

Radio Stars in Hollywood

Radio Digest

November

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Ted Husing
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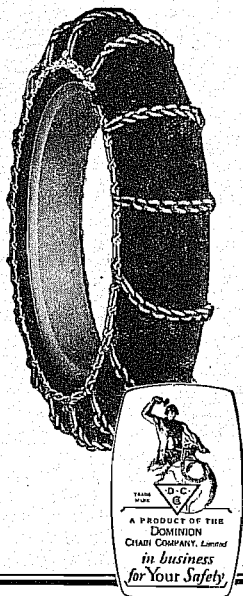
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DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Radio Digest

Illustrated

November, 1929

E. C. RAYNER,
Publisher

Harold P. Brown,
Editor



JEANETTE LOFF who combines Radio and movie talents in California. She is a featured player on the Pathe staff and known to the RKO audiences. Californians have heard her over a number of broadcast stations. See Mr. King's article about Radio stars in Hollywood on page 10.



PAULA HEMMINGHAUS is an outstanding contralto of the National Grand and National Light Opera companies. She has been a Radio artist for the past three years, featuring last summer in the NBC revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan. She comes of a talented family, both her mother and father being musicians.



GERDA LUNDBERG is one of those merry souls who delight western audiences during the Brother Bob Frolic at KTAB, the Pickwick station at Oakland. The station has a slogan that emphasizes beauty, and Miss Lundberg, as we must all agree, is ample proof that these Pickwickians are justified.

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Western Representatives: A. T. Sears & Son, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Phone Harrison 3077-8

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Radio Digest, Illustrated, Volume XXIV, No. 1, published Chicago, Ill., November, 1929. Published monthly by Radio Digest Publishing Co. (Incorporated), 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois. Subscription rates yearly, Four Dollars; Foreign Postage, One Dollar additional; single copies, Thirty-five cents. Entered as second-class matter Sept. 25, 1929, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada. Copyright, 1929, by Radio Digest Publishing Co. All rights reserved.



HELEN ARDELLES is the soprano whose clear lyric voice is a conspicuous feature of some of the best Roxy programs heard over the NBC. The Roxy programs have become a Radio institution throughout the nation and the mammoth Roxy theatre in New York is a mecca for all fans who live in the East.

FORTY-THREE NOMINATIONS RECEIVED FOR GOLD CUP

Radio Digest Contest for World's Most Popular Station Starts With Rush

THEY'RE OFF!

With less than one week elapsed since the public has received announcement of the Gold Cup race for the World's Most Popular Broadcasting Station already forty-three nominations have been posted.

Every indication forecasts the liveliest and most spirited contest ever sponsored by Radio Digest.

A costly and beautifully engraved cup in the form of a golden microphone will be presented to the United States or Canadian broadcasting station that receives the greatest number of votes on the part of the listeners.

Six silver cups of similar design are to be awarded 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 gaining the greatest number of votes throughout the whole North American area there will be the grand champion award of the Gold Cup. That station will be declared the World's Most Popular Station, for in no other part of the world has Radio reached anywhere near the general utility and popularity that it has on the North American continent.

IT IS by no means the most powerful and the most metropolitan station that can justly claim the greatest popularity in the sense of this contest. Radio Digest is interested in finding the station that has the staunchest friends, friends who are enough interested in their favorite station to stand up and fight for its honor and success.

Do you have a favorite station? Is there any one station out of the many that has earned your respect and admiration sufficiently to induce you to go to the slight trouble of filling out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mailing it to Radio Digest as a vote for its success in this campaign?

The prestige of any Radio broadcasting station rests entirely on the staunch loyalty of its listeners.

The listener support determines its success in two ways. To do the best things in the way of entertainment it must first be a

business success. If it is a business success it can afford to broadcast the highest grade of entertainment and thereby become an artistic success.

Every broadcast station has an individuality built up by the individual characteristics of the personalities heard through its channel. It may be a large station or a small station. There is always that indefinite SOMETHING that gives a station popularity. No individual in the world can tell with any degree of accuracy how any particular station rates with its listeners.

Only a comparison as indicated in a contest such as the Radio Digest sponsors in the Gold Cup Award do the listeners have an opportunity to register their choice and thereby prove its real popularity.

"I HOPE that I have the honor to be the first to place WLW at Cincinnati in nomination for the Radio Digest Gold Cup award," writes Mrs. Russel Utley of Warren, O. "We enjoy the universally good programs coming from that station. There always is variety enough so one does not tire of any particular kind of music. We just set the dial on WLW and leave it there."

"Enclosed find my nomination for WENR of Chicago. This is the finest station in the country and I hope it wins the Gold Cup so that the authorities at Washington will see how popular the station is and give it more time on the air," from a letter signed by Mrs. Katherine Leonard of Indianapolis.

And so the letters come. This is going to be a hot race. Anyone who thinks the days are past when Radio fans write letters, from all appear-

ances, is due for the surprise of his life. There never was a better opportunity for a fan to speak a good word for his favorite station and help that station win a place of leadership, if not of the whole world, at least for his section of the country.

If you do not find your favorite station in the list of those already nominated clip out the coupon at the foot of this page, fill it out, then enclose it with the corresponding coupon which will count as one ballot. If you are a real fan you will speak about the contest to some of your listening friends.

(Rules and station list page 118)



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

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Signed.....
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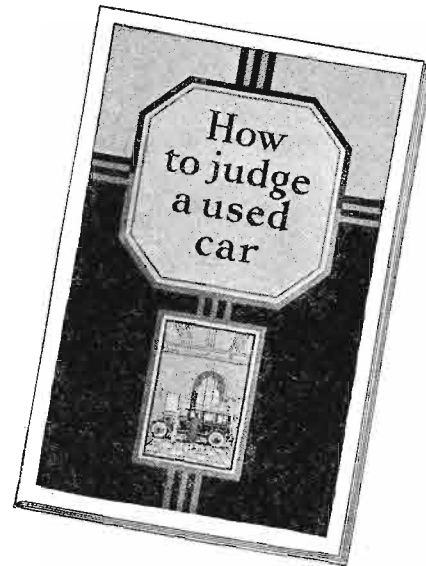
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ER

Cash for Ideas RADIO DIGEST WILL PAY \$50 GOLD FOR LETTERS

Last month Radio Digest offered three prizes for letters from listeners with suggestions on what should be included in a fifteen minute broadcast program. There was a large and interested response. The judges have not yet decided on the winners. Now we are going to renew the offer. Send us a letter of 100 words in which you indicate what you think should be included in a Radio program just fifteen minutes long.

It's very simple. Try it. Radio Digest will submit all the letters received to a committee of program experts actively identified with various prominent broadcast studios. Prizes aggregating \$50 will be awarded to the letter writers who present the best ideas for a Fifteen Minute or Short Go Program.

THE PRIZES

The listener who submits the best idea for a Fifteen Minute Program will receive a cash award of \$25.00.

The listener who submits the second best idea for a Fifteen Minute Program will receive a cash award of \$15.00.

The listener who submits the third best idea for a Fifteen Minute Program will receive a cash award of \$10.00.

In case of a tie for merit for any one or all of the three awards duplicate prizes will be presented. The contest will end January 1, 1930. Winners will be announced in the February Radio Digest.

You have a good chance to win a prize. The first move to win will be for you to actually decide to write the letter. The next thing is to get your ideas together. As a suggestion why not tune in and listen to a variety of programs coming over the air.

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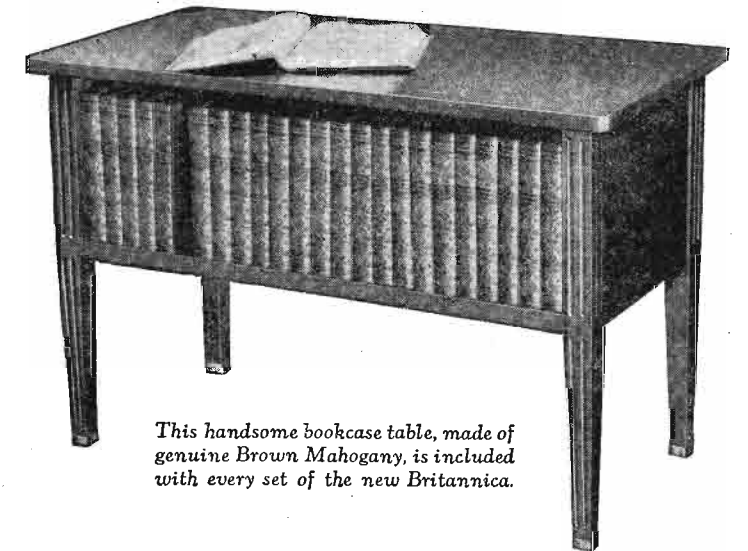
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Advance Tips

SOMETHING nice in store for you in the December Radio Digest—a little advance Christmas present, so to speak. Can't tell you much about it here, that is the SURPRISE part of it, or it wouldn't be a surprise. Just get that December number and you'll not be sorry—that's all.

When New York sets out to be the capital of anything nothing can stop her. So far she has more than held her own in providing the rest of the country with Radio entertainment. The editor has been down in Greenwich Village shaking hands with some of the villagers who play around in the Radio studios. He's arranged for a Greenwich Village angle to a story about some of the people you hear from the Capital of Broadcastland.

A NEWSPAPER feature writer described the broad, comfortable seats in Chicago's new \$20,000,000 "opera house" as inviting and comfortable for the "heavy eyed pater who must attend the opera for family reasons." Some dads may sleep in the broad, comfortable seats of the opera house but millions of music lovers will be listening to Chicago opera over the Radio throughout the season and some of the inside facts appertaining thereto will be brought out in this big December issue, which began to take shape weeks ago.

Stansbury Field, greatly in demand by all the leading magazines, has written a very sprightly comedy romance called Gertrude, which will begin in the next issue of Radio Digest. Gertrude figured it out she and Victor were very much in love with each other until they married. After that it was different. Her plan of operations to restore the prenuptial amity was more logical than conventional. And yet you never could guess how it turned out.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN is another popular writer who will be represented in the fiction department of the December Radio Digest. It is in his very best style and he calls it Big Time.

Probably nothing has been written in fact or fiction that gives you so clear and graphic a picture of the undercurrents of the rum running business as the Arthur B. Reeve story in this Radio Digest as he puts Craig Kennedy to work untangling the clues to the murder of beautiful Lola Langhorne.

ANOTHER perfect diction contest is under way. You will remember that Milton J. Cross, of the National Broadcasting company, won the last contest. His acknowledgment of the award was quite a masterpiece. A reader of Radio Digest has requested us to publish the little speech. It will appear in the December issue together with information about the present contest and a story of the eloquent Mr. Cross.

How do you like the way we have arranged to present a big variety of news from a great number of stations as you find it in this November issue? If your favorite station doesn't have anything in here about its entertainers, don't blame the editor. We have tried for all the news about the entertainers we can get.

Across the Desk

NOVEMBER FINDS listener and artist advancing quickly into the broadest and best season Radio has ever known. We have better technique in the studio and we have better receivers in the home. And from the best available sources it seems safe to conclude we have increased our national listening audience by millions. We have today many listeners who had no patience with Radio in its earlier stages of development, and we have broadened our field of listeners through the use of superior apparatus. No home is complete today without its Radio facilities. That applies to the humble cottage or hall bedroom as well as the millionaire's palace or his club room.

With this added scope in the use of Radio comes the greater need—for Radio Digest in the home. It rises to the occasion. It is the most valuable auxiliary to your receiver. It brings you the supplementary information and entertainment you can get through no other source. Radio Digest has made a continuous study of the listener's needs and, as the result of long experience and thousands of encouraging letters, has developed the various log and reference features contained herein. During the past three months an extensive survey over the national field has been made and in December some of the first results will be shown in a new arrangement of convenient references which will be published for the first time. Old time readers will recognize a modernized arrangement of the Evening At Home which was so highly appreciated in the former weekly Radio Digest.

DO YOU REMEMBER the Step on the Stairs? That was a famous serial that first introduced fiction to the pages of Radio Digest. It was written by Robert J. Casey, distinguished author and correspondent. This story was dramatized and was the first Radio serial thriller ever put on the air. A score of the nation's greatest stations broadcast the episodes from week to week. Then came Hugh Fullerton's Big Rabbit—another great hit. Subsequently there were changes in the order of publication and fiction was dropped. Now, returning to monthly publication, Radio Digest resumes its fiction features. An original Craig Kennedy detective story by Arthur B. Reeve, and short stories by other well known authors, bring us up to date. You will find the forthcoming fiction features in Radio Digest of the highest calibre, and by authors whose names appear on the covers of Cosmopolitan, Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and other leading periodicals.

THERE always will be a definite recognition of the importance of the community broadcasting station. Members of the Radio commission have compared the small independent station to the small city newspaper. It completes the circle by reaching into every inhabitable center of the country. For some of the smaller stations it is more or less of a struggle to obtain talent to cope with the lure of the powerful city station. Authorities thought for a long time that eventually the trans-continental wire chains would gather them in. But hundreds of worthy community stations are still dependent entirely on their own local talent. Some have turned regretfully to the ordinary store phonograph record. Just as Radio Digest goes to press with this November issue, its brother organization, the Bureau of Broadcasting, has received its first consignment of big Vitaphone type wax discs, carrying specially recorded sustaining programs by famous New York talent. Over 100 specially designed broadcast machines have been purchased and distributed to stations throughout the country. Four of these discs provide an hour's Radio entertainment. Experts have declared their broadcast reproduction the most perfect reproduction of any kind yet attained. The most sensitive receiver cannot detect that the voices and music come from a wax inscription. This system makes it possible for any station in the country to have the finest talent in the world and supply the finest programs, sponsored or unsponsored.



Beauty Winner

OLIVE SHEA, Columbia Broadcasting System, New York City, was awarded the crown of the World's Most Beautiful Radio Artist at the Radio World's Fair in New York last September. Miss Shea was chosen by photograph from 500 photographs submitted from broadcast stations throughout the country. Miss Irma Glenn, WENR, runner-up, was such a close second she had to go to New York for inspection by the committee which included Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous glorifier.

<p>Newsstands Don't Always Have One Left</p> <p>WHEN YOU WANT</p> <h2 style="text-align: center;">Radio Digest</h2> <p>YOU WANT IT!</p> <p>Be Sure of Your Monthly Copy by Subscribing Now</p>	<p>Publisher Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.</p> <p>Please find enclosed check, M. O., for Four Dollars (Five Dollars Foreign), for One Year's Subscription to Radio Digest, Illustrated.</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p> <p>City..... State.....</p>	<p>11-29</p>
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Rudy Vallee First Radio Vamp

*VOLUME of Mail—10,000 Letters a Day From Men
and Women in All Walks of Life—Proves Widespread
Popularity of New York Band Leader*

By Gene Mulholland

THE MAN from Fort Smith, Ark., boarded the train. Home and all it stood for was not many hours away. The week in New York had been hectic, but he was returning with a clear conscience. Not only had he gratified all his own metropolitan desires, but every request of his wife's had been fulfilled. He had dutifully telephoned the Jones people who used to live next door; the flowered silk crepe had been matched—and he had found out all about Rudy Vallee. And he had his information authentic.

That last had been about the most important part of his trip. The final words of his wife and daughter, backed by pleas of the entire feminine neighborhood, had been very clear on that point. All the women back home wanted to know about Rudy.

As the lights of Broadway fled backward into the night, the man from Fort Smith reviewed the facts about Vallee in his mind. The press agent had been kind, many hours had been spent in research and the musician himself had been helpful. The Arkansan didn't think many details had been overlooked.

The sounds of a trainful of people settling down for a long journey were punctuated at intervals by the mournful note of the big locomotive's whistle. That girl across in No. 7 looked friendly.

"You know," he was telling her a little later, "this Vallee isn't such a bad individual at all, even from a man's viewpoint. I was right surprised, too, 'cause one of the fellows back home—mighty clever chap; plays in all the minstrels and things—said just before I came to New York that the world is divided into two classes: all the women who think Rudy Vallee's just too heavenly, and the men who disagree with the women.

"BUT HE was wrong. I spent a lot of time finding out about Vallee for my wife and the other women folks in Fort Smith—talked to him myself right in the Radio studios. And I found him a pert and likable chap—even to his yen for baked sweet potatoes.

"I wish now I'd taken some of the newspaper clippings the fellow wanted to give me—there sure was a stack of 'em. But I guess I can remember most of the important things. All sorts of stuff has been written—those reporters call him 'torch singer' and 'prince of frails' and I didn't believe there was so many ways of saying 'ether lover' and 'sweetheart of the air.'

"Do you know that one of the New York papers made a survey a while back that showed he gets on an average of 10,000 letters a day from people who listen on the Radio? And he also gets fifty boxes of fudge a day, twenty bunches of flowers, 500 telephone messages and about seven or eight cakes and pies.

"I personally think lots of these letters and things come from men—men do like the boy. I know—I spent almost three hours with him—although, of course, most of the stuff comes from women."

Both the man from Arkansas and the girl, who really was friendly, decided they were not hungry as the porter lurched through the car with his "last call for dinnah."

"Another thing that same paper figured out," the man from Fort Smith resumed, as his newly discovered companion settled her slim body more comfortably into the seat, "was that forty per cent of the things come from flappers, twenty-five per cent from business women, fifteen per cent from married women, and twenty per cent from society girls.

"And don't you let anybody tell you that's not a lot of attention for a man who almost no time ago was just a \$60-a-week

'sax' player. Those who know the kid—and he told me himself for that matter—can't be sure whether Radio made him or not. He sort of thinks the big networks of the National Broadcasting company are responsible.

"It's a cinch," these are his very words to me, "that without Radio so many people wouldn't know me."

"THOSE folks at the NBC though—sure, I talked to them, too; when I start out to do a thing I'm pretty thorough—tell me that everybody's waking up to the kid's talent, just happened to come along at the time he joined their networks. In other words, their picking him merely showed good judgment on their part, and doesn't explain why he is such a hit—see what I mean?

"Women folks who write about Vallee—and there are lots of 'em; I saw that from the clippings—all rave about the 'it' in his voice."

A nod from the "friendly girl" indicated she was following the man from Fort Smith closely. "She's sure an interesting person to talk to," he thought.

"I guess those writing women have the combination at that. Out in Westbrooke, Me., where Vallee was raised, the folks likely don't talk much about sex appeal or 'it' even now. They probably call whatever it is the kid's got 'charm.'

"And say, here's somethin' I found out that most people don't know about—even the newspaper people who come around for inter-

views. That boy's name is not Rudy at all, but Hubert Prior Vallee. 'S a fact. The Rudy was simply tagged on because of Rudy Wiedoeft who taught the kid all about the saxophone—gave a correspondence course first and later personal lessons."

The man from Fort Smith unconsciously preened himself a bit as he noted this information impressed the girl even more than the other things he had told her. He smiled.

"Anyway, as I was saying about Westbrooke and the folks down there, they just failed to appreciate the kid in his first bloom as a musician. He was the son of the village druggist and his old man was pretty prominent in most everything in town. As a result most all the neighbor women used to come in and coo over the baby no end. 'Course the cooing didn't result from his dad's prominence; that only made the young 'un known to everybody—he was a danged pretty infant.

"But after he got up to about five years old and elected the drum his chief of toys, he just didn't click. Didn't register at all in spite of his being the only left-handed drummer in town. Folks seemed to think a south-paw drum made as much noise as the regulation ones.

"IT WAS the same, the kid told me, when he took up the clarinet. In fact, things got so bad and there were so many squawks that his dad had to bust up the mail order instrument. It seemed about then that the youngster was born to blush unseen as a musician—or unheard, if you like that better.

"Just about then Rudy got a job. He was assistant manager of the town's picture show. That job set him right smack in the middle of most of the musical doings around there. One of the fellows who played in the show sort of took an interest in the kid—probably because he was so anxious to learn—and advised him to try the 'sax.'

"Rudy promptly put himself down for another mail order. And when the new gadget arrived there was more wailing from everybody who didn't like noise. But he kept right on with his practicing.

"And now the home folks are telling each other collective and individually how they knew all the time the boy was

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RUDY VALLEE, whose voice and sax have swept Radio audiences off their feet throughout the East and some of the Midwestern sections on the National Broadcasting company lines, seems to be heading toward Hollywood at this writing. Hollywood appears to be the paradise where all good Radio stars go when they—no, not when they die—when they are proven microphone hits. Mr. Mulholland gives us an interesting story of Rudy's rise to fame on the opposite page.

RADIO STARS in HOLLYWOOD

Who Have Gone "Talkie"

By Gerald King

Director of Radio Station KFVB

ALAS an ideal California afternoon must be sacrificed upon the altar of duty (and ten thousand years will never bring another so wonderful for a day at the beach) so that Radio Digest readers may know about the Radio stars in Hollywood. Distractions included against the writing of this very important information in addition to the weather—quite usual at this time of year—are:

1. A Hal Roach company on location just across the street with Our Gang kids and while we may live in Hollywood and never look twice at an ordinary company shooting the infectious manner with which Our Gang goes about their business cannot go unnoticed by anyone.
2. Hollywood Boulevard, just four floors down, filled with its Sunday afternoon parade of girls dashing by in sport roadsters, waving—perhaps to me—but at any rate headed places and doing things. These are rated as Hollywood's chief distractions as well as its greatest charm.
3. A vista, when one's back is turned upon the Hal Roach comedy company and the boulevard, of lovely green hills sliding off into a cool grey mist where the ocean begins, with an Army squadron of planes droning overhead—and it's a cinch they are going to stunt!

But man was made to work and so, with a resolution worthy of something or other, the story begins:

The distance between the Radio studios and the audible movie screen has never been very great. Each month sees this distance shortened and a number of nationally known Radio artists have taken the step—though almost every one of them has stepped back again on the completion of the picture requiring his services.

While the talent scouts for the phonetic flickers watch the musical comedy and dramatic productions as well as vaudeville for future screen stars, the home Radio receiving set has become a valuable asset for the scout. From this "listening post" he hears voices that meet the requirements of the talking motion pictures. His next step, of course, is to see the artist in person to determine whether or not the appeal is physical as well as vocal.

RUDY VALLEE perhaps is today's outstanding Radio contribution to the talking movies. If Vallee isn't a success in the talkies then fifty million females can be wrong for his journey to Hollywood was influenced to a great extent by the hundreds of thousands of letters from women Radio fans who asked that they be given a chance to see their Rudy on the screen.

Vallee was an unknown a year ago. His big chance in Radio came when he was discovered by the National Broadcasting company and given a place on a national network. His crooning voice had something in it—a something that no man has ever been able to explain or successfully imitate—and the result was that Vallee became a national personality overnight. The motion picture contract followed.

The talking movies have turned to Radio many times to obtain talent for short pictures. Singers and comedy teams especially were in demand.

Billie Jones and Ernie Hare, otherwise the Happiness Boys and also the Interwoven Pair, were among the first Radio artists to put their songs and nonsense on a sound film. The Smith Brothers, beards and all, also have made talking shorts. In real life they are "Scrappy" Lambert and Billy Hillpot.

Two of the NBC's crack bands, Ben Pollack's orchestra and Hal Kemp's orchestra have been loaned to the talkies for short periods recently.

The Revelers, the National Cavaliers and the Serenaders all widely known Radio quartets, have been seen and heard in talking motion pictures.

Dolores Cassinelli, once a famous motion picture artist and recently equally as famous as a Radio vocal artist, already has appeared in talking movies and will be seen in a feature picture in the near future.

MORTON DOWNEY, now an outstanding star of the talkies, got his start in Radio and still is under contract to the National Broadcasting and Concert bureau.

Some Lewis, contralto crooner and Genia Zielinska,

FROM RADIO Microphone to Movie Microphone Is But a Step and Names of Air Fame Are Achieving Film Fame in Picture Land.

coloratura soprano, both have appeared in talking pictures.

There is one division of broadcasting that has had its personnel heavily raided by the sound studios and little has been said about it. When the big motion picture concerns took seriously to sound their greatest need was technical experts. They had to have electrical engineers who understood the microphone and its allied equipment and they went into the Radio studios to get these men, often paying fabulous salaries. A majority of the technical executives of the large film companies gained their training in the Radio control rooms and monitoring booths of broadcasting stations.

More than a score of the several hundred dramatic artists heard in various NBC productions have added to their incomes by playing parts in talking motion pictures. The fact that these actors and actresses had actual microphone experience was of first importance in obtaining these jobs for them.

Strange as it may seem, a number of very famous Radio artists have rejected offers from the talkies. One young soprano, whose name is known in every home where there is a Radio set and who is pleasant to gaze upon, has rejected lead after lead in film musical productions. The only reason she gives is that Radio is her career and she has no desire to leave it.

Others have stayed in broadcasting because they believe that it gives them more for the time they put into it than would the motion pictures. Still others are totally uninterested in any proposition that means moving away from New York City.

Once upon a time, raditorially speaking, it was thought Hollywood was located almost upon the far edges of the world. The inhabitants of the country, barbarians for the most part, slept out of doors and led a lotus-like existence among the orange groves that dotted the countryside. They had heard of Radio, of course, and a few had Radio receivers and listened to the meager programs from the local stations. Then, all at once, those governing the existence of the great national Radio network announced, in quite a magnanimous manner, that New York programs were to be sent to the savage tribes of southern California, and the rest of the Pacific Coast as well. Great would be the rejoicing among these simple peoples when these unbelievably fine programs would be available to any and all who wished to listen. Things would then be—

But why go on with that story. It is a fact that a member of the Federal Radio commission, in formal hearing, once rose to his feet objecting to the granting of more Radio facilities to the state of California because all broadcasting was done mainly to coyotes and sagebrush!

UPON hearing this the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles rushed wildly to Washington bearing signed and sworn affidavits showing that southern California has more Radio receivers per capita than any other territory on the globe!

Los Angeles territory has twenty Radio stations, making it rank with New York, Chicago and Philadelphia in congestion of Radio facilities. It did have 21 stations, but one fell by the wayside, a deed that is still spoken of with hushed voices in western Radio circles. The climate is good to Radio stations; it is almost unbelievable that one could perish without another springing up in its stead.

Just one more bit of fact before we go on with the story. Sponsored programs, of the type presented today, had been given in some number over old KHJ in Los Angeles nearly six months before WEAJ gave its first commercial program to the world.

The revolutionizing of the movie industry on a sound basis has provided an opportunity for many stage and Radio entertainers to play before audiences in all parts of the country. The stage star gains an almost incomparably larger following by means of the talkies which, at the same time, does not interfere with his work behind the foot-lights. On the other hand the well-known Radio artists who have gone talkie have the added advantage of being seen on the screen, whereas before this only their voices could be sent out to the thousands of listeners.

The Columbia Broadcasting system has contributed many names to this industry. One of the most prominent of these is Olive Shea, who is familiar to the Radio audience through

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MISS EMMA KIMMEL walked into Vitaphone pictures through Warner Brothers, KFVB studios, where Gerald King presides—she has a fine soprano voice that tracks well in a wax disc.

HELEN STONE, often seen and heard on the screen in the dialog films, gained her first fame as director of the Harmonette Girls—singing and instrumental—over Radio Station KNX.

VERNON RICKARD made his first big hit singing to Radio audiences. He was leading man with the Duncan Sisters; later with Vitaphone.

GEORGIA FIFIELD, another KNX favorite, who found her first microphone experience directing Radio playlets in Los Angeles, and from there it was but a step to the Hollywood movie mikes.

ANN GREY sings her blues so well that the mere announcement she is to be heard at a certain time over KFVB, sends a rush to the receivers to hear her. That's why she was chosen for Vitaphone shorts.

The Strange Heart Case Of DR. THRALE

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrated by W. H. WIEST

ANDREW BRAYDEN loved his friend's wife, but wouldn't admit it, even to himself. On the day of his marriage to another girl he disappeared. The story made a big sensation for a time and then was forgotten until Dr. Thrale and his friend Morgan of the Planet discovered "John Brown" in a ward at Bellevue hospital.

I HADN'T seen Thrale for six or seven years, at least, before the night he saved old Archer Quarren's life. I hadn't thought of him more than half a dozen times, either. He wasn't in my class; I was a freshman when he was a senior, and, naturally, I hadn't known him well. But I did remember, of course, that last outrageous performance of his—the climax of about as unpopular a college career as a man ever had, I suppose. It was the sort of thing that is talked about at reunions for years. And it was the thing any of us who had known Thrale in college were pretty sure to think of when we saw him, or when his name came up.

Coming to set it down now, I have to admit, the episode loses some of the significance it had when it was fresh. Maybe that is because I am older, and other things have dwarfed matters that were supremely important when I was a freshman. Maybe it is just because I have come to know Thrale so well, and to like him so much. It never occurred to anyone to like him in those days. It isn't easy to like him now; you have to overcome every obstacle he can put in your path before you can succeed in doing so.

At any rate, for what it's worth in forming an estimate of the man, here is what he did, at the end of four years in college! He was the best quarter miler we ever had. He never had been dependable; training rules never had meant anything in his life. But he was a fifty second man for the quarter, and you know what rare birds they are. Well, on the day of the last meet of the year, when we knew that winning depended on his getting a first place in the quarter, he wouldn't run. He simply wouldn't. I've forgotten what reason he gave—I know it wasn't an excuse, because he wouldn't admit that he needed an excuse—took the ground, I think, that it was a tremendous condescension for him to state a reason!

WELL, you can imagine how the college felt. There was a lot of excited talk about doing something to him, but it died away, and nothing was done. And he took his diploma, a little later, and dropped out of sight, and, so far as I was concerned, I just remembered him, when something made me think of him at all, as a queer duck who had everlastingly queered himself by refusing to run that day. I did hear that he'd gone to a medical school in New York, and I remember that a lot of us said we wouldn't let him take care of a sick cat.

And then I found him, that night in New York, after I'd struggled through my days as a cub on the Planet and got to be a real reporter, working over old Archer Quarren, who'd keeled over in a place where he had no business to be.

So far as I was concerned, the whole thing was just a piece of luck. I was working on a police graft story that took me through many queer parts of what used to be the Tenderloin

HOPELESS Case of Amnesia—That's What All the Doctors Said and They Were About to Send Andrew Brayden to a Sanitarium When Dr. Thrale Got on the Job



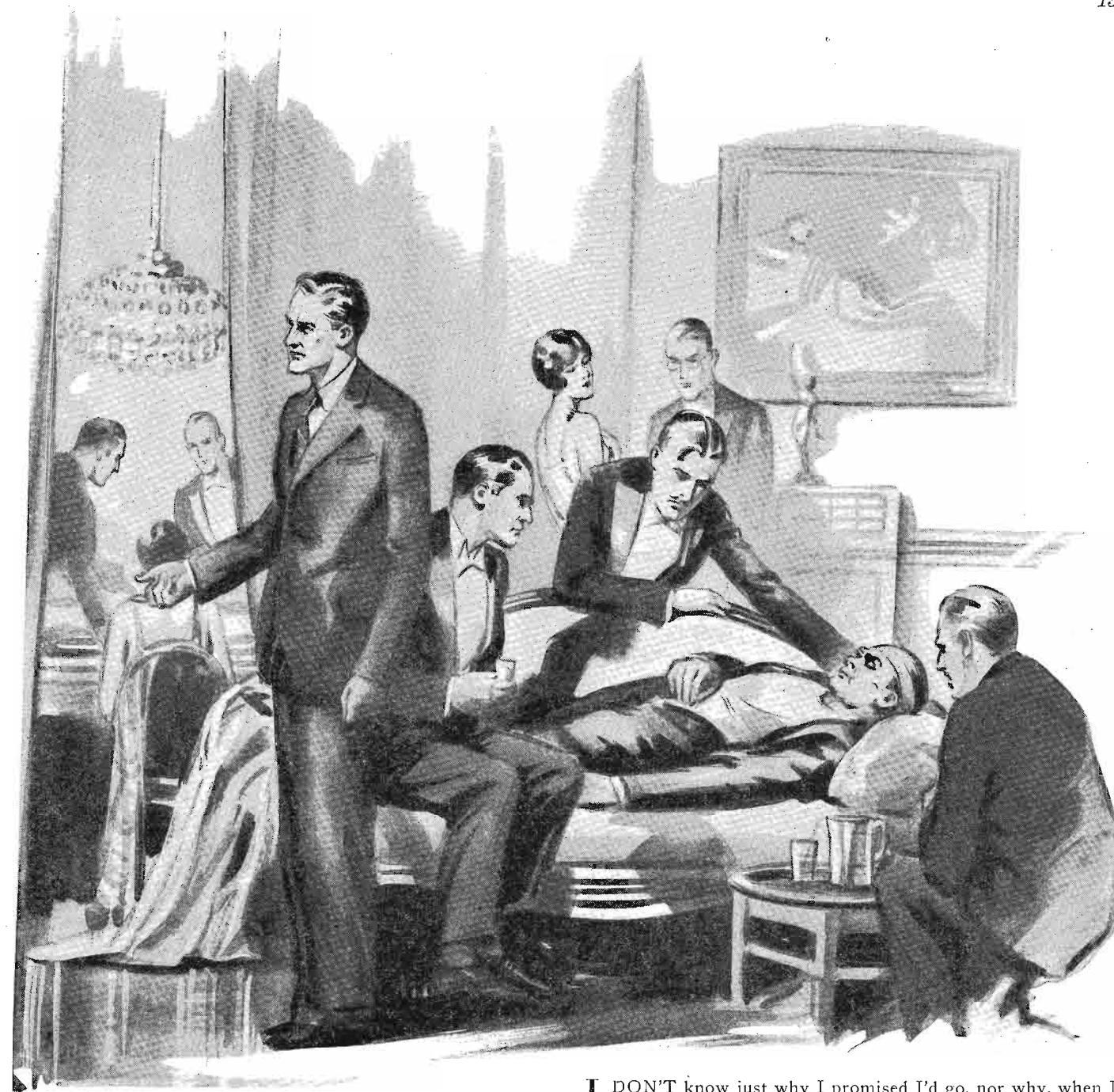
"HELLO, MORGAN," he said. "You don't remember me—John Thrale. Don't want to remember me, I suppose? What are you doing here, trying to force some of your money on Shepperd?"

in New York. That night I was trying to get something out of Jimmy Shepperd, and I'd worked my way past the cordon of guards he kept at the door of his gambling house. I was waiting for Jimmy when the excitement about Quarren started, and in the confusion I walked right into the room where they'd put him on a couch, and recognized him at once, of course.

The doctor came while everyone was waiting for the old man to die. He was a tall, lean chap, in the shabbiest clothes you could imagine. He started giving orders at once, in a voice that made people jump. He never raised it; he was tremendously quiet. But there was an edge on that voice of his; it had an almost physical effect. It was as if some one were drawing a sharp knife across your hand—not cutting you, you know, but letting you understand that you'd better do what you were told.

I WAITED while the doctor worked. It was beautiful to watch him. I always have enjoyed watching any man at work who knew his job. And this chap, for all his shabbiness, did. You couldn't doubt that; you couldn't help having confidence in him. And when, when he had that old hypocrite—Quarren was in Wall street, you remember, and was always preaching against gambling in any form, and talking about how he wouldn't keep a young man in his employment if he bought stocks on margin—when he had the old rascal sitting up and gasping for breath, the doctor turned around, and I realized that I knew him, or had seen him before, anyway.

He nodded to me right away, and came over.



"Hello, Morgan," he said. "You don't remember me—John Thrale. Don't want to remember me, I suppose?"

Then, of course, I put out my hand and tried to be cordial. "Why, sure I remember you, Thrale!" I said. "I've a rotten memory for faces—"

"Piffle!" said Thrale. "You never forget anything unless you want to. What are you doing, Morgan? Trying to force some of your money on Shepperd?"

"I'm here on business, just as you are," I said, stiffly. And explained that I was a reporter.

Thrale scowled. "H'm!" he said. "You are, eh? I may need you. Got half an hour to spare? If you have, come around to my place—it's near here. I may be able to hand you something interesting."

I could have spared a thousand dollars as easily as half an hour just then, and told him so. This Quarren story, breaking on top of the one I was already working on, and reasonably sure to be a beat, looked more important than a talk with Thrale. I was wrong but it didn't matter, as it turned out. Thrale wasn't offended. That is a curious thing about him, by the way. Most people who are brusque and offensive in their manner resent anything but the most perfect courtesy from others. Thrale, in such matters, was like a rhinoceros. He was proof against slights and insults. It took me some time to see that that was due to intense concentration, and not to some deficiency in pride or self respect.

"All right," he said. "Will you come when you can? I don't care how late it is."

I DON'T know just why I promised I'd go, nor why, when I did finally get away from the office that night, I went out of my way to hunt him up. But I did. I found that he was living in a cheap house, in Forty-fifth street, far west—a tenement house, really. He had an apartment on the first floor; a wretched, dingy hole. There was a doctor's sign in the window, but he didn't sport a brass plate. It was pretty obvious that he wasn't doing well.

He took me into a barren, musty room. There was a rank smell of stale tobacco smoke; he had a box of the cheapest sort of cigarettes on a table.

"This is my consulting room," he said. "We probably shan't be disturbed, though. It's fairly late. Just wait a minute, will you?"

He went into another room—his sleeping quarters, I supposed. And I looked around his consulting room. It seemed to me that he gave it a pretty high sounding name. It wasn't like any doctor's room I'd ever seen. There were three or four chairs—terrible, plush covered things, and a golden oak table, with a lacy cover. On the walls were some of the pictures you see still in old country houses—mid-Victorian outrages upon art. The only human and intelligible thing in the room was a bookcase, and I went over and looked at its shelves. It was full of medical books—books treating of psychology, chiefly. I saw, although there were a few of the books you find in any general practitioner's library. But most of these books were German—names like Freud, Jung, Abraham, Moll predominated.

I'd heard of Freud, rather vaguely, but didn't know much about him, and I couldn't make out anything even from the titles. Thrale wasn't gone long; he caught me at his back and grinned rather sourly.

"I DON'T know whether you can be any use to me or not. Morgan," he said, bluntly. "Can you refrain from asking stupid questions?"

"Yes," I said, and crossed the room to get my hat and coat. "Go to the devil, Thrale! Maybe he'll teach you some manners!"

He chuckled. "Sit down," he said. "This is a cold blooded proposition. I can do as much for you as you can possibly do for me. More, probably. I haven't the time for what you call manners. You've done well—in your profession."

"I have no complaint," I said. "But—" "I'm judging by your clothes," he said, impatiently. "And the only reason I'm interested in that is that you couldn't be of any use to me unless you were recognized as a leader in your work."

He caught my eyes as they wandered from his shabby clothes to the abominable details of his room. And he grinned, faintly.

"You're applying the same method—and deciding that I'm a rank failure," he said. "Well—I am, so far as you can see. In which you're like most people. My own profession regards me as the victim of an obsessional delusion. It thinks I'm quite

won't let me near him, though I could probably find out all about him within three days."

That sounded like Thrale. One of the things that had always made him unpopular in college was a habit of boasting.

"Well?" I said.

"I want to see that man—alone. I



"Was Mr. Brayden in love with you?"

want an opportunity to examine him and apply certain tests. Can you help me?"

I didn't see how I could, and said so. And I added that I couldn't see why I should. That seemed to please Thrale. He was savage when I resented his rudeness; when I returned it in kind he was satisfied.

"This man is ticketed as John Brown," said Thrale. "I wish you would call up and ask for all the information they can give you about him and make a note of the answers."

I hesitated. But a curious feeling was growing upon me—a feeling that, for some reason I couldn't analyze, it would be well for me to humor Thrale. He had an undeniable force. So I called the Planet's Bellevue man—interrupting a poker game, probably—and asked my questions.

"JUST a bum," Jackson told me. "A cop picked him up in the street somewhere. Want all the dope? I'll have to hunt it up and call you back."

"All right," I said, and gave him Thrale's number.

Thrale walked about like a caged animal while we waited. In about fifteen minutes Jackson called.

"Chap was picked up at Thirty-eighth street and Park avenue a week ago," he said. "He was stopping women and asking them where he was—what city—fool questions like that. Didn't speak to any men at all. He was dressed in cheap, old clothes, badly worn. He must have been a laborer of some sort, to judge from his hands. He is willing to talk, but there is a hesitation in his speech—he doesn't stutter, but just stops for a long time, sometimes, between words. He remembers crossing the ocean. They're planning to send him to an asylum—it's a hopeless case. And—oh, yes—some nut tried to make the policeman let him take him home with him. Said he'd look

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KIN OF GREAT POET POE

*Olive Palmer's Voice
Resembles Galli Curci's
in Tonal Quality*



OLIVE PALMER claims a direct descent from Edgar Allan Poe. She has inherited something of his talent, writing lyrics and setting them to music.

OLIVE PALMER, coloratura soprano and exclusive star of the weekly Palmolive hour broadcasts over the coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company, claims a direct descent from the same family as Edgar Allan Poe.

The winsome little singer also bids fair to share the poet's
(Continued to page 72)

Hollywood's Radio Stars

Many Luminaries of the Air Lack Some Make Reputations, Caricaturist Is on Pencil as Stars of Sign Contract
(See Page 10)



VERNON RICKARD, left, was with the Duncan Sisters. Now he is one of the big stars of Hollywood.



DON WARNER, right, is a piano player of real renown before the movie city microphones.

Sketched by Senor Cugat

Screen and Stage on Qualities That Help Says Gerald King, the Job With His Radio Rush to for Pictures

PAVIO PEKAY, right, is another Hollywood luminary who has made a name for himself on the air and screen.



CALMON LUBOVISKI, left, has made a modest fortune with his violin work before the mike and the camera.



Ted Husing Known as a Real Athlete

MICROPHONE Talent of Columbia System Announcer Eclipses Reputation of Earlier Days. Now He Is Busy on All Types of Programs.



Ted Husing

IF IT were necessary to give a description of Ted Husing in a few words, the phrase "Athletic Announcer" might be the first to arise in one's mind. This, however, would possibly lead to a misapprehension. Ted Husing is not an announcer of athletics alone, nor is he the man to whose directions for daily dozens many brave souls shiver and labor in those early morning hours when the sun has not yet really justified its existence. The real meaning of the phrase is merely that Ted Husing has already risen to stardom in two fields, athletics and Radio announcing. The second has almost superseded the first, and his talents in this latter field are used for the benefit of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Ted Husing gave evidence of athletic prowess from his early years on. He was born in Deming, New Mexico, some twenty-nine years ago, and, while he was still mastering his reading, writing and arithmetic, his family moved to Gloversville in New York state. This, to him, was a great improvement, for the Erie canal was near at hand, and it was in this body of water that young Ted spent a great part of his youth. Time, of course, was taken out for wrestling, and, by reason of his fistic prowess, he was leader of the most capable scrappers for their size and weight on both sides of the canal.

He attended Stuyvesant high school in New York city and, after completing his four years there, took a post-graduate course in commerce. School gave him ample opportunity to exercise his most conspicuous talents, and, while there, he became a star athlete in four sports—football, baseball, basketball and soccer. Football, however, was his outstanding success, for he played such a strong game as roving center that he terrorized his opponents, and was chosen all-scholastic center when he was barely sixteen years old.

The war, however, made his former ambitions seem childish, and he joined the intelligence service of the army by dint of giving his age as nineteen, although he was not even seventeen years old at the time. He was stationed at Governor's Island the war ended.

ALL THROUGH his high school days, young Ted had harbored a desire to go to college and continue his athletics along with his studies, in which he had already proved himself to be very proficient. His army experience, however, changed his mind, and he decided to ignore the various scholarships that had been offered him, and settle down to a business career. His great interest in athletics, however, made him long for one last fling, and, deciding to turn professional, he joined the Prescotts, a leading eleven at that time. Here he starred in his old position, eventually moving on to the team of which Lou Gehrig of Yankee fame was a member.

In 1921 this young man of many talents taught aviation to the police. Although he instructed them in the use of sea-planes, he has never guided a land plane through the air. He once crashed in shallow water, and, as witnesses, fearful of the results, rushed to the scene, Ted emerged from the wreckage unharmed, his face glowing with his characteristic smile.

The year 1923 saw Ted in Florida, but he was one of the few who did not engage in the booming realty enterprise of buying and selling lots. Instead, he gave instruction in gym work to a large class of children, and in physical culture to their elders. As a sideline he revealed the intricacies of the Charleston to its many devotees.

A year later he returned North and, out of 610 applications for the position of announcer at Station WJZ, was one to be selected, joining the company of the famous "Four Horsemen of the Air," the foremost group of radio announcers ever to be heard from the station, Norman Brokenshire, J. Lewis Reid, Milton J. Cross and Herbert B. Glover, the latter now news manager of the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Ted Husing's rise to the front ranks of Radio was rapid, for in less than six months he was brought to Washington to announce the chain broadcasts for WRC. Here he was kept busy, for, in one day alone, he introduced the President on the occasion of the laying of the cornerstone of the National Press club, introduced him again from the Pan-American building where the Congress of Journalists was in session, and announced the U. S. Marine Band and a speech by Vice-President Dawes.

ANOTHER six months passed and Ted was called back to WJZ at the inception of its 50,000-watt transmitter, where, with Major J. Andrew White, "dean of all sports announcers," he covered all of the large football games broadcast over that station. He described the tennis matches out at Forest Hills when the Davis Cup was at stake, and later, the national championships. He was special dance band announcer, and, with his clever phrasings, delighted the Radio audience.

In January, 1927, he assumed the post of director of the Boston Evening Transcript's station, WBET. In July matters necessitated his being in New York, so he resigned his position and became assistant to the Director of Development of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chain of stations. His broadcasts of football games over WHN won favorable comments from both Radio critics and listeners all over the country. Football is a game that he knows thoroughly and, with his vivid description and sensational style of announcing the games, he is considered the leading announcer in that particular field.

This coming Christmas marks three years since he first came to the Columbia Broadcasting system as assistant to Major White, and, in that comparatively short time, he has

(Continued on page 110)



FOOTBALL is a game Ted Husing knows thoroughly. His vivid descriptions and sensational style of announcing has made him a leader in that field.

Russian Artist Aristocrat Acts GYPSY PRINCESS

for the Two La Palina Programs

By Harold P. Brown

"DON'T go yet. Don't go until you meet the charming Mme. Zinaida Nicolina!"

Bob Taplinger, eager, youthful and enthusiastic, manipulated my elbow and steered me to a rickety little chair in the main WOR studio on Broadway.

"You know she is a real discovery," he added, "wonderful voice and—er, exotic, you know. That foreign manner is real—you've heard her as the Gypsy princess in La Palina—she talks just like that naturally. Now, watch, here she comes—"

A slim graceful dark eyed young woman in rose red and a broad brimmed hat of the same color came in from another room just as the orchestra was getting ready to take the air. I always had enjoyed those merry tuneful roundelays of jolly bachelors at the La Palina club—and La Palina herself.

In some ways the scene was a disillusion, but the true picture that was substituted was just as savory and interesting. It was electric. Every person in the "act" was on tip-toe and the program clicked through with precision and a certain atmosphere of bursting, irrepressible joy. The laughing quips and repartee gave one the feeling of being in the presence of nimble wits and a sociable comradeship of good fellows.

La Palina, who was Mme. Zinaida Nicolina, regarded the microphone as her particularly favored and adored one. She clothed it with a living personality.

AFTERWARD Bob presented me. She proved an amiable conversationalist and exercising my journalistic prerogative, I quizzed her concerning the exciting and highly adventurous circumstances of her career before she arrived in America.

We sat down by the great concert grand piano. Bob and Macy were having a few words about a new program. The musicians were packing up their instruments. The schedule had resumed in another studio.

"You are a native of Russia?" I asked. "Yes, I was born in Koursk." A bit of pink came into the ivory of her cheeks. "This sounds like many questions to come, I know."

"Perhaps, unless you can tell me without my asking them. Of course you were in the revolution?"

"Ah indeed yes. My house was burned over my head and— and—"

"Were your people harmed?"

"God saved our lives." Zinaida turned her dark and shadowy eyes toward a long haired musician of swarthy complexion who was fastening the lid of a violin case—he seemed to be having trouble with it.

"I still feel cold shivers when I think of it." She shuddered. There are always spies and one never knows who hears."

And so this incident was dropped for the moment while the lagging violinist completed his arrangements for departure.

Zinaida's father was an important personage, a member of the aristocracy, a magistrate of the supreme court. Her cultural education began with her regular schooling. She was musically inclined so she began with the piano. As she grew into her teens she fell in love with the opera. She felt that she had a voice and she yearned for the

role of a prima donna. But her parents had no sympathy for her stage ambitions. They considered this an unworthy calling for one of her breeding. They firmly declined to sanction any effort on her part in this direction. But the young daughter proved she had the will of an artist fully confident of her ability. She began secretly to cultivate her voice. Friends who were admitted to her confidence gave her every encouragement. Already her piano lessons had brought her a prize through the Conservatory of Music in the Tschaiakowski and Liszt concertos.

HER FIRST big opportunity came at a benefit performance. Still unaware of her vocal talents the parents sat in the audience and were astonished speechless when the young Zinaida was called upon for a difficult vocal selection. She responded with such success she received an ovation from the delighted audience. From that moment she was recognized as an artist with unusual talent.

Bit by bit the dark eyed young woman told her story with of course, becoming modesty. She showed me some of

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Zinaida Nicolina

"La Palina"



RUTH MESSMER, whose voice matches the blue of her eyes, Messmerizes the Radio audience of KOIN with her wistful tunes and the blonde beauty of her personality. Yes, Anita Loos was right about the gentlemen.



IRMA GLENN, organist at WENR, was runner-up in the final elimination of 500 photos by which a committee of distinguished judges selected the world's most beautiful Radio artist for the 1929 Radio World's Fair.



ELSA GRAY, known to every Roxy fan as the original Roxy girl. Among the many musical comedy successes with much credit due to Miss Gray are "Irene" and "Lollipop." She was with Laurette Taylor in "Humoresque."



DOLORES CASSINELLI, familiar to listeners throughout the country as one of the stars of the Marvin Musicians of the NBC, has been declared a perfect type of Latin beauty by competent critics. She's a screen queen, too.



GRACE THOMAS, WKY artist, puts the soul of song in her mellow dramatic soprano voice. And looking at her here you can understand what that means and why she has gained such wide popularity as one of the "Fair of the Air."



GLADYS HUBNER radiates her beauty and charm over KOMO at Seattle where she is revered as one of the most popular artists of the Northwest. And is it any wonder now that your eyes are able to verify your ears?



LORRAINE ASHLEY is just one of the three Prairie Daisies at WLS, the Prairie Farmer station. Irma and Lorraine make a delightful duo and when the third sister joins it's just one-third sweeter.



FANCHON is called the stylist at KTAB, Pickwick station at Oakland, Calif., whose slogan is, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." She is one of the favored stars of the KTAB Players, noted for its Radio dramatics.

Professor Paul Whiteman,

Understands All About Blues Because He Has Been Through Deepest Indigo Himself

By Jean Campbell

HERE is where you get acquainted with the real Paul Whiteman. Miss Campbell brings you face to face with the man and lets him tell his own story in his own words. You will see the hand of Destiny creating a leader for a crisis. Like thousands of others Whiteman knew he was in the wrong groove. But he found the way out. In doing so he ascended a throne. It's just like a story book—only it's all true.

PAUL WHITEMAN, as America's Jazz King, confesses that he one day looked backward in great earnestness. That was several years ago when caustic criticism of the change he had made in the course of his musical career seemed somewhat overpowering.

Being a candid fellow, frank in the extreme even with himself, he admits now that he was looking backward for nothing more than an answer to the one great question of his critics—

"Why had he, a classical musician, a symphony orchestra player, reared in an environment where music was seriously classic or not even considered as music, become not only an exponent of jazz but eventually a musical reformer using jazz as his medium and finally achieved the sobriquet 'The King of Jazz'?"

He found the answer. And today in recalling and reciting his memoirs he smiles with the unshamed satisfaction of one who is sure of his course, swimming with the tide, doing the thing that he was cut out to do—

And now his work goes on without regret that in his case, as in many others, his earlier career actually stopped just because of "a sad moment of reflection when dissatisfaction was paramount and nothing seemed just right." That moment he cites as responsible for his seeming metamorphose from a classical symphony musician into a later day Jazz King.

But let Paul tell his own story from here on, then everyone will understand why those who already know his story and appreciate the motive-behind-the-man no longer call him the King of Jazz but confer the more academic title "Music Master to the Masses."

"ARE YOU superstitious? I am. One sad day many years ago, I did all of the tabooed things in one morning. I put my hat on the bed; spilled salt at breakfast; lost a button off my coat; cracked a mirror; and then walked under a ladder on my way to rehearsal with the San Francisco Symphony orchestra.

"When I got there two strings on my fiddle cracked and the bridge broke. I went home disgusted. I had been dissatisfied without realizing it even before that. Now I was downright blue.

"Did you ever really consider jumping in the ocean?"

"Well, I considered jumping in the bay that night, but of course, that was only for a moment. Then I went to bed and posted a notice on my door that I was not to be disturbed.

"Notices of that sort meant nothing more to my old friend Walter Bell than an invitation to come in and see what was the matter. He was a muscular fellow musician and my avoirdupois did not phase him. He literally picked me up out of the slough of despond and headed me toward a 'hell hole' on the Barbary Coast. Here it was that Jazz and I met for the very first time, and I, at least, have since never been the same!

"Jazz bowled me over the moment I heard its screeching notes which seemed to strike at me from out of the not too pleasantly aromatic haze of a beer dive back room where men and women seemed to be contorting themselves in a queer gyration that stressed the mad house blare beat of the music.

"I watched near the door, I listened to the mad cries of the dancers. It was savage, no doubt of that, but it was only a moment before I was a savage on the edge of the tribal dance ring. My friend Bell urged me to a table for some beer. I reached it snapping my fingers, keeping time with my hands and crying for more with the rest of them!

"The blues? Who said I was blue? What about? Why, this was a great place to live in. All men pals, all women

beautiful. I wanted to shout, with the ecstasy of the spiritual release from all oppression that I felt, and so I did it. No one heard me. They were all doing the very same thing because they felt the very same way! Hurrah for JAZZ!

"I was, without realizing it, perhaps, for the first time in my life really expressing myself as a released human being. I was literally drunk with the rhythm of that rat-a-tat-tat music. Did I like it? Sure I did! So well that I never left it, and it never left me.

"As a matter of fact jazz saved my musical life. I was fed up, without knowing it, with my symphony work. I had reached a real crisis. My interest in the music I had heard and learned since babyhood had lagged. Yet I was not lazy. I was an ambitious lad. I wanted to amount to something but what it was I just did not know. Once I had thought of mechanical engineering as a profession. But I always forgot some cog in the wheels or some nut for a necessary bolt and none of my boyhood inventions would run.

"WAS I really tired of music—the only thing I thoroughly knew and thoroughly liked—or did I merely need a new musical medium?"

"Jazz was the answer to that for me. If it hadn't come along just then I frankly state that I might easily have become one of the world's most uninterested ne'er-do-wells.

"The line of least resistance was what I would have followed had I stayed any longer in symphony work. I could have gone only a little farther in the role of a symphony viola player. The stereotyped methods and follow-the-note-scores gave no reason for invention or display of creative genius of any sort. I flattered myself that I could be and do something original if I ever got the chance. Jazz gave me that chance.

"Mine was a vital make-up. I had too much energy, not too little. A lad of that sort uses his energy either in his work or in his play. Play to a symphony orchestra musician meant after-dark recreation. When away from home—wild parties mostly. And there was the incentive to further one's standing by buying plenty of drinks for one's superiors. When you 'set them up' you were also expected to drink them down. I'm a good-fellow in feeling. But my constitution is not the kind that can stand much punishment of that sort. Besides, drinking myself to death never did appeal to me although I'm not exactly a prohibitionist.

"At just past twenty-one I had not worked out any moral code. It would be nonsense to look back and claim that I had. But I knew that I did not like the sort of listless life that I was leading with seemingly nothing to do but follow one leader after another into one symphony group after another.

"Then there was that money question with which all symphony men were more familiar than most people. All of us were always bearing financial burdens because the pay in 1910 was so small that most symphony men held extra jobs. They had to, if they wanted to live decently.

"THERE was a time during my early symphony career when I actually drove a taxi-cab in my spare time to eke out enough money to pay my way. I never knew a symphony player who was not broke most of the time. Many of those boys who have joined my jazz band in later years could tell you that they never knew what it was to have money in their pockets to spare for little luxuries until I reclaimed them through jazz.

"To my caustic critics, to the preachers, the pedagogues; to all others I have since, and more than once, pointed out that for me jazz was nothing short of a moral agent. Yes, of course, they laughed at the idea, but that was their mistake, as I shall show you.

"You bet! I'm even willing to admit that jazz reclaimed me. It got a good chance to do it too. As soon as I heard it I knew it had a message for me—for others too—it was not music as I had known music. It was a sort of emotional language that had, peculiarly, an American twang to it. If I could only learn its queer rhythm, its more than syncopated beat, its barbaric emotional moods and put them down on a score that would give every single instrument a real part to play.

"That had never been done. That would develop this new

(Continued on page 120)

"Music Master to Masses"



AT THE age of 16 Paul Whiteman, as shown above, had no inkling of what was in store for him. Perhaps he had already begun to feel that music in its best accepted form was too frosty and cold for the great mass of humanity. Jazz had not yet made its debut.

VANDA HOFF, who became Mrs. Paul Whiteman, doubtless had a spirited influence in the upward trend of her husband's ultimate success. She had achieved national fame as an actress and the picture tells better than words the charm of her beauty and grace.



WE SEE here a slimmer Paul not long after the hard lean days, and just as he began to be known at the Palais Royal in New York City.

Craig Kennedy Follows Murderous Trail

The GIGOLO MYSTERY

Through the Perilous Web of Rum Running Lines the Detective and His Friend Gather Clues to the Strange Death of Lola Langhorne

Illustrated by W. H. WIEST



It was the mangiest looking crew imaginable. . . The captain finally whispered hoarsely to him and gestured in a general direction southward.

CRAIG KENNEDY and his newspaper friend, Walter Jameson, sat down to compare notes and incidents that might have a bearing on the mysterious death of beautiful Lola Langhorne.

"The ghastly green color of her skin should afford some kind of a clue," Jameson insisted; "but who had seen her die? All we know is that we found her dead, sitting at a table in the sinking Gigolo, which carried one hundred and ten cases of liquor—no other human being aboard.

Of course Mazie Mellish, the dance hall girl, was vengeful. She had had off the prohibition agents and she was jealous over

her sweetie, Don the Dude—Trixie Dare had captured his affections. Masie, Trixie, Lola, Don and Eversley Barr escaped in Jake Merck's taxi from a raid on the Golden Glades. They fled to the Exclusive Club and there conspired to import and sell one hundred thousand cases of hooch. Lola had a small estate at St. James Harbor on Long Island where they could land the stuff. Ev Barr could back the deal as he had an allowance of \$5,000 a month. They were joined by Warner Davis and Jean Bartow, and Davis was to dispose of the liquor in New York.

"Barr's cruiser was planned to bring it ashore. Then they

Chapter IV.

THE DANCING MAN

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

BAFFLED, the coroner was regarding Kennedy as we stood for a moment on Main Street of the little village. "Oh, Miss Hancock, message for you!" A boy on a bicycle had pulled up to the curb, shoved an envelope into Judy's hand and before we knew it was gone around the corner.

had to have a barn or some place to store the liquor as soon as it was landed. So that brought little Judy Hancock, the banker's daughter into it and Judy was in love with Barr. Lola, Trixie and Judy were all in love with Eversley Barr. Judy was seventeen, but she imagined she was very wild, and she

Judy took it, a bit nonplussed by being recognized by a stranger. She tore the envelope open, read the scrawl on the inside, and in real terror now handed it to Craig. We read it:

Why involve Kennedy? Wasn't it enough to have McNaught get him in? Do you want to cut off the career of a brilliant criminologist by dragging him



All the while I was watching the ratty crew and wondering what besides those we saw might be under cover down below in the hold or up in the fo'castle.

volunteered the use of her amateur wireless to signal the rum ship outside the twelve-mile zone. And then some person had planted a case of booze in her car and she was arrested.

"At last the coroner came on the scene and said that he had been unable to find any evidence of poison as the cause of Lola Langhorne's death. What then did cause her to die, her skin turning to vivid green?"

Judy, Kennedy the coroner and I stood there each with the same puzzling question in mind, "How did Lola Langhorne meet her death?"

deeper into a sordid rum-running case? Keep out of it yourself. Let the Government bungle it.

THE DANCING MAN

Judy was genuinely frightened. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kennedy—"

"That's all right, little girl. It looks as though this was really a threat to me to keep out of the case, more than to you." He studied the paper a moment, then turned to Gibson.

"To get back to our starting point, Doctor," he said briskly, "here's a girl, Lola Langhorne, found on a sinking cruiser, the 'Gigolo,' out in the middle of Long Island Sound, alone, dead! She is not drowned. She has not been shot. There is not a mark of violence, apparently, on her body. Yet you tell me, Doctor, that she was not poisoned!"

I was following Craig closely, approving his bluntness. "No," confessed the coroner, "there's nothing, not a thing I can find. Not a trace of poison even in the stomach."

"Will you turn the case over to me, Doctor, as far as you are concerned?"

"Absolutely—and gladly!"

AS WE left Dr. Gibson driving up the street, Kennedy turned to little Judy. Judy was full of the threat of the note. But Craig was not quite ready for that, yet.

"Now, Judy," he said gravely, "you've heard enough about Lola Langhorne already to realize that you have been a very foolish little girl, haven't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Kennedy. Frankly I have. And that note—"

"You came to me for help, Judy, didn't you?"

"Y-yes." She hesitated as if fearful he would refuse.

"The price of that is that you play on the level with me. You're afraid of your father just now. You're not going to slip back into this mess, are you? Suppose you did not go right home. Where would you go, honestly?"

She looked at him directly. There was no evading this man. She thought quick. "Oh, I'd go to Aunt Julia Keasley's in Oldfield."

"Very good, then. We'll consider that a promise on your honor. Now first let's get this straight, just where you really think your little playmates in this fatal society rum-running are now."

Of course Kennedy was seeking more clues from Judy on which to work. Without a doubt she had them, without knowing them. She was thinking it over carefully.

"Now, don't hold back anything. Come clean. Where are they all, the people in this affair?"

"Where are they all? The people in it? Well, Eversley Barr owns that boat, the 'Gigolo.' He is out on the tanker, 'All Alone,' somewhere beyond the twelve-mile limit, with the rest of the stuff."

"Could you reach him?"

She hesitated. "I could try."

"How?"

"On the Radio." She said it doubtfully.

"But you lost contact with them out on the tanker, you said."

"I might pick them up again."

"WE'LL TRY it later. The immediate question is picking up what we can ashore before it is too late. Now, for instance, I've met that girl, Maisie Mellish," he added, changing the subject and watching Judy's face keenly.

"Oh, so then you know about Trixie Dare and Donato already? They're out on another boat."

"Yes; and I know about Warner Davis and Jean Bartow."

"They're supposed to be on Captain Ryder Smith's trawler, the 'Alert.' Ryder Smith was supposed to be on the 'Gigolo.' But he seems to have disappeared as if the waves had swallowed him up. Of course, there's Jake Merck ashore, somewhere in the city, I guess."

"Well," I interrupted, "eliminating them one by one as you have enumerated them, Craig, I would say that the first to be found ought to be this Captain Ryder Smith. He was on the 'Gigolo' when it started from the rum boat out there—and certainly not on it when we sighted it from the air here. Find Ryder Smith and we have the key, I would say."

"It sounds simple, Walter. But where would you begin?" Kennedy passed the buck right back to me. "Elimination is the first step in running down a mystery, true. But not too fast, Walter."

I shifted my ground. "What poison was it then? Why not tackle that next?" I had a vivid picture of what we had seen. "How did she get it? I can't forget it—her face—that green!"

"Now that Dr. Gibson has stepped out of the way, I think I could tell that quickly. I have an idea how it was done."

"How?"

"I'd rather not say until I have a chance to check up and confirm my suspicion."

I knew it was useless for me to pursue the subject. Nothing would draw a word, except of evasion, from Kennedy until he was absolutely sure of his ground.

"The question is, then, who is this Dancing Man?" I speculated. "Is that a cover? Who's ashore? Merck!"

"Not necessarily from anyone ashore," considered Kennedy. "Someone might have an agent ashore. Now, Judy, what about Donato, this Don the Dude? He's quite a well known night-life character. Did—er—Don ever try to get familiar with you?"

"HE THINKS all the girls fall for him! But I care too much for Ev Barr—and, besides, it makes Trix furious every time he looks at another girl. Why, he might have sent her that is, had someone ashore send it for him."

"That wasn't just why I asked. I was interested in his habits and his hangouts. Don the Dude was one of the moving spirits in getting this unfortunate affair started. Once we get started on him right, we might break the case wide open and find out who killed Lola Langhorne. It is one way of getting at it. The point is—is there any place out here where Donato used to go?"

"The Exclusive Club—their country roadhouse, over at Landing. He introduced us there. We all used to drop in there. They—"

"Then that's where I am going. But I think you had better not go, Judy, not after that note. You go to your aunt's. Whom shall I ask for, in order to get in right?"

"Ask for Julius. You can use our names."

It was not long after we saw Judy unwillingly on her way to her aunt's before we arrived at the Exclusive Club roadhouse. It was a long, low, earth-clinging building, like an old English manorhouse. Once it had been an estate but now it was a roadhouse. It was near the water and on the roadside before it stood an old ship's figurehead of Hercules on a pedestal. Hercules had once drifted up from a wreck in a storm.

There was a wide porch, one end of which was closed in to make a dining room for all the year. We entered, seeking this end, where Kennedy picked out a corner, nodding as he did so to a bus-boy, "Send Julius—only Julius, mind."

Kennedy has a way of making himself familiar with strange places and strangers. By the time Julius arrived he was ready to greet him as a long-lost friend.

"Any of the old crowd here?" asked Kennedy. "We just left Judy. I saw Maisie this morning, too, over at Port."

