


BACKGROUND—by *Frank R. Adams*

# Radio Digest

*January*

*Thirty-Five  
Cents*



*Salisbury Field  
Arthur B. Reeve  
Meredith Nicholson  
Frederick R. Bechdolt*

HARBOR LIGHTS—With *Death at the Wheel*—NBC Feature

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# Radio Digest

## Illustrated

E. C. RAYNER,  
Publisher

Harold P. Brown,  
Editor

January, 1930

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JUST before he sailed for Paris, Guy Hoff, the eminent artist, made the charming pastel of Miss Olive Shea on the cover of this magazine. Miss Shea (CBS) was declared the most beautiful Radio entertainer in America at the Radio World's Fair held in New York last September.



DOLORES CASSINELLI (NBC) who has been pronounced a perfect type of Latin beauty, is known both to the screen and Radio by her clear though softly modulated soprano voice. She's also an athletic girl and when it comes to fencing foils she twists a wicked rapier with speed and skill.



WHEN Roxy and His Gang won a New York newspaper popularity contest, not a little credit was given to this sweet faced little lady whom Roxy calls "Radio's Sweetheart." Her private name is Mildred Hunt and now that her true popularity has been proven you'll see one reason why by the above.



COMPARATIVELY a youngster in the field of great Radio stars is this black-eyed young woman. She is Miss Amy Goldsmith, discovered to have a remarkable soprano voice by the Alwater Kent Foundation contests. She is heard on special occasions from the studios of the National Broadcasting company.

# Interest Running Higher Daily in Gold Cup Contest

## Many New Stations Nominated as Others Mass Votes in Popularity Battle

**S**TILL they come—new readers and old are pouring in on the editor a constant flood of votes and nominations in the World's Most Popular Station contest. Many new stations have been put in the running for the Gold Cup by their faithful listeners. Those already listed are increasing the number of ballots polled, and interest is growing stronger every day with only two months to go.

Indications point to the hottest contest ever sponsored by this magazine. Not only is the great listening audience registering its enthusiasm with votes, but the stations themselves are responding by building each and every program to the point of perfection that their audience may judge them to be the best in their district and thus help bring them new laurels.

To the station in North America, including both the United States and Canada, which receives the largest number of votes from listeners and readers of Radio Digest will be awarded a handsome engraved gold cup. This trophy will be in the form of a golden microphone, similar to that illustrated on this page, which was awarded to the world's most popular announcer. It will be suitably engraved with the call letters and location of the winning station.

That this popularity contest may be entirely representative, and in order that the favorite station in your section of the country may win honors over its neighbors, six silver cups will be awarded in the sectional race. These trophies will be similar in every way to the grand prize except the basic metal will be silver instead of gold. One will be given to the most popular station in each of the following six divisions of the continent: East, South, Middle West, West, Far West, and Canada.

**F**OR THE individual station winning the Gold Cup will come world-wide recognition as the most popular station on the globe. For nowhere else has Radio broadcasting achieved such unanimous popularity and importance as in North America.

Don't think for a minute that the large stations are going to have it their own way in this race for the Gold Cup. It is the broadcaster who has the staunchest friends, followers who are

sufficiently interested in the great work he is doing to stand up and fight for him and for his honor and success, that is going to win.

Everyone who owns a receiving set, and many who don't, have one station that they like to listen to more than any other. Some one broadcaster seems to your mind to put on better programs, to have better artists in his studio, to give you better service. Give this fellow a break! Don't be satisfied to turn your dials to his station and think how much you like him.

Nominate him, or if he has already been named, vote for him and help him win honors for himself, his staff and his district.

**N**O INDIVIDUAL can tell exactly how any given station rates with its listeners. It is only by an expression of approval or disapproval that the value of the service it is rendering may be judged, as in this Gold Cup contest sponsored by Radio Digest.

"Enclosed please find special ballot of 150 votes which I am sending as per instructions, credit to be given to station WENR," writes Mrs. K. P. Phillips of Richmond, Virginia. "Beg to state that I will keep all of the votes as they come in the Digest numbered consecutively and mail at one time when the contest is ended."

"If I am not too late I want to nominate and cast my vote for the World's Most Popular Station. I want to vote for WSM, Nashville," says Mrs. Connie E. Rader, of Detroit, Michigan.

"Enclosed you will find my nomination for KPRC, which I hope I am among the first to nominate," writes C. J. Rhyne, of Houston, Texas.

"It is with great pleasure I nominate and vote for KWK, which has given the Radio fans of this city the very best of chain and local programs," avers L. G. Hoptkins, of St. Louis.

And so it goes. Space does not permit printing of more than a very few of the hundreds of letters received in this contest. The race is getting hotter and hotter. This is your chance! Give your friend broadcaster a break. Only two months left to act!

Fill in the coupons today! Give your favorite a boost! Help bring the Gold Cup to the station you like best!

(Rules and nominations on page 77)



Gold Cup Design for Popularity Award

### NOMINATION BLANK—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest, 510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I Nominate.....

Station.....  
(Call Letters)

in the World's Most Popular Station Gold Cup Contest.

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City..... State.....

### Number 4 COUPON BALLOT—Radio Digest's WORLD'S MOST POPULAR STATION GOLD CUP CONTEST

POPULAR STATION Editor, Radio Digest, 510 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Broadcasting Station.....

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(City)

(State)

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## Advance Tips

ARE you following the Gold Cup Contest? It has two months to go. Give your favorite station every vote you can.

Never was there a Radio magazine packed so full of really interesting reading as you will find in this January number. But wait until you see the February Radio Digest.

Fiction seems to have struck a highly responsive chord with Radio Digest readers. They like it lively and a little spicy.

Frederick Becholdt gives us a new and wholesome kind of story in this January number. It is called *The First Call*—and is a bit of life from the creative days of the Old West when the First Call was Duty. Love and Romance had to wait.

We would like to know what you think of Frank R. Adams' story, *Background*, in this issue. Everybody in the editorial department of Radio Digest read the manuscript and thought it a wow. If you agree with us we will try to get another story by Mr. Adams.

A whole lot of fine reading matter is heading toward our February number.

Edgar Wallace, famous British author, who has been pictured behind the bars of a Chicago jail in newspapers throughout the country will have an article for Radio Digest entitled "How I Could Crook You Out of Your Money." Mr. Wallace has been looking over the various jails for authentic color to be used in some of his forthcoming novels of American crime.

Theodore Dreiser, author of *The American Tragedy*, spent two years of his life without sleep—at least he thought he did. If ever you were troubled by insomnia you will be interested in Mr. Dreiser's account of how he cured himself. It's in the next Radio Digest.

Octavus Roy Cohen will be with us again in February with another knockout called *Ten and Out*. It's a sad, sad tale of a "poor but dishonest" fight promoter who had to go to the mat with a gal named Florrie. Read it and weep with tears of laughter.

How would you like to go home with Jessica Dragonette and see where she lives, and have a nice talk with her about Jessica? You may do so through the eyes of Miss Jean Campbell, New York correspondent of Radio Digest. Just turn to page 72 and read her Radiographs. She will take you to other homes of Radio notables, too. All America is home to Miss Campbell, an experienced journalist. She knows Chicago, St. Louis or Los Angeles as well as she does the big Eastern metropolis. You will enjoy these Radiograph trips with Jean.

Miss Margaret Harrison of the Teachers' College at Columbia University, has gathered the data she has been seeking to prepare an article on the part Radio has in public education today. This article will be published in the February Radio Digest.

## Across the Desk

OH WHAT a panning we get from I. V. Freeman of Amory, Miss. His letter is published in the *Voice of the Listener*. He says among other things, "Oh for the old days when Digest was a weekly, when they thought enough of Radio to employ technical men who knew their grid-leaks and what-have-you." We feel the utmost sympathy for Mr. Freeman. He is one of those solid substantial fundamentalists toward whom the infant Radio reached and clung for a while and then swept on in giant strides. There are many like Mr. Freeman. We doff our hats to every one of them. Radio for Mr. Freeman has a wholly different meaning than it does for ninety-nine out of a hundred Radio listeners of today. He has been deserted on an island with a pair of pliers in his hands, a diagram before him and a far-away hurt look in his eyes. He deplores the chain programs, he reviles this mad age of syncopated rhythm and he does not stop to ask how many of the millions who listen to Radio today would know the difference between a grid-leak and a custard pie. God bless the old set builders. God pity the average listener who would have to build his own set today. The magazines who tarried too long with technical Radio are mostly gone now. Radio Digest lives because it has tried to keep up with the changing times, and in the transition it has endeavored to give the majority of listeners the kind of a magazine they seem to want. We love these Old-Timers who stick with us when they don't know why they do.

AND here is a message for the thousands who have submitted ideas for the Short Go programs. The first contest is drawing to a close as these lines are written. Two motives show the spirit of the Radio listener of 1930. The passing of the old set builder does not mean the passing of his creative spirit. The stacks of letters show that the listener is keenly interested in building up a scheme of a coordinated program. He is satisfied with what the expert manufacturer sells him. His receiver is an instrument incidental to his pleasure. Ask him what he wants from his instrument and he gives you a wealth of ideas. He builds a program from a kit of features which have pleased him in the past and which he has kept. Then he is stirred by the idea of a contest. He believes he is capable of matching his own ideas favorably with any other amateur when it comes to a short program. And the directors who are going to look over these valuable letters are going to glean from them many very helpful ideas, some of which will be published in the February Radio Digest.

ONE of the tests for the popularity of a feature is to skip it a few times and see what happens. It may not have been intended as a test but when they shifted Amos and Andy from their long established ten to ten p.m. period the wrath of perdition burst forth. Phalanx and legions of listeners from coast to coast figuratively shouldered their tooth brushes and marched on the National Broadcasting company armed to spray them from dome to cellar with Pepsodent if they did not immediately and forthwith restore Amos and Andy to the grownups' bed time hour instead of shoving them up into the early evening where even the kiddies protest retirement. Such a tumult and furore ensued that Radio Digest assigned its special war correspondent, Mark Quest, to investigate the matter. Amos and Andy have been half hidden in a cloud of mystery almost from the beginning when they were first known as Sam and Henry. Mark's first report published herein shows that Amos and Andy are not in the jungles of New York's Harlem and he has obtained an interview with both the president of the Fresh Air Taxicab company and his lowly assistant, although it was through a telephone conversation. We are promised the complete "low down" next month. But the fact remains that the Amos and Andy popularity was almost instantly demonstrated by taking them off their period—and that may become an established procedure when a test is desired of any other loudly acclaimed feature.

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# The Portal of Promise

By Meredith Nicholson

*WE are all conscious of talents and powers we never exercise. Many of us live half-lives, prisoners of doubt and fear.*

*The other day a man of fifty complained to me that he had never "found his place." He didn't realize that he had failed to arrive anywhere for lack of the initiative and pluck to break the chains with which he had shackled himself.*

*It is well to take an inventory frequently, placing honest values on our qualities, studying our weaknesses and devising ways of overcoming them.*

*Young Americans need not be troubled by speculations as to whether their chances of success are as good as those enjoyed by their grandfathers. The answer is not in census reports or bank statements but in the will to win and earnest, self-reliant endeavor. There's hardly a town in all America that doesn't offer some form of well-directed instruction for the ambitious. An hour a day will achieve wonders in a year.*

*"That's just his luck!" is a phrase often applied to men who score repeated successes; but usually we find that vision, courage and industry are responsible and not the wand of magic. Self-understanding and self-mastery are written between the lines of the biographies of all the great.*

*There is no master-key that opens all the doors of opportunity. Each of us must find the portal of promise and fashion a key for himself. Once we know ourselves it's our affair to prepare for the big chance.*

*We serve ourselves best by thinking of life not as a battle but as a preparation. We can do a little better than we're doing. There's a turn of the wrist we haven't caught yet, but we're going to master it. Better fail of the high aim than be content with the easy shot.*

*The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.*

*The higher rounds of the ladder tempt and dare the spirit, for it is the natural impulse of the soul to aspire, to climb, to press toward the top. He who, knowing himself, develops his talents and looks forward fearlessly will find Chance meeting him half way.*



**LITTLE JACK LITTLE** is one Radio artist who has made broadcasting pay. He has built him a palace in millionaire's row in Cincinnati as a result of popularity gained through his entertainments over the air.

# "Perfect Little Jack Little"

*Natalie Says He's Faultless—and the House  
that Jack Built is Veritable Air Castle Rising  
Immaculate on Ten Thousand Songs*

By Natalie Giddings

**H**E'S perfect! Fifty million Radio listeners can't be wrong when they exclaim in one continuous concerted outburst of letter-writing that Little Jack Little is absolutely without flaw.

But because fifty million Radio fans, with some sort of universal mental aberration, have been known to get an idea of perfection where perfection never did exist, I went around to everyone at station WLW who knows Jack intimately, and demanded, "What's the secret of Little Jack Little's universal popularity?"

They all said, in one way or another, "He's perfect!"

Few of them put the secret into those words. Few people ever are fully articulate about their reasons for following Little Jack Little all over the dial to hear him play and to hear him sing. Yet everyone I asked had the same idea: that everything he does is just exactly right.

"Why Jack has the most perfect control of a piano I've ever seen. He couldn't make a mistake. Take him away from the piano for six months and he'd come back without practice and play just as he always does." That's what William Stoess, musical director of the Crosley stations, thinks about him.

"He's just so perfectly human about everything he does. He couldn't sing the wrong thing, or do the wrong thing. He wouldn't know how. That's what makes people like him. They just feel that in his voice." Grace Raine contributed that remark. She should know if anyone does, for she was musical director of WSAI for five years during the time that Jack was "barnstorming" all the small vaudeville theatres in the country and was getting his big "breaks" as to time and publicity at WSAI.

Fred Roehr is the most accurate of the WLW pianists. He marvels at Little Jack Little's technical skill.

"I'll bet he never makes a mistake," Roehr wagered. "I'll bet he practices everything he does until it's just exactly right. When he plays an arpeggio, every note's there. He never misses. And did you ever hear him sing a note that was a shade off pitch? That's more remarkable because he seldom sings the melody of his songs at all. He only accompanies his playing with his voice."

**O**THERS were sure Little Jack Little's success secret lies in the fact that he does his whole act himself; that his act is just a Little bit different (and the capital just slips in by itself); that he's so gracious; that his repertoire is limitless; that he never repeats a piece of music so that it sounds twice the same.

Then I asked the one person in the world who ought to know best.

"He's a grand person and I think he's just perfect," she said. She knows, too. She's his wife. She lives in the perfect house on the perfect street in the perfect suburb amidst the perfect setting that Jack's perfection has been able to obtain for them while they are still under thirty.

For Little Jack Little has cashed in on his success. He has bought a home in Cincinnati and has settled down in subdued elegance that is as meticulous in its way as Jack's entertaining is in its fashion.

There in this Cincinnati suburb, Hyde Park, he expects to spend the rest of his days, surrounded by millionaires whose wealth has come from efforts quite different than the twinkling of fingers and exercising of voice that gave him his home.

Ten miles away, across several Cincinnati hills, is the Crosley Radio corporation with the studios of WLW. There Jack is

welcome at any time he wants to bring himself once more before the Radio audience. Fewer miles away are the railroad terminals from which fast trains will take him out to a thousand vaudeville houses where listeners will flock to see him. What time he once spent studying time-tables, he now can devote to writing more songs, planning more tricks. There will be more successes, more money: for it's going to take money and plenty of it to keep up the house that Jack built with his marvelous fingers has come to; the position he has now begun to carve out for himself as the owner of a magnificent home to which he will return after every vaudeville engagement.

*WOMEN who have yearned over his voice coming to them through the loud speaker would swoon with delight could they sit in the studio with him, or beside him on the piano bench, as guests sometimes do at the Little home. He's devastatingly attractive. The personality that puts him across for the Radio audience is even more evident to the seeing audience. There are flashes of the eye, shakes of the head, smiles and half smiles, and a score of little gestures that help to make the songs that he sings perfect.*

**L**UCKY boy, this Jack? Lucky, perhaps, in having such remarkable talent in his finger-tips; lucky, maybe, in having got into Radio early; lucky, of course, in having found the right wife to help him along the hard road he's been climbing ever since he played at his first Radio station about eight years ago.

More than lucky, however, in having indomitable ambition to succeed and to get to the place where he has now arrived.

"You're so young to have gained all this," I couldn't help exclaiming to Mrs. Little—Tea Little, if you call her by the name used by everyone who knows Jack.

"No, we're not, if you consider how long we've been determined to have a home of our own just like this," she contradicted me. "We've been married almost nine years. We eloped, ran away from school—Jack

from Iowa State university, and I from an eastern convent—and it wasn't very long before we knew just exactly what we were working for, and that we were determined to have it." It was evident that she meant the splendid material success that was so obvious.

Tea said that speech with the air of one who announces, "We've settled down now to enjoy ourselves in our old age."

I laughed at her. She's only 24 now. What a baby she must have been when she ran away from boarding school with the young piano-player. She was turning on lights underneath delicate pink chiffon shades in the pastel decorated guest room at which I was gasping with delight. She looked not more than eighteen; like a little girl playing house she seemed all the time I followed her about to gaze upon the Georgian splendor of that Hyde Park home.

Besides this chance remark about their marriage, Tea wouldn't talk much about how Jack had started into Radio, and about the past eight years.

"Oh, everybody read all about him in Radio Digest a couple of years ago," she insisted.

A little later, talking about how different their life appears now than it did a few years ago, she dropped a sentence that suggested she might not wish to recall past struggles by talking of days gone by.

"Sometimes we didn't eat," she shrugged. That was all she said, but it was enough.

**O**THERS told me how she and Jack had visited almost every Radio station in the United States when Jack was using the Radio to gather up the audience that later would pay to see him when he appeared at their local theatres. I could imagine weeks between vaudeville engagements when Jack was winning his followers and there was no pay forthcoming. Hotel bills would go on whether or not there was a salary. Shoes would wear out. Appetites would make themselves known. No wonder Jack sang with the voice of one smiling through tears, "Everything's Going to be All Right Now."

(Continued on page 104)

# She Basks in the Vestal Purity of Her BACKGROUND

Until Rude Life Rips It Asunder  
and She Finds Reality and Love

By FRANK R. ADAMS

Illustrations by Dudley Gloyne Summers

**S**LOWLY she yielded herself to his embrace; for the first time in her life she allowed her bosom to throb with the ecstatic pain of passion and her lips kissed back with shy eagerness.

It was a crime against the fitness of things that the telephone at her elbow should have jangled just then.

It ruined the background she had so carefully prepared for this, the crowning moment of her young life. It was out of key with the softly shaded lights, the distant music from the amusement park in the next block and the soothing June breeze that breathed in through the open window.

Marilyn had been sure that he would propose that evening,—what girl doesn't know when a declaration is coming?—and she had wanted that supreme moment of her romance to arrive in a setting worthy of it. Not for her the matter of fact ayowal in an office nor the whispered and hurried revelation between dances at a party, nor the cold pleading of a letter.

True, she was inexperienced of life; nineteen protected years had not given her much worldly wisdom; but instinct instructed her in the craft of her sex. And so she had deliberately selected this room for her engagement play, had arranged that there should be nothing to mar the perfection of her betrothal. Her mother, sensing this without words, had furthered the program with a discreet headache which forced her to retire early.

Sometimes girls reach maturity in a state of spotless innocence that is fair amazing in this day and age of sex-revealing literature and drama. Marilyn was one of those immaculate persons. She was a clean piece of paper upon which nothing

had been written. You felt this immediately upon coming in contact with her,—her presence was telegraphed to your mind by an instant consciousness of your own unworthiness.

**I**T WAS with this feeling, almost of abashed reverence, that Phil Schuyler had made her acquaintance, had apparently forsaken all other pursuits for her and had at last put his fortunes to the test in a faltering question that he had been surprised to have answered in so warm and human a fashion. Imagine discovering that a goddess has a smouldering mouth and a softly rounded body that absolutely melts in your arms. He had never dreamed that with her purity could be combined a responsive passion. He would have been content to worship solo,—to be loved like this in return was more than he had dared hope for.

It was an idyllic mating. Phil was tall, finely built, with strong not unhandsome features animated by nervous alertness. He was the sort of man never to grow stale. You could imagine him as perishing at the head of some forlorn adventure or driving bow-on and alone into the gulf of eternity but never as dying merely of withered and unloved age. To look upon him was to acknowledge that it was a good world and that after all our race has not degenerated. The power of him swept you off your feet if you happened to be a woman, but he had a reserve back of it that could hold you up if he cared to. You could trust Phil Schuyler and people frequently did.

Phil was not yet wealthy but he was in a fair way to become so. As assistant to the president of the city's street railway company he was a logical candidate for a powerful desk in that organization as soon as there was a vacancy.

Marilyn, in his arms, was a white birch slip against a background of evergreen pine. She seemed so slender, so wistful, so pale save for the healthy pink that irregularly stained her cheek. Her vestal purity demanded the protection that no worthy man could withhold from her.

**S**AFE there in his arms it seemed that no external power could bring her harm, could molest her in her chosen haven. Phil was conscious of making a silent vow to that effect as his lips inclined to hers.

"Lord, suppose someone else had found you first," he had said.

"They did," she admitted naively, "but I thought I'd wait for you. I was scared to death though for fear you would find somebody else before you tripped over me lying shamelessly in your path."

He laughed,—from the heart.

And then the telephone punctured their background and ripped in two the tranquil curtain that cut off their fairy world from that other sordid, real one which all the rest of us inhabit.

Automatically, Marilyn, disengaging herself part way, turned in his arms and picked up the desk instrument to silence the repeated clangor of the bell.

"Hello."

It was a woman who answered, a woman whose voice was high pitched under the stress of excitement.

"I must speak to Miss Marilyn Fay," she was saying with cluttered breathlessness.

"This is Miss Fay talking."

"Is Mr. Schuyler with you?"

"Why, yes." There seemed no reason to refuse the unknown speaker an answer.

"He has just proposed, has he not?"

This was downright impertinence. And yet the woman's agitation prevented Marilyn from hanging up the receiver without replying, as she would have been justified in doing.

Instead she temporized, "I can't see why—"

"Oh, I know he did. It's no use to lie to me. He told me himself that he intended to in spite of my prior claim on him. I just wanted to know if he had gone straight from me to you."

This was infamous, horrible. Unconsciously Marilyn detached herself from the semi-embrace in which Phil still held her.



If Mr. Reade could stand back of Phil, could she in her inexperience contradict the edicts of her heart? She wondered.



Upstairs a low moan indicated the room. Phil threw the door open, disclosing Mr. Reade, in his shirt sleeves, holding with his hands the struggling wrists of his wife as she tossed on the disordered bed.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he demanded, sensing the revulsion.

She motioned him back. The woman was continuing to speak.

"Listen, Miss Fay, I want you to give a message to Mr. Schnyler. Tell him that Puss-in-Boots has just taken the tablets he knows of."

"WHAT'S that?" Marilyn caught sharply at the vanishing thread of conversation.

The only answer was a rill of high pitched, unmirthful laughter clicked off by the receiver restored to the hook.

Marilyn's mind after the dazzling shock was revolving in a whirlpool. It spun around, but could see no way to dart out.

Fortunately it was not hers to make a decision. Something in the sudden sick whiteness of her face gave Phil a hint as to the extent of the disaster. Perhaps her instantaneous crystallization into an attitude of aversion to him told him the cause of it. Anyway, he guessed.

"That telephone call," he insisted questioningly, "it was from Mrs. Reade, wasn't it?"

"She called herself Puss-in-Boots," Marilyn replied idly. "She seemed more careful of her identity than you are."

Phil bit his tongue for the slip but regret and explanation were luxuries he could not at that moment afford. "What did she say?"

"She said," the girl repeated the words slowly and without emphasis, "to tell you that Puss-in-Boots had just taken those tablets you knew of."

"Good Lord!" The perspiration stood out on the boy's fore-

head. "I didn't think she meant it. Let me have that 'phone."

He almost grabbed the instrument from her hands, and shot a number into the transmitter with breathless haste. "I've got to save her," he threw over his shoulder to Marilyn. "Even if I can never square myself with you. You see that, don't you?"

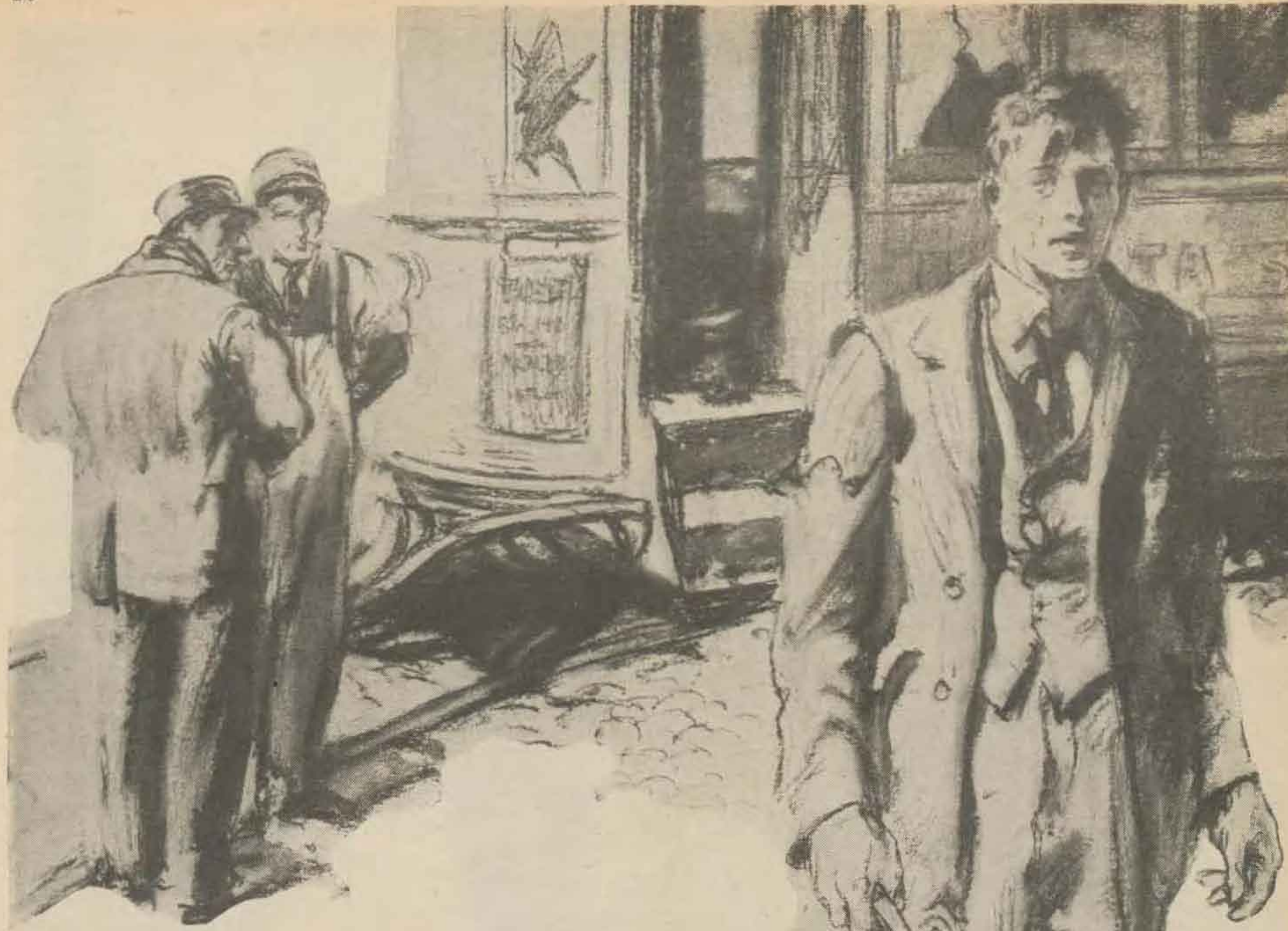
Marilyn, amid the sorry brick-dust of her castle, could not answer. Something cruel and horrible was leering out at her soul from the place where a pleasant mask had been torn off. Up to now she had never seen the raw sores of the world. She could not comprehend. Mrs. Reade,—why Marilyn knew her, knew her as the alert, perfectly poised and smartly dressed wife of one of her dead father's business associates. She was one of those exquisitely coiffed, middle-aged women who give the impression that they never relax their "manner" even when sleeping. It seemed incredible that the hysterical voice she had listened to over the telephone was hers. How could she have a prior claim on Phil,—she, a married woman with a husband who gave her everything?

**B**UT PHIL was calling her house on the telephone and now he was asking frantically for Mr. Reade.

"I must speak to him," Phil was saying. "It doesn't matter with whom he is engaged. It's a matter of life and death."

After that there was a pause, during which Phil nervously reported to Marilyn, "They say he is there but can't be disturbed. Good Lord!" A moment more and he turned his tense attention to the telephone. "He won't come?" he repeated incredulously. "Don't hang up,—wait! They've done it!"

He dropped the telephone helplessly. "What shall I do?" "What has she done?" Marilyn countered quickly.



"Taken an overdose of medicine,—poison or an opiate, I don't know which. Anyway, enough to kill her. She said she was going to, but I didn't believe she meant it."

"Then we must go to her," the girl decided practically. "We're the only ones who know. Perhaps we can save her. It's only a block to their house."

Phil seemed dazed and for the first time in his life let the reins of a situation slip from his hands.

Hatless and breathless, these two, who stood on the brink of partnership, and a third, Mistrust, flapping a black veil between them, arrived on the doorstep of the Reade home. The door was unlocked and they entered without ringing. Ceremony was banished to some other time.

Upstairs. A low moan indicated the room. This door was shut.

Phil threw it open.

**I**N MANY respects it was the sort of a room that the "smart" Mrs. Reade might be expected to inhabit. The dainty, if somewhat severe, hangings and furnishings were the correct background for the meticulously tailored woman of the world whom Marilyn knew.

But around the bed there was a curious clash of atmosphere. It was much as if, on the stage, the property man had used some of the furniture for the opium den scene in the setting representing the banker's mansion.

There were two incongruous tables littered with square bottles, glasses and cigarette stubs which had been carelessly tossed at overflowing ash trays. The contents of these tables were contributing the stale, acrid odor in the air.

The bed itself was in the disorder of a ravished temple. The bedclothes were in a heap at the foot and even the lower sheet was pulled away from the mattress at one corner.

Mr. Reade,—she recognized him even in the tumult,—in his shirtsleeves sat on the edge of the bed holding with his hands the struggling wrists of his wife.

She, the exquisitely coiffed one, was, for once, without her starch. Her hair straggled wildly over her pillow, her silk nightgown, which had once been a marvel of lace, was now a crumpled wreck, torn in a dozen places and ripped down one side. Her face was puffy and her eyes looked strange. Marilyn could not think for a moment what was the matter. Then she remembered that Mrs. Reade habitually wore glasses and that now she did not have them on. Marilyn had never pictured her without her rather smart pince-nez.

He seemed looking for someone. One eye was closed, his face and body were a mass of bruises.

Mr. Reade, bald with his few wisps of hair sadly disarranged, and with his sleeves rolled up in business-like fashion, looked up as they entered, nodded and returned to his task.

"Glad you came over," he said casually. "I don't like to take the servants in on this and I need help."

The tone of his voice shocked Marilyn more than anything else had so far during this cataclysmal evening. He spoke as if this were something all in the day's work, not a hideous, unbelievable nightmare, that was swiftly wrecking the world all about them. It was the first time she had ever faced the fact that real melodrama is never accompanied by soft music.

"**P**HIL, hold her down, will you," Mr. Reade went on gently, "and Miss Fay, when the maid comes take the hot coffee from her and tell her to let the doctor in as soon as



"Here I am called Marilyn, reaching to touch the battered form."

he arrives and send him right up."

There was power in his tones even if they were gentle, and the young people obeyed without question. Marilyn busied herself about the room and Phil relieved Mr. Reade at the bedside. The woman struggled as the exchange was made but Phil held her firmly.

She opened her eyes for the first time since they had come in.

"Phil," she murmured. "It's too late. You came back too late. I took the tablets. You won't have a chance to break my heart as you've been doing for the last two months. Pretty soon it won't beat any more for you or for anyone else. Tell me I'm not old, Phil, that I'm still beautiful,—for the last time, tell me."

Phil gazed helplessly at the others,—at the girl he had told he worshiped with unflinching devotion, and at the man who was married to the woman whose wrists he held.

"Tell her, Phil," Mr. Reade directed, still in that casual voice. "Everything goes tonight until we get her out of this."

So Phil told her. Marilyn could almost laugh at the sardonic irony of it for she was anything but lovely now, and her body where the ripped nightgown disclosed it was someway not alluring. Marilyn noticed that there was a brown and yellow discoloration on her hip—an old bruise, not yet faded away. She wondered how she had come by it.

"How much longer will she live?" Marilyn asked of the husband, just to make conversation,—to be saying something.

"Can't tell," he replied absently. He was dissolving a tablet in a spoonful of water. "At a rough guess I'd say she could expect to live twenty-five years yet."

"Didn't she take the poison,—the tablets?"

"Oh, yes." He paused, looking for something. "Yes, she took them. But she told me about it right afterwards." He produced a case from his pocket and extracted from it a hypodermic syringe. "This isn't the first time it has happened so I know just what to do."

**H**E FILLED the syringe from the spoonful of liquid and pinching up the fleshy part of his wife's forearm near the elbow he slid the needle under the skin, slantwise, and discharged the contents of the barrel.

"Apamorphia," he explained briefly. "It will do the trick. The rest is simply to keep her from going to sleep."

That proved to be an all night job, a job filled with tiring routine, menial attentions. Before she got through Marilyn thought she could imagine a little the numb weariness of army nurses after a battle. The doctor came,—accepted without comment the perfunctory explanation that Mrs. Reade had taken the tablets by mistake for a headache remedy, commended her husband for his prompt and efficient action, administered another hypodermic himself and left.

The whole thing was too puzzling for Marilyn's mind to grasp without perspective. The petulance of the woman; the untiring gentleness of the husband, and the apparent perfect understanding that existed between the two men who ought to be flying at one another's throats, all was contrary to reason and the established order of things.

It was a very gray dawn when Phil took her home. She made no protest at his accompanying her on that silent, dragging walk but she did not invite him to enter her door.

"I hope you will give me an early opportunity to explain what happened tonight," Phil was saying as they stood there in the chill morning air, both conscious that some formal farewell must be spoken.

"That will not be necessary," Marilyn replied in tones that matched his own, only very far away, "because I never expect to see you again."

**N**EITHER of them said good-bye. She heard the door close without realizing that she had shut it herself.

The light was still burning in the room she had arranged for the proposal earlier in the evening. Her mother did not know that she had left the house.

The stage setting was just as she had planned it, undisturbed. She looked at it almost with revulsion,—it was so false. She turned out the light and raised the curtain and the window to let in the gray and shivering reality.

Phil did not attempt to set aside her injunction against seeing her again. She waited, possibly hoping that he would, but something, his conscience or her own reaction, had cut through to his heart and he sank definitely below her horizon.

The City Traction Company had become involved in a disagreement with its employees over the question of wages. Phil, as the president's secretary, had his hands full trying to juggle

(Continued on page 120)

## LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

## AMOS and ANDY

*Like 40,000,000 Listeners the Interviewer*

*Has Hard Work Trying to Find Them*

by Mark Quest

**W**HO, why, what and where are AMOS 'n' ANDY—mostly WHERE?

And this here Kingfish, where does he hang out?

Just about the time that Amos 'n' Andy were jerked back on the schedule from the going-out time of the older members of the family to the going-to-bed time of the children Radio Digest picked on me to be the official Interrogator to sally forth and bring back a few answers to three gunnysacks and a bread basketful of inquiries kindred to the above.

That suited me all right. I'll admit I had a little curiosity on the matter inasmuch as I had received considerable assorted information from seemingly reliable sources that they were to be found in person and simultaneously in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Toledo. But after listening to their own discussions over the air the evidence seemed to be that they were in New York with the Fresh Air Taxicab business.

"Of course they are in New York," gushed Marcella, using my paper knife to scrape out the bowl of her pipe—pardon, I mean flicking the ash from the tip of her cigarette as she looked over some new pictures of Gladys Rice from the National Broadcasting company.

"What I mean is," she went on, "that you should take the New York telephone directory when you get there and look up under the A column for Amos or Amos 'n' Andy and then call them up and have them come around in their Fresh Air taxicab and take you out to their villa or whatever it is and then you can get the information first hand."

"Listen, be yourself!" I answered haughtily. "Catch me riding in that old pile of junk of a topless broken down garbage collector they call a taxicab. And in New York! Say, when I go to New York I put on a sepiu derby, wear spats and carry a cane. Haven't you got their address?"

"Not the exact number. But if you don't like the taxi idea you could just get in a street car and tell the conductor to put you off at Harlem avenue. And don't bump your hat on the chandeliers as you enter the car—you know how it is in New York—"

"Listen, Marcella," I said, "don't tell me anything about New York. I know the place like it was my own back yard."

"I only want to help. You know there are so many people who want to find out about Amos 'n' Andy."

**W**HEN in New York do as the Romans do and you'll get attention and service. So I called a Fifteen-and-Five taxi and told the chauffeur to take me to Harlem.

"What's the address?" he asked. And the look he gave me! I could see it in his eye, he thought I was a stranger in the town.

"Never mind, that's my business," I answered. "Take me to Harlem and I'll get where I want to go in my own way."

Likely as not he would want to steer me clear of any rival concern like the Fresh Air Taxicab and run up a big bill for me. . . .

The next morning I looked in the Times for the casualty list as we cut a swath up Broadway and around Central Park.

"Is this all right?" asked the driver, jolting the car to a stop as though he had hit one of those granite bumpers you see in the park there.

"No, it's not all right," I said, untwisting my ankle from one of the extra seats in front, "and don't let it happen again."

"What to do—just keep on drivin'?"

"To Harlem, I told you."

"Well, Harlem it is—right here, sir!"

"What—Oh—that's so. It's so dark here I couldn't see. How much do I owe you?"

I rather hated to see him drive off leaving me there kind of isolated like a strange adventurer in the wilds of the Nile. But I started walking along looking for Amos 'n' Andy and their office. I can understand how Stanley felt on his search for Livingston.

It started out like State and Thirty-first street, Chicago, but after I had walked back and forth for a half hour the same places began to look familiar and still there was no sign of Amos 'n' Andy or their chattels. Pretending I was waiting for somebody, I stood nonchalantly at the curb to gather my bearings and decide what to do. A big friendly policeman of super-suntan complexion came up to me with an expression that said

as plain as words, "This poor devil is lost and don't know what to do. I'll just give him a chance to ask me where to go."

**G**OSH, how I hate to be patronized. He stood swinging his club and watching me from the corner of his eye. Finally he asked:

"Stranger here?"

"Certainly not," I snapped back and then added, "I live here." "Oh, you do, do you? Excuse me, I thought you looked worried about something."

"No, I'm just resting. I have a slight headache—"

"Maybe you're breaking out with something. There's considerable smallpox—"

"No, I'm OK now," I felt the question coming to my lips, but how I dreaded it. Maybe I could lead up to it. "Quite a lot of colored folks live around here, I guess."

"You should know," he answered with a grin.

"What? Me? What do you mean?"

"Why, you said you lived here, didn't you—and you're not blind—"

"I mean I live down town. I was just here looking for a couple of friends, that is, I was looking for Amos 'n' Andy—you know—ha! ha! those Radio comedians. I think they've moved. I don't seem to find them. You know where they are?"

"You live down town—Wall street, I suppose," deep shadows were beginning to chase the friendly smiles from his dusky face.

"Yeah," I answered absently. I have often heard of Wall street in connection with the names of people of affairs.

"Well, it's funny you didn't see the Fresh Air Taxi building down there," he said with a cold glare from beneath his clouded brow. "They have their own building right at the corner of Wall street and Broadway."

"Don't kid me," I said. "I know better than that. On the level, where are these birds?"

"They're in Chicago."

"That's even funnier," I laughed. "Why, I just came from there because I understood they were here."

**W**ELL, I'm tellin' you, mister, they're in Chicago. I got a friend who is porter on a Pullman and he knows 'em both because they talk that plantation dialect to him when they're travelin' and makes all the passengers on the train laugh. They can talk it better'n he can."

"Well, I'll be doggoned," was all I could say.

"Probably," he answered, and went on swinging his club.

You understand this was taking place just at the time they made their first switch from the ten o'clock Central Standard Time period. I was just one interviewer added to the 40,000,000 listeners who were hunting all over the dials for Amos 'n' Andy.

"Why didn't you go to the National Broadcasting company headquarters to look for them?" probably the 40,000,000 listeners would ask me if they saw my dilemma. And the answer is, "Just because the National Broadcasting company gave me the lead to go to Harlem."

"Oh, tell us all about it, did you see them? And what did they say?" gurgled Marcella as soon as I got back to the office in Chicago.

"Don't talk to me, you and your advice to the Radio lorn. What I want now is a few sharp, short words with Al Williamson of the NBC, Charlie Gilchrist of the Daily News or Bill Hay, the incorrigible Amos 'n' Andy interlocutor."

God protects fools, drunkards and little children, but he has no mercy on professional interrogators. And would you believe it, within three minutes I sat at my own desk and had these two lost souls, Amos 'n' Andy, on a double extension telephone line talking to me from their own Fresh Air Taxi office.

"Well, for Pete's sake, where are you?" was my first question.

"We's right here in de office," said Amos.

"Amos, I wish you 'ud lemme answer de genuinmun. I is de president," Andy cut in. I could hear him talking in a mumble, apparently with his hand over the transmitter.

"Dis ain't no bill collector, Andy. Dis is Mark Quest what wants to put us in de Radio Diges—ain't dat sumpin'!"

"Whata! did you want wid us?" came Andy's drawl over the 'phone.

"It doesn't matter—just wanted to know whether you are in Chicago or some other town, say New York."

"Well, we is mostly here. What law you wantta know?"

"Where were you born, Andy?"

"I was bawn in Peoria in 1890."

"Live there very long?"

"I lived there until I moved away."

"When did you move away?"

"When I came to Chicago."

"What did you do for a living?"

"Worked on construction—dat's what my pappy an' my uncles was adoin' law de business ob de family."

"Did you do all the thinking for the construction business?"

"What do you mean by dat?"

"You used your great intellect to save your back in heaving of mortar, brick and lumber?"

"Mos' generally I did. But I turned out to be an actor."

"You did! From one stage to another, I suppose. How did you get that way?"

"Amateur shows and de minstrels, up de laddah, jest as you say."

"Peoria was good to you, Andy. Don't you ever long to go back to Peoria?"

"Peoria ain't all what she used to be, Mistah Ques."

"What else did you do there, Andy?"

"I played in de movin' pitchur shows. Das how I got to be an actor."

"Then what?"

"Why, a big boss producer came to Peoria and put on a whale of a big amateur show, an' he said I had de makin's of a great showman. I said, 'Whas dat?' and he said, 'Come wid me, boy, an' I'll give you a job wid a show.' So I went wid him an' dat's how I come to be an actor. An' he tells me how so's I could go to de next town an' put on a show jes lak he done it."

"Yeah, an' dat's how Andy come to meet up wid me," said Amos, cutting in the conversation.

"Were you born in Bloomington, Amos?"

"No. Oh, no, sah, Mistah Ques, I was bawn in Virginny, Richmond, Virginny—das where I was bawn."

"And are you an actor, too, Amos?"

"He is dat," said Andy, cutting in again. "Amos is a Virginny sugar cured ham."

"No, I ain't no ham," said Amos. "I ain't dat, Andy, like you is. I'm sho' nuff a regular actor. I was bawn in Richmond in 1899. And dar is where I gets my schoolin' 'cept when I went to a military school in Atlanta."

"Then you must have been a soldier in the World War, Amos?"

"No, sah, I walnt no soldier. I was a sailor. Yo' gets plenty to eat in the navy."

"That's yo', always a-thinkin' about sompin' mo' to eat. That's your idea of what all de war was about, which was to get de most to eat, de army or de navy," said Andy.

"After the war what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh, I got a job travelin' and sellin' tobacco. An' then 'long came this man that puts on the local talent shows with regular stage scenery, costumes an' everything like a regular show. An' he says, 'Amos, you look good to me, boy. How would

you like to join my company and be a regular member of the profession?' Dat shuah did make me scratch my haid and I says, I says, 'Mistah—'

"Amos, we knows what you said," boomed Andy, cutting in again. "You said, 'Mistah, which gets de most to eat, de tobacco travelin' salesman or de perffessional show man?' das what you asks de man."

"Who all is talkin' so much about eat but you, Andy?"

"Well, go ahead an' tell de genneimmun what yo' had to do."

"I's goin' to do that, Andy, right now. It's goin' to tell 'im dat. De man say, 'Befoah yo' all figgers you can manage The Follies of 1919 for the Elks Benefit Performance yo' must take special trainin' frum a man who come from Peoria an' yo' goin' tuh find him at Durham, No'th Carolina. His name is Andy (Continued on page 124)



For once Amos gets a chance to sit down while Andy stands.



Mystery: Who are these two mysterious white men with the happy darky boys? See the next Radio Digest.



**CAREER** of pioneer announcer an epoch in broadcasting. His popularity is a story that's always new and he can't keep away from friend mike. But let A. R. Williamson tell the story.

## Radio Means Life to SEN KANEY

By Albert R. Williamson

**A**N AUTUMN wind whipped up Michigan avenue, and out over the blue surface of the lake white caps danced in reckless abandon.

Sen Kaney, veteran announcer, looked out the window of his ninth-story office at the National Broadcasting Company and smiled.

"You know," he drawled, without taking the slender cigar from his lips, "it was just eight years ago this November that I broke into the broadcasting game and it looks as though I'll never get out of it."

Standing silhouetted before the window, a far-away look in his dancing eyes, he twisted the end of his tiny moustache and was silent for a moment, dreaming of the things Radio had brought him in those eight years.

To begin with, his name is not Sen at all but Alonzo William Kaney. You see, his mother's grandfather's name was Alonzo William Anderson, and he was a senator from Ohio. That's how people started calling him "Sen," and the name stuck.

Eight years ago he was practically unknown to the general public outside of Chicago. Today, due to Radio, he is known wherever a Radio is heard—and that means that his name is pretty much of a household word with some 50,000,000 people in the little old United States.

Now Radio has made scores of interesting personalities, all of whom have profited greatly because they had the good fortune to become associated with a new and mysterious pastime. But the real personalities are the young men—and some young women—who had the foresight to jump into the unknown possibilities before the game became the established industry that it is today. Sen Kaney was one of these.

**E**IGHT years ago Sen was a wandering youngster, about 25 years old, without any particular goal in life. He had done some local theatricals and was popular among both sexes at any social event. But that popularity could not be translated into dollars and cents, and his personality was too young and not widely enough advertised to deserve a prominent place on a vaudeville bill.

Radio raised him from that position of anonymity to the rank of a celebrity; won him an heiress for a bride and placed fame and fortune at his feet. Today he is dean of announcers and assistant to the manager at the Chicago division of the National Broadcasting Company—with such a strong following among Radio fans that he can't quit even when he wants to. And therein lies a story that could only be plotted by the air-waves.

It was on August 19, 1893, that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Kaney in Cincinnati. That was long before the days of Radio, but only a few minutes before Sen began his first announcing job. When he was but a little chap the Kaney's moved to Oak Park, and in that elite Chicago suburb Sen was reared. He went to Austin High School and after his graduation his parents decided that he should follow in the footsteps of some of his illustrious forebearers and practice at the bar. Subsequently they sent him to study law at Northwestern University.

Young Kaney wasn't averse to college life, but he was more interested in humanity than dry cases and bars of music had a much greater appeal than the bar of justice. He decided to give law up as a bad job and set about to enjoy himself. He did that—as he will himself admit. His social grace, pleasing personality and suavity brought him the managership of the famous Bal Tabarin, the dancing rendezvous in the Hotel Sherman. There he learned many things, as one would by dealing with a multitude of personalities, situations and conditions—and that was in the days before Prohibition. But it also won him a wide acquaintanceship among the notables and near-notables of public life, the theatre and men about town. But even that was beginning to bore when the World War came along and gave men something new to talk about.

**W**HEN America launched her power into the world conflict, Kaney saw an opportunity for new adventure combined with patriotic duty, and enlisted in the Navy. He went to Pelham Bay and soon he was one of the smartest looking



Eight years ago this handsome gentleman, Alonzo William Kaney, was a wandering youngster. What? You don't know who or what he is now? Why it's Sen Kaney, veteran announcer of the Middle West and now chief of the microphone men at the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting company. Sen was a restless young fellow in 1921. He had tried many things until Radio came along and made him happy.

ensigns that ever graced the uniform. Chasing submarines, however, was not so exciting after the first few months, because there weren't many, but life on the Atlantic gave Kaney a new outlook on life, a beautiful coat of tan and a joy of living, after the years of night life and bright lights.

When the war was over he came back to Chicago and decided to become a regular business man. He had, he found, many old acquaintances among older business men, and he soon found others among the younger set. During his years at the Bal Tabarin he had learned considerable about the markets, and that seemed to be about the most exciting thing connected with business life. So he became a grain and commission broker.

The grain and commission business was going along very well—thank you—at the end of that year, but something new was beginning to pique the young grain merchant's curiosity. A couple of boys had a new-fangled "wireless" set up at the Edgewater Beach hotel, where Kaney was living, and this thing of being able to pull conversations out of the ether was fascinating.

When the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company opened Chicago's pioneer station, KYW, Kaney went up to the studios with a friend of his.

"I didn't know what it was all about," he says, "but I was willing to learn. I wanted to see just how one of these stations looked. The amateur station at the hotel had so intrigued me that I spent five dollars on a couple of books on Radio—but they were so technical that an engineer would use them only for reference. But here was an opportunity to see for myself just how this business of sending out voices and music was worked out."

He did begin to find out what it was all about, but not in one night. In fact, he became such a regular visitor at the studio that one night someone asked him to throw a switch or something.

"They paid me for doing that," Kaney recalls, "and that was the end of any thought I might have had about not getting into broadcasting. They couldn't have hired me to keep away from the studios after that."

Then one night some one asked him if he would like to announce a program. That was in the days before announcers were given formal auditions the same as any singer. Some one shoved a bundle of typewritten cards into his hands and told him to read one just before each number. He did as he was told—and the KYW officials liked it. He was given a job as part time announcer. Then one day an entertainer failed to show up and Kaney admitted that he could play a little and sing a little.

(Continued on page 103)

# SALUTE!

*HERE'S to Bold Pioneer  
Not Afraid to Spend Big  
Money on Big Ideas*  
By Marshal Taylor

**R**ADIO AMERICA has a new dish on the banquet table as the contribution of 1929, thanks to good old Westinghouse.

It came close on the heels of the ninth anniversary of the first program on the first regular broadcasting station, KDKA—another gift from this famous institution.

Living up to its traditions, Westinghouse has inaugurated a superlative series of tapestried presentations which blend the musical and the drama in vivid pictures that hold and fascinate the selective listener to the end. These presentations are called Salutes—each a tribute to some form of industry.

The Salutes came at a time when many were beginning to think the Radio program designers had just about exhausted their ingenuity for new effects. The most regrettable feature was that these happy innovations were obliged to take a place in the evening schedule ahead of some of the other programs of less merit.

But the fact that the first one was announced in Chicago for the half-hour period from six-thirty to seven did not prevent forty more or less callous Radio editors and columnists to attend the formal opening arranged by Mr. Ed Mattson at the Congress hotel. The program itself might be anticipated as "just another," but one never would be bored with Ed Mattson as the ever genial host.

**T**HERE was a buffet adjoining the old KYW studio where the guests had been invited to sit and listen. Nice chairs and lounges were ranged around the main room, but everybody was making merry with the appetizers beyond the portieres. Then came the preliminary announcements through the amplifier in the reception room. The portieres parted. The forty hard working writing men filtered through and sat in the circle of chairs. They came munching sandwiches, prepared to gossip and listen between times.

But it didn't work out that way. Nobody expected the church-like hush among the listeners that followed. No one had calculated the effect that could be produced by a fifty-piece symphony orchestra playing in unison with a choir of forty voices singing in marvelous harmony unhampered by word articulations. Everything else was forgotten as this magic curtain ascended and revealed a new kind of a stage set by a new kind of craft that stirred emotions through new sources of contact with the mind's eye.

It was a marvelous pageant that began with man's first conquest of the iron ore from the earth. And it swept across a background of colorful melody that reflected the advance of steel from century to century. The lines of the drama were vivid and full of subtlety. They were spoken by skilled artists. You not only saw and felt with the personalities of the characters but you were awakened by a word or two into whole vistas drawn from pictures stored away in your mind from impressions that had been created by reading numberless books.

A scene from the inauguration of the Westinghouse Salute. Time, 1559; characters, the Queen, King Henry and a page.



**W**HEN it came to the age of chivalry one did not require a detailed description of the lists to see King Henry, the queen, her attendants and the whole panoply of color. You heard the queen's anxious pleading with her king not to joust with the Black Knight. You saw it all with the clatter of the hoofs, the clang and thud of steel against armor, the shouts, the cries and the wailing. The startling reality of the picture made your heart pound, your blood run faster.

Then with a roll of drums the medieval passed and we were conveyed to an upper room in a modern hotel. A husband and wife are about to take a steamer, home-bound. You are not told the city or the country where they are. But suddenly they are terrified by an upheaval of the floor, a swaying of the walls. They are in the midst of a terrific earthquake. The door is

(Continued on page 105)

# "Happy New Year

Senor Cugat Sketches  
Of Radio Notables  
Banquet to the



To contemplate any Radio banquet without Major J. Andrew White at the head of the table would be like arranging a great broadcast program without a microphone—and the billowy ribbon to his eyeglass is the official ensign to indicate that he is present and voting.

With Columbia represented by Major White the National could not do less than have for its official spokesman its president, Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, who stands here with a glance toward Jack Donahue on the opposite page as much as to say, "How did you get in here?"

# And Luck to You"

His Own Impressions  
at Fred Smith's  
Year of 1930



This is Jack Donahue, famous comedian and hooper, who is not listed at all under Mr. Smith's particular mention as among those present. But the artist heard him as a master of ceremonies during a recent CBS program and assumed that if one thousand were present Jack certainly would be one.

How ever Senor Cugat came to get this simian cast of countenance from the most famous voice of the air, Graham McNamee, is a mystery. But here he is after four dipperfuls of that sparkling aqua pura generated from the Village pump, as Senor Cugat sees him, and ready for the first little whoop of 1930.

AT LAST we have the true confession of the private life of Seth Parker. He writes a letter to the editor. And in the picture here we see Mr. Phillips Lord, author and director, strongly suspected of being mixed up with the singing school master in some way. No doubt these are the people heard through the NBC "dragnet."



# SETH PARKER'S

By Seth Parker  
(Or His Ghost)

Dear editor:

WHEN I heard how a lot of folks all over the country was writin' and pestering around curos to know all about my private life I figgered alright I might just as well set down with myself and tell everything which ain't much.

It makes me mad when smart Alex that don't know beens declaire Seth Parker aint nothin but a stretch of the imagination. They might just as well come right out and say I aint nobody, or Martha aint nobody or even Mr. Bilow Peabody, president, secretary and treasurer of the Better Business Bureau of Jonesport, Maine, aint nobody. If them same jackusses would use their long ears to hear with they could hear us any Sunday night over the National Broadcasting company dragnets. They probably would say there ain't even any town by the name of Jonesport even though any map of Maine will show where it is right above the town of Bar Harbor.

I don't meant to get all riled up about this but if they are going to know all about my personal and private affairs they might as well know the facts. I aint denying that a young college chap by the name of Phillips Lord who lives down at New York made me famous by writing the things I'm supposed

to say at the singing school concerts. All the papers has things in about us. The Jonesport Observer has something in it every week about Seth Parker bein here and there at different places. Here's a peace pasted on this sheet which I'm sendin' for further proof. It says:

"THE Women's City Club met with Mrs. Seth Parker on the 8th. The topic of discussion was The Farmer's Problem. At the end of the meeting a vote showed the good ladies to be unanimously in favor of the problem, and a committee was appointed to ask somebody what the problem was."

Well when the committee asked me what the problem was I told them but the thing I wanted to show was that it mentioned Mrs. Seth Parker which proves that there had to be a Mr. Seth Parker or it would be Widow Parker for I aint never hurd of a woman by the name of Seth yet.

There aint no reason to be pertickler curos about me. I'm just plain Seth Parker, law abidin and peaceful mostly. Some folks admit I have a tolerable bit of talent fer my singing school. And that must be so or why would there be so much to do about it. When young Mr. Lord heard us he vowed we ought to make a big hit with the Radio listeners. So he dickered around with some of the broadcasting stations and made some kind of arrangement with Bill Caw or I guess he called WmCa. Their smart young engineers brought up some doo-hick megaphonics and strung them around the singing school



# SINGING SCHOOL

and after our concert I swan about every other person in the United States and his brother sat down and wrote us letters.

After that we sang for Wlw at Cincinnati, Wtic at Hartford and I don't know how many other stations. Now I guess I've told you all about myself but I don't want anybody to accuse my young friend Mr. Lord with having anything to do with this here letter because he might not like it for me to come right out like this and spill the Boston berries (beans). But if you want to see something he wrote himself you will find one of the things he calls scripts folded up in the next sheet.

