old settlers in the Middle West who knew Lincoln personally. From the author's home town, Hannibal, Mo., came anecdotes and stories of Lincoln who often visited the river town when a young Illinois lawyer. Correspondence with other students of Lincoln resulted in a wealth of material to use. Authentic programs of ceremonies and meetings where Lincoln appeared have been used to construct the individual dramas. Campaign songs, war songs, and old folk tunes handed down from the Civil War days will appear frequently throughout the series.

The biography on the air is to be supplemented by a complete book of the series which will be published at the conclusion of the broadcasts.

* * *

A middle-aged woman with an urge to do something applied at NBC recently for a place on the programs.

"What can you do?" she was asked.

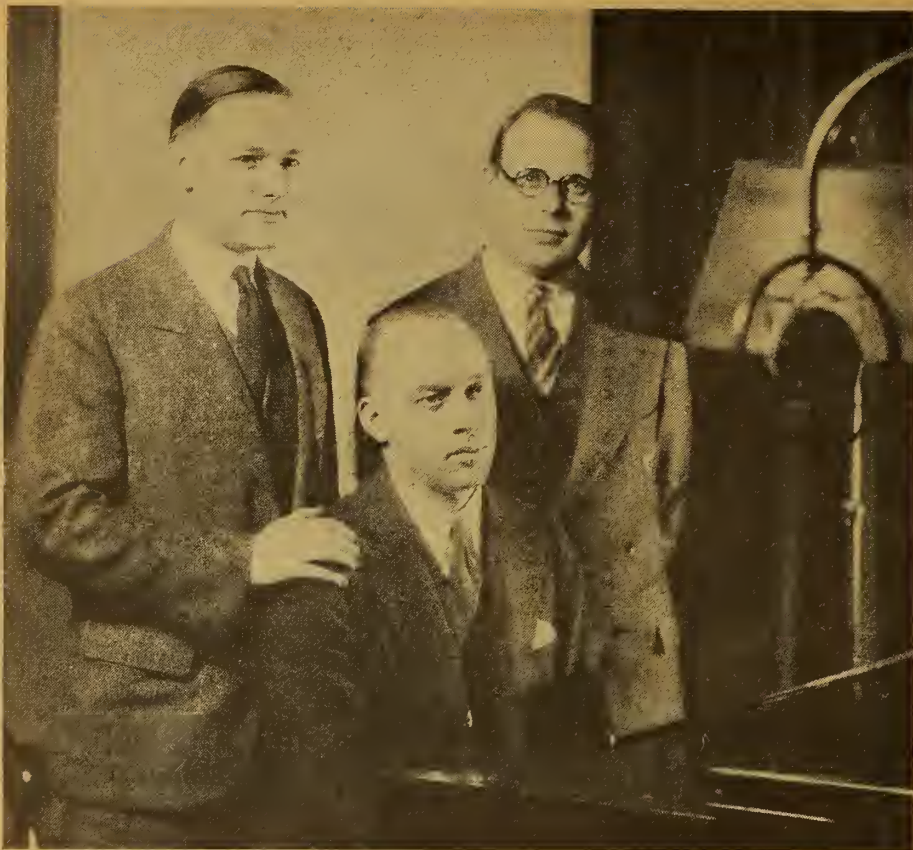
"Bake and sew," she answered.

Gala Dance Music on WHK Program

WHK IN its programs for the Winter season will bring to its audience the best to be had in dance music. The broadcasts of Kay Kyser and his orchestra are from the Bamboo Gardens. This band originated at the University of North Carolina during Kyser's senior year. All of the members of the band graduated from the University a year later and came North to New York City where they were featured by the National Broadcasting company. While in the East they also made recordings for Victor. The band consists of twelve men and their instrumentation includes two pianos with both their brass and sax sections doubling on many novel instruments.

Lines are being installed in the Piccadilly for the programs to be played by Mickey Katz and his orchestra. No introduction need be made of Mickey Katz, for he is one Radio artist whose name is on the lips of everyone.

Sammy Watkins and his orchestra will continue on the program of WHK. The remaining dance bands on schedule will continue to be Ed Day and his Bedford Glens Orchestra; Stubby Gordon and his Orchestra from Victors and Treg Brown from the Club Madrid.



KNOWN as one of the outstanding singing trios of the air, the announcers trio of WMBI is listened to in thousands of homes throughout the nation. Loveless, program director, is a versatile man, singing tenor, playing the organ, as well as arranging the programs. Hermanson, also a minister, sings baritone, is also a handy man at almost anything in the studio. King, in addition to his ability as announcer, renders vocal selections and sings bass in the trio.

Musical Melange on Weekly, WGN

MUSICAL MELANGE, a program fashioned of the most delicate works of the masters, now appears weekly under the baton of Gaston du Moulin, conductor of the WGN Symphony orchestra. It is a Sunday afternoon concert, maintaining the dignity of the Sabbath.

Announcements will be of the instructive nature, give biographical notes on the composers as well as the circumstances under which the work was done.

The WGN Symphony orchestra is one of the largest and most complete concert organizations performing for the Radio exclusively. Most of the musicians are men of national and international reputation.

Pat Barnes, chief studio announcer of WGN. Chicago, first tried his hand at the drama in productions of the silver screen. That, of course, was in what he refers to as the "old days," before the days of the celluloid.

Pat says that on their small sized lot, they were engaged in making sports pictures. They covered baseball, football, swimming and tennis. All of them had plenty of action. Finally, however, they came to fishing. They were stumped. Their pond was empty. The fisherman sat still. The cameraman ground. The flies buzzed, but no action. No sex appeal. Just a man in a boat, inspecting his contented worm at regular intervals.

Ah! Pat the original to the rescue! He dived into a trunk and produced a couple of hundred feet of some dancing nymphs. They had the fisherman doze off, and hitched up the nymphs for a dream, and their fishing shot was done.

King Taste Trio Lucky

TALK about lucky breaks! The three boys who sing as the King Taste Trio at WLW certainly had theirs. Bill Hibbs, Johnny Free and Vic Armstrong were three high school chums in Ulrichsville, Ohio, harmonizing around any old piano that happened to be handy. Inspired by local acclaim, they set out and made a tour of small Radio stations around Ohio.

Assured by their Radio appearances, they picked out a day to attempt the big Crosley station in Cincinnati. What a day! The one day when the sponsors of the King Taste Night club happened to be at WLW. The sponsors heard the boys sing. They liked them. They hired them as exclusive entertainers for their program. Commercial contracts, by the way, are the most coveted, because they pay the most.

Now Bill and Johnny and Vic have moved to Cincinnati. They sing once every week on the King Taste Night club and they do nothing else. Pretty soft, yes?

They should be called the Lucky Three after that experience.

* * *

A feature that became popular during its first presentation has been scheduled for regular broadcast over WENR. It is known as the "Musical Memory Album" and is to be heard each Sunday afternoon at 4:40 p. m. central standard time. The idea was worked out by Everett Mitchell, chief announcer, and Howard Neumiller, musical director. During the broadcast, the musical compositions of a well known composer, who may or may not be alive at the present time, will be given. Each broadcast, however, will be restricted to the one composer.

Daily Theme Song WENR Innovation

MORGAN L. EASTMAN, manager of WENR, has started something. This time it is a theme song for each day of the month, an innovation in broadcasting technique. Inaugurated in October, the theme song for each day of the month is the same. In other words, if Ben Bolt is the song for the fifteenth, it will be repeated on the same day of the ensuing month, and the fifteenth of succeeding months.

The audience will be asked to select its favorites and ultimately the themes will be made up entirely from requests of the listeners. During the period of the broadcast, the theme selection will be played from ten to fifteen times and each time with a different musical arrangement. Thus far twenty-four arrangements of the same number have been worked out by a committee composed of Mr. Eastman, Howard Neumiller, musical director; Everett Mitchell, chief announcer, and Gale Swift, assistant manager. These range all the way from full orchestra to vocal solo.

Among the selections that have been chosen thus far as theme songs are: Last Rose of Summer, My Old Kentucky Home, Annie Laurie, Auld Lang Syne, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling; Alice, Where Art Thou; Silver Threads Among the Gold and Annie Rooney.

The station's listeners have been asked to give their opinion of the innovation. The idea came from Harry Lawrence, staff continuity writer and author of "The Smith Family" sketches.

* * *

Over a hundred—that is the record boasted by the Smith Family sketch, program feature at WENR. This total includes 90 original plays and ten repeat performances. All of the plays were written by Harry Lawrence, staff continuity writer, and were given by WENR players. The last forty or more of these were under the direction of Lester Luther.



CLARENCE KOCH, chief announcer of KFEQ, has been with the St. Joseph, Mo., station for nine years. One of the original organizers of the station, Koch's enthusiasm and ability have been instrumental in developing its resources and service.

Milwaukee Diners Given Rare Treat

DINNER hour in Milwaukee has taken on an added attraction—something more than the rather prosaic process of stowing away food. For WTMJ, the Milwaukee Journal station, is broadcasting a program called Around the Dinner Table. This feature is on the air every evening from 6 to 7, except Wednesday and Thursday, when the time is shortened. On Wednesday it is from 6:30 to 7, and on Thursday from 6 to 6:30.

Glenn Welty, who has recently joined the WTMJ staff as head musical arranger and conductor, personally directs the 18-piece symphonic orchestra which plays during the Around the Dinner Table hour.

Mr. Welty, one of the most successful of the old school of legitimate musicians who have been able to adapt classical standards to the new trends in musical mediums, is well known in Wisconsin musical circles. For six months he was engaged in arranging material for Gene Goldkette's Studebaker hour, a National Broadcasting company program. He is known as a theatre musical director, vaudeville headliner and coach of the Milwaukee Athletic club orchestra.

The repertoire of the Dinner Table feature is varied. With specially arranged orchestrations of jazz as a nucleus, it also includes semi-rhythmic and purely classical numbers. The wide range in types of music to be played calls for a great diversification in musicians and instruments.

Among those who compose the orchestra are Frank De Bona, Chicago harpist, and Frank Uyvari, accordion player who was formerly a member of Arnold Johnson's and Frankie Cortell's orchestra and of Paul Whiteman's colleagues.

* * *

Eighty different kinds of Radio features crowded into a ten-minute program was the stunt put over by WENR in its Radio Manager's Nightmare. The production was so intricate that it required three rehearsals and the presence in the studio of every person on the staff.



SOFT lulling music of the Hawaiian Trio is one of the most popular features of WMBD. Everything except the swish of Hula skirts goes into their very realistic and tuneful melodies. Van Dyke, Hoyt and Weber compose this team.

Fans Like Symphony

SYMPHONY music as rendered by the symphony orchestra at WEBC has achieved a widespread popularity. Under the direction of Foca di Leo, this group of musicians is one of the most popular organizations at the head of the Great Lakes. Maestro di Leo, as musical director of the Voice of the North, conducts many other programs, among which his Floorwalkers is most prominent. He is recognized the country over as a musician of rare ability. He was engaged by the station last year, having come directly from Naples, Italy.

* * *

Doing new things with old instruments feature the informal WLS programs. Among the queer combinations listeners hear are jewsharps twanging away with pipe organ and piano; the old fashioned dulcimer accompanied by mandolin; Pudd'n Rice of the Maple City 4 with his fantastic invention, the "Showerbath Wheeze," made out of a tin flute with six feet of rubbing tubing.

* * *

One announcement on the WLS National Barn dance about how the gang would like to hear from all the "Nells" who listen to Bradley Kincaid sing "Give My Love to Nell" resulted in 38 separate and distinct members of the "Nell" fraternity writing in.

They're from Peoria

PEORIA, that Illinois city of vaudeville gags and jokes of various natures, did at least one thing for the world when it was the scene of the birth of Marian and Jim. Jordan is the last name, in case you didn't recognize this famous team from WENR, Chicago.

Jim has been an entertainer all his life, except for a short spell when he tried the selling game. Always something of a song bird, he studied and became proficient under the tutelage of E. Warren K. Howe at the American Conservatory of Music. He has sung over W1BO, WBBM, WGN and WENR.

Marian is something of an old stager too. With her husband she was at least one-half of the team known as the Jordans in a vaudeville skit. She studied music at Runnell's School of Music, Peoria, and later at the American Conservatory of Music.

The Jordans got their start in broadcasting one day when they were visiting at W1BO. Dared to sing in front of the microphone they scored an immediate success and have been at it ever since.

* * *

Ted Weems and his band have the rhythm and cadence that make you roll back the rug, yank grandpa off his couch and trip the light fantastic. WBBM has signed them up for the winter.



THIS diminutive young lady, Margaret Starr of WTMJ, is an authority on fan mail. Her daily organ program over the Milwaukee station brings in more applause than any other feature. Black hair, dark eyes, and 95 pounds of it—That's Margaret Starr for you.



RAMBLING, rambling, over the dancing floor, to paraphrase rather crudely an old favorite, is the business of this exceedingly attractive band at KMOX. And they call themselves the Ramblers, at that.

Great Things Are on the Air Over WMBD

GREAT things are transpiring down at station WMBD in that city famed in vaudeville wisecrackery, Peoria, Illinois.

The announcer's voice wafting to thousands of listeners throughout the Central West, and signing off with the familiar appellation, "WMBD on the World's Most Beautiful Drive," comes from a new, luxurious and spacious studio installed on a lavish scale in the Mayer hotel in the heart of the downtown business district. Substantial improvements have been made in the transmitting equipment at Peoria Heights, including a lofty pinnacle of a broadcasting tower, and the winter will see more pretentious commercial recognition on the part of industries in which this section of the country abounds, than ever before.

All in all, the station appears to be on the threshold of a deserved expansion.

The new studios have already attracted such stellar Radio lights as "Uncle Bob" Walter Wilson, of KYW; Charles Correll, the "Andy" of the famous "Amos n' Andy" team of WMAQ; Quin Ryan, of WGN; Howard Nuemiller, musical director of WENR, and other artists of equal prominence. The guest register of the attractive new quarters of the Illinois station reads like a Radio "who's who?" These have declared the three new broadcasting rooms, their equipment and expensive furnishings on a par with metropolitan studios of Chicago, New York and other large cities. They are installed in the Mayer hotel, which also houses the offices and audition quarters of Charles C. Adams, operator of the station.

It is the versatility and caliber of WMBD programs that have won so

many listeners throughout the corn belt. Morning hears the voice of Announcer Bill Abbott and assistants in a series of household programs, recipes, suggestions as to family budgets and market reports. Early afternoon is given over to commercial announcements interspersed by numbers by a dance and symphony orchestra and studio staff artists. In the evening artists from Peoria and surrounding cities combine in an attractive series of numbers.

Dr. Stock Again on Air

DR. FREDERICK STOCK and the world famous Chicago Symphony orchestra is again on the air this year under the sponsorship of the Standard Oil company of Indiana, through the NBC chain.

Because of the enthusiastic reception accorded the famous musicians last year, when they consented to broadcast for the first time over a wide network of stations, Dr. Stock decided to accept the invitation to give another series of concerts this season.

The hour of truly great music, under the personal direction of Dr. Stock, is broadcast 2:00 to 3:00 p. m., Central time, each Sunday afternoon from the Chicago NBC studios.

Acclaimed by music critics both in America and abroad as one of the finest musical organizations in the world, the Chicago Symphony orchestra has established a firm place in the hearts of American music lovers, and last year won nation-wide praise for their series of Sunday concerts under the same sponsorship.

Every modern broadcasting facility that engineers have devised will be used to make the reproduction of every note heard by the Radio audience faithful to the finest degree. Dr. Stock has placed his approval on the broadcast.

Sioux City Station on Columbia Chain

NEW and modernized throughout, and boasting a hookup with the Columbia Broadcasting system, KSCJ, the Sioux City, Iowa Journal station, is again on the air after having undergone a thorough renovation. Neither time nor effort was spared in equipping the Journal station with the latest transmitting apparatus, a new location for the plant and many other new features.

Although KSCJ is still operating on 1,000 watts, new features have made it possible to concentrate the waves in such a fashion as to make for better reception. It is estimated that the distance at which the station's programs may be heard is at least trebled.

Special events, music, sermons and other programs from 21 different points in Sioux City can be broadcast by remote control over the Journal station now.

The studios, remodeled and re-equipped, remain at their old location in the city. New equipment has been installed throughout, assuring a more even quality of transmission. In announcing the tieup with the Columbia system, the directors of KSCJ plan to use only the best of the chain programs at first, but later on will use more and more of the Columbia programs until all of the offerings are re-broadcast.

In addition to the feature services, KSCJ continues to broadcast exceptional programs of entertainment provided by regular KSCJ entertainers. A host of entertainers unite to give varied programs that will please everyone, including the Journal Joy boys, KSCJ Little Symphony orchestra, the Singing Creoles, Stanley's Aristocrats, the Mississippi Meadow Lark and members of the staff of the Sioux City School of Music.

Thousands Sing As WLS Puts On Choral Musical Features

By Don Malin
Musical Director of WLS

"Since Singing is so goode a Thing,
I wish all Men would learne to Singe."

WILLIAM BYRD, organist of the Chapel Royal and official musician to Elizabeth, Queen of England, penned the above couplet in 1585 as a preface to "Psalms, Sonets and Songs of Sadness and Pietie."

Men learned "to singe" in the Elizabethan age. Thomas Morley, friend of Shakespeare and a composer of talent, tells us that in the time of "Good Queen Bess" the madrigal books were passed around after the evening meal and that any guest who failed to sing his part readily was regarded with that mixture of scorn and pity which falls to the lot of those who fail to cultivate the social graces.

In these hurried modern times it is easy to take our music second-handed, particularly since Radio and the phonograph have made the art of the world's finest musicians available to every home. We believe at WLS, however, that William Byrd was right, and that "all men," insofar as they are capable, should "learne to singe."

It is this ideal of the Elizabethan age, which by the way was held also in Continental Europe during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, that we are seeking to revive at WLS through our season of choral music which annually offers to our listeners the music of some forty or fifty of the best choral societies in Chicago and the vicinity. During each Fall and Winter approximately three thousand men and women appear before our microphones as members of these choirs and choral bodies. Among all our



MIGHTY nice people, these Jordans. Yep, the same, Marian and Jim of WENR, Chicago. They hail from Peoria, but it was a long hail ago and they have lived it down

broadcasters none are more enthusiastically interested in their programs than the group singers. Many of the organizations rehearse weekly for several months in preparation for one or two broadcasts.

This enthusiasm is projected through the microphones. Anyone who hears Dr. Daniel Protheroe direct his seventy Welshmen of the Chicago Welsh Male choir cannot fail to feel the genuine joy and satisfaction with which they sing "Mifawny" or "Land of My Fathers." The true mission of music—bringing happiness to human hearts—is achieved when D. A. Clippinger leads his fifty members of the Chicago Madrigal club through the mazes of a six part madrigal. Music brings rest and enjoyment when the seventy-five men of the Swift and Company Male chorus or the International Harvester group of 125 people gather for a rehearsal or a concert after a day's work in a great industrial organization.

When the young men and women of the University of Chicago choir assemble to sing the ethereally beautiful anthems of the Russian and Catholic churches there is a feeling of having done something towards making the world a happier place to live in. And the best part of it is that the happiness felt by these singers is transmitted to the listeners. The joy of singing together is a force which welds people together, making of them better friends, better citizens. It is that force which we seek to develop in our program plan at WLS, the Prairie Farmer station.

This has prompted us to equip a studio especially for choirs, and it is to help this cause that our engineers have given many hours of experimenting to solve the problems of broadcasting large groups of singers in a clearly articulated, well balanced manner.

Centuriés ago people expressed in poetry and song what was in their hearts.

Out of their expressions came folk songs. The appeal of folk songs is greatest when people can join their voices in singing. Listen to Prof. J. Wesley Jones and his Metropolitan Church choir in one of their four or five hundred Negro spirituals and you have the true essence of folk music. Equally is this true of the splendid German, Russian, French, Polish, Lithuanian, and Swedish organizations which sing from WLS.

Lastly, attention to choral music as a part of our program plan at WLS has opened to our listeners a vast treasure house of music, the pages of which open only to "those who sing together." Orchestras and soloists do not have the key to this trove of song and melody; it is in the hands of those who direct our choral organizations. Our choral music season presents an infinite variety of the works of the world's most talented and inspired composers.

On one night it may be a Palestrina motet, sung by the Paulist Choristers of Chicago. Another time it may be a Bach chorale offered by the young men of the Elmhurst College Glee Club. It may be "I Love My Love" or some equally attractive old English folk song, sung by the WLS Singers. Then again we hear the majestic choruses of "The Messiah" coming from the New First Congregational Church choirs, or the eight part anthems of Russia, sung a capella and from memory by the 300 boys and girls of the Senn High School chorus.

QUENE of Chicago's pioneer announcers, Jack Nelson, is now achieving fame on Broadway as a playwright. In collaboration with Clyde North and Albert C. Fuller, Jack has written Remo's Control, produced and marked for success on the Great White Way.

Nelson broke into the air lines in the old days of WDAP, a 100-watter that once hovered atop the Drake hotel.



OCTAVIO BERMUDEZ announces in Spanish the Los Amigos program broadcast by WLW each week for its Latin-American listeners. Bermudez was an Argentine gaucho (cowboy) before he came to the United States. He also sings songs of the Pampas.

SIX Years Ago Omaha Started Sending Its Voice Across the Continent Until Nearly Everyone Had Heard WOW

WEST HAS WOW OF A STATION in WOW

By Donald Burchard



THEY'RE hot stuff! Just take a look at those fur coats and the high-powered fan to keep them cool. Why the coats? To keep the heat from burning things up, and the fans help. Who are they? The Battery Boys of WNAX, the Gurnee Seed and Nursery station at Yankton, South Dakota.

Hays Is Leader of Empire Builders

EMPIRE BUILDERS, who dramatized the discovery, settlement and early history of the West in a series of Radio programs last year, have returned to the air in a new series dramatizing the modern development of the country west of the Mississippi in a series of broadcasts through the NBC Coast-to-Coast System.

Harvey Hays, who was heard as the Old Pioneer last year, plays a leading part in the modern drama programs which center around American business men whose enterprises are building cities, railroads and factories where the Indian and buffalo once roamed at will.

The series represents an innovation in the writing of continuities for Radio dramas in that the scripts are the original works of writers, who were sent to the West and Northwest to familiarize themselves with the locale of the stories and gather background and local color. Several well known writers of Western stories also contributed specially written playlets.

The first dramalogue told the story of a young Easterner whose faith in the West determined the location of a

branch factory of a large Eastern company. A beautiful girl of the Pacific Coast helps change the course of the West's development and brings added complications and interest to the playlet. Musical selections harmonized with the scenes.

* * *

ALL carrier pigeon activities of the United States Navy have been abolished and the navy will send all its messages by Radio, it has been announced by the navy department. Four hundred birds will be kept at the Lakehurst, N. J., naval air station, and the naval station at Guam, but will not be used in regular message service. The Anacostia, D. C., naval air station lofts now have the greatest number of prize-winning birds.

* * *

Milton J. Cross, prize announcer of NBC, leads a bevy of the youngest Radio stars heard each Sunday morning in the "Children's Hour," to a personal concert appearance at State Teachers College, East Stroudsburg, Pa.

* * *

For the first time since his advent as conductor of the Capitol Grand Orchestra, Yasha Bunchuk, famous cellist, was heard in a cello solo in commemoration of the Jewish holiday, Yom Kippur, playing the famous Hebrew chant, "Kol Nidre."

ONE of the usual things Radio stations undergo is a change of personnel. It's been about two years since Radio Digest had the opportunity of giving a glimpse of the personalities who help to maintain WOW's reputation for uniqueness and originality, as well as popularity.

Six years ago, when Radio programs were a family event the City of Omaha, through its powerful new Station WOW (then WOAW) became familiar to the nation as the city whose Radio station could be depended upon day in and day out for good programs and good reception. That was proved when WOW set a world's record for letters, telegrams, post-cards and long distance 'phone calls, totalling 187,000 in response to a single evening's broadcast.

WOW is now an affiliated station of the National Broadcasting Company's Red network. It continues to serve mid-western listeners with musical, educational, dramatic and civil features, augmenting its national programs with interesting and high class local entertainment.

Among its prominent services are the daily broadcast, morning and afternoon, of police bulletins directly from the police headquarters. In this way, WOW aids the Omaha police forces in the apprehension of criminals, the location of lost persons and property, and in the recovery of stolen goods. Police educational broadcasts in the promotion of safety, have also won wide attention. Omaha has a juvenile police traffic squad of several hundred boys who have reduced automobile fatalities more than fifty per cent. These boys periodically broadcast over WOW.

Another important service is the daily broadcast of Chicago, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City live stock quotations. These reports are broadcast from WOW six times each day right from the Live-stock Exchange building in South Omaha by Charles Bruce, representative of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, bureau of market news. Thousands of farmers depend upon WOW for such market news as affect agricultural economics.

WOW's educational features have been growing with remarkable rapidity and scope. It regularly broadcasts programs of Creighton university and the University of Omaha. These programs consist of educational talks, dramatic presentations and music. They appeal particularly to students. It is planned to augment these programs with regular features sponsored by the Midland College of Fremont and Bellevue college. Regular educational talks are also broadcast by representatives of the County Medical association, Nebraska Parents-Teachers council, and the Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs. Periods are also conducted by the Omaha public library and the Omaha World-Herald which twice daily broadcasts news items. Book reviews are broadcast twice weekly.

Extensive educational and civil service features are by no means an incidental arrangement. The station management realizes that such service is the fundamental function of a Radio station and has consciously built up this elaborate program. In fact, plans are in the em-



JUST real folks, those Old Time entertainers heard regularly over KFKB. From left to right you see: Roy Hall, guitar; Forrest Larkan, piano; Sam McRee, Jr., harp; Elmer Allen, guitar; Rudy McRee, singer; Uncle Bob Larkan, fiddle; Sam McRee, Sr., fiddle; Mildred McRee, banjo and singer.

bryo for enlargement of this type of service. At present, valuable information is given to the large and varied Radio audience through the bulletins of the agricultural department of Nebraska university and the U. S. Department of Commerce. In addition, the operation of national government is presented in detail by a twice-daily broadcast of the U. S. Daily News service.

In this way, WOW justifies the favorable assignment of the Federal Radio commission, and utilizes its 6/7ths time on the preferred 590 kilocycle frequency with the most valuable features obtainable. While serving as an outlet for the National Broadcasting company and furnishing its listeners with important and high-class national programs, through its local features WOW retains that individuality which made it a WOW from the first day of its brilliant career.

W. A. Fraser, President of the Woodmen of the World Life Insurance association, which owns and operates WOW, has laid down the broad policy of winning public good will with real, practical types of service. Mr. Fraser, for twenty years a leader in the insurance field, has made the station the progressive medium for bringing the fraternal message of the Association directly into millions of homes. The director of the station, Orson Stiles, has ably carried out Mr. Fraser's liberal policy.

Other members of the efficient staff include: Eugene Konecky, poet, book reviewer and commercial director; Marie Kiény, program director and pianist; Frank McIntosh, chief operator; Ezra McIntosh and Joseph Eaton, announcers; William Kotera and Roy Glanton, operators; Dorothy Cogswell, hostess-pianist; Margaret Cook, secretary, and Nora Harrington, mails.



MUCH of the credit for the splendid service and extreme "hearability" of WOW must be given to this comely young lady. She is none other than Marie Kiény, program director of the Omaha station.

Finding persons who have written his "obituary," is no unusual experience for Floyd Gibbons. But working in the same organization with one of these persons, is, he thinks, worthy of comment. Miss Neil Galbreath, NBC librarian, wrote Gibbons' death notice when he was reported lost at sea about twelve years ago. He met her recently.

KFKB Started as Hospital Station

THE primary object in establishing KFKB in 1923 was to afford entertainment and instruction to the patients in the hospital at Milford, Kansas, because at that time no one dreamed of the far-reaching possibilities of Radio.

The station had been established but a few months when Sam Pickard, who was then a student in the State Agricultural college at Manhattan, Kansas, conceived the idea of a "school of the air." Manhattan being about twenty-five miles distant, and the programs originating in the college, it was necessary to broadcast them by remote control, this possibly being one of the first long distance remote controls.

When Mr. Pickard, who later became a Radio commissioner, approached Doctor Brinkley, the owner of KFKB, consultation was had with William Jardine, then president of the college and later Secretary of Agriculture, and through this arrangement Mr. Pickard succeeded in interesting Mr. Jardine, and the first "school of the air" was broadcast during the years of 1923 and 1924, and was so successful that the State Legislature appropriated money for the college to own its own station, resulting in the present KSAC, heard from Manhattan, Kansas.

Little happenings in the lives of people oftentimes mean a great deal, and no doubt Mr. Pickard's early association with KFKB and Mr. Jardine were the stepping-stones to the position he occupies today.

In those earlier days not as much attention was paid to program material as



THIS is Dee D. Denver, chief announcer at KFKB, the Milford, Kansas, station that is so popular with listeners throughout a large part of the Mississippi valley.

now, and many of the broadcasts that were thought good then would not even be tolerated over the station today.

And there were not many broadcasting stations then, and 500 watts power was about the equal of any, and long-distance reception was easy to be had. Many applause letters came from the Argentine republic in South America, as well as from the city of Rio De Janerio in Brazil, from our little 500-watt transmitter.

Broadcasting stations in those days afforded wonderful experimental opportunities for the operators in charge. The operator would hook up one circuit and after one night's broadcast he would spend the next day in assembling another circuit, and we never knew when the evening came forth what kind of a broadcast we would have.

It was found that the entertainment and health lectures given over the station for the entertainment of the patients in the hospital were well received by the listening public, and the station has been gradually increasing in power and equipment and quality of programs until today it has thirty full-time entertainers, consisting of orchestras and individual artists, three full-time operators, two announcers, and a complete 5,000-watt Western Electric crystal transmitter.

In the old days one operator was usually sufficient for operator, engineer and announcer, as well as janitor. Now the station is an institution all by itself and employs more people and is just as carefully supervised and handled as the hospital.

The slogan of KFKB, "The Sunshine Station in the Heart of the Nation," was contributed by a little shut-in, a poor crippled girl who said that the friendly attitude of the station and the good cheer brought to the homes of those who were forever crippled made her think that the station was a beacon of sunshine, and since the station is located within 12 miles of the geographical center of the United States, the "heart of the nation" was appropriate.

Within the past few weeks the KFKB Broadcasting corporation has been formed and associated with it are prominent bankers, attorneys and business men, and its capitalization of \$150,000 represents but a small fraction of the potential wealth behind it, assuring its future existence as a station.

KFKB has never permitted price quotations and never will. Direct selling and phonograph records are "taboo" and the sponsored advertisements are carefully

scrutinized, and a large number that are submitted are rejected.

It is the aim of KFKB to be a "little different," having a maximum amount of entertainment with a minimum amount of advertising. From the time we begin broadcasting at 5 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening you will hear concert orchestras and popular orchestras that are a credit to any station, every member being a former star in some well-known group.

If you are a rural or small town listener and like old-time southern melodies and songs of long ago, you will hear these from Uncle Sam and Uncle Bob; and if you like a quartet, the Sunshine Four will entertain you; and if you like Blue singers, Dutch and his uke will please; if you like pipe organ, Cook with his accordion will be welcome, and Vossburg and his vibraphone will please.

If you like string orchestras, Elmer Allen and his group of entertainers will provide them; if you are interested in the world market, local market or weather reports, World Series baseball, play by play, you will have these.

If you like religious services and Bible lectures and fraternal talks, you will hear these on Sundays. If you like talks dealing with good health, you may hear these morning and evening.

You will always be assured of a well-rounded program throughout the period of broadcast from this station, and anything broadcast over this station is absolutely reliable and dependable.

WKY Is Product of Hull's Pioneering

BACK in 1921 when Radio sets were a curiosity and before Oklahoma City had become an oil center, a license was granted to a modest little broadcasting transmitter in a Westwood addition garage. It was known as 5XT, but early in 1922 was given the call letters of WKY by the Federal Radio commission. Thus was WKY born,—the result of the experimental efforts of Earl Hull, still chief announcer and one of the oldest Radio pioneers in America.

The history of WKY reads like a story through the early days when receiving sets reproduced programs with a sort of bee hive and siren whistle effect, and when the performer talked or sang as loudly as he could into a large horn, up to the present time when it is one of the most modern and up-to-date stations on the air with the finest equipment available.

On November 12, 1928, WKY went on the air formally as the good will station of the Daily Oklahoman, the Times and the Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman, with an elaborate fifteen-hour program that brought messages and letters from every state in the union. This program was followed by a banquet for the Radio dealers and leading business men of the city, at which time E. K. Gaylord, editor and publisher of these three leading state papers, dedicated the station to the state of Oklahoma.

Light musical presentations, spot news and market reports, problems of the home and farm, and programs of human interest and inspiration take up the daylight hours. Two of the outstanding daytime broadcasts are the early morning exercises at 6:30 that are participated in by Radio listeners from New York to Los Angeles, and "Aunt Susan's" morning talks to housewives at 9:45.

With evening comes a different type of program, but equally diversified—grand opera, the latest hits from musical comedies sung by the stars of the shows,



GOOD MORNING—This is Station KGKO, Wichita Falls, Texas, says Dr. Paul H. Packard as he sits in front of the microphone. He puts the Radio Revival program of the Church of the Air on each day at ten o'clock.

addresses by national figures on world events; and in fact a notable collection of interesting features are at the disposal of the dialer who turns to WKY. This national scope of events of the day is made possible by this station's association with the National Broadcasting company.

Guiding the destinies of WKY in the capacity of managing director is Edgar T. Bell, who also holds the position of secretary-treasurer of the Oklahoma Publishing company.

Gayle V. Grubb's title is station manager, but he is more, much more, than that. He writes continuities for all the studio programs and under the name of "Gloomy Gus" has won a national reputation as an entertainer, playing and crooning many of his own compositions that have been recorded by three recording companies. Grubb came to WKY from Lincoln, Nebraska, where he had for many years been associated with KFAB, making it the most popular station in that section of the country.

* * *

All programs broadcast from KOA are now in charge of the National Broadcasting company. This service, inaugurated in the fall, means that the NBC, besides providing network programs from other points of origin will maintain a program department in Denver for local programs over KOA. The General Electric company retains ownership of the station.

* * *

Life's most unique ambition is in the possession of Bob Boulton, WLS announcer and continuity writer, who hopes to go through his span of years without ever having to push a revolving door! Always when confronted by one of the "round-we-go" doors Bob waits until some kind person goes ahead and starts the door around. So far he has been successful.

* * *

Rush Hughes, who recently joined the Columbia Broadcasting System staff has an interesting record in the field of athletics. While at Mercersburg Academy he was on the track team, winning the captaincy in his third year. He excelled in the shot put—and kept himself in condition now by extended workouts.

Coast Singer Is U. S. Trained

GREENWOOD MITCHELL of KOMO in Far West Boasts of Musical Training in Adopted Land



THIS attractive miss is Jean Wakefield, vocalist, pianist, composer and continuity writer. She writes whimsically humorous song stories which she sings and plays herself. One of her latest numbers, Lila, is to be played by Paul Whiteman.

Fair Spokesman for Better Radio Plays

KGO HAS a splendid spokesman for the cause of the Radio drama in the person of Wilda Wilson Church, pioneer director of the KGO players.

For the past few months Mrs. Church has been making quite a campaign in talking before clubs, or any other publicity channel that has been afforded her in an effort to make the public realize that Radio drama has a great deal of art that has been more or less dormant.

KGO has been the Radio drama producing center in the Far West for the past five years, but the support of the public is needed if the General Electric station is to continue developing this art to the highest degree according to Howard Milholland, studio manager.

Neither Mrs. Church or Mr. Milholland believe that dramatized educational talks, vaudeville skits, little vignettes, historical episodes or travelogues are drama in its highest sense. They believe that Radio drama when it is created will be a work of art in itself.

* * *

Evidently Annabelle Jones Rose enjoys great favor in the political world of Berkeley as well as the Radio world of the California city. Thousands of her fellow citizens voted for Miss Rose when her name was recently entered in the race for councilwoman. Unfortunately, Miss Rose was unable to do any platform work. Instead she was kept busy singing, playing the cello, piano or organ at KGO, where she is a staff artist. Miss Rose polled a large vote at the election, but lost the office by a small margin.

IT IS THE ambition of most American vocalists to boast of musical training with European masters. But, a reverse situation occurred in the case of Greenwood Mitchell, staff baritone and director of vocal ensembles at KOMO.

Brought to America as a boy, his first vocal training was received in Pittsburgh. He returned to England at the call of his country in 1914 and following the world war remained in England where his American training proved to be a very valuable asset.

In England, he again took up vocal training and at a musical festival for the North of England in 1923 Greenwood Mitchell won the challenger's cup at the Open Championship for voice. A direct result of this was the invitation to sing on the Newcastle station of the British Broadcasting Corporation, 5NO.

Two years ago Mr. Mitchell returned to America and shortly after his arrival in Tacoma came to KOMO for a try-out which resulted in his engagement for a series of special programs and his subsequent addition to KOMO's staff in the capacity of featured baritone.

Mr. Mitchell has continued his interest in British broadcasting and offers many interesting comparisons between the British system and the American system. There are no staff artists in England; the programs, rather, being made up from outstanding vocalists from the neighborhood who are invited to appear before the microphone. Continuities, the vogue in American broadcasting, are unknown in England. Due to the fact that programs are supported entirely by license fees paid by the listeners, there is a complete absence of commercial advertising on English programs. Although all important political events are covered by English Radio, campaigning over the air, so common in American politics, is entirely unknown to the Britains, according to Greenwood Mitchell.



STARTING with KHJ at about the same time Don Lee took over the station, Will Garroway was pianist and orchestra accompanist. After a tour with Lawrence Tibbett he returned to the studio as coach and accompanist for the singing ensemble.



PLAYERS at the KNX studios are under the direction of Georgia Field. The one act presentations over this Hollywood station are followed by a large and enthusiastic audience.