Julius nodded. "Maisie's been here, too—just left half an hour ago, in a taxi."

"Yes? With Jake Merck?" Kennedy hazarded.

Julius nodded. Business was what he was there for and he disappeared to execute our orders.

I glanced at Kennedy. "Do you suppose Maisie is double-crossing McNaught and the Government—or is Merck taking her for a ride?"

"I hope it's not a stall, for us," was all he replied. Then as Julius returned with his tray, "I thought Merck was operating some trucks?"

Julius nodded. "He was; getting some stuff into the city."

"Do you know where?"

Julius shook his head. "I suppose Deitz knows."

"Sure; Deitz, Broadway and Forty-second. Say, would you give me a card to Dietz, with an O. K.? I'm buying some good stuff, if I can get it right."

Julius was scrawling an address and an O. K. on the back of one of his cards when a boy came with a telephone message.

"Mr. Kendrick?"

It was the fictitious name we had agreed on before leaving Judy and Craig nodded.

"Telephone, sir."

Kennedy rose, and in a couple of minutes was back from the booth. "It was Judy, as you guessed, no doubt, Walter. I think we'll be moving on to the city. She tried to get the 'All Alone' again by Radio at her aunt's. No answer. But she got the trawler, 'Alert,' you know Ryder Smith's boat, with Warner Davis and Jean Bartow on it. The 'All Alone' has put out to sea, disappeared, moving to some other place where the Government boats are not so active."

"Where?" I asked blankly.

"That's why we have to go into the city—this Deitz is the one to tell us in a hurry!"

Chapter VI.

FLAPPERS AND BOOTLEGGERS

IT WAS the opening Kennedy had been seeking in the case. Hitherto it had been like trying to move a spherical safe; no corners to take hold of. Here was an angle.

It was not long, therefore, before we were back in the city seeking out the syndicate bootlegger, Deitz, in the Broadway and Forty-second Street Building. He was there, all right, doing business under the guise of a law firm whose name was on the door and whose sheepskins and leather books were in the outer office.

What interested me much was the number of girls about as we entered the building. It was in the district where there are many theatrical and motion picture enterprises. But I felt that that did not wholly account for it. The fact was that here was an alliance of flappers and bootleggers. One might well despair of the great moral reform with the noble motive.

We had not so much as got to the elevators when Kennedy turned suddenly aside and greeted a girl who had been talking to a lounge lizard in a belted coat, tailored up to the minute. To my amazement I saw that it was Maisie Mellish!

"How did you get here? I thought you were out in the country to aid Mr. McNaught."

"I was; sure. But he beat it somewhere on his own business. Why should I neglect mine?" She slid the chewing gum back

(Continued on page 104)

PARAMOUNT Expects to Recruit New Screen Stars From Radio Talent Through Merger With Columbia

Buddy Rogers and
Nancy Carroll Be-
come Radio Stars



Radio and "Talkies" UNITED

PAINTED Dolls of the Silver Screen
and Royalty of the Air United in
Columbia-Paramount Alliance

NOW COMES the wedding of the painted dolls of the silver screen and the royalty of the air. Indulgent audiences have been watching the growing romance with the keenest of interest. These pages in Radio Digest have told of the intermingling of talent as developed in California, so that the voices of the Radio stars were combined in talking pictures with personalities of the screen.

It has all come to pass with the happy alliance of Columbia and Paramount. On the night of September 21 the nuptial ceremonies were flashed across the continent with the inauguration of the Paramount-Public Radio hour. The guests were indeed legion. They comprised the united audiences of fifty-three prominent broadcasting stations.

If it may be said that the Columbia Broadcasting System took a bride it may also be said that the bride brought a dowry of \$5,000,000 and in the Columbia family circle are five new members in the board of directors from the Paramount circle. Most significant are the whispers from the backstairs that

while in the main the Paramount-Famous-Lasky kinfolk are out to use the air for exploitation of the screen stars it is confidentially hoped that the Columbia family will produce a flock of microphone artists superbly fitted to work on the lot for song and dialog films.

And Tinpan Alley is all agog over this prospect. These are golden days for the long-haired boys and short-haired girls who key their existence by the typewriter and piano. Their peddling days are over. Big producers are knocking at their doors.

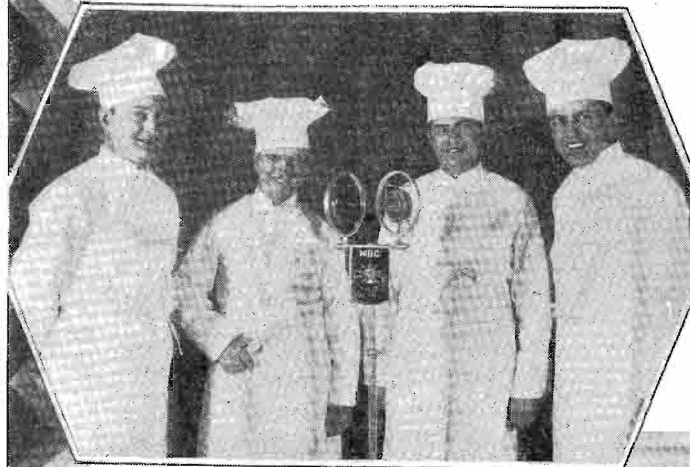
Columbia-Paramount stars participated in the festivities as one united family. Their voices were picked up here and there across the continent wherever they happened to be beginning with the Long Island studios and on to Hollywood on the West Coast. It was a most gala event. And among those who participated was the smiling pair in the above picture, Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll, who joined in a novelty mental and singing duet.



Harriet Lee, contralto of the Ceco Couriers



This Morning Parade band at WTMJ commences getting hot during the otherwise cool moments from 7 to 7:45 a. m. Imagine conditions 'round about 11 p. m.



These Wonder Bakers know their do, ra, me when it comes to Ra-de-o on the net



Norman S. Barnes who puts the spark of good cheer over the air through WEBC at Duluth



Frances McMahon, Happy Harmonica Lady, who entertains netlisteners as a one-person orchestra



When the Doby's Shoestrings start lacing the old cat on fiddle, guitar and banjo at KGER, Long Beach, Calif., you hear something



It's a sober hard working orchestra they have at WJAG at Norfolk, Neb.



Here is the face of the Voice of Alabama, Sam Benton, WAPI, Birmingham



S. F. Northcott has long been identified with WBCM at Bay City. His voice is well known not only in Michigan but across the border in Canada



Emergy Deusch and his Gypsy Orchestra bring romance and campfire scenes to listeners throughout the country via the Columbia System



MacInnes Three Musketeers, WTAG, Worcester, Mass.—all for one and one for all. They draw their trusties and cleave the cliffs every Tuesday night at 9:30



Scotty McLaren with his highland burr is another favorite over the Michigan station at WBCM



Lady Hay came down to earth from the Zep to broadcast over NBC at San Francisco



"Amos, as a fresh air steno, I think you is a good taxi pilot, das what I think," says Andy



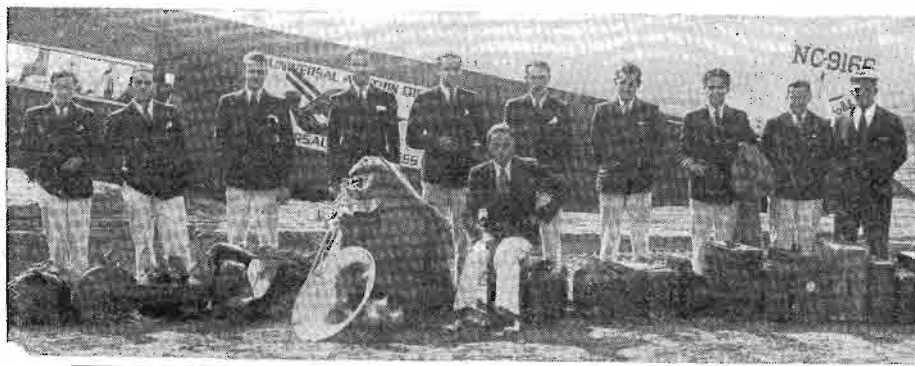
Sir Harry Lauder made his American Radio debut a short time ago from New York. Mike always was partial to the Scotch



Violet Johnson is the charming little Cornhusker who fiddles and sings over KSO



World War vets have a warm spot in their hearts for Ted Tanner who makes the WEBC programs at Duluth vital with human interest



Radio made this orchestra famous, and that's one reason why Guy Lombardo is so popular he has to trundle his Royal Canadians about by airplane to keep his dates



Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, played to a crowded studio at the New York NBC



Lawrence Carlson is a knockout at WCFL, Chicago. He stars with the Monday Night Farm Fiddlers



This the "vera efigie" of the president of the Radio Club de Cuba.

A rare camera study of George Gershwin, creator of "Rhapsody in Blue," and one of America's greatest composers



Those Hawaiian Storeys are true. Left to right, Harley Wendt and Bud Wendt; then come the three Hawaiian Storeys, Marshall, Royal and Dave Storey, KSTP

Pretty soon you'll hear axes ring and trees falling, the Sylvania Foresters seem about to break forth into one of their famous medleys



Bill Munday Talks a la "Jawja"

POPULAR NBC Sports Expert
Also Qualifies as a Baseball
Pitcher and Reporter



WILLIAM C. MUNDAY, Jr., or just plain Bill Munday, as he prefers to be called, is a lawyer. That is, he could be if he wanted to, but he likes writing sports for the Atlanta, Georgia, Journal and sitting in front of the mike describing football games for NBC listeners better. Bill has a personality all his own, and the games he carries to the Radio listeners have a little something added that helps to bring them right into the room. His Southern drawl, so popular with fans all over the country, is not forced or exaggerated.

LEGAL records give his name as William C. Munday, Jr. Chicago Radio scribes nicknamed him the "crap-shooting announcer."

But to millions of followers of sports and to Radio listeners from coast to coast he's Bill Munday—and he prefers it that.

Munday, were he so inclined, could practice law at the Georgia bar. Or, if anxious to acquire a fashionable sun tan, he could spend a season in the pitcher's box of some minor league in the Southeast. He prefers to write sports for the Atlanta Journal and this fall he will have another job to handle that is very much to his fancy—describing football games for listeners to the National Broadcasting company's coast to coast network.

Arrangements have been completed by the NBC to have the drawing "Jawja" boy describe ten of the outstanding intercollegiate gridiron spectacles of the season. His first broadcast of the season was an account of the Yale-Georgia tilt at the University of Georgia Stadium, Athens, Ga., the afternoon of October 12.

Munday was born in Atlanta on Labor Day, 1903, and, according to himself has "been laboring ever since." He graduated from the University of Georgia when he was 20 and was admitted to the Georgia bar immediately—making him the youngest attorney in the records of the state. He didn't take law very seriously, however, and continued to cover sports events for the Atlanta Journal, a job he'd held since he was 15 years old. Incidentally he has covered for his paper every game played by the University of Georgia eleven since 1920 and he has followed his alma mater's team into twenty-seven states.

He made his debut as a broadcaster through station WSB in Atlanta when he described a basketball game. That was several years ago.

HIS debut as a network announcer and also as a broadcaster of football was made last October when Yale played Georgia. Phillips Carlin, NBS sports announcer for the game, sent a note to Munday, who was in the press box, to give a resume of the game between halves. Munday took to the microphone like a chorus girl to a news photographer. Carlin told Graham McNamee about the clever sports writer in Atlanta and when McNamee described the Georgia Tech-Notre Dame game in Atlanta he called upon Munday for a resume. The result was that when Georgia Tech played Southern California in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena last December Munday was at the microphone for two quarters of the game. Another good sports announcer has been discovered.

It was during the Pacific Coast game that Munday coined his famous "crapshooters' formation" phrase. He used it to describe huddles and the phrase caught on. Thousands of letters of comment on the Georgian's drawling delivery and his apparent perfect understanding of the game followed.

In February he was at the microphone for the NBC when the Sharkey-Stribling bout in Miami was described. More favorable comment followed and the arrangement to have him cover ten games this fall was the result.

Munday likes Radio broadcasting he says. He compares the microphone to a typewriter and tries to paint his picture with spoken words instead of written ones. He tries to forget himself as he talks and to let his mind and spoken words follow every phase of the game he is witnessing.

He has never had "mike fright" he says, and when he was broadcasting the game in Pasadena his only emotion, in addition to his interest in the game, was that he was homesick. He had married a short time before he left for the coast.

"So I just—just pretended I was talking to my bride," he said. "It was one of the few domestic scenes in which I did all the talking."

HIS biggest thrill in football came when the University of Georgia, with a team rated as mediocre, met Georgia Tech last fall and made a touchdown in the first five minutes of play.

While he has broadcast descriptions of baseball, basketball and football, as well as one important boxing bout, he likes football best of all because it gives him the feeling of a war correspondent describing the maneuvers of two armies on a battlefield. At the same time he believes football is the hardest sport to describe because, on an average, the ball is in motion only nine minutes out of the sixty minutes of play.

He enjoys working side by side with McNamee but at the same time is very anxious to avoid using McNamee's style—to be himself, in other words.

He played baseball on the Georgia U team and was a south-paw pitcher, which he describes as "the lowest form of animal life." He also has hurled for teams in the Piedmont and South Atlantic baseball leagues. He never considered professional baseball as a serious career, he says.

Munday enjoys reading the letters from Radio listeners—he received many of them after the California game. He doesn't mind being kidded, as he believes that people usually like the persons they poke fun at. He also finds many sensible suggestions scattered through the letters and thinks that Radio entertainers should read the applause mail as carefully as an actor listens to applause during the production of a play.

His southern drawl, which attracted so much attention from the entire country, is not forced or exaggerated. His speech in ordinary conversation among friends is identical with that he uses on the air and he is an adept at coining unusual and often funny phrases and expressions.

HAL TOTTEN Going Big In SPORTS

By Charles J. Gilchrest

HAL TOTTEN is a great story teller. And his work in broadcasting major league baseball as well as college football and basketball for The Chicago Daily News Station WMAQ adds much to his already vast lore of sporting life.

In building up national renown for his Radio reporting on sporting events, Hal has been greatly aided by his earlier training in straight reporting for The Chicago Daily News.

Babe Ruth is one of the big timers in big league baseball whom Hal likes personally as much as do the thousands of fans who follow his home run average. The Babe and Mrs. Ruth are personal admirers of Hal's work.

Mrs. Ruth does not always attend the games when her famous husband knocks 'em out of the lot. There is too much excitement, people stare at her and give her so much attention that she would rather not be present.

So instead of going out to Comiskey park when the Yankees met the White Sox she went to the Congress hotel. There she joined friends and they tuned in WMAQ to hear Hal.

"And she's some critic, too," Hal states. "When the game is over Mrs. Babe always calls up and if I didn't do a good job I hear about it. But then she is just as free with her congratulations for good work."

"The Babe went in a slump last time the Yankees met the Sox here. They opened on Sunday and the first thing Babe did was to hurt his leg in the third inning."

"So to the showers and then up to the Congress hotel, where he joined Mrs. Ruth and the party. The sports writers at Comiskey park have a pool they run on the Babe. Each of the nine antes a dollar and the one with the inning in which Babe makes his home run takes all."

"Well, Babe went out at the third inning and the boys set up a howl. Who was going to get the nine dollars? I mentioned on the air what they were arguing about and right away Mrs. Ruth calls me on the phone."

"Hal," she said. "Stop that pool. There's the jinx that put the Babe in the slump."

WMAQ's peerless sports announcer likes to hear from the oldtimers when baseball is on. He knows the history of the game so thoroughly that when names are mentioned of the big time players of a decade or more ago he knows who they are and just what they did.

THUS the biggest thrill he got out of the season this year was brought him by veterans who have long since given up the diamond. Joe Tinker came all the way up to Chicago to watch the Cubs work after having heard some of Hal's reports on his Radio set down in his home town in Florida. Joe was a member of Frank Chance's famous old time Cubs and one of the most famous doubleplay combinations of all times.

That combination, Tinker to Evers to Chance, has long since passed into history. But time was when it was deadly to those who opposed Chicago's Bruins. Chance of course has long since passed from this life, and Evers is now coach of the Boston Braves.

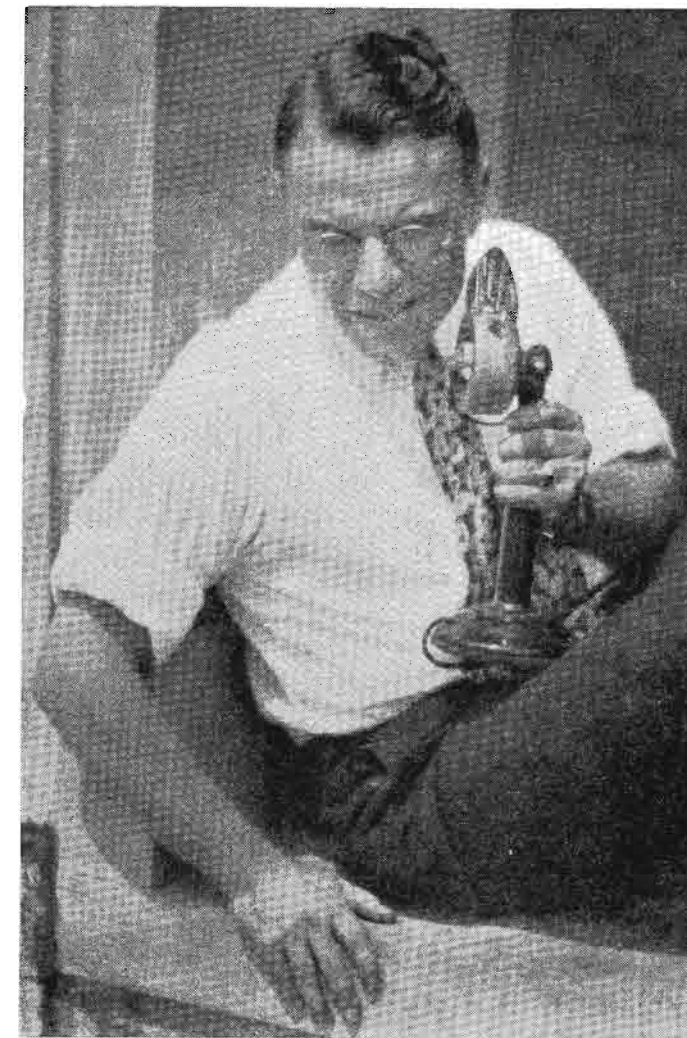
Jimmy Archer is another old timer of the Cubs who has come up to see Hal this year and congratulate him on his work over WMAQ. Also Frank Schulte, the home run king of his 'day, who was known as "Wildfire" when the Cubs had him.

Lefty Pearce used to pitch for Mr. Wrigley's outfit. Lefty tuned in Hal one day and got hot and bothered. The result was that he came to Chicago for his vacation and spent it watching the Bruins in action.

Surprisingly as it may seem, the girls are very rabid Cub fans, Hal has found out. They want autographs from Totten and don't care where the autograph is put. Some of them have brought him coin purses, pocketbooks, slickers, leather jackets and white shoes to autograph.

He has put his name, at the urgent request of the fair fans, on their shoulders and on their knees, on their dolls and even their dresses. One woman even brought him a wire haired terrier and a big red crayon. The terrier was soon strutting around with "Hal Totten" printed on his back. It wouldn't last long enough though, was the woman's complaint. Even that dog had to be washed once in a while.

EXPERIENCE as Reporter Big Help to WMAQ Football and Baseball Expert Gives Snappy and Vivid Description of Action in Games



HAL TOTTEN knows baseball, no question about that. Even the veterans of the diamond listen when Hal goes on the air, and he knows every one of the old timers, who they are and what they have done.

OWNERS of both the Chicago major league teams, the Cubs and the Sox, find Hal a great help in summer time. The families insist on vacations, and both William Wrigley, Jr., and Charlie Comiskey want to follow their team.

So both have turned to Radio. Wrigley tunes in Totten's reports at his Lake Geneva summer home, and often gets on the telephone afterwards to ask Hal about technicalities of the day's game. Comiskey does the same thing from Eagle River, farther up in Wisconsin.

When Johnnie Mostil was laid up with a broken leg he couldn't be with his Sox companions. So in his home in Whiting, Indiana, the Hose outfielder followed events through Hal's reports.

The same with Charlie Grimm. Charlie broke his hand and had to stay home in St. Louis. But the Cubs' captain didn't miss any of the games, thanks to Hal.

The toughest competition Hal ever had in broadcasting sports was when Knute Rockne went on the air. Notre Dame's famous coach broadcast a Northwestern-Dartmouth game in Evanston from the booth next to Hal's.

"The wall between the booths was so thin," Hal tells, "that I couldn't help hearing him. Rockne knows football so well that he could tell just about what was happening just from seeing it start. I had to wait until it got going."

"That was tough competition. He knows so much more football than I do. But then I had been trained as a reporter and knew how to throw words around faster than he did. So we broke just about even."

"When talking about Northwestern," Hal added. "Don't forget Dick Hanley. That boy certainly has a store of stories from the grid. I get a lot of stuff for my stories in the sports section of the Daily News from Dick."

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NIGHT on the BANDA SEA

By RALSTON LATTIMORE

EARLY in the morning the captain had put the ship in close to the coast of Timor. A fetid odor of drying copra, spoiled fish, and spice emanated from the brown parched hills splotched here and there with the blue green of tropical foliage. The north end of the island which we were passing was said to belong to the Portuguese, but from the barren aspect of the shores that confronted us, it did not look as if they were doing much to improve their property. Through field glasses several lonely whitewashed bungalows were visible and a cluster of grass huts shaped like bee hives on stilts. Standing in the shadow of one of these huts two or three naked brown people were watching the ship. This was the beginning of the East we had come so many thousands of miles to see. It was disappointing, but we were too hot to be concerned.

For over a week it had been too hot. Ever since we had doubled Cape York and left Thursday Island behind, a purple dot in Torres Strait, we had been steaming with the wind, a wind, so slight that it left the surface of the sea a green glass mirror to reflect the white hot

A MISCHIEVOUS PIRATE and a String of Race Horses Set Loose in Mad Panic on a Shipload of Terrified Passengers Make This Tale Thrilling and Unusual

high and waves frequently swashed the decks, the animals were terrified and struggled to break out of their stalls, but north of Brisbane, after we entered the channel back of Great Barrier reef, they calmed down a bit.

However, it was obvious that they did not care for ocean travel. Nervous and impatient at being cooped up in stalls in which they could neither turn around nor lie down, they stamped the deck with their hoofs, jerked at their halters, and tried to bite the native boys who came to feed them.

IT WAS impossible to clean the stalls properly and in the fearful heat along the equator, the odor grew in strength each day until one of the passengers in describing the journey



As if by magic two horses leaped furiously from the shadows . . . rearing, kicking and pawing they assumed gigantic proportions in the uncertain light.

rays of the sun. And always with us was the disgusting, acrid smell of sweating horses and the stables. The odor enveloped us like a filthy garment we could not shed. It permeated our food and we breathed it when we slept.

Stabled aft on the main deck were sixty horses, the most valuable portion of the ship's cargo next to the twenty thousands in gold coin destined for the Bank of Holland in Batavia for the account of some wealthy Englishman. The horses were transported from South Australia to the racetracks of Perth and Medau. Out from Sydney, when the sea was

said that it was like drifting through eternity on a corpse. After the first week, the twenty odd passengers had found out everything there was to know about each other and thenceforth were bored with personal histories.

The ship, the *S. S. Van Hooten*, a Dutchman in the Indies-Australia trade with her home port at Batavia, made six round trips annually between Singapore and Melbourne. The officers were all self expatriated Hollanders on whom good beer and the indolent climate had had an effect. The captain was a jolly character who scoffed at the stirring romances of Joseph Conrad and who loved to describe the horror of death by cholera. The crew was an ill assortment of Javanese, islanders, Arabs, and Chinese boys from the cut-throat island of Hainan. Most of them wore a one-piece garment wrapped around their middle like an infant's diaper.

As I lay sweltering in a deck chair after lunch, I tried to reconcile myself to the philosophy that one must traverse all parts of the world to know what parts to avoid. The only sound was the throbbing of the engines and the high pitched droning chatter of a fat chimney builder from Chicago who was haranguing his wife over innumerable mugs of beer in the smoking room. It was the siesta hour and he was using the time to discuss the possibility of remodeling the Orient in accordance with an American ideal of progress. "Pep! That's what they need! Pep! Imagine sleeping all afternoon in Chicago!"

It was, indeed, a deplorable thought. However, at the moment I wished with all my heart that I might go to sleep and sleep forever in the midst of the Banda Sea.

We had long left the inhospitable shores of Timor in the haze astern and were now headed for Celebes across a cauldron of simmering brass. I moved over to the rail in hope of finding a stray breath of air. Far off on the horizon the sun was drawing water and columns of vapor were rising to the sky

was something to look at. Wondering what the tiny object might be. I was about to reach for a field glass that was dangling from the back of a steamer chair, when suddenly the ship swerved sharply out of her course and bore down in the direction of the speck I had just been watching. Here was mystery to pique the dullest curiosity.

I seized the field glass and trotted forward. Through the glasses the speck became an outrigger canoe. I could see no

The howling of the natives, the wailing of the women, the crying of the horses, the cursing of the men resounded like a medley of doom.



one in it, but my blood tingled with excitement, for I knew that no captain would proceed out of his course to examine a derelict canoe. The little boat was at least a hundred miles from the nearest land, and had probably drifted loose from

some fishing fleet of catamarans. From the topmost rung of the ladder that led to the bridge, I could see into the canoe. There was a whitish object in it, but I could not distinguish what it was. We were now a half mile away. I looked again through the glasses. . . .

THE SCENE comes back to me now. . . . The whitish object is a man. He is lying motionless in the bottom of the canoe. There is a sharp blast from the ship's whistle. I am so startled that I nearly loose my foothold on the ladder. The man is

(Continued on page 101)

like steam from the surface of a boiling kettle.

A small dark speck on the desert of water caught and held my attention. Here at last

"Tell the World," WLAC Motto

Thrift Station at Nashville Places no Limit on Size of its Radio Audience

DOWN in Old Tennessee, right in Nashville, is a station that can be easily considered one of the voices of the Old South. It has talked to the world, and via return mail has come such a generous response of letters as to overwhelm the staff.

Australia had its say; New Zealand came over the Pacific with its messages and letters; New Foundland and Edmonton, Alberta, Can., expressed their reactions, and most of the cities and towns in the United States have found representation in the mail that has come to WLAC.

WLAC is known as the Thrift Station of the Life and Casualty Insurance company, and it has been in operation since August 6, 1928. The studio control room is located in the fifth floor of the insurance company's building, right in the heart of the City of Nashville.

Five miles out of Nashville in a Spanish bungalow, where the engineer lives in cozy style, is the transmitter of WLAC. The apparatus is Western Electric of 5,000 watts, the station being the first to go on the air using a Western Electric crystal control.

The studio is operated under the able management of John A. Lewis, one of the South's well-known baritones. He is assisted by William S. Perry, director of musical activities, who was Tennessee's representative in 1927 in the Atwater Kent contest, and Luke Lea Roberts, director of publicity.

The staff includes William O'Connor, another state champion in the Atwater Kent contest in 1928. He is a capable

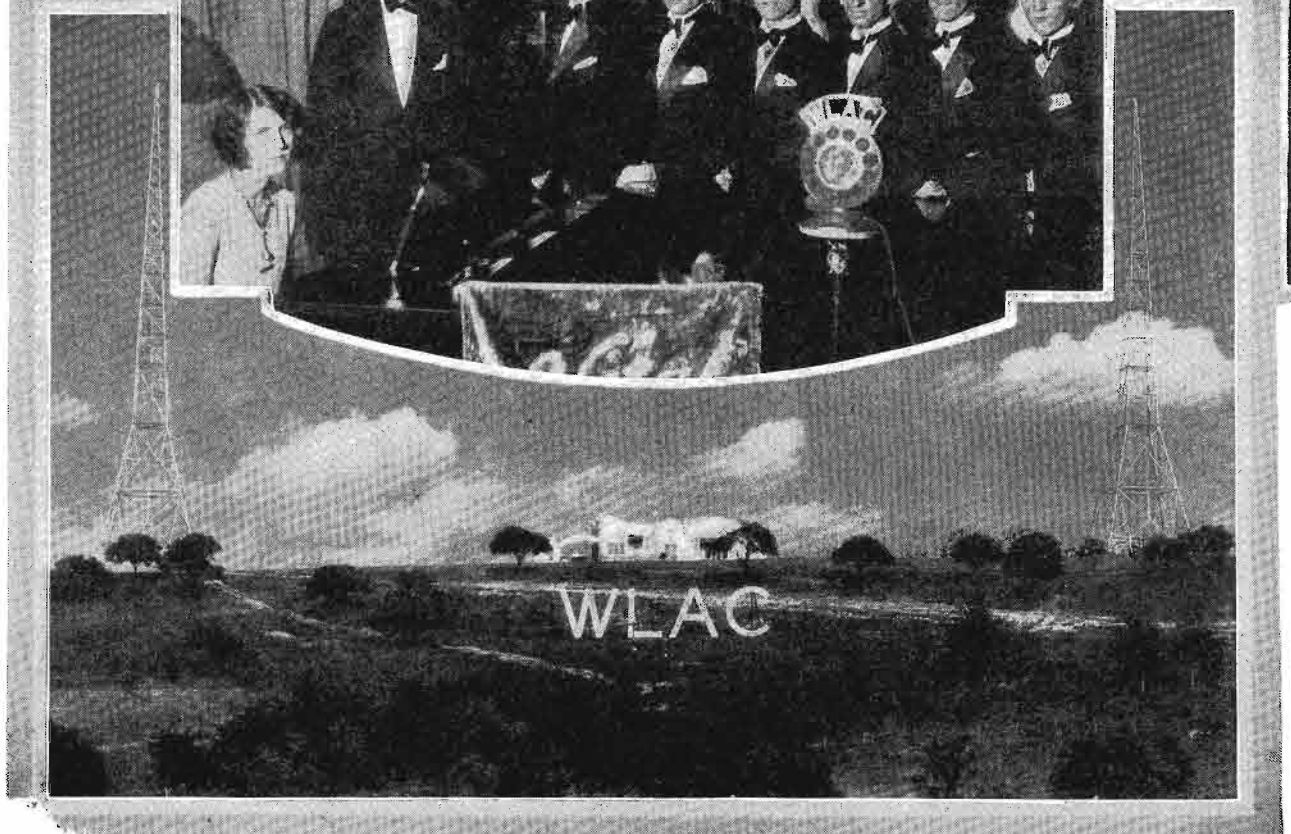
executive, a good mixer and the type of personality that is popular in a studio.

The staff orchestra is a crack organization which functions under the baton of Vito Pelletierri, formerly of the Andrew Jackson hotel. Last year it was voted the most popular orchestra in the South in the Radio Digest Poll, and for many months held the lead in this contest.

The third anniversary of the founding of the station will be celebrated November 28, 1929.



John A. Lewis, manager of WLAC. Inset, staff orchestra, Vito Pelletierri, director. Below, Bungalow housing transmitter and towers near Nashville.



HE SENDS THOUGHTS Through THE ETHER

DUNNINGER Projects Telepathic Images to Listeners Over the NBC Chain on the Ghost Hour Feature.

By William Burke Miller

DOUBTLESS the world's strangest experiment in telepathy was staged by Dunninger this summer, when he successfully projected by Radio one of three test thoughts to more than 55 per cent of his listeners in the Ghost Hour feature of the National Broadcasting company.

Had the 55 per cent accurately received two of the three telepathic images, psychic experts would have been forced to admit the results as evidential. As it was, Dunninger established the most impressive grounds for further experiment in electro-telepathy to be found on official record.

"It is extremely significant," Dunninger declares, "that it was by the aid of Radio that the new record was established. No one is positive by exactly what means Radio waves reach the listener, and perhaps in its rays will be found a clue to the understanding of what telepathy really is."

Dunninger's experiment was not complicated. As an opening feature of the NBC's "Ghost Hour" he announced that he would attempt to project through the ether over the Radio waves three images; one the name of an American President, the second a number of three digits, and lastly a simple drawing of a geometrical figure.

A few seconds of concentration before the microphone was all Dunninger required to transmit the mental images, and he invited his listeners in many important cities of the United States to report what they received.

"THE correct answers were sealed in an envelope just before the broadcast, and left in the hands of Reinald Werrenrath, noted concert baritone and member of the distinguished "test committee." This envelope was not opened until the following week, when S. L. Rothafel (Roxy), chairman of the committee, broke the seal and announced the correct answers in the "Ghost Hour" that night.

Over 2,000 replies were submitted to Dunninger by the Radio audience, revealing that more than 55 per cent had accurately received at least one of the three test ideas. This degree of accuracy is unheard-of, either by direct or indirect electric means.

"Many new angles of approach to the study of mental science are suggested by the results of the Radio test," Dunninger states. "For instance, the effects of distance seem erratic; listeners in St. Louis having been much more accurate than those in Detroit, but the lead of both cities overshadowed by the greater return from New York. On the other hand, Pittsburgh listeners seemed to get the images much more clearly than in Kansas City.

"Of the 2,000 replies, more than 40 per cent clearly received the thought of Abraham Lincoln as the American President; considerably less saw 397 as the correct number of three digits, but an amazing number clearly saw the simple drawing I intended—a small house with four windows and one door, with crude chimney and plain triangular roof.

"Many even intuitively perceived that ideas No. 1 and No. 3 were connected; they associated the thought of President Lincoln with a rude log cabin. Others said they could not draw, but described the house perfectly.

(Continued on page 120)



DUNNINGER, exponent of mental telepathy, is shown above in the act of transmitting thoughts by Radio. In a recent test through the NBC he projected one of three thoughts to 55 per cent of his audience.

Airy Gossip of the Studios

Life as It Really Is in the

Bits of Air Gossip

FROM the East—from the West—from the North—from the South—from all over this great continent come demands for more news of what is going on in the broadcasting stations. The great army of listeners, readers of *Radio Digest*, is seeking information, seeking facts and seeking gossip—news of any kind and all kinds, concerning their favorite station, concerning the favorite stars they hear but cannot see.

In answer to this ever increasing demand the editors of *Radio Digest* have inaugurated this section. For the convenience of the reader it has been divided into six sections, the East, the South, the Middle West, the West, the Far West and Canada. Still another grouping has been provided for interesting items of Radio news that do not fall into any definite geographical section. This has been classified as general and leads the other divisions.

The cooperation of broadcasting stations is asked in making this department of *Radio Digest* as complete and as interesting as possible. The aim is to include as many stations and as much news as space permits.

Radio as Missionary

The use of Radio as an aid to missionary work is the experiment to be made by the Rev. Julian Hartig of Cincinnati, Ohio, and eight American associates at their new post in the province of East Hupeh, China.

By means of a receiving set, to be installed in the Catholic Mission at Wuchang by the Crosley Radio corporation, the Rev. Hartig hopes to spread the doctrine of peace and good will throughout that particular section of war-torn China.

The Rev. Hartig and his band of crusaders sailed from San Francisco on September 13. Just before the party left Cincinnati it was suggested to the Rev. Hartig that Radio might prove to be a valuable aid in Christianity's invasion of the Orient. It was pointed out that religious services and educational programs broadcast from the Radio stations on the coast of China could easily be received at the mission in Wuchang, about 550 miles inland. Programs are broadcast both in Chinese and in English.

The Rev. Hartig was enthusiastic in his approval of the idea.

"I am sure that Radio will be an important factor in the march of civilization through the Orient," he said. "To the natives in the far reaches of the interior we can bring many of the advantages which the civilized cities of the coast of China now enjoy. The uncultured inhabitants of the inland province will be able to hear instructive lectures by China's leading educators; keep in touch with current events, and enjoy the world's best music.

"The Radio should be especially helpful to the native boys at the mission who are studying to become Chinese Catholic priests. The broadcasts given in English will help them learn our language."

The youthful priest said he believed that the novelty of the Radio would attract to the mission many Chinese who otherwise might reject the overtures of missionaries.

Hear Gloria's Debut

THROUGH the activities of the National Broadcasting company Gloria Swanson, singing in London, was heard in this country. The program in which she was heard was rebroadcast on short waves from 5SW at Chelmsford, England, and was picked up at the RCA experimental station at Riverhead, Long Island. It went on land wires to the NBC studios in New York for distribution to a network of seventeen stations from WEAf, New York.

The rebroadcast came as a surprise to Radio listeners and was at the conclusion of the regular Thursday afternoon Radio-Keith-Orpheum program. Miss Swanson was introduced from the London studios of the British Broadcasting company by L'Estrange Pawcett, British film critic. It was her first Radio appearance, she said, and her soprano voice singing "Love" came clearly across the Atlantic.

Gloria's Radio appearance was in connection with her debut in the talkies in "The Trespasser." Her song was written by Elsie Janis.

On Changing Habits

RADIO is responsible for changing the habits of the American people, according to Morgan L. Eastman, manager of WENR. The first big change to be noticed, according to Mr. Eastman, is that the business offices are opening much later in the morning, particularly in the cities. Many of them don't start the day until nine, and even ten o'clock, whereas the employe formerly appeared on the scene about eight.

"For some time it has been noted that people are retiring later at night and arising later in the morning," says Mr. Eastman. "While this is not entirely due to Radio, I believe that it has had some effect. Not only in the city, but in the country as well, people are sitting up just a little later at night to listen to Radio programs. Some of the best features are heard the latter part of the evening, and distance reception is particularly good at that time.

"Heretofore there has been little change in the habits of people who live in small towns and in the rural districts, because there are few attractions in such places to keep them up late at night. With the advent of Radio this was changed and an era of 'late rising' is making itself noticed."

Our Doctors of Noise

"SAY, DOC, how do you make a noise like a cat purring?"

The doctor is the "Doctor of Noise" at any broadcasting studio and the question, or one like, is just something in the ordinary routine as a dramatic, or other program is in process of rehearsal. The profession of noise making, which is growing and developing every day in

the studios, is explained by John Morris, control room engineer of WENR.

"Within the past year, we have seen the development of the Radio sketch in broadcasting," says Mr. Morris. "These sketches require properties just as the stage does, except that they are invisible. In almost every sketch it is necessary to imitate some extraneous mechanical noise. Either the listening audience hears the whir of an airplane, the popping of a machine gun, the buzz of a saw, or some other effect.

"One of the eccentricities of Radio is the fact that under our present methods of transmission and reception a noise over the air doesn't sound as it would in first hand contact with the human ear. An example is the revolver shot. Heard over the air it does not sound like the report of a gun, consequently we have had to experiment to determine what kind of a noise will imitate such a report. At present, practically every large station in the country is experimenting on noise and many interesting and unique effects have been worked out. For instance, a machine gun is imitated by stretching wires across a drum and snapping them by means of a ratchet arrangement.

An airplane motor heard over the air in reality is only a small electric motor which revolves rapidly, permitting a whirling strap to just touch the face of the drum. A riveting machine is nothing more nor less than the same motor and strap used in conjunction with a small tom-tom. Two blocks of wood covered with sand paper will imitate the scratching of a needle on a phonograph record, a soft shoe dance, or a locomotive starting up. Again using the motor and the strap attached and letting the strap hit the bass strings on a piano will give you a buzz saw. The roar of the surf is made by putting shot in a tin receptacle.

"Singularly enough, wind is one of the few sounds that is produced in the same way for both stage and Radio productions. This machine is known as a 'wind machine' and is merely a series of wooden cross pieces on a wheel which revolves inside of a strip of canvas. In the meantime, demands are constantly being made for new noises, and the noise maker in a broadcasting station sometimes has to experiment for days before he can accurately produce the effect desired."

Singers Seek Honors

HUNDREDS of ambitious young men and women have been singing and singing these last few weeks—singing against each other and with a great goal before them. The reason for this mighty burst of vocal efforts is the search of broadcast directors and announcers of forty-five of the most powerful Radio stations in the country for America's best young voices.

The occasion is the 1929 National Radio audition, which is putting on the air the voices of these young singers. Broadcast directors have welcomed the

from Atlantic to Pacific

Great Broadcasting Stations

Radio Land and Personal Artists Are Doing

audition as an opportunity to co-operate in finding new voices for their own use as well as to promote the purposes of the Atwater Kent foundation, sponsor of the contest. The ten best young men and women singers, as judges in this series of auditions, will share in \$25,000 cash awards and ten musical scholarships.

Of all the trials and tribulations of a broadcaster's life the worst has to do with trying out new voices. The Radio interests are constantly seeking new talent and new singers and the audition tests gives them an opportunity of selecting the best that is available.

Keith McLeod of the National Broadcasting company; George D. Hay of WSM, Nashville, the "Solemn O' Judge"; Pat Barnes of WGN, Chicago; Paul Heitmeyer of KGW, Portland, Oregon, and the "Hoot Owls Club"; Stanley Hubbard of KSTP, St. Paul; George Junkin of KMOX, St. Louis; Lambdin Kay of WSB, Atlanta; W. J. Damm of WTMJ, Milwaukee; Ralph Edmunds of WRC, Washington; James F. Clancy of WTIC, Hartford; Robert L. Kelly of WWJ, Detroit; Eugene Konecky of WOW, Omaha; Carl T. Nunan of KPO, San Francisco, are some of the nationally famous broadcast officials who have become state managers or chairmen or committee members of the National Radio audition and have placed their stations at the disposal of the audition for broadcasting the young singers' trials.

Local auditions have been held in more than 1000 communities, with all of the powerful stations assisting the Foundation broadcasting the local, state and district auditions. Stations such as WEAf, WGN, WSB and others are planning to handle all three steps to the finals, which will be broadcast from New York in December over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company.

Vacation time held at least one big thrill for La Veta Barnett, NBC program official. While playing about in Canada she had a sky trip in the plane used by Floyd Bennet in his fatal attempt to rescue the Bremen flyers.

The microphone couldn't spare Eddie Thorgersen even when he was on his vacation in Montreal. Arrangements were made for Eddie to commute between Canada and the NBC New York studios for the Lucky Strike dance programs every week.

China Planning Big

PLANS for Chinese entry into broadcasting on an extensive scale in the near future are under development by the Nationalist government, according to Dr. Tsen Cha Tsao, a member of the Radio division of the National Council of Reconstruction in China. Dr. Tsao visited the United States to make a survey of the broadcast situation here and to purchase equipment for two new

short wave stations to be erected on the southern coast of China.

When China is ready to seriously enter the broadcast field, an attempt will in all probability be made to follow the American system, which Chinese experts now believe to be the best in the world. Dr. Tsao intimated during an inspection of the facilities of the National Broadcasting company.

There are already about a dozen Radio stations in China, all owned by the Nationalist government or the various state governments, the visitor said. These are utilized largely at present for commercial broadcasting and for the dissemination of political messages and information. There are an increasing number of entertainment programs on the air, however, and it is hoped to build these up to a still greater number in the near future.

It is planned that the two new stations, which are expected to be in operation by the first of the year, will be utilized extensively as a means of communication between China and the United States, according to Dr. Tsao.

The visitor came to America after a survey of Radio broadcasting conditions in Germany and England. He was accompanied on his inspection tour by Y. Chu and Pialu Shen, two recent graduates of Harvard, who are planning a later visit to the United States during which they will work in factories manufacturing Radio equipment.

China at present has nearly a hundred young men making a first hand study of Radio. Some of these are in schools of engineering while others are employed in manufacturing plants. They are scattered throughout the various countries where Radio is known, the majority being in the United States, the visitors said.

Florence Grebe, a good Radio name, has joined the staff of KGW. She conducts the woman's hour every morning. She is a graduate of the University of Oregon. Blond and easy to look at.

Joe Amato, tympanist of the Portland Symphony orchestra, is now with KGW. Joe has been hitting things right and left since he was twelve years old.

KOA is boasting about having the "strongest little man in the world." He is Julian Riley. Riley stands only five feet, eight inches in his stocking feet and looks like a breeze would blow him over. But his arms are like steel and he juggles fifty pound weights like so many straws. Hope Julian is good-natured!

Bradley Kincaid is the watermelon eating champion of WLS. There is no doubt about it, for when five large watermelons were received by the Prairie Farmer station it was decided to hold a contest. Competing against the Arkansas Woodchopper and Dynamite Jim, Bradley chewed his way to victory. To make sure of the championship Bradley kept right on eating even after the contest was over.

Radio Aid in School

THE adaptability and value of Radio in educational work has been demonstrated by the New Utrecht high school of Brooklyn, N. Y. At the invitation of Stephan A. Thomas, chief of the electrical division of the board of education, the Radio-Victor corporation put on a demonstration, with the co-operation of Dr. Harry A. Potter, principal of the school.

The auditorium of the school was wired with ten loudspeakers, and additional speakers were installed in Dr. Potter's office, and in the boys' gymnasium. Provision was made for the installation of as many more speakers in the individual class rooms as might be desired.

Shortly before 9:45 one morning 1500 students marched into the auditorium to the music provided by the new Radio apparatus. After the ceremonial of the salute to the flag and the reading of the scriptures, speakers addressed the students on the value of music and Radio in education. Following the addresses a series of recorded music selections were played with varying degrees of volume, to bring out the sound potentialities of the new equipment. At half past ten the students marched out to the full concert volume of an orchestra, and were replaced by another group of 1000 of the senior grades.

At 11 o'clock, the RCA educational hour, which, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, broadcasts a series of symphony lecture-concerts, was tuned in and amplified in the auditorium. At the conclusion of the program the visitors were taken to the gymnasium to watch classes going through their physical training routine in rhythm with a loudspeaker fed by the master receiver in a distant part of the building.

A Broadway Welcome

Paul Whiteman returned to New York from his Hollywood hunt for film fame because producers could find no suitable story for his picture. On the first night of broadcasting after getting back East the King of Jazz found the CBS studio filled with flowers sent by friends and Tin Pan Alley.

That was a cheerful sight, but more cheering now is the assurance that Universal Pictures has discovered a satisfactory story so that Whiteman's next journey to the west coast will witness the certain making of a "talkie."

The Honorable Herman Schultzmeyer objects to two of the staff of WENR. Jimmy Murray, which is the gentleman's name except when he is part of the famous team of Mike and Herman, says the two canaries which are heard throughout most of the programs, don't belong in the office of the Wild Hootenattie Manufacturing company.

Remember "The Wanderers"? They are to be heard over WENR now on Monday nights. "Lu" and "Gay" Mathews were first heard over WGES, Chicago, and Greta Woodson, the third member of the team, made her debut at KFJF, Oklahoma City.

Programs Planned for Opera Lovers

A PROGRAM which should delight the heart of the lover of grand opera is scheduled for the fall and winter seasons this year. A total of thirty-three of the world's most famous operas will be broadcast by the National Grand Opera company, through a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting company.

Cavalleria Rusticana, by Mascagni, opened the season on September 13. Members of the National Grand Opera company appearing in these undying creations, are all noted Radio artists and have been heard on the air during past seasons.

Among the artists cast in these programs are: Astrid Fjelde, Devora Nadworney, Alma Kitchell, Julian Oliver, Gitla Erstinn, Mary Merker, Katherine Palmer, Aimee Pushon, Isabella Addis, Jane Williams, Henry Shope, Harold Branch, Maurice Taylor, Taylor Buckley, Darl Bethman, Leon Salathiel and Emil Cote.

All broadcasts begin at 10:30 o'clock, eastern time, and continue to midnight. Cesare Sodero will direct and conduct the operas for the entire season.

Four operas seldom, if ever, heard on the air are included in the list of those to be presented. They are Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Snegouritchka," Massenet's "La Navarraise," Skilton's "Sun Bride" and "Halka," by Moniuska.

"Russian Shadows," written by Cesare Sodero and given its world premiere through the NBC system last spring, will be repeated this season and will be presented in two parts, the nights of February 12 and 19.

Other leading artists to be heard in subsequent productions include Genia Zielinska, soprano; Paula Hemminghaus, contralto; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Frank Croxton, basso, and others.

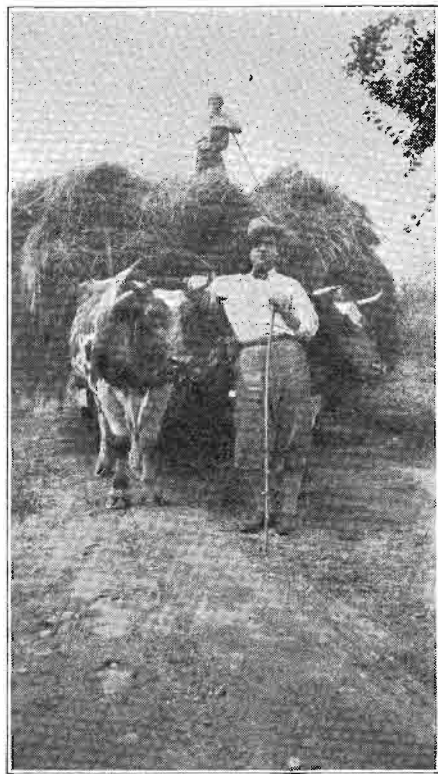
The complete schedule for the season follows:

1929

- Nov. 6, Aida (Verdi).
- Nov. 13, Pagliacci (Leoncavallo).
- Nov. 20, Faust (Gounod).
- Nov. 27, Samson and Delilah (Saint-Saens).
- Dec. 4, The Light From St. Agnes (Herlig).
- Dec. 11, Martha (Von Flotow).
- Dec. 18, Boris Godounov (Moussorgsky).
- Dec. 25, Hansel and Gretel (Humperdinck).

1930

- Jan. 1, Gala Operatic Concert.
- Jan. 8, Le Coq D'Or (Rimsky-Korsakoff).
- Jan. 15, La Gioconda (Ponchielli).
- Jan. 22, Romeo and Juliette (Gounod).
- Jan. 29, La Forza del Destino (Verdi).
- Feb. 5, Pearl Fishers (Bizet).
- Feb. 12, Russian Shadows, Part I (Sodero).
- Feb. 19, Russian Shadows, Part II (Sodero).
- Feb. 26, Carmen (Bizet).
- March 5, Snegouritchka (Rimsky-Korsakoff).
- March 12, Der Freischutz (Von Weber).
- March 19, La Navarraise (Massenet).
- March 26, Mignon (Thomas).
- April 2, Il Trovatore (Verdi).
- April 9, Prince Igor (Borodine).
- April 16, Natoma (Herbert).
- April 23, Pagliacci (Leoncavallo).
- April 30, The Magic Flute (Mozart).
- May 7, Norma (Bellini).
- May 14, The Sun Bride (Skilton).
- May 21, La Favorita (Donizetti).
- June 5, Halka (Moniuszka).



COLIN O'MORE has spent many an hour singing of sunshine and making hay and other cheery rural occupations as a tenor and hero on the Philco hour operettas. He had a chance to find out just what it was all about last summer when he visited the farm of Henry M. Neely in between his Friday night broadcasts. Neely, Philco's Old Stager, has a real farm down in New Jersey and believes in making his guests work when they visit him. While making hay in the fields O'More made friends with a husky looking team of oxen and put on a healthy coat of tan to help carry him through the winter months.

Radio Owners in Japan Are Taxed

OWNERS of Radio sets in Japan must pay for the privilege of operating them to the extent of one yen monthly, which is levied by the government. Amateur wireless stations, which exist by the thousands in the United States, are banned by the Japanese government, Harry W. Wells, Radio research engineer with the All-American Lyric Malaysian expedition, reports in a communication received by Eugene R. Farny, president of the All-American Mohawk corporation, financing the expedition.

The Japanese are great Radio fans, Wells says, and the widespread ownership of sets is eloquently demonstrated by the veritable forests of tall bamboo poles, which are used for aerial masts. Thousands of these bamboo masts sprout from the roofs of the larger cities like Tokio, Kobe, Koyoto, Yokohama, Osaka and Kamakura, he says. These cities were visited by the three members of the expedition bound for Dutch Borneo for Radio and anthropological research.

So fond are the Japanese of Radio entertainment that they make no protest against the monthly payment of one yen, which goes into the government coffers. There is a growing feeling against the prohibition on the operation of amateur wireless stations and there is hope that the restrictions will be removed, according to Wells.

A World Run by Air Seen by Year 1979

WITH the rapid advancement during the past few years of Radio broadcasting and reception have come many dreams and forecasts of what the future holds in store. Of all the seeming impossible pictures sketched of future accomplishments none perhaps is more fantastic than that of a prominent Radio editor and official of the National Association of Broadcasters.

A world which sees all and hears all through the air—a world which is mechanically operated by Radio impulses—a world which is in communication with the other planets by means of Radio—all this is visioned in the recent utterances of this broadcasting authority.

The perfection of television to the point where every home will be able to see as well as hear important national events as well as baseball games and horse races is forecast by this authority. Even static may be conquered by 1979, the period of which he dreams. Worldwide broadcasting will have become passe and interplanetary communication will at least be attempted, he modestly states. Passengers on giant transcontinental and transoceanic planes will be in constant communication with their homes and offices by wireless telephone, and the very ships they ride in will be operated by Radio impulses.

"Surely human ingenuity will not halt at the solution of these problems," he continues, "but will attempt to transmit odors by Radio so that a perfume buyer in Chicago may select the scents desired by having the Parisian perfumer send out Radio samples of his products. The next goal sought will be the transmission and reception of solids by atomic disintegration."

What's next? * * *

Services of the Central Church of Chicago are again being put on the air by WENR. Dr. Frederick F. Shannon holds his services in Orchestra hall. The church is non-denominational and is noted for its musical presentations. It maintains a chorus of one hundred voices under the direction of Dr. Daniel Protheroe.

Television's Debut

ACTION, rather than talk, marks the present status of television, according to J. E. Smith, president of the National Radio institute of Washington, D. C. "Television is shaping up nicely, even though little is being said about it these days," states Mr. Smith.

"With engineers applying the final touches to the first televisions to be introduced for home use, and with television transmitters now operating on regular schedules, I expect practical television to make its formal bow before Christmas. At least, it would seem that everything is in readiness.

"Of course the televisions to be introduced within the next few months will be relatively crude. The images will be limited to 48 lines, which means coarse detail. Synchronization will be obtained by the use of synchronous motors on the same alternating current power system. Nevertheless, I believe that television will meet with immediate favor because of the dramatic appeal of flashing pictures through space, such as they may be, and that the art will rapidly develop in everyday use. The programs may be little more than simple silhouette movies or perhaps close-ups of faces, hands, type matter and so on.



BLUE BOY wasn't in a very responsive mood when this picture was taken. The talented coloratura virtuoso of the National Broadcasting company is demanding attention from his trainers and musicians. Olga Serles, at the left, is the leader, next is Christene Phillipson, and Genevieve Lewis. In the inset is a closeup of Blue Boy himself.

NBC Bird Virtuoso Knows 300 Songs

RADIO has developed many artists. Musicians, both vocal and instrumental, have achieved fame for the first time in the broadcasting studio. Now the National Broadcasting company is developing a new field of activity for an art as old as the world.

A bird virtuoso, with a repertoire of 300 songs, is the latest artist extraordinary to be booked for appearances before the microphone. A second bird has been taken on as accompanist. Blue Boy, the soloist of the bird team, is a real artist with an ear that any singer might envy. A Black Forest Roller, his purling coloratura notes start with the first note of the orchestra and follow through with every variation on any of the pieces included in his repertoire. So keen is his ear and so careful has been his training that he can even follow a composition that he has never heard before.

Big Boy, who sings secondary roles

for his virtuoso mate, has an excellent voice but is very young and still rather an incorrigible student. He still is intent upon volume rather than quality of voice and is kept farther from the mike in order not to drown out Blue Boy's more artistic efforts. Big Boy is distinctly a mezzo soprano but thinks he is every bit as good as his coloratura friend and some times voices his opinion with an individual song at variance with the air being played.

Like every great singer, Blue Boy has one composition at which he excels. "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" is his best number. In all, he is familiar with 300 musical compositions, including arias from Faust, and other operas.

The story of the training of these birds is a recital of a woman's tireless efforts and almost superhuman patience. Miss Elizabeth Freeman has been tutoring Blue Boy for three years. With a repeater on her phonograph she has kept a record going for a day or more at a time. When he sings a false note she stops him. Like all good teachers she knows the importance of not allowing

him to acquire bad habits. It was a terrific task and Miss Freeman persevered only through her affection for her pupils.

These educated creatures have a routine of living as demanding as that of a modern baby, under the care of a specialist. They have a prescribed diet, with foods alternated for variety. At a certain hour of the day they have their sun bath, at another hour their water bath. A special time of the day for perfecting their pitch with a tuning pipe. And when their bright little eyes begin to droop they must be put to bed.

The birds are this extraordinary woman's whole life. When she first heard them in audition she very frankly cried. It was the happiest moment of her life. She has even provided a family life for her pets, for both birds have wives. Blue Boy has an offspring that will come under Miss Freeman's tutelage when he is old enough. In the meantime Mrs. Blue Boy, Mrs. Big Boy and the youngster all listen at home when their lords and masters are performing before microphone.

Varied and Talented Staff

Luminaries of Radio
Appear Before Mike
Program Offerings
from Bluest Blues
Symphony Solos;
Ballads of All



VALENCIA SISTERS, above, do the bluest of the blues when not gracing the footlights via the Keith circuit.



ROSE NEWMAN, above, sings passionate songs of Russia. Below, Harry Long, W.P.G. engineer and dramatist.



ETHEL DOBSON, left, is a coloratura soprano featured as guest artist with visiting symphony orchestras.



Found at WPG, Atlantic City

and Vaudeville Stage
at Great Steel Pier.
Include Everything
to Popular Ballads,
Songs of Russia and
Nations in World



GUTH BROTHERS, above, are Keith circuit entertainers who sing and play songs of all nations at W.P.G.



PIANIST and contralto at W.P.G. is Margaret Keever, above, besides acting as assistant program director.



ANDREW BRAUN, boy soprano, at the left. Ellen Thomson Kennard, right, soprano on Sea Memories entertainers.



Lounsberry a Pioneer in East

VETERAN Follower of Dr. DeForest Nominated for Radio Hall of Fame

By George Dworshak

THE RADIO broadcasting industry is beginning to grow a beard. Which is another way of saying that it is passing on into its adult stage, when spotting out veterans can become the order of the day and the "remember when" phrase may be conscripted for use.

The principal barriers in broadcasting have been surmounted and the future lies along a fairly well charted course which should bring many marvelous improvements and developments—we are already on the threshold of television. And the world, in keeping with its new spirit—that of building monuments to its heroes and pioneers while they still live—may begin to look over the list of those who engineered Radio through its first stages.



I. R. Lounsberry

One of the captains of the group will be found to be a man who started as an amateur operator in 1912; who spent years in the leading pioneer Radio research laboratories, with Dr. Lee DeForest, the "Father of Radio," who was one of the two men who broadcast the first Radio vaudeville program, when a chopping bowl was used as part of the microphone; who installed many of the first Radio-telephone transmitters used; who pioneered in several other phases of the Radio game and who has been actively engaged in the development of one of the country's leading Radio stations since its inception in 1922—station WMAK of Buffalo. But the story doesn't stop with that. WMAK became one of the most popular stations in Western New York and is now one of the units of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. So, we name for the Radio hall of fame one I. R. Lounsberry of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation.

LET'S see what Lounsberry has done since the days of 1912 when he sat before his home-built outfit at Ossining as a youthful amateur. For five years he devoted most of his time to the study of Radio. When the war came along "I. R. L." went into the navy. Following the armistice he entered commercial Radio work, obtaining employment in the laboratories of the DeForest Radio Telephone-Telegraph company. He became assistant to Dr. Lee DeForest, who contributed so much to the Radio art and who accordingly is referred to as the father of the science. Even in those early days "the assistant" saw many steps taken that were to lead to making Radio such a popular, world-wide vocation. These early experiments

were applied to Radio telegraphy and telephony, both transmission and reception, recordings of the voice on films that are now so common in every theatre of the country, and many other developments.

Finally came the day of the broadcasting of the first program, which was to signal to all that the hour had arrived when Radio telephony, or broadcasting, as it later became popularly known, was ready to make its bow in the big-time circles. The apparatus was set up, and probably most interesting of all, the pickup microphone was constructed of a chopping bowl with an ordinary telephone transmitter suspended in front of it. Also it is worthy to note that this broadcasting was done in the home of Robert F. Gowen at Ossining, N. Y., that the studio was the living room and the power plant was the den. Gowen and Lounsberry both lived at Ossining and worked at the DeForest laboratories. These two engineers did the job—Gowen as master of ceremonies (announcer) and Lounsberry as operator. Weeks of preparation found these two pioneers commuting to New York early every morning, then in the laboratories all day and at night until 2 and 3 a. m. at the "pioneer station" testing circuits.

The first program featured Wagner's New York orchestra. Followed next solos by George Cullen, Charles D. Wagner, Donald Briggs, Arnold Brilhardt and the Duncan Sisters, who were at that time being featured in Fred Stone's Broadway show, "Tip-Top."

AFTER three and a half years at the DeForest laboratories Mr. Lounsberry became associated with the Johns-Manville company in New York where work was started on a broadcasting station which was later installed at the Norton laboratories, Lockport, N. Y., and licensed as WMAK on September 22, 1922.

In the years that have followed he has played a leading role in the advancement of the station to a place where it is rated as one of the most popular in the country. It is a pioneer Columbia network station, also operates on the New York State network of the General Electric company, and has constantly shown a progressive operating policy.

WMAK and WKBW were the first two Buffalo stations to cooperate in the organization of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. Many of the problems in the affiliation of stations WMAK, WKBW, WGR and WKEN have had his consideration. Today he is president of WMAK Broadcasting System, Inc., and vice president of the Buffalo Broadcasting corporation. He directs the sale of advertising and is one of the guiding influences in the administration of all the other departments.

Mr. Lounsberry is still a very young man and many great things may be expected of him—achievements that will constitute a record which will give him a high place of honor in the history of Radio.



PREPARATIONS have been made by Dr. Leon Levy, president of the Universal Broadcasting company, for short wave broadcasts that will make history during the fall and winter seasons. One of the most modern short wave transmitters in the United States has been under construction at Byberry, Pa., through which special programs will be broadcast to Europe.

Engineers of the station have been conducting reception tests on short wave and special receivers have been installed in homes of Radio amateurs in sections near the transmitter. A series of special test programs are expected to reveal startling news about European broadcasting on short wave and its possibility in instituting a two-way broadcast.

Morning broadcasts from WCAU, the key station of the system, will be devoted to transmission to Europe while the afternoon will be devoted to experiments with reception from abroad. Should these prove successful they will be re-broadcast over the long wave transmitter of the Columbia system, of which Dr. Levy is secretary.

It is planned that Lee Broza will start the broadcasts to France from W3XAU, introducing for the special programs Powers Gouraud, cousin of General Gouraud of the French army.

Radio fulfilled the dying wish of Fire Chief Richard D. Miller of Niagara Falls, New York, recently. For several years Chief Miller had listened to the Sunday organ music from Churchill Tabernacle of Buffalo, through WKBW. At the time of a long illness which recently resulted in his death, Miller expressed the wish that his favorite hymns might be played on the tabernacle organ for his funeral. Last rites were held at the Chief's Niagara Falls home. The Radio was tuned in to the tabernacle station and the strains of "Abide With Me" played on the organ were heard. A six minute musical program followed and then the clergyman continued with the funeral services.

A violin with a real pedigree is boasted by the Eveready Hour. The instrument is a Vuillaume, constructed especially for Prince de Charni, in 1865. Now the crested fiddle belongs to Sol Kindler.



A. O. COGGESHALL, announcer of WGY since 1923, has been selected as studio manager to succeed Kolin Hager. Mr. Coggeshall possesses unusual qualifications for Radio work and he is today one of the most popular personalities of the powerful station at Schenectady. He plays both the piano and organ, sings tenor, and plays the comedian in dramas to perfection. Many of the unique performances of WGY, as the farm burlesques, have been directed by him. Mr. Coggeshall, when not busy in the studio spends his time directing the Boys' choir of Christ Episcopal church in Schenectady.

Even Big Ben Is Synthetic Here

NOTHING is safe from the synthetic experts these days, not even tradition-honored Big Ben, London's famous clock. Big Ben, whose melodious voice has chimed in the largest city in the world for many, many years, is now heard in America. Only it isn't Big Ben's voice at all but an artificial reproduction of the same sound.

Pioneer KDKA first introduced the sound of the great old timekeeper to its listeners by relaying it from London through a short wave set. Hearing these mellow tones coming from the loud speaker Dr. Frank Conrad, assistant chief engineer of the Westinghouse company, conceived the idea.

He turned his idea over to V. E. Trouant for application. As a result the replica of Big Ben is broadcast by KDKA exactly upon the hour. The sound is not mentioned by the announcer. It simply is a note in the background of the program, whether it be talking or music.

When the sound is described as synthetic, exactly that is meant. It does not mean that a bell has been made which approximates the sound made by the historic London timepiece. Instead Big Ben is imitated by frequencies imposed on the Radio set in Pittsburgh which do not become sound until they reach the loud speaker.

"Mr. Sanford has gone back to work," Mrs. Sanford explains, with relief, to inquirers after her husband, who is a noted director of NBC broadcasts. Her attitude puzzled many until they learned that when Harold Sanford works he works alone.

Program Exchange With Europe Is the Plan of WBAL

AN INTERNATIONAL exchange of programs will be broadcast exclusively by WBAL, Baltimore, in cooperation with the largest broadcasting station in Czecho-Slovakia, according to an announcement by Frederick R. Huber, director. Mr. Huber, who spent part of the past summer in the Central European countries, arranged for this international program exchange through the interest and cooperation of Eduard Sooboda, director of the Radio station in Prague, and, according to present plans, WBAL will broadcast a typical Bohemian program (sent to America by the Prague director) on the same evening that the Radio fans in Czecho-Slovakia and surrounding countries will hear a typical American program which Mr. Huber is to send to the foreign station.

"It is particularly interesting to note that through this international exchange of programs we shall have an opportunity of getting not only our national but our local composers (of whom Baltimore has a number prominent in the musical world) a hearing in the land where Dvorak and Smetana are the musical gods," Mr. Huber said, in discussing this unusual program exchange.