SETH PARKER'S SINGING SCHOOL  
By Phillips H. Lord

SETH (raps for order): I guess it's time fer the megaphonics here ter be turned on. Come ter order, let's git calmed down here. Now shush while I give my little speech. (Clears throat.) LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the Radio, we've got a surprise for you tonight what perhaps will sort of tickle you. We're going to put on a concert for your benefit.

LAITH: BENEFIT? That sounds like we was going to take up a collection.

SETH: Hold on, Laith, don't git excited. (Clears throat.) We've got some solo numbers and some show numbers and we want you ter be our guests. I think you'll sort of enjoy

it 'cause it won't cost nothing. It's funny what you can enjoy when there ain't a price tag to it, ain't it? You've been so nice ter hang around while we've been rehearsing we want ter do something extrie for you. We've got a real nice entertainment here. The fust selection on this evening's program is Jingle Bells. It has a real nice er-er-er—

MARTHA: Jingle.

SETH: That's it. It has a real nice jingle to it. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The singing school has now arose and will sing Jingle Bells.

JINGLE BELLS—Page 240.

SETH: The singing school set down. (Little commotion.) The second number on this evening's performance is a solo by Lizzy. She'll render Grandmother's Advice. Could you sound a note ter show you're here, Lizzy?

LIZZY: (Sing a note a little nasal.)

SETH: Thank yer. That was the voice of our own Lizzy Peters and she's now going ter sing her sololo.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE  
(Father Kemp's Song Book)

SETH: That was fust rate, Lizzy.

LIZZY: I put lots of feeling into it.

SETH: You done fine. That was the voice of Lizzy Peters singing to you. I think it's well to announce at this time that

(Continued on page 112)



*LILLIAN ROTH wins her place in this album of the Fair of the Air because she is a Paramount girl and is not Paramount part of the CBS! Besides she has already been introduced to the Columbia audience and made good, praise be.*



**YVONNE DU VALLE**—and doesn't she simply live up to the poetic euphony of her name in this charming photograph? Happy listeners are they who hear her over the KFI waves from Los Angeles (don't question that spelling).



*MARJORIE ELLIS PILNEY began making this a better and brighter world when her parents first announced her arrival. She naturally gravitated to Broadway—then she married, and now she is in Radio drama at WCCO, Minneapolis.*



*FRANCES KENNEDY* doubtless holds the unique distinction of being the only prominent musical comedy and movie star to own her own broadcasting station. *WJKS*, at Gary, belongs to her and she may be heard there any afternoon at 2:45 Central Time.





*LISA LISONA simply has to take off that heavy comb once in a while to rest her neck. She sings those quaint and delightful folk songs from the Basque country over WIP, Philadelphia. Her voice carries you straight to Spain and romance.*



*MARY M'COY of the NBC choral orchestra is another Radio star who must have her feline pet near her most of the time. She rescued Lucky when he was a backstage waif and both have been lucky ever since.*

# The FIRST CALL

By

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

Illustrations By Edward Ryan

*Jess of the West Must Choose  
Between Life With Love or Death  
for Honor—A Tale of the  
Ogallala Wars*

**A**N ISOLATED range of mountains rose in the east; their flanks were streaked with red; patches of black-green timber stood out in gloomy contrast along the higher peaks whose eroded summits made a weird design against the sky. A thunder-cloud was creeping out from behind them. The eight log cabins and the trader's store at MacLeod's looked very small in the midst of the wide sage brush flats which stretched away beneath that formidable wall.

That afternoon Jess Thompson came riding in across the lonely plain. Town lay more than one hundred miles behind him. When he saw the dirt roofs of the cabins breaking the long monotony of the gray sage, his big body swung forward in the saddle and his dark eyes glowed. It seemed to him as if the last few miles would never end.

Three days to town—and not much of a town at that—a day to do his errand, and three days for the return. The result of his week's round trip was enclosed within a little packet, less than an inch each way. His coat was rolled up behind the cante of his saddle; his vest was open, flapping to the motion of the pony. Now and again his hand went to one of its pockets. So it had gone at least once every hour during the long homeward journey, to make sure the packet was still there.

The mountains loomed before him, growing plainer in detail with every mile. Within their fantastic folds he could make out the canyon where his work lay. For the past year he had been doing well up there, employing a multitude of ragged Ogallala bucks on a tie cutting contract for the railroad which was being built nearly two hundred miles away. But his eyes did not wander toward the dark green crevice between these red ridges now; they remained fixed upon the cluster of dirt roofed cabins about MacLeod's log trading post. And his hand remained in his vest pocket. He was thinking of the trader's daughter, Jean; thinking what she would say, how her eyes would light up when he unwrapped the packet and opened the tiny box to let her see the ring which he had brought her.

**R**INGS were not what one would call the regular thing in that part of the country. As a rule, when a man won a girl—which was not so very often, inasmuch as the girls were few and far between—the engagement was a brief affair. And these two did not intend to let their's be any longer than could be helped. But the priest was not due from Fort Laramie for a month yet, and Jess had an idea that this little hoop of gold, with the amethyst setting, would give his sweetheart happiness.

So he came riding into the little settlement that sultry afternoon with his mind set on seeking her out and slipping the present upon her finger. And when he found the population of the trading post—who numbered twenty souls in all—gathered before MacLeod's store, he did not pay much heed to the suspense which was hanging over them. The Indians, it seemed, were out. But the Indians had been out before. When a man is young such things do not amount to much compared to love. And there was Jean, standing on the step before the trader's store. The old-fashioned sunbonnet which she was wearing could not extinguish all her beauty; and the linsey gown was unable to hide the fineness of her figure. Jess dismounted from his horse and took his place among the men beside MacLeod. And his eyes remained on her. What matter were the Indians to him?

MacLeod's wife was standing in the doorway of the store, gray haired and anxious eyed, with one lean hand resting on the shoulder of her daughter. Even Pete Le Seur's fat squaw was here, squatting placidly off to one side, wrapped in a bright red blanket, with half a dozen beady-eyed children huddled like quail around her. The men were ranged in a semicircle; some stolid farmers who were breaking land down



What mattered the Indians when Jean's sunbonneted beauty was there to feast his eyes on?

the valley; a scattering of dust-stained teamsters, who had been hauling supplies over to the agency; MacLeod and little Pete Le Seur. The latter was sitting in the dusty roadway beside old Red Bird, who in days gone by had led his people in many a battle against the white man, until he had learned the futility of warfare and had settled down to make the best of things. The Indian was talking, immobile as a statue, rigid of feature, letting the words fall in slow deep-toned monotony. Between his long-drawn speeches, Pete Le Seur interpreted, with many gestures and inflections.

**I**T WAS the old story. Someone with influence wanted a strip of land. Someone in Washington had broken another treaty. As usual the agent was incompetent and had only aggravated matters. And now two hundred young Ogallala



bucks—including Jess's hired hands—had doffed the ragged garments of the white man to smear their bronze bodies with war paint. At the present moment they were somewhere beyond the first range of red streaked mountains, contorting their naked limbs in wild dances, while the squaws thumped on the rawhide drums and the chiefs held council in one of the smoky lodges.

Of these things old Red Bird was speaking and of his own affection for the white man, using many words after the fashion of his people, who must first circle around a subject, and then—very slowly—back into it. Jess listened absent-mindedly. He had heard all of it before from his dark skinned laborers a dozen times. And while he listened he was wondering how long it was going to be before the conference was over and he could take Jean off to one side to show her the ring which he had brought for her.

The cloud grew darker above the mountains. The sound of distant thunder came from its depths. Old Red Bird droned

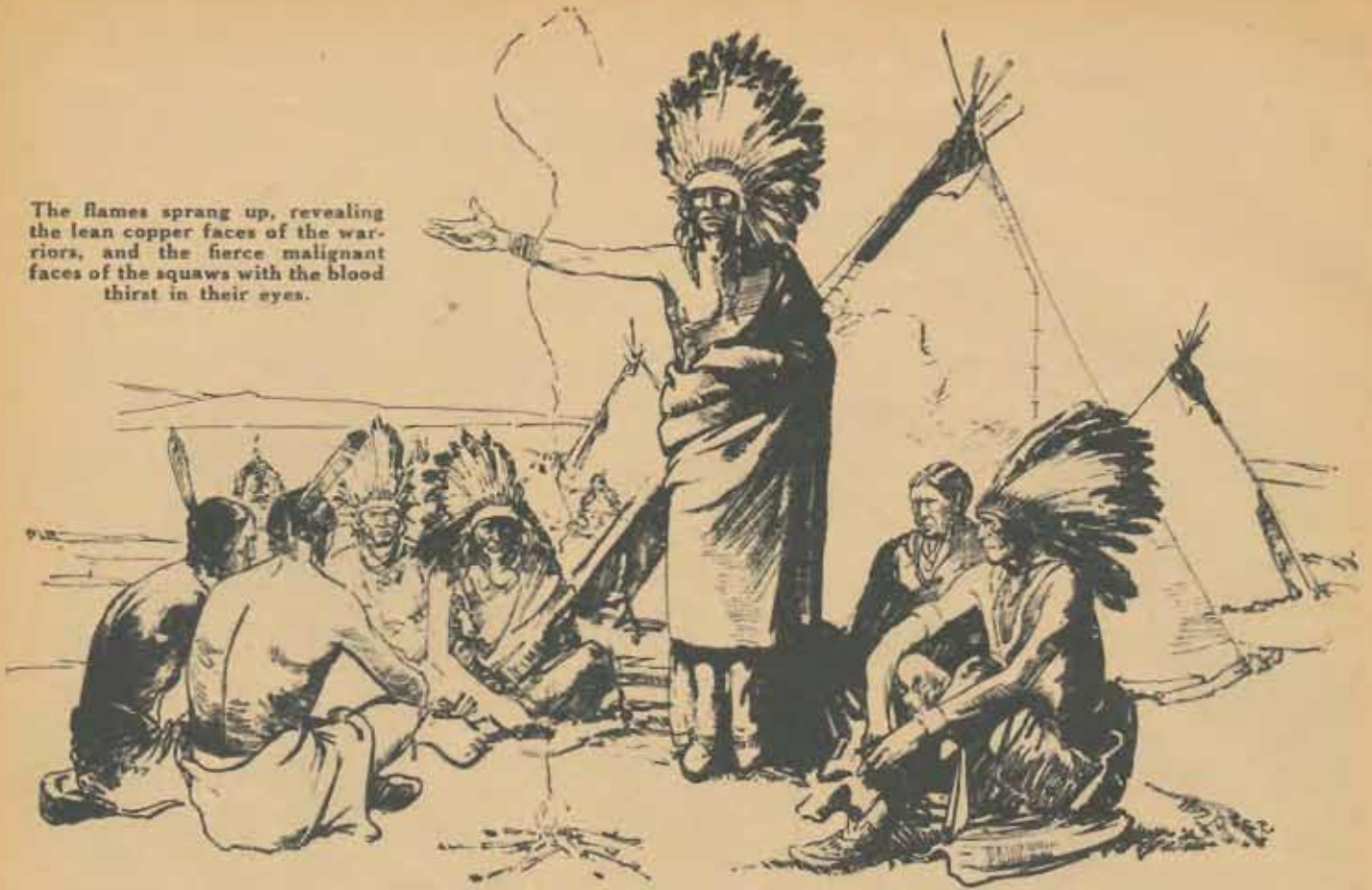
on. Pete Le Seur waved his hand in a big gesture and resumed his translation.

"E says hees heart ees heavy bicause 'e is afraid hees pipples 'ave moch trouble. So 'e ees ride out in de mountain an' 'ave talk weeth thees' Injuns." Jess' eye went to the speaker and became contemptuous. Pete was not much as men went. He beat his wife and he let his children starve for months at a time. His presence was barely tolerated in the settlement. It occurred to Jess that he was making the best of this opportunity. Old Red Bird spoke and the young fellow let his eyes go back to Jean. She smiled at him and his heart leaped.

"E says," Pete was speaking again with many gesticulations, "some of the chief han the ol' men they don' lak thees. They know w'ite pipples will get keel. Bymeby hoss soldiers come weeth the Ol' Grey Fox—weeth ees General Crook—han' they will keel heap Injun. Then Injun go back han' they ain't got not'ings honly trouble.

"E says mebbe some w'ite man ride out an' mak' medicine

The flames sprang up, revealing the lean copper faces of the warriors, and the fierce malignant faces of the squaws with the blood thirst in their eyes.



talk weeth thees' chiefs. Eef 'e ees good man, mebbe so the Injuns listen to him an' go back now. 'E says eef Jess ride out there, the Injuns weel believe hees words because they know he is got straight tongue."

The eyes of all the group were turned on Jess. Old Red Bird met his gaze and nodded. MacLeod spoke up.

"Sounds sensible," said he. Jess looked wistfully at the girl before the door of the trading post; he squared his wide shoulders.

"All right," he said, "I'll go."

"Better take an interpreter," MacLeod told him. The younger man's brows drew together.

"I suppose," he muttered, "it's got to be that lousy half breed."

The trader's cabin was beside the store. When the others had departed Jess found his sweetheart in the little log walled living room. His horse was waiting outside. Pete Le Seur was saddled up and ready. The afternoon was drawing past its middle. So he had barely time to open the little packet and to slip the ring upon her finger—to listen to her first words of surprise with the note of joy in them. Then he held her in his arms and he kissed her good-by.

"Three days from now I'll come back," he promised her, and he rode away with Pete Le Seur toward the mountains above whose fantastic summits the thunder-cloud was hanging like an enormous black curtain.

**I**N THE background a circle of stark, silent peaks. Here in the center, a huge bowl of vivid emerald with dark patches of lodge pole pine along the upper slopes. Upon the lip the figure of a naked horseman, as motionless as the granite crests beyond. Down on the floor of the depression where flowers nodded in the lush grass beside an ice-cold stream, the brown, sharp pointed tepees of the Ogallalas. In the middle of the village, the lodge of Spotted Horse, who led the rest of the chiefs in council.

He was sitting in front of the entrance, with his legs crossed, wrapped in his blanket, smoking his long stemmed pipe with the carved bowl of red stone, gripping in one hand the rawhide tether of his saddled pony. Near by, before their lodges, the other members of the council sat holding their grazing mounts. On all sides the squaws were hurrying among the tepees, preparing to strike the camp. Across the little stream a number of the boys and younger bucks were rounding up the ponies.

It was the passing of the third day since Jess had left MacLeod's trading post. Three nights of slow, long speeches within the lodge of Spotted Horse, of patient listening to the harangues of the younger chiefs and of one or two bloodthirsty old fanatics. But he had gained his point. Today the rene-

gades were to begin their return to the agency. He sat within the open space before the tepees of the head men and Pete Le Seur lounged beside him. Thus they had been waiting for two hours, while the leaders sat cross-legged, holding their ponies, expressionless as so many copper colored sphinxes. The eyes of the white men were not on these leaders now, nor on the busy squaws whose clamor rose from all parts of the village; nor on the lean limbed young riders who were rounding up the ponies. They were watching the naked horseman on the rim of the bowl.

That morning shortly after sunrise a warrior had departed on a fleet pony for the sage brush lowlands where a score of the wilder spirits were roving in search of trouble and of glory. For some reason of their own old Spotted Horse and the other leaders were awaiting the messenger's return before they put their pipes aside and rose to their feet, upon which signal the squaws would begin to strike the lodges.

"I'll feel easier when that messenger shows up," Jess said quietly.

"**BY GARI!**" Pete answered rapidly. "Somet'ings ees happen. I don' lak thees."

The sentry was waving his extended arm in a wide gesture. The movement changed abruptly. His voice floated down into the village; a shrill long cry, as wild as the call of a hunting wolf. It seemed as if the whole camp had responded. A hundred voices rose to meet his; the shrieks of squaws, the shrill ululating yell of warriors, uniting in a fierce chorus. The place was pandemonium. Dogs barked, men ran into the lodges and emerged brandishing their weapons. Old Spotted Horse was on his feet. In his black eyes little red lights were dancing.

"E says," Pete's face was gray with fear and his lips were twitching, "the hoss soldiers ees come. Them Injun in the valley has mak' fight han' get licked. Now they are come back. Eef we don't want to die, we get inside his lodge, dam queek."

A dozen squaws were milling around before the tepee. They fought their way through them. A withered old beldame flung herself upon Jess' back, spitting like an infuriated cat. He shook her off. A strapping young mother, with a papoose at her breast, picked up a camp hatchet and hurled it after him. He staggered into the entrance with the blood running over his face. Outside the tumult grew. Within, the two white men waited. Once old Spotted Horse came in, but he did not even look at them. When he had departed again, a pandemonium of voices rose before the lodge.

"Five Injun ees get keel," Pete whispered. "I theenk me an' you ees out of lock jost now."

For a long time they stood in silence, listening to the uproar

(Continued on page 98)

# Broadcasting Has its Own BIG TIME

**DOTY HOBART** *Who Brought  
Scores of Stage Celebrities to  
the Mike and Made Them Perform  
Sketches Line of Progress to the "Main  
Tent" of Modern Radio Entertainment*

By Doty Hobart

**R**EMEMBER the old time circus posters?

"Gigantic!"  
With pictures of lions and tigers?  
"Stupendous!"  
And ladies in blue tights?  
"Mammoth!"  
And the clowns?  
"Colossal!"

That master showman, Phineas T. Barnum, knew his public when he started the ballyhoo that used up all the synonyms for the little word "big." People were starving for adjectives. And he fed them adjectives. But he made one terrible mistake. He gave them an overdose. And the second and third generations haven't recovered from it yet.

But just the same Barnum revolutionized the entertainment business. He discovered that people were much more interested in one spectacular entertainment than in a hundred Punch and Judy shows. So he scoured the world for headline acts, strange freaks and wild animals. And the acts and the freaks and the animals lived up to P. T.'s best adjectives. What a man!

Then along came the variety show. High priced vaudeville artists played two shows a day in large theatres. Cheaper acts played from three to ten shows a day in the smaller houses. In contracting for acts the chain system of booking was employed. Performers were guaranteed a certain number of working weeks. This booking was known and is today known as "time." A chain of theatres playing two shows a day was called "Big Time." This pithy phrase was coined by an unknown vaudevillian.

While vaudeville accounted for the origin of the two words the man who was actually responsible for "Big Time" in show business was P. T. Barnum.

**Y**OU are probably wondering what all this has to do with Radio broadcasting. Well, it so happens that broadcasting is a show business. And what a show business!

It is odd, this Radio industry. Compare it with the automobile industry. Automobiles are manufactured and sold by the millions. So are receiving sets. The usefulness of the motor car depends on roads. The usefulness of a receiving set is dependent on air programs. You pay taxes in order to have good roads. What do your air programs cost you?

Radio programs are just as essential to our modern life as good roads. Yet I'll wager you do more complaining about the programs you get for nothing (no doubt justified at times) than you do about the condition of the roads you help pay for. Didn't some sage, years and years ago I believe it was, make some sort of a wisecrack about not looking a gift horse in the mouth? But it is odd, this Radio industry.

Of course we all know it is the advertiser who foots the bill for our ether entertainment. Without him our broadcasting stations could not function. In all fairness to us the advertiser, through his use of unsightly billboards along the highways, should have been made to pay our road taxes! But that's another story.

Just as headline acts were glorified in vaudeville so, with the arrival of chain networks, "Big Time" came to Radio. And because advertisers who use the networks give us worthwhile programs the network officials have been forced to bring their sustaining programs up to the standards set by those who purchase time on the air from them.

To obtain headliners for their sustaining programs the chain broadcasters could not afford to step out into the open market and pay the prices demanded, and received, by talent hired by the big national Radio advertisers. So he looked elsewhere and found his contribution to "Big Time" broadcasting in giving us events and personalities of national and international importance via the microphone.

**A**ND perhaps the officials of the networks are not proud of this contribution. I asked one of these gentlemen what he considered the best program his company had put on the

air during the past month. He smiled and answered my question by asking another: "Did you hear the speech of the British Prime Minister?"

My next question touched what would have been a sore spot a few years ago. Time, however, has healed the wound. The question was, "How was the mail response to that particular broadcast?"

He laughed. "I really don't know. Perhaps two or three letters of thanks. I doubt if there were more than that. We discovered early that people do not write letters of commendation."

"Too busy?" I asked. "Or do they just take things for granted?"

The latter. But let us make a slip of some sort during a program and we are swamped with letters of criticism." He continued, "which tells us that people really are listening in. We welcome the knowledge that we have an audience, either through their applause or through their hisses. What's the difference—as long as the hisses don't get too numerous?"

All of which goes to prove that Radio programs are accepted by the public in the same light as is our daily paper. No less authority than Arthur Brisbane is responsible for the statement that any editorial which pulls seven letters is to be considered highly successful!

I wonder if you Radio fans have any idea how hard both the national broadcasting and the national air advertiser are working to give you "Big Time" entertainment? I doubt it.

One of the oldest programs in point of continued service in commercial chain broadcasting is the Eveready Hour. This program is prepared three and four weeks in advance. It is rehearsed until the program director is satisfied with the microphone production. Then the officials of the National Carbon company are given a private audition. If the program does not meet with their approval it is shelved. This advertiser desires to give you a fine musical program combined with the unusual in drama or a famous personality. Everyone in the organization is on the lookout for novelty. In one instance it brought about the discovery of a taxidriver with a gripping adventure yarn of the sea. It was a true story. The officials checked it up. And so you heard "Galapagos Island" in dramatic form. Owing to the many requests this program was repeated a second and a third time! Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, has told you of his personal experiences on this hour, which also gave you Trader Horn and that much discussed authoress, Joan Lowell.

**A** CERTAIN national advertiser desired to put on an outstanding program. By that I mean a program featuring an international star of such importance that the event would be of real news interest, both before and after the broadcast. The appropriation was made and the date of the broadcast set six months in advance. Of course the advertiser had his own particular message to get over to the public. But that particular broadcast brought you the voice of Sir Harry Lauder.

Occasionally the chain systems will cooperate with a client in presenting an institutional program. Or an educational program.

Such is the case with Roads of the Sky. The National Broadcasting company furnish the network while the client, a non-commercial organization, furnishes the talent. This program is particularly indicative of what may be accomplished in the way of presenting nationally known individuals which no commercial advertiser could hope to secure. Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the United States Bureau of Aeronautics, was a guest speaker on one of these hours. So was Herbert Hoover, Jr. For his talk on the Roads of the air program he picked his own subject. It was "Radio: Magic Guide for Airplanes."

**T**IMELINESS plays a tremendous part in program making. When, in the sports world, tennis was red-hot news the manufacturer of a well-known brand of cigars prevailed on Francis T. Hunter, noted Davis Cup star and second ranking American player, to make a microphone appearance.

Religion on the air has made itself felt in Big Time through such forceful personalities as the Rev. S. Parks Cadman of New York, "the first Radio pastor," and Rev. Donald Grey Barnhouse of Philadelphia.

Dr. Cadman depends on a forum style of address in which to present his messages. Following his address he holds an open forum, in which the letter-writing public participates. Interesting questions which he has received during the week are read. His answers are clearly defined and not infrequently witty. If this man's answers are spontaneous then he is good. If he thinks them out before the broadcast, who cares? Speaking in terms of the theatre, be he an "ad libber" or a "line reader" his microphone work is just as good.

Dr. Barnhouse, on the other hand, brings his messages to a nation-wide Radio audience as though speaking from a pulpit. This method does not lend itself to the spectacular. But the man's sincerity more than makes up for any lack of fireworks. He does a decidedly worthy job.

(Continued on page 116)

# HARBOR LIGHTS *with*

*Ferry Boat Skipper Spins Thrilling Tale of the Days  
When Pilots Battled to the End in NBC Script*

By Burr C. Cook



Whitney: "God help me,  
Ab—I didn't know—I  
didn't."

WITH the ever-rising popularity of the dialog form of Radio entertainment has come a constant improvement in the material used as well as the actual transmission and handling of the action.

When the announcer at the New York NBC studios calls out to the thousands of listeners, "All aboard! The Harbor Lights are beckoning!" another of Burr C. Cook's inimitable dramatizations is being presented, and Captain Jimmy Norton and his young friend Joe are introduced.

And when Captain Jimmy spins a yarn it holds the attention from the first word to the last fade-out. Throughout the broadcast various effects of harbor activity are carried out in the background, such as bells tolling, and whistles blowing. This manuscript is a typical broadcast on the Harbor Lights program.

JOE: Hello, Captain Jimmy Norton!

CAPT.: Howdy, Joe.

JOE: You look a little tired tonight, Captain.

CAPT.: Aye—few kinks in my legs, Joe—count o' the raw weather, I reckon.

JOE: Say, I hear there was a sloop run down this afternoon by one of the coast liners.

CAPT.: Aye, so I heard tell—couple o' men lost. We run into a bit o' wreckage last trip—over by the Staten Island shore. Happens now and then.

JOE: It's a wonder to me it doesn't happen oftener.

CAPT.: Aye—these steam hogs, Joe! They don't give right o' way to a starboard tack, nor sails, nor nothin'. Used to be a sight stricter 'bout it in my day.

JOE: But they were all sailing vessels in your day, Captain.

CAPT.: Aye—purty nigh all of 'em. (Laughs.) Had a bunch o' wild cats on the harbor, though, in those days—Sandy Hook pilot boats. There was a crazy crew o' sailormen! Way back in the 70's and 80's—'fore the New York Pilots Association was made up.

JOE: What do you mean—a crazy crew of sailormen?

CAPT.: Oh, there was lots o' competition 'mongst the pilot boats. Never hugged the Hook like they do now. Went right out to sea, to meet up with European liners, or broad-

# DEATH AT THE WHEEL

winged East India clippers. Alays scrappin' 'mongst themselves for prizes. (More soberly) 'Twas a pilot boat—and a crazy master named Nat Whitney—put an end to my brother's sailin'!

JOE: Your brother, Captain?

CAPT.: Aye—older brother—Tom. I reckon I never told ye 'bout him, Joe. He was cut down in the harbor here, one foggy night, 'bout sixty years ago. A terrible nightmare of a night that was—alays stands out in my mem'ry.

JOE: Let's have the story, Captain.

CAPT.: I don't know as I can recollect it straight. I was jest a slip of a lad then—seven or eight years old. My Ma had died and Pa had brought us two boys down to Staten Island to live, while he went into the pilot trade. He was a man 'bout fifty—stern, religious sort, but a fine seaman and afraid o' nothin' . . . And this Cap'n Nat Whitney and my Pa hated each other like pisen?

JOE: Why was that, Captain?

CAPT.: Well, 'twas years before that it started—when they was both rival clipper cap'ns, sailin' out o' New Bedford. Nat Whitney was a hard drinkin' man and my Pa hated the very smell o' hard liquor. Competin' in the pilot trade didn't help matters any. (Soft laugh.) Funny, way things work out, Joe. 'Fore they got through, there wasn't two stouter friends in the world!

JOE: No? What the dickens made them change?

CAPT.: That's the story, I reckon. 'Twas a October evenin', as I remember—blowin' and snarin', with gusts o' rain. My brother Tom was workin' ashore, over in Brooklyn, and he use ter sail home 'cross the harbor every evenin' in a small sloop he had. We lived in a old house, up on the Heights and Pa and me would wait supper each night till Tom come home—usually round six o'clock . . . Well, this partikler evenin' we'd waited till after seven and he hadn't come. I reckon Pa was worried—for more reasons'n one.

JOE: What do you mean—more reasons than one?

CAPT.: Well, there was a fog creepin' across the harbor—one thing. And Tom was a sort o' wild one—'nother thing. Liked his liquor—when he could get it without a beatin' from the Old Man. Anyhow, I remember, I follered Pa down

toward the docks. There was a tavern there called "The Anchor," where most o' the pilot men hung out and we hauled in there. Front part had tables and readin' stands, and back part o' the shop was the bar. Fat feller named Timkins ran the place. He was sittin' at a table, forrard, when we come in.

TIMKINS (friendly, obliging sort): Hello there, Cap'n Norton! What brings ye out o' harbor in this weather?

NORTON: I'm lookin' for my boy—Tom. Didn't see him come by this way tonight, did ye, Timkins?

TIMKINS: Nary a sight of him, Cap'n. Gen'rally ties his sloop up to the warehouse wharf—but ye can see from the window here, there's no boats there.

NORTON: It's got me a mite worried—what with the fog makin' up—and him not alays right accountable.

TIMKINS: I calc'late he can take care of himself, Cap'n. Set down and have a drink o' beer—the lad, too. (Calls) Peters—schooner o' lager! You ain't goin' out tonight, Cap'n?

NORTON: Goin' out?

TIMPKINS: Big British jammer—the "Stornaway" 's due in the mornin'—'cording to the shippin' news. (Laughs.) Some o' the boys was wonderin' whether you'd make a haul for it—or maybe Cap'n Nat Whitney. Nat's back in the bar now.

NORTON (Suort): If I hadn't cracked a foremast, last run to the Banks, maybe I'd try it. But the weather's gettin' bad—thick as soup 'fore mornin', I reckon.

TIMKINS: Aye—I was just wonderin'. (Laughs.) The boys are makin' bets on who it'd be—you or Cap'n Whitney. I don't calc'late any o' the rest of 'em would try it. (Clicks of glasses.) Thanks, Peters. Here ye are, Cap'n—better weather!

NORTON: Aye—(Drinks.) So Nat's blowin' some more, is he? Fillin' his skin with booze into the bargain, I venture. Nat's a fair sailor—but 'pears to me like he needs plenty o' courage out of a bottle—'fore he ventures forth!

TIMKINS (undertone): Easy, Cap'n—he's comin' in.

WHITNEY (growling, drunken): Well, well—well—if it ain't my old pal—Cap'n Abadiah Norton! Damme if it ain't! Comin' down to get in the race, Ab?

NORTON: Ye can race yerself this time, Nat—but ye better have a mate along who can keep ye under the quilts!

(Continued on page 105)

Norton: Shake, Nat,  
we can be friends  
'stead o' fightin' all  
our days. What say?



# RADIO RESOLUTIONS

## Mere Listener Gets Short Shrift When Big Radio Shots Gather to Dine

By Fred Smith



Mr. MacNamee smiled the magic name of Rudy. And Rudy's resolution for 1930 was to "Beware of Rudy Vallee imitators."

*THIS time Fred puts on cap and bells the while he sprouts an imaginary festive board not far from the Greenwich Village Pump and Trough. With charity for nobody and malice toward all he bears the pan down over the hot coals. Read on but let's don't get sore, anybody—Editor.*

**H**ERE'S to 1930!" shouted Graham MacNamee holding high his glass of sparkling fizz water.

"To 1930!" responded one thousand voices, as everyone likewise rose, held glasses high.

Graham and the thousand, which made a Thousand and One, had just concluded a midnight meal at the Greenwich Village Nut Club where they, the great of Radiodom, had gathered to pledge their loftiest RADIO RESOLUTIONS FOR 1930. They all sat at little tables lined together in the form of a gigantic horse-shoe. In the center of the outer rim of the horse-shoe stood Chairman Major Andrew White and Master of Ceremonies MacNamee. To their right and left stood, with goblets held high, the respective presidents of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company, Willie Paley and Merlin Aylesworth.

Then came Commercial Sponsors; Advertising Agencies; Praise Agents; Program Destructors; Technicians; Announcers—train and trained; Artists—model and actual; Visitors from the Press; and, at the very tip of the left leg of the horse-shoe, a group of five who appeared to be modestly over-joyed at their privilege of associating with this grand gathering of Notable Negligents. This group of five constituted the representatives from the great American listening public. They were under the impression that the Nut Club affair had been planned for their especial benefit.

**A**MID the puffy wise-cracking of announcers, the laughter of ladies, the booming guffaws of all the others, the spokesman of the Listeners' Committee shouted:

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!"  
But the Chairman was busy listening to remarks by Mr. MacNamee. The assemblage was getting again to its seats. And amid the confusion, and the obvious desire of everyone to do their very best for the American public, the Listeners' Spokesman could get the attention of no one. Even his four companions heeded him not, so enraptured were they by smiles showered upon them by such lovely ladies as Olive Palmer, Jessica Dragonette, Helen Nugent, Olive Shea.  
"Ladies and Gentlemen (of the Radio audience)," cried Graham MacNamee, "I am now turning the microphone—figuratively speaking—over to my old friend, Major Andrew White, the announcer of

# FOR 1930

sports events, who had the world by its comely tail until I hopped over the Moon into the Milky Way. In the meantime, Chairman White, if you don't mind, I should like to send a couple of the waiters with a bucket out to the Village pump/ once again—I see that our punch bowls (at least mine) have suffered from the obviously volatile quality of Greenwich Village waters.

A waiter ran up to Graham, whispered something in his ear. By this time Major White was on his feet and his hands—that is, standing up he leaned forward with his hands upon the table. Graham seemed irritated by the question put to him by the waiter and he exclaimed *otto voce*, angrily:

"Not at all! What the deuce do I care? I have tried all the Village pumps myself many a time and have never been able to determine upon any fine distinctions. I don't give a blank what kind, color or temperature you bring, providing you don't try to substitute Hudson River water for good old Greenwich Village pump water!"

With which words the waiters went, with water they returned.

**I**N THE meantime the Major had been saying:  
"My dear Radio friends, and Representatives of the Great American Public (Applause)—Public—in whose honor we have assembled here (Applause) I am now turning the microphone over to Graham MacNamee who, as you will remember, has often been heard via your loudspeakers as a loudspeaker (Applause) speaking loudly. No one has ever been able to say of Graham that he is a Speakeasy nor that he is ever found in the company of speakeases."

There was great applause, and at the same time the two waiters appeared with a bucket of pump water between them. Graham didn't know which pleased him most—their return or the return of his opportunity to address his beloved audience. But, quaffing off a tin-cup full of the Village water, he arose and shouted:

"And now Ladies and Gentlemen, we are ready for our RADIO RESOLUTIONS. It is my pleasure and privilege to present Benign Bruce Barton who is with us as the special representative of American Advertising Agencies, Mr. Barton."

Said Mr. Barton: "My clients have been more than satisfied with my sincerity and pull with the Middle West where my philosophy is most sympathetically appreciated. Yet I have labored upon an advertising campaign for the year 1930 which should make them more than ever grateful to my dignified ingenuity. I have concluded a grand plan for making the entire population of the United States Radio minded. My idea is to combine and unify the advertising efforts of leaders in the field.

"As you all know, every manufacturer of Radio sets tells you his set is the best, the most wonderful, the supreme *objet d'art* in the Radio world. As we all know, they can not all be right, but who would dare say that all of them—or any one of them—is a careless custodian of the truth? After all, it is a well known advertising principle that absolute truth is of little importance. And in this case these superlatives only indicate the limitation of the human mind in formulating flattering families. I propose to help the advertisers who have reached their bragging limits by merging the names of four or five names of Radio manufacturers into one supreme trade name, spend their combined advertising appropriations in disseminating the same big idea. Thus, by changing Mr. Kent's name to Goli, and indicating Radio Corporation of America merely by Radio (as do the Stock Market listings—how well I know it!) we would deluge the American public with a campaign for bigger and better Radio under the caption: **CANT KOLSTER RADIO MAJESTICALLY!**"

**A**SIDE from the advantage of multiplied advertising power—which would enable us to pay higher salaries to our poorly paid entertainers (Applause)—most of whom only receive \$1,000 for three or four songs—we Advertising Agencies would not then have to repeat so continuously and so foolishly this story of supremacy which loses its force through repetition. I believe my plan will work for Radio manufacturers, and if it does, we shall then apply it to all industries. I therefore pledge this Resolution to Radio Listeners on behalf of the Advertising industry in the United States: That for 1930 every group of the nation's business now using broadcasting as an advertising medium—automobiles, soaps, beverages, magazines, radios, cigarettes, lip-sticks, corn-plasters, germicides—will combine to sponsor bigger and better programs in which the hookum about supremacy can be exploited more generously, more judiciously and with greater effect upon the credulous public."

As Mr. Barton resumed his stiffer posture, and the Thousand and One applauded, the Spokesman for the Representatives of the American Radio Listeners jumped to his feet and did what



"My Radio Resolution for 1930—" Whatever the resolution may have been Chairman Major White did not finish. He said: "I see a familiar Voice on the floor and I am sure you would all like to hear from him."

he thought was an opportunity to get a couple of words in edgewise. Graham and the Major were so occupied with some point of discussion they completely overlooked the Listeners' Representative's Spokesman. The Major, seeing that the Bar-tonic applause was subsiding, got to his feet, shouted:

"The program will continue with introductions by Mr. MacNamee."  
Graham rose as Major sat, said satisfiedly:

"**T**HIS is Graham MacNamee speaking! I shall now turn the microphone back to our good friend who may not be as good a sports announcer as I am, but right now he is willing to show you that he is a better sport than I am by announcing an announcer whom some critics consider competent to cop the comma from all other sports announcers."

The Major was laughing so heartily his spectacles—strung as usual to his nose by that fascinating and flowing black ribbon—were about to fall from their perch into the punch bowl. Said he:

"After that Mr. Ted Haring needs no introduction. That's what Ted must have thought also, for he sprang with characteristic agility to his feet and began:

"My dear friends and advertisers: The government regulation making it imperative for stations to announce their call letters at least every fifteen minutes, has given me an idea. Out of this idea I have formed my RADIO RESOLUTION FOR 1930. Beginning January first, I have resolved to stop talking every fifteen minutes in order that the person or persons with whom I happen to be conversing, that is to say, to whom I am talking or, in other words, listening to me—now let me repeat that: I have resolved to stop talking for a brief pause every fifteen minutes in order that those with whom I happen to be conversing may introduce their friends, make nice remarks—about me!—ask me some more questions."

Ted's Resolution—so generous—showed how indifferent he was to envy, how magnanimous he was, and it also proved that a very sure way of escaping molestation by the envy and jealousy of others is to concentrate one's entire flow of thought upon one's self. As Ted said to Bill Ensign, who was seated beside him: "Let others think and talk about others. As for me, I've got enough to do talking about myself."

(Continued on page 110)

# MEET THEM

## Closeup Views of Your As You Hear Them



A penny for the thoughts of Richard Bonelli—and a penny wasted, for he doubtless is wondering how long he'll have to hold that pose for the photographer. Bonelli appears thus as Figaro in the Barber of Seville over the NBC. At the right is Hank Karch and his high-powered banjo.



Bessie Browning and Skippy who perform during the Show Folks hour on the Columbia system. Putting on the dog means putting on Skippy—and what a necker he is!



That highly critical moment when one never knows whether it will or it won't—such are the worries in the life of the three Ceco Couriers heard over the CBS.

Xylophoning keeps one fit and is one of the best exercises known to the musical profession—the music also is inspiring. This is Gerald Sullivan poised for a Lucky Strike with the Rolfe orchestra.



Biblical drama over the NBC network has revived interest in ancient history. Gerald Stopp, director, is conducting a rehearsal.

JUST a little bit of everything from grand opera to a Silly-phone you will find on these pages of Radio Digest's Picture Program.

Meeting them face to face you will find in the upper left hand corner Mr. Richard Bonelli of the Chicago Civic Opera.

Below comes that very popular WLW banjokester Hank Karch. Hand anything with a few strings over a bridge of frets to Hank and he will produce music that will make you dance.

And the dog? Oh that's Skippy, bless his heart! Whatta life! Simply loved to death by Bessie Browning on Dave Elman's Show Folks program over the CBS. Skippy has a dog's part in Miss Browning's skit. He wows 'em.

Maybe it'll light, maybe it won't. What of it? No reason for such worried looks on the part of Fenton Barrett, tenor, and J. B. Laster of the Ceco Couriers (CBS). Let Hubert Hendrie do the worrying, it's his lighter and cigarette.

Going back 3,000 years, Gerald Stopp tells his Bible drama actors how to take the NBC audience back to the days of Moses.

We can wind this page up with a lively xylophone solo by Gerald Sullivan of the B. A. Rolfe Lucky Strike orchestra.

# Face to Face

## Favorite Radio Artists From Their Studios

CONTINUING with our Radio Digest Picture Page Program we find the reticent looking gentleman in Labrador decollete in the upper right hand corner is none other than Motorville's favorite poet laureate, Edgar A. Guest.

Don't draw hasty conclusions from the fez for the young man underneath it with the covered bath tub is not an Oriental at all. He is Sven Von Hallberg, the Swedish Soldier of Fortune.

The happy pair below is one of the world's best organized partnerships. Jesse Crawford is called the Poet of the Organ and his mate deserves the crown of Poetess of the Organ. Heard over CBS.

Back to the farm and huskin' bees you go with Uncle Josh and His Huskers at the KSTP of St. Paul.

Manito-woc-to-woc-to-woc! Great college yell possibilities for the Al Ehnert Ginger Boys heard over WOMT, Manitowoc, Wis.

"It's a second cousin to a saxophone and has a strain of the xylophone but sounds much like the middle cleff whistle of the Robert E. Lee," explained Larry Wright of his Sillyphone (lower left).

Sven Von Hallberg, Swedish adventurer, who directs the NBC feature Echoes of the Orient.



Edgar A. Guest just after he had talked to the Columbia audience during the Majestic Theatre of the Air program. He's famous Wolverine poet.



These two compose one of the most notable harmony teams in the world. Jesse and Mrs. Crawford, who play twin organs in the great Paramount theatre, New York. They are heard over the Columbia system. Beyond the Crawfords are Uncle Josh and His Huskers of KSTP, Minnesota's Twin Cities.



Larry Wright and his Silly-phone.



Hot Manitowoc, Wisconsin, jazzsters who are heard over WOMT. Al Ehnert is called the Paul Ash of Manitowoc.





Helene: My dear your letter was slightly gauche but the whistling sound you heard breezing through the WTMJ Victorian concerts is explained above. What? Heavens no! Not a false hair in a chinload!

Ah, what magic tune doth his majesty's trumpeter blow to invoke such bliss serene? (An' lookit the wrinkles in his socks—kenue majin-it!) They were in the Westinghouse Salute to Steel, me lord.



"It's a fast world," said Miss Eileen Pat Phillippi leaning on her gold top cane and speaking to the KSTP twilight audience, "you gotta start young. Looka me—four—an gotta date with a boy friend to go kiddie-karting round the block."



They're all here but the turkey for Turkey in the Straw. WIP Country Gentlemen carin to go for a barn dance.



John Philip Sousa, the Grand Old Band Man, hesitated long before he decided to march his famous company before the dinky little microphone. He likes it now.



Sure as Saturday morning rolls around you'll hear Jerry Harrington (left) the little Irish tenor, Irene Harris and Fred Laws from WCCO.



That's deep ultra marine blue notes in them thar saxohmoans. They come to you from WIL, St. Louis — an' you all know them St. Louis blues!

Charles Marshall, above, looks just like that when you hear him in Aida over the NBC from the Chicago Civic Opera.



From way down in ol' Alabama you can hear James L. Bailey doing his sax and croon stuff over WJBY at Gadsden.



They're dynamite—no, the Kilowatt Twins, Maud and Zona Sheridan, merely give you a jolly jolt when they harmonize over WFLA, Clearwater, Florida.

First it's to Portland, then Pasadena, then back home to KPO, San Francisco and then to Los Angeles to broadcast sport events so Don Thompson (left) has to fly.



"How do you like Atlantic City?" asked the WPG reporter of Leo, the visiting lion. "Oh-ah-WOW," Leo answered while nuts, screws and springs flew from the mike. They think he may have swallowed a few.

Matrimonial Misadventures of

# GERTRUDE

## Brother Harry Nearly Fixes Things up but Gert and Victor Find New Ways to Spoil the Picture

**G**ERTRUDE is an exceedingly peppy, modern young woman. When her brother Harry inherits a million he determines to make a lady out of Gert, giving her anything she wants, which turns out to be a husband. After buying the prospect a divorce Brother Harry starts around the world.

By the time he returns to the happy couple Gertrude has found marriage a mirage, and again Harry foots the bills. But he is sympathetic when husband Victor gets thrown out of his happy home, his clothes flying after. Of course the fact that Little Harry has red hair, while neither Gert nor Victor have the slightest evidence of such a tinge, complicates matters.

But when Gert finds Victor in another woman's arms she decides that enough is too much. Since Harry is to blame for the discovery he decides to make a surprise visit on the boy.

### CHAPTER VII

**I** FOUND Victor at the piano playing his latest song—LONGINGS. It was a saddish sort of song; probably that's why he was playing it. I mean the music was sad. The words went like this:

I don't want no  
Dollar-down, dollar-a-week daddy,  
I don't want no  
Five-cent, ten-cent, Wrigley-Woolworth sheik,  
I want to be a queen,  
And have a limousine,  
And a poppa who will put me on the silver screen.

"Mabel's not feeling well. She ran into a lamp post and blacked her eye," said Mabel's mother.



The door of the flat wasn't locked this time, either, so I walked right in. When he heard me, Victor sort of dodged, as if he expected somebody to hit him. But when he saw who it was

"Harry!" he cried.

"Victor, old boy, I came as soon as I could. Gert tells me—!"

"It isn't so."

"We'll go into that later. Who was the Jane she beat up?"

"Mabel Montgomery!"

"Great Scott! How long has this been going on?"

"It hasn't been going on."

"Well, Gert says—"

"I don't care what she says. She's got me wrong, Harry. Maybe I should have told her about the flat. But there's not another thing—honest, there isn't."

"But Gert says when she came in Mabel was kissing you!"

"She was. You know Mabel—she kisses everybody."

"That's right. Blame the woman."

"I'm not blaming anybody. I'm just telling you how it happened."

"Well, how did it happen?"

"We'd just been rehearsing my new song."

"LONGINGS?"

"Yes. It's got a funny kind of swing to it, and Mabel didn't get it at first. But finally she catches on and sings it like a million dollars. And I'm pleased, and tell her so. And she's pleased—with me, and the song, and herself, and everything—so she throws her arms around my neck and kisses me. Honest, Harry, it didn't mean any more than a puppy wagging its tail. I tried to explain it to Gert, and so did Mabel when she found out who Gert was. But Gert wouldn't listen to either of us—she just waded in. And now she's sent me all my clothes. What'll I do?"

"Wear 'em, I suppose."

"I mean what'll I do about Gert?"

"You can't do anything, I'm afraid. She's through, Victor."

"**B**UT it's not fair. I—love my home—and I love Gert—and I—I love little Harry."

"I know you do," I said. "It's a funny thing about little Harry. Gert don't remember him, of course, because she never saw him, but little Harry is a dead ringer for Grandfather Giddings—red hair and all."

"What's that?"

"I said little Harry is just like my grandfather."

"Was your grandfather's hair red—like little Harry's?"

"Redder. Grandma called him Brick-Top till her dying day."

Maybe you think I was crazy to tell this to Victor at this time. But I was sorry for him. And when you're sorry for people, you do the next thing that comes into your head.

Well, you should have seen his face! He couldn't have looked happier if there'd been a dozen flies in his ointment, and I'd come along and swatted them all.

"Harry, old man," he said, "I can't thank you enough for telling me this. It makes all the difference in the world."

"I don't know what you're talking about," I replied. "If you think little Harry's looking like his great grandfather is going to help you with Gert, you're mistaken."

"I thought maybe you'd help me."

"How?"

"By telling Gert the truth."

"What is the truth?"

"Why, what I just told you!"

"Oh, I'll tell her that!" I said.

I didn't intend to tell Gert anything, though, till I'd checked up on Victor. You see, I knew Mabel.

Mabel lived on Sunset boulevard with her mother, who met me at the front door with a tale of woe.

"Mabel's not feeling well," she said. "She's shortsighted, but she won't wear glasses. So she ran into a lamp post by mistake and blacked her eye."

"It's a crime!" I said. "They ought to make their lamp posts out of rubber. Can I see Mabel?"

"Well, she don't generally receive gentlemen callers in her bedroom, but I guess maybe she'll see you, Harry."

I found poor Mabel propped up in bed, with a plate of marshmallows at her elbow, and a bandage over one eye.

"Hullo, Harry! How's every little thing?"

"Fine!" I said.

By SALISBURY FIELD

Illustrations by  
DUDLEY  
GLOYNE  
SUMMERS



I found poor Mabel in bed eating marshmallows. "I want the truth about that black eye," I says, "and nothing else but."

"Have a marshmallow?"  
"No, thanks."  
"Don't you like 'em?"  
"Yes, I like them—but not enough to eat them. How are things with you?"  
"Rotten! Did ma tell you how I run into a lamp post?"  
"She did."  
"If you want the truth, Harry, that lamp post was your sister."  
"I know it," I said. "And that's exactly what I want—the truth, and nothing else but."

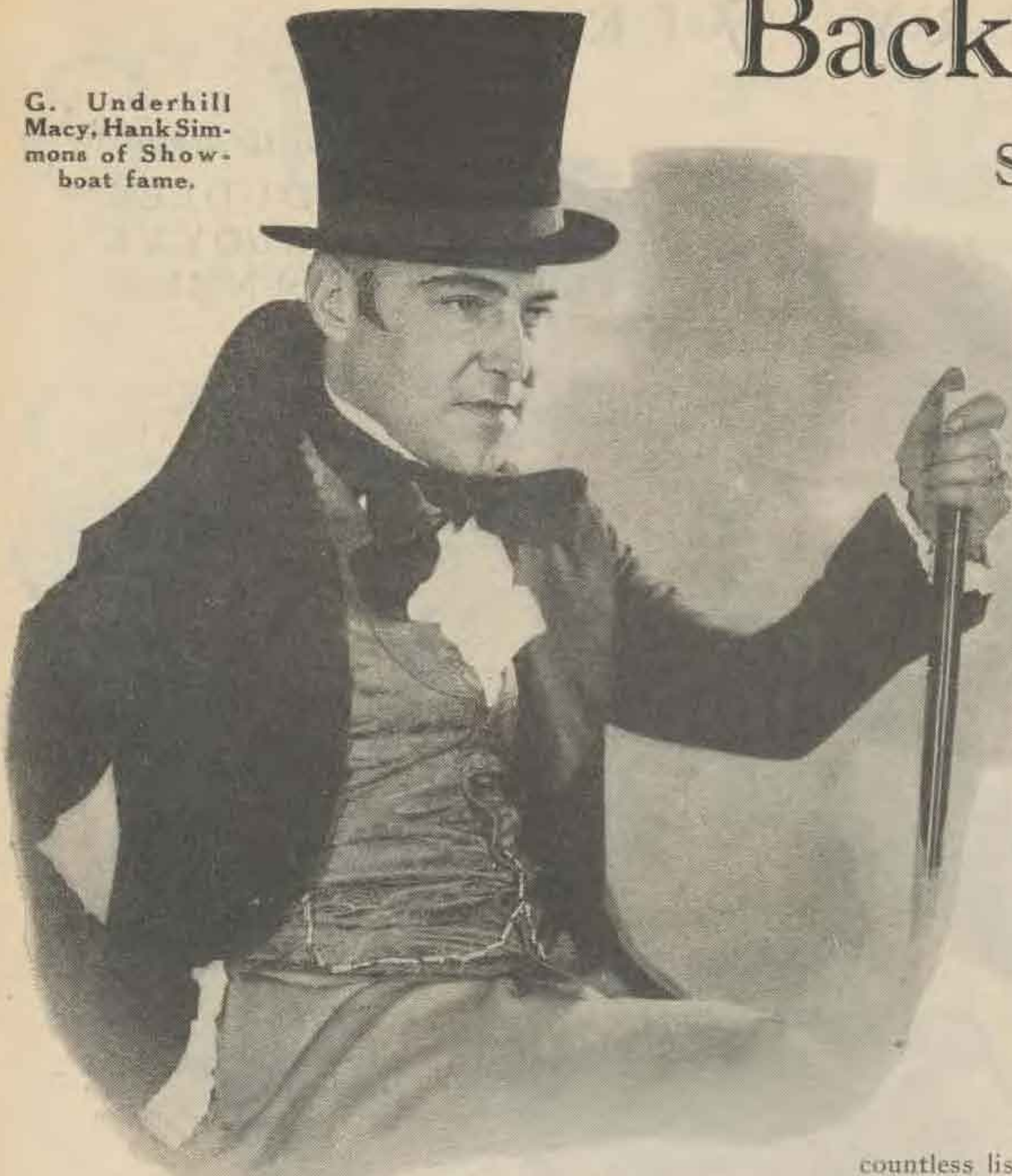
CHAPTER VIII.

MABEL'S story was much the same as Victor's:  
"It's like this, Harry. Victor's been saying for days he was going to write me a song. So I've kidded him along, just the way I'd kid any song writer. Because you never know who's coming through with a live one next, and Victor's got a lot of talent—everybody says so.  
"So today, when he lamped me on Broadway, he says he's just finished a humdinger, and won't I come up to the flat and give it the high C. So I did, and it wasn't so worse. So I felt real friendly toward Victor.  
"But honest, Harry, that kiss I give him didn't mean a thing. Victor hasn't got any more sex appeal than a cupa coffee. And then in walks your sister that I don't know from Adam, and starts beating me up. What I want to know is—who's going to pay the cover charge?  
"The cover charge, it seemed, was based on the value of a certain blue dress of which Gert had shown me a sample. There was also the cost of hiring a substitute to sing at the Red Mill—for one night, and probably two. For Mabel was a cabaret singer, and unless you have two black eyes, and they're both naturals, you're not allowed on the floor.  
"Then there's my feelings," she said. "Mental anguish ain't cheap, Harry."

"How much?"  
"Well, seeing it's you . . ."  
She named a price that made me gasp.  
"Look here!" I said; "be sensible."  
"Maybe you'd rather have your sister arrested for salt and battery?"  
"A whole lot rather. The judge wouldn't fine her more than ten dollars."  
"But there's the scandal!"  
"A mere nothing," I said. "Just wait till my sister divorces Victor and names you."  
"Gee! She wouldn't do that?"  
"You can positively count on her doing it—unless I convince her she was mistaken about you and Victor."  
"Well, maybe I did ask too much. Tell you what I'll do—"  
"No, you won't. I'll tell you. You'll take exactly a hundred and fifty dollars—not a cent more."  
"Sure, I will. No hard feelings, Harry?"  
"None whatever," I said. "You're a nice kid, Mabel. I hope your eye gets better soon."  
"Oh, that's all right!" said Mabel. "There's a bird here in Hollywood—and boy, but he keeps busy!—who paints 'em up so pretty they look just like new. I'll be on the job tonight, don't you worry. So-long."

(Continued on page 108)

G. Underhill Macy, Hank Simmons of Showboat fame.



### By Robert S. Taplinger

**Y**OU are seated in a deep, comfortable chair. The clock on the mantelpiece, if correct, is striking the hour. Your Radio is tuned to one of the many stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting system that receive the programs from the studios of WABC in New York City. From out of the loudspeaker comes a mingling of voices, creating the impression of a populace in a holiday mood; a band strikes up a lively march, and above the rest of the din a few shouts are heard.

"Here you are, folks! Right this way for tonight's show. A great performance with big time entertainment between the acts is all yours for only twenty or thirty cents with a few box seats left at one-half an ordinary dollar."

"Say, Pa, can't we go in now?"

"Get yourself some fresh buttered popcorn here, folks, it's good for—"

"Two bags, please, mister."

And for a minute or two this continues. There are the sounds of people scurrying for seats, then the band strikes a chord and after a few lushes, all is quiet. A deep resonant voice speaks.

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen—I have here in my hands the late song hits of the past few years—twenty-five in all. The regular price is one cent apiece, making a total of one-fourth of one dollar. For tonight only, folks, I'm going to let you have them for but ten cents a copy."

Cheers and loud hand-clapping interrupt. Then—

"Good evening, folks, I can't tell you how glad I am to be back in Smiths Landing, as this place sure is home to me and all of you sitting out there are my good friends." Another outburst of appreciation comes, for it is the genial Hank Simmons, himself, who so addresses the audience.

"Tonight, folks, you are going to see a great show entitled, 'The Hand of Fate.' And he goes on to tell the merits of the play, identify the cast and describe the setting of the scene. "Thank you, everybody—," then in a half whisper, "Flash the orchestra, Joe."

The ethereal curtain parts and the play is on. And while Little

# Back Stage with Showboat Actors

## Spectators Are Important Big Show Boat Effects Who Takes Readers

Nell matches her virtue against the treacherous designs of Jack Dalton, we will take leave of the loudspeaker and, stealing backstage, satisfy a longing curiosity by seeing just how this Radio production is staged.

There in the studios of WABC our illusions are cruelly broken into bits and scattered to the four winds. No stage or its settings are apparent and there is little of the color and glamour of the theatre—even if the theatre is but supposedly an unpretentious showboat. In groups of three and four, the cast, scripts in hand, are centered around the three microphones, arranged to effect perfect balance and voice blending. A large orchestra, or, to be more precise, the "Maybelle" band, is seated towards one side of the studio, ever alert for their numerous cues. Freddie Rich, veteran of over a thousand Radio programs, is their conductor. Whenever the opportunity confronts itself, he steals a glance towards the action of the play, for, although he has been present at over sixty of these performances, the well-known baton-wielder still finds in them a certain something that few Radio programs possess. Perhaps it is "that something" that causes the immense popularity of Hank Simmons' Showboat, evidenced by the enthusiastic response of its

countless listeners. But rather than dwell upon the same, we shall continue our little exploration jaunt and find out what we may.