DeLasaux Signs Up With West Coast NBC

HARRY DE LASAUX, recently added to the production staff at the NBC's San Francisco studios, made his debut in the theatre when he was two years old. Standing between his father's knees during a performance by Kelley and Leon's Minstrels in Chicago, the child sang and talked in public for the first time.

When he reached the school age, De Lasaux returned to England, his native country. He came back to America in later years for a stage career. De Lasaux appeared in support of such noted theatrical stars as Blanche Walsh, E. H. Crane and Nat Goodwin, and toured Canada with Robert Ganthony and an English company. For many years he played in stock in the East, never appearing professionally west of Kansas City, Mo.

De Lasaux is also known for the large number of vaudeville sketches he has written for leading artists. He joined the NBC staff about 18 months ago as an actor. Now, however, he is devoting most of his time to writing Radio dramas.

* * *

Mrs. Lucille Joy Rude of Los Angeles who owns a pedigree Irish setter has named her blue ribbon cup winning thoroughbred canine after Kevin Ahearn. KPO's Irish tenor. Mrs. Rude pondering over what to call the dog, tuned into "Dobbsie's" S&W Health Exercises program recently and heard Dobbs announce "Kevin Ahearn, the Irish lad, will now sing," and as Mrs. Rude writes in a letter to Ahearn "right then and there my dog was named." "Well, as long as they be after namin' thoroughbreds from me, phwat should I care—anyhoo thot's a fine dog."



THE famous KNX Rounders heard over the Paramount Express station, KNX, are in talking pictures. Here they just stepped out into the Hollywood sunshine to greet the camera man with a California smile. The squinting gentleman in the center is Dudley Chambers, director of the organization.

Penwomen Give Program on KPO

AMERICAN Penwomen of San Francisco are on the air again. Those who listen to KPO will already have heard several of the programs offered in this, their third year of broadcasting. Grace Boles Hedge, noted soprano, is in charge of the numbers this season.

Some of their broadcasts consist entirely of the creative work of the association's members in both literature and music.

Olive May Richards, prima donna of the Pacific Coast Opera company, was one of the guest artists on the early programs, as was Stella Howell Sampson, noted pianist of Oakland and Los Angeles. Mrs. Charley Curry, well known authority on art, inaugurated an interest-

ing series of lectures on "Art of the Home."

These broadcasts of the American Pen Women are the only programs in the West devoted to the interests of artists of the pen, pencil and brush.

Personal glimpses and gossip of the California writers is a feature that will be continued during the new series of programs.

* * *

Paul Pitman, KPO's Big Brother, has been receiving congratulations from Radio fans everywhere since the stork left a bouncing baby girl, "Elizabeth Anne," at the Pitman home. His son, Paul Marsh, Jr., is included among the youngest Radio announcers in the country. Since the lad was six months old he has been assisting "Big Brother" during his "Children's Hour" at various times. His broadcasts class him as a "Radio prodigy."

Song Result of Dream

HIS newest song resulted from a dream, Ted Maxwell, NBC Production manager on the West Coast doesn't mind revealing.

"Fagan Love Song" is the new number which already has been introduced to the Radio audience by Ben McLaughlin. Maxwell visioned the title one night at the Russian River, where he was vacationing. He tells the story thus:

"While I slept, I dreamed that I received an artist's copy of the 'Fagan Love Song,' but a horrible typographical error had been made. The title page read, 'Fagan Love Song.' That gave me a hunch and before morning I'd finished the lyric for a song to be published under that title. Billy DeBeck's comic strip provided an idea for the words."

Larry Yoell and Virginia Spencer collaborated with Maxwell in the musical arrangements.

Don Warner a Jurist

DON WARNER, who has successfully officiated as Studio Pianist at KFVB, Hollywood, California, and has also conducted his own orchestra at that station, is now a jurist. A year ago he received the degree of L.L.B. from the University of Southern California and last fall passed the Bar examination of that state which resulted in his being admitted to practice law by the Supreme Court of California September 18th. Mr. Warner's popularity may be estimated from the fact that he received approximately three hundred congratulatory telegrams and letters from all over the Pacific Coast, most of them being from Radio entertainers and fans.

* * *

Helen Norris has made such a success with her plays over KGO that she has been invited to write the pageant for the opening of the airport at Medford, Oregon. Miss Norris is to be paid handsomely for her contribution, the entire state of Oregon being interested in the project.

* * *

So popular has KPO become with fans at various points of the nation that all they have to do is to address a letter to "Any Broadcasting Station in San Francisco" and the mailman whose ears are naturally inclined toward KPO finds that his feet are likewise inclined and the letter reaches the correspondence department of KPO. Such is the case of a letter recently received by KPO from Knoxville, Tennessee.



PRETTY Carlma Dorn and Betty Hampton, members of the KPO staff, find the broadcasting air a good place to go skylarking in. They are shown here being kidded by Ernst Voss, formerly one of Germany's war aces, attached to Richtoffen's circus. The trio are about to hop off from Frisco's municipal airport on a joy ride.



AVERAGING more than 250 letters a week from fans, the Rhythm Makers of the Pacific Coast club are one of the most popular features on the air over KGER. Much of the popularity of this hot time dance orchestra is ascribed to their versatility. Each member of the band is an artist along some special line.

Station in Richmond

RESIDENTS of Richmond, California, are bragging that they have an official broadcasting station. This is how it is. KFWM, operated by the Oakland Educational society and broadcasting from a plant in East Oakland, selected Richmond as its location when the Federal Radio commission served notice that broadcasters must move out of residential neighborhoods.

The owners of the station have taken about two acres at East Shore park, where they will develop a modern transmitter, with plans for 5,000 watts, putting KFWM on a par with other stations in the Bay region.

Arrangements have been made, it is announced, for studios in the Hotel Carquinez at Richmond, at the same time maintaining quarters in Oakland.



COW pony and lariat were forsaken by Clarence Tolman in favor of the broadcasting studio. Clarence learned to sing to the cattle out on the great open prairies. The lads and lassies of the old home town of Pocatello, Idaho, liked him so well that he tried Broadway, and got by like a million. He now features on KPO programs.

Shoemaker Sings Way to Air Fame

NO NATION can lay a greater claim for appreciation of good music, particularly operatic music, than Italy. This love of music transcends all strata of society among the Italians. Perhaps this accounts for an unusual situation that produced one of the greatest Radio tenors of the Pacific Northwest.

In Renton, a small community south of Seattle, is a shoe repair shop operated by an Italian. Giving expression to his love of good music, he entertains his customers by playing a phonograph and his selections of records include almost entirely operatic works. To him one day came a young chap who had shortly before arrived from Italy. Employment was given to the young lad who, too, showed the same love for the work of the masters, and gave forth expression by occasionally humming the songs that he heard.

One day a Seattle business man, who had a few moments to wait before taking an interurban back to Seattle, dropped in the shoe shop for a little repair work. He was amazed at the humming of the young Italian lad and immediately arranged with a well known Seattle music teacher to have him put under vocal training.

Aurelio Sciacqua, referred to locally as the "Singing Shoemaker" and by his enthusiastic Radio friends as the "Caruso of the West," after completing a most successful engagement at KOMO will be heard on Pacific Coast stations of the National Broadcasting company.

Aurelio Sciacqua is a dramatic tenor and has specialized in operatic selections. He, however, has had very little experience in Grand Opera, his training being entirely for Radio. The result is that he is one of the few dramatic tenors who broadcast well.

* * *

Byron Mills, announcer at KGO, Oakland, California, has a substitute for the usual announcement "You will hear—". Instead he says "You may now hear—". Mills made this change in the belief that the other announcement is too dictatorial and takes too much for granted.

* * *

A harmony duo billed as "John and Ned" recently were introduced to the audience of NBC System stations. The boys are well-known recording artists and have been playing Radio-time throughout the United States. John and Ned play their own guitar and ukelele accompaniment.

Studies Fifth Tongue

EUGENIA BEM, conductor of Stanislas Bem's Little Symphony, speaks English, French, Russian and German fluently.

Even though the KGO microphone and other engagements keep Mrs. Bem busy, she is now studying Spanish. Every Sunday, for a month, she rode from one end of San Francisco to the other so as to attend a Spanish church, where the entire services are conducted in the native language.

Mrs. Bem believes it is easier to learn a foreign language through sense of hearing rather than books. After she speaks the language fluently she studies the rules of grammar.

* * *

IN ITS less than three years of existence, KGER has enjoyed a rise in public favor that has been almost meteoric. It is now recognized by the broadcasting industry, the Radio industry and the great listener audience at large as one of the leading stations of Southern California. During the past few months the Long Beach good-will station has instituted entertainment, educational and news features that have brought forth hundreds of letters.



STATION KOIN is more than a little proud of this comely miss. Like to know her? She's Marjorie Simpson, a regular member of the studio staff who obliges with a rich, warm contralto voice.



THIS good looking young chap is no other than J. Arthur Dupont, station director and chief announcer of station CKAC, Montreal. During the three years that Mr. Dupont has been in charge of the destinies of CKAC great things have transpired and he has built the station up to a point where little is left to be desired in the way of service and entertainment.

One of the youngest Radio executives in Canada, Mr. Dupont has been with his station for five years. He is just 27 years old and so far has not succumbed to Dan Cupid's wiles.

Located as the station is in a land where two languages are spoken—French and English, Dupont's linguist abilities have been of inestimable value. He broadcasts first in one tongue and then in the other. Many listeners all over the continent are familiar with his accomplishments.

British Star on CNR

THEA PHILIPS, star of British Opera, who has sung with great success in the principal cities of the United Kingdom and of Europe, was the soloist in the Canadian National Railway's Radio chain broadcast from Toronto one day this last fall. Miss Philips, who is a cousin of Mrs. A. V. Alexander, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, has won a high reputation for herself in the role of "Matilde" in "William Tell," at the San Carlo Opera, Naples, and she will be the prima dona in "Der Freischutz" at the forthcoming London Festival at the New Scala, London, in February. She has been heard often by English Radio listeners.

* * *

First established on the roof of the Grain Exchange building in the heart of Winnipeg, CJRX is now located in its home at Middlechurch, a few miles north of the city. In the same building are a number of short wave transmitters by means of which, on other wave lengths, the local offices of James Richardson and Sons, Limited, carry on Radio-telegraph communication with the eastern and western branches.

* * *

Farthest North Radio, in points of regular transmission, will be provided by the Soviets. They will erect a station on Franz Josef Land.

Toronto Symphony Heard ACROSS Canada

FAMOUS Orchestra Broadcasts Each Sunday Afternoon,
by Canadian National Railways Hookup Is a Real
Treat to Music Lovers of the Dominion.

MUSIC lovers throughout Canada are tuning in their receiving sets on the programs of the Toronto Symphony orchestra which are broadcast each Sunday afternoon through a network of stations controlled by the Canadian National railways.

The first of this series of symphony concerts went on the air on October 20, when Jeanne Gordon, Canada's eminent contralto, assisted the orchestra. Other prominent soloists are scheduled for later broadcasts.

The purpose behind these programs is two-fold. The first thought is to contact the Dominion by bringing together all sections of this far-flung country into one audience, an important step toward a broader mutual understanding. The second is to give Canada the world's best music and to permit the Canadian listener to hear some of the highly talented artists who have attained world-wide fame.

The Canadian National railways are presenting the Toronto symphony orchestra in twenty-five concerts. These programs are featured as the CNR "All-Canada Symphony hour."

* * *

Dennis Hayes is three years old. He lives in London, England. His Daddy wrote to Winnipeg telling how he had heard Uncle Peter on CJRX. With some assistance, Dennis wrote a note which was enclosed with his Daddy's letter. Uncle Peter read the letter over CJRX and asked if any listeners would like to write to Dennis. Some weeks later, Mr. Hayes wrote again saying that Dennis had been swamped with mail.

As a sequel, Uncle Peter has received the following from a mining camp at a place called Chuquicamata, down in Chili, South America: "Just a note of appreciation of your programs, which I hear with excellent volume on a two-tube short-wave set. Short-wave broadcasting is the only satisfactory reception we get up here in this mining camp. A few days ago, I asked one 'radio bug' if he had ever heard of Dennis Hayes. He said 'Sure, he lives in London.' I intend to write to Dennis tonight.—C P. Carlson."

* * *

Occupying the entire top floor of a large office building at Moose Jaw, Sask., the studio and transmitter rooms of CJRW are modern in every way. Ample space is reserved for visitors from far and near who come to inspect the station and to see how broadcasting is done.

The steel antenna towers are surmounted with electric lights, visible for many miles across the country, and meteorological instruments for indicating in the studio the direction and velocity of the wind.

* * *

A young lady, of whom more will be heard, is Olga Pavlova, the soprano who takes part in the weekly French concerts broadcast by CJRX. The adjudicators at the 1929 Manitoba Music festival predicted for her a great future. Miss Pavlova has been studying with the famous Yvonne Thibault.



BILLY ADAMS, the crooning tenor whose interpretation of popular numbers has made him one of the features at CKLC. Billy is well known in Toronto and Chicago for his Radio work.

Special Programs at Canadian Show

TWO special programs were put on over a chain hookup by the Canadian National railways as one of the feature attractions of the Montreal Radio show.

The first program arranged was the regular French-Canadian Hour of Music, featuring a concert orchestra, a string ensemble, accordion solos and vocal numbers by the Montreal troubadours, who appeared in costume.

The second event of the broadcast was a light concert program including some novelty numbers on the accordion and marimba, supplemented by a Balalaika orchestra in Russian costume, and a male quartet. Both of these programs, in addition to being witnessed by the throngs at the Radio show, were sent out over a chain hookup of the Canadian National railways, covering the eastern half of the Dominion.

* * *

One of the most successful educational features broadcast by CJRW and CJRX has been the French lessons. Mr. Maurice Goulet has several hundred students enrolled and following his course by the book. In addition there are numerous listeners who benefit by the lessons without registering. It is interesting to note the number of professional men who have enrolled for the purpose of brushing up on the language.

* * *

Through the courtesy of the Garrick theatre, Winnipeg, CJRX broadcasts Talkies. Radio listeners have commented very favorably on several pictures, notably that in which Mary Pickford stars.

MARCELLA

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

IS THERE anyone who doesn't know who Vincent Lopez is? I doubt it—it doesn't seem possible. But how many know that he recently celebrated a double anniversary, one the anniversary of his first piano recital and the other the eighth birthday of his first appearance before a microphone.

Vincent says he doesn't remember the exact date when he first played the piano for his little friends and admiring relatives, but he does distinctly remember that they had pink ice cream as a reward. He also recalls the loud applause that greeted his rendition of Chopsticks. Bet he was a sweet little boy.

When birthday time came around Vincent repeated his childish efforts with the familiar piece, and then, as another number of his special program, obliged with Anitra's Dance, from Peer Gynt Suite. The latter number was his offering on the occasion of his first studio appearance.

Lopez made his air debut with his orchestra from the first studio of WJZ in 1921, when it was little more than a booth. There was hardly room for an orchestra and sound-proofing hadn't been thought of. Since then, through his broadcasting with the NBC he has, as you know, become one of the best known dance leaders on the air.

Mary dear, you really mustn't fall in love with Jack Shawn, that new announcer at WBBM because, although he isn't married, he is terribly good looking and all the girls like him. He is tall, well built and has brown eyes and black hair. When he looks at you with those come hither eyes, it is no wonder all the girls fall. You were right when you asked me if he comes from Detroit, or rather I should say he has been in Detroit because he comes from Chicago. While in the Michigan city he broadcast over WGHP and put on productions at WJR. He has had stage experience and loves the footlights.



That certainly was tough luck about not being able to see Louis Kaufman, Lucille of Weyers Cave. I sympathize with you and envy you at the same time for the nice letters he wrote to you. And I just received a nice new picture of Louis but I'm terribly afraid I won't be able to use it before the January magazine. Can you wait that long? Here's a little one of Fred Rodgers, though, that may help a little. Fred is general program director of Westinghouse stations and one of the best known of all the KDKA artists. Besides his mike appearance he sings in church, and is now at the Watson Memorial Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh. He has sung in many famous musical organizations and has been seen in light opera under the auspices of the K. of C. Sorry to have to tell you that he is married.

It just breaks my heart that I won't be able to visit you in Weyers Cave, and certainly would like to meet your brother. He sounds like a thriller.

It seems the girls have a weakness for sports announcers this month. I just got through answering a question about Sid Goodwin of KGW and here's Kitty Kay of Ol' Missouri wants a picture of Bill Mack, announcer at KMOX, the "Voice of St. Louis." Since Kay hasn't asked for any personal information about Bill I'll be stingy and won't give any. Just to oblige, and because he is really an awfully nice chap, here is his picture. Long ago, way last spring, KMOX surprised Bill and the listening public by sending him to cover the training trips of the Browns and the Cards. You can just see the sparkle in Bill's eyes, can't you? Like to know him better?



Charles Jennings, formerly with CKGW of Toronto, is still in the same Canadian city, but is now associated with the Whetham Radio Program company, CPR building, M. J. Davis. He is to be heard on the Radio at irregular intervals. I agree with you that the microphones lost a real personality in Jennings. Doesn't your news dealer carry the Mercury? You should be able to get it at almost any fair sized news stand. It comes out once a month and is edited by H. L. Mencken. As to John E. Frenkel, I am trying to persuade the editor to give him a nice writeup one of these days. He, the ed I mean, is as usual, swamped behind a stack of papers, but I think he will write something about John before long.

At last, Louise of Lincoln, Nebraska, I can tell you a few little things about Dee D. Denver. Guess you thought I had forgotten all about you, but I hadn't. Dee has been an announcer at KFKB since 1924 and is a mighty popular fellow. His pleasing ways brought him a wife several years ago, and now he is bragging about his two children. He has a way about him, both before the mike and when with people outside of the studio. His only broadcasting experience has been at Milford, Kansas.

I was awfully glad to hear from you, Wilma Lambertus, and I am only sorry that things here in the office keep me so busy I rarely have time to personally answer letters, much as I like to. I expect by this time you have read through the November issue of our great magazine and have been properly thrilled by the interesting story of Rudy Vallee. You see we are always working at least a month in advance of the date that the magazine appears, so your question was answered before I got your letter. If you still want to know more about Rudy I will be glad to hear from you.

Word comes from Mrs. J. H. W. of Harrison, Nebraska, about Jack Little. Elsewhere in this issue there is a little story about this popular artist. I hadn't heard about Gayle Grubb, however, and am glad to know he is happily situated at WKY. I agree that his farewell from KFAB was certainly worth listening to.

Twenty-five candles burned in the studios of KSTP as Henry C. Woempner, musical director of the National Battery station, observed his 25th anniversary in Northwest musical circles.

Mr. Woempner is known nationally as first flutist of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. He received his first training in the flute from his father, a member of the Symphony orchestra in Milwaukee. When his father retired, Woempner Junior stepped into his footsteps.

The KSTP musical director is a pioneer in Radio, playing his flute compositions when an artist was required to send notes into a large horn, resembling those first used on talking machines. He has appeared at leading stations of the country, including WGN of Chicago and KDKA of Pittsburgh.

He has played under Walter Damrosch and other masters and has spent considerable time coaching with master musicians. He directs the National Battery symphony orchestra of KSTP and plans all the musical programs.

Jack Barnet of KGW has an odd hobby. His idea of a good time is to travel as far away as possible on his day off and listen to KGW on his portable receiver, usually from somewhere near the summit of a snow-capped peak.

Here's bad news, Lola Brown. Roy Bartholomew, your tenor friend of WTMJ, is an old married man. He and his come-hither eyes hail from Ol' Missouri, where he met his bride of a year. After attending the University of Missouri Roy went Radio, his crooning meeting with instantaneous approval. Before going to Milwaukee he was heard from

WFEQ and WDAF. When he isn't busy with the mike he takes care of the thousands of pieces of music in the Milwaukee Journal's musical files. Roy is a handsome lad, with dark, curly hair and great big brown eyes. The frau is a talented pianist who frequently accompanies hubby on his broadcasts.

Grace Thompson Bigelow has asked me about Chauncey Parsons. Well, Grace, Chauncey is now located in Chicago and is the soloist on the Yeast Foamers program broadcast over the National Broadcasting chain on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. He is, as you probably know, one of the pioneer Radio artists, having made his debut when KDKA first began operations in 1920. He is without doubt one of the leading tenors of the country.

Dave R. of Minneapolis sends in an interesting bit of gossip concerning Paul Johnson of KSTP. Paul was married. I guess most know that, but it was in leap year, about a year ago. Selma Vera Gibson of St. Joseph, Michigan, was the lucky girl. He met her three years ago in a broadcasting studio while he was announcing a program, and then, slowly but surely, he fell, and now it seems to be lasting. Mighty interesting, Dave.

Just for your benefit, Anne of Berkeley, here's a picture of that big handsome lad who plays the organ at KPO, Theodore Strong. Theodore, they tell me, for I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, is quite a man. As you know, he is featured every Sunday morning. If you want to know about almost any of the leading musicians of America or Europe,

Mr. Strong is the man to tell you. At one time he was assistant music editor of the New York Evening Mail, where he started his extensive acquaintance among musical folks. Theodore writes that he has played in over 2,000 church services of all denominations, in all parts of the United States, has featured in more than 200 recitals, has played at the console of twenty-five different makes of pipe organs and has a repertoire of over 3,000 different compositions.

Well, Mary Gibbs, at last I can tell you about Ralph Wentworth. He is manager of the Columbia Artists bureau, which is a division of the Columbia Broadcasting system in New York. He is heard announcing the Fada hour each week. John Reed Tyson is now with WIBO, Chicago, and I am trying to persuade him to send me his picture so that I can print it for you. If it comes in in time I will write more about him later.

Guy Lombardo, I am happy to be able to tell Ariel Trentman of St. Paul, is now on the air regularly, and can be heard every Thursday night from 10:30 to 11 o'clock over WBBM, Chicago. As nearly as I can find out now he is happily situated at the Roosevelt theatre, New York, although he may come to Chicago late this winter.

No, little Betty, Dorothy Denee Snowden, who is Queen Denee of KOMO's Storyland court for children, and George Hubert Godfrey, King Hubert of the same Court, are not married. Their rumored wedding was merely a fiction designed to please the listeners in the Northwest.

Queen Denee has ruled Storyland court for three years, but her first King, King George, according to fiction, was killed in battle and King Hubert of the neighboring country of By-lo-land kindly offered his help to her in ruling the court of Storyland.

Who says children haven't a sense of romance? The kiddies immediately began demanding that the two potentates marry, and so it had to be, in the story.

Just read your letter for the second time, Lucille, and I find I forgot to tell you about Curt Peterson. Curt is one of those fair haired Vikings that make your heart flutter. He is about five feet ten inches tall and is blessed with brilliant blue eyes. He is known for his sweet disposition and they do say his home life with wife and two children, one six and the other three, is ideally happy. Curt has seen quite a bit of this country, being born in Albert Lea, Minnesota, in 1898. He graduated from the University of Oregon in 1920, after serving as an infantry lieutenant in the World War. And here's an interesting bit. He taught singing at Miss Mason's School for Girls. Lucky Girls! Now he has more or less graduated from the announcer's staff and is supervisor of announcers, passing on all mike jobs at the NBC.

Jess Doolittle is the head "Buster" of the Illinois Sodbusters out at WLS. This sunburned, slim, brown eyed young man is medium height and "one man," M. J. Davis. He's still on the sunny side of the twenties but is muchly married. He runs a farm on the outskirts of Chicago as either a vocation or avocation, you can take your choice.

And as to Harold Safford, the former genial chief announcer at WLS is now with Sears, Roebuck and company, holding down an executive position in the retail advertising department. He left the airway last March. Not exactly as a postscript but just a bit of news, there is now another little daughter in the Safford household at Wheaton, Illinois. Genevieve, all of ten pounds, arrived October 11 safe and sound. Parents doing nicely and daughter better.

A new addition to the WLS family is announced by Don Malin, musical director of the Prairie Farmer station. A son, John William, made his debut at Don's homestead on August 24. According to the father the home programs are moving quite smoothly with two young sons announcing. Donald Rhodes Malin, the elder by two years, is assisting his young brother.

Hunting squirrels is the hobby of Corinne Jordan, program director and entertainer of KSTP, St. Paul. When she is away from the station she tramps through the woods hunting these little animals. And there's a reason—she wants a squirrel coat, and wants to earn it. By this time the winter garment ought to be nearly complete, if Corinne has been as diligent as she promised to be. Would you envy a girl who could earn a smart new coat this way?

A potential announcer arrived recently to augment the staff of KSTP in the person of Thomas Pittison Coates III, the 8-pound son of Thomas Pattison Coates, II, feature entertainer and announcer of the National Battery station. The Junior member of the Coates family was born in Chicago and came to St. Paul with Mrs. Coates, when Papa Coates found a new home for his family.

Mr. Coates recently joined the KSTP staff, from WGN of Chicago and WEA, where he won national popularity through novel features and his weekly concerts. He is a lyric baritone and a concert, stage and radio artist. Congratulations, Thomas II.

Frank Hobbs of WNAX is a real old timer and an accomplished citizen at that. He hasn't missed a day in over two years of constant playing before the mike. Belonging to eight organizations, he plays, when they are on the air, B clarinet with the concert orchestra, tenor sax with the Radio orchestra, B clarinet with the Bohemian orchestra, E clarinet with the Dutch band, tenor sax with the sax quartet, violin with the symphony orchestra, cello with the Happy Jacks old time trio, and, last but not least, clarinet solos. Frank sounds like a busy man, doesn't he? But he says he likes his job and wouldn't trade it for anything.

Yes, Billy Smithers of NBC fame on the Pacific coast, is a real, for sure enough person, but the creator of the character didn't know it for a long time. The real Billy lives in Portland, is ten years old and a devotee of Memory Lane.

Once in a while one of the boys gets up nerve enough to write to me. (Wish it was oftener.) Now Jack Blaine, from Pasadena, wants me to publish a picture of Mildred Southall. Yes, Jack, Mildred is as pretty and charming as her voice and mike personality are sweet and lovable. She is one of those delightful individuals with a lot of "It," and the kind Anita Loos says Gentlemen prefer. She is a regular contributor to the big KPO revue, broadcast every Monday night from ten to twelve o'clock with the God of Whoopee ruling supreme. You're not the only one to fall for pretty Mildred, Jack, to judge from the fan mail they say she receives.

Page Al Carney!

What's the matter with you, Al? Have you forgotten all of your old friends here in Chicago and all over this great land? Let's hear from you and tell us what your plans are and when and where you are going to settle down. Last time we heard definitely of you you were in Muskegon, Michigan. What's the latest?

Where, oh where is Paul McClure? Some of you interesting men folks are getting to be awfully hard to keep track of. Seems to me that I know where Paul is now, but it has slipped my mind. Can anyone help me out?

Even studio luminaries sometimes lose track of their old friends. An old pal of Wendell Hall, John and Ned, the Monomotor Oils Twins, and the Ray-O-Vac Twins, is now doing his stuff at KGHL, Billings, Montana, as announcer and director. Name please? It's no other than Eric Thornton, who started his Radio career over WOW, and from there went to KOIL. Then came a year and a half at WKY, Oklahoma City, when he returned to Council Bluffs, a proud papa. That ended active Radio work for about a year, but in May 1928 he again felt the call and went to KGHL, which started him off with a bang and, he says, has been gaining momentum ever since.

Thanks to Mrs. John Cain of McAlister, Oklahoma, I have some information about Gloomy Gus. Mrs. Cain says Gus has been heard regularly from WKY at Oklahoma City. He was kept pretty busy out there for a while when Fair Week was on, and the folks in the West like his offerings. Thanks, Mrs. Cain, I wish more Digest readers were as helpful as you are.

David Westlund is one of those fortunate young men who has sufficient musical ability to make it pay his way through college. When he started for the campus of the University of Minnesota with his saxophone under his arm the Kappa Sigmas saw a good man and took him in. He has won a trophy at KSTP as the best college Radio entertainer in that section. The Kappa Sigs liked him but not his sax, so he had to join the college band to practice. His laurels came as the result of the voting of 15,000 students at the University and Radio listeners, picking him from among over 200 contestants.

Marcella hears all, tells all. Write her a letter, ask her any of the burning questions that are bothering your mind. Get it off your chest.



SNAPPY FUN from the Air

*Lines of Humor from Here and There Among
the Studios and Stories that Lighten the Day*

LITTLE Ann Pickard doubtless is the world's best known five-year-old broadcaster. She appears regularly with her father, mother and brother, Peter Phaney Pickard, over the National Broadcasting company network from the Chicago studios. Ann already manifests the temperament of a great artist. The other day it came her turn to sing over the microphone. "No, Daddy, I'm not going to sing today," she declared firmly.



"Why, what's the matter?" questioned Dad Pickard in surprise. "Well, I have my own reasons. I don't feel like singing, so!" Then she began to cry. "Just think of Grandma sitting there waiting and listening for you way down in Tennessee—what will she think? And all those folks who have been writing letters to you, what will they think?" Dad's arguments finally prevailed and Ann stepped up to the microphone and sang "Take Me Back to Ol' Virginny" with such feeling that tear drops were still rolling down her cheeks. It was a tremendous success and she was rewarded by the biggest basket of mail ever from all kinds of folks who said they had never heard anything so touching in all their lives.

Not until the next day was the cause of her revolt at the microphone discovered. She finally confided to her mother that she was hurt because "everybody had laughed at her." In the morning she had heard Frank E. Mullen in charge of the program say: "We are going on from coast-to-coast today." She clapped her hands and ran to tell her brother, "Oh, Phaney, Phaney, get ready, we're going on the roller coaster today." Of course everybody did laugh—and thereby ruined a prima donna's disposition.

* * *

"**T**HEY all laughed when he sat down at the piano" is a phrase familiar to everyone, due to the efficiency of modern advertising, but it was a new one to the famous Lee Simms when he sat down at the piano of the NBC studios in Chicago recently.

When Lee sat down to play his scheduled number in the program he was dumfounded and disconcerted to hear a huge burst of laughter from the members of the orchestra which was appearing with him.

It was not until the program was over that Simms, who had missed the rehearsal, understood the reason for the hilarious outburst. In building the program a humorous take-off on the familiar advertisement had been incorporated in the announcer's script and the laugh which threatened to ruffle Lee's usually smooth disposition was as much on the program as his own number.

* * *

SOME of the KGO listeners have objected strenuously to an unscheduled part of the programs from the General Electric station in California. It seems that there is a big frog pond back of the KGO studios in East Oakland and the bull frogs frequently start their singing at the most inopportune time. Sensitive microphones pick up the croaking and send it out with the programs being broadcast from the studio. Strange as it may seem listeners object to this form of accompaniment.

* * *

MORE than a hundred people in a studio, especially if all of them are moving around, presents a problem. How to get some of them seated was solved by one bright young lady. Drawing individual guests aside she'd whisper in their respective ears that just across the studio was the chair Graham McNamee always sat in. It worked as she never indicated the same chair twice and in a few minutes every seat in the studio was occupied by contented looking visitors.

The hostesses—and there's a hostess on every floor the

NBC uses for the business of broadcasting—form the first line of defense against the overly-enthusiastic would-be broadcasters. According to the hostesses, these would-be broadcasters make up a large percentage of the population of Manhattan.

Came one day an odd looking chap whose ears were his most noticeable feature.

"I want to present a novel feature on the air," he told the hostess who intercepted his dash toward a studio. "Where's a microphone? Where's a microphone?"

"Oh, yes," said the hostess sweetly, "but what do you do?"

"Look at my ears," commanded the visitor. She looked and saw them twitch and wiggle in a manner most startling.

"But we haven't any provision for television," she said, being tactful.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," said the visitor. "Now listen!" He bent his head so that one of the awe-inspiring ears was near her face. He moved it. She heard a distinct click.

"I'm the only ear clicker in the world," announced the visitor. "Now where's that microphone?"

* * *

A VISITING artist at WGN wanted to look up a telephone number. He searched through desks and under telephone stands. He approached Miss Roache, the genial hostess.

"Do you know where they keep the telephone books?" he asked.

"We can't keep them," answered the little lady sadly. "Mark Love gets nervous when he sings and tears them in two, without thinking."

Yes, that's one of the chief problems of the WGN administration. They simply can't keep Mark Love in telephone books.

* * *

"**T**O SEE ourselves as others hear us" is one of the experiences that happens occasionally to Radio entertainers.

Recently Marion Jordan, a member of the staff of WENR, Chicago, who takes the part of Ma Smith in the comedy sketch, The Smith Family, overheard two women on the bus discussing the feature. Said one to the other, "I'll bet that woman who takes the part of Ma Smith is an old battle axe. I just know she could bawl my husband out the way I'd like to."

The fact is that Marion is both young and mighty attractive.

* * *

BILLY BEARD, who teams with Al Bernard to form the NBC comedy team known as the Raybestos Twins, recently returned from a short visit to his native South and is still laughing over an experience he had with a real old Negro mammy.

Beard dropped in one day to visit a friend who is a physician. The friend was not in but the colored woman who walked in while Beard was there mistook him for the doctor. She asked him what she could do for the "misery" in her stomach.

The jovial Beard asked her if she "assimilated her food." Whereupon she indignantly replied, "Deed and I doesn't. I gits it honestly."

* * *

GEOERGE F. HICKS, NBC announcer in Washington, D. C., was announcing one of the service bands. Toward the end of the program it became evident that it would be necessary for the leader to eliminate one of the two remaining numbers, a waltz and a fox-trot. The leader decided to cut out the waltz.

"Jump the waltz," the leader whispered to Hicks. "We'll take the march."

And then Hicks announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, our program has been altered somewhat. We will next hear Jump the Waltz, a march."

* * *

A SONG over the telephone got Olive Palmer her start, but the method wasn't so successful for another soprano who tried it on Hart Giddings, assistant musical supervisor for the NBC in New York.

A woman telephoned for an audition and when she was informed that all available time was booked for two weeks ahead, she insisted on singing to Giddings then and there.

Picking one of the longest arias from the operatic repertoire, the singer stepped back from the telephone and began to sing. Unable to make her hear him, Giddings had to hang on until she had finished.

She didn't get the job and Giddings did get a headache.

Waikiki Waves Swish on KGU

*LOVE and Nature Themes Sway Masses Who Follow
Programs Sent Out From Honolulu*

KGU speaking from Honolulu has adopted for its slogan, the Land of Sunshine, the Future Playground of America.

Hawaii has been the motif for countless dreamy songs, and everybody is familiar with at least one or more musical comedies which were founded upon a theme brought from the islands away out in the middle of the Pacific.

Hula music, written for dancing, is invariably gay, light and bright. Hawaiian music is said to be rather melancholy to the layman, but its appeal lies in the vogue it has with the natives of the islands.

Flowers are popular with the Hawaiians, and they have used them for the background of countless songs. The sweet green maile vine, the royal yellow ilima of the Island of Oahu, the bright red lehua of the Island of Hawaii, the beautiful mokihana of the Island of Kauai, the rose-lani of Maui and

Directing KGU, and serving as chief announcer, is the chore assigned to H. N. Tyson, below.



Charles K. Dimond, below, who brightens programs of KGU, Honolulu, with his music.

the pikaki have all been used as the inspiration of song writers who have set about to express in song the thoughts of the people.

Rulers over the islands in years gone by have written songs and have encouraged others who have expressed the thoughts of the people in music. The Hawaiians have brought their own accomplishments as well as those of the islands to all nations through the songs that have been written about them.

No song has had the following that has come to Aloha Oe. It represents sentiments, emotions and feelings of the people of the islands. It sort of symbolizes the people, and it really is the anthem of the Hawaiians. People rise to their feet when it is played and it has approximately the same status in Hawaii as the Star Spangled Banner has in the United States.

The soft and haunting strains of Aloha Oe have been carried to all countries. They have permeated the life of the people in the Hawaiians; they are heard at all hours of the day and night, on outgoing and returning ships, at the theater, the club and in the dance hall.

Songs have been written and dedicated to the people of the islands, others have had the imprint of royal approval, but none seem to convey the spirit, the emotions and the very life of the people as Aloha Oe.

A veritable army of entertainers are on the islands, and

Station KGU, The Advertiser, Honolulu, Hawaii, has gathered under its banner a number of the best known.

One is Charles K. Dimond, a versatile artist, whose forte is music and song. Surrounded by his instruments, and with a voice that has a tremendous appeal, he provides rapid fire entertainment for the followers of KGU.

At one time Dimond was the ace of the Radio entertainers at KNX, Los Angeles, and for three years he made regular appearances before the mike at this station. Vaudeville has claimed the services of Dimond, and he has traveled extensively over the circuits of the west.

Isobel Fancher is another reason for the popularity of the Radio programs of KGU. She is often referred to as Hawaii's Radio girl. For two years she has been numbered among the artists employed at KGU, her soprano voice delighting thousands who tune in this island station.

Hawaii's Radio girl is Isobel Fancher, who sings in a half dozen languages. She has Radio personality, a lovely voice, and you will agree she is good to look upon.

Isobel is not only a salesman of her own Radio personality, but she is an insurance salesman, and when not engaged in her work at KGU, or providing entertainment at a drawing room or in some concert hall, she is active in the field of business. She has applied herself assiduously to music, and not only plays the piano, but has an exhaustive repertoire of German, French, Italian, Spanish, English and Hawaiian songs which she sings for the pleasure of

her large Radio audience.

The responsibility of directing the affairs of KGU, and functioning as chief announcer, have fallen to the lot of H. N. Tyson. Tyson is very much a part of KGU, having been identified with the station for two and a half years. KGU came on the air May 11, 1922, since then has been consistently broadcasting Hawaii as the Land of Sunshine, the Future Playground of America, and calling attention to the Paradise of the Pacific, the title which has been given to the Hawaiian islands.

Countless improvements are being made in the broadcasting facilities of KGU, and before long the Honolulu Advertiser Publishing company, which is the sponsor of the station, will be occupying quarters in its new building. Elaborate studios and almost unlimited facilities for broadcasting will be provided, and it is expected that the programs may eventually be rebroadcast in the States for all to hear.