Just when this international broadcast will be on the air will be announced later, as soon as Mr. Huber has completed final arrangements regarding it.



Frederick R. Huber

It will be recalled that WBAL was the first American broadcaster to put over the international idea, when during the fall of 1926, Mr. Huber arranged a similar program exchange with a Radio station in Bergen, Norway, following a visit to the Scandinavian countries which WBAL's director made during that summer.

In an interview along which Mr. Huber gave some time ago, he stressed the point that he firmly believed Radio held vast possibilities toward promoting a permanent world peace through the establishment over the air of greater friendliness.

"Music is a universal language and it can only promote harmony among various nations and tongues," Mr. Huber said, expressing a viewpoint that is now engaging the attention of many progressive broadcasters.



WILLIAM FAY, program director and chief announcer for WHAM at Rochester, has recently been appointed general manager of the station to succeed A. B. Chamberlain, who has resigned to accept the position of chief engineer for the Buffalo Broadcasting company. He is, in addition to his other accomplishments, a widely known singer, possessing a fine baritone voice. Mr. Fay's Radio career began six years ago as an announcer and singer at WGY, Schenectady. After three years there he went to WMAK, Buffalo, as program director, whence he was called to Rochester a year ago as studio manager and program director.

Boast Historic WNAC Plant Site

OFFICIALS at station WNAC, owned and operated by the Shepard stores of Boston, Massachusetts, are fond of boasting of the beauty, novelty and efficiency of their transmitting plant. They even proudly declare that the site, at Squantum, in the city of Quincy, is the finest in New England.

The mammoth towers raise to a height of 600 feet above the shores of Quincy Bay, towering over a ground fertile with history. The apparatus itself is housed in the old Squanto Inn, historic in experience as well as appearance. The building, which was remodeled to some extent, has thus been put to a use little imagined by its builders, to say nothing of even their more recent descendants.

In adapting the old inn to the purposes of a transmitting plant and studio no effort was spared to provide adequate and comfortable accommodations for visitors. Not only is the floor plan so arranged that the entertainment can be enjoyed, but the apparatus has been so placed that it is easily visible.

WNAC is operating these days on 1000-watt power. From 7:45 in the morning until well after midnight practically every hour of the day is crammed full of entertaining programs and broadcasts of service. The station, by virtue of the number of hours it is on the air, takes its place with a limited few with long hours of broadcast.

Bradley Kincaid, the "Kentucky Mountain Boy" of WLS, spent a six weeks' vacation in the hills of Kentucky learning old hill folk songs that were new to Radio audiences.

Name William Fay as Studio Director at Station WHAM

WILLIAM FAY, who has been for more than a year studio director of WHAM, Rochester, has recently been appointed general manager of the station to succeed A. B. Chamberlain who has transferred his affiliations to the Buffalo Broadcasting company. Mr. Fay is eminently fitted by training and experience to capably supervise the many and varied activities connected with running a broadcasting studio, being a Radio veteran of six years' standing.

Clyde Morse, pianist, entertainer, and announcer of WHAM, Rochester, has recently added the duties of program director to his many other activities. Clyde is a mighty hard worker to whom hours mean absolutely nothing but he admits he has his hands full these days. However, he says he likes it better than the life of a vaudeville entertainer.

Glen Bancroft, who has recently joined the commercial department, is the latest addition to the staff of WHAM, Rochester. Glen was formerly associated with WHEC, Rochester, in charge of selling programs to advertisers, and has been highly successful. WHAM feels very fortunate in securing the service of a man of such high calibre.

Dan Cupid has recently been getting in some deadly work among the members of the WHAM staff, and several have succumbed to his wiles. John Long, former chief transmitter operator, who was recently appointed chief engineer for the station, also assumed at the same time the responsibilities of married life. John is getting along splendidly with both new jobs.

Ruth Larson, beautiful blond secretary, is another member of the WHAM staff to make the pledge of undying devotion. Mr. and Mrs. Merton Reed have recently returned from a honeymoon trip in South America. Ruth's loss will be felt keenly among the members of the WHAM staff, who join in wishing her every happiness.

Lew Stark, publicity director, is expected to be the next one to take the fatal plunge. Lew expects to be married at Christmas time. "Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine."

William Fay, general manager of WHAM, has recently purchased a home in a beautiful new subdivision of East avenue. Mr. Fay says one of the principle motives which influenced him to buy a home was to have a yard sufficiently large to give Bill Jr. a good place to play.

Guy Fraser Harrison, conductor of the Rochester Civic orchestra and former conductor of the Eastman Theatre orchestra, is now musical director for WHAM. Among the important weekly features which Mr. Harrison will conduct are the Stromberg-Carlson program, which is heard over a Coast-to-Coast network of 34 stations, the Rochester Gas and Electric corporation's "On Wings of Song" program, the "Down Melody Lane" feature, sponsored by the Rochester Telephone corporation, and the WHAM Concert ensemble, regular Sunday evening feature.

The influx of sound pictures has caused many theatre organists to go out begging for jobs but it doesn't worry Bob Berentsen, former organist of the Eastman Theatre and organ teacher in the Eastman School of Music. Mr. Berentsen is nothing if not versatile and he is now a high-powered salesman of high class securities.

D. Rubinoff Thanks U. S. for Success in Musical World

DAVE RUBINOFF, premier violinist who has broadcast from Westinghouse Stations WBZ-WBZA upon the occasions when he was guest conductor at the Metropolitan theatre, is now a weekly artist on the station's programs. Rubinoff takes the baton as regular musical director of the Grand Orchestra at the "Met," and as such he will do a broadcast every Monday evening direct from the stage of the theatre.

Rubinoff, said by Leopold Auer to be one of the greatest violinists of present times, was one of eight children of a Russian tobacco worker, and reached his present eminence as a musician in spite of numerous handicaps. Instead of the Russia that gave him his early musical education, Rubinoff declares that it was America that made possible his success.

"The seriousness with which some of our long-winded critics bemoan America's musical future, and the undue attention they receive from editors, as well as the public, is uncalled for.

"All my musical education in Russia was accompanied by poverty. What chances did we ever have over the students at America's conservatories? Did we enjoy the clean surroundings and scientific equipment of the average musical school in the leading American cities? What country in the universe offers a better musical environment than America?"

Thus speaks this talented artist, who at the age of six began to develop his musical gifts of musical interpretation with the violin. During his early years such masters as Godfried, Drzner and others were instrumental in aiding him to a scholarship in the Royal Conservatory in Berlin. Upon completion of an intensive course at the world-famed institution he became a soloist with the leading symphony artists of Europe and America.

Rubinoff was further developed by Leopold Auer in Europe, and Kniesel of the celebrated string quartet, in America. Later, Fritz Kreisler played a part in the life of Rubinoff, with the result that today he is known as a composer as well as a violinist, having conceived such sparkling, fiery compositions as "Dance of the Russian Peasants," "Russian Symphony," and his latest, "Slavonic Fantasy," all in the characteristic Russian style.

His gift of composition kept abreast of the times and found an outlet in such popular violin pieces as "Fiddling the Fiddle" and "Stringing Along," both of which have been recorded for Brunswick, for whom he records exclusively. Rubinoff switches from the classical to jazz, and, as his playing is profoundly stirring in the one, it is refreshingly syncopating in the other.

It is indeed a pleasure to find a great artist, as Rubinoff really is, crediting the land of his adoption for his success.

Jim Hughes, who has recently become affiliated with WJAS as program manager, was known during 1925-26-27 as Teaberry Jim and during this time he wrote the continuities, rehearsed the players and did all the announcing for this outstanding program which will be resumed about January first over the Columbia Broadcasting System with WJAS as key station. "Jim" has attained wide popularity and often receives mail from as many as 35 states in one week. He has had years of vaudeville and minstrel show experience which enables him to hold his audience, visible or invisible.



THIS slim and charming little miss is a mighty talented lady. Not many musicians, to say nothing of girls in their early twenties, have had the distinction of playing two of the world's largest organs, as has Jean Wiener.

Plays Largest Organs

Here's a story about Alexander Kiroloff, conductor of Troika Bells, heard through the NBC system.

Kiroloff recently spent a day at Coney Island and had dinner at a beach resort where recorded music entertains the diners. A record of Russian music was put on the machine. Kiroloff listened entranced. The music ended and Kiroloff rushed over to the proprietor.

"That music was grand," he said. "The orchestra rivals my own. I must know the name of it!"

The proprietor handed him the record. Kiroloff examined it. He had just listened to a record made by his own band under his own direction.

STARTING the day with a cheery smile is a mighty big job for lots of people. "Howdy" Clark and his "Wake Up and Listen" program at WJAS is doing a lot for those who tune in on the Pittsburgh station.

The snappy tunes of the latest popular songs make the blood pump a little faster and Clark's cheery voice helps to start the day without a feeling of remorse. The time is broadcast every eight or ten minutes, helping business men to catch their trains.

Mr. Clark is station manager of WJAS. In addition to taking the morning program he is busy all day keeping things running smoothly in the studio.

ALTHOUGH only in her twenties Jean Wiener, organist at WPG, has achieved the distinction of playing two of the largest organs in the world. Chosen to represent the theatre organists of Atlantic county in a recital under the auspices of the National Association of organists she played the giant instrument in the Atlantic City High school. She also had the honor of being the only organist to broadcast three recitals made up entirely of popular selections on the great Austin organ at the Sesqui-Centennial exposition in Philadelphia.

Born in Philadelphia, Miss Wiener began her musical studies on the piano with a private teacher, continuing later at the Zeckwer-Hahn conservatory. She is now studying with Rollo Maitland, famous recitalist and one of the greatest organ teachers in America. With the advent of the organ in motion picture theatres she was one of the first to realize the beauty and scope of the instrument.

After a period of intensive training she joined the musical staff of the Stanley Company of America, playing in their theatres for seven years. Miss Wiener then went to Atlantic City to make her home. During the inaugural week of the municipal Radio station she played her first Radio recital, January 6, 1925, and has continued her broadcasts since.



VIRGINIA GREGORI, talented character actress, who has been heard regularly over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting system in the La Palina hour, Story in a Song, and Night Club Romances.

Model Studio for WJAS, Pittsburgh

AFTER receiving permission from the Federal Radio commission to move to a new site officials of WJAS spent considerable time searching the neighborhood of Pittsburgh for the best possible location. They finally hit upon a spot on the Lincoln highway about twelve miles west of the city where they erected the twin 125-foot towers for the 160 foot antenna. The location is sparsely populated and free from mineral deposits which might interfere with transmission.

Provided with a new transmitter of the latest type the "Radio Voice of Pittsburgh" has also constructed new studios in the downtown section of the city. Twin units have been provided, with a specially constructed glass enclosed announcer's room. With a view toward more efficient handling of musical programs an indexed music room was connected with the program director's offices.

Furniture for the reception room, one of the show places of Radio, was especially designed to fit in with the decorations and the lighting effects. The walls are tinted in cool colors, carpeted in the modernistic manner and draped with soft contrasting shades.

The announcers' room, overlooking both studios, enables the program master to use two different musical organizations on one program if desired, one for the background, so that many new broadcasting effects may be worked out. The programs master is also enabled to change from one program to another without delay. One program may rehearse while another is being broadcast, which not only tends to improve the presentation but allows the schedule to run smoothly.

Club, recreation and rest rooms are provided for the artists, as well as a bureau in the studio where Radio talent may be secured for private entertainment and where performers may register and keep their names on file for engagements.

Provision for housing members of the technical staff of WJAS at the transmitting plant have been made by owners of the station.

The "hero of the Pacific," better known as Steve Cisler, announcer at WLS, has fallen. Steve worked as a seaman last summer on one of the Dollar Line boats crossing the Pacific ocean. However, lo and behold, when a party from WLS took a boat trip on Lake Michigan the first one to fall victim to King Neptune was none other than Steve Cisler. Ah! me, such is life.



VERNON KIMBROUGH, Birmingham's own baritone, returned recently from Italy, where he has spent the past two years in intensive study and preparation for grand opera. He studied voice in New York under Giuseppe Campanari and accompanied the master to Italy, where he continued to study with him until his death.

Then Marcantoni, operatic conductor and coach, became Kimbrough's instructor in Milan. The young baritone made his debut as the Count in "Trovatore" with great success and later sang "La Boheme" and "Traviata" in several Italian cities. After that he went to France, studying in Paris with Jarecki. There he added five French operas to his repertoire of sixteen Italian compositions.

When Kimbrough returned to Birmingham all the civic clubs of the city joined in presenting him in a concert which was an outstanding success. His beautiful baritone voice is now heard every Friday night over station WAPI.

WSUN Likes Place

JUDGE E. O. SYKES, Federal Radio commissioner, held a conference in Jacksonville recently at which every Florida station had representatives present. The mass of testimony presented painted a very clear and precise picture of every station within the state, with the exception of WFLA-WSUN of Clearwater and St. Petersburg being dissatisfied with wave assignment or time on the air.

Each station in rotation was called on the mat, and requested by the commissioner to give a resume of its operation, programs, and plans for the future.

The WFLA-WSUN station was heard after numerous stations had complained bitterly on the injustice of the situation. WFLA-WSUN—through its representatives, informed the Commissioner that they were in Jacksonville only to represent the station, did not desire to ask for anything, did not expect a change in the present set-up with reference to wave assignment or time on the air. All in all, WFLA-WSUN was satisfied with its allocation, and division of time and desired only to remain as and where it is.

WFLA has the distinction of being the only station in the state of Florida which carries a full orchestra on its station pay-roll during the winter months. This season it is rumored that a new ten-piece aggregation of national musicians will be signed.

Everybody Turns Dials to DIXIE STATIONS

ALABAMA Polytechnic Institute Is Making It Possible for Thousands to Get Education Information Daily Through Its Radio Station, WAPI.

Alabama Poly Gives Courses by Radio

ALABAMA Polytechnic Institute, long recognized as one of the leading colleges of the country on account of the work done by graduates in agriculture and engineering, has made it possible for countless thousands to get educational information daily through its own Radio station WAPI. At first discussions were given on topics relating to agriculture and home economics only. Later current topic discussions were added and at the present time discussions are presented daily which are of interest to every member of the family.

All discussions are prepared by specialists and human interest stories are injected in these so as to hold the attention of the listeners. The staff of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute consists of more than one hundred people trained along various lines, including specialists in agriculture and home economics connected with the Alabama Polytechnic Institute Extension service and Alabama Experiment station.

It is surprising to note the interest in market quotations which are given at regular times each day. A Radio fan in Tampico, Mexico, listens to this feature regularly. The audience has assisted in working out the market feature as requests have been sent in from time to time as to what the public really wants along this line. The Alabama State Department of Agriculture has become affiliated with the station and supplies market quotations received from the United States Department of Agriculture every day at noon.

Educational leaders in the City of Birmingham have expressed an interest to use the station in connection with a school program. Already the majority of children having Radio receiving sets are engaging in the exercises in the morning and the Birmingham Junior Safety council meetings are held in the Cathedral studio of WAPI, where more than two hundred take part. Children in all parts of the state listen to this feature. Setting-up exercises in the early morning are very popular and listeners are given instruction on care of the body and along general health lines. Letters have been received from more than one-half of the states east of the Mississippi commenting on the exercises which have been under way only two weeks.

It is the purpose of the station officials to present a well balanced program and during each of the morning programs a minister from one of the churches of the City of Birmingham presents a fifteen-minute inspirational talk.

WFLA has a new theme song, "Follow the Birds to Springtime" composed by Caroline Lee, "the Virginia Girl," who returns to the mike this fall for a fifteen week engagement, after nearly three years of silence, following a serious auto-train smashup.



MRS. BRUCE FUDGER, whose Radio pseudonym for the time being is "Miss Buy-It-from-Burwell" is enjoying a steadily increasing fan mail.

Mrs. Fudger is a dramatic soprano of ability and her clear, magnetic voice is heard every Monday night from 9:00 to 9:30 on the Burwell Motor hour over WJAX, municipal station at Jacksonville, Fla.

The program has been a popular weekly feature for the past 24 weeks and bids fair to continue for some time.

Concert Director of WSM Popular

ORIN GASTON, director of the WSM concert orchestra, left his home, sweet home in Indiana to come to Nashville twenty-six years ago, bringing his fiddle and his bow. He has been one of the outstanding figures in Nashville musical circles for a quarter of a century and has been an orchestra director for many years. He has had theatrical experience and has played at just about every known function in the gentle art of guiding a cello across the difficult passages of Mendelssohn.

Mr. Gaston has been with WSM for a year and has added thousands of Radio admirers to his already large number of friends. He began his musical career in Indianapolis and has taken part in many symphony programs.

Francis Craig, called by home folks "the young maestro," started his band at Vanderbilt university. He played his way through Vanderbilt and continued playing until today his organization ranks as the outstanding modern dance orchestra of the South.

His first national recognition came with the Columbia recording of "Marble Halls" (Bohemian Girl) and "Steady Roll Blues."

It was with Francis Craig's orchestra that James Melton, Seiberling tenor, launched his now famous career. He played and sang with Craig for three years, and when the two artists met recently in New York, Melton still knew his "hot chorus" in "Steady Roll Blues."

Southernmost NBC Station Is WIOD—On Isle O'Dreams

STATION WIOD, whose slogan is Wonderful Isle O'Dreams, is the Southernmost associated station of the National Broadcasting company, located on Collins Island, at Miami Beach, Florida. WIOD represents the greatest investment of any broadcasting station in the state of Florida and one of the largest investments of any station in the entire South. Its history of operation dates back five years. It was the first 1,000 watt station in the state and was designed and built to serve both the cities of Miami Beach and Miami, Florida, but its broadcasting system has been expanded to include also the cities of Hollywood and Coral Gables, Florida.

It is the official station of Miami Beach, contracting a network of permanent circuits which connect all of the leading hotels on Miami Beach, night clubs, theatres and other points of interest and also points in Miami, including the famous Embassy Club. The Nautilus Hotel, Roney Plaza Hotel, Flamingo Hotel, Pan Coast Hotel and Floridian Hotel, are a part of its permanent broadcasting system. Circuits run as far as Hollywood twenty-six miles distant, embracing the large Hollywood Beach Hotel.

On its Hollywood hour each winter, WIOD features Al Donahue and his orchestra, who is now head-lined at the new Fisher theatre in Detroit, Michigan. Also Edward J. Lord, organist from Boston. Other famous musical organizations which are included and which have been included in its broadcastings, are Meyer Davis orchestra, Roman Pool Casino Supper club, William Stang and his concert orchestra from the Nautilus hotel, E. G. Balzer and orchestra from the Flamingo hotel, and Charles Fisher and his orchestra from the Roney Plaza hotel.

WIOD has its own studio orchestra under the direction of Ross Allen. Also on its winter programs, it features Miller and Farrell, famous recording artists, Rex Reynolds and Jean Fosdick and his orchestra from the Embassy Club. It will also include this winter a famous orchestra from the Coral Gables Country club. During its winter operating season, WIOD is never on the air during an evening program with less than seven or eight of the finest orchestras, all of which are alternated on one-half hour periods. These orchestras are broadcast in addition to regular studio programs from the station. During the winter season its evening programs run from seven to midnight. Its daytime features include the national farm and home hour, matinee gems, Pacific little symphony, Radio household institute programs, Duco decorators and the musical education sermons under the direction of Walter Damrosch, all of these being NBC features.

Its winter program resources are the finest and most extensive of any station in the state and in addition to these programs it broadcasts, as an associated station of the National Broadcasting company, some of the leading NBC features. It is one of the only two chain stations in the state of Florida. During the visit last winter of President Hoover, station WIOD put on special features of the National Broadcasting company for his Radio entertainment at Miami Beach. Last winter station WIOD acted as a key station to broadcast the international hydroplane races between Major H. O. D. Seagrave and Com. Gar Wood. WIOD is ideally located for transmis-



THESE two new members of the staff of WCKY, Covington, Kentucky, see to it that the dramatic productions put on the air are second to none. At the left you see Charles Egleston, in charge of dramatic productions, and at the left is Thomas Warner, his assistant.

sion efficiency, on a small island, which it exclusively occupies. With its island location, it has one of the finest ground systems of any station in the state. The station has its own specially designed and constructed Radio building, one of the finest in the country, which incorporates two studios, one of which is said to be on a par with those of the National Broadcasting company of New York City. Its largest studio is featured by a twenty-foot ceiling and can easily accommodate an orchestra of twenty to thirty-five pieces.

Although WIOD is a thousand watt station it is designed and laid out to handle five to ten thousand watts. Everything which could better a station has been added to increase its efficiency of operation. Over the past five years it has a splendid record for high class programs, an average from 36 to 40 letters from Great Britain each winter season, is constantly heard throughout the New England states and Middle West. It has been heard frequently in Hawaii and has a record of 6,800 miles, having been picked up with loud speaker volume in New Zealand.

Louis Rigo, director of the studio concert orchestra of Station WHAS, Louisville, is a native of Budapest, Hungary. He is the son of Stephen Ritzko, widely-known Hungarian violinist. Rigo came to America with his parents when four years old. He began the study of the violin in Pittsburgh under von Kunitz and later studied under Ovid Mussin in New York, where he won a scholarship which took him to Budapest to complete his musical education under the noted Hungarian violinist and teacher, Giza Horvath. Before coming to Louisville, Mr. Rigo toured Europe and America as a concert violinist and was concert master of the Chataqua Lake Orchestra for two years.

Richard B. Macauley, formerly an announcer at Station WTMJ, Milwaukee, has joined the staff of WHAS, Louisville.

Meddlers Three, a novelty instrumental combination, will be featured by WHAS during the winter season. The trio will be directed by Ted Grubbs, trumpet soloist.

Kentucky Station Stresses Drama

WITH the addition of two new members to the staff WCKY, Covington, Kentucky, is paying special attention to dramatic productions. Charles Egleston, formerly with the National Players of Cincinnati, has been put in charge of that branch of the studio work, with Thomas Warner acting as his assistant.

Believing that the success of putting performances on the air rests very largely in their preparation, Mr. Egleston is laying great emphasis on rehearsals. His program for the new northern Kentucky station includes a wide variety of entertainment ranging from short musical features, condensed musical comedies and operatic gems, to classic drama and, of course, popular features.

Mr. Egleston is a native of Covington who has had an interesting stage career, only recently leaving the footlights for Radio. He first went "on the boards" with Otis B. Thayer and Gertrude Bondhill in "Sweet Clover." He did character parts in eastern stock companies and later directed summer stock. Then followed several seasons in vaudeville, doing character sketches, where he developed a natural gift for dialect. In 1926 he became affiliated with the National Players and continued with the company until 1928, when he left to direct a company at Middleton, Ohio. During the early part of last summer he was with a Cincinnati Radio station for a short time, going to Covington from the Ohio city.

Thomas Warner, Egleston's assistant, is a native of Dayton, Ohio, where he studied voice with John Finley Williamson, director of the famous Westminster choir, and piano and composition with Charles Arthur Ridgeway. In New York he studied with both Witherspoon and Rosati, Gigli's teacher. In 1919 and 1920 he appeared as soloist with the Seattle, Washington Symphony orchestra, sang leading tenor roles with the Portland Civic Opera company, toured for 21 weeks over the Pantages Circuit in an operatic quartet and in 1926 appeared with the Cleveland Symphony orchestra. He later directed this orchestra in the cantata Hiawatha at Oberlin college.

WWNC Is Making Rapid Strides in Radio Land

ALTHOUGH only a little over two years old, WWNC, at Asheville, North Carolina, is rapidly coming into prominence. It is favorably known among the Radio audience for the excellence and unique quality of its programs.



G. O. Shepherd

Founded and operated for eighteen months by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce in August of 1928 it was leased to G. O. Shepherd, former Radio columnist. Mr. Shepherd operated under his leasehold until January, 1929, when the Citizen Broadcasting company took hold of the station. This corporation, with Mr. Shepherd as president, George Stephens as vice president and Charles Webb as treasurer, purchased the station outright from the Chamber of Commerce. Since the organization of the Citizen Broadcasting company, WWNC has made many strides and is attracting widespread attention. One of the first important steps was the taking on of Columbia System programs—the first of these being the Majestic theatre of the Air, inaugurated in January and a regular feature every Sunday night since. This has been augmented by other programs from the WABC network, and by taking on of the complete Columbia schedule in October, when WWNC became a member of the permanent hook-up.

WWNC is the highest broadcasting station east of the Rockies, being located in the "Land of the Sky." Western North Carolina enjoys a worldwide reputation as a tourist and health-seeker's center, and Asheville, the home of WWNC, is a resort city of renown. Included on WWNC's regular schedule of local programs are periods originating in the world-famous and unique resort hotel, Grove Park inn, from Kenilworth inn, where the dinner programs by the Spencer Trio are cordially received, from the Langren hotel, and from the popular roof garden of the George Vanderbilt hotel. Jelly Leftwich and the Duke University Club Orchestra have broadcast frequently from WWNC.

THE Rev. Clarence Stuart McClellan, Rector of Calvary church, which is known as the "Westminster Abbey of the South" is featured regularly, in The Poet's Corner on Friday afternoons, and in a travel talk and The Twilight Hour of Peace, a nonsectarian religious program, both on Sunday afternoons. His readings from the poets have proved popular and The Poet's Corner has become a firmly established item on the station's schedule.

G. O. Shepherd, head of the operating company, takes an active part in the preparation and presentation of programs, doing a great proportion of the announcing and building continuities for the sponsored programs which are an important part of the station's schedule. WWNC has set a standard for studio

practice, insisting on the strict observance of schedules. It enjoys the confidence and friendship of the Radio audience and is constantly on the alert to add to its schedule items novel and interesting. For example, one period, known as "Laughtime," has been written up by the Associated Press all over the country. This period includes the broadcasting of jokes sent in each week by listeners—a sort of a joke roundtable, with members of the station staff grouped around the microphone to enjoy the jokes audibly. Hundreds of jokes are sent in by enthusiastic listeners and the period has been commended especially by shut-ins.

"RED CROSS," nationally known pianist, who holds the world record for endurance playing, is a member of the station staff, announcer and program director. A studio novelty is the program on Wednesday evening, when "Red Cross" and George Hartrick, also announcer, and baritone, "sell peanuts." This feature is popular, a clever handling of the request problem and brings much comment.

Being in the mountainland, the home of the true mountaineer, WWNC has a surplus supply of what is known as "fiddle bands." These are kept listed and used in rotation. This type of music has a large following. At WWNC, the question has been carefully handled and fiddle music is included once or twice a week, a half-hour program at a time. It has been estimated that there are upwards of one hundred such bands located in the mountains of western Carolina, and many musicians and those interested in the folklore and musical history of America have found in this section a fertile field for research. Music is handed down from father to son. Many bands are family affairs, in great demand for square dances which are still the vogue in the highlands. Certain individuals have found it quite profitable to make collections of these mountain tunes.

Ed Squires at WFLA

AN INTERNATIONAL luminary of the Radio world presides over the microphone at WFLA-WSUN these days. His name is Eddie Squires, "the globe trotting announcer" who has entertained Radio fans of three continents during the past decade, acquiring an international reputation.

Squires' role in the dramatic rise of Radio entertaining has been a colorful one, dating back to the pioneer days when he deserted a prosperous stock and bond selling business to announce at WDAP, the old broadcasting station on the Drake hotel in Chicago. Eddie was included in a list of the ten best announcers in New York a short time ago, being rated with Norman Brokenshire and Graham McNamee.

Among the American stations with which Squires has been associated, besides WDAP are: WLAG, Minneapolis; KDKA, Pittsburgh; WMCA, New York; WICC, Bridgeport, Conn.; and WJAX, Jacksonville, Fla. His programs, staged by "Eddie Squires and His Gang" have been heard from WJZ.

Known in Chicago and Minneapolis as the "Voice of the North," Squires performed during a week of programs from WEAJ, joining forces with Lambda Kay. "the Voice of the South," of WSB, Atlanta, and Walter Tyson, now of WSUN, then of WSB.

Educated at Yale, Squires majored in music, specializing in piano, pipe organ and voice, and among the famous artists he has served as accompanist is Rosa Ponselle.

Series of Programs at WHAS to Eclipse Past Seven Years

A SERIES of Radio programs hitherto unparalleled in the more than seven years that WHAS, the radiophone of The Courier-Journal and The Louisville Times, has been on the air, will be offered listeners during the winter schedule.

In addition to an augmented series of programs from the studios of the National Broadcasting company in New York, Washington and Chicago, the studio programs will offer a wide variety of entertainment. Two programs that have proven unusually popular—the Royal Hungarians and The Homing Hour—will be retained and around these an entirely new series is being built.

WHAS is on the air with 10,000 watts power, double the present 5,000 watts power, with the new schedule. With this power, on a nationally cleared channel, WHAS is the only station in this section of the country that can consistently serve listeners of Kentucky and adjoining states. Its wave length, 365.6 meters, is in the center of the dial.

A longer schedule, including special features for the home maker during the morning hours, is contemplated. A number of the leading department stores and other business houses supplying all the needs of the home maker, are co-operating with WHAS in preparing the series of morning programs. Miss Fanny May Baldrige, formerly associated with the National Broadcasting company and Station WLS, in Chicago, is in charge of the morning programs.

A schedule of music appreciation concerts for schools and colleges, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, similar to the programs Mr. Damrosch presented last season, has been arranged by the NBC, and will be presented from 10 to 11 o'clock each Friday morning. In addition to the music appreciation concerts for schools, the schedule provides for inclusion of programs designed especially for music clubs of the country. These programs will be available in Kentucky only through WHAS.

In addition to the chain programs being radiocast over WHAS, several of the popular programs that were on the air last winter will return, among them being the Ipana Troubadours, the Seiberling Singers, the Armstrong Quakers, the Philco Hour at the Baldwin and Radio-Victor Hour. The R-K-O Hour, the Fleischmann Hour, and the General Motors Family Party, all of which are on for one-half hour now, will be lengthened to the full hour period. The Choral orchestra, which made its debut last Sunday, will be continued and a new program sponsored by the National Laundry Association added to the schedule. Dr. Milton Work's bridge lessons will be resumed in November.

Among the regular studio features contemplated for the winter season are Richard B. Macauley, novelty pianist; "Ford and George," a singing duo; "Meddlers Three," an instrumental trio, and several unusual combinations of musical instruments. Dinner Dancers, an orchestral combination playing the popular dance tunes in concert style and a daily program of Matinee Melodies, will be regular features.

Programs especially designed for the children and radiocast in the late afternoon will be featured. Ewings' Safety Soldiers and the Greater Louisville Children's Club, two popular periods, will be continued and a Birthday Party to assist children in celebrating their birthdays will be added to the schedule soon.

Middle West Grows in Prestige

Chicago Especially Is Challenging the Leadership
Long Maintained by Eastern Stations



WOULDN'T you know that as charming a miss as you see here would have a nice musical name like Halloween Martin? She is the "Musical Clock" of KYW, and a very busy young lady indeed. Like her cute playthings?

Musical Clock Girl

HALLOWEEN MARTIN, alias "Miss Musical Clock," of KYW, made her Radio debut as she timidly stepped forth from college into the busy home economic department of the Chicago Herald-Examiner. For two and a half years her time was occupied answering the home decoration problems that came to the Prudence Penny department, writing her columns and giving her daily Radio talk on interior decoration. Lectures at cooking schools and clubs added variety to the daily grind. For nearly a year she has been winding the Musical Clock for early listeners. Miss Martin says she is anxiously awaiting the perfection of television so she will have an excuse to buy a new hat and dress every day.

Rockford Station Adds to Staff

ROCKFORD, Illinois, is boasting the addition of two Radio luminaries to the staff of its station, KFLV. Peter MacArthur, the "Bobby Burns of the Air," formerly of WOC, is business manager, and Wesley W. Wilcox has been named musical director and announcer.

Wilcox is a noted concert and recital artist with a splendid, well schooled baritone voice. He is a musician of no small renown, having won a name for himself as a critic. He is at present a correspondent for the Musical Leader and also for the Music Editor. Among Mr. Wilcox's prominent musical engagements aside from his regular

concert and recital schedule is included guest soloist with the United States Army band, under direction of Capt. William Stannard, and with the Coronado Symphony orchestra, under direction of Arch Short, and with many other orchestral and choral organizations. Mr. Wilcox is also serving his fifth season as baritone soloist for the Second Congregational Church Choral society of Rockford.

Mr. Wilcox has won a large following of Radio admirers, judging from his press reports and daily mail, and not only has been proven of great success in his singing but also for his duties as announcer, a capacity that he fills with excellent results for clear enunciation and tone quality with novel and individual mannerisms which have made him a favorite.

Many unique and highly interesting musical programs have been arranged by KFLV's new director, and it will not be long before this station will be among those leading in the highest standards of Radio programs, and a wealth of artistic talent will be heard before the KFLV microphone.

Andy Sannella, Radio virtuoso of saxophone and guitar, is back on NBC programs after an extended vacation on his ranch in the old Indian village of Monoquet, Indiana. While there, Sannella, who is a crack amateur pilot, went aloft with a neighboring farmer who had built his own plane. Andy reports that at the top of their climb he noticed the fabric on the wings flopping loosely and the rudder working erratically. He remained on the ground for the rest of his vacation.

Bobby Brown Owes His Radio Career to An Army Uke

RADIO is responsible for the entertaining career of Bobby Brown, director of productions at WBBM. Long ago before he went to France with the A. E. F., he made up his mind that he would never commercialize his singing because he enjoyed it so much. Although he has always from the time he was a little fellow enjoyed entertaining, he always did it in an informal way.

Then, when he entered the army, he took his ukulele to camp with him as all other boys did, the musical instruments they could play. A rollicking time was had by all the musicians. When the order came to go overseas, all musical instruments were ordered home and Bobby left his with a friend at camp, but the officers who had enjoyed his gay little ditties insisted that he take the ukulele with him. Bobby was afraid that if he were found over there with it, he would be court-martialed. Not until he received an official passport for it from the Colonel, did he consent to carry it with him. Bobby and his ukulele went overseas to serve thirteen months in France with the 35th Division.

During the serious business of winning the war when troops were transferred from one sector to another, the ukulele would be mislaid, but it would always come back because all the boys remembered Bobby and his faithful little instrument. In fact, he still has his "Overseas Ukulele" tucked away with his mementos of the war. It is badly cracked from its months in the trenches but proudly wears two service stripes.



BOBBY BROWN, WBBM

After the Armistice was signed Bobby Brown was much in demand by the Red Cross. He would go up and down the hospital corridors cheering up the boys who through fractured bones or other injuries were unable to sit up. He would sing and play softly to cheer the



YE MERRY MEN OF WINDSOR, rollicking entertainers who revive old drinking songs of the English tavern, provide merry entertainment for Radio listeners of KSTP each Monday during the presentation of the Windsor club program. They are, left to right: Earl Stockdale, first tenor; Joe Williams, baritone; Raymond Walter, second tenor, and Nels Swanson, bass

Very often a Red Cross nurse would send a hurry up call for Bobby when a soldier was dying, and Bobby would go in and sit on the edge of the bed and make him smile.

"I remember one poor fellow," mused Bobby, "who was from Georgia. I sang, 'Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia,' and 'Georgia Moon,' and all the other Southern songs I could remember. I always tried to suit the music to the man who needed it most.

"The Y. M. C. A. wanted to sign me up for four months entertaining in Germany and France with two months of the Riviera, but after thirteen months of fighting, four months seemed like a lifetime and I packed the ukulele and set sail for the U. S. as fast as possible."

Once more at home, the ukulele went on the shelf and Bobby settled down to a serious life as a business man, but the fame he had won in the Army followed him and Jack Nelson, Director of the old Board of Trade Station, WDAP, wrote Bobby that he had received letters from his old army buddies asking for his Radio appearance. Bobby fished the overseas ukulele out of its hiding place and went down to sing two songs. At the end of the second, he prepared to depart thinking his broadcasting was over. However, Jack Nelson called him back to sing off and on during the next two hours and Bobby became one of the earliest paid staff artists. Those old army songs of Bobby's were many times his own inventions.

After he left WDAP, he was entertainer, announcer and World Crier for two and a half years at KYW. Then he received an offer to make personal appearance and thus discovered the footlights. Ever since, he has been divided between the lure of the stage and the fascination of the microphone. In the spring the feeling for the stage is most keenly felt.

An instance of the expert way in Bobby meets the unexpected may

be seen from the program he put on one morning when an artist shortly before her scheduled appearance for a fifteen minute program telephoned that she was delayed. Bobby announced a musical grab bag and asked the staff organist to play old time melodies. With his Radio audience he guessed at the names of the selections. The listeners were unaware that the program had not been planned and asked for more.

Bobby in a quiet way is a dreamer and likes to write poetry. Two of his own productions, Musical Comedy Memories and Golden Hour of Music, he starts with his own poems. It is much easier to write the bits of verse which express his thought than it is to search around for it in anthologies.

Walter Connolly is back on the air after an absence of several months. After a season with a stock company the NBC thespian has an important role in the Soconyland sketch.

Franklyn Baur of the NBC staff has a habit that is getting him into embarrassing positions. His habit of wearing a white carnation while at work before the mike carries itself with him as he takes a short cut through the Grand Central station in New York. Chipper young damsels are constantly mistaking him for the "man with the white carnation" they promised to meet. "Wrong number," Franklyn.



Vincent Gulcher, plant engineer for NBC, went deep into the Adirondacks on his vacation to escape Radio and telephones or anything electric. The very first day he was there the natives insisted on showing him a magazine portrait of himself. Don't you think that was rather a tough break for Vincent?

Tropical Fish Is Hobby in Studio

THE staff at WLS, Chicago, boasts of a unique attraction. Studio artists as well as visitors to the station, have cultivated the habit of gathering around the large glass aquariums where Homer Courchene has assembled more than a dozen species of tropical fish.

Courchene acquired his unique hobby while a Radio operator on a tramp freighter. Attracted by the bright colors of fish in the tropical seas he made a study of the funny tribe and since coming ashore has pursued fish culture with success. His collection was greatly enlarged recently when a number of tiny, transparent guppies from the Indian ocean presented him with 250 young members, all of which are doing well.

Although all of the specimens are salt water species, only fresh water is used in the aquariums. Courchene has discovered that his pets will thrive as well in the strange element if the supply of plant life within the tank is carefully proportioned. Dried shrimp and powdered puppy biscuit form the daily bill of fare, Japanese snails on the sandy bottoms acting as scavengers for any waste food.

War-like Siamese fighting fish caused some trouble in the aquatic family with their ferocious habits until a separate tank was provided for them. Among other interesting specimens being raised are Paradise fish that build nests for their eggs on the surface of the water, brilliantly colored platys from far eastern waters, and curious sword-tailed halleri fish from the Gulf of Mexico.

Radio advertising is on the increase. Paul R. Heitmeyer announces that KGW already has several days a week in which there is not one hour after twelve o'clock noon available for sale.



"HAPPY HARRY" GEISE is familiar to Radio fans all over the country. At various times during his career on the air, which started in 1921, he has appeared at more than fifteen broadcasting stations. The "How-do-you-do" man is now chief announcer, manager of the continuity department, entertainer and piano composer at KSTP, St. Paul, the National Battery station.

WFBE Aims High

CARL FULLER, formerly musical director of Rector's, New York, recently took over WFBE at Cincinnati, Ohio. With no pretensions as to size, WFBE has a man-sized ambition, namely to be the best small station on the air. Mr. Fuller has applied to the Federal Radio commission for permission to use 500 watts power, but he isn't waiting for official word to develop his programs to the best possible level.

Microscopic in size when compared with some of the giants, this Cincinnati station has a wonderfully large listening public and is having some interesting experiences working out Radio novelties that are entertaining without being absurd. Fuller is on record as having taken the first jazz band to Broadway, and made the earliest jazz recordings for Victor, Columbia and Edison, earning the title of "Daddy of Jazz." The famous orchestra that he has developed is now heard daily from his own station.

Alexander McQueen, the "Radio Scrap Book Man," who has recently been added to the staff at WFBE, is a musician, author, entertainer, puts on a unique question-and-answer feature besides many specialty numbers. His versatility adds much to the spice of the programs.

Cy Taillon who talked, sang and played violin over WDAY for some months, now may be heard by North Dakota's neighbors, Montanans. Cy has left WDAY and joined the announcerial staff of KFBB at Great Falls.

When Steve Cisler, announcer and publicity director of WLS, and in charge of the "Old Hayloft" during the National Barn Dance, secured a three weeks' vacation, he went back home in Arkansas and searched for new ideas that could be used on the barn dance. Steve claims that he discovered several new hill folk songs and learned a lot of new ways of "swinging your pardner."

Call Mike at KSTP The Voice of Service for Northwest

FROM the state capitol at St. Paul is guided the destinies of the State of Minnesota, and from the microphones of KSTP in that same city, comes the entertainment, the information, and the many service features to that great agricultural Northwest of the country. From early morning until the wee small hours of the following morning without a single break, the KSTP transmitter operates.

This station has an output of 10,000 watts power and is manned by an experienced staff of 79 men and women, the largest full-time staff of any station outside of New York.

Less than two years old, KSTP is known to its listeners as the northwest's leading Radio station. Its broadcasting service totals 125½ hours a week, the heaviest schedule of any station on the air. Outstanding among its entertainment features is the National Battery symphony orchestra of 35 pieces, which is directed by Henry C. Woempner, nationally known first flutist of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra. The National Male four, a vocal quartet and the KSTP mixed quartet, along with the Beachcombers, a Hawaiian team and the Novelty Trio, are other outstanding entertainment features provided for Northwest listeners.

During the winter season, KSTP brings the music of six popular Northwest jazz bands to its late-hour listeners. Its announcing staff of eight experienced Radio men and one woman is considered one of the best in the country. The state-wide drive against crime by KSTP has resulted in the apprehending of many criminals in Minnesota and nearby states. Police departments in Minnesota are tuned to KSTP for announcement of major crimes during the day or night in co-operation with both the Minnesota State Highway patrol and the Minnesota Bankers' association. Its studios are housed in the St. Paul hotel in St. Paul and in the Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis.

Sporting events are heard during the current seasons, with Phil Bronson, veteran sports writer and sports announcer at the "mike." KSTP conducts a women's hour at 3 p. m. daily, featuring the leading women's organizations of the Northwest. The Children's Hour at 5 p. m. daily brings Albert Ely, the KSTP Grandpa to the microphone. A program for old-timers brings the Novelty trio to the microphone every Monday at 10:15 p. m. with songs that never grow old. The National Battery station, also maintains its own dramatic organization, the KSTP players.

Its agricultural program features the daily broadcast of the National Farm and Home Hour of the NBC. The Minnesota director of the 4-H Clubs for boys and girls, Prof. Theodore A. Erickson, is a member of the KSTP staff.

Health exercises are presented each morning for men, women, and children by a staff of physical directors. Reports of the stock-exchange, the butter and egg market, the poultry, the South St. Paul livestock market, are other service features heard daily.

KSTP grew out of two Twin Cities stations, WAMD in Minneapolis owned by Stanley E. Hubbard, now vice-president and general manager of KSTP, and KFOY of St. Paul. KSTP has filed a petition with the Federal Radio commission asking for a permit to construct a 50,000-watt transmitter to develop a super-power station in the Northwest.

The KSTP transmitter is equipped to broadcast television, when this development in Radio becomes popular.

The development of KSTP was recognized by the National Broadcasting company last December when it was made the Northwest representative of both the Red and Blue networks.

KSTP is owned and operated by the National Battery Broadcasting company and was founded by Lytton J. Shields, president of the National Battery company and is directed by Stanley E. Hubbard, vice-president and general manager.

Cheers Shut-Ins

BETTY JANE LAMBORN, program director of WGHP, takes an hour of each busy day to conduct an hour of pleasure for the blind and shut-in patients within the listening range of WGHP, Detroit. Miss Lamborn has conducted a home hour for women for three years over this station but has discontinued this hour in favor of the Shut-In Period which has proved one of the most delightful programs on the air because of its unusual character.

The first fifteen minutes of the hour is known as the Cheer Fairies trip in which an imaginary visit is made on the wings of Cheer Fairies to the home of some patient whose name has been sent in by friends who plan a surprise for a birthday or anniversary, or whose name was sent in with an invitation from the patient to the Cheer Fairies.

The nature of the program is light and happy in selection of musical numbers and readings which Miss Lamborn often reads and sings herself. At the conclusion of the program the Fairies are again heard carrying the artists back to the studio to continue another period.

This forty-five minutes consists of reading a continued story to the blind people.



ROSE DIVINSKY, WHK

GRADUATING from high school in 1925, Rose Divinsky worked for a time as a stenographer. But she had ambitions to do something in music, and tried out at WHK, where she has been playing ever since. Rose studied her violin with Charles V. Rychlik, of Cleveland, a former symphony player and composer. Rose has an ambition to practice six hours a day and become a virtuoso. At present she specializes in deer classical music—no jazz for her eyes for dancing, and there she loves

WGBF Precocious Hoosier Station

SIX years ago when broadcasting stations were all in their infancy, a furniture store located in Evansville, Indiana, put a few more wires on the roof of the building to keep chimney guy wires company. In a corner of the third floor storage room, they installed a bit of haywire and some temperamental generators. Adjoining the transmitter, thus evolved, they built a cardboard telephone booth with a microphone. And shortly, Radio station birth notices carried a modest announcement of the arrival of the infant station WGBF.

The baby was cute and its brain-parents fondled it. And let it cry upon the night air when it was convenient. For five years WGBF was more or less a plaything and an unreliable source of potluck entertainment.

Hit and miss entertainment programs have been supplanted by handpicked entertainers, carefully rehearsed and who are paid union scale or more for their work, with programs in charge of a program director who is a veteran of the vaudeville booking and rehearsing game.

The rebirth of WGBF was the result of the foresight of a former newspaperman, Curtis T. Mushlitz, who saw the possibilities of developing the station situated as it is in the city that is the metropolis for a million people.

Then suddenly Evansville found WGBF grown into lusty young manhood. From a pasteboard booth studio with a tin-roof antenna, that was an accepted local landmark, the station has developed into a civic and statewide institution that has its constant listeners in all parts of the nation.

One of the features of WGBF that attracts nationwide attention, is the Hoosier club jollification every Saturday night. The chief announcer of WGBF is Martin Hansen, who for several years was an editor on the leading Evansville newspaper. Next in seniority on the announcing staff is Paul E. Gregg, also a former newspaperman. The program director and studio organist is Lou Swain.



THE double role of announcer and "Daddy Hal" of the Junior Federation club is the job of Harold O'Halloran. Harold is on the air every evening except Sunday from 5 to 6 o'clock with his children's program at WCFL.



MARSHA WHEELER, Director of Women's Activities for the Crosley Radio stations, finds business so rushing that she travels by airplane in search of material to fill the programs at WLW

Travels by Plane to Get Material

SEARCHING for new information and material to entertain and instruct the women of the nation, Marsha Wheeler, director of women's activities for the Crosley Radio station, has taken to the air.

"Why do I travel by airplane? Because there are too many people to see, places to visit, contacts to bring back to the wideawake women who listen to their Radios to spend long hours on the train," Miss Wheeler said as she stepped into an Embry-Riddle plane at Lunken airport, Cincinnati. "Woman's sphere used to be the home. Today it is the world, the astronomy above and the geology below," she went on. "Anything that interests me I figure will interest some other woman. The stores and shops of the metropolis, the art museums, famous chefs and restaurants, schools, theatres, all offer a bounty of material for broadcasting to women."

On trips to Chicago Miss Wheeler visits the kitchens of the largest hotels and restaurants, and the tea shops most noted for their cuisine. She haunts the Art Institute, the Field Museum, the shops on Michigan boulevard, women's clubs and any other places where there are new things to interest women.

Asked to explain her title of Director of Women's activities, Miss Wheeler pointed out that the WLW woman's hour every morning is only a part of the women's activities at the station. Five meetings a week of the Woman's Radio club require a new speaker every day. Sixteen other programs every week for women include sports, college by Radio, sewing classes, nature talks, adventurer's clubs, and many other features that show how far the station has gone in the pursuit of informative, educational and entertaining material for the women.

Debate Best Time for Broadcasting

PROGRAM directors and station managers are constantly arguing the question as to which hour of the twenty-four has the largest Radio audience. In the development of broadcasting this topic probably has created at least as much discussion as any other. Executives of the chain programs evidently hold to the belief that from 7:30 to 9:30 in the evening is the period that attracts the majority of fans. At any rate most chain programs are presented at that time.

Morgan L. Eastman, pioneer broadcaster and manager of WENR, which has no chain connections, believes that these are not the best hours for the independent stations, and questions whether the largest number of fans listen at that time.

"Undoubtedly there is a vast audience that listens in between 7:30 and 9:30 at night," says Mr. Eastman, "but I believe that the Radio receiving set in the average home gets more attention from 6:30 to 7:30 and from 9:30 to 11:30 than at any other time.

"The second point that I make is that there are more people away from their homes in the evening between 7:30 and 9:30 than at almost any other time. It is during this period that the moving picture houses, theatres, concert halls, etc., have their peak attendance.

"Thus it seems to me that the independent stations should make a particular endeavor, if they cannot afford the money to spend for programs that will compete successfully with the chains, to put on their special features, their best entertainers, and their best programs either from 6 to 7:30, or better still from 9:30 to 11:30 at night.

Tillie of KFEQ Is a Real Toiler

HER real name's Lillie Mae, but she's nicknamed "Tillie the Toiler," and truly, for though she looks like the flappiest of flappers, there's nothing she doesn't do, from farm work to a counter in the ten cent store and thence to the microphone.

There's variety in Tillie's life. She begins close to nature in the morning. She helps her mother on the family's



TILLIE THE TOILER, KFEQ



KNOW who these lads are? You would if you could only hear them, for they are a team that nearly everyone who owns a receiving set has listened to. At left is the inimitable Charlie Garland, and whispering into the mike is his playmate at WBBM, Charlie Schultz

seven-acre farm before she starts to town. She's in the music department in the five and ten, but that doesn't prevent her giving five or ten sweeps with the broom when the sun's coming up, for she is just as old-fashioned as she is new-fangled.

But this is only the tiniest fraction of Tillie's day. After enjoying the scenery on a twenty-minute drive to town, she sells music to those who seek bargains in the dime store. She began as a steno in the boss's office and he first gave her the name of "Tillie the Toiler." She says he's the best boss in the world, but she hasn't had very many. Anyway, he gave her a chance when there was a vacancy in the music department and she more than made good.

But the job that's made her famous comes from 11:30 to 12, noon, when she's before the mike at KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo. Then every inch of her seems music and rhythm.

She has received 12,000 fan letters in the year she has been broadcasting. But she's not set up by all this and when night comes, Lillie Mae Frizell loves to go to dances like any other girl of twenty-one.

WMAQ Makes Debut in New Studios

ON SEPTEMBER 17 The Chicago Daily News station WMAQ opened the most elaborate and complete broadcasting studios ever constructed for a single station. The gala occasion with stars of the opera, concert stage and theatre, officially inaugurated the studios that evening.

The huge two story Radio studio on the twenty-fifth floor of the building is the show spot of the Radio department. The studio is finished in a modernistic motif of blue, black and silver, combining latest in modern artistry and in scientific perfection of broadcast engineering.

The enormous studio "A" will easily accommodate an orchestra choral society, opera or concert company of 100 people. From its ceilings are hung the latest type of Western Electric microphones, the same kind as are used in making Movietone and Vitaphone talking movies.

Adjoining studio "A" are three others, ranging down in size to the one used for one, two or perhaps three people. They are all four arranged in a "U"

shape around the control room so that operators in control of the program and artists and announcers in the studios may always see each other in action. The windows between the rooms for this purpose are heavily glassed in so that no noise will cause confusion. Therefore announcer and operators are developing a signal system for communication.

All the rooms are expertly treated to eliminate every kind of noise. The floors are rubber tile and the walls are made of sound deadening substance similar to cork. A reception room, information counter, ladies lounge, music room and storeroom are also on the twenty-fifth floor.

Above, on the top floor of the building are three rehearsal rooms and the visitors' reception room with a large glass panel looking into the big studio.

On the twenty-fourth floor where the visitor enters the Radio department are offices. These include the executive offices of WMAQ, the offices of The Daily News Radio editorial department, the sales and continuity departments and Radio laboratories. The twenty-fourth floor also houses large lounging rooms and porches at both the north and the south ends.

THOUSANDS of Names
Added to Radio Family
During the Past Decade

WJAG HAS CRADLE ROLL

For THE WEST

Earl C. Reineke Pioneer in Radio

EARL C. REINEKE, manager and chief announcer of WDAY, Fargo, North Dakota, has been in Radio since 1907, when he built and operated the first wireless station in the Northwest. WDAY, which he founded in January, 1922, was the first station in the Northwest, antedating even WLAG, predecessor of WCCO at Minneapolis. Reineke handles two or more hours a day at the microphone himself, and has a large personal following.

Dave Henley, program director and announcer at the Fargo station, got his start directing amateur plays for the John B. Rodgers Production company, later gaining added experience working for an advertising agency in Duluth. He has a baritone voice, and occasionally, with Manny Marget as helper, stages request programs.

Bob Schulz is the announcer and studio operator. A student at North Dakota Agricultural college, Schulz manages to get away from his college work often enough to be heard several times a day from WDAY, starting his work with the breakfast program every morning.



A CHARMING miss, in voice and in person, is Margaret Mahaffey of WJAG, Norfolk, Neb. Miss Mahaffey is the Norco Girl of the Norfolk Daily News. Popular tunes and old time songs bring thousands to the loud speaker to hear this petite blond. As a utility artist at the station she also serves as accompanist to visiting stars of the Radio world.

Sleepy Staff at WOW Gets a Jolt

A MEMBER of the staff at WOW contributed this amusing account of an incident at the Omaha station:

"One day, oh! so early in the morning, the entire staff of WOW had lost many hours of sleep. We were awaiting the broadcast of the Graf Zep as it landed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, completing its around-the-world journey. Eugene Konecky, our commercial director, was working away in his office, the rest of us reposing sleepily in Studio B. Suddenly Konecky dashed into the studio and said, 'It is now 3:00 A. M. and the Graf has arrived.' We, of course, wondered how he received his information; however, no questions were asked.

"The operators ran to their generators; the announcer to the microphone; the hostesses to the telephone. The soft hum of the generators was soon heard and after a series of necessary clicks, the light appeared on the control panel. We were ready for the air. Konecky with a noticeable, yet somewhat suppressed yawn, said, 'Go on the air with a few phonograph records.' I, for one, was dumbfounded, and inquired: 'How about the Graf's arrival?' and Konecky, with a more susceptible yawn, replied, 'Tis now 3:00 A. M. and time for the 'phonograph.' Pardon me, if there was some misunderstanding.' He was smiling quite perceptibly when he returned to his work. The staff's comments can't be decently produced." Comment, these folks must have their fun, even if the other fellow doesn't like it.



Manny Marget

Manny Marget, staff artist, is a versatile entertainer, possessing a pleasant tenor voice, a knack for "fiddling," and a penchant for telling stories. Marget appeared for a year or more over KWK at St. Louis before going to North Dakota. While in St. Louis, his home town, he was master of ceremonies at St. Louis' "Coffee Dan's."

Several changes in the personnel of WFLA and WSUN took place during the summer months. Joseph Mitchell, of the WFLA staff, resigned to accept a post with station WMBR of Tampa. Ben Moss, former all round Radio roamer, has landed at WFLA as an assisting announcer to Walter Tison. Ben Moss, as been heard over stations throughout the South. Mr. Moss is like a entertainer of no mean ability.

A CRADLE roll numbering thousands of names compiled over a period of ten years is the proud boast of WJAG, the Norfolk, Nebraska, Daily News station. For the past decade this pioneer station has added constantly to its Radio family. Every noon during the regular program new babies born to members of this great family are "rung in" to the list.

For ten years the names of these new babies have been read to the listeners every day, and a unique membership card has been sent out to the parents of the new boy, girl, twins, or triplets born during the twenty-four hours just past. Upon notification of the arrival of a baby, its name and sex, the station staff issues a membership card, and at the same time rings a cow bell in front of the microphone. These cradle roll cards are now scattered all over the United States, the majority of them being in homes in northern Nebraska, South Dakota and parts of Iowa and Kansas.

When the infant has grown to be eighteen years of age an adult membership card is issued and the possessor becomes a full-fledged member of the WJAG Radio family. Radio listeners must pass a rigid initiation to join this great family. They are required to listen to the noon program of the station, report its daily strength or any interference, make suggestions regarding programs and comment in any way on the service rendered.



PAUL A. JONES, Jr., president, general manager of KFUL, "The Voice of Treasure Island," is one of the youngest Radio executives in the country. A graduate of Baylor university, Jones is well known for his track work. He was a half-miler for the Illinois Athletic club and participated in many eastern meets before taking up the more serious life of broadcasting for a career.

Accuracy the Rule in Broadcasting of Football Games

ACCURACY as the prime requisite, with pictorial presentation as a minor feature, has been the policy followed by KOA in Denver in reporting football games this fall.

"The location of the ball, the number of downs, the score and the names of players are what listeners want to know," Freeman Talbot, manager, asserts. "Description of the sinking sun, fleecy clouds and the southing of the wind during a 40-yard run might have been all right two years ago when broadcasting football games was still something new.

"It is woefully inadequate now since listeners have become so discriminating that they chart the game, either mentally or on paper.

"A football game contains inherently all the elements of drama. There is conflict, partisanship, curiosity, fear, hope, joy, despair, suspense, anti-climaxes and the climax. And with all these primarily interesting things to enthral the listener, description should be relegated to the minor place it deserves in all narration."

* * *

A new chapter in cooperation between the army air corps and a private Radio station, indicating the service established stations might give in case of war, was written in Denver recently, according to army officers.

An army bombing plane from Langley field became stranded in Denver because a magneto was defective. Its sister ships were 150 miles away on their trip toward home when KOA broadcast a request from the commanding officer of the stranded ship for the squadron to send back a plane with a spare magneto.

The squadron's Radio receivers picked up the message and within an hour and a half, the spare part was in Denver and the plane soon was on its way.

Small transmitters on planes can send messages only a fraction of the distance possible for such stations as KOA. Army officers pointed out that during war time, powerful private stations could transmit orders in code to air fleets. The message might be intercepted, but before it could be decoded the fast planes could have done their work.

* * *

A woman alone on a ranch on the eastern Colorado prairies was an essential part in an intricate communication system recently.

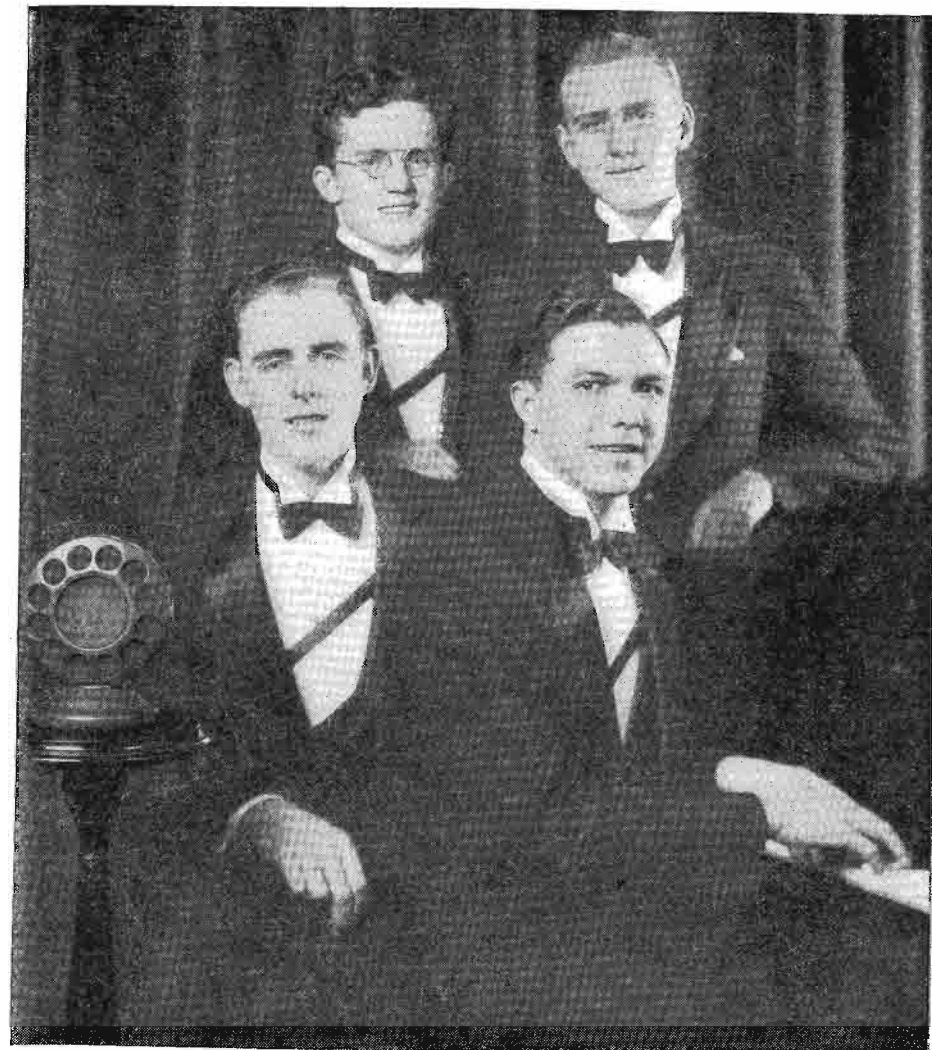
Passing by her Radio, while doing her housework, she turned the set on and heard KOA broadcasting a message to a squadron of Langley field bombing planes winging their way from Denver to Kansas City. She heard the flyers talking by Radio between planes, heard the fleet commander order a ship back to Denver with a spare magneto for a stranded ship, heard the planes try to send a message to KOA and knew this last attempt failed because KOA repeated its original message. The range of the planes' transmitters was too small to reach the 150 miles to Denver.

"Maybe someone will phone the station," one of the flyers commented.

The ranch woman, Mrs. J. C. Traw, did phone KOA, and the stranded flyers were relieved to know their much needed relief was coming.

* * *

Joe Eaton, WOW announcer, tried to get away with a secret marriage. Lasted about six days! pardon us, the secret, we mean. The marriage seems to be getting along o.k.



COLLEGIATE, Collegiate, Oh, my, yes! The boys are good—and good-looking. Who are they? They're the Master Singers at KFAB, the 5,000 watt station out in Lincoln, Nebraska. They're all students at the University of Nebraska.

KFH Has Picture Taken at Night

ON ONE of the main highways leading out of Wichita, Kansas, stand two graceful towers. Luminous against the inky sky of evening they are a magnet to the eyes of the great throng of passing motorists. Adjacent to airport and aircraft factory, still vibrant with the day's activities, they yet somehow seem something aloof, something that beggars the imagination to describe.

Seen in the glory of the Kansas moonlight, the magic lure of their influence, powerful, unseen yet mighty, drew the attention of a Wichita editor until he could no longer resist the temptation. He called the local photographers and had a picture taken of the KFH studios at night. And what a picture!

The camera men set up their equipment about six o'clock one evening for a ten minute exposure. Then they let it stay in the same place until after dark, waiting for another exposure. The result is a composite picture that shows the tracery of the towers against the darkened sky, every gold painted brace and wire standing out clearly. It's so good it doesn't look real. Everything is there, even something of the ghostly majesty and magnetism.

* * *

IF AN out-of-town visitor to Shenandoah, Iowa, is lonely, doesn't find an agreeable place to hang his hat, or is otherwise disgruntled and doesn't feel at

home, it is no fault of Henry Field of Radio station KFNF.

When you come to Henry's town there is always a warm welcome awaiting you. Henry and the whole family, Ma, Ruth, Georgia, John Henry, Josephine and Letty, all that are left at home, are on the job to see that you have a good time and don't miss anything.

Want to find a place to stay? A day or a week or longer, the man over at the filling station will fix you up with a cabin, or a room, whatever you want. Should you stay over for a few days, every inducement is offered you to shop in the modern stores. Prices, says Henry, are the bargains you usually dream of and seldom get, and if you spend twenty dollars he gives you five gallons of gasoline, with no strings to it.

There are lots of places to see. Field's big warehouses and shipping rooms, Sleepy Hollow farm where Henry got his start, the beautiful and modern studios and reception room of KFNF, of course, and other things they are glad to tell of and brag about.

* * *

Frank Hodek and his Nightingale Orchestra always present a novel program from WOW. The other evening he offered what he called a bird program, during which we heard all the old black-bird numbers of 1929 and the ever-current blue birds, not overlooking the humming bird. He even dedicated a program to Commander Byrd of arctic whereabouts.

WBAP Boasts New Studio, Fine Plans for All Programs

THERE is a broadcasting station down in the Southwest that is having a hard time getting a hat to fit its head these days. A mighty proud organization is WBAP at Fort Worth, for hasn't it moved into a brand new studio on the top floor of the new Blackstone hotel?

Not only is the new studio new in everything, but it's modern, up to the minute, not only in equipment but in decoration and idea. The colors are bright and cheery, those in the ensemble studio and reception room being a bright red, with the furniture upholstered in red. Even the piano is finished in the favorite Chinese color.

When the designers came to the solo studio they went a step farther. They decided that modern wasn't enough, and carried out their designs in the futuristic. Ever try to describe a futuristic setting? It can't be done. But with all these guesses toward the days to come, comfort for the artists at the studio was not neglected, and a roomy lounge for their exclusive use has been provided.

Word comes from the executive offices of the station, also located in the Blackstone, that the folks are all mighty proud of their outfit, which is one of the handsomest and most up to date in all the Southwest.

Even though The Hired Hand is taking a vacation from the microphone and giving his tonsils a long and needed rest, WBAP is a mighty busy place. In addition to the local features it is carrying a rather full schedule of National Broadcasting company programs. In fact, in cooperation with WFAA of Dallas, Texas, with which WBAP splits time, practically all of the NBC programs available for the Southwest are offered.