**P**ROBABLY the most novel and theatre-like feature of this broadcast to those of us who are seeking the "why and wherefore," is the important part the large studio audience plays in its success. The spectators are invited to attend. Many of them are friends of the performers, others come from the legitimate stage to sit and wonder, some are elderly folk who delight in recalling the days when the arrival of a showboat at the river-landing was a gala occasion, while others are just ordinary dyed-in-the-wool Radio enthusiasts. These people, numbering about seventy-five in all, are seated in tiers. Fifteen minutes before the announcer signals "You're on the air" the group is put through a complete rehearsal as their efforts are vital to the success of the production. For instance:—When they are to applaud, Harry Browne, who directs the entire program and plays the leading role, holds up a cardboard sign reading, "Applaud." Or, in accordance with the varying expressions of mass emotion there are other signs displaying "boos and hisses," "cheers," "laughs," and others. The gallery is enthusiastic over its duties, and to see the men, women and children lean forward on their chairs and faithfully register the various sentiments requested of them, is a treat.

Indeed, it is all a happy contrast to the supposedly sophisticated age in which we are now living. Its essence and background hark back to the early tent and road-show days when people regarded their heroes, heroines and villains with all seriousness, wept over the tragedy that figuratively darkened the stage before them, hooted every step the villain made, and cheered to an echo the hero of the moment.

Before becoming acquainted with the identities of the thespians, we shall delve into the mysteries of the contraptions that produce the realistic sound effects. One of the first that attracts our attention is a wind machine, composed of a large wooden roller with a layer of canvas weighted on its surface. A few turns of the handle and a wind storm is the result. Other ingenious devices include a large wired board with batteries attached, upon which are a variety of buttons that have for their purpose the sound of bells—bells belonging to doors, alarm clocks, telephones, etc. Then there is a large cylindrical drum that gives the impression of a roaring sea with the aid of dried peas rolled around its surface; and there are numerous other contrivances in evidence such as whistles, chains, wooden blocks—each concocted to create a specific effect that broadcasts better than the real sound would.

## Part of Hank Simmons' Declares Taplinger Behind the Scenes

**S**EATED in the midst of this melange is Harry Swan who is in charge of sound effects for the Columbia system. He has made an extensive study of them and is considered an expert in his line. Time and time again he is called upon to exercise his ingenuity to contrive a unique device that would stump many a theatrical property man. Although Swan is commissioned to attend exclusively to this phase of the production, he is sometimes called upon to interpret several of the roles. He is a capable actor at that, for we learn that he was once the sole performer in a half-hour script act in which he played eleven characters comprising six nationalities, and four animals.

And now we turn our attention towards the players who are doing so admirably in their respective roles.

First in order is Harry C. Browne, who originated and produces Hank Simmons Showboat. He is the heavy, broad-shouldered man, now very busy directing the cast and portraying the principal masculine role, that of "Henry Clinton." Despite the burden of these two duties, he is, at the same time, holding up the cards to guide the on-lookers in their audible expressions.

We are told that although he must pull out these instructions from amongst the entire lot with all possible speed, he has never been erroneous in his selection of the right card. Such an error would be disastrous.

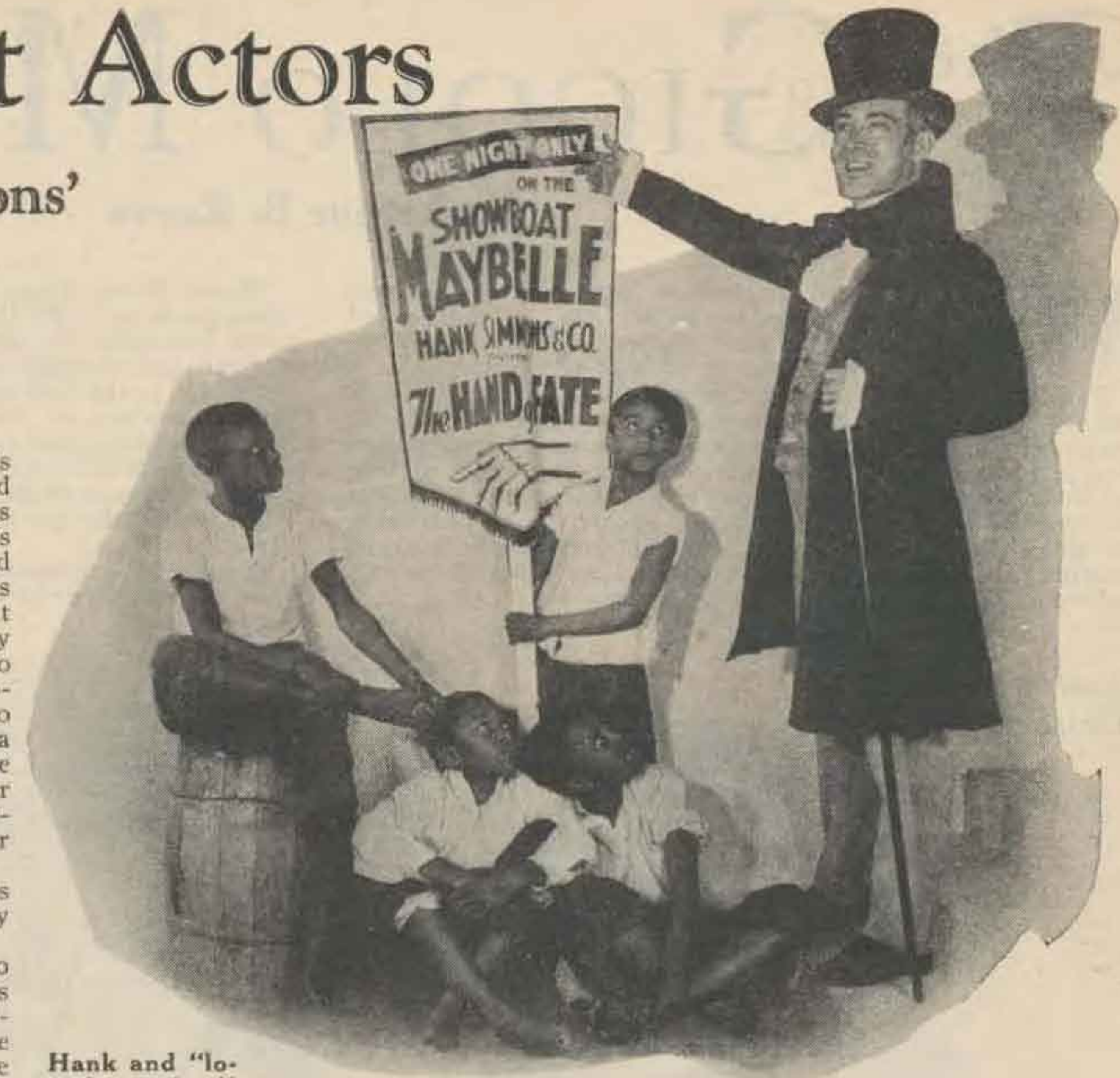
We will pause a moment to delve into the histrionic background of this capable showman. Dropping the study of law when the call to arms sounded for the Spanish-American War, Harry Browne soon became a very definite part of army life. When he was not fighting, he was entertaining his fellow soldiers with vocal selections to his own banjo accompaniment. Following the war, Browne went on the lecture platform and thence to the political soap-box. But the presidential election of 1900 crushed his latter aspirations—William Jennings Bryan had been his candidate.

Having faith in his proficiency as an actor, he turned to the "boards" in his endeavors to elevate the American stage. He found it a difficult task but for twenty-five years he continued in his efforts. How much he contributed to this purpose is a matter of opinion, but that he did help greatly is certain. Whatever he has done for the theatre, he believes that it has done much for him in return. His loyalty to his purpose developed him to such an extent that during the last ten years he has been identified with some of the best plays and players. During that time he played every conceivable kind of a part in comedy, drama and tragedy and for four seasons has had prominent parts in musical comedies. He appeared as leading man with Lillian Russell, Mary Ryan, Rose Stahl, Frances Starr, Edith Talliaferro and Irene Bordoni. Only a short time ago he played the leading role of Channing Pollock's "The Fool," succeeding James Kirkwood. His last engagement in the theatre was the portrayal of the Rev. Morrel in the Actor's Theatre production of "Candida," by Bernard Shaw.

**B**ETWEEN his engagements behind the footlights, Mr. Browne identified himself with many of the stars in their earlier moving picture successes. He played opposite Mary Pickford when her now shorn curls were just coming into prominence. This was in "The Eagle's Mate," her first starring vehicle after she left the old Biograph studios. One of his last appearances in the films was with Constance Talmadge in "Scandal." Between these two pictures he had featured roles with Mae Murray, Hazel Dawn, Corrine Griffith, stars of the screen, so that whether it was footlights or Klieg lights, Harry C. Browne more than made good.

All this while the banjo was hibernating, waiting for sunshine to bring it out in all its glory, and finally the opportunity shone forth. The Columbia Phonograph offered him a contract to

Hank and "local color" boost their show.



record his old blackface minstrel songs, and as a result he "canned" over fifty numbers with his own accompaniment. It was at this time Mr. Browne was featured in two musical comedy successes, "Oh! Lady! Lady!" and the "Little Hopper."

He entered Radio in 1926 as manager of station WGHP in Detroit and one year later, following the suggestion of Major Andrew White, he joined the Columbia Broadcasting system where he originated Hank Simmons Showboat and other stellar features.

G. Underhill Macy, who portrays Hank Simmons, comes by his talents naturally. His mother was a contralto, well-known concert and oratorio audiences of a past generation while his father was a favorite bass of his time. It was the intention of the elder Macy to guide his son towards a career other than the stage, but the call of the footlights proved the stronger. One day a minstrel show came to town, and the youngster, with no other experience than the singing which he had done as a church soloist in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, applied for a part. He was accepted and left with the troupe. Afterwards he toured in vaudeville, appearing on all the major circuits, and was also featured in a number of musical comedy productions as the "Ace of Harmonistic Humor." Now he is devoting his time and talents to Radio, appearing on many of Columbia's programs with a variety of contributions.

Filling the role of Jane McGrew is Little Edith Thayer, recording artist and actress of the cleverest type, who has no peer in "kid" impersonations. In Elsie May Gordon we see Maybelle, the troupe's soubrette. There are others deserving of mention, including good Phil Maher, the script adapter, whose own original vehicles are often selected for presentation, and who is now sitting on a box in the corner, surveying the happenings from this advantageous point. He is an actor and playwright of the old school.

**T**HERE is much more to learn and you would tarry longer but the time is short—in fact, there is but one minute of grace. And, like Cinderella, you must take sudden leave just as our hero is taking Little Nell into his strong arms.

Now you are at home again, seated before the Radio. While the "Maybelle" band plays the exit march, the audience is heard scuffling from the "theatre." As the music fades, the voice of the announcer grows louder with:

"Once again the curtain has fallen on one of Hank Simmons Showboat productions. Next week at this time you are again invited to be Hank's guests aboard his floating theatre when the great melodrama, "Hearts of the Blue Ridge," will be played. This program comes to you over the Columbia system.

# The GIGOLO MYSTERY

By Arthur B. Reeve

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

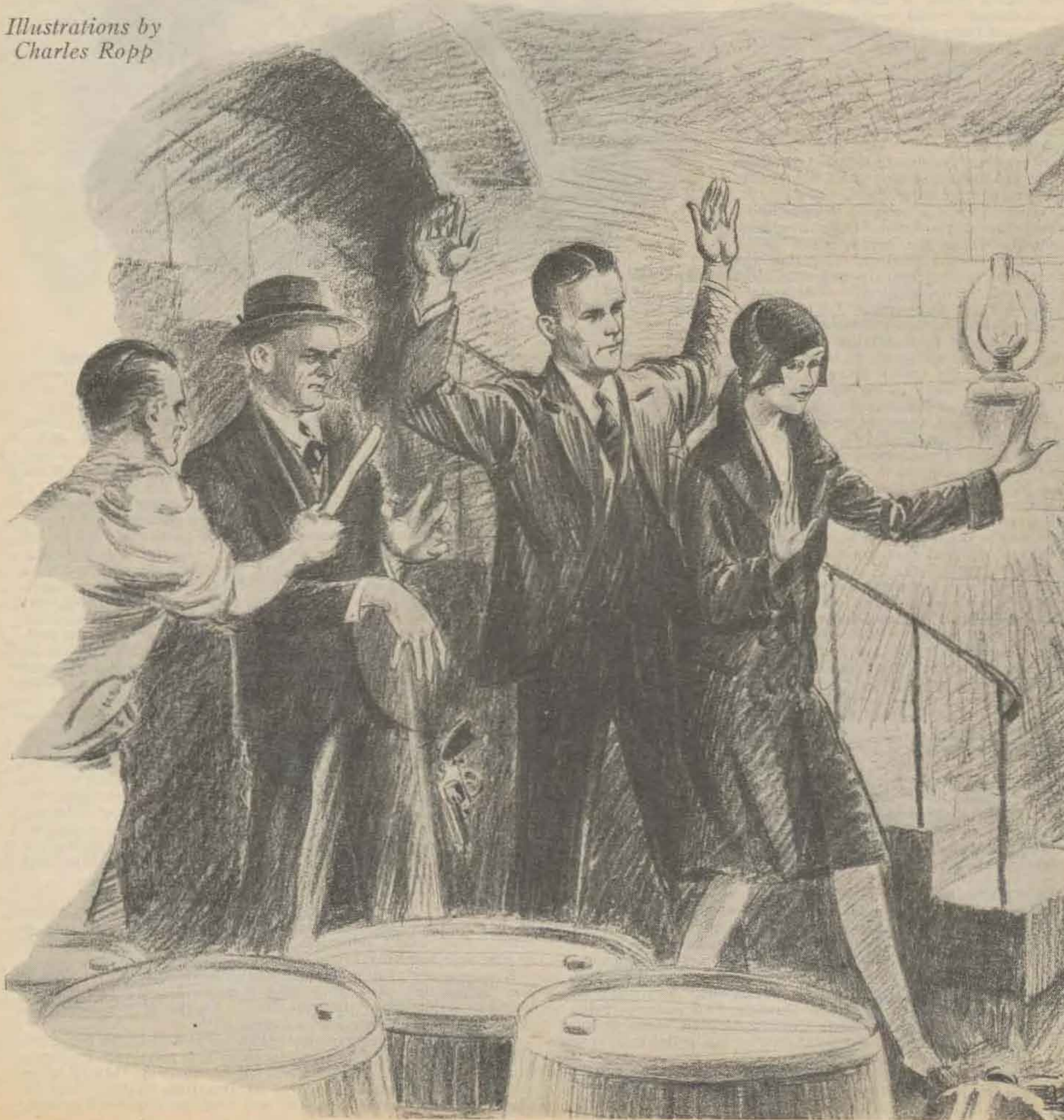
Even the master detective, Craig Kennedy, was mystified. But while searching for a motive he uncovered a recently organized clique under the direction of Eversly Barr to import a cargo of contraband booze. Barr and Donato, known as Don the Dude, were using their peculiar charm for women to involve not only Lola Langhorne, the pretty divorcee, and her yacht, but also little Judy Hancock, the seventeen-year-old banker's daughter. Then there were the night club girls, Mazie Mellish, jealous of Trixie Dare, and perhaps of Lola, too.

Illustrations by  
Charles Ropp

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

Dietz took Craig Kennedy and his newspaper reporter friend, Walter Jameson, to the tanker where Eversly Barr and his party were waiting for the storm occasioned by Lola's death to blow over.

Posing as a prospective customer for a large quantity of the best liquor, Kennedy was at the same time pumping Barr and

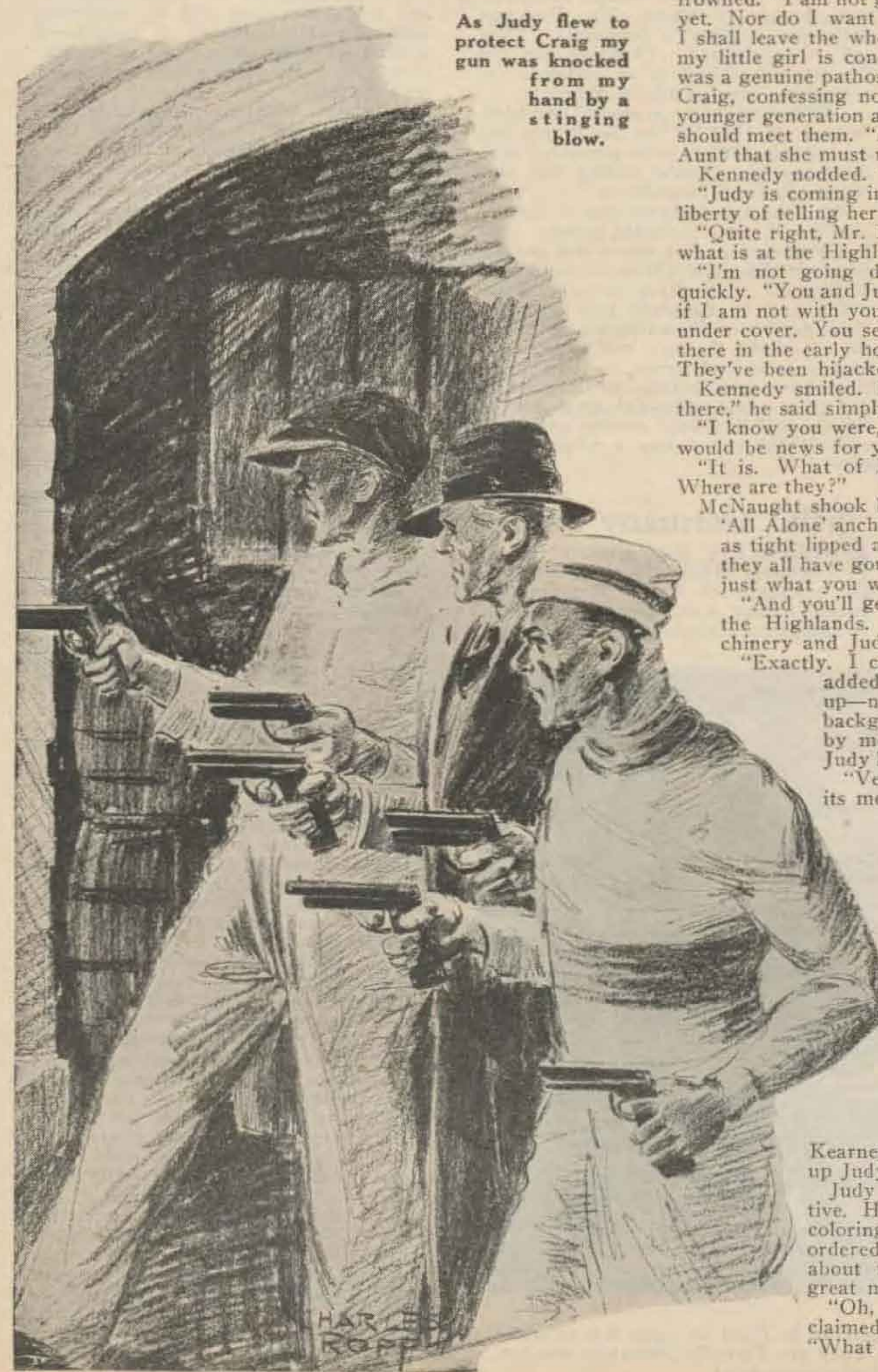


## Craig Kennedy Invades the Armory Castle of the Rum Runners in Search of Captain Smith and Meets Trouble

his companions, who included Trixie Dare, Jean Bartow and Don the Dude. Some of the mysterious background of what happened just before Lola Langhorne met her death was being revealed by the gang when suddenly there was a series of explosions and the cry—"Hi-Jackers!"

Among the leaders of the pirate crew was flip little Mazie Mellish. She made straight for Trixie, and the hair flew. Suddenly remembering business, the leaders of the hi-jackers recognized Dietz and turned him and his companions loose.

As Judy flew to protect Craig my gun was knocked from my hand by a stinging blow.



**F**AGGED by the all-night trip out to Rum Row, I was awakened early the next morning when Kennedy answered a call at our buzzer.

I was amazed when I saw McNaught walk into our living room accompanied by a very haggard banker, Hancock, the father of the debonaire little Judy.

"We know, Kennedy, that Deitz has been operating from a place they call the Castle, somewhere in the Highlands," shot out McNaught in a business-like manner. "We also know that we are just about to locate it—how, I cannot tell you just yet. But we are not ready to crash the Castle yet. What we want is to locate this Captain Ryder Smith in the Lola Langhorne murder. That is the place to get the line on him. And little Judy Hancock, who has been using wireless to communicate with the rum fleet, knows the Castle." McNaught turned to Hancock.

The banker inclined his head. "In that case Judy must make reparation. She must lead you as best she can to what it is you want to learn in running down this scandalous affair." He frowned. "I am not going to trust myself to see my daughter—yet. Nor do I want to see young Barr, or any of them. No; I shall leave the whole matter of handling the case, as far as my little girl is concerned, in your hands, Kennedy." There was a genuine pathos in the tone of the banker as he turned to Craig, confessing not so much his inability to deal with the younger generation as his doubt of controlling his temper if he should meet them. "I have conveyed word to Judy through her Aunt that she must meet you, sir, and help you."

Kennedy nodded. "Depend on me. Where shall I meet her?"

"Judy is coming in on the North Shore express. I took the liberty of telling her you would meet her at the station."

"Quite right, Mr. Hancock. Now, McNaught, tell me about what is at the Highlands and your program."

"I'm not going down with you, Kennedy," he answered quickly. "You and Judy Hancock will go through with it better if I am not with you. But I shall be there. I am going down under cover. You see, in the first place the 'All Alone' put in there in the early hours of the morning—not a bottle aboard. They've been hijacked."

Kennedy smiled. He did not feign a surprise. "Yes; I was there," he said simply.

"I know you were," returned McNaught. "But I thought it would be news for you to know what happened afterward."

"It is. What of Barr and the rest? Are they on it yet? Where are they?"

McNaught shook his head. "They got away as soon as the 'All Alone' anchored. Only the crew are on it, and they're as tight lipped as clams. I don't know yet exactly where they all have gone. That's not the point. What we want is just what you want—a line on Captain Ryder Smith."

"And you'll get that at this place you call the Castle in the Highlands. I understand. It's part of Dietz's machinery and Judy must take us there."

"Exactly. I can't go; not yet. Of course," McNaught added hurriedly, "you understand, it's no round-up—not yet. That's why I want to keep in the background. I may tell you that we located it by means of our Radio 'trouble wagon.' But Judy knows where it is, and she must take you."

"Very well. I'll start with the 'All Alone' for its moral effect on her."

"The tanker's at anchor down there," explained McNaught. "We are letting no one on it. But you can go. There's really nothing on which to hold it. It was literally cleaned. But there are plenty of marks of violence."

"With no casualties," smiled Craig.

"You say they've all scattered?"

"Yes Ev Barr is gone. Trixie Dare and Don the Dude have disappeared in one direction and Warner Davis and Jean Bartow in another. Of course, Mazie Mellish and Jake Merck may be out there yet, but I don't think so."

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(Continued on page 100)

# Breezy Gossip of Friends at

Important News of What Big and Well as Personal Items About Their Best for Old Man

## Meeting Old Friends

WHEN you sit down before your Radio set and turn the dials to your favorite station you hear the voice of an old friend. You have listened to each member of the staff of this station so many times that you have come to feel a close friendship for everyone whose voice greets you. The station itself is an old friend.

Fortunate indeed are you if you have an opportunity to visit this station, and personally meet these friends of the air. But perhaps the ones you like best are many miles away from your home, or for one reason or another you have never seen these people you hear, face to face. For you, and for the broadcasting stations, this magazine is edited.

If you fail to find a picture or a story about your friend the station, and your friend the artist, in these columns, don't blame us. We want the cooperation of every broadcaster and every reader. Tell your friend the station that you want to see a story about him, and his artists, in *Radio Digest*.

## See Radio Drama Aid

EVER since the advent of broadcasting, views to the effect that Radio threatens the art of acting have been blazoned far and wide by men of the theater and out; there has been a general suspicion that with Radio's domination in the entertainment world, a curb to histrionic talent, owing to the limitations of Radio, is decidedly in evidence.

To all such opinions Gustave Frohman, dean of American theatrical managers, now renders a striking reply, with the prediction that in a few years Radio will create new Mansfields.

Mr. Frohman, who finds Radio and the talkies, as well as the legitimate thea-

ter adding daily new joys to his 75 years, was asked to comment on the relationship between the theater and Radio. Instantly he responded:

"Radio destroy the art of acting? Why. Radio is going to be the school of acting. It will create greater actors."

As for "killing the theater" through the advance of Radio, Mr. Frohman finds the suggestion ludicrous. "Not so!" he exclaimed. "Nothing can kill the theater. There is an audience for everything worth while in America.

"While I'm on the subject," he added, "may I say that I'd like the drama and the talking pictures to be presented with the same fine musical setting that surrounds Radio presentations."

Mr. Frohman declared that the microphone will prove to be the greatest professor of acting, that voices and general dramatic technique will be trained on the conception of thrilling invisible audiences, and he contends that with the development of showmanship in Radio, the art of the thespian will be accentuated in force and fervor, so that by the time television arrives, when gestures and expressions will assist the elocutionist, we will find finer diction and voice control than ever before in dramatic history.

## NBC, Germany Trade

FOLLOWING final approval by the Reichpost Ministerium of Germany, the exchange of Radio programs between German stations and the National Broadcasting company has been started.

Three experimental programs are directed to the NBC each day by the German Broadcasting company.

These programs are sent through a short-wave station recently erected especially for that purpose at Konigswusterhausen. A definite effort toward working out a schedule for their reception and re-broadcasting will be continued until the signal quality is considered worthy of being placed on a regular broadcast basis for stations associated with the NBC.

Programs, when found available, will be of special nature, bringing from Germany broadcasts typical of that nation, and sending to Germany programs typically American. Descriptions of important events, speeches of prominent officials and other types of entertainment will be included.

Approval of the international Radio alliance, proposed early last Summer during a visit to Germany by M. R. Aylesworth, president, and C. W. Horn, general engineer for the NBC, and furthered a few weeks later when a delegation of German broadcast officials came here, was approved early in October.

## Hear Great Conductors

AN OPPORTUNITY to hear for the first time the great symphony orchestra conductors broadcast a series of concerts is being given in the Atwater Kent hour.

The list includes such musical celebrities as Fritz Reiner of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra; Willem Mengelberg of the New York Philharmonic Symphony orchestra; Willem van Hoogstraten of the Portland, Oregon, Symphony orchestra and director for five years of the Lewisohn Stadium concerts in New York; Eugene Goossens, famous modern English composer and director of the Rochester Symphony orchestra; Enrique Fernandez Arbos, for twenty-five years director of the Madrid Symphony orchestra and guest conductor this year of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra; Artur Rodzinski, director of the Los Angeles Symphony orchestra and associated as guest conductor with the Philharmonic of New York and the Curtis Institute of Music; and several others.

It has long been appreciated by students of music that an orchestral concert is a fifty-fifty demonstration of the works of the composers represented on the program and the interpretative ability of the orchestra director. This is one of the notable policies which has characterized the work of Josef Pasternack, who has made a reputation with Radio listeners as director of the Atwater Kent Concert orchestra. This season A. Atwater Kent, sponsor of the Atwater Kent Radio hour, decided that in addition to the great opera and concert stars that have been presented in his Sunday evening Radio programs, guest conductors, who are likewise great artists, should be brought to the studio from time to time to demonstrate their individual interpretative genius.

# Your Favorite Radio Stations

Little Broadcasters Are Doing, as the Entertainers Who Give Mike and His Listeners

Arrangements have been made to have conductors famous throughout the United States and Europe direct the orchestra from time to time during the season. To this end the Atwater Kent orchestra, organized from Philharmonic orchestra members, has been increased to such size that it will be a complete symphonic unit.

## Holland Re-Broadcast

FOR the first time in the history of Radio a program from Holland has been re-broadcast through a coast-to-coast network of American stations.

For forty-five minutes thirty stations associated with the National Broadcasting company gave listeners a program of typical Dutch music sent through a short wave transmitter located at Huizen, Holland. Seven musical selections were played from the Holland station by a small symphony orchestra of about forty pieces. Between selections the Dutch announcer described the next number and sent greetings to America in a voice that registered as clearly as though he was speaking before a microphone in this country.

The program was designed especially for American listeners, the first time such an innovation was ever attempted by any foreign Radio station. The announcer spoke in English and named specific American cities, including New York, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco, in his greeting.

Radio listeners joined engineers and musicians in acclaiming the broadcast the finest pick-up of a foreign program ever accomplished in the United States. Every note in every musical selection was heard distinctly, while the instruments in the orchestra registered as clearly as if the group had been in an American studio, according to many reports received from listeners by the NBC.

## Draft Musical Star

ONE of the luminaries of the musical world has been drafted for appearance before the microphone in the person of Joseph Achron. Achron, a composer and violinist of some note, is director of the Jewish hour, an NBC feature on Sunday afternoons, sponsored by the General Committee on Jewish Religious Radio programs. The cultural valuations of the Jewish faith are stressed in the programs.

Achron is a noted musician and is a musical prodigy. He wrote his first composition when seven years old and at the age of eleven gave a concert at the Royal Palace in Russia for which he received a gold watch from the Czarina. He has been a soloist with the Boston Symphony orchestra and has composed over sixty works.

His orchestra includes the following musicians: Emanuel Bay, Serge Kottorsky, Victor Bay, Elias Lifshay, Naoum Benditzky, Guy D'Iserre and Joseph Yasser.

Rosalie Wolfe, widely known NBC

## Alley Once Plowman

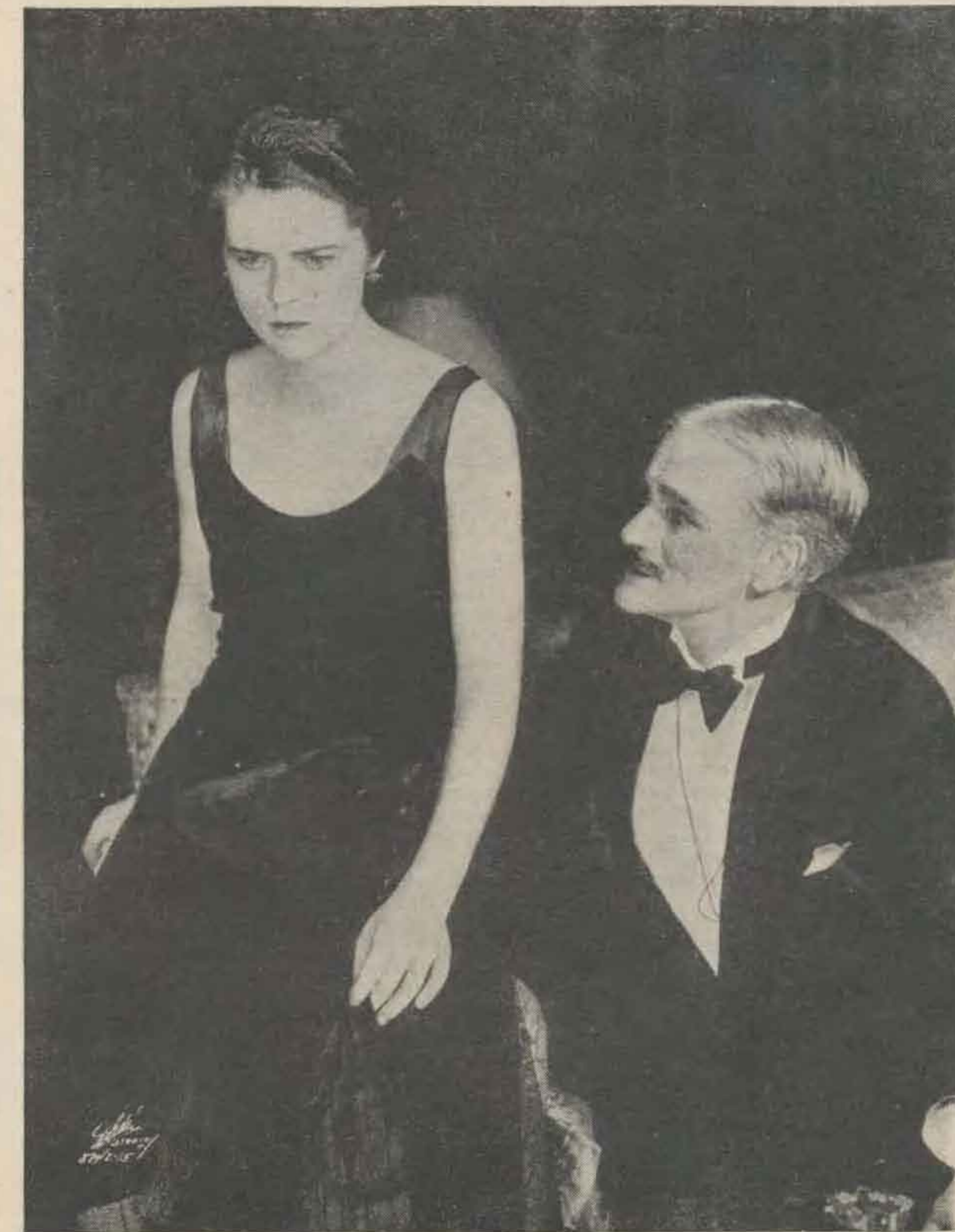
BEN DEBER ALLEY, star tenor of the Columbia Broadcasting system, was born in the mountains of West Virginia. The boy spent his early childhood on his father's farm in Lincoln county, West Virginia, where corn and wheat and oats grow in abundance, but all too unscientifically. Ben tells with pride of his having been the champion corn-hoer of the neighborhood, and of his audience of small girls and boys as he sang at his work. Hoeing and singing stood him in good stead, for the muscles that he developed wielding a hoe were to make him a champion athlete some years later when he reached college, and singing was to prove his life's work.

The son of a Baptist minister, whose income, apart from his meager farm produce, consisted in the twenty-five dollars a week that he received for holding divine services, and whose family numbered seven children, Ben Alley's chances of a satisfactory education looked slim. He started at the country

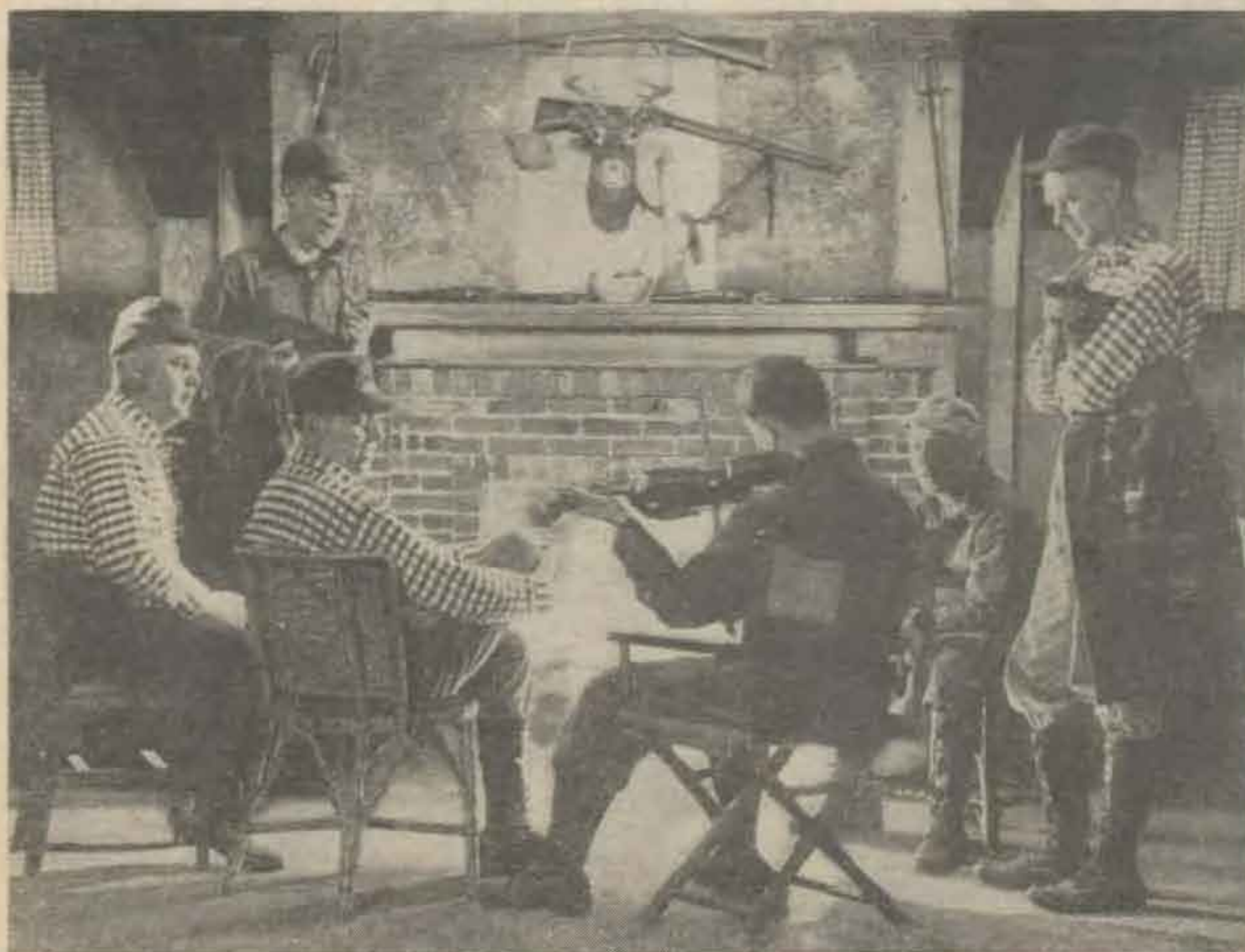
soprano, will be heard in the program in vocal selections. Other vocal artists to be heard include Lucien Rutman, tenor; Anna Meitchik, alto; Mosha Rudinov, baritone.

Rabbi Samuel Cohen directs the new program series and is secretary of the committee sponsoring the new hour of Radio entertainment.

Mary Hopple, contralto heard in Philco's Theater Memories, the Armstrong Quakers and other NBC programs, is an expert typist. During her high school days in Lebanon, Pa., she was awarded first prize for speed typing and set a class record of more than eighty words per minute.



A scene from Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, with Eva La Gallienne as Hedda, and Sayre Crawley as Judge Brack. Presented by WABC and the Columbia system.



Just a jolly crew of big outdoor men gathered in front an open fire to while away an idle hour on a frosty evening. They are Sylvania Foresters quartet, with their violinist and accompanist.



First line defense—Judge Curtis D. Wilbug, former secretary of the Navy, who talked over the NBC system on the necessity of progress in the United States Navy.

school that was attended by the children of the neighborhood within a radius of twenty miles, who came for the rudiments of an education and infrequently got more. Ben was a studious boy; "smart" his teachers called him.

He longed for the education of a scholar and a gentleman. When he had finished his eight grades, he still yearned for knowledge, and, since there were neither books in abundance, nor higher schools within reach, he went back to that eighth grade, from which he had so-to-speak graduated, and repeated it not once, but four times in an effort to glean wisdom. Twice his sister was his teacher, and three times his brother and it is easy to imagine either of them introducing him to subjects that lay outside of the field of their regular curriculum, awakening the intellectual curiosity of this eager boy.

Ben Alley already has a large following on the Radio, as the enormous number of communications that he receives daily serves to testify, and Columbia acclaims him one of the most promising tenors in the whole country.

## DeLuca Makes Song Alive and Vibrant

THE ability to make the spirit of song live and become vibrant is attributed to Giuseppe DeLuca, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company, in a greater degree than any other operatic vocalist of the present time. He has demonstrated his remarkable art as guest soloist during the Atwater Kent Radio Hour.

It was this quality in the voice of a Roman boy of thirteen years of age that caused DeLuca to attract the attention of Bartolini, the famous baritone and teacher of the Eternal City. The master was astonished at the precocity of the child and insisted on taking him in charge.

DeLuca's voice was most carefully guarded during the period it was changing, the future baritone not being permitted to sing a note. When he reached the age of sixteen he was entered as a student in the Conservatory of St. Cecilia in Rome and spent the next five years in intensive study. Then he made his debut in "Faust" and scored a triumph. For eight years he was chief baritone of

the famous La Scala Opera house in Milan and then came to America, after acquiring fame in every country of Europe as an interpreter of operatic character and the poetry and romance of song.

His career in both North and South America was a repetition of his European triumphs and today he is recognized as the chief baritone of the great Metropolitan galaxy of stars and one of the most sought after concert singers. In his program for the Atwater Kent hour the singer has chosen groups of songs descriptive of almost every emotion, much of which comes from modern composers of both opera and ballad. Two operatic arias will have orchestral accompaniment and other contributions of the soloist will be accompanied on the piano by Pietro Cimara, the well-known pianist.

## Business Man Has Day in New Series

THE Tired Business Man had his day before the loud speaker when the National Broadcasting company inaugurated its new program series, "The New Business World." Coming on Saturday evenings, the first of the series saw Merle Thorpe, editor of Nation's Business, before the mike. In conducting the program he graphically described the dramatic developments in commerce and industry.

Among the noted authorities scheduled to speak during the new series are William Butterworth of Moline, Ill., president of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Robert P. Lamont, secretary of Commerce; James J. Davis of Washington, chairman of the Federal Farm board; Bruce Barton of New York, president of Batton, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, Inc.; Carl Gray of Omaha, president of the Union Pacific system; Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, merchant and philanthropist; Julius H. Barnes of New York, president of the Barnes-Ames company; Kent Cooper, general manager of the Associated Press; Karl Bickel, president of the United Press; Charles F. Kettering of Detroit, president of the General Motors Research corporation; Col. Leonard P. Ayres of Cleveland, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust company; Matthew Sloan of New York, president of the New York Edison company; Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago, vice-chairman of the First National bank of Chicago; Lewis E. Pierson of New York, chairman of the board of the Irving Trust company.

The dramatic changes that occur overnight in business are of interest to everyone, according to M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting company, and for that reason the new series has been arranged, he said.

"The significance of the giant mergers, and bank consolidations of industries and utilities; the battle between the chain stores and the independent merchants; the trend toward mechanical selling; the problems of labor and the competition of huge industries for new markets—all these are events that affect the lives of every one of us. What is happening on the stage of business today has never been surpassed in its dramatic interest in the history of the civilized world."

Excerpt from a letter received by the National Broadcasting company: "I claim to be the only man who can neigh like a horse so near natural, if you were near where there were horses you would not think of a human voice being able to perform such a feat."

## Alda Demonstrates Real Versatility

A DEMONSTRATION of something of the versatility required of singers who face the microphone was given by Frances Alda when she appeared in the Atwater Kent Hour. Her program ran the gamut of vocal composition, from folk songs and ballads to opera and oratorio.

Radio has made it necessary for those who formerly specialized as dramatic or lyric or coloratura interpreters of song, to widen the scope of their appeal. Mme. Alda, New Zealand song bird, who became a sensation in Europe and South America before coming to the United States, was one of the first of the internationally famous singers to give thought to this particular phase of musical development through broadcasting and to adapt her vocal abilities and interpretive genius to meet the new requirements.

"When singing to visible audience, I know immediately the effect of the music on the people before me—I can see it and tune myself to their emotional wave length, in a manner of speaking," declares Mme. Alda. "How different it is to sing into a microphone in a sound-proof room for an audience I cannot see nor judge as to receptiveness. The very uncertainty inspires one with a desire to perfect the art of song, so as to make its meaning unmistakable."

Mme. Alda's program in the Atwater Kent Hour was a diversity of character and emotional appeal seldom attempted by a singer. Joy and sorrow, meditation and triumph, love and despair, devotion and frivolity, are all represented.

John S. Young, NBC announcer, recalls that four years ago Rudy Vallee was performing for more than 75,000 persons at the same time—and he wasn't getting paid for it. That was when Vallee led the football band at Yale. Young was at the university at the same time as Vallee.



Chief of the Nit Wits, Brad Browne, all set for a big evening of Nit-Witting over the Columbia system. Brad is the author of this popular feature whose motto is "Fun for all and all for fun."



## Beats the Talkies at Their Own Game as "Ghost Voice"

MANY Radio stars became famous through unique circumstances but none can top the story of Marcella Shields, Radio actress extraordinary, who beat the talking pictures at their own game so decisively that she saved the silent picture magnates from ruin.

They still talk of Miss Shields' exploit along Broadway and, for a street that forgets famous Thespians over night, that isn't a bad record.

When the Talkies burst upon a jaded Rialto not so long ago and gave that blasé thoroughfare a new thrill, many silent-film producers were facing ruin. Their film store-rooms were piled high with super-attractions all ready for release. Something had to be done to stave off bankruptcy.

At this point in the real-life scenario, Miss Shields chanced to walk into a certain movie studio in New York City. Some one's attentive ear caught her voice above the hubbub of a hundred worried conferences. It was a voice that had been heard on the stage ever since its owner was four years old. It sounded good. There was a kind of infectious humor in it that reached out and tickled your ribs.

A voice test was arranged. So well did the dulcet tones register that worried producers breathed a sigh of relief and like magic the furrows vanished from their brows. They ordered Miss Shields' voice to be carefully synchronized with the silent lip movements of the actors.

So for weeks preceding the premier of such masterpieces as *Lilac Time* with Colleen Moore, *Submarine* with Jack Holt, *While the City Sleeps*, starring Lon Chaney and many others, Miss Shields re-enacted in sound the gripping moments of the silent drama. Making conversation all day long was no small job, especially as in some pictures she had to play as many as five different characters by different voice characterizations. When the first synchronized talking picture reached Broadway, it was Miss Shields' voice that won as much admiration from the critics as the acting of the stars.

Soon after this a jaded Radio director, spending a night off at the first talkies, heard a speaking voice that he liked. Tracing it back to its owner, he demanded that she appear for an audition.

So well did this turn out that Miss Shields was soon a regular sustaining feature on the National Broadcasting company's programs, appearing with Helen Handin in the famous *Two Trouper* skit. She even wrote many of the skits, culling the material from her own experiences on the road.

### Bulgars Boost Time

TWENTY-FOUR hour broadcasting service is now emphasized in Bulgaria, according to latest reports from Sofia. The Bulgarian government station, which has been under construction for the past two years, is now complete, and is giving service to central Europe.

The station is equipped for both short and long wave transmission, operating on 13,000 watts. Service with Vienna and Budapest began in the late summer, and other services, with enlarged programs, will be started as soon as personnel can be secured and trained.

The range for the long wave transmission includes all the capitals of Europe, while the short wave is designed primarily for communication with England.



Here they are! Two of the most popular singers on the air! The Paul Sisters, whose harmonizations are heard over the NBC. Left, Ruth, and right, Julia.

## Farm Bedtime Is Before 9 O'clock

BEDTIME back on the farm remains one of the few things American which have remained practically stationary for a century, it is disclosed in a Radio survey to determine the time of day the farmer listens to broadcast made by the Bremer-Tully Institute of Radio research. This has resulted in a shifting of programs.

"The urban propensity to make whoopee has not affected the 'backbone of the nation,' otherwise the farm population," declared Richard E. Smiley, director of the institute. "That fact is definitely determined by the result of some 30,000 individual replies to queries sent to Radio owners in agricultural centers throughout the nation.

"Time when the largest farm audience is on the air is at exactly 8:30 o'clock in the evening. From that time on the audience rapidly falls off."

Presumably the audience falls off to sleep, although the survey does not in so many words say so, but where else would they fall?

"Eight-thirty P. M. is the peak hour for the nation as a whole," according to Mr. Smiley. "In the middle west a maxi-

imum is reached at 8 o'clock, with a decrease noted by 8:30 P. M.

"Only a few farm folks listen to Radio programs before noon or in the afternoon. The average morning audience runs less than one-tenth of the total. High noon is a favorite time for exercising the dials, with approximately 80 per cent of the farm Radio users on the air then."

### Gibbons on New War

FLOYD GIBBONS, noted war correspondent and writer, is on a new battlefield. His verbal dispatches over the NBC on the General Electric Hour Saturday nights are dated from the Field of Science and follow the adventures in that great movement. Listeners were taken backward to the early days of Schenectady in Gibbons' first talk. He described the pioneer days in the electrical town, with the arrival on the scene of Thomas Edison. In subsequent talks he is scheduled to take up other phases of advancement, including the explosion of the atom and other exciting episodes.

Add to unusual requests the one recently received by the NBC for the words and music to "Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here."

# Cheerio Is Password for 50,000

*Act That Started as Pinch-Hitter Four  
Years Ago Now One of Most Popular in East*

By Kenneth W. Stowman

Within the past five years, Artie Bitting and His Cheer-ups club, broadcasting from WFAN, have received 50,000 applications from the Radio audience for membership in this pioneer Radio club.

Cheerio! has been the password of the Radio fans, or we may say, an eleven o'clock time signal.

It was a cold and stormy evening, and the moon was shining bright, three fair coeds failed to make their appearance on such a terrible night. This is a short, short story about the origin of the Cheer-up club, under the able direction of Artie Bitting. He and three of his close friends were in the studio, and due to the heavy storm, were unable to leave. When the other act failed to make its appearance, they went on the air, merely for the fun of it, for they never dreamed that they would make such a hit with the Radio audience. They are celebrating their fourth anniversary on the air in January.

Artie was elected King Cheerio, and has been the chief since the beginning of this novel club. The other three members were Andrew T. Stanton, Eddie Stange and Don Traveline, who furnished the entertainment during the pioneer days. At the second meeting, the following week, Don Traveline, the pianist, wrote an opening song which has been used ever since.

## The Opening Ode

Hello—How do—We're back again with you,

To chase away your blues,

We'll try our best, and you must do the rest,

To spread the real good news,

So don't forget to join our Cheer-up set,

A telegram or card if you can,

And every Thursday join our party, and

Listen in to Artie and his boys from

WFAN.

During the passing months of 1928, more than 1,000 members of the Radio audience joined this mythical club, by sending in their names on a telegram or card, which was read over the air and an official membership card was mailed to them by King Cheerio.

Soon after the starting of this organization, Billy James, an outstanding song writer, joined the club and as his contribution, he wrote a closing song which goes like this:

## The Closing Ode

Smile, smile at the end of the day,

Smile all your troubles away,

Pack up all your troubles and gloom,

Let's be happy while we may.

We have tried to entertain with music and song,

We are off to Dream Land, you're invited along,

So smile, smile sweet dreams of joy, from

Artie and his boys of WFAN.

During each Thursday evening meeting, new talent came and soon the Radio audience was hearing from the Singing Butcher, Charlie the Cop, Eddie the Milkman and many others. From 1926 to 1928, the official active membership was increased from four to twenty-four, with an inactive membership of over 25,000. Up to and including the present

time, the active membership is forty-four, with the inactive class still getting larger and it is now near 50,000. Artie and His Boys claim to have the largest Radio club in existence, with members in every state in the Union, Canada, Cuba and some in Central America.

Romance seems to find its way into every walk of life, and during last Winter an unusual affair was brought to life by this Radio club. One Thursday evening an ex-soldier of the World War came to the studios of WFAN to sing with Artie and His Boys. His pleasing tenor voice was introduced to the Radio audience as that of a Soldier of Fortune. The numbers that he sang were war-time melodies that the Yankee Boys sang over in France. In the next morning's mail, a letter was addressed to this Unknown Tenor, and it was signed by a French war nurse, who asked if by any chance he was the soldier whom she had nursed back to health on the other side, and then went back into the battle—never to be heard from again.

The affair so turned out, that these two were lovers on the other side, and they are now married and conducting a war of their own.

## Director of WIP on Tour Studies Europe

THE best, not only that America offers, but the cream of European musical novelties and presentations, is the constant endeavor of Edward A. Davies, director of WIP, Philadelphia. Every year Mr. Davies spends some months in Europe studying the field. This year he spent most of his time in Northern Italy and Switzerland. His observations concerning conditions there are found in a very interesting letter to the editor of Radio Digest, which is printed below:

"It may interest your readers to know that Italy has very quietly and very quickly taken its place in the first rank of the European Broadcasters. When I visited Italy during the summer of 1928, there seemed to be very little activity in the great Italian atropolis with regard to broadcasting, but this year I was surprised to hear programs from no less than five of the great cities of Italy, including Rome, Naples, Bologna, Turin and Geneva.

"Most of these cities have stations of more than 500 watts power and presented a delightful program comparable to the finest in Europe. For instance, in one night I heard a great symphony concert from Turin, a full performance of grand opera from Naples and a splendid diversified program from the province of Milan.

"Of course, Italy has not reached the status of comparison with our great American broadcasters, due to the fact that they do not have the variety that we have here in the States. This fact was also very noticeable in the broadcasting in Germany, France and Switzerland. All of these Stations I picked up while in Northern Italy.

"My experience this year, however, has taught me that Italy and Germany will very shortly contest for the superiority of European Radio programs



Edward A. Davies  
Director, WIP

with the balance a little in the favor of Italy as she seems to have taken a broader outlook on music generally. I mean by this, that she does not confine her programs to the strictly classical. Another point in Italy's favor is the training of her dance orchestras in the American style.

"In several of the cafes that I visited, I was surprised to find a number of Americanized Italians leading the dance orchestras and endeavoring to imitate the American standards of dance programs by using our quick, short tempo.

"I brought back with me this year several manuscripts of very fine musical compositions which have been orchestrated for use by our 22-piece symphony orchestra which broadcasts on our Sleepy Hollow hour every Sunday evening at 10:00 o'clock.

"May I say a word for this orchestra. It is composed of 21 members of the Philadelphia orchestra and each man has been selected for his particular standing in the musical world. I do not hesitate to say that I know of no other orchestra on the air of the same size that compares man for man with this Sleepy Hollow symphony orchestra."

## U. of Pa. Goes on Air

A SERIES of broadcasts involving addresses by leading authorities in various fields of learning, together with programs by its glee club, symphony orchestra, band and other student organizations, is being given by the University of Pennsylvania over station WCAU.

The series is known as the University of Pennsylvania Radio program, and consists of six broadcasts each week, continuing until the end of May. A wide range of subjects will be presented in the course of seven months of broadcasting.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the University will broadcast from three to three-thirty o'clock. The Monday period will be devoted to addresses in the field of literature. On Tuesday there will be presented a series of talks on psychology. Wednesday afternoon periods will be given over to the field of history, while on Thursday afternoon a series of lectures will be presented on problems in government.



If you think this band isn't good, just twist your dials to the Hartford, Conn., station some evening and listen in. They call themselves the Enchanted Hour Ensemble, and they enchant many an hour with music for fans all over the country from WTIC.

## Hobby Humble Origin of Station WHEC

**M**OST every one has a hobby, but few are able to develop their hobbies into worth while enterprises. Station WHEC at Rochester, New York, however, is one of the exceptions to the rule, for beginning purely as an avocation it has gradually grown during the past four years to a position of importance and prominence in Rochester's community life.

Station WHEC was founded and is yet owned by Lawrence G. Hickson, who is a prominent business man of the city. He purchased the first wireless telephone apparatus in Rochester in 1920. A year later a 100-Watt Forest transmitter was set up by him and a three nights a week broadcasting schedule was maintained for some time.

January 1, 1925, Mr. Hickson built another station and installed it in the rear of his electrical goods store at 36 South avenue, and engaged a studio in one of Rochester's principal hotels, the Hotel Seneca. This was the actual beginning of the station and from this time on expansion and progress have been rapid. Less than two years ago the station had but three employees, five hundred potential listeners, three program contributors, five daily programs, and was on the air an average of three hours a day. Now the station has nearly thirty employees, 750,000 potential listeners, seven hundred program contributors, thirty daily programs, and is on the air an average of fourteen hours a day. This latter feature has earned for the station the slogan "The All Day Broadcasting Station of the Hickson Electric company."

How did Mr. Hickson accomplish this great progress in so short a time? The answer is found in the fact that he recognized the possibilities of the Radio as a means of entertainment and the intense desire of the listeners to obtain more of this form of entertainment. Perhaps the greatest reason for the station's success has been its policy to consistently carry out its listeners' suggestions as to how to better its programs and make them more enjoyable. Household hints, the children's hour, setting-up exercises,

broadcast of the local baseball games and other of the station's regular programs have been results of suggestions from interested listeners.

Fred E. Van Vechten is general manager of the station and played no little part in putting the station on a paying basis—no little task in itself.

Nicholas Pagliara is musical director and holds the distinction of being the first Rochesterian to sing over the Radio. His early music training was in Sulmona, Italy, and he studied for some time in that country. After coming to the United States he did concert and stage work. At the present time Mr. Pagliara directs a staff of thirty-five musicians among whom are Joseph Martlage, harpist, who travelled around the world with Sousa's band; Gerald Sullivan, xylophonist, formerly with the Lucky Strike Orchestra and the National Broadcasting system; Herbert Zahn, formerly of the New Palm Beach Hotel, Palm Beach, Fla., and Gilbert Owen,



**JOHN L. CLARK** is director of programs at the Westinghouse Radio stations WBZ-WBZA at Boston and Springfield, Massachusetts.