Voice of the Listener

We've Changed the Log

I have just been reading your most interesting magazine which namely is the October issue. I find that some are complaining of the Radio stations not announcing often enough. Well, I think once every quarter hour is plenty. Also, where two letters are very much alike in sound, they should be pronounced very distinctly. For example, when I first heard the announcer at WKBW I thought it was WKDW.

M. Aulenbach, Auburn, Pa., would in my estimation receive more complaints than enough. I like Hawaiian music, good bands and orchestras, violin solos, quartette singing, but I am not much in favor of one singing alone, except when singing comic songs or pieces in which the words are to be distinctly heard. We could also include a few more sacred songs on the air. Leave fox trots to the foxes, but a good waltz is desirable. Interesting lectures on education, stock markets are indispensable. Well, so much for that.

Now to criticize your October edition. As for cover, I think as Melle Pittenger, an inside view of some of our broadcasting stations would be welcomed. On your list of programs for the week I think if you could arrange it in such a way as to put the NBC in one space and the Columbia Chain in another you would be as near perfection in that as possible. Your log for favorite stations can't be beaten. Now for your list of programs again, you did not mention the Just Folks at 9:30 Eastern standard over the NBC. Well, I think I have said enough for this time.—W. DODS, 37 Beech St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada.

* * *

Couldn't Do Without Us!

Whoopee! and other expressions of hilarity—oh! it is just too wonderful for words. Whew! just a minute and I'll explain all of this outburst. I'm very happy, because THE Radio Digest is to be published every month. Now, you are able to understand why I am shouting.

I have read the October number from cover to cover, and everything is wonderful—interesting—or what have you.

But the most wonderful of all is that the Radio Digest will be published monthly. I am so glad. I couldn't do without the Radio Digest. It is the most wonderful magazine ever.

I am looking forward to your printing an article about Carleton Coon and Joe Sanders and their Original Nighthawk Orchestra. Their music is perfect—and so are the members of the band. They really deserve a most wonderful write-up—and I know that they will have it in the Radio Digest soon. PLEASE.

Wishing the best of everything to the staff of the Radio Digest. I'm for you—always. I can hardly wait until the November number is released.—VIRGINIA ("JINNY") PETERS, 2760 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Here's a New Friend

I have just bought my first copy of the Radio Digest, but it won't be my last. After reading about Radio artists I enjoy listening to them much more, especially Amos 'n' Andy.

I see that you ask for suggestions on Radio; so here's mine. If I had my way there wouldn't be any broadcasting companies with every good station in the country hooked up to monopolize Radio broadcasting for the sake of tell-

ing John Doe that the Amalgamated Thumb Tack Corp. makes the kind of doughnuts that come from contented oil refineries. You have to listen to them whether you want to or not. One eastern station, one midwestern station and one western station are enough to broadcast one program. Then the Radio audience can suit itself about listening to it.

I might also add that if the one-hundred-watt stations that aren't any good anyway, were taken off the air it would clear the air twenty-five per cent.—ARTHUR MOULTON, Kittanning, Pa.

* * *

A Club for the DX'ers

I was very much interested in the letters which appeared in your October issue under the heading, "The Voice of the Listener." Several of your correspondents expressed the wish that a Radio club or DX club might be formed and inquired if there was such an organization. Without doubt the information which I am offering in this connection will prove interesting.

The Newark News DX club was formed on December 8, 1927, with a charter membership of fifty-six. So far as we know, this was the first organization of Radio Listeners ever banded together solely in the interest of DX reception. Shortly after the formation of our club, the writer was successful in interesting the Chicago Daily News and the Buffalo Evening News, both of whom organized DX clubs.

The only qualifications necessary for membership is an interest in Radio, although the club issues DX qualification certificates in four different classes to such members as are able to qualify for them. The classes are as follows:

Junior DX'er—For logs of 100 stations.

Master DX'er—For logs of 200 stations and verification from at least one station more than 2,000 miles from point of reception.

Past Master DX'er—For logs of 300 stations and five such verifications.

DX Ace—For logs of 400 stations and ten such verifications.

Local stations count as well as distant stations in these lists, and when application is made for a certificate a complete list of stations must be submitted as well as such verifications as are required.

Once a month the club holds a DX contest for the Newark Evening News trophy, a handsome silver loving cup donated by that newspaper. On such occasions members may select any six consecutive hours for DX-ing and must mail their lists not later than the following Monday. Stations logged must be located at least 100 miles from point of reception and no stations may be logged while broadcasting chain programs. The name and address of the contestant as well as name of receiver and number of tubes is placed at the top of the list. Then stations must be listed in the order in which they are heard, each one being numbered. The necessary data includes call letters and location of stations, time heard and actual selections or other information such as is required for verifications. The member who first wins the cup on three occasions will obtain permanent possession of it after it has been suitably engraved.

The undersigned will be very glad to supply additional information to any reader of Radio Digest who may be

sufficiently interested to write. Address all communications to L. S. J. CRANSE, President, Newark News DX Club, 215 Market St., Newark, N. J.

* * *

An Old Friend Writes

Have just finished reading the October number of the Radio Digest. Haven't missed an issue for nearly four years. A better Radio magazine isn't published. Every article is crammed full of interest. There are plenty of pictures which are always welcome, and stories of artists and announcers which give us intimate glimpses of their lives and make us feel personally acquainted.

I especially enjoyed the story of McNamee's school days told by his dad, and the backstage chatter of the "Two Troupers." The fiction, too, was very interesting and unusual.

"Who's Who in Broadcasting" is a valuable department, and I, for one, appreciate it greatly. Then Marcella comes in for her share of praise. I enjoy her "Short Waves" ever so much, for I am one of those very inquisitive souls who must know all about their favorites.

The department listing chain features is something I've been waiting for.

And now for a suggestion: The football season is on so why not give us a writeup (with pictures) of some of our most popular sports announcers? Carl Menzer of WSUI, Iowa City, is a prime favorite in this section of the country.

I'd like very much to see a story about WHO with pictures of the studio, directors, announcers, artists, and what have you.

Will sign the name by which I am known to Marcella.—ELIZABETH ANN, Belle Plaine, Iowa.

* * *

We'll Try to Please

I think the Radio Digest is just what a lot of people have been looking for, and the October number is great.

Please have an article (similar to the one about Norman Brokenshire in the current issue) about Frank Knight, announcer at WABC in New York, and pictures of him. Also John Wardle at WNAC in Boston.

I think these articles are very interesting to many people who listen in every day and wonder what the announcer looks like, etc.

If you can arrange to do this, I know many folks will be interested. Thanking you for your attention, I am, MRS. B. W. MACFARLANE, Newburyport, Mass.

* * *

In This Issue

First of all I was very glad after turning a few leaves of the Radio Digest to discover that the magazine is to be published every month.

I'd surely like to see a picture of Jack and Gene and any information concerning them would be welcome. Would like to see some pictures of Norman White, WSR announcer, and of Harold Keen, the Sunshine Boy.

I think a Home Makers' department would be fine. Some fine information in this last issue about Graham MacNamee.

I'm making a scrap book of Radio stars and certainly appreciate every picture of a good entertainer.

As a request, please try to get a picture of Jack and Gene.—MRS. FRANK ALLORE, 157 Elgin Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.

Short Go Swamps the Judges

Program Contest a Close Race

HUNDREDS of Radio Digest readers have written to the editor, offering suggestions for a fifteen-minute program to be entered in the first Short Go contest which closes December 1. The ideas offered and the quality and originality of programs outlined are of so high a quality and so numerous that it will indeed be a difficult task for the judges to select the winner. A few of the letters received have been picked at random from the entries and are printed in these columns.

Why Not a Spelling Bee?

Having read in the October Radio Digest that you wanted ideas for "Short Go" programs, I submit the following:

Why not have a spelling match over Radio? Have Radio give out the words to be spelled, pronouncing the words twice, so the listeners may stand a fair chance of getting every word. The competitors should have pencil and paper on which to spell the words, no one telling any one else how to spell the words. After all the words are given out, those competing should exchange their lists of spelled words. Radio then spells the words correctly and the papers may be graded.

Aside from promoting good spelling, such a program would have a tendency to promote speed and accuracy, two much desired attributes. Hoping I may be one of the winners, I am, MISS GERTRUDE OTTO, Edinburg, Ind.

* * *

Behind the Scenes

My contest idea follows: Let the personnel of any station put on a fifteen-minute playette depicting the intimate back-stage scenes that occur during the arranging of programs, etc. Surely there are amusing incidents that, with a little "dressing up" would prove entertaining and instructive to thousands.

I suggest the playette be apparently authentic, with the mike left open by "mistake."

Many loyal fans will never be able to visit a station, due to ill health, and being a "house plant" myself, I know what it would mean to get an air glimpse of a studio.—GLENN O'CONNOR, 9449 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Bedtime for Grownups

I submit the following suggestions for a "Short-Go" program:

A bedtime story hour for grownups. Elliott of Harvard once said, "Just before you go to sleep, picture to yourself the man you desire to be and no power on earth can keep you from being that man."

This gave the idea.

Listeners should be instructed to make themselves comfortable. How to drop all the cares of the day. How to relax. Then a period of soothing music, followed by a short talk by a student of psychology. The speaker's tone will have as much weight as his words.

Our ambitious boy, our tired business man, our entire audience, will drop off to sleep with his highest ideal indelibly stamped upon his subconscious mind and "no power on earth" can keep him from attaining that ideal.—STELLA MAE TRAVER, 219 N. Pearl, Joplin, Mo.

* * *

Checking Up Authors

My idea for a fifteen-minute program: Call it the "Musical Puzzle Game."

During those fifteen minutes present choruses of latest popular song hits. Ask

your audience to name the composition from which the up-to-date popular melody was taken. Have some little prize for the winner.

This will create quite a sensation and be an education to the public. My husband and I get great fun out of this game which we play many nights. Such an idea is adaptable to Radio parties where they can set their own prizes for the winner.

This is something novel and will greatly amuse your public. The evening after each program you might announce the titles of "stolen melodies," as well as the winner of the guessing contest.

Some time ago Lou White, the famous organist, presented such a program, only that he played first the modern song, and then the composition from which the melody was stolen.

Incidentally this may lead to better song writers and better songs.—MRS. JOSEPHINE BADER, P. O. Box 39, Hachita, New Mexico.

* * *

For the Older Boys

We have the bedtime story of the tiny tot, the music, addresses and announcements for the grownups, but what have we for the red-blooded boy of today that is really interesting to him.

Having chosen boys' work as a profession, I am naturally interested in anything that is of interest to the boy. One of the many interests which a boy possesses is the collection of postage stamps.

In my opinion, this is one of the finest hobbies that a boy could have; it is a fascinating, educating and thrifty pastime, and one in which a boy should be encouraged and instructed.

There are no tales more thrilling, gripping or life-like than those depicted on some of our foreign postage stamps. There you may find tales of conquest, war, mystery, revenge, discovery, history, racial and religious customs. Every one of those little adhesive labels is an art in itself and holds a wealth of information for those who care to explore them.

If you could arrange a program of stamp stories, information and instruction, you would be inaugurating a novel and interesting program, as well as doing a great service to the host of individual collectors and the numerous boy stamp clubs that are now in operation.

Not only would the boys welcome a program of this nature but the older collectors would appreciate it as well. There are more followers of this hobby than any other I know of, but most men are afraid to admit their interest for fear their neighbor would deride them through lack of understanding.

To assure you of the interest taken in this hobby, I would refer you to any of our leading stamp dealers, who will furnish data regarding the numbers and personages indulging in this kind of hobbies.—JAMES A. FARQUHARSON, Y. M. C. A., Capreol, Ont.

* * *

Ask Me Another

A short-go Radio program lasting fifteen minutes should be snappy and interesting so that the listener would be interested and entertained enough to stand by and not switch his dial to another station. I suggest a program like this:

The announcer would ask three or four questions about topics of current interest, such as those questions found in an "Ask Me Another" book, stating

at the time that the answers to these questions will be given at the end of the fifteen-minute period, after a short musical program. (This will consume about three minutes.) Then the orchestra in the studio will play about three popular numbers, maybe an instrumental solo included in the group. This group of tunes will last about eight or nine minutes, leaving the last three minutes to give the answers to the questions asked at the beginning of the period. Total time used—fifteen minutes.

The listener will try to make up the answers in his or her mind while the musical is going on, at the same time being entertained by the musical program.—A. M. SCHAUB, P. O. Box 410, Eufaula, Alabama.

* * *

Quartets and Yodelers—Forward!

I would like to enter the "Short-Go" program prize letter contest with this idea of a fifteen-minute program in the studio:

Snappy dance programs are popular to all listeners, but there are too many on the air every evening to choose from to hold a listener's attention for fifteen minutes when it is so easy to turn the dial for a chance of something different or better.

I think a good novelty male quartet is fine entertainment because of the variety they can offer. For instance, short, snappy selections bring out close harmony and hold the listeners attention wondering what is coming next. Words play a small part in a good quartet when they can imitate steamboats, train whistles and do other harmony tricks. Give the bass singer a chance to go down cellar and get a few notes to overcome monotony.

An unusual yodler also puts life and interest in a selection. A guitar or harmonica for a second goes well with male voices; too much music ruins the effect of a good quartet. Fifteen minutes goes quickly when the entertainment is good, and I am sure a real quartet can produce an excellent program. Quality novelty and harmony singers are not worn out by daily program repetition and phonograph records, like jazz bands, orchestras and soloists are, and very seldom the chain programs, which ninety per cent of the Radio fans listen to, offer this type of a program.—NED PILLEY, Sheridan, Wyoming.

* * *

Likes Impersonations

I was just reading about your contest for a "Short Go" program and I wondered if perhaps I might be able to assist you with some of my ideas.

First of all I think that a program of humorous impersonations would be enjoyable. For instance, the impersonation of an old woman describing her first picture show, or a party line "gossiping spree."

Then, too, there is the fellow who can "pound the ivories on a squeeze box." Have you ever heard many Radio fans complain about accordion music? I'll bet you haven't, because nearly everyone loves it.

Although there are some who won't agree, I have always been especially enthusiastic about a yodler. To me a yodler is almost a mystery. That, of course, makes it all the more interesting.

Another thing which we hear very little of and which, I believe, would

(Continued on page 126)

Man Tells Ladies About Meat Cuts

Radio Audience Learns Housekeeping Economies
From Local Meat Councils Over WEAF
and NBC Program Broadcasts

By Philip Smith

WHEN you hear one of your friends at the NBC studios announce that the title of the talk about to be given is "Feed Your Flock on Shepherd's Pie," or something which sounds equally like a slogan, you will know that you have tuned in to one of WEAF's regular features—a talk on meat broadcast by the author under the auspices of the New York City and Hudson County (New Jersey) Meat councils.

The purpose of these talks is to help the housewife to purchase meat intelligently and economically and prepare it to satisfy the taste of her family. She is told what to buy, how to buy and what to do with her purchase when she gets home. Even the seasons are taken into consideration, for in winter the housewife is told what meats will keep out the icy blasts, while in summer she is shown how simple it is to keep away from hot stoves by using the meats that are ready to serve without any cooking. The problem of varying the family fare is a difficult one and this, too, is discussed. Suggestions are offered for the use of left-overs and the proper method of balancing meals with all that it implies in the serving of foods with meat.

Judging by the number of letters to be answered every week there is a vast army of women who find the purchasing and preparing of meat a real problem on a limited budget. Even cooks with fifty years of experience to draw upon report that there is always something new to learn.

THE question is often asked, "How did the meat talks happen to start?" That's a long story, but let an "old timer" tell you a little about it. The meat councils, which, by the way, are local organizations of wholesalers and retailers, long recognized that housewives are using chops, steaks and roasts to the virtual exclusion of many lesser known and cheaper cuts of meat, simply because they did not know enough to do otherwise. They decided that a little education would be a real help to the woman who has to prepare three meals a day, and that the Radio offered the means.

John Cutting launched the talks at WJZ and brought them quickly into the limelight. In those days there wasn't any NBC, and WJZ and WEAF weren't under the same management or roof. WJZ had recently inaugurated the Woman's hour as a new departure and under the watchful eye of Miss Bertha Brainard we exercised the privilege of being the only men to broadcast in that period.

That was six years ago. People are still learning new things about meat and the audience has grown from many hundreds to many thousands and resides in more states than one has fingers. Some of the charter members of the first audience who were newlyweds now write in for aid in feeding families. And as for results? Cuts of meat that were practically unknown five years ago have become regular articles of fare in countless homes.

Now as to one more question which is asked frequently. It is rather personal. Can I cook? Probably suspicion was aroused some three years ago when I inadvertently called a dumpling a vegetable. The answer is that too many people will travel far to get a genuine home cooked meal for me to reply with any degree of personal safety.

Corned Beef Hash

2 cups chopped corned beef
2 cups cubed cold potatoes
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup stock or milk
2 tablespoons of bacon fat

Melt the fat in a frying pan, then add the chopped onion and brown it slightly. Add the remaining ingredients, well mixed. Sprad the mixture evenly in the pan and cook over a slow fire for about thirty minutes. It is best to cover the pan for the first fifteen or twenty minutes to allow the mixture to become thoroughly heated. If the hash is to be baked, allow about forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Planked Hash with Onions

Left-over meat
Cold boiled potatoes



THIS exceedingly good looking young man is none other than our famous food expert, Mr. Philip Smith, and you may believe that he knows his meats. Any housewife who hears over WEAF and the NBC can testify as to his knowledge. And now his audience should grow.

1 cup slightly stale bread

Bacon fat

1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, green pepper or pimiento.

Chop fine left over meat such as beef, corned beef or a combination of meats. Chop cold boiled potatoes and combine with meat, using four cups of potato to two of meat. Cut slightly stale bread into small cubes to make one cup and brown these slightly in bacon fat, add to the hash mixture, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoon finely chopped parsley and green pepper or pimiento. If the hash does not hold together, moisten with a little milk or stock.

Vegetable Stew with Dumplings (A One Dish Meal)

2 lbs. brisket, rump or chuck beef
Fat for searing beef
1½ cups boiling water
½ onion (chopped)
1 cup cubed carrots
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 cloves
1 cup cubed potatoes

Sear meat on all sides in hot fat, cover with boiling water. Add onion, carrots, vinegar and cloves. Simmer three and a half hours. Add cubed potatoes and cook 20 minutes. Add dumplings and cover. Boil ten minutes without removing the cover.



TWO Old Men and the Interlocutor of the Dutch Masters Minstrels, heard on Tuesday nights at 9:30 (EST) from WJZ and the NBC system. At left we see Al Bernard, with Percy Holmes the other End Man, and Steve Porter, Interlocutor.

Table of radio station frequencies and programs for Monday. Columns include Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs listed include Studebaker Champions, Maestro's Hour, Around The Samovar, The Persopdent Program, Russian Cathedral Choir, Radio Household Institute, National Farm and Home Hour, and Edison Program.

Table of radio station frequencies and programs for Monday. Columns include Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Programs listed include Eastern Physical Culture Magazine Hour, General Motors Family, Chesebrough Real Folks, Grand Opera Concert, Burns Panatela Country Club, Cabin Nights, Empire Builders, U. S. Army Band, Ceco Couriers, and A and P Gypsies.



HERE are the Glenn Sisters, Beatrice, left, and Ruth. They are harmonizing crooners with Roxy and His Gang Mondays at 7 P. M. (EST) over NBC.

Table listing radio stations and their frequencies across Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific time zones. Includes sections for Night Club Romances, The Persodent Program, and Abe Lyman's Orchestra.



WHEN Hank Simmons' Showboat company celebrated its birthday they did it right. A huge cake was presented to the members of the mythical floating playhouse by enthusiastic fans who enjoy the program each Wednesday over the Columbia system.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 10 a.m. to 11:30 p.m., including Ida Bailey Allen and Ducco Decorators.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 9 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., including Eveready Hour and Old Gold-Paul Whiteman Hour.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 11:15 a.m. to 11:55 p.m., including Radio Household Institute.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., including Patners in Prints and Around the World With Libby.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 8:15 p.m. to 9:15 p.m., including Pure Oil Band.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 12:30 p.m. to 1:30 p.m., including Soconyland Sketches and Williams Oilomatics.



Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 7:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m., including Pro-phy-lac-tic Program and Fada Salon Hour.

YOU don't even get a second guess on who this is. One tip is that he is heard on Thursday nights at 8 o'clock (EST) on the Fleischmann Sunshine Hour and his initials are R. V.

Table listing radio stations for Tuesday evening, 8:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., including Michelmen and Freed Orchestradians.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:30 p.m., Central 9:30, Mountain 8:30, Pacific 7:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Nat'l Broadcasting and Concert Bureau Program. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc). Lists stations like WFI, WIOD, KSD, WGR, WMC.

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc). Lists stations like WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KOA, WDAF, WRC, WMAQ, WLW.



REVELERS Revel over the National Broadcasting company chain Wednesday evenings when the Palmolive Hour comes through WEAF.

Friday. 10 a.m. 9 8 7. Lists radio stations for the day, including Ida Bailey Allen and National Home Hour.

NBC Music Appreciation Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc) WEAF (454.3-650). Lists stations like WSAI, WGY, WEA, WTIC, WEEI, WTAG, WFI, WGR, WCAE, WATM, KYW, WHO, WRC, WESH, WWTJ, WJAR, WKR, WCAU, WFLB, WFL, WFT, WFAA, WOI, WRVA.



A HANDSOME gentleman as well as an accomplished singer is Franklyn Baur, heard at 8 P. M. (EST) Mondays in the Firestone Hour over NBC.

Table with columns: Eastern 11 a.m., Central 10, Mountain 9, Pacific 8. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 12 n. Evening Stars, Central 11 a.m., Mountain 10 a.m., Pacific 9 a.m. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 1 p.m., Central 12 n., Mountain 11 a.m., Pacific 10 a.m. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 2 p.m., Central 1 p.m., Mountain 12, Pacific 11 a.m. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 5 p.m., Central 4, Mountain 3, Pacific 2. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 6:30 p.m., Central 5:30, Mountain 4:30, Pacific 3:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 7:30 p.m., Central 6:30, Mountain 5:30, Pacific 4:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 8 p.m., Central 7, Mountain 6, Pacific 5. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 9 p.m., Central 8, Mountain 7, Pacific 6. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 9:30 p.m., Central 8:30, Mountain 7:30, Pacific 6:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 10 p.m., Central 9, Mountain 8, Pacific 7. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 10:30 p.m., Central 9:30, Mountain 8:30, Pacific 7:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 11 p.m., Central 10, Mountain 9, Pacific 8. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 11:30 p.m., Central 10:30, Mountain 9:30, Pacific 8:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 12:30 a.m., Central 11:30, Mountain 10:30, Pacific 9:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.

Table with columns: Eastern 1:30 a.m., Central 12:30, Mountain 11:30, Pacific 10:30. Lists radio stations and call letters.



A LEAD in the Columbia System Show Folks program is played by Billie Dauscha. A sweet and wistful little lady is Billie, and a sweet actress.

Grand Opera Concert. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during a Grand Opera Concert.

11 p.m. St. Regis Hotel Orchestra. Meters Kc Call

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during The Pepsodent Program.

11:15 p.m. Slumber Music. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Slumber Music.

Saturday

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Saturday Tower Health Exercises.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Saturday Federation Morning Devotions.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Saturday 8:30 a.m. Cheerio.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions at 8:30 a.m.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions at 9:15 a.m.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions at 10 a.m.

11:15 a.m. Radio Household Institute. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Radio Household Institute.

1 p.m. National Farm and Home Hour. Key Station—WJZ (394.5m-760kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during National Farm and Home Hour.

7:30 p.m. Nit-Wit Hour. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Nit-Wit Hour.

8 p.m. Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. Key Station—WABC (348.6m-860kc) W2XE (49.2-6120)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

8:30 p.m. Lauderdale Lyrics. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Lauderdale Lyrics.

9 p.m. General Electric Hour. Meters Kc Call

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during General Electric Hour.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during 9 p.m. Longines Correct Time.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions at 9:30 p.m.

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions at 10 p.m.

10 p.m. Lucky Strike. Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Lucky Strike.

Paramount-Public Radio Hour. Key Station—2XE (49.2-6120); WABC (348.6-860)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Paramount-Public Radio Hour.

The Pepsodent Program, Amos 'n' Andy. Key Station—WMAQ (447.5m-670kc)

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during The Pepsodent Program.

Slumber Music. WREN 394.5 760 WJZ 245.8 1220 WRC 315.6 950

11:30 p.m. Charles Strickland Park Central Hotel Orchestra. Meters Kc Call

Table listing radio stations (Meters, Kc, Call) for Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific regions during Charles Strickland Park Central Hotel Orchestra.



A RARE treat for the loudspeakers when Vaughn de Leath steps up to the microphone in the NBC studios as the Concert Bureau hour goes on.

Harvey, James, Tenor-Announcer, KOMO.

Hassenbalg, A. Leroy, Commercial Representative of The Chicago Daily News station and announcer who served on many of the World's fair contest band concerts over WMAQ last summer.

Hastings, Annette, NBC soprano at San Francisco. Annette sings blues with the Musical Musketees dance band.

Hastings, Don, Announcer, WBBM.

Hatfield, Ruth, Blues Singer, Pianist, WHB.

Hatrack, George, Baritone, WWNC.

Hatton, Jimmie, Tenor, NBC, Chicago.

Haufmann, Harry J., Violinist, WDAF.

Haupt, James, Tenor, WAPI, was in 1923 member of announcing staff of WEAJ and associated with National Grand opera until August, 1929, now soloist and director of choir of Independent Presbyterian church, Birmingham.

Hauptmann, Liborius, famous Viennese Director, now directing the Pacific Salon orchestra heard over stations of the ABC Western Network from the San Francisco studios at KYA, came to America as an electrical engineer. He found the director's baton easier to wield and with his thorough training in music from boyhood, became indispensable to American musical productions.

Haury, William, Pianist and Organist, WLAC.

Haverlin, Carl, Commercial Manager, KFI. Formerly with Morgan Ballet; author and playwright.

Havrilla, Alois, Announcer. He was born in the foothills of a Czecho-Slovakian Mountain range and came to Bridgeport, Conn., at an early age. Graham McNamee was announcing a program from Carnegie Hall when he heard Havrilla's voice and was so impressed by it that he invited him to come to WDAF, New York, for an audition. National Broadcasting Company.

Hawaiian Trio, Minyan, Coral, Samuel Haliolo, KMA.

Hawk, Robert. Early morning risers who tune in on WJJD, Chicago, are sure to hear the pleasant voice of Mr. Hawk, whose quaint "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" brings to modern Radio the salutation of the "Town Crier" of old. Although he has been in Radio for two years, he holds the distinction of being the youngest announcer in Chicago. Previous to his connection with WJJD, Mr. Hawk's voice was heard as Announcer for Station WMBB, Chicago.

Hawkins, Frederick E., Announcer, WEEL.

Hawkins, Mrs. S. B., Contralto, WLAC.

Haworth, Carl, The Singing Banjoist, KHQ.

Hay, Bill—The one and only Bill Hay, formerly announced Correll and Gosden as Sam 'n' Henry for WGN and now performs the same service for them over WMAQ as Amos 'n' Andy. In fact, the only announcer Correll and Gosden can work with successfully. Without Bill, Amos 'n' Andy would lose a bit of its delightful and entertaining perfection. A Scotchman, and proud of it, Bill does not stop with only announcing. His deep mellow bass voice comes forth regularly over WMAQ with Auld Sandy, a delightful burring voice in Scottish tunes and poetry. He is remembered for his KFKX, Hastings, Neb.

Hay, George, Director-Announcer WSM. "Solomon Old Judge." Gold Cup Announcer of 1924. He began his Radio career as a newspaper man. When the Memphis Commercial Appeal started WMC, it fell to George Hay to put on the programs incidental to his Radio page. His announcing was so individual and had such an appeal for the public that it soon became his real job. George Hay was the announcer who introduced the Mississippi river boat whistle. When he left WMC for WLS, Chicago, they substituted a steam whistle for the river whistle. From WLS he went to WSM where he is still presiding at the microphone. Not only has Mr. Hay won fame as an announcer, he has written a book called "Howdy, Judge."

Hay Mow Five, Old Time Musical Organization, KSO.

Haydn Male Quartet, WADC.

Hayes, Clarence, "The Voice of the South," heard from the San Francisco studios of NBC in Southern programs.

Haynes, Zola, Staff Organist, Pianist, Director of Home Folks Hour, Sunday Evening Classics, KYW.

Hays, Billy, Director of his own orchestra, which broadcasts exclusively for WCAU and records for Victor.

Hays, Harvey, Specials, NBC.

Heasty, Mrs. Walter, Soprano, WAPI.

Heath, Mrs. Julian, Home Economics Expert, National Broadcasting Company.

Heather, Oscar, Assistant Announcer, Publicity, WENR-WBCN.

Hector, Charles, Musical Director, WNAC.

Hederstrom, Oscar, Baritone, WDAF.

Hedges, Helen, popular Coloratura Soprano who has added The Chicago Daily News station's music loving audience to her already large following in concert and church work.



Hedges, William S., a leading light in the world of Radio broadcasting, not in the artistic sense but in the capacity of a power behind the scenes. His services to broadcasting before the Federal Radio commission and in other meetings which have gone to the further betterment of the industry were universally acknowledged this year with his unanimous election to the presidency of the National Association of Broadcasters. Combining wide journalistic experience with business and broadcasting acumen, Mr. Hedges has done much to bring the two fields together. He is secretary of the newly formed Press Wireless, Inc., which serves journalism as a nationwide newsgathering agency using Radio instead of the much slower cable and telegraph lines. He entered the field when he was made Radio editor of The Chicago Daily News seven years ago, a position which he still holds.

Heimuelor, Louise, Soprano, KWK.

Heinrichs, Hilda, Cellist, WMBB-WOK.

Heiny, Capt. J. D., Announcer, WOS.

Heitfeld, Fred, Conducts Nightly Musical Review at KFSD. One of sponsors of Twilight Symphony.

Hello Girls, Flo and Eda, Popular Numbers, WJR.

Helper, Morris, Director of Publicity, Announcer, KOA.

Heminghaus, Leo, Baritone Soloist, KSTP.

Heminghaus, Paula, Contralto, NBC.

Hemingway, Lee, Violin, Viola, KFAB.

Hemming, Robert, WHAM.

Hemus, Percy, Specials, NBC.

Henderson, A. Lec, Sports Announcer of Ohio State Games, WEAO.

Henderson, Harriet, Soprano, KMTR.

Henry, Bob, Scotch Songs, WLS.

Henry, Dave, Program Director, Announcer, WDAY. Started as director of amateur plays, later was with advertising agency in Duluth. Has a baritone voice.

Henniger, George, Popular Organist, WSUN.

Henningsen, Walter, Director of Orchestra, Flutist, KOMO.

Henry, Evelyn, Blues Singer, KFLA.

Henry, Tal, and His North Carolinians, NBC.

Herbert, Mrs. T. L., Pianist, WSM.

Herbiveau, Jules, KYW Orchestra Leader. Born Utica, New York, not long enough ago to remember when Dewey took Manila or when the Cherry Sisters took vegetables. Mother was a noted concert pianist and little Julie had to take music of one sort or another until he was old enough to hide his instrument under the front porch and spend his lesson money for other items better appreciated by boyhood. Attended schools as fast as new ones were found that did not hear about the last one. This includes both Canada and United States. Was well on his way to be a civil engineer when the war broke out. After some light experience with cafe life in La Belle France, he decided that the musicians had most of the fun and none of expense, so he betook himself to his saxophone and has been holding one ever since. Recordings for Brunswick, the largest dance hall in the country, the famous Palmer House, Chicago, the National Broadcasting Company, road tours and since September, 1928, KYW.

Herget, Jahnne, Piano-Accordionist, KWK.

Herrick, Robert, Character Sketches, KMOK.

Hewitt, Foster, Broadcasts Canadian Sports over CFCB, the Toronto Daily Star station. Hewitt, as well as broadcasting rugby, hockey, boxing bouts, baseball, regattas and national events in the past six years, has handled the last two Wrigley championship swims for Canadian National Exhibition.

Hewitt, Ray, Announcer, KFWE.

Heyn, Hugo, Marimbaphonist, WOW.

Hibbs, Maude, KEX Girl, most popular blues singer on Pacific Coast.

Hickman, John, Baritone Singer, KSTP.

Higgs, James H., Advertising and Sales, KMOK.

Higgy, R. C., Director of WEAO.

High Twelve Male Trio, W. Vance McCune, W. J. Schoenfeld, A. E. Wright, WHB.

Hilbish, Stuart, Director Hilly's Orchestra, WADC.

Hillman, Jack, Bass, KPO.

Hillpnt, William, Baritone, NBC.

Hilsinger, Jack, Accordion Player, KSTP.

Hine, Marie M., Organist, KVOO.

Hiner, Al, Pianist, KFH.

Hines, Ken, Tenor, WMAK.

Hinton, Elizabeth, Ranson, Coloratura Soprano, WHB.

Hiram and Henry are two of the most popular entertainers over WIBW. Hiram is the younger of the two, being still in his twenties, and was reared on a farm in Shawnee county. His real name is Trulan Wilder. He plays the harmonica, sings and in general makes "merry" for everybody. Henry's real name is Merle Housh. He is the announcer of the Alarm Clock Club. Henry plays the guitar, and is proficient with the "steel." He also announces their programs. Both boys sing, having a repertoire of over 500 songs. They always appear in costume in public and occasionally behind the mike. They fill many outside engagements, including theatre and community affairs.



Hite, Mrs. Harvill, Violinist and Member of Nashville Symphony Orchestra, WLAC.

Hittenmark, Gordon A., Announcer and Assistant Sales Manager of KVOO. Previously with Northern Stations including WOC, WHO, WOW. Also appears in musical roles frequently, having pleasing Radio tenor voice. Twenty-six years old, five feet, nine inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, single.

Hobart, Henry, Tenor Extra-Ordinary, WFLA.

Hobbs, Catherine, Women Director, WCSH.

Hobbs, Frank, Clarinetist, Cellist, Saxophone, WNAX.

Hoelze, Elmer G., "The Radio Voice From Virginia," Studio Director, Program Manager, Senior Announcer, WRVA.

Hoffman, Jack, Tenor, KVOO.

Hoffman, Mrs. Daisy, Pianist, WLAC.

Hoffman, Walter R., Chief Engineer, WWJ.

Hogan, Ella D., Soprano, WLAC.

Hogan, Homer, General Manager, KYW-KFKX. Born in Marquette, Michigan. Educated at St. Thomas College and cast about for a career that would test his pent up Irish mettle. He found it in newspaper fields. For the past fifteen years he has functioned successfully in all of the reportorial and promotional activities of metropolitan newspaper enterprises. On leaving college he associated with the Chicago Herald and Examiner as reporter, in which capacity he covered everything from society to crime stories. Leaving the Herald and Examiner for a short time he became an editor for the Associated Press, and then tried his hand as partner of one of Chicago's publicity agencies. Eventually he returned to the Herald and Examiner, where he ruled as City Editor for six years. He was appointed head of the Herald and Examiner Radio activities in 1926. The newspaper then had but an hour a day on WEBB. In three years he has developed the department to employ two score of busy workers on one of the country's largest full time highpower stations, KYW and KFKX. Married? Sincerely! Hobby—cutting the huge lawn at his home, 6577 Winthrop avenue.

Hollingsworth, Tenor, KFAB.

Hollinshead, Tenor, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Hollinthead, Waldemar, Baritone, KOIN.

Hollway, Harrison, Manager, Chief Announcer, KFR.

Hollowell, Miss Frank, Pianist, WLAC.

Hollywood Sunnybrook Orchestra, WWJ.

Hololulu Trio, WADC.

Holstein, Edgar, Director of Music Masters Dance Orchestra, WAPI.

Honeychurch, Dick, Pianist, WSM.

Hood, Elmo C., Pianist, WSM.

Hood, Ina Harrison, Popular Contralto, KEX.

Hook 'Em Cow Quartet, KSTP. Howard Peterson, First Tenor; Charles Regan, Second Tenor; Howard Scannell, Baritone; Virgil Peters, Bass. Sing at varied periods over KSTP.

Hoover, Mrs. Henry, Soprano, WLAC.

Hoover, Mrs. J. Webster, Program Director, KJR.

Hopkins, Barry, NBC reader at San Francisco.

Hopper, DeWolf, Specials, NBC.

Hopper, John, Pianist, KJR.

Hopple, Mary, Contralto, NBC.

Horlick, Harry, Director of A. & P. Gypsies, National Broadcasting Company.

Horn, Charles W., Superintendent of Radio Relations of the Westinghouse Elec. and Mfg. Co. He has served with the United States Navy and the United Fruit Company, and made extensive investigations and installations in all the countries of Central America. He has also traveled in South America and the West Indies. While in service of the Navy he installed the first Radio compasses ever installed on any coast.

Horn, Eleanor, Pianist, WSM.

Horst, Corene, known to WNAX fans as "Corene," the concert orchestra pianist, accompanies this and other musical organizations at WNAX most artistically. And—she is married.

Hinton, Bert, National Players, NBC at San Francisco. Bert has appeared in more than 300 plays since he became an exclusive NBC artist. He formerly played in the affiliated station KGO at Oakland, Calif.

Horwitz, Edward, Horn, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

Hoskins, Cecil, Operator, WWNC.

Intel Lowry Orchestra, Morris Jeffry, Leader, WCCO.

Hotel President String Ensemble, WDAF.

Houdek, Mrs. Carl, Whistler, WOC.



Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the January Radio Digest. The number of Radio entertainers has grown so appreciably it would take too much space out of one magazine to print the complete list. But you can keep each issue with the succeeding installments until you have the whole list of Who's Who in Radio complete.



Meeting the hijackers' attack.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 43)

The bark of a police dog which Barr ordered back below so that he might help us aboard unhampered, showed that here was class, no ordinary rum-runner like the one we had just seen.

As Deitz, Kennedy and I came over the rail, we saw that there were several others on the boat poking their heads out of a cabin hatch.