A new feature started last summer known as "Prissy and Jack" has taken hold and now boasts a great popularity with listeners. This is a serial written by Charles Harris of the editorial staff of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Record-Telegram. It is a modernization of the historical characters, Priscilla Mullins and John Alden. The story portrays the romance of a flapper stenographer and a soda jerker, and occupies a fifteen minute period each afternoon.

Another popular station feature at WBAP, known as the Home Hour, includes a string trio playing semi-classical and ballad numbers. The personnel of this group is Michael Cooles, violin, Walter Caughey, 'cello, and Ted Graves, piano. These programs are broadcast daily between eleven and eleven forty-five in the morning.

A rather unique organization known as the Melody Four, a male quartet composed of Negro musicians of Fort Worth under the direction of H. R. Johnson, also has a large following. They feature not only popular and classical numbers, but, of course, the Spirituals, a field in which they excel.

Once a week may be heard from WBAP the "C" Group, featuring the tunes of yesteryear, popular, semi-classical and classical. When this group was organized two years ago every person's name started with the letter "C" which gave rise to the name "C" Group. Some of the "C's" have gone but the name remains. It is under the direction of Charles Croxton, baritone. Even though the names have changed, "C" group is still mighty popular. Director Croxton is to be congratulated on that task, keeping a feature popular.



LUCKY thespians at KOA, Denver. Charming Iris Ruth Gilmore is dramatic director at the station, and what a pleasure it must be to work for her. Rehearsals at KOA are something to look forward to.

"Dad" Is Favorite Fiddler at WJAG

"DAD" PARKER, old-time fiddler, is a pronounced favorite with the rural listeners from station WJAG at Norfolk, Nebraska.

Like the Radio station, "Dad" Parker is a pioneer fiddler. Years ago, when Nebraska had no automobiles, and dance barns were popular, "Dad" Parker entertained in many a hay-loft and at many a barn dance. Now he plays the same music from the Radio station each day, and is leader of an old-time orchestra. "Dad" Parker has the record of never failing to play an old-time request number, having at his command practically all of the old-time tunes familiar to those who used to dance back in the '80's. He is a regular artist on the station of WJAG.

Gene Arnold boasts of holding what is probably a record for "ad lib" programs. It was during the Sunday morning Sunshine period at WENR. Gene was at the mike when suddenly the control room reported the reproducing machine was burned out. Of the sixty records scheduled for broadcast only twelve had been played. There were no artists or musicians in the studio at the time and Mr. Arnold had to assume the role of a one man staff. He sang all the songs he knew, told stories, recited poetry for over two hours and was amazed the next day to receive hundreds of letters congratulating him on his excellent performance. It was a wonderful chance to show his versatility, but do you envy Gene?

Announcing another embryo announcer. Don Malin, musical director and announcer at WLS, is the proud father of John William, now three months old, and John William promises to be a "chip off the old block" for he started broadcasting about his arrival the first day. Looks like Don's night work won't all be confined to lullabys from the WLS studios.



Studio Hostess at KOA Has Some Fun

Lucile Fowler tells a good one. KOA seems to be a mecca for visitors to Denver and little Lucile often draws the assignment of showing them around the studio and answering any and all questions that come up. The visitors are of all kinds and classes. One day an especially gawky lad from the mountains stumbled over the door sill. The hay seed still dangling from his hair, he was all open-mouthed wonder at all he saw. One of the grand pianos in the main studio especially caught his eye. After he had examined it from casters to name plate he turned to Lucile and asked, "What is this thing?" Now I ask you, what can a girl do?

The Eskimos may pull a string attached to a can when they want the sound of a barking dog, but it has remained for KOA to discover Radio's Rin Tin Tin. He is Gene Lindberg, continuity writer and a former newspaper man. He developed his barking talent in student shows at the University of Colorado several years ago, before he was eliminated by the faculty for editing a scandal edition of the campus paper.



Gene, on the left, towers some six feet, but since bodily size makes no difference to the microphone, he is as good in poodle as in Great Dane roles. He prefers the big roles, however, if it is all the same to the director. The young lady at the right of the photo shares Gene's woes and joys—she is his wife.

The golf championship of WLS will not be decided until next season. Don Malin, musical director, works in the afternoon and late evening while Leonard Reinsch, his only rival, works in the morning and early evening. The verbal golf match between them ended in a draw when Don had to go in the studio to announce a program and Leonard had to write some publicity. However, next season both promise to break par, or something else, if necessary, and the chances are it will be something else.

THE Far West Has Advantage of Drawing on "Talkies" for Talent to Appear Before its Microphones.

Jamboree "Sell-out" at KFRC Open House

ASK any Radio fan on the West Coast if he ever listens to KFRC's Blue Monday Jamboree and the answer will be, "I'll say I do—never miss it!" The Jamboree is an institution on the coast. It originates at KFRC in San Francisco and is carried over the Don Lee Broadcasting system to Los Angeles and Fresno, California, every Monday from 8:00 to 10:00.

Any production manager will tell you that it's "tough" to carefully rehearse a program and make it sound impromptu. On the contrary it's very easy to gather a "flock" of artists in a studio, do a "catch as catch can" and present an impromptu frolic. But the KFRC Jamboree is a combination of both—it's a well rehearsed, carefully thought out variety program that actually sounds impromptu.

About a year ago someone thought it would be "nice" to invite the audience to a public Jamboree to be held in the beautiful Cadillac-LaSalle showrooms of the Don Lee building where the station is located. Seven thousand five hundred fans accepted the invitation and "sardined" their way in. Two days later when 15 workmen had scrubbed the tile floor, revarnished the building's woodwork, replaced a plate-glass window; when 10 beautiful motor cars had been sent to the paint shop for refinishing and when the Jamboree staff had begun to convalesce from the onslaught, KFRC was convinced that the Jamboree was popular.

But the following Monday the staff realized that something had been started that was going to be difficult to tactfully finish. All of the friends of the guests of the previous Monday onslaught put in their unexpected appearance, assuming that they could invade the sacred confines of the main studio and see the action. Then began the task of getting the idea over to some hundreds that this after all, was Radio business, not a theatre and—diplomatically—that they were cordially invited to take a front row seat in front of their loudspeakers.

But that didn't satisfy. The seige continued Monday after Monday until it was finally decided to permit 40 people "behind the scenes" each week. Reservations were made by mail and at the present time the Jamboree audience is "sold out" eight months ahead.

Phil and Anne Brae are a charming young married couple who have put their every day experiences and life together to a profitable use. They recently celebrated their first birthday as stars of the Good as Gold hour at WOR. holding for months the fan mail record at the station. Anne, who writes the entire sketch, originated the idea. "Nowadays," she says, "when Phil and I get into an argument we make a sketch of it. Married friends tell us their troubles and many young wives and husbands write them. Naturally we avail ourselves of their humorous sides." Smart girl, Anne. Tell her what your wife said—?

PACIFIC COAST IS MECCA for Many



ALL four members of the KPO Carolers are well known personalities. Left to right, Urban Hartman, Refa Miller, Mildred Baily and Harvey Orr. They are heard in pleasing bits of ballads and semi-classical numbers.

KPO Carolers a Hit

THE KPO Carolers, with pleasing bits of ballads and semi-classic numbers, have made a great hit. All four members of the team are well-known Radio personalities and have been heard often as soloists. Refa Miller, the soprano, has toured the world in comic opera. Urban Hartman, tenor, is an old vaudeville favorite. Harvey Orr, baritone, has had a colorful stage career on the West Coast, while Mildred Baily, pianist and contralto, has been in Radio work for some time.

"Singing Smithy" Joins KGW Staff

UNDER the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stood—at his anvil in the town of Pilot Rock, Oregon. Apparently Ted A. Roy, "the singing blacksmith," was forging not a horseshoe but a microphone for today he is a staff member of the Oregonian's station and broadcasts daily the voice that won him nationwide fame and some fortune in the 1927 Atwater Kent contest.

Ted, who is a senior at Oregon Agricultural college, won his metallurgical title because for the past few summers smithing was his business. Though rising swiftly to musical fame he went back to the forge where for 35 years his father shod horses.

Roy, whose voice reaches out to the Hill Billies in the far Northwest, has a fitting musical companion in Lucille Kirtley, soprano, also a member of KGW's staff. Lucille, unlike most Radio sopranos, is said never to have burned out the voice coil in anyone's dynamic

speaker. Her girlhood spent in Kentucky apparently equipped her with a gentility of enunciation that keeps even the arch foes of aerial sopranos from dialling her out. And looks! Paul R. Heitmeyer, KGW's new manager, thanks the Lord daily that the station has no television transmitter. If the listeners could see Lucille they'd kidnap her—at least so Paul thinks.

Lucille gets a few letters of praise now and then. (No one ever writes telling her to shut up.) But Sid Goodwin, KGW's new chief announcer, is the man who gets a mail that necessitates the use here of the oft-heard and seldom believed phrase "thousands of letters."

KGW claims one distinction on which it absolutely will not back water, and that is in having in its household hints department a woman who really knows about households and how to run them. A glance might make anyone think that Betty Baker broadcasts beauty hints, but not so; her line is recipes and the like. She was graduated in Home economics from the University of Oregon. She is on the air daily.

KHQ listeners will soon be enjoying a series of dramatic episodes weekly. The production will be under Jean Paul King's direction, who handled this work for the San Francisco studios of the NBC for many months. Auditions are being held in the studios and many new effects, never before heard on the air, are being tried out. No one author is being chosen to write the dramas, as the character is to change from week to week, a melodrama one week, a love story the next. Several members of the KHQ staff will be used and the programs are to have musical background.



JENNINGS DOUGLAS PIERCE, Jr., gives the countersign "Ah—Goo" on the occasion of his audition test at the NBC San Francisco studios. His proud daddy is chief announcer for the NBC at the Golden Gate.

Spanish Songs Not Spanish, Really

SPANISH songs are—Spanish songs to almost everybody, but not to Virginia Flohri, featured soprano of KFI. Virginia rises indignantly in defense, or offense, take your choice, of the titles given to the songs now much in vogue. "Properly speaking," says Miss Flohri, "there is no such thing as a 'Spanish' song. But there are Catalan songs, Asturian songs, Andalusian songs, songs of Malaga, Valencia, Extremadura. From America we have typical rhythms and melodies which are really provincial in origin and character but which are labeled Spanish because the lyrics are often in that language.

"But they are not Spanish. Their tonalities, their rhythms and their melodies are all distinct and strongly featured according to different localities and races. For instance, the popular song Estrellita is of strong Mexican character, just as Mi Viejo Amor. Then again, the popular La Paloma is of distinct Cuban flavor, its rhythm being that of a habanera."

Six announcers for one station is the boast of KHQ. Billy Sherwood and Harry Lantry are heard in the morning, Harvey Wixson, Willis Higley and Jack Chapman in the afternoons, and Jean Paul King at night. Wixson and Higley are staff singers. Chapman, aside from his microphone duties, is commercial manager, and Harry Lantry, manager.

Chapman remembers the day when he alone handled the work. Lantry was added to the staff, King has been at KHQ nearly a year and the others are recent additions to the staff.

"At any rate," says Louis Wasmer, the station's owner, "KHQ listeners don't have a chance to tire of our announcers' voices."

* * *

Walt and Winn, popular harmony team of KHQ, now known as the Cambrian Dutch Doughboys, tried out a few special arrangements over the air the other evening. Now nearly seventy-five per cent of the requests which are telephoned and written to them are designated as "special arrangements." The boys are rehearsing several hours daily for their half hour program.

Land of Dreams is Brought to Earth

THE LAND OF DREAMS has been brought to earth. That's not as fantastic as it sounds, for Orville Goldner created and drilled the little folks from Fairy Land who live in "The Air Castle" and who entertain children and grown-ups every evening from KHJ, Los Angeles, KFRC, San Francisco and KMJ, Fresno for a personal appearance not so long ago.

The "Air Castle" was staged with its magic bell, which causes things to happen mysteriously, and all the characters as originally created by Baron Keys, The Story Man of KHJ. They were introduced by their author. Clickety-Clack, Bugler Murphy, Happy Duck, President Pip, The Gold Knight, Yip the little dog with the bag of tricks, Mumbo Gumbo the cannibal, and Mimba the monkey were all present. Even the tower itself was reminiscent of Fairy Land, with its minarets, towers, walls, banners, arms, shields and swords.

Goldner, the man who took these characters from the Land of Dreams, is one of the foremost marionette designers and builders in the country. He has been identified with this type of work in a national enterprise using marionettes in motion pictures. He has handled marionette shows in various parts of the country and has been active on the Pacific coast for the past five years. He joined the staff of the Don Lee-KHJ station last summer. There he made it possible for the famous little characters of the "Air Castle" to appear in person. Listeners were enabled to see them as well as hear them talk, sing, dance and do everything that children could desire from these little characters they had learned to know and love over the air.

Ranger's Dog Is Radio Enthusiast

EVEN the dogs get lonely during the winter months in the wilds of Glacier National park. At the Belly River Ranger station Joe Heimes has a huskie dog that has found Radio an excellent cure for the ennui that comes with the snow. She now enjoys listening at all seasons.

Belly River is a lonely Rocky Mountain post during the winter months and the dog Nellie has become accustomed to joining her master listening to the programs broadcast daily from the "great outside world." The dog likes orchestra music best of all but will listen attentively to the spoken human voice in whatever happens to be on the air.

Heimes fastens the receivers to the dog's ears when listening time comes. The other evening while the ranger was preparing supper the dog pawed the receiver from the little stand and got one of her ears down on the floor against the headpiece, listening patiently for sound. The ranger watched her with quiet amusement for a time before tuning in a station. The result was a sudden burst of animal growls. The huskie's neck hair stood up straight and she viewed the apparatus fiercely. Suddenly she sprang upon the receiver and would have chewed it to pieces if Heimes hadn't rescued it.

The unwelcome program happened to be a duet by trained seals that was being broadcast from New York. The ranger is careful now in selecting a harmonious program for his wolf dog of the North, for Radio sets can't be purchased across the street.

Dramatic Critic on the Air at KFI Proves Popular Feature

PROFESSIONAL criticism, once the exclusive property of newspapers and magazines, has been made a Radio program feature at KFI, Los Angeles. Carl Haverlin, manager of the California station, recently carried out an experiment which inaugurated broadcasting of dramatic criticisms by Edwin August.

Mr. August, actor, director and playwright both on stage and screen, was invited to view a play starring Ethel Barrymore and review the performance for the Radio audience. As courageous as he is talented, Mr. August accepted the assignment and proceeded to deliver an opinion of the play which in freshness, accuracy and justice delighted his listeners.

A heavy mail was the immediate result. The review was liberally praised for its honesty, clarity, and outspoken appreciation of the roles well interpreted and criticism of those which fell below the standard.

Tabloid Plays on Program at KFWB

A RECENT addition to the Tuesday night programs at Warner Brothers' Radio Station KFWB, Hollywood, entitled "Great Moments from Great Plays" has met with such an enthusiastic reception that Manager Gerald King has decided to continue it indefinitely.

This offering consists of condensed versions of classical and standard dramas presented by the distinguished stage and screen star, Herbert Heyes with whom is associated Mildred Von Hollen, Zeffie Tilbury, Wyndham Standing and Eugene Strong.

Owing to the fact that those artists are engaged in important screen productions and have their evenings free,



HERBERT HEYES, KFWB

Mr. Heyes has been able to secure their services, an achievement which would be difficult outside of Hollywood.

The tabloid editions so far presented include Othello, The Merchant of Venice, Ingomar the Barbarian, The Lady of Lyons, The School for Scandal, Don Caesar De Bazan and The Bells.



THE "Jazz Stylists" of KPO have taken the Far West by storm. Tommy Monroe and Bob Allen, or the "Sixteen Forty Boys," as they are known on the air, are quite some lads when they start singing and playing.

KPO Has Peppy Team

"THE Sixteen Forty Boys" have taken the West Coast by storm. Tommy Monroe and Bob Allen are some boys when they sit down to tickling the piano keys and singing a piece or two. Tommy is the singer of the team, while Bob, the other member of the "Jazz Stylists" as these KPO artists term themselves, is a pianist and composer. Besides appearing three nights a week before the mike they make records for Columbia.

Old Fiddlers Galore

OLD Fiddlers abound in the great Northwest, the State College of Washington proved for the fourth time this year when twenty men entered the contest. That the entries would be "sure enough" old timers the rules specified that the musician must be at least fifty years old. In addition he had to live within a 100 miles of Pullman, Washington, and must play at least six minutes before the microphone at KWSC, furnishing his own accompanist.

Merchants in Pullman furnished the prizes awarded the winners of the contest. The awards included almost everything from hair cuts to half soles, totalling 141, and everyone won something.

The winners were selected by popular vote of the station audience. Ballots were received from every county in Washington, and Oregon, as well as many towns in California, Montana, Utah, Nevada, and British Columbia.

* * *

Emelia da Prato, the young lyric soprano of San Francisco, is back on the coast after two years of intensive study for an operative career. Emelia came to America from Lucca, Italy, when she was only three years old. She lived with her parents in south Frisco and was a little bundle of sunshine when she was so small she had to stand on a table to attract attention. The whole Italian colony used to flock to hear her

sing. Miss da Prato yearned for a career in opera through her school and working days and the contest of 1927 gave her a chance. She easily won in the state, later being awarded second place in the National finals. Reinald Werrenrath says she has a remarkable lyric soprano voice and that she has a "singing mind."

KOMO Engineer Composes Music as Avocation

JUST because most of a man's training has been along mechanical lines is no reason he can't become a musical composer, avers Robert Flagler, control operator at KOMO. His own experience bears out his claim, for he has achieved success as a song writer.

At a very early age Flagler showed strong mechanical tendencies. All of his interest in grade school was confined to the manual training shops and his teachers couldn't even get him to sing during the musical periods. By the time he was twelve years old he had constructed a wireless set and got a good start on his future career. At the age of sixteen he was wireless operator on the steamer President Grant. For the past two years he has been Radio operator at the Seattle station.

"A year ago," Flagler says, "I couldn't even carry a tune. Now I am studying music, not because I have any ambition to become a Radio artist, but because I find it a fascinating diversion. To me the technical side is far more interesting than studio performance."

Environment will tell, though. A short time ago Flagler astonished the KOMO family by bringing in a song he had composed. Fred Lynch was enthusiastic about its charming melody and introduced it to the Radio audience.

"Just a Dreamer" is the title of this composition which is soon to be published. Musical critics who have heard it declare that the author has real creative ability.

Canadian Station Is Growing

J. Arthur Dupont Is Director of CKAC

J. ARTHUR DUPONT, station director and chief announcer of station CKAC, Montreal, to use his own words, "inherited the position" upon the resignation of J. A. Cartier three years ago. Since that time there has been considerable expansion in and around CKAC and the latest development is the building of a new five kilowatt station located at St. Hyacinthe, thirty miles out of Montreal.

Mr. Dupont has been five years with the station and is one of the youngest men in the Dominion to be in such a position as he now holds. He is 27 years of age, unmarried and finds his greatest relaxation in automobile touring and in swimming. His bilingual ability has stood him in good stead. Readers will recall his remarkable achievement in the past season in broadcasting play-by-play reports of hockey games, in both languages. Mr. Dupont is so enthusiastic about CKAC's new station that he won't say much about himself. He points out that the new site was chosen as a result of careful study by the engineer-in-chief, Mr. Leonard Spencer, in co-operation with representatives of the Radio Branch of the Dominion Government.

The new station cost \$200,000 and is one of the few high powered newspaper stations in Canada. CKAC has an exclusive wave length of 410.7 meters and is on the air seven days a week. It is stated that the power obtainable is eighteen times that given by the old equipment.

Broadcasting is done by remote control, the studios where the artists perform being located in the Bank of Commerce building at the corner of St. Catherine West and Metcalfe Streets, Montreal.

Another feature of CKAC which Mr. Dupont is boasting of is the new station orchestra. The La Presse station has recently engaged an orchestra of 25 picked musicians, attached to the studio on a permanent basis. CKAC is the only station in Canada which can boast of such a feature.

U. S. Girls at CNRA

LAST summer a group of American girls, all from the vicinity of New York, decided to have a real vacation in the north woods of Canada. They discovered just the place they were looking for at Camp Hermit Thrush, near Elgin, New Brunswick, Canada, in the heart of the great outdoors.

Included in the group at Camp Hermit Thrush was Miriam Campbell, head guide of the Woodcraft League of America, and, incidentally a master of arts, and a lecturer in garden and nature subjects. One day the opportunity presented itself to broadcast a program on woodcraft from Radio station CNRA of the Canadian National Railways chain at Moncton, New Brunswick. So Miss Campbell took a little group with her over to the studio and put on an exceedingly interesting program.

Besides Miss Campbell, whose home is in Staten Island, New York, Selma Gerhard, Scarsdale, Westchester, N. Y., Beatrice DeMille, Elizabeth Weber, Helen Warner and Elizabeth Hurlburt, all of Manhattan, took part in the program.

virtue of the advice received over the air he governs his plans for marketing.

Radio programs are broadcast in Canada by 87 stations. Thirteen of these are owned by the Canadian National railways, which owns the only transcontinental system of wires under one direction adapted for broadcasting. There are more than 1,000 other transmitting stations in the Dominion such as amateur, experimental, private, commercial, training school, aircraft and ship stations.

One of the achievements of the past summer for uniting the best interests of United States and Canadian broadcasting has been the tie-in by Canadian stations with the great trans-continental chains. This has been both by the wire and the wax systems.

"I believe it is of more than ordinary significance," said Mr. R. W. Ashcroft, manager of CKGW, Toronto. "We will find friendly Radio waves smile at international boundaries."



FRED KENT, popular piano accordionist who specializes in Italian melodies as well as being an exponent of popular melodies. He is heard from CKLC, Calgary.

Radio Great Help in Rural Canada

RESIDENTS of the rural districts of Canada are finding Radio an exceedingly valuable aid in the settling of the 240 million acres of land which are yet unplowed. Besides giving many advantages for entertainment and culture that were previously limited to the larger settlements, the pioneers find much of practical service in the broadcasts.

From the many American stations heard in Canada as well as from the broadcasters in the Dominion the farmer gets much that is of real value in his everyday life. The Radio gives him the weather forecast, market reports, talks on agricultural subjects, and a great deal of practical information that is useful to him in a business way. He may plan his investing or other farming operations according to the weather forecasts. By

MARCELLA

Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask Her About the Stars You Admire

TALK about women having a real chance for a career in Radio! Here's a girl who was well on her way to doing great things in the diplomatic service changing her mind and going in for broadcasting.

Pattie Field, first woman to hold a vice consularship in the service of the United States, has resigned to accept a position with the National Broadcasting company.

From vice consul at Amsterdam to industrial research work in the sales, promotion department of the NBC is quite a change, but Miss Field is going to have an opportunity to use her experience. Much of the work she handled during three and one half years in Holland was industrial research and investigation.

The little lady is only 28 years old and says she "wants to grow up with Radio." She has a charming personality and had the entire corps at Amsterdam at her feet. She is a native of Denver, the daughter of E. B. Field, Jr., former president of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph company.

The Silver Masked Tenor is back in New York again, and you can hear him on the NBC programs, Getta McClellan. You may hear him and not be certain that it is your man in the silver mask, unless you have a good ear for voices, for he often sings under his own name, Joseph White. He has only recently returned from a two year tour with the Silvertown Cord orchestra. You will be happy to know that your old friends Ford and Glenn are prospering so that they have added a third member to their team and are now known as Ford and Glenn and Gene at the WLW studios, where they are appearing. And Getta, Ralph Emerson is, besides being chief organist at WLS, chief organist on the "world's largest organ" at the Chicago Stadium. He is on the air from 6:30 to 7 every evening, and on the WLS Merry-Go-Round Saturday afternoons.

Doretta Guerin inquires about Jack Crawford and his recording orchestra. As far as we can find out he is now touring the country and what little broadcasting he does is not from any single station, but he goes on the air wherever and whenever he feels like it.

Everett George Opie pulled a surprise on his friends a short time ago when he announced that he and Ollene Andresen had made a visit to the preacher. It was quite a thrilling romance and certainly should win some sort of a prize for its speed. A very short time after Opie became the Town Crier for WJJD he discovered that the station director had a mighty attractive secretary. In four short weeks Everett and Ollene

were married by Dr. Preston Bradley, pastor of the People's Church of Chicago and a pioneer broadcaster of religious services. Mrs. Opie hails from Elgin, Illinois, and is a graduate of the University of Illinois.

Everett says that he is busier than ever now that he has a household to keep him on the jump. He prepares commercial Radio continuities at WJJD, directs dramatic productions and announces feature programs. On the outside he is working on a series of musical and dramatic features which will cover broadcast by television. In between times he has been writing a book on Radio production which is scheduled for publication very shortly.

Opie first made a name for himself while with WBO in Chicago. The National Broadcasting company thought he was so good they induced him to join the staff of their Chicago studio. From the NBC he went up to St. Paul to become one of the big moguls at KSTP, where he stayed until something told him WJJD offered a great attraction. He found her.

The newest addition to the staff of KGW, the Oregonian, is Archie Presby, Archie escaped being an ABC casualty by signing his contract a few days before the dissolution of the chain.

Wee Willie Robyn received a ten-foot fan letter the other day from a lass who calls herself the "Wee Lady from Worcester." She has been writing to the diminutive tenor of Roxy's Gang at the rate of two letters a week for the past four years. One day she decided to write everything she ever wanted to say and the result was a closely written masterpiece measuring ten feet in length, nearly twice as long as Willie is tall. Wonder what the "Wee Lady" from Worcester had to say? And wouldn't you like to know?

Well, Imogene of Lone Jack, Missouri, here is the low-down on Everett Lindstrom, the KSTP Troubadour. Everett is 27 years old, about medium height, rather boyish looking, with light brown hair and sparkling blue eyes. He has a "smile" in his voice that you will be crazy about. Everett's only love is for his 16-string harp guitar over which you have heard him croon. He has returned to his former activities as assistant trainer in athletics at the University of Minnesota, but is still on the air at KSTP.

KGW announcers are taking elocution lessons under the direction of Isabel Stout, who is the leading lady of the KGW players. Sid Goodwin, chief announcer, who doesn't need lessons, is somewhat skeptical of elocution teachers but he agrees that to say "tew" into the mike makes a sound more like "2" than does "too."

Paul Johnson has resigned from regular duty as studio director of KSTP to take up the practice of medicine and surgery. Not that we wish anyone any bad luck, but we sure hope the practice is good up there in St. Paul. Another little wish is that Paul doesn't devote all of his time to the sick, but can spare a few minutes now and then for his old friend mike.

Johnson was a pioneer announcer in Northwest Radio. He began at WBAH in 1922 and six months later went to WLAG in Minneapolis as chief announcer. When WCCO purchased the station Paul remained at the microphone until he joined the KSTP staff in March of 1928. Many of the celebrities of the world have been introduced to the Radio audience by Johnson, including Marshall Foch, President Coolidge, General Pershing, Amundsen, Schumann-Heink, David Lloyd George, and a host of others.

"I like you as an aunt, but I'd like you better still as a mother," wrote a 17 year old Filipino boy from Manila to Aunt Betty (Ruth Thompson) of KGO. "If you will send me third class fare I'll come to the United States, get a job and be your son." And he enclosed his picture. And this Filipino lad is only one of the 5,000 children to whom Ruth is an aunt. What a job!

Maud Graham Marshall, who was KGW's Town Crier, has left, voluntarily, for Los Angeles. If she doesn't land in Radio she may return to school teaching. Radio's loss would sure be the school kiddie's gain.

Wendell Hall, my dear Celesta and Pattie, is not exactly good looking, but he has something that makes you like him, and, on the other hand, he might be considered quite good looking,—it all depends on whose eyes you are looking through. Some three or four years ago Wendell Hall and a sweet young thing stepped up before the microphone, accompanied by a preacher, and he has been happily married ever since.

The "Red Headed Music-Maker" is red headed, and don't let anyone tell you differently. And the color is natural and inheritable, apparently, since his baby boy is also crimson topped. The infant Hall was born on his daddy's birthday. Still interested in how Papa Hall looks, girls? Well, he is five feet eleven inches tall and has bright blue eyes. You know about his hair already. He has several musical talents, can play the piano, ukulele and other instruments, and his crooning songs—well, it's just too bad. His only vice is cigars, which he likes big and strong, but pipes and cigarets are seldom his choice.



Broadcasting company.



measuring ten feet in length, nearly twice as long as Willie is tall. Wonder what the "Wee Lady" from Worcester had to say? And wouldn't you like to know?



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Radio has lured another luminary of the musical world to its doors. Clarence C. Moore who has made broadcasting his hobby for the past five years, has joined the staff of KOA, Denver, as bass soloist, actor, program builder and announcer. Clarence is a western product, having been born in Denver. He attended Culver, Denver university and Case school of applied science. He still retains an interest in the hardware and iron company his grandfather founded but devotes all of his time to Radio. He has sung leading roles in all Denver Music Week association operas of the past few years, is a church soloist, and has been singing with the KOA light opera company and the Arcadians mixed quartet.

Jack Barnet lays claim to being the worst Radio nut in Portland. He carries a portable receiver in his sedan wherever he goes. He takes it canoeing with his girl. He takes it flying with Tex Rankin. He plays it on the banks of streams while he is fishing. He even took it to a prize fight and while he watched the fighters he listened to a baseball broadcast. Can you beat it?

After a successful tour of the east Gretchen Brendel has returned to KPO and resumed her contralto solos and ensemble singing. Gretchen has a quality of voice that is peculiarly well adapted to broadcasting. For a number of years she was popular with audiences in the Keith-Orpheum theatres. She has also been soloist for Leo Ornstein, renowned pianist, during his New York appearances. Miss Brendel replaces Myrtle Leonard on the KPO mixed quartet.

Pat Flanagan was nearly mobbed the other day, and the mob was feminine at that. Baseball fans—but we're getting ahead of the story. Pat was riding in a crowded street car not so long ago when a cheery feminine voice spoke up. "Hello, Pat Flanagan of WBBM, you look just like your pictures." Pat said he had no idea so many women liked baseball until every girl, young and old, in that car stood up and started his way. Everyone of them claimed to have listened to his baseball broadcasts, especially when the Cubs were on the road. Now Pat, you shouldn't be so charming, really you shouldn't. It isn't fair to take advantage of your bachelor reputation and make the girls suffer so.

Annabelle Jones Rose has been holding out on the fans. For two years she has been singing love songs over KGO with crushing results upon the young swains of the Radio audience. Now it comes out that Reba Swan and Annabelle are one and the same person. Congratulations are due to Mrs. Rose on the double reputation she has built for herself at the San Francisco station.

Ruth Messmer, KOIN blues singer, is one of those girls preferred by gentlemen, and a striking one, too. The song writers have supplied plenty of numbers depicting a lady in distress, and the effective way in which Ruth sends out SOS is positively alarming.

Two girls out in Evergreen Park, Ill., have been very much worried about what has happened to some of the artists they used to hear at WHT. I'm glad you asked, Dorothy and Louise, because lots of other people want to know too, but are too bashful to write and ask me. Ambrose Larry Larson is at WGN, and Warren Birkenhead is also still in Chicago, but he is with the NBC studios. Martha Linn is off the air entirely, and it's a shame, too. I'm trying to get a picture of Blue Emil for you, but he says he hasn't one that does him justice, so I'm afraid you will have to wait until he visits the photographer, and that probably means next month.

Gordon Onstad, tenor, is with the Oregonian's Radio station, KGW. Gordon, like Archie Presby, signed some days in advance of the dissolution of the ABC chain. Atta boy, Gordon!

Belle Baker is a stunning brunette who knocks 'em out visually as well as vocally. The former Ziegfeld star is said to have one of the best Radio voices in America, as many a loud speaker all over the country will testify. Belle's popularity is attested by the tremendous vote that recently made her one of the leaders in a national poll for the most popular vaudeville artist. Belle, who has appeared on Radio-Keith-Orpheum request programs, is a comedienne of no mean ability. Look her over.

I almost forgot, (but I wouldn't really, Getta), that Mrs. McClellan wants to know where Henry Burr can be heard. Mr. Burr is a tenor who has long been connected with the Victor Talking Machine company. He is known as one of the "eight popular Victor artists." He is not listed as a regular studio artist but can be heard from time to time on NBC programs.

Marjorie Anne of Waukegan wants to know whether Marion and Jim Jordan of WENR are man and wife. Well, Marjorie Anne, the story of Marion and Jim makes quite a pretty little romance. They both were born in Peoria, Illinois, where they first became acquainted. Now they are happily married. Jim has been an entertainer all his life, except for a short time when he tried selling. He and Marion had a harmony singing act in vaudeville until one day they were dared to stand in front of the mike at WIBO. Since then they have been on the air.

They certainly make a cute couple. Marion is a tiny little thing, only five feet four inches with her French heels. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Jim himself is no giant, standing only five feet six inches in his socks. His hobby is fishing, but he likes baseball and swimming 'most as well.

Jim says that he is no relation of Corine Jordan of KSTP and doesn't even know the lady. Wonder if Marion had anything to say about that?

A honeymoon recently kept Robert Simmons, NBC tenor, away from the microphone. It wasn't his own honeymoon, at that, but that of his parents, which makes it still more complicated. It seems the Rev. Richard Simmons, Methodist minister, finally found time for a honeymoon, and Robert's mother insisted on taking their grown son with them into the Adirondacks.

Walking through the corridors back stage at the Capitol theatre one day Major Edward Bowes heard a sweet tenor voice. He listened for a few minutes and then looked into the dressing room. He saw a tall, handsome young man, with dark, dreamy eyes, donning the resplendent uniform of doorman. Such was the discovery of William I. Carrigan, lyric tenor on Bowes' Capitol Family, broadcast through NBC. William, besides being too good looking to be safe, is only twenty-four years old. He is still studying at the Damrosch school and recently won a scholarship. Some people have all the luck.

Friend Louise out in Lincoln, Nebraska, has been waiting a long time to hear all about Ted Husing, I know. I have been so rushed these fall days that I hardly know where I am. But here is all the dope about good-looking Ted. Guess I'd better break the big news first, Louise. Ted has been married for five years and is the proud papa of a mighty pretty three-year-old girl. The senior Husing is about five feet, eleven inches tall, has dark brown hair and an olive complexion. And Ted just loves to dress up, going in for all the ultra-modern effects. He can't sing much or play a guitar or anything, but how he can dance! (That ought to be spelled with capital letters.) Ted is really a better buck and wing dancer, to say nothing of soft shoe shuffler, than many a "big shot" on the musical comedy stage. "The Playboy of the Columbia System," as he is known, is the chief announcer of that chain, and is one highly temperamental lad.

As to your other question, Louise, the mails seem to be on a strike out in Kansas, or else your friend, Dee D. Denver, Jr., is a very bashful specimen, for I haven't been able to find out one single little thing about him. Have patience yet a little longer and the streets of Lincoln shall ring with the echoes of his life. I promise you.

Caroline Andrews really loves to sing. One of the visitors to the NBC New York studios recently proved this. Caroline had just finished a program and was on her way to the elevator when the visitor stopped her in the corridor. "I like your voice, Miss Andrews, it is wonderful." Caroline was so pleased that she sang for her admirer right there in the hall of the building. A little thing like that makes the world a better place to live in, doesn't it?

There is a handsome young man down at KDYL who is going to be in a bad way one of these days when some girl's heart flutters a bit too hard at thought of him. Tom Barbre has only one vice, girls, and as that one tends to label him as a he-man, you shouldn't mind. He does insist on smoking strong pipes that smell to high heaven. But he is good looking.

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.

HUMOR from the Studios

Being Amusing Bits of Gossip and Snappy Stories of Life and Fun in the Studios

By P. H. W. DIXON

WHENEVER a cartoonist runs out of ideas he draws a picture of a Radio announcer doing his stuff and does tricks with his pen to create the impression of static. Whenever a joke manufacturer spills his favorite inspiration, he dashes off a few lines at the expense of Radio. Old John W. Public reads 'em and laughs and then twirls the dials on the five-tube set with his usual enthusiasm. But the cartoonists and alleged humorists don't know the half of it. In fact they don't know the one-half of one per cent of it in the matter of laughs pertaining to broadcasting. Up on New York's Fifth Avenue in the vicinity of \$10,000 necklaces and coffee at 20 cents a cup there's a dignified new building with the mystic number of 711. The Manhattan home of the National Broadcasting Company, no less. From the eleventh floor to the roof of this building life is just one amusing incident after another if the stories told—and some of them whispered—are true. The announcers tell them, the Radio artists tell them, and the pretty young ladies who greet the visiting public with a smile tell them.

For instance, there's the story of the Soprano Who Insulted an Announcer.

The soprano in this case was a somewhat excitable lady from Poland. Her Radio recital was to last fifteen minutes and she was told to have several songs ready in addition to her regular program in case extra numbers were needed to fill in the time on the air. She completed her program and had three minutes left to fill. The announcer walked over and, in a whisper, asked her the name of the selection she would sing.

"Leetle White Donkey" said the soprano, giving the announcer the Polish equivalent of a dirty look.

"But, Madame," said the announcer, "we must have the name of your next selection."

"Leetle White Donkey!" said the soprano, this time with some vehemence.

"But, Madame, this is no time for personal remarks," and his voice was deadly calm. "You must tell me the name of your next song."

Madame gave the announcer a look of despair and then snatched a piece of music from the rack in front of her.

"Look" she said.

And the title of the song was "The Little White Donkey."

THEN there's another story that might be called the Announcer Who Insulted a Soprano—only it was unintentional.

This particular singer had just finished her recital and the high notes still were echoing through the studio. At the moment she ended her song word came that the station was to go off the air because of an S.O.S. call. The announcer was on the job.

"You have just listened to Madama Kola Ratura, soprano soloist," said the announcer. "We will now stand by for distress signals."

THE Radio engineers, too, have their stories. This one came all the way from Houston and concerns the national convention of the late, lamented Democratic party.

The engineers in charge of the Houston end of the broadcast of the convention worked in a small booth with very little ventilation. In fact it was as hot as Houston in that booth. An enthusiastic orator with no regard for the delicate constitution of the microphone and amplifying equipment was bellowing away on the platform and the engineer was working frantically to keep the voice within broadcasting limitations. Then came a message from New York on a communication wire.

"Speaker has bad nasal tone. What can you do about it?"

The harassed engineer had an answer ready.

"Give us half an hour and we'll take his tonsils out."

BUT the engineering end of broadcasting isn't the main thing of interest to visitors to the NBC studios. Some months ago word was received that a party of 500 persons were planning to visit the studios in one evening. Many of the expected visitors were engineers and a special staff of hostesses was drafted from other departments in the studio to guide the visitors and answer questions. For several days the special duty hostesses studied the engineering end of broadcasting and were prepared to answer intelligently a barrage of technical questions.

The big night arrived and with it the 500 visitors. The hostesses, proud of their new knowledge, waited for technical questions. Then came the questions—and they were as follows: "Is that the microphone Graham McNamee uses?" "Where does Graham McNamee stand when he broadcasts?" "How does Graham McNamee dress when he broadcasts?" Etc. and many more etc's.

"JAZZING the classics" had evoked varying responses from the Radio audience. As an experiment, to get the reaction of the public, David Mendoza, conductor of the Fada hour on the Columbia Broadcasting System, invited criticisms when a Delibes composition was played in its proper form and then in fox trot time.

Two days later a letter, written in French, came from the Rev. O. Lacelle of Verner, Ontario, Canada, reading in part as follows:

"In listening to the beautiful selection of Delibes, I was peacefully rocking in a gondola along the Grand Canal in Venice; suddenly, your fox trot brought me abruptly out of my dream, and I found myself back in my gondola in the middle of the clatter of your Broadway."

From Providence, R. I., came this observation: "David Mendoza's music is very nice—one of the best on the air."

"President Hoover says, 'Prohibition is a noble experiment.' So is trying to 'jazz' Delibes' 'Naila.' Leave well enough alone—or too many cooks spoil, etc. Play it Delibes' way, I say."

THE best alibi in the world for a husband who wants to get out at night is that he must broadcast over the Radio, that is, providing the Radio in their home is broken or they have none.

Two young ladies, members of the concert orchestra that plays nightly over the WBBM Air Theater, Chicago, have it the other way around. Their husbands sit at home, and tune in the station to hear the orchestra.

The husband of Maud Deist, cornetist, claims that he can tell when his wife is in the studio when he hears her instrument in the orchestra, and Beulah Mowers, pianist, sends little messages home via the piano keys to her husband in front of the loud speaker.

Both husbands were acquired this summer, and haven't as yet ceased to tune in to hear their better halves every evening.

THE wise-crackers don't spare the Radio folks, either. One of them 'phoned the NBC studio recently. "Do you ever play anything by request?" he asked.

"Well, sometimes," the person on the studio end of the wires answered.

"Will you please play checkers while I get some sleep?" and the requester hung up.

THE audience mail—that's radioese for fan mail—has its quota of chuckles. Enthusiastic listeners write in to inform their favorite announcer that they've just named the latest addition to the family after him. Some of them want husbands or wives and seek a broadcast appeal for a life mate. Every Radio artist and announcer gets invitations to dinner and Roxy estimates that he could have free meals steadily for 420 years if he managed to accept all the invitations received in the course of a year. Gifts are many. Watermelons, crates of apples, hams, jugs of maple syrup, neckties, cigars and home-made cakes arrive every week. From Baltimore came a barrel of oysters and one broadcaster was presented with a brood of baby alligators. The leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimos received a knitted woolen cap to protect his ears from frostbite, and another musician received a dozen home-made biscuits.

Though the newspapers get a lot of fun out of the broadcasters, the Radio folk occasionally salvage a laugh from the printed column. One of the prized possessions in the NBC unofficial files is the following clipping from a Los Angeles paper—and it wasn't written by a press agent!

"Few men are better qualified to conduct a children's hour than Kenneth Hamilton, known to the air as Big Brother Ben. Mr. Hamilton was press agent and personal representative for Peggy Joyce for years. He has many charming anecdotes + tell the kiddies."

SHE WHISTLES For Roxy's Gang



MICKY McKEE, whistling star, featured with Roxy and His Gang in series of delightful programs.

HAVING sponsored bands, orchestra, singers, dancers, fun makers, divines, and men, women and even children from every walk of life, Roxy, otherwise known as S. L. Rothafel, Radio impresario deluxe, has announced the addition of a whistler to his staff, the artist being none other than Micky McKee.

Micky is featured with Roxy and His Gang, which means that practically every section of the country will have an opportunity to hear this able artist.

Whatever may be known in the art of whistling in so far as it pertains to present day imitations as well as delightful and finished solo work is included in the repertoire of Micky McKee, who is considered a valuable acquisition to Roxy and his staff of Radio entertainers.

Micky McKee is an established artist on Broadway, and her work has carried her fame to the four corners. Roxy has been fortunate in securing the services of Micky McKee, and the avalanche of letters that pour into his offices each day will soon bring in a sheaf of testimonials referring to the work of this whistler.

Roxy is a canny judge of talent, and is always alert to pass upon the ability of any group or individual eager for a test before the microphone.

More than four million letters have come to his desk the subject matter covering the reactions of the great army of men, women and children who are Roxy fans.

That Roxy is a judge of Radio talent is beyond a question; he is familiar with public taste, and has analyzed it to such a degree that he has a great family of stars appearing under his banner. Variety predominates and Roxy is constantly adding to his staff in order that the best may be available for the fans who have come to regard Roxy as the prince of Radio impresarios.

As pretty and charming as she is talented, Mickey is always a welcome arrival at the studios. Her happy smile and cheery voice do much to relieve the monotony of life in between periods of work before the microphone.

Roxy is a judge of Radio talent—no question about that. He is also a judge, and no mean one at that, of feminine comeliness. Just take a look at Mickey's picture at the top of this page. Wouldn't you like to meet her? Wonder if she's Irish?

Olive Palmer, a Great Artist

(Continued from page 15)

ability of the great Poe—she not only composes lyrics, but sets them to music and then sings them herself.

Miss Palmer was also among the first Radio artists to sign an exclusive contract, limiting her Radio performances to one feature presentation. To balance any inconvenience of this exclusive contract, her salary established a high record for Radio work, rivaling the fabulous sums paid to stars of the opera, stage and screen.

The interest of Radio listeners in the personality of this young woman who has carved such a place for herself, is only further corroboration, then, of the opinion of leading critics who have called her "an outstanding personality of the air."

Miss Palmer made her musical debut at the age of five. This was at a church concert in Louisville, Ky., where the Radio diva was born.

Her family was deeply interested in the young singer's promise of talent, but they frowned on her early ambitions to study for the operatic stage. Nevertheless she succeeded in winning a careful vocal education after her graduation from a Western university where she won high scholastic honors.

WHILE she believes that American methods of vocal training are just as effective as those employed abroad by noted European instructors, she still insisted on having the further advantage of study under various masters in both Paris and Milan. At the close of these studious years, she received a flattering offer to become a member of the Paris Opera company.

By this time, however, Olive Palmer was thoroughly homesick for America, and she regretfully declined the offer. She returned to New York and there continued her training with renewed interest after the recognition gained abroad. She was now determined to win operatic honors in her native land.

Petite, vivacious and charming, Olive Palmer's languorous Southern accent is every bit as delightful as her singing voice. The quality of her speaking voice, added to the magnetic appearance of the Radio diva, makes her a marked figure everywhere she goes. It is often remarked that Olive Palmer resembles Galli-Curci in her tonal effects, but she has a distinct individuality all her own. Her brilliant staccato and exceptional trilling when in voice, place her among the leaders of today's great masters of song.

With all these advantages, yet the unusual manner in which she secured her first operatic engagement in America was an unconscious forecast of her future Radio career.

It was in 1919. Miss Palmer learned that William Wade Hinshaw, discoverer of many musical celebrities, was planning a big revival of twenty operas at the Park theatre in New York. She was at her Southern home at the time, but in her eagerness to be considered for a place in the cast she obeyed an impulse to snatch the telephone and burn the long distance wires in an attempt to reach the impresario. She succeeded, and heard his own voice in reply.

"BUT I must decide at once," Hinshaw said. "It is impossible for me to wait until you come north."

"You don't have to!" was her dulcet response. "Just a moment, please!"

Then the astonished director heard the opening notes of the "Bell Song" from "Dinorah," coming sweetly and clearly over the wire. He was so astonished and so delighted that he engaged her at once.

Since then Olive Palmer has sung many operatic roles, but her favorite was always that of Gilda in "Rigoletto." Following her instantaneous New York success, Miss Palmer toured the United States singing to applauding audiences from coast to coast. In 1921 she went abroad again, and traveled all over Europe making concert appearances. Everywhere she went, the result was the same. Further triumphs for Olive Palmer.

Now she's thrown herself without reserve into the exacting whirlpool of Radio work. In spite of rigorous rehearsals, which occupy most of her day, she still finds time for golf and other outdoor exercise. "And, of course," she explains, "time must be given to beauty culture, as well. Whenever I make personal appearances I must not disappoint my public. That would be really dreadful for a Palmolive star—after all this talk about a 'schoolgirl complexion!'"

But fortune, as well as fame, has now come to Olive Palmer. The incident of the telephone audition which put her on the operatic stage set Miss Palmer thinking when broadcasting began. She set herself to studying the requirements of the microphone—with results that are known today to Radio listeners from coast to coast.

Her inheritance from the great poet has proved no handicap to Miss Palmer. She has no experience of the tragedy that often follows those endowed with two great gifts, her heart and soul are centered in her voice. Such talent as she has from the immortal Poe is utilized as a pleasure, an avocation, if you will. Her musical education is merely supplemented by her ability to compose lyrics, and it is a constant joy to write little bits, and bigger ones too, and set them to music.

Voice of the Listener

Here We Are, Miss Folts

What has happened to the Summer and Fall issues of Radio Digest? I have worn my welcome out at the book stores for I have been in every week since June to see if the Digest was in. I am ashamed to go in any more, so I am writing to you to find out what is the reason for the delay. I do enjoy the magazine so much, being a Radio fan, and it is a dreadful blow to have to wait six months (or more) between issues.—(MISS) LOUISE S. FOLTS, 47 Cayuga st., Auburn, N. Y.

They'll Come Regularly Now

Wish you would please advise if there is any other newsstand in this town that I can buy Radio Digest besides the Smoke Shop as they haven't had a new issue since March and I would like very much to have the Summer issues as well as the new Fall issue. So far I haven't been able to get either one. I am very much interested in Radio Digest and hate to miss getting any of the issues.—MRS. W. E. O'HARRA, 425 Howard st., Florence, S. C.

Bouquet for Pickard Family

I heard over the Radio a reading, "My Mother's Spinning Wheel." It was given by a man who was accompanied by a guitar. I thought it just fine. The announcer said to write to Pickard, Chicago, Ill., and gave the name of the station (National Broadcasting Company, Chicago—Editor) but I did not get it. He said they would send me the words if I would write for them. So I sure will be obliged if you can help me find him.—MRS. LEOTA SANFORD, 3240 Eighth ave., Fort Worth, Tex.

Finds He's Not Alone

I am very glad to find that some people agree with me in reference to chain and hook-up stations. I enjoy my Radio very much but the most disgusting and despicable thing that I could think of is to try and find a program that suits me and find about fifteen or twenty stations on my set putting out the same thing. Then I turn to my home station and stay with them. Old Boy just keeps on driving nails and takes care of the listeners. We don't have to listen to chain stations. The only thing that I could say in the way of a suggestion is that I do not believe any listener will sit in on one station for six hours. Why not limit each station to about two or three hours each day? Let all the high power stations hook up on one end of the dial and divide time. Why not make it a give and take proposition? I believe every listener should voice his opinion on this subject and make the politicians in Washington wake up.—A. R. HOUSTON, Birmingham, Ala.

Welcome to V. O. L., Mr. Stark

I have been a regular reader of Radio Digest for the past two years, and would not be without it as long as I have a Radio set, but this is my first attempt to write to you. You will probably not be interested at that, but here goes anyhow. I have read many times that Radio is not so good during the daytime but haven't had much chance to try it as I am a railroad man and away from home every day. Yesterday, however, I had a day off and sat down to my old Freshman to find out for myself. And this was the result: WHO, KYW, WEA, WRC, KMA, WJZ, WMAQ, WJR, WLW, WOR, WGY,

WOC, WJJD, WSAI, WWJ, WLS, KDKA, KMOX, WRHM, WADC, WTAD. These stations were all received between 3 and 5 p. m. on the loud speaker with good volume and quality, and as a number of these stations are more than a thousand miles distant from St. Louis I thought that was very good daylight reception. Don't you? —CHAS. H. STARK, 5774 Goodfellow ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Lives 107 Years to Broadcast

Radio Station WNAX, Yankton, S. D., claims to have the oldest speaker who ever spoke over the Radio. Solomon Strickner, who celebrated his 107th birthday on February 18, sent a message from his home in Palmer, Neb., some 200 miles distant by phone. He told about his birthday and seemed very happy. His message was given directly over long distance telephone into the studio at WNAX and Mr. Stickner listened to his own voice as it came back to him over the Radio in his home.—MRS. L. E. NICHOLS, Palmer, Neb.

Remembers Way Back When

Having had a Radio in the house since November, 1924, I would like to reminisce a bit. Remember when WTAS at Elgin used to put on nightly orgies of jazz and would cover thirteen points on the dials some nights? From there I first heard Collegiate. Then, remember the broadcasts on New Year's Eve that year? After having heard the celebration from the Marine dining room of the Edgewater Beach hotel over WEBH we tuned in KOA at Denver, which was then newly dedicated, and after that on KGO on 312 meters.

When Queen Marie, of Roumania, was traveling in America she spoke from KFKX, then at Hastings, Nebr., at 10 o'clock or thereabouts one morning, and I received it in Minnesota. In those days the KDKA Little Symphony broadcast their daily dinner concerts. By the way, what became of them? WGY had a peculiar hum which always accompanied its reception. In 1925 and '26 we, in Minnesota, could always tune in WSMB at New Orleans, and the old WSMB Special.—WILLIAM M. MENG, National Military Home, Ind.

Distance Lends Enchantment

Your magazine is sure a real one for the average Radio listener. So many of the Radio magazines dive too deeply into the science of Radio which many listeners care nothing for. Your magazine has pictures, write-ups of stars and the best record of stations of any magazine I have seen. I am a regular DX hound and have been since 1923 so your article on DX was sure appreciated. But if you were to gaze at my homemade set you would think it was the wreck of the Old 97. But she gets the distance. Too many of the manufactured sets are made for looks and simplicity and have nothing under the hood. I fairly hate opera, classical music, soprano singing, etc., over the Radio but I'll have to admit that since the links have been pounding away I've lost a little ground and occasionally I can enjoy some of the above mentioned music.—DUKE BETTELON, Dayton, O., R 1.

Liked Prohibition Editorial

I was glad to read your comment on Prohibition Enforcement in Radio

Digest, and hope there will be many thousands of other papers and magazines that will have the courage to take a similar stand against the metropolitan whiskey ring owned newspaper octopus controlling nearly all our large city daily publications. More power to you and the Radio Digest.—G. J. P., 237 W. Union St., Somerset, Pa.

Benefits by Church Radio

The other day I read an article by a minister in which he said people who sat at home and listened to a sermon over the Radio were not worshipping God. Perhaps not.

It has been a year now since I have been able to attend church regularly on account of ill health and we have a Radio, which I think is a godsend in many ways; it is educational and what strikes me about the Radio is the fact it is alive, the person or persons to whom you listen are at that particular moment speaking, singing or otherwise, whatever the entertainment might be: you get the news first hand, the newest in music, also the very highest class of music from the old masters and by the leading artists of today.

Since I have said it was impossible for me to attend church, the church I am a member of, it was necessary for me to have some means of getting a sermon on Sunday, and being alone very much on Sunday evenings I adopted the policy of listening on the Radio to church services. One particular station interests me very much, and many are the times I have sat alone in my room silently thanking God that though I was unable to go to His house of worship I had the opportunity of hearing His word, and the fact that I was alone unhampered by the thought that someone might see me show emotion I was free to release my powers within me and worship God as I believe I had never done before in public, and by so doing I believe I have come closer to Him than I have ever been before.

I do not mean to say that public churches are not what they should be. They are that; and are earnest in their effort to get to people and should be attended as regularly as possible and with the reverence that is due to the House of God.

I am very fond and think highly of the pastor of the church of which I am a member, he took my two children and my husband into the church, he comes nearer my idea of a real Christian than any one of my acquaintance, and am by no means what one would call "down on the churches" but just wish to express the one fact that one can be just as sincere and earnest in worshipping God when listening to a sermon over that Radio as when listening in public.

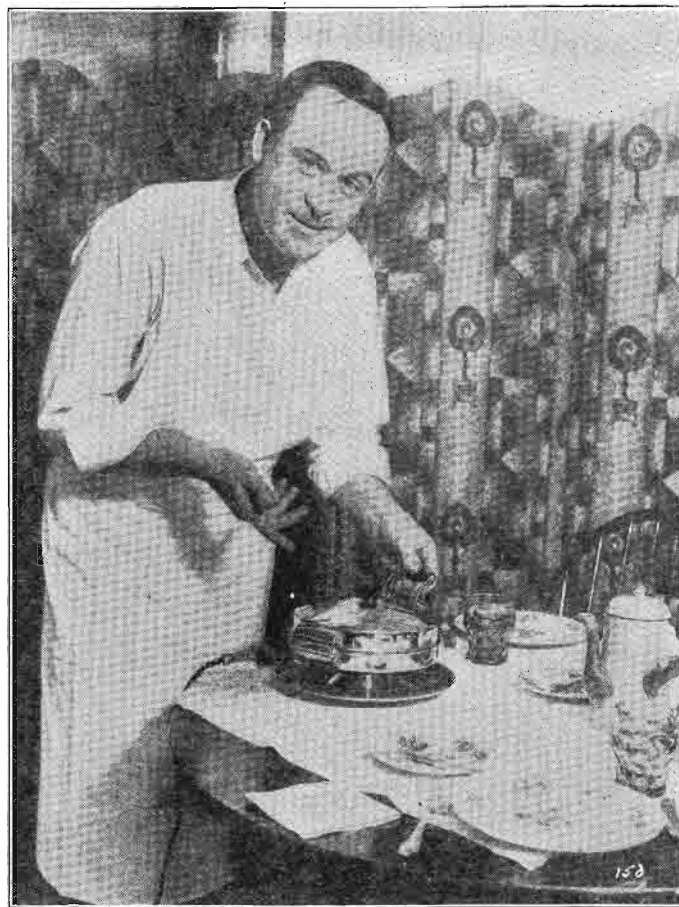
Perhaps the minister whose article I read did not realize so many thousands of people like myself, and many much worse, derived untold benefit from the sermons over the Radio. Were it not for the Radio I, myself, would not today be the strong believer in God that I am. Being ill, one finds one's need for God greater than ever before; they rely upon Him more, and come to know Him better.

I believe and thought I was a Christian before I ever heard a sermon over the radio. But I know I am a better Christian now.—L. M. K., 2841 W. 15th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence

COLIN O'MORE CALLS WAFFLES TO HUNGRY

*FAMOUS Radio Tenor
Discovers Recipe That
Helps When the Unexpected
Guest Arrives. He Likes
to Cook as Other Men Like
to Play Golf.*



WITH a triumphant grin Colin waits for the finished product to come steaming from the waffle irons. The amount of ingredients given in his recipe should be enough for four persons.

American Chop Suey

- 1 lb. ground round steak
- 1 bunch celery
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 cans of tomato soup
- 3/4 teaspoon pepper
- 3 medium-sized onions
- 1 tablespoon lard
- 1 box spaghetti or macaroni
- 1 teaspoon salt

Chop onion and celery together, not fine but just medium, add meat, pepper and salt and mix thoroughly. Put lard and butter into frying pan, add above mixture and fry for twenty minutes, stirring often. Have ready one package of macaroni or spaghetti that has been boiled in salted water until tender, drained, chilled in cold water and drained again. Add meat mixture to this, then the tomato soup; put into baking dish and bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Flank Steak

- 1/2 teaspoon mustard
- 3 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1 onion sliced thin
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 flank steak

Make a paste of the mustard and vinegar. Spread this over the flank steak. Place in a baking dish and cover with onion sliced thin. Add one-half cup water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for one and a half hours. When ready to serve dot with butter and garnish with parsley.

THE problem of something quick and easy to prepare for the unexpected Sunday evening guest is one that is always popping up in homes all over the country. And it's not always the unexpected guest but the ever recurrent light supper or gala breakfast that raises the same question.

Colin O'More is not only an exceedingly accomplished and popular tenor on the Philco hour but is a genial and conscientious host as well. The call of the dinner horn at the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. O'More, just a step from Central Park, New York, always brings a merry and hungry crowd of Radio entertainers to gather around the festive board and shout with one voice,—"WAFFLES!"

For Colin is a cook of no small fame, the reputation of his steaks, omelettes and waffles, as well as other substantial supporters of the inner man, being spread far and wide. O'More likes to cook, just as some men like to play golf, dig in gardens or dabble in the stock market—just for diversion. One of the main differences is that the art of cooking can be highly useful when company is on hand.

Some years ago O'More and Henry M. Neely, Philco's Old Stager, picked up a favorite recipe from an old Negro down in the wilds of Maryland near Chesapeake Bay. So far as either of them knows it has never before been made public and has never ventured into civilization at all except through them and their friends. It might be entitled, to make it sound official, "Corn Meal Waffles a la Colin O'More."

For those who seek an answer to that ever-pressing problem of something "a little different" for breakfast, supper, or any old time, and for those who like to experiment with new things to eat, Colin explains his recipe.

"It's really a modification of the old-time hoe-cake," he says. "I suppose 'corn-meal waffles' describes it as well as any other name. No matter what you call it, the recipe makes a waffle that I like mighty well, and I haven't found very many persons who don't like it and ask for the recipe."

The ingredients are:

- Two cups of white flour
- One cup of yellow corn meal
- Three tablespoonsful baking powder
- One teaspoonful sugar
- One-quarter teaspoonful salt
- Two eggs
- Two cups milk
- Two teaspoonsful melted butter

"Mix the dry ingredients first," O'More says. "Beat the whites and the yolks of the eggs separately. Put the two cups of milk in with the dry ingredients, mixing it in thoroughly. Then put in the yolks of the eggs, beaten thoroughly, and next stir in the whites. Add the two teaspoonfuls of melted butter.

"That should make a batter that is thin enough to pour. If it doesn't, thin it with milk. Cook on waffle irons, serve with plenty of butter and with honey or maple syrup.

"The amounts given should make enough for four persons, but it's rather hard to tell exactly. Sometimes two people can eat enough for four, you know—and I've known persons who could take on that much all by themselves."

But it isn't always waffle time at the O'More household and Colin often amuses himself preparing any number of other dishes.

Stuffed Calves Hearts

- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Few grains celery salt
- Few grains paprika
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 2 tablespoons minced celery
- 1 calf heart

Wash the heart thoroughly; fill it with stuffing and sew the open part together. Season with salt and pepper, dredge with flour; place in a small baking dish in which two tablespoons of butter have been melted. Cover half way with boiling water and cover baking dish. Baste every ten minutes. Bake heart in slow oven for two hours. Serve the heart on a hot platter with a gravy out of the liquid in the pan.

Radio Offers Girls a Real Future

Primarily a Show-Business, Broadcasting Has
Interesting Opportunities for Jobs
"Behind the Scenes" of Studio

By Katharine Seymour

"WHAT does Radio broadcasting offer a girl?" Nine out of ten Radio listeners will reply promptly, "An opportunity of warbling sweet,—or perhaps not so sweet—soprano notes."

On the other hand, those who have visited the studios and offices of a broadcasting station, invariably offer this comment to every girl connected with the studios, "My dear, I envy you so! You must meet so many interesting people, and there's music all the time!"

It is true that there are many sopranos "on the air" who might better be washing dishes; it is also true that one meets many interesting people, but these are but superficial aspects of a great new business. For years, girls have flocked to Hollywood,—as everyone knows—pretty girls are essential to the motion-picture industry; but it is not known that to the girl with intelligence, initiative, and imagination, Radio opens another great door.

Like the theatre and motion picture, Radio is primarily a show-business, and just as one thinks first of an actress when the theatre is mentioned, so the Radio suggests only a voice. Many Radio listeners are amazed to find that in the New York offices of the National Broadcasting company, for example, there are five floors of workers "behind the scenes" who make possible the voices one hears.

Of the positions which girls hold with this company, there are, as in every great business, many secretaries and stenographers, but their duties are never mechanical and monotonous. Frequently these girls take part in broadcasts, either to lend atmosphere as part of a mob, or to sing or speak. Once a month, a group of girls was asked to sing children's songs on one of the early morning programs, and they received an amazing number of letters from Radio fans. After each of



KATHARINE SEYMOUR, the author of this article, knows whereof she speaks, for she herself has made a mark in the Radio world. She is assistant continuity writer for the NBC in New York.



BERTHA BRAINARD is one of the many attractive and talented girls who have made good "behind the scenes." She is assistant eastern program director for the NBC.

these programs there would be a jolly breakfast-party, and from time to time, boxes of candy arrived from the client sponsoring the broadcast, who enjoyed these special programs as much as the girls did.

There are loudspeakers in every reception room and in many of the offices, and whenever an event of national importance is on the air, everyone gathers to listen to "Graham" or "Phil" or other favorite announcers.

A year or so ago, before there were so many staff-pianists, one of the telephone-operators who was an excellent jazz-pianist, would go on the air at a moment's notice to substitute for a speaker or soloist who had failed to appear. She received mail from enthusiastic Radio fans and in fact became a well-known jazz-pianist. Another of the office-girls who had a pleasant speaking voice, frequently would be called from her typewriter to fill ten minutes' time, reading children's stories.

THESE are trivial examples of the significant fact, that no matter what job a girl holds with a broadcasting company, if she has any spark of intelligence, she may go as far as she wishes. Program directors are always alert for new ideas, and any girl who wishes to be given an audition for musical ability or who wishes to write or to plan new Radio programs will be encouraged.

A pleasant position with the National Broadcasting company for the girl of personality and intelligence, is that of hostess. One girl is assigned to each floor and her duties are innumerable. She must be quick-witted, for she must not only answer telephones, but console distinguished artists suffering from "microphone fright." She must see that each artist reaches the studio at the scheduled time, and she must also interview everyone from distinguished statesmen and famous novelists to singing firemen and Italian organ-grinders with monkeys.

Even in this advanced age, in many long-established businesses, there is still a deep-rooted prejudice against woman's ability to fill a responsible position. Intelligent women have

(Continued on page 101)

Paris Styles Decree New Era

Silhouette to Predominate in Fashions This Season—Clothes Are to Show Personality; Skirts Much Longer

By Elsie Lichtenstul
Who Speaks Daily Through KDKA

INSTEAD of the usual "no radical change" which is ordinarily heard from those who have just returned from the Paris style salons, the comments are that we are entering a new clothes era. There are new silhouettes and there are new personalities to clothes. Many of those who observed the new fashion promenade in Paris recently remarked that the styles looked positively "old-fashioned," but here is an opportunity for ever-alert America to bring those styles up-to-date.

It has been said by those "in the know" that the changes in style thought are so fundamental and so extreme that it will take some time—perhaps several months, maybe several seasons—to crystallize the new mode. From all indications, the new silhouette is going to predominate the new fall and winter styles and will mark the year 1929-1930 as an outstanding one in the history of fashion. Any new thought or expression, whether it appears in women's styles, in art, in literature, in business, is usually met with opposition, but in the case of our new mode, such opposition must be suppressed, and to accomplish this, prejudices must be cast aside. For, if we are to enjoy and individualize ourselves by the new mode, it will be necessary to adopt an open-minded attitude toward it. We have worn long skirts before and liked them, and we must continue to like them, for they are definitely slated for success this coming season, it seems.