## KDKA, Pioneer, is Nine Years Old

**T**HE pioneer of Radio broadcasting celebrated its ninth birthday with fitting pomp and ceremony, inaugurating its tenth year on the air through KDKA with consecutive programs over a period of more than forty hours. This program was unique in the history of Radio broadcasting, inasmuch as representatives of practically all the nations of the world participated. Parts of the program were announced in the fifteen leading languages of the world.

During the past year a number of foreign broadcasting stations have co-operated with KDKA in sending to homes of the American people and to Commander Byrd and his expedition at Little America, programs from abroad. During this anniversary program foreign broadcasting stations sent across the waters on short wave bands specially prepared programs which were picked up and re-broadcast by the pioneer station.

H. P. Davis, vice-president of Westinghouse and recognized as the father of broadcasting, spoke from the studios of KDKA in the William Penn hotel on Saturday evening, Nov. 2, at 8:00 o'clock, this being the exact time when the first regular scheduled broadcast program was sent from this station in 1920.

Other outstanding features of the anniversary program were the enacting of some of the features which were broadcast for the first time through station KDKA. Another feature was the formal opening of the new studios located in the William Penn hotel, the most modern and fully equipped studios in the world, which are quite an innovation over the first studio built at East Pittsburgh, which was located about thirty yards from the operating equipment at the Westinghouse plant. This makeshift studio and a small transmitter constituted the Westinghouse Broadcasting system at the close of 1920.

Step by step improvements have been made in the studio facilities until today within the walls of the William Penn hotel, two beautifully constructed studios, repeater equipment, reception room and offices are to be found.



Password?—Cheerio! This jolly gang is Artie Bittong's Cheer Up club. That is, it's that small part, the active performers, who appear before the mikes at WFAN. King Cheerio is at the extreme right.

## WTIC Contributes to World of Radio

**D**URING its years on the air station WTIC has made a number of significant contributions to the Radio world, perhaps none of them better known than that old favorite, Seth Parker's Old Fashioned Singing School. Seth Parker, the brain child of a Connecticut man, Phillips H. Lord, made his first appearance from a New York station. His success was but indifferent, and after eight weeks he deserted the microphone and might never have been heard from again had not he been discovered by Manager Clancy of WTIC.

In October, 1928, a cast comprised of members of the WTIC staff presented the first Seth Parker sketch. In spite of his failure to capture the metropolitan fancy in his broadcasts from the Manhattan station, Seth "chickied" in a most emphatic manner in his Hartford presentations. He enjoyed an uninterrupted run of 44 weeks under three different sponsors. After an absence of two months, he answered insistent cries of "encore!" by returning for another extended period under the sponsorship of Colt's, the famous fire arms manufacturing concern. Seth was so successful at Station WTIC that other stations adopted him. Station WEAJ even inaugurated an entirely separate Seth Parker continuity known as "Sunday Night at Seth Parker's."

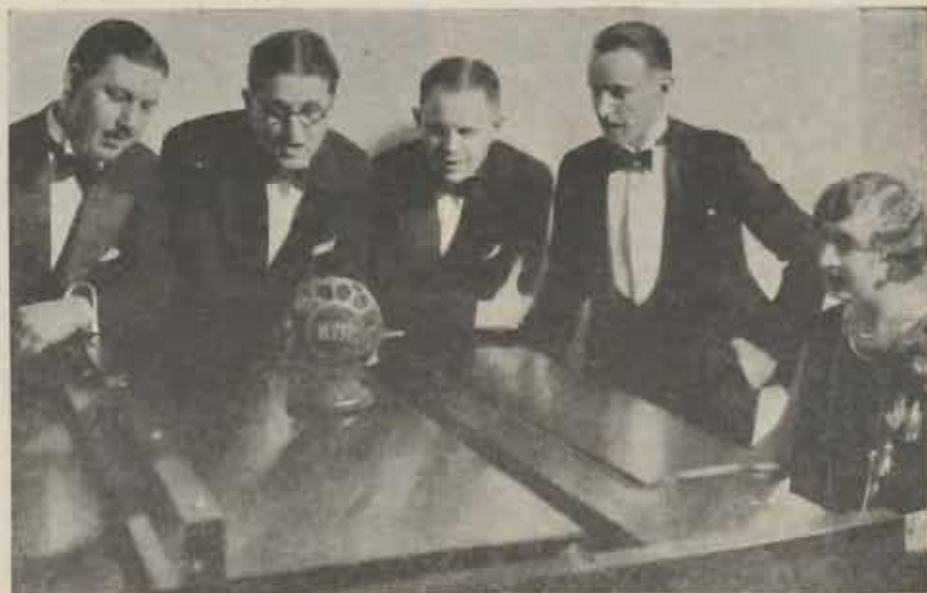
Norm Cloutier and his orchestra, a group of youthful musicians whose popularity in New England is of long standing, are appearing in a series called "Viennese Nights." These concerts feature modern Viennese tunes imported expressly for this program. Laura C. Gaudet, petite staff pianist, has pleased a large following for several years. Her recitals are regular morning features.

Arthur B. McGinley, sports editor of The Hartford Times, has for three years been regaling sports enthusiasts with droll accounts of goings-on in sportdom. His program is known as "Speaking of Sports." Miss Bessie Lillian Taft, who as "Mother Goose" gives a weekly quarter-hour of fairy tales for children, is a WTIC veteran. The Brown Thomson Quintet has for two years been a regular luncheon hour feature, broadcasting twice a week. Walter Seifert's organ recitals have charmed adherents to Station WTIC for two years, too.

Among the luminaries of the WTIC staff are Paul Lucas, whose voice has for several years been familiar to the New England audience; Thomas C. McCray, program manager who has won himself renown through his announcing; Edwin L. Rogers, former musical comedy soloist and WOR announcer; Miss Beatrice Bangs, prominent member of the WTIC dramatic players, and Ed Oversby, former announcer and singer of KFWI, San Francisco, KHJ, Los Angeles, and several other western stations.

The personnel of Station WTIC includes approximately 50 persons. Only seven of them are ever heard by the Radio audience. They are the announcers and those who on occasion take "speaking parts" during broadcasts. Behind the scenes is a retinue which includes three engineers, eight operators, several clerical workers, electricians, carpenters, continuity writers, an acoustician, publicity writers, a studio hostess, printers, caretakers, messengers and many others.

The studios are located in The Travelers building in Hartford, the tallest building in New England. They contain an equipment second to none.



These boys are putting some real music on the air as they sing into the microphone at WIP. The Wanderers, in case you haven't recognized them, form one of the most popular male quartets on the air.

## Industrial Drama Is Program Theme

**E**CHOING through the ages, the ring of steel upon steel, in war and in peace, has been the echo of progress. Again the ring of steel dominates, this time in an epoch of broadcasting. The Westinghouse Salute, coming over the NBC system, involves the most elaborate studio productions ever planned for any Radio feature.

A dramatic cast of twenty footlight stars and a ninety-piece symphony led by Cesare Sodero, is used in the programs. These are the featured performers of a permanent company of 125 people who present the Westinghouse Salute each Wednesday night.

The industrial drama of America is the theme of the new Radio epics, and steel was chosen as the initial subject. Plans for the new productions were launched more than six months ago, and the first presentation has been in rehearsal for the past six weeks.

Music suggesting the tensile power and strength of steel was specially transcribed by Sodero for his unique symphony group. The orchestration is unusual in that forty human voices will be used as wordless instruments to add an organ-like "vox-humana" effect to the woodwinds, brass choir and strings of the rest of the orchestra.

Two dramatic episodes in the saga of steel introduce an entirely new method of staging Radio dramas. The notable cast makes its bow to Radio listeners from coast to coast first in a colorful scene from the Middle Ages, and again in a graphic sketch of modern times.

The voice of a narrator replaces the customary announcer. Pedro de Cordoba, Broadway star and noted Radio voice, performs this function without interrupting the continuity of the productions.

Further musical features not only include special transcriptions of famous concert works, but also some original compositions by Cesare Sodero, the director, depicting the titanic daily drama of America's industrial life.

G. Bennett Larson, NBC production man, who has yet to cast his first vote, once was "Uncle Ben" on a children's hour. He was only nineteen years old at the time.

## Gypsy Nomad Plays from the Heart, Can Never Be Bought

"THIS Music cannot be bought . . . it is music that is played from your heart." Thus spoke Emery Deutsch, "The Gypsy Nomad," who is featured in many instrumental programs over WABC every week.

Emery Deutsch, born in Budapest, Hungary, was rehearsing his Royal Gypsy ensemble when he was asked by a bystander where he procured such beautiful music. Thus it was that Emery Deutsch told his inquisitor that the music could not be bought . . . "It was from the heart." And he was right, that music could never be bought. It was the result of years and years of intensive study and travel.

Trigane music is what really inspired Deutsch to study the violin. Soon after he began his music studies his family moved to Naples, Italy, and from there to Venice. The violin was forgotten. Deutsch once more was transported across the sea to America and it was in Cleveland, Ohio, that he seriously began the study of the violin.

Three long hard years of intensive study followed and then Deutsch was sent to New York where he studied in the Damrosch Institute of Musical art.

After graduating from the famous New York school he went back to Budapest on a concert tour, which finally ended up by Deutsch joining the classes of the Royal Academy of Music. Here he studied with the great master Jenő Hubay. Once again his heart reeked with the music of Hungary. He went to the cabarets once more . . . not as an innocent bystander as of his youth, but as a musician . . . a musician who sought to bring this wonderful music to America.

And so back to America in 1925.

This same year saw the organization of the Royal Gypsy ensemble, which unit remains intact to this day. It is this same organization that formed the popular WABC series known as "The Gypsy Camp."

Emery Deutsch and his Gypsy music—played from the heart and not from the printed page—are featured in the musical series known as "The Melody Chest," as well as in a host of others.



MABEL GARRISON, celebrated operatic and concert soprano, gave the WBAL audience a real evening of music one day not so long ago.



Hurrah! And three more ringing cheers for this charming team, The Harmony Trio, Sue and Lou. WHEC cheerfully admits that much of its popularity is due to the vocal offerings of this pair.

## Director Commutes 25 Miles to Studio

By C. H. McGee

STATION WCAE, at Pittsburgh, is fortunate in having such an accomplished and talented musician as Gertrude Mohr for the station Musical Director. When one considers that she lives twenty-five miles from the city, holds the double position of accompanist for a vocal teacher and teaches piano herself, in addition to her many and varied duties as Musical Director at WCAE, it is plainly evident that there are few hours of the day which she can call her own.

Miss Mohr arranges the talent on all local programs, rehearses the musical numbers (often taking part herself) and in a general way smooths off the rough edges in an effort to make finished and smoothly working programs, which the Radio audience is beginning to demand more and more. And then, as if this were not enough, every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, she presents a series of programs known as "Half Hours with Famous Composers." As the name would indicate, Gertrude Mohr presents, during this weekly half hour period, quite a few works from various of the immortals, some of the better-known and more of the rarely heard compositions.

May, 1930, will see the completion of the second year of this program's stay on the air. It has done invaluable work in educating the Radio audience of the Pittsburgh district in musical values besides widening considerably the average musical vocabulary and dictionary of the listeners. Miss Mohr says that she feels amply repaid for her constant work by the many letters she receives from her audience and we can say, without fear of contradiction from anyone on the staff of WCAE that no one deserves better to receive such letters of appreciation.

## Louis Goes Up, on Air

LOUIS L. KAUFMAN, senior announcer of Westinghouse Radio Station KDKA, relates his first experience of being in the air, after being on the air for six years.

It so happened that Col. Harry C. Fry, Jr., owner of the "Pathfinder," a Stinson Detroit Monoplane, who was conducting a unique endurance flight between Washington, D. C., and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, invited Mr. Kaufman to make one of the round trips between the two cities.

Louis says: "When Colonel Fry invited me to participate as a passenger on the last day of flying, I jumped at his offer, although a few minutes later I became doubtful of airplane riding, never having associated with blue skies or heaven any closer than a sacred song."

"All the excuses that could be mustered to decline the trip over the mountains to Washington were rejected. I found myself at the landing field, one foot on the step of the modern pegasus and one on the ground, having a most miserably difficult time trying to lift the other foot from terra firma—with one last prayer for an alibi to decline. Someone seeing my hesitancy aided me into the plane and closed the door. The pilots climbed in—the propeller was revolving and in a few seconds we were jogging across the field—with me limp in a back seat—thinking of all the dangers aircrafts are subject to and a few more that they are not—when the jogging ceased—I looked out to see why and I saw for the first time, the good old solid earth dropping away."

"After holding my breath and urging my heart to cease its wild palpitation, we straightened out and nosed toward Washington. It was then that I realized how foolish my fears were—we were riding smoothly and solidly—and Jack Thompson, our pilot, pointed out to me a funeral service that was being conducted in a grave yard far below."



One of the world's best known clerics and the first minister to preach for the Radio, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, is heard in the Cathedral Hour over the NBC.

## Paul Specht, Angel of Tin Pan Alley

**KNOW** "The Angel of Tin Pan Alley"? You would if you knew his other name, Paul Specht. Paul's got a new idea now, and the Tin Pan Alley boys love him for it. You see it's this way:

Years ago, before Paul Specht broke through into big time, he met a fellow who gave him the "breaks." That break meant the beginning for him, and he hasn't forgotten. He knows there are a lot of youngsters writing good music, but who can't seem to make the hurdles into Tin Pan Alley.

A few months ago he had the idea that if somebody would round up this promising material and present it to the Radio audiences, it would do two things—give the young musician a chance to get to Broadway and give Broadway a chance to hear new stuff. There was a bit of opposition at first. The skeptics thought it wouldn't go over. But Specht knew that there was lots of good new music around town that would go over big, given a chance. So he's giving the youngsters their "breaks." He had been collecting material for several months and he promises at least two big surprises during "Opportunity Hour."

"There's one number that the whole country will be singing inside of two weeks," he promises, and Paul Specht who has played all the Broadway successes for years ought to know a bit when he hears it.

## Hadley Makes "Find"

**DR. HENRY HADLEY**, America's foremost composer-conductor, who regularly directs his own symphony orchestra during the Gulbransen Hour broadcast over station WABC and the

Columbia Broadcasting system each Saturday night at 9:30 o'clock, has during his long career in music become well acquainted with the signs of genius in young people. An instance of this is his recent presentation, with the Manhattan Symphony orchestra, of Ruggiero Ricci, nine-year-old violinist, who was hailed as a sensation by the critics.

Not only on the concert stage has Dr. Hadley given unusual opportunity to capable child musicians, but during his broadcasts he has also presented several able youngsters, potentially great musicians of the future. Dr. Hadley's latest find, Victor Tallarico, twelve, was recently heard during the Gulbransen hour.

Master Victor, born and brought up in New York City, and a student at Public School 43, has studied music at the Damrosch School and under Friskin, and his ability as a pianist is attested by two gold medals awarded him in open competition by the New York Music Week association in 1928 and 1929.

During his appearance on the Gulbransen program the young pianist was heard in two solo numbers: the spirited "Impromptu in C Sharp" of Reinhold, and Chopin's "Waltz in E Minor," which, while it differs greatly from most similar Chopin compositions, is an unusually sparkling and interesting work.

## Band Had Courage

**SEVERAL** months ago Don Parker walked into the studios of station WAAT in Jersey City, and asked for an audition of his little four-piece orchestra. This small band of musicians played well and they had the courage of their convictions. From time to time the orchestra was augmented and now it consists of eight pieces and is considered about the best of its kind in the state. They are now booked up at WAAT every week day from 4:30 to 5 p. m.

## WOR Announcers Step in Spotlight

**IT IS** fairly well recognized that the spontaneity and wit of the early days of Radio were killed because a few announcers were indiscreet in their extemporaneous remarks. In many cases the indiscretions were due to a lack of training. But they were responsible for the order to make notes ahead of time so as to avoid what was mildly put as "overstepping."

These notes were directly responsible for the development of what has become known as the "continuity," which contains every word that is to be spoken over the air in the program to which it refers. The work of announcing almost instantly developed into a mere parroting of the type-written sheets.

A new crop of announcers sought to read their personalities into the lines. A few succeeded—those who had had experience on the stage or some other form of public appearance. On the whole, the human element was eliminated and the announcing became of the cut and dried variety.

Today nearly every major station in the country employs a staff of continuity writers, men and women who receive no mention over the air and very seldom in the newspapers.

In WOR, however, a new and unique system obtains: Each announcer has the opportunity to step into the kleig lights surrounding the particular program he is introducing because he writes the continuity himself. That is true of all of them from Walter J. Neff, the chief announcer, down to the newest recruit.

This, explains, too, why so few of the many applicants for announcer positions qualify. The entire staff is also qualified artistically to carry on a program in regular assignments or in emergencies.

**CITY AND VOICE**  
of Gadsden, Ala.,  
Boast Inherent Hospi-  
tality and Will to Serve  
All of Their Friends

# WJBY Typifies Real SPIRIT OF SOUTH



Known as the "Sweetest Singers on Earth," the Caldwell Sisters of WJBY certainly are a credit to the state of Alabama, as well as the city of Gadsden and the station. Sweet singers and sweet lookers.

## WAPI Jumping Ahead

**O**PENED only a year ago, December 31, 1925, as a 5,000-watt station, WAPI, now at Birmingham, Alabama, is just jumping ahead with its broadcasting services for the South and DX fans. Two new announcers were added to roster of the station staff last fall to help put on the air the 65 hours of programs offered each week to listeners throughout the Southland.

Among the wide variety of features offered from WAPI are: physical culture periods and inspirational talks each

week day morning; sport events, including in season baseball, football and boxing bouts; dramatic presentations twice weekly by WAPI players; WAPI variety by concert orchestra, organ and soloists; educational periods sponsored by owners.

Headliners on the studio staff include Leon Cole a baritone featured each Monday with the concert orchestra, Mae Shackelford, a soprano who appears on the same programs, and Percy and Henry, comedians, who go on the air at 10 o'clock Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

By James E. Campbell

**A**WAY down in Alabama among the foot-hills of the famous Lookout Mountains, on the banks of Coosa river, whose waters flow to the Gulf of Mexico, lies the City of Gadsden, where in the city proper and surrounding territory over 65,000 people live as one great family, true blooded Americans; live, wide awake and imbued with the spirit of Southern hospitality.

It was here that a Gadsden man, Chas. J. Black, got his idea to start something, and he did. Back in the year of 1923, WJBY made its first bow to the Radio world as a small ten-watt station which has grown until now it ranks with many of the popular stations of the United States. Hundreds of cards and letters commenting favorably on our programs are received every week by the station, which is one reason why we take so much time in arranging our programs to suit the pleasure and tastes of our listeners.

Any kind of music they wish to hear we get for them regardless of time and cost. It being our duty to please our listeners we put forth every effort to do just this, and judging from the many favorable comments we receive we are led to believe that our efforts are highly successful in the results.

The manager, James E. Campbell, devotes his entire time to the arrangement of the programs and the other details of station management. The announcer, Frank Hoggard, with his pleasing voice and manner has won himself much popularity since joining the station staff a few months ago. He was formerly with WRBT, of Wilmington, North Carolina. The station feels very much gratified in securing the services of this man who knows his mike as well as his listeners.

Among the most popular members of our artist staff is James L. Baily, devoted saxophonist, who entertains with his crooning melodies and saxophone blues. Another popular artist is Richard McCluney, known as "Dick," who on the air has touched the hearts of many with his soft baritone voice, singing "Mammy" songs as only Al Jolson could sing them. Much of the success of our programs is due to Miss Lewellyn Spkes, talented and capable staff pianist, and to Mrs. E. E. Baggette, who presides at the console of the mammoth pipe organ.

Joe McCormack is chief engineer of the station. Being brought up in the Radio field he devotes his whole time to the upkeep and betterment of the station, and in keeping it on the air.

## Corn Cobbers Return

**T**HE famous Corn Cob Pipe club has resumed its weekly meetings over the Edgeworth station, WRVA, at Richmond, Virginia. The Corn Cob Pipe club enjoyed nationwide interest last year over WRVA, and consists of a typical Virginia rural gathering, with old Virginia fiddlers, old time dance music, Negro Spirituals, anecdotes and comic specialties. The Club is presided over by Anthony Endre, an Old Timer in every sense of the word, and the meetings proceed in an extremely informal and extemporaneous fashion. Hundreds of Radio listeners importuned WRVA to resume the feature.



"The Boys Behind the Mike" at WREC. From left to right you see, F. W. Roth, alias Doc Sunshine; S. D. Wooten, director and announcer; H. P. Buddy Herbert, and Bob Alberty. Look like a jolly crew, don't they?

## Attending Classes Via Air WSB Plan

GOING to school before the good old family loudspeaker is quite the thing to do these days. Many who would not, through sheer inertia, lack of time, or other reasons, would not otherwise carry on their education now have an opportunity to keep their brain cells active by listening to the best educators in the country.

Pioneering in the field of education by Radio, WSB at Atlanta, Georgia, is carrying on regular courses of study in History, Physics and English literature. This work has been made a part of the regular noon hour broadcast by the University of Georgia.

The courses, offered under the direction of professors and departmental heads of the state university were begun

in November, and the first term was limited to a period of twelve weeks, with one lecture in each course each week. In announcing these courses university authorities pointed out that while they were not comprehensive in design nor complete in detail, they should be of great value to all persons interested in the subjects of history, physics and literature, and of especial interest to high school teachers and students throughout the state.

The courses were offered as a regular part of the joint program of the University of Georgia and the Georgia State College of Agriculture over WSB at noon each day except Sunday. Although the university does not give credit for those entering the Radio classes, the authorities of the school urge the value of the audition work and give every cooperation to those following the work.

Another feature program emphasized by WSB during November was a series of morning devotionals, presenting leading ministers of every denomination in Atlanta and the South. These programs were put on the air from eight to eight thirty each morning.

## Meridian Is On the Air

MERIDIAN, Mississippi, is playing a big rôle in the development of Radio broadcasting in the South today. Moving its transmitter and studios from Columbus, WCOC now makes its headquarters in Meridian with equipment that is the latest development of broadcasting technique. Through the voice of this pioneer station of Mississippi come interesting and novel programs of a wide variety, as well as many other service features.

With its offices and principal studios on the mezzanine floor of the Great Southern hotel, the Mississippi Broadcasting company now is better equipped than ever for an intense coverage of the South, reaching every home in the state as well as more distant points. Operated by a large staff of musicians and artists as well as engineers, WCOC uses two principal studios and has remote control connections with several other points in

Meridian. The transmitter is located at Mt. Barton, on the outskirts of the city.

A visitor to the main studio of the station is first ushered into the great reception room on the first floor of the hotel. From there the way leads through the business offices where the programs are drawn up and continuities outlined. Here the operator watches and listens to the programs being put on in the air.

WCOC from its new location broadcasts from the population center of the state. Operating on a clear regional channel with a wave length that gives perfect daylight coverage on full time, it reaches a great area that is not otherwise served. The slogan of the station is indicative of its state-wide consciousness, "Let us keep on building Mississippi—let us keep on telling folks about Mississippi."



This, ladies and gentlemen, is Salesman Sam, who performs before the mike with Art Hays in that feature at WMC. Real name is Hugh J. Mooney, and they like him.



This little lady contributes musical ability and charm to the programs at WFLA. Katherine Goss is her name, and she has a large following in the region of Florida.





One of the oldest and most popular dance orchestras in Virginia is the proud boast of this group of musicians. Every member of the Old Dominion orchestra, which is heard over WRVA, is a talented musician of renown.

## Popular Support Is Secret of WJSV

**P**OPULAR demand and subsequent popular support, financial and moral, are responsible for the inauguration and success of Radio station WJSV, Washington, D. C.

With the advent of Radio broadcasting into general use and popularity, requests from individuals and patriotic and fraternal organizations began to pour into the offices of the Independent Publishing company for the erection of a broadcasting station. The sentiment was for a station that would operate independently and on a wave length and with power that would carry its programs into every corner of the nation.

In 1926 popular insistence became so great that the task was shouldered by James S. Vance, president of the Independent Publishing company. Announcement was made that the company would undertake construction of a broadcasting station in the nation's capital, and contributions were invited from individuals and organizations.

The project met with immediate support. Contributions ranging all the way from twenty-five cents to one hundred dollars were received from thousands. The great bulk of the money, however, was in amounts of from one to five dollars.

In August of 1927 the first program was put on the air, with the formal opening in October of that year. Speaking on a program which included among its luminaries men prominent in every walk of life from every part of the country, Mr. Vance announced that WJSV was dedicated to "promulgation of the principles of religion, public education, fraternalism and patriotic Americanism." He emphasized that the basic ideal of the station would be unselfish service to the American people.

Perhaps no other single station has carried so many messages to the people from their representatives in Congress. More than 200 members of the two houses of Congress have delivered addresses over WJSV to date. Weekly broadcasts have been given for a considerable time by such patriotic societies as the Sons of the American Rev-

olution, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the National Patriotic council. A series of talks on the work of the various government departments and bureaus has been presented by prominent chiefs and heads of such branches of the National government, including members of the President's Cabinet. Both President Coolidge and President Hoover have been heard in patriotic addresses through WJSV.

Since initiation of regular programs over WJSV, every great issue with which the American people and their government have been confronted has been faithfully and powerfully expounded by recognized authorities from the studios of this station. Outstanding among these have been farm relief, restricted immigration, national defense, law enforcement and public education.

Programs from WJSV have been heard in every corner of the United States, as well as in South America.

Berets, those trick black caps affected by the artistic, are being seen around the NBC studios these days. Henry Shope, tenor, was seen wearing one.

## WREC All Dressed Up

**W**REC is one of the oldest stations in the South, having got its start eight years ago as the "Most Powerful 10-Watt Station in the World," located at Coldwater, Mississippi. Incidentally, this was the first station erected in Mississippi. Many of the old timers in Radio will recall this little station, as it was heard in every state in the Union, many provinces of Canada, Mexico and Cuba. "Them were the good old days of real sport."

Times have changed, though, and now WREC is dressed up in magnificent new studio located in "the South's Finest and One of America's Best Hotels," Hotel Peabody, in the heart of up-town Memphis, Tenn. Studios, offices, reception room, public and private, and control room are located on sub-grill floor of the Peabody.

There are eleven on the staff. While WREC has permanent 16-hour service through Columbia Broadcasting system, this staff is kept busy developing and presenting the principal local programs heard in the Tri-States of Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas.



Recognized as an artist of exceptional merit, Bert Ladd of WCOC is known as "The Silver Voice of Dixie." He is seen with Miss Jewel Shannon, his accompanist.

# Shriners Initiate For Mike

*KMOX Broadcasts Ceremony for First Time in History;  
5,000 From Midwest Attend*

By Donald Burchard

FOR the first time in the history of Shrinedom an initiation ceremony of that body was broadcast when KMOX went on the air November 30 from the Fox theatre in St. Louis with the full ceremonial, including a description of the parade through the city streets.

Arrangements for this history-making broadcast were negotiated between Theo R. Appel, Illustrious Potentate of Moolah Temple, St. Louis, and Noble George Junkin, managing director of KMOX, and Noble Harry Greenman, manager of the Fox theatre in that city.

The broadcast opened at 12 p. m. (Central Standard Time) with a description of the Shriners' parade, when members of the Shrine and initiates marched from the Moolah temple to the Fox theatre. In the parade were the Shrine band, Drill team, Moolah Temple obanthers, the drum corps, and approximately 5,000 Shriners.

Immediately following the initiation ceremonial there was a program of entertainment especially arranged and selected for the Shrine. During the ceremonial initiates enacted a number of small dramas which were described in their entirety by Noble George Junkin. These dramas revealed to the Radio audience for the first time in the history of Shrinedom the actual facts that take place within the realms of the Mystic Shrine.

Those Shriners living at distant points and unable to attend the ceremonies thus had an opportunity to take part, before their loudspeakers. To the world at large the program offered a new and novel entertainment, instructive, impressive, and amusing in places. Six hundred thousand Shriners throughout the nation were notified of the broadcast.

A musical program of many beautiful selections by the Moolah Temple Grand orchestra, the Temple band, and the Fox theatre Jazzmanians followed the initia-



Blues is her specialty and Bernadine Hayes is her name. Discovered and featured at KMOX, she is still heard on programs from that station, although she has signed a contract with Columbia.

## Army Broadcasting Band Over KSTP

THE first army broadcasting studio in the United States is in the process of construction at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, under the direction of post officials and Radio engineers of KSTP at St. Paul. The new studios will be housed in "B" barracks at the camp and work of draping the walls, wiring the room, and preparing amplifiers and microphones for broadcasting were to be completed the first of the year.

The new Fort Snelling studios will be opened with a special inaugural program by the Third Infantry band to be broadcast through KSTP. Captain F. M. Dyer will be at the microphone.

Fort Snelling is the first post in the country to undertake a program of Radio broadcasting on an extensive scale according to Captain Dyer, who plans to present all programs direct from the post studio.

Kenneth M. Hance, assistant manager, is directing the engineering staff of KSTP in the process of preparing the studio for Radio work. The main studio will be 35 feet long and 24 feet wide and in one corner, a special announcer's studio is being erected, to be used both by the announcer and by prominent speakers who may visit Fort Snelling from time to time.

Captain Dyer, who will act in the capacity of announcer during all the programs of the band, is entering his fourth year of Radio work. He is the only commissioned officer who serves regularly as announcer during the presentation of Army programs. He is a graduate of the University of Texas and practiced law in Houston for nine years before entering the service.



The voice of Francis Kadow is a familiar one in the vicinity of Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Not only is Mr. Kadow chief announcer of that fast-growing station, WOMET, but with his boundless ambition is doing big things. A pair of pliers and a screw driver are his playmates when he isn't before the mike, and no job is too big or too small if it promises to make WOMET a bigger and better station.

tion. The finest talent available in St. Louis appeared during the two hour program. Illustrious potentates and officers of the Shrine journeyed to St. Louis from all over the country to attend this initiation, many of them making the trip by airplane. More than fifty other broadcasting stations from Atlantic to Pacific participated in the great chain hookup from KMOX.

## Madame Cutter's Gems

"GEMS OF MUSIC" is the very appropriate title selected by Madame Belle Forbes Cutter, for the program featuring her weekly from WBBM on Wednesday evenings.

Musical numbers used by Madame Cutter during these programs are taken from a special classification in her extensive musical library.

Madame Cutter, whose excellent soprano voice had much to do with downing the old prejudice against sopranos on the air, is well qualified to draw fine lines in classifying certain musical works as "Gems." Besides having been heard regularly from leading Radio stations for the past six years, she has made a real place for herself in the hall of fame of concert singers.

Pat Barnes, announcer and entertainer at WGN, has resumed his Thursday Night broadcasts of his own programs.

The storm of applause and cry of "More!" that followed "The Rookie" has prompted Mr. Barnes to begin another series. Though there will probably be no continuous theme through the broadcasts, they will be much in the intimate tone of the rookie story.



Blind, but the happiest man in St. Paul, Dr. Francis Richter rejoices in his organ work, from jazz to symphony, at KSTP. Made Doctor of Music at Vienna, recently.



This jolly group of girl musicians are heard from the Good Will station, WIL, St. Louis. Ethel Arnold, their director, calls them the Afternoon Merry Makers, and when they make merry the dials match up with the WIL combination.

## Mike Makes Prison in Ohio a Studio

CONFINEMENT behind the prison bars does not necessarily mean that a man is an outcast. Three inmates of the Ohio state penitentiary, Marion "Slim" Webb, murderer, and Tommy Vallee and Harry Dillehay, sentenced for lesser crimes, have found that Radio gives them "wings like an angel." Bleak stone walls shut them off from the world, but every Monday evening their voices go out over the air into the homes of more fortunate persons in a reminder that those in the steel cells are fellowmen.

Vallee's tenor voice crooning "Honey," "Weary River" and other favorite songs has won him a place in the hearts of his hearers and the popular title of "the silver tenor." Webb and Dillehay are announcers on the regular Monday night penitentiary program broadcast over station WAFU, Columbus, from 7:25 to 8:30 p. m.

In addition, the sermons of Webb, prison evangelist, are heard when the broadcasts of the penitentiary Community church go on the air every other Sunday morning. Webb, whose whole life prior to imprisonment was spent at the race tracks, expects to enter evangelistic work, if ever pardoned from the penitentiary.

Around the state of Ohio, Tommy Vallee is now almost as well known as Rudy Vallee, current idol of the great American flapper. "Vagabond Lover" is one of Tommy's big numbers and it is also a favorite selection of Rudy's.

When not broadcasting, Vallee is busy composing new melodies and studying orchestral work. He is a member of the broadcasting committee that arranges each week's program. Vallee also plays on the baseball team.

"Slim" Webb and Harry Dillehay alternate each week as announcers on the penitentiary programs.

Webb, sentenced to life for the slaying of Racing Judge F. W. Gerhardt, devoted himself to religious and welfare endeavors, and soon after he entered

the penitentiary became prison evangelist and member of the board of the Community church, established in 1926.

Dillehay studies each number that is to be broadcast and gathers all the interesting data to be used. Then he writes a paragraph which will bring to the Radio fans an interesting bit of knowledge concerning each future program.

Dillehay is chairman of the board of approval and assistant secretary to Warden Thomas. He has a distinct and pleasant Radio voice, as evidenced by commendation from station managers and his unseen audience.

In addition to the Monday evening and alternate Sunday morning broadcasts, a miniature program is broadcast each lunch hour between 12:15 and 12:30 by the 54-piece prison band. The majority of the band members possessed no knowledge of music when admitted to the penitentiary but expressed a desire to learn and were given the opportunity.

## Friendly Spirit Is Rule, Slogan at WIL

IN THIS day of slogans one hears a lot of many ideals for broadcasting stations. Of these perhaps none is so real or so thoroughly carried out as that of WIL, "The Friendly Station." Under the active leadership of William Ellsworth, managing director of this St. Louis station, the programs and in fact the very atmosphere emanating from its studios is friendly service.

Organized first by L. A. Benson as station WEB in September, 1922, the call letters were later changed to WIL. Although under the ruling of the Federal Radio commission only 100 watts are used during the evening hours, and 250 watts during the day, the Friendly Station has an unusually large audience and an enviable reputation. Last August WIL had the honor of being the first St. Louis station to serve as a key station for a national hookup, presenting an entire evening program for the network of the American Broadcasting company.

William Ellsworth, the managing di-

rector, is a graduate lawyer and has also had considerable experience in the field of exploration. He is widely known as a sports announcer. In his work at WIL he has built up a splendid staff of artists that is popular with thousands.

L. A. Benson, founder of the station, is president of the Missouri Broadcasting corporation, which operates WIL. Mr. Benson has been active in the development of Radio broadcasting in St. Louis, having built and established KPVE, now KWK, as well as WIL.

Year by year during the eight years that WIL has been on the air its circle of listeners has widened and become more firmly attached to the station. The slogan, "The Friendly Station," has been more than a slogan. It has grown into a subtle spirit of station individuality. The entertainers feel it. They impart this feeling through their instruments and their voices, and thus the friendly station has cultivated a friendly audience.

## Two Sets Is Solution

ONE family, the members of which are consistent Radio listeners, has solved the problem that arises in many homes over the question of which station shall be listened to each evening.

In a letter to WENR, J. R. Bascom, 3719 East 74th Street, Chicago, claims the honor for his family being the first "two set family" in the United States. His letter, in part, is as follows: "Ever since we had our first receiving set, there have always been little arguments about which station we would tune in during an evening. My wife likes one kind of programs, I like another; and our four children are divided equally, two with their mother and two with me. As we have a rather large apartment, I determined that the best way to settle all controversy was to buy another Radio set. Now, when the whole family is home at night, we have two programs going in different parts of the apartment and we thus have a choice that eliminates one of the first family arguments that broadcasting started."



Baby Peggy is growing up, as her photograph shows. Here she is at the WJR studios with Uncle Neal. Peggy is at the right while Suzanne Snyder, daughter of Carl Snyder, manager of the Book Cadillac hotel, is on the left.

## He's An Organist But Posies All Know Him

By Ada Florence Lyon

**J**ACK L'ECUYER, you pronounce his name Lake-wee-ay, it's French, is known to his Radio audience for his sympathetic organ interpretations of their favorite songs. The many who have written to him have discovered, too, that he's not only an organist. For one thing, he's an enthusiastic gardener and can coax the shyest plants to bloom. He likes to try hard ones that nobody else can make flourish.

Some of the Radio fans who have written to him have discovered this and he has received seeds and plants from all over the globe. In New Zealand lives an especial Radio friend of his, who heard Jack playing from KFEQ, St. Joseph. After some correspondence, the New Zealand friend sent him rare seeds and asked in return copies of Radio Digest. These were duly forwarded.

Unusual iris plants came to Jack from Alaska, from a man who is running a blue fox farm on an island there. He asked for six gallons of Missouri sorghum, which were sent in October and reached him the day before Christmas. Yet Jack's music had reached him

instantaneously. Strangely enough, the check with which Jack's distant friend paid for sorghum and the long haul was the only one on an Alaskan bank which had ever gone through the local clearing-house.

Birds and flowers, that spells Jack L'Ecuyer, for he's more than half poet, as the many who listen to his organ programs can testify. As for birds, a canary, also named Jack, has assisted in his programs for two years. Jack perches before the mike and joins in occasional tunes every day except during the moulting season and then he's too sad at losing his feathers even to peep. It sounds fishy, but he invariably joins in songs about home and mother. He, too, is perhaps a poet.

But the poetry of both the Jacks is not that of Browning, nor that of the queer modern poets. It's the poetry that everybody can understand.

That's why Jack L'Ecuyer receives lovely shells from the other side of the globe and even a baby sealskin made into a rug. That's why a girl in Halifax wrote each week for more than a year requesting a number and why a telegram came every Sunday evening for a like period from Montrose, Colo., with a special request. But Jack doesn't like to be called a poet, even by his friends.

## Tea Time Tales by Marigold Tell All of Gossip From WOC

From WOC in Davenport, Iowa, comes a snappy, gossipy letter signed by Marigold Cassin. Reads have been written about the editorial blue pencil, but on this occasion Miss Cassin's letter was such a good story we decided to print it "as is." And here it is.

By Marigold Cassin

**I**F YOU want a name for this, you might call it "Tea-Time Tales," or "Static," or something like that—because that's about what it will turn out to be. You know, just a little idle gossip about us and ours.

In the first place, we've had a number of changes in our staff. No more will Radio fans tune to 1000 to hear the burr of Peter MacArthur. He has coldly and deliberately turned his back on his old cronies in favor of Station KFLV at Rockford, Illinois. Pete is the new studio director there, and if you ever saw a change in anybody in your life, you should see HIM. He used to come dragging in here when he got good and ready (except for the days when duty called him early), but I have it on excellent authority, that he arrives on his new job bright and early. And they say, too, that he's lost some of his "ishka-bibble" in favor of a lot of dignity. Ah, me! where is Radio headed, when they take our most genial personalities and make business men out of them?



Marigold

In Pete's place, more or less, we have none other than Richard Wells. We rescued Dick for the world of Radio, transplanting him, or swiping him, or something, from a neighboring station. We're now waiting for his public to kiss him or kill him! (They always do one or the other, you know. That's what makes the game so interesting—you have to work like everything to escape being killed!) Anyway, we're having a lot of fun with Dick, kidding him about his lengthy telephone conversations and his letters from his "Enamourata," (pardon me, that should be plural!) and so on.

Another addition is Andrew Petersen, now assistant to our Edgar Twamley, studio director. I don't dare send you Andy's picture! Why they don't get a move on and perfect television, I don't know. But I DO know, if they'd let a woman work on it for a while, she'd DO something, if only to let the feminine Radio world catch a glimpse of Andy. We're going to put a dress suit on him some of these Saturday nights, and send him down to the Capitol theatre as master of ceremonies, just so he can stand in the spot light! As I said, I don't dare send you his picture. He's married, and I'd sure hate to be the cause (innocently) of any family feud, and I know that's what would happen, if the girls got TOO busy with pen and ink.

One of our best eligibles got away from us, not long ago, when our engineer, Reed Snyder, beat it up to Cedar Rapids or some place, and came back "for better or worse." We had a shower



The WTMJ Pied Pipers are musical men who lead Radio listeners through the Land of Good Entertainment in a daily noonday program of popular selections. Like the famous Piper of old, they dole out syncopated rhythms that are irresistible to everyone, young and old.

for them, I might add, ending with a paper sack full of pennies which we broke, showering the coppers all over the two of them. (Radio party planners, please note, at no extra charge. Free suggestion!) But we girls resigned ourselves to our fate, since we like his wife.

Did I tell you that Paul Loyet, the chief mogul of the gadgets in the control and operating rooms, has a new hobby? He got a beautiful sun-tan for himself this summer playing golf, and it looks as though it had gotten to be a bad habit. For he's developed a mania for barn-yard golf, now that he doesn't visit the links any more. Any noon, you can shout out of the operating room window, and he'll answer you from far below (or throw a horseshoe at you!), and you'll know just where he is. That's a great comfort to Hazel (Mrs. Loyet, by the way).

Oh, yes! Today is Edgar Twamley's birthday. All the gang threatened to kiss him and he nearly mobbed them, single handed and alone. (Admirers of cave-men, the line forms to the left.) (I just added that birthday stuff because he thinks he's smart, having one and nearly getting away with nobody knowing it.)

Remember Herb Heuer, the Chief of the Vagabonds? He's gone on a diet. Can you imagine? Not the regular eighteen day diet—oh, no! that's too ordinary. Herb's is different! He diets for two days at a stretch, and then fills up on chicken!

Let's see, that disposes of the men in the field, doesn't it? We girls aren't supposed to gossip about each other, but I'll tell you a little, anyway. Our nice Molly Gobble (who mothers every last one of us, and efficiently, too) has come back from a trip to Colorado. She and I have the nicest gab-fests! You see, I was out there a couple of summers ago, and I've never quite recovered. Ever been there? Well, Molly and I talk all the time about Estes Park and Pike's Peak, and all that sort of thing, and feel very superior—that is, we DID feel superior, until Twamley got one over on us by taking HIS vacation in California! And now, every time we start to say, "Wasn't so and so wonderful in Colorado?" Edgar pokes his nose in the air, and says, "But you should see California!" (By golly, I hope I can go to EUROPE next year! Then we'll see what we'll see about this vacation conversation. Won't I squelch him though!)

Well, there's something about everybody but yours truly, and since I'm not

telling anybody anything about me, that's out anyway.

In general, things are moving along very nicely here. Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you that we came close to losing most of the male members of our staff, not so long ago. The fellows were erecting our new aerial, and had one end fastened in place, were hoisting the other end into position when it broke, and it nearly finished all of them. Paul and Reed were up on the "cat-walk" a couple hundred feet in the air, and where they went in such a hurry, I can't figure out yet. But Edgar sprinted several hundred feet, in nothing, flat! I DO know that. There were no bad results, however, since all that was broken was one window. (If I may be permitted a wisecrack, I'd call that a mighty lucky break!)

We have added the "Stradella Musicians" and the "Hawkeye Ensemble" to our group of natives. They entertain regularly, and I'll ship you a photo as soon as we can get their modest selves to have some taken.

Plans for the future include redecorating of the studios, and moving of our office (maybe, on the latter) and a few new and interesting programs on which we are working.

By the way, in closing, may I ask a favor? If you print this, do try to keep a copy of Radio Digest from falling into the hands of Dick Wells! It would ruin his whole day, because he thinks everything I write is rotten!

73g, Marigold.

## He's Lion But "Real"

**B**OB MacGIMSEY, the harmony whistler whose introduction to the Radio world a few weeks ago brought a flood of comment acclaiming him the novelty musical surprise of the season, has returned to Empire Builders, where he made his debut.

Despite the fact that MacGimsey is being lionized wherever he goes, he takes his musical gift as a matter of course and still seems more happy that he was admitted to the bar in 1923 with first honors than that his "harmony whistling" both mystifies and thrills scientists and musicians alike.

He might still be known only as a brilliant young lawyer of Lake Providence, La., if he had not stopped at a friend's home one day when Gene Austin, tenor, was there. Austin brought MacGimsey north to add his unusual three-part whistling to the Blue Heaven record.

Since then the versatile young man has steadily attracted more attention, until recently he was booked by the National Broadcasting company as a novelty number for an Empire Builders program. He was in New York at the time making a series of solo records for Victor, as well as the obligato to Gene Austin and Nat Shilkret records.

In addition to his unusual whistling, MacGimsey plays virtually every known kind of instrument by ear and specializes in pipe organ, piano and saxophone—which he can also play by note.

This picture of Jack L'Ecuyer, organist at KFEQ, might have been taken in his garden, for Jack is an enthusiast about his posies, and knows them by their first names.





Lucky Boys! That's what this trio ought to be called instead of the King Taste Trio. They were good and admitted it, but few others did until they stumbled into a tryout at WLW just when the sponsors of the King Taste Night club were present. Now they're there

## Blind Organist Is Happy Every Day

RADIO listeners need not be sorry for Dr. Francis Richter, blind organist of KSTP at St. Paul. He's not a bit sorry for himself because he's blind and has been from the time he was just a small baby. He's happy, happy because he has been able to receive a college education and do the thing he most wanted to do, study the organ and master it.

Dr. Richter has been the KSTP staff organist since May of 1929 and in that time he hasn't once repeated any number except requests he receives. He has the largest musical library in the Braille system in the United States consisting of 2,600 numbers, and he's putting more selections into Braille.

He and Mrs. Richter spend all their spare moments working on numbers, getting them into Braille. Mrs. Richter dictates and Mr. Richter works on the Braille machine, which is somewhat like a typewriter, with two sets of keys, one for the notes and one for the words.

Dr. Richter, who has an education equivalent to that of a college graduate, speaks four languages besides English. He has studied in Europe under some of the great masters. In Vienna he worked with Joseph Labor and Karl Goldmark. When he was three years old he started learning to play the piano. At thirteen he could play the pipe organ.

He is never late. Only twice in thirty years has he been over a minute late to a concert, both times in Portland, Ore. On each occasion he had to cross a drawbridge opened to let barges pass. That made him two minutes late for each concert.

In his Radio programs, Dr. Richter doesn't stick to the classics. In fact, he thinks that jazz is educating the youth

of today. He changes perhaps on one program from the popular song hit, "Louise," to the "Rhapsody No. 2" by Liszt. This often happens on his request programs.

So Radio listeners need not feel sorry for Dr. Richter, for he's one of the happiest, if not the happiest, man in St. Paul, always working under the handicap that has brought him so many pleasures.

Bobby Brown, production manager of the WBBM Air Theater, Chicago, is spending several hours each week in the public library looking up casts of old musical comedies in old newspaper files.

Brown uses this information in preparing the Auburn Musical Comedy memories program, a weekly feature of WBBM every Saturday evening. Formerly only a fifteen minute feature, this program has been extended to a half hour by popular request.

## Artists Write Hits

WHILE Radio programs are indebted to popular music for a great many of the features presented, the debt is not allowed to go unpaid. Artists of the National Broadcasting company's Chicago studios have contributed more than their share to the popular "hits."

Ted Fiorito, conductor of the Edgewater Beach hotel orchestra, with such familiar compositions as "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Dreamer of Dreams," "When Lights Are Low" and many others, and Walter Blaufuss, with his ever-popular "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," lead the list, which also includes such well-known composers of popular melodies as Vic Young and Nat Natalie. J. Oliver Riehl, "Whitey" Bergquist, Harry Kogen and others who have scored a number of successes in the past few years.

## Farm Leaders Form Faculty of Marketing College at WENR

LEADERS in American agriculture are on the faculty of the first Radio college of co-operative marketing, which holds its classes through the microphone of WENR.

The idea of this college was created and developed by "Farmer" Rusk, who is the WENR agricultural expert. Co-operating with him are agricultural colleges; the U. S. Department of Agriculture; the National Live Stock Producers association and its affiliated co-operative live stock commission associations; the American Farm Bureau federation; the Illinois Agricultural association, and other agricultural agencies.

The school has a regular curriculum which is designed to be of special interest to managers of live stock, shipping associations, students in agricultural colleges and high schools, breeders of live stock, and farmers generally. Classes are presented each Tuesday evening at 7:15 p. m. (CST) under the supervision of Mr. Rusk.

Among those who take part are: C. B. Denman, Federal Farm board; S. H. Thompson, president, American Farm Bureau federation; Prof. H. W. Mumford, Dean, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois; Earl C. Smith, president of the Illinois Agricultural association; D. L. Swanson, manager, Chicago Producers Commission association; C. G. Randle, U. S. Department of Agriculture; Prof. H. P. Rusk, Head Department of Animal Husbandry, University of Illinois; Ray Miller, director live stock marketing, Illinois Agricultural association; Phil Evans, director publicity, Chicago Producers Commission association, and W. H. Settle, chairman of National Farmers' Grain corporation.

## WCCO Trio Is Popular

THE St. Paul Radio trio, known to thousands as Jerry, Irene and Fred, who entertain from the studios of WCCO every Saturday morning with a request program have achieved such popularity that it has been necessary to refuse telephone calls because the traffic became so heavy as to tie up the downtown exchange.

Jerry Harrington is the "Little Irish Tenor" and Irene Harris accompanies him on the piano and provides vocal harmony for his lyric voice. Fred Laws, St. Paul manager of WCCO, has a prominent part in the program with commentaries on the numbers.

Irene and Jerry started their Saturday morning broadcasting several months ago, and since that time they have established a record as mail getters. Irene and Jerry, according to Fred, have more faithful correspondents in the Northwest than a Hollywood movie star in a girl's boarding school. When they first started to broadcast, request numbers were accepted over the telephone. The telephone traffic became so heavy, however, that it was necessary to eliminate it, and have all requests come in by mail.

Recently Jerry celebrated his birthday over the air, and was the recipient of innumerable boxes of candy, cakes, cookies, pickles, jam jelly and baked beans.

Just where the applause, crowd noise and other special effects heard in this program come from Fred refuses to tell, maintaining that they are special and secret stage devices developed by him in the days when he traveled with the original Uncle Tom's Cabin company.

# Please Mr. Farmer, WDAY Aim

**F**ARGO, North Dakota Station is oldest broadcaster in the West. Founded in May, 1922, it has consistently sought to serve the Farmer. If its programs please others, that is fine, but incidental.

By Charles G. Burke

**W**DAY, at Fargo, North Dakota, doesn't go in for slogans.

But well it might. There are a variety which fit it. For instance, you might call it "The Voice of Agriculture." Or there's "The Farmer's Friend." Still another is "The Air Newspaper of the Land of Farms."

For WDAY is all of them.

WDAY, the oldest Radio station in the northwest—founded in May, 1922, is the farmers' friend. All of its programs are built with the farmers who inhabit the vast area it serves in mind. Each is designed to give a maximum of entertainment or information to the farmer. If the programs please the folks who reside in Fargo, WDAY's home city, or other towns in the community, that is purely incidental.

And among the entertainers from WDAY are such friends of the farmer as the Go-Far Old Timer, a real old timer who plays old time music. In real life the Old Timer is Charles J. Onan, a real farmer of near Sabin, Minn. He knows the type of songs his farmer friends like—and plays and sings them.

Another favorite with the thousands in WDAY's farm audience is WDAY's studio trio, headed by Norman Ostby, violinist. The trio includes, in addition to the violin, a saxophone and a piano. Its repertoire includes popular, semi-classical and classical selections and its appeal is widespread. Hundreds of letters weekly attest the popularity of the trio.

WDAY's informational side is extensive. For instance, there are the frequent weather reports and forecasts, all important to the farmer at all times of the year. In the winter there are special live stock shipping reports, forecasting the maximum temperatures expected as well as the minimum and carrying a warning as to the necessity of holding stock over at yards to prevent freezing.

The vast area served by WDAY includes thousands of profitable farmers, and few towns. The towns are widely separated and only eight of them in North Dakota have newspapers. So the daily news, read from the station three times daily, proves of much value. It makes WDAY the daily paper of thousands.

The market reports are equally important in North Dakota, where it often is half a day's ride to the nearest town where such reports are available.

But best of all the farmer friends of WDAY like the entertainment the station offers all the year round, rain or shine, blue days or bright.

They like Hildegaard Usselman, organist, who entertains them each week. And they write to Dave Henley, ballad and blues singer, who presents regular programs each week. In fact, they seem to like nearly all the programs WDAY offers them. When one is scheduled that they don't like they are prompt in expressing their opinions.

And it is this consistent flood of letters from its every day listeners that makes WDAY so easily able to satisfy the demands upon it.



"We can please your eyes and ears" is the peculiar slogan of this saxophone quartet. You see it's this way—Doc. J. P. Miller and his three cohorts are also optometrists, what time they aren't appearing at KFAB.

## Reunion Ground of Old Pals at KOA

**B**EING a part of the swiftly changing order of the musical world, KOA has found itself the reunion ground for long separated friends several times during the past year. Radio is linking childhood friends not alone by air, but is bringing them together in the flesh.

Shining examples of each happened at the Denver station recently. Everett Foster, baritone soloist, gave an air recital and by air mail came a letter from an old schoolboy chum in California of whom he had lost track. Radio re-established a contact long hoped for.

When Henry Hadley, the world renowned composer and conductor, came to KOA as guest conductor for a night of the station's light opera company, he found his soloist was Mme. Blanche Da Costa, the soprano whom he had directed with the American Singers in New York years ago.

Winning music contests has become a habit with John Jameson, 20-year-old tenor whose singing has placed him ace high with listeners of KOA during the past year.

His most recent conquest was in placing first in the Colorado finals of the Atwater Kent foundation contest held in Denver. Earlier in the year he was first in the national contest held in Boston by the American Federation of Music clubs.

He was a celebrated boy soprano until his voice began to change, when he was advised to give up singing for a time. He has paced ahead swiftly during the past three years as his voice has settled into a sweet lyric tenor.

Ralph Bennett and His Seven Aces, "All Eleven of Them," voted the West's most popular Radio orchestra in the Radio Digest's 1927-1928 international orchestra contest, are providing dance programs for listeners of KOA in Denver. They are playing at the Cosmopolitan hotel and their programs are picked up every Saturday night.

"Laying out" in the China sea and hearing his own obituary flashed from Singapore to Frisco, and powerless to do anything more about it than tune in

dance tunes played half the world away—this was the interesting experience recounted by a young soldier of fortune who barged into KOA at Denver the other day.

He was Francis L. Barron, now traveling relief Radio operator for the Western Air Express, but a year ago "sparks" of a merchant vessel in the Orient.

All news agencies thought his ship had been sunk by a typhoon, but it had managed miraculously to keep the sky in sight. The only divertissement possible at the moment, he reported, was to tune in KOA, the "old stand-by" of Pacific-going vessels.

## Forgets Own Program

**I**F FAMILIARITY doesn't always breed contempt, it sometimes breeds forgetfulness.

Robert Owen, engineer in charge of technical operations at KOA in Denver, made a trip into the mountains one day last fall. Toward evening, after he had started home, he came to a branch road and stopped. He knew that one of these roads down was blocked for repairs somewhere ahead.

He had visions of meeting this blockade and then attempting the hazardous feat of turning his car around on a mountain road at night. He switched off his motor and, just to keep his hands busy while he thought, he turned on the Radio set he has installed in his car to keep in touch with KOA while he is away.

"The Clear Creek road is open and good," were the first words coming from the speaker. The problem was solved.

But he had forgotten about the road reports he had heard KOA broadcast at that time every day for several years.

Radio, leveler of distances, bridged the gap of a number of years for Ivy Scott, soprano heard in NBC programs, recently. Miss Scott, who has her own program each Saturday afternoon at 5:45 o'clock, was a music hall entertainer in Australia as a child. A few days ago she received a letter from a couple who knew her in those days asking her to repeat "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins," which they had heard her sing then. The request was complied with.

## New WBAP Studios Culminate 8 Years Success on Air

PRIDE of Fort Worth, Texas, and the Southwest, the palatial new studios of WBAP, Radio station of the Record-Telegram and Star-Telegram, are now in operation. Exceptionally ambitious and successful numbers were included in the dedicatory program, which included addresses by Amou G. Carter and Harold Hough, the latter known to Radio fans everywhere as The Hired Hand.

WBAP's new home is said to be the most artistic in the Southwest, and is carried out in the modern trend. Formal presentation of the new studio to the Radio public was made by Mr. Carter, who dedicated the new studios and equipment to the pleasure and benefit of the listening public.

The Hired Hand outlined the eight years of struggle and success that has been the lot of WBAP. The eleven-piece studio orchestra, directed by Michael Cooles opened the program with a group of musical numbers which have been outstanding in popularity during the past eight years. This was followed by an opening address by Hough and dedicatory speech by Carter. The balance of the evening was taken up by a large group of prominent artists.

C. H. Croxton, WBAP's program director, announced the various numbers. The initial Radio recital on the new organ in the Robertson-Mueller-Harper Funeral Home was played by W. J. Marsh and broadcast by remote control.

Numbers from the studio included a piano solo by Miss Julia Smith; dialogue by Prissy and Jack; a vocal solo by Bess Coughlin accompanied at the piano by Laura Altizer; vocal numbers by Jay Jarrell; "wooden piano" selections by Virgil Whitworth and number by a group of vaudeville performers appearing on this week's Majestic theater program.

Countess Olga Medolago Albani, mezzo-soprano heard regularly in NBC programs, is an expert in Spanish cookery.