YOUNG EVERSLEY BARR seemed overjoyed to see somebody from land. In a general clatter of tongues we managed to pass not unnoticed but without being inquired about too closely inasmuch as we came sponsored by Deitz and must therefore be O. K. Kennedy was introduced merely as "Mr. Kendrick."

"Why—what's the terrible thing that's happened?" inquired Deitz. "You mean about that girl, Lola Langhorne, that was found dead? Too bad. Too bad about your boat, too. I suppose it will be libelled and seized and put up for sale. They found stuff on it. But you needn't worry about that. My 'legal department' will take care of buying that back. It really amounts to a fine, or a license. Too bad—but they could make it worse—and cost more."

"Oh, hang the boat!" muttered Barr. "I'm not worried about the 'Gigolo.' But Lola—what happened to her?"

Deitz shrugged. One life more or less in this game, even his own, I verily believe, made little difference. The Atlantic was a busy ocean, never so busy since Drake, when bold English sea-pirates lay in wait for Spanish galleons. The new piracy was less romantic than the old, but more active—and a lot more money in it than even in galleons. Deitz's bravado was justified; it was also safer than in the old days. Of course there was nothing going on—yet fortunes were being made in Canada and the Bahamas. About once a month the Coast Guard announced the sea was again clear of rum runners. No one ever stopped to think that if it had been clear the month before there was nothing to announce, then, the month after. Still the smuggling went on accompanied by piracy. It was a game, just a game. Deitz might well smile. Chances had to be taken either one way or the other.

"You shrug, Deitz; but that doesn't answer anything. Some-

one killed Lola Langhorne. She didn't kill herself!"

"No." Deitz was positive in his negative. Apparently that was all that interested him in it. "How are things since you moved down this way from up the coast?" Changing the subject.

"Things have been a little quiet, Deitz," answered Barr. "The revenuers are snooping around and since this—er—mix-up there's been nothing doing. I got a notification from the Bank that your certified check was deposited, as agreed. But by golly how glad I'll be to get back on solid ground again!" Barr shook his head in the depths of his sheepskin collar, as he clutched at a shroud of the mainmast to steady himself in the pitching.

"**HUMPH!** It's a good thing that it's a custom of the trade—and you have your check!" growled Deitz. "The warehouse was raided by McNaught and his men not twelve hours after the stuff was in it—and I'm the goat. . . . But you have to expect those little things, now and then." Deitz tossed it off as lightly as even a big operator in this great American game may over a loss of some sixty thousand dollars or more.

Down in the cabin I thought that the two girls, Trixie Dare and Jean Bartow, were more bored than Barr. It looked as if time now were hanging heavy on a crowd who were eager to get away—could it be?—from one another.

Trixie seemed to keep pretty close to Don the Dude Donato, and there didn't seem to be anything else for Jean to do but make up to Warner Davis. Barr spoke to her only when she spoke to him, and I thought that was rather often. I could see none of the enthusiasm that Mazie Mellish had been telling us that existed the night they all made up to go to Nassau for the hootch.

"I've brought out a couple of customers—these acquaintances of yours, Barr," said Deitz jerking his thumb at Kennedy and me finally, when we got settled in the cabin. They're a couple of wise ones. Before they buy any stuff from me they want to do a little tasting. Their clientele, they say, will take nothing but the best and they must get it. If we can get together, some way, I'll be responsible for getting the stuff ashore."

Barr went over to a cabinet, opened it, and brought out a couple of bottles, both five-starred. Kennedy and I sampled

them. They were the real stuff; there was no doubt about that. I would have been more vehement in praising the mildness and smoothness of it, except for the fact that I knew a sale as Deitz looked upon sales would tax the combined resources of Kennedy and myself if it ever went through. Deitz was a high pressure salesman. I felt our salvation was in Kennedy's sales' resistance. Accordingly I lay low, Barr, now, on the other hand, seemed a bit more pleased with life, a little brighter under adversity, a quality that, I reflected, had almost fled from millions ashore.

"Pity the poor landlubbers on a night like this!" exclaimed Deitz, always extracting a grain of humor to lighten life. He did not drink, however. Instead, he poured a few drops into the hollow of one palm, then rubbed his palms together, and held both, cupped, up to his nose to smell the bouquet. It was an action I had not seen for many a day with liquor salesmen. Then he took a sip in his mouth, rolled it about, tasted it and spit it out.

"You may look, Deitzie old boy," he smiled to himself at the bottles, "but you must not drink."

"Yes," I reminisced. "Touch not—taste not—handle not!"

HE SHOOK his head. "Touch it—taste it—handle it—but don't drink it!"

I turned to Warner and Jean. They seemed to be the most silent and glum. "What do you think of living on a rum-runner?" I asked, trying to get acquainted.

"Well it's rather slow up here, just now," returned Warner. Jean just frowned a present dislike.

But it started things, reminiscences from Trixie Dare. It seemed that a week ago, with many thousands of dollars' worth of whiskeys, wines, gins, and rare cordials in the hold, and a blue sky overhead with soft, mellow breezes, it had been different. I gathered from the reminiscences that before the week had passed the cargo had been lessened by many cases.

It was a picture of canned music on a portable talking machine and of jazz over the Radio from New York and other cities, dancing by moonlight, kisses pledged with quarts of Pol Roger and chased by clinkers of Cliquot, in the land where thousands of the pleasure-seekers were vacationing already. This was booze buccaneering par excellence. I felt that the author of "Treasure Island," if he were alive today, would not lack for new and bizarre material.

But up north, on the wrong side of the turbid Gulf Stream, it was different.

"Then you don't like it much," I pursued with Warner Davis.

"Well, you see," unburdened Warner further, "my job since we've been up here has been, a good deal, to cart the stuff ashore. Most of the time Ev Barr's been sort of supercargo, out here. But I can't do any of even that, now. It seems they're watching and it's too risky. On Long Island we had things rigged and could afford to take chances. Now we've got to start all over again. And then someone has to stay here with the girls. We can't leave them alone out here." He waved his hand generally toward the fleet. "Something might happen."

Trixie and Don joined in the conversation. "Has there been time yet for the authorities to get anywhere on that Lola Langhorne case?" inquired Don.

"They're not telling what they know," I covered in my answer, watching him narrowly.

I saw that Trixie had been watching him, too, and her lips moved as if framing a question.

Chapter IX.

SUSPICIONS

TRIXIE narrowed her eyes shrewdly as she waited for an opportunity to shoot the question.

"Mr. Johnson," she addressed me, "I don't suppose you know, but have they seen or heard anything of Judy Hancock since she disappeared?"

It was like the shock of a dash of cold water in the face to me, Trixie's tone as well as the question. Had her intuition penetrated my alias and did the girl know a good deal more about Craig and me than she was showing? Or was it just chance?

"It seems mighty funny to me that she should run away or whatever has happened to her, just at this time!" she pursued. "We'd know more if she would send on that wave-length we agreed on with that wireless of hers. Seems to me I'd stayed and seen it through." Trixie looked at Don for corroboration but she didn't get much in that direction. Don was preoccupied with his own thoughts and ill at ease over something.

"This thing about Lola Langhorne has cast a gloom over the whole business!" exclaimed Trixie. "Before that, everything was going good. It's too darn bad!"

Yet did I detect a sort of relief in the tone of this girl over the demise of Lola, rather than depression, as though one who might have caused personal trouble in some affair of her heart was thus fortunately taken out of the way? There was something there, but I could not make it out clearly yet.

"Let's not talk about it!" This was from Jean, with a little

shiver of the shoulders. "Let's cut the gloom stuff!"

"Yes—why bring that up?" Don the Dude seemed impatient, though he was taciturn on the subject. Again I found myself wondering and trying to look through the glass darkly.

"Well, then," noticed Trixie quickly, "I wish some of you men would start something. It's a great life—if you don't weaken."

IT WAS just one of those smart trite remarks, that didn't I mean a thing yet sounded like something. Warner Davis looked up at it. "Yes—I think the less we think of that murder, or whatever it really was, maybe the better off we'll be out here. Of course we here are all accounted for. But there's others . . . It seems darn funny Jake Merck, for instance, hasn't shown up out here. And then that raid Deitz was telling about. I wonder what Jake's up to—eh?"

"Maybe he's hunting up Judy," put in Jean. "Maybe they're in together."

Trixie elevated her eyes in a superior manner. "Not in the same class—them two—exactly."

"I don't know. I hear about lots of heiresses that fall for chauffeurs," defended Jean. "It's not ridic, Trix."

I could see that Kennedy was listening in on this interchange and at the same time doing his best to satisfy Deitz and Barr as they discussed quality, quantity, price and delivery. He was trying to shade the price on the basis of twenty-five hundred cases costing \$37,500 in Nassau and selling for \$100,000 here, with a price of \$250,000 for them in the city.

"That Langhorne case is going to cause plenty of excitement in the papers," I volunteered.

On the subject of the murder of Lola none of them seemed to want to talk much. Each was watching and weighing the words of the other. Was there a feeling of mutual suspicion?

"I'm afraid, if I was out here and one of you," joined in Craig, "I'd be so interested to know who it was got her and for what that I'd forget about the hootch business. Was she very pretty?"

"Wonderful!" nodded Don, quietly. "Some—"

He cut short whatever Broadway slang he was about to utter. He had caught the eye of Trixie. It would never do to praise another in this army of beauties where all are generals. Or was there a deeper explanation? Had someone something to conceal?

"I thought when we were coming aboard that you seemed worried over it; that's all." Kennedy said it tentatively, almost apologetically. I knew he was "fishing." "Have you done anything about it? You must have some suspicions."

The little party looked from one to the other. There was a return to the former constraint. It was as though no one seemed to want even to think what was in their minds.

Kennedy turned to Barr. "Did Lola Langhorne have any personal enemies?" he persisted.

"I DON'T know. I don't think so." Yet the very tone was such as to lead me to conclude that Barr did know something at least which he did not care to say to a stranger.

"Of course I don't know anything about this racket," Craig pursued. "But in the trade I've heard Captain Ryder Smith and the 'Alert' mentioned. Who is he and where is he?" He looked about at Deitz. "He might be the one to huckster this stuff ashore provided we get together."

Deitz shook his head. "I'll take care of that. I'd rather. Besides, they don't seem to know where he is or his boat either."

"What do you mean? He hasn't just dropped out of sight, has he?"

"Almost like that," cut in Barr quickly. "We were operating his boat and he was really in charge of my 'Gigolo,' with Lola."

"Any friction between them?"

"No; quite the contrary. I think Lola found the old salt interesting."

Kennedy nodded. "Of course, I don't know anything except the gossip I heard ashore. But it seems to me that they said that Warner Davis was operating the trawler 'Alert' and that Miss Bartow was staying with Judy Hancock."

"Yes, I was." Jean Bartow was quick with her explanation. "But the trawler developed some trouble with her engine on Warner's last trip in, couldn't make any speed at all, so after she was unloaded, he let the crew take her to the yard in Greenport where they said Captain Smith always had his work done. He was coming back to the 'All Alone' in the big motor dory and I was tired of doing nothing, so I said I'd go with him."

"So that's how you got out here," nodded Kennedy. "Well, the gossip wasn't so very far wrong then, after all, except they don't know about taking the dory."

"I think you were pretty brave to go out in a small boat like that," I smiled.

"What, an Atlantic dory like that?" she returned. "Remember, the 'All Alone' wasn't off Sandy Hook then. It was off Block Island, about. Why, that dory would be safe in a pretty rough sea in the ocean. That's what they're built for."

"I still admire your nerve," I insisted in complimenting.

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Ford and Glenn in Greenwich Village

(Continued from page 10)

of diverting the dangers of a more personal controversy:

"The truth is that Greenwich Village is mere tautology."

Glenn grinned: "I knew there was something wrong with it!"

Ford, interested, exclaimed:

"Is that so?"

"Here's how: the word *vich* comes from the Saxon word *wick*, which means *town* or *village*. A long time ago when this part of Manhattan Island was one of many scattered towns——"

"Were there Indians around here then?" broke in Glenn.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" and big Ford placed a weighty hand on Glenn's shoulder.

"It was simply called Green Village," I said.

"How do you know that?"

"Shame on you!"

"Well, can he prove it?" insisted Glenn. "I'd like to get a-hold of some of those authors who have been writing all those stories about Greenwich Village being made up of pretty girls and wicked people."

"Then what would you do?"

"I'd make 'em prove it!"

"Let me substitute!" cried I. "Come on!"

In quiet Commerce Street we took up the line of march from Cherry Lane toward Seventh Avenue, and beyond that toward Washington Square. Somewhere between the Lane and the Square we stopped, went down some steps, sat for a few moments at rough benches. It was a dingy cellar with sawdust on the floor. Glenn saw two pretty girls, marked it down in his note book. The place looked wicked, too. But the Italian proprietor and his wife who served the *vin rouge* in cheap and heavy glasses, were both fat, taciturn, and peace loving. Most of the men looked like students—possibly writers, or painters. It was just one of those inoffensive Village places made not for the tourist, but for the real Villager who likes to sit sipping serenely.

Emerging, I said:

"These places are hard to find."

"I guess you're right," agreed Glenn. "Just think of it—even the police haven't been able to find this one!"

He looked at all of us for applause in the form of a smile, a nod, a laugh. Nobody spoke, so he kept on looking. On the curb, balancing himself up and down on his toes, whistling good-naturedly and marking a lazy rhythm as he tapped his night-stick against a fire-plug, stood a big and burly Irish policeman.

"I'm glad we all drank gingerale!" said Glenn.

"Let's hurry on to 105 McDougal—Piemonte's Restaurant is another place little known by tourists—and the food is wonderful!"

"How's the gingerale?" questioned Glenn.

THIS part of the Village, almost entirely Italian, is just as frowsy and unkempt as streets in Naples or Florence. Children ran among us, undisturbed by our presence in the fulfillment of their games. Hucksters with push carts cried their wares. Cats growled at each other. Men congregated in groups, talking, laughing loudly. Women held, watched, yelled at, spanked babies. Boys in the middle of the street played ball, screaming defiance and instructions at each other.

At Piemonte's we found the little upper room, as usual, empty —its four white-covered tables and vacant chairs uninviting. But from below came the hum of excitement. We circled back of the hidden stairway, descended, found ourselves in an underworld of soft smoke and frivolous chatter. Mike, the proprietor, found for us a big table, and we six sat down to a dinner of antipastos, minestrone soup, roast duck and pheasant, Neapolitan ice-cream and tasty demi-tasse.

"Now," I said, "this place is different every night. Apparently there's more business tonight than eccentric conduct, so I suggest that we go on to Marie's where we may see some of the real nuts of the Village."

"Where's Marie's?"

"On Washington Square."

"At last," cried Little Glenn. "And will George be there?"

"What George?"

"George who?"

Glenn laughed. "Well, Ford," he said, "you thought you knew so much about geography and grammar—but what about your history?"

"Now, now, young man, you must have some foolish thought in the back of your head."

"No foolish head back of my thoughts! Well, that's a good one! We're going to Washington Square, and when I ask if George will be there, you don't even catch on! That's too funny!"

We were now passing out of the deserted upper room of the restaurant. At the same time a young couple—he with wide eyes, slouch hat, cadaverous face; she with pretty painted lips, flashing eyes, dainty dress, captivating perfume—were entering.

"I know who that is," whispered Glenn.

"Of course you don't," reprimanded Ford. "You can't possibly know who that is."



Fred Smith

"Oh yes I do—that's one of those writers who write about the wickedness of pretty girls in Grinij Villagel!"

We soon were approaching Washington Square, that wide expanse of park where lovers promenade, matrons take their babies for air, Weary Willies recline upon benches, business-like Villagers hurry homeward from Fifth Avenue buses.

WE STOPPED on the corner to take in the Square, where clearly we saw every detail in the moonlight, even the distant, flashing fountain.

"So peaceful!" sighed Ford.

"It hasn't always been," I volunteered. "They used to hang men right over there."

Glenn, in frightened voice: "Right over where?"

I continued: "The City of New York, which, as you know was located primarily at the point of Manhattan Island, was a long distance from here in the early days. There was a Potter's field way up in the country—somewhere near the present Madison Square—and New Yorkers decided to find a closer burying ground for their poor and friendless. So they purchased a strip of land, most of which is Washington Square today."

Shivering Glenn queried: "So they would hang the poor people first, and then bury them right here?"

"Of course not!" expostulated Ford. "They simply used this bit of ground for the gallows and the grave."

"The gallows and the grave!" repeated Glenn mechanically.

"Well," I consoled, "they didn't always use the gallows."

"But they hung 'em?"

"Yes, from the limb of a huge elm tree?"

"Who dug all those graves?"

"A chap by the name of Daniel Megie—that is, Dan was the last of the grave-diggers in Washington Square."

"Did the gold-diggers cheat him out of his job?"

"Not exactly. The Potter's Field was moved in 1823. That's why Dan lost his job."

"I see—some other politician beat him out of it!"

"I don't know about that. But one of the great politicians of those early days lived right around here someplace."

"Who was that?"

"Aaron Burr."

"Oh, he was the fellow who gave up the fort!"

"You must be thinking of Benedict Arnold," put in Ford.

"No. I wasn't thinking of anybody. But it is true that I always get Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold mixed."

"Why is that?"

"I could never figure it out, except maybe because they were the only two early American leaders who got caught grafting."

While talking, we had moved gradually along the broad sidewalk on the south side of the Square, and, nearly to the South-

(Continued on page 120)

JACK: If you think I'm mixed up in this, Sleepy, you're crazy. (Left to right: Ted, Madge, Jack, Sleepy and Polis).



Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 31)

ANNOUNCER: Well, it seems to us that it should be easy to find our story here tonight. There's a large crowd, and everyone seems to be living a life to the full. We've just had a conference with our little friend the cigarette girl—she who has guided us to not a few of our Night Club Romances, and she has made some interesting suggestions that we might do well to follow up. She's pointed out several celebrities here, all of whom seem to be having as good a time as the unknowns with whom they are rubbing elbows. For the present, though, we're going to go over and eavesdrop a bit on the couple beside that fountain over there. Perhaps they will furnish us with our Night Club Romance for tonight. Come on!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP FULL UNTIL CUE (—).

MADGE: Ted, I wish we hadn't come here tonight.

TED: Why do you say that, Madge?

MADGE: I don't know. But I have a funny feeling about it, that's all.

TED: Oh—come on—don't be that way, Madge. This is no time to be glum. Why the long face?

MADGE: I'll tell you, Ted. Coming here has made me think of Jack Wilson.

TED: Yeah? Well—that's no compliment to me!

MADGE: I don't mean it that way, Ted. But—Jack and I used to come here a lot, before—before—

TED: Before he got fired off the "Clarion," eh? Might as well be frank about it.

MADGE: Ted—why was Jack discharged from the paper?

TED: Several reasons. Plagiarism, among others. And letting good stories slip through his hands.

MADGE: I don't believe those things about Jack, Ted.

TED: Well, of course I'm only a reporter for the "Clarion," the same as he was, but I happen to know the facts.

MADGE: I never could get dad to say anything about it.

TED: You won't find the managing editor of a newspaper talking much out of hours, anyway. They're usually good competition for the sphinx.

MADGE: Have you heard anything about what Jack's doing, Ted?

TED: No. He started out to go to the dogs, and I guess he'll make out all right. Last time I saw him was in a speak-easy down the line a bit—he was pretty well canned, and hardly knew me. Of course that made me feel pretty low—his not knowing me, I mean!

(Continued on page 108)

Table with columns: LOCATION, CALL, Meters, Kc., Watts, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, LOCATION. It lists broadcast schedules for various stations across the United States, including call letters, frequencies, and daily transmission times.

Table with columns: LOCATION, CALL, Meters, Kc., Watts, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, LOCATION. It lists radio station frequencies and call letters for various cities across the United States and Canada.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 89)

"But what about Captain Ryder Smith?" reverted Kennedy. "What became of him? When was he last seen? It seems to me that must be important—if you care about it."

"WE DO care," hastened Barr. "And it is a mystery. That last load on the 'Gigolo' left the tanker here with Lola and Cap'n Ryder—and that's the last we've seen or heard of him—until we get word as all the rum fleet does about things and we hear about the 'Gigolo' drifting, picked up by the revenue boat and Lola dead. That's when we got the tip to move along down the coast and came here. But I'm worried—and I don't mind who knows it."

"Did she have a quarrel with anyone—or did anyone have a quarrel over her?" I asked, recalling some things Judy had told.

"Say!" broke in Don angrily. "It's bad enough to have had it happen—but that's a bit fresh—from an outsider. Let it drop! Let the police do the work—with gossip!"

Just then there was a series of explosions outside. We forgot to argue and poked our heads out. Any happening out there is like a special extra in the city. It was the other rum-runner we had been aboard, getting under way with her gas kicker.

"I wonder if they've repealed the Volstead Act—or maybe the dry navy's going to run amuck again on the high seas!" Deitz was bound to make his jocose cracks.

It fell flat. The kicker was soon getting the schooner under way. But instead of going out to sea or moving up the line for a better position, she was ranging over toward us.

Suddenly there was a volley of pistol and rifle shots and the glass of our cabin windows was shattered.

With a muttered oath Barr drew an automatic and returned the compliment, but the range was just a little too great for accuracy, nor was the slippery, heaving footing on the old tanker conducive to good marksmanship. Don was firing wildly, too. He was a tea-room gunman, a drug-store cowboy. At least so he impressed me.

In spite of the scattered fusillade from our light arms, on came the schooner, ranging up alongside.

"Hand over that stuff of yours!" boomed a thick voice in a megaphone, borne by the wind.

"Like hell we will!" That was Barr's defi, as he re-loaded.

Pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—

One of the water casks on the deck rolled—cut in half!

"Gad! They've got a Lewis gun!" muttered Barr, helplessly.

"Surrender!" boomed the thick voice over the waves. "And be damn quick about it!"

Chapter IX.

HI-JACKERS!

THERE was no immediate reply. For, a small boat, one on a sort of hootch-shopping expedition, some private cruiser, ranged along. It was full of well-bundled-up fellows and girls, singing—and they were carrying a good deal aboard themselves, as well as in the hold. They were, as one might say, half-seas over. Evidently they had heard of bargains and had come out for the lark, doing their shopping early. They ranged up nearer to see the fun. Not a befuddled head among them seemed to realize what it was all about.

"Is this a private fight—or can anybody come in?" shouted one, trying to be funny.

Pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—pumph—

Their little light mast crashed, carrying lights and all.

There were screams, male and female—a general ducking for the cabin, such a mix-up of legs and bloomers and arms and felt-hats as only a panic could produce.

The helmsman who was guiding them out where the hootch was cheap swung her helm hard about, got into the trough of the sea, and almost capsized. They shipped more water than would have been a chaser for all they had had to drink—and fled.

This time the demand was repeated. Sullenly Barr, Don and the crew as well as the rest of us allowed the mangy, ratty pack of the schooner to swarm over the rail, some of them almost falling into the fairly heavy seas. There was nothing else to do with the armament of the schooner staring at us.

"Tie 'em up!" shouted one.

Then as the ill-smelling crew came toward us, the captain of the schooner suddenly recognized Deitz. "No," he muttered, "just take their guns!"

Both Craig and I were armed and we hated to see those pretty little automatics get out of our possession. But there was nothing else to it for the moment in this fight between roughneck rum-pirates and these silk-stockinged rum-runners.

It was thrilling to me, I admit. It was something to bring back recollections of swashbuckling eighteenth century days when suspicious luggers lurked in every port.

Only then did I realize that these exploits of rum-runners today are revealing a chapter in modern ocean romance which has no parallel this side of the days of Blackbeard, Kidd, Morgan and the other worthies of the Spanish Main.

BUT this, again, was something else. I suddenly realized that the fellow we had seen dimly waiting in the slip on the other side when we had started from the Battery was indeed Jack Merck! And the passenger, or at least one of them, for whom he had been waiting, was Mazie Mellish!

It might have been piracy on the high seas. But it was different. For here were Mazie and Trixie, the manicure girls,—and such young ladies, as I have said, are rarely dull.

When Trixie saw Mazie climb over the rail and board the "All Alone," followed by Jake Merck, her face and Don's were studies. Beauty and the tea-room manner did not count for much against a Lewis gun. Maize and Jake had been about the last to come over.

Confidence, a man upon whom she knew she could depend, and revenge, these three made Mazie actually handsome. Her gown was in the latest Broadway fashion for sport wear and the coat she had on must have cost, for her, a small fortune. The two girls on the "All Alone" looked on in fear tinged with envy. By this time Barr, Warner, Don and the crew had been bound, trussed up so that there was not a fight in all of them.

Then I saw that it was twentieth century primeval. All the men on the schooner were much for Mazie and her ability. I could hear them saying, "Maze will see 'em ashore!" "Leave Maze manage that guy!" It was a plain case of a shrewd girl-crook who had made herself solid with as wicked-looking a group of cutthroats as had ever scuttled a ship on the ocean in the old days of romance. Mazie was thriving on such adulation.

She knew how to put any one of them in his place if he got fresh—and they liked it.

With a devilish look in her eyes and a sneer on her lips, Mazie came up to Trixie who was leaning, half-stunned, against the after cabin. Posing defiantly, she placed her hands on her hips and with arms akimbo surveyed Trixie up and down with a leer. Then she looked at Don the Dude, unheroically bound, with another contemptuous chuckle.

"So! You thought you could steal my man and get away with it, heh? Well, I found out you haven't taken my heart when you took this excess baggage! You told me that night to beat it! That's what I'm telling you now—beat it! You can't beat it. If I wanted to have 'em do it, those men'd throw you overboard—put you in a small boat and set you adrift—make you walk the plank—if we had a plank—anything! I ought to do it!"

Trixie flashed back, dry of eye. She was a curious spectacle of bluffing bravado. She was scared. And Mazie knew it. But Trixie wasn't going to admit she knew Mazie knew it.

"What have you got to say, you cat?" screeched Mazie in her ear. "Don't you hear me? Are you deaf? Where's your tongue?"

TRIXIE was quick-tempered, too. Suddenly she turned and brought her open hand with a resounding whack across Mazie's cheek. There was a general roar from Jake and the other men. I expected momentary violence from them at Trixie's imprudence.

"Take that," Trixie had hissed out, "and that—for the slap with the fingers of your glove that you gave me that night. I haven't forgotten!"

I didn't understand Mazie. She turned from Trixie, with the livid marks of Trixie's hand still on her face.

"Do you want some more of the same?" hissed Trixie again.

The men crowded forward ominously.

With a shimmy step up to Jake, Mazie told him to stay where he was and keep quiet. She waved her hand. "This is my party! You can give the little girl a hand when it's over!"

Mazie never glanced at Trixie. But she took off her coat and tossed it lightly, like a prize-fighter with his bath-robe, to a man who I had just realized was with them as I heard his name muttered, Cap'n Ryder Smith.

She undid her sport skirt, with a shout from the men. There she was in neat, trim knickers.

By this time her face was pale. Intense anger shone through her eyes. But it was all done quietly and coolly. And it was getting on Trixie's nerves.

Pulling her sleeves up and feeling her hair, Mazie suddenly made one wild jump. With a yell of some deadly female of the species, she landed on Trixie and bore her down to the deck.

"You said it—was empty fingers—the other night! Take that—and that—and that—you—your thief!"

I MADE a move to separate them, but Kennedy and I were covered by half a dozen guns like a flash. The men were shouting and yelling. Jake was dancing up and down with glee. All the troglodyte instincts were loosened. It was his woman at the face of her enemy. "Go to it, Mazie! That's right! Spoil her mug!"

Mazie was indeed a wild woman, oblivious to everything but her struggling rival. Blood was streaming down Trixie's face from the scratches.

Sitting on Trixie's breast as the boat rocked in the long swells, Mazie held her head and ground it into the grimy deck.

"Now—you smart vamp—don't you wish you had let things alone? Sharp nails—the way I cut 'em, for this, in the hotel!—are better than empty glove fingers—you—"

With a whack on each cheek and moans from Trixie, Mazie picked her up and flung her, not as she had threatened, overboard, but, as the tanker careened, toward Don the Dude, so that she dropped in his lap, uncaught by his trussed-up hands.

Trixie was all in, but not seriously hurt. She was whipped publicly, and it was galling.

Mazie made a grand curtsy. "Count—ten—men!" She turned. "Is there a doctor in the house?"

Jake came over and kissed her—which seemed an incongruity until I considered Jake and his curb-cruising breed. "You're great, Mazie! No fuss—just a good mill!"

Of such is the kingdom of Amazon, I thought. On the high seas it once made leaders. The setting changes. But the game is the same.

Always with the main chance in mind, Jake was for taking off the thousands of cases, now.

"Just a minute!" was the deep-sea counsel of the tough captain of the schooner. "Send these others ashore first. What they don't see, won't worry them. They can't tell so much!"

"Then give us back the gats," demanded Kennedy.

The West Indian pirate looked at Dietz. He knew Dietz and expected to deal with him more and often. He decided it was better so. He even went further.

"Will you take back ten or a dozen cases, sir, as a present from me?"

Dietz was still the humorist, and under obligation to no one. "And get pinched, maybe, with it?" He looked over at our Viking and the "Skool" riding off stern. "Ships that touch liquor shall never touch mine!" Then he turned and whispered to us, "We'd better beat it while the going is good. Nothing'll happen to the others—if they give up and don't resist. I told you—it's an extra-hazardous business!"

As we buffeted our way back toward the Battery, I drew a long breath of biting salt sea air.

"We may not know who killed Lola Langhorne," I said under my breath, "but we know a lot more about hard women and soft men!"

"Not so soft," corrected Kennedy. "Besides, we know a lot. The dead lips of Lola are eloquent!"

THE next installment of this gripping Craig Kennedy story unfolds further startling mystery! Don't miss the thrills in the January issue of Radio Digest!

Seidel Started Young

One of the many things sons of Indiana Hoosiers are fond of boasting about is getting up early these days. The "George Gershwin of Indianapolis," as Emil Seidel is known, is now the director of early morning orchestra programs from the New York studios of the National Broadcasting company.

Seidel, who made his debut as a concert pianist at the age of eight, has composed several popular song hits.

* * *

The National Broadcasting company is now providing full time programs for KGO, San Francisco. Regular network features from Chicago and New York, as well as offerings of the NBC staff in Frisco are broadcast by the General Electric station.

Gene Arnold Tells "Mike Thoughts"

WHAT a Radio announcer thinks about—that is the title of these lines emanating from Gene Arnold, staff announcer and entertainer at WENR, Chicago.

"I am at a little desk which has on it a microphone and a box which has keys that open or shut all the microphones in the studio. As I sit there listening to the performance, many thoughts chase themselves through my head. I wonder: "What the average Radio listener looks like;

"Whether the fans like the selection that is being presented at the moment;

"Whether my last joke sounded as flat in Baltimore as it may have in Chicago;

"Whether any one other than my wife thinks I'm good;

"Whether many listeners are saying, 'that bird has a great voice for hog calling';

"How many of our critics could ever learn to be announcers themselves;

"Whether Radio fans realize the amount of time we spend studying articulation, enunciation, pronunciation and voice inflection;

"Whether the average Radio fan realizes how important fan mail is, not only to announcers, but to all Radio artists;

"Whether the average fan realizes that they themselves can make or unmake Radio artists and announcers by real constructive criticism;

"Whether the average listeners understand that through their letters, they can influence Radio stations to give just the kind of programs that they like.

"I wish:

"That I had the combined talents of Demosthenes, Shakespeare, John Gilbert, Henry Irving, John McCormick, Henry James, Will Rogers, Anita Loos, Walter Winchell, Franklin P. Adams and O. O. McIntyre;

"That I could pronounce correctly and knew every word in the English dictionary and all foreign languages;

"That television, when it comes, could be reversed so that I could see the faces of my listeners;

"That television will never be perfected so that the audience can throw things at the Radio performer."

Whistling Is One Way to Go to College

JOHN PLANK, college entertainer of KSTP is one student who is whistling his way through the University of Minnesota. In the recent college talent contest conducted from KSTP, Plank represented his fraternity—Phi Sigma Kappa—and at various other times he meets his tuition fees, pays his board and lodging and uses his business talent for profitable ends by entertaining with his "whistle" at various banquets and gatherings.

He is taking a course in business administration at Minnesota and came to the Twin Cities from Rouleau, Sask. (Canada). He claims Independence, Iowa, as his home town.

When he was ten years old he began the study of the violin, but gave this up after he was inspired by a skillful whistler whom he heard on the stage.

He can imitate the meadowlark, quail, canary, red wing, blackbird, cardinal, oriole, robin, and variety of sparrow, thrush phoebe, wren and the bluejay. His hobby is tramping through the woods and conversing with birds by means of his whistle.

Travelling 62,400 miles over a period of two years on weekly trips between

Grand Forks, North Dakota, and the Twin Cities to take lessons on the oboe has won its reward for Frank Mayer, 19-year-old musician who has been engaged to play with the National Battery symphony broadcasting orchestra of KSTP. His work attracted the attention of Henry C. Woempner, musical director of KSTP, who was very much impressed after a successful tryout.

When he was 13 years old, he started to study this difficult instrument by making weekly trips from his home at Grand Forks to the Twin Cities, a distance of 600 miles, to meet his teacher Alexander Duvoir, nationally known oboist. Now this youthful artist has succeeded his teacher as a member of the KSTP symphony orchestra.

Transportation for these weekly journeys has been estimated to total \$2,497.00 for the two years and the lessons for this time are estimated at \$416.00.

He has played under the direction of Henri Verbrugghen, conductor of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra and has appeared in other Northwest musical organizations.

A law student, a stage actor, a newspaper publisher and finally a Radio announcer is the trail of avocations which Pierre Andre, announcer of KSTP, has followed during the past five years.

A seemingly successful attempt at the legitimate stage ended in financial disaster, after which he entered the law school at the University of Minnesota. He then served on the editorial staffs of newspapers in Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Cleveland but finally purchased a weekly publication in Virginia, Minnesota. Radio finally won out, while Andre was on a visit to Duluth and he joined WEBC at Duluth, until KSTP called him. He is now master of ceremonies for the late hour program.

Taught Self Violin

TEN years ago a High school student being pointed for the medical profession picked up a violin and found that he could produce a tone on it. It fascinated him. He laid the instrument down and tried to forget it but could not. Out of savings he finally bought one and with it an instruction book. For six months he endured the rallery of the "gang" and then stood its members "on their ears" with a solo in a school concert. After the concert an orchestra was formed with the violinist as director.

That is how George Earle, director of WOR's Salon orchestra, started in music. He has been wielding the baton ever since those school days in Ithaca, N. Y., which gave him birth. Musicians regard his flight up the ladder of fame as nothing short of meteoric and declare that to become conductor of note in ten years is unprecedented.

Mr. Earle combines two characters. Without his baton, he is a shy, modest and self-effacing individual. He changes instantly, however, when he picks up the wand. A martinet stands in front of the big orchestra; a stickler for precise interpretation and tone fidelity. He does not spare himself nor any other member of the orchestra and seems to enthuse "his boys" (many of them old enough to be his father) with his dynamic energy. His passion is cigars—any kind—from a Pittsburgh stogie to three for a dollar.

Recently members of the Orchestra got a Cuban to make one eighteen inches long and out of the strongest tobacco available. Tying a string around it they suspended it from the ceiling to a point about a foot above his desk. They found him smoking it, still tied to the ceiling, occasionally letting it swing while he arranged his music.