Women clients of fashionable French couture houses for a long time have been expressing a desire for a change—even a radical change, from the same, regular styles which each season Paris has given to the fashion-interested world. And so, leading French couturiers, always willing and even anxious, to satisfy whimsical customers' wishes, have this season almost outdone even themselves in producing a change in style that would relieve the usual tailored mode that has ruled the style world for many seasons past. It may be trite to say it, but isn't it true that "there is nothing new under the sun," for it isn't so far in the dim past when the Lily Langtry figure was the most desired, when waistlines were far, far away from the bottom of the skirt, when rotund, flowing skirts were quite common, and when one required yards upon yards of material to make just one dress.

Take heart, though, for the new mode is not going to demand such "flowing" extremes from us, in view of the fact that we are still in a more or less tailored period. We are assured by buyers returning from Paris, a trifle bewildered by the vastly new styles, that the new "princess" silhouette will be modernized, just as everything else is modernized in our day.

Skirts will be longer than we are wearing them now, but unvarying confidence in the success of the longer skirt has thus far been noted among higher-grade manufacturers who express content over the new styles inasmuch as they feel it will be difficult to imitate the new silhouette and there will be more real "exclusive" clothes. They also say that "it is felt that street dresses will not reveal any marked change, that is, the skirt will be possibly three or four inches longer."

IT seems that the chief changes will be centered in evening wear, for the French dressmakers are specializing at present in the floating elaborate skirts composed of two or more tiers and with loose floating panels at sides or back, which sweep the floor. These are topped by a bodice with a high waistline dropping at the back. New evening gowns are displaying at the waistline an effect which is called "puckered," meaning to say that one gathers the material about four inches at the center of the waist, at either side, and in the back. This "puckered" idea is considered so very smart that blouse manufacturers are displaying puckered blouses in satin, silk and panne and transparent velvet. To be sure, these blouses are quite expensive—prices start at \$29.50—but, as Paris says, they are new!

Waistlines are going up and up; in fact, it will be quite "passe le mode" to place one's belt at the hip or thereabouts. And high waistlines mean long skirts; and it is because of the new waistline and new long skirt that we hear so much dissent, but this style can be quite becoming if not stretched to an extreme. The decidedly new style note does not, for a minute,



WOMEN must consider the new styles with an open mind if they are to have the opportunity to individualize themselves, says Elsie Lichtenstul of KDKA in commenting on the new modes.

mean that the old-fashioned Gibson full figure will be popular again; oh, no! It will be more important now than ever to keep our slim figures trim, for the long skirts and high waistlines are calling for slender bodies.

Styles in street-wear, although not undergoing such a vast change as evening-wear styles, have just the same passed through a cycle of change. Affected simplicity will no longer be smart. Ensembles will still hold feminine fancy; the jackets will have fair-sized wide collars; the skirts will show some flares. Clothes for street wear will not be fancy by any means, but they will no longer display a strong tailored trend.

AS for colors, it appears that brown is the leading one, both for dresses and hats. From Newport, from Saratoga, from Southampton, we're told that brown is one of the most prominent shades. And where's brown, there's green, too. This color also plays an important role in the winter clothes.

Those of us who are fortunate to possess beautiful foreheads will be happy to know that it has been unanimously agreed that the new hats favor "off-the-face." Whether they are made up in berets, cap shapes or "sou-wester" style, they all agree on this point. Among the new materials being used for hats, are lisle, woolsens and supple furs, such as galyak and breitzschwanz.

Autumn and early winter are the seasons when nearly every woman feels, or should feel, the need of giving a little serious consideration to the appearance of her skin and her hair.

Autumn has ravaged the rich coat of tan acquired on the golf links, at the sea or lake shore, or other chosen vacation spot. The question presents itself, what can be done about it?

The lovely toasted look fades to an undesirable yellow. Of course, we can let it fade. Again an attempt may be made to restore it to golden brown by means of sun ray treatment, or one of the creams made for this purpose. Or, again, it may be transformed to the whitened fairness usually associated with the winter season.

Who's Who In Broadcasting

CALDWELL, ELEANOR, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.
Carey, Norwood, WLW Staff Orchestra, Trumpet player.
Carhartt, Ruth, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.
Carr, D. C., News and Markets Announcer, WTAR.
Chaffee, Floyd, WLW Tenor.
Chaliff, Louis, WLW staff Clarinetist. Formerly one of the principal clarinetists with Sousa's Band. Solo clarinetist with Herman Bellstedt's band.
Chambers, J. A., Technical Supervisor of the Crosley Radio stations, WLW and WSAL.
Chandler, Arthur, Jr., WLW Organist. A 17-year-long career as a theatre musician served only to convince Arthur Chandler that he prefers Radio playing to any other work. While still a student at the Cincinnati College of Music from which he graduated, Chandler demonstrated his ability by playing the difficult Schuetz "Concerto in F Minor," and the Mozart "D Minor Concerto" with the college Symphony orchestra. After graduating from the music school and the University of Cincinnati, he immediately went to work in the leading moving picture theatres and as a theatre organ demonstrator. Southern Radio listeners will remember him for his personal appearances in dedicating most of the largest theatre organs in the South.
Charles, Kamp, Announcer on Swift and Company programs. Native of Kansas. Married. Graduated from Northwestern university with M. A. in journalism.
Chuhaddin, Alex, Musical Director, CFRB.
Cino Singers Quartet, WLW. The quartet includes Richard Fluke, Director; Russel Dunham, Fenton Pugh, and Ralph Hartzell. Walter de Vaux accompanies.
Cisler, Stephen A., Announcer at WLS and knows his microphones, for he has been speaking into them since 1924, when he paid his way through university with Radio work at stations WAMD, WDGX, KTHS, WLS. Came to WLS in 1928 from the chief announcership at KUOA, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Handles all the publicity for the station. Is in charge of "The Old Hayloft" for the National Barn Dance every Saturday and is the chief ticket-taker on the merry-go-round Saturday afternoons. Isn't the least bit bashful in admitting that he hails from Arkansas.
Clark, Hiah, WLW Soprano.
Clark, John, WLW Commercial Manager.
Clark, Margaret, Accompanist, KMOX.
Clausen, Hazel, Assistant to Manager, news bureau, KSTP.
Claude, Carl, WLW Banjo Player. Brother of Grace Claude Raine, director of vocal music for the station.
Cleveland, Rev. D. E., Radio Pastor of WNAX and Director of Radio School of Vocational Guidance and Self Analysis. Is also pastor of The United Church of America, with 1,800 members. He conducts a friendly service daily 10 to 10:20 a. m.; Sunday church service, with studio choir assisting, 11 to 12; vesper service, 7 to 8 Sunday evenings. He secures 24 most outstanding men in the U. S. Each gives a 20-minute address 1 to 1:30 Wednesdays. 500 high schools installed equipment to receive these messages on "His Vocation as a Challenge to the Youth."
Clevenger, Barbara, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.
Colby, Terrell, Soprano Soloist, KSTP.
Collin, Carlton, Arranger, KYW-KFKX. Born, Waltham, Mass., where at an early age he studied piano, composition and instrumentation, under his father, Jas. W. Colby, widely known organist and composer. Coupled with study he engaged in the game of baseball with his eye on the crown then worn by Christy Mathewson. In 1897 was elected captain and pitcher of the Warren Avenue Reds. Two days later was hit by pitched ball in eye and retired from captaincy and the sport. Started public career in music as organist for church in Cambridge, Mass., and also conducted professional band and orchestra. Started writing symphony same year. Later he became musical director for various New York musical shows and traveled extensively. The year 1904 was epochal. Married to Jennie Elmore of the Elmore Sisters. Elmore of the Elmore Sisters. After that wrote lyrics and music for "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Cow and the Moon," and "The Rajah of Bhong," musical extravaganzas which enjoyed considerable success. In 1910 organized Alford Colby company, publishing novelties for band and orchestra and supplying theatrical headliners with special material. In 1929 still has the idea of writing a symphony if the insatiable maw of KYW-KFKX orchestra ever allows time to start same. Slogan, "Be nondescript, light a Helmar."

Cole, Leon, Baritone, WAPI. During opening week of WAPI as 5kw station, Mr. Cole was heard in London, England. He is soloist for the Independent Presbyterian church of Birmingham.
Cole, Marshall, Tenor, Utica Jubilee Singer, NBC.
Collinge, F. Channon, Musical Director of the Collins, Flora, Contralto. Sings frequently with Columbia Broadcasting system.
Collins, Juanita, Accompanist, WDAF.
Collins, Ovid, Baritone. Mr. Collins will be heard singing over WLAC the first Friday evening in each month, with the Vine Street Temple Choir of Nashville, WLAC.
Collins, Tom, String Trio, WFSA.
Colombi, Rose, Soprano, KGW's staff. Was crown princess of the Portland Rose Festival and is entered as this city's representative in the New York Radio Show beauty contest.
Colorado Theater Orchestra, KOA.
Columbia Broadcasting System's All Soloist Radio Symphony Orchestra. Columbia Broadcasting system.
Colvar, Mrs. George, Organist and Accompanist, WLAC.
Comes, Vincent, Baritone Soloist, KSTP.
Combs, Hance and Vance, Old Time Music, KMA.
Combs, Joe, Tenor, WSM.
Compton, Homer, Tenor, KFAB.
Condon and Rogers, Harmony Pair, WGN.
Congdon, Kenyon, Baritone, WWJ.
Conlon, Dave, Operator, WLW-WSAL.
Connors, Harry, KSTP, Member "Nightingales."
Connet, Paul, Announcer, KOIN.
Contreras, Manuel, Trumpet Soloist, KFON.
Conver, George, WLW Tenor.
Convey, Thomas Patrick, Owner-Director-Announcer KWK. St. Louis. The pioneer broadcaster of St. Louis. Founder and builder of KMOX, St. Louis; later purchased KFVE, changing the call letters to KWK. Announcing under the name of Thomas Patrick, he is known as the best of middle-western sports announcers, through his work at the microphone giving the play-by-play accounts of the St. Louis National and American League baseball games. He is a native of Chicago and prior to broadcasting was connected with theatrical work as a producer. Announces all sports events broadcast by KWK, baseball, football, boxing. The experience of Thomas Patrick as a showman gives him that sense of showmanship to know what the radio listeners like to hear, and has been instrumental in the great success he has had with his own radio station, KWK.
Cook, Doc, Orchestra, WLS.
Cook, Edmund, Violist, WBAL.
Cook, I. Milton, WLAC.
Cook, Mrs. I. Milton, Violinist and Member of Nashville Symphony Orchestra, WLAC.
Cook, Ollie Dean, Announcer, KOCW.
Cook Painters, WDAF.
Cooke, Phil, Special Features, NBC.
Cooke, Betty, Better Homes Girl, KGA.
Cooke, Edmund, Violist, WBAL.
Cooke, Eric Russell, Baritone, WHT.
Cooke, G. W., Engineer-in-Charge, WBAL.
Cooke, Fattie, Better Homes Girl, KEX.
Cooney, Carol, and Orchestra, NBC.
Coon-Sanders, Bartone, KQIL.
Cooper, Harry, Original Nighthawks, WBEM.
Coots, F. Fred, Popular song writer, sings over Columbia Broadcasting system.
Copeland, D. H. One of the reasons CKGW, Toronto, is becoming well known to North American fans is D. H. Copeland, who is the Chief Announcer. The pleasant programs sent out by this Canadian station are planned and written by him. There's that something in the way he says, "This is CKGW, Canada's Cheerio Station," that gives him a large audience.
Corbett, Selma, "The Laughing Mammy," has just finished a year stage tour with Priscilla Dean. Now keeping the WCAU audience happy and contented with her funny programs.
Correll, Alfonso, Director of Vienna Concert Orchestra, KNX.
Cornhusker Trio, KMA.
Correll, Charles, the first half of Correll and Gosden, better known as Amos 'n' Andy, over WMAQ. The pair also give WMAQ listeners minstrel shows of black face humor and song. The inaugurators of Sam 'n' Henry, at WGN, the two have widely popularized their Amos 'n' Andy feature, which appears regularly in the radio section of The Daily News and is broadcast over several other stations throughout the nation by means of a special electrical method of record production.



After completing his musical education, he toured for several seasons with the Paulist Choristers covering the entire eastern portion of the United States. After this Mr. Cross devoted himself to church and concert work. As a member of the quartet of the Progressive Synagogue of Brooklyn, he was one of the pioneer broadcasters. He is, at the present time, oldest announcer in years of service with WJZ, and is considered one of the foremost announcers in the country today. When any difficult classical announcing must be done, Mr. Cross is called upon. Remember his "Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen?" Member Armchair Quartet. Won the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for excellence of diction on the Radio during 1928-29.

Corwin, Tom, of WLS, Imitator of Anything—cows, hogs, chickens, dogs, bees, pumps, steamboats, trains or whatdoyawant. "Second mate" of the WLS Showboat for years and a veteran of te chautauqua and theaters. Hails from Kentucky and learned his stuff when a boy along the Mississippi river.
Cote, Emil, Bass, NBC.
Cotier, Frank, KSTP, Director Coliseum Dance Orchestra.
Cottow Pickers, Quartet, NBC, Chicago.
Cotton, Wint, Leigh Harline, Harmony Team, KFRC.
Courchene, Homer, Chief Operations Engineer, WLS. Lives out in the country at Crete, Illinois, home of the WLS transmitter. Raises tropical fish as a hobby. Been to sea as an operator. Married.
Courtwright, Homer, Pianist, KVOO.
Cox, Myrtle and Dorothy, Harmony Sisters, KSTP.
Cox, Joe, Farm Hands, KFH.
Coykendall, Frank, Iowa Farm Speaker, KMA.
Cozzo, Frank, and Dante Barsi are two boys of Latin extraction who have a real American "sock" to their jazz work. Frank plays banjo, uke and sings in a certain unflattering voice while Dante accomplishes difficult technical feats on his accordion in the modernistic manner at KTAB.
Crabb, James, Bass, WGY.
Crandon, Fred, Operator, WCSH.
Crane, Martha, Home Adviser of WLS. Graduate of Northwestern university. On Prairie Farmer staff as writer for women's page. Knows canning, baking, washing, and all the ins and outs of housekeeping work. Home state is Iowa.
Crawford, Claire, Director, WBIS.
Crocket, John, WDAF.
Crook Brothers, Six-Piece Orchestra, Old-Time Band, WLAC.
Crosby, Earnest, Tenor, KOIN.
Crosley Burnt Corkers, WLW Minstrels. Hink (Elmer Hinkle) and Dink (George Ross), and men, are assisted by the quartet including John Dodd, W. G. Drexilius, Irvin Meyer, Ed Weidinger, with Howard Evans at the piano.
Crosley Ensemble, Emil Heermann, Director, WLW.
Crosley, Powell (Sr.), President of the Crosley Radio corporation, which owns WLW and operates WSAL. He is a pioneer both in broadcasting and Radio manufacturing. Having decided to make Radio reasonable enough for the masses, he then proceeded to entertain the masses with one of the first broadcasting stations which since has developed into the 50,000-watt WLW.
Cross, Gladys, Hostess, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.
Cross, Milton J., Chief Announcer, WJZ. Completed the music supervisors course of the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. After completing his musical education, he toured for several seasons with the Paulist Choristers covering the entire eastern portion of the United States. After this Mr. Cross devoted himself to church and concert work. As a member of the quartet of the Progressive Synagogue of Brooklyn, he was one of the pioneer broadcasters. He is, at the present time, oldest announcer in years of service with WJZ, and is considered one of the foremost announcers in the country today. When any difficult classical announcing must be done, Mr. Cross is called upon. Remember his "Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen?" Member Armchair Quartet. Won the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for excellence of diction on the Radio during 1928-29.
Crowley, Victoria, Assistant Research Director and Continuity Writer, KSTP.
Croxton, Frank, Bass-Baritone, Columbia Broadcasting System.
Croxton, Olive, Soprano, WBAP.
Cruise, Harriett, Oriole of the Air, KFAB.
Culver, Louise, Pianiste, WSUN.
Culver, William, Bass, Utica Jubilee Singers, NBC.
Cummings, Bernie, and His Orchestra, NBC.
Cummings, Ira, Member of Ruby Trio, KMA.
Cummings, Mildred, Violin, WVNC.
Cunningham, Roy, Baritone, KVOO.
Cunningham, Harry, Bassoon, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.
Curry, A. F., Tenor, WDBO.
Curtis, Virginia, Vocalist, WFG.
Curtright, Gale, Announcer, KMOX, former with KMBC and KFRU.
Custer, Vernon, WLW Trombone Player.



After completing his musical education, he toured for several seasons with the Paulist Choristers covering the entire eastern portion of the United States. After this Mr. Cross devoted himself to church and concert work. As a member of the quartet of the Progressive Synagogue of Brooklyn, he was one of the pioneer broadcasters. He is, at the present time, oldest announcer in years of service with WJZ, and is considered one of the foremost announcers in the country today. When any difficult classical announcing must be done, Mr. Cross is called upon. Remember his "Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen?" Member Armchair Quartet. Won the medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters for excellence of diction on the Radio during 1928-29.

Cutter, Madame Belle Forbes, Soprano. She has been singing over various Chicago stations because her lovely soprano voice registers so well. She is at the present time a regular artist at WBBM. Madame Cutter has been spending the summer in Hollywood studying the new art of the talkies.

Cutting, Malcolm, Tenor Soloist, KSTP.

DAHL, Arnold, Tenor, WCCO. Dahm, Frank, at WGN since August, 1925. Sports Announcer at both football and baseball games, WGN.

Daily News Concert Orchestra delights the classical music lovers among the WMAQ and WQJ audience. Joseph Gallicchio leads a group of well known and well trained artists through best and most popular works of famous composers.

Daily News Dance Orchestra. Displacing concert music with syncopation, featuring stringed instruments over WMAQ and WQJ. Popular tunes presented in a dignified manner approaching the concert style.

Daly, John, Irish Tenor, WJR.

Damrosch, Walter, Musical Director National Broadcasting Company. Born in Breslau, Silesia, January 30, 1862.

Director of New York Symphony, he now directs this group in Saturday night programs. Mr. Damrosch is working on educational musical programs which will eventually be important in every school room. When the children hear his voice they will be listening to a man who remembers Liszt, Wagner, Von Bulow, Clara Schumann, Tausig, Joachim, Auer, Haensel, Rubinstein and many modern besides. Mr. Damrosch has composed operas, symphonies and even music for Greek plays. Probably his favorite composers

were Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms. No man in America today has done so much for the appreciation of music and he continues to do his work, using Radio as an aid. Danski, Henri, Director of Orchestra, KJR. Dan and Sylvia. Their Irish home romance in typical Chicago setting charms late listeners to The Chicago Daily News station. Many things happen to the pair and their vaudeville experience gives them both trained voices of particular value to radio broadcasting. Dane, Mitchell R., Violinist, WADC. Dautforth, Harold Potter, Announcer-Director, WDBO. Daniel, Kathryn, Hostess and Accompanist, WJNC. Daniel, Alfred P., Announcer, KPRC. Daniel, Dave, Announcer, CJCJ. Dann, Arnold, Organist, WWNC. Daugherty, Doc, Director of Hotel Traymore Dance Orchestra, WPG. Daulton, Jack and His Orchestra, KVOO. Dauscha, Billie. The girl with the personality in songs of today. This crooning contralto is a member of the Columbia Broadcasting system. Dave and Evelyn, Dave Morris, Evelyn Kitts, KOIL. Davenport Hotel Dance Orchestra, KHQ. Davenport, Uncle Dave, Hotel Dance Orchestra, KHQ. Some 15,000 children could tell you a lot about Uncle Dave, even if they haven't seen him. If you don't happen to know whom we mean, he is the man who conducts the "Children's Club" every evening through the week at exactly 5:30 o'clock. He probably is the happiest man in Topeka, because he spends so much of his time making boys and girls happy. He doesn't sit down and read something just to fill in his time; he tells stories and just seems to romp with his thousands of friends over the Radio. His famous laugh is a tonic to his little listeners, as he takes them in his big Radio lap. Davidson, Dorothy, Studio Accompanist, KWK. Davidson, Irene, Soprano, WADC. Davidson, Mrs. C. L., Pianist, WLAC. Davies, Edward, Bass, WENR-WBCN. Davies, Edward A., Director-Announcer, WIP. Davis, Bert, "The Clown of the Air," WSBC. Davis, Clyde, Popular Singer, Violinist, KFAB. Doc Davis. Doc's orchestra is a standard early evening event on The Daily News broadcast over WQJ, which is owned by the Calumet Baking Powder Company and operated by The Chicago Daily News.



were Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms. No man in America today has done so much for the appreciation of music and he continues to do his work, using Radio as an aid.

Davis, Kirby. Who has left the stage and her successes there to bring her genial hospitality to visitors to The Chicago Daily News station. The lead in the vaudeville show in "Excess Baggage," musical comedy, Miss Davis has a wide reputation in footlight circles, one built upon a constant and continuous line of successes and hits. She now serves as hostess in the studios of WMAQ, where her naturally sunny disposition enhanced by years of experience in presenting a charming front makes her indispensable.

Davis, Mildred, Cooking School, KDKA. Davis, P. O., General Manager. Was one of the men who was behind the movement toward increasing the power of WAPI to 5,000 watts and move it from Auburn to Birmingham, Alabama.

Davis, Stanley, Musical Saw Artist. Featured on La Palina, Majestic and other important programs of the NBC.

Dawley, Walter, Organist, WTIC.

Dawson, Stuart, Announcer, WIBO.

Day, Collett, Violinist, KVOO.

Day, Francis, Violinist, KVOO.

Dayton, Eddie, Ukulele Soloist, WMAK.

Denderick, M. M., Baritone, WSUN.

Dean, Eddie. Originally a Texan, has been with numerous music companies of the South. Also Radio and vaudeville out of Chicago and the May Seed and Nursery company at Shenandoah, Iowa. He is now with the Gurney Seed and Nursery company in Yankton, South Dakota, and known as one of the "Sunshine Coffee Boys," and Hawaiians who entertain regularly the many thousands of WNAX fans. He plays the Spanish guitar and other string instruments for the accompaniment of his lyric baritone voice.

De Babary, Joska, Violinist, KYW.

DeBeaubien, Fred J., Control Operator, KSTP.

DeBoer, H. O., Tenor, WOC.

DeForest, Dr. Lee, Inventor of the Vacuum Tube, has been awarded the John Scott medal by the board of directors of City Trust, Philadelphia. Dr. DeForest is an important man to Radio because in 1906 he invented the vacuum tube or audion. In 1921, he worked on the photographing of sound waves on motion picture film, as the basis for the present talking motion pictures. Among the honors already conferred upon Dr. DeForest is the cross of Legion of Honor from the French government.

Deist, Maud, Cornetist, WBBM.

DeLauney, Mrs. Paul, Soprano, WAPI.

De Leath, Vaughn, Crooner, NBC.

De Leath, Vaughn, Soloist, National Broadcasting Company.

Deigado, Felipe, Spanish Lyric Baritone, "California's Leading Interpreter of Spanish Songs," KFI.

De Loca, Adelaide, Contralto, with Roxy and His Gang, WJZ, National Broadcasting Company.

DeLue, Willard, Director of Boston Globe Studio, WJEL.

Demoree, Dorothy, Pianist, KVOO.

De Moss, Lyle, Baritone, KFAB.

Dent, Lillian, Soprano, WLAC.

Denton, J. P., Tenor, WAPI.

Deutsch, Emery. "The Gypsy Nomad." Plays music that cannot be bought for his WABC and Columbia Broadcasting system listeners.

De Pasca, Signor, Marimba Artist, WOC.

De Rose, Peter, Baritone, NBC.

Derrfuss, Madame, Operatic Contralto, WCFL.

Derryberry, J. Elam, Baritone, WLAC.

Derus, Con, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

De Sylva, Richard, Violinist, WHAM.

DeFamore, Mrs. H. R., Soprano, WFLA.

Detroit Symphony Orchestra, WWJ.

DeVaux, Walter, WLW, Organ and Piano. Accompanist for the Cino Quartette.

Dhossche, R. A., Flute, Piccolo, KPTDM.

Di Benedetto, Giuseppe, Tenor, NBC.

Dicker, Martin, Tenor, KMOX.

Dickerman, Carlton H., Announcer, WEEL.

Dickey, Ellen Rose, Home Advisor of WLS, in charge of all women's features and programs. A graduate and experienced in home economics and started the first Home Makers' program over WLS nearly four years ago. A good cook herself and knows just the right mixture of service and entertainment to make a good Radio program just as she does the proper ingredients for a good cake. Author of several well known books on home entertainment, diet, cooking, etc. Was serving Sears, Roebuck and Co. in an advisory capacity when Radio and WLS beckoned.

Dickson, Artells. New WABC announcer. Mr. Dickson was formerly soloist with Paul Ash.

Diebert, Sammy, Conductor of Hollywood Sunnysbrook Orchestra, WWJ.

Dieckmann, Herbert, WLW Flutist.

Dillon, Carl, KSTP, Director United States Third Infantry band, Fort Snelling. Director of bands in Twin Cities for over 30 years, director St. Paul firemen, St. Paul police band, other musical organizations.

Dillon, Zita, Pianist-Xylophonist, KOMO.

Dilzer, Mrs. I. B., Violinist and Pianist, WLAC.

Dimm, Dorothy Dukas, the girl with the baffling eyes, is the 'cellist for the Rembrandt Trio of KGO. Miss Dimm's eyes appear differently in artificial lights, and the staff at the General Electric station has had many a dispute as to their true color. In the light of day, the right eye is brown and the other blue. Her eyes are large, but heavily fringed dark lashes make it possible for the difference in coloring to go unnoticed unless one's attention is drawn to it.

Dine, Homer L., Tenor, Director Schubert Male Quartet, WADC.

Dirks, Dietrich, Program Director, Baritone, KFAB.

DiRocco, Vic, Operator, KFRC.

D'Isere, Guy, Clarinetist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony orchestra.

Diskay, Joseph, Hungarian Tenor, KNX.

Dixie Girls, Alta and Opal, KMA.

Dixie Harmonizers, WADC, Warren Caplinger, Director. Vaudeville and Radio stars. All formerly from Cumberland mountains.

Dixie Tenor, Dell Reed, KWK.

Doane, Don, Announcer, KPO.

Dobbs, Hugh Barrett, of KPO, is one of the west's foremost Radio personalities. To dialers of the tuneless knob he is affectionately known as "Dobbsie." In the world of unseen entertainers he holds the distinction of having the greatest number of listeners ever accorded an artist of the unseen aerial world. Six days a week he conducts the S&W Health exercises from 7 to 8 a. m. and the Shell Happy Time from 8 to 9 a. m., a period dedicated to the shut-ins, convalescents, and those who are not up to physical exercises. In the mailing department of the station, 500,000 letters are filed to his popularity. Mr. Dobbs has that happy combination of a good voice and a happy cheerful personality, and this is what the listener gets.

Doak, John, WLW, member of Crosley Burnt Corkers Quartet and Interlocutor.

Dodds, Everett, Singer of Scotch Songs, WOV.

Dodge, J. Smith, Chief Field Operator, WNAC.

Dodge, William, Leader of Pilgrims, WEEL.

Dodgen, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, Negro Comedy Sketches, KMOX. "Snowball and Sunshine."

Doerr, Clyde, Director of White Rock Saxophone Orchestra, National Broadcasting Company.

Doherty, Mel, Senator Rood of the WLW Variety Hour. Generally known for his dry and deliberate humor. Formerly directed the orchestra that bore his name and broadcast every week at WLW.

Dolin, Max, Musical Director, Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

Donaghy, Harry, Bass, NBC.

Donahue, Jack. Even though his fame rests upon his musical comedy career with Marilyn Miller, he is never happy until he is clog dancing to a lively tune. His interest in vaudeville broke out at an early age when he used to play hooky from school in Charleston, Mass. After an uncertain career of several years in vaudeville, Donahue was signed by Ziegfeld, under whose direction he appeared in a number of Broadway successes. He is now with the Columbia system.

Donaldson, Barton, Baritone, WDAF.

Donaldson, Grace, WLW. One of the Rhythm Rangers Trio (also known as the Donahall-Rose Trio) and one of the Maids of Melody. Has been heard at both WLW and WSAI for the past four years.

Donaldson, Will, Bass, NBC.

Doodlitt, Mabel, Contralto, WHT.

Doppeide, Hazel, Character Sketches, KMOX.

Doran, Morrell, Banjoist, KFAB.

Doremus, Frank, Baritone, WLAC.

Dorman, Emmet, possessor of the "magic violin" heard often over KTAB, has an enviable following for one of his years, for this youth who has only recently turned old enough to vote has brought literally stacks of mail in appreciation of his violin work on the air.

Dorte, P. H., Chief Engineer, CKGW.

Doss, Alyne, Organist, WDBO.

Doty, Eleanor, Popular Songs, WSUN.

Doty, J. Wilson, Organist, KOIL.

Douglas, James, Tenor, WADC.

Dougllass, Pinkie, Director of Castle Heights Military Academy Orchestra, WLAC.

Dowd, John, Baritone, WSM.

Downing, James, Tenor, KHQ.

Downing, Patricia, Reader, KWK.

Downey, Morton, Tenor, NBC.

Downs, Vera, Orchestra Pianist, KOMO.

Doyle, Helen, Member of the Crosley Players at WLW.

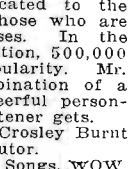
Dozier, Lydia, WLW. Soprano. Member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera company.

Dragonette, Jessica, Member of Light Opera Group, National Broadcasting Company.

Drake, Amelia, Pianist, WFLA.

"Dreamers" is the name of that new male quartette which has recently made its initial appearance over KTAB. These boys are noted for their versatility, having a repertoire that includes everything from the good popular songs to the classics, and their work is both rhythmic and interestingly melodious.

Drennon, Margaret, Soprano, WREN.



Dressler, Eugene, First Tenor of the Aerials, popular male quartet on The Chicago Daily News station.

Drexilius, W. G., WLW. Tenor in Crosley Burnt Corkers Quartet.

Drexler, The Four Brothers, Hawaiian and Banjo Quartet, WADC.

Drittell, Anna, 'Cellist, Member Parnassus Trio, NBC.

Duc, Jules. A real Frenchman who can really teach others to speak his language correctly. This he does over The Chicago Daily News station, WMAQ.

Duey, Phil, Baritone, NBC.

Duffy, L. Roy, Program Director, KVOO. Well known in musical circles throughout the southwest. Has been in Radio work slightly over four years, most of which has been spent with KVOO.

Duke, Elmer, Baritone, WSM.

Dunn, Mrs. Justine, Soprano, WLAC.

Dunnot, Adolph, Ochestra, NBC, Chicago.

Dumont, Paul, Announcer, National Broadcasting Company.

Dumoulin, Theodore, Solo 'Cellist of WLS. Member of Little Brown church players. Formerly with Chicago Symphony. Manages affairs of WLS orchestra.

Dunbar Quartet, KVOO.

Dunham, E. Lewis, Pilot Juvenile Smilers, Organist, WNAC.

Dunham, Russel, WLW. Tenor in Cino Singers quartet. Also a member of the Cincinnati Zoo Opera company and of the faculty of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Dunn, Claud, Guitarist and Member of Wilson Serenaders, WLAC.

Dunn, Ralph, WLW. Tenor.

Dunn's Orchestra, WWNC.

Dunstedter, Eddie, Organist, WCCO.

Dupont, J. H. The only announcer on the North American continent who can announce a sport event in two languages and not get his tongue twisted. During the recent hockey games in Montreal, Mr. Dupont had an exciting time keeping his French and English audiences supplied with a complete description of the games. Directs CKAC.

Durrell, Guy, Captain John Silver on KSTP Pirate Ship, KSTP.

Duva, Marion Bennett, Soprano, KOIN.

Duvoir, Alexandre, Oboe, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

D'Vis, Benny. Popular song writer. Sings over Columbia Broadcasting system.

Dyer, Pearl, "The Rhythm Girl," Staff Pianist, Organist, KJFF.

Dynamite, Jim, plays "Ole Sawbones" from WLS. Hails from Walkerton, Ind., and drifted into WLS one tryout day. Fiddles, plays guitar and harmonica, and sings.

Eastman, Grace Adams, Cornetist, KGO.

Eastman, Doris, Soprano, WSUN.

Eastman, Morgan, General Manager. Came to WENR from KYW, where he had been since that station went on the air. He is known to the Radio public for his lectures and experiments in tone productions.

Eastman, Roy L., Announcer, WNAK. "Harmonica Dutch," "Dutch Uncle" of children's hour.

Eckels, Mrs. Lyman, Soprano, WLAC.

Eclipse Clippers, Dance Orchestra, WBAP.

Edelstein, Walter, Second Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony orchestra.

Eddie and Johnnie, Known as the Sunshine Coffee Boys, at WNAX. These two Scotchmen are accomplished vocalists. Their musical voices blend perfectly together or broadcast equally well in solo.

Eddins, Raynor, Welsh Tenor, KMBC.

Edes, Arthur F., Program Director, Chief Announcer, WEEL.

Edison, Harry, Vibraphone Soloist, National Broadcasting Company.

Edison String Trio, Jack Baus, Violinist; Sterra Feigen, 'Cellist; Sallie Menkes, Pianist and Director, WENR-WBCN.

Edward, Eric Emery, Tenor, KVOO.

Edwards, George, Pianist, NBC, Chicago.

Edwards, Hulda Helen, Director of Matinees, KOA.

Edwards, W. E., Assistant Program Director, KOAC.

Egleston, Charles, Dramatic Production Manager, WCKY. A native of Covington, Kentucky, began career with Otis B. Thayer and Gertrude Bondhill in 1906, touring country in "Sweet Clover." Prominent in character parts on legitimate and vaudeville stage, later playing in and directing stock companies.

Eken, Ann, Girl Baritone, WSBC.

Ek, Vernon, 5-year-old Harmonica Player, KSTP.

Eldredge, Mrs. Clarence, Director Farm Programs, KMOX. "Gay Lee."

Elmore, Smith, Bass Profundo, well known in concert, operetta and vaudeville circles, has been engaged as announcer by the Hotel Traymore of Atlantic City. With Mitzi and the Big City Four of New York, Mr. Elmore won wide favor as soloist and ensemble singer. He not only gives dramatic roles but takes part in the classical concerts given under the direction of

the noted violinist, Alex Hill. WPG.

Elks Municipal Band, KMA.

Elliott, Hazel, Organist, WOC.

Elliott, John, Xylophonist, WMAK.

Ellis, Roger, Operator, WEEL.

Elmer Kaiser's Melody Masters, WCFL.

Elton, George, Trumpet, National Battery Symphony orchestra, KSTP.

Ely, Albert, Announcer and Staff Organist, "Grandpa of the Children's Hour," KSTP, has been Organist and Choral Director at both the Episcopal Church at Cairo, Illinois, and the Central Christian Church at Spokane, Washington, before joining KGA at Spokane, Washington, as Chief Announcer, Program Director and Chief Organist. He was employed by KSTP in February of 1928. He is a member of the Royal College of Organists in London.

Elysian Symphony Orchestra, KMA.

Emerick, Billy, Pianist, Tenor, KOMO.

Emerson, Ralph, the "Laughing Organist" of WLS. Now pumps the world's largest organ at the Chicago Stadium when not on the air. Been on the station for five years. Has a bag of tricks and a ready wit that keeps the laughs coming.

Emery, Bob, Big Brother of WEEL, is one of those early Radio stars who has made a place for himself in this ethereal world by doing what he liked best. He began his Radio work in the old days at WGI, Medford, Hillsdale, playing the ukulele and singing a few songs. In fact, he managed the station. He began to appeal to the children through the title of Big Brother Bob. The children in this portion of Massachusetts liked him so much better as a Big Brother than they did the various uncles and aunts on the air that he became their leader. When they had Boy Scout programs he broadcast them. This last winter he made spelling bees popular through the state.

Emmerling, Mrs. Frank, Soprano, WLAC.

Enslin, Neel, Announcer, Baritone, NBC.

Epstein, Mildred, Soprano, KPO.

Epstein, Pauline, Continuity Writer, KMOX.

Erckenbrach, Bernice, Soprano, KVOO.

Erickson, Prof. Theodore A., Minnesota Director 4-H Club for Boys and Girls. "4-H Club Crier" of KSTP.

Erisman, Wally, and his Coliseum Orchestra, KSTP.

Erisman, A. J. "Al," was known for his tenor voice and his well planned Radio programs at WGR, Buffalo, for several years. Within the last two years he has become director of WMAK. He has made this station one of the best in the United States. The Columbia Chain broadcasts over this station. In the morning expert cooking chats are given by the best expert in Buffalo. Many popular features have been added and many program continuities kept listeners interested. Mr. Erisman is chiefly interested in giving the Radio public variety. The Three Musketeers is only an example of one of the popular features. George F. McGarret, and Robert

Strig are two members of the staff who aid Mr. Erisman in making up the continuities.

Erstinn, Gitta, Soprano, NBC.

Espano, Pedro, Tenor, WLS. From Evansville, Ind., after being born in Mexico. Works at Rivinia summer opera. Big and dark.

Etter, William, Chief Engineer, WJJD, Chicago.

Evans, Le Roy, Pianist of Ensemble, WBAL.

Evans, Mary Joe, Soprano, WAPI.

Evans, Mildred, Soprano, WLMB-WOK.

Evans, Richard C., Technician, KDYL.

Evans, Tommy, Tenor, WJR.

Evans, Walter D., Plant Manager, KYW-KFKX.

Everett, Gladys, Contralto, KFOA.

Ewart, Russell, Tenor, WOC.

Ewer, Mabel Swint, Women's Club Program, WFI.

Faassen, Uncle Joe, Chief Announcer. Winner of the Silver Cup in Popular Announcer Contest, 1927. Folks who hear him for the first time almost invariably picture him as older than he is. KSO.

Fabre, Gergette, Pianist, WADC.

Fadel, Michael J., Manager KSTP News Bureau, Assistant Director of Public Relations, former Manager University of Minnesota Student band; former Sports Editor, Gary, Indiana; Representative Associated Press, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Fair, Harold, recent addition to staff of KOIL. Announcer and Program Director. Mr. Fair's pronounced musical ability serves him in good stead in Radio work. His musical experience includes theatrical work, broadcasting, composing and playing with various dance orchestras. His recording work makes him appreciate the Radio.

Fanning, John J., Sales Manager, WNAC.

Farley, Madeline, Soprano, WDAF.

Farnham Trio, KMA.

Farr, Kay, Organist, WCFL.

Farr, Theo. H., Bass, WAPI.

Farris, William, Jr., Bass-Baritone, WLAC.

Fauske, Oren, Organist on Tuesday Programs, KSTP.

Favorita, Mrs. Upton, Dramatic Critic, WCAU.

Fay, William, Announcer, WMAK. Mr. Fay was Announcer-Director of the WLS Light opera company, one of light harmony twins, member of the Radio Four male quartet, bass fiddler in the WGY orchestra and baritone soloist at WGY. No wonder the Buffalo station took him away from Schenectady. At the present time he is one of the Three Musketeers at WMAK, announces, directs and does a little of everything.

Feldson, Judge C. N. Lecturer of wide reputation, conducts weekly book chat, WAP.

Feingold, Phyllis, Violinist Member of the WBBM Concert orchestra. She is a talented young violinist and is often called upon to play solo numbers.

Felber, Herman, Director of WLS Orchestra and Solo Violinist. Born and trained in Chicago. Directed six navy bands during late war. Joined Chicago Symphony orchestra while only 18. Conducted band and orchestra on President Wilson's ship to Paris peace conference.

Fentress, Ahne, Violinist, WLAC.

Fent

Main grid of radio station listings with columns for station name, frequency, power, and location. Includes sections for various regions like Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, and specific programs like 'The Pepsodent Program' and 'Radio Household Institute'.

Don't Miss It! RADIO DIGEST is out each month with the best fiction, by nationally known writers, articles about local luminaries in the Radio world, interesting stories of what is going on in the studios, and the most accurate log and wave length table published. Be sure of your copy—subscribe now. Clip the coupon on page six.

OFFICIAL CALL BOOK AND LOG

- KKRC: Enid, Okla. 218.8m-1370kc. 250 watts daylight, 100 watts at sunset.
KEJK: Beverly Hills, Calif. 256.3m-1170kc. 500 watts.
KFBH: Havre, Mont. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts.
KFBK: Sacramento, Calif. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts.
KFDL: Everett, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts.
KFDY: Brookings, S. D. 543.1m-550kc. 1,000 watts.

KFEC

Portland, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Meier & Frank Co., Inc. Announcer, Sid Goodwin. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-mid. Sun, 8-10:30 pm. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KFEL

Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Eugene P. O'Fallon, Inc. Announcer, Ralph Crowder. Daily ex Sun, 5:45-8:30 am, 10 am-12:30 pm, 3-4:30 pm, Mon, Wed, Sat, 6-8 pm; Tues, Thurs, Fri, 8-12 pm; Sun, 5:45 am, 10 am, 1:30 pm, 2:30 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm, 7 pm, 9 pm.

KFEQ

St. Joseph, Mo. 535.4m-560kc. 2500 watts. J. L. Scroggin, Announcer, Clarence Koch. Daily ex Sun, markets, 8:45 am, 9:45-11, 12, 1, 2 pm; music, 2:20-6:20 pm. Central. Founded 1922.

KFEY

Kellogg, Idaho. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Union High School Station. Announcer, Walter C. Clark. Slogan, "Voice of the Coeur D'Alenes." Pacific.

KFGQ

Boone, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Boone Biblical School. Founded April, 1923.

KFH

Wichita, Kan. 230.6m-1300kc. 1,000 watts. J. L. Fox. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-10, 11-12, 2-3, 4:5-5:30, 7:30-10:11. Markets, 9, 10, 11, 12, 1:25, 2. Sun, 8:30-10:30, religious; 5-6. Program; 7-9, Program. Founded Dec. 1, 1925. Central.

KFHA

Gunnison, Colo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Western State College of Colorado. E. Russell Wightman, Slogan, "Where the Sun Shines Every Day." Daily, 7:30-8:45 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 10 pm. Daily, 12:30-1 pm. Founded May, 1922. Mountain.

KFI

Los Angeles, Calif. 468.5m-640kc. 5000 watts. Earle C. Anthony, Inc. Announcer, Harry Hall. Slogan, "A National Institution." Daily ex Sun, 8 am-11 pm. Sun, 10 am-11 pm. Sat, 8 am-2 am. Installed Spring, 1922. Pacific.

KFIF

Portland, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Benson Polytechnic School. Announcer, Alfred Skei. Omar Bittner, W. Hollensted. Tues, Wed, 7-8. Pacific.

KFIO

Spokane, Wash. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Spokane Broadcasting Corporation. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-7 pm. Sun, 2-5 pm.

KFIU

Juneau, Alaska. 228.9m-1310kc. 10 watts. Alaska Elec. Light & Power Co. Announcer, O. E. Schoenbell. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6-7 pm. Alaskan time.

KFIZ

Fond du Lac, Wis. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Fond du Lac Commonwealth Reporter. Daily ex Sun, noon, 5 and 8 pm Fri.

KFJB

Marshalltown, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Marshall Electric Co. Announcers, Phil Hoffman, Allen Warden and Darrel E. Laird. Daily, 7-8 am, 9:30-10 am, 12:30-2 pm, 3:30-5 pm, 6:30-8 pm, 10:30-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm. Central.

KFJF

Oklahoma City, Okla. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. National Radio Mfg. Co. Announcer, Tired Hand. Slogan, "Radio Headquarters of Oklahoma City." Daily ex Sun, 9 am, music; 10, sacred music; 10:30, markets; 11:30 am-2 pm, music; 6-12, Sun, 9 am, 1, B. S. A., 10, Men's class; 11, services; 7:30-9:30 pm, services; 9:30-10:30 pm, entertainment. Central. Founded July, 1923.

KFJI

Astoria, Ore. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Kincaid News Co. Oregonian Past Express, Announcers, Jack Keating, J. J. Allen. Daily, 9:30 am-1:15 pm, Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 5-8 pm. Fri, 5 pm-12 pm. Sun, 11 am-8 pm. Pacific.

KFJM

Grand Forks, N. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. University of North Dakota, Announcers, Jack Stewart, Howard J. Monley. Daily, 12 pm, 6:40-7 pm, Sun, 10:45 am, 12:30 pm, 6, 7:15-8:15 pm. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.

KFJR

Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Ashley C. Dixon & Son, Announcer, Ashley C. Dixon, Sr. Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-2:30 pm, Mon, Thur, Sat, 5 pm-6 pm, 7 pm. Tue, Wed, Fri, 7-12 pm. Founded Sept. 23, 1923. Pacific.

KFJY

Fort Dodge, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Tunwall Radio Co. Announcer, Carl Tunwall. Daily 12:10-1:30 pm, 6:30-7:30 pm. Tues, 9:30 am-10:30 am, 9:30-10:30 pm extra. Fri, 6:30-8:30 pm extra. Sat, 9:30-10:30 pm extra. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.

KFJZ

Fort Worth, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. W. E. Branch, Announcer, Texas Joy Boy. Slogan, "The Voice of Texas, The Home of Texas Hour." Central. Founded Sept. 24, 1923.

KFKA

Greeley, Colo. 340.7m 880kc. 500 watts after 6 pm. 1000 watts day. Colorado State Teachers College. Announcers, Geo. A. Irvin, Lynn Craig. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am-6-7 pm. Fri, 11 am, school assembly program.

KFKB

Millford, Kan. 285.5m-1050kc. 5000 watts. J. R. Brinkley, M. D. Announcer, Dee D. Denver, Jr. Daily ex Sun, 5-8 am, 11:30-1 pm, 9-10 am, 4-8:30 pm. Sun, 8-8:30 am, sunrise service; 12-8:30 pm.

KFKU

Lawrence, Kan. 245.6m-1220kc. 1000 watts. University of Kansas. Announcer, Ellsworth C. Dent. Wed, 6:30-7:30 pm. Thurs, 8-9 pm. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Central.

KFKX

Chicago, Ill. 293.9m-1020kc. 5000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 10 am, 11, 12, 1:30 pm, 3, 5:15, 5:30. Sat, 10 am, 12, 1, 2, 3, 5:15, 5:30. Central.

KFKZ

Kirkville, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. State Teachers College. Announcers, Garret Underhill, John Arty. Mon, 8:30-9:30 pm, Thurs, 8-9 pm. Founded 1921. Central.

KFLV

Rockford, Ill. 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Rockford Broadcasters, Inc. Announcers, Paul Bodin, Willard Anderson, Aaron Markuson, Harold Nelson. Founded October, 1923. Central.

KFLX

Galveston, Texas. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. George R. Clough.

KFMX

Northfield, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Carleton College. Central.

KFNF

Shenandoah, Iowa. 336.9m-890kc. 1000 watts daytime. 500 watts evening. 6 am-10:30 pm except 5-6 pm and 7:30-9 pm. Henry Field Seed Co. Announcer, Henry Field. Slogan, "The Friendly Farmer Station." Founded Feb. 1924. Central.

KFOR

Lincoln, Neb. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Howard A. Shuman. Jack Strahl, announcer. Daily ex Sun, 7-8, 10-11, 12-1, 2-2:30, 7-10. Sun, 9-9:30, 2:30-3. Central. Founded March, 1924.

KFOX

Long Beach, Calif. 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Nichols & Warriner, Inc. Announcer, Hal G. Nichols. Slogan, "The Hancock Oil Co. Station." Daily ex Sun, 5 pm-3 am, 8-1 am. Founded March, 1924. Pacific.

KFPL

Dublin, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Announcer, C. C. Baxter. Daily ex Sun, 6 am, 10:30-7 pm, religious programs. Central.

KFPM

Greenville, Texas. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. The New Furniture Co.

KFPW

Siloam Springs, Ark. 223.7m-1340kc. 50 watts. John E. Brown College. Slogan, "Keeping Pace With Christ Means Progress." Daily ex Sun, 5-6 am, 1:30-2:30 pm. Sun, 1-2:30 pm. Central. Founded April 17, 1924.

KFPY

Spokane, Wash. 215.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. Symons Investment Co. Announcers, T. W. Baird, Jr., Wesley Bell, Ralph Stewart. Mon, Wed, 9 am, 5-7:30, 10-12 mid. Tues, Sat, 9 am, mid. Fri, 9 am-3:30 pm, 5-12 mid. Thurs, 9 am-12 mid. Sun, 6 pm-10 pm. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KFQD

Anchorage, Alaska. 243.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Anchorage Radio club. Alaskan time.

KFQU

Holy City, Calif. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. W. E. Riker, Announcer, C. E. Boone. Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-6:30 pm, 7-8 pm, 10 pm-2 am. Sun, 11 am-12 n, 10-11 pm. Founded November, 1924. Pacific.

KFQW

Seattle, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. KFQW, Inc. Pacific. Announcer, Edwin A. Krafft. Daily ex Sat, 9 am-1:30 pm. Sat, 9 am-3 pm. Pacific. Founded June, 1924.

KFQZ

Hollywood, Calif. 348.6m-860kc. 250 watts. Taft Radio Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Jack Carrington. Daily, 7 am-6 pm, 9 pm-7 am. Pacific.

KFRC

San Francisco, Calif. 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee, Inc. Announcer, Harrison Holloway. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 7-9 am, 10-12 n, 12-1 pm, 2-12 mid. Sat, 7-9 am, 10-12 n, 12-1 pm, 2-12 mid. Sun, 9 am-12 n, 12-12 mid; 12 mid-1 am daily ex Sun. Pacific.

KFRU

Columbia, Mo. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Stephens College. Announcer, Earl W. Lewis. Slogan, "Knowledge Flourishes Round Us." Daily, 6-9 am, 5-8 pm. Sun, 7:30-12 n, 2-6 pm. Founded October 25, 1925. Central.

KFSB

San Diego, Calif. 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts. Airline Radio Corporation. Announcer, Tom Sexton. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-1:30 pm, 3:15-4:15 pm, 4:45 pm-10 pm. Sun, 10 am-2 pm, 2:30-3:30 pm, 8-10 pm. Pacific. Founded March 28, 1926.

KFSG

Los Angeles, Calif. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Eeho Park Evang. Assn. Slogan, "The Glory Station of the Pacific Coast." Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am-12 pm, 2-5 pm, Mon, Thurs, Sat, 10-11 pm, Tues, 7-12 pm, mid. Sun, 10:15 am-12:30 pm, 2:30-4:30 pm, 7 pm-mid.

KFUL

Galveston, Texas. 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts daytime. 500 watts night. Will H. Ford. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 7-11 pm ex Tues and Fri. Tues, Fri, 7:30-8:30 pm, 9:30-11 pm. Sun, 1:30-4 pm.

KFUM

Colorado Springs, Colo. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Corley Mountain Highway. Announcer, Edw. Norton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Rockies." Daily ex Sun, 9 am-12:30 pm, 5:15-7:30 pm, Mon, 7:30-10 pm, Tues, 7:30-10:30 pm, Thurs, 7:30-2 am special DX program. Fri, 7:30-9 pm. Mountain.

KFUO

St. Louis, Mo. (Tr. at Clayton.) 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Concordia Theological Seminary (Lutheran). Announcer, Herm. H. Piehler. Daily ex Sun, 1:15 am, Daily ex Sat, Sun, 9:25 am, 12:15 pm, Daily, 7 pm, Sun, 8:30 am, 10 am, 10:45 am, 3 pm, 3:30 pm, 9:15 pm. Founded Dec. 14, 1924. Central.

KFUP

Denver, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Fitzsimons General Hospital. Educational and Recreational Dept. Announcer, Major Transue. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 10-11 am. Tues, Thurs, Fri, 7:30 pm. Mountain.

KFUR

Ogden, Utah. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Peery Building Co. 5:30-11. Mountain.

KFVD

Culver City, Calif. 422.3m-710kc. 250 watts. Auburn-Euler Co. Announcers, Al Weinert, Paul Meyers. Founded April, 1925.

KFVS

Cape Girardeau, Mo. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Hirsch Battery & Radio Co. Announcer, W. W. Watkins. Slogan, "The City of Opportunity." Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 12:15 noon, 5-7:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-9 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 9 pm-12. Tues, Fri, 10 am, 12:15 noon, 5-7:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 noon, church. Founded May 27, 1925.

KFWB

Hollywood, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Warner Brothers. Announcer, William "Bill" Ray. Mon, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Tues, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-12 mid. Wed, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Thurs, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Fri, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Sat, 8 am-2:10 pm, 4:30-mid. Sun, 9 am-1:30 pm, 6:30-11 pm.

KFWC

Pomona, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. James R. Couch, Announcer, Frank Pierce. 12 n-11 pm. Pacific.

KFWF

St. Louis, Mo. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Louis Truth Center. Slogan, "The Voice of Truth." Announcer, Rev. Charles H. Hartmann. Tues, Fri, 9:45 am, Thurs, 10:45 am, 7:45 pm. Sun, 9 am, 10:45, 7:45 pm. Founded 1925. Central.

KFWI

San Francisco, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Radio Entertainments, Inc. Announcer, Henry C. Blank. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7-8 am, 9-1:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 8:30-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7-8 am, 9-11 am, 8:30-9 pm. Sun, 7:50-9:15 pm. Pacific.

KFWM

Oakland, Calif. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Oakland Educational Society. Announcer, O. B. Eddins. Sun, 9:45-11 am, 12-2:30 pm, 6:7-7:45, 9:15-10:15 pm, Mon, 2:36-6 pm; 7-8:30 pm, Tues, 8-9 am, 11-12 am; 1:30-6 pm; 7-11 pm, Wed, 2:30-6 pm, 7-8:30 pm; Thurs, 8-10 am, 11-12 am, 1:30-6 pm, 7-11 pm; Fri, 2:30-6 pm, 7-8:30 pm, Sat, 8-9 am, 11-12 am, 1:30-6 pm, 7-11 pm.

KFXD

Jerome, Idaho. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. KFXD, Inc. Daily ex Sun, 12 n, Wed, Sat, 8-10 pm. Sun, 11:20-12:20 pm. Mountain.

KFXF

Denver, Colo. 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Colorado Radio Corp. Announcers, W. D. Pyle, T. C. Ekrem, Lou Keplinger. Slogan, "The Voice of Denver." Daily ex Sun, 8 am-6 pm, 6-11. Sun, 7 pm-1 am. Mountain.

KFXG

Edgewater, Colo. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. R. G. Howell. Slogan, "America's Scenic Center." Daily ex Sun, 8 am-1 pm, Wed, Sat, 3:30-10. Thurs, 3:30-10. Sat, 3:30-11:00. Mountain.

KFXR

Oklahoma City, Okla. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Exchange Ave. Baptist church. Daily, 8-10 pm. Sun, 10-12:30, 3-4 pm, 7:30-9:30 pm.

KFXS

Flagstaff, Ariz. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Kent Starkweather. Announcer, Frank Wilburn. Daily, 12 n-1 pm, 5-8 pm. Mon, Wed, Sat, 9:30-10:30 pm. Mountain.

KFYO

Abilene, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 250 watts day. 100 watts night. T. E. Kirksey. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 11-1:15 am, 12-1 pm, 6-6:30 pm, 8-10. Sun, 12-4 pm, 8-10 pm. Central. Founded February 19, 1927.

KFYR

Bismarck, N. D. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Hoskins-Meyer, Inc. Announcer, Stanley Lucas. Daily ex Sun, 8:30-12 noon, 1-5:30 pm, 6-9 pm. Wed, Sat, 3-11 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n, 3-5 pm. Founded December, 1925.

KGA

Spokane, Wash. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Announcer, Harry Long. Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, exercises; 8-12 n, chain programs; 12-12:30, news, farm; 12:30-5 pm, programs; 5 pm, studio; 6 pm, time, 6-12 pm, chain. Sun, 10 am-2 pm, chain; 2-7 pm, chain; 7:30-9 pm, church; 9-10 pm, chain. Pacific.

KGAR

Tucson, Ariz. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Tucson Citizen. Announcer, Harold S. Sykes. Tues, Fri, 8-9 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7:30-9 pm. Installed June, 1926. Mountain.

KGB

San Diego, Calif. 220.4m-1360kc. 250 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp. Daily, 7-11 am, 2:30 pm-midnight. Sun, 8 am-12 n, 6 pm-midnight.

KGBU

Ketchikan, Alaska. 333.1m-900kc. 500 watts. Alaska Radio & Service Co. Announcer, James A. Britton. Slogan, "The Voice of Alaska." Daily ex Sun. Daily, 12 n-3 pm, 6 pm-10 pm. Pacific.

KGBX

St. Joseph, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Foster-Hall, Inc. Announcers, R. D. Foster, Geo. E. Wilson. Daily ex Sun, 6-8 am, 12-1 pm, 4-9 pm. Sun, 11 am-1:30 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Founded Aug. 11, 1926. Central.

KGBZ

York, Neb. 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts night. 1000 watts day. Announcer, Dr. George R. Miller. Slogan, "Keep Your Hogs and Poultry Healthy." Silent Monday night. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 5, 7, 11 am, 2, 8, 30 pm, Thurs, 7:00 pm, music. Alternate Sun, 9-11 am, 3-6 pm, service. Opened August, 1926. Central.

KGCA

Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 50 watts. Sun, 10 am-11:30 am. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-10 am, 12:30 pm-1:30 pm. Chas. W. Greenley.

KGCI

San Antonio, Texas. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Liberty Radio Sales.

KGCN

Concordia, Kan. 211.1m-1420kc. 50 watts. Concordia Broadcasting Co. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm, 7-9. Founded August, 1926. Central.

KCCR

Brookings, S. D. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Cutler's Radio Broadcasting Service, Inc.

KGCU

Mandan, N. D. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mandan Radio Assn. Announcers, E. L. Dahners, C. E. Bagley. Daily ex Sun, 7-8:30 am, 10-11, 12-1:30 pm, 6:30-8. Mon, 11 pm-1:30 am. Sun, 11-12 n, 4:30-6:30 pm. Mountain. Founded 1925.

KGCX

Vida, Mont. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. First State Bank of Vida. Announcer, F. E. Krebsbach. Daily ex Sun, 12:15-1:15 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n. Mountain. Founded Oct. 1, 1926.

KGDA

Dell Rapids, S. D. 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Home Auto Co. Sun, 10-11 am, 1:30-5 pm. Tues and Fri, 2-3 pm. Central.

KGDE

Fergus Falls, Minn. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. C. L. Jaren. Daily ex Sun, 7-8:30, musical and time signals; 12-1, musical and time signals; 4-4:45, musical; 4:45-5, news, weather, markets; 5-6, 7-8, musical. Licensed Sept. 15, 1926

KOIN

Portland, Ore. 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. KOIN, Inc. Announcers, Art Kirkham, Gene Baker. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-10 am, 11 am, 12 n, 1 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm, 6 pm, 7 pm, 8 pm, 9 pm, 10 pm, 11 pm, 12 n. Sat, 11-2 am. Sunday, 12 n-1 pm, 1:30-2:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 7:50-9 pm, 10-11 pm. Pacific. Founded April, 1926.

KOL

Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Seattle Broadcasting Co. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 6:45 am to mid. Fri, Sat, 6:45 am-1 am. Pacific. Founded May, 1922.

KOMO

Seattle, Wash. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Fisher's Blend Station, Inc. Announcers, George Godfrey, Art Lindsay, James Harvey, Bob Vierling. Daily ex Sun, 10 am, health exercises; 10:15 am, recipes; 7:55 am, inspirational; 12 n, S. Farm talks; 5 pm, Kiddies' Court of Storyland; 5:30, stocks; 8:45, news; 6:12-30 am, music. Sun, 11 am-11 pm. Pacific. Founded Dec. 31, 1926.

KORE

Eugene, Ore. 211.1m-1420kc. 1000 watts. Eugene Broadcast Station. Daily 8:30-11 am, 12-1:30 pm, 3-9 pm, 5-9 pm. Sun, 11-12 am, 2-3 pm, 4:30-5 pm, 7:30-9 pm.

KOY

Phoenix, Ariz. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. Nielsen Radio Supply Co. Announcers, E. A. Nielsen, J. A. Murphy, W. T. Hoeg. Slogan, "The Radio Voice of Arizona." Mountain.

KPCB

Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. Announcer, L. D. Greenway. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 7:30-9 pm, Mon, 8 am-4:30 pm. Tues, 4 pm-12 mid. Wed, 8 am-4:30 pm. Thurs, 4 pm-12 mid. Fri, 8 am-4:30 pm. Sat, 4 pm-12 mid. Pacific. Founded April 1, 1927.

KPJM

Fresno, Ariz. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Miller Klahn. 12-1 pm, 3-4, 5:30-8.

KPLA

Los Angeles Calif. 299.8m-1000 kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Development Radio Co. H. H. Marshall. Daily, 6 am-7 pm, 9 pm-6 am. Pacific. Founded March, 1927.

KPO

San Francisco, Calif. 440.9m-680kc. 5000 watts. Hale Bros. and the Chronicle. Announcer, Curtis Peck. Slogan, "The Voice of San Francisco, The City by the Golden Gate." Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, exercises; 8, music; 9:30-10:30, utility features; 12 n, time, weather, music. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 2 pm, Thurs, Fri, 12:30 pm, club programs. Daily ex Sun, 4:30-12 mid. Sun, 9:00 am-1 pm, church; 3-9:30 pm, Pacific.

KPOF

Denver, Colo. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. Pillar of Fire, Inc. Slogan, "And the Lord Went Before Them in a Pillar of Fire." Daily ex Sun, 10 am, studio church service. Tues, Fri, 7:30-9 pm, music and lecture. Thurs, 6:45-7:20 am, Bible class. Sat, 7:15-8:15 pm, Young People's hour. Mountain.

KPPC

Pasadena, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Announcer, Frederick Swift, Jr. Sun, 9:45 am-12:45 pm, 6:45-9 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Founded Dec. 25, 1924. Pacific.

KPO

Seattle, Wash. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Taft and Wasmser, Inc. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 8 am-4 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 4:30-11. Sun, 8 and 11 am.

KPRC

Houston, Texas. 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Houston Post-Dispatch. Slogan, "Kotton Port Rail Center." Announcers, Alfred P. Daniel, Ted Hills and S. Roberts. Daily ex Sun, 6:30 am, 10 am, Housewives' Hour; 11 am, time, weather, markets; 12 n, entertainment; 2-4 pm, 5-12 mid. Sun, 11 am, services; 12:30 pm-mid, entertainment. Founded May 8, 1925. Central.

KPSN

Pasadena, Calif. 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Pasadena Star-News. Announcer, P. C. Pryor. Daily ex Sun. First Sunday of mo; 8-9 pm. Second and fourth Sundays, 12:15 pm, news; 6, news. Sun, 10:30-12:30 am. Installed Nov. 23, 1925. Pacific.

KPWF

Westminster, Calif. 201.6m-1490kc. 5000 to 10,000 watts. Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation.

KQV

Pittsburgh, Pa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Double-day-Hill Elec. Co. Announcers, Ford Miller, Ted Kaufman, Floyd Donber. Daily ex Sun, 11-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 6-12 mid. Sun, 10-11 am, 1-2 pm, 5-10 pm. Eastern.

KQW

San Jose, Calif. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Pacific Agricultural Foundation. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-12:30 pm, music; 12:30-1, market reports; 1-5, music; 5-5:30, children's hour; 5:30-6, Aunt Sammy; 6-6:20, U. S. D. A.; 6:20-6:50, market reports; 6:50, Farm-ers exchange; 7, news, weather, markets; 7:20, farm topics; 7:30, mail bag; 7:40, talk; 7:55, riddles; 8-9:30, program; Sun, 10:15 am-7:30 pm, church. Pacific.

KRE

Berkeley, Calif. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Pacific School of Religion. Daily, 8-11:30 am, 2-4:45 pm, 7-8 pm, ex Wed, 7 pm-12 mid, 10-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-7:45 pm.

KRGV

Harlingen, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Valley Radio Electric Corp. Sun, 8:15 am-9:15 am, 12:30 pm-2 pm, 5 pm-7 pm. Daily, 6 am-10 am, 1 pm to 4 pm. Mon, 9 pm-11 pm. Tues, 7 pm-9 pm. Wed, 8-11 pm. Thurs, 7-9 pm. Fri, 9-11 pm. Sat, 7-9 pm.

KRLD

Dallas, Texas. 288.3m-1040kc. 10,000 watts. KRLD, Inc. Announcer, T. D. Rogers. Daily ex Sun, 9-11 am, 12:30-2 pm, 2:30-3 pm, 3-4 pm, 5-6 pm, 8-9, 10-11 pm. Sat, mid-3 am. Sun, 9:30-10:30 am, 12:30-6 pm, 7-8 pm, 10-11 pm. Central. Founded Oct. 30, 1926.

KRMD

Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Airplan Radio Shop. Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am-1 pm. Sun, 8:30 am-9:30 am.

YRSC

Seattle, Wash. 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Radio man, Inc. Corp. Announcer, Robert E. Priebe. Daily, to sunset. Pacific.

KSAC

Manhattan, Kan. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts nights, 1000 watts days. Kansas State Agricultural College. Announcer, Leslie L. Longsdorf. Daily ex Sun, 8-9 am, 10-11 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 4:30-5:30 pm. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1924.

KSCJ

Sioux City, Ia. 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. The Sioux City Journal. Announcer, C. W. Corkhill. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-8:50, markets, weather; 9:30-1 pm, news, music; 3-7 pm, music, educational; 8-9, Sun, 10:30 am, 2 pm, 8. Central. Opened April 4, 1927.

KSD

St. Louis, Mo. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pulitzer Pub Co. Announcers, W. F. Ludgate, R. L. Coe. Daily ex Sun, 9:40 am, 10:40, 11:40, 12:40, 1:40, 3:40, Mon, Fri, Sat, 7:11-1:30 pm. Tues, 7-9:30 pm, 10-11 pm. Wed and Fri, 9-9:15 am; 9:50-11 am, 11:45-12:15. Wed, 7-10:30 pm, 7-10 pm. Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm, 4:30-9:15 pm. Central. Founded June 24, 1922.