Cute? We think so, that's why her picture is here. Cute and clever is the verdict for Katharine Pulley, with her uke. Used to entertain from WLS, now she's heard from WIL.

## New Features at WJAG

WJAG is adding a number of new features to the station programs this winter. Among the new announcers is included Serl Hutton, who directs the staff orchestra. Each member of this organization is a soloist in his own right, and the roster includes two vocal soloists. While its specialty is dance music, the band can be heard in a number of novelty and semi-classical numbers.

## KGKO Air Church in Daily Service

"GOOD Morning, World—This is Station KGKO, the National Security Life Insurance station at Wichita Falls, Texas, bringing to you the Radio Revival program of the 'Church of the Air.'"

Who would have expected to have heard such an announcement a few years ago? And yet, hundreds of thousands of people watch their clock each day and a few minutes before 10 a. m. tune in on KGKO so as to be sure they do not miss a single word of the Radio Revival, and then write their regrets that Wednesday is silent day and they cannot have this spiritual help and inspiration.

This daily religious service began July 22 as an experiment, to find out whether or not the millions of Radio fans were interested in religious features or whether their tastes are confined entirely to popular and Jazz programs. The first week of the experiment brought almost 1,000 letters to the studio thanking the management for this service and requesting a picture of the man, who in six days had captured the Radio fans of the entire Southland and Middle West and whose perfect Radio voice had brought comfort, peace and increased faith to literally thousands of people. Since that first week, mail from fans has increased to such an extent as to require the services of two people to sort song requests and those for spiritual advice.

The service each day, in fact, "The Church of the Air," is conducted by Dr. Paul Henry Packard, whose name is a household name among the religious forces of America and who is known as an Evangelist of unusual success. In introducing the Radio preacher recently, a prominent Texas lawyer said, "Dr. Packard has made more friends in less time than any other man in the Southland." Thousands of people, regardless of their personal faith or creed, declare Dr. Packard one of the greatest gospel preachers of this age and the requests for him to conduct services in different cities of the South and Middle West have been more than half a dozen men could fill.

The services are conducted each morning at 10 o'clock, except Sundays. "The Church of the Air" on Sundays gives to the world the International Bible School lesson from 8:30 to 9:30 a. m., and is on the air again at 9:30 Sunday night in a "Back Home Hour." The "Back Home" hour comes to thousands who are "back home" from their own church services, from visiting friends and from the Sunday evening jaunt over the highways and seeks to restore the evening period of devotion in the American home before retiring.

All services are strictly evangelistic and nothing but the plain, simple gospel is given to the world. Dr. Packard takes a few minutes each day in answering questions sent in, but refuses to discuss controversial questions over the air. Such questions are answered by correspon-



Just one of the reasons WOW is such a wow. Mrs. Seavey Hudson (of course she had to go and get married) sings melodies in a sweet soprano voice at the Omaha station.

dence. The services are "Undenominational." The Word is preached as found in the New Testament and folks are asked to stand upon it and not on men's personal ideas of the Word. Hundreds of people have phoned, written, and even wired in, asking what denomination the Radio preacher belongs to, but all such queries are answered with, "This is not a denominational movement; we are simply endeavoring to preach the Word and asking the world just to accept Christ and obey His commands."

One woman who has been a Methodist for three score years is deeply moved by the unusual, earnest appeal which characterizes all of Dr. Packard's sermons and declares he is a Methodist.

A Baptist minister of 54 years' service declared Dr. Packard's refusal to "dodge" Baptism, indicated very strongly that he is a Baptist, although he had never heard of him in the ranks of the Baptist ministry.

A woman in Oklahoma writes: "If you won't tell us what Church you belong to, I'll tell you, for you preach exactly what my Church teaches and I am a member of the First Christian Church."

Another Oklahoman writes to ask, "Is there a church in my city that teaches the Bible as you preach it over the Radio? If so, I want to know what it is so I can worship and work with them, for I have been looking for a church like that for twenty years and though I am a church member, I have never been satisfied."

Speaking of the "Nature of the Services" one feature in particular must not be overlooked. Each Friday a special service is held in honor of shut-ins, the aged, the lonely and those in hospitals. At this service none but the oldest hymns available are used and a chorus of men and women, all past 60 years of age, make up the chorus. The "Baldwin Grand" is deserted and the old-fashioned





Heap Big Chief Mahpi-Ho-Waste, meaning in Sioux, "a good voice from the sky." That's Earl C. Reineke, manager and chief announcer of WDAY, who has just been made a member of the tribe by Sitting Bull Boy and Red Fox. Boy is a direct descendant of the great Sitting Bull, but his leadership of the Red Men is confined to serving as a minister.

"Melodian" is used that the singing may be as nearly as possible as it was 60 years ago. The old folks listening in are urged to join in singing the old hymns with the chorus and the letters received following an "Old Folks" service are nothing short of pathetic. One woman writes: "It was a fore-taste of Heaven to watch my old Daddy and Mother, 95 and 93 years old, both of them blind for many years, turn their sightless eyes toward Heaven, see them wipe the tears from their cheeks and see their chins quiver as they tried once more to sing the old songs familiar 50 years ago.

Dr. Packard says: "I preach the same Gospel I preach in my regular revival work. I started the Radio revival giving about ten days to arousing the Church from her indifference and seeking to bring Church members back to God, to prayer and spiritual power. I followed this series with a group of messages on 'The Authenticity of the Bible,' 'The Divinity of Jesus,' 'Did Jesus Die a Real Death?' 'Did God Actually Raise Jesus from the Dead?' 'The New Testament Church,' 'Can Man Be Saved Outside the Church?' and 'What Must I Do to Be Saved?'"

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**T**HE Voice of the Great Southwest is just what it says, for it covers that field well, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Old Mexico. Russ Johnston is program manager with Big Bill Campbell, Chief Coo-coo Noodler, as commercial manager. A special staff of two young ladies is kept on hand to file all the requests that come in for special program numbers.

## WDAY Answerman Pulls Large Mail

A UNIQUE feature service, taking its cue from past days in newspaperdom, has brought thousands of letters, and an equal number of weird questions, to WDAY, at Fargo, N. D. "The Answerman," who thrice weekly, attempts to answer questions of any conceivable type, has been asked very nearly everything from how to make tomato soup so that it won't curdle, to what is the exact opposite of "Zenith?" And, by the way, the correct answer to the latter question is "Nadir."

Two North Dakota stations were hooked up independently last Fall for the handling of sports events. They are KFJM at Grand Forks and WDAY at Fargo. The two stations rented telephone lines for the handling of North Dakota Agricultural college and University of North Dakota grid battles. They plan to continue the scheme for basketball this Winter.

WDAY has decided to quit sending out pictures of its entertainers and announcers. It answers all requests for pictures with a polite note to the effect that pictures of all artists and others connected with the stations either have or will appear in Radio Digest, which can be found at all newsstands.

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After a listeners census, WDAY has discontinued its morning setting-up exercises. Fans reported that they no longer followed the feature and an early morning devotional period has taken

the place of "hands on hips, one, two, three." The devotional service was almost the unanimous selection of fans who objected to the setting-up feature.

## Wit Staves Off Death

RESOURCEFULNESS, an attribute needed by every successful Radio artist, always has characterized Henry Hadley, the celebrated conductor and composer who leads the KOA chorus and concert orchestra.

It kept him from starving to death back in 1903 before Radio was dreamed of and when he was merely a music student in Paris. With another student, he was making a short tour of the continent when they became stranded in Galatz, Roumania.

There were no wire facilities to enable them to wire for money. They were not known. So the man whom both Europe and America were later to acclaim as one of the world's greatest creative musicians played his violin on village street corners while his friend passed the hat. Thus they worked their way home.

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It would be difficult to find a section of the broadcasting programs with a more popular appeal than the Old Time Nights at 3LO when old time dance music, songs and choruses are broadcast to the delight of hundreds of thousands of listeners throughout Australia and New Zealand. R. H. Spaven will be master of ceremonies and Bendall & Aumonts orchestra will provide the dance music.



Personality Girl is the very appropriate title for Jean Cowan, who sings popular songs exclusively for KFWB, out Hollywood way.

## Salt Lake Cops, KDYL in War on Crime

CO-OPERATING with the police department of Salt Lake City, station KDYL is now the mouthpiece of that important arm of the municipal government. Thus the entire West within the range of the station is kept in touch with developments in the city, and city and state are better able to cope with the violators of laws and statutes.

A complete remote control studio has been installed in the office of Chief of Police Joseph E. Burbidge, with all the necessary equipment of the latest type. Here complete police news and bulletins are flashed twice daily on the air through KDYL.

In important cases when an important case demands, a special broadcast is cut into any of the regular studio programs so that a cordon may be immediately thrown out for the apprehension of the criminals. This system has been found to work very efficiently.

With the idea of carrying out its aim to provide a program for everyone in the family, KDYL is putting on a series of grand opera sketches on Sunday evenings. In these programs special numbers are selected from each of the great operas.

Another program improvement was inaugurated by the Salt Lake City station last Fall, when the Sunday morning programs were started at 9 o'clock in the morning instead of at noon, as formerly. This additional service gives KDYL one of the heaviest operating schedules in the country.

Having her name misspelled is no novelty to Madame Berthe Baret, the French violinist who plays regularly over the NBC System, but being addressed as Madame du Barry is quite another thing. The letter came from a very appreciative Radio listener and read in part, "Please express to Madame du Barry my appreciation of her playing and selection of numbers."

Bobbe Deane, NBC National Player at San Francisco, made her first microphone appearance at KGO, playing in "Victory," a drama written by her husband, Ted Maxwell, now NBC production manager.

# Aunt Betty Busy With JUVENILE CREW

WRITING a Book, Signing Articles for a Newspaper, Keeping Up a Happy Home, and Playing Aunt to Children of the West Keeps Ruth Thompson Always on the Go

By Madonna Todd

WRITING daily for a newspaper, completing a book, which will be published early next year, and making a happy home for her husband are only three of the things "Aunt Betty" does besides broadcasting every Monday afternoon from the San Francisco NBC studios through KGO, Oakland.

The vivacious young woman who is known to thousands of kiddies and grown-ups all along the coast—including Alaska—has been enraptured by children and their psychology since her own college days.

She has been "Aunt Betty" to this NBC station's Juvenile audience since 1924 when the "Kiddies Klub" was organized.

"I wanted to reach out and give all that I could to children even before that . . . I guess I was waiting for Radio to come along, but didn't know that such a medium ever would be offered," Aunt Betty says.

Since her first broadcast, Aunt Betty has received more than 20,000 letters from boys and girls ranging in age from 5 to 18. Hundreds of epistles have come from mothers of tiny babies.

"One wrote recently that her six months old baby was attracted to the Aunt Betty program by a dog's barking," Aunt Betty said seriously, and added with her cheery laugh, "I was the dog."

Which reminds one that Aunt Betty formerly was called upon to effect all of the noises incidental to her program. Now the mechanical devices relieve her of some of this.

Ruth Thompson is Aunt Betty's pen name. She also is known as "Mother Hubbard" to readers of a San Francisco newspaper.

Her first Radio work evolved about a KGO experimental program sponsored by the California State Board of Education and prompted by the interest in rural education of Grace Stanley, then State Superintendent of that work. Geography lessons were offered in the form of dramatic sketches titled "Old Man River" and interpreted by Miss Thompson and a picked group of juveniles. The dramatizations were heard at school assemblies.

Before she turned to Radio, Miss Thompson wrote "Comrades of the Desert," which stands out as the only Mojave desert story written for children. This was followed by the Modern School Readers, published between 1924 and 1928 and now in use in the public school. The co-author was H. B. Wilson, former Superintendent of Schools in Berkeley and now director of the National Junior Red Cross at Washington, D. C. Two primary geographies, "Type Stories of the World for Little Folk" and "Our Neighbors Near and Far" are her other children's books.

The new effort is titled "Mad-cap of La Mesa" and is another tale of the Mojave.

"The desert stories are the outgrowth of the years I spent teaching school on the Mojave," Miss Thompson explains. Then she turns to child psychology. "I

believe firmly that children should be taught by stories in which facts are tucked neatly. Kiddies at home are different than they are at school. That accounts for the success of our Radio programs, all of which are educational. The little folk assimilate and remember what they are taught in this way. They write letters asking a multitude of questions and our programs mostly are the answers. In cases where time is not permitted, I answer the question by letter."

Aunt Betty has more "active" members of her KGO Kiddies Klub during the Winter than through the warm season.

"This is accounted for by reception rather than lack of interest on the part of the children," she explains. "With darkness coming early, children in the far North and well East hear the broadcasts. Through the Summer, they write hundreds of letters explaining that they can not hear us.

"Kiddies at Pilot Station, Alaska, are the members of the club farthest away. Nevada and Arizona children show keenest enthusiasm, probably because of their great distance from populated centers."

Boys and girls of every type are numbered among the members of Aunt Betty's Kiddies Klub. Among the most interesting to her are the enthusiastic young Eskimos in Alaska and a coterie of Philippino boys from whom she receives letters regularly.

Before she came to San Francisco "Aunt Betty" was a reporter on the Bakersfield Echo. She taught school several years after her graduation from the Los Angeles State Normal. Born in Wisconsin, she was brought up in Arizona and Pasadena, where her father was an Episcopal clergyman.



Smiling Eddie Marble is one of the favorite artists of KGER. His tenor voice is heard Sunday evenings in an hour of request numbers.



Sweet tones of classical melodies are the specialty of this group of musicians, who make up the KGW concert orchestra. The eleven talented people assembled by the Oregonian, which operates KGW, are a wonderfully well-balanced group and their popularity is increasing daily.

## Thrills and Chills Galore for Mr. Rice

By Gerald Byrne

**G**REATEST thrill—biggest laugh—hardest "Chill" in an announcer's young life?

Glen Rice, famous "All-American" sports announcer who describes sports events, especially football, for KNX, Hollywood, has had lots. In fact they overflow his memory basket.

"I didn't hear the pistol," Rice said today. "Probably didn't know it was even loaded during a game between Southern California and Notre Dame. So, when the referee picked up the ball and paced off 40 yards, I said, 'Gosh! What a penalty. No wonder they're



Thrills so many and chills so many he can't begin to remember them all have been the lot of Glen Rice, "All American" football announcer of KNX, Hollywood.

called 'Fightin' Irish.' Somebody musta got socko on the jaw. There must have been thousands of laughs at my mortification in calling correction—'End of first quarter.' At least 400 fans laughed at me by mail next day.

"Thrill? One for all time. Dramatic in a perfect stage setting with 80,000 pop-eyed people cheering the gallant gallops downfield to two touchdowns by Morley Drury, marvel among quarterbacks. Suddenly a substitute ran out. Morley nodded, tossed his headgear to his successor. Absolute silence prevailed. Notre Dame's captain stepped forward and grasped Drury by the hand. So did the referee. Morley started on a trot toward the gate. Then that great crowd came up like a human yeast cake. It broke into a roar that would have drowned Niagara to a whisper. And as Morley reached the gate, he half turned and waved acknowledgment to the full-throated tribute. Then he vanished from the football field—forever.

"My toughest spot—the big 'chill'—wasn't at a football game. It came after I had served in the afternoon as best man for a buddy. Promised the happy pair a special radio number that night, but in announcing it for 'Mr. and Mrs. —' I hauled off and forgot the name! Intuition guided my finger to scratch the mike so that it seemed static had blurred instead of me boneheading the play. Then I lighted a cigarette and when the number was finished, nonchalantly said, "That number was played for my good friend Perry Rogers and the Missis as they honeymoon their way on the wings of love."

Maybe there are other Radio announcers who have had 'em. But KNX's family believe Rice is entitled to the double palm, a barrel of flour or the gold plated oil stove.

Artists of the Radio world are getting the same glorification that is the lot of the screen favorites. When the Three Boys of KGO play a theatrical date, they are eagerly watched by the admirers as they file to and from the stage door.

## Jack Barnet Says KGW Now "Home"

**J**ACK BARNET, whose name is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable because he's a Scot and not a Frenchman, has been accused of everything on the broadcasting calendar, but he wants his friends to know that there is one charge in particular which he denies and denies vehemently.

He is not working for a defunct broadcasting station.

Jack is with KGW, the Oregonian in Portland, Oregon, and has been there for the last eight months. Somebody's press agent slipped a cog when he was accused of being manager of a Portland station, which as a member of the ABC chain went bankrupt.

Jack is with an outfit that is alive and he wants all his old friends back in KDKA and elsewhere in the East to know it.

KGW, due partly to Jack's selling ability, went on a 100 per cent full schedule early in the Fall with programs from 7 in the morning until midnight with nearly every feature on a commercial basis.

## Alaskan Pioneers Tuning in on Frisco

**W**ITH the coming of darkness, the Alaskan trail-blazers listen to Radio programs presented in the San Francisco studios of the National Broadcasting company, writes Elwood G. Kunkel from Fort Yukon. Working on the air-plane landing field, Kunkel has spent the summer in the North and writes from 15 miles inside the Arctic Circle. The Musical Musketeers were heard August 8th by the writer and an operator at the U. S. radio station. "We have to wait until the sun sinks," Kunkel writes. "It falls below the horizon just after 9:00 o'clock, our time, and we hear as plainly as if we were in your studio. While the sun shines, static ruins every program."

## Blind, Wins in Kent California Contest

Invictus:

A BLIND boy wins the Southern California competitions of the Atwater Kent Foundation's third annual National Audition.

Out of infinite night a flood of golden, living light pours into the microphone of KHJ, the Don Lee station in Los Angeles, and Calvin Hendricks is named winner by a dramatic majority. Totally blind since birth.

This young senior in the College of Music, the University of California, won from 1,000 competing hopefuls who matched voices on thirty local vocal battlefields. Floy Hamlin, coloratura, also of Los Angeles, was judged winner of her sex.

Hendricks was born in Clinton, Oklahoma. He has lived in Los Angeles the past twelve years. Twenty months ago he took his first singing lessons. He was already an accomplished organist, pianist, a composer of lovely songs and unafraid of several other musical instruments.

Calvin has a slender, delicate body, but a stout happy heart. He walks confidently about town and to his classes. The world has padded the raw corners of life with love and kindness because he is lovable and because the world knows that nature has made a sad mistake which cannot be made right. Perhaps he is happier than anyone we know. His classmates in prep school gave him a loving cup for the inspiration he had been to them.

On the night of October 20th, Hendricks was led to the KHJ microphone. His baritone voice came over the air with surprising quality; a rising, falling tide of beauty; an effortless flow; delicate but ample.

Let us say that he is a blind bard looking toward horizons which we cannot understand—toward visions of loveliness beyond the imaginations of us who see ugliness—the tender, passionate singer of far places in the realm of abstract beauty. What does he see as he sings, you ask yourself.

This would be drama: The blind boy from Los Angeles singing INVICTUS—

"Out of night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul."



Winners of the Southern California finals in the Atwater Kent contests held at KHJ. Calvin Hendricks, the blind baritone, and Floy Hamlin, coloratura, both of Los Angeles.

## Tacoma's Mayor is "Stocking Filler"

TACOMA'S chief executive and his henchmen were the victims chosen as honor guests for the first Radio program of the "Stocking Fillers" this year. Mayor James Newbegin, the city councilmen and the chiefs of the fire and police departments appeared before the mike when this Radio organization, which is one of the major activities of B. P. O. E. Lodge Number 174, broadcast its initial program.

This is the fourth consecutive year for the "Stocking Fillers." As the name indicates, the purpose is to raise funds for the Elks Christmas work among the poor of Tacoma, and donations are reported to the KMO studio, credit being given the donor over the air during the programs.

The Tacoma local musicians' association gave permission for its members

to contribute their services to help make this charitable effort a success. Other talent for the opening show included Herbert Ford, tenor, Mae Selby and Adele Thompson, sopranos, and Jane Morse, popular KMO blues singer.

Everyone who has ever worked in a Radio studio knows that it is supposed to be an information bureau, among other things. The KMO studios are located high up in the Winthrop hotel pent house, where, if there is a fog rolling in from the bay, there is no escaping it—unless it settles low. The other day a feminine voice called and said, "Will you please tell me how foggy it is?" Margie, the office girl, responded promptly and apparently unsurprised, "Well, we can't see the bay from here, but the streets aren't bad—you can drive comfortably, I am sure." "Oh, thank you—that's just what I wanted to know," said the anxious inquirer, hanging up the telephone.

There's nothing like a little service.



A band that is fast making friends throughout the Northwest is Warner Stone and his group of melodists. Heard over KOIN, these boys are building up a great following.

**WORK** thus far carried out assures high standard of programs, with better coverage than ever, says A. D. Mackenzie. The Toronto symphony is featured this Winter.

# CANADA TO HEAR BEST Over CNR Chain

By A. D. Mackenzie

**R**ECENT announcements by Vice-President W. D. Robb, of Canadian National railways, indicate that the C. N. R. is keenly alive to the Radio situation as it exists in Canada. Despite the substantial work done by his organization, plans for the Winter season forecast yet higher standards to be attained. The detail of the work is of course in the hands of E. A. Weir, C. N. R. director of Radio.

Two outstanding issues are features of the new series—still wider encouragement and use of native Canadian talent, and in addition the presentation of a number of noted British artists not yet heard in Canada, but to be broadcast in the program of concerts which began with Jeanne Gordon, in October.

To carry out the more ambitious programs for the Winter season, it was first necessary to perform considerable work in perfecting and adding to the mechanics of the system. To properly broadcast the splendid programs which have been already arranged for and are in contemplation, extensive plans have been carried out as a result of which the new stations in use have broadened their scope, particularly CNRX, in the Toronto district.

**P**ROVISION is made for an extensive coverage in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and East and West, while a wide territory throughout the New England states, the East and the South, is also reached, thus serving the most populous areas of the United States. It has been estimated that these extensions will add millions of listeners to the chain broadcasting of the Canadian National system.

Beginning in October, a new series of broadcasts was inaugurated which extends from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and at a later date these broadcasts will become completely nationwide through the addition of CNRV, the company's fine station on Lulu island at Vancouver. This extensive chain is made possible because of the scope of the Canadian National telegraphs which service touches each of the nine provinces.

The present series of symphony concerts are heard between five and six o'clock (EST). The hour has been determined upon as one as convenient as possible in a land where complete chain broadcasting from Atlantic to Pacific must traverse five distinct time zones, each marking an hour's difference in the clock. These special Sunday broadcasts offer unusual programs. The Toronto Symphony orchestra has been engaged for twenty-five such concerts and at each broadcast some noted artist is the guest of the organization.

**B**UILT on the highest professional ideals, the Toronto Symphony orchestra is now entering its eighth season of existence as a musical unit. The business management of this organization is the Orchestra association, with Colonel A. E. Gooderham as president and a directorate of men prominent in business and finance.

No great orchestra has ever succeeded without a great conductor. The



The regular announcer and chief engineer of CFCA is G. W. McClain. The Toronto Daily Star station has been on the air since March, 1922.

Toronto symphony is singularly fortunate in this respect in having Luigi von Kunits, Mus. D., violinist and composer, at its head. He has had a lifetime of training and experience in European and American orchestras of the first rank, a man of profound musical knowledge, scholarship, patience and leadership so essential to success in this work.

These form but part of the features arranged for the 1929-30 season, and it can be stated that the programs for the chain broadcasts on Tuesdays and Thursdays will also be of high character. The Tuesday programs will be in lighter vein, while those on Thursday will provide a greater variety of more serious music to which the works of past and present masters will be featured.

**I**N ANNOUNCING the season's plans at a gathering of station directors and program makers recently held at headquarters, Mr. Weir, the director, stated that every effort will be made to encourage Canadian talent, both vocal and instrumental. In this connection, it was stated that arrangements have been made by which the Hart house string quartette will broadcast a series of recitals over the chain on their return from Europe. The Hart house quartette has established a splendid reputation as exponents of the best class of chamber music.

There are a number of other program features arranged for and in contemplation which will make for an unusually brilliant season. It is planned to offer a series of brief talks on the historical sites of Canada, with particular reference to many of the old forts. There are plans also for enlisting the aid of the universities to develop educational features of the programs. Miss Esme Moonie has been appointed assistant to the director in the preparation of programs.

## Short Wave Programs Picked up by CJRX

**S**INCE the establishment by James Richardson and Sons of the short wave station, CJRX, at Winnipeg, many interesting experiments have been carried out with a view to determining the possibility of picking up programs from distant short-wave stations and re-broadcasting them simultaneously from CJRX and CJRW. The results have been very satisfactory.

On the outskirts of Winnipeg a receiving set similar to those used in the Trans-Atlantic Beam stations picks up KDKA and other stations. The programs are conveyed to the studio in the Royal Alexandra hotel and thence to the transmitting stations. Programs from KDKA are re-broadcast two or three times weekly with complete success.

5SW at Chelmsford, England is frequently put on the air in the same manner. The sound of Big Ben at Westminster chiming midnight comes through with great impressiveness, and other programs, including PCJ, Holland, are also used.

Situated three miles west of the boundary between the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and far from the larger centers of population, CJRW at Fleming provides reliable service to the prairie listeners. Private wires, specially designed and built for the purpose, connect the station with the studio at Winnipeg, 200 miles east.

Prof. W. T. Allison, head of the English department at the University of Manitoba, lectures twice a week over CJRW and CJRX, his subject being books and travel. Professor Allison writes critical reviews and articles for several Canadian newspapers under the name of "Ivanhoe." In his Radio talks he discusses outstanding books of the day in a manner both entertaining and instructive. His description of tours in Europe are always interesting on his annual journeys across the water.

## Talks on Immigration

**I**MMIGRATION is responsible for turning the Canadian half of the North American continent from a wilderness into the home of more than nine and a half million people," said Hon. Robert Forke, Canada's Minister of Immigration, during an address in "The Nation's Business," recently broadcast from Ottawa over the Canadian National railways network.

"Immigration," the speaker continued, "cannot be turned on like water from a tap. It can be stopped by the exercise of arbitrary powers, but it cannot be so easily started again."

In the maintenance of a proper flow of immigrants it is essential that conditions overseas be taken into consideration as well as those in the new country towards which the immigrants are proceeding. Canada's problems of immigration are vastly different today than what they were one or two decades ago.

# MARCELLA

*Little Bird Knows All—Tells All—Ask  
Her About the Stars You Admire*

**T**ALENT met talent and promptly fell in love when two of the big guns of KMOX got together and visited the minister, Alice Maslin, the better half of the couple signing the nuptial contract, is a St. Louis product, and a highly gifted one, having been displaying her prowess as program director of the Voice of St. Louis since the winter of 1925.



George Junkin, managing director of the station, is the man who pays the bills in this team. George is quite a boy, for the benefit of the few who don't know him. He graduated from Penn State, and promptly got itchy feet, twice touring the world. After following agriculture for a time, and winning honors as an Ace during the World War, he toured out to Hollywood, where he made a place for himself on the silver screen. He left the position of field organizer of the Drama League of America to take up Radio, writing a series of plays for WLS and WHT. He was director-announcer for WSWs before joining the staff of KMOX.

Alice Maslin is a young lady who has demonstrated that a musical education is a valuable asset to the program director of a broadcasting station. She combines this training with several years of experience in the business world. She studied under Alma Dawson and Leo C. Miller in St. Louis, continuing her work at Arcadia college and later at Colorado college.

Some gal, and some man, eh, what?

To the many admirers who have written asking me about John Reed Tyson, who used to announce at WGN, I hereby announce that his pleasant voice may be heard from the mikes at WIBO, Chicago.

Helen Louise has uncovered a weakness of a lot of boys and girls when she wants to know about Margaret Starr. Margaret is the organ soloist and concert pianist at WTMJ, the Milwaukee station, and is one popular little bundle of sunshine, getting from 250 to 300 letters a day. And she insists that opening mail is one of the biggest thrills in her young life. I said little Margaret, didn't I? This wee Oklahoma lass has dark brown hair and delft blue eyes, with a pet diversion for reading. She is a scant five feet four inches tall, and so far hasn't found a man who comes up to specifications.



She started having big ideas when only thirteen years old, and started studying seriously. Ambitions to become a concert pianist, she worked under Alfred Price Quinn for four years, and then went to Paris for a year's training. Upon returning to Oklahoma she found that her love for organ music was even greater than for the piano.

Her work finally took her to Chicago, where she appeared at one or two sta-

tions, and was then signed up for the WTMJ staff, only in those days it was WHAD.

Everybody remembers Lew Farris, don't they? The Eiffel Tower of Radio? Got a letter from Lew the other day that I'm passing on to you. He's been having a lot of tough breaks, but like a good soldier is coming out of the fight on top of the world. I know many will be glad to have his address.

Dear Marcella:

Oh Gosh—Oh Gee, but I was peeved when I read in the Greatest Radio magazine in the country of some Bozo, claiming to be the tallest Radio entertainer in the country. (Awful sorry, Lew.) Gosh what a laugh. Here is poor me 6 feet 8 inches of song—worked ALL the stations in the U. S., Canada and Mex. and made a rep with my slogan, "The Eiffel Tower of Radio," and then to read something like that. It's hard to digest!

Well, Marcella, I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but the war played H—with a lot of us. I am an inmate of the National Military home, Sawtell, California, fighting the old T. B. Lost my voice and haven't talked above a whisper since Jan., but am a long way from out. Am feeling fine and am beating the old bug and expect to be back before the mike in a couple of years. Would love to hear from any of the old gang.

The little Pink Wife is still the best Pal I ever had and joins me in sending you and Buck Rayner and all old friends our best. Address is, besides just the Home, Annex 2—R58—Lew Farris.

Loud cheers, great fame has come to poor little me, and all because some other girl's mother named her Marcella, too. And yet it makes me feel kinda bad, too. Wish I could be as popular, on and off the air, as Marcella Shields.

And now to answer your question, B. Louise. The Two Troopers, Marcella and Helene, can be heard over the NBC from time to time. They are on the concert bureau, and have no regular time for broadcasting. Alois Averille is one independent lad, and announces for both the NBC and the CBS. If you write to him direct, care of either company, I think that he will be glad to send you a picture.

Don't quite get your question about Norman S. Richards. There is, as far as I know, no such station as CHYC in Montreal. If you can give me a better tip I will find all I can about Mr. Richards.

Bradley Kincaid is one of the best known mountain ballad singers in the Middle West. The "Mountain Boy" of WLS accompanies his hill folk songs with his own "Houn' Dawg" guitar. He has a large collection of old time songs he is fond of dusting off. The twin prides of his life are mere youngsters as yet, and he has named one of them after his most popular song, "Barbara Allen."

Elizabeth Ann of Belle Plaines, Iowa, wants to know about Arthur Hays.



First of all comes the BIG question—he is NOT married. And you'd better watch that heart of yours, Elizabeth Ann, for Art is one handsome boy, with blond hair and lots of IT. In that goodlooking face of his are two twinkling blue Irish eyes, which tell a lot.

Arthur is the featured organist at Loews Palace theatre in Memphis, as well as being the big shot at the manuals for WMC. He has a tremendous following all over the country, as well as in Memphis and vicinity. He is billed with Hugh J. Mooney in a morning period of broadcast called "Art Hays and Salesman Sam."

Ted Husing is a mighty sweet boy, and a hard working lad who deserves every good word sent his way, and many more besides. It isn't chance, luck, a drag or anything like that that has made him the premier sports announcer for the CBS, but real, honest-to-goodness hard work. Ted is really a very modest boy, and a likeable one. If you haven't read the story about him in the November Digest, just you look back and do it right now, Gegl. Mr. Editor Man, who tells us whatfor, ran a good story with a couple of pictures then.

I'm awfully glad you are getting along so well, Jinny, and here's hoping you will get away from the doctors for good before long. I'm also glad you asked me about Kay Ronayne, for she's a very old friend of mine. This blues singer de luxe is at KYW now. When she sings a song, the song stays sung. And I've told Coon all about how happy he made you, and you can believe it or not, he was just thrilled to death. Nice, boy, Coon.

When Rose Thall heard about your letter to me asking about her (Whew, that was a long one), she was simply burning up. And when Rose burns up, boy, what a girl. She's only four feet eleven inches tall, but oh, oh. Twenty-two years old, she would still be touring the country with a girl band if Radio hadn't captured her heart—now she vows she's married to it, but don't let that stop any of you boys.



Besides being just darned pretty, and tantalizing the boys in the studio, Rose tickles the keys at WCAH, croons blues songs while playing for herself, and performs with the "Squeezebox." In the evenings she leads a girl orchestra while the patrons and listeners eat.

Gene and Ford and Glenn are on tour, having visited Greenwich Village, as per Fred Smith's story in the December Digest. And I've answered M. M.'s other questions about Charley Hamp for C. G. D.

So many people have asked me for pictures of "Blue Emil" Cords that I



finally wangled one out of him. And I can't for the life of me see why he should be reluctant about showing his face in these columns. Heaven and the girls know he is good-looking enough. Although Emil has achieved a large measure of success and popularity, he is still on the 'teen side of twenty-one, and the single side of matrimony. In place of the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, Emil was born with a piano key in his hand.

His career as a pianist began at the age of three, when he used to stand in front of an old music shop and listen to the pianos tinkling within. Then he would toddle over to his aunt's house and pick out the tunes on the ivories. He began the study of the organ at the age of seventeen, under Elwyn Owen, and has been connected with WTMJ as an organist ever since.

When not exercising his hands on a keyboard, Emil likes best to exercise his legs in long walks. Recently he tramped seventeen miles on a little Sunday jaunt, and he averages two hours a day in hiking. He is a little fellow, at that, a bit below medium height, and slightly built, with light brown hair, a dapper mustache, and the kind of big brown eyes that make the girls sit up and beg for more.

Latest dope, Louise McKay, is that our mutual friend Al Carney is doing his stuff and building a new organ at WCFL, Good News.

Probably you've heard about it by now, but if you haven't, Guy Lombardo is at the Roosevelt in New York, and is heard from WBBM, just like the old days, only not so much of him, worse luck. That's for Esther R. Now Louise Hammerstein wants to know what instruments Guy features in his band. My suggestion, Louise, is that you write a letter to Guy himself. He always likes to hear from his friends and admirers. Thanks for the story on Little Jack. Did you know that he had bought a home in Cincinnati?

William E. Bradley is no longer with Columbia, but I think that he can be reached care of the production department of the NBC. As for Brad Browne, you've probably seen the story about him in the December issue by this time, Columbia fan.

A. D. R. of Detroit has asked me whether Real Folks and Sunday Evening at Seth Parker's were the same artists. Phillips Lord is the creator of the Seth Parker program and plays this role himself. He is under thirty years of age and is a native of New England. George Frame Brown directs and writes the clever little playlets for Real Folks. None of the artists are the same.

When the chief announcer of KOMO, Arthur W. Lindsay, asked for a few days off on the opening day of hunting season, none regarded the request with suspicion, nor was any significance attached to the fact that Helen Hoover, staff soprano, asked for a leave of absence to visit her mother in Portland, Oregon, during the same week. Therefore, it is easy to realize the surprise that was felt throughout the entire KOMO family when a few days later a wire was received from Lindsay from Portland advising the KOMO family that Helen Hoover had become Mrs. Arthur W. Lindsay.

Lester Spencer is a good looking blonde, and I wouldn't be surprised or blame him much if he was a little bit conceited, for the girls certainly do trail him around. He is just twenty years old, and stands five feet eight inches in socks. And listen, fair ones, he answers all the letters from girl fans himself, even if it keeps him up all night.

When C. G. D. saw Charlie Hamp down East he was just touring around to see a bit of country. He is located at KNX out on the West coast now, and spends some time before the cameras, too.

Brand Browne? If you didn't get the December Digest, which I think was a peach, get one now before it's too late, for there was a dandy story about Brad in it.

More news of the widely scattered crew who used to be heard from WHT. After Myrtle Oster asked me about Gail Bandell and Frank Chiddix, I found that the latter is out in Topeka, Kansas, with an orchestra. Gail is hiding somewhere in Chicago, or perhaps I shouldn't say hiding, but it's just that I can't locate her. Last heard of at WCFL during the summer.

This handsome gentleman with the waxed facial adornments is none other than Stu Dawson, who during his two years with WIBO has climbed from part time announcer to director of the station. Stu is one of the most popular announcers in the Chicago territory, and also one of the most modest, seldom introducing himself.



Although able to give the complete details of the history of practically all musical compositions and composers, Dawson's strong forte seems to be dramatic reading. Just recently he has found favor in an entirely new field, reading popular novels.

Radio announcers in Birmingham are causing the station directors and owners a lot of worry these days.



They are all nice boys, very talented and popular with the Radio audience, and well behaved. So you would think everything was all set for a peaceful time, but not so. You see all of these same announcers, as well as the operators, of WBRC are single, and there's a very disturbing element in the studios. Disturbing, did I say? I mean to the heart, and this little picture doesn't do Carol Morton the tiniest bit of justice. She is just nineteen years old and has more boy friends than anyone I know. She has a rich contralto voice and a wonderful personality. When she goes on the air with her blue blues songs you can bet she gets the best the station can offer—and she's got it coming. Like to know her?

Helpful A. B. of Lima, Oklahoma, has also heard Gloomy Gus at WKY, and Jack Little at WLW. Jack, incidentally, is out on one his almost incessant tours just now, according to his latest letter. Sorry, A. B., but I can't tell you one least little thing about Tag and Lean. As to Gene of Ford and Glenn and Gene, I am slightly more helpful. Yes, he is the same Gene who used to be half of the team of Jack and Gene at WLS, until Jack lost his voice.

Awfully sorry, Mrs. Pillsbury, but I am not personally acquainted with Frank Knight. Can anyone tell us something about this talented young man? I would like to know about him myself, after reading Mrs. Pillsbury's praise of his ability as an announcer and actor.

Chief Shumatana and the United States Indian band has been heard from KSTP, and a host of other stations throughout the country, Glays D. I've also seen them on the Orpheum circuit vaudeville, and they have, I believe, been put on the air by the RKO, but I can't tell you where you can count on hearing them. Sorry.

One of the world's youngest listeners is a critical lady, writes WTAM at Cleveland. She is Miss Patricia Lynch, three months' old daughter of Denny Lynch of the Harmony Team, Dick and Denny. Believe it or not, Denny turns on the Radio whenever Baby Pat is crying. If WTAM is broadcasting a classical number infant wails turn to cooing. If it's jazz, Pat tries to drown it out. Denny is all for heavy symphony.

Sam Ross, assisting managing director of the National Broadcasting and Concert Bureau, has added another artist to his own personal act—The Ross Family. It's a boy, and possibly through prenatal influence the youngster weighed 7-11—pounds and ounces, respectively—when he arrived; 7-11 in case you don't know your Fifth Avenue, is the New York address of NBC. Father reported doing nicely. The newcomer will be billed as David Brandt Ross.

Sid Goodwin, KGW's chief announcer, doesn't find life a bed of roses, but he is assured of living the remainder of his life "pretty soft." One of his admirers has sent him the second embroidered sofa pillow in two months. Sid sits on it when he announces.

Lloyd Welfare, who plays in the KGW dance band, has been tagged a hundred times for traffic violations. The other day the horn of his car quit cold, but Lloyd was equal to the occasion. He outwitted the police by driving down Broadway tooting da-dah-dah-dah! on his soprano sax. Crowds looked around to see who had the overgrown Spanton bugle horn. "Maybe I looked goofy," said Lloyd, "but I'd look goofier in jail, wouldn't I?"

Jack Barnet of KGW carries the following things in his big sedan: a nifty ash tray and lighter combined; a radio set (which occupies the whole back seat), and a miniature ticket chopper. The latter is to facilitate the handling of police tags.

Another friend of Gloomy Gus reports hearing him from WKY. No matter where he may roam, the girls certainly follow him, don't they, Happy of Ragan? Thanks just heaps for the cute little picture of Helen Hughes. I've heard the lady and like her so much that I'm using the photo you sent me and passing on the info about her. KSTP is her milke home at present, and she is heard on Saturday nights from 10:30 to midnight.



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.

# RADIOGRAPHS

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

By JEAN CAMPBELL

**O**FTEN you wonder about them—those dear friends of the air whose voices come to you every day. You long to meet them and find out exactly what they are like, what they like to do, how they live, what their tastes are in furniture, clothes, entertainment.

Now your questions are answered in this new department of RADIO DIGEST. Radiographs bring you little intimate interviews of the artists whose pictures you find in the DIGEST. Keep them together and watch for other friends to talk to you in these columns.

You all have favorites on the chain programs you would like to know better. Tell Jean Campbell who they are and let her introduce them to you, tell you their daily doings, thoughts and other things that interest "just folks."

**J**ESSICA DRAGONETTE opens the door herself and sort of sweeps you into her apartment with a low invitational bow which says as plainly as words: "Do come on in, I'm delighted to see you." Then she quickly divests you of wraps, sweeps you into the living room beyond the music-room foyer. There you find yourself sitting quite at home in an early American armchair with that little mite of a Jessica curled up quietly on a rare antique sofa opposite. The light of a lamp behind her plays upon the coppery tones in her



Jessica Dragonette

long coiled golden hair, and brings out dancing lights in her humorous brown eyes.

You feel as though you belonged in that ivory tinted room with Jessica . . . you forget, somehow, that you just came in from the hustle-bustle of upper Broadway, it's so restful. Pottery bowls filled with autumnal flowers and leaves, open bookshelves filling arches niched in the walls, comfortable colonial furniture, great expanses of soft warm-toned rugs leading off to other rooms all lighted by lamps with pottery bowl bases reminding you of the handiwork of the Cherokee Indians who passed their art on to the natives of the Blue Ridge Mountains. You forget Broadway and wonder if you are not really in

old Virginia, with Jessica playing the role of a colonel's daughter at home in her father's mansion.

Such is the impression one gets on finding Jessica in her home environment. An impression created by Jessica herself out of a great yearning for a real old-fashioned home.

This old-fashioned-modern girl spent most of her life in Philadelphia, where she was educated by the Nuns, having been placed in a Convent school in childhood soon after the death of both parents. Later she attended Georgian Court in Lakewood, New Jersey, graduating in her early teens. The Catholic sisters recognized that they had in their care a child of great talent, and encouraged her to devote her life and her thoughts to singing.

"It was prophetic, wasn't it?" queried Jessica, "that my first professional role should come through Max Reinhardt, who selected me to sing the solo of the angel which floated down from the great dark choir in 'The Miracle.' Mine was the only solo in the whole production, and even then I was just an unseen voice to the audience."

After a few leading stage roles, Radio claimed Jessica for its very own. It was Jessica's dream to sing to a great world of people. It was Jessica's dream to be a home-body. In the Jessica of today you can see that both dreams have converged into one and she readily admits that she owes her life's happiness to Radio—and happiness is everything to her.

"My philosophy of life is just to try to be happy. I learned through the lonely years of convent school life that the only way to be happy is to make up your mind that you are going to be, then put a smile on your face and keep it there.

"Lots of folks could be happy if they would just forget themselves and think a bit more about bringing happiness to others through whatever talent may be theirs. That's what I aim to do. Spare time is a scarce commodity with me, but when I have any, I am reading the books of the mid-victorian era. The old originals, in French, interest me most. Just now I am re-reading Vanity Fair, and memorizing a new group of Keats' poems.

"My favorite color is yellow. I wear yellow gowns as much as possible when I sing. I love yellow curtains and accessories around the house. It reflects sunshine in our hearts and homes, no matter what the mood or the weather.

"If I had a million dollars and nothing else to do, I'd go a-travelling to all of the old world cities. I am mid-victorian in my tastes.

"Duse was my ideal actress. Galli-Curci is my ideal singer. I think her beautiful, because she has such a marvelous personality and knows how to express it in so many creative ways. I am ever so grateful to some mighty big people, big in heart as in their high professional careers, who have gone out of their way to help me achieve my own

ambitions. I hope in my day to be able to do just that for other little girls who think they have something to give to the world.

"Marriage? I haven't thought of it—yet! Back to the stage? No! I much prefer Radio. Talkie-singing pictures? Well, maybe. That is if I'm invited and they revive the Victor Herbert and Lehar operettas on the screen and being in them does not interfere with my Radio work—that's my first love!"

And there you have "petite Jessica"—in person.

**D**OLORES CASSINELLI has moved again. A large apartment in a hotel will house her now. Just a peep into it between the ladders of interior decorators promised much. One could see that Dolores has that delightful neck that it takes to turn a cold, formal hotel suite into a warm home reflecting the Italian Renaissance period.

But those who know Dolores best are not surprised at the way she attracts all that is warm and luxurious to her. One has an idea that if Dolores opened an oyster there would surely be a pearl inside. The simplest gesture that she makes, the tiniest dream-wish that she holds, seems to develop a rich reward of some sort for her. And the daring



Dolores Cassinelli

things she does, those things that she just gets a hunch to do, and carries out to the consternation of her friends! These things, instead of turning out badly, turn out even better than Dolores ever hoped or believed they would.

Foresight is the quality of mind to which Dolores attributes her unique record of success. "Some folks seem to think that I was born under a lucky star. Of course, I have been lucky, but I think that a natural inclination to look at things with a long measure of foresight, looking always into the future, far ahead, is probably more accountable than anything else for some of the lucky breaks I've had in my career.

"For instance, when I went into the movies I was looking ahead quite de-



liberately toward the day when I should go into grand opera. I knew that I possessed a very fair voice, a bit of the dramatic temperament of my Italian ancestors, the physical stamina necessary for the sometimes gruelling strains of professional life. I began in the movies because, intuitively, I realized that a singer should know how to act, how to express herself thoroughly in pantomime. The movies were a school of expression to me.

"When I had acquired all I could learn there, I quit and began the musical half of my lessons. Of course with Talking-Singing-Pictures, affording the development of high class musical plays and operas on the screen, I am lucky now. But foresight, rather than any mystic charm, I think, is responsible for this stroke of luck.

"Oh yes, the talkies are beckoning to me now. I've just made a talkie tryout. They tell me I went through with flying colors, so I cannot regret leaving the screen to learn how to sing. Of course I did not realize then that we would soon have talking pictures. But I did think that they were a possibility of a future day. I left the screen having learned something of its art just because singing opera was my real secret ambition.

"I knew that I would rather sing one opera well than to become the greatest star of Moviedom. I practiced singing at home secretly between pictures. I had no time then for the vocal lessons that I needed. I quite realized how much training I should have to have along that line before I could appear as a soloist.

"To quit the pictures for the sake of that training meant tremendous financial loss, and the loss of a lot of glory. Hollywood friends and directors said, 'you're just a crazy little fool to do it,' but I made my last picture playing the lead opposite Milton Sills and came East."

After months of gruelling training a famous instructor pronounced Dolores a lyric soprano "discovery." Her first recital in which she sang with Martinelli, Metropolitan opera tenor, was a complete success, according to Baltimore critics. Later that year the critics of New York acclaimed her when she made her solo concert debut at Town hall. Then came Radio, introducing the former movie star to the world at large as a promising operatic soprano.

Dolores' dream has been realized. Now she is performing the leading operatic roles over the air, to a world-wide audience. And the moving pictures, jealous of her success, are beckoning her back, with the promise of producing operas especially for her in the talkies.

Fame hasn't spoiled Dolores. There is no pose about her, or effort to impress. She is so wrapped up in her career that she almost completely forgets herself as a personality.

Her hair is black as a raven's wing shining in the sunlight. Her eyes are luminous, dark and brown. Her skin has an unusual transparency about it, although it is olive. She wears simple gowns, cut to suit her tall, lithe figure. She prefers no ornaments for street wear, and is satisfied to be swathed in gorgeous materials and rich furs.

She always dresses in bright colored evening gowns for her Radio performances. With these gowns there is always a long string of beads, a different strand of different stones for each evening costume. The clink of the beads heralds her coming into the studio room at night.

Dolores lives with her mother, a most delightful, petite person, who is quite as beautiful as her daughter, but only a tiny miniature of her in stature. In the household is also her young brother-companion, Frederick Anthony, with

whom she shares a downright enthusiasm for Notre Dame football games. If you want a real peep at Dolores, go to the next game . . . very likely she'll be there.

**JUDSON HOUSE**—It's from his charming and talented wife that one learns all those little intimate things about "Jud," as his friends call him. That great big, curly-black-haired, sweet voiced tenor—why he just stands in awe of an interviewer!

And so we quote his better-half ad lib! And write this all out in her presence to the chagrin of the man who makes



**Jud and Dolly House**

music into the form of lovely ballads as he walks from his home East of Fifth avenue to the NBC studio where he sings, upon occasions, his own compositions as well as Grand Opera, Light Opera, Oratorio.

Wife Dolly, who in her own right was a feted Broadway star of the stage until her marriage, when she dropped the name and career of Dorothy Manners—well, wife Dolly says:

"Jud, tell the lady about those Chinese embroideries, statuettes, art prints, rugs and pottery that you spend every spare dollar for, to say nothing of the Chinese Teas of rare aroma that you have imported every month." Jud fidgets, saying: "Now really, Dolly—do you think that's nice?"

Dolly does! She goes right on. But now she's holding his hand, loverlike, so Jud smiles and weakens, and adds:

"Well, it's quite true, and they do give me credit for being something of connoisseur of Chinese Art, particularly that of the early Dynasty!"

The snow was thawed a bit, so Jud shakes off his fear of the interview ordeal and listens to Dolly tell on him:

"Truly, his greatest weakness is a Blonde—that's me—so it's all right. He's an adorable husband, the kind you read about in story books but so seldom find in real life.

"Yet, like all husbands he has a few faults, or shall we just call them idio-

syncracies?"

Mind you! We're still listening to the tell-tale Dolly. She continues: "Jud hates to dress up—evening suits are an abomination to him. He can hardly sing in one, and he just spoils a party completely fidgeting with a stiff collar, if you ever get him to wear one.

"He loses at least one collar button or cuff link a day, and if it were not for the fact that a temper and a swear-word would spoil his daily programs, I'm afraid he'd indulge in both. He scrambles on all fours after the missing buttons. In the end I always have to find them for him—he just can't see them.

"Dancing, ball-room dancing, is another of Jud's abominations. He neither likes to watch other couples dance, nor can he be coaxed to trip the light fantastic himself.

"And never let anyone, who values his friendship, invite him into one of those blare jazz-orchestra cafes. Jud is one person who does not like music with his meals. Perhaps this is because he likes to sit down at a hospitable board, with many friends flanking each side, and to keep up a lively running conversation, punctured with witticisms, during the meals. That's the way he likes to celebrate meal time.

"When Christmas comes his friends who 'just send handkerchiefs,' because Jud never carries less than six at any time, whisper to each other to be sure they are of linen and plain white, not even a thread of color will he tolerate running through the border.

"His suits must be dark, and of subdued pattern, shoes mostly black, hats soft and modest looking, and ties? Now there's a problem which I solve. I buy them all for him because I never liked one that he bought yet! A woman must have her way once in a while. Strangely, his taste in shirts is superb, and he likes them colored, semi-soft and really bright looking—they are the high-lights of his attire."

"That's quite enough about me and my shirts," interposes Jud, who by now is piling logs on their great studio hearth bonfire.

The Judson House menage is unique because of the Chinese hangings and works of art, the large open log-burning fireplace, a feature Jud insists upon in any home. It's a studio apartment near the East river—the fog comes in the windows and so does the sunshine and the moonlight. It's way up high, in one of those new, ultra-modern apartment houses—a small place but utterly charming.

Up in the country there's another home. In it this hospitable, just-sweet-hearts-though-wed couple live their Summers and hope to live always when the Winter of life overtakes them.

The country place is a wooded spot of more than five acres. There's a private lake a mile and a half long running through it. It's a rustic retreat with log burning fireplaces in every room, hand made furniture smelling of pine needles and balsam.

Judson began his career as a choir boy, earning twenty-five cents weekly for singing in St. Marks choir, in Brooklyn. Today, his Radio programs, his concert and operatic tours, bring in many thousands yearly. He is still as unspoiled as he was when at the age of 19 years he won the organ concert prize and musical scholarship at Syracuse university, just as bashful as he was the day he accepted, blushing, a chance to become tenor soloist with the New York Symphony orchestra, an honor extended him at the age of 21, by Walter Damrosch. He's still a young man and expects to go farther up the ladder of success.

# Home-Makers Club Is A Magnet

## From Every Corner of the Country Come Thousands to See, Ask and Taste

By Ida Bailey Allen

**E**VERY day is Visitors' day at the headquarters of the National Radio Home-Makers club. From every section of the country they come—recruits from the 300,000 club members and countless listeners-in.

On the fifteenth floor of a tall building on Columbus circle they find the club headquarters. If they arrive in time for one of the food broadcasts, they are given seats in the kitchen-laboratory, a room that is a never ceasing source of interest to visitors, for the kitchen-laboratory of the National Radio Home-Makers club is an actual kitchen—lovely with its buff and ivory walls and wood-work, and with its kitchen cabinet, desk, table, chairs and closets painted in ivory and decorated with motifs in blue and orange.

When broadcasting is going on from this room, the microphone is placed so that I can see the shining electric range and the kitchen cabinet where the club dietitian, Grace White, is busy at work, actually preparing the foods described in the broadcast.

Behind me as I stand before the microphone is the ivory piano painted to match the kitchen and presided over by Ralph Christman, musical director for the National Radio Home-Makers club. All my life I have dreamed that home-making and music could meet on a common ground. Here in the kitchen-laboratory we have proved this to be possible. We have produced a musical program in which the various constituents of the balanced ration were illustrated by phrases played upon the harp—a program which brought hundreds of delighted letters. We have broadcast food songs and work songs, the music of old England and of modern France, cello and violin solos and lovely vocal duets, all of them illustrative of the subjects of the broadcasts.

**WE DO** not need special sound effects in these broadcasts from the kitchen-laboratory. The egg beater very persistently whirrs out its sound, sometimes the water tap squeaks and groans, the snap of the self-adjusting electric oven is audible, and if by chance the electric refrigerator is not disconnected, its hum goes out to the whole country.

Funny things sometimes happen during a broadcast. One day when Norman Brokenshire was announcing, it was very windy and the windows were rattling. I saw him looking about in a speculative way; then he picked up two forks, climbed up on the radiator and stuck the forks in the window. Peace descended. Another morning when Ted Husing was announcing, he choked over a cup of coffee and I had to give the final announcement.

After the broadcast is over, everyone helps to eat it. Over the coffee cups at the kitchen table, women who live thousands of miles apart meet and become friends through their common interest in the activities of the National Radio Home-Makers club. Last week we had a guest from Australia, who listens-in regularly over W2XE, one from California, two from Des Moines, one from Buffalo and a group from Providence,



Scene in the beauty boudoir of the Home-Makers club during a broadcast. Helen Lewis, beautician, is giving a manicure while Ida Bailey Allen broadcasts the procedure.

Rhode Island. Our visitors enjoy meeting the announcer and engineer who always stay to eat "breakfast" as they call it.

Many are the questions the visitors ask Miss White.

"Are those really the ten cent tea cups?"

"Please let us see the cookie cutters you used Friday."

"Will you show us how to use a pastry tube and bag?"

And they scarcely ever leave without asking the inevitable question, "How can we reduce?"

**I**F THE visitors to headquarters come on Tuesday they usually go direct from the kitchen-laboratory to the beauty boudoir where the club beauty broadcasts are given. There was considerable surprise when the study of beauty

was added to the curriculum of the club. But many women had asked for beauty talks and it is the policy of the club program to try to give to the listeners-in the type of broadcasts that the majority request. So after the club food activities had been in full swing for eight months, the beauty boudoir was opened. Helen Lewis, a beautician of ability and a nurse as well, is in charge.

The room is charming, with hangings of orchid India prints and apple green theatrical gauze, with furniture in soft green flecked with gold. The same method of practical demonstration is used for the beauty broadcasts as for the cooking talks.

Miss Lewis actually carries out on the person being beautified, the procedure of the manicure, the facial, the hair treatment or whatever the topic may be

(Continued on page 126)

# FOOD, M'LORD, ENTERS WLS Contest

**SUE ROBERTS**  
*Swamped by  
Giant Strawberries  
and Beautiful Beans*

"GOOD MORNING, everyone! From the Tower Topics Time studio. Have you all sent in your entries to our National Canning contest?" These words must be familiar to every housewife who listened to the morning broadcasts of Sears, Roebuck and Company over WLS, during the Summer and Fall months, for Sue Roberts and Anne Williams, who bring these programs to you, were conducting this contest and they were very anxious to have everyone in the United States try to win one of the many money prizes that were offered.

If you had taken a trip to the Tower studio, during the month of October, you would have been convinced that everyone in the United States had complied with their wish.

When asked if many jars had been sent in, Sue Roberts smiled a rather wry smile, more with her large brown eyes, than with her mouth. Walking down a long hall she opened a door and pointed to a spectacle which would astonish the eyes of anyone. "There are at least twenty thousand jars in that room," she announced, "and there are more coming in every day. I rather believe that we will have thirty or perhaps forty thousand before the closing date of the contest."

Then she passed up and down between the long lines of tables upon which the jars were displayed, calling attention to many different kinds of food that had been preserved and also to the most interesting looking jars.

There was a jar of strawberries from California that seemed too large and too perfect to be real—a jar of oranges from Florida—mushrooms, peas, beets, carrots, and every sort of food that one can possibly think of lined the many tables. And it was very interesting to note the individuality which had been displayed by many who sent in these entries. Some of them, it is true, had simply been canned with the one idea of their usefulness, as a food, in mind. But many of them were placed in the jars in individual styles which added greatly to their attractiveness.