- KWKC, Kansas City, Mo.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilson Duncan Studios. Announcer, Elmer C. Hodges. Slogan, "Keep Watching Kansas City." Central. Founded 1925.
- KWKH, Shreveport, La.** 352.7m-850kc. 10000 watts. The W. K. Henderson Iron Works & Supply Co. Central. Founded Jan. 8, 1925.
- KWLC, Decorah, Iowa.** 236.1m-1270kc. 100 watts. Luther College.
- KWSC, Pullman, Wash.** 214.2m-1400kc. 1000 watts. State College of Washington. Announcer, Cyril Brewer. Program Dir., Arvilla Weisel. Pacific. Founded 1922.
- KWWG, Brownsville, Texas.** 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce.
- KXA, Seattle, Wash.** 526m-570kc. 500 watts. American Radio Tel. Co.
- KXL, Portland, Ore.** 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. The Portland Telegram. Announcers, A. R. Truitt, H. B. Read, Chet Blomness. Slogan, "The Voice of Portland." Founded Dec. 13, 1926.
- KXO, El Centro, Calif.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. E. R. Irely and F. M. Bowles. Pacific.
- KXRO, Aberdeen, Wash.** 211.1m-1420kc. 75 watts. KXRO, Inc.
- KYA, San Francisco, Calif.** 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. F. C. Dahlquist. Announcer, Edward Ludes. Pacific. Founded Dec. 18, 1926.
- KYW-KFKX, Chicago, Ill.** 293.9m-1020kc. 10000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Herald and Examiner. Announcers, Gene Rouse, Parker Wheatley, Barney McArville, D. L. Gross. Central.
- KYWA, Chicago, Ill.** 293.9m-1020kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
- KZM, Hayward, Calif.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Western Radio Institute (Hotel Oakland). Announcer, Elbert Cowan. Pacific. Founded June 29, 1921.
- NAA, Washington, D. C.** 434.5m-690kc. 1000 watts. United States Navy Dept. Eastern.
- WAFF, Chicago, Ill.** 325.9m-920kc. 500 watts. Chicago Daily Drivers Journal. Announcer, Carl Ulrich. Central. Founded May 22, 1922.
- WAAM, Newark, N. J.** 239.9m-1250kc. 2000 watts day, 1000 watts night. I. R. Nelson Company. Announcers, Jack Van Ripper, James Cosier. Eastern. Experimental call 2XBA 65.18m Founded February, 1922.
- WAAT, Jersey City, N. J.** 280.2m-1070kc. 300 watts. Bremer Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, J. B. Bayley. Slogan, "The Voice at the Gate of the Garden State." Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WAAW, Omaha, Nebr.** 454.3m-660kc. 500 watts. Omaha Grain Exchange. Announcer, James Thompson. Slogan, "Pioneer Market Station of the West." Founded 1921. Central.
- WABC, New York, N. Y.** 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Corp. Eastern.
- WABI, Bangor, Me.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. First Universalist Church. Slogan, "The Pine-Tree Wave." Announcer, Prof. W. J. Creamer, Jr. Eastern. Founded 1923.
- WABY, Philadelphia, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. John Magaldi, Jr.
- WABZ, New Orleans, La.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. The Coliseum Place Baptist Church. Announcer, Charles B. Page. Slogan, "The Station With a Message." Central. Founded January, 1924.
- WADC, Akron, Ohio.** 227.1m-1320kc. 1000 watts. Allen Theater Broadcasting Station. Announcers, Geo. Houston and Jerry McKiernan. Eastern. Founded March, 1925.
- WAFD, Detroit, Mich.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Albert B. Parfet Co. Announcer, Owen F. Uridge. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.
- WAGM, Royal Oak, Mich.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Robert L. Miller. Announcer, Fred Stanton. Slogan, "The Little Station With the Big Reputation." Central. Founded Oct. 3, 1925.
- WAUI, Columbus, Ohio.** 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. American Insurance Union. Eastern. Founded April, 1922.
- WALK, Willow Grove, Pa.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Albert A. Walker.
- WAPI, Birmingham, Ala.** 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Alabama Polytechnic Institute. University of Alabama. Alabama College. Manager, Walter N. Campbell. Announcers, Carroll Gardner, Sam Benton, Howard C. Smith, Kirtley Brown. Installed 1922. Central.
- WASH, Grand Rapids, Mich.** 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Wash Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Hugh Hart, Chas. C. Carpenter, "Uncle Jerry." Central. Founded March 13, 1925.
- WBAC, Harrisburg, Pa.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Pennsylvania State Police. Announcer, A. E. Poorman. Eastern. Founded 1919.
- WBAL, Baltimore, Md.** 282.8m-1060kc. 10000 watts. Consolidated Gas, Elec. Light & Power Co., Director, Frederick R. Huber. Slogan, "The Station of Good Music." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1925.
- WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas.** 374.8m-800kc. 50000 watts. Carter Publications, Inc. Central. Founded April, 1922.
- WBAR, Sisseton, Wis.** 270.1m-1110kc. 500 watts. Koop Radio Co. Slogan, "The Station of Northern Wisconsin." Eastern.
- WBAX, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, Earl H. Fine. Slogan, "We Burn Anthracite Exclusively." Eastern. Founded May, 1922.
- WBBC, Brooklyn, N. Y.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Brooklyn Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Andie Baruch, Leon Sherman.
- WBBL, Richmond, Va.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. Founded February, 1924.
- WBBM, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Glenview). 389.4m-770kc. 25000 watts. Atlas Co., Inc. Central. Founded 1922.
- WBBR, Rossville, N. Y.** 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Assn. Announcer, Victor F. Schmidt. Eastern. Founded Febr., 1924.
- WBBW, Norfolk, Va.** 249.9m-1220kc. 100 watts. Ruffner Junior High School. Announcer, Lee M. Klinefelter. Slogan, "The School You'd Like to Go To." Eastern. Founded Febr. 26, 1924.
- WBBY, Charleston, S. C.** 249.9m-1200kc. 75 watts. Washington Light Infantry. Slogan, "Seaport of the Southeast." Eastern.
- WBBZ, Ponca City, Okla.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. Announcer, Morton Harvey.
- WBCM, Bay City, Mich.** 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Bay City Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, S. F. Northcott. Eastern. Founded June 15, 1925.
- WBIS, Boston, Mass.** 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Boston Information Service. Announcer, Grace Lawrence. Eastern. Founded Jan. 29, 1927.
- WBMH, Detroit, Mich.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Braun's Music House. Announcers, Ray A. Miller, O. F. Gabbert, Jr. Eastern. Founded Jan. 11, 1927.
- WBMS, Fort Lee, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. WBMS Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Bergen County." Eastern.
- WBNY, New York, N. Y.** 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Baruchrome Corp. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WBOQ, Richmond Hill, N. Y.** 348.6m-860kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Co.
- WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Banks of Wabash Broadcasting Assn.
- WBRC, Birmingham, Ala.** 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Birmingham Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Dud Connolly. Central. Founded May 18, 1925.
- WBRE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Liberty State Bank and Trust Co. Announcer, Louis G. Baltimore. Eastern.
- WBRL, Tilton, N. H.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Booth Radio Laboratories. Eastern.
- WBSO, Babson Park, Mass.** 384.4m-780kc. 250 watts. Babson's Statistical Organization. Announcer, Ross Wood. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.
- WBT, Charlotte, N. C.** 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Announcers, Ralph Rogers, Walter Haislip, Fritz Hirsch. Eastern.
- WBZ, Springfield, Mass.** 302.8m-990kc. 15000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Radio Station of New England. Announcers, Aidan Redmond, Howard Petrie, Wayne Latham, Wallace Streeter, Gordon Swan, Malcolm McCormick, John Clark, Robert Saudek. Installed Sept. 19, 1921. Eastern.
- WBZA, Boston, Mass.** 302.8m-990kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Same programs as WBZ.
- WCAC, Mansfield, Conn.** 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Connecticut Agricultural College. Announcer, Daniel E. Noble. Slogan, "From the Nutmeg State." Eastern. Founded June, 1923.
- WCAD, Canton, N. Y.** 245.6m-1220kc. 500 watts. (1000 watts 6 am-6 pm.) St. Lawrence University. Announcer, Ward C. Priest. Slogan, "The Voice of the North Country." Eastern. Founded Dec. 7, 1922.
- WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.** 245.8m-1220kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Brothers. Eastern.
- WCAH, Columbus, Ohio.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Commercial Radio Service. Eastern. Founded April, 1921.
- WCAJ, Lincoln, Nebr.** 508.2m-590kc. 500 watts. Nebraska Wesleyan University. Announcer, J. C. Jensen. Founded October, 1921. Central.
- WCAL, Northfield, Minn.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Dept. of Physics, St. Olaf College. Announcer, Hector Skifter. Slogan, "The College on the Hill." Central. Founded 1922.
- WCAM, Camden, N. J.** 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Camden. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1926.
- WCAO, Baltimore, Md.** 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Monumental Radio, Inc. Founded May 17, 1922.
- WCAP, Ashbury Park, N. J.** 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Thomas F. Burley, Jr. Eastern. Founded July 1, 1927.
- WCAT, Rapid City, S. D.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. South Dakota State School of Mines. Announcer, J. O. Kammerman. Mountain. Founded 1920.
- WCAU, Philadelphia, Pa.** (tr. Byberry). 256.3m-1170kc. 10000 watts. Universal Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Stan Lee Broza. Eastern. Founded May, 1922.
- WCAX, Burlington, Vt.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. University of Vermont. Slogan, "The Voice of the Green Mountains." Eastern.
- WCAZ, Carthage, Ill.** 280.2m-1070kc. 50 watts. Carthage College. Central.
- WCBA, Allentown, Pa.** 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. B. Bryan Musselman. Announcers, Clarence Dreisbach, Don Rayburn, Chas. Melson. Eastern.
- WCBH, Zion, Ill.** 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Announcer, J. H. DePew. Slogan, "Where God Rules, Man Prospers." Founded May, 1923. Central.
- WCBM, Baltimore, Md.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Baltimore Broadcasting Co. Francis Dice. Announcer. Eastern. Founded March 25, 1923.
- WCBS, Springfield, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harold L. Dewing, Charles II. Mosser. Slogan, "Home of Abraham Lincoln." Central. Founded April 8, 1923.
- WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.** (tr. at Anoka). 370.2m-810kc. 15,000 watts. Northwestern Broadcasting Co. Announcers, A. J. Snyder, K. C. Titus, A. B. Sheehan, K. W. Husted, F. F. Laws. Slogan, "Service to the Northwest." Founded Oct. 1, 1924. Central.
- WCDA, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Cliffside Park, N. J.). 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Italian Educational Broadcasting Co.
- WCFI, Chicago, Ill.** 309.1m-970kc. 1500 watts. Chicago Federation of Labor. Announcer, Henry Parks. Slogan, "The Voice of Farmer and Labor." Central.
- WCGU, Coney Island, N. Y.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. U. S. Broadcast Corp. Eastern.
- WKCY, Covington, Ky.** 202.1m-1480kc. 5000 watts. L. B. Wilson, Inc.
- WCLB, Long Beach, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Arthur Faske.
- WCLO, Kenosha, Wis.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. E. Whitmore. Announcer, James Boutelle. Founded Aug. 4, 1925. Central.
- WCLS, Joliet, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. WCLS, Inc. Slogan, "Will County's Largest Store." Central. Founded June, 1925.
- WCMA, Culver, Ind.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Culver Military Academy. Announcer, C. F. McKinney. Central. Founded 1925.
- WCOA, Pensacola, Fla.** 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Municipal Broadcasting Station. Announcer, John E. Frenkel. Slogan, "Wonderful City of Advantages." Central. Founded Febr. 2, 1927.
- WCOC, Meridian, Miss.** 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts. Mississippi Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, T. C. Billups. Slogan, "Down in the Old Magnolia State." Central. Founded Febr. 26, 1927.
- WCOD, Harrisburg, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Norman R. Hoffman. Eastern. Opened Sept. 30, 1925.
- WCOH, Yonkers, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Westchester Broadcasting Corp.
- WCRW, Chicago, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Clinton R. White. Announcers, Fred K. Weston, Al John, Miss Josephine. Slogan, "For Your Entertainment." Central. Founded May, 1926.
- WCSH, Portland, Me.** (tr. Portland). 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square Hotel. Slogan, "Sunrise Gateway of America." Announcer, L. T. Pitman. Eastern. Founded June, 1925.
- WCSO, Springfield, Ohio.** 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. Wittenberg College. Announcers, Charlotte Johns, Lester Crawl, James Thrasher. Eastern. Founded December, 1921.
- WDAE, Tampa, Fla.** 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Tampa Daily Times. Announcer, Bruce Lum. Slogan, "Florida's Most Reliable Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WDAF, Kansas City, Mo.** 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Kansas City Star. Announcer, H. Dean Fitzer. Club, "Nighthawks." Founded June 5, 1922. Central.
- WDAC, Amarillo, Texas.** 212.6m-1410kc. 250 watts. J. Laurence Martin. Central. Founded May 16, 1922.
- WDAH, El Paso, Texas.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Mountain.
- WDAY, Fargo, N. D.** 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. WDAY, Inc. Announcer, Earl Reineke. Central. Founded May, 1922.
- WDBJ, Roanoke, Va.** 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Richardson Wayland Elec. Corp. Announcers, J. V. Huffman, C. E. Stone, Hermon P. Black, R. P. Jordan. Slogan, "Roanoke Down in Old Virginia." Eastern. Founded May, 1924.
- WDBO, Orlando, Fla.** 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Orlando Broadcasting Co. Announcer, K. W. Skelton. Slogan, "Down Where the Oranges Grow." Founded 1921. Eastern.
- WDEL, Wilmington, Del.** 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts night, 350 day. WDEL, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WDGY, Minneapolis, Minn.** 251.1m-1180kc. 1000 watts. Dr. George Young. Central. Founded 1923.
- WDOO, Chattanooga, Tenn.** 234.2m-1280kc. 2500 watts daytime, 1000 watts night. Chattanooga Radio Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank S. Lane. Central. Founded 1925.
- WDRC, New Haven, Conn.** 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Doolittle Radio Corp. Announcer, W. B. Haase. Eastern. Founded December, 1922.
- WDSU, New Orleans, La.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Slogan, "Second Port U. S. A." Announcers, Jack Holliday, C. Chuck Owens, Uncle Mack, P. K. Ewing, Joseph H. Uhalt. Est. July, 1923.
- WDWF, Cranston, R. I.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dutee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Eastern.
- WDZ, Tuscola, Ill.** 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. James L. Bush. Central. Founded March, 1921.
- WEAF, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Bellmore). 454.3m-660kc. 50000 watts. National Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "The Voice to the Millions." Eastern. Founded July 25, 1922.
- WEAL, Ithaca, N. Y.** 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Cornell University.
- WEAM, Plainfield, N. J.** 218.8m-1370kc. 500 watts. W. J. Buttfield.
- WEAN, Providence, R. I.** 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts daytime. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Edmund Cashman, Fred Long, James Cairn, June Abbott, Jane Day, Beau Brummel. Slogan, "We Entertain a Nation." Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WEAO, Columbus, Ohio.** 526m-570kc. 750 watts. Ohio State University. Announcer, Robert Coleman. Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio.** 280.2m-1070kc. 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Eastern. Opened Jan. 15, 1926.

- WEBC**, Superior, Wis., Duluth, Minn. 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. Head-of-the-Lakes Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Sam Kiley. Slogan, "At the Head of the Lakes." Central. Founded 1924.
- WEBE**, Cambridge, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Roy W. Waller. Slogan, "The Voice of Southeastern Ohio." Eastern. Founded July, 1924.
- WEBO**, Harrisburg, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. First Trust & Savings Bank. Announcers, Dr. H. J. Raley and Inglis M. Taylor. Slogan, "The Voice From Egypt." Central. Founded Sept. 1, 1923.
- WEBR**, Buffalo, N. Y. 228.9m-1310kc. 200 watts. H. H. Howell. Announcers, E. J. Hinckley, Lowell Kitchen. Slogan, "We Extend Buffalo's Regards." Eastern. Founded Oct. 8, 1924.
- WEBW**, Beloit, Wis. 499.7m-600kc. 350 watts. Beloit College. Central. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.
- WEDC**, Chicago, Ill. 247.3m-1210kc. 100 watts. Emil Denmark Broadcasting Station. Central.
- WEDH**, Erie, Pa. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Erie Dispatch-Herald.
- WEEL**, Boston, Mass. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Edison Electric Illuminating Company. Announcers, Robert Burlen, Carlton H. Dickerman, Edward Gisburne, Frederick Hawkins. Slogan, "The Friendly Voice." Eastern. Founded Sept. 29, 1924, succeeding WIAT.
- WEHS**, Evanston, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Victor C. Carlson. Announcer, Jessie Robinson. Central. Founded February, 1924.
- WELK**, Philadelphia, Pa. 218.9m-1370kc. 100 watts. Howard R. Miller. Slogan, "The Voice of the Elks." Eastern. Founded June, 1922.
- WEMC**, Berrien Springs, Mich. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Emanuel Missionary College. Announcer, John E. Fetzer, Willard Shadel. Slogan, "The Radio Lighthouse." Central. Founded April 1, 1923.
- WENR**, Chicago, Ill. 344.6m-870kc. 50000 watts. Great Lakes Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice of Service." Central.
- WEPS**, Gloucester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Matheson Radio Co., Inc.
- WEVD**, Woodhaven, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Debs Memorial Radio Fund. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1927.
- WEW**, St. Louis, Mo. 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. St. Louis University. Announcer, Geo. Rueppel. Founded April 26, 1921. Central.
- WFAA**, Dallas, Texas. 374.8m-800kc. 500 watts. Dallas News and Dallas Journal. Adams Colhoun. Slogan, "Working for All Alike." Central. Founded June 26, 1922.
- WFAN**, Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Keystone Broadcasting Co. Hotel Lorraine. Max C. Freedman, Chief Announcer. Eastern.
- WFBC**, Knoxville, Tenn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. First Baptist Church. Central. Founded 1924.
- WFBE**, Cincinnati, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 500 watts. Hotel Park View. Announcer, Earl Fuller. Central.
- WFBG**, Altoona, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Wm. F. Gable Co. Announcer, Roy F. Thompson. Slogan, "The Original Gateway to the West." Eastern. Founded Aug. 28, 1924.
- WFBJ**, Collegeville, Minn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. St. John's University. Announcer, Hilary Doerfler. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Landscape Paradise." Central. Founded October, 1924.
- WFBL**, Syracuse, N. Y. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Onondaga Company. Announcer, Charles F. Phillips. Eastern. Opened Nov. 19, 1924.
- WFBM**, Indianapolis, Ind. (tr. at Perry Township). 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Indianapolis Power and Light Company. Announcer, John Tribby. Slogan, "The Crossroads of America." Central.
- WFBR**, Baltimore, Md. 236.2m-1270kc. 250 watts. Baltimore Radio Show, Inc. Announcer, S. R. Kennard. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.
- WFDF**, Flint, Mich. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frank D. Fallain. Announcer, Fred L. McKittrick, Mark Garner.
- WFI**, Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Strawbridge & Clothier. Announcer, John Vandersloot. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1922.
- WFIW**, Hopkinsville, Ky. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Acme Mills, Inc. Announcer, D. E. "Pug" Kendrick. Central. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.
- WFJC**, Akron, Ohio. 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. W. F. Jones Broadcasting, Inc. Eastern.
- WFKD**, Frankford, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Foulkrod Radio Eng. Co. Eastern.
- WFLA-WSUN**, Clearwater, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Walter Tison. Founded Dec. 25, 1925. Eastern.
- WGAL**, Lancaster, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Lancaster Elec. Supply & Construction Co. Announcers, J. E. Mathiot, Luther J. Mathiot. Slogan, "World's Gardens at Lancaster." Eastern.
- WGBB**, Freeport, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Harry H. Carman. Eastern. Founded Dec. 13, 1924.
- WGCB**, Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. First Baptist Church. Announcer, A. L. Cowles. Central. Opened 1925.
- WGBF**, Evansville, Ind. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Evansville on the Air, Inc. Announcer, Martin Hansen. Curtis-Mushlitz, V. P. & Gen. Mgr. Central. Founded October, 1923.
- WGBl**, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.
- WGBS**, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Astoria.) 254.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. General Broadcasting System. Dailey Paskman. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.
- WGCM**, Gulfport, Miss. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Frank L. Kroulik, announcer. Gulf Coast Music Co.
- WGCP**, Newark, N. J. 239.9m-1250kc. 250 watts. Paramount Broadcasting & Artists Service, Inc. Announcer, Irving Porter. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.
- WGES**, Chicago, Ill. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Guyon's Paradise Ballroom. Announcers, Harlow Wilcox, Geo. Keicher. Founded August, 1920. Central.
- WGH**, Newport News, Va. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Virginia Broadcasting Co. and Hampton Roads Broadcasting Corp., Inc. Announcers, E. Ellsworth Bishop, G. Douglas Evans, Malvern Lee Powell. Slogan, "World's Greatest Harbor." Central.
- WGHP**, Mt. Clemens, Mich. 241.8m-1240kc. 750 watts. George Harrison Phelps, Inc. Announcers, E. G. Smith, Jack Bundy, Stanley Swales, Betty-Jane Lamborn. Eastern. Founded Oct. 19, 1925.
- WGL**, Fort Wayne, Ind. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Allen-Wayne Co. Fred C. Zieg. Slogan, "The Home Sweet Home Station." Founded 1924. Central.
- WGN**, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Elgin). 416.4m-720kc. 25000 watts. Chicago Tribune. Announcers, Quin Ryan, Pat Barnes, Russ Russell, John Stamford, Robt. Elson. Central.
- WGR**, Buffalo, N. Y. 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. W. G. R., Inc. Announcers, Bradley T. Yaw, Lowell MacMillan, Roger Baker, E. F. Horning. Eastern. Founded May 21, 1922.
- WGST**, Atlanta, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Georgia School of Technology. Announcer, J. O. Turner. Slogan, "The Southern Technical School With a National Reputation." Central. Founded January, 1924.
- WGY**, Schenectady, N. Y. 379.5m-790kc. 50000 watts. General Electric Company. Announcer, A. O. Coggeshall. Slogan, "Good Evening to You All." Founded 1922.
- WHA**, Madison, Wis. 319-940. 750 watts. Univ. of Wis. Central. Founded 1920.
- WHAD**, Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Marquette University. Cy Foster, Dick Macaulay. Central. Founded Oct., 1921.
- WHAM**, Rochester, N. Y. 260.7m-1150kc. 5000 watts. Stromberg-Carlson Tel. Mfg. Co. Announcers, F. H. Warren, Ben Weaver, W. Fay, L. C. Stark, Frank Kelly, Clyde Morse. Slogan, "This Is Rochester—Where Quality Dominates." Eastern. Founded July 11, 1922.
- WHAP**, New York, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Defenders of Truth Society, Inc. Announcer, Franklin Ford. Eastern. Founded May, 1925.
- WHAS**, Louisville, Ky. 365.6m-820kc. 10000 watts. Courier-Journal and Louisville Times Co. Founded July, 1922. Central.
- WHAZ**, Troy, N. Y. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. Announcer, Rutherford Hayner. Slogan, "Transcontinental and International Broadcasting Station Located at the Oldest College of Science and Engineering in America." Club, R. P. I. students. Founded June 22. Eastern.
- WHB**, Kansas City, Mo. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. Sweeney Auto & Electrical School. Announcer, John T. Schilling. Slogan, "Heart of America." Central. Founded April, 1922.
- WHBC**, Canton, Ohio. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. St. John's Catholic Church. Slogan, "Ignorance Is Our Greatest Foe." Central. Founded Feb., 1925.
- WHBD**, Bellefontaine, Ohio. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Presbyterian church. Eastern. Founded February, 1925.
- WHBF**, Rock Island, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Beardsley Specialty Co. Announcer, C. L. Beardsley. Slogan, "Where Historic Black-hawk Fought." Central. Founded February, 1925.
- WHBL**, Sheboygan, Wis. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. 6 am-6 pm. C. E. Broughton. Founded 1925.
- WHBQ**, Memphis, Tenn. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Broadcasting Station WHBQ, Inc. Founded March, 1925.
- WHBU**, Anderson, Ind. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Citizen's Bank. Announcer, A. L. McKee. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Anderson." Eastern.
- WHBW**, Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. D. R. Kienzle. Eastern.
- WHBY**, West De Pere, Wis. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Norbert's College. Green Bay-De Pere Broadcasting Station. Central. Founded Jan., 1925.
- WHDF**, Calumet, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc—100 watts. Upper Broadcasting Company.
- WHDH**, Gloucester, Mass. 361.2m-830kc. 1000 watts.
- WHDI**, Minneapolis, Minn. 245.1m-1180kc. 500 watts. Wm. Hood Dunwoody Industrial Institute. Announcers, M. R. Bass, A. P. Upton, G. W. Haverty. Slogan, "Northwest Leading Trade School." Central. Founded May 22, 1922.
- WHDL**, Tupper Lake, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. George F. Bissell.
- WHEC**, Rochester, N. Y. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Hickson Electric Co., Inc. Slogan, "The All Day Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded January, 1924.
- WHFC**, Chicago, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Goodson & Wilson, Inc. Central.
- WHK**, Cleveland, Ohio. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Radio Air Service Corp. Slogan, "Cleveland's Pioneer Broadcasting Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WHN**, New York, N. Y. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Marcus Loew Booking Agency. Announcers, Perry Charles, George Nobbs. Slogan, "The Voice of the Great White Way." Eastern. Founded March, 1922.
- WHO**, Des Moines, Iowa. 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. Bankers Life Co. Announcers, Bobbie Griffin, Connie Ahearn, Edward Breen, Jr. Central. Founded 1924.
- WHP**, Harrisburg, Pa. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Penna. Broadcasting Co. Announcer, W. S. McCachren. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Central Penna." Eastern. Founded March 1, 1924.
- WHPP**, New York, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Bronx Broadcasting Co. Tues, Sat, 7 pm, mid.
- WIAS**, Ottumwa, Iowa. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Poling Electric Co. Announcer, Thomas J. Doonan. Central. Founded June 12, 1922.
- WIBA**, Madison, Wis. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Capital Times Station. Announcer, Kenneth F. Schmitt. Slogan, "Four Lakes City." Central. Founded June, 1924.
- WIBC**, Elkins Park, Pa. 322.4m-930kc. 50 watts. St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church. Announcer, W. Le Roy Anspach. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WIBM**, Jackson, Mich. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carroll. (Portable.)
- WIBO**, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Des Plaines). 526m-570kc. 5000 watts. Chicago Evening American, Nelson Brothers Bond and Mtg. Co. Announcers, Walter Preston, "Stu" Dawson. Central. Founded May 20, 1925.
- WIBR**, Steubenville, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Robert Merryman. Founded January, 1924. Eastern.
- WIBS**, Elizabeth, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. New Jersey Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Capt. H. J. Lepper, J. H. Lepper. Founded June, 1925.
- WIBU**, Poyntee, Wis. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. The Electric Farm. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.
- WIBW**, Topeka, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 day. Capper Publications. Announcer, Joe Nickell. Central. Founded 1926.
- WIBX**, Utica, N. Y. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 300 day. WIBX, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1923.
- WIBZ**, Montgomery, Ala. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. A. D. Trum.
- WICC**, Easton, Conn. 252m-1190kc. 500 watts. The Bridgeport Broadcasting Station, Inc. Announcers, Edw. W. Hall, Art Withlandly, Walter Ryan, Leonard Andrews, Joseph Andrews, Judson La Hay. Slogan, "The Voice That Serves." Eastern. Founded Aug. 3, 1925.
- WIL**, St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 1000 watts night. Missouri Broadcasting Co. Announcers, "Bill" Ellisworth, L. A. Benson, C. W. Benson. Central. Founded September, 1922.
- WILL**, Urbana, Ill. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. University of Illinois. Announcer, J. C. Bayles. Central. Founded 1922.
- WILM**, Wilmington, Del. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Delaware Broadcasting Co.
- WINN**, Bay Shore, N. Y. 247.8m-1210kc. Radiotelet. Mfg. Co.
- WIOD**, Miami Beach, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Isle of Dreams Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Jesse H. Jay. Slogan, "Wonderful Isle of Dreams." Eastern.
- WIP**, Philadelphia, Pa. 491.5m-610kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Bros. Announcer, E. A. Davies. Slogan, "Watch Its Progress." Eastern. Founded November, 1921.
- WISN**, Milwaukee, Wis. 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts. Evening Wisconsin Co. Managed by Wisconsin News. Central. Founded Sept. 21, 1922.
- WJAC**, Johnstown, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Johnstown Automobile Co. Announcer, J. C. Tully. Slogan, "The Voice of the Friendly City." Eastern.
- WJAD**, Waco, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Frank P. Jackson. Central. Founded July 22, 1922.
- WJAG**, Norfolk, Nebr. 282.8m1060kc. 1000 watts. Norfolk Daily News. Announcer, Karl Stefan. Slogan, "The World's Greatest Country Daily and Home of Printer's Devil." Central. Founded 1922.
- WJAK**, Marion, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Marion Broadcast Co. Arthur Curran. Central. Founded September, 1921.
- WJAR**, Providence, R. I. 336.9m-890kc. 400 watts day, 250 watts night. The Outlet Co. Announcers, John J. Boyle, David L. Stackhouse, Howard G. Sawyer. Slogan, "The Southern Gateway of New England." Eastern. Founded Sept. 6, 1922.
- WJAS**, Pittsburgh, Pa. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Pittsburgh Radio Supply House. Announcers, Howard Clark, Francis Owen, Jim Hughes. Founded Aug. 4, 1922.
- WJAX**, Jacksonville, Fla. 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. City of Jacksonville. Eastern. Founded Nov. 26, 1925.
- WJAY**, Cleveland, Ohio. 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. Cleveland Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Joe O'Toole. Eastern. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.
- WJAZ**, Mt. Prospect, Ill. 202.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Zenith Radio Corp. Announcer, George G. Smith. Founded 1922. Central.
- WJBC**, La Salle, Ill. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Hummer Furniture Co. Announcer, Loyal Popaski. Slogan, "Better Home Station." Founded May 4, 1925. Central.

- WJBI, Red Bank, N. J.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Robert S. Johnson. Founded Sept. 15, 1925.
- WJBK, Ypsilanti, Mich.** 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. J. F. Hopkins. Announcer, Don Cole. Eastern. Founded Oct. 27, 1925.
- WJBL, Decatur, Ill.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. William Gushard Dry Goods Co. Announcer, W. H. Wiley. Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1925.
- WJBO, New Orleans, La.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Valdemar Jensen. Central. Founded 1922.
- WJBT, Chicago, Ill.** 389.4m-770kc. 25000 watts. Paul Rader and Chicago Gospel Tabernacle. Announcer, Don Hastings. Central. Founded 1926.
- WJBU, Lewisburg, Pa.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Bucknell University. Announcer, Geo. A. Ireland. Slogan, "In the Heart of the Keystone State." Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WJBW, New Orleans, La.** 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. C. Carlson, Jr.
- WJBY, Gadsden, Ala.** 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Gadsden Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Leo Wheatley. Central.
- WJJD, Chicago, Ill.** 265.3m-1130kc. 20000 watts. Loyal Order of Moose and Palmer House Station. Slogan, "The Voice of State Street." Announcers, Ellen Rose Dickey, Hugh Aspinwall. Central.
- WJKS, Gary, Ind.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Thomas J. Johnson and Frances Kennedy "Dynamo" Radio Corp. Announcer, Dr. Dave Edelson. Central. Founded Aug. 16, 1927.
- WJR, Detroit, Mich.** (tr. at Pontiac). 399.8m-750kc. 5000 watts. WJR, Inc. Announcers, Leo Fitzpatrick, John F. Patt, Neal Tomy, John B. Eccles, John K. Harper, Owen F. Uridge, Norman White, Carl Schroeder. Eastern. Founded August, 1925.
- WJW, Mansfield, Ohio.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Mansfield Broadcasting Association. John F. Weimer. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.
- WJSV, Mt. Vernon Hills, Va.** 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. Independent Pub. Co. Announcer, T. A. Robertson.
- WJZ, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Bound Brook). 394.5m-760kc. 30000 watts. R. C. A. Managed by National Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Milton J. Cross, Marley Sherris, Norman Sweetser, Curt Peterson.
- WKAQ, San Juan, Porto Rico.** 336.7m-890kc. 500 watts. Radio Corporation of Porto Rico. Announcer, Joaquin Agusty. Slogan, "The Island of Enchantment, Where the World's Best Coffee Grows." Eastern. Founded Dec. 3, 1922.
- WKAR, East Lansing, Mich.** 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. Michigan State College. Announcer, Keith Himebaugh. Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WKAV, Laconia, N. H.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Laconia Radio club. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.
- WKBB, Joliet, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sanders Brothers. Al Sanders, announcer. Central.
- WKBC, Birmingham, Ala.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. R. B. Broyles. Central. Founded June, 1926.
- WKBF, Indianapolis, Ind.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Indianapolis Broadcasting, Inc. Chief Announcer, Paul E. Gregg. Central. Founded October, 1925.
- WKBH, La Crosse, Wis.** 217.8m-1380kc. 1000 watts. Callaway Music Co. Announcer, Arthur J. Hecht. Central. Founded 1924.
- WKBI, Chicago, Ill.** 238.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Fred L. Schoenwolf. Central. Founded August, 1926.
- WKBN, Youngstown, Ohio.** 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Warren P. Williamson, Jr., and Arthur Brock. Announcers, Arthur Brock, Warren P. Williamson, Jr., Frank Proudfoot, Don Hoffman, Bill Hammerman. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.
- WKBO, Jersey City, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Camith Corp. Announcer, H. F. Bidwell. Eastern. Founded Sept. 11, 1926.
- WKBP, Battle Creek, Mich.** 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Battle Creek Enquirer and News.
- WKBQ, New York, N. Y.** 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Standard Cahill Co., Inc. Announcer, Allan Cahill. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.
- WKBS, Galesburg, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Pernil N. Nelson. Announcer, Paul W. Palmquist. Slogan, "The Voice of Galesburg." Central. Founded October, 1926.
- WKBW, Amherst, N. Y.** 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Churchill Evangelistic Assn., Inc. Eastern. Founded 1926.
- WKBZ, Ludington, Mich.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. "The Voice of Western Michigan." K. L. Ashbacher. Central. Founded Nov. 23, 1926.
- WKEN, Buffalo, N. Y.** 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. WKEN, Inc. Announcers, Walter L. Amidon, Leon Fisher. Eastern. Founded Fall, 1925.
- WKJC, Lancaster, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Kirk Johnson & Co. Announcers, M. W. Gehman, L. H. Bailey. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.
- WKRC, Cincinnati, Ohio.** 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. J. S. Boyd. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.
- WKY, Oklahoma City, Okla.** 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. WKY Radiophone Co. Central.
- WLAC, Nashville, Tenn.** 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. Life and Casualty. Central. Opened Nov. 24, 1926.
- WLAP, Louisville, Ky.** 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. Virginia av. Baptist Church. Central. Founded 1922.
- WLBC, Muncie, Ind.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Donald A. Burton.
- WLB, Minneapolis, Minn.** 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. U. of Minnesota. Program Director, Robt. W. Orth. Central. Opened 1921.
- WLBK, Kansas City, Kan.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Everett L. Dillard. Slogan, "Where Listeners Become Friends." Central. Founded Nov. 13, 1926.
- WLBG, Petersburg, Va.** 249.9m-1200kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. R. A. Gamble.
- WLBL, Stevens Point, Wis.** 333.1m-900kc. 2000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Wisconsin Dept. of Agriculture and Markets. Slogan, "Wisconsin, Land of Beautiful Lakes." Central.
- WLBO, Galesburg, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Frederick A. Trebbe, Jr. Central. Founded Jan. 16, 1927.
- WLBW, Oil City, Pa.** 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Radio Wire Program Corp. of America. Slogan, "The Home of Quaker State Motor Oil." Announcers, Wm. S. Perry, Leigh Ore, Haven Haas. Eastern. Founded 1926.
- WLBZ, Long Island, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. John N. Brahy.
- WLBZ, Bangor, Me.** 483.6m-620kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Maine Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Jack Atwood, Henry C. Wing. Slogan, "This Is the Maine Station."
- WLCI, Ithaca, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Lutheran Assn. of Ithaca. Announcer, A. B. Berresford. Slogan, "The Church at the Gate of the Campus." Eastern. Founded 1926.
- WLEX, Lexington, Mass.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Lexington Air Station. Announcers, Gerald Harrison, Carl S. Wheeler. Eastern. Founded October, 1926.
- WLIT, Philadelphia, Pa.** 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Lit Bros. Eastern. Founded March 18, 1923.
- WLOE, Boston, Mass.** (tr. Chelsea). 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Boston Broadcasting Co. Announcers, H. von Holtzhausen, Paul Welsh. Eastern.
- WLS, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Crete). 344.6m-870kc. 5000 watts. Prairie Farmer. Announcers, Don Malin, Steve Cisler, Charles Stookey. Central. Founded April 6, 1924.
- WLSI, Providence, R. I.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Ducey W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Announcer, H. Holmquist. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.
- WLTH, Brooklyn, N. Y.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Voice of Brooklyn, Inc. Eastern.
- WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.** 428.3m-700kc. 5000 watts. The Crosley Radio Corp. Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WLWL, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Kearney). 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. The Paulist League. - Announcer, Bartholomew Sheehan. Eastern.
- WMAC, Cazenovia, N. Y.** (tr. at Cazenovia). 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Founded 1022. Eastern.
- WMAF, South Dartmouth, Mass.** 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Round Hills Radio Corp.
- WMAK, Buffalo, N. Y.** (tr. at Martinsville). 333.1m-900kc. 750 watts (tr. Tonawanda). WMAK Broadcasting Systems, Inc. Announcers, Jeff Baker, Robert Steigl, Mark Hawley. Founded Sept. 22, 1922.
- WMAL, Washington, D. C.** 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. M. A. Leese Radio Co. Eastern.
- WMAN, Columbus, Ohio.** 247.8m-1201kc. 50 watts. First Baptist church. Announcers, J. E. Anderson, C. S. Bidlack. Eastern. Founded September, 1922.
- WMAQ, Chicago, Ill.** 447.5m-670kc. 5000 watts. The Chicago Daily News. Announcers, Bill Hay, John W. Harrison, Harold Van Horne. Central. Founded April 13, 1922.
- WMAZ, Macon, Ga.** 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts. Jr. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, E. K. Cargill. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WMB, Newport, R. I.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. LeRoy J. Beebe.
- WMBG, Detroit, Mich.** 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts. Michigan Broadcasting Co. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WMBD, Peoria Heights, Ill.** 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Peoria Heights Radio Laboratory.
- WMBF, Miami Beach, Fla.** 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Fleetwood Hotel. Announcer, Paul Whitehurst. Eastern. Founded 1924.
- WMBG, Richmond, Va.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Havens and Martin. Announcers, H. W. Jones, W. H. Wood, L. Stone. Eastern.
- WMBH, Joplin, Mo.** 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Edwin Aber. Announcer, E. D. Aber. Central.
- WMBI, Chicago, Ill.** 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Moody Bible Institute. Slogan, "The West Point of Christian Service." Announcer, Wendell P. Loveless. Central. Founded July 28, 1926.
- WMBJ, Wilkesburg, Pa.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Rev. John W. Sproul.
- WMBL, Lakeland, Fla.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Benford's Radio Studios. Eastern.
- WMBM, Memphis, Tenn.** 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Seventh Day Adventist church.
- WMOB, Auburn, N. Y.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Radio Service Laboratories.
- WMBQ, Brooklyn, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Paul J. Gollhofer.
- WMBR, Tampa, Fla.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. F. J. Reynolds. Eastern.
- WMC, Memphis, Tenn.** 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. The Commercial Appeal. Announcer, Lloyd G. Harris. Slogan, "Station WMC, Memphis." "Down in Dixie." Founded Jan. 20, 1923. Central.
- WMES, Boston, Mass.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Mass. Educational Society. Announcer, A. Berggren. Eastern. Founded Aug. 1, 1927.
- WMMN, Fairmont, W. Va.** 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts day. Holt Rowe Novelty Co.
- WMPC, Lapeer, Mich.** 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. First Methodist Protestant Church. Central. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.
- WMRJ, Jamaica, N. Y.** 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Peter J. Prinz. Eastern. Opened July 9, 1926.
- WMSG, New York, N. Y.** 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Madison Square Garden. Announcer, Horace E. Beaver. Eastern.
- WMT, Waterloo, Iowa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Waterloo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Raymond L. Hill, Harold E. Clark. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.
- WNAC, Boston, Mass.** 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Ben Hadfield, John Wardell, Joseph Lopez, Edmund Cashman, Jean Sargent. Eastern. Founded July 31, 1922.
- WNAD, Norman, Okla.** 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. University of Oklahoma. Announcer, Bill Cram. Slogan, "Voice of Soonerland." Central. Founded September, 1922.
- WNAT, Philadelphia, Pa.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Albert A. Walker. Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WNAX, Yankton, S. D.** 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Gurney Seed & Nursery Co. Central. Founded 1921.
- WNBF, Binghamton, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Howitt-Wood Radio Co., Inc. Eastern.
- WNBH, New Bedford, Mass.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. New Bedford Hotel. Announcer, Donald Morton. Eastern. Founded 1923.
- WNBK, Knoxville, Tenn.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Lonsdale Baptist Church. Central.
- WNBO, Washington, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. John Brownlee Spriggs. Slogan, "The Voice of Southwestern Penna." Eastern.
- WNBQ, Rochester, N. Y.** 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Gordon P. Brown.
- WNBK, Memphis, Tenn.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Popular Radio Shop. Announcer, Mrs. John Ulrich. Central. Opened Feb. 28, 1927.
- WNBW, Carbondale, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 5 watts. Home Cut Glass and China Co.
- WNBX, Springfield, Vt.** 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. First Congregational Church Corp.
- WNBZ, Saranac Lake, N. Y.** 232.4m-1290kc. 50 watts. Smith and Mace. Daily, all day. Eastern.
- WNJ, Newark, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Radio Investment Co., Inc. Eastern.
- WNOX, Knoxville, Tenn.** 535.4m-560kc. 2000 watts to local sunset, 1000 watts after. Sterchi Bros. Central. Founded 1921.
- WNRC, Greensboro, N. C.** 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Wayne M. Nelson. Eastern. Founded March 24, 1926.
- WNYC, New York, N. Y.** 526m-570kc. 500 watts. New York Municipal Radio Station. Slogan, "Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York." John F. Fitzpatrick, Acting Director. Eastern. Founded July 8, 1924.
- WOAI, San Antonio, Texas.** 252m-1190kc. 5000 watts. Southern Equip. Co. (Evening News-Express). Announcer, J. G. Cummings. Slogan, "The Winter Playground of America, Where the Sunshine Spends the Winter." Central. Founded summer 1922.
- WOAN, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.** 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. Vaughn School of Music. Announcer, Y. M. Cornelius. Central.
- WOAX, Trenton, N. J.** 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. F. J. Wolff. Slogan, "Trenton Makes; The World Takes." Eastern. Founded March 2, 1923.
- WOBT, Union City, Tenn.** 228.9m-1310kc. 150 watts day, 100 watts night. Titsworth Radio Music Shop. Sun, 4-5 pm. Eastern.
- WOBV, Charleston, W. Va.** 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Charleston Radio Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Wally Fredericks. Eastern.
- WOC, Davenport, Iowa.** 299.8m-1000kc. 5000 watts. The Palmer School of Chiropractic. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Edgar Twamley, Richard Wells. Slogan, "Where the West Begins and in the State Where the Tall Corn Grows." Founded May, 1927.
- WOCL, Jamestown, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 25 watts. A. E. Newton. Slogan, "We're on Chautauqua Lake." Announcer, Bob Page. Eastern.
- WODA, Paterson, N. J.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. O'Dea Temple of Music. Slogan, "A Voice From the Silk City." Founded April 13, 1925. Eastern.
- WOI, Ames, Iowa.** 535.4m-560kc. 3500 watts. Iowa State College. Announcer, A. G. Woolfries. Founded April, 1922. Central.
- WOKO, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.** 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Hudson Valley Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "The Voice From the Clouds." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.
- WOL, Washington, D. C.** 228m-1310kc. 100 watts. American Broadcasting Co. Founded 1924. Eastern.
- WOMT, Manitowoc, Wis.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. The Mikadow theater. Announcer, F. M. Kadon. Central. Founded July, 1926.
- WOOD, Grand Rapids, Mich.** 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Walter B. Stiles, Inc. Central.
- WOQ, Kansas City, Mo.** 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Unity School of Christianity. Announcer, Rex G. Bettis. Central. Founded 1921.