KSEI

Pocatello, Idaho. 333.1m-900kc. 250 watts. KSEI Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. J. O'Connor. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-12 m, 3-4 pm, 6-8, 9-11. Sun, 9-11 pm. Mountain. Opened Jan, 1925.

KSL

Salt Lake City, Utah. 265.3m-1130kc. 5000 watts. Radio Service Corp. of Utah. Announcers, Roscoe Groves, Douglas Nowell, Douglas Donce. Daily ex Sun, 6:30-12 n, 12 n-1 pm, 2 pm, 2 pm-12 mid. Sun, 9:30-11:30 pm. Mountain.

KSMR

Santa Maria, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Santa Maria Valley Railroad Company. Announcer, Sydney C. Peck. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 11, 2:30-3:30, 6-7, 8-9:30. Sat, 11-2, 6-7, 8-9, Pacific. Founded Dec. 3, 1925.

KSO

Clarinda, Iowa. 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Berry Seed Co. Announcer, Joe Paassen. Slogan, "Keep Serving Others." Daily ex Sun, 6:30-8 am, 10:30-11, 11:45-1 pm, 3-4, 6:30-8 pm, 9-10 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 2:30-3:30 pm. Founded Nov. 2, 1925. Central.

KSOO

Sioux Falls, S. D. 270.1m-1110kc. 2000 watts. Sioux Falls Broadcast Assn. Announcer, Randall Ryan. Slogan, "A Friendly Station in a Friendly City." Daily ex Sun, 6 am-6 pm. Sun, 9:30 am-6 pm. Limited time nights. Central. Founded 1922.

KSTP

St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn. (tr. Wescott, Minn.). 205.4m-1460kc. 10,000 watts. The National Battery Station. Slogan, "The Call of the North." Daily ex Sun, 7 am-5 pm; 10:10-20; 12 mid, 12:45 am. Mon, 6 to 10:45 pm. Tues and Sat, 6 to 10 pm. Wed, Thurs and Fri, 6-9:30 pm. Sun, 12:30-9:45 pm. Central. Founded May, 1924.

KTAB

Oakland, Calif. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Stages Station. Announcers, Mel Le Mon, Irving W. Kriss, W. G. Hobart. Slogan, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." Daily ex Sun, 6:45-1:30 pm, 4 pm-2 am. Sun, 9:45-12:30 pm, 1 pm-9 pm. Pacific. Opened August 1, 1925.

KTAP

San Antonio, Texas. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Robert B. Bridge, Alamo Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Kum to America's Playground." Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, 11-12, 1-2 pm, 3-4, 6-7, 9-12. Sun, 5-7 pm, 9-12. Central. Founded September 15, 1927.

KTAT

Fort Worth, Texas. 241.8m-1240kc. 1000 watts. Texas Air Transport Broadcast Co. Announcer, Alva R. Willgus. Daily ex Sun, 10:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 2:15-3, 7:30-8:30, 9:30-11. Wed, 10:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 2-4 pm, 7:30-11. Central.

KTBS

Los Angeles, Calif. 230.6m-1300kc. 750 watts. Bible Inst. of Los Angeles. Announcer, H. P. Herdman. Mon to Fri, 8 am-2:30 pm. Mon, Fri, Sat, 7-10 pm. Sun, 6-7, 8-10 pm. Pacific. Founded September, 1922.

KTBR

Portland, Ore. 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. M. E. Brown. Announcer, M. E. Brown. Daily ex Sun, 6-7 pm, dinner program, markets. Mon, Thurs, Sat, 8-12. Mon, 9-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-12:15 pm, 2-4 pm, 7:30-10 pm, church services. Pacific. Opened Sept. 23, 1925.

KTBS

Shreveport, La. 206.8m-1450kc. 1000 watts. Shreveport Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. G. Patterson. Daily ex Sun, 9:15 am, 12:15 pm, 2:15, markets, weather, news; 6 pm, studio program. Sun, 11 am, 7:30 pm. Central. Founded March 14, 1922.

KTHS

Hot Springs National Park, Ark. 288.3-1040kc. 10,000 watts. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, G. C. Arnoux. Slogan, "Kum to Hot Springs." Daily ex Sun, 1:30 am-2:30 pm. Mon, Sat, 6-6:30 pm, 7-9 pm. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7-8, 9-10, 11-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-12:30 pm, 8-10 pm, 11 pm-12 mid. Installed Dec. 20, 1924. Central.

KTM

Santa Monica, Calif. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp. Daily and Sun, 6-8 am; 1-5 am, 8-12 m. Pacific.

KTNT

Muscateine, Iowa. 256.3m-1170kc. 5000 watts. Norman Baker. Slogan, "The Voice of Labor and Farmer." Announcers, Norman Baker, Wm. McFadden, Charles Salisbury, Rene Bellows, Fonda Jarvis. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-6 pm, 10 pm-12 pm. Sun, 12-1 pm, 2:30 pm-4:30 pm. Central. Founded 1924.

KTSA

San Antonio, Texas (tr. Woodlawn Hills). 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts night, 2000 watts day. Lone Star Broadcast Co. Sun, 9-11 am, 1 to 2:30 pm, 6-9:30 pm. Mon, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-6:45, 8-9:30 pm. Tues, 7-11 am, 2-30 pm, 5:30-9:30 pm. Wed, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-6:45 pm, 8-11 pm. Thurs, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-8:30 pm. Fri, 7-11 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-6:45 pm, 8-11 pm. Sat, 7-9 am, 2-2:30 pm, 5:30-7 pm.

KTSL

Shreveport, La. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Houseman Sheet Metal Works. Announcer, G. A. Houseman. 2-4 pm, 7:30-10:30 pm. Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.

KTUE

Houston, Texas, 211.1m-1420kc. 5 watts. Uhalt Electric. Announcer, Walter Ivanhoe Zaborski. Daily ex Sun, 2-3 pm, 7-10 pm, 2-3 pm. Central.

KTW

Seattle, Wash. 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. First Presbyterian Church. Announcer, J. D. Ross. Slogan, "Hear Ye, Hear Ye, the Gospel." Sun, 11-12:30 pm, 3-4:30, 7-9:30, church service. Pacific.

KUJ

Longview, Wash. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Columbia Broadcasting Co., Inc. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6-9 pm. Sat, 6-12 mid. Pacific.

KUOA

Fayetteville, Ark. 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. University of Arkansas. W. S. Gregson. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-2 pm, 5:55-5:55 pm. Mon, 7-9 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Central. Founded 1923.

KUOM

Missoula, Mont. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. University of Montana. Mon, Thurs, 8-10 pm. Sun, 9:30-10:45 pm. Mountain. Founded 1924.

KUSD

Vernon, S. D. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts night, 750 day. University of South Dakota. Announcer, Bill Knight. Slogan, "South Dakota University for South Dakotans." Mon, Wed, Fri, 8-9 pm. Central.

KUT

Austin, Texas. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. University of Texas. Announcer, J. G. Adams. Mon, Wed, 8 pm. Fri, 8 pm. Founded 1925. Central.

KVEP

Portland, Ore. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Schaeffer Radio Co. Daily ex Sun, 9-12 am, 5-11 pm. Sat, 5-1 am. Sun, 11-12 am.

KVI

Tacoma, Wash. 394.5m-760kc. Puget Sound Radio Broadcasting Co. Daily, 7 am-mid, ex 15 min, 7:30-7:45 pm. Sun, 12 n-mid, ex 7:30-7:45 pm. Pacific.

KVLI

Seattle, Wash. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Arthur C. Dailey, C. H. Hout. Mon, Wed and Fri, 12-4 pm, 5-12 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 12-6 pm. Sun, 4:30-7, 9:30-12 pm. Pacific. Founded July 13, 1926.

KVOO

Tulsa, Okla. 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Southwestern Sales Corp. Announcers, Gordon Hittenmark, Roland R. Wiseman, Harry K. Richardson. Daily ex Sun, 9:10-45 am; 11:45, markets; 12:1-45 pm, 3-4 pm; 5:25-9 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, 5:25-6 pm, 9 pm-mid. Thurs, Fri, Sat, Sun, 9 am-8 pm. Central. Opened January, 1925.

KVOS

Bellingham, Wash. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Mt. Baker Station. Daily ex Sun, 8 am-10 pm. Sun, 10 am-1:30 pm. Daily Organ Features, 6:15 pm-7 pm.

KWCR

Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. H. F. Paar. Slogan, "The Voice of Cedar Rapids." Daily ex Sun, 6:30-8 am, 11:30-1 pm, 5-6:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 10:30-11:30 organ programs. Mon, Wed, Fri, 9-11 pm. Sun, 9-11 am, 4-8 pm, 9:30-10:30 pm. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.

KWEA

Shreveport, La. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. William Erwin Antony. Daily, 24 hours.

KWG

Stockton, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 1000 watts. Portable Wireless Telephone Co. Announcer, George J. Turner. Slogan, "Voice of the San Joaquin Valley." Daily ex Sun, 8-9 am, 4-5 pm, news, concert, markets; 5-6, 6-7:30, 8-10, concert. Sun, 7:30-9:30, service. Daily ex Sun, 9-9:30, devotional period; 9:30-10:00, recordings; 12 n-2 pm concert. Pacific.

KWJJ

Portland, Ore. 282.8m-1060kc. 500 watts. Wilbur Jerman. Slogan, "The Voice From Broadway." Daily ex Sun, 1-6 pm, 6-8, 8-10:30. Wed, 10:30-12 mid, 12-1. Sun, 12-1 pm. Pacific. Founded July 25, 1925.

KWK

St. Louis, Mo. 222.1m-1350kc. 1000 watts. Greater St. Louis Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Thomas S. Brown, dinner program, markets. John McDowall, Patrick Convey, Bob Thomas, John McDowall, Allan Taylor, Orson Curtis, Jack Casserly and Rex Schmidt. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am-mid. Sun, 8 am-mid. Central.

KWKC

Kansas City, Mo. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilson Duncan Studios. Announcer, Elmer C. Hodges. Slogan, "Keep Watching Kansas City." Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7 pm, 9. Central. Founded 1925.

KWKH

Shreveport, La. 352.7m-850kc. 10,000 watts. The W. K. Henderson Iron Works & Supply Co. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 9 pm-12 mid. Tues, Thurs, 6-9 pm. Sun, 7:45 pm-12. Central. Founded Jan. 8, 1925.

KWLC

Decorah, Iowa. 236.1m-1270kc. 100 watts. Luther College.

KWSC

Pullman, Wash. 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. State College of Washington. Announcer, Harvey Wixson. Mon, Wed, Fri, 3:30-5 pm, Tues, 11 am-1 pm. Mon, Wed, 7:30-10 pm. Sun, 4-5 pm. Pacific. Founded 1922.

KWTC

Santa Ana, Calif. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Dr. John Wesley Hancock. Mon, Thurs, 5-10 pm. Tues, Wed, Fri, 5-7:30 pm. Sat, 5-9 pm. Pacific. Founded November 15, 1926.

KWVV

Brownsville, Texas. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce.

KXA

Seattle, Wash. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. American Radio Tel. Co. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 n. Sun, 9 am-1:30 pm, 6:30-10:30 pm.

KXL

Portland, Ore. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. The Portland Telegram. Announcers, A. R. Truitt, H. B. Read, Chet Blomsgren. Slogan, "The Voice of Portland." Founded Dec. 13, 1926.

KXO

El Centro, Calif. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. E. R. Irey and F. A. Brown. Daily ex Sun, 7-8 am, 11 am-1 pm, 5:30-10 pm. Sun, 10 am-2 pm, 6-9 pm. Pacific.

KXRO

Aberdeen, Wash. 211.1m-1420kc. 75 watts. KXRO, Inc. 7-11:15 am, 12 n-3:30 pm. Daily ex Sun, 5-11 pm. Mon, Thurs, Fri, 5-12 mid. Tues, Wed, Sat, Sun, 12-1:30 pm. Organ program, remote. Sun, 6-7:30 pm. Dinner Trio, remote.

KYA

San Francisco, Calif. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Broadcasting Corp. & American Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Edward Ludes. Daily ex Sun, 7 am-12 mid. Sun, 10 am-12 n. Pacific. Founded December 18, 1926.

KYW-KFKX

WJJD
Chicago, Ill. 265.3m-1130kc. 20,000 watts. Loyal Order of Moose and Palmer House Station. Slogan: "The Voice of State Street." Announcers, Ellen Rose Dickey, Hugh Aspinwall. Daily, 7 am-8:30 pm. Central.

WJKS
Gary, Ind. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Thomas J. Johnson and Frances Kennedy Radio Corp. Announcer, Gleason Kistler. Daily, 11 am-4 pm, 7 pm-9 pm. Mon., Tues., Wed., Sat., 10:30 pm-11 pm. Thurs., Fri., Sun. 10:30 pm-mid. Central. Founded Aug. 16, 1927.

WJR
Detroit, Mich. (tr. at Pontiac). 399.8m-750kc. 5000 watts. WJR, Inc. Slogan, "The Good Will Station." Announcers, Leo Fitzpatrick, John F. Patt, Neal Tompkins, John B. Eccles, John K. Harper, Owen F. Urledge, Norman White. Daily, 8 am-1 am. Eastern. Founded August, 1925.

WJW
Mansfield, Ohio. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Mansfield Broadcasting Association, John F. Weimer. Daily ex Sun, 9:30-11:30 am, 6-10:30 pm. Sat. 6-12 mid. Sun, 10:30-11:30 am, 7:30-10:30 pm. Eastern. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.

WJTV
Mt. Vernon Hills, Va. 205.4m-1460kc. 10,000 watts. Independent Pub. Co. Announcer, T. A. Robertson. Daily ex Sun, 8-10 am, 11:30 am-1 pm, 3-5 pm, 6-12 mid. Sun, 7-11 pm.

WJZ
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Bound Brook). 394.5m-760kc. 30,000 watts. R. C. A. Managed by National Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Milton J. Cross, Marley Sherris, Norman Sweetser, Curt Peterson. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am-mid. Sun, 9-10 am, 1-11:15 pm.

WKAQ
San Juan, Porto Rico. 336.7m-890kc. 500 watts. Radio Corporation of Porto Rico. Announcer, Joaquin Aguiar. Slogan, "The Island of Enchantment, Where the World's Best Coffee Grows." Wed. 7:30-9 pm. Fri. 9-11 pm. Eastern. Founded Dec. 3, 1922.

WKAR
East Lansing, Mich. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. Michigan State College. Announcer, Keith Hiimebaugh. Daily ex Sun, 12-12:30 pm. weather, markets, agricultural topics. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WKAV
Laconia, N. H. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Laconia Radio Club. Sun, 11 am. Eastern. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.

WKBB
Joliet, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sanders Brothers. Al Sanders, announcer. Sun, 2-3 pm. religious, educational. Mon, 9-11 pm. local events, studio program. Wed, 9-12 pm. orchestra. Sat. 9-11, orchestra and studio program. Central.

WKBC
Birmingham, Ala. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. R. B. Broyles. Daily 12-2 pm, 6-10 pm. Sun, noon, 1-4 pm, 7-8 pm. Sat, 5:30-9 pm. Central. Founded June, 1926.

WKBF
Indianapolis, Ind. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Noble B. Watson. Announcer, Carl Watson. Daily ex Sun, 10 am, 10:30, 10:40, 5 pm, 7, 7:10. Daily ex Sun, 12 n. Mon, 7:30, 8:30, 9 pm. Tues, 8:30-10:30 pm. Thurs, 7:30-12 pm. Fri, 8-12 pm. Sat, 10-12 pm. Sun, 9 am, Watch Tower; 2:30, 3:30, 7:30 pm. Central. Founded October, 1925.

WKBH
La Crosse, Wis. 217.8m-1380kc. 1000 watts. Callaway Music Co. Announcer, Arthur J. Hecht. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am, 10, Aunt Sammy; 12 n. weather, U. S. Farm talks; 5:30-7 pm, 8-9 pm. Wed, Sat, 10-11 pm. Sun, 10:30 am, 4 pm. Central. Founded 1924.

WKBI
Chicago, Ill. 238.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Fred L. Schoenwolf. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 1-4 pm. Mon, 7-9 pm. Tues, 8-10 pm. Wed, 8-9 pm. Thurs, 9-11 pm. Fri, 9:30-12 mid. Sun, 12:15 am-5 am. 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 Froglfoot, Don Hoffman, Bill Hammerman. Daily ex Sun, 7:30 am, exercises; 10:30 am, organ; 11:30 am, musical echoes; 2 pm, musical matinee; 5 pm, hedge podge; 6 pm, studio programs. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

WKBO
Jersey City, N. J. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Camith Corp. Announcer, H. F. Bidwell. Mon, 10-12 n, 9-12. Tues, 3-6 pm. Wed, 7-10 am, 6-9 pm. Thurs, 12-3 pm. Fri, 10-12, 8-10 pm. Sat, 3-6 pm. Sun, 2-3:30, 9:30-12 mid. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 7-8 am. 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. Mon, 12-1:30, 6 mid. Tues, 12-4:30 pm. Thurs, 3-5:30 pm. Fri, 6-7 pm. Sat, 12-6 pm. Sun, 6-8 pm. Eastern. Founded September, 1926.

WKBS
Galesburg, Ill. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Fernal N. Nelson. Announcer, Paul W. Palmquist. Slogan, "The Voice of Galesburg." Mon, Wed, Fri, 9:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 6:30-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, 9:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 6:30-9 pm, 10-11 pm. Sat, 9:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm. Sun, 2-3 pm, 6:30-9 pm, 10-12 pm. Central. Founded October, 1926.

WKBW
Amherst, N. Y. 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Churchville Evangelistic Assn., Inc. Daily ex Sun, 3-4 pm, 6:30-10. Sun, 9 am, 10:30, 3 pm, 7-9, 10:15-12 mid. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WKBY
Ludington, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. "The Voice of Western Michigan." K. L. Ashbacher. Daily ex Sun, 10-11 am, 12-1 pm. Mon, 8-10 pm. Sun, 10:30-12 n. 7-9. Central. Founded Nov. 23, 1926.

WKEN
Buffalo, N. Y. 288.3m-1040kc. 1000 watts. WKEN, Inc. Announcers, Walter L. Amidon, Leon Fisher. Daily daylight broadcasting. Eastern. Founded Feb. 1925.

WKJC
Lanester, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Kirk Johnson & Co. Announcers, M. W. Gehman, L. H. Bailey. Daily ex Sun, 11-12 n. Daily, 6-8:30 pm. Sun, 10:45-12 n, 7:30-10:30 pm. Eastern. Founded November, 1921.

WKRC
Cincinnati, Ohio. 545.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Kodel Elec. & Mfg. Co. Eastern. Founded May, 1924.

WKY
Oklahoma City, Okla. 333.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. WKY Radiophone Co. Daily, 6:30 am-11:45 pm. Sun, 11 am-11 pm. Central.

WLAC
Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. Life and Casualty. Daily ex Sun, 6-9 am, 12-3 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, 9-12 pm. Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6-9 pm. Sun, 4:30-5:30 pm, 6-7, 9-10 pm. Central. Opened Nov. 24, 1926.

WLAP
Louisville, Ky. 249.9m-1200kc. 30 watts. Virginia av. Baptist Church. Sun, 10:45 am, 7:30-8:45 pm. Central. Founded 1922.

WLBC
Muncie, Ind. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Donald A. Burton. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-8:30 am, 10-11:15 am, 12-12:30 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Fri, 10:35-12:15, church service; 2-4, studio; 8-11, novelty.

WLB
Minneapolis, Minn. 239.9m-1250kc. 500 watts. U. of Minnesota. Announcer, Gordon C. Harris. Tues, 6:30-8:30 pm. Wed, 7-9 pm. Fri, 6:30-7:30 pm. Sat, 8-10 pm. Central. Opened 1921.

WLBZ
Kansas City, Mo. 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.

WLBI
Stevens Point, Wis. 333.1m-900 kc. 2000 watts. 6 am-6 pm. Wisconsin Dept. of 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.

WLBS
Oil City, Pa. 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Radio Wire Program Corp. Slogan, "The Home of Quaker State Motor Oil." Announcers, Wm. S. Perry, Leigh Ore. Haren Haas. Mon, 9 am-2 pm, 5-11 pm. Tues, 8:30 am-3 pm, 5-12 pm. Wed, 8:30 am-2 pm, 5-12 pm. Thurs, 8:30 am-3 pm, 5-11:30 pm. Fri, 8:30 am-2 pm, 5-11:30 pm. Sat, 8:30 am-3 pm, 5-10:30 pm. Sun, 10:15 am-12 mid, 2-11 pm. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLBY
Long Island, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. John N. Brahy. Mon, Wed, Fri, 12-1 pm, 6-8 pm. Tues, Thurs, 12-1 pm, 10-mid, Sat, 12-2 pm, 9-mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 6-7 pm.

WLBS
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." Daily, 10 am-12:30, 5:30-mid. Sun, 10 am, Watch Tower; 11 am, church services. Eastern.

WLBI
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." Sat, 10:45 am, 3 pm, 7:45 pm. Eastern. Founded 1926.

WLX
Lexington, Mass. 220.4m-1360kc. 500 watts. Lexington Air Station. Announcers, Gerald Harrison, Carl S. Wheeler. Daily, 4:30-11 pm. Sun, 11 am-12 noon. Eastern. Founded October, 1926.

WLIT
Philadelphia, Pa. 535.4m-500kc. 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. Daily ex Sun, 9 am-2 pm, 4-12 pm. Eastern.

WLS
Chicago, Ill. (tr. at Crete). 344.6m-870kc. 5000 watts. Prairie Farmer. Announcer, Steve Cisler. Edgar L. Bill, manager; Don Malin, program director. Daily ex Sun, 7-10 am, 10:30-11:15 am, 11:45 am-5 pm. Mon, Fri, 5:30-11:30 pm. Thurs, 5:30-11 pm. Tues, Wed, 5:30-9 pm. Sat, 5:30-mid. Sun, 12:30-2:30 pm, 6-8 pm. Central. Founded April 6, 1924.

WLSI
Providence, R. I. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dntee W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Announcer, H. Holmquist. Daily ex Sat, 3:30 pm, 8 pm. Eastern. Founded January, 1925.

WLTH
Brooklyn, N. Y. 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Voice of Brooklyn, Inc. Eastern.

WLW
Cincinnati, Ohio. 428.3m-700kc. 50,000 watts. The Crosley Radio Corp. Ford Billings, director. Slogan, "The Nation's Station." Operated in conjunction with WSAI. Daily, 6:15 am-2 am. Sun, 9:30 am-mid, ex Sat, 10 am-1 am, 2 pm ex Sun, 9:30 am-mid, Sat, 10-11 am. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WLWL
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Kearney). 272.6m-1100kc. 5000 watts. The Paulist League. Announcer, Bartholomew Sheehan. Slogan, "For God and Country." Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 6-8 pm. Sun, 3:15-4:30 pm, 8-9:15 pm. Eastern.

WMAC
Cazenovia, N. Y. (tr. at Cazenovia). 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Divides time with WSYR, popular studio. Founded 1922. 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-1210kc. 50 watts. First Baptist church. Announcers, J. E. Anderson, C. S. Bidlack. Sun, 10:30-12 am, 7:30-9 pm. Eastern. Founded September, 1922.

WMAQ
Chicago, Ill. 447.5m-670kc. 5000 watts. The Chicago Daily News. Announcers, Bill Hay, George Simons. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-2 am. Sun, 10:45 am-11 pm. Central. Founded April 13, 1922.

WMAZ
Macon, Ga. 336.9m-890kc. 500 watts. Mercer University. Announcer, E. K. Cargill. Daily, 7-8:30 am, 12 n-3 pm. Tues, Wed, Fri, 7:30-9:30 pm. Sun, 11:30-1, 1:30-2:30 pm. PC church, 1-3 pm. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBA
Newport, R. I. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. LeRoy J. Beebe.

WMBC
Detroit, Mich. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Michigan Broadcasting Co. Daily, 10 am-mid. Eastern. Founded 1925.

WMBD
Peoria Heights, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Peoria Heights Radio Laboratory. Daily ex Sun, 12 n-12 mid. Sun, 11-12:30, church services, afternoon concert.

WMBF
Miami Beach, Fla. 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Fleetwood Hotel. Announcer, Paul Whitehurst. Daily, 9-11 am, 12-2 pm, 5-6 pm, 9-11 pm. Eastern. Founded 1924.

WMBG
Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Havens and Martin. Announcers, H. W. Jones, W. H. Wood, L. Stone. Daily ex Sun, 6-9, Sun, 6:30-7:30 pm. Eastern.

WMBH
Joplin, Mo. 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Edwin Aber. Announcer, E. D. Aber. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 12:15-1:45 pm, 6-7:30 pm, 8:30-10 pm. Sat, 12:15-1:15 pm, 6-7:30 pm. Sun, 10:50-1:10 pm, 6-7 pm, 7:30-8:30 pm. Central.

WMBI
Chicago, Ill. 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Moody Bible Institute. Slogan, "The West Point of Christian Service." Announcer, Wendell P. Lovelless. Daily ex Sun, 7-7:40 am, 10:30-11:30 am, 12:30-1:30 pm, 3-4 pm. Sun, 4-5:15 pm. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat, 4-1:30 pm. Fri, 12-1 am. 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. Daily ex Sun, 9:30-10 am, 1:15-2 pm, 7-9 pm. Sun, 11-12 n, 7:30-8:30. Eastern.

WMBM
Memphis, Tenn. 199.9m-1500kc. 10 watts. Seventh Day Adventist church.

WMBO
Auburn, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Radio Service Laboratories. Daily ex Fri, Sat, Sun, 11:30 am-1:30 pm. Fri, 11:30 am-2:30 pm. Sun, 8-10 am, 6-7:30 pm.

WMBQ
Brooklyn, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Paul J. Goolhofer.

WMBR
Tampa, Fla. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. F. J. Reynolds. Daily ex Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 2-4 pm, 6:30-11:30 pm. Eastern.

WMC
Memphis, Tenn. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. The Commercial Appeal. Announcer, Francis S. Chamberlin. Slogan, "Station WMC." Memphis. "Down in Dixie." Daily ex Sun, 12 n. Mon, 7-10 pm, N.B.C. Tues, 9-10 am, 7 pm, N.B.C.; 7-30, music. Sun, 11 am, services; 5:30, concert; 6:20, N.B.C.; 8, N.B.C.; 9:15, N. B. C. Founded Jan. 20, 1923. Central.

WMCA
New York, N. Y. (tr. at Hoboken). 526m-570kc. 500 watts. Hotel McAlpin. Knickerbocker Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Harry Mack. Slogan, "Where the Searchlight Flashes and the White Way Begins." Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am-6 pm, 8 pm-12 mid. Sun, 9:30 am-5 pm, 6-8 pm, 9:15-11:30 pm. Eastern.

WMES
Boston, Mass. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Mass. Educational Society. Announcer, A. Berggren. Sun, 10:30 am-12:30 pm, 7:45-9. Eastern. Founded Aug. 1, 1927.

WMFN
Fairmont, W. Va. 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts night. 500 watts day. Holt Rowe Realty Co. Daily ex Sun, 3-4 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 11-n. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 10:30 am-12 n. Mon, 7-10 pm. Tues and Fri, 7-9 pm. Wed, 8-10, mid-2 am. Thurs, 8:30-10:30 pm. Sat, 7 pm-1 am. Sun, 10:30 am-n, 2-5 pm, 7:30-9:30 pm.

WMPC
Lapeer, Mich. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. First Methodist Protestant Church. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 12-1:30 pm. Daily ex Sat, 4-5:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 6:30-10 pm. Sun, 10-12 n, 12-1 pm, 4-5:30, 7:30-12. Central. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

WMRJ
Jamaica, N. Y. 211.1m-1420kc. 10 watts. Peter J. Prinz. Tues, Thurs, 7:30-12 mid. Sat, 12-2:30 am. Sun, 12-5:30 pm. Eastern. Opened July 9, 1926.

WMSG
New York, N. Y. 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Madison Square Garden. Announcer, Horace E. Beaver. Mon, 3-6 pm. Tues, 9-12 pm. Wed, 3-9 pm. Thurs, 12-3 pm, 9-12 pm. Fri, 8:30-11, Sat, 9-12 pm. Eastern.

WMT
Waterloo, Iowa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts night. 250 watts day. Waterloo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Raymond L. Hill, Harold E. Clark. Daily ex Sun, 8:45-11:15 am, 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 8 pm. Sun, 9 am, 4, 6, 7:30 pm. Central. Founded July 29, 1922.

WNAC
Boston, Mass. 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Announcers, Ben Hadfield, John Wardell, Joseph Lopez, Edward J. Lord, Jean Sargent. Daily, 8 am-mid. Eastern. Founded July 31, 1922.

WNAD
Norman, Okla. 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. University of Oklahoma. Announcer, Bill Cram. Slogan, "Voice of Soonerland." Mon, Thurs, 7:15-9 pm. Wed, 9-10 pm. Sat, 2-5 pm. Sun, 3:15-4:15 and 4-5 (alternating). Central. Founded September, 1922.

WNAT
Philadelphia, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Lemnig Bros. Co. Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am. Tues, 5-12 pm. Wed, 7:30-10 pm. Sat, 1-4 pm, 7:30 pm-mid. Eastern. Founded 1921.

WNAX
Yankton, S. D. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Gurney Seed & Nursery Co. Daily ex Sun, 6 am-8 pm. Sun, 10:30 am-8 pm. Central. Founded 1921.

WNBF
Hinghamton, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 50 watts. Howitt-Wood Radio Co., Inc. Daily ex Sun, 10:50 am-2 pm, 5:30-10:30 pm. Sun, 10 am-12 n, 5:30-10:15 pm. Eastern.

WNBH
New Bedford, Mass. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. New Bedford Hotel. Announcer, Donald Morton. Mon, 6-10:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, 7-11 pm. Wed, 6-10 pm. Fri, 6-10:30 pm. Sun, 11 am-12:15 pm, 1-5 pm, 7:30-9 pm. Eastern. Founded 1923.

WNBK
Knoxville, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Lonsdale Baptist Church. Thurs, Sun, 9:45 am, 10:45, 5-6 pm, 7. Central.

WNBO
Washington, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. John Brown College. Slogan, "The Voice of South Western Pennsylvania." Daily ex Sun, 2-4 pm, 9-11 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7 pm. services. Eastern.

WNBQ
Rochester, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Gordon P. Brown.

WNBW
Memphis, Tenn. 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Popular Radio Shop. Announcer, Mrs. John Ulrich. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-11 am, 2-4 pm, 6-10 pm. Sun, 4:30-7 pm. Central. Opened Feb. 28, 1927.

WNBX
Carbondale, Pa. 249.9m-1200kc. 5 watts. Home Car Glass and China Co.

WNBZ
Springfield, Vt. 249.9m-1200kc. 10 watts. First Congregational Church Corp.

WNBZ
Saratoga Lake, N. Y. 232.4m-1200kc. 50 watts. Smith and Alce. 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. Every night, 8-10:30 pm. Every day, 12-1, 3-4, 6-8 pm. Central. Founded 1921.

WNRC
Greensboro, N. C. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Wayne H. Nelson. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 12:30-3 pm, 6:30-9:30 pm. Sun, 11-15 am and 8 pm. services. Eastern. Founded March 24, 1926.

WNYS
New York, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 500 watts. New York Municipal Radio Station. Slogan, "Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York." 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." Daily ex Sun, 10 am, weather, markets, news; 12-12:45, Farm and Home hour; 2:30, 3:30, music; 4:30, 5:45, markets, news, sports. Mon, 5:30-6, 7-7:30, 8:30-9:30, N.B.C. Tues, Mon, 7-10:30, N.B.C. Wed, 8-9:30, N.B.C. Thurs, 9:45-10 am, Hands of History; 6-7 pm, organ; 7-9:30, N.B.C. Fri, 10-11 am, R. C. A. School program; 9-9:30, N.B.C. Sat, 1:30-2:30 pm, R. C. A. Demonstration hour; 8-10, N.B.C. Sun, 12:30-1, 5-5:30, 7-7:15, 8:15-9:15, N.B.C. Central. Founded summer 1922.

WOAN
Lawrenceburg, Tenn. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. Vaughn School of Music. Announcer, Y. M. Cornelius. Sun, 11-12 n. Daily, 12-1 pm, 7-8 pm. Tues, Thurs, 11-12 pm. Central.

WOAX
Trenton, N. J. 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. F. J. Wolf. Slogan, "Trenton Makes the World Takes." Daily, 12 pm. Wed, Sat, 8-12 pm. Sun, 7:45-10 pm. Eastern. Founded March 2, 1923.

WOBT
Union City, Tenn. 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. Tittsworth Radio Music Shop. Daily ex

WRVA Richmond, Va. 270.1m-1110kc. 5000 watts. Larus & Bro. Co., Inc. Slogan, "Down Where the South Begins." Announcer, J. Robert Beadies. Daily ex Sun, 10:30-3 pm, 6 pm-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 2-4:30 pm, 7:30-11 pm. Eastern. Opened Nov. 2, 1925.

WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio. (Tr. at Mason.) 225.4m-1330kc. 500 watts. Operated by Crosley Radio Corp.

WSAJ Grove City, Pa. 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Grove City College. William L. Harmon, activities. Irregular schedule. Founded April, 1920.

WSAN Allentown, Pa. 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Allentown Call Pub. Co. Announcer, Charles Walp. Mon, Tues, Thurs, Sat. Eastern.

WSAR Fall River, Mass. 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. Doughty & Welch Elec. Co., Inc. Announcers, Barton G. Albert, Leonard A. McGrath. Daily, 11-1 pm, 5:30-7:30 pm, 9-10:30 pm. Founded Jan., 1923. Eastern.

WSAZ Huntington, W. Va. 516.9m-580kc. 250 watts. W. C. McKellar. Announcer, F. B. Smith. Daily, 12-1:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, 3-7, 9-12 mid. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 3-9 pm. Sun, 19 am-1 pm, 7:30-9. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.

WSB Atlanta, Ga. 405.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. Atlanta Journal. Announcer, Landin Kay Slogan. "The Voice of the South." Mon, Tues, Thurs, 9-15 am; 10:45 pm. Wed, 9:30 am-10:45 pm. Fri, 9 am-10:45 pm. Sat, 10 am-10:45 pm. Sun, 9:15-10:55 am, 1, 2 pm, 5-9 pm. Central.

WSBC Chicago, Ill. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. World Battery Co. Daily, 10-11:30 am, 1:30-3:30 pm, 5-6 pm, 8-9 pm, 11 pm-1 am. Central.

WSBT South Bend, Ind. 243.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. South Bend Tribune. Announcer, C. G. Livengood. Tues, 6-8. Wed, 6-6:30, 10-11. Thurs, 6-6:30, 8-10, 11-12. Fri, 6-6:30, 8-11. Sat, 10-11. Sun, 10:45-12. Eastern. 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. Daily ex Sun, 4 pm, 12 mid. Sun, 12:30-3 pm. Eastern. Opened Nov. 3, 1926.

WSIS Sarasota, Fla. 296.9m-1010kc. 250 watts. Financial Journal. Announcer, Jack Dadswell. Eastern. Founded 1920.

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 Keeffe, Harry Stone. Daily ex Sun, 11:45 am-2:30 pm. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 5:30-11 pm. Fri, 5:30-10 pm. Sat, 6-12 mid. Sun, 11 am-1 pm, 3-4:30, 6-10:45. 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. Daily ex Sun, 12:30-1:30 pm, 6-7. Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 8:30-10:30 pm. Fri, 10-11 am. Founded April 21, 1925. Central.

WSMD Richmond, Md. 228.9m-1310kc. 1000 watts. Tom F. Little. Announcer, H. A. Beach. Slogan, "Voice of the Eastern Shore." Daily, 7-9 am, 11 am-1 pm, 6-9 pm. Eastern. Opened January, 1923.

WSMK Dayton, Ohio. 217.3m-1380kc. 200 watts. S. M. Krohn, Jr. Slogan, "The Home of Aviation." Eastern Standard.

WSPD Toledo, Ohio. 223.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. The Toledo Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Willard Rippon, Eddie McLeod, Harry Hansen, Dwight Northrup, Merrill Pheatt. Slogan, "The Gateway to the Sea." 9:30 am-11 pm, 5 pm-11 pm. 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. Fri, 7:30-9 pm. Sun, 10 am, 6:30 pm. Eastern. Founded June 8, 1924.

WSUI Iowa City, Iowa. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Univ. of Iowa. Announcer, Carl Menzer. Daily ex Sun, 9 am, 10 am. Daily, 12 n, 6 to 6:30 pm. Mon, 8:30-9:30, mid. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, 11-12 n, 2:30-4:30 daily. Fri, 11 am-12:30 pm. Sun, 9:15, 9:45. Eastern. 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." Tues, Thurs, Sat, 12-1, 2-4 pm, 7-12. Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1927.

WSVS Buffalo, N. Y. 218.8m-1370kc. 500 watts. Seneca Vocational School. Announcer, David Warnhoff. Slogan, "Watch Seneca Vocational School." Mon, 9:30-10 am. Tues, 9:30-10 am. Wed, 9:30-10 am, 8-9:30 pm. Thurs, 9:30-10 am. Fri, 9:30-10 am, 8-9:30 pm. Eastern. Founded Nov. 9, 1925.

WSYR Syracuse, N. Y. 526m-570kc. 250 watts. Clive B. Meredith. Slogan, "Voice of Central New York." Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am-mid. Sun, 2 pm-9 pm. Eastern. Founded 1922.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. 208.2m-1440kc. 500 watts. Illinois State Medicine Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Agriculture." Daily ex Sun, 10 am-1 pm, 3 pm-4 pm, 7 pm-9 pm. Central. Founded Dec. 29, 1926.

WTAG Worcester, Mass. 16.9m-580kc. 250 watts. Worcester Telegram-Gazette. Announcer, Chester Gaylord. Slogan, "The Voice From the Heart of the Commonwealth." Daily ex Sun, Sat, 10 am, 10:30, 11:15, 12 n, 12:30, 12:35, 1 pm, 6:30, 7, 7:30, 8, 8:30, 9, 10, 11. Tues, 10:30 am-1:15 pm, 7:30-8, 12:15 am. Sat, 10:45, 12:30, 1 pm, 6:15-11:15 pm. Sun, 1-3, 4, 5:30, 6-11 pm. Eastern. Founded May 1, 1924.

WTAM—WEAR Cleveland, Ohio. 280.2m-1070kc. 3500 watts. WEAR, 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Announcer, Fred Ripley. Daily, 8:55 am-1 am. Sun, 1:30 pm-1 am. 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."

WTAR—WPOR Norfolk, Va. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. WTAR Radio Corp. Announcers, Fred Pfahler, George Beck, Joe Klucz, D. C. Carr, Tom Hames. Daily, 7:30-10:30 am, 12-1:30 pm, 4:30-12 mid. Sun, 10-11 am, 4-10 pm. 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. 500 watts. Williams Hardware Co., Radio Division. Wed, Fri, 8-10:30 pm. Tues, Fri, 10-11 am. Central.

WTAZ Richmond, Va. 247.8m-1210kc. 1500 watts. W. Reynolds, Jr., and T. J. McQuire.

WTBO Cumberland, Md. 211.1m-1420kc. 500 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. 282.8m-1060kc. 50,000 watts. The Travelers Insurance Co. Slogan, "The Insurance City." Wed, Fri, Sun, 7-12 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, daytime program up to 7 pm. Founded Feb. 10, 1925. 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. Doniel. Slogan, "Voice of Wisconsin. Land of Lakes." Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 7 am-12:30 am. Sat, 7 am-1:30 am. Sun, 8:30 am-12:30 am. Central. Founded July 23, 1927.

WTNT Nashville, Tenn. 201.2m-1490kc. 5000 watts. WNT Broadcasters. Announcer, Fred Waldrum. Daily ex Sun, 10 am-12 n, 4 pm-6 pm, 10 pm-12 mid. Founded Feb. 24, 1924. Central.

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. Daily ex Sun, 9:30 am, tonight's dinner, 9:50, woman's hour, 10:30, weather, 11:15, N.B.C.; 11:55, time; 12 n, orchestra; 12:40, farm flashes; 1, organ; 3, program; 4, weather; 5, orchestra; 5:45, markets; 6, organ; 6:30, dinner music; 7, news; 7:35, evening program; 10:30 am, services; 2, pm, program; 7:20-10:15, N.B.C. Eastern. Founded Aug., 1920.

WWL New Orleans, La. 352.7m-850kc. 5000 watts. Loyola Univ. Announcers, Jean Pasquet, J. D. Bloom. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 7:30-9:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, 6-8 pm. Sun, 10-11 am. Central. Founded March 31, 1922.

WWNC Asheville, N. C. 526m-570kc. 1000 watts. Citizens Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "Radio Voice of Asheville Citizen." Announcer, G. O. Shepherd. Eastern. Founded Feb. 21, 1927.

WWRL Woodside, N. Y. 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. W. H. Reuman. Sun, 1 pm, Hubert's Happy hour; 5 pm, Watch Tower hour. Wed, 9 pm, Barrett's Entertainers. Mon, Fri, 11:30 pm, Queensboro Theater program. Founded Aug. 15, 1926.

WWVA Wheeling, W. Va. 258.5m-1160kc. 5,000 watts. West Va. Broadcasting Corp. Daily ex Sun, 8, 11, 12, 2 pm, 6. Mon, 7-11 pm. Wed, 7-10:30 pm. Sat, 11-1 am. Sun, 10:30 am, 1 pm, 3, 7:30. Eastern. Founded Dec. 6, 1926.

CJCA Edmonton, Alta., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Edmonton Journal, Ltd. Announcer, R. A. Rice. Slogan, "Altogether for the Journal." Daily ex Sun, 12:30-2 pm. Mon, 7-8 pm, 11:15-12:15 am. Tues, 3-5 pm, 7-8, 11:15-12:15 am. Wed, 7-11. Thurs, 7-8 pm. Fri, 5-6 pm, 7-10:30. Sat, 7-8, 8:30-12. First Sun, 11-1 pm, 4:30-5:30, 9-12. Other Sundays, 4:30-5:30 pm, 7-9:30. Mountain.

CJCF Calgary, Alta. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Albertan Pub. Co. Ltd. Announcers, D. E. Daniel. Daily ex Sun, 7:30-9 am, 9-10 am, 1:45-3:30 pm. Mon, 8-9 pm, 10:30 pm, 11:30 pm. Wed, 11 pm-mid. Fri, 7-8:30 pm. Sat, 8-mid. Sun, 9:30-10:45 am, 1:30-2:30 pm, 6-7 pm, 10:30-11:30 pm.

CJCR Red Deer, Alta., Can. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. The North American Collieries, Ltd.

CJCG London, Ont., Can. 329.7m-910kc. 500 watts. London Free Press. Mon, Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 12:15-1:45 pm, 6:45-11 pm. Sun, 11, 2, 7-11 pm. Eastern.

CJGX Yorkton, Sask. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. The Winnipeg Exchange. Daily ex Sun, 8:30 am, 10:30, 12:45 pm, 7:15. Tues, Fri, 8:30-10 pm. Central.

CJOR Vancouver, B. C. 291.1m-1030kc. 100 watts. G. C. Chandler.

CJRM Moose Jaw, Sask. 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 8:30-9:00 am, 9:45-10:35 am, 11:55 am-2:30 pm, weather, markets. Mon, Wed, Fri, 7 pm. Sat, 10-12 mid. Sun, 1-2:30 pm. Mountain.

CJSC Toronto, Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. The Evening Telegram.

CJWC Saskatoon, Sask. 329.5m-910kc. 250 watts. Radio Service, Ltd.

CKAC Montreal, Que., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 1200 watts. La Presse. Announcer, Arthur Dupont. Mon, Fri, 1:45 pm, 4:15, weather, stocks, Tues and Thurs, 10:30 am, music, stocks; 10:45, cooking school; 10:15, news, time; 12 n, music; 4:15 pm, weather; 7, markets. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 7:15-11:30 pm. Eastern.

CKCD Vancouver, B. C., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 500 watts. Vancouver Daily Province. Announcer, W. G. Hassell. Slogan, "Canada's Western Gateway." Daily ex Sun, 8:30-9 pm, news bulletins only. Pacific.

CKCI Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 25 watts. Le Soleil, Ltd.

CKCK Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Leader Pub. Co. Announcer, A. W. Hooper. "The Queen City of the West." Mountain.

CKKL Toronto, Can. 517.2m-580kc. 500 watts. The Dominion Battery Co., Ltd. Eastern. Founded May 5, 1925.

CKCO Ottawa, Ont., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 1000 watts. Dr. G. M. Geldert (Ottawa Radio Assn.). Announcer, Dr. O. K. Gibson. Slogans, "Ottawa's Radio Voice," "The Community Voice of Canada's Capitol." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.

CKCR St. George, Ont., Can. 257.7m-1120kc. 25 watts. John Patterson.

CKCV Quebec, P. Q. 340.7m-880kc. 100 watts. G. A. Vandy.

CKCF Vancouver, B. C., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 500 watts. Chalmers United Church.

CKGW Toronto, Ont., Can., 312.5m-960kc. 5000 watts. Gooderman & Worts, Ltd. Daily.

CKLK Red Deer, Alta. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Alberta Pacific Grain Co., Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 11:45 am, news, markets, weather; 4 pm, music program; 4 pm and mine bulletins; 7:30 pm, weather, time, news; 8 pm, studio program. Sun, 11 am, 7:30 pm, service; 5, organ; 9:15, studio program. Mountain.

CKMK Cobalt, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 5 watts. R. L. MacAdam.

CKNC Toronto, Ont., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Eveready Battery Station. Announcers, Gordon Calders, Ernest Bushnell, Rupert Lucas, Charles Jennings. Daily ex Sun, 11:30 am-12:30 pm, 2-4 pm, 5-6 pm. Mon, Thurs, Sat, 6-mid. Sun, 11-12, 1-6 pm. Eastern. Founded May 2, 1924.

CKOC Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.9m-880kc. 1000 watts. Wentworth Radio Supply Co., Ltd. Announcer, L. Moore. Slogan, "The Voice of Hamilton." Sun, Mon, Wed, Fri, 10 am. Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat, 10-11:30 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sat, 6 pm. Eastern.

CKOW Scarborough Station, Ont. 291.1m-1030kc. 500 watts. Nestle's Food Co. of Canada.

CKPC Preston, Ont. 247.8m-1210kc. 10 watts. Wallace Russ. Announcer, Jas. Newell. Eastern.

CKPR Midland, Ont. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Midland Broadcasting Station. E. O. Swan. Slogan, "Voice of Canada's Northland." Daily ex Sun, 12:25 am, 5:45, stocks, news, weather. Mon, Wed, Fri, 12:30-1 pm. Mon, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 11 am-2:30 pm, 2:30-3:30 pm. Mon, Wed, Fri, Trans Canada Chain, 8-11 pm. Thurs, 8-12 pm. Sat, Blue Bell Chain, 10-11 pm. Tues, Wed, Thurs, Fri, 6-7 pm. Tues, Fri, 12 mid-1 am. Sun, 10:45, 12:45, 7 pm. Eastern.

CKSH St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. 312.3m-1010kc. 500 watts. Temporarily using 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. City of St. Hyacinthe. Sun, 4:30-6 pm.

CKWA Edmonton, Alta. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. U. of Alberta. Announcer, Harold P. Brown. Sun, 3-4:30 pm, program, Mon, 3-4, homemakers; 5:30-6 pm, children; 6-7 pm, dinner hour of music; 8, program; 8:20, colleges; 8:45, lecture; 9, feature. Thurs, 3 pm, homemakers' hour; 5:30-6 pm, children; 6-7, dinner hour of music; 8-9, concert; 9 pm, farmers-Mountain.

CKWX Vancouver, B. C. 410.7m-730kc. 1000 watts. Sparks Company. Announcer, H. W. Paulson. Daily ex Sun, 8-8:30 am, 10:30-12 n, 4:30-7:30 pm. Tues, 7:30-8:30. Wed, 7:30-8:30, 9:30-12 mid. Thurs, 10:30-12 mid. Fri, 9-10:30 pm. Sat, 11:30-1 am. Pacific.

CKY Winnipeg, Man., Can. 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Manitoba Tel. System. Announcer, E. E. Rutland. Slogan, "Manitoba's Own Station." Central.

CNRA Moncton, N. B., Can. 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, W. E. Powell. Slogan, "Voice of the Maritimes." Started Nov. 8, 1924.

CNRC Calgary, Alta., Can. 434.5m-690kc. 1,800 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mon, Thurs, 9:30-10:30 pm. Mountain.

CNRE Edmonton, Alta., Can. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Tues, 10-11. Mountain.

CNRM Montreal, Que., Can. 410.7m-730kc. 1,200 watts. Canadian National Railways, Announcers, J. S. McArthur, W. V. George, A. J. Black, W. H. Chodat. Eastern.

2JF Mariano, Cuba. 252m. 15 watts.

2JL Mariano, Cuba. 249m-1020kc. 7 1/2 watts. Jose Leiro.

2MA Mariano, Cuba. 277m-980kc. 50 watts. Modesto Alvarez.

20K Havana, Cuba. 360m-833kc. 100 watts. Mario Garcia Velez.

2RK Havana, Cuba. 326m-950kc. 50 watts. Raoul Karmann. Casa De La Porte.

2UF Havana, Cuba. 228m-844kc. 100 watts. Roberto E. Ramirez.

2XA Havana, Cuba. 230m-1300kc. 200 watts. Lecuona Music Co.

2XX Havana, Cuba. 225m-1333kc. 10 watts. Antonio A. Ginard.

5EV Colon, Cuba. 360m-833kc. 100 watts. Leopoldo V. Figueroa. Sun, 9-11 pm. Eastern.

6BY Cienfuegos, Cuba. 260m-1153kc. 200 watts. Jose Gandux.

6EV Caibarien, Cuba. 250m-1200kc. 50 watts. Maria Josea Alvarez.

6HS S. La Grande, Cuba. 200m-1500kc. 10 watts. Santiago Ventura.

6KP Sancti Spiritus, Cuba. 230m-1540kc. 20 watts. Antonio Galgnera.

6KW Tinnucu, Cuba. 368m-880kc. 100 watts. Frank H. Jones. Slogan, "If You Hear the Koo of the Cuckoo You Are in Tune With Tinnucu." Eastern.

6LO Caibarien, Cuba. 325m-920kc. 250 watts. Manuel A. Alvarez.

6YR Canajuan, Cuba. 200m-1500kc. 20 watts. Diego Iborra.

7AZ Camaguey, Cuba. 225m-1333kc. 10 watts. Pedro Noguera. Port au Prince, Haiti, 361.2m. 1,000 watts.

Mexico

CYA Mexico City, Mex. 300m-1130kc. 500 watts. Partido Liberal Avanzado. Mexican.

CYB Mexico City, Mex. 275m-1110kc. 500 watts. El Buen Tono. Mexican.

CYF Oaxaca, Oax., Mex. 265m-1110kc. 100 watts. Federico Zorrilla. "The Voice From South of Mexico." Mexican.

CYL Mexico City, Mex. 400m-625kc. 500 watts. La Casa del Radio. Announcer, George Marron. Slogan, "The Land of Eternal Summer." Mexican.

CYR Mazatlan, Sin., Mex. 475m. 250 watts. Rosseter y Cia.

CYX Mexico City, Mex. 325m-900kc. 500 watts. Excelsior & Revista de Revistas. Announcer, Rafael Hernandez dez Dominguez. Slogan, "Land of the Aztecs." Mexican.

CYZ Tampico, Mex. 20 watts. Liga Central Mexicana de Radio. Mexican.

CYH Monterey, Mexico. 311m-964kc. 250 watts. Tarnava y Cia. Slogan, "The Industrial Center of the Mexican Republic." Daily, 7:55-8:15. Mon, Sat, 8-9 pm. Wed, Sun, 8:30-10 pm. Mexican.

CYJ Mexico City, Mex. 400m-730kc. 2000 watts. General Electric Co. Daily ex Sun, 8-10 pm. Mon, 9, 10, Ampico Hour. Tues, "El Aguilá Cigarettes." Wed, Mexican Ipana Troubadours. Thurs, R. C. A. Hour. Fri, General Electric Hour. Sat, Eveready Hour. Central.

Salvador

AQM Salvador, 482m. 500 watts.

Reader's Asiatic Log

Radio Digest is indebted to Frank A. Johnson, 317 West Englewood avenue, Chicago, Ill., for the following list of Asiatic stations. Mr. Johnson received the list in answer to his inquiry for confirmation of DX programs he had tuned in from the opposite side of the world in Chicago.

Station	Wave	Length
PeipingCOPK	100 3:15
TientsinCOTN	500 4:80
MukdenCOMK	1,000 4:25
HarbinCOHB	1,000 4:45
ShanghaiKRC	150 3:45
ShanghaiSSC	50 3:70
ShanghaiKSM	50 3:15
ShanghaiKSM	50 2:77
NankingXGZ	500 4:20
HanchowXGY	250 3:15
HongkongSHK	150 4:75
TokyoJOAK	10,000 3:45
OsakaJOBK	10,000 4:00
NagoyaJOCK	10,000 3:70
BeiyooJODK	1,000 3:60
HiroshimaJOJK	10,000 3:53
KumamotoJOGK	10,000 3:80
SendaiJOHK	10,000 3:90
SapporoJOIK	10,000 3:61
TaihoukuJFAK	1,000 3:2
DairenJOAK	500 3:2
VladivostokRL20	1,500 3:00
ManilaKZRM	1,000 3:00
India7CA	5,000 3:00

Cuba

CMC Havana, Cuba. 347m-840kc. 500 watts. Cuban Telephone Co. International Tel. and Teleg. Corp. Sun, Mon, Wed, 7-12 pm. Eastern.

2FG Hershler, Cuba. 226m-999.4kc. 20 watts. Alberto A. Ferrera.

2HP Havana, Cuba. 205m-1460kc. 200 watts. Cristina V. Vda. Cruicet.

Gertrude

LITTLE HARRY had red hair and that was just one fly in Victor's ointment. There was not the slightest tinge of red in either his or Gertrude's hair. He almost went back to his first wife on that account. Gertrude was too proud to even discuss the matter. Besides she had other worries. You'll enjoy this new story by Stansbury Field in the December issue of Radio Digest.

CANADA, CUBA, MEXICO

Canada

CFCY Charlottetown, P. E. I. 312.3m-960kc. 100 watts. Island Radio Co.

CFGC Brantford, Ont. 296.9m. 50 watts.

CFJC Kamloops, B. C. 267.7m-1120kc. 15 watts. N. S. Dalgleish and Sons. Weller and Weller.

CFMC Kingston, Ont., Can. 267.7m-1120kc. 20 watts. Monarch Battery Mfg. Co., Ltd.

CFNB Fredericton, N. B. 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. James S. Neil & Sons, Ltd. Atlantic.

CFQC Saskatoon, Sask., Can. 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. The Electric Shop. Wholesale Supplies, Ltd. Announcer, Stan Clifton. Slogan, "The Hub City of the West Where No. 1 Northern Hard Wheat Grows." Daily ex Sun, 9-10 am, 1-2 pm, markets reports, music. Mon, 7-10 pm. Wed, 7:30-10 pm. Thurs, Fri, 7:30-9 pm. Sun, 11 am, 7 pm, church service. Mountain.

CFRB Toronto, Ont. 312.3m-960kc. 4000 watts. Standard Radio Mfg. Corp. Ltd. Announcer, Charles Shearer. Slogan, "Just Plug In, Then Tune In." Eastern.

CFRC Kingston, Ont., Can. 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Queen's University, Inc. Oct., 1923.

CFYC Burnaby, B. C., 410.7m. 500 watts.

CHCA Calgary, Alta. 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Western Farmer, Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel. Daily ex Sun, 6-7 pm. Sun, 5-6 pm.

CHCS Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts. Hamilton Spectator.

CHCT Red Deer, Alta. 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Messrs. G. F. Tull and Ardern, Ltd.

CHGS Summerside, P. E. I. 267.9m-1120kc. 50 watts. R. T. Holman, Ltd. Daily, 12:15 n, 5:15 pm. Sun, 11 am, 3:15 pm, 7 pm. Atlantic.

CHMA Edmonton, Alta. 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Christian & Missionary Alliance. Mountain.

CHML Mount Hamilton, Ont., Can. 340.7m-880kc. 500 watts. Maple Leaf Radio Co. Mon, Wed, Fri, 5-11 pm. Tues, Thurs, 10 am-2 pm. Sat, 9:30-12 am. Alternate Sundays, 11 am-12:30 pm, 7 pm-8:30 pm. Eastern.

CHNC Toronto, Can. 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Radio Research society.

CHNS Halifax, N. S. 322.6m-930kc. 100 watts. Herald. Ltd. Slogan, "At Halifax, N. S. The Front Door of Canada—Always Open." Daily ex Sun, 10:30 am-1:30 pm. Daily ex Sat, Sun, 6 pm-8 pm. Tues, Thurs, Sun, 6 pm-12 mid. Friday, 2 pm-5:30, 10 pm-mid. Atlantic. Founded May, 12, 1926.

CHRC Quebec, Que. 340.7m-880kc. 5 watts. E. Fontaine.

CHWC Regina, Sask., Can. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. R. H. Williams & Sons, Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm. 5-6. Mon, Wed, Sat, 8-10 pm. Mountain.

CHWK Chilliwack, B. C., Can. 247.8m-1210kc. 500 watts. Chilliwack Broadcasting Co., Ltd. Daily ex Sun, 12-1 pm, 5:30-6:30 pm.

CJBR Regina, Sask. 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Producers, Ltd.