ONE jar that Sue Roberts pointed to was very peculiar looking. It was unlike all the others in size and shape and it did not bear the regulation label. "This," she announced with pride, "was canned 43 years ago and it is still in perfect condition. The listener who sent it in canned it herself and she wanted us to see what can be done."

And she singled out a jar of corn. The kernels had been all removed from the cobs and they were very white. Along the inside of the jar made in red pimentoes, were the letters—C O R N. Next she pointed to a jar of pickles that was truly amusing. These had been sliced and carrots had been put in them to make them look like tiny faces.

Then Sue, took us into her own office where she had a private display of some of the most original looking jars of canned food one ever wanted to see. Truly—never was a more wonderful array of canned food gathered together at any one place. Vegetables were dressed up so that they were scarcely recognizable. Fruits were all painted up and ready for



Long lines of tables laden with the most delectable of canned products, from giant strawberries to a jar of oranges, confront Sue Roberts of the WLS Tower Topics studio when she looks over the entries in the canning contest. Here she is describing some of the things.

Christmas, St. Patrick's Day, and every holiday imaginable. Meat, perfectly delicious looking and good enough to grace any table.

Really—a marvelous thing that human hands could turn out such luscious looking and such clever schemes for packing food.

Sue pointed out the string beans, long slender ones, short stubby ones, some graduated, some built up in brick fashion, others arranged in layers going around both vertically and horizontally. Carrots rivalled the string beans in ingenuity. It seemed that there were more ways of cutting carrots than there were carrots in the country.

THERE were some cut like barber poles, combined with potatoes, making a delicious looking pole of orange and cream. Others were cut with little square grooves and called the "waffle" cut, by Sue; other jars had zig-zag pieces and still others were cut in tiny pieces and arranged in perfect order. And for fruits this display—couldn't be beat. Real honest-to-goodness peaches from every state in the union. Those big delicious orange ones. And they were packed as temptingly as possible. Then there were berries—truly "the berries"—every kind of berry one could think of naming.

Every state in the union was repre-

sented and so was everything from soup to nuts—including clam chowder and a jar of shelled pecans.

Just imagine these thousands of jars arranged in double deck fashion and you'll have a good mental picture of the room through which Sue escorted us.

The task of preparing all of this wonderful food would have been a gigantic one, impossible to conceive of, if it had all been done in one kitchen. Sue Roberts remarked that it was almost impossible to check them all in and classify them, because of the great number of them. But she evidently had some able assistants who helped her for the food was all lined in readiness awaiting the arrival of the judges at the appointed hour.

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A mythical trip on their own "Radio airship" is the Saturday morning program of Jolly Bill and Jane, children's feature, heard each day through the NBC System. The entertainers "visit" various places of interest in the United States. Bill acts as guide, describing the sights and telling historical stories.

Among the recent musical groups to have auditions in the NBC studios was a quartet of violins led by Anthony Rizzuto of Brooklyn. This is said to be an unusual musical combination.

# MARSHA INTERVIEWS HERSELF

**DIRECTOR** of women's programs at WLW leads eventful life before finding herself before the mike.

By Marsha Wheeler

**O**NE writer I know says she always wears a dress trimmed with red elephants when interviewing. She calls the frock her interviewing dress because it seems to inspire volubility in her subject.

I never needed even a white elephant to make me talk. At one time in college days when life seemed bounded with zoological note books, French verbs and German genders, a classmate read my

palm and told me that some day I would be a speaker, addressing thousands of people. I pictured myself in mannish shirt and blue serge skirt atop a soap box waving my arms above the usual street corner audiences. Yes, I did make cakes when I was four years old, but I never trotted out that story as one of my ac-



Marsha Wheeler.

complishments. I never dreamed that the zoology would grow musty with disuse and that the box I stood on before the kitchen table on the maid's afternoon out, was really the first ingredient in that recipe for the profession of Director of Women's Activities at the Radio stations WLW and WSAI in Cincinnati.

Some lives seem to flow like a good Radio continuity, developing smoothly from the original idea to the climax in the third commercial announcement. But my life never did behave like that. It has proceeded in episodic intervals, each apparently without correlation with its predecessor. It is as if some capricious authority moves me about from room to room in a great house, uprooting me just when I learn to find the new light switch in the dark. And I must adapt myself to new wall paper, strange pictures and chairs, and windows that look upon unfamiliar scenes.

But I think on the whole I like my episodic existence. Perhaps some atavistic reversion to piratical ancestors stored a love of adventure in me, and the first room in this house of my existence was a bit too placid and unexciting. It was a very proper room, filled with docile obedience, good grades at school (I never had even the excitement of flunking), buttonholes that mother said were "pig-eyes," cleaning the bathroom on Saturdays, early to bed, plenty of books and summers in the pine woods on northern Lake Michigan.

**T**HE next room became the rendezvous of college friends, sorority meetings, themes and books, hot fudge on soda crackers, dances, the first box of rouge and daring adventures with Russian tea and gum drops. Again the doors closed definitely. The scent of



An exceptionally dainty dish is in process of preparation as Marsha Wheeler supervises the activities of this pair of chefs at the Crosley station.

orange blossoms pervaded the next room, but in the ensuing metamorphosis, the lovely china tea cups became just things to wash and put away. Then certified milk and supplementary feedings invaded the menu. And suddenly the door of that room was closed, too.

And then the adventures began. A microphone may seem an odd sort of magic carpet. Actually its mental imperturbability is terrifying to some people. But to me the microphone is an ever renewed thrill. There is nothing cold, nor inhuman, nor inanimate in that omni-audient instrument (there isn't any such word, but I see no reason why I shouldn't make up one). The microphone is a living link that has brought me a host of seen and unseen friends, travels, a liberal education and amazing adventures.

Some day I am going to write a book. It will be called "The Adventures of a Woman's Hour Director." It will tell of the trips I have made through factories and warehouses, through shops and stores, hot houses, and nurseries. It will relate the beauty treatments that have been tried on me, the soups I have eaten, the cosmetics I have used, the soaps and cleaners I have tested, the histories I have searched, the Arabian, Assyrian, Italian and Chinese dinners I have sought in queer places, the taxicab drivers I have talked to, the little singer in a New York Night Club whom I took out to dinner, the first author to autograph his book for me, the policeman in Philadelphia who wanted to put me in jail because a man hit my car and my car hit his car, the entertaining insurance salesman who settled the claim for me, and who regaled me all through dinner with tales of two years spent in Alaska, of being "broke" in a strange

city and pawning my wedding ring, horseback riding in the Virginia swamps, the man from Baltimore who told me his life history, the "cop" who always called me "the little lady from Ohio" and let me break the traffic rules, the Dutch Deep Sea Diver through whose helmet I viewed the bottom of the Elizabeth river, the Dutch bulb expert who used to eat my oysters with me at Brown's Sea Food house where the oysters were fat and fresh and the floor was sprinkled with sawdust, and home in a glow of sunset over the Ohio river.

**I**F ONE has the true adventurer's technique, there is no more thrill in the green and gold palm room of a New York hotel than in eating rashers of bacon and fried eggs in the solitary retreat of Hun Conaway, trapper and hunter, back in the hills of Southern Indiana where I slept on a feather tick in a bed six hundred years old, with the coon skins drying on the walls and the rats playing hide and seek over the corn pile in the adjoining room. But the pink and white checkerboard cake decorated with the name "Marsha" revealed not only this lone bachelor's culinary skill but his artist's soul. And the old walnut fiddle-back chair which he crowded into the car beside the son and myself grows daily in sentimental value.

I suppose if the interviewer with the red elephant dress were writing this, she would by this time have unearthed my hobbies and my favorite recipe. And she would actually have had me giving advice to young women. I like people and animals and books and I have a very humble feeling when my listeners tell me they like me and the programs I send them. Of course the credit is due them, for they give me my ideas.

## WENR Leads Nation

AFTER a bitter battle that swayed first one way and then another station WENR has definitely taken the lead up to this time in the race for the Most Popular station award. Not only is WENR leading in the Middle West, but has a small margin over WJZ of New York for National honors.

Others well up in the race are WLS, KYW, KMOX, KFNF, WWNC, FWKH, WFAF, WABC, WAPI, WAIU, KFI, while still others are not far behind. Following is a list of stations nominated and their standing when this issue goes to press:

East	City	Votes
KDKA	Pittsburgh	797
WBZA	Boston	489
WPG	Atlantic City	817
WABC	New York City	918
WBZA	Boston	329
WCAU	Philadelphia	351
WFAF	New York City	810
WGR	Buffalo	709
WHAM	Rochester	657
WOR	Newark	408
WRC	Washington, D. C.	527
WTIC	Hartford	348
WJSP	Washington, D. C.	489
WBAL	Baltimore	536
WEEL	Boston	311
WHRL	Tilton, N. H.	536
WGY	Schenectady	612
WIAS	Pittsburgh	1168
WJZ	New York City	487
WFBI	Syracuse	347
WMAK	Buffalo	347

South	City	Votes
WCOA	Pennacola	340
WFLA	Clearwater	460
WHAS	Louisville	420
WSMB	New Orleans	610
WWNC	Asheville	732
WSM	Nashville	576
KWKH	Shreveport	775
WSB	Atlanta	490
WIBO	New Orleans	401
WDOD	Chattanooga	345
WMC	Memphis	627
WREC	Memphis	524
WRVA	Richmond	489
WDBJ	Roanoke	314

South	City	Votes
WLAC	Nashville	401
WLAP	Louisville	276
WBT	Charlotte	269
WTAR	Norfolk	320
WAPI	Birmingham	596
WPTF	Raleigh	287
WBRC	Birmingham	381

Middle West	City	Votes
WAIU	Columbus	318
WCAH	Columbus	411
WJAY	Cleveland	217
KFH	Wichita	287
KMOX	St. Louis	979
KSTP	St. Paul	629
KYW	Chicago	1017
WBHM	Chicago	598
WCO	Minneapolis	692
WFRM	Indianapolis	417
WGN	Chicago	671
WTTD	Chicago	590
WJR	Detroit	504
WTK	Cleveland	498
WLS	Chicago	1090
WMAQ	Chicago	891
WTMJ	Milwaukee	598
KMA	Shenandoah	284
WOWO	Fort Wayne	340
WHO	Des Moines	376
KOIL	Council Bluffs	479
KFKH	Millard	304
WOS	Jefferson City	380
KFEQ	St. Joseph	299
WENR	Chicago	1216
WJL	Detroit	640
KFNF	Shenandoah	917
KTSM	.....	289
WOC	Davenport	416
WOO	Kansas City	372
KWK	St. Louis	389
KSO	Clarinda, Iowa	304
WCAW	.....	311
WDAF	Kansas City	657
WCAZ	Carthage, Ill.	218

West	City	Votes
KOA	Denver	587
WBAP	Fort Worth	611
KVOO	Tulsa	509
KSOO	Sieus Falls	304
KGCU	Mandan, S. D.	407
WQAI	San Antonio	312
WFAA	Dallas	411
KFAB	Lincoln	406
WOW	Omaha	667
KOB	State College, N. M.	388
WNAX	Yankton, S. D.	298
WIBW	Topeka	480
KMMJ	Clay Center, Nebr.	374
KPRC	Houston	428
KFYR	Bismarck	221
KFKB	Millard	418
KGIR	Butte, Montana	378

Far West	City	Votes
KDYL	Salt Lake City	386
KSL	Salt Lake City	367
KFI	Los Angeles	707
KJR	Seattle	611
KOMO	Seattle	720
EGA	Spokane	587
KIDO	Boise	389
EGW	Portland	393
KOIN	Portland	661
KFWB	Hollywood	594
KGO	Oakland	572
KPO	San Francisco	704
KPON	Long Beach	311
KFRS	San Francisco	286
KFII	Astoria	376
KHT	Los Angeles	714
KFWM	Oakland	299

Canada	City	Votes
CFAC	Calgary	298
CFCF	Toronto	139
CFQC	Saskatoon	241
CHCS	Hamilton	261
CHWC	Regina	276
CJCA	Edmonton	297
CJCT	Calgary	210
CJRM	Montreal	251
CKAC	Montreal	127
CKUA	Edmonton	268
CNRM	Montreal	239
CNRV	Vancouver	314
CKCK	Regina	249

THIS might be entitled, "Do you know—?" Nothing could be more indicative of the vast scope and service rendered by Radio than the fact that there are thirty-five million listeners on the air with their receiving sets every day and night in the year. This statement is accredited to C. R. King, vice president of the E. T. Cunningham Co.

It is estimated that in a single broadcast, over a coast-to-coast hookup of fifty or more stations, there is a potential audience of from fifteen to twenty million listeners. In many such broadcasts a definite audience of five million listeners has been conservatively checked.

These figures indicate that throughout the history of the world no other single agency has been developed to compare with Radio, with the single exception of the printed word, in its ability to reach the many million people of the nation.

## Rules and Conditions for Most Popular Station Gold Cup Award Contest

(Continued from page 3)

1. The contest started with the issue of RADIO DIGEST for October, 1929, and ends at midnight, March 23, 1930. All mail enclosing ballots must bear the postmark on or before midnight, March 20, 1930.

2. Balloting will be by means of coupons appearing in each monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST and by special ballots issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions to RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through subscription agencies according to the schedule given in paragraph four.

3. When sent singly, each coupon clipped from the regular monthly issue of RADIO DIGEST counts for one vote. BONUS votes given in accordance with the following schedule:

For each two consecutively numbered coupons sent in at one time a bonus of five votes will be allowed.

For each three consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of fifteen votes will be allowed.

For each four consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of twenty-five votes will be allowed.

For each five consecutively numbered coupons, a bonus of thirty-five votes will be allowed.

For the complete series of the six consecutively numbered coupons, sent in at one time, a bonus of fifty votes will be allowed.

4. Special ballots will be issued only when requested at the time of receipt of paid in advance mail subscriptions, old or new, to the RADIO DIGEST when received direct and not through

subscription agencies according to the following voting schedule:

1-year paid in advance mail subscription ..... \$4.00 150 votes

2-year; two 1-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct ..... 8.00 225 votes

3-year; three 1-year; one 1 and one 2-year paid in advance mail subscriptions direct... 12.00 300 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.

# Voice of the Listener

## Way, Way Back When

**I**N YOUR November issue of Radio Digest under "Voice of the Listener" section I see where one of your readers has headed a letter: "Remember 'way back when." This is all very good but evidently this reader has not been with the air long enough to qualify as an "Old Timer." Remember 'way back when: All stations presenting entertainment were on 360 meters and all giving market reports would change to 485 for this service?

How the amateurs in many towns were greatly peeved about the late at night broadcasts, and how it was impossible to "Get out of town" when your local station was going?

When the Coon Sanders orchestra was the official "Night Hawk Orchestra" and Leo Fitzpatrick was the "Merry Old Chief"?

When WBT at Charlotte, N. C., came in all over the west?

When KFKX at Hastings, Nebr., used to be a repeater station for KDKA?

How KHJ at Los Angeles was on a higher wave length (meters of course) than anyone else and how the announcer used to draw out the K-H-J "The Times" — Los Angeles, Cal.

When WFAA used to be the only station offering a popular concert on Sunday nights?

When WRC in Washington used to sound like they were broadcasting out of a barrel?

All sets were single or "three circuit" and the night WTAM had their squealing contest?

When the superheterodyne was first offered and how it was a contraption at least ten feet long and had about fifteen tubes?

When WLAG designated themselves as "The Call of the North"?

College Park, Georgia, had a transmitting station?

Every amateur said they hated broadcast but all could be heard fishing during their "silent hours"?

You had to pay \$14.00 for a well known brand of head phones and vacuum tubes pulled 1-amp and cost \$9.00?

The "Low Loss" Craze struck and there were no SLF condensers?

All amateurs were hated, and were blamed for all the interference in the community?

When E. J. Sweeny's all night broadcast was the talk of the country on his first anniversary?

I hope this will bring back some of the difficulties us "Old timers" had with the first receivers.—V. W. GARDNER, 1615 South Ervay Street, Dallas, Texas.

## Here's Another Pioneer

Mr. Meng in your November issue remembers way back when—that started me thinking and here am I writing to tell you my pipe-dreams of Radio long-ago.

I was a Radio expert and authority way back in 1920 and have had a set (always tube) in my home ever since. I have a very powerful set now, very different to the original "one-lunger." It is 11 tubes in line, a "Rolls-Royce" circuit, have received a 50 watt station on the Pacific coast.

But to return to 1920, I built my set in a hurry guessing at most of it. I only had a diagram of the single circuit and probably a hundred word description of the coupler and condenser, picked up on a New York newspaper. I had no

station to test it on, only wireless. I had a week to wait before KDKA made their debut. That was the longest week of my life, in November, 1920, wondering if that home-made set would work. I wound the coupler on an oat-meal box and cut the condenser plates out of sheet aluminum. The valve, as it was called, was a "Westinghouse Detector No. 12" (W. D. 12) purchased by mail from New York for \$11.50. It bore the legend, "To be used for amateur, experimental and pleasure only." I still have that original tube.

I got that first program weak and breaking into oscillation every few seconds but I got it. That was the only station for almost a year when WJZ, then at Newark, came along. I never got it on the original set. Then came KYW and KFKX at Hastings, relaying New York for crystal users.

Loud speakers, transformers, audio and radio were unknown. WJAX was the Union Trust of Cleveland. WDAP, "We Delight All People," Chicago Board of Trade, was our favorite station. Detroit had no station yet. There were three stations in Chicago, and WSMB was America's most popular station. Five hundred watts was the Federal Radio Commission's limit. Yes, and later Harry Snodgrass over WOS at Jefferson City. I had a 3-tube set by the time WTAS came along covering half the dial.

If you can remember all this and the kick we got out of it you can remember Radio from the start. Yes, and you can remember when WJY broadcasted, too, from New York.—B. G. HANSON, Sernis, Ontario.

P. S.—By the way the dictionaries of those days gave the pronunciation of Radio with a flat "a."

## Applause from Canada

Having been a Radio "bug" since back in 1920 in Europe when only four stations were on the air I have always had a Radio magazine with broadcast schedule as well as an official log by my set.

Naturally in coming over here a few years ago I looked around for a magazine that would meet with my requirements as it is a hobby of mine to get distant stations and the first magazine was Radio Digest. I still use this and find it very satisfactory and interesting.

While at home I used to sit up nights to listen to distant stations.

I believe it was in 1923 that I picked up a complete program from WOR, L. Bamberger & Co., at Newark, N. J., was in correspondence with this station for a considerable time.

In the old days I used to report quite regularly to the BBC on the strength of their programs. I used one of the first models of Dr. Lee de Forest's sets.

All this happened in Denmark. Now that I am away from Europe I am getting a short-wave receiver to try to get some of the European stations. With my present set I have been all over the states and Canada.

Again I wish to compliment you on your magazine. A suggestion—is it possible or worth while to publish a list of all the short wave stations in the world separately?—W. DANIELSON, Toronto, Canada.

## We'll Aim to Please

I got my Radio Digest and as usual was very glad to get one. I always look forward to the next issue with great anticipation to see whose pictures are

in and articles on the various artists and stations. I, for one, sure appreciate that you started issuing Radio Digest every month now. Also for the past year now the type you use and the way you print Radio Digest I enjoy better than when you printed them in the big form. I've been reading your paper for over a year and a half now. Although you have printed lots of pictures and I greatly enjoy seeing them all, here are a few I sure would enjoy seeing, which I have never seen in Radio Digest, also articles about some if you could get them: First of all, although no Radio entertainer, "Marcella," writer of Short Waves and Spark Gaps; "Betty Crocker," Interior of National Broadcasting Co.; "John and Ned," Mona Motor Oil Twins; "Alois Havrilla," "Vernon Smith" and "Ernest Pontius," announcers of Wren. Walt Lochman and the other announcers of WIBW. "Trade and Mark," Smith Bros.; "Billy Jones and Ernie Hare"; "Ford & Glenn"; "Russ & Bill" (formerly Ray-o-Vac twins), the artists that appear on Collier's Hour, "Ike & Mike" and "Jack & Jill," in fact all of WDAF artists. Bill Hay, announcer, Dixie Girls, Alta Opal and Andrus, also of KMA; Gypsy John of KMA, Cousin Paul of KMA, interior of KMA studio; Ted Malone, Dick Smith, of KMBC; the artists in Hank Simmons' Show Boat, Pictures of KFEQ; "Four Indians" from KOIL.

Well, I could name lots more I'd like to see and that you have never printed, but I'd better not. But I sure would enjoy and appreciate if you would print as many as you could. With best of success, I remain an eager Radio Digest reader.—MRS. BAILY McKANE, Nortonville, Kans.

## Voice of Short Wave Fan

You invite suggestions in each issue, to which I have not hitherto responded, but I do think it would nowadays be of interest to the general radio public if you were to include a table of all possible locations operating on so-called "short-wave" as well as a schedule of call-signals used by experimenters, and on test-programmes. Listeners-in often hear unlisted broadcasts which get them guessing; and so many fans have short-wave equipment that you would be more strongly establishing your journal as the radio-fans' encyclopedia than ever by adding these features.

To many of us up here the table on pages 96-97 entitled "Official Wave-Lengths" is the most useful feature of this publication; I guess it is not easy to keep it right up to date; and allow me to point out that it is CKAC which operates on Sundays, not CFCF as you state on pages 94-95.—A. J. CATTO, Quebec, Canada.

## Attention, Sponsors!

Do the sponsors of commercial programs over the air realize that in many instances their very efforts to create good will and increased volume of sales, are the very instigators of antagonism, bad will, and loss of existing sales connections? The writer feels certain they do not.

And yet the fact remains that really happens in many and varied instances. Of course the loss of certain customers may perhaps be over-balanced by the gain of new ones. Nevertheless the fact still remains that no business-man or manufacturer can honestly afford to lose good will. The reasons creating this

actual condition are very simple to trace down and could easily be overcome. The matter analyzed comes to this:

Consumers, dealers and wholesalers of years of standing of certain style, class or brand of goods feel that they are above all entitled to certain courtesies and considerations. Then perhaps some night listening to a program sponsored by a manufacturer or distributor whose goods they are using in lots running from a hundred to perhaps thousands of dollars per year, they decide to ask for the favor of the rendition of some favorite musical number. If he, be it consumer, dealer or wholesaler, presents his request, he will receive a very cold and formal refusal—and the harm is done; the good will is lost.

The writer has the proofs of such instances, not only affecting the everyday retail customer but as well as the dealer in his store, and the wholesaler in his jobbing firm. It seems that the sponsor claims that all programs are arranged by the broadcasting firm, and that he can not interfere. Well and good, only this explanation holds no water. The sponsor pays cold cash for his time on the air as well as for the services of the station, the announcers, the artists and the musicians, and is therefore legally entitled to demand the type of program he desires. And it surely will pay him to hold the good will as well as to create new good will through his Radio programs.

There can be no doubt that the Radio broadcasting companies will gladly consider and fill any request submitted to them by the sponsor of a commercial hour. If not, then it is time that the sponsors take this matter up at once and make it a condition in their contract. There is no advantage or any kind of gain to sponsors of commercial programs to let the musicians and the artists on their programs use exclusively those numbers, for the rendition of which music publishers pay them a bonus, tribute, royalty or plain bribe. There is no objection to have those publications featured over the air, but those conditions should not monopolize the air exclusively, and if the sponsor of a program, or his audience consisting of his customers, make a request for the presentation of certain compositions, same should be given the preference at the first opportunity.

Radio broadcasting stations will also find it to their advantage to co-operate with the sponsor along those lines, because it will make their programs more popular, and thus assure continuation of such commercial programs, as well as addition of new programs made possible by the success achieved by present ones.

After all the sponsor of a commercial program is not after the good will of the Radio station, program director and continuity writer, or after the good will of Tin Pan Alley song writers and publishers, but first and last after the good will of his customers, dealers and wholesalers, which have been with him and for him from the start. And it never pays to high-hat your old friends, no matter how big you got to be.—ALBERT E. BADER, P. O. Box 89, Hachita, New Mexico.

#### His Hat Off to WJR

I am going to get this letter off my chest. I've been a reader of the Digest since it was a weekly paper. We missed the summer numbers, but back it came smiling, bigger and better. The dials of our Radio don't move far from WJR. Hats off to that station. Neal Lomy carries a world of sunshine in his voice, a message of cheer for old and young, and, considering who the manager is, no

wonder that station is a success. Have been glad to see some WJR pictures in the Digest.

I enjoy the "Voice of the Listener"—and am saving my votes. Your magazine makes the Radio a living thing.—E. M. WILLIAMS, Midland, Mich.

#### Praise for Dear, Dead Days

May I at this late date speak a few words of praise for the Digest of by-gone days—when it could be called a real Radio-magazine, the days before greed and money mad politicians upset the Radio universe. O for the old days when the Digest was a weekly, when they thought enough of Radio to employ technical men who knew their grid leaks and what-have-you, I have one of the not so old copies with me now. Alas, it is all alone, as are most of us old timers, out in the cold. It is dated March 27, 1926, and in contrast with the present issue I am quoting the contents of said issue in hopes that some other old timer likely will get a kick out of it.

"All the live news of Radio, Boy scouts master Radio tricks, Portal players of WCCO make up for mystery serial play (meaning 'A Step on the Stairs'), Women's page, index to women's programs, 'A Step on the Stairs,' Advance programs for the week, An evening at home with the listener in Editorials, Indi-gest and condensed by Dielectric, 1926 four-filter Super-Heterodyne part three—Assembly and Wiring, How to stop blooping and man-made static, part seven; Fifty-one types of interference, Directory of radiophone broadcasting stations, revised."

Of course in this JAZZ mad age this information means nit, but for the real dyed-in-the-wood old timer who remembers when WDAP on the Drake hotel came in on two and three tubers like WLW now rolls in on a nine tuber it means everything. WDAP never had more than five hundred watts power, and WLW now uses fifty thousand. Its wave could be picked up by most of the old timers in every nook and corner of the U. S. A. on a one tuber and then they would be ashamed to boast of it.

I well remember the night that KGO made its maiden broadcast, that I with a simple three tube home constructed set was able to tune in his carrier and hear the first word spoken and be able to hold his wave for an hour and a half (thanks to WFAA at Dallas, Texas, who furnished the needed information that they, KGO, would broadcast at 8 p. m. Pacific time, and that they would broadcast on 312 meters), and we were greeted by the governor of California, the mayor of Oakland, and other distinguished men. Those were the days when the Digest fought the battles of the masses against the combines, the big chain stations, and always gave the underdog his just dues, but alas! the Digest is but a picture book now, and a broadcast directory that is only corrected every six months or so. Plenty of the old timers remember the time when you offered to pay one dollar if we could find mistakes in your directory.

Why, for goodness sake, list the Chain broadcast? You are just wasting that much space—you only have to turn on the machine now and the chains do the rest. It isn't proper to tune the Radio any more, nor is it necessary, the big chains have you anywhere you turn. And those fine sponsored programs we hear so much about. Rot! Do you and all the others remember the Pro's and Con's that passed through the pages of Radio Digest when Henry Field (may the blessings of God rest upon him), the originator of sponsored programs, first

came upon the air, he was called the SEED selling man from Iowa and every other thing permissible in print.

But listen, brother, this is a big world. Put on your fighting clothes and let's not let the CHAINS hog all the air. The Federal Radio commissioners ruled that stations in the same town must be at least 5 wave lengths apart, yet they will allow chain broadcasts to be on adjacent channels. They have repeatedly postponed the ruling that stations carrying the same program must be more than 300 miles apart. WHY? Because you and all other publications have quit the fight. And now Mr. Paramount's players are going out to the studio (where they make talkies) and there make wax records, that will be furnished the key station, who will broadcast same as a sponsored program. Nice, isn't it? Yet it hasn't been many years ago that stations who broadcast records were outlawed by the press and every intelligent being. Well! Well! Times change and so did the Digest. I am, just another old timer, who doesn't understand.—I. V. FREEMAN, Amory, Miss.

#### Note for Announcers

Have announcers announce the name of station before or after each number.

Here in the Rocky Mountains we try to get stations other than Pacific Coast stations. Occasionally we hear a long distance station, and listen for name or initials. They will play or sing five or six numbers before we know who we are listening to.

Please have your Digest request announcers to mention name or initials before or after each number.—MRS. H. C. MILLS, 919 W. Silver Street, Butte, Montana.

#### DX'ers, Can You Help?

On Friday, Oct. 25, between 8 and 9 o'clock P. M., I tuned in two stations that had foreign announcers. I think they talked in Spanish. Came in on the dial about 410 meters. I have a copy of your last Radio Digest but in the log I do not find this wave length on any station in Mexico or Cuba. Would you be so kind as to inform me what stations in Mexico and Cuba are on or about this wave length?—C. T. USTICK, 720 N. 13th Street, Clarinda, Iowa.

#### Gains New Laurels

I noticed in the October and November numbers of Radio Digest, the list of Asiatic stations I sent to you early in the Summer, and I wish to thank you for same. I have received in the past three weeks letters from Hartford, Conn., Newark, N. J., New York City, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and several letters from the Pacific coast. It sure has been keeping me busy trying to answer the questions of the different DX fans throughout the country and shows that DX-ing is still one of the greatest indoor sports of America.

Received two verifications this morning from CNRL (Canadian National Railways), London, Ontario, and a new station that's owned and operated by the Canadian National Railways also, operating in Toronto, CNRX, signed by T. W. Jackson, Radio representative, on both verifications. I now have 70 to my credit from different provinces in Canada.

I still claim that the Radio Digest is the one and only Radio magazine—a wonderfully illustrated magazine, accurate log arranged both in meters and kilocycles, giving power also, and one of the best Foreign logs that can be obtained.—FRANK A. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

Write a letter and become a member of the V. O. L. Correspondence Club.







These folks are real folks, in fact the Real Folks Family of the National Broadcasting company feature on Mondays. George Frame Brown, creator of the programs and chief actor, is third from the left.

Eastern 9:15 p.m.					Central 8:15		Mountain 7:15		Pacific 6:15	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
179.5	790	KGO	401.5	610	WEAF	235.7	1300	WTK	275.1	1090
179.5	790	WGY	491.5	610	WDAP	223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950
384.4	520	WMC	508.2	590	KFO	227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900
405.2	740	WSB	508.2	590	WEEI	232.4	1290	WTAS	323.1	900
416.4	720	WGN	508.2	590	WOW	238	1290	WLBW	348.6	660
440.9	680	KPO	534.4	560	WFI	238	1290	KOHL	370.2	810
441.2	650	WSM	545.1	550	KSD	241.8	1240	WGHF	384.4	780
465.5	640	KFI	545.1	550	WGR	241.8	1230	WNAI	389.2	770
483.6	620	KOW				248.8	1230	WNAI	389.2	770
						256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600
						258.5	1180	WOWO	499.7	600
						267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550
10					9		8		7	
Arabesque.										
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WADC (348.6-860)										
304	1470	WKTW	258.3	1160	WOWO	215.7	1300	WTK	275.1	1090
315.7	1390	WUK	275.1	1090	KMOX	223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950
323.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950	KMBC	227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900
327.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL	232.4	1290	WTAS	323.1	900
372.4	1290	WTAS	370.2	810	WCCO	238	1290	WLBW	348.6	660
378	1260	KOHL	384.4	780	WEAN	241.8	1240	WGHF	384.4	780
378	1260	WLBW	389.2	770	WBRM	241.8	1230	WNAI	389.2	770
341.8	1240	WGHF	475.9	630	WMAL	248.8	1230	WNAI	389.2	770
343.8	1230	WNAI	499.7	600	WCAO	256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600
354.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC	258.5	1180	WOWO	499.7	600
						267.7	1120	WISN	545.1	550
10:15										
Studebaker Champions.										
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)										
305.4	1460	KSTP	416.4	720	WGN	232.4	1290	WTK	275.1	1090
234.2	1280	WERC	440.9	680	KPO	245.6	1220	WCAE	434.3	660
245.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WEAF	280.3	1070	WTAM	483.6	620
265.3	1120	KFI	468.5	640	KFI	291.9	1020	KYFK	568.2	540
280.2	1020	WTAM	483.6	620	WTMJ	315.6	950	WRC	516.9	500
292.8	1000	WOC	483.6	620	KGW	319	940	WCSH	508.2	590
315.6	950	WRC	499.7	600	WTIC	325.9	920	WWJ	545.1	550
319	940	WCSH	508.2	590	KHQ	336.9	890	WJAX	545.1	550
325.9	920	KOMO	508.2	590	WOW	374.8	800	WSAI		
325.9	920	WWJ	516.9	500	WTAG					
361.2	830	KOA	545.1	550	WGR					
379.5	790	KGO								
379.5	790	WGY								
10:30										
Royal's Poet of the Organ.										
Key Station—W2XE (49.2-6120), WADC (348.6m-860kc)										
49.2	6120	W2XE	267.7	1120	WISN	204	1470	WKTW	258.3	1160
304	1470	WKBW	275.1	1090	KMOX	215.7	1390	WUK	275.1	1090
315.7	1390	WUK	315.6	950	KMBC	223.7	1340	WSPD	315.6	950
323.7	1340	WSPD	333.1	900	KFI	227.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900
327.1	1320	WADC	333.1	900	WFBL	232.4	1290	WTAS	323.1	900
332.4	1290	WTAS	370.2	810	WCCO	238	1290	WLBW	348.6	660
332.4	1290	KOHL	384.4	780	WEAN	241.8	1240	WGHF	384.4	780
338	1260	WLBW	389.2	770	WBRM	241.8	1230	WNAI	389.2	770
341.8	1240	WGHF	475.9	630	WMAL	248.8	1230	WNAI	389.2	770
343.8	1230	WNAI	491.5	610	KFRC	256.3	1170	WCAU	499.7	600
354.3	1170	WCAU	545.1	550	WKRC	258.5	1180	WOWO	499.7	600
358.5	1160	WOWO								
10:45										
Sunday at Seth Parker's.										
Key Station—WEAF (454.3m-660kc)										
308.6	1450	WFIC	325.9	920	WWJ	232.4	1290	WTAS	323.1	900
339	1260	WTAS	333.1	900	WKY	245.6	1220	WCAE	434.3	660
345.6	1220	WCAE	454.3	660	WOW	280.3	1070	WTAM	483.6	620
365.6	830	WHAAS	535.4	560	WIOD	315.6	950	WRC	516.9	500
399.8	1000	WOC				319	940	WCSH	508.2	590
11:15										
Loudness.										
Key Station—WJZ (394.5-760)										
222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	900	WBZ	222.1	1350	KWK	302.8	900
245.8	1220	WREN	302.8	900	WBZA	227.1	1320	WASB	315.6	950
269.7	1150	WHAM	305.9	900	KDKA	250.7	1150	WHAM	399.8	750
282.8	1050	WHAL	394.5	760	WJZ	263.3	1140	WABF	394.5	750
						282.8	1060	WRAL	405.2	740
						302.8	900	WBZ	405.2	740
						332.9	900	WBZA	481.5	610
						305.9	900	KDKA	535.4	500







Edna Duane, soprano, who is one of radio's original broadcasters, is the featured soloist heard on the Gold Seal program with Benny Krueger's orchestra every Thursday evening from WABC.

Eastern 8:30 p.m.		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.2	6120	WXXE	243.8	1230	WFRM		
204	1470	WKRP	256.7	1170	WCAU		
208.2	1440	WHBC	275.1	1090	KMOX		
209.7	1430	WHIP	333.1	990	WFRL		
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	790	WEAN		
227.1	1330	WADN	407.5	670	WMAJ		
232.4	1290	WTAS	423.9	630	WMAJ		
238	1260	WLRW	492.7	600	WCAO		
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC		
243.8	1230	WNAC					

Eastern 8:30 p.m.		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.2	6120	WXXE	243.8	1230	WFRM		
204	1470	WKRP	256.7	1170	WCAU		
208.2	1440	WHBC	275.1	1090	KMOX		
209.7	1430	WHIP	333.1	990	WFRL		
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	790	WEAN		
227.1	1330	WADN	407.5	670	WMAJ		
232.4	1290	WTAS	423.9	630	WMAJ		
238	1260	WLRW	492.7	600	WCAO		
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC		
243.8	1230	WNAC					

Eastern 8:30 p.m.		Central 7:30		Mountain 6:30		Pacific 5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
49.2	6120	WXXE	243.8	1230	WFRM		
204	1470	WKRP	256.7	1170	WCAU		
208.2	1440	WHBC	275.1	1090	KMOX		
209.7	1430	WHIP	333.1	990	WFRL		
215.7	1390	WHK	384.4	790	WEAN		
227.1	1330	WADN	407.5	670	WMAJ		
232.4	1290	WTAS	423.9	630	WMAJ		
238	1260	WLRW	492.7	600	WCAO		
241.8	1240	WGHP	545.1	550	WKRC		
243.8	1230	WNAC					

Eastern 4:30 p.m.		Central 3:30		Mountain 2:30		Pacific 1:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950
322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930
330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910
384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790
389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770
394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760

Eastern 4:30 p.m.		Central 3:30		Mountain 2:30		Pacific 1:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950
322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930
330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910
384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790
389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770
394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760

Eastern 4:30 p.m.		Central 3:30		Mountain 2:30		Pacific 1:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950
322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930
330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910
384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790
389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770
394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760

Eastern 4:30 p.m.		Central 3:30		Mountain 2:30		Pacific 1:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950
322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930
330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910
384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790
389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770
394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760

Eastern 4:30 p.m.		Central 3:30		Mountain 2:30		Pacific 1:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950
322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930
330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910
384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790
389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770
394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760

Eastern 4:30 p.m.		Central 3:30		Mountain 2:30		Pacific 1:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090	KMOX	275.1	1090
315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950	KMBX	315.6	950
322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930	WOBH	322.4	930
330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910	WCOO	330.2	910
384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790	WFRM	384.4	790
389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770	WBRM	389.4	770
394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760	KVI	394.2	760

# Thursday

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
262.1	1480	WCKY	454.3	660	WEAF		
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF		
209.8	1000	WOC	492.7	600	WTC		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW		
379.5	840	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI		
378.9	840	WVJ	516.9	580	WTAG		
315.6	950	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR		

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
262.1	1480	WCKY	454.3	660	WEAF		
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF		
209.8	1000	WOC	492.7	600	WTC		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW		
379.5	840	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI		
378.9	840	WVJ	516.9	580	WTAG		
315.6	950	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR		

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
262.1	1480	WCKY	454.3	660	WEAF		
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF		
209.8	1000	WOC	492.7	600	WTC		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW		
379.5	840	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI		
378.9	840	WVJ	516.9	580	WTAG		
315.6	950	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR		

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
262.1	1480	WCKY	454.3	660	WEAF		
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF		
209.8	1000	WOC	492.7	600	WTC		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW		
379.5	840	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI		
378.9	840	WVJ	516.9	580	WTAG		
315.6	950	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR		

8:30 a.m.		7:30		6:30		5:30	
Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.	Call	Meters	Kc.
262.1	1480	WCKY	454.3	660	WEAF		
245.8	1220	WCAE	491.5	610	WDAF		
209.8	1000	WOC	492.7	600	WTC		
315.6	950	WRC	508.2	590	WOW		
379.5	840	WCSH	508.2	590	WEEI		
378.9	840	WVJ	516.9	580	WTAG		
315.6	950	WVJ	545.1	550	WGR		



The exuberantly youthful tenor of the Thursday night Veedol program is none other than Richard Maxwell. Good looking, don't you think?





# Who's Who In Broadcasting

**HOUGH, Harold V.**, known as the "Hired Hand" at WBAP. The Star-Telegram station in Fort Worth, Texas. Hough, who is now supervisor of WBAP, is one of the pioneer radio broadcasting men, having started that station in 1922 when it was a five-watt. He used to be heard frequently over the mike, but has not been on the air for several months except on special occasions and has announced that he is now giving his public and his talents an extended rest.

**Houle, Juliette**, Studio Accompanist, WHEH.  
**House, Frank**, Tenor, WFLA.  
**House, Judson**, Tenor, NBC.  
**House, Marguerite**, "Cellist, KVOO.  
**Houston, G. F.**, Director-Announcer, WADC.

Began work at WEAR when the station opened in January, 1926. Managed the Euclid Music Studio of WTAM. Been with WADC since May, 1927. He has never announced his name over the air, always "drops off" with "Bye Now."



**Houston, Stanley**, Chief Announcer, Curley Band, KFKX.  
**Howard College Orchestra**, WAPL.  
**Howard, J.**, Melody Musketeeer, NBC.  
**Howatt, Louise**, Happiness Girl, Contralto, Pianist, KMTH.

**Howell, Charlie**, Golden Tenor, KMA.  
**Howland, Nellie**, Harp, Pianist, KFDM.  
**Howlett, Eric**, Program Director, WHK.  
**Howlett, Harry**, Commercial Manager, WHH.  
**Howlett, M. A.**, Station Manager, WHK.  
**Hoxie, A. M.**, Public Relations, WNAC.  
**Hoyle, Dorothy**, Trio, National Broadcasting Company.

**Hubbard, Frederick**, Organist and Baritone, WFLA.

**Hubbard, Mrs. J. R.**, Accompanist, WFLA.

**Hubbard, Stanley E.**, Vice-President and General Manager, National Battery Broadcasting company, owners and operators of the National Battery station, KSTP; former owner and manager of WAMD, "The Call of the North," with principal studios in Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis; pioneered in radio as amateur 1911. Started flying 1916; Aviation Section, First Battalion, Signal Corps, New York National Guard, World War; on return to civilian life automobile distributor, Louisville, Ky.; owner and operator Kentucky Aeroplane Supply company, one of first aeroplane manufacturing companies in United States; president and general manager Seaboard Consolidated Air lines, one of the first aeroplane passenger transport companies; former chief of United States Internal Air service; originated WAMD 1924, developing it to second largest Northwest station; September, 1927, associated with L. J. Shields, originating National Battery Broadcasting company and organizing KSTP, taking over WAMD, Minneapolis, and KFOY, St. Paul; established radio station construction record, completing KSTP transmitter and studios in 60 days; active in national radio field, member Committee on Commercial Broadcasting of the National Association of Broadcasters.

**Huber, Frederick R.**, Director, WBAL.  
**Hudson, Harvey**, Tenor, KOIN.

**Huebel, Gladys**, Contralto, WCCO.  
**Hughes, Al**, Drums, National Battery Symphony orchestra, KSTP.

**Hughes, Bess McLennan**, Contralto, KVOO.  
**Hughes, Frank**, Xylophonist, WLAC.  
**Hughes, Haller Jim**, Master of Ceremonies during Haller Hour. He originated the mysterious horse "Cocoonuts." KDKA.

**Hughes, Irene**, Assistant Office Manager, KSTP.

**Hughes, James**, Tenor, WLWL.

**Hughes, Marvin**, Pianist, WLAC.

**Hughes, Mrs. W. A.**, Accompanist, WFLA.

**Hugo, Heyn**, Vibraphone, Xylophone Artist, KMA.

**Hugo's, William**, Orchestra, KWK.

**Hulbert, Ray**, Saxophonist, Clarinetist, KGW.

**Humphries, Mrs. Olive Check**, Soprano, WAPL.

**Hunt, Hamlin**, Organist, WCCO.

**Hunt, Mildred**, Contralto, NBC.

**Hunt, Ted**, Saxophonist, KWK.

**Hunter, Eva**, Violinist, KVOO.

**Hunter, George W.**, Announcer, WRVA.

**Huntley, Fred H.**, Baritone of the Aerials, male quartet, heard on The Chicago Daily News station regularly.

**Huntley, Hazel**, Miss Huntley serves The Chicago Daily News station in a dual capacity. She is both an executive of the station and an artist. With WMAQ fans she has gained a wide reputation for her contralto voice with which at times she pinch hits as an announcer. In addition to being an artist of repute and long standing, Miss Huntley is program director of WMAQ and as such winnows the grain from the chaff in the hundreds of applications made by artists for positions with the station.

**Hurl, Robert**, Program Director, KFI.

**Hurl, Al**, Harmony Singer, KMOX. Al of "Al and Fay."

**Hurt, Jerry**, Ukulele, KVOO.

**Hurt, Marlin**, KYW Tenor with the orchestra. Hurt is that I-must-be-individual singer who brings his "own" announcer along with him. At least he can make that story stick until television spoils it for him.

**Husing, Edward B.**, Junior Announcer, Premier Sports Announcer, Columbia Broadcasting system.

**Hustana, Alva**, Flute, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.

**Husted, K. W.**, Announcer, WCCO.

**Hutchings, Altha**, Studio Hostess, Program Director, Conducts the Woman's Hour, KEO.

**Hutchison, Bart**, Guitarist, Barn Dance Entertainers, WBM.

**Hutchinson, Harry A.**, Manager, KVOO. Has been in radio work for seven years, five of which have been in present capacity.

**IATONE, Leona**, Staff Accompanist, Hostess. Meets thousands of guests and makes them feel at home, KTRH.

**Ideier, Edwin**, Violin, NBC, New York.

**Illinois Four**, Male Quartet, WHT.

**Inglis, August**, Violinist, WDBO.

**Ingrid Staattengren**, Swedish Violinist, KWK.

**Inspiration Boys**, Al and Pete, The Inspiration Boys are purveyors of mirth and melody with a wide following among WMAQ listeners. In addition to The Chicago Daily News station they broadcast over several others, making weekly trips to each city.

**Ireland, Ward**, Assistant Announcer, KFOA.

**Irene Buchners Trio**, KVOO.

**Irmalee, Campbell**, Soprano, KXK.

**Irvin, Violet Gross**, Pianist, WLAC.

**Irvine Whistlers**, Slater Team, KPO.

**Isbel, Harold**, Town Crier of the Night Watch, KXK.

**Israel, Florence**, Home Service, KFWR.

**Iula, Felice**, Orchestral Arranger and Conductor. Joined the staff of WBAL last year, coming direct to radio work from the professional musical field, where, as conductor, he had gained a national reputation and was voted the most popular theatrical orchestra conductor in the country during a nation-wide contest. Has toured the country from coast to coast as a member of leading theatrical and operatic companies, including the Henry W. Savage productions and the Aborn Opera company. Now devoting his time to radio work, conducting several of this station's orchestral features and writing special orchestrations and arrangements for radio presentation. He is conductor of the WBAL Concert Orchestra, the WBAL Symphony Ensemble, the Cloverdale Dinner hour.

**JACKSON, Bill**, Tenor, WFLA.

**Jackson, Frank**, Voice and Piano, WWCN.

**Jackson, Mrs. William Henry**, Pianist and Accompanist, WLAC.

**Jackson, Mrs. William Henry**, Pianist, WBM.

**Jackson's Society Orchestra**, KVOO.

**Jacobs, Clyde**, Popular Tenor, KVOO.

**James, Dorothy**, Popular Piano Numbers, WWCN.

**James, Lewis**, Tenor, NBC, New York.

**Jambson, Mrs. Myrtle Bennett**, Blues Singer and Pianist, WAPL.

**Jambson, Steele**, Tenor, The Ballad Singers, NBC.

**Jana, "Color Talks,"** WBSN.

**Janecek, John**, Tenor Soloist on Otto's Little German Band program, KSTP.

**Jarecki, Tadewez**, Special Orchestrator, National Broadcasting Company.

**Jarett, Julia Wylie**, Soprano, WLAC.

**Jayhawker Girl**, Popular Songs, KFR.

**Jeffords, Mrs. John**, Harmonica, WFLA.

**Jellison, Otto J.**, Tenor, WCCO.

**Jencks, Earl D.**, Sales Manager and Director of Public Relations, KSTP. Former Director of Publicity, Saint Paul Association of Public and Business Affairs; Railroad and Financial Editor, St. Paul Dispatch-Pioneer Press; Northwest Correspondent Wall Street Journal, Consolidated Press.

**Jencks, Fred W.**, Baritone and Announcer, WWJ.

**Jendrek, Edward**, Tenor, Member Mixed Quartet, WBAL.

**Jenkins, Dr. Borris A.**, Radio Preacher, WHB.

**Jenkins, George**, French Harp Artist, and probably the tallest man in middle Tennessee, WLAC.

**Jennings, Dessie Anderson**, Contralto, WADC. Been on over 150 programs.

**Jensen, John**, Entertainer, WNAX. Guitar, harmonics, singing and playing old time tunes. Has been broadcasting over WNAX for two years. Born in South Dakota in 1899, staying on the farm for seventeen years before he was called to Yankton, S. D., in 1916.

**Jensen and Lettow**, Harmony Boys, WHB.

**Jermaine, Jerry**, Song Crooner, KFO.

**Jernigan, Johnnie**, Violinist, WLAC.

**Jernigan, Margaret**, Cellist and Member of Jernigan Trio, WLAC.

**Jim and Bob**, Hawaiian Guitars, WENR-WBCN.

**Jimmy Joy's Orchestra**, WDAF.

**Joe Bako's Gypsy Band**, WADC.

**John and Ned**, guitar and vocal harmony duo. NBC studios at San Francisco.

**Johnson, Clarence**, Conductor of WBAL Jubilee Singers.

**Johnson, Clarence**, Tenor, WOC.

**Johnson, Connie**, Accompanist, WDAF.

**Johnson, D. D.**, Chief Operator, WDAF.

**Johnson, Ethel**, Pianist, WMAK.

**Johnson, George**, Organist, WOW.

**Johnson, Gladys**, Cellist, Assists Musical Director, KDW.

**Johnson, Gladys Lee**, Second Violinist, KGW.

**Johnson, Harrison Wall**, Pianist, WCCO.

**Johnson, J. Howard**, Tenor, KXK.

**Johnson, Joe**, Orchestra Leader of Coronadians, KMOX.

**Johnson, Leta Hendricks**, Violinist, WAPL.

**Johnson, Mary**, Pianist, WFLA.

**Johnson, Mott**, Announcer, KMMJ.

**Johnson, Myron**, Violinist, WDAF.

**Johnson, Paul**, Studio Director, KSTP, until he resigned to take up the practice of medicine in the Summer of 1929. He began announcing for WBAL in 1922 and six months later went to WLAG in Minneapolis as Chief Announcer. When WCCO purchased WLAG, Johnson remained as Chief Announcer until he joined the KSTP staff in March of 1928.

Among the celebrities Johnson has introduced to the radio audience are Marshal Foch, President Calvin Coolidge, General John J. Pershing, Vice-President Dawes, David Lloyd-George, Raald Amundsen, Madame Schumann-Heink, and many others.

**Johnson Sisters**, Piano, Uke, Voices, WHAIC.

**Johnson, Stute**, Announcer, KMMJ.

**Johnson, T. Carter**, Publicity Director, KMOX.

**Johnson, Walter**, Announcer, WTIC.

**Johnston, Alice**, Violinist, WAPL.

**Johnston, Col. George C.**, Announcer, WDBO.

**Johnston, Gertrude**, Pianist, WWCN.

**Johnston, Merle**, Saxophonist, National Broadcasting Company.

**Johnston, Patti**, Pianist, KVOO.

**Johnstone, G. W.**, Manager Press Relations, National Broadcasting Company.

**Jolly, Peggy**, Continuity Writer, KMOX.

**Jolley, Marge**, Continuity Writer, KMOX.

**Jones, Archie**, KSTP, Baritone Soloist, faculty member University of Minnesota School of Music. Has appeared at many stations in Middle West. Taught music at University of Nebraska and Nebraska Conservatory of Music, London.

**Jones, Bill**, KSTP, Member "KSTP Players." Musical salesman who makes jaunt west country in Adventure program every Saturday evening.

**Jones, Billy and Ernie Hare**, Popular Radio Song Comedians, CTR.

**Jones, Daniel Boone**, Fiddler, WOE.

**Jones, Mrs. Eva Thompson**, Contralto, WHH.

**Jones, Eva**, "Fast Johnnies." Official duties include arrangement of programs, social work at studios, publicity and secretaryship, WFLA.

**Jones, Mrs. G. R.**, Pianist, WLAC.

**Jones, Gwendoline**, Soprano, WFLA.

**Jones, Gwynn**, NBC tenor at San Francisco, National Broadcasting Company.

**Jones, Katherine Tift**, Reader, NBC.

**Jones, Mrs. Harry**, KTRH.

**Jones, Mynard**, Bass, KFO.

**Jones, Mynard**, chorus director at the NBC San Francisco studios. Mynard is a Native Son whose musical career has taken him all through the United States. Wallace A. Rubin, Clement S. Rowland, Arthur Poets and Jeanie Gertrude are some of the instructors with whom he has studied. Group singing interests Mynard most and he is responsible for many Western musical organizations, notably the Pacific Coast Academy of Teachers of Singing. He sings solo, however, at numerous concerts. He is well known as a composer and arranger.

**Jones, Paul A., Jr.**, President, General Manager, KFIU. Graduate of Baylor university, half miler with Illinois Athletic club.

**Jones, William**, Tenor, Happiness Boys, NBC, New York.

**Jordan, Corlune**, KSTP, Program Director, pianist and "blues" singer, former star entertainer, WBBM, director KSTP Housewives clinic and other women's features.

**Jorgenson, Phil**, Pianist, KPAB.

**Joseph, William**, With South Sea Islanders, NBC, New York.

**Josep Wood-Wind Ensemble**, National Broadcasting Company.

**Joung, Jessie**, KMA Sewing Circle, KMA.

**Joy, Leslie Wells**, Studio Supervisor in Charge of Announcers. Announces and sings himself. Has been with the National Broadcasting Company for four years.

**Judges, Fred**, Spokesman for Auto Club of Washington, KFOA.

**Jules Klein's Symphony Ensemble**, WWJ.

**Jules, Jacquinet.** Holds the unique distinction of being a charter staff member of KMOX. She is a pianist, organist, and harpist, and has served in nearly every capacity required in conducting a radio station. Miss Jules is particularly noted for her children's work—to each and every one she is known simply as Auntie Jack—and for her request programs. In a recent contest Miss Jules ranked first among the station features. Miss Jules is also a composer of airs, being listed in the Missouri Book of Composers.

**Junior Music Club, WFLA.**

**Junkin, George.** Managing Director of KMOX. Went to St. Louis November 10, 1926, from WWRB Chicago, where he had been an announcer. Succeeded Thomas F. Convey as managing director of KMOX after serving as chief announcer of the Voice of St. Louis. Junkin has a rich background of cultural and professional experience apart from the usual run of broadcasting work. He has done much to build KMOX as the largest broadcasting station in St. Louis. Before entering the Radio field he promoted county fairs, produced little theater offerings, operettas, minstrel shows and similar affairs. When the St. Louis Radio established the world's endurance record Mr. Junkin had charge of the mikes from midnight until six o'clock every morning, when the station established a record for endurance broadcasting, being on the air for 180½ hours without a break.

**KAISER, Earl.** Leader of Orchestra and Musical Director, WCFL.  
**Kalaui, William.** Hawaiian Baritone, KFL.

**Kales, Arthur.** Manager, KPL.

**Kalis, Henry.** Director of Lido Venice Orchestra, WHEI.

**Kanes, Hawaiian.** KFO.

**Kaney, Sen.** Chicago Announcer of the National Broadcasting Company. Sen is one of pioneer announcers. When KYW went on the air he presided at the mikes and was with the station until he left it to help WGN go on the air. He returned to KYW before he retired for several years. But, of course, he could not stay retired, and when all his fans had given up asking where that charming Sen Kaney had gone, he suddenly appeared in the Chicago Studio of the National Broadcasting Company.



**Karch, Hank.** The WLW Banjoester. Is a vaudeville veteran. His programs are full of wise cracks and vaudeville humor and he usually manages to play at least seven stringed instruments in each appearance.

**Karson, Ivo.** Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.

**Kashue, Johnny, and Joe Gillson.** Hawaiian team at KMOX. Offer Hawaiian, American, Italian, Irish and Chinese novelties with steel guitar. Formerly heard over WENB, WGN, WLB, WJR, WWJ, and as members of Goldkette's orchestra.

**Kask, Lucille.** KSTP. Secretary in sales manager.

**Kaufmann's Ski-A-Bar Gardens Orchestra.** WDAF.

**Kay, Lambda.** Little Colonel, Announcer of WFL. No one who has ever heard Lambda Kay say Atlanta, Georgia, has ever forgotten it. In fact, those two words coming over the loud-speaker or ear phones have thrilled more than one fan seeking a distant station. Lambda Kay belongs to the early and select group of announcers who jured the DX fan to late hours. Whenever a Radio station has a birthday party, Mr. Kay is one of the guests. The rumor is that he got married this last summer, but he refuses to make any statement. At least he does not deny it.