WOR, Newark, N. J. (tr. at Kearney). 422.3m-710kc. 5000 watts. L. Bamberger & Co. Announcers, John B. Gambling, Walter J. Neff, Arthur Q. Bryan, Basil Roysdael, Pastley Sinclair, Floyd Neal, Roger Bowder. Founded 1922. Eastern.

WORC, Worcester, Mass. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. A. F. Kleindienst. Eastern. Founded Feb. 27, 1925.

WORD, Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Deerfield). 206.6m-1480kc. 5000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Association. Announcer, J. P. Holmes. Slogan, "Watchtower Station WORD." Central. Founded December, 1924.

WOS, Jefferson City, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts night, 1000 day. Missouri State Marketing Bureau. Announcer, Jack Heiny. Slogan, "Watch Our State." Central. Founded 1922.

WOV, New York, N. Y. 265.3m-1130kc. 1000 watts. International Broadcasting Corp.

WOW, Omaha, Neb. 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Woodmen of the World. Announcers, Ezra McIntosh, Joe Eaton, Eugene Konecky, Marie Kiely, Program Director. Slogan, "The Omaha Station." Central. Founded April 2, 1923.

WOWO, Fort Wayne, Ind. 258.5m-1160kc. 10,000 watts. Main Auto Supply Co. Announcers, Al Becker, Joe Poehling, Howard Ackley, A. H. Kuckein. Central. Founded April, 1925.

WPAP, Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Palisade Amusement Park. Announcer, Perry Charles. Eastern.

WPAA, Pawtucket, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Shortenberg & Robinson Co. Director, R. K. Stone. Slogan, "The Cradle of American Industry." Eastern. Opened January, 1924. Reopened August, 1926.

WPCC, Chicago, Ill. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. North Shore Church. Announcer, Ralph E. Briggs. Central. Founded July, 1924.

WPCH, Hoboken, N. J. 370.2m-810kc. 500 watts. Assoc. Broadcasters, Inc. Eastern.

WPEN, Philadelphia, Pa. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts day, 250 watts night. Philadelphia School of Wireless Telegraphy. Slogan, "First Wireless School in America." Eastern. Founded 1908.

WPG, Atlantic City, N. J. 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. Municipality of Atlantic City. Slogan, "World's Playgrounds." Eastern. Founded Jan. 3, 1924.

WPOE, Patchogue, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Patchogue Order of Elks. Eastern.

WPSC, State College, Pa. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. Pa. State College. Announcers, E. H. Rohrbeck, K. L. Holderman. Slogan, "The Voice of the Nittany Lion." Eastern. Founded Nov., 1921.

WPTF, Raleigh, N. C. 440.9m-680kc. 1000 watts. Durham Life Ins. Co. Slogan, "We Protect the Family." Eastern. Founded October 1, 1927.

WQAM, Miami, Fla. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Miami Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Frederick W. Mizer, Dale James. Slogan, "The Voice of Tropical America." Eastern. Founded Feb. 1, 1922.

WQAN, Scranton, Pa. 340.7m-880kc. 250 watts. Scranton Times. Announcer, T. V. Nealon. Slogan, "The Voice of the Anthracite." Eastern. Opened Jan. 8, 1923.

WQAO, Palisade, N. J. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Calvary Baptist Church. Announcer, D. Jones. Slogan, "The First Church Owned and Operated Broadcasting Station in the World." Founded 1922. Eastern.

WQBC, Utica, Miss. 220.4m-1360kc. 300 watts. Utica Chamber of Commerce, Inc. Central.

WQB, Clarksburg, W. Va. 249.9m-1200kc. 65 watts. John Raikes.

WQBZ, Weirton, W. Va. 211.1m-1420kc. 60 watts. J. H. Thompson.

WRAF, La Porte, Ind. 249.9m-1200 kc. 100 watts. Radio Club, Inc. Announcer, Charles Middleton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Maple City." Founded April, 1923. Central.

WRAC, Erie, Pa. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. C. R. Cummins. Slogan, "The Voice of Presque Isle." Eastern. Founded 1924.

WRAW, Reading, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Avenue Radio & Elec. Shop. Slogan, "The Schuylkill Valley Echo." Announcer, C. M. Chafey. Eastern. Founded June 5, 1923.

WRAX, Philadelphia, Pa. 239.9m-1020kc. 250 watts daylight. Berachah Church, Inc. Announcers, Walter S. Smalley, Herbert Hogg. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WRBL, Tifton, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 20 watts. Kent's Furniture and Music Store.

WRBJ, Hattiesburg, Miss. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Woodruff Furn. Co. Central.

WRBL, Columbus, Ga. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. David Parmer.

WRBO, Greenville, Miss. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. J. Pat Scully.

WRBT, Wilmington, N. C. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilmington Radio Assn.

WRBU, Gastonia, N. C. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. A. J. Kirby Music Co.

WRBW, Columbia, S. C. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Paul S. Pearce.

WRBX, Roanoke, Va. 322.4m-930kc. 250 watts. Richmond Development Corp.

WRC, Washington, D. C. 315.6m-950kc. 500 watts. National Broadcasting Co. Announcer, George F. Hicks. Slogan, "The Voice of the Capitol." Eastern.

WREC, Memphis, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts night, 1,000 watts day. WREC, Inc. Announcers, Hoyt B. Wooten, S. D. Wooten, Jr., Doc Sunshine, Bob Alberty, Bob Brooks. Central. Founded Sept., 1923.

WREN, Lawrence, Kan. 245.8m-1220kc. 1000 watts. Jenny Wren. Announcers, Vernon H. Smith, Ernest Pontius. Central. Founded February, 1927.

WRHM, Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Rosedale Hospital, Inc. Announcer, Troy S. Miller. Central.

WRJN, Racine, Wis. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Racine Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, H. J. Newcomb, Dick Mann. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1926.

WRK, Hamilton, Ohio. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. S. W. Doran. Eastern. Founded 1919.

WRNY, New York, N. Y. (tr. at Coytesville, N. J.). 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Aviation Radio Station, Inc. Eastern. Founded June 12, 1925.

WRR, Dallas, Texas. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Dallas. Announcer, John Thorwald. Slogan, "City of Achievements." Central.

WRUF, Gainesville, Fla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. University of Florida. Announcer, Chas. Lee.

WRVA, Richmond, Va. 270.1m-1110kc. 5000 watts. Larus & Bro. Co., Inc. Slogan, "Down Where the South Begins." Announcer, J. Robert Beadles. Eastern. Opened Nov. 2, 1925.

WSAI, Cincinnati, Ohio (tr. at Mason). 225.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Operated by Crosley Radio Corp.

WSIX, Springfield, Tenn. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. 638 Tire and Vulc. Co. Announcer, George H. Lawrence. Central. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSM, Nashville, Tenn. 461.3m-650kc. 5000 watts. National Life and Accident Insurance Co. Announcers, George Hay, Jack Keefe, Harry Stone. Founded Oct. 5, 1925.

WSMB, New Orleans, La. 227.1m-1320kc. 500 watts. Saenger Theaters, Inc., and The Maison Blanche Co. Announcer, C. R. Randall. Founded April 21, 1925. Central.

WSMK, Dayton, Ohio. 526m-570kc. 200 watts. S. M. Krohn, Jr. Slogan, "The Home of Aviation." Central.

WSPD, Toledo, Ohio. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. The Toledo Broadcasting Co. (Columbia Broadcasting System Chain). Announcers, Willard Rippon, Dick Pheatt, Harry Hansen, Dwight Northrup, Merrill Pheatt. Slogan, "The Gateway to the Sea." Eastern.

WSRO, Middletown, Ohio. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Middletown Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Harry W. Fahrlander. Central. Founded 1923.

WSSH, Boston, Mass. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Tremont Temple Baptist Church. Announcer, Raymond B. Meader. Eastern. Founded June 8, 1924.

WSUI, Iowa City, Iowa. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Univ. of Iowa. Announcer, Carl Menzer. Founded Feb. 12, 1924. Central.

WSUN-WFLA, St. Petersburg, Fla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. City of St. Petersburg. Announcer, Eddie Squires. Slogan, "The Sunshine City." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1927.

WSVS, Buffalo, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Seneca Vocational School. Announcer, David Warnhoff. Slogan, "Watch Seneca Vocational School." Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR, Syracuse, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Slogan, "Voice of Central New York." Eastern. Founded 1922.

WTAD, Quincy, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Illinois Stock Medicine Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Agriculture." Central. Founded Dec. 29, 1926.

WTAC, Worcester, Mass. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Worcester Telegram-Gazette. Announcer, Chester Gaylord. Slogan, "The Voice From the Heart of the Commonwealth." Eastern. Founded May 1, 1924.

WTAM-WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 3500 watts. WEAR, 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Announcer, Fred Ripley. Founded Sept. 26, 1923. Eastern.

WTAQ, Eau Claire, Wis. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Gillette Rubber Co. Announcer, C. S. Van Gorden. Slogan, "Where Tires Are Quality." Eastern.

WTAR-WPOR, Norfolk, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. WTAR Radio Corp. Chief Announcer and Program Director, Blayne R. Butcher. Announcers, Fred Pfahler, George Beck, Joe Klucz, D. C. Carr, Tom Hanes. Eastern. Founded Sept. 21, 1923.

WTAW, College Station, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Founded 1922. Central.

WTAX, Streator, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. Williams Hardware Co., Radio Division. Central.

WTAZ, Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 1500 watts. W. Reynolds, Jr., and T. J. McQuire.

WTBO, Cumberland, Md. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Cumberland Elec. Co.

WTFI, Toccoa, Ga. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Toccoa Falls Institute. Announcer, Kelly Barnes. Eastern. Founded Oct. 4, 1927.

WTHS, Atlanta, Ga. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Atlanta Technological H. S.

WTIC, Hartford, Conn. (499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Temporary assignment.) 282.8m-1060kc. 50,000 watts. Permanent location. The Travelers Insurance Co. Slogan, "The Insurance City." Eastern.

WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wis. (tr. at Brookfield). 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Milwaukee Journal. Announcers, Merrill Trapp, Donald T. McNeill, Merl Blackburn, Richard B. Macaulay, Robt. D. Boniel. Slogan, "Voice of Wisconsin, Land of Lakes." Central. Founded July 25, 1927.

WTNT, Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. WTNT Broadcasters. Announcer, Fred Waldrum. Founded Feb. 24, 1924. Central.

WTOC, Savannah, Ga. 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Chamber of Commerce of Savannah.

WWAE, Hammond, Ind. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Dr. Geo. F. Courier.

WWJ, Detroit, Mich. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. The Detroit News. Announcers, E. L. Tyson, F. P. Wallace, Lynn Gearhart. Eastern. Founded Aug., 1920.

WWL, New Orleans, La. 352.7m-850kc. 5000 watts. Loyola Univ. Announcer, Jean Pasquet. Central. Founded March 31, 1922.

WWNC, Asheville, N. C. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Citizens Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Asheville Citizen." Gen. Mgr., G. O. Shepherd. Program Dir., Stanley Green. Com'l Mgr., Clyde Smith. Promotion Mgr., Earnest Tappe. Eastern. Founded Feb. 21, 1927.

WWRL, Woodside, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. W. H. Reuman. Founded Aug. 15, 1926.

WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. 258.5m-1160kc. 250 watts. West Va. Broadcasting Corp. Eastern. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

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WSAJ, Grove City, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Grove City College. William L. Harmon. activities. Founded April, 1920.

WSAN, Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Allentown Call Pub. Co. Announcer, Charles Walp. Eastern.

WSAR, Fall River, Mass. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Doughty & Welch Elec. Co., Inc. Announcers, Barton G. Albert, Leonard A. McGrath. Founded Jan., 1923. Eastern.

WSAZ, Huntington, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. W. C. McKellar. Announcer, F. B. Smith. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WSB, Atlanta, Ga. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. Atlanta Journal. Announcer, Lambdin Kay. Slogan, "The Voice of the South." Central.

WSBC, Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. World Battery Co. Central.

WSBT, South Bend, Ind. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. South Bend Tribune. Announcers, Leslie C. Morehouse and Reginald B. Martin. Founded April, 1922. Central.

WSEA, Portsmouth, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Radio Corp. of Virginia. Founded Jan. 7, 1927.

WSGH-WSDA, Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Amateur Radio Specialty Co. Announcer, E. C. Rhodes. Eastern. Opened Nov. 3, 1926.

WSIS, Sarasota, Fla. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Financial Journal. Announcer, Jack Dadswell. Eastern. Founded 1920.

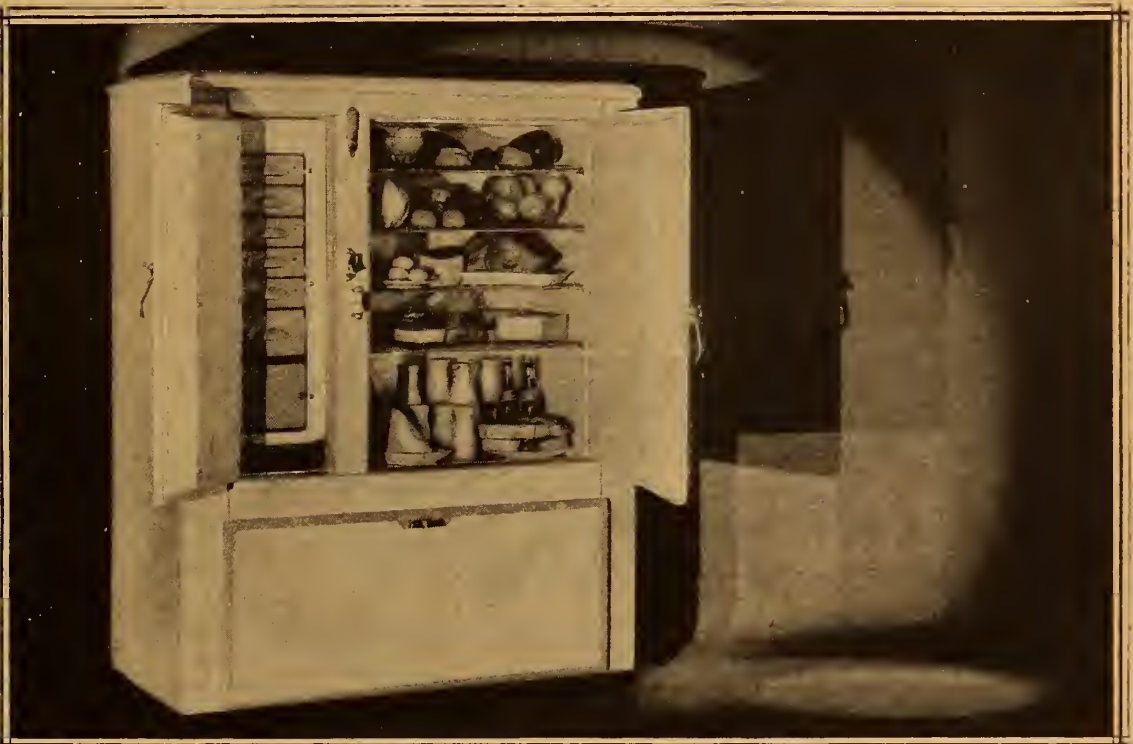
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Dolores and Her Lucky Star

(Continued from page 35)

query awakened me from my rosy dream. I suddenly became cold and nervous. A terrifying thought presented itself. What if my recitation should be a failure? Joyous anticipation of my debut, dreams of triumph had kept away real thinking, had banished serious thoughts. I could only dream—dream of the triumph which I was so certain would be mine. But now it all came to me. I recalled having read of the great celebrities of the day who had lost their voices when they faced the mike—that cold and impersonal bit of steel had frightened stars who appeared nightly before vast palaces of people. My dreams of triumph vanished, and were replaced by thoughts of fear, of failure—how they tormented me!

A FEW minutes before the eventful moment, I was admitted into the great spacious broadcasting room of the WSMB station. I felt more at ease when I stepped across the room on rarest of rugs which seemed like velvet beneath my feet—even more at ease when Mr. Randall greeted me cordially and introduced me to the other artists who would “go on the air” that evening. I sat back in the deep cushioned chair and sighed a sigh of relief. Everyone chatted animatedly—there was no need of fear, I tried to assure myself encouragingly.

Then, there was a hushed silence throughout the room. The program was about to begin. The announcer sat before the microphone and announced the pianist who would open the program. She stepped to the piano and played delightfully without a sign of fear. Then I realized why she had laughed and chatted, the piano was several feet from the mike and a fond relative was standing by her turning the pages of her music, just as though she were in the drawing room of her home. I was seized with another fit of anxiety; fear . . . it would be different with me. I would have to face the mike, and alone. No one could help me recite. I watched her closely and anxiously, scanning her features for a sign of fear, but she was smiling—perfectly at ease.

I wanted to run somewhere—you understand that indescribable feeling of fright—and in a frenzy of intense fear I heard Mr. Randall introduce me “over the air” to my unseen audience. It was a charming and beautiful, if not flattering, presentation, but I could not feel proud or thrilled at the moment . . . I was frightened, just “scared stiff.”

WHEN I walked to the microphone I could feel my legs trembling beneath me, then my whole body grew shaky. At that moment I thought of all the articles I had read on great opera stars and actresses who had suffered from Radio fright. If they failed—what chance had I? I, who would blush when reciting a little poem before a classroom. These thoughts presented themselves rapidly, one after another; singers’ voices had cracked, actresses had stopped short in the beginning of their recitation—they had experienced that terrible ordeal, “Radio fright.” I was ashamed, embarrassed, I knew I would squeak, stop suddenly, burst out crying, and the thousands of people listening in—my friends in the city who had formed little parties and were listening in—my friends in other parts of the country whom I had proudly wired to listen in on my dreamed-of triumph. I could picture their faces—a blurred picture of their dismay, disappointed at my failure, appeared before my eyes. They would hear me fail. God, but I suffered mentally. I wanted to cry—to run—to hide—to do anything but sit there and recite stanza after stanza of a poem—a poem which should be read with feeling—a poem dedicated to the dearest and most touching subject in the world—mothers!

I know you are wondering why I had so much time to think when I was already announced and sitting in the chair of horrors (should I say?) facing the mike. I did not. One can think much and fast in a matter of moments and especially moments like this. Then the announcer insisted that I begin—he, I presume, noticed my hesitancy. He knew I was frightened. I could hear the voices around me whispering . . . that made matters worse. Then again, I heard the announcer’s request, “Speak.” And I began!

All the tears that I tried to suppress, the pathos of fear, stuck in my throat. I could feel them almost choking me, but I spoke, fighting back the tears, my fingers trembling—the poem I knew so well was forgotten. Fortunately, I had written down the lines and read it from the paper. Oh, those lines, I could barely believe it was my voice that echoed in the great room—quivering so, all through the poem . . . I could hear the wistfulness resounding, crying out the lines. I wanted to stop, to burst into tears, but I would not give up. I kept on . . . and when I finished, the announcer came up to me and exclaimed, “You did wonderful—your voice just trembled with emotion!” The other artists crowded about me, showering me with compliments and felicitations. I was bewildered with joy. I could not speak or thank them for the compliments. I only smiled. The poem was a wistful one and the quivering of my voice added to the wistful beauty of it. My Radio debut was over . . . and a success.

Congratulations came from everywhere, almost. By phone. By letter. By telegraph. And in person. Even people whom I did not know wrote me letters of praise. Many of my intimate friends asked, “But Dolores, how did you do it, so composedly, so natural? Your voice sounded so beautiful. You said it with so much feeling.” My Mother said my dramatic ability surprised her. I could not tell them how I did it. I only smiled again. But that night I cried joyously over my greatest triumph, and do you wonder why I smile graciously when I look up to the heavens, for now I know my friend was right—my success—my triumphs—I owe them all—to my lucky star!

Night Club Romance

(Continued from page 89)

MADGE: Don’t talk that way, Ted. Just because you don’t like Jack is no reason why you have to insult him! As a matter of fact, I don’t think he ever did all the things you say he did.

TED: Well, your father seemed to think he did.

MADGE: Dad might be wrong, too.

TED: Let’s see—he forbade you to see Wilson any more, didn’t he?

MADGE: Yes.

TED: What’d he tell you about him then?

MADGE: He said—

TED: Well?—

MADGE: He said that Jack had done some things that were considered bad practice by newspaper men and unethical by gentlemen.

TED: Well—since your father’s managing editor of the “Clarion,” his word’s good enough for me, and it ought to be for you for two reasons. Now let’s forget about Jack Wilson for a while and see what’s going on here. Look—there’s the quartet coming out to sing.

MADGE: Yes—I know all of those boys. Jack used to room with—

TED: Aw—forget Jack! You’re here with me tonight. Let’s listen to this song, eh?

MADGE: All right, Ted.

MUSIC: QUARTET SINGS No. 2 THROUGH WITHOUT BREAK (—).

TED: They sing very well, don’t they?

MADGE: Yes. They’re awfully nice boys. Jack introduced me to all of them.

TED: There you go again. Jack, Jack, Jack!

JACK: That’s right! Speak of the devil and he always appears!

MADGE: Jack!

TED: Well—Wilson—what’re you doing here?

JACK: I don’t know if that’s any concern of yours, Droman.

TED: Oh—I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilson! I was just being a little solicitous as to your—

MADGE: Ted! Jack! Don’t stand there arguing. Everybody in the place is looking at you. Sit down here, Jack.

TED: Perhaps you’d like to have me leave, so that you can talk to your ex-sweetheart. But don’t let your father catch you talking to him. You know how he feels about it.

JACK: Listen here, Droman, you—

MADGE: Ted! Stop talking like that. You don’t want these people to think you’re fighting, do you? Jack—sit down—we don’t want to make a scene.

TED: Yes—do sit down, Wilson. I’ll buy you a sandwich. Perhaps you’re hungry.

JACK: And even if I were hungry, I wouldn’t eat your food. I came over to get Madge to dance with me.

TED: In your condition? You’re boiled to the ears, Wilson. You wouldn’t ask her to dance with you when you’re like that, would you?

JACK: I can manage my own affairs, I guess, Droman. Will you dance with me, Madge?

MADGE: Why—yes, Jack, I’ll dance with you.

JACK: Good. Don’t worry about us, Droman. I may be a little bit under the weather, but she’s better off dancing with me that way than with you under any conditions. Come on, Madge.

TED: You dirty dog! I’ll get you, yet.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP FULL UNTIL CUE (—).

NICK: Hello, Droman.

TED: Nick Polis! How come you’re here?

NICK: You know well enough why I’m here!

TED: Well—yeah. You kind of surprised me, though. I didn’t expect that you’d be rolling in so early.

NICK: Sometimes it’s a good idea to go places ahead of time. You can find out a lot of things.

TED: Why—what do you mean, Nick?

NICK: Listen, Wilson—I know your game. Don’t try to pull any of that ignorant stuff.

TED: Why—what’s the matter, Nick? I don’t know what you’re talking about. Has something gone wrong?

NICK: Yeh. Plenty.

TED: Well—I’ve been able to help you out of a lot of tight

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places—maybe I can do something for you this time, eh?

NICK: It's not what you can do for me, Wilson—it's what you've done to me!

TED: If you're trying to insinuate that I squealed on you—

NICK: Yeh. That's what I mean. Listen—you knew I was bringing a load of booze in here tonight, didn't you?

TED: Sure—I knew that. You told me the other day, when we were talking about the uptown gang.

NICK: Yeh. You were the only one that knew it, except the boss here, and the driver.

TED: All right—but what are you driving at?

NICK: I suppose you don't know anything about the cops that are hanging around here tonight?

TED: Cops? No—what cops?

NICK: Sure you don't know what they're doing there?

TED: Say listen, Nick—we've always played the game together, haven't we? Haven't I got your protection for you when you couldn't get it yourself?

NICK: Yeah.

TED: Didn't I frame a story about the uptown gang in the "Clarion" so that they'd all get run in and have to make a new start—and didn't you get most of their business while they were about it? Didn't I tell you about the new gag I'm going to work on 'em, so that they can't even land a load of liquor? So what's all this business about cops?

NICK: Don't try to bluff me with that business, Droman. Oh, sure, you got me protection—. You been running stories to get the uptown gang out of the way—sure. But now you're playing a double cross game, and it don't work, see?

TED: What do you mean, double cross?

NICK: Well—I happen to got some friends on the force myself. One of 'em tipped me off that you'd put the cops wise to the load I was bringing in here tonight, so you could be here to get the biggest prohibition story of the season. I got all the dope, see? You got scared of the uptown gang, and so you decided to make a big spurge all over the front page about me, eh? How much is Hannman paying you for this, Droman?

TED: Say—listen, Nick—you don't think I'd go back on an old friend like you, do you?

NICK: I don't have to think. I know. Your stories have gone to your head, Droman. I know about how you framed Jack Wilson, and—

TED: Shut up, you fool! Do you want everybody around here to hear you?

NICK: Looks like it doesn't make any difference now. They're going to read a big story in the paper tomorrow, Droman, but you're not going to write it, see. If one of these cops tries to interfere with me getting this stuff in, I'll come in here and pump you so full of holes they won't recognize you down at the "Clarion." That's all I've got to say!

TED: Hey, listen. Come back here. Come here! Ugh!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (—).

MADGE: Jack! Why did you get this—this way?

JACK: Will you give me a chance to tell you?

MADGE: Why, yes, of course.

JACK: Then come on over here and sit down at this table in the corner a minute. I can't talk to you when we're dancing.

MADGE: But Jack—

JACK: You said you'd give me a chance to explain. Your father's pre-

vented me up to now, so please give me a chance, Madge.

MADGE: Well—all right. I'll sit down with you for a minute. But we mustn't sit here long, because Ted'll be coming around and making a fuss.

JACK: Here—this's all right. Sit here.

MADGE (Pause): Now—what are you going to tell me?

JACK: First of all I'm going to tell you that I love you.

MADGE: Jack! Don't say that when—when you're drunk!

JACK: I may be a little bit lit, Madge—but I'm never in such a bad way that I don't think of that. Besides—that's one reason why I am like this.

MADGE: What do you mean?

JACK: Oh—it sounds like the old gag—being driven to drink. But that's about what it amounts to.

MADGE: Well—

JACK: Oh—Madge—I tried every way to see you after—after it happened. But they wouldn't let me. Your father told me he'd never let me speak to you again. They wouldn't let me talk to you on the phone. I tried everything, but I couldn't see you.

MADGE: How did you know I would want to see you, Jack?

JACK: I knew that if I could have a chance to explain things you would want to see me again. That's why I tried so hard to reach you.

MADGE: Then—if you have something that you can explain—don't you think you'd better get it over with?

JACK: Yes. Well—you know why I was fired from the "Clarion," don't you, Madge?

MADGE: I heard some of the reasons, yes.

JACK: Well—it was a mistake. I didn't do the things that I was fired for! It was—framed.

MADGE: Framed?

JACK: Yes. And your little fair haired boy friend was the one who framed me!

MADGE: Ted?

JACK: Yes. Oh—I can't prove anything on him, I know that. That's what makes it so hard to take. But I know he did it. He bragged to me that he did!

MADGE: I don't believe it, Jack. I can't see why Ted should do anything like that to you.

JACK: That isn't hard to figure out. You're the reason.

MADGE: What do you mean?

JACK: Well—Ted knew that while you were going around with both of us, there wasn't clear sailing. He knew that if I was put out of the way, and if your father was led to believe I was crooked, he'd have the field all to himself. So—he did the snake-in-the-grass act, framed me up for something I didn't do, and that's all there is to it.

MADGE: But Jack—I can't believe that Ted ever did that.

JACK: Perhaps not, but he did. So far, he's been getting away with it. But no more. I'm going to get him, now. I don't know how—but I am!

MADGE: Jack! You're not going to do anything—

JACK: I don't know what I'm going to do—but it'll be pretty ample pay for what he did to me. Well—that's all I have to explain, Madge. I hoped—I sort of hoped you'd believe in me, but—

MADGE: I think I do believe at least part of what you say, Jack. But we mustn't stay here. Ted'll be over looking for me. Let's go back.

JACK: All right, Madge . . . wait a minute. We can't go back yet. There's that quartet coming out to sing again. We'll have of myait until they're off the floor. ut was

MADGE: Well—all right.

MUSIC: QUARTET SINGS NEXT NUMBER THROUGH. RUNS (—).

TED: Well—you've been away a long time. I thought you'd eloped with your pickled boy-friend, Madge.

JACK: Yeah? And what if she had? What's that to you?

TED: It's plenty to me, Wilson. When I'm escorting a lady, it's my business to see that she isn't bothered by—bums!

MADGE: Please—Ted—Jack! Don't talk that way to each other. At least you might both remember that I'm here.

JACK: I'm sorry, Madge. . . . Well—I'll have to be going along. I'll see you soon, Madge.

TED: Not if I can help it, you won't see her soon. You'd better find a nice warm speakeasy and curl up in it—

JACK: Yeah. I'll see you there. Good bye, Madge.

MADGE: Good bye, Jack. (Pause.) Ted—I wish you wouldn't say those things to Jack. Everybody has times when things aren't going right.

TED: Yeah? He's been handing you that line, eh? And you've fallen for it! Listen—you know that since he was fired off the "Clarion" he's tried to hook up with every other paper in New York, don't you? And failed!

MADGE: Why?

TED: Because if you once get a reputation like he's got in the newspaper business, you might as well pack up and beat it for the sticks. There isn't a city editor in the city'd look at him!

MADGE: I think he'll get back, someday.

TED: Then you've got another think coming. Listen, Madge—let's not sit and talk about that bozo. I want to talk about us.

MADGE: Well—

TED: Madge—I want you to marry me!

MADGE: But—Ted—

TED: You know I'm crazy about you, Madge—I always have been.

MADGE: Yes—I think you're fond of me, Ted. But I don't love you—any more than you love me.

TED: Of course I love you, Madge! Don't you know that?

MADGE: No—I don't think you do, Ted. You're not the kind who can really love any girl. I'd want to be much more sure of anyone I was to marry than I could be of you.

TED: Listen, Madge—you don't still care for Jack Wilson, do you?

MADGE: Perhaps.

TED: I don't think you're that foolish. He's a total loss, that bird—just a bum. Your father would raise the very devil if he thought you were playing around with him. I think it would be my duty to tell him—too.

MADGE: Then—since that's the way you feel about it, suppose we stop talking about it. Will you dance with me?

TED: Why—yes, I guess so. I sort of hated to go out on the floor—I mean—there's someone that I want to see, and—

MADGE: What are you so nervous about, Ted? Why don't you want to get out on the floor?

TED: Well—you see—oh, it's nothing. We'll dance—and I can see this fellow later on. Come on!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA UP FULL UNTIL CUE (—).

MADGE: I don't know what's the matter of you, Ted. All the time we were dancing, you were looking around. Why are you so nervous tonight?

TED: Oh—I just—well, I don't want

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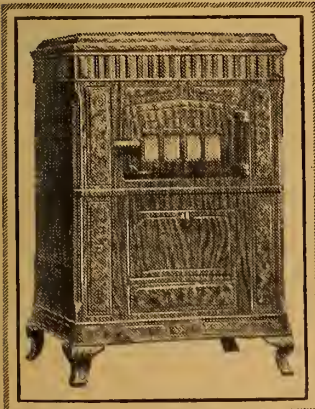
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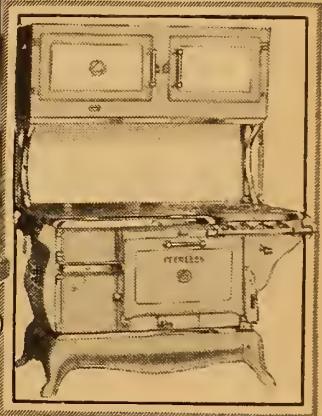
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to miss this fellow I'm supposed to see. I think I'll take a turn around and see if I can find him. You don't mind, do you, Madge?

MADGE: Well—no. Not if you'll hurry back.

TED: I won't be long. I just want to go over there on—

BIZ: TWO OR THREE SHOTS IN RAPID SUCCESSION, AS FROM AN AUTOMATIC AT NOT TOO CLOSE RANGE.

TED: Ohhhhh!

MADGE: Ted! What's the matter? Where did those shots come from? Oh! You're hurt! Some one has shot you!

BIZ: CROWD NOISE BUILDS UP.

TED (In agony): Take me—some-where!

MADGE: Yes, Ted, yes. I'll get somebody to take you outside. Wait a minute—I'll be right back!

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (—).

SLEEPY: Wait a minute, there. Don't go out that door yet. . . . Oh! It's Jack Wilson.

JACK: Sleepy Jennings!

SLEEPY: Yeah. What're you scared of, Jack? You heard those shots, didn't you?

JACK: Yeah, I heard 'em. But I figured I wouldn't be much use here, since I—

SLEEPY: Yeah—I know. It was tough that they fired you off the "Clarion." We always thought you was one of the best police reporters they had. Well—what about this shootin'?

JACK: I don't know anything about it. I was just on my way out, and—

SLEEPY: Been drinkin' a bit, haven't you, Wilson? You know—it seems darn funny to me that you'd be leavin' this place just when they was a shootin' goin' on.

JACK: Yeah.

SLEEPY: Just as a matter of form, I think I'd better look you over before you leave.

JACK: If you think I'm mixed up in this, Sleepy, you're crazy.

SLEEPY: Yeah? So's a lot of people in the asylums. Let's see your pockets. . . . A-ha! Carryin' a gun, eh? You know I think you'd better come into the back room with me. I just saw 'em carryin' Ted Droman in there, shot. I happen to remember that you and Ted aren't speakin'. Come along with me, boy.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (—).

MADGE: Jack!

JACK: It's all right, Madge, don't worry.

MADGE: Who is that man with you?

SLEEPY: I'm Jennings, from headquarters. Is Droman hurt badly?

MADGE: I'm afraid so. He's unconscious.

SLEEPY: Yeah. Bad business.

JACK: Sleepy—how did you happen to be so near here tonight?

SLEEPY: We was watchin' the place, anyway. We'd been tipped off that Nick Polis was goin' to drive in a load of booze, so we was sent out to get it if he tried to get it in.

JACK: Who tipped you off?

SLEEPY: I don't know. It came from the chief's desk.