State and City Index With New Waves

State/City	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Alabama				
Birmingham	WAPI	263	1,140	5,000
	WBRC	322.4	930	500
	WKBC	228.9	1,310	10
Gadsden	WJBY	247.8	1,210	50
Montgomery	WIBZ	199.9	1,500	15
Arizona				
Flagstaff	KFXV	211.1	1,420	100
Phoenix	KFAD	483.6	620	1,000
	KOY	215.7	1,390	500
Prescott	KPJM	199.9	1,500	100
Tucson	KGAR	218.8	1,370	100
Arkansas				
Blytheville	KLCN	232.4	1,290	50
Fayetteville	KUOA	215.7	1,390	1,000
Hot Springs	KTHS	288.3	1,040	10,000
Little Rock	KGHI	199.9	1,500	100
	KGJF	336.9	690	250
	KLRA	215.7	1,390	1,000
McGehee	KGHC	228.9	1,310	500
Siloam Springs	KFPW	223.7	1,340	50
California				
Berkeley	KRE	218.8	1,370	100
Beverly Hills	KEK	265.3	1,170	500
Burbank	KELW	384.4	1,000	500
Culver City	KFVD	422.3	710	250
El Centro	KKO	249.9	1,200	100
Fresno	KMJ	249.9	1,200	100
Holy City	KFOU	211.1	1,420	100
Glendale	KGFB	299.8	1,000	250
Long Beach	KFOJ	239.9	1,250	1,000
	KGER	218.8	1,370	100
Hayward	KZM	218.8	1,370	100
Hollywood	KFAC	348.6	860	250
	KFWB	315.8	950	1,000
	KMTR	526	570	500
	KNX	285.5	1,050	5,000
Inglewood	KMIC	267.7	1,120	500
Los Angeles	KFI	468.5	1,440	5,000
	KFSZ	267.7	1,120	500
	KGEF	230.6	1,300	1,000
	KGJF	211.1	1,420	100
	KHJ	333.1	900	1,000
	KPLA	299.8	1,000	1,000
	KPTI	230.6	1,300	500
Oakland	KFWM	322.4	930	500
	KGO	379.5	790	7,500
	KLS	208.2	1,440	250
	KLX	340.7	880	500
	KTAB	545.1	850	500
Ontario	KFAC	249.9	1,200	100
Pasadena	KPPC	249.9	1,200	50
	KPSN	315.6	950	1,000
Sacramento	KFSD	228.9	1,310	100
San Diego	KFSD	499.7	1,500	500
San Francisco	KFRC	491.5	610	1,000
	KFWI	322.4	930	500
	KGB	220.4	1,360	250
	KGTI	211.1	1,420	50
	KJBS	280.2	1,070	100
	KPO	440.4	680	5,000
	KYA	243.8	1,230	1,000
San Jose	KQW	296.9	1,010	500
Santa Ana	KWTC	199.9	1,500	100
Santa Barbara	KDB	199.9	1,500	100
Santa Maria	KSMR	249.9	1,200	100
Santa Monica	KTM	384.4	780	500
Stockton	KGDM	272.6	1,200	50 Day
	KWG	249.9	1,200	100
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1,490	5,000
Colorado				
Colorado Springs	KFUM	236.1	1,270	1,000
Denver	KFEL	319	940	250
	KFVL	228.9	1,310	100
	KFLZ	535.4	560	1,000
	KOA	361.2	830	12,500
Edgewater	KPOF	340.7	880	500
Fort Morgan	KFXJ	228.9	1,310	50
Greeley	KFWA	249.9	1,200	100
Gunnison	KFHA	249.9	1,200	50
Pueblo	KGHA	249.9	1,200	50
Trinidad	KGHF	227.1	1,320	250
Yuma	KGKJ	211.1	1,420	100
	KGKE	249.9	1,200	50
Connecticut				
Easton	WIC	252	1,190	500
Hartford	WTIC	282.8	1,060	50,000
St. Gers	WTAC	499.7	600	250
New Haven	WDR	225.4	1,330	500
Delaware				
Wilmington	WDEL	267.7	1,120	350d
	WILM	211.1	1,420	100
District of Columbia				
Washington	NAA	434.5	690	1,000
	WMAL	475.9	630	500d
	WJTV	205.4	1,460	10,000
	WRC	315.6	950	500
	WOL	228	1,310	100
Florida				
Clearwater	WFLA	333.1	900	2,500d
Gainesville	WRUF	204	1,470	5,000
Jacksonville	WJAX	238	1,260	1,000
Lakeland	WMBL	225.9	1,310	100
Miami	WQAM	241.8	1,240	1,000
Miami Beach	WIOD	535.4	560	1,000
	WMBF	535.4	560	500
Orlando	WDBO	483.6	620	1,000
Pensacola	WCOA	267.7	1,120	500
Sarasota	WSIS	296.9	1,010	250
St. Petersburg	WSUN	333.1	900	2,500d
Tampa	WDAE	483.6	620	1,000
	WMBR	247.8	1,210	100
Georgia				
Atlanta	WGST	336.9	890	500d
	WSB	405.2	740	1,000
Columbus	WRBL	249.9	1,200	50
Macon	WMAZ	336.9	890	500
Toccoa	WTFI	206.8	1,450	250

State/City	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Idaho				
Boise	KIDO	239.9	1,250	1,000
Jerome	KKID	211.1	1,420	50
Idaho Falls	KID	227.1	1,250	250
Pocatello	KSEI	333.1	900	250
Twin Falls	KGIQ	227.1	1,320	250
Illinois				
Carthage	WCAZ	280.2	1,070	50
Chicago	KFKX	293.9	1,020	5,000
	KYW	293.9	1,020	10,000
	KYWA	239.9	1,020	500
	WBMM	325.9	920	500
	WCFL	309.1	970	25,000
	WCRW	247.8	1,210	100
	WEDC	247.8	1,210	100
	WENR	344.6	870	50,000
	WGES	220.4	720	15,000
	WGN	416.4	1,360	500
	WHFC	228.9	1,310	100
	WIBO	526	570	5,000
	WJZ	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WJJD	265.3	1,130	20,000
	WKBI	228.9	1,310	50
	WLS	344.6	870	5,000
	WMAQ	447.5	670	5,000
	WMBI	277.8	1,080	5,000
	WORD	202.6	1,480	5,000
	WPCC	526	570	5,000
	WSPC	247.8	1,210	100
Decatur	WJBL	249.9	1,200	100
Evanston	WEHS	228.9	1,310	100
Galesburg	WLBO	228.9	1,310	100
Harrisburg	WEBO	247.8	1,210	100
Joliet	WCLS	228.9	1,310	100
La Salle	WKBB	228.9	1,310	100
	WJBC	249.9	1,200	100
Peoria Heights	WMBD	208.2	1,440	500d
Quincy	WTAD	208.2	1,440	500
Rockford	KFLV	212.6	1,410	500
Rock Island	WKBS	247.8	1,210	100
Springfield	WCBS	247.8	1,210	100
Streator	WTAX	247.8	1,210	50
Tuscola	WDZ	280.2	1,070	100
Urbana	WILL	336.9	890	500d
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1,080	250d
Indiana				
Anderson	WHBU	247.8	1,210	100
Culver	WCBU	212.6	1,410	500
Evansville	WGBF	475.9	630	500
Ft. Wayne	WGL	218.8	1,370	100
Gary	WOWO	258.5	1,160	10,000
Hammond	WJKS	220.4	1,360	500
Indianapolis	WIAE	249.9	1,200	100
	WFMB	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WKBF	214.2	1,400	500
La Porte	WRAF	249.9	1,200	100
Marion	WJAK	228.9	1,310	50
Muncie	WJAC	228.9	1,310	50
So. Bend	WSBT	243.8	950	500
Terre Haute	WBOW	228.9	1,310	100
Iowa				
Ames	WOI	535.4	560	3,500
Boone	KFGO	228.9	1,310	100
Cedar Rapids	KWCR	228.9	1,310	100
Clarinda	KSO	217.3	1,380	500
Council Bluffs	KOIL	238	1,260	1,000
Davenport	WAOE	299.8	1,000	5,000
Decorah	KGCA	236.1	1,270	100
	KWLC	236.1	1,270	50
Des Moines	WHO	299.8	1,000	5,000
Fort Dodge	KFJY	228.9	1,310	100
Iowa City	WUI	516.9	580	500
Marshalltown	KFJB	249.9	1,200	100
Muscatine	KTNT	256.3	1,170	500
Ottumwa	WIAS	211.1	1,420	100
Red Oak	KICK	211.1	1,420	100
Shenandoah	KFN	336.9	890	500
	KMA	336.9	890	500
Sloux City	KSCJ	225.4	1,330	1,000
Waterloo	WMT	249.9	1,200	250d
	WMT	249.9	1,200	100d
Kansas				
Concordia	KGCN	211.1	1,420	50
Lawrence	KFKU	245.6	1,220	1,000
	KFN	245.6	1,220	1,000
Manhattan	KSCA	516.9	580	500
Milford	KFKB	285.5	1,050	5,000
Topeka	WIBW	230.6	1,300	2,500d
Wichita	KFH	230.6	1,300	1,000
Kentucky				
Hopkinsville	WFIW	319	940	1,000
Louisville	WHAS	365.6	820	10,000
	WLAP	249.9	1,200	30
Louisiana				
New Orleans	WABZ	249.9	1,200	100
	WDSU	239.9	1,250	1,000
	WJBO	218.8	1,370	2,500
	WJBW	249.9	1,200	30
	WSMB	227.1	1,320	500
	WVLE	352.7	850	500
	KTSL	228.9	1,310	100
	KRMD	228.9	1,310	50
	KTBS	206.8	1,450	1,000
	KWEA	247.8	1,210	100
	KWKH	352.7	850	10,000
Maine				
Bangor	WABI	249.9	1,200	100
Portland	WLBZ	483.6	620	500d
	WCSE	319	940	500
Maryland				
Baltimore	WBAL	483.6	1,060	10,000
	WCAO	299.7	600	250
	WCMB	218.8	1,370	100
	WFBR	236.2	1,270	250
	WTBO	211.1	1,420	50
Cumberland	WMD	228.9	1,310	100
Salisbury	WSDM	228.9	1,310	100

State/City	Call	Meters	Kc.	Watts
Massachusetts				
Boston	WBIS	243.8	1,230	1,000
	WBZA	302.8	990	500
	WEEI	508.2	950	1,000
	WLOE	199.9		

Foreign Wave Lengths Table

Europe				South Africa			
Wave Lgh.	Freq., Kilo-cycles	Power, Watts	Location	Wave Lgh.	Freq., Kilo-cycles	Power, Watts	Location
158	1,800	500	Beziers, France	370	811	500	Paris, France
187.5	1,600	500	Sundsvall, Sweden	375	800	1,500	Madrid, Spain
196	1,530	250	Karlstad, Sweden	375.4	799	1,500	Helsingfors, Finland
198	1,515	1,500	Karlskrona, Sweden	375	800	1,500	Madrid, Spain
200	1,500	500	Karlskrona, Sweden	375.4	799	1,500	Helsingfors, Finland
201.3	1,480	250	Fecamp, France	379.7	790	2,000	Stuttgart, Germany
202.7	1,460	250	Jönköping, Sweden	384.6	780	1,200	Manchester, Great Britain
204.1	1,470	250	Kristinehamn, Sweden	389.1	771	3,000	Toulouse, France
216.3	1,387	250	Malmstad, Sweden	396.3	757	4,000	Hamburg, Germany
217.4	1,380	250	Luxembourg	400	750	1,000	Plymouth, Great Britain
220.4	1,361	250	Karlstad, Sweden	1,000	1,500	500	Cork, Great Britain
222.2	1,350	250	Strasbourg, France	1,500	1,000	500	Madrid, Spain
229.1	1,309	250	Umeå, Sweden	500	500	500	Cadiz, Spain
229.4	1,308	150	Helsingborg, Sweden	700	700	200	Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany
230.5	1,301	250	Boras, Sweden	402.6	745	1,500	Mont de Marsan, France
236.2	1,270	250	Orebro, Sweden	405.4	740	1,000	Salamanca, Spain
238	1,260	1,500	Bordeaux, France	408	735	2,200	Glasgow, Great Britain
238.1	1,260	250	Kiruna, Sweden	410.5	731	1,500	Berne, Switzerland
239.5	1,253	1,000	Nimes, France	412	723	200	Notodden, Norway
240	1,250	250	Niirbrog, Finland	414.9	723	1,000	Grenoble, France
241.9	1,240	4,000	Nurnberg, Germany	416	720	1,000	Goteborg, Sweden
243.7	1,231	500	Trondheim, Norway	422.5	710	10,000	Katowice, Poland
246	1,219	500	Nice-Juan les Pins, France	426.7	703	600	Wlino, Poland
249.7	1,201	1,500	Toulouse, France	429	699	4,000	Frankfurt-on-Main, Germany
250	1,200	200	Munster, Germany	434.1	691	2,000	Seville, Spain
252.1	1,190	250	Uleaborg, Finland	435.4	689	1,000	Frederiksstad, Norway
252.3	1,189	700	Saffle, Sweden	441.1	680	2,500	Prum, Czechoslovakia
253	1,185	125	Bradford, Great Britain	446	672	250	Malmberget, Sweden
253.8	1,182	500	Cassel, Germany	447.7	670	300	Rome, Italy
254.2	1,180	250	Montpellier, France	447.8	673	750	Paris, France
260.9	1,150	800	Linz, Austria	448	669	100	Rjukan, Norway
263.2	1,140	2,000	Kalmar, Sweden	450	666	4,000	Talsinn, Reval, Estonia
266.9	1,124	500	Rennes, France	455.1	659	1,500	Stockholm, Sweden
272.7	1,100	500	Malmo, Sweden	460	652	2,000	Belgrade, Yugoslavia
		700	Klagenfurt, Austria	461.5	650	1,500	Oslo, Norway
		250	Andriksvall, Sweden	463.7	647	1,500	Langenberg, Germany
		700	Bremen, Germany	476.9	629	500	Kharkov, U. S. S. R.
		100	Sheffield, Great Britain	477	629	4,000	Berlin, Germany
		1,000	Oviedo, Spain	483.9	620	4,000	Davenport, Great Britain
273	1,098	1,000	Ghent, Belgium	491.8	610	24,000	Norsund, Norway
275.2	1,090	250	Norrköping, Sweden	500	600	500	Linköping, Sweden
		130	Nottingham, England			250	Uppsala, Sweden
		700	Jacobstad, Finland	508.5	590	1,000	Tromsø, Norway
277	1,083	1,500	Barcelona, Spain	511	587	500	Brussels
277.8	1,080	1,500	Kaiserslautern, Bavaria	517.2	580	20,000	Aalesund, Norway
		130	Leeds, Great Britain	529	567	2,000	Vienna, Austria
		1,000	Cartagena, Spain	536.6	559	4,000	Riga, Latvia
283	1,075	400	Freiburg, Germany	545.5	550	800	Munich, Germany
289.8	1,035	2,000	Edinburgh, Great Britain	547.5	548	700	Sundsvall, Sweden
291.3	1,030	1,500	Bordeaux, France	555.5	540	20,000	Budapest, Hungary
293.8	1,021	500	Innsbruck, Austria	566	530	1,000	Hamar, Norway
294.1	1,020	250	Uddevalia, Sweden			100	St. Michel, Finland
		200	Liege, Belgium	567	529	1,500	Bloemendaal, Holland
		130	Swansea, Great Britain	574.7	522	700	Warsaw, Poland
		130	Stoke, Great Britain	576.9	520	500	Cracow, Poland
		130	Dundee, Great Britain	586.2	516	850	Freiburg, Germany
		130	Hull, Great Britain	686.2	441	600	Vienna, Austria
		250	Agen, France	720	416	1,000	Zurich, Switzerland
297	1,010	100	Jyväskylä, Finland	760	395	250	Lausanne, Switzerland
297	1,010	250	Väners, Sweden	775	387	1,200	Ostersund, Sweden
		130	Liverpool, Great Britain	870	357	2,000	Geneva, Switzerland
		500	San Sebastian, Spain	1,000	300	10,000	Kiev, U. S. S. R.
297.3	1,009	700	Hanover, Germany			250	Niir-Novgorod, U. S. S. R.
299.4	1,002	2,000	Paris, France	1,071	279	4,000	Tiflis, U. S. S. R.
299.7	1,001	480	Asen, France	1,100	273	800	Basle, Switzerland
300	1,000	500	Bratislava, Czechoslovakia	1,111.1	270	800	Rostov-Don, U. S. S. R.
303.6	988	4,000	Konigsberg, Germany	1,117	269	4,000	Warsaw, Poland
304.2	936	1,000	Bjorneberg, Finland	1,150	261	1,000	Novosibirsk, U. S. S. R.
306.1	960	1,000	Belfast, Great Britain	1,153.8	260	750	Ryvang, Denmark
309.3	970	125	Zagreb, Yugoslavia	1,180	254	20,000	Kalundborg, Denmark
312.5	960	1,000	Newcastle, Great Britain	1,190	252	2,000	Sтамбул, Turkey
316.7	947	2,000	Falun, Sweden	1,250	240	20,000	Boden, Sweden
317.4	945	1,500	Marseilles, France	1,380	217	20,000	Konigs wusterhausen
319.1	940	1,000	Dublin, Great Britain	1,450	207	40,000	Motala, Sweden
323.2	928	4,000	Breslau, Germany	1,522.8	197	20,000	Moscow, U. S. S. R.
324.3	925	1,000	Almeria, Spain	1,604.8	187	25,000	Lathi, Finland
326.1	920	1,000	Bournemouth, Great Britain	1,700	177	15,000	Davenport, Great Britain
330.4	908	4,000	Gleitwitz, Germany	1,765	170	12,000	Kharkov Narkompostschel, Russia
333.3	900	500	Reykjavik, Iceland	1,818	165	20,000	Paris, France
334.4	897	1,500	Nantes, France	1,828	165	20,000	Ansora, Turkey
337.4	889	750	Copenhagen, Denmark	1,870	160	700	Norddeich, Germany
340.1	882	500	Paris, France	1,875	160	700	Kosice, Czechoslovakia
		700	Huizen, Holland	1,950	154	250	Huizen
343.2	874	1,500	Posen, Poland	2,000	150	700	Scheveningen, Haven, Netherl'ds
344.8	870	1,500	Barcelona, Spain	2,525	119	500	Novmo, Lithuania
348.9	860	5,000	Prague, Czechoslovakia	2,650	113	5,000	Berlin, Germany
353	850	1,000	Cardiff, Great Britain				Paris, France
355.8	843	500	Graz, Austria				
361.4	830	2,000	London, England				
366.8	818	4,000	Leipzig, Germany				
370.4	810	500	Bergen, Norway				

Stations on Cleared Waves

Call Letters	Location	Wave Length Kiloc.	Freq. Kiloc.	Call Letters	Location	Wave Length Kiloc.	Freq. Kiloc.
WAIU	Columbus, Ohio	468.5	640	KTSH	Hot Springs, Ark.	374.8	800
KFI	Los Angeles, Calif.	468.5	640	WPCH	New York, N. Y.	370.2	810
WSM	Nashville, Tenn.	461.3	650	WHAS	Minneapolis, Minn.	370.2	810
WEAF	New York, N. Y.	454.3	660	WHAS	Louisville, Ky.	365.6	820
WAAW	Omaha, Neb.	454.3	660	KWJ	Denver, Colo.	361.2	830
WMAQ	Chicago, Ill.	449.9	680	KWKH	Shreveport, La.	352.7	850
WPFF	Raleigh, N. C.	440.9	680	WWL	New Orleans, La.	352.7	850
KPO	San Francisco, Calif.	440.9	680	KFOZ	Hollywood, Calif.	352.7	850
WLW	Cincinnati, Ohio	428.3	700	WABC	New York, N. Y.	348.6	860
KFVD	Culver City, Calif.	428.3	700	WABC	Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WOR	Newark, N. J.	422.3	710	WENR	WBCN, Chicago, Ill.	344.6	870
WGN	WLBB—Chicago, Ill.	416.4	720	WCFL	Chicago, Ill.	309.1	970
WSB	Atlanta, Ga.	405.2	740	KJR	Seattle, Wash.	309.1	970
KMMJ	Clay Center, Neb.	405.2	740	KDKA	Pittsburgh, Pa.	309.9	980
WJR	WCX—Detroit, Mich.	399.8	750	WOB	WBAZ—Boston, Mass.	302.8	990
WJZ	New York, N. Y.	394.5	760	WOC	Davenport, Iowa	299.8	1,000
WEW	St. Louis, Mo.	394.5	760	KGFF	Glendale, Calif.	299.8	1,000
KFAB	Lincoln, Neb.	389.4	770	KYW	KFKX—Chicago, Ill.	299.8	1,000
WBMB	WJBT—Chicago, Ill.	389.4	770	WFBI	Indianapolis, Ind.	285.5	1,050
WGY	Schenectady, N. Y.	379.5	780	WBT	Charlotte, N. C.	277.6	1,080
KGO	Oakland, Calif.	379.5	780	WCBD	Zion, Ill.	277.6	1,080
WSAI	Cincinnati, Ohio	374.8	800				
WBAP	Ft. Worth, Texas	374.8	800				

Radio Offers Future to Girls

(Continued from page 75)

learned to accept without bitterness the fact that they must work twice as hard as a man of equal ability to obtain a real job. However, the Radio industry which is a product of the present generation, is essentially more tolerant towards women. Witness the fact that a young woman is eastern program director of the National Broadcasting company, and in this capacity supervises many men. Likewise, a woman is responsible for the booking of all speakers on the programs of the two stations operated by this broadcasting company.

The daytime Radio listeners are to a great extent women, and in the evening there are undoubtedly as many women Radio fans as men. In recognition of this fact, there is in almost every department of the National Broadcasting company a woman who helps plan those programs which appeal primarily to women. Those musical programs which are sponsored by a company advertising foodstuffs, cosmetics, etc. are written by a woman; the morning and afternoon programs which are planned for women and children are directed by a woman, and so on. A large correspondence department which handles the enormous amount of mail from Radio listeners, is managed by a woman.

IN THE music department, a girl arranges auditions and rehearsals, and another helps engage artists. A girl is in charge of the master program book; she must know which periods are free to be booked for weeks in advance and even a slight mistake would be serious.

And so we reach our starting point,—or at least the point of contact with the Radio listener—the voice or instrument which is transmitted to one's home. The listener is well-acquainted with the meteoric rise to fame of artists unknown before the advent of the Radio. The time-honored joke in every broadcasting company is that Radio is a blessing to those vocalists endowed with more talent than good looks, and that television would be a disillusionment to the listeners as well as a catastrophe to the performer. However, like all jokes, this should not be taken too seriously, for some of the Radio's most popular artists have had many offers to go on the stage.

Radio still is in the formative period and it is obviously far less difficult to "break in" than it is to impress theatrical producers with one's ability. Every artist who wishes it, is given a hearing, and the unknown artist is heard as eagerly as the concert prima donna who steps haughtily into the studio. For in many sad instances, great stars of the theatre have failed miserably before the microphone.

With Radio, more than with any other form of art, imagination is required on the part of the listener, for Radio appeals to one sense only—the sense of hearing. Likewise the girl who has sufficient imagination to visualize this great new industry, and to invent, if necessary, the type of job she would like, is almost certain to succeed in a job which she will really enjoy.

Hal Totten Going Big In Sports

(Continued from page 39)

SOME sports events run hours at a time and Hal is on the air all the way through with a running line of chatter. The longest broadcast he ever did was the National Inter-scholastic basketball tourney at the University of Chicago.

The games were run one right after the other. He was on the air for seven consecutive hours, talking continuously. Baseball also taxes his vocal organs sometimes. The Cubs played a doubleheader in Philadelphia one day and on the same day the Sox met Philadelphia in Chicago. That meant six straight hours for Totten.

Last year the Giants-Cubs doubleheader went 15 and 10 innings—25 innings of baseball in one day. Wrigley called up when it was all over from his Lake Geneva home.

"Great game, Hal," he yelled into the long distance receiver. "Yeh," came the weak voice of Totten, just this side of exhaustion at Wrigley field.

"Yeh, it was a great game," Wrigley repeated. "My dinner went cold a long time ago because I wouldn't leave the Radio long enough to eat."

Hal has been broadcasting sports for a long time now. In fact he has been on the air, over WMAQ, for longer than has any other station sports announcer in the country with regular sports schedule.

This year marks his fifth season of big league baseball. Over The Chicago Daily News station Totten was on the air with daily baseball reports for two years before any other station tried a daily schedule.

The current season is his sixth in college football. In addition he reported various prize fights, chief of which was the Dempsey-Tunney go in Soldier field. Races and basketball are also frequently on his schedule of broadcast activities. Hal is a great man with the boys of Chicago, too. It is a treat to watch them flock around when he appears to get autographs.

Night on the Banda Sea

(Continued from page 41)

canoe is moving. He is trying to get up. Now he is on his feet. He is waving his arms frantically. He is too weak to stand. He is staggering. He will fall overboard. I start to call to him, but I remember that I am looking through the powerful glasses. He is still a quarter of a mile away. He is crouching down now and is steadying himself by holding onto the sides of the canoe. He is a white man with a short growth of beard on his chin and a mustache. He is clad only in scanty rags and he seems to be fearfully burned by the sun. The ship's engine has stopped and we are drifting.

Several passengers aroused from their siesta by the unusual blast of the whistle come hurriedly on deck. The man in the canoe seems to be entirely exhausted. He is lying down again. The second officer is directing some men to lower a lifeboat. Now they are in the water. They have taken the man out of the canoe and are rowing back to the ship. They have placed the fellow in a sling and are heaving him aboard. The passengers rush to get a better view of this human derelict. I am with them, but we are waved back by the captain, who has now taken charge of the rescue. The ship's doctor arrives and the stranger is carried into the smoking room. We wait breathlessly to hear whether he is alive and to learn the mystery of his drifting on the sea in an open boat.

The man is in a state of coma, exhausted by prolonged exposure, but the doctor says that he will recover. Nothing of his story can be learned at present, and the passengers, conscious of their varying stages of undress, retire to complete their siesta or to dress leisurely for the evening.

This will be the night of the captain's dinner, for some of the travelers are leaving the ship at Makassar. Champagne will be served and a Javanese orchestra from the crew will play for dancing. The smoking room is deserted except for the rescued man who is lying quiet and motionless on a leather sofa. Entering and signaling to the bar boy for a whiskey and soda, I observe the ragged stranger.

He is a man about thirty, I judge, although it would be difficult to assign to him a definite age. He is long and lean and the muscles of his bare arms and legs indicate great strength. His hair is of a light reddish hue and wavy. It is probably bleached by the sun. On his upper lip he wears a short red mustache turned up slightly at the ends. His bronzed face is covered by a stubby growth of beard. His lips in repose resolve themselves into a cunning smile. In spite of his unkempt condition he has the undeniable appearance of an Englishman of culture.

THE BAR boy brings my drink and I sip it reflectively. This unconscious man from the sea has a robust look about him that belies the fact that he has just been rescued from starvation and thirst. He seems to be a particularly well-fed specimen of humanity and there is not a mark on him to denote that he has just come through a period of great distress and suffering. He is sun burnt, that is all.

Through the window I see a dark bank of clouds billowing up from the horizon, that will soon obscure the sun and bring the slight coolness of late afternoon upon us. Suddenly, I am aware of the sensation of being stared at by someone. My man of the sea is still lying motionless, but he is boring me through with a pair of fierce blue eyes, eyes that seem to smile mischievously at my apparent discomfort.

"Are we alone?" the man asks in a hollow whisper. "I jump in spite of myself."

"Quite alone," I answer.

The man sits up suddenly, and involuntarily I jump again. The man laughs. "Don't be frightened," he says. "I am not a ghost. Get me a whiskey and soda and my recovery will be complete."

I walk over to the bar window and procure the drink. "You are surprised that I am so much alive?" he asks. "No," I reply, "I haven't sufficient imagination in this heat to be surprised."

"You do not ask how it happens that I am found drifting in a canoe in the middle of the Banda Sea?"

"Naturally, I am curious, but if you do not wish to explain, that is your affair."

"Quite so. But the others will

Strange Case of Dr. Thrale

(Continued from page 14)

after him. The nut had been watching him for some time, and the cop turned him down. He got away before his name and address could be taken."

"That's all?" I asked.

"Sure—all there ever will be, probably. We ran a couple of sticks about the case the day after he was brought in. A lot of friends and relatives of missing men have been in to look him over. Nothing doing, though."

"How old is he?" I was determined to play Thrale's game as well as I could, silly though it seemed.

"About thirty-five, they think—though he might be older."

I had been writing down Jackson's report as he gave it to me and Thrale was looking over my shoulder at what I wrote.

"Just a second, Jackson," I said. And then I asked Thrale: "Anything else?"

"ASK him if the policeman noticed anything about the women he spoke to—or if he spoke to all who came along?"

"No record as to that," said Jackson. "Say—what's eating you, anyway? There's nothing more to this than to most of these cases."

"All right—forget it," I said. And then I added, mechanically: "Don't let any of the other station men know I was asking."

"All right—g'bye," he said.

Jackson was a youngster who had shown some promise. He was going through the mill; the assignment to Bellevue, one of the most trying and monotonous a New York newspaper can give, was part of his training.

Thrale was excited to an extraordinary degree. I have seldom seen a man more moved.

"They didn't ask about the women?" he said. "They wouldn't—of course! And that flat-footed policeman wouldn't have been able to answer if they had. But I can. I was the one who tried to take him home. I was a fool, Morgan! I had the thing in my hands, and waited too long. I might have known one of those women would call a policeman—but I waited to make my observations."

"But—I can't see what difference it makes!" I said. "After all—there are hundreds of cases like this in a year, aren't there?"

"No," he said. "There's never been a case like this before and there never will be again. And that's true of every case, Morgan—every case in which the mind is affected. Wait a minute."

"HERE!" he said. "I'll give you a hint. I've heard this man speak. Your reporter at Bellevue told you about him—you got the impression that he was a rough laborer?"

I nodded.

"But I listened to him!" said Thrale. "His voice was that of a cultivated man—what you'd call a gentleman, a man of birth and breeding. I marked the way he approached those women—his gestures. And—oh, a dozen other things. Has anyone of special importance been reported as mysteriously and unaccountably missing lately?"

I searched my memory for a minute.

"There have been a few cases," I said. "None that this chap could fit, though. Of course, the last really sensational case was that of Andrew Brayden—"

He waited.

"Well?" he said, when I didn't go on. I laughed.

"That's like talking about Charley Ross!" I said. "It's just the typical case that one thinks of. Brayden disappeared two and a half years ago, on his way to his wedding. There's no doubt that he's dead. The search for him has been abandoned—"

He pounced on the name.

"Damn your deductions and conclusions!" he said, brutally. "Give me the facts—so far as your intelligence permits you to distinguish them!"

"Brayden was an architect," I said, ignoring his manner. "A Beaux Arts man—recognized as one of the coming big men in his game. He did the Carstairs Hotel and the new St. Phillip's Hospital, among other things."

"I know—I know," Thrale said, impatiently. "I know the man, too—by sight."

"Well—?" I said. "Then this bum in Bellevue can't be he—"

"Oh—you know that, do you?" said Thrale, with a snarl. "My God—will you get on with the facts and stop wasting time with the confused processes of what you call your mind?"

"HE was engaged to a girl in Brooklyn—Anne Rutledge. They were to be married on a Saturday in June, in a church near her home on Brooklyn Heights. He dressed for his wedding at his rooms here—he lived on Washington Square. He telephoned for a cab, but none came, and he started to walk. He told the door man he would walk up Fifth Avenue until he found a cab. And that's the last that was ever seen or heard of him. If you want all the facts that are known or that

came out I can get you the envelopes of clippings that were made after his disappearance—"

"Of course I want them!" Thrale snapped. "Where are they? In your office? Let's go down now—"

"I want some sleep!" I protested.

He just stared at me. I have accused him, since then, of using hypnotic influence. But he denies that, angrily; says that only a charlatan would descend to such methods. His own explanation of why I accompanied him to the Planet office at three o'clock in the morning is less flattering to me. He says, very simply, and, now, almost affectionately, that I yielded to a stronger will.

At any rate, I took him down to the old shop, and sat and dozed in the library until five o'clock, while he read and digested, taking copious notes, the enormous mass of material that had been printed about the Brayden case. I knew, roughly, what there was. Interviews with all sorts of people who had known Brayden. Attempts, by the yellows, to stir up scandal in connection with every woman the poor devil had ever known. Surmise and speculation. And then, after a few weeks, telegraphic dispatches from all over the country, announcing that Brayden had been found. And, all the time, of course, columns of matter about the broken-hearted bride, deserted at the altar. Here, again, the yellows were in their glory. There were feature stories by their highly paid sob sisters, pictures—all the customary stuff.

Thrale got up at last, stretched himself, and grinned at me. "You think I'm crazy, too, don't you?" he said.

I was too sleepy to think anything, and said so.

"LOOK here," he said. "Morgan—I have what you, unscientifically, would call a hunch—that this poor devil in Bellevue is Andrew Brayden. As a matter of fact, I'm making a guess—but it's a guess based upon a method of scientific reasoning you don't understand and would ridicule if I tried to explain. I'm casting no reflections on your intelligence when I say that—as a matter of fact your mind's rather above the average. Practically every trained psychiatrist in America would have a reaction identical with yours. I'll give you a hint—the whole thing I'm working on is contained in the selective process the poor chap used in picking out the women he addressed. I observed that, you'll remember, for fifteen minutes. Now—"

"Hold on a minute," I said. "This man in Bellevue is mad, isn't he?"

"Not so far as I know. He's a case of auto-psychic amnesia. Which means to you—?"

"Words!" I said.

"Precisely! I'll translate. It means he's forgotten who he is—I use forgetting in your loose and incomplete sense—because it would involve action sharply and terribly distasteful if he remembered. It means, in other words, that he forgot his identity because it suited his real wishes to do so."

"But—Brayden was on his way to be married—it was the happiest day of his life—"

"Piffle! How do you know that? Don't you suppose some of the men and women who contract tragic and unhappy marriages do it with their eyes open—knowing that they're headed for unhappiness and disaster, but going on because circumstances have forced their hands?"

"Well—but you haven't convinced me this is Brayden—"

"Right! I haven't convinced myself. But what I say is true if he's John Peterson or Richard Romney or Bertram Brown. He has forgotten his identity because of a deeply buried, unconscious wish to escape the consequences of remembering it. Now—here's what I want. They won't let me see him. They're down on me at Bellevue. I suppose I've insulted them! But I've got to have a chance to work with that man. I want you, or some one you can trust, to identify this man and take him away. You can manage that—you can convince them. I'll guarantee you a story—an exclusive one. You can solve the mystery of his identity. If it is Brayden you have the biggest sensation of years—"

"Why not call on people who knew him—his fiancée—his family?"

"FOR several reasons. One is that his physical appearance is changed. I told you I knew him by sight. He might be Brayden—there is nothing impossible about it. But no one who knew Brayden would identify this man now. Come—come! Will you take a chance for the biggest story you ever had a chance to write?"

Again I felt myself yielding to him, against every impulse of judgment and common sense. And again, in later talk, Thrale has denied contemptuously, my suggestion that he was hypnotizing me. He insists that there was no need of any device so cheap—although he admits that he could have done so. Be that as it may, I agreed.

I dared not appear in the matter myself. But I spoke, the next morning, to Harmon, my chief—that amazing genius who inherited the Planet, then moribund, from his father, and turned it into the most brilliant newspaper of its time. Harmon had

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Radio Stars in Hollywood

(Continued from page 11)

her participation in Show Folks, Night Club Romances, Our Little Playhouse, the La Palina Hour, all well-known programs broadcast over that chain. As a result of her microphone activities, Miss Shea was given second lead in the Paramount production "Glorifying the American Girl," which followed her portrayal of Peter Pan in the talkie short entitled "Book Lovers."

New laurels were loaded upon Miss Shea when she was elected by internationally known judges as the most beautiful girl in Radio. The occasion, the National Radio Artists beauty contest, held in New York City the latter part of September. It was sponsored by the Radio World's Fair.

Miss Shea is considered to have a brilliant future in the picture world. As Miss WABC, she was chosen the most beautiful Radio girl in America for 1929. Although beauty contests have proven that the winners are not sure of lasting fame or fortune, after her recent victory, Miss Shea is fortunate to have personality and ability to sing and dance, which, with her natural beauty, should make for her a star in the Hollywood heavens.

CHARLOTTE WOODRUFF, another young woman who appears in programs over WABC and the Columbia Broadcasting System, has been filmed in over eighteen pictures, shorts and features. In six of these, she appeared on the screen while in the other twelve it was only her voice that was photographed. This itself is considered a compliment to her dramatic soprano voice as only the most capable artists are selected for synchronization.

Alan Ray, Columbia System tenor, who came to Radio from the stage, joining the film work with the talkies, feels that there are, even today, opportunities for expression in audible films for those who qualify.

In discussing his activities in the sound studios, Mr. Ray says, "Microphonic technique is practically the same whether in Radio or talking pictures, the only difference being the distance it is necessary to work from a mike."

Much more is required of the Artist in Audible films—for instance in Radio broadcasting, it is not necessary to commit the program to memory, neither is any particular mode of dress required. Appearance is not essential to Radio broadcasting—it is only important to have a Radio personality.

A talking picture artist must have all the qualities required of an actor, plus a Radio personality. A voice which sounds well on the stage may lack the qualities essential to good broadcasting, as the microphone has a tendency to exaggerate any peculiarities a voice may have—just as the photographic lens accentuates the physical features.

Phil Maher, an actor of the old school, who is heard in Hank Simmons Show Boat and Show Folks on the air, took the voice of Mutt in the Mutt and Jeff cartoon talkie. Mr. Maher describes his experiences: "I rather enjoyed it. The work was unique—as it was so different from a stage appearance where you have an audience swayed by your comedy and pathos. In taking the part of Mutt I used a thin tenor voice as I thought Mutt should have. The fact that you have no audience except the camera and technical men, eliminates any possibility of an enthusiastic response on the part of your listeners. The only laugh I got out of my part was from Jeff. After all it was a great experience."

HELEN KANE, now a Paramount featured player and noted as a "Boop Boopa Doop" girl, was brought to the attention of Paul Ash, while broadcasting over the Radio. She made such a success at the Paramount Theatre in New York that she was immediately placed under contract. She appeared with Richard Dix in "Nothing But the Truth" and has just been featured in a comedy "Sweetie."

Abe Lyman and His Californians, Benny Krueger, Guy Lombardo, Paul Whiteman and others were all broadcasting before they entered audible films. Lillian Roth is another featured screen player who entered motion pictures via the Radio. She was one time a Ziegfeld dancer and singer.

All this means that Radio has gone through a lot of development in southern California, which in turn brings the logical thought that program development has not lagged behind other parts of the country. We found that out when Vitaphone Jubilee Hour programs produced in Hollywood were many times as popular as those emanating from New York.

As every good program director knows, there are only two kinds of programs; not good or bad as might hastily be assumed, but roughly a program is either built around a featured artist, who may or may not be termed a Radio star, or the program lays aside personalities and tries for listeners on the merit of its production.

The hundred and one programs featuring a great artist of the stage, screen, opera or concert are examples of the one type. Of the other, like the Main Street Sketches, probably can stand on merits for that type of Radio presentation.

But this story has to do with Radio stars in Hollywood only.

And, cries an anguished voice, what is there to write about! Every station, every city, has its favorite Radio artists and entertainers. But have you, a listener, ever heard a guest artist from KFI, KFWB, KHJ or KNX that you didn't have a pitying smile for? And we in Hollywood have had so many guest artists from other stations, with glowing recommendations, turn out to be flops of the first floppage that when one is received it is with tongue in the cheek. Who is to say who is a star of Radio and whether Joe Doakes, who sings so well for the people of Boston, may be an awful rummy when he appears at Boise, Idaho.

TAKE Charlie Hamp, for example. His career, so far as Radio is concerned, began at KFWB. Later he was heard at other stations in southern California, always with good success but nothing like the way the people of San Francisco took him to their bosoms, speaking, of course, in a dynamic loudspeaker way. And his San Francisco appeal was overshadowed by that of Detroit and Detroit in turn topped by New York.

Then again we might speak of Vernon Rickard. Rickard was singing at WGN, helping Quin Ryan with his sports, reading stock market quotations and the news items when the Duncan Sisters came along and swiped him for their leading man. When the run of "Topsy and Eva" was finished Rickard came to Hollywood to study, began singing on Radio. His popularity grew, a contract was made with Brunswick for recordings, several Vitaphone shorts followed as well as parts in Fox productions. Rickard, according to those who ought to know, is destined to become one of the biggest leading men of the musical comedy stage. And yet he might still be just another Radio singer if he should go back to Chicago. He is one of Hollywood's big stars.

Then there is the case of David Percy. No, my children, not another of those mystery stories. David has a fine, strapping baritone voice. He did Radio work, anywhere he could get it. He knew just how to sing at KMTR, or KFI, KNX or KFWB. He needed money, too, because the prospects were good that a David, Jr. was about to appear, and when a Radio singer needs money, it's just too bad, because this devil-take-it industry hasn't had the money, until just recently, to pay big salaries. Things looked quite black and there was some talk of laying the baritone voice on the shelf for a time while a pair of hands did more profitable work. Just at this time Percy got a call from Fox to do a bit in a picture; a not unusual thing for almost anyone who does Radio work in Hollywood, except that a few days later David walked out of the gates of the Movietone City with a 5 year contract in his pocket that will support David, Jr. quite well, thank you.

Now the question is, at least so far as this article is concerned, should we say that David Percy is a Radio star of Hollywood or had we better wait until his first picture is released and say "I knew that guy when he used to sing over KFWB."

STILL probing into the subject, with an open and unprejudiced mind, how about all these picture stars and stage people now in Hollywood. Aren't they Radio stars, too? Nearly everyone of them has been on the Radio in some way or other, theater openings, network broadcasts or on local programs.

Stripped of their names it is doubtful if more than a handful of cinema folk could hold their own on Radio. Conrad Nagel is an exception. Without doubt, his quality of voice, good delivery and Radio personality would carry him along regardless of his name.

Nick Lucas and Ted Lewis the same, although the former was on the air for a long time in Chicago without receiving a lot of applause from the listeners.

Of the great list of famous stars we have put on the air over KFWB Irene Bordoni and Ted Lewis undoubtedly were able to get over to the listener their personalities in a way that would have made them great stars of Radio. In most all other cases, something seemed missing. When Charlotte Greenwood sang "So Long Letty," something was gone when her long legs could not be seen in action; likewise the swaying rhythm of the Brox Sisters was gone, the roughhouse tactics of Winnie Lightner, the extreme manliness of John Boles and Buddy Rogers and the good-fellow smile of Sophie Tucker. Every one was good on the air but not a single one of those mentioned could have achieved the success they have by microphone appearances alone.

At KNX, a station connected with Paramount's west coast studio, as KFWB is with Warner Bros. and First National, they, too, have found their best consistent performers are those who sing for Radio alone. One of the big features of that station is Calmon Luboviski, young Russian violinist, who has been a featured artist on KNX for over four years. His earnings have enabled him to buy into the station as a stockholder, something the new and impoverished Radio artist should not overlook when trying to decide which branch of the amusement profession to adopt.

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The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 32)

into some sort of pouch in the back of her mouth as she talked. "When I saw how easy it was to make money, I went into the game, too. You bet! And all I learns from Mr. McNaught's talk—that helps a poor girl, too. Don't you know girls make mighty good retail salesmen for hootch—the best, in fact? No—I ain't givin' up my manicure work. Betcha life, no. That is my office—the hotel barber shop. I got lots of customers."

"You get the orders; how do you fill them?" She looked at him sharply as though she would have said, "Wouldn't you like to know, Mr. Man!" What she actually said was, "Oh, there's runners comes about and takes 'em. They pays me the commission. Sometimes they gives me a telephone number to call up. Always a different one."

KENNEDY might draw his own conclusions, but she was a tough witness. There was much to reflect on in that conversation as we rode up in the elevator. But there was more coming before the afternoon was over.

We found Deitz. He was a stocky fellow of medium height, with a sharp, weasel nose. I don't know how it is, but Kennedy seems to be able to sell himself to bootleggers and parsons; perhaps he is a good actor. Anyhow, with the card of Julius he sold himself to Deitz in five minutes and had him talking about the intimacies of the business in a way that would have read well in print but would have got the printer into a lot of trouble.

Not only that, but he led the conversation around until we got to the Bahama whisky fleet. He knew all about Ev Barr. In fact, it wasn't long before Deitz opened up and told us practically that he knew where the stuff that Barr was bringing in was.

"That stuff off the 'All Alone' is sold already," he added. "Well, I want good stuff; the best," emphasized Kennedy. "I'm getting lots of it from the boats. Most of what the public buys, of course, just between you and me, is this redistilled industrial alcohol. But there's good stuff, too, from the boats and from Canada. But, being as you're friends of Mr. Barr, I'll tell you that that stuff he's bringing in is the best. Lots of it gets cut, with water after it's landed—even while they're bringing it over."

"And some of it has never seen the Bahamas at all, I understand," I put in. "They tell me there are ships with gigantic stills, copper coils that mount up from the hold to the deck, that turn out a couple of hundred gallons a day—with labels, bottles, corks, seals, carried out to the ships."

"Don't believe all you hear," laughed Deitz. I said nothing. Anything having to do with the subject I have learned to believe when I know it; otherwise to suspend judgment. I had not forgotten a prohibition director's denial in an interview with me once that there were any rum-running boats—whereupon the "Star" hired a tug, sent a photographer out and snapped fourteen.

Kennedy was pondering the question from a practical angle. "Where is this stuff that has been landed?" he asked. "Can I see it—sample it?"

DEITZ, who had an office full by this time waiting to see him, nodded. "Sure," he said under his breath. "If you want to run over to the warehouse. It's the Great Rapids Furniture Warehouse on West Street. I'll give you a card. Only, be a little careful. Go over there, Bob will let you sample the stuff direct, there. Then have dinner with me tonight and we'll talk turkey on price."

Outside Maisie was no longer in the lower hall. Kennedy called a cab and we rode over within a block of the address on the card where Craig dismissed the cab and we walked the rest of the way.

"Did you see that fellow with a cab hanging around up there by the market on the corner?" asked Craig, without stopping. "Yes; I saw a cab."

"I'd be willing to bet that is Jake Merck, from the description. Wonder what he's doing here? Maybe they don't trust each other too much and are watching each other."

We entered. Back of the grimy windows of the blackened brick warehouse I saw such sights involving bottles as might have made a feature story any Sunday for the paper. There was nothing from Great Rapids in this furniture warehouse. But there was lots of other stuff.

It seemed that there were two classes of goods, as Bob readily explained from Deitz's O. K. Some, like that Eversley Barr had brought in, was going to wealthy connoisseurs who were constant customers and whose trade was not only constant but valuable. This stuff was let alone; that was what they were paying for. But there was much that was not.

I had heard of filling non-refillable bottles, of cutting the bottom out of bottles, fusing the glass again after they had been filled with half water or half low-grade stuff. These people had the science of it. No bottle was non-fillable to 'hem. In such a case the label was all right; the seal was right. But they were getting better than two for one on

the contents with the aid of the excellent city water supply and some flavoring. As for the remainder, there were bottles with names blown in them, labels counterfeited, seals duplicated so well, so much to see, that it took us a long time to get down to the real ostensible purpose of our visit. In fact, we never did get to it.

SUDDENLY there was an outcry inside, a clanging and smashing outside—and on our first visit to a whisky warehouse under the present regime, we found ourselves captives in a raid by the enforcement forces!

"McNaught!" muttered Kennedy under his hand as we saw our friend, who was evidently engineering the raid.

"For the love of Mike!" McNaught eyed us among the miscellaneous group that had been herded by a couple of his armed men in the bookkeepers' office. "Step outside. I want to see you."

"Was it you pinched little Judy Hancock out there?" asked Kennedy the moment we were in the hall.

"No, but my men tell me the office got a tip—underground—same as this tip was. How did you fellows get here?"

Kennedy evaded answering. I could see, however, that McNaught was much impressed. How was it that he had bobbed up there and at just such a time?

We had crossed wires on the trail. As far as Craig was concerned he was principally anxious to get back on the main line along which he was acting. Thus it resulted in taking Deitz up on his offer of a dinner and we three went to a rather famous restaurant that conformed with the law.

In spite of the fact that it was Deitz's loss, he did not seem to be unduly worried by the raid. To Deitz it was just an unfortunate hazard in the course of an extra-hazardous undertaking. Besides, his partners were really lawyers. There was always a chance of beating the case.

"I'm amazed at how philosophically you take the raid," remarked Kennedy, as the waiter took our order.

"YOU CAN'T kick when you lose, sometimes," returned Deitz. "Think what you win other times! For instance, those fellows out there—" he waved his hand with a sparkler on it in the general direction of the Atlantic ocean—"pay an average, let us say, of fifteen dollars a case in Nassau. They might average forty dollars out there on the Banks. That's a hundred and fifty per cent profit and no great risk so far; none from the law as long as they keep out of the twelve-mile limit; it's all on the high seas. Well, suppose these other fellows that bring it from them get a hundred a case ashore. That's another hundred and fifty per cent profit to them. They have the risk, though."

Kennedy smiled. "It's a great business, slaking the national thirst—over five hundred per cent profit from Nassau to New York."

The broker was complacent. "More money in it than in anything I ever tackled, and I've been a bookie, in the market, 'most everything. It's just like any other industry. The middleman is getting all the profits. The producer has to shave his close—and the consumer's the sucker! Now, come back to my terms. Half down—the other half as and when delivered."

"What if the stuff is seized?"

"Not a chance!" Deitz laughed at Craig's scepticism. "We can put a revenue man on every truck, if we want. You take your chance after delivery, of course—just like the rest of us—just like you saw this afternoon. But from the time the stuff is landed, not a chance—not with this bird!"

"You know I didn't get an opportunity to sample any of that 'All Alone' stuff. That confounded McNaught jumped in there before your man, Bob, could get to it. Mine are fastidious people. Besides, I'm told the 'All Alone' has been moved to some other spot along the coast from Long Island. I really must know what I am buying, see it."

Deitz looked at him a moment critically. "No trouble on that if you're game," he said quickly. "She's been moved down here to the Jersey fishing banks. Take you out to the fleet if you don't mind the risk."

"Risk?" repeated Kennedy nonchalantly, betraying no whit of his satisfaction at accomplishing what had looked like the unattainable next step in the case only a few hours before. "I think it would be a lark!"

Chapter VI.

RUM ROW

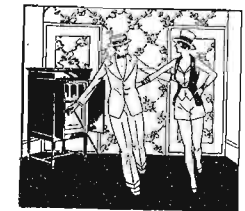
DOWN near the Battery, Deitz conducted us along a wharf until we came to a staunch but dirty cruiser, the "Skoal," tossing restlessly in the swirl of the tide.

"There are three of the ships in the rum fleet that I have been doing business with," remarked Deitz. "They are lying about fifteen miles out, I should say, and they had pretty full cargoes of the stuff to start with. You say you're most interested in the stuff that Eversley Barr has brought in. Well, we'll see that and the others, too."

(Continued on page 116)

From dance hall floors to railway coach ceilings .. this grainless wood board

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.



FOR DANCE 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.



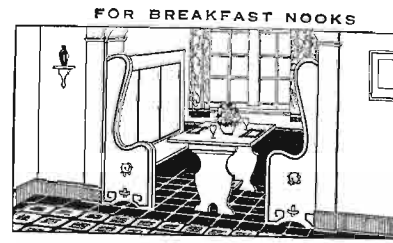
FOR RAILWAY COACH CEILING

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.

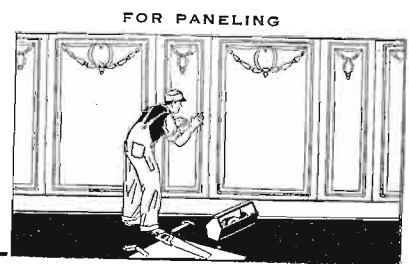
Fully eighty of Presdwood's many uses, in industry and the home, are listed in the Presdwood booklet which is gladly sent to those who appreciate the beauties of fine materials or who wish to effect manufacturing economies with this workable grainless wood.

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

© 1929 M. C.

Night on Banda Sea

(Continued from page 101)

"But, of course, you do not know," he said apologetically a moment later. "This is going to be the most splendid night of our lives. We are going to have a ripping bit of excitement!"

"The captain's dinner—" I volunteered.

"And a thrilling dessert!" he added. Suddenly he became secretive and leaned closely to me and whispered: "Can I trust you to do me a great favor?"

"Yes," I answered dubiously, "if it's short of murder."

"Tomorrow morning the ship will arrive at Makassar," he continued. "I want you to deliver a small packet at the Bank of Holland."

"But can you not perform the errand yourself tomorrow?" I asked.

"I shall not go to Makassar," he answered.

"But you cannot avoid going there," I observed incredulously, "unless you swim away from the ship tonight."

"Never mind about that," he said sharply. "Just hand this packet to the cashier of the Bank of Holland. I ask you nothing else." He drew a small packet from a pocket in his scanty trousers. It was carefully wrapped in oiled cloth and tied with twine.

The sound of footsteps approaching on the deck caused him to start. "What is the number of your stateroom?" he asked hurriedly.

"Twenty-two."
"Good! If you value your life, don't tell anyone you have talked with me." He winked as he threw himself on the lounge, and in an instant, he was again apparently unconscious.

I thrust the mysterious packet into my pocket just as the ship's doctor entered the room. The doctor sat down beside the inert form, felt his pulse and listened to his heart.

"Is he in a bad way?" I asked.
"I think not," answered the doctor still examining his patient. "His physical condition is good. He seems to be suffering from shock. When he awakens, he should be all right."

"How do you suppose he got adrift in a canoe?"
"That is a question he can best answer himself."

"Quite so," I agreed. The doctor was not a man of conversation. He ordered himself a cocktail and suggested that it would soon be time for dinner. I accepted the hint silently and retired to my stateroom to don the proper togs for the occasion.

WHEN next I reappeared on deck it was to run into an uproar of conversation. Most of the passengers had assembled on the promenade with their dinner cocktails and each individual seemed to be trying to talk at once, shouting the louder in order to be heard. The exciting word "pirates" was the only intelligible sound that I could distinguish out of the babble and confusion.

The chief interest was apparently vested in the man from Chicago, so I joined the knot of people surrounding him in order to learn the cause of the disturbance. It seemed that the fat chimney builder and his wife, having dressed early, had repaired to the smoking room for another round of beer.

There they had discovered the mysterious man from the sea still comatose, and being curious to hear his story, they had succeeded directly in reviving him with the aid of a vial of smelling salts. He had awakened with a terrifying scream of "Pirates!" which had so start-

led poor Mrs. Plunkett that she overturned a stein of beer on her evening frock.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett were tremendously impressed by what they heard. The man had told them everything. He had been the victim of a piratical raid. It had happened while he was touring the native ports of Celebes on an inter-island steamboat. The little vessel had been surrounded one night as it lay at anchor a few miles off shore by a fleet of catamarans. The catamarans had approached very close to them, and without warning a horde of savage pirates swarmed aboard yelling like demons and flashing their long curved knives.

They slaughtered the crew and passengers and forthwith weighed anchor and proceeded to sea with the ship. He alone had escaped by diving into the water, and crawling into a canoe he had found attached to one of the catamarans he had paddled away in the dark in the hope of making the coast. He was not to realize this hope, however, for next morning he found himself drifting out of sight of land on an empty burning ocean. Three days had passed without rescue. He was parched and burnt by the merciless sun and was dying of thirst when luckily he was sighted from the bridge of the *S. S. Van Hooten*.

"RIDICULOUS!" exclaimed the captain when he heard the tale. "The man is delirious. He does not remember what happened to him. No canoe could have drifted this far in three days from Celebes. Furthermore, in three days he should have been sighted and rescued by any one of fifty fishing boats that undoubtedly have passed this way."
"Then there is no danger of pirates?" asked a woman timorously.

"Pirates?" The captain laughed. "Madame, I have sailed these waters for thirty years and I have yet to see a pirate. Pirates! Ha! Ha! A good joke on the Royal Dutch Navy!"

But Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett were unconvinced. The man had told a graphic story. He had said the Banda Sea was swarming with murderous buccaneers. And who should know better than he? Hadn't he just escaped from their horrible clutches!

The sun had set and the tropic night had swallowed the world with awe-inspiring suddenness, clouds obscured the sky and there was not a single star. Staring out into the impenetrable dark from the lighted deck, I could not prevent a chilling tingling sensation from creeping down my spine. Out in that black void, anything might happen. I did not envy anyone the experience of drifting on the Banda Sea in an open boat.

In the flag bedecked dining saloon, in spite of the scoffing of the captain, the conversation continued to dwell on piratical subjects. Someone told the tale of the *S. S. Sunning*, the ship taken recently by Chinese pirates just outside of Hong Kong harbor. The pirates directed its course immediately to Bias Bay. But by some miracle, the officers had regained control of the pilot house and turned back to Hong Kong. The vessel had been set afire and steamed into the harbor a blazing furnace. There were other hair-raising tales as the champagne flowed. Immediately after coffee the Javanese orchestra struck up a fox trot on deck, American jazz tunes sounding weirdly on jangling barbaric instruments.

SUDDENLY the second officer came running up the deck. He interrupted the captain who was dancing with a young English girl and whispered some-

thing into his ear. The captain bowed his excuses to his partner, signaled to the first officer, the assistant engineer, the purser, and the doctor and the lot of them disappeared below. The orchestra continued playing loudly for several minutes, but the passengers collected in groups to discuss this new excitement. What had caused the agitation and hurried departure of the officers? Something was in the air. Perhaps, the ship was on fire,—people sniffed apprehensively. One woman left to secure a life preserver, and the fat Mr. Plunkett, filled up to the brim with champagne, mumbled something about "pirates." If there had been a greater number of passengers, there would have been a panic.

As the orchestra paused for a moment's intermission, we heard a terrific noise from the direction of amidships, shrieking and shouting and cries in native dialects. The bravest of us hastened to investigate. From the rear of the passenger deck we looked on the main deck amidships to see a howling, tangled mass of humanity dimly illuminated in the eerie glow of a hooded lantern.

Knives were flashing swiftly. The white officers had just arrived and were laying right and left with their fists, kicking and trampling on brown bodies as they waded into the mob.

The captain fired several shots from a revolver and in a few moments the spirit of the riot was subdued. One man had had his eye carved out and another had been stabbed in the back. They were removed post haste to the infirmary.

The fight had resulted from a game of dice that had been started by some white man. He was a strange white man the natives said, one whom they had never seen before. He was very tall, they exclaimed, almost as tall as the mast, and had fiery red hair.

Members of the crew had been strictly forbidden to take part in games of chance under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The captain believed that they were now lying to save themselves from punishment. But there was very little he could do about it, though he arrested several Chinese boys on general principles. We remained to see the end of the affair and to watch the officers clear the deck. The natives who had been arrested were protesting their innocence with loud cries, the others were shouting and gesticulating.

AS IF by magic two horses leaped furiously from the shadows near the port and starboard entrances to the stables. Rearing and pawing and kicking and snorting, they assumed gigantic proportions in the uncertain light. Freed from captivity for the first time in weeks all of their pent up energies were released at once.

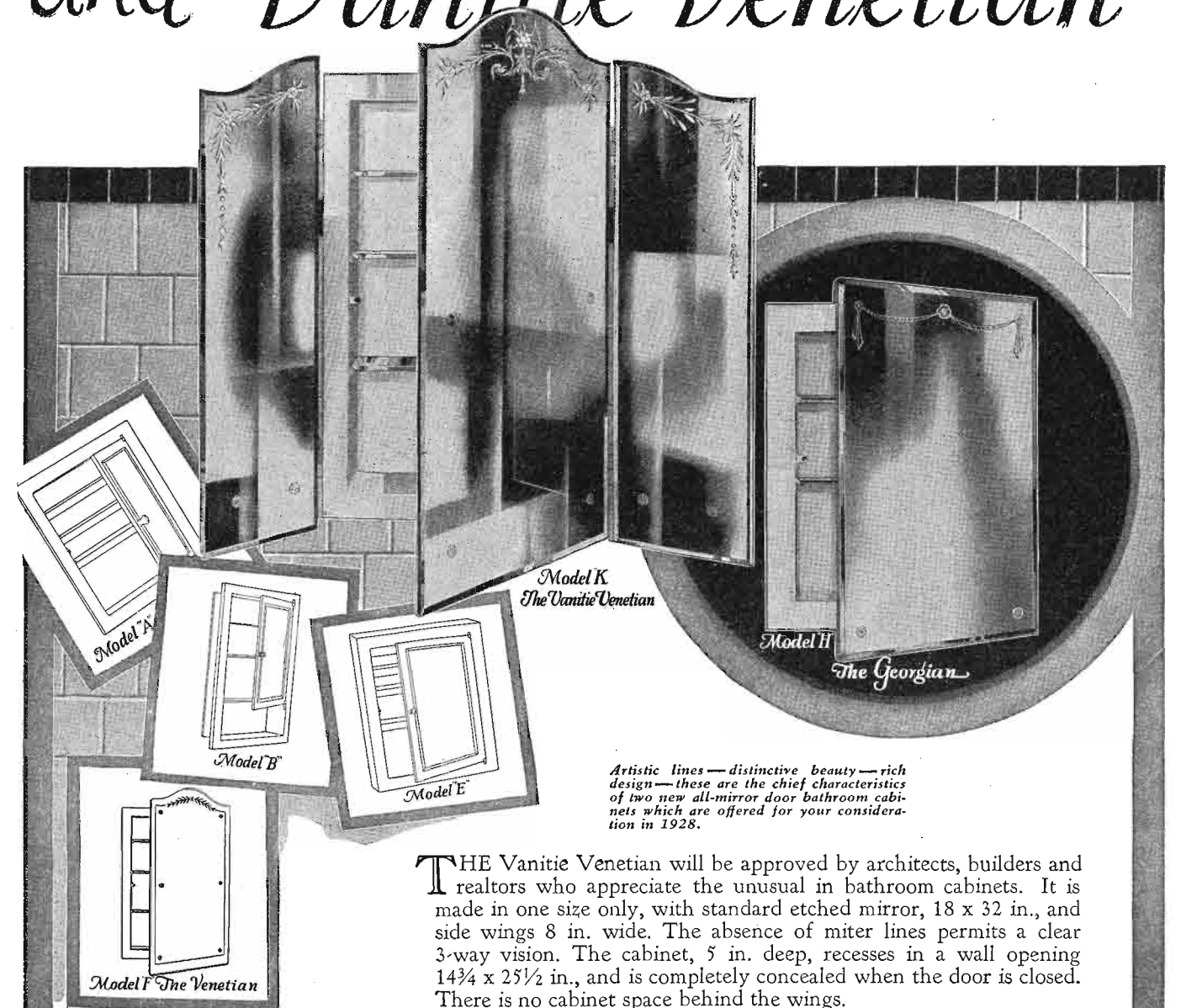
Excited by the noise of the fight and by the strange surroundings in which they suddenly found themselves, they plunged into the terrified crowd of natives who pushed and scrambled and fought and trampled one another in a frenzied effort to escape from the accursed deck.

Into their midst rushed other frantic horses in a mad stampede, screaming and snorting in delirious fright. The shrieking, yelling, writhing, struggling mass of men and beasts was like a wild scene from a nightmare in bedlam. It was as if the ship had gone riotously mad with the heat.

Two of the horses leaped over the rail and plunged with sickening groans into the sea; another bolted through a door and into a passageway which led to the forward cabins. Racing furiously down the long corridor he mounted the stair-

(Continued on page 108)

the new MORTON Georgian and Vanitie Venetian



Artistic lines—distinctive beauty—rich design—these are the chief characteristics of two new all-mirror door bathroom cabinets which are offered for your consideration in 1928.

THE Vanitie Venetian will be approved by architects, builders and realtors who appreciate the unusual in bathroom cabinets. It is made in one size only, with standard etched mirror, 18 x 32 in., and side wings 8 in. wide. The absence of miter lines permits a clear 3-way vision. The cabinet, 5 in. deep, recesses in a wall opening 14¾ x 25½ in., and is completely concealed when the door is closed. There is no cabinet space behind the wings.

The Georgian was designed to meet the demand for an attractive cabinet between Models A and B and the Venetian type. It is made in one size only, a 16 x 20 in. beveled, etched mirror, having slightly rounded corners, decorative rosettes and clear vision. It requires a wall opening 12¾ x 16¾ in.—recessing a full 5 in. if desired.

A Complete Line

11 models in the MORTON Line of Bathroom Cabinets, to recess or hang on the wall. Built of steel, electrically welded; finished in a beautiful white enamel, permanently baked on. Many distinctive features of construction. Installed instantly—"Out of the carton into the wall."

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case at the end, kicked over chairs and tables in the social hall and cavorted on the promenade deck. Passengers fled before him. Women screamed and fainted. Some were dragged by the men from under the galloping hoofs.

The captain and the officers shouted orders that went unheard in the confusion. They waved their arms and tore their hair. They tried to seize the halters of some of the horses, and were forced to retreat to save themselves from being crushed under the hoofs of the savage beasts.

At the height of the uproar every light on the ship snapped out. Some hand had pulled the master switch. The great leviathan of commerce wallowed on blindly through the inky blackness of the tropic night. Then the ship stopped. Engines were thrown into reverse with such swiftness that horses and men alike were thrown off their feet, and the twin screws of the vessel churned the water with a roar until her vast hull trembled and shivered as if she would break in two.

THE howling of the natives, the wailing of the women, the crying of the horses, the cursing of the men resounded like a medley of doom on the last hideous night.

Descending pell mell from the bridge to discover why the ship had been stopped, the officer on watch collided with the engineer who had come running up from below to learn why the order had been given for reversing the engines.

They were already unnerved when they located the captain in the hell amidships. When they flashed their electric torches on the scene, they first thought of mutiny and both landed their fists on the heads of the nearest natives. The captain forced his way over to them and demanded angrily why they had stopped his ship. He dared the devil, himself, to stop his ship.

Someone located the master switch and turned on the lights, and the vessel again proceeded on her forward course. In the meantime, several other horses jumped into the sea, and the remaining beasts were finally quieted and put back into their stalls. One magnificent bay had fallen through a hatch and had to be shot.

The infirmary was overcrowded with damaged members of the crew who had suffered bruises and cuts, and two or three of them were laid up with internal injuries.

Gradually the hysteria subsided, the women who had fainted were revived, and by midnight order had been fairly reestablished.

Investigation proved that the horses had been deliberately set free. The bar of their stalls had been mysteriously removed. The captain was enraged. He offered a large reward for the apprehension of the villain.

BUT the night was not yet over. One of the passengers, who had retired to his stateroom, came running back on deck with the news that he had been robbed. His luggage had been rifled and various articles of value were missing. Other passengers, hastening to investigate, likewise reported that their staterooms had been looted. My cabin, number twenty-two, had not been entered, so I could not share in the general indignation. Then it was discovered that the safe in the purser's office had been broken open and everything, including the twenty thousand pounds shipment of gold was gone. The purser was breathless, but he managed to swear like a trooper between gasps.

The captain was dazed and paced the

deck like a madman. He directed that the ship be searched and the culprit brought before him. Nothing like this had ever happened to anyone in the history of the sea. It was humiliating. He cursed in Dutch and Malay and in English and Chinese. He mumbled incoherently in his fury. Someone suggested pirates and the captain laughed a wild, incredulous laugh.

When the passengers were lined up and counted, it was discovered that fat Mr. Plunkett, the chimney builder from Chicago, was not present. He was not in his stateroom, he was not on deck, he was not in the smoking room, he could not be found at all. His wife screamed hysterically that he must have jumped into the sea, and the other passengers, remembering the quantity of beer and champagne he had taken earlier in the evening, were inclined to take the same sad view of the matter. They were relieved when the fat woman promptly fainted for the fourth time and they made no attempt to revive her.

A quarter of an hour later the searching squad reported that lifeboat number five from the starboard side of the boat deck was gone and that the man who had been rescued that afternoon from the drifting canoe could not be found anywhere on the ship. He had vanished unseen.

Then the awful truth began to dawn at last in the captain's mind. The red headed Englishman whom he had saved was beyond doubt a lone pirate of the sea. The captain's wrath knew no bounds. He fumed and stormed. He cursed the Royal Dutch Navy who permitted such a villain to be loose on the Banda Sea, and he cursed himself for a blithering fool. It was unbelievable. He inspected the broken safe in the purser's office and he cursed again. The safe was a flimsy affair that could have been opened by an amateur with a jackknife.

THE poor man from Chicago must have been murdered and thrown overboard by the pirate. The passengers were aghast when they thought of the awful fate that might have overtaken any one of them, and they temporarily forgot to grieve over their personal losses sustained in the affair. But Mr. Plunkett was found at last in the furnace room stoking the fires. His hands and face and his starched white shirt were black with coal dust. He was very, very drunk, and his dinner clothes were ripped and scorched.

The only information they could get out of him was to the effect that he had in some miraculous manner saved the ship from pirates. He had acted instantly on the first alarm. He knew that all speed was necessary to escape from the fleet of catamarans that surrounded the ship. They must fly to port before they were boarded. He had rushed down to stoke the fires. They must have steam to produce the speed.

The fat man passed out as soon as he was brought into the cool air on deck, and was put to bed. Nothing concerning the robbery could be learned from him. His wife declared that she would never travel again, never would she leave the quiet and peace of Chicago.

Lights on the coast of Celebes were now visible and most of the passengers remained on deck until daylight when the ship steamed in behind the islands, reefs and headlands that form the harbor of Makassar.

THE weary captain went ashore immediately to report to his company. No one else would be permitted to land until the affair had been investigated by the coast guard.

The morning dragged on, the tropic sun bore down on the idle ship with unmitigated ferocity. Black and brown men, clad in loin cloths, moved in stately procession toward the vessel with baskets of coal on their heads, the sweat glistening on their naked bodies, while a white man in a helmet, linen jacket and shorts, checked the weight of coal as it went to the bunkers. On a neighboring pier Javanese boys in khaki were measuring giant logs of mahogany and teak. Bamboo poles were stacked against the side of a warehouse.

Officials of the coast guard and the customs came aboard and the tiresome investigation proceeded without result. No one knew anything. The only definite fact was that the ship had been looted by a lone pirate, who had escaped in a lifeboat. This explanation the exasperated officials would not believe. Finally, I confessed that the pirate had requested me to deliver a certain packet to the Bank of Holland. I hinted that its contents might throw some light on the mysterious affair. The officials determined to confiscate the packet; but I warned them that if it were taken from me by force on the ship, I would report the matter immediately to our consular agency.

Shortly after noon, we arrived at the Bank of Holland and I turned over the packet to the cashier. Representatives of the ship's company, officers of the coast guard and the customs, and officials of the bank crowded around. Very deliberately the cashier cut the twine and removed the oiled cloth that surrounded the packet. A small chamois bag was opened and on the counter before us were revealed about a hundred magnificent pearls. An exclamation of surprise and wonder arose from the crowd. The pearls were each about the size of a pea and were perfectly matched. A fortune lay before us. For a moment we forgot the purpose for which we had assembled. The cashier picked up a slip of paper which had dropped from the packet. On it was inscribed in English a brief note:

"The pearls enclosed in this packet are valued in excess of twenty-one thousand pounds. They should be sufficient to secure the underwriters against the loss of the gold that I found necessary to remove from the *S. S. Van Hooten*, and the ship's owners against whatever damage I may have done to their vessel or to any part of their cargo. The personal effects of the passengers which I took from them will be found in an unused cupboard in the stateroom occupied by the bearer of this packet. He is not cognizant of this fact, and should in no way be held responsible for the pirating of the good ship *S. S. Van Hooten*. My respects to the captain, the Royal Dutch Navy and to the passengers. I hope they enjoyed the frolic as I did myself.

"Signed: THE LAST PIRATE."

The remainder of the voyage to Java and to Singapore was uneventful and tame. No one dared mention the piratical episode in the presence of the captain, for he was not amenable to conversation on the subject. The Orient was to provide me with no greater thrill than I experienced on that wild night in the Banda Sea, though I was in Canton during the December uprising of the Communists, and I witnessed the execution of bandits in Peking.

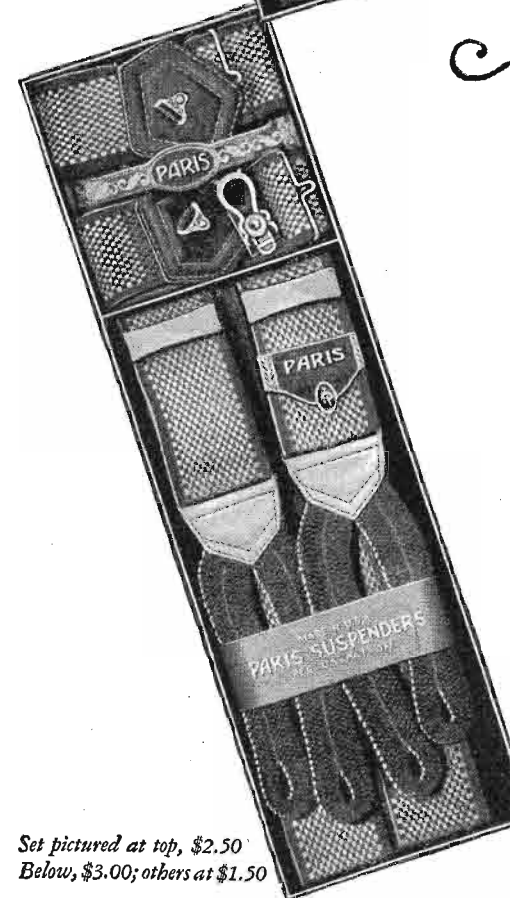
After several months spent in wandering about in China and Japan, Siam and Burma, I took passage for Europe. One night I was dining with a friend at the Cafe Royale in London. We were swapping yarns and relating our

(Continued on page 110)



Fashion Note
By Paris

Everywhere this summer gentlemen are wearing colorful suspenders without vests. They are good looking and decidedly comfortable. Trousers hang perfectly, shirt "stays put", waist muscles function freely—helps make waistline trim and slim.