**Keas, Harold.** Bassoon, WJR.

**Keck, Kefelia.** Announcer-Entertainer, NBC, New York.

**Keefe, Jack.** Associate Announcer, WEM.

**Keels, Hester.** Pianist, WEM.

**Keener, Marion.** Soprano, National Broadcasting Company.

**Kremer, Suzanne.** soprano, National Broadcasting Company.

**Keeney, Charles.** Pianist, Bennie Laddles, NBC, New York.

**Keever, Margaret.** Contralto. Plays in "Sea Memories" WFO.

**Keithley, E. Clifton.** Tenor, WMBB-WOK.

**Kellogg, Ester.** Violinist, WFLA.

**Kelly, Earl.** Engineer, KOIL.

**Kelly, Mack.** Xylophonist, KVOO.

**Kelly, Patrick.** Announcer, Tenor, NBC, New York.

**Kelly, W. J.** Operator, WHAL.

**Kemp, Evelyn.** Pianist, KNX.

**Kemp, Hal.** and His Hotel Menger Orchestra, NBC.

**Kendrick, D. E. "Plug."** Director of WFTW.

Assumed directorship of this station April 1, 1928. At that time the station was on the air an average of four hours a day three times a week, with programs consisting mostly of records. Plug now carries a staff of 22 people, besides visiting artists. Aside from heading up the staff of the station and the commercial side of the business, Plug finds time to do a few crooning numbers and directs his own orchestra, and is on the air twelve hours a day.

**Kendrick, James.** Announcer, KTRC.

**Kennedy, Annie May.** Soprano, WLAC.

**Kennedy, Carrie Hyatt.** Organist, WDMO.

**Kennedy, Mrs. Frank.** Popular Blues Singer, WFLA.

**Kennedy, Irving.** tenor at the NBC San Francisco studio. Irving probably holds the record for the number of programs sung by any individual at the San Francisco studios. Not long ago, he won a shower of audience mail when he went in for animal imitations before the microphone. Irving was born in New York. He didn't think of singing until 19 years ago when a cousin, Olga Cook, prima donna of "The Student Prince," "discovered" he possessed rare voice quality. Francis Stuart was his first teacher. Afterward Irving was featured in Irving Berlin's Music Box Revue and toured several vaudeville circuits. It was while he was appearing in a San Francisco theatre that he was signed by NBC.

**Kennedy, Mary.** Soloist and Pianist, WFLA.

**Kent, Easton.** NBC tenor at San Francisco. Easton sings mostly semi-classical selections and is heard as the male "Voice of Freedom" every Monday night by auditors of all NBC Pacific Coast stations. Kent formerly was with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York City.

**Keough, John Ames.** Sports Announcer, KPO.

**Kepple, Louise.** Soprano, WFLA.

**Kerk, Loretta.** Accompanist, WFL.

**Kern, Frank.** Announcer, KWK.

**Kern, Henriette.** Soprano. Has a soprano voice of exceptional quality and range. Studied with George Castella, a member of the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory of Music and has appeared in concert and as featured soloist for many leading events. Has sung in various cities and appeared in musical productions here. Came to WHAL a little over a year ago and has since been heard regularly in recital and special broadcasts.

**Kerr, Charlie.** Orchestra Leader, WCAU.

**Keeshner, W. E. (Dad)** Director of Daily Devotionals at WLW.

**Keshner, William J.** Saxophonist and Violinist, WLAC.

**Kessel, Harry.** Popular Singer, WHB.

**Keating Sisters, KETP.** 13-year old twins, piano duo, "Children's Hour."

**Kenlander, Edith.** Soprano, WMBB-WOK.

**KEAB Symphony, KFAH.**

**Kidder, Walter.** Baritone, King in Sailors Vanities, WHEE.

**Klose, Julia.** WISW. Is a graduate of the Kansas State Agricultural College and is widely known throughout the Middle West as a successful Home Demonstration Agent, and is a member of the editorial staff of Capper's Farmer. Her entire career has been directly connected with farm life. As a farmer's wife and the mother of two daughters, she early gained an insight into the real life of the farm woman. Through her writings each month she reaches more than 828,000 farm women—undoubtedly more than any woman's writer in the mid-west field. She is an authority, through her wide experience and connection with large Home Economics concerns, on preparation and selection of foods, home furnishings, equipment and other vital needs of the prosperous mid-west farm. She is the favorite one of the six women speakers on the Women's Forum Hour and is heard via the air twice a week.

**Klifen, Harbison.** Art Altmeyer, Beals Hobbies, KWK.

**Kinchall, Willard.** Announcer Nita Owl program, Master of Ceremonies, KTAH.

**Kimbrough, Verman.** Baritone, WAFI.

**Kincaid, Bradley.** The "Mountain Boy" of WLB. Sings old hill folk songs with the famous "Hour Dew" guitar and sells little books of mountain ballads. Born in Kentucky. Found in YMCA quartet. Announces daytime programs from WLB and conducts several little features.

**King, Mrs. Annie Washburn.** Director of String Quartet, WAFI.

**King, Charles.** Tenor, KNX.

**King, Gerald.** Manager, KFWR.

**King, Mildred.** Pianist, WEM.

**King, Dr. O. H.** Baritone, KTHR.

**King, Mrs. William.** Organist, WOC.

**Kings, Mrs. M. J.** Soprano, WLAC.

**Kings of Rhythm.** WWJ.

**Kinkaid, Mildred.** Contralto, KWK.

**Kinsman's Melody Boys.** KGA.

**Kirby, Cortey W.** Director-Announcer, WGHF. He has the distinction of having worked in all the Detroit stations. He was with WWJ three years, WJR 1½ years and WGHF 2 years. Famous for his saying that announcers have buskers' hours in the morning and burglers' hours at night. After serving in the Army during the World War, he spent some time in Europe. This experience is invaluable in announcing unusual selections.

**Kirby, Jane, Soprano.** Is a singer by accident. Was studying to be a professional dancer when one day while in high school assembly the music teacher "discovered" his voice and succeeded in getting her to devote her time to singing. Here is a clear high soprano voice that is heard from this station every Saturday night when the feature "Around the Melodeon" is presented from WHAL's own studios. A Baltimore girl and has been a member of WHAL's staff since last fall.

**Kirk, Harris E., Jr.** Announcer, WHAL. Is the son of a well-known minister and is prominent in Baltimore's social and club circles. He is a graduate of the Johns Hopkins university, from which institution he received his degree in Economics. Radio announcing is one of his hobbies and a work to which his voice and personality seem particularly suited.

**Kirtley, Lucille.** NBC soprano at San Francisco. Two years ago, Lucille began dreaming about San Francisco and the opportunity to sing through the NBC System. Her dream was realized several months ago when Don E. Gillman signed her to sing with The Nomads and on other programs. Lucille had been featured soprano at KGW, the NBC affiliated station in Portland, Ore. She completed her voice training in New York with Madame Jeanne Via Ferra, Italian opera singer, and sang in 42 weeks' engagement in light opera before coming to San Francisco.

**Kitchell, Alma.** Contralto, NBC, New York.

**Kitts, Evelyn.** Studio Hostess of KOIL. Gless Auntie Sammy's Chats, serves as accompanist and occasionally offers programs of popular songs.

**Klassen, Ben.** NBC tenor at San Francisco. A lad who leaped from the prosaic business of keeping books to the Radio spotlight when Myrard Jones discovered him singing for the San Francisco Family Club. Ben has been studying voice the last six years in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

**Klein, Fred.** Orchestra Director of Hotel Mayo Orchestra, KVOO.

**Klenn, Gustav.** Program Supervisor, WHAL. One of the country's leading young composers; formerly a pupil of the late Victor Herbert; also studied harmony and composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Has written hundreds of songs and numerous orchestral and piano works. During the war conducted the Camp Holabird band and was said to have been the youngest bandmaster in service at that time. Later he conducted the City Park band of Baltimore, but relinquished this post when he joined the staff of WHAL four years ago. Now devotes his time to Radio work and composition.

**Klier, Bob.** Ether-player. "Bob" is a monument in the cafe life of San Francisco, a tradition for 21 years. "Bob," incidentally, is also an artist at Hungarian goulash, which, unfortunately, he can't cook over the air, KTRC.

**Kline, Ted.** Tenor, WOOO.

**Kilgorman, Walter.** KETP, Capitol theatre organist.

**Kloss, Woody.** Aspired to be a singer over KMOX, but because of the unusual musical quality of his speaking voice was induced to accept a position as announcer, beginning his Radio career on July 17, 1926. He experienced a real breaking-in at Lambert-St. Louis Airfield, broadcasting all the details of the world's record endurance flight of the St. Louis "Robin." A rather interesting coincidence is that on the evening of his 15th birthday he spoke over the Columbia Broadcasting System, and is at present the youngest professional Radio announcer in the country.

**Klotz, Helene.** Tenor, WDAF.

**Klug, John.** KETP, Transmitter engineer.

**KMA String Trio.** Service Currier, Birdie Baldwin, Doc Bellamy, KMA.

**Knoessel, Jack and His Gypsy Baroque Orchestra.** WWJ.

**Knoles, Professor Henry.** Violinist, Director of Lincoln Salon Orchestra and KFAH Symphony, KFAH.

**Knickbocker Quartet.** WHEE.

**Knowles, Lillian.** Contralto, WENR-WBCN.

**Knox, Wm. Morgan.** Staff Violinist; Instructor of WHAL Radio Violin Lessons; Assistant Director of Orchestras, WLW Director.

**Knutson, Eling.** Violinist, WDAF.

**KNX Concert Orchestra.** KNX.

**KOA Mixed Quartet.** Bernice W. Doughty, Soprano; Lucille Fowler, Contralto; Ralph Prosser, Tenor; Everett E. Foster, Baritone; Freeman H. Talbot, Director, KOA.

**KOA Orchestra.** KOA.

**Koschne, Freida.** Violinist, KTW.





**Koestner, Josef**, Orchestra Director with the National Broadcasting Company. Born in Bavaria of a musical family, he early undertook the study of music under some of the most noted Continental masters. When only nine years old he began study at the Leipzig conservatory, where he remained for twelve industrious years. At the end of this period he took up orchestral work, and later was accompanist for Claire Dux, coming to America with her. The lure of conducting drew him to the theatre and for several years he directed large orchestras in some of the most famous houses in New York and Chicago. During the past year he was musical director for the recording of sound pictures.

**Kogen, Harry**, Orchestra, NBC, Chicago.  
**Kohm, Donna Marie**, KSTP, 9-year old soprano soloist, "Children's Hour."  
**KOIN Male Quartet**, Emil Brahms, bass; Bud Abbott, Baritone; Denton Dentman, Tenor; Lloyd Warren, Tenor.  
**KOIN Radio Players**, KOIN.

**Konecky, Eugene**, well remembered by Radio fans as Radio's grand champion staller, having stalled through the Dundee-Huddleson fiasco in 1925 for one hour and 21 minutes, as the fight did not take place; formerly operated as Dizzy Laxy of the famous Blah Club, and is at present well known for the book review periods over WOW. He is publicity and Commercial Director of WOW with which he has been connected since April of 1922. Mr. Konecky is well known as a writer of poetry, short stories and an unpublished novel.

**Kooden, Eddie**, Trumpet Soloist and member of studio orchestra, WJJD.  
**Kooker, Ethel**, Book Reviews, WFI.  
**Kopeck, Mike**, Pianist, Piano-Accordianist, KFAB.

**Kornlofer, Mrs. H. Carey**, Contralto, KMOX.  
**Kornstein, Egon**, Violinist, Columbia Broadcasting System Symphony Orchestra.  
**Kraft, Vincent, L.**, President, KJR.  
**Kramer, L. J.**, Guitariet, KVOO.  
**Krege, S. S.**, Quartet, WJR.  
**Krueger, Florence**, Soprano, WOC.

**KSTP Novelty Trio**, Combination two Hawaiian steel-string guitars and harmonica, "Old Timers' Nite."  
**KSTP Players**, Dramatic organization of National Battery station. Presents plays and playlets.  
**KSTP Rhythm Clowns**, The four "disciples of King Jazz" known to Radio listeners as Kay (piano), Teen (vocal soloist, saxophone), Steve (trumpet), and Pete (guitar, banjo, violin).

**Kuchynka, Frank**, KSTP Contrabass soloist, National Battery Symphony Orchestra and formerly Boston and other leading symphony orchestras. Born Prague, Bohemia, studied at Prague Conservatory, toured Europe with symphony orchestras before coming to U. S.  
**Kuhn, Eddie**, Kansas City Athletic Club Orchestra, WDAF.  
**Kuhn, Vincent**, Baritone, WSM.

**Kurath, William**, broadcast German lessons regularly over The Chicago Daily News station for the University of Chicago.  
**KWK String Trio**, Dorothy Davidson, Pianist; Marie Gelub, Violinist; Louise Evers, Cellist, KWK.

**Kyle, Muriel Magerl**, Soprano, WJR.  
**Kynett, Mrs. Xenophon**, Contralto, KOIL.

**L A FELLE, Carl** and **George**, Vanderbilt Hotel Orchestra, WWNC.  
**La Ferrara, Vincent**, Violinist, Director of "The Trocadero's" Pacific Coast Network, National Broadcasting Company.

**Lager, Eric** and **Ernie**, KSTP, Accordion duo.  
**LaGos, Charles J.**, Transmission Engineer, KOA.  
**Laidley, Isabel**, Cellist, WIDO.  
**Lamb, Christine**, Contralto, WLAC.

**Lambert, Harold**, Tenor, NBC, New York.  
**Lambert, John**, Violin and Saxophone Player, National Battery Symphony Orchestra, KSTP.  
**Lambert, Ray**, The Blind Pianist, KMOX.  
**Lamborn, Betty**, Woman's Hour, WGHP.

**La Mather, Gertrude**, "Mrs." of Universal Radio Features, WEEL.  
**LaMotte, George**, Bass, KVOO.  
**Lampe, J. H.**, Director, WMBB-WOK.  
**Lance, H. H.**, Operator, WWNC.  
**Lancey, Lorraine**, Accompanist, WJR.  
**Landt Brothers, Dan, Karl and Jack**, Vocalists, NBC, New York.

**Lane, Frank**, Announcer-Director of WDOF. One of the younger announcers who began his Radio work at KPER, Bristol, and stayed with the station until the call letters were changed to KVOO. Last June he went to Chattanooga. As Frank is only twenty-four years old, he is getting along rather rapidly, and, as his is one of the favorite voices of the South, no doubt, he heard from in the future.

**Laur, Harry**, Orchestra Leader of Arcadians, KMOX.  
**Lange, Verne**, Tenor, KFAB.

**Lantrip, Rev. W. M.**, Baritone, WLAC.  
**Lantry, C. C.**, Announcer, KHQ.  
**Largent, Mrs. D. W.**, Soprano, KFDM.  
**LaRave, Phillip**, Central High School Organist, KVOO.

**Larsen, Dorothy**, Pianist, WSM.  
**Larsen, Jens**, KSTP, Bass soloist, choir singer of Twin Cities. Member Imperial Male Quartet and Criterion Mixed Quartet.  
**Larson, Ben**, Program Manager and "Uncle Ben" on famous Kangaroo club, KDYL.

**Larson, Bennett**, Uncle Ben in charge of children, Announcer, KDYL.  
**Lasky, Philip G.**, Manager and Director, KDYL.  
**Latenser, Geneva**, Harpist. Pupil of Alberto Salvi. Rejoined KMOX staff June 1, 1929. Miss Latenser is heard over KMOX daily. Besides her solo work, she plays in a harp and violin duo, and harp, violin and organ trio. She began her Radio work over WDAF, Kansas City. Miss Latenser is also well known in Chicago musical circles.

**Latner, Mrs. Morris**, Soprano, WLAC.  
**Lighthouse Family Orchestra**, KVOO.  
**Laurier, Ludwig**, Musical Director, National Broadcasting Company.

**Laux, France**, Sports Announcer, KMOX. Formerly with KVOO.  
**Lawrence, Grace**, Reporter, WHEE.  
**Lawrence, May F.**, Organist and Composer, WLAC.  
**Lawrence, Mrs. May F.**, Pianist, WSM.

**Laurie, Justin**, Tenor, National Broadcasting Company.  
**Leaska, Mme. Leah**, Operatic and Concert Soprano, KGW.  
**Le Barre, Stuart**, Violinist, presents the early morning test program over WMAQ and WQJ. A violinist of promise himself, Le Barre gives preference to the classics in picking his records each morning at 6 and 7 o'clock.

**LeBow, Dan**, Violinist, Conductor of Orchestra, KTHH.  
**L'Ecuyer, Jack**, Organist, Musical Director, KPEQ.  
**Lederer, John**, Conductor of Marylanders, WBAL.

**LeDuc, Marie**, Soprano, WFLA.  
**Lee, Barbara**, Reader, NBC San Francisco studios.  
**Lee, Caroline**, "The Virginia Girl," Spanish Guitar, WFLA.

**Lee, Lydia**, "The Little Blue Bird" of WENR. She entertains with interpretations of blues numbers. Miss Lee has had wide experience as an entertainer, having been in both musical comedy and vaudeville. She is unusually talented, having mastered the piano, banjo, ukulele and violin. She is also an expert tap dancer and an accomplished swimmer. The adjective "little" is appropriate as she is but four feet ten inches tall.

**Lee, Virginia**, Soprano, WOC.  
**Leck, Helen**, Soprano, WLAC.  
**Lefkowitz Sisters, Ruth, Nyrene, Lois**, Singing Trio at KOIL with a unique act. Formerly on vaudeville stage.

**Len and Lefe, Black-Face Team**, KFO.  
**LeMaster, William**, Operatic Baritone, KMOX.  
**LeMon, Mel**, Announcer, KPWL.  
**Lennax, Elizabeth**, Contralto, Columbia Broadcasting System.

**Leon, Frank**, Orchestra Pianist, KOMO.  
**Leonard, Arthur**, Pianist with the American Singers, NBC, New York.  
**Leonard, Harold**, Orchestra Director, Victorian Dining Room, Palmer House, over WJJD.

**Leone, Santina**, Soprano, WILAM.  
**Leonhardt, P. A.**, comes over from the central TMAA early in the mornings to give WMAQ fans their setting-up exercises.  
**Leotta, Mme.**, Reader, KOIN.  
**Leviene, Kola**, Cellist, KJR.

**Leviene, Mischa**, Violinist, KJR.  
**Levine, Shepard**, Tenor, WJAZ.  
**Levine, Walter**, Baritone, WJAZ.  
**Levy, Dr. Leon**, President of the Universal Broadcasting Company, operating WCAU, Philadelphia, and Secretary of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Entered Radio in 1925 when he purchased the controlling stock in the Universal Broadcasting Company and later joined the Columbia Broadcasting System.

**Levy, Jerome**, Concert Cellist and Musical Director, Palmer House, WJJD.  
**Lewis, Dorothy**, Contralto, KOW.  
**Lewis, Edwyn**, Tenor, Director, WFI.  
**Lewis, John**, Baritone and pupil of Signor Guastoni S. De Luca of Nashville Conservatory of Music. Mr. Lewis is also a member of the Announcing Staff of WLAC, and appears weekly as a soloist, WLAC.

**Lewis, Marion**, Accompanist, WLAC.  
**Lewis, Welcome**, Crooner, NBC, New York.  
**Lighthall, Mrs. Ray**, Soprano, KFDM.  
**Lillegren, Alice**, Soprano Soloist, KSTP.

**Lincoln Sator Orchestra**, KFAB.  
**Lincoln, Waldo**, Old Time Fiddler, WEUN.  
**Lind, George**, Baritone, KFDM.  
**Lind, Jack**, Violinist, has been Director of Hotel LaSalle Orchestra, Capitol Theater Orchestra, Member of Chicago Grand Opera Company. Now directs WEBC Orchestra.

**Linden Trio**, NBC instrumentalists at San Francisco.  
**Lindie, Vin**, Pianist, Reader, WFAA.  
**Lindholm, Charles**, KSTP, Dramatic reader.  
**Lindquist, Otto**, Baritone, KTAB.  
**Lindsay, Art**, Announcer, KFAB.  
**Lindsay, Walter**, Radio Engineer, WMAQ.

**Lindstrom, Everett**, KSTP Troubadour, came to the National Battery station from the University of Minnesota. He had formerly broadcast with WAMD and WCCO. His crooning voice and his 16-string Gibson-harp-guitar, provide entertainment for KSTP listeners.

**Lingeman, Caspar J.**, Minstrel, WJR.  
**Lingeman, Johann**, European Cellist, WGN.  
**Linck, Art**, The Famous "Mrs. Schlägenhauer," a "Dutch Treat," WBBM.  
**Link Bolines Cowboy Band**, KVOO.

**Linn, Eddy**, Announcer, Baritone, Little Clown of the Four K Safety Club of WEAL.  
**Linthicum, Walter N.**, Baritone and Announcer. He acts a dual role on the air, for when he isn't in the announcer's booth presiding over the microphone for various broadcasts, he more than likely is appearing on the air in some program as soloist. He is a member of the WEAL mixed quartet which appears every Sunday evening during the Evening Reveries program, and often broadcasts a fifteen-minute recital of his own. Outside his Radio work, he does a lot of concert and oratorio singing and he also is soloist at two of Baltimore's largest churches.

**Linn, Jack**, Dance Orchestra, WAPI.  
**Lion's Club Quartet**, WDRG.  
**Litfin, Pauline E.**, KSTP, Secretary to Planning Board; assistant, Continuity department.

**Litterer, Dr. Henry**, Guitariet, WSM.  
**Little Brown Church Quartet**, Lucille Magill, Soprano; Bernice Grinnon, Contralto; Eugene Leonardson, Baritone; William O'Connor, Tenor, WLS.  
**Little, Charles W.**, The Blind Violinist, WEUN.

**Little German Band**, Oscar, Lena, Julia, Jan and Fritz, from WLS. Sour or sweet notes on tap. Waltzes done to perfection.  
**Little, Jack**, WLW.  
**Little, Little Jack**, Formerly a traveling artist, this nationally popular singer, musician and composer seems to have settled down in Cincinnati, where he is heard over WLW. Born in London, he has been appearing before the microphone for several years and has a large following. Has appeared on the vaudeville stage on the BKO circuit, and stations all over the country.

**Little, Mrs. Angeline H.**, Manager, KGA.  
**Lloyd, Violet**, KSTP, Fan mail supervisor.  
**Lochman, Walt**, Assistant Director, Singing Announcer, WIBW. Lochman can sing baritone well and can play his accompaniments on the piano. He has been on chautauqua and lyceum work, was a Radio entertainer for several years, is a veteran of the stage, and is with WIBW to give the best he has. Lochman is also the "Big Goo" on the Goofoo club.

**Locke, Mrs. Iona Towne**, Soprano, KFDM.  
**Loder, Kenneth**, Cellist, KFAB.  
**Loftis, Florence**, KSTP, Soprano soloist.  
**Logan, Martha**, Conducts Swift and Co. women's programs over WLS. Real name is Mary Schmitt. Specializes in interesting and economical meat dishes.

**Lombardo, Guy**, Director of Guy Lombardo's Orchestra.  
**Lombardo, Lela and Harry**, Comedy and Musical Sketches, WJH.  
**Long, Dick**, Orchestra Leader, Violinist, WCOO.

**Long, Emmet**, Orchestra Leader, WCOO.  
**Long, Fiddlin' Sam**, Old Time Tunes, KVOO.  
**Long, Lucille**, Contralto, WENB-WBCN.  
**Long, Wesley**, "Short" of Radio, KYW.  
**Longshore, Mrs. W. L.**, Pianist and Violinist, WAPI.

**Lopez, Joe**, Announcer at WNAC, is a Jack of All Trades. There seems nothing he cannot fit into. One minute he is announcing, the next writing continuity, or rehearsing for the presentation of a play by the WNAC Players, or jumping in some part of the city to broadcast an outside program. Joe had the honor of announcing the WNAC Anniversary Program this Fall which was broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System of which WNAC is a member. Joe's favorite hobby is WORK, and no one about WNAC puts in more time than said Joseph, who came to WNAC some time ago. He served in the world war and is one of New England's favorite announcers.

**Loring, August**, Tenor, WCOO.  
**Lorty, Prof.**, Flute, WFLA.  
**Los Angeles Club Trio**, Bud and Gordon Van Gordon, Ralph Myster, KWK.  
**Los Angeles Trio**, NBC, Chicago.

**Lothian, Eleanor E.**, Continuity Writer and Featured Actress in Radio plays, WHEC. Graduated University of Rochester in 1925. First president combined men and women's dramatic clubs of Rochester, associated with Laboratory of Theatre Arts, 1926.

**Who's Who in Radio will be continued in the February 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.**







LOCATION	CALL	Meters	Kc.	Watts	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	LOCATION
Spokane	KGA	204	1470	5000	7:00-1:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	7:00-2:00	Spokane
Spokane	KHQ	508.2	590	1000	5:00-12:30	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Spokane
Springfield, Mass.	WBZ	302.8	850	15000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Ohio	WC50	204.8	1450	500	Silent	7:30-9:30	6:00-8:00	8:30-10:30	5:30-7:30	6:00-8:00	7:30-9:00	Springfield, Ohio
State College, N. M.	WPSC	243.8	1230	500	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	State College, N. M.
State College, N. M.	KOB	254.1	1130	10000	6:00-10:00	9:30-11:00	9:00-10:00	9:30-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	6:00-10:00	State College, N. M.
Stevens Point	WLBL	323.1	900	2000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Stevens Point
Superior	WEBC	234.2	1280	1000	5:00-10:15	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-10:30	5:00-10:30	Superior
Syracuse	WFBL	333.1	900	1000	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Syracuse
Tacoma	KMO	223.7	1340	500	11:00-1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00-1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00-1:00	7:00-11:00	11:00-1:00	Tacoma
Tacoma	KVI	394.5	780	1000	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	5:00-2:00	Tacoma
Tampa	WDAE	483.6	620	1000		8:00-8:00	8:00-8:00	8:00-8:00	8:00-8:00	8:00-8:00	8:00-8:00	Tampa
Tampa	WDAE	483.6	620	1000	5:00-6:30	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	10:00-11:00	9:00-10:00	9:00-11:00	Tampa
Tifton	WBRL	289.7	1430	500	6:00-8:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Tifton
Toledo	WSPD	223.7	1340	500	3:00-11:30	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Toledo
Toronto	CFCA	356.9	840	500	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	5:00-9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CFRB	312.3	860	4000	5:00-10:00	5:00-10:00	12:00-1:00	5:00-11:30	5:00-8:30	5:00-11:30	5:00-9:00	Toronto
Toronto	CHNC	356.9	840	500	5:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-11:30	6:00-10:30	6:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKCL	517.2	580	500	Opera night	Phantom	License only	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Silent	Toronto
Toronto	CKGW	434.8	890	5000	8:00-7:30	8:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	3:00-6:00	Toronto
Toronto	CKNC	317.2	580	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Silent	5:00-11:00	Toronto
Toronto	CNRT	357.1	840	500	Silent	Silent	8:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	Silent	Silent	Toronto
Trenton	WOAX	234.2	1280	500	6:45-8:15	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Silent	Silent	6:45-10:30	Trenton
Troy	WHAZ	220.8	1300	500	Silent	7:00-11:00	11:00-12:00	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Troy
Tulsa	KVOO	283	1140	5000	5:30-8:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	6:00-9:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	9:00-12:00	Tulsa
Urbana	WILL	336.9	800	500	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	Urbana
Urbana	WILL	336.9	800	500	7:30-8:00	7:30-8:00	7:30-8:00	7:30-8:00	7:30-8:00	7:30-8:00	7:30-8:00	Urbana
Vancouver	CNRY	291.1	1030	500	11:00-12:30	12:00-1:00	11:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	12:00-1:00	9:30-2:00	Silent	Vancouver
Vermillion	KUSD	336.9	890	500	Silent	8:00-9:00	8:00-9:00	8:00-9:00	Silent	9:30-2:00	Silent	Vermillion
Victoria, B. C.	CFCT	329.5	620	500	8:00-9:30	8:00-9:30	8:00-9:30	8:00-9:30	7:30-9:30	7:30-9:30	8:00-9:30	Victoria, B. C.
Waco	WJAD	241.8	1240	1000	9:28-11:00	10:00-12:00	1:00-2:00	1:00-2:00	1:00-2:00	1:00-2:00	1:00-2:00	Waco
Washington, D. C.	NAA	434.5	690	1000	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	6:45-7:00 at 9:00	On Air at 9:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WMAL	475.9	630	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-12:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D. C.
Washington, D. C.	WRC	315.6	950	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	5:00-11:00	Washington, D. C.
Westminster	KPWF	201.6	1490	5000								Westminster
Wichita	KFH	230.8	1300	1000	5:00-6:00	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	5:00-5:30	Wichita
Wichita	KFH	230.8	1300	1000	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	7:00-8:30	Wichita
Wichita	KFH	230.8	1300	1000	7:00-9:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	10:00-11:00	Wichita
Winnipeg	CJRX	25.6	10000	2000	Silent	7:30-11:30	On Air at 9:15	7:30-11:30	Silent	7:30-11:30	7:00 and 10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CKY	384.4	780	5000	Silent	11:00-12:00	9:00-10:00	Silent	9:00-10:30	6:30-7:30	10:00-11:00	Winnipeg
Winnipeg	CNRW	384.4	780	5000	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	5:00-8:00	Winnipeg
Yankton	WNAX	526	570	1000								Yankton
York, Neb.	KGBZ	322.4	830	500	5:00-6:00	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	On Air at 5:00 and 8:30	York, Neb.
Yorkton	CJGX	475.9	630	500	7:00-8:30	9:00-10:00	11:00-12:00	7:15-8:00	7:15-10:00	3:30-10:00	7:15-8:00	Yorkton
Youngstown, O.	WKBN	828	570	500	5:00-11:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-6:00	5:00-9:00	3:00-6:00	9:00-11:00	Youngstown, O.
Zion	WCBD	277.6	1080	5000	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Silent	Zion

## KOA Corrals Hard Riding Cow Boy Quintet



Rough and ready and hard to curry, hard-boiled song-singin' and tune-playin' cow boys from the great open spaces. Gathered together in the studios of KOA, Denver, the Solitaire cow boys are one of the biggest attractions at this western station.

# Complete Call Book and Log of All Stations

- KCRC, Enid, Okla.** 218.8m-1370kc. 250 watts daytime, 100 watts after sunset. Champlin Refining Co. Central.
- KDB, Santa Barbara, Calif.** 199.9m-1360kc. 100 watts. Santa Barbara Broadcasting Co., C. W. Meighan. Pacific. Founded Dec. 22, 1926.
- KDKA, E. Pittsburgh, Pa.** 305.9m-980kc. 50,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Eastern.
- KDLR, Devils Lake, N. Dak.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Radio Electric Co. Announcer, Bert Wick. Founded Jan. 25, 1925. Central.
- KDYI, Salt Lake City, Utah.** 212.6m-1290kc. 1000 watts. Intermountain Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, Philip G. Lasley. Slogan, "Dawn to Midnight." Mountain. Founded June, 1922.
- KECA, Los Angeles, Calif.** 299.8m-1000kc. 1000 watts. Pacific Radio Development Co. Pacific.
- KEJK, Beverly Hills, Calif.** 422.3m-710kc. 500 watts. R. S. MacMillan. Pacific. Founded Feb. 7, 1927.
- KELW, Burbank, Calif.** 334.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Earl L. White. Pacific. Founded Feb. 12, 1927.
- KEX, Portland, Ore.** 254.1m-1180kc. 5000 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Archie Presby, Louis C. Teegarden. Pacific. Opened Dec. 25, 1926.
- KFAB, Lincoln, Nebr.** 389.4m-770kc. 5000 watts. Nebraska Buick Auto Co. Founded Dec. 4, 1924. Central.
- KFBB, Great Falls, Mont.** 220.6m-1360kc. 500 watts. Buttry Broadcast, Inc. Founded 1921. Mountain.
- KFBK, Sacramento, Calif.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Sacramento Bee. Bimball-Uppson Co. Announcer, R. K. Clark. Founded 1911. Pacific.
- KFBL, Everett, Wash.** 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Lesse Bros. Announcer, Al Folkina. Pacific. Founded Aug. 23, 1922.
- KFDM, Beaumont, Tex.** 535.4m-560kc. 500 watts. Magnolia Petroleum Co. Announcer, Lee O. Smith. Slogan, "Call for Dependable Magnolene." Central. Founded Oct. 1, 1924.
- KFDY, Brookings, S. D.** 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. Announcer, Sam Reck. Central.
- KFEC, Portland, Ore.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Meier & Frank Co., Inc. Announcer, Sid Goodwin. Pacific. Founded 1922.
- KFEL, Denver, Colo.** 319m-940kc. 150 watts. Eugene P. O'Fallon, Inc. Announcer, Ralph Crowder. Mountain.
- KFEQ, St. Joseph, Mo.** 535.4m-560kc. 2500 watts. J. L. Scroggin. Announcer, Clarence Koch. Central. Founded 1922.
- KFGQ, Boone, Iowa.** 218.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Boone Biblical School. Founded April, 1923.
- KFH, Wichita, Kan.** 330.8m-1300kc. 1000 watts. J. L. Fox. Founded Dec. 1, 1923. Central.
- KFHA, Gunnison, Colo.** 249.9m-1200kc. 500 watts. Western State College of Colorado. E. Russell Wightman. Slogan, "Where the Sun Shines Every Day." Founded May, 1922. Mountain.
- KFI, Los Angeles, Calif.** 468.5m-640kc. 1000 watts. Earle C. Anthony, Inc. Announcer, Harry Hall. Slogan, "A National Institution." Installed Spring, 1922. Pacific.
- KFIF, Portland, Ore.** 311.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Benson Polytechnic School. Announcers, Alfred Skov, Omar Bittner, W. Holmsted. Pacific.
- KFIO, Spokane, Wash.** 243.8m-1290kc. 100 watts. Spokane Broadcasting Corporation.
- KFIZ, Fond du Lac, Wis.** 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Fond du Lac Commonwealth Reporter.
- KFJB, Marshalltown, Iowa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Marshall Electric Co. Announcers, Phil Hoffman, Gene Lauffer and Earl Brooks. Central.
- KFJF, Oklahoma City, Okla.** 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. National Radio Mfg. Co. Announcer, Tired Hand. Slogan, "Oklahoma City, The City of Opportunity." Central. Founded July, 1923.
- KFJI, Astoria, Ore.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KFJI Broadcasters, Inc. Oregonian Fast Express. Announcers, Jack Keating, L. J. Allen. Pacific.
- KFJM, Grand Forks, N. D.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. University of North Dakota. Announcers, Jack Stewart, Howard J. Monley. Central.
- KFJR, Portland, Ore.** 220.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. Ashley C. Dixon & Son. Announcer, Ashley C. Dixon, Sr. Founded Sept. 23, 1923. Pacific.
- KFYJ, Fort Dodge, Iowa.** 258.9m-1110kc. 100 watts. Tunwall Radio Co. Announcer, Carl Tunwall. Founded Oct., 1923. Central.
- KFJZ, Fort Worth, Tex.** 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. 1000 watts. day, 500 watts night. Colorado State Teachers' College. Announcers, Geo. A. Irvin, Lynn Craig.
- KFKB, Milford, Kan.** 385.3m-1050kc. 5000 watts. J. R. Brinkley, M. D. Announcer, Dee D. Denver, Jr.
- KFKU, Lawrence, Kan.** 245.6m-1230kc. 1000 watts. University of Kansas. Announcer, Ellsworth C. Dent. Founded Dec. 13, 1924. Central.
- KFEX, Chicago, Ill.** 293.9m-1230kc. 10,000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Central.
- KFLV, Rockford, Ill.** 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Rockford Broadcasters, Inc. Announcers, Peter MacArthur, Wesley W. Wilson. Founded October, 1923. Central.
- KFLX, Galveston, Texas.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. George R. Clough.
- KFMX, Northfield, Minn.** 229.9m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Carleton College. Central.
- KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa.** 336.9m-890kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts evening. Henry Field Seed Co. Announcer, Henry Field. Slogan, "The Friendly Farmer Station." Founded February, 1924. Central.
- KFOR, Lincoln, Nebr.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. Howard A. Shuman. Jack Strahl, announcer. Central. Founded March, 1924.
- KFOX, Long Beach, Calif.** 229.9m-1230kc. 1000 watts. Nichols & Warriner, Inc. Announcer, Hal G. Nichols. Slogan, "The Harbeck Oil Co. Station." Founded March, 1924. Pacific.
- KFPL, Dublin, Texas.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Announcer, C. C. Baxter. Central.
- KFPM, Greenville, Texas.** 228.9m-1310kc. 15 watts. The New Furniture Co.
- KFPW, Slossom Springs, Ark.** 221.7m-1340kc. 50 watts. John E. Brown College. Slogan, "Keeping Pace With Christ Meats Progress." Central. Founded April 17, 1924.
- KFPY, Spokane, Wash.** 221.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. Symons Investment Co. Announcers, T. W. Baird, Jr., M. D. Hawkins, Ben H. Wolf. Pacific. Founded 1922.
- KFQD, Anchorage, Alaska.** 241.8m-1230kc. 100 watts. Anchorage Radio Club.
- KFOU, Holy City, Calif.** 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. W. E. Riker. Announcer, C. E. Boone. Founded November, 1924. Pacific.
- KFQW, Seattle, Wash.** 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. KFQW, Inc. Announcer, Edwin A. Kraft. Pacific. Founded June, 1924.
- KFQZ, Hollywood, Calif.** 348.6m-860kc. 250 watts. Tait Radio Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, Jack Carrington. Pacific.
- KFRC, San Francisco, Calif.** 491.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee, Inc. Announcer, Harrison Hollway. Pacific.
- KFRU, Columbia, Mo.** 475.9m-630kc. 500 watts. Stephens College. Announcer, Earl W. Lewis. Slogan, "Knowledge Flourishes 'Round Us." Founded Oct. 25, 1925. Central.
- KFSD, San Diego, Calif.** 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Airian Radio Corporation. Announcer, Billy Murray. Pacific. Founded March 26, 1926.
- KFSG, Los Angeles, Calif.** 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Echo Park Evang. Assn. Slogan, "The Glory Station of the Pacific Coast."
- KFUL, Galveston, Texas.** 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. Will H. Ford.
- KFUM, Colorado Springs, Colo.** 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Corley Mountain Highway. Announcer, Edw. Norton. Slogan, "The Voice of the Rockies." Mountain.
- KFUO, St. Louis, Mo. (tr. at Clayton)** 345.1m-550kc. 1000 watts day, 500 watts night. Concordia Theological Seminary (Lutheran). Announcer, Herms H. Hohenstein. Founded Dec. 14, 1924. Central.
- KFUP, Denver, Colo.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Fitzsimons General Hospital. Educational and Recreational Dept. Announcer, Major Trause. Mountain.
- KFVD, Culver City, Calif.** 422.3m-710kc. 250 watts. Auburn-Fuller 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." Founded May 27, 1925.
- KFWB, Hollywood, Calif.** 315.8m-950kc. 1000 watts. Warner Brothers. Announcer, William "Bill" Ray.
- KFWF, St. Louis, Mo.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. St. Louis Truth Center. Slogan, "The Voice of Truth." Announcer, Rev. Charles H. Hartmann. Founded 1925. Central.
- KFWI, San Francisco, Calif.** 222.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Radio Entertainments, Inc. Announcer, Henry C. Blank. Pacific.
- KFWM, Oakland, Calif.** 222.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Oakland Educational Society. Announcer, O. B. Eddins.
- KFXD, Jerome, Idaho.** 211.1m-1430kc. 50 watts. KFXD, Inc. Mountain.
- KFXF, Denver, Colo.** 319m-940kc. 250 watts. Colorado Radio Corp. Announcers, W. D. Pyle, T. C. Ekren, Lou Keplinger. Slogan, "The Voice of Denver." Mountain.
- KFXJ, Edgewater, Colo.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. R. G. Howell. Slogan, "America's Scenic Center." Mountain.
- KFXM, Pomona, Calif.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. J. C. and E. W. Lee.
- KFXR, Oklahoma City, Okla.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Exchange Ave. Baptist Church.
- KFXV, Flagstaff, Ariz.** 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Mary M. Costigan. Announcer, Frank Wilburn. Mountain.
- KFYO, Abilene, Texas.** 211.1m-1430kc. 250 watts day, 100 watts night. T. E. Kirksey. Central. Founded Feb. 19, 1927.
- KFYR, Bismarck, N. D.** 345.1m-530kc. 500 watts. Hoskins-Meyer, Inc. Announcer, Stanley Lucas. Founded December, 1925.
- KGA, Spokane, Wash.** 204m-1470kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Ralph A. Hory. Receiver. Announcer, Harry Long. Pacific.
- KGAR, Tucson, Ariz.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Tucson Citizen. Announcer, Harold S. Sykes. Installed June, 1925. Mountain.
- KGB, San Diego, Calif.** 230.4m-1320kc. 250 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp.
- KGBU, Ketchikan, Alaska.** 331.1m-900kc. 500 watts. Alaska Radio & Service Co. Announcer, James A. Britton. Slogan, "The Voice of Alaska." Pacific.
- KGBZ, St. Joseph, Mo.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Foster-Hall, Inc. Announcers, R. D. Foster, Geo. E. Wilson. Founded Aug. 11, 1926. Central.
- KGBZ, York, Nebr.** 222.4m-930kc. 500 watts night, 1000 watts day. Announcer, Dr. George R. Miller. Slogan, "Keep Your Hogs and Poultry Healthy." Opened August, 1926. Central.
- KGCA, Decorah, Iowa.** 236.1m-1270kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. Greenley.
- KGCI, San Antonio, Texas.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Liberty Radio Sales.
- KGCN, Concordia, Kan.** 211.1m-1430kc. 50 watts. Concordia Broadcasting Co. Founded August, 1926. Central.
- KGCR, 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, H. L. Dahners, C. E. Bagley. Mountain. Founded 1925.
- KGCC, Wolf Point, Mont.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts night, 250 watts day. First State Bank of Vida. One-half time announcer, E. E. Krebsbach. Mountain. Founded Oct. 1, 1926.
- KGDA, Dell Rapids, S. D.** 218.8m-1370kc. 30 watts. Home Auto Co. Central.
- KGDE, Fergus Falls, Minn.** 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. C. L. Jaren. Licensed Sept. 15, 1926. Central.
- KGDM, Stockton, Calif.** 272.6m-1100kc. 50 watts day. Peffer Music Co. Pacific. Founded Jan. 1, 1927.
- KGDY, Odham, S. D.** 249.9m-1200kc. 15 watts. J. Albert Loesch and Geo. W. Wright. Central.
- KGEF, Los Angeles, Calif.** 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Trinity Methodist Church. Announcer, E. C. Hucklebee. Pacific. Founded Dec. 25, 1926.
- KGEK, Yuma, Colo.** 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Beecher Electrical Equipment Co.
- KGER, Long Beach, Calif.** 218.8m-1370kc. 500 watts. C. Merwin Dohyus. Pacific. Founded Dec. 19, 1925.
- KGEW, Fort Morgan, Colo.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. City of Fort Morgan. Announcer, Glenn S. White. Mountain. Founded Jan. 15, 1927.
- KGEZ, Kaliapell, Mont.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Flathead Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, John E. Parker. Mountain. Founded Feb. 20, 1927.
- KGFF, Alva, Okla.** 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Earl E. Hampshire.
- KGFG, Oklahoma City, Okla.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Faith Tabernacle Assn., Inc.
- KGFI, Corpus Christi, Texas.** 199.9m-1300kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Central.
- KGJ, Los Angeles, Calif.** 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Ben S. McLaughan. Slogan, "Keeping Good Folks Joyful Twenty-Four Hours a Day." 24-hour service. Pacific. Founded Jan. 18, 1927.
- KGKF, Hallock, Minn.** 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts. Lautzenheiser & Mitchell.
- KGGL, Raton, N. M.** 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Hubbard-Murphy.
- KGFW, Ravenna, Nebr.** 288.9m-1210kc. 50 watts. Otto F. Sothman. Announcer, R. H. McCounell. Slogan, "Catering to the Home Folks." Central.
- KGFX, Pierre, S. D.** 316.9m-580kc. 200 watts. 8 am-9 pm. Dana McNeil. Central.
- KGGS, San Francisco, Calif.** 211.1m-1430kc. 50 watts. The Golden Gate Broadcasting Co. Pacific.
- KGGF, Picher, Okla.** 296.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. Dr. D. L. Connell. Central. On air Sept. 1, 1927.
- KGGM, Albuquerque, N. M.** 245.8m-1230kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. New Mexico Broadcasting Co., Inc.
- KGHF, Pueblo, Colo.** 227.1m-1130kc. 250 watts. Curtis P. Ritchie, Joe E. Finch. Slogan, "The Voice of Pueblo." Announcer, J. Fitzpatrick. Mountain.
- KGHG, McGehee, Ark.** 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Chas. W. McCollum.
- KGHI, Little Rock, Ark.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Berean Bible Class. First Baptist Church.
- KGHL, Billings, Mont.** 315.8m-950kc. 500 watts. Northwestern Auto Supply Co., Inc.
- KGHN, Richmond, Texas.** 199.9m-1300kc. 50 watts. Ft. Bend County Board.

- KGIQ**, Twin Falls, Idaho, 227.1m-1137kc. 250 watts. Stanley M. Soule.
- KGIR**, Butte, Mont., 230.4m-1260kc. 250 watts. Symons Broadcasting Co. Announcers, Leo McMullen, Clark Kellett, Emmets Burke.
- KGIW**, Trinidad, Colo., 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Trinidad Creamery Co.
- KGJF**, Little Rock, Ark., 336.9m-890kc. 250 watts. First Church of the Nazarene.
- KGKB**, Brownwood, Texas, 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Eagle Pub. Co.
- KGKL**, San Angelo, Texas, 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. KGKL, Inc.
- KGKO**, Wichita Falls, Texas, 526m-570kc. 250 watts night, 500 watts daytime. The Wichita Falls Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Zack Hurt.
- KGO**, Oakland, Calif., 379.5m-790kc. 7500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcer, Howard I. Mihaland. Pacific.
- KGRC**, San Antonio, Texas, 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Eugene J. Roth, Announcers, L. G. Weber and J. Savage. Central. Opened Jan. 31, 1927.
- KGRS**, Amarillo, Texas, 212.6m-1410kc. 1000 watts. Gish Radio Service. Central.
- KGU**, Honolulu, Hawaii, 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. Marion A. Mulroney and Advertiser Pub. Co., Ltd. Program Mgr. and Announcer, Homer Tyson. Asst. Program Mgr., Announcer, Wesley Edwards. 157½ meridian, 2½ hours earlier than Pacific. Founded March 11, 1922.
- KGW**, Portland, Ore., 481.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Oregonian Publishing Co. Announcer, Sid Goodwin. Slogan, "KGW, Keep Growing Wiser." Pacific.
- KGY**, Lacey, Wash., 249.9m-1200kc. 50 watts day, 10 watts night. St. Martins College. Announcer, Sebastian Ruth. Slogan, "Out Where the Celars Meet the Sea." Pacific. Opened April 5, 1922.
- KHJ**, Los Angeles, Calif., 331.1m-900kc. 1000 watts. Don Lee. Pacific.
- KHO**, Spokane, Wash., 508.2m-590kc. 1000 watts. Louis Wasmor, Inc. Announcer, C. P. Underwood. Slogan, "Tells the World." Pacific.
- KICK**, Red Oak, Iowa, 211.1m-1430kc. 100 watts. Red Oak Radio Corp. Announcer, Oliver Reiley. Founded 1923. Central.
- KID**, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 227.1m-1320kc. 250 watts. Jack W. Duckworth, Jr.
- KIDO**, Boise, Idaho, 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Boise Broadcast Station. Announcer, C. G. Phillips. Slogan, "The Voice of Idaho." Founded October, 1921. Mountain.
- KIT**, Yakima, Wash., 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. Carl E. Raymond.
- KJBS**, San Francisco, Calif., 280.2m-1070kc. Daytime 100 watts. Julius Brunton & Sons Co. Announcers, Gordon Brown, R. J. Smith. Pacific. Founded January, 1925.
- KJR**, Seattle, Wash., 309.1m-970kc. 5000 watts. Northwest Radio Service Co. Ralph A. Herr, Receiver. Pacific. Opened July 2, 1926.
- KLCC**, Blytheville, Ark., 232.4m-1290kc. Daytime 50 watts. Edgar G. Harris.
- KLO**, Ogden, Utah, 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts night, 200 watts day. Peery Building Co.
- KLRA**, Little Rock, Ark., 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. Arkansas Broadcasting Co.
- KLS**, Oakland, Calif., 208.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. Warner Bros. Radio Supplies.
- KLX**, Oakland, Calif., 140.7m-880kc. 500 watts. The Tribune Publishing Co. Announcer, Charles Lloyd. Slogan, "Where Rail and Water Meet." Pacific. Founded Nov. 20, 1922.
- KLZ**, Denver, Colo., 515.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Reynolds Radio Co. Announcer, Vern Hines. Slogan, "Pioneer Broadcasting Station of the West." Mountain. Founded 1919.
- KMA**, Shenandoah, Iowa, 223.4m-970kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. May Seed & Nursery Co. Announcer, Earl E. May, Central. Founded January, 1925.
- KMBC**, Kansas City, Mo., 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts night, 2500 watts day. Midland Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcers, Arthur H. Church, Dick Smith, Kenneth Krahl, George Biggar, Ted Malone, Dr. Frank Oriley. Founded April, 1922. Central.
- KMED**, Medford, Ore., 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Mrs. W. J. Virgin. Pacific. Founded Dec. 21, 1926.
- KMIC**, Inglewood, Calif., 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Daitou's, Inc. Pacific. Founded Jan. 10, 1927.
- KMJ**, Fresno, Calif., 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. James McClatchey Co. Pacific. Founded Oct. 1, 1922.
- KMMJ**, Clay Center, Nebr., 465.2m-740kc. 1000 watts. M. M. Johnson Co. Founded 1925. Central.
- KMO**, Tacoma, Wash., 222.7m-1340kc. 500 watts. KMO, Inc. Announcer, Carl E. Raymond. Pacific. Founded Aug. 25, 1926.
- KMOX-KFOA**, St. Louis, Mo., 373.1m-1090kc. 500 watts. The Voice of St. Louis. Announcer-Director, George Jankin.
- KMTR**, Hollywood, Calif., 820m-520kc. 500 watts. KMTR Radio Corp. Pacific. Installed June, 1925.
- KNX**, Hollywood, Calif., 285.3m-1030kc. 50,000 watts. Western Broadcast Co. Announcer, "Town Crier." Installed Oct. 11, 1924. Pacific.
- KOA**, Denver, Colo., 361.2m-810kc. 12,500 watts. Gen. Elec. Co. Announcers, Freeman Taylor, Clarence C. Moore, Harold Harlowe, Julian H. Riley. Founded Dec. 15, 1924. Mountain. 1926.
- KOAC**, Corvallis, Ore., 545.1m-550kc. 1000 watts. Oregon State Agricultural College. Announcer, Dr. D. V. Poling. Pacific. Founded Dec., 1922.
- KOB**, State College, N. M., 254.1m-1180kc. 10000 watts. N. M. College of Agr. and Mech. Arts, Dona Ana. Announcer, Marshall Beck. Slogan, "The Sunshine State of America." Founded 1920. Mountain.
- KOCW**, Chickasha, Okla., 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts day, 250 watts night. Okla. College for Women. Announcer, Ollie Dean Cook. Slogan, "Voice of the Great Southwest." Central. Founded November, 1922.
- KOH**, Reno, Nev., 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Jay Peters, Inc.
- KOIL**, Council Bluffs, Iowa, 238m-1260kc. 1000 watts. Mona Motor Oil Co. Announcers, Harold Fair, Wilson Doty and George Roessler. Central. Founded July 10, 1925.
- KOIN**, Portland, Ore., 319m-940kc. 1000 watts. KOIN, Inc. Announcers, Art Kirkham, Gene Baker. Pacific. Founded April, 1926.
- KOI**, Seattle, Wash., 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. Seattle Broadcasting Co. Pacific. Founded May, 1922.
- KOMO**, Seattle, Wash., 225.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Fisher's Blend Station, Inc. Announcers, George Godfrey, Horace Lints, G. Donald Gray, Stanley Spiegle. Pacific. Founded Dec. 31, 1926.
- KOOS**, Marshfield, Ore., 218.8m-1370kc. 50 watts. H. H. Hanseth.
- KORE**, Eugene, Ore., 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Eugene Broadcast Station.
- KOY**, Phoenix, Ariz., 215.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. Nielsen Radio Supply Co. Announcers, E. A. Nielsen, J. A. Murphy, W. T. Hoag. Slogan, "The Radio Voice of Arizona." Mountain.
- KPCB**, Seattle, Wash., 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Pacific Coast Biocuit Co. Announcer, L. D. Greenway. Pacific. Founded April 1, 1927.
- KPJM**, Prescott, Ariz., 199.9m-1500kc. 100 watts. Miller & Elahn.
- 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." 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." Mountain.
- KPPC**, Pasadena, Calif., 249.9m-1290kc. 50 watts. Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Announcer, Frederick T. Swift, Jr. Founded Dec. 25, 1924. Pacific.
- KPQ**, Seattle, Wash., 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Westcoast Broadcasting Co.
- KPRC**, Houston, Texas, 325.9m-920kc. 1000 watts. Houston Printing Co. Slogan, "Kotton Port Rail Center." Announcers, Alfred P. Daniel, Ted Hills and L. S. Roberts. Founded May 8, 1925. Central.
- KPSN**, Pasadena, Calif., 315.6m-950kc. 1000 watts. Pasadena Star-News. Announcer, P. C. Fryer. Installed Nov. 23, 1925. Pacific.
- KPWF**, Westminster, Calif., 201.6m-1490kc. 5000 to 10000 watts. Pacific Western Broadcasting Federation.
- KQV**, Pittsburgh, Pa., 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Donbliday-Hill Elec. Co. Announcers, Ford Miller, Ted Kaufman, Floyd Donbar, Eastern.
- KQW**, San Jose, Calif., 286.9m-1010kc. 500 watts. First Baptist Church. Pacific.
- KRE**, Berkeley, Calif., 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. First Congregational Church of Berkeley. Pacific School of Religion. Pacific.
- KREP**, Phoenix, Ariz., 483.6m-620kc. 500 watts. KAR Broadcasting Co.
- KRGV**, Harlingen, Texas, 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Valley Radio Electric Corp.
- KRLD**, Dallas, Texas, 288.3m-1040kc. 10000 watts. KRLD, Inc. Announcers, T. J. Deiggers, Jr. Central. Founded Oct. 30, 1926.
- KRMD**, Shreveport, La., 228.9m-1310kc. 50 watts. Airplan Radio Shop.
- KRSC**, Seattle, Wash., 267.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Radio Sales Corp. Announcer, Robert E. Priebe. Pacific.
- KSAC**, Manhattan, Kan., 316.9m-980kc. 500 watts nights, 1000 watts days. Kansas State Agricultural College. Announcer, Lisle L. Longsdorf. Central. Founded Dec. 1, 1924.
- KSCJ**, Sioux City, Iowa, 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. The Sioux City Journal. Announcer, C. W. Corbhill. Central. Opened April 4, 1927.
- KSD**, St. Louis, Mo., 345.1m-550kc. 500 watts. Pulitzer Pub. Co. Announcers, W. F. Lodgegate, R. L. Cox, C. R. Yarger. Central. Founded June 24, 1922.
- KSEI**, Pocatello, Idaho, 331.1m-900kc. 250 watts. KSEI Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, W. J. O'Connor. Mountain. Opened January, 1925.
- KSI**, Salt Lake City, Utah, 265.3m-1130kc. 5000 watts. Radio Service Corp. of Utah. Announcers, Roscoe Grever, Douglas Nowell, Douglas Done. Mountain.
- KSMR**, Santa Maria, Calif., 249.9m-1300kc. 100 watts. Santa Maria Valley Railroad Company. Announcer, Sydney C. Peck. Pacific. Founded Dec. 3, 1925.
- KSO**, Clarinda, Iowa, 217.3m-1380kc. 500 watts. Berry Seed Co. Announcer, Joe Paassen. Slogan, "Keep Serving Others." 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." Central. Founded 1926.
- KSTP**, St. Paul-Minneapolis, Minn. (tr. Westcott, Minn.), 205.4m-1460kc. 10000 watts. The National Battery Station. Slogan, "The Call of the North." Lytton J. Shieff, Pres.; Stanley E. Hubbard, V. P. and Gen. Mgr.; Frank M. Brown, Sec.; E. H. Church, Treas. Central. Founded May, 1924.
- KTAB**, Oakland, Calif., 535.4m-560kc. 1000 watts. Pickwick Stages Station. Announcers, M. E. Roberts, Don Jefferies, W. Kimball. Slogan, "Knowledge, Truth and Beauty." Pacific. Opened Aug. 1, 1925.
- KTAP**, San Antonio, Texas, 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Robert H. Bridge, Alamo Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Kum to America's Playground." Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.
- KTBI**, Los Angeles, Calif., 230.6m-1300kc. 750 watts. Bible Inst. of Los Angeles. Announcer, H. P. Heriman. Pacific. Founded September, 1922.
- KTBR**, Portland, Ore., 230.6m-1300kc. 500 watts. M. E. Brown. Announcer, Hal McCracken. Pacific. Opened Sept. 21, 1925.
- KTBS**, Shreveport, La., 206.2m-1450kc. 1000 watts. S. R. Elliott and A. C. Steere. Announcer, Jack Temple. Central. Founded March 14, 1922.
- KTHS**, Hot Springs National Park, Ark., 288.3-1040kc. 10000 watts. The Hot Springs Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, G. C. Arnoux. Slogan, "Kum to Hot Springs." Installed Dec. 30, 1924. Central.
- KTM**, Santa Monica, Calif., 384.4m-780kc. 500 watts. Pickwick Broadcasting Corp. Pacific.
- KTNT**, Muscatine, Iowa, 256.3m-1170kc. 8000 watts. Norman Baker. Slogan, "The Voice of Labor and Farmer." Announcers, Norman Baker, Wm. McFadden, Charles Salisbury, Rene Bellows, Fonda Jarvis. Central. Founded 1924.
- KTSA**, San Antonio, Texas (tr. Woodlawn Hills), 232.4m-1290kc. 1000 watts night, 2000 watts day. Announcer, Jerry Hurt. Lone Star Broadcast Co.
- KTSL**, Shreveport, La., 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Houseman Sheet Metal Works. Announcer, G. A. Houseman. Central. Founded Sept. 15, 1927.
- KTSM**, El Paso, Texas, 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. W. S. Redhoe and W. T. Blackwell.
- KTUE**, Houston, Texas, 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. Uhalt Electric. Announcer, Walter Ivanhoe Zahorski. Central.
- KTW**, Seattle, Wash., 236.1m-1270kc. 1000 watts. First Presbyterian Church. Announcer, J. D. Ross. Slogan, "Hear Ye, Hear Ye, the Gospel." Pacific.
- KUJ**, Longview, Wash., 193.4m-1530kc. 1000 watts. Columbia Broadcasting Co., Inc. Pacific.
- KUOA**, Fayetteville, Ark., 215.7m-1390kc. 1000 watts. University of Arkansas. W. S. Gregson. Central. Founded 1923.
- KUSD**, Vermilion, S. D., 216.9m-890kc. 500 watts night, 750 day. University of South Dakota. Announcer, Harold Nelson. Slogan, "South Dakota University for South Dakotans." Central.
- KUT**, Austin, Texas, 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. KUT Broadcasting Co. Mgr. and Director, Gene Furgason. Founded 1925. Central.
- KVEP**, Portland, Ore., 199.9m-1500kc. 15 watts. Schaeffer Radio Co.
- KVI**, Tacoma, Wash., 394.5m-760kc. 1000 watts. Puget Sound Radio Broadcasting Co. Pacific.
- KVL**, Seattle, Wash., 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Arthur C. Dailey, Calhoun Hotel. Pacific. Founded July 13, 1926.
- KVOO**, Tulsa, Okla., 263m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Southwestern Sales Corp. Announcers, Gordon Hittenmark, Roland R. Wiseman, Harry K. Richardson. Central. Opened Jan. 1925.
- KVOS**, Bellingham, Wash., 249.9m-1290kc. 100 watts. Mt. Baker Station.
- KWCR**, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. H. F. Paas. Slogan, "The Voice of Cedar Rapids." Central. Founded July 29, 1922.
- KWEA**, Shreveport, La., 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. William Erwin Antony.
- KWG**, Stockton, Calif., 349.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Portable Wireless Telephone Co. Announcer, George J. Turner. Slogan, "Voice of the San Joaquin Valley." Pacific.
- KWJL**, Portland, Ore., 282.8m-1060kc. 500 watts. Willouf Jerman. Slogan, "The Voice From Broadway." Pacific. Founded July 25, 1925.
- KWK**, St. Louis, Mo., 222.1m-1350kc. 1000 watts. Greater St. Louis Broadcasting Co. Announcers, John Harrington, Thomas Patrick Convey, Bob Thomas, Allan Taylor, Oran Curtis and Ray Schmidt. Central.
- KWKC**, Kansas City, Mo., 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Wilson Duncan Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Elmer C. Hodges. Slogan, "Keep Watching Kansas City." Central. Founded 1925.
- KWKH**, Kennonwood, La., 312.7m-850kc. 10000 watts. The W. K. Henderson Iron Works & Supply Co. Central. Founded Jan. 8, 1925.
- KWLC**, Decorah, Iowa, 216.1m-1270kc. 100 watts. Luther College.
- KWSC**, Pullman, Wash., 315.7m-1390kc. 500 watts. State College of Washington. Announcer, Cyril Brewer. Program Dir., Arvilla Weisel. Pacific. Founded 1923.
- KWWG**, Brownsville, Texas, 238m-1260kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce.
- KXA**, Seattle, Wash., 326m-570kc. 500 watts. American Radio Tel. Co.
- KXL**, Portland, Ore., 211.1m-1420kc. 100 watts. KXL Broadcasting, Inc. Announcers, A. R. Truitt, H. B. Read, Chet Blossness. Slogan, "The Voice of Portland." Founded Dec. 13, 1926.