JACK: Look here—Sleepy. I don't care if you're watching me on suspicion—but I'm going to find the bird that killed Droman. I know more than to

try and get away from this place—you know that. Can I go out to the club a minute?

SLEEPY: Yeah—I guess so. But don't try any funny business. The place is surrounded, you know.

JACK: Yes—I know. I'll see you in a minute.

MUSIC: UP SOFTLY FOR A WHILE, UNTIL CUE (—).

SLEEPY: They got your boy friend, all right, Miss Eastman.

MADGE: Yes.

SLEEPY: Got any idea who did it?

MADGE: Why—no.

SLEEPY: You don't sound very convincing. Do you think Jack Wilson did it?

MADGE: No—no!

SLEEPY: What're you gettin' so excited about. I'm just trying to find out who pulled this.

MADGE: Naturally I'm excited, when the man I'm with is shot down right beside me.

SLEEPY: You don't think Wilson did it, though? He and Droman was on the outs, wasn't they?

MADGE: Why—

SLEEPY: Wasn't they?

MADGE: Yes—I suppose so.

SLEEPY: Yeah. And I found a gun on Wilson. Looks kinda bad for him.

MADGE: I know it. But he didn't do it. I know he didn't. I'm going out in the other room a minute—I'll see you later.

SLEEPY: I'll go along with you as far as the door.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRA FULL UP UNTIL CUE (—).

SLEEPY: All right, Wilson. I guess you've been running around out here long enough.

JACK: I've got it, Sleepy, I've got it!

SLEEPY: Yeah? What have you got?

JACK: I've got the story! It's the biggest thing that's been broken on a front page in months! Wait'll I get to the phone—I'm going to get it to the "Clarion" in time for the last edition!

SLEEPY: No—I'm sorry, Wilson, but that gag doesn't work. You're not working for the "Clarion" any more, you know. I can't let you call out of here, since your under arrest.

JACK: But listen, Sleepy—I've got to call. I've got to get this scoop to the "Clarion." Droman can't cover it—he's out! Somebody's got to get it to 'em!

SLEEPY: Those are orders, boy. I can't let you phone until we prove that you didn't shoot Droman.

JACK: But—I've got to make the last edition. I can just make it if I call now.

SLEEPY: I said no—and I mean no! Now pipe down, see. Go on in the back room, and I'll be in in a minute.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY UNTIL CUE (—).

JACK: Madge!

MADGE: Yes, Jack.

JACK: Madge—you don't think I did it, do you?

MADGE: No—I don't think you did. But they don't know *who* did, and they'll suspect you until they can find the one who shot Ted.

JACK: I know who shot him! I've got the story. But I can't give it to Jennings yet—he'll kill it for the "Clarion." We've got to get a scoop on this thing, Madge—and Jennings won't let me touch a phone. There's about two minutes to make the last edition—and if we don't make it, we're sunk. The "Echo's"

dead-line is a half hour later than the "Clarion's," and they'll get it!

MADGE: You know who shot him, Jack?

JACK: Yes—I got the whole yarn. But that's all the good it does me.

MADGE: Here comes Jennings back again. I'll be back in a minute.

JACK: Where're you going?—Say listen, Sleepy—I've got to get this thing to the "Clarion." Can't I just phone it in, if you stand beside me?

SLEEPY: Orders is orders, boy, I'm sorry.

JACK: What time is it—let's see your watch. Mine's in hock. Yeah—I thought so. One minute to go to cover the dead line.

SLEEPY: Shut up a minute! Droman's moving! He's trying to say something.

JACK: Come here . . . Ted, ol' kid—what do you want, boy? Don't fret—you'll pull through. Keep quiet.

TED: I'm—through—I—guess. Sleepy.

JACK: Go to sleep, kid. You'll be O. K.

TED: No—want—Sleepy. Here.

JACK: He wants to tell you something, Sleepy.

TED: I—framed—Wilson. Tell them—that. Tell "Clarion." I—framed him.

SLEEPY: Yeah! Well—that bears out my suspicions, Wilson. It looks like revenge, that's all.

JACK: Ted—hold it, kid. Do you know who shot you?

TED: Yes—Nick—Nick—Polis.

JACK: There! Does that clear up things, Sleepy?

SLEEPY: Nick Polis! So he was mixed up in that business, was he?

JACK: Yeah. Well—now you've got the story, Sleepy. I knew who did it fifteen minutes ago—but I wanted to get the story to the "Clarion" first. That would have done a lot for me, Sleepy. Now the dead-line's passed, and they've gone to press with the last edition! I'm sunk.

MADGE: Jack!

JACK: Where have you been, Madge?

MADGE: You're *not* sunk, Jack. I called Dad, and told him you have a big story. He's holding the last edition for it! He's on the phone now—hurry out and give it to him—if Jennings will let you.

SLEEPY—I'll let him go, Miss Eastman. Droman confessed that he framed Wilson on the "Clarion," and he told us who shot him—so I guess there's nothing left for me to do. I'll be stopping for Polis on the way out.

MADGE: Then Jack—oh, he's gone!

SLEEPY: Yeah—he had the "Clarion" on the wire before you got the words out of your mouth. There's a good newspaper man! But he needed your help—this time.

MADGE: Well—I'll be helping him—from now on!

(ANNOUNCER ON FOLLOWING PAGE.)

ANNOUNCER: And so comes our "dead-line"—and the end of another Night Club Romance.

Big Time

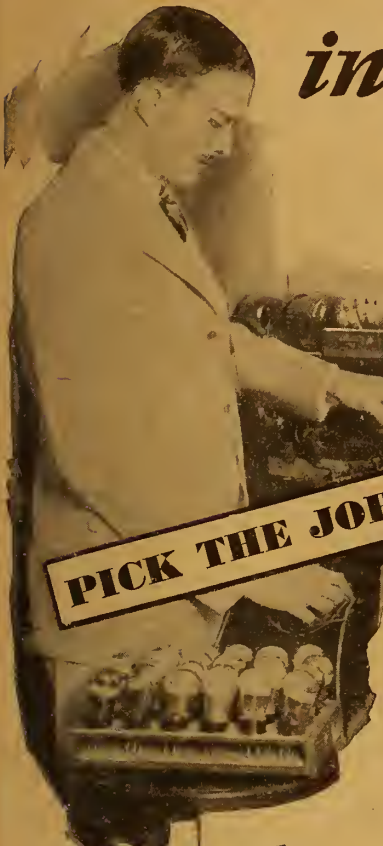
(Continued from page 34)

Jimmy Harper bent forward intensely; his queer little face—the face which had sent countless thousands into paroxysms of laughter—twisted into grimace of intense thought.

"Petey," he said slowly, "I can't see a flaw. It seems like you've hit on something."

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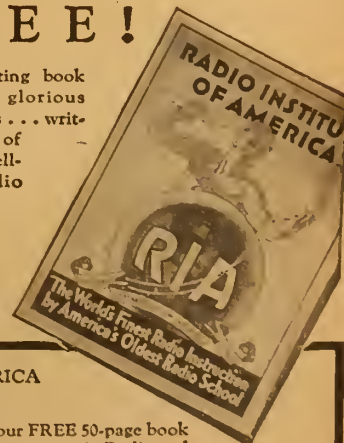
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listen—I'm the grand-daddy of fixers. I'm a hound on wimmin and matrimonial difficulties—before or after. Now you just go right ahead and trust little old Petey and before you know it everything will have come out all right. How about it; you game?"

Slowly, Jimmy extended his hand. "I'm on!" he proclaimed seriously. Petey grinned. "Keno!" he said.

JIMMY HARPER gave careful and lengthy thought to the advice of his friend; he was sincerely in love and deeply worried. He knew that he was suffering personally and professionally, and while the importance of the latter paled into insignificance before the magnitude of the former—he was too well versed in the ways of his profession to overlook the material angle.

Worry had come to him for the first time in a serene and laugh-provoking life. Love was treating him shabbily and he was knowing its agonies before he knew its joys. Yet, fearful and jealous as he was, he could not dislike the blonde and genial rubber salesman who followed them from city to city and haunted the theaters at which the act headlined.

Oscar was a good sort; jovial and friendly and well meaning. But he was a gentleman of set and positive ideas—and one of them was that no wife of his should remain a professional. That had been the shoal upon which the marital barque of Oscar and Nora had wrecked, and Mr. Swanson was not at all desirous of repeating the disaster.

After all, reflected Jimmy, good scout as Oscar was—there was no denying that he was the basis of all the trouble. His presence loaded the situation with horrid potentialities . . . and it was two weeks later in sheer misery of desperation that Jimmy Harper put into effect the strategy outlined by his friend Petey.

And even Jimmy's worst enemy could not by any stretch of a vivid imagination have accused him of being a slow worker. Perhaps, reflected the funny man, this was due to the fact that he cared not a snap of his skinny fingers for the blonde creature upon whom he now showered his favors. It didn't matter particularly to him whether or not she responded. She was a mere lay figure in his scheme of things—he was interested in the effect upon Oscar and upon Nora rather than how this whirlwind courtship might affect Evelyn.

As for Nora Carrigan, that young lady tried her level best to show Jimmy that she didn't care one way or the other what he did or when he did it. But if there was a hurt look in her eyes—a look of surprise and disappointment and of suffering—Jimmy either didn't see or didn't comprehend. He went his way blithely content in the knowledge that his campaign had clearly developed the vital fact that Nora and Oscar were not again in love with each other.

Oscar Swanson wore his heart on his sleeve. His eyes dumbly followed Jimmy Harper and the ravishing Evelyn. So far as he was concerned, Nora Carrigan evidently did not exist. . . . Oscar was beginning to suspect that he had been too confident, too uncompromising in his dictation of terms. Already his grim determination never to marry another practicing actress was rudely shaken—and at a time when it seemed to be too late.

But Oscar did not depart. His ruddy countenance appeared in the theater at least once every day and twice on most. Jimmy was sorry for him . . . but it seemed that his pity was not shared by Evelyn. That young lady was now accepting Jimmy's attentions as a mat-

ter of course . . . and recently the name of Oscar Swanson had been taboo between them.

"Dog-gone the fellow," Jimmy told himself—"can't he take a hint? Why don't he either marry Evelyn or beat it?"

Oscar did neither. He seemed to have no idea of doing anything except stick around. He was, to Jimmy's way of thinking, a grizzly bear for punishment. And it was in a spirit of sheer desperation one night in Indianapolis that Jimmy invited Evelyn to accompany him after the show to a roadhouse famous for its fried chicken sandwiches.

THEY motored out to Broad Ripple; a long ride through moonlight and over smooth roads. The sandwiches were excellent and satisfying. Jimmy was desperate and Evelyn unusually beautiful. They talked and danced together once or twice and then re-entered the touring car which they had chartered for the evening. Jimmy bade the driver take a circuitous route back to the hotel.

It was a quiet, smooth ride through romantic country. Worry, work and bewilderment had done something to Jimmy—his perceptions were no longer keened to razor edge.

He was never quite clear how it happened. The first thing he remembered was that Evelyn—all of her—was in his arms, that her lips were on his and she was telling him that she was the happiest woman in the world and wouldn't Nora and Oscar be surprised that they were going to get married.

Jimmy opened his amazed lips—then closed them. It would hardly be polite, he figured, to inform Evelyn that she was mistaken. Certainly not this soon in the engagement. Besides, he wondered how this appalling situation had come about. He didn't remember definitely proposing to Evelyn—and certainly being engaged to her was a little bit worse than the last thing he desired.

"Isn't it just too amazing, Jimmy— you and me being engaged?"

"Yeh. Amazing is right."

"And you're happy?"

"Say—" Jimmy tried hard to be a gentleman, "ain't a guy usually happy when he just gets to be engaged? It ain't like he was married or nothing."

"That's right, Jimmy; it sure isn't." She slipped her hand in his. "When do we tell Oscar and Nora?"

He experienced a sinking sensation near the pit of his tummy. "We?" he echoed feebly.

"Yes—we."

"Why do *we* have to tell 'em? Why can't you do the dirty work?"

"Jimmy—I do believe you're afraid."

"Shuh! What'd I be afraid of. . . . But the we stuff is out, and that goes."

Until dawn Jimmy sat in wide eyed solitude thinking it over and coming to no conclusion. He was dazed and miserable. It wasn't that Evelyn wasn't a beautiful girl and all that a wife should be, but, dog-gone it, it was Nora he wanted! He rose suddenly and slammed a clenched fist into the palm of his other hand.

"If I ever lay my fingers on Petey!" His face purpled. "He's a swell fixer, he is!"

QUITE obviously Evelyn broke the news to Oscar early in the morning, for when afternoon arrived Mr. Swanson was not among those present. Inquiry disclosed the fact that Oscar had emulated the well known Arabs and flitted away quietly and completely. Jimmy was sorry; it seemed such a pity that he should have Evelyn when he so much desired that Oscar should have

her—a desire which the ruddy cheeked Mr. Swanson quite evidently shared.

Evelyn told Nora, too, and she came into his dressing room that afternoon just before the matinee. She was smiling as she extended her hand, but he fancied that there was something strained about that smile—and a hint of moisture in the fine brown eyes which met his so bravely.

"Congratulations, Jimmy. Evelyn just told me . . ."

"Aw, say . . ."

"I know you'll be very happy."

"You know a heap."

"Yes. . . ." Then, quite irrelevantly, "Oscar has gone."

"Hmm! That's my fault, too."

"You wanted to get rid of him, didn't you, Jimmy?"

"Sure. But—" He bit his lip. It didn't seem right decent explaining to Nora why he wanted to get rid of Oscar.

"I understand." She smiled again, that sad, wistful smile. "I had you sized up all wrong, Jimmy."

"You ain't the only one."

"I thought you felt about Oscar—" She flushed. "Well, you and Evelyn are engaged and I wish you luck—you two."

"Us two? Good Lord, Nora—you ain't figuring on quitting the act, are you?"

"If you'll release me."

"I won't!" he exploded. "I positively refuse. I've got you under contract."

"Very well. If you insist—"

"I'll say I do."

"It isn't for very long. Our bookings are almost out—"

"So'm I."

Nor did the ensuing days smooth the situation. Jimmy was supremely miserable and he wondered whether Evelyn was as happy as she ought to be. Certainly she demonstrated none of the raptures of the newly-engaged young lady. She was reserved and a trifle cool—which suited him excellently but at the same time caused him to wonder whether the fault was not his.

After all, Evelyn was a good scout and if he had blundered into a trap, it was up to him as a gentleman to make the best of it. Certainly it had been his fault and it was downright out of the question to tell Evelyn bluntly that he didn't love her.

HE COULDN'T understand why she had become engaged to him. The idea that she might be in love with him had never before occurred. He had always felt that she was in love with Oscar Swanson. . . . Well, they were engaged now—Evelyn and himself—and he guessed he'd have to go through with it. If only Nora had not been there to remind him twice daily that he was in love with the girl to whom he was not engaged. "Golly! I can sure understand now what Nora was feeling with her ex-husband hanging around. I feel guilty every time she sees me with Evelyn."

In Cleveland somebody came into his dressing room. At sight of the visitor Jimmy Harper rose to his inconsiderable height and started forward with murder in his eye.

"I hope you got a lot of life insurance, Petey, because—"

"Aw, lay offa that stuff, Jimmy. Sid-down and spill the dope. What's this I hear about you being engaged to Evelyn?"

"You heard it? Well, lemme explain how it happened . . ." Five minutes later he finished the tragic story. "And here I am, about to be married to a girl I don't love when the one I do love is—aw hell! Petey—it's terrible."

"I'll bet it is. Now lemme think a minute." Suddenly Petey looked up,

The Collier Hour

(Continued from page 16)

of the continent and the vast open or closed spaces between.

Approximately ten thousand replies were received in response to a test call for expressions of opinion regarding the quality of the programs. Anybody connected with Radio stations can tell you what this means as an indication of extensive appreciation, for as Radio grows in popularity and use, Radio audiences naturally become sophisticated and critical.

What was even more gratifying than the number of letters received was the universal tone of unstinted praise. If space permitted, many could be quoted giving utterance in almost extravagant terms to the pleasure obtained by the writers from the Collier's programs. It strated that the Collier's Weekly revue essence, the correspondence demonhad won an instant place in the esteem of the American home; that it was looked to as a regular hour of entertainment, singular in form and satisfying in substance.

THE technique of presentation was simple, and, like most simple presentations, effective. Expert librettists took the magazine and with a thread of dialogue between Uncle Henry, George Creel's philosophical humorist, and the Editor, produced a series of dramatizations relieved by musical interpolations. This vehicle received momentum from the highest class of histrionic talent employed for roles that quickly achieved fame with the widespread Radio audience—Angus and Pudgy of the E. Phillips Oppenheim detective series and Sweet William of Dana Burnet fame, and the rest. Distinguished speakers, usually staff or other authors appearing in the pages of Collier's, gave a flavor of intellectual and educational support to the programs; so that each hour was representative of the character of the Weekly—fiction, articles, special features like the Grantland Rice sports and the H. I. Phillips McGoofey's First Reader.

The music was in the hands of a capable orchestra made up of a personnel of New York Philharmonic artists, and the selections were always atmospherically appropriate to the text.

In the thirty-nine revues given last season more than two hundred items appearing in the Weekly, including serial stories, were thus "sampled" over the air by the public. Key stations in the Blue Chain of the National Broadcasting company were selected—WJZ in New York, WBZ in Springfield, Mass., KDKA in Pittsburgh and KYW in Chicago. Collier's Weekly was mentioned by announcers only when logically necessary, a fact not overlooked by those responding with written applause or by the press in its unanimously favorable reviews.

Collier's Radio Hour is now carried over a coast-to-coast network of sixteen stations of the National Broadcasting company. This means practically complete national coverage for the program. And the contents of the thirty-nine programs to be run up to early summer will be even an improvement over the first two seasons.

With the expansion of territory in area covered by stations, the augmentation of the musical content of the programs and the general speeding up of libretto to keep pace with the Weekly, the Collier's Radio Hour will be welcomed by millions of listeners who expect much from the future because of the enjoyment it has provided in the past. The betting is they'll get more than they expect.



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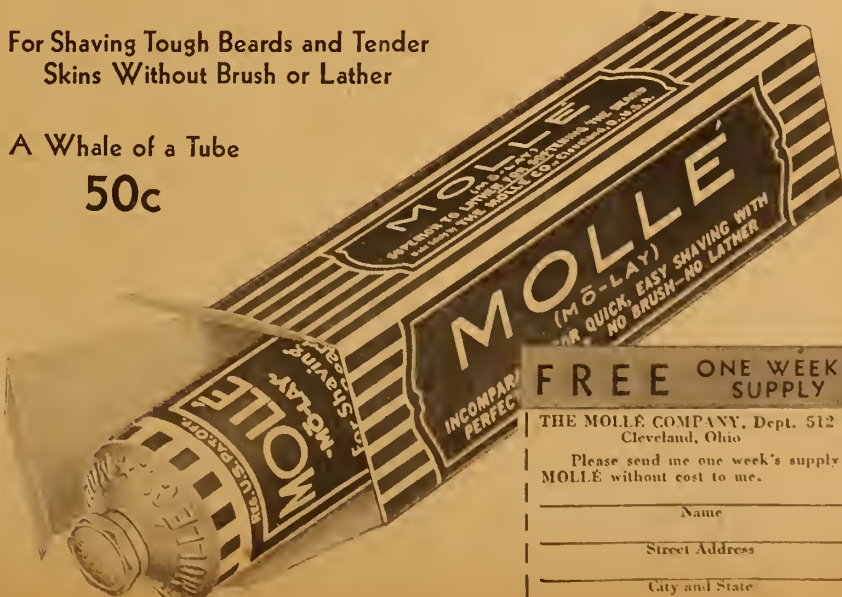
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smiling radiantly. "I got it!"

"Got what?"

"An idea. I can fix things for you."

"You'll fix nothing for me, Petey. You've fixed me so swell already I'm 'most dead. If you even suggest something else I'll brain you. All you're good for from now on, Petey, is to listen to me and not to explain no plans which you have got."

Petey sighed resignedly. "All right—if you ain't interested in my scheme."

"I ain't interested in a thing but my own troubles . . . and I sure got plenty of those."

If the act had been flat before, it was an absolute plane now. Backstage there was a tension which persisted despite the heroic efforts of all three members of the team. Jimmy was in a ferment of irresolution; he knew that he couldn't go through with his marriage to Evelyn and he knew he couldn't refuse. Plan after plan was formulated only to be discarded. His worry increased—he ate little and slept less. He became haggard and drawn—and desperate.

DESPERATION was something new to Jimmy! It made him want to do things he didn't want to do. It imparted to him the wildest promptings and most impossible desires. And it was one night while in the throes of just such a fit of desperation that he left Evelyn at the hotel, called Nora's room and demanded that she come down to the lobby that very minute prepared to take an automobile ride.

Nora came. She looked wonderfully attractive—nothing of Evelyn's voluptuousness, but a warm sweetness which was distinctly her own; and she did not demur when he rather brutally bundled her into a sedan and bade the driver step on it pending further orders.

Nora sat in the corner and said nothing, yet Jimmy derived a world of comfort from the silent communion. What a relief from the incessant chitter-chatter of Evelyn Carrigan. Nice girl, Evelyn—but oh! so different from the soft eyed, understanding Nora!

They drove for almost an hour with scarcely a word of conversation. Then, quite suddenly, Jimmy leaned forward and spoke to the driver. That individual grinned, nodded and turned. When Jimmy settled back in his seat there was a firm set to his lips and a new light of grim determination in his eyes.

"Nora," he asked, "do you know where we are going?"

She shook her head slowly.

"We are going," snapped Jimmy, "to get married!"

She seemed startled. "Married?"

"To each other."

"Jimmy—are you crazy?"

"Yes. Thank goodness."

"But we can't. You're engaged to Evelyn."

"It isn't my fault. I want to marry you."

"I—I can't let you do it, Jimmy."

"Do you love me?"

"I don't see—"

"Do you love me?"

She was not the equivocating kind. "Yes, Jimmy."

"And I love you. So that's settled."

The atmosphere of the car was queerly electric. There was no further argument. All of Jimmy's bewilderment had departed—a load had been lifted from his shoulders; he worked swiftly and effectively.

The license clerk was located, placated and routed into his clothes. A minister was found and less than two hours later Nora Carrigan had become Mrs. Jimmy Harper. It was not until the journey back to the hotel that they looked at

each other with something of fear shining through their happiness.

"Oh! Jimmy—what will Evelyn say?"

"I don't care. That is, I do care. I've done a dirty hound trick—but we're married. That's the important point. Nothing is going to unmarry us. And besides—I don't believe Evelyn is in love with me."

"Isn't she your fiancee?"

"Was. But that hasn't anything to do with it. I just got a hunch . . . on the level, don't you agree?"

"Yes . . . or I wouldn't have married you. I'm awfully fond of Evelyn, but—Oh! Jimmy, why did she become engaged to you if she doesn't love you?"

"Ask me something easy, sweetness. There ain't any answer to that."

A long pause, and she spoke: "Who is going to tell Evelyn?"

"You?" hopefully.

"No. You."

"Gosh, Nora . . ."

"Well, Jimmy—I can't."

"Neither can I."

"Then both of us."

That's twice as bad. Listen, Sugar-foot; you got an awful fine head on your shoulders. Let's think up a scheme."

"All right—let's."

"You do it. I ain't thinking about anything except being happy."

And just before they reached the hotel she smiled and squeezed his hand.

"I've got a plan, Jimmy."

"I knew it."

"It may not work—"

"It's got to!"

"I have an idea that Evelyn loves my ex-husband."

"Right-o!"

"And all that was holding them apart was the question of whether she'd quit the stage."

"Yeh."

"And I think if Oscar could get her now he'd be willing to let her dictate terms."

"Sure. But—"

"**A**LL RIGHT. I happen to know where Oscar is. He could be here at ten o'clock tomorrow night if he got a telegram before seven in the morning. Now suppose he did receive a wire from Evelyn saying that if he was willing to let her stay on the stage and still wanted her, he should be in the hotel lobby here tomorrow night after the show with a marriage license. And suppose, after he had boarded the train and couldn't be reached, Evelyn was to get a telegram from him saying that he was coming with a marriage license and would meet her in the hotel lobby after the night show and if she was still willing to take him and stay on the stage, she should meet him. Suppose that, Jimmy . . ."

"Golly. . . . But if they compared notes?"

"They won't—then. If they're in love with each other they'll meet—and be so happy that they won't think of anything except that they were together once more. As for the telegram from Oscar—I got a friend in that town. I'll wire him tonight quoting the telegram I want sent with Oscar's name signed—so that part of it will look O. K. And you see, Jimmy, if it works we won't have to tell them anything; they'll be as guilty as we are."

He took her in his arms. "Sweetness—you sure are one noble liar!"

The day following was surfeited with embarrassment for the bridal couple. They avoided one another's eyes—and kept as far away as possible from Evelyn. As for that flaxen-haired young lady, it was quite obvious that she, too, was laboring under a strain.

Immediately after the evening performance, Evelyn disappeared. Jimmy Harper dragged his wife out of her dressing room and into a taxicab. "Down to the hotel for us. We'll watch from the mezzanine."

And watch they did. They saw Oscar Swanson pacing the lobby, they saw Evelyn try to greet him casually—and they saw the happiness which flamed between them. At once Jimmy and Nora descended and showered them with congratulations.

"But Jimmy—" Evelyn was horribly embarrassed. "You and I are engaged."

"Oh, don't mind me, Eve. I'm fine as silk—just want to see you happy."

THE ceremony was performed within the hour—and it was not until then that Evelyn and Oscar compared telegrams. Nora stepped beautifully into the breach.

"We knew that you two were in love with one another—and it seemed a crying shame not to bring you together. Now won't you say thank you sir?"

They said it. And then, shamefacedly, Jimmy Harper introduced his wife. There was a momentary pause of sheer amazement—then a shriek of laughter from Evelyn.

"Oh! If I had only known. . . . I thought I was going to have to marry him."

"I—say—" Jimmy pushed forward. "Would you mind telling me, Mrs. Swanson, why you ever became engaged to me? Now that we're both married—elsewhere—I can say without fear of hurting anyone's feelings that I had no intention of proposing to you—"

"Of course you didn't."

"Then why—?"

"Just this, Jimmy: I was terribly in love with Oscar—so much so that I was scared to death I'd give in to him and consent to quit the stage. I knew I'd never be happy off . . . so I watched my chance and grabbed you; putting temptation behind me. As your wife I'd be committed to the stage forever . . . don't you see?"

Jimmy was dazed. He grinned ruefully. "And I thought I was a lady-killer . . . Well, tempus fugit. Lemme see . . . what are your plans, Oscar?"

Mr. Swanson grinned. "I got to talk that over with Evelyn. I was figuring that I'd stick with you all—for awhile until your bookings run out—that is, if Nora and you don't mind."

"Sall right with me, Oscar."

"And me, too," chimed in Nora. "I only objected to having my ex-husband around when I wasn't anybody's wife."

"And after we close," interrupted Jimmy, "you and Evelyn can have the summer for a honeymoon."

"That's it."

"So everybody's happy, eh? And now—" he looked over at Oscar Swanson—"lemme speak with you for a minute, Oscar."

"Sure, Jimmy, sure."

They moved across the lobby. "Say, listen, old man," said Jimmy, somewhat awkwardly. "Things are all right now, you know. And I just wanted to say that since Evelyn and Nora and I will be together next year again—'cause this act will be a riot from now on—if you want to stick with us next season we'll be awful glad to have you, and—"

A broad grin decorated Oscar's face. He dropped a friendly hand on the little comedian's shoulder.

"Listen, Jimmy—lemme explain something. For pretty near thirty weeks this season I been trailing you folks around. More than a hundred times I've sat out front and watched you work . . . so, if it's all the same to

you, Jimmy, I'll route myself some other way next fall. You see, it's this way—"Oscar drew a long breath and lowered his voice confidentially:

"Now that I'm married to Evelyn, Jimmy—I wouldn't sit through that confounded act another time if my life depended on it!"

Gertrude

(Continued from page 15)

usually didn't; she hated his sleeping till ten o'clock every morning. But the poor fish had to.

You see he'd gone back to the only thing he knew—playing a pipe organ in a little dump on Broadway which ground film steadily from 11 A. M. till 11 P. M. And he had to be on the job from two till four and from nine till eleven.

As if that wasn't enough, in between times he'd begun writing songs for a music-publishing house; and before long he was all hopped up because he'd sold one for a hundred dollars.

"It's great stuff, Harry," he said. "Irving Berlin began at Nigger Mike's—and look at him now."

"Sure," I said. "And if the Western Union ever does have a daughter, you'll probably marry her. But in the meantime, what about your lawful wedded wife?"

"Well, she wanted me to work, didn't she?"

"She did. And if you ask me, the less she sees of you, the more she's likely to care for you. Anyway, that's the way it's worked out with me. Now that I almost never see you, I'm beginning to like you, Victor. And I've a feeling if I never saw you again I'd love you like a brother."

"That goes double," said Victor. "Here! Have a cigar."

As this was the first return I'd ever received for supporting both Victor and his ex-wife in luxury for over a year, I was deeply touched.

"You're all right," I said. "Work, worry and women will make a man of you yet. By the way, who was that peach I saw you with yesterday on Broadway?"

"Oh, just a cabaret singer. She wants me to write her a song."

"Well, I'd be careful, if I were you."

"I will," said Victor. "And I'll be good, too. Gert is a wonderful woman, Harry, only I don't believe she'd understand my renting a flat down by the theatre."

"A flat?"

"Just a little one—with a piano in it. So I can compose myself—and maybe a song—between shows."

"No," I said, "I don't believe Gert would understand that."

"WELL, it's a nice quiet place," said Victor. "It's got one of those ice machines, too. And that big bottle in the bathroom marked turpentine is really Scotch. Here's the key."

Can you beat it? Two presents from Victor in one day—a twenty-five cent cigar, the freedom of his flat.

"I don't know that I ought to take this," I said. "Of course I am down town a good deal, and one does get thirsty."

"Where did you say your flat was?"

It's odd, but the more I approved of Victor (I spent quite a lot of time in his flat) the more I disapproved of Gert. And one day I made it a point to tell her so.

"Look here!" I said. "It's none of my business, but the way you pick on Victor anybody would think he was a mandolin and you were taking lessons on him. What's the big idea?"

"He makes me tired," said Gert. "He might as well be a boarder here, for all I see of him."

"But he can't be here when he's working, and it was you who wanted him to go to work."

"I know it was. I wanted him to marry me, too. But I was wrong, Harry. He's only my husband now—and he used to be so wonderful."

"WELL, life is like that," I said. "Great lovers make poor husbands, and great husbands are the poorest kind of lovers. You did the right thing by little Harry, though."

"I'm not so sure," said Gert. "While I got my health and you got your money, little Harry don't need a father any more than a dog needs a pocket handkerchief."

"That may be true now. But it will be different when he grows up."

"Yes, it will! You know perfectly well what most fathers are to their kids when they grow up—nothing but bad examples."

"But Victor's never had a chance," I said. "You kept him in idleness for a year. Now he's trying to catch up. Just wait till he sells a few more songs. Then he'll give up his job playing the pipe organ, and have a lot more time for you. Come! Think it over."

"I've thought and thought," said Gert. "I'd feel a lot better if I could have a real row with Victor. But he won't even row with me any more. At night he's too tired and in the morning he's too darned cheerful."

"Oh, then it's a row you need?"

"Yes, Harry. Only I haven't been able to start anything. You see Victor never does anything really wrong."

"Maybe not," I said. "But if you must have a row, why not ask him about that little flat he's rented on East 8th Street?"

CHAPTER V.

MAYBE you think I was a dirty dog to give poor Victor away like that. But Gert simply had to have a row, and here was material for half a dozen. Also, I felt sure Victor was innocence itself; that he really needed the flat to go on with his song-writing, and the only thing he'd been guilty of was not telling Gert about it. Besides, I've no patience with husbands who keep innocent secrets from their wives. Why should they when they have so many guilty ones?

So I spilled poor Victor's secret. And did it work? Oh, Calvin! You should have seen Gert hit the ceiling.

"A flat? On 8th Street?" she gasped.

"What for?"

"You can search me," I said. "But I don't believe he rented it to hold prayer meetings in."

What followed was a wild rush of dressing to go down town.

"You'll go with me, of course," said Gert.

"I will not," I replied. "Though you're only a poor, defenseless woman, I'd be sorry for any lions or tigers that got in your way."

"But I may need you."

"It's your row," I said. "Hop to it."

And she did—in a taxi.

The minute she left the house I dashed to the telephone to warn Victor. Yes, I had that much heart. I'd have done the same for Florida if I'd known a hurricane was swooping down on her—and I'm a Californian. Only the very worst thing happened that could have happened: Victor's telephone was out of order.

WHO to telephone to? I knew this was the hour Victor was usually in his flat; I also knew Jack Parkinson, my lawyer, whose office was near by, would do this for me. But I couldn't very well ask Jack to go to a certain place and tell my brother-in-law to beat

it because his wife was on the warpath. Family pride!

Well, it was in the hands of Fate, on the knees of the gods—in the laps of the lazuli. If Victor was innocent, no harm could possibly come to him. If he wasn't, Heaven help him!

In the meantime, since I couldn't tune in and listen to the great war over the Radio, perhaps I'd better go down town, too. Only what good would that do? Maybe I could stand on the sidewalk and catch Victor as he came through the window. But his flat was on the third floor. And I couldn't very well appear on the scene and mix in. For surely, of the few sacred things left in the world, the most sacred is a family row. No, decidedly, this was Gert's and Victor's affair.

I mixed myself a gin-fizz and waited. Maybe Gert would telephone.

She did.

"Is that you, Harry?"

"It are."

"Well, you were right."

"How do you mean right?"

"Everything."

"As bad as that?"

"Worse. Please pack all his things and send them down to him at once. I don't want a rag of his around when I get back."

YOU could have knocked me down with a feather. I would have staked my last dollar on Victor. And here was Gert turning him out of house and home.

Of course nothing is really important. No doubt in years to come. . . . It reminded me of Victor's song—the one he'd got a hundred dollars for. He didn't write the words; some low-browed Shelley from Tinpan Alley was responsible for them—a coon song, entitled:

I Ain't Lost Nuthin'—Yet

Lose your hat

You go to a store,

Lose your money

You get you some more.

Your house burns down?

'Tain't nuthin', brother.

Your wife runs away—

You get you another.

Some folks say

A nigger won't steal.

I caught two

In my corn field.

But I ain't lost nuthin'

And I won't lose nuthin'

'Til I lose my sex appeal.

Well, there you are! According to his song, Victor hadn't lost a thing—only his home, his wife and big-hearted Harry, his brother-in-law. He was nothing now, but the quon-dam husband of the 2nd Mrs. Wiggins.

So I packed his things, slipping in a box of my best cigars, a couple of my neckties he'd admired and a photograph of Gert and little Harry. For I was sorry for Victor. I also felt the least bit guilty. If I'd kept my mouth shut.

Still, there's no use crying over spilt husbands. So I dispatched his worldly goods in a yellow cab, mixed myself another gin-fizz, and sat down to wait for Gert.

How would she return? Would it be as a raging lioness, or as a broken lily? You never know about women. They'll stand up under a wallop that would floor Gene Tunney, and then go to pieces over an ink spot on the parlor floor.

CHAPTER VI.

AS I WAS saying, you never know about women. I'll bet we know more about centipedes. And all we

(Continued on page 123)

Bradford Browne

(Continued from page 8)

Bradford became a member of that great broadcasting chain. During the Hoover Inauguration Browne described the activities at the Peace Monument in Washington, D. C., over a record-breaking coast-to-coast hook-up of Columbia System.

WHILE only a few months at WABC, Bradford was busy day and night preparing surprises for his Radio listeners which might not get on the air for many months, perhaps not for a year. He worked that long on one of his presentations!

On the other hand, Mr. Browne has written features a scant thirty minutes before their broadcast, and even these hastily prepared scripts have met with wide approval in Radio fandom.

One night Browne was so busy that he didn't get a chance to write his act until one hour before time to put it on the air. For thirty minutes he pounded copy out on his typewriter, and for the next thirty rehearsed his act, in which were featured eight persons, including a vocal quartet. The act was broadcast right on time and, to the surprise of all, critics far and wide praised this particular dramatization as Mr. Browne's outstanding achievement.