Set pictured at top, \$2.50
Below, \$3.00; others at \$1.50



A new way to a Man's Heart

Several days ago he told her this: "I'm going to get several of the new matched sets of PARIS Garters and Suspenders. They're made to harmonize with the newest colors in neckwear, shirts, and hose. You know, the popular color harmony idea everyone is talking about." But although he forgot—*she didn't*. He was "tickled pink" with her selections. She blushed when he said, "Dear—you're a jewel. You can discover a new way to a man's heart almost daily." Then he . . . but that's personal.

(By the way—has HE a few matched Garters and Suspenders sets by PARIS? If your dealer hasn't them, we'll supply you. They come beautifully packaged at \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3. Please send your dealer's name with your remittance to Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1143 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill.)

KEEP UP YOUR GOOD APPEARANCE WITH



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DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

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experiences in foreign parts, when my eyes were riveted on a man who was sitting at a table on the other side of the room. He was strikingly familiar. Copper colored wavy hair, a red mustache turned up at the ends. He was wearing an evening suit and his chin was clean shaven. But his face showed signs of having been burned by the sun. I could not be mistaken. This was certainly the pirate of the Banda Sea. At the table with him was a beautiful girl. She was smartly dressed and her manners revealed that she was a woman from an upper stratum of British society.

As I gazed at the man, he turned and looked at me with his piercing blue eyes. He recognized me and the corners of his mouth turned up in an amused smile. Later, he and his companion finished their dinner and began weaving their way through the tables in the direction of the cloak room. As they passed our table, the man leaned over and whispered:

"Let's rob the Bank of England, what?"

I had half risen from my chair, but before I could say a word the last of the pirates had disappeared through the doorway. I never saw him again.

Vallee First Radio Vamp

(Continued from page 9)

make good. And are on pins and needles to see the movie Rudy has gone to California to make.

"Pretty soon after that first 'sax' arrived—and do you know, he's still got the thing? Yes, sir, keeping it as a sort of souvenir—chances for teaching got pretty well used up. Musicians in the small towns in those days didn't know a lot about 'hot' saxophones, I gathered. Rudy promptly bought all the phonograph records he could find and tried to learn from them.

"He saw right away that this wouldn't work, so he tried another stunt. Rudy Wiedoeft was the only man in the world who stood out as a 'sax' artist at that time. And the kid wrote to him. It was just a simple sort of a school boy letter—I saw a copy of it—but it went across with Wiedoeft. He answered, giving pointers.

"I reckon this was about the first correspondence course in saxophone playing.

"**YOUNG** Rudy began to cash in on all this work while he was in high school; people began to call on him to play for dances. And he got paid pretty well for playing.

"By the time he was ready for college he was pretty well wrapped up in his musical stuff. His dad sent him to the University of Maine, but he only stayed a year.

"Yale, he figured, offered a better opportunity for a kid with a 'hot' saxophone. And he moved over to Yale, even though the folks at home did do an awful lot of howling.

"He put the kibosh on the howls, though, when money from his playing around began to come in. He paid every red cent of his college expenses out of his own pocket. Yes, sir, every nickel. You probably don't know that he graduated with some pretty high marks, too. Sort of specialized in languages.

"A lot of his money was made during a year he dropped out of Yale for a tour of eastern vaudeville houses and a season abroad."

The locomotive jolted to a stop. The recital was interrupted while the new friends worked the travel cramps from their legs during the brief halt in Philadelphia.

"Gosh, how time flies," the man from

Fort Smith bromided when the train was once more roaring through the darkness. "It must be about half-past nine.

"Let's see now, we had Rudy abroad, didn't we? Well, the playing abroad was mostly in London. And the kid the home folks thought noisy sure clicked there. He called his band the Yale Collegians, and they played 'most every night at the Savoy Hotel—that's about the swankiest place in London, I'm told.

"Rudy's still right proud of that season. He told me a lot about things that happened over there.

"**THE** Prince of Wales heard them—that Prince fellow never misses anything worth while—and liked them a lot. That liking, of course, raised the British estimation of the Yankees still higher.

"And say, it was in Europe—and this is something else that a lot of the newspaper people don't know—that the kid got his first Radio experience.

"Yes, sir, during most of the time he was at the Savoy the band played over 2LO. That's about the most popular station in that country. And the Radio people over there liked him a lot, too.

"From what I could gather, it was about that time that people began to notice Rudy's voice. They said it seemed to be different. Had a sort of yearning or something that other singers couldn't get. He had been singing a little through a small megaphone for the dances around Yale.

"He never had any voice training, to speak of, he said. Seems his musical studies had been confined pretty strictly to learning all there was to know about the wind instruments.

"But in spite of the way things were breaking in England—they wanted him to stay for another season—he came back to go to Yale some more. I guess he wanted that education. And I know he wanted to lead the big Yale band at foot ball games and things. That's a point he was very clear on, when he talked to me.

"And he came on to do just that—he was official band leader during his last year. Meanwhile he still played at dances and things—played lots.

"He told me, more or less confidentially, that he averaged \$1,500 a year while he was at college.

"**AFTER** he graduated, Rudy says, he made up his mind to tuck those language honors away somewhere and keep at the music. A lot of his friends said go to New York, but the kid couldn't see it. He wanted more experience before crashing Broadway.

"This experience he got by playing all through New England with the dance band. He was in Boston quite a bit and other big towns, too.

"During this time—several months—he played some with Gilda Gray, Barney Rappée and others who amount to a lot. When he did head for Broadway he landed at the Heigh-Ho Club, over in the 'fashionable fifties.'

"People really began to sit up and take notice about that time. They were getting kind of 'Vallee-conscious.' He was doing a little Radio work, first at one station and then at another. Folks noticed he had a 'catchy' voice, while writers began to talk about his 'melody technique.'

"It was just about then that the band was re-named The Connecticut Yankees. And it wasn't long before things began coming his way fast. He signed a contract, exclusive with the NBC and was featured in a night club named for him—the Villa Vallee—and everybody knew he'd arrived.

"But the old arrival went much deeper than even the Radio folks expected, or hoped, for the matter of that. His songs clicked, people packed some of the biggest show houses in New York to see him and those 10,000 letters a day began to come in.

"Now he's gone to Hollywood to make a movie—I saw him just a few days before he started. And during that trip across the country he'll probably write a new song, maybe two of them. He does that sort of thing, they say.

"One writer said he wrote one of his best songs during traffic jams. Seems he'd drag an old envelope out of his pocket every time his car was stopped and work on a new verse.

"Oh, I found out a lot about Rudy Vallee. I don't think the women back home can ask one question that I can't answer.

"**F**OR instance, I saw the place where he lives—a little apartment over in Long Island City, that probably rents for about \$80 a month. And I also saw the automobile he runs around in. That's pretty inexpensive, too. And they told me how every member of the band had been with him for almost two years. Also, that all share in the profits.

"Course, I'll have to tell the girls what he looks like; that's why I spent so much time with him personally—as a matter of fact I got a lot of the other dope from folks who know him.

"That description'll probably be the hardest part for me—I never was much good at that sort of thing.

"He's kind of tall, but not noticeably so—that's something one of the sob sisters wrote about him—and weighs, I judge, about 160 pounds.

"Here's a good one—one woman described him as having 'a long blond head, with curious eyes, slanting downward at the corners, a hardboiled little red mouth'—she said it would be called 'rosebud in a girl,' with rather full under-lip.

"This same writer—see, I copied what she said—told how his expression was 'poised, a bit hard and coldly vivacious.' She also found out that his 'hair is a golden bronze and looks marcelled.'

"It's funny, but nobody seemed to agree about the kid's eyes. A lot of 'em described the color differently. Some said they were bluish-gray, others insisted they were grayish-green and a lot picked plain gray or hazel. Me, I'd say off-hand they are greenish-gray.

"Oh, yeah, Rudy's been married. Years ago, but it didn't take. Seems there was an annulment or something, sometime back—the papers had that, too.

"Another funny thing, every member of the band, with one single exception, is a married man.

"Say, it must be 'way past bedtime. Let's duck back into the club car, while George makes down our berths.

"Golly, I'll be glad to get home and show the folks what a good job I've done in finding out about Rudy. I hope I haven't bored you?"

"Oh, no," the girl stretched, and spoke for almost the first time since the acquaintance was made. "I always like to hear about Rudy."

Husing a Real Athlete

(Continued from page 18)

established himself as a very capable worker and outstanding a n n o u n c e r. Probably the highlight of his accomplishments was his description of the funeral of Floyd Bennett, who gave his life so tragically and so unselfishly. It was only the evening before the funeral that it was decided to broadcast this

(Continued on page 112)

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event of national interest from Arlington, in order to permit the great Radio audience to join with those present at the ceremonies in tribute to the great airman. There were many obstacles to surmount before this could be done. Permission had to be obtained from government officials, from the director of the Arlington cemetery and from the widow herself. In addition, a control wire had to be extended over nine miles of stream, hill and forest to the nearest transmitter. After hours of continuous work this was all accomplished, and, from a small tent which hardly offered sufficient shelter from wind and rain, Ted Husing began his vivid description of the burial. The tent leaked so badly that the safety of the microphone was threatened, and Ted's quick thought in covering it with his hat is probably what saved the day. His was a difficult task, well done, and the thousands of letters he received commenting favorably on his work, attested to the fact that it did not pass unappreciated.

In the early fall Ted made a hurried trip to the seat of the Republican convention in California in order to introduce Hoover to the air when he formally accepted his nomination for President. That same day he left the Coast and rushed to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to describe Senator Joseph Robinson's speech. Back in New York, he again left hastily for Washington, where he opened the Republican Radio campaign.

With all this, he finds time for other types of broadcasts. For the past year he has announced the popular True Story Hour by request of its sponsors, and, in addition handles another broadcast over stations of the Columbia Broadcasting system, the Old Gold Hour. At the major football games, he is, of course, in his element, and, to show that he is not restricted to announcing, he often takes part in dramatic productions on the air.

There is very little connected with Radio that Ted Husing cannot and does not do. Quick in his actions and versatile in his talents, he has made a success of almost everything he has attempted, and it is not chance that has given him the large and enthusiastic following that he now possesses.

A Jazz Impression

APROPOS of Ted Husing Radio Digest is in receipt of the following impression of the great announcer from Mrs. Dorris R. Campbell, Newport, New Hampshire, who is a dyed-in-the-wool Radio fan and listens to programs from all over the country:

"HERE we are, ladies and gentlemen. . ."

How many times during the past several years have you heard this, the personal identification formerly used by one of the most popular of announcers, from various stations?

Right you are—that Voice of Columbia that is the voice of Ted Husing.

It's a perfectly good voice, too, and its owner is every bit as interesting as he sounds; a tall, slim, very personable young man, darkly haired and eyed, remarkably keen of mind and clever of tongue. A lover and follower of sports, he appears to be what is known to the trade as a square-shooter—calling 'em as he sees 'em. And for all his veneer of sophistication and his years of experience, he's just one of those awfully likable boys about whom one cannot say too many nice things.

He once told me that he gets a tremendous thrill out of his work, that he

loves it—and that he loves jazz, asking me with reminiscent enthusiasm, "Remember the original Dixieland Jazz band? M-m-mmm!" Hearing him announce the programs of both extremes of this musical mode, as well as all those others of various degree of betweenity, it strikes me what a gorgeous time he must have, on these broadcasts.

It seems no time at all since he was the youngest of the WJZ staff. One remembers him pleurably, in his years there, with many different dance orchestras—particularly, perhaps, for his exploitation of the Melody Hour, built up around the Waldorf-Astoria orchestra of Harold Leonard. . . . Harold of the facile fiddle and modest mien. And then one night—remember?—the George Olsen Special, which made a mythical trip with the close of each program, took him to Washington where he had been transferred to WRC. There he did his Husing-est by the Suwannee syncopators, also presenting the Mayflower Hotel orchestra and Meyer Davis' Le Paradis band. Perhaps others, I don't know, and I doubt if he cared much. For Ted, the bored, the blasé, the (borrowing of William Slavens McNutt) "Broadway wise and Forty-second Street hard-boiled" was homesick. It stuck out all over him. To him, New York was heaven and all other places anything but. Well, home is home to most of us—and Ted got back, eventually, to his. It was after his return that he wrote, in collaboration with a pianist with one of the orchestras for whom he announced (Specht's, if I remember correctly, which perhaps I don't), a song, titled, "Can't You Tell?" There ensued a brief sojourn in Boston with the now defunct WBET and a time at WHN, in New York, but the new Columbia Broadcasting system soon appropriated him, and his pleasant voice with its carelessly careful enunciation now modulates intriguingly over that hook-up, in announcerial accompaniment to several of the CBS dance aggregations, of which two stand out clearly at opposite ends of the gamut of jazz.

IT IS a far cry from the obviously carefully woven tapestries of Paul Whiteman's perfectly controlled, perfectly balanced, perfectly executed jazz masterpieces, deftly and deliberately shaded, to the indescribable, inimitable, unrestrained riot of color that is the Duke Ellington Jungle band—not more than two lopes out, I'd say. The Whiteman musical machine is suave, polished, with the scientific skill and smooth speed of a Tunney. . . . clear-headed, artful, poised. Perhaps they can still play hot, but this headset hound, who still gets a great kick out of every new little 100-watt station a few hundred miles away that the old set pulls in, hasn't happened to hear them work up much of a fever since Henry Busse took his hot lips and his torrid trumpet and went places—and, incidentally, got married, so I hear.

On the other hand, while the Ellingtons are clever, capable, versatile musicians, they operate more after the fashion of Dempsey. . . . aggressive, instinctively colorful, with a powerful if sometimes rather awkward grace—and what a punch! Here is a band that is really different. Whiteman is widely imitated and has been for so long and in some cases so successfully that if something similar to the w. k. cigaret test, freely ballyhooed by the tobacco company for whom he does a weekly commercial account, were to be applied, it's my contention that there's no telling who'd top the list. But these others, dispensers of the bluest and wildest of rhythms, headed by a clever Washington lad who writes

many and arranges most, if not all, of his band's numbers, well. . . . there's a sweet reed or two and a soft, smooth sax that can shinny a colorature like you'd be surprised!—but for the most and prominent part it's a husky-voiced tribe of savage-sounding horns and barbaric brasses and I, for one, have never caught another thing on anybody's wavelength to approach it.

Their theme song, written I believe by Mr. Ellington himself, is a hot and haunting affair, averaging three more doohickies up the back to the bar than Mr. Gershwin's famous Rhapsody (which, you know, is Mr. Whiteman's adopted air-mark) at Mr. Whiteman's bluest. And what Mr. Whiteman's boys would do to the St. Louis Blues in competition with Mr. Ellington's boys' absolutely priceless interpretation of that ageless W. C. Handy classic is heart-breaking to contemplate—if you like your blues *bluu*. To paraphrase the Raybestos Twins, it's *NOT* a beautiful thought, and let's *not* dwell on it! Well. . . . all that is by way of leading up to this: for both these bands, differing so widely in type, Ted has supplied most sympathetic program treatment—a simple inflection of voice, perhaps, rather than a fashion of phrasing—the effect, possibly, of his own unconscious reaction to the musical influence of the moment. . . . at any rate, a subtle something which seeps out thru the sensitive mike. And concerning that term "air-mark"—

IN MY personal recollections, Ted Husing and Paul Specht are peculiarly associated because of a humorous happening one evening. . . . long, long ago. You are no doubt familiar with the little flat-laden break which identifies this orchestra's programs—you know, where the announcer says, "This is Paul Specht. . . ." and pauses while the band offers its short musical signature, then continues ". . . and his orchestra, etc., etc."

This particular evening Ted began, according to formula, "This is Paul Specht. . . ." and then followed the pause—a pause as was a pause, let me tell you—heavily and continuously laden with plenty of the very best Grade A syncopated silence and nothin' but. Not a last fading ripple of applause from the dancing audience wafted thru it. . . . not even a least faint rustle of static interrupted the prolonged quiet.

One will probably never know just what did finally galvanize Mr. Specht's baton to action, but at last the familiar strains issued symphonically forth. Whereupon Mr. Husing promptly proceeded to broadcast a somewhat shorter but very effective silence of his own, after which he observed, in the manner of one who, having considered a deep and distressing problem from every angle with no result, washes his hands of it and resorts to philosophy—but speaking with a crispness which removed all trace of triteness from the words—"Well—better late than never."

A Real Princess

(Continued from page 19)

gypsy costume adornments and head-dress. The swarthy musician finally departed.

"We had been expecting trouble from the revolution," she said when all seemed secure. "There had been street disturbances. Ruffians had been prowling around our house. There was a smell of smoke in the air. When it began to appear really dangerous we barricaded our doors as best we could and hid ourselves in the basement. There

(Continued on page 114)

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my father knelt in prayer and asked God to spare our lives. By a miracle we escaped although our house was burned to the ground. We fled in the darkness and found temporary refuge in Crimea. Oh I shall never forget that night of terror."

Zinaida was eighteen as she escaped from the Red deluge. Friends of her father began to plan for her further protection.

"One dark night I looked out of the window and was shown a gray cloaked figure pacing up and down in front of the place where we had stopped. I was told to walk out on the street but not to be alarmed if someone suddenly bumped into me—and, if all was well, I might be carried away to safety.

"So with farewell kisses I stepped out to see what fate had in store. Out of the mist came another figure that bumped into me. It seemed but an accident but shortly afterward I was in an automobile and when the journey ended I found myself in Constantinople."

Through the influence of her father's Turkish friends Zinaida was presented to Sultana Rafia, daughter of the late Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, and thenceforth was welcomed as a permanent guest at the palace. For nine months she remained as companion to the Sultana and studied to master the Turkish language. When she had become sufficiently proficient she was presented at court and at once attained wide popularity. It was a remarkable experience for her and almost like a tale from Arabian Nights. She was called upon to sing at all important functions. Thus she became acquainted with many important personages.

"LET'S have a little light," said Bob as he came toward Zinaida and me to assist with details that the Russian songstress had modestly withheld. He had already pressed a button and a soft radiance mantled the bright colors in the shawl Zinaida had draped over her shoulders.

Zinaida smiled and Bob recalled the incident that led to her departure from the palace of the Sultana. It was during one of her recitals when there chanced to be among the distinguished guests the famous Russian, Michael Tolstoy, son of the great novelist and philosopher. He was moved to tears by her vivid interpretation of old Russian folk songs. He thought of his compatriots exiled in Paris and with the thought came the demand that Zinaida should accompany him there to sing for them and keep alive the spirit of a Russia that had gone.

Thus from Turkey to France Zinaida moved in the next step of her career and made her debut as a professional artist. She was accepted there with the same enthusiasm with which she had been received in Turkey. She sang the real music of Russia, folk songs and classics. She appeared at many diplomatic social functions, was known to President Millerand; Alfonso, King of Spain; Emanuel, King of Portugal, and our own late countryman, Ambassador Myron Herrick.

Life had suddenly become for her all that her parents could have dreamed before those dark, dreadful days at Koursk. Destiny led her on. At one of her numerous concerts in Paris a short stocky individual, obviously a Russian, leaned forward most attentively in his chair as she sang. His eyes grew bright, a happy smile spread over his face. It was Balieff, famous director of the Russian Chauve Souris. He needed a coloratura soprano and had searched everywhere for someone who could sing to

his satisfaction The Nightingale. In Zinaida he found the one for whom he had searched in vain. And Zinaida joined him.

With the American presentation of Chauve Souris Zinaida found herself in the swift flow of events that bring her to the present moment. She has toured the country in concerts and vaudeville. Joining the talented staff of the Columbia Broadcasting System she became a star. Besides the two performances weekly as La Palina she is featured in the Russian program, Around the Samovar. Her next goal is Covent Garden in London.

SUDDENLY while we three sat there in the half light, doors were opened on both sides of the studio. Musicians came sauntering in with instrument cases. A young operator inspected two microphones and moved them to another part of the room. We stood up to make more room as other artists and guests entered.

"I think you have the whole story now with Mr. Taplinger's help," smiled Zinaida with an expression that reminded me of that mystic smile of the Madonna. "And if you really would like a picture I'm sure Mr. Taplinger will arrange it."

The Case of Dr. Thrale

(Continued from page 102)

a scent for a story incomparably keener than that of any man on his staff; his estimates of men were formed instantaneously. He picked Thrale as a big man at sight; listened to my story and Thrale's curt confirmation of my statement; nodded his head.

Just how he managed it I don't know. But that afternoon an ambulance delivered the patient, "John Brown," at Harmon's door. Thrale was waiting; he was like a cat in his nervous eagerness.

Brown was a tall man, with hair slightly grey at the temples. His hands were coarse and rough; his face was tanned, as if from exposure to wind and sun. He was extraordinarily gentle; he shook hands with Thrale very quietly. "Doctor?" he said, uncertainly. "I don't know who I am—"

"Suppose you had to guess," said Thrale. "Who would you guess you were—or what?"

"John Brown," he said. "Surely. But what are you? What should you guess you had done?"

"Artist!" said Brown, startlingly—to me, at least, though I saw the quick flash of triumph in Thrale's eyes.

"Well—let's see," said Thrale. He took me aside.

"I want your help in this next test," he said. "I'm going to call a list of words over to him. He is to say the first thing that comes to his mind in answer. You are to note his answers and the time it takes him to give them."

He gave me a stop watch, and with paper and pencil I made ready.

THRALE began with a number of ordinary words. He called, for example, "cat," and almost instantly Brown replied, "dog." So with "pen" and "paper," "fire" and "hot," "ice" and "snow," and a dozen more. The answers came without hesitation; the average time was a second or less—I was to time these in fifths of a second. Then came the word "capital." There was a perceptible hesitation; the answer was not "Washington," which had been my own instinctive response, but "column." A little later Thrale called "order"; the swift reaction in my own mind was "knighthood." But Brown, almost as quickly, said "Doric" and again, watch-

ing Thrale, I saw his eyes flash. Again came a string of unimportant words; one of them, "cliff," developed great hesitation and doubt in Brown, and the final reply, after nearly five seconds, "can." Then came, boldly, it seemed to me, "architecture." The reply amazed me—it was "Vitruvius." Thrale had to tell me, later, that this was the name of the first classical writer upon architecture!

The name "Anne" was called; instantly Brown replied "can." To "can," a little later, he replied, perversely as it seemed to me, "root." I could go on indefinitely; Thrale carried the test to wearying lengths. But he ended it at last; saw to it that Brown was made comfortable, and then, with me watching him, attacked our notes.

"Look at those reactions to architectural terms!" he said. "To 'capital' he says 'column.' To 'order' 'Doric'—one of the classical orders of the art! And old Vitruvius! How many men, except architects, ever heard of that old Roman?"

The thing was uncanny—and, to me, it began to be convincing.

"I can't explain it in detail," said Thrale. "But what has happened is this. This man was leading a life, was doing things, that didn't correspond with his real desires. Those desires, for some reason, he couldn't gratify. He may have been in love with some woman already married, and have decided to bury the thought of her. What he did, you see, if that's it, was to deny to himself that he cared for her—instead of admitting it and beating his illicit wish. So—the wish disappeared into his subconscious mind. I don't know yet—but it will all come out! He can't hide the truth from me!"

"YOU mean tests like this game with words will bring it?"

"Those and others," said Thrale, exultingly. "That's the method of psychoanalysis, Morgan—developed by Freud, in Vienna. I'll get him through his dreams, too. Those wishes and thoughts are always stirring. When a man's asleep the forces that bury such thoughts are weak—and they emerge, disguised, in dreams. But we hold the key to the symbolism of such dreams. Oh—he has no more chance to hide his secret from me than the child that denies it has stolen the jam while its fingers are covered with it!"

"Why did he say 'can' to 'cliff'?" I asked.

"He shied off from 'ledge' entirely," he said. "But there was 'can' to 'Anne'—just as to 'cliff.' 'Ledge' came in there somewhere—and 'root' to 'can.' Remember the name 'Anne Rutledge.' He doesn't want to remember it—but it's storming at the gates of his consciousness all the time. Wait—this was only a start!"

Next day there was more. This time Thrale spent much time making Brown guess the answers to questions.

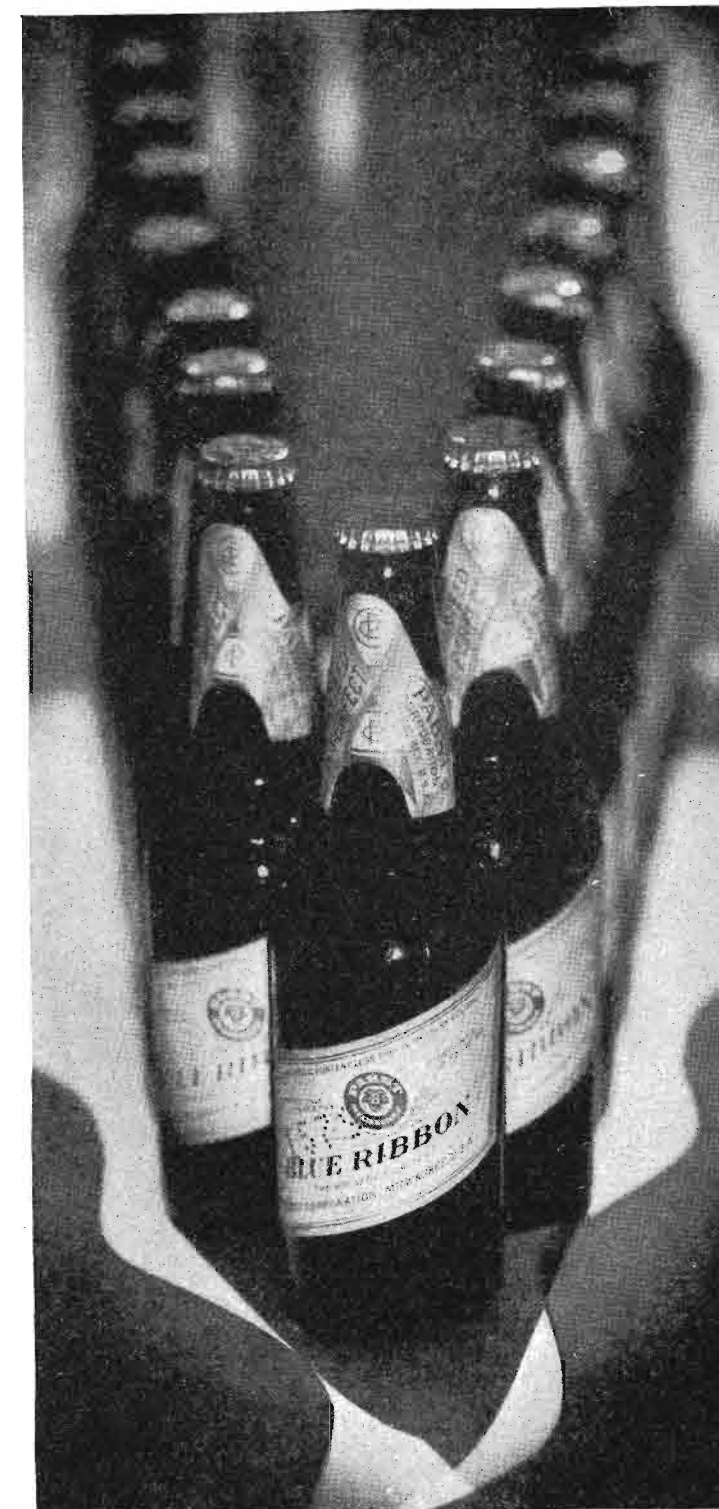
"What is your name?" he would ask, and when Brown shook his head and said, gently, that he did not know, Thrale would say, "Yes—but if you had to guess?"

And Brown made different guesses. First it was Graham; then Anderson; then Drew—even I jumped at that—then Bray. Thrale made him guess whether or not he was married, and he guessed, with great emphasis, that he was. To whom? I listened eagerly; I jumped when the answer came.

"Miss Leonard!" he said.

And he betrayed symptoms of great excitement; he complained, too, of a headache. Thrale ended the tests abruptly, and dragged me to the Planet

(Continued on page 116)



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office. Once more he went through all the clippings. He fairly cried out in triumph, at last.

"HERE we are!" he cried. "Here's a friend of Brayden's, talking about his case. Look up Leonard Loomis—"

I found a slender envelope bearing the name. The first clipping was an obituary notice; Loomis had been dead a year. He had been a comparatively young man; a lawyer; he had left a wife. There was a photograph of Mrs. Loomis, clipped from a magazine—a picture taken at the time of her marriage, four years or so before. Thrale pounced upon it.

"Good!" he said. "Look, Morgan! Blonde. Rather an ordinary type—"

The picture was that of a strikingly beautiful woman, and I said so.

"Oh, yes!" said Thrale, impatiently. "It's the type I'm talking of. The point is this—I told you this man asked his questions only of women, and of a particular type? His fiancée didn't correspond to that type at all—she was dark, with black hair—the antithesis of this picture. He approached only women who resembled, no matter how vaguely, this Mrs. Loomis."

"Well—" I said. "Shall you get in touch with her?"

"Of course!" he said. "You can see where we stand now! We're like the boy who has a problem in algebra to solve and looks up the answer in the back of the book. He still has to find out how that answer is reached. We have to find out what became of Brayden during the period of his amnesia. He was probably near a recovery of his memory when they picked him up—but their treatment would have made the amnesia more powerful than ever."

We found that Mrs. Loomis was living with her parents in Boston. Thrale dragged me over with him, on the midnight train; we called on her at ten o'clock in the morning. She was a woman of thirty. She was dressed in black, although not in heavy mourning; there were traces of great beauty in her pale, rather wistful face. I introduced myself first; Thrale occupied himself by staring at her in the most disconcerting way.

"This is Dr. Thrale, Mrs. Loomis," I said. "We are here because you were a friend of Andrew Brayden—"

She caught her breath, and I saw Thrale start.

"The fact is," I went on, "that we have reason to believe that you may be able to identify a victim of amnesia as Mr. Brayden—"

"Andrew!" she said.

"MRS. LOOMIS!" Thrale's voice was surprisingly gentle. "I have some curious questions to ask. I hope they will not offend you. Was Mr. Brayden in love with you?"

She colored painfully and hesitated. "I—he never—" Suddenly she shook her head, and made a sweeping gesture with her hand. She faced him proudly.

"Yes!" she said. "He was! He never said so. But I know it. I won't lie—"

"Thank you!" said Thrale. "I meet few people I can really respect, Mrs. Loomis—and you are one of them. You—returned his feeling?"

"I—I've scarcely admitted that to myself!" she said. "But—yes, I think it has been true for a long time."

"Then—will you come back to New York with us at once, Mrs. Loomis? I will try to explain what has happened. I think you can restore Mr. Brayden's memory—and I think you and he have a great deal to say to one another."

She hesitated only a moment, and agreed. We caught the first train; that evening Thrale, after seeing Brayden alone for a moment, took Mrs. Loomis in. Brayden knew her at once. The effect of seeing her was amazing. Incredulity, bewilderment, doubt, came and went in his eyes, to be banished by a look of supreme joy.

"Why—Margaret!" he said. "I'm glad to see you. I—I seem to have been ill. I'm not awfully clear about things. But it's bully of you to be here! How's old Len?"

Thrle shook his head.

"Mr. Loomis isn't here," he said. "You know Mrs. Loomis? You know that you are Andrew Brayden?"

"Of course!" said Brayden, impatiently. And then he looked uncertain.

"Look here!" he said. "There's something queer. I haven't been—forgetting my name—?"

"Yes, you have—but don't worry about it now," said Thrle. "You—well, you have forgotten everything about yourself for some time. Now—what is your last memory—?"

Brayden cried out, suddenly.

"Good God!" he said. "My wedding—Anne—"

He seized Thrle's arm.

"How long have I been—ill?" he cried. "Does everyone understand?"

"STEADY!" said Thrle. "Yes—everyone understands—or will. You've lost two years and a half—but you've gained a good deal more than that. Mrs. Loomis—if you will wait outside?"

And then, very gently, with more tenderness than I could have guessed he possessed, Thrle explained matters to Brayden. He told him of his disappearance; of Anne Rutledge's marriage six months before; of Loomis's death.

"You will have to be patient a little longer," he said. "You're not ready yet to grasp everything I can tell you. And we will have to find out all about these last years. But there's plenty of time. The great thing is that you needn't feel guilt, any longer, when you acknowledge to yourself that you love your friend's wife."

Brayden slumped in his chair. I was concerned, but Thrle smiled.

"Best thing for him," he said. "He'll be all right when he comes out of it. H'm! It's a pleasant settlement—but how absurdly simple the case was! It looked as if it might be interesting. And it degenerated into one a child could have solved—or even an old fashioned psychiatrist! Still—you have your story!"

That was true enough. Harmon and I planned that story together; really, we printed little more than the fact that Brayden had been found, and hinted at Thrle's method. Even so, it was a sensational story—the Planet, naturally, beat the town and the country. Brayden's wanderings, which he had completely 'forgotten' were revealed by Thrle; in a few weeks he was as well as ever, and as normal as the next man. He and Mrs. Loomis were married a year later.

Thrle was, or professed to be, annoyed by the compliments Harmon paid him.

"The case was ridiculously simple," he said. "There's a reason for everything. No action is without a motive. Find out why people do things and you hold the key to every mystery. In Brayden's case the whole thing was like a solved puzzle the moment we had his motive. It's so in all the criminal mysteries—the mystery persists because detectives and police don't know enough to concentrate on motives and let everything else go hang until they have found

them. Why—there's this Janney murder—"

"What?" Harmon and I cried together, and Harmon said: "Do you mean you think you could solve that?"

The Janney murder had baffled the police and the best detective agencies in America. There was nothing to work upon—nothing that gave a hint as to the reason for the crime, nothing to point to its perpetrator.

"Come off, Thrle!" I said. "You couldn't touch that—"

"I'll solve it if I get the chance," said Thrle, and looked at Harmon.

"I—think—you'll—have the chance," said Harmon, in his slow, emphatic way.

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 104)

On the other side of the slip in the rising moonlight I noted another small boat tossing, evidently waiting for someone. As an arc light on the other wharf swung in the smart breeze, it revealed the face of one man in the boat. To my surprise it was the same face that Kennedy and I had seen watching on the corner as though he might have been a look-out just before the raid.

I called Craig's attention to him, but as the fellow did not seem ready to move and was certainly not watching us, there did not seem to be anything to do but to let him alone. In fact, we forgot him a few moments later when we were underway, slipping out into the choppy waves, down past Governor's Island to the left and the Statue of Liberty to the right.

As we were gliding along through the Narrows and in the Upper Bay we passed a couple of police boats on the hunt for rum smugglers. Kennedy was talking an order of a thousand cases and this caused him to express a fear that it would never get through.

Deitz merely laughed. "Delivery guaranteed for ten dollars a case added to what you pay out here for it!"

"But I've heard of its costing that just to lighter it," I interposed.

"NOT ME!" protested Deitz. "I'll run it ashore—somewhere—get it on four trucks—my trucks carry about two hundred and fifty cases each—and deliver it anywhere you say—ten dollars a case for delivery. How about that?"

I marvelled at the organization of it all. Of course, everyone was taking a chance. But this man talked of it as though the science of booze blockade-running had reduced the thing to a state where he could quote liquor like cotton.

Still, as we chug-chugged along down in the expanse of the lower bay and around Sandy Hook into the ocean, I was convinced that some at least of the swift-moving craft we saw now and then were revenue boats, fast cruisers of the Dry Navy.

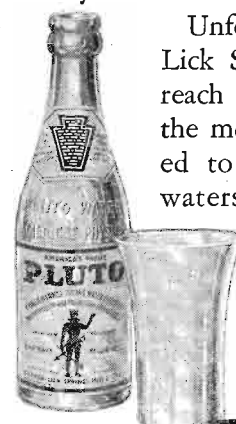
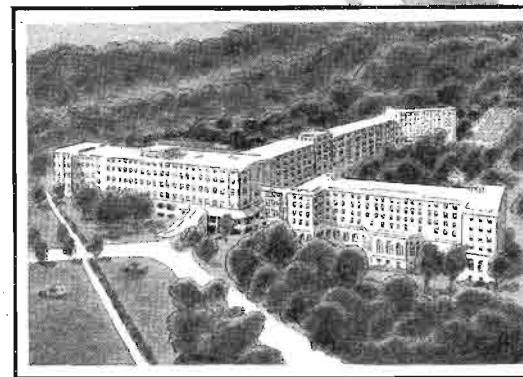
Nothing shook the confidence of Deitz who continued to descant on the quality of his goods, his reputation for prompt and satisfactory service and his credit. Every statement called forth an acquiescent nod from the skipper of the "Skoal," a thick-handed, blond progeny of Norse Vikings.

It was not quite three hours after we started and some miles southeast of Ambrose Lightship when we sighted a part of the liquor fleet, as free as if it were no man's sea out here within the very beams of Scotland Lightship and Sandy Hook Lightship.

I counted a dozen of them as we ran along, and there were more than that which I could not see. This was the Bahama rum fleet just off shore in the safety zone, hove to, or riding at anchor (Continued on page 118)

America's greatest Spa

brought
to you
in your own home!



If Nature Won't,
Pluto Will

EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those

at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone.

The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs—Pluto.

Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly washes the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, natural mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a wash—not an intestinal stimulant.

Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 116)

saucily. As our Norse skipper ran us close to some of them we were taken for buyers and greeted with offers of varied and assorted liquors at prices that fell sharply under what was really international competition.

Here and there I saw a steamer, a trawler, at anchor, looking mightily expectant as they smudged the horizon further out. There were even some auxiliary schooners outside the twelve-mile limit and the stuff they had for sale was Scotch and Canadian liquors.

I learned from the skipper that there were many Nova Scotian and New England vessels, that some came down from Canada to unload, then went on to the Bahamas for a new cargo, coming back and going on again to Canada for more, swinging around the big circuit, as it were. They were migratory birds.

I HAD HEARD a great deal of talk about the rum fleet being mythical, that it was press-agent talk to promote bootleg sales. But what of this schooner, a slate-gray craft from Halifax? Why was it down from the neighborhood of the Great Banks where fish are about as plentiful as anywhere in the world, to cast its nets in waters off New York where fish are pitifully few?

The skipper changed his course and swung across the trough of a restless sea. The "Skoal" plunged her nose into the swells that mark the deep water some twenty-five or more miles out from the Battery.

"I don't know the 'All Alone,'" confessed Deitz after a conference with the skipper. "Nor does the Swede. We're going to put in and ask this Frenchman here. I buy from him sometimes."

We had run alongside a schooner with no topmasts, all stripped down, ready

for any gale or anything else. The captain had signs hung out quoting prices—just like gasoline. If he found competition he cut the price to meet it.

"This chap's a wonder," explained Deitz. "The eels aren't any slicker than he is. The government's been trying to get him a long time."

A couple of cargo booms swung out from the masts and over the side hung rope fenders as inviting as a door-mat with "Welcome" worked on it. The lookout shouted. I could not make out what he called, nor the reply of our Viking, but a couple of other muffled figures appeared on deck and stolidly watched us until we came around to the lee, then helped us aboard.

Down in the cabin, with my eyes wide, I saw that guns were everywhere, and knives. It was the mangiest looking crew imaginable. The captain was not

(Continued on page 120)

Nominate 43 Stations

Following are the stations whose nomination for the World's Most Popular Station were received up to the last minute before Radio Digest went to press for the November issue:

Nominated East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	8
WBZA	Boston	1
WPG	Atlantic City	1
WABC	New York City	3
WBZA	Boston	1
WCAU	Philadelphia	1
WEAF	New York City	2
WGR	Buffalo	1
WHAM	Rochester	1
WOR	Newark	2
WPG	Atlantic City	2
WRC	Washington, D. C.	1
WTIC	Hartford	1

Nominated South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pensacola	1
WFLA	Clearwater	1
WHAS	Louisville	1
WSMB	New Orleans	2
WWNC	Ashville	1
WSM	Nashville	1
KWKH	Shreveport	3

Mid-West	City	Votes
KFH	Wichita	1
KMOX	St. Louis	4
KSTP	St. Paul	2
KYW	Chicago	6
WBBM	Chicago	6
WBCM	Bay City	1
WCCO	Minneapolis	1
WCFL	Chicago	11
WENR	Chicago	5
WFBM	Indianapolis	1
WGBF	Evansville	1
WGN	Chicago	5
WJJD	Chicago	4
WJR	Detroit	2
WHK	Cleveland	1
WLS	Chicago	14
WLW	Cincinnati	22
WMAQ	Chicago	9
WTMJ	Milwaukee	3

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	1
WBAP	Ft. Worth	4
KVOO	Tulsa, Okla.	1

Far West	City	Votes
KFI	Los Angeles	1

If your favorite station has not already been nominated, cut out and fill in your nomination blank on page 3. Also fill in Ballot No. 2 and mail at once to Popular Station Editor, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. If your favorite station is already nominated, cut out the No. 2 Ballot and send it made out to the station of your choice.

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a vacuum tube. By means of this marvelous, simplified home training course, sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America... you can now prepare for success in every phase of Radio. The remarkable outlay of apparatus given to you with this course... enables you to learn by actual practice how to solve every problem in radio work... such as repairing, installing and servicing fine sets. That's why you, too, upon graduation can have the confidence and ability to command big money.

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Graduates of this school are always posted in newest up-to-the-minute developments in Radio. That's why they are always in big demand. The progress of Radio is measured by the accomplishments of the great engineers in the huge research laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America. This gigantic organization sets the standards for the entire industry... and sponsors every lesson in the course.

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of complete satisfaction upon completion of your training—or your money will be instantly refunded.

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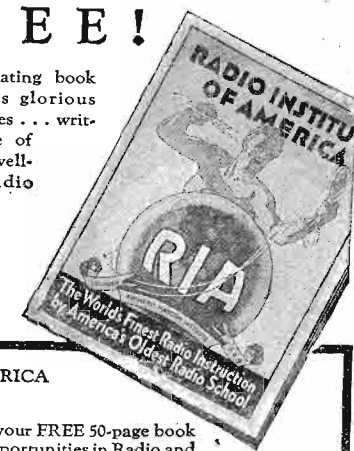
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Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

- 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.
- 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.
- 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.
- 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.

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The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 118)

visible at first but at last he came in, a burly, scarred, frayed black man, who greeted Deitz warily in West Indian French-American.

All the while I was watching the ratty crew and wondering what besides those we saw might be under cover down below in the hold or up in the fo'castle.

WHAT AN atmosphere, I thought, for murder, for any crime that ran against the laws of God or man!

A question about the tanker "All Alone" elicited first a gruff grunt. It was an invitation to keep off the secrets of the business. But Deitz was too important a customer to be put off with a grunt. The captain finally whispered hoarsely to him and gestured in a general direction southward.

Over the perilous side again to our craft, our skipper headed down to the south'ard and pointed as we came at last abeam of a dirty almost rusty tanker, if anything more disreputable than all the rest, smaller and more wicked-looking. I wondered if it would hold together until we got aboard—and after.

A look-out in olive drab, once issued by a supply officer of the army of the United States, flapped his arms about in a vain attempt to beat off the freezing wind.

"How much for Scotch?" shouted Deitz, the inveterate joker, seizing a little megaphone.

"Blah-blah-blah!"

The answer was lost in the wind. In fact, the lookout did not seem to care whether they sold or kept. He seemed to know they had plenty of outlets through chance jobbers. Contemptuously he took out a black bottle, ostentatiously tipped it up as he threw his head back, drained the dregs left in it, then flung the bottle overboard into the lacy crest of a wave that was slinking along the lifting hull of the little tramp tanker.

"What you got?" repeated Deitz, now a bit miffed as his joke miscarried.

"Dynamite!" growled back the other, his hands cupped to do the megaphoning.

Our Viking guffawed. Just then a rather athletic-looking chap in a sheep-lined khaki reefer came from below. I saw that this was Ev Barr himself. After him came a dapper fellow in a smart cloth polo cap greatly in favor on Broadway between Longacre Square and Columbus Circle. I took him instantly to be Don the Dude.

"It's Deitz!" shouted Barr excitedly. "Come aboard! Maybe you can help us—something terrible has happened!"

EVERY forward step on the trail of the mysterious murderers of the lovely Lola Langhorne is fraught with new peril. What was the terrible thing that had happened aboard when Barr shouted to Deitz to come aboard with Craig Kennedy and his companion? Read the thrilling sequence in the December Radio Digest.

Thoughts Via Ether

(Continued from page 43)

"One or two of the letters were very amusing. Someone in New York, who has witnessed one of my theatrical exhibitions of mind reading, wanted me to predict the outcome of the elections this year. Let me take time to repeat once

more, I am no fortune teller—but a bitter enemy of the notion that any mortal can see into the future. Yet that letter brings a smile as it recalls the amusement it gave former Governor Alfred E. Smith and Mayor James J. Walker—as well as myself—to have their minds read by me just before and after the Presidential election last fall.

"As a matter of fact, some people still insist that my psychic powers turned the election for the mayor in Bradford, Pa., some years ago. But that, too, can be accounted for by natural means. A friend of one of the candidates asked me from the auditorium of the theatre if his man would be elected. I refused to forecast the outcome, but the man persisted and asked for my impression just from the attendance in the theater that night. I laughingly replied that as far as I could tell the man he named seemed to be the favorite. Then I forgot the matter until a letter reached me stating that I had swung the election in his favor by a great majority. You can easily see, however, that it wasn't my word—it was mass psychology, pure and simple, that did it.

"MENTAL telepathy, or thought transference, is another thing entirely. Of five American Presidents whose minds I had the honor of reading, Roosevelt seemed most intensely interested, and had me in for him to study on five separate occasions.

"There is something fascinating about the study of mental phenomena, and you discover some unusual things about the great men of America—and the world. For instance, the super-mind of Thomas Edison is not a myth. This was clearly demonstrated very recently, when I joined his party at West Orange for the Typical American Boys selected by governors all over the country at his request. It was on the day Edison's party broadcast to a nation-wide Radio audience through the NBC system. Before broadcasting began, while we were still at table, they called on me for some mind reading.

"I made my own mind receptive, and within a few moments reported that the dominant idea which reached me was that someone was concerned at having burned something. Edison himself acknowledged the thought. Unknown to anyone, he had dropped some ashes from the incessant black cigar, and these had burned a hole through the tablecloth. He had just noticed the fact himself when I rose to my feet, but even at his age that thought completely dominated the stream of ideas which came to me from others concerned with much more serious things.

"The scientific importance of telepathy was demonstrated on several occasions when I had the pleasure of working with the psychology class at Harvard with Professor MacDougall. But it has a lighter side, too.

"Not long ago the New York police presented me with a ticket for parking too long. The judge recognized me when I reported.

"Well, if it isn't our mind-reading friend!" he laughed. "Perhaps you can tell us how much this is going to cost you."

"Ten dollars," I ventured. "You're right!" he said—and I paid.

Radio Stars in Hollywood

(Continued from page 103)

Another example of Hollywood's stars of the microphone can be found in the career of Don Warner. As a piano player with Henry Halstead's orchestra playing over KGO four years ago Don

Warner was voted the most popular Radio artist on the Pacific Coast because of his intermission solos. Much like Lee Sims in work and habits, which automatically places Don Warner in the minds of Chicago listeners.

There are no whispering tenors, baritones or whatnots in Hollywood. Search as I may through the catalog in my mind, which includes every Radio singer ever on the air for any length of time in Los Angeles or Hollywood, I cannot recall even one. No explanation for this remarkable phenomena. Probably some reason just as vague as why Florida had to suffer from the Mediterranean fruit fly while California goes along unscathed.

In closing this remarkable article, which is remarkable because it started for nowhere and has now reached its goal, three of Hollywood's great motion picture producing studios this fall are placing on the air over local stations hours devoted to the development of the unknown screen players. They will be featured, rather than the great names of the cinema. Perhaps these hours will develop some unknown talent from the lists of Central Casting whose names will later show up in Hollywood's roster of Radio stars.

Another thing. This fall, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, you will have the opportunity to hear many Hollywood programs. These will originate in KHJ, really a Los Angeles station and a competitor of ours, but if anyone can tell me where Hollywood leaves off and Los Angeles begins, I will be glad to award a trip through Warner Bros.' studios, including the holy of holies, Central Recording.

With the editor's permission, and if he doesn't like it he can sue me, I'm leaving and will be up to my ears in blue Pacific water in less than 20 minutes. Adios.

Whiteman, Music Master

(Continued from page 28)

musical language into something that real musicians could really speak, as it were.

"I did not sleep for nights. I heard saxophones bleating in my dreams, when I did sleep. I imagined all sorts of imitative stuff that could be used in a jazz orchestra to produce a more refined jazz than that which I had heard in the Barbary Coast beer dive. I remembered that I had once been pretty good at sort of ragging the classics. Could I learn to jazz the classics, to play this so-called jazz at all?

"I deliberately quit the symphony job to see. The next week I worked two nights at Tate's restaurant (in San Francisco) in a jazz band and got fired.

"I took the canning good-naturedly. I had to. It was true that although I was a good musician I was no jazz artist. They played by ear rather than by note. Only had sort of lead sheets. The jazzing part, I found, was simply a method of playing a certain theme. Mostly, a maddening thing. It made me mad, all right, when they said I couldn't 'jazz it up,' therefore, had to give it up. I went away from that job smiling outwardly but fuming within. I'd show them!

"In these jazz orchestras that I had heard, old fellows, guiltless of regular musical education, were getting it, playing remarkably well, too. They imagined, I knew, that if they really studied and played by a real score they would immediately lose the naturalness, the care-free-ness of the jazz rhythm. I knew better, that here was a truly Amer-

(Continued on page 123)

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Who's Who in Radio

(Continued from page 79)

Fitzsimons, Mrs. W. E., Contralto, WCCO.
 Fjelde, Astrid, Soprano, NBC.
 Flagler, Robert, Assistant Announcer, KOMO.
 Flaherty, J. A., Operator, WDAF.
 Flannigan, Pat, Feature Announcer of WBEM



Air Theater. Pat first became famous through his unique method of conducting the morning exercises for women. He entertained them with jokes, a song or two, and made reducing so pleasant thousands joined his class. His exercises were first put on at WOC, Davenport, where he was known as the Happy Hour man.

and then, last winter, at WBEM. Now he is popular for his baseball and football broadcasts. Have you ever heard him sing German? He gets an accent that would make anyone think he has the wrong name.

Flautt, Mrs. Meredith, Contralto, WLAC.

Fleck, G. Dare, Program Director, KDKA.
 Fletcher, Mrs. Vera, Soprano, KTHS.
 Flick, C. Roland, Violinist, WSM.
 Flick, Helen, Pianist, KSTP.
 Flohri, Virginia, Coloratura Soprano at KFI. Formerly in musical comedy.
 Flynn, George "Skipper," Brunswick Artist, Tenor, WGES.
 Foeste, William, Bass Horn, Bass Viol, Jules Herbuveaux' KYW orchestra. Born in Hanover, Germany. He says he inherited his desire for the rhythm instruments from his mother, a full-blood Yaqui Indian. He began his professional career as a member of John F. Stowes' Uncle Tom's Cabin company and in the after pieces he appeared as a boxer, which led him to a side career of professional boxer. During the Pershing expedition he served with the Second Illinois Infantry and during the World War with the Forty-sixth Infantry.

Foley, Elsa Zelinda, Coloratura Soprano, KNN.
 Folger Sereaders, WDAF.
 Fouteyn, J. L., Oboe, English Horn Soloist. Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
 Ford, Gilbert, Tenor, who, in combination with Love, Pontius and Talbot, composes the

WGN Male Quartet.
 Ford, Helen, Contralto, WSUN.
 Ford and Glenn, known in every nook and corner of the continent as the Lullaby Boys of WLS. One of the best known harmony teams in Radio. Have been with WLS since the first program was broadcast the night of April 12, 1924, with the exception of a few months off for personal theater engagements in East and Middle West. Glenn is pianist of the duo and an accomplished one, too. Ford has a rich baritone voice that blends just right with Glenn's tenor. Known to millions of kiddies as Big Ford and Little Glenn as a result of their Lullaby Time, and famous, too, through their Wood Shed Theatre, Song Shop, Twin Wheeze and other original Radio program stunts. Always smiling, their sincerity and smiles carry on the ether, too. Co-authors of many songs that have become widely popular. Ford Rush and Glenn Rowell is the way they sign their names. They have added a third member, Gene.

Fordham, Howard and Jimmie White, Singing Sereaders, KFJH.
 Fordham, Louise, petite blonde Soprano at KPO. She sings every Wednesday morning during "Dobbsie's Shell Happy Time."
 Fort Worth Club Stringed Orchestra, WBAP.
 Forte, Grady, One of the Apple Sauce Twins, KMA.

Fortier, Anselmo, Bass, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.
 Foss, William L., Manager, WCHS.
 Foster, Everett E., Baritone-Announcer, KOA.
 Foster, J. R., Director, CKLC.
 Foster, Wilbur, KSTP, former boy Soprano, making debut as child at St. Mark's church, Minneapolis. In Marines during World War and after being wounded sang with Community Service and in Fifth Liberty Loan drive.

Four Aces of Harmony, WADC.
 Four Indians, Nate Caldwell, Evelyn Kitts, John Wolfe, Mrs. Nate Caldwell, KOIL.
 Four Kings of Harmony, Arthur Thomas, Clair Marshall, Renus Lytle, Ben Jordan, WHO.
 Four Legionnaires, Male Quartet, WLS.
 Fowler, Ethel Rattay, Publicity Director, WFG.

Fowler, Lucille, Contralto, KOA.
 Fox, J. Leslie, Chief Announcer, KFJH.
 Fox, S. S., prominent Salt Lake business man, has been heading KDYL since 1922. Prior to his Radio entree he was identified with the motion picture industry.

Foyer, Kenneth, Staff Singer, WCFL.
 Fram, Arthur, Studio Director, KJR.
 Francesco Longo, Director of the American Salon Orchestra, KJR.
 Frauham Trio, KMA.

Frank, Leon, Pianist, WSM.
 Franklin, Dorothy, Assistant Shopping Reporter, WEEL.
 Franklin, Leon, Saxophonist and Director of Leon Franklin's Orchestra, WLAC.
 Franklin, Leon, and his Orchestra, WSM.

Franz, Jack, Michigan Theater Organist, WJR.
 Frazetto, Joseph, Silver Slipper Supper Club Dance Orchestra, Director, WPG.
 Frederick, Corrine, Pianist, KMOX.
 Fredlund, Myrtle, Girl Baritone, KOIN.
 Freark, Clarence, Tenor, WSUN.

Freedman, Max C., Announcer-Tenor, WCAU.
 Freeland, Carroll, Operator, KFRC.
 Freese, Ralph, Tenor-Announcer, NBC.
 Freese, Ralph, Announcer, Tenor, KOA.
 French, Catharine H., Announcer, Hostess, WCHS.

Frenkel, John, Director, WCOA.
 Frey, Eugene, Six-Year-Old Boy Organist, Pianist, and Soloist, KSTP. Is a pupil of his father, Oscar Frey. Sings in three different languages.
 Freymark, Frances Klaggye, Organist, WDBO.
 Frisco, Ernest, Operator, KVOO. Formerly with WBB, Kansas City, NBC.

Frisk, Leslie, Contralto, NBC.
 Fritland, Frances, Pianist, KFJH.
 Fruit Jar Drinkers, G. W. Wilkerson, Director, WSM.
 Frye, Rosalie Barker, Contralto, KNN.
 Facile, Nino, Baritone, NBC.

Fuller, Earl, Operating WFBE. For many years general musical director of Rector's, New York, brought first jazz band to Broadway; made earliest jazz recordings for Victor, Columbia and Edison, earning title of "Daddy of Jazz." Among headliners formerly with Earl Fuller are Ted Lewis, Irving Aaranson, Rudy Wiedoeft, Joe and George Green, Ted and Art Weems, Johnny Hamp, Bennie Selvin, and Eddie Peabody. Fuller was a pioneer broadcaster, and his famous orchestra is now heard daily from his own station.



Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the December 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.

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Name.....
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Whiteman, Music Master

(Continued from page 120)

ican method that could be applied to good popular music and make it better through proper instrumentation, study and scoring.

"AMONG the crowd that listened to these jazz bands were the people who knew nothing of real music, classic music. Some of them had never been inside of a concert hall or had the simplest music lessons. Yet, here they were, sympathetically interested in music now. Every night singing to it, dancing to it, swaying and strumming on tables while they ate to it. Young women seemed to be looking more youthful under its influence. Old women were forgetting age in their music mad mood. It was for them a safety valve. For them it was what it had been for me, a moral agent for good. If anyone was morally undermined by attending the nightly sessions of even those early rough-and-tumble jazz band cafes, it was not the jazz that undermined them. It was, rather, the things they ate, and drank, and smoked, that had the ill effect, and in only a few places were real extremes reached.

"It was, in a hazy way, my idea that jazz was good company and should itself be placed in a better environment so that it could do its emotional and nerve salvation work amidst an intelligent as well as a sympathetic crowd.

"I decided to devote myself to jazz, to its elevation, too. Of course, I was ridiculed. My best friends and my worst enemies joined in the same chiding chorus. 'Young Whiteman is through!' —that's what they said. They often expressed the thought that I was disgracing myself, also my family, all classical musicians, especially disgracing my dad.

"Well, he did not think so, although he was of the old school and a master of it at that. He must have sensed, in some way, that I was really trying to follow in his footsteps but through methods distinctly my own. I did not realize this myself, I was merely feeling my way.

"I mean by that that dad was a teacher of music to the masses. For more than thirty years he served as a public school director of music. All the girls and boys who came under dad's influence learned to love music, to play some instrument.

"Mother and dad had always stood behind me in everything. Having given me a very fine home environment, fair education and particularly good musical training they felt that I was able to cope with my own later day moral and vocational issues.

"My dad's influence and training had been toward a well balanced outlook. He was, himself, the most well-balanced person I ever knew or have since known. Wilburforce J. Whiteman, my dad, never tasted liquor until his head was thoroughly gray; he never smoked until long after that. He never did anything to excess. He is, in my estimation and in that of everyone who has known him in my home town of Denver for a lifetime, just a 'Grand Old Man.'

"DAD is no prig, don't get that notion. He has never lost interest in life itself, in recreation of healthful sorts, in athletics. Once his head got real swelled when I was named as among the dozen physically perfect fellows enrolled in regular gym class work at the Denver Y. M. C. A. He lost his chance to keep on bragging about me when I lost my figure and got fat. He was real mad, too; said lots about lazy fat men in my hearing.

(Continued on page 124)

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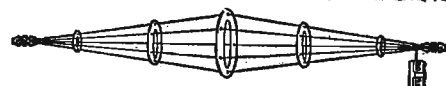
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"I was always in rapt ecstasy when my mother sang for me. I don't know whether I love her most for her singing or for her cooking. She always managed between music lessons and singing engagements to make the most of her home and no one but mother was ever allowed to cook our meals. She loved to cook and cooked and sang equally well. Many a time I have gone miles out of my way to get back home for a dinner cooked by mother.

"Our family name was originally Wightman. On father's side of the family I trace ancestors of mixed bloods, most of them Holland Dutch, English, Scotch and Irish.

"My family thought I was something of a musical prodigy when, as a child they thrust a toy violin into my small fists at such an early age that I cannot remember the first tunes that they tell me I created upon it. But you know what a reputation a dotting family can build when filling in the background for friends of later days.

"I deny that I was a prodigy of any sort. My memory hasn't failed to recall, for me, the fact that although I loved music from the first strains I heard, it pained me mightily, nevertheless, to be locked in mother's room every single afternoon at four o'clock and thus forced to remain a prisoner until I had played my violin lesson through to the satisfaction of listening ears beyond the door.

"Nor does it help me to believe in early gifts from the gods when I recall that I had to do household chores for more than five years following a practice-hour fit of temper in which I smashed a new and expensive violin on the footboard of mother's solid mahogany bedstead.

"When I was born, on March 28, 1890, the wind was howling around our Denver home. A hurricane blew up the next day and drowned out my best musical efforts. The stars, according to a famous astrologer, were waging a hellish war in the heavens about that time. I've often wondered if it was over my advent, a sort of prophecy of the havoc I should one day cause in other serene places.

"OUR big house, surrounded and segregated by a great lawn, was a childhood playground for the whole neighborhood. It was always over-run with singing, dancing and playing children, all of them proteges of my dad. People who did not know our small family intimately used to wonder if mother did not really have just about as many children as the old woman who lived in a shoe. True, mother had so many children she didn't know what to do at times, but then, she could always resort to chasing them home, since they were not hers.

"On Sundays, and other company days, I was paraded with my toy violin under my arm into the parlor. Young ladies kissed me, and said: 'Oh, doesn't he look just like Little Lord Fauntleroy?' Gosh! how I hated that guy! Old ladies patted and petted me, then whispered a promise of reward if I would 'stand right out there like a little man and play a piece.' Heavens, how glad I was when I grew out that show-me-off age!

"Then I got a chance to show the world at large that I was really a rough-neck at heart. When I doubled up my

(Continued on page 126)

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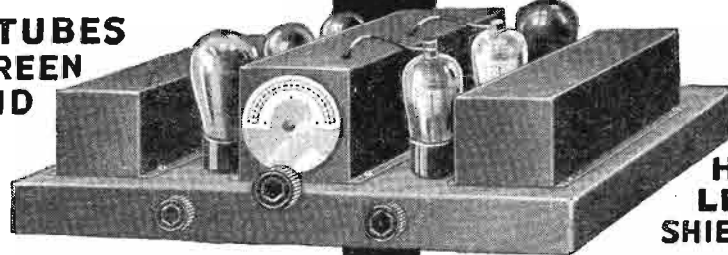
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fists no fellow in the neighborhood said anything about me being a 'sissy,' even though I spent most of my time practicing music.

"There were only a few in our block who did not like music as well as I did and they had to practice too. That was dad's job and he did it right well, turned every kid within his reach into some sort of musician even if some of them only played a cheap tin harmonica.

"It was my dad who urged the taxpayers of Denver to finance music in the schools. He turned every school child into some sort of musician after that and our house was a conservatory filled with boys playing trombones and French horns. Other boys were there to listen. The lucky ones begged dad to tell their parents that they too had musical talent and should be allowed to join the band.

"Finally a wealthy patron of music named Wilcox became so interested in Dad and his innumerable proteges that he put up the money for instruments for the many boys whose parents could not afford to buy them. Soon we had in Denver the best bunch of amateur orchestras that I have ever heard anywhere.

"There were oratorio orchestras too. I joined one of those when I was only ten years old. 'Me and my pals' of those days have come to make good money in jazz orchestras since then. Some of these oratorio boys have played for me and with me in my own recent Jazz Symphony orchestra.

"Guess we were all lucky to grow up in Denver, one of those rare places where a boy of twenty years ago could play in a high class orchestra without being considered a 'sissy.' It would have been sad had even some of them fallen by the wayside from such criticism for I, being sensitive at that time, would probably have given up oratorio work at the first word of condemnation.

"I escaped being a square peg in a round hole only because I was born and reared in the right sort of environment for a young musician. It's true that I might have been something else, but I never should have been happy being anything else than what I am.

"Naturally, as a kid it never occurred to me that I was a born musician, really unfitted for anything else. As I recall I hated to practice during some of the hard years of adolescence.

"Yes, jazz has helped to teach musical appreciation. I've had a good time, as have others, watching the surprisingly satisfactory results. Many a man and woman who never cared for music until the new form of jazz took hold will be found today to be quite familiar with the popularized classics or the popular themes taken almost bodily from the classics and 'jazzed up.'

"Many a new composer, wishing to express what might be called the futuristic point of view musically, has found in present day elevated jazz his medium, and turned out, not trash, but masterpieces that reflect our country and our age.

"The personal cost of becoming a musical reactionary has been tremendous. Let me tell later of the tremendous hardships, real and fancied, that I have suffered, of the great avalanche of criticism from friend and enemy, from the music critic and master and from the rank and file of the people."

In interviewing the "Music Master" Miss Campbell has uncovered a new Paul Whitman. Continue these highlights and sidelights on the man who is creating an American Folk Music. The third article will appear in the December issue of Radio Digest.

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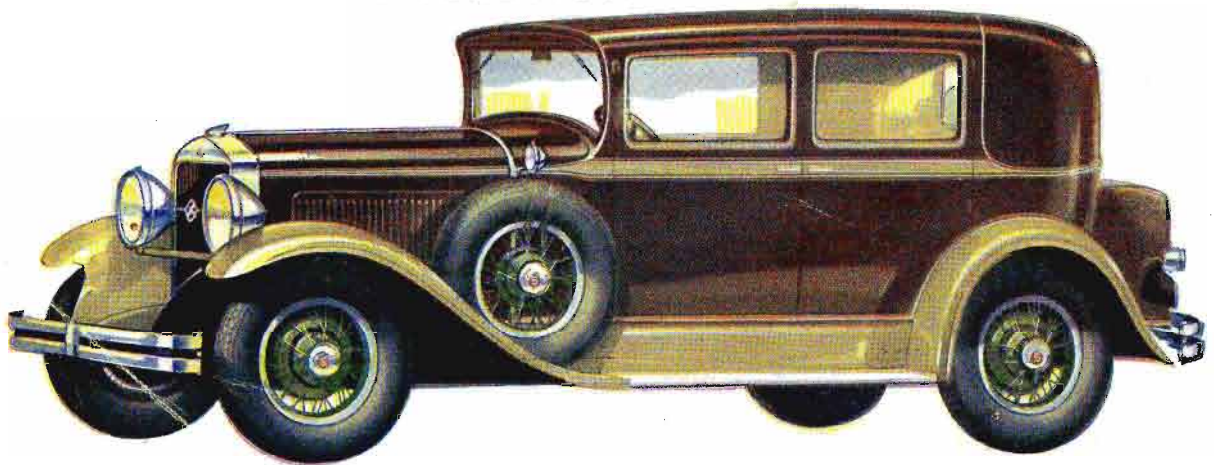
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