- KXO, El Centro, Calif.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. E. R. Irey and F. M. Howles. Pacific.
- KXRO, Aberdeen, Waih.** 228.9m-1310kc. 75 watts. KXRO, Inc.
- KYW-KFKX, Chicago, Ill.** 291.9m-1020kc. 10000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., Herald and Examiner, Announcers, Gene Rouse, Parker Wheatley, Barney McArville, D. L. Gross. Central.
- KYWA, Chicago, Ill.** 291.9m-1020kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
- NAA, Washington, D. C.** 434.5m-600kc. 1000 watts. United States Navy Dept. Eastern.
- WAAF, Chicago, Ill.** 325.9m-920kc. 500 watts. Chicago Daily Drivers Journal, Announcer, Carl Ulrich. Central. Founded May 22, 1922.
- WAAM, Newark, N. J.** 239.9m-1250kc. 2000 watts day, 1000 watts night. I. R. Nelson Company, Announcers, Jack Van Ripper, James Cosier. Eastern. Founded February, 1922.
- WAAT, Jersey City, N. J.** 280.2m-1070kc. 300 watts. Bremer Broadcasting Corp. Announcer, J. B. Bayley. Slogan, "The Voice at the Gate of the Garden State." Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WAAW, Omaha, Nebr.** 454.3m-860kc. 500 watts. Omaha Grain Exchange, Announcer, James Thompson. Slogan, "Pioneer Market Station of the West." Founded 1921. Central.
- WABC, New York, N. Y.** 348.6m-800kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Corp. Eastern.
- WAPI, Bangor, Me.** 249.9m-1300kc. 100 watts. First Universalist Church. Slogan, "The Pine-Tree Wave." Announcer, Prof. W. J. Creamer, Jr. Eastern. Founded 1923.
- WABZ, New Orleans, La.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. The Coliseum Place Baptist Church. Announcer, Charles B. Page. Slogan, "The Station With a Message." Central. Founded January, 1924.
- WADC, Akron, Ohio.** 227.1m-1320kc. 1000 watts. Allen Theater Broadcasting Station. Announcers, Geo. Houston and Jerry McKiernan. Eastern. Founded March, 1925.
- WAGM, Royal Oak, Mich.** 228.9m-1110kc. 50 watts. Robert L. Miller, Announcer, Fred Stanton. Slogan, "The Little Station With the Big Reputation." Central. Founded Oct. 3, 1923.
- WAIU, Columbus, Ohio.** 468.5m-640kc. 500 watts. American Insurance Union. Eastern. Founded April, 1922.
- WAPI, Birmingham, Ala.** 363m-1140kc. 5000 watts. Alabama Polytechnic Institute, University of Alabama, Alabama College. Manager, Walter N. Campbell. Announcers, Carroll Gardner, Sam Benton, Howard C. Smith, Kirtley Brown. Installed 1922. Central.
- WASH, Grand Rapids, Mich.** 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts. Wash Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Hugh Hart, Chas. C. Carpenter, "Uncle Jerry." Central. Founded March 13, 1925.
- WBAA, W. Lafayette, Ind.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Purdue University.
- WBAK, Harrisburg, Pa.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Pennsylvania State Police. Announcer, A. E. Poorman. Eastern. Founded 1919.
- WBAL, Baltimore, Md.** 282.8m-1060kc. 10000 watts. Consolidated Gas, Elec. Light & Power Co. Director, Frederick R. Huber. Slogan, "The Station of Good Music." Eastern. Founded Nov. 1, 1925.
- WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas.** 374.8m-800kc. 50000 watts. Carter Publications, Inc. Central. Founded April, 1922.
- WBAX, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Announcer, Earl H. Fine. Slogan, "We Burn Anthracite Exclusively." Eastern. Founded May, 1922.
- WBBC, Brooklyn, N. Y.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Brooklyn Broadcasting Corp. Announcers, Andie Baruch, Leon Sherman.
- WBBL, Richmond, Va.** 218.8m-1270kc. 100 watts. Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. Founded February, 1924.
- WBBM, Chicago, Ill.** (tr. at Glenview). 389.6m-770kc. 28000 watts. Atlas Co., Inc. Central. Founded 1922.
- WBBR, Rossville, N. Y.** 230.6m-1300kc. 1000 watts. Peoples Pulpit Assn. Announcer, Victor F. Schmidt. Eastern. Founded Febr., 1924.
- WBBY, Charleston, S. C.** 249.9m-1200kc. 75 watts. Washington Light Infantry. Slogan, "Seaport of the Southeast." Eastern.
- WBBZ, Ponca City, Okla.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. L. Carrell. Announcer, Morton Harvey.
- WBCM, Bay City, Mich.** 212.6m-1410kc. 500 watts. Bay City Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, S. F. Northcott. Eastern. Founded June 15, 1925.
- WBIS, Boston, Mass.** 243.8m-1230kc. 1000 watts. The Shepard Stores. Announcer, Grace Lawrence. Eastern. Founded Jan. 29, 1927.
- WBMS, Fort Lee, N. J.** 206.8m-1450kc. 250 watts. WBMS Broadcasting Corp. Slogan, "The Voice of Bergen County." Eastern.
- WBNY, New York, N. Y.** 222.1m-1350kc. 250 watts. Baruch Corp. Eastern. Founded 1925.
- WBOQ, Richmond Hill, N. Y.** 348.6m-800kc. 5000 watts. Atlantic Broadcasting Co.
- WBOW, Terre Haute, Ind.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Banks of Walsh Broadcasting Assn.
- WBRC, Birmingham, Ala.** 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts. Birmingham Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Dud Connelly. Central. Founded May 18, 1923.
- WBRE, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.** 238.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Liberty State Bank and Trust Co. Announcer, Louis G. Baltimore. Eastern.
- WBRL, Tilton, N. H.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Booth Radio Laboratories. Eastern.
- WBSO, Wellesley Hills, Mass.** 325.9m-920kc. 250 watts. Babson's Statistical Organization. Announcer, Ross Wood. Eastern. Founded January, 1927.
- WBT, Charlotte, N. C.** 277.6m-1080kc. 3000 watts. Announcers, Ralph Rogers, Walter Hainlip, Fritz Hirsch. Eastern.
- WBZ, Springfield, Mass.** 303.8m-990kc. 15000 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Radio Station of New England. Announcers, Aidan Redmond, Howard Patrie, Wayne Latham, Wallace Streeter, Gordon Swan, Malcolm McCormick, John Clark, Robert Saudek. Installed Sept. 19, 1921. Eastern.
- WBZA, Boston, Mass.** 303.8m-990kc. 500 watts. Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co. Same programs as WBZ.
- WCAC, Mansfield, Conn.** 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Connecticut Agricultural College. Announcer, Daniel E. Noble. Slogan, "From the Nutmeg State." 1/4 time Eastern. Founded June, 1923.
- WCAD, Canton, N. Y.** 245.6m-1220kc. 300 watts. (1000 watts 6 am-6 pm.) St. Lawrence University. Announcer, Ward C. Priest. Slogan, "The Voice of the North Country." Eastern. Founded Dec. 7, 1922.
- WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa.** 245.8m-1230kc. 500 watts. Gimbel Brothers. Eastern.
- WCAH, Columbus, Ohio.** 209.7m-1430kc. 500 watts. Commercial Radio Service. Eastern. Founded April, 1923.
- WCAJ, Lincoln, Nebr.** 508.2m-890kc. 500 watts. Nebraska Wesleyan University. Announcer, J. C. Jensen. Founded October, 1921. Central.
- WCAL, Northfield, Minn.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Dept. of Physics, St. Olaf College. Announcer, Hector Sliffter. Slogan, "The College on the Hill." Central. Founded 1922.
- WCAM, Camden, N. J.** 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. City of Camden. Eastern. Founded Oct. 26, 1926.
- WCAO, Baltimore, Md.** 499.7m-600kc. 250 watts. Monumental Radio, Inc. Founded May 17, 1922.
- WCAP, Ashbury Park, N. J.** 234.2m-1280kc. 500 watts. Chamber of Commerce. Announcer, Thomas P. Burley, Jr. Eastern. Founded July 1, 1927.
- WCAT, Rapid City, S. D.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. South Dakota State School of Mines. Announcer, J. O. Kammerman. Mountain. Founded 1920.
- WCAU, Philadelphia, Pa.** (tr. Byberry). 256.3m-1170kc. 10000 watts. Universal Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Stan Lee Broza. Eastern. Founded May, 1922.
- WCAX, Burlington, Vt.** 249.9m-1300kc. 100 watts. University of Vermont. Slogan, "The Voice of the Green Mountains." Eastern.
- WCAZ, Carthage, Ill.** 280.2m-1070kc. 50 watts. Carthage College. Central.
- WCBA, Albion, Pa.** 308.2m-1440kc. 250 watts. B. Bryan Musselman. Announcers, Clarence Dreisbach, Don Rayburn, Chas. Melson. Eastern.
- WCBD, Zion, Ill.** 277.6m-1080kc. 5000 watts. Wilbur Glenn Voliva. Announcer, J. H. DePew. Slogan, "Where God Rules, Man Prospers." Founded May, 1923. Central.
- WCBM, Baltimore, Md.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Baltimore Broadcasting Co. Francis Dice, announcer. Eastern. Founded March 25, 1923.
- WCBS, Springfield, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 1000 watts. Harold L. Dewing, Charles H. Messter. Slogan, "Home of Abraham Lincoln." Central. Founded April 8, 1923.
- WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.** (tr. at Anoka). 370.2m-810kc. 7500 watts. Northwestern Broadcasting Co. Announcers, A. J. Snyder, K. C. Titus, A. B. Sheehan, K. W. Husted, F. F. Laws. Slogan, "Service to the Northwest." Founded Oct. 1, 1924. Central.
- WCDA, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Cliffside Park, N. J.). 222.1m-1300kc. 250 watts. Italian Educational Broadcasting Co.
- WCFL, Chicago, Ill.** 309.1m-970kc. 1500 watts. Chicago Federation of Labor. Announcer, Henry Parks. Slogan, "The Voice of Farmer and Labor." Central.
- WCGU, Coney Island, N. Y.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. U. S. Broadcast Corp. Eastern.
- WCHS, Portland, Me.** 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square Hotel Co.
- WCKY, Covington, Ky.** 202.1m-1480kc. 5000 watts. L. B. Wilson, Inc.
- WCLO, Kenosha, Wis.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. C. E. Whitmore. Announcer, James Bontelle. Founded Aug. 4, 1925. Central.
- WCLS, Joliet, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. WCLS, Inc. Slogan, "Will County's Largest Store." Central. Founded June, 1925.
- WCMA, Culver, Ind.** 214.2m-1400kc. 500 watts. Culver Military Academy. Announcer, C. F. McKinney. Central. Founded 1925.
- WCOA, Pensacola, Fla.** 267.7m-1120kc. 500 watts. Municipal Broadcasting Station. Announcer, John E. Frenkel. Slogan, "Wonderful City of Advantages." Central. Founded Febr. 2, 1927.
- WCOC, Meridian, Miss.** 340.7m-880kc. 1000 watts daytime, 500 watts night. Mississippi Broadcasting Co., Inc. Announcer, T. C. Billips. Slogan, "Down in the Old Magnolia State." Central. Founded Febr. 26, 1927.
- WCOD, Harrisburg, Pa.** 249.9m-1200kc. 100 watts. Norman R. Hoffman. Eastern. Opened Sept. 30, 1923.
- WCOH, Yonkers, N. Y.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Westchester Broadcasting Corp.
- WCRW, Chicago, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Clinton R. White. Announcers, Fred K. Weston, Al John, Miss Josephine. Slogan, "For Your Entertainment." Central. Founded May, 1926.
- WCSH, Portland, Me.** (tr. Portland). 319m-940kc. 500 watts. Congress Square Hotel. Slogan, "Sunrise Gateway of America." Announcer, L. T. Pitman. Eastern. Founded June, 1925.
- WCSD, Springfield, Ohio.** 206.8m-1450kc. 500 watts. Wittenberg College. Announcers, Charlotte Johns, Lester Crawl, James Thrasher. Eastern. Founded December, 1921.
- WDAE, Tampa, Fla.** 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Tampa Daily Times. Announcer, Bruce Lum. Slogan, "Florida's Most Reliable Station." Eastern. Founded 1921.
- WDAF, Kansas City, Mo.** 461.5m-610kc. 1000 watts. Kansas City Star. Announcer, H. Dean Fitzer. Club, "Nighthawks." Founded June 5, 1922. Central.
- WDAG, Amarillo, Texas.** 212.6m-1410kc. 250 watts. J. Laurence Martin. Central. Founded May 16, 1922.
- WDAH, El Paso, Texas.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Eagle Broadcasting Co., Inc. Mountain.
- WDAY, Fargo, N. D.** 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. WDAY, Inc. Announcer, Earl Reineke. Central. Founded May, 1922.
- WDBJ, Roanoke, Va.** 322.4m-930kc. 500 watts daytime, 250 watts night. Richardson Wayland Elec. Corp. Announcers, J. V. Huffman, C. E. Stone, Hermon P. Black, R. P. Jordan. Slogan, "Roanoke Down in Old Virginia." Eastern. Founded May, 1924.
- WDBO, Orlando, Fla.** 483.6m-620kc. 1000 watts. Orlando Broadcasting Co. Announcer, K. W. Skelton. Slogan, "Down Where the Oranges Grow." Founded 1921. Eastern.
- WDEL, Wilmington, Del.** 267.7m-1120kc. 250 watts night, 350 day. WDEL, Inc. Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WDGY, Minneapolis, Minn.** 254.1m-1180kc. 1000 watts. Dr. George Young. Central. Founded 1923.
- WDDO, Chattanooga, Tenn.** 234.2m-1280kc. 2500 watts daytime, 1000 watts night. Chattanooga Radio Co., Inc. Announcer, Frank S. Lane. Central. Founded 1925.
- WDBC, New Haven, Conn.** 225.4m-1330kc. 1000 watts. Deolittle Radio Corp. Announcer, W. B. Haase. Eastern. Founded December, 1922.
- WDSU, New Orleans, La.** 239.9m-1250kc. 1000 watts. Slogan, "Second Port U. S. A." Announcers, Jack Holliday, C. Chick Owens, Uncle Meek, P. K. Ewing, Joseph H. Uhalt. Est. July, 1923.
- WDWF, Cranston, R. I.** 347.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Dulce W. Flint, Inc. Slogan, "Community Service." Eastern.
- WDZ, Tuscola, Ill.** 280.2m-1070kc. 100 watts. James L. Bush. Central. Founded March, 1921.
- WEAF, New York, N. Y.** (tr. at Bellmore). 454.3m-660kc. 50000 watts. National Broadcasting Co., Inc. Slogan, "The Voice to the Millions." Eastern. Founded July 25, 1922.
- WEAI, Ithaca, N. Y.** 236.1m-1270kc. 500 watts daytime. Cornell University.
- WEAN, Providence, R. I.** 364.4m-780kc. 500 watts daytime. The Sheepshead Stores. Announcers, Edmund Cashman, Fred Long, James Cairn, June Abbott, Jane Day, Beau Brummel. Slogan, "We Entertain a Nation." Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WEAO, Columbus, Ohio.** 526m-570kc. 750 watts. Ohio State University. Announcer, Robert Coleman. Eastern. Founded 1922.
- WEAR, Cleveland, Ohio.** 280.2m-1070kc. 1000 watts. WTAM-WEAR, Inc. Eastern. Opened Jan. 15, 1926.
- WEBC, Superior, Wis., Duluth, Minn.** 234.2m-1280kc. 1000 watts. Head-of-the-Lakes Broadcasting Co. Announcer, Sam Kiley. Slogan, "At the Head of the Lakes." Central. Founded 1924.
- WEBC, Cambridge, Ohio.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Roy W. Waller. Slogan, "The Voice of Southeastern Ohio." Eastern. Founded July, 1924.
- WEBO, Harrisburg, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. First Trust & Savings Bank. Announcers, Dr. H. J. Raley and Ingils M. Taylor. Slogan, "The Voice From Egypt." Central. Founded Sept. 1, 1923.
- WEBR, Buffalo, N. Y.** 228.9m-1310kc. 200 watts. H. H. Howell. Announcers, E. J. Hinckley, Lowell Kitchen. Slogan, "We Extend Buffalo's Regards." Eastern. Founded Oct. 8, 1924.
- WEBW, Beloit, Wis.** 499.7m-600kc. 350 watts. Beloit College. Central. Founded Oct. 26, 1924.
- WEDC, Chicago, Ill.** 247.8m-1210kc. 100 watts. Emil Denmark Broadcasting Station. Central.
- WEDH, Erie, Pa.** 211.1m-1420kc. 30 watts. Erie Dispatch-Herald.
- WEEI, Boston, Mass.** 508.2m-890kc. 1000 watts. Edison Electric Illuminating Company. Announcers, Robert Burden, Carlton H. Dickerman, Edward Gisborne, Frederick Hawkins. Slogan, "The Friendly Voice." Eastern. Founded Sept. 29, 1924, succeeding WTAT.
- WEHC, Emory, Va.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Emory & Henry College.
- WEHS, Evanston, Ill.** 228.9m-1310kc. 100 watts. Victor C. Carlson. Announcer, Jessie Robinson. Central. Founded February, 1924.
- WELK, Philadelphia, Pa.** 218.8m-1370kc. 100 watts. Howard R. Miller. Slogan, "The Voice of the Elks." Eastern. Founded June, 1922.

*The balance of the Log and Call Book of American stations will appear in the February issue of Radio Digest*



# Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Foreign Stations

## Canada

- CFAC, Calgary, Alta., Can.** 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. Calgary Herald. Announcer, Fred Carleton.
- CFBO, St. John, N. B., Can.** 337.1m-820kc. 50 watts.
- CFCA, Toronto, Ont., Can.** 357.1m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Star. Announcer, Gordon W. McClain. Eastern. Founded March, 1922.
- CFCF, Montreal, P. Q., Can.** 291.1m-810kc. 1650 watts. Canadian Marconi Co. Announcer, W. Dundas Simpson. R. K. Paul. French Announcer, C. A. Charlebois. Eastern.
- CFCH, Iroquois Falls, Ont.** 500m-595.6kc. 250 watts. Abitibi Power and Paper Co., Ltd.
- CFCN, Calgary, Alta., Can.** 434.5m-690kc. 1600 watts. Western Broadcasting Co. Slogan, "Voice of the Prairies." Mountain.
- CFCD, Chatham, Ont.** 347.5m-1210kc. 50 watts. Western Ontario "Better Radio" Club. Slogan, "Coming from Chatham, Ontario."
- CFCT, Victoria, B. C., Can.** 454.2m-630kc. 500 watts. The Victoria Broadcasting Assn. Announcer, Cliff Deaville.
- CFCY, Charlottetown, P. E. I.** 312.3m-960kc. 150 watts. Island Radio Co.
- CFGC, Brantford, Ont.** 296.9m. 30 watts.
- CFJC, Kamloops, B. C.** 367.7m-1120kc. 15 watts. N. S. Dalgleish and Sons, Weller and Weller.
- CFLC, Prescott, Ont., Can.** 297m-1010kc. 50 watts.
- CFMC, Kingston, Ont., Can.** 267.7m-1120kc. 20 watts. Monarch Battery Mfg. Co., Ltd.
- CFNB, Fredericton, N. B.** 347.8m-1210kc. 50 watts. James S. Neill & Sons, Ltd. Atlantic.
- CFQC, Saskatoon, Sask., Can.** 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. The Electric Shop, Ltd. Announcer, Stan Clifton. Slogan, "The Hub City of the West Where No. 1 Northern Hard Wheat Grows." Mountain.
- CFRB, Toronto, Ont.** 312.3m-960kc. 4000 watts. Rogers Majestic 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.
- CHCA, Calgary, Alta.** 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Western Farmer, Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel. Sun, 5-6 pm.
- CHCK, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Can.** 312.5m-960kc. 30 watts.
- CHCS, Hamilton, Ont., Can.** 340.7m-820kc. 10 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-1130kc. 25 watts. R. T. Holman, Ltd. Atlantic.
- CHMA, Edmonton, Alta.** 517.2m-580kc. 250 watts. Christian & Missionary Alliance. Mountain.
- CHML, Mount Hamilton, Ont., Can.** 340.7m-820kc. 30 watts. Maple Leaf Radio Co. Eastern.
- CHNC, Toronto, Can.** 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Toronto Radio Research Society.
- CHNS, Halifax, N. S.** 323.6m-930kc. 500 watts. Herald, Ltd. Slogan, "At Halifax, N. S. The Front Door of Canada—Always Open." Atlantic. Founded May 12, 1926.
- CHRC, Quebec, Que.** 340.7m-820kc. 25 watts. E. Fontaine.
- CHWC, Regina, Sask., Can.** 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. R. H. Williams & Sons, Ltd. Mountain.
- CHWG, Pilot Butte, Sask., Can.** 247.9m-1210kc. 500 watts.
- CHWK, Chilliwack, B. C., Can.** 347.8m-1210kc. 3 watts. Chilliwack Broadcasting Co., Ltd.
- CHYC, Montreal, Que., Can.** 411m-730kc. 500 watts.
- CJBR, Regina, Sask.** 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Saskatchewan Co-operative Wheat Producers, Ltd.
- CJCA, Edmonton, Alta., Can.** 316.9m-560kc. 500 watts. Edmonton Journal, Ltd. Announcer, R. A. Rice. Slogan, "Altogether for the Journal." Mountain.
- CJCB, Sydney, N. S., Can.** 340.9m-820kc. 50 watts.
- CJCI, Calgary, Alta.** 434.5m-690kc. 500 watts. The Alberta Pub. Co., Ltd. Announcer, D. E. Daniel.
- CJCR, Red Deer, Alta., Can.** 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. The North American Collieries, Ltd.
- CJGC, London, Ont., Can.** 329.7m-910kc. 500 watts. London Free Press. Eastern.
- CJGX, Yorkton, Sask.** 475.9m-610kc. 500 watts. The Winnipeg Grain Exchange. Central.
- CJHS, Saskatoon, Sask., Can.** 329.7m-910kc. 250 watts.
- CJOC, Lethbridge, Alta., Can.** 267.9m-1120kc. 50 watts.
- CJOR, Sea Island, B. C.** 291.1m-1030kc. 50 watts. G. C. Chandler.
- CJRM, Moose Jaw, Sask.** 499.7m-600kc. 500 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Mountain.
- CJRW, Fleming, Sask., Can.** 499.7m-600kc. 1000 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Central.
- CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., Can.** 25.0m. 2000 watts. James Richardson & Sons, Ltd. Central.
- CJSC, Toronto, Can.** 434.5m-690kc. 5000 watts. The Evening Telegram.
- CJWC, Saskatoon, Sask.** 329.5m-910kc. 250 watts. Radio Service, Ltd.
- CKCI, Quebec, Que.** 340.7m-820kc. 25 watts. Le Soleil, Ltd.
- CKAC, Montreal, Que., Can.** 410.7m-730kc. 2000 watts. La Presse. Announcer, Arthur Dumont. Eastern.
- CKCD, Vancouver, B. C., Can.** 410.7m-730kc. 50 watts. Vancouver Daily Province. Announcer, W. G. Hassell. Slogan, "Canada's Western Gateway." Pacific.
- CKCI, Quebec, Que.** 340.7m-820kc. 25 watts. Le Soleil, Ltd.
- CKCK, Regina, Sask., Can.** 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Leader-Post Pub. Co. Slogan, "The Paper With the Western Viewpoint." Announcer, A. W. Hooper. "The Queen City of the West." Mountain.
- CKCL, Toronto, Can.** 317.2m-580kc. 500 watts. Dominion Battery Co., Ltd. Eastern. Founded May 5, 1925.
- CKCO, Ottawa, Ont., Can.** 434.5m-690kc. 100 watts. Dr. G. M. Geldert (Ottawa Radio Assn.). Announcer, Dr. O. K. Gibben. Slogan, "Ottawa's Radio Voice." "The Community Voice of Canada's Capitol." Eastern. Founded March, 1924.
- CKCR, St. George, Ont., Can.** 297m-960kc. 50 watts. John Patterson.
- CKCV, Quebec, P. Q.** 340.7m-820kc. 50 watts. G. A. Vandy.
- CKFC, Vancouver, B. C., Can.** 410.7m-730kc. 50 watts. Chalmers United Church.
- CKGW, Bowmanville, Ont., Can.** 434.5m-690kc. 5000 watts. Gooderman & Worts, Ltd. Daily.
- CKLC, Red Deer, Alta.** 356.8m-840kc. 1000 watts. Alberta Pacific Grain Cr. Ltd. Mountain.
- CKMC, Cobalt, Ont.** 347.8m-1210kc. 5 watts. R. I. MacAdam.
- CKMO, Vancouver, B. C., Can.** 411m-730kc. 50 watts.
- CKNC, Toronto, Ont., Can.** 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Eveready Battery Station. Announcers, Gordon Calder, Ernest Bushnell, Rupert Lucas, Charles Jennings. Eastern. Founded May 2, 1924.
- CKOC, Hamilton, Ont., Can.** 340.9m-820kc. 100 watts. Wentworth, Radio Supply Co., Ltd. Announcer, L. Moore. Slogan, "The Voice of Hamilton." 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.** 367.7m-1120kc. 50 watts. Midland Broadcasting Station. E. O. Swan. Slogan, "Voice of Canada's Northland." Eastern.
- CKSH, St. Hyacinthe, P. Q.** 297m-1010kc. 50 watts. Temporarily using 246.9m-1010kc. 50 watts. City of St. Hyacinthe.
- CKUA, Edmonton, Alta.** 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. U. of Alberta. Announcer, Harold P. Brown. Mountain.
- CKWX, Vancouver, B. C.** 410.7m-730kc. 100 watts. Sparks Company. Announcer, H. W. Paulson. Pacific.
- CKX, Brandon, Man., Can.** 555.6m-540kc. 500 watts.
- CKY, Winnipeg, Man., Can.** 384.4m-780kc. 5000 watts. Manitoba Tel. System. Announcer, F. E. Hutland. 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. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
- CNRD, Red Deer, Alta., Can.** 357.1m-840kc.
- CNRE, Edmonton, Alta., Can.** 516.9m-580kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
- CNRL, London, Ont., Can.** 329.7m-910kc. 500 watts.
- CNRM, Montreal, Que., Can.** 410.7m-730kc. 1500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcers, J. S. McArthur, W. V. George, A. J. Black, W. H. Chodat. Eastern.
- CNRO, Ottawa, Que., Can.** 500m-600kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, A. W. Ryan. Eastern. On the air Febr. 27, 1924.
- CNRQ, Quebec City, Can.** 340.7m-820kc. 50 watts. C. N. R. Eastern.
- CNRR, Regina, Sask., Can.** 312.3m-960kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
- CNRS, Saskatoon, Sask., Can.** 329.5m-910kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Mountain.
- CNRT, Toronto, Ont., Can.** 356.9m-840kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Eastern. First broadcast May 16, 1924.
- CNRV, Vancouver, Can.** 291.1m-1030kc. 500 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, G. A. Wright. Pacific.
- CNRW, Winnipeg, Man., Can.** 384.4m-780kc. 5000 watts. Canadian National Railways. Announcer, R. H. Roberts. Central.
- CNRX, Toronto, Ont., Can.** 434m-690kc. 5000 watts.

## Cuba

- CMC, Havana, Cuba.** 357m-840kc. 500 watts. Cuban Telephone Co. International Tel. and Teleg. Corp. Eastern.
- CMI, Havana, Cuba.** 376.6m-797kc. 500 watts. Instituto Provincial.
- IFG, Hershey, Cuba.** 226m-999.4kc. 20 watts. Alberto A. Ferrera.

- 2HP, Havana, Cuba.** 305m-1460kc. 200 watts. Cristina W. Vda. Crecet.
- 2JF, Marianao, Cuba.** 252m-1190kc. 15 watts. Jose L. Ferrer.
- 2JL, Marianao, Cuba.** 249m-1030kc. 7½ watts. Jose L. Ferrer.
- 2MA, Marianao, Cuba.** 278m-1079kc. 50 watts. Modesto Alvarez.
- 2MK, Havana, Cuba.** 368m-833kc. 100 watts. Mario Garcia Velez.
- 2RK, Havana, Cuba.** 236m-920kc. 50 watts. Raoul Sarman. Casa De La Porte.
- 2UF, Havana, Cuba.** 228m-1234kc. 100 watts. Roberto E. Ramirez.
- 2XA, Havana, Cuba.** 239m-1200kc. 200 watts. Leccionia Music Co.
- 2XX, Marianao, Cuba.** 225m-1133kc. 10 watts. Antonio A. Gilard.
- 2EV, Colon, Cuba.** 300m-833kc. 100 watts. Leopoldo W. Figueroa. Sun, 9-11 pm. Eastern.
- 2BY, Cienfuegos, Cuba.** 260m-1153kc. 200 watts. Jose Gaudin.
- 2EV, Cabaiguan, Cuba.** 230m-1200kc. 50 watts. Maria Josefa Alvarez.
- 2HS, S. La Grande, Cuba.** 200m-1590kc. 10 watts. Santiago Ventura.
- 2KP, Sancti Spiritus, Cuba.** 230m-1071kc. 20 watts. Antonio Galguera.
- 2KW, Tuinucu, Cuba.** 368m-833kc. 100 watts. Frank H. Jones. Slogan, "If You Hear the Key of the Cuckoo You Are in Tune With Tuinucu." Eastern.
- 2LO, Cabaiguan, Cuba.** 225m-920kc. 250 watts. Manuel A. Alvarez.
- 2YR, Camajuan, Cuba.** 200m-1200kc. 20 watts. Diego Iborra.
- 2AZ, Camaguey, Cuba.** 225m-1133kc. 10 watts. Pedro Nogueiras.
- HHK, Port au Prince, Haiti.** 361.2m-830kc. 1000 watts.

## Mexico

- Mexico has adopted the letter X as its national prefix to all broadcast call letters. This makes it more simple to distinguish Mexican stations from those of Cuba and Canada, where the letter C continues in force.
- XFF, Chihuahua, Mex.** 325m-900kc. 250 watts.
- XEA, Guadalajara, Mex.** 250m-1199kc. 100 watts.
- XFC, Jalapa, Mex.** 473m. 250 watts.
- XES, Cabo Lardo, Mex.** 250m-1199kc. 250 watts.
- XEY, Merida, Mex.** 548.0m. 100 watts.
- XEB, Mexico City, Mex.** 458m-666.3kc. 1000 watts.
- XEN, Mexico City, Mex.** 410m-711.3kc. 1000 watts.
- XEX, Mexico City, Mex.** 325m-900kc. 250 watts. Excelsior and Revista de Revistas. Announcer, Rafael Hernandez del Dominguez. Slogan, "Land of the Aztecs." Mexican.
- XFG, Mexico City, Mex.** 470m-637.9kc. 2000 watts.
- XFI, Mexico City, Mex.** 307m. 1000 watts.
- XFX, Mexico City, Mex.** 357m-840kc. 500 watts.
- XEH, Monterrey, Mex.** 311m-964kc. 100 watts. Tarnava y Cia. Slogan, "The Industrial Center of the Mexican Republic." Daily, 7:35-8:15 Mon., Sat., 8-9 pm. Wed., Sun., 8:30-10 pm. Mexican.
- XEI, Morelia, Mex.** 200m-999.4kc. 100 watts.
- XEF, Oaxaca, Mex.** 262m-1110kc. 100 watts. Federico Zorrilla. "The Voice From South of Mexico." Mexican.
- XEE, Puebla, Mex.** 312m-960kc. 100 watts.

## Philippine Islands

- KZIB, Manila, P. I.** 260m-1133kc. 20 watts. I. Beck, Inc.
- KZRO, Manila, P. I.** 410m-720kc. 1000 watts. Radio Corp. of the Philippines.

## 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	Watts	Wave Length
Peiping	COPK	100	313
Tientsin	COTN	500	480
Mukden	COMK	2,000	425
Harbin	COHB	1,000	445
Shanghai	KRC	180	245
Shanghai	SSC	50	370
Shanghai	NKS	50	315
Shanghai	KSMS	50	277
Nanking	XGZ	500	420
Hankow	XGY	250	315
Hongkong	SHK	150	475
Tokyo	JOAK	10,000	345
Osaka	JOBK	10,000	400
Nagoya	JOCK	10,000	370
Hieiyo	JODK	1,000	360
Hiroshima	JOFK	10,000	353
Kumamoto	JOJK	10,000	380
Sendai	JOHK	10,000	390
Sapporo	JOIK	10,000	361
Taioku	JFAK	1,000	333
Dairen	JOAK	500	375
Vladivostok	RL2	1,500	480
Manila	KZRM	1,000	413
India	7CA	5,000	370



"General Crook's orders to overtake you, sir," announced the breathless orderly, "the Ogallalla chiefs are to come in for a parley."

## The First Call

(Continued from page 30)

attending the war party's return; the thud-thud of ponies hoofs, the babel of voices, the incessant rushing to and fro of moccasined feet. Old Spotted Horse came in again. His youngest squaw followed. While he sat cross-legged, she kindled the fire in the center of the tepee and prepared his meal. And presently he ate, but he said no word to the two white men, nor did the squaw bring them food. The time went by. Evening came. One after another the leaders entered the lodge, the chiefs and the old men of the council. Flames leaped outside; their glare fell through the entrance and with it came the Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! of the warriors.

"They are dance the scalp dance," Pete whispered.

And while the naked figures circled around the fire out there, three of them bearing on the coup sticks the bloody scalps of troopers which they had taken, repeating in fierce and violent pantomime the story of the taking of those shreds of flesh, the leaders began their council within the lodge. The pipe went from hand to hand; they made no offer to pass it to Pete or Jess.

A SQUAW came forth out of the shadows and dropped some bits of fat upon the little fire in the center of the tepee. The flames sprang up. The wavering light revealed the faces of Spotted Horse and his companions—lean faces, dark as old copper, with straight thin lips, with glittering dark eyes which never met the eyes of Jess or Pete Le Seul now. It fell upon a huddle of fierce faces, packed closely just outside the slitted doorway; malignant faces of old squaws with the blood thirst in their eyes and writhing lips.

The flames died down and the whole picture was obscured. The shrill Hyah! Hyah! Hyah! of the dancers swelled louder; there came the wild shriek of a mourner lamenting her dead warrior in the outer darkness. The squaw emerged from the shadows and dropped more bits of fat upon the coals. The audience in the doorway broke into a

shrill bedlam.

"What is it those squaws want?" Jess asked the half breed.

"They are want me an' you." Pete's voice was shaking. "They are want to 'ave some fun weeth os."

"All right." Jess set his square jaw. "We ain't invited to this council, but we're going to open it." He rose to his feet. The firelight showed the streak of dried blood upon his face; his eyes were on old Spotted Horse; they were serene. It was as if he did not hear the yelling of the scalp dance, as if the shrieks of the squaws had never reached his ears; his voice was steady, undisturbed. He was telling the members of the council how glad he was that he was here; how glad Pete was to be among them. The little half breed translated the lie solemnly, with many gestures. Then Jess went on.

"It is a good thing for the Ogallallas that we are here." One of the squaws sprang through the doorway and struck him from behind with a flaming billet of pitch pine. He did not turn his head. His voice remained unchanged. "The chiefs are wise men. They understand that if they did not have us among them now, the soldiers of the white man would drive their people from these mountains; their young men would die in battle and the squaws could find no food to cook. Then, when the snow began to fly and the children and the old men were dying of hunger, the Ogallallas would ask for peace. And nothing good would come to them."

He remained motionless while Pete repeated the words and the audience outside howled their demand for the two prisoners. When the half breed had done speaking, he resumed:

"This will not be. For in the morning the chiefs will send us to the trading post, where the Old Grey Fox is waiting with his soldiers. And we will tell him now how the Ogallallas were ready to go back to their reservation when this thing happened. We will tell him the things which the chiefs have told us in council. Then General Crook will arrange for a big talk with the chiefs, so that he can send word of these things to Washington and the Indians will get back their lands."

HE PAUSED and while Pete was translating he watched the face of old Spotted Horse. For the first time the beady eyes met his own. An instant and then they shifted. But Jess breathed more freely. Now one of the younger chiefs was on his feet.

"E says," Pete's voice faltered: "Thees' ees dam fool talk you mak'. 'E says five warriors ees get keel. Han 'ere ees two w'ite mans to keel for pay. Eet looks dam bad, Jess."

"Listen," Jess bade him quietly, "take care you tell this to them just as I do." He turned his eyes on Spotted Horse again and he smiled.

"There is a story which my people tell. This is the way it goes. One time there was a white man and he was a fool. He had a goose and it laid eggs of gold. So that white man had treasure every day. But one day he got angry at the goose because it did something he did not like; and he chopped its head off. And after that the white man lived in want, without enough to eat, without good clothes to wear. Some of the young men of the Ogallallas are like this man in the story which my people tell. But the chiefs are wise. They know their people are angry now and do not stop to think. They will not let them do the foolish thing this white man did."

While Pete was interpreting Jess saw the face of Spotted Horse change; the beady eyes were twinkling. Grunts came from other members of the council. Then the old chief spoke.

"E says," Pete made the translation with swift eagerness, "E'es good story. But the Injuns got two goose. I dunno wot he mins."

As to that meaning the two of them were still in doubt when they rode away from the village of the Ogallallas the next morning with Spotted Horse and a dozen warriors. But when they reached the last ridge of the mountains overlooking the valley where the trading post stood among the sage clumps, they were enlightened.

"E says you weel ride in han' mak' talk weeth Crook. I weel stay 'ere. Eef you bring back good news they weel let me go then." Pete's eyes were pathetic as he laid his hand upon the arm of his companion. "You don't row me down, Jess?"

"I'll be back before evening," Jess answered quietly.

THE RANKS of Sibley tents were gleaming in the sunshine when Jess rode into the settlement. The dirt roofed cabins had never looked so good to him as they did that morning. There was something in the sight of white faces which made him breathe more deeply. It was as if he had awakened from a bad dream to find himself surrounded by the securities of everyday existence. The first man whom he met was MacLeod.

"I never looked to see you again, Jess," the trader said; then, as if it were an afterthought, "Pete get killed?"

"He was alive this morning." Jess told the story in a few brief words, and wound it up with the question, "Where's Crook?"

"Dunno. MacLeod's face was grave. 'They say he's on his way somewhere. Meantime we got a nice new shavetail.' He jerked his thumb toward the store. 'That's headquarters. The army could have done better by us.' Their eyes met in understanding and Jess squared his wide shoulders.

"Well, I got to get this thing settled while there is time," he said and hurried to the store. He would have liked to bide outside there a few moments longer for a word with Jean. As he

was entering the trading post he got a glimpse of her coming to the doorway of the cabin; he saw her eyes light up. He waved his hand to her and went on within.

A stiff little lieutenant in a spotless uniform was sitting behind a table. There was no doubt about it; the army could have done better: Jess thought of Crook with his unkempt gray side-whiskers and his canvas hunting coat—and his knowledge of the red man. The small lieutenant looked up.

"Well, sir?" His voice was as stiff as his white collar.

Jess went straight into his story. Outside the wide door the ranks of Sibley tents gleamed in the hot sunshine. In the roadway before the entrance, the scanty populace of the settlement was gathered; their eyes were upon him; they were listening intently. Jean was there, standing beside her father. It seemed to him that she had never looked so beautiful as she did now.

He was telling of last night's council with the Ogallala chiefs. She was leaning forward, her lips were parted a little and the color leaped into her cheeks. Her eyes met his; he saw the pride in them—and the relief that he was here. He began to realize how precious life was to him. He went on to the parting with the Indians that morning in the mountains.

"So I left them and they held my partner. And the understanding is that they will let him go if I can fix up this conference as I promised them." He finished speaking. There was a moment's silence. The voice of the little officer broke the stillness; precise, self-satisfied—the cold voice of a man who is quite certain that the formula which he recites is final and correct.

"I have no orders to act as a peace commissioner."

"That's the message I'm to bring to those Indians?" Jess asked.

"You aren't thinking of going back?" The small lieutenant stirred uneasily; vexation and surprise were mingled on his face. Jess looked him in the eyes. Ignoring the question, he repeated his own.

"That's your message?" The other stiffened again.

"Yes, if you insist on taking it."

JESS turned his head. Outside the door the members of the little group were silent, motionless. Their eyes were fixed on him. He let his own eyes linger on Jean's face. It was dead white. He had never felt the longing for her that he did now. He had never known how deep his love was, how much he had wanted her, until this moment. Nor how dearly she loved him; that love was burning in her eyes. Her hands were clasped upon her breast. He pressed his lips. Deliberately he turned away from her and faced the lieutenant.

"I can't quit my partner," he said.

When he came outside the men crowded around him. Their voices mingled—

"If there is anything that we can do—just say the word." He shook his head. But to MacLeod:

"Let me have your six-shooter, Mac." He tucked the weapon under his waistband. Then, before he went to his horse, he looked for Jean. She was standing beside her mother in the roadway. There was something in her eyes which he could not understand. And, as he came toward her, her lips went tight. She turned her back on him and walked swiftly away.

He went over to the hitching rack where the pony was standing and he mounted. And he rode out of the set-

tlement without looking back. He rode straight on toward the mountains where the Indians were waiting. The noises of the camp grew fainter behind him.

Jean had refused to say good-by to him. He could not find it in his heart to blame her.

He had turned his back on life. And he had turned his back on love. For what? A worthless drunken man of mongrel race. Who beat his wife and left his children starving for months at a time. No one would miss Pete. Jess would have missed him least of all.

There was no chance to save him. Not one chance in a thousand. When he brought back this news he would make the best talk he could; then he would fall back on the six-shooter which MacLeod had given him. There would be two of them to die instead of one. And the two of them would go down fighting. That was all he was accomplishing. Yet he kept on.

For what?

"I can't quit my partner." Unconsciously he had put a tradition into those five words which he had spoken to the little officer.

A tradition, unwritten and seldom voiced. It was as old as the beginning of the West. Since the days when the first leather-skinned pioneers had crossed the Alleghanies, men had died for it. The stories of their deaths had been told around camp fires and in solitary cabins in the mountains. Stories of Texas men down by the Rio Grande, of trappers where the Yellowstone comes out of the mountains, of teamsters on the blazing deserts along the Gila; of backwoods-men with their long-barreled muzzle-loading rifles in the Ohio valley; of voyageurs and cowboys, of horse thieves and emigrants and prospectors. Good men and bad—and unpretentious every one of them—bold souls who had stuck by the tenets of a creed, unpreached by ministers, unsung by congregations. As they had done, he was now doing—because it was the only thing a man could do and keep his manhood.

The miles went by. The mountains drew nearer. And life and love fell further behind. The pony began the long slow climb among the bald foothills; the juniper replaced the sage. He was in the territory of the Indians.

Suddenly he reined up. The report of a rifle came from behind him. For the first time he looked back. A horseman was coming after him at the dead run. As he looked the figure vanished around a turn. Whether it was Indian or white man, he did not know. He flung himself from the saddle and sought the shelter of a boulder on the hill's flank. The revolver which MacLeod had given him was in his hand.

The figure reappeared. He caught the glint of yellow facings in the sunshine. He saw the blue background of the uniform. The horse was winded, slackening its pace; he waited while the animal labored onward. At last the trooper dismounted and came up on foot, a sergeant, weary from hard riding.

GENERAL CROOK'S orders to overtake you," he announced breathlessly.

"General Crook?" Jess repeated the name incredulously.

"He arrived a half an hour after you left," the sergeant said. "His instructions are for you to tell those Ogallala chiefs to come in and have a talk with him."

So it came that the Indians went back to the reservation. The agreement was made in MacLeod's store the next day. But for some time before the long talk began the Ogallala chiefs, decked out in beaded shirts and huge war-bonnets,

whose eagle plumes trailed the floor, sat waiting with the peace pipe of red stone unlighted. And with them waited a lean man with a hook nose and grey side whiskers, who wore a shabby hunting coat—The old Grey Fox, the greatest leader of the white man's warriors in the West.

While they were biding the coming of the interpreter, Pete Le Seur was lingering outside to tell his neighbors the story which they would rather have heard from Jess. But Jess was not available just then. The little half-breed threw out his chest and waved his hands in wide gestures as he came to the conclusion of his tale.

"Tings ees look bad han' I am begin to get a-scare, for I am theenk mebbe Jess, he's throw me down; then he is come riding back. Han' that ees all that I can tell just now, for General Crook ees wait for me. 'E ees need me for to mak' interpret. By gar! E'es good t'ing for thees contry ees got soch men like me han' Jess han' the Ol' Grey Fox, for to handle thees Injuns."

With this account they had to be content, for Jess, as has been said, was not available.

During all the morning's journey to the trading post, he had ridden apart from the others, in silence, his head sagging, looking before him with unseeing eyes. Jean had refused to say good-by to him.

THAT thought abided. It was like a shadow obscuring all else by its dreary presence. He had turned his back on life and love. And then Fate had restored life to him. An empty gift without the love! An empty gift! Now he was riding home to realize the fullness of his sacrifice.

So he had come, with the noisy little half-breed and the solemn Ogallala chiefs, into the settlement. And, when the neighbors and the soldiers crowded around him, he had turned away. And there was Jean, standing before him. She uttered one word—his name—and there was that in her voice which made the others draw aside. Then the two of them had gone together until they found themselves alone.

Now, while the half-breed was telling his story to the audience before the trader's store, these two looked into each other's eyes, and Jean saw how her lover's joy was struggling with bewilderment; she discovered the traces of the pain, which still remained, reluctant to depart. Her arms went out to him.

"Surely, dear heart," she said softly, "you understand?"

"I didn't know." He shook his head. "I thought—you wouldn't say good-by to me—"

Her head was back and there was pride in her look—the pride of a brave sisterhood who fought their weary fights in uncomplaining silence behind their battling menfolk all along the slowly shifting frontier.

"I was afraid to say good-by. It was so hard to have you go! I was afraid that one of us might weaken, dear. And you had to go. It was the only thing to do."

Her arms tightened around him. And the last shadows of pain and bewilderment vanished from his face as he bent his head to kiss her.

"It was the only thing to do," he whispered.

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## The Gigolo Mystery

(Continued from page 45)

both practically ordered me to go to the highlands. They told me the 'All Alone' was there—and had been hi-jacked. How perfectly thrilling! I wonder if I shall see Ev?" Judy was at least one girl who was capable of coloring—naturally. She was frank, too. "I hope so!"

Kennedy smiled. "I should think you'd be sore at him for getting you mixed up in all this," he suggested.

She thought a moment. "Well—I went into it—for him. But I didn't have to go in. He didn't point a gun or hold a knife over me. No; we both have the same complaint—we like thrills. I wanted Ev to think I was a good sport. I wanted to play along. And I didn't think. No; that part of the mess was more my fault than his. . . . I'm only a kid, after all, as Dad says; but it makes me tired when I read the papers nowadays. Everybody is passing the buck. They must have learned that in the war. The little boy who steals blames the movies. The girl who gets into trouble blames some fellow for betraying her confidence. The man who steals blames his extravagant wife. None of them ever blames himself. But they didn't have to do it. Now I blame no one. I went into this thing myself. I take the blame."

Kennedy was listening with frank approval. "You may be a kid, Judy, but you have the right idea. Most people miss it today. There's too much coddling—and blaming others."

We were on the forward end of the boat now in the car. The wind whipped our faces and brought the rose to Judy's face as no make-up has ever been able to imitate. I liked the gameness of the girl and her viewpoint.

"What are we going to do first, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked. "What is expected of me?"

"This is a serious business," Craig replied thoughtfully, his eyes set far away out on the water where we had seen a great deal the last night. I could see that he was laying a foundation for what was to come when McNaught passed the word. "This law you have been flouting so nonchalantly is really wideawake and reaching out for everyone concerned in any way with this murder."

HE INTENDED it to be blunt without betraying too much. I saw the little girl's color fade at the mention of Lola Langhorne; then she stiffened as she eagerly scanned Kennedy's face, waiting.

"I am going aboard the 'All Alone' first," he continued. "I may find something there that will help. You see, there is just one person we are still looking for, a key person, so to speak."

She caught herself in a little gasp. "It's not Ev, is it?"

He shook his head with an indulgent smile. She smiled back wistfully at the glint of hope.

"Mr. McNaught will be down there later, or I shall hear from him there. But there is nothing in this yet for you to fear, I believe, if you like thrills."

Another sigh of relief escaped her. "But, Mr. Kennedy," she blurted out rapidly, "I didn't kill Lola—and I'm sure Ev didn't. He couldn't. I don't know who did. I haven't even any suspicion that is worth while."

"That's nothing for you to worry about," he said frankly, as if it were an opportunity to get across something that had been long on his mind. "But, even if the government doesn't try to hold you on this murder, they have got to do something about the rum-running."

There was a gasp from Judy. Then

quickly. "What does that mean—pay a fine?"

"Perhaps—if you come clean—help the authorities clear things up. It always helps."

"But it seems so disloyal to squeal."

"I can't see any special brand of loyalty that has been handed out to you, since you mention it. Someone of them got you in bad with the case of hootch hidden in your car—then tipped the enforcement officers off about you. Do you call that loyalty, playing the game? They even planted things on the 'Gigolo' that connected you up with the rum plot and so on, even if the other hadn't worked. No one has troubled much about coming to your help when you got into trouble and, as far as they knew, disappeared, has he?" added Kennedy pointedly.

"Or she, either," acquiesced Judy bitterly. "Yes, I know all that—and it hurts. I wouldn't have been like that with the others, any of them. . . . But if telling the truth and coming clean will help Ev Barr, I'll do all I can!"

Kennedy recognized it as her way of throwing herself on the mercy of the court as far as he was concerned and was gratified. It had been what he wanted, this frame of mind in her. Best of all, she was doing it voluntarily, not as a stool pigeon would have done.

### Chapter XI.

#### THE RUM CASTLE

IT HAD been impossible for us to follow on shore those who had been on the "All Alone" and it was equally impossible to follow those on the hi-jacker. There were so many places where they could have landed after the piracy went through. All Kennedy could do was what he had done—notify McNaught and have his forces watch as best they could.

Down at Highlands, when we arrived, hootch "bucksters," as they were called, were not inclined to be talkative. Some dories were chugging about in the forenoon, however, seemingly in preparation for trips at night. The boastfulness of the past weeks when the same breed of lawbreakers had been landing thousands of cases seemed to have disappeared.

Still, as Kennedy went among the old-style fisher folk along the docks preparatory to meeting McNaught on the "All Alone," I found it an interesting study of rags to riches. Some of them had indeed been getting rich, as rich as if each had found Captain Kidd's treasure or used a can-opener to crack Davy Jones's locker. It was hard to realize that nowadays there was wealth in a greasy fishing smack. These people were queer *nouveaux riches*.

I recall that we found one tattered old clam digger from the Shrewsbury who had come over for curiosity. He was frayed and there were holes in his boots—to let the water out, he said with a dry smartness as I looked over at the icy tide. That was the class of them; yet they all had money, not dollars, but thousands.

"What's your business in summer, skipper?" asked Craig.

"Wa-al, we fish—and we run rum," came frankly.

"What do you do in winter?"

A grin. "Wa-al, we don't fish!"

I saw Kennedy's purpose in this seeming waste of time. It was from this old codger, after gaining his confidence, that we learned that Barr and the rest of the kid-glove rum-runners must have been put ashore in the cold gray dawn by Barr's crew whom he left on the "All Alone" in quite the condition that the name of his boat indicated. What had happened undoubtedly was that Barr's

party had immediately broken up, each going a separate way. But where? I saw that Craig was looking at Judy from the corner of his eye. Might she know where Ev Barr was at least? Would she tell?

The "All Alone" was moored at the end of the dock. At last the time came when Kennedy could no longer delay going aboard, much as he was inclined not to come into the open but to pick up facts from the gossip of these people. Besides, McNaught was signalling. He had come up from below, quizzing the crew, and caught sight of us.

AS WE went over the side Judy was visibly agitated at the sight of McNaught. It was one thing to talk about a revenue man; quite another to meet him.

"I suppose, Miss Hancock, this looks like just an old rusty tub to you now without your friends aboard it. There's not much glamor to it, is there?" pursued McNaught.

Judy listened and watched him speculatively. "No, Mr. McNaught, there isn't. It—it's too much like returning to the scene of the crime—I mean the rum-running, you know." Hastily.

"Well, that's why I wanted you brought down here," he said firmly. "You knew Captain Ryder Smith," he changed the subject suddenly. She nodded. "Of course you did," he went on, "out on Long Island. But what about it down here? He has disappeared, just dropped out of sight, as it were. Now we're going to pick his trail up here. I mean by that we're going to start here to locate him. I have been quizzing this crew. I have learned some things. They confirm what I already have learned from another source."

McNaught was looking at her sharply and she was watching