Nominate 95 Stations

Following are the stations whose nominations for the World's Most Popular station were received up to the last minute before Radio Digest went to press for the December issue:

Nominated		
East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	650
WBZA	Boston	370
WPG	Atlantic City	490
WABC	New York City	630

WBZA	Boston	220
WCAU	Philadelphia	239
WEAF	New York City	633
WGR	Buffalo	497
WHAM	Rochester	425
WOR	Newark	479
WRC	Washington, D. C.	298
WTIC	Hartford, Conn.	390
WJSV	Washington, D. C.	227
WBAL	Baltimore	209
WEEI	Boston, Mass.	390
WBRL	Tilton, N. H.	109
WGY	Schenectady	629
WJAS	Pittsburgh	430
South		
WCOA	Pensacola, Fla.	270
WFLA	Clearwater	300
WHAS	Louisville	320
WSMB	New Orleans	476
WWNC	Ashville, N. C.	410
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	480
KWKH	Shreveport, La.	360
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	345
WJBO	New Orleans	290
WDOD	Chattanooga, Tenn.	211
WMC	Memphis, Tenn.	213
WREC	Memphis, Tenn.	197
WRVA	Richmond, Va.	260
WDBJ	Roanoke, Va.	207
Middle West		
KFH	Wichita, Kan.	179
KMOX	St. Louis	237
KSTP	St. Paul	417
KYW	Chicago	640
WBBM	Chicago	430
WCFL	Chicago	229
WBCM	Bay City	197
WCCO	Minneapolis	211
WENR	Chicago	590
WFBM	Indianapolis	216
WLW	Cincinnati	604
WGN	Chicago	510
WJJD	Chicago	490
WJR	Detroit	300
WHK	Cleveland	350
WLS	Chicago	690
WMAQ	Chicago	569
WTMJ	Milwaukee	476
KFNF	Shenandoah, Ia.	634
KMA	Shenandoah	217
WOWO	Fort Wayne, Ind.	207
WHO	Des Moines	166
KOIL	Council Bluffs	201
KFH	Wichita	217
KFKB	Milford, Kan.	198
WOS	Jefferson City, Mo.	244
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo.	169
West		
KOA	Denver	430
WBAP	Fort Worth	490
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	407
KSOO	Sioux Falls, S. D.	196
KGCU	Mandan, N. D.	201
WOAI	San Antonio	190
WFAA	Dallas	237
KDYL	Salt Lake City	217
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	230
WOW	Omaha	317
KOB	State College, N. M.	216
Far West		
KFI	Los Angeles	569
KJR	Seattle	490
KOMO	Seattle	516
KGA	Spokane	360
KIDO	Boise, Idaho	197
KGW	Portland, Oregon	436
KOIN	Portland	427
KFWB	Hollywood	470
KGO	Oakland	467
KPO	San Francisco	513
KFOX	Long Beach	196
Canada		
CFAC	Calgary	167
CFCA	Toronto	207
CFQC	Saskatoon, Sask.	190
CHCS	Hamilton, Ont.	140
CHWC	Regina, Sask.	168
CJCA	Edmonton, Alta.	157
CJCH	Calgary	130
CJRM	Moose Jaw, Sask.	180
CKAC	Montreal	219
CKUA	Edmonton	156
CNRM	Montreal	216
CNRV	Vancouver, B. C.	201
CKAC	Montreal	190

Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 20, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be 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 the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty 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 \$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

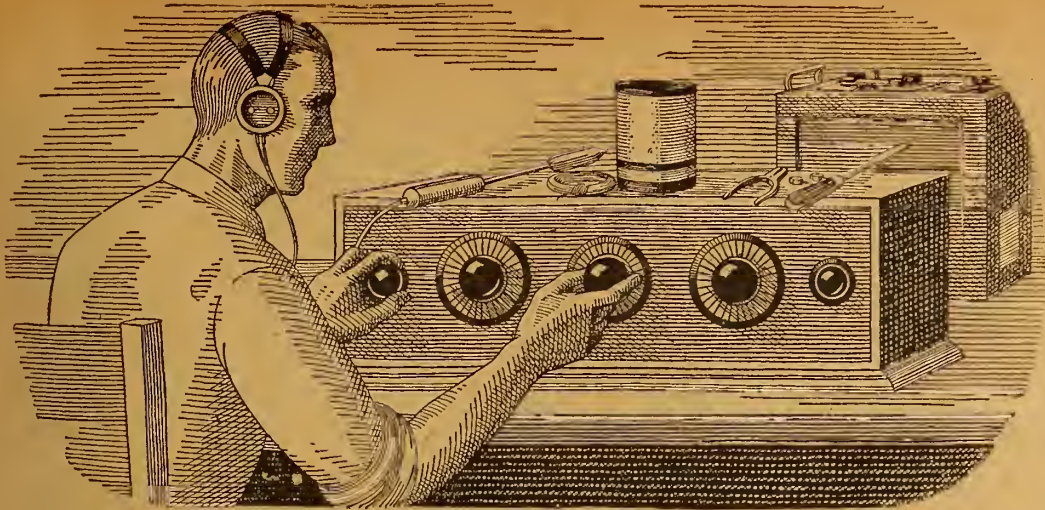
5. For the purposes of the contest the United States has been divided into five districts. Canada will comprise the sixth district. District number one, known as the "EAST" will include the states of

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, 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. District number six, known as Canada, will comprise the entire Dominion of Canada.

6. The broadcasting station holding the highest number of votes of all six districts will be declared the WORLD'S MOST POPULAR BROADCASTING STATION and will be awarded a Gold Cup. After the grand prize winner is eliminated, the broadcasting station holding the highest vote in the district in which they are located will be declared to be the most popular station of their district and each awarded a Silver Cup. No broadcasting station 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.



If all the Radio sets I've "fooled" with in my time were piled on top of each other, they'd reach about halfway to Mars. The trouble with me was that I thought I knew so much about Radio that I really didn't know the first thing. I thought Radio was a plaything—that was all I could see in it for me.

I Thought Radio Was a Plaything

But Now My Eyes Are Opened, And I'm Making Over \$100 a Week!

FIFTY DOLLARS A WEEK! Man alive, just one year ago a salary that big would have been the height of my ambition.

Twelve months ago I was scrimping along on starvation wages, just barely making both ends meet. It was the same old story—a little job, a salary just as small as the job—while I myself had been dragging along in the rut so long I couldn't see over the sides.

If you'd told me a year ago that in twelve months' time I would be making \$100 and more every week in the Radio business—whew! I know I'd have thought you were crazy. But that's the sort of money I'm pulling down right now—and in the future I expect even more. Why only today—

But I'm getting ahead of my story. I was hard up a year ago because I was kidding myself, that's all—not because I had to be. I could have been holding then the same sort of job I'm holding now, if I'd only been wise to myself. If you've fooled around with Radio, but never thought of it as a serious business, maybe you're in just the same boat I was. If so, you'll want to read how my eyes were opened for me.

WHEN broadcasting first became the rage, several years ago, I first began my dabbling with the new art of Radio. I was "nuts" about the subject, like many thousands of other fellows all over the country. And no wonder! There's a fascination—something that grabs hold of a fellow—about twirling a little knob and suddenly listening to a voice speaking a thousand miles away! Twirling it a little more and listening to the mysterious dots and dashes of steamers far at sea. Even today I get a thrill from this strange force. In those days, many times I stayed up almost the whole night trying for DX. Many times I missed supper because I couldn't be dragged away from the latest circuit I was trying out.

I never seemed to get very far with it, though. I used to read the Radio magazines and occasionally a Radio book, but I never understood the subject very clearly, and lots of things I didn't see through at all.

So, up to a year ago, I was just a dabbler—I thought Radio was a plaything. I never realized what an enormous, fast-

growing industry Radio had come to be—employing thousands and thousands of trained men. I usually stayed home in the evenings after work, because I didn't make enough money to go out very much. And generally during the evening I'd tinker a little with Radio—a set of my own or some friend's. I even made a little spare change this way, which helped a lot, but I didn't know enough to go very far with such work.

And as for the idea that a splendid Radio job might be mine, if I made a little effort to prepare for it—such an idea never entered my mind. When a friend suggested it to me one year ago, I laughed at him.

"You're kidding me," I said.
"I'm not," he replied. "Take a look at this ad."

HE pointed to a page ad in a magazine, an advertisement I'd seen many times but just passed up without thinking, never dreaming it applied to me. This time I read the ad carefully. It told of many big opportunities for trained men to succeed in the great new Radio field. With the advertisement was a coupon offering a big free book full of information. I sent the coupon in, and in a few days received a handsome 64-page book, printed in two colors, telling all about the opportunities in the Radio field, and how a man can prepare quickly and easily at home to take advantage of these opportunities. Well, it was a revelation to me. I read the book carefully, and when I finished it I made my decision.

What's happened in the twelve months since that day, as I've already told you, seems almost like a dream to me now. For ten of those twelve months, I've had a Radio business of my own. At first, of course, I started it as a little proposition on the side, under the guidance of the National Radio Institute, the outfit that gave me my Radio training. It wasn't long before I was getting so much to do in the Radio line that I quit my measly little clerical job, and devoted my full time to my Radio business.

SINCE that time I've gone right on up, always under the watchful guidance of my friends at the National Radio Institute. They would have given me just as much help, too, if I had wanted to follow some other line of Radio besides building

my own retail business—such as broadcasting, manufacturing, experimenting, sea operating, or any one of the score of lines they prepare you for. And to think that until that day I sent for their eye-opening book, I'd been wailing "I never had a chance!"

NOW I'm making, as I told you before, over \$100 a week. And I know the future holds even more, for Radio is one of the most progressive, fastest-growing, businesses in the world today. And it's work that I like—work a man can get interested in.

Here's a real tip. You may not be as bad off as I was. But think it over—are you satisfied? Are you making enough money, at work that you like? Would you sign a contract to stay where you are now for the next ten years—making the same money? If not, you'd better be doing something about it instead of drifting.

This new Radio game is a live-wire field of golden rewards. The work, in any of the 20 different lines of Radio, is fascinating, absorbing, well paid. The National Radio Institute—oldest and largest Radio home-study school in the world—will train you inexpensively in your own home to know Radio from A to Z and to increase your earnings in the Radio field.

TAKE another tip—No matter what your plans are, no matter how much or how little you know about Radio—clip the coupon below and look their free book over. It is filled with interesting facts, figures, and photos, and the information it will give you is worth a few minutes of anybody's time. You will place yourself under no obligation—the book is free, and is gladly sent to anyone who wants to know about Radio. Just address J. E. Smith, President National Radio Institute, Dept. 92R, Washington, D. C.

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 92R, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Please send me your 64-page free book, printed in two colors, giving all information about the opportunities in Radio and how I can learn quickly and easily at home to take advantage of them. I understand this request places me under no obligation, and that no salesman will call on me.

Name

Address

Town State.....

Occupation

Mystery House

(Continued from page 21)

ing of one already dead.

"And you are the girl, Sally?" she said softly, as though speaking of one already dead.

"Yes, I am Sally, and you—you—Fragoni says you are Miss Hemingway."

"I believe I have never known such pity as I feel for you right now. They are planning to kill you—that fiend Montegle!"

"I suppose so. I only hope it will not be torture. Is—is—Mr. Brooke dead yet? I tried to save him. It was no use."

"Dead! Mr. Brooke! I—I don't understand—"

"You don't know—the green gas—after the raid when they took you and the Denby diamonds—you—you don't know?"

"The report Montegle expects—oh, God, yes, I see—Sally! Sally, we must get out of here at once. You are to come with me—"

The two girls pressed against the door. It was immovable steel. There was no other egress.

"Help! Murder!" Margot called at the top of her lungs. All sounds from beyond the door ceased suddenly. A double door had been closed. There was not the slightest hope of them being heard.

"**H**E MAY try the green gas on us, too," said Sally. But in a moment more the door opened and Montegle and Fragoni both entered as casually as though they had been present all the time.

"Let us out of here immediately," Margot demanded imperiously.

"No. You may as well get that notion out of your head at once. You stay here until we are ready to release you. Fragoni, there's something going on outside there. Go take a walk around and let me know."

"Let me pass!" Margot demanded and moved toward the door. "Sally, come with me—"

"I've had enough of this, Miss Hemingway. Any more trouble and I'll shoot—"

"You are too cowardly—you contemptible yellow cur—"

"Don't infuriate him," Sally pleaded. "He means it. He feels safe enough to do it here."

"I most certainly do—" Unsmilingly serene Montegle toyed a big revolver in his hand.

"Cops are here, chief. We gotta lam it outta here," Fragoni dashed into the room with fear in his eyes. He was afraid of lead between the shoulder blades. He knew the police had no intention of taking him alive if they took him at all. There was too big a score to settle for past offenses.

"It's just a liquor raid. Don't get excited. We'll sit tight," Montegle felt surer of safety here than anywhere else.

"No—not this time—they are after you. And it looks as though they are going to try and get you. Maybe they have found out something about tonight."

"You may be right, Fragoni. You girls come along—and no trouble, you know. There are just two ways to prevent your talking and one of them is to take you with us. If you prefer the other—" Montegle hitched his revolver suggestively.

"We'll go with you, Professor," said Margot, taking Sally's hand.

Just when all seemed over for Bob and his friend Johnny Walker, Bob imagined he saw a giant gorilla swing-

ing down from a green scum covered tree and peer at him with gimlet eyes through the branches. Then the gorilla hurled a cocoanut that crashed through the roof and rolled over, his twisting fingers outstretched in a briny sea.

"What's happened here?" The gorilla was talking. He sounded like Hanrahan the detective sergeant. Begorra, it was Hanrahan!

The big policeman, awakening from an assault at Bob's own door, had climbed a fire escape to see what was wrong, for he had been unable to get in or obtain any response to his knocks. He saw Johnny and Bob stretched out on the rug, smothered beneath the green fog. A flowerpot was handy, and he sailed it through the window. The two comrades were soon taking notice. They coughed and sputtered and regaining their breath sounded the alarm for reserves who were reinforced by the police patrols brought on by Williams. The search for Montegle followed.

Montegle with Margot and Sally behind and Fragoni following slipped out through an underground passage that led into a building across the alley. From there they soon were out of the neighborhood and in Montegle's home.

"I have decided that we will go in spite of your threats," said Margot when they again found themselves in a closed room with Montegle.

"You would better think again, young woman," said Montegle.

"Sally, come, let's go."

They moved toward the door. And then, at Montegle's wink, Fragoni, powerful brute of a man, seized Margot's wrists. By sheer brawn he would subdue her wilful spirit. She writhed in his grasp. He clenched her wrists and twisted until she screamed.

"Let go that woman!" A strange new voice sounded in their presence.

"Who are you? How did you get in here?" Montegle demanded.

"That nut taxidermist, they call him," said Fragoni, reaching for his hip pocket. "Some swell name for a taxi driver!"

"Oh, yes, Campbell—Campbell, what do you mean crashing in here on this party?"

"Ah ha! I have come to settle an account with you, Professor Montegle, that is long past due. Strange you don't know me—but in a minute—the disguise will be off—and now you see I am—"

"Ransome Renwick!" screamed Sally. "God must have sent you now. Ransome Renwick, the only man Montegle fears!"

AND at this point the drama of Mystery House as presented by the National Broadcasting company is scheduled for continuance on the night of December 6. A resume of the succeeding episodes will also be published in the January number of Radio Digest.

The Lullaby Boys

(Continued from page 90)

east corner found ourselves in front of—and above—Romany Marie's. Down and in we filed, found more long wooden benches, much more Bohemia. The restaurant was crowded, but Gypsy Marie found seats for us along a further wall opposite the grand piano which sat upon a platform scarcely larger than itself.

"Since we have just dined," said I, "our best bet will be Turkish coffee."

"What about gingerale?" asked Glenn.

Put in Ford: "Is this getting to be habit, or do you really have a thirst for gingerale?"

"Thinking of all those poor folks who got hung and buried, sorta makes my mouth get dry," explained Little Glenn.

WE HAD just given our order for Turkish coffee all around, the little cups of thick liquid had just been placed before us, when one of the guests arose, walked to the center of the room, raised her voice, pronounced these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen—we are honored tonight."

As the lady said this she looked in our direction. Glenn leaned over toward me, exclaimed excitedly:

"Why did you tell Marie we were coming here tonight?"

Then the speaker, who was neither fair nor young, went on:

"We are honored because we have with us one of the most distinguished poets of all time."

Glenn glanced at Ford. She went on: "This gentleman, who is now nearly eighty years old" (Glenn choked), "is known to more people than any single writer living—and chiefly for one particular poem which he wrote, a poem which is as familiar to every scholar and layman as the songs of Homer to the ancient Greeks."

"Boy," sighed Glenn, "that line about the ancient Greeks lets us out!"

"This gentleman will not recite his famous poem tonight—you all know it by heart—but he will address you, and he will recite some of his other almost equally famous verses which have appeared in magazines and other volumes dear to the heart of the American public. Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to present Mr. H. A. D'Arcy, author of 'The Face on the Floor,' more generally known under the title of 'The Face on the Bar Room Floor.' Mr. D'Arcy!"

THE PERSON who had been speaking joined in the hand-clapping as poet D'Arcy rose and tottered to her side. He was indeed an old man, thin, with long white hair bobbed square off and hanging a few inches above the shoulders. He was under medium height, just a bit stooped, and his clothes, though good, bagged about his body, seemed too large. His head was high and his nose was strong, but his chin and his voice were weak. He lifted the voice, but we could catch only about every third word.

The author of "The Face on the Floor" held Marie's floor for fifteen minutes, talking chiefly about himself, a modern Homer, and about the greatness of America and the smallness of her poets—with one exception.

Finally, in a roomful of loud appreciation the ancient rhymer, who looked and performed in the manner of a passing long-haired race, shambled to his seat, leaving with us an impression fluctuating between contempt and commiseration.

Then the impromptu introductions by the Master of Ceremonies once more brought embarrassment to Little Glenn. The Master had moved to the center of the scene again, had begun to talk about the relation of poetry to music.

"What shall we sing, Ford?" asked Glenn.

"For goodness' sake, be still! You wouldn't want to play that piano!"

Ford's guess regarding the piano was correct. The speaker had, by this time, introduced a young singer, son of a famous cantor. The son of the cantor played his own accompaniment, trying to hypnotize the yellow-keyed instrument into partial harmonious responsiveness as both he and it spluttered through Rudolph's Aria, from La Boheme. The smoke that hung over the tables at Romany Marie's vibrated tremulously

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Let F. H. Schnell and R. T. I. Advisory Board Help You

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Today I am able to class myself as a Radio Engineer along with the leaders, and this is all due to the help of R. T. I. I have been able to handle efficiently every radio problem with which I have come in contact. I cannot say too much in praise of R. T. I., and any man desiring to improve himself can do nothing better than find out what this Institution has to offer, and get started with their training.—H. E. SATTERFIELD, Chief Radio Engineer, Western Air Express, Amarillo, Texas.

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\$500 in 2 Months Hasn't Finished the Course
Your radio course enabled me to earn over \$500 in two months spare time work.—J. Noffsinger, R. I. Box 37, Greenville, Ky.

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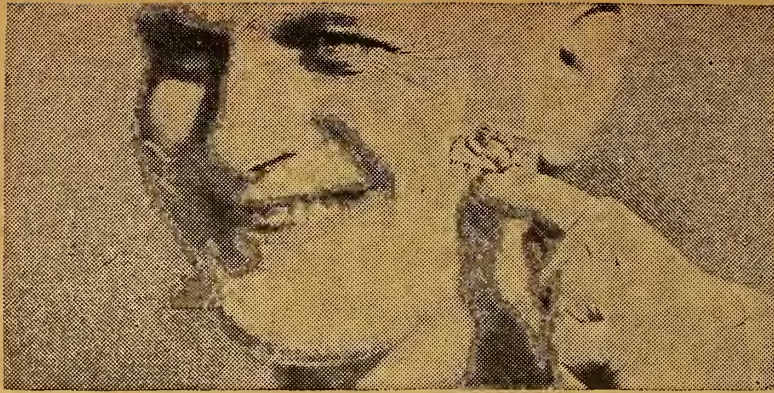
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NOW all soap for shaving—cake, stick, powder or cream—is replaced by Kolax. Already it is endorsed by a million users. No brush is used. There is no lather to work up or “rub in”. No treatment with lotions to heal a face made rough and irritated by the alkali all soap must contain.

Time is cut in half. Only these three simple steps are necessary: Wet the face. Spread Kolax on the beard thinly. Shave.

This is the secret. At last a real beard softener has been found. It acts upon the beard as soap in any form can never act. Kolax really softens. Each hair and stubble swells one-fifth in size. Oil vanishes. The razor cuts cleanly. Blades last twice as long—and keep sharp. Yet the skin is bettered. Even those with tender skins may shave as closely as

they choose. Lotions and hot towels become needless. Daily the skin grows softer and more pliant.

You will be amazed to see how much quicker and better Kolax is than your favorite soap.

Make this Test Free

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BRUSHLESS Kolax

from the loud applause of the eating and drinking listeners. The singer responded with an encore—without accompaniment.

MEANWHILE, we had all come to the conclusion that, although the young performer was undoubtedly the son of a famous father, judging from the performance given there, Cantor Solomon would never be the father of a famous son.

Suddenly Ford looked at his watch, said:

“It’s a big day for us tomorrow with the records, so I think we’d better sign off.”

Out in the fresh air of Washington Square we walked toward the Fifth Avenue bus terminal. Said I:

“A taxi takes you, but the bus shows you.”

“What?”
“Fifth Avenue. You pass right out of the Village under the great arch, where Fifth Avenue begins.”

“That’s a great idea!” exclaimed Ford. “And may I sit on top?” asked Little Glenn.

“Going out of Grinij Village,” said Ford, “we’ll all sit on top—of the world, look back on Washington Square with a smile to think that the hang-man and the grave-digger lost their jobs a century ago, and with the hope that the kind of innocent wickedness we’ve seen tonight will last a least another hundred.”

“What about the pretty girls?” questioned Glenn.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Radio Digest, Illustrated, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1929, State of Illinois, ss. County of Cook.

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, Illustrated, 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, 4719 Magnolia Avenue, 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 one 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, 4719 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Illinois; George Seaman, 2350 Parkway, West Chicago, Illinois; P. T. Ryan, 510 North Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois; D. R. Seaman, 49 Cedar Ave., Chicago, Illinois; Joseph Seaman, 250 Fifth Ave., New York City; 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 7th day of October, 1929.

(SEAL) Irene Lauer,
(My commission expires Sept. 6, 1932.)

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SUBSCRIBE and make sure of every copy of RADIO DIGEST

(Continued from page 117)
know about the sex-life of centipedes is that legs are no treat to them.
Take Delphine, for instance. I met her in Paris. She wasn't a frog—just a cornfed kid from Kansas, with eyes as blue as a Monday morning, and a fine, old-fashioned Kansas thirst. We went about together; we stayed home together. I thought I knew Delphine like a book. And then, one day. . . . Take it from me, the bird who flatters himself he understands women—flatters himself.
Even Gert didn't behave the way I thought she would. I figured she'd fall sobbing on my shoulder, or maybe break a little furniture. Not at all. She was as calm as if she'd just returned from the races.

"What happened?" I asked.
"It was quite a party," she replied, sinking into a chair. "When I got to the door of his flat I heard music inside. Victor was playing the piano and someone was singing. I waited 'til she'd finished, and then I was going to knock, but I tried the door and it wasn't locked."
"That's in his favor," I said. "The door not being locked."
"If you ask me, he'd forgot to lock it. Anyway, I marched right in. And there they were!"
"You say he'd finished playing?"
"Yes. But she'd just begun. She had her arms around his neck and was kissing him."
"Good Lord! What did Victor say?"
"He said, 'Gert!—Just like that.'"
"What did she say?"
"She said: 'Who's your girl friend, Victor?'"
"What did you say?"

PLENTY! I told her who I was—I told her what she was—and after I'd chased her out of the flat I told Victor a few things."
"What did Victor say?"
"He kept telling me I was mistaken. I hate a liar."
"Me, too," I said. "What was the girl like?"
"She was pretty, Harry. And she certainly could sing. Here's a piece of her dress."
She tossed me a bit of blue cloth.
"Souvenir," I said.
"She got one, too," said Gert. "Only hers will turn black—I mean her eye. Will you see a lawyer for me?"
"To defend you in case she has you arrested?"
"That girl's not going to have me arrested."
"Then what do you want a lawyer for?"

"To get my divorce."
"Don't be silly," I said. "This will blow over."
"No, Harry. I did think a good row would clear the air, but this wasn't a row—it was a massacre. I'm sorry, too, because I do like to behave like a lady when there's strangers present."
"Good heavens! Was somebody else there?"
"No. Just that girl. But she was a perfect stranger to me. Are you going to see a lawyer for me, or aren't you?"
"Of course I'll see one, if you really mean it."
"Who?"
"Jack Parkinson."
"I thought he didn't take divorces."
"He doesn't. But he will for me."
"No, Harry. I want the kind of lawyer I'd have if I was in the movies. They know the ropes."

ALL RIGHT," I said. "And as soon as you get your first papers, you and I and little Harry will take a trip

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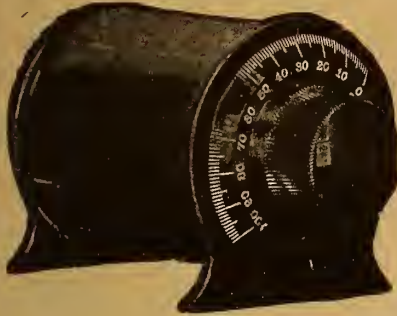


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'round the world."

"What do you want to go around it again for?"

"Well, there's a girl in Shanghai, and a widow in Bombay—and a lot of other side trips I didn't make."

"Not for me," said Gert. "I'm going to stay right here in Hollywood and be a mother."

"How soon?"

"I mean to little Harry. He's all I got now—the precious! It's funny, though, the way things work out. I stole Victor off his first wife, and now this pop-eyed pansy comes along and steals him off me."

"Serves you right for committing petty larceny. If you'd stolen a regular fellow, this wouldn't have happened."

"You don't understand Victor. He's an Artist. And Artists just naturally got to kiss women who ain't their wives. If they didn't, they'd go batty."

"Well for Pete's sake! If you knew this about Victor, why did you land on that girl?"

"Knowing is one thing, Harry, and feeling is another. When your feelings rise up inside of you the way mine did, you got no more control than a rabbit. I'm sorry I acted the way I did. If you see Victor, please tell him so."

"I'll make it a point to see him," I said.

If you want to know, wild horses couldn't have kept me from seeing Victor. For what I was after was the truth. And while I was sure Gert believed she'd told it to me, the thing about Truth is, she lives at the bottom of a well, and you need a pump to get her out. So I put on my hat and went down town to pump Victor.

Well, what was the truth about Victor? You certainly want to hear his side of the story. And then there are a lot of other things to be settled up or explained in some way. Don't miss the next installment of Gertrude in the January Radio Digest.

When WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System Staff held a family party not long ago, the engagement of Miss Ethlyn Baird of the Program Department, to L. Sumner Bookwalter, Manager of the WABC control room, was officially announced. They will be married about the first of the year.

Tim Frawley, noted actor, who took the part of "Soapy Smith" in the first "Fires of Men" presentation over WABC and Columbia System stations, personally knew the man he portrayed in the radio skit. Frawley said: "Soapy Smith' is real! He was such a colorful lad that Arthur Walden used him as one of the characters in his book 'A Dog Puncher on the Yukon.'"

Paul Whiteman and his orchestra now do all their broadcasts in the smock and beret of Old Gold, appearing in the studios of WABC in what might be called full regimentals.

The blare of the circus band, the hoarse throated barker, the growls of the lions, and everything but the smell of the sawdust will be heard over the WBBM Air Theatre, Chicago, every other Saturday night. A regular three-ring circus will be heard on the air, with Ted Weems and his band from the Granada Cafe occupying one ring, Gus C. Edwards and his Terrace Garden orchestra another, and the third ring containing the regular old time circus band.

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RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

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Studio Is Scene of Team Makeup

RADIO is not unlike the vaudeville stage in that it brings individual artists together and oftentimes combines them into an ensemble that "clicks" from its initial performance. This is true of Pianette, Violine, Angela and Jazzette, four young girls who include three instrumentalists and a crooning contralto.

Pianette met Violine in the reception room of WOR while both of them were waiting for their turn to broadcast and exchanged interesting notes about their careers. Then they listened to each other play. Afterward they discussed doing a "double" and were given the opportunity. A few weeks later they heard the harpist (Angela) and she was added, making it a trio.

All three attended one of the station's studio teas and heard the crooner. She proved to be just the right contrast for them and the Quartette blossomed forth the next week. It is one of the station's most popular Wednesday night offerings.

* * *

An up-state girl who went to New York City to become a concert pianist, but who became instead one of the country's best beloved sopranos. Such in a few words is the story of Olive Kline. Her voice of crystal purity and wide range has been found to broadcast with unusual clearness.

* * *

Yes, Agnes R., Sid Goodwin is married and his little wife certainly knows what a famous man her husband is. One day just before the baseball season ended she went to the game out in Portland. Sid wasn't there. In the box back of her were two women who punctuated their remarks with "as Sid says." Finally one of them saw a man enter the next box. "Oh, there's Sid," they cried. Mrs. Goodwin listened during the rest of the game to their plans for walking right up to the man and kissing him. It began to rain, however, and Mrs. Goodwin left without seeing what happened to the poor, innocent stranger.

* * *

One of the NBC studio engineers in New York blushed the other day and now two sopranos have a friend for life. It happened this way. The singers were sitting against a studio wall waiting for a dress rehearsal. Inside the booth the engineer was testing microphones. Each was turned on separately to try the sound quality. Suddenly Mr. Man heard:

"And, my dear, the next time you have a solo program be sure to get Mr. S. as your engineer. He's the sweetest thing, and he can get more out of your voice with his dials than any man in the studios."

"Yes," the other girl answered, "I've noticed that. And don't you think his eyes are adorable?"

That was when the mere man shut off his mikes and rushed out to cool his suddenly fevered cheeks in the cooler air.

* * *

Olive Shea, "Miss Radio" of 1929, finds the responsibility of stardom most intriguing. Her working hours have increased fourfold, and she has had to employ a secretary to keep up with her mail.

* * *

So striking is the constantly mounting volume of business in the tube division of the radio industry that it is being compared to such commercial fields as that of the safety razor where the blade business far exceeds that of the razor itself.



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You have never read anything like this straight-from-the-shoulder, intensely human story. Read it and find out how 7143 men—average men, just like yourself—men with the same problems you are now up against—read how I helped them

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I don't ask you to take my word for it. I'll give you the names of men who are doing it every day. My plan is simple—thoroughly tested and proven. The facts are there in the book for you to read and judge for yourself.

Investigate. Send for this book and get the whole wealth-bringing story. Convince yourself that I can help you make extra money. Start now by mailing the coupon. Be sure to give your county.

J. Matheson Bell, Pres.

See for yourself the record of a man who has made \$10,900 out of Ozarka. And another who made \$1750 last year; another \$1645; another \$1848; and so they go—\$1212, \$1708, \$1028 for last year's work. Hundreds of them with their names. Make me prove that what they have done, you can do.

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Gentlemen—I want to know how I can make more money. Please send me a copy of your book, "The Will to Win."

Name.....

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Short Go Race Close

(Continued from page 76)

furnish a very entertaining fifteen-minute program, is a good whistler. Not necessarily an extraordinary one, but just a good one.

Still another program of interest is one made up entirely of child talent. I don't think it would be hard at all to get together a group of talented boys and girls under the age of, shall we say, 16, who could play the piano, violin or perhaps even the saxophone or harmonica.

My greatest hope is that you won't plan to broadcast the programs which you choose from the ones submitted in this contest at some late hour when most people are in bed, as the majority of other good programs are.

My street and number are 244 Merrill St., in Birmingham, Michigan.—**FLOR-ENCE B. LONG**, Birmingham, Mich.

* * *

Here's One From the South

I wish to enter the Short-Go program contest. I listen in on the Radio every night and read Radio Digest almost every month.

There are two programs that I would like to hear over the Radio. One is an old time barn dance program with old songs, with fiddles and guitars. The other one is Hawaiian music playing "The Pagan Love Song," "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," and "Moonlight and Roses."—**HUGH THOMP-SON, Jr.**, Clifton Forge, Va.

* * *

More "Readings"

Well, here goes, though I'm not good at writing letters and never won a prize.

Have often wondered why one doesn't hear more "readings" over the Radio. About three years ago there was a "Lee Ward Gaston" who gave readings which were sure enjoyed and looked forward to by everyone. She gave readings of "A Telephone Operator," "A Mother in a Theatre With a Flock of Children," etc. All were good and everyone was disappointed when she quit broadcasting. I'm sure a fifteen-minute program of "readings" would sure be enjoyed and looked forward to by all.—**M. EVELYN FORSEN**, 2601 Delaware, St. Joseph, Mo.

* * *

For the Old, Old Songs

I would like to submit an idea or two for a fifteen-minute program.

No. 1—For a Saturday evening, discuss the Sunday School lesson and read the part it covers out of the Holy Bible.

No. 2—For some week-day evening, read or tell some old, old stories, or play some old songs which used to be played and sung about one hundred years ago or later. And sing some others which were familiar to our great, great grandparents.—**RONALD PRESTON**, R. F. D. No. 2, Marshall, Michigan.

* * *

Heard R. D. Program

Your notice on page four, October Digest, "Prize Contest," my program as follows:

"Massa's In Cold, Cold Ground," banjo; "Tesro Mio" (My Sweetheart), Italian waltz, accordion; "O, Promise Me," cornet; "Dreams of Prosperity," orchestra.

I heard about your magazine on the air and bought my first copy a few days since, and am very well pleased with it. I think it best of its kind that I have seen so far.—**A. L. BROOKS**, Bellevue and Highland Aves., Lang-horne, Pa.

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Beauty, such as paneled ceilings need, is usually required to sell a product. Durability, that a floor must have, is necessary to keep it sold. Manufacturers who adopt Masonite Presdwood find that it gives their products both durability and beauty. Samples for testing will be gladly supplied.



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HALL FLOORS

In a Denver dancing academy the tap-tap-a-tap of metal tipped clogs resounds from a floor of Masonite Presdwood. At Pullman, Illinois, ceilings of Presdwood are applied to railway coaches. And in scores of widely varying industries, hundreds of products are being made better and at lower cost because of this grainless wood.

Many of these Presdwood products require the strength and durability that are indicated in the service rendered at Denver. Used eight hours a day at the Fred Merritt School of Tap Dancing, the Presdwood floor showed no signs of wear, even after weeks and weeks of usage. Other Presdwood products may require smoothness and ease of finishing — there, again, Presdwood is ideal, as evidenced by its use for paneling . . . not only in ceilings of railway coaches but in fine homes and buildings as well.

Is easily cut

Beauty and lasting qualities are but a part of the advantages of Masonite Presdwood. It is moisture resisting and almost immune from warping, shrinking and buckling. It is extremely easy

to work with. It can be sawed, punched, planed, milled or sanded. It is liked by shop foremen, experienced with materials of all kinds, and is just as welcome in homes where handy men put up shelving or build a radio cabinet. Wherever it is used it never harms fine tools, for it contains no artificial binder.



FOR RAILWAY
COACH CEILING

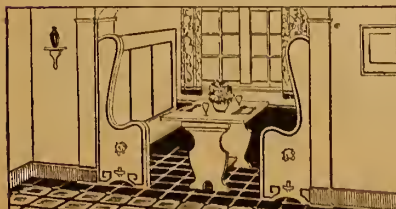
Has wide range of uses

The uses of Presdwood are many and varied. They range from bedroom screens to toys, from motor truck bodies to hydroplane hulls, from bread boxes to loud speaker tension boards, from out-door signs to kitchen cabinets, from office partitions to billiard tables, from clothes hampers to breakfast nooks.

Fully eighty of Presdwood's many uses, in industry and the home, are listed in the Presdwood booklet which is gladly sent to those who appreciate the beauties of fine materials or who wish to effect manufacturing economies with this workable grainless wood.

MASONITE CORPORATION
Dept. 730-A, 111 West Washington Street
Chicago, Illinois

FOR BREAKFAST NOOKS



Masonite PRESDWOOD

Made by the makers of
MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR PANELING





WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRULY MODERN MOTOR CAR? PICTURE A \$20,000 MADE-TO-ORDER AUTOMOBILE COMPARE THAT CAR WITH STUTZ OR BLACKHAWK CHECK YOUR OWN ANSWERS TO THESE FOURTEEN QUESTIONS

Suppose you were willing to pay \$20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your \$20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

I would Ordinary glass
have **Safety glass**

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

I would Ordinary three-speed transmission
have **Transmission with four speeds forward**

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired back-rolling on inclines?

I would Ordinary car without Noback
have **The added protection of Noback**

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the increased efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

I would Conventional type, L-head engine
have **Advanced type, valve-in-head engine**

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its direct-acting, simple and quiet valve operation?

I would Conventional push-rods and rocker arms
have **Stutz silent overhead camshaft**

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each

cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

I would Single ignition
have **Dual ignition**

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

I would A single carburetor
have **Dual carburetion**

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

I would Ordinary oil and grease cups
have **One-thrust lubrication system**

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your \$20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

I would Ordinary headlights
have **New and improved Ryan-Lites**

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

I would Conventional rear axle
have **Worm drive rear axle**

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

I would Conventional car, relatively unsafe
have **Safety Stutz with low center of weight**

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

I would Ordinary chassis frame
have **Massive double-drop frame**

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

I would Running boards suspended on brackets
have **Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame**

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

I would Ordinary conventional brakes
have **Feathertouch Booster Brakes**

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a \$20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

Stutz has them all and instead of paying \$20,000, you pay \$2,995 to \$8,500 for a Stutz or \$1,995 to \$2,735 for a Blackhawk.

In no other American car will you find this combination of features, this advanced engineering which has made Stutz the embodiment of performance-with-safety.

NEW SERIES SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT



Keep right on winning with AC Spark Plugs

Not all aviation engines are equipped with AC Spark Plugs. But you might think so if you judged only by the records of winners in the world's great endurance contests.

For example, the recent New York-to-Los Angeles Class A Event of the National Air Races was won by Earl Rowland flying a Cessne monoplane, driven by a Warner "Scarab" engine equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

Further evidence of AC supremacy—the San Francisco-to-Los Angeles Class A Event was won by H. S. Myrhes flying a Simplex plane, driven by a Kinner engine equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

View these recent victories against a background of AC performance in such notable events as Lindbergh's Transatlantic flight, Chamberlin's non-stop trip to Germany, Byrd's historic passage over the North Pole.

Whether you drive a plane or a motor or both, rely on the flawless performance of AC Spark Plugs.

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, Michigan

AC-TITAN
Clichy (Seine)
FRANCE

THE STANDARD SPARK PLUG
OF THE WORLD

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

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**OPENING NIGHT...
CHICAGO'S NEW OPERA**

THE more discriminating the gathering, the greater the proportion of Studebaker's smart Eights at nearby motor parks. All of the finer American cars are eights. And when you enhance the undeniably greater suppleness of this modern power with the world-champion performance of a Studebaker, you have the explanation for Studebaker's continued world leadership in the sale of eights . . . the finest tribute in Studebaker's 77 years of quality manufacture. It is this eight-cylinder leadership, in turn, that makes possible the very moderate prices of Studebaker cars — prices which are in no sense a criterion of Studebaker style, travel-ease and luxury of appointment. The President Straight Eight Brougham, pictured below, with six wire wheels and fitted trunk, costs but \$2295, at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires are extra. Distinctive brougham models are also offered on Commander and Dictator chassis at still lower prices.



Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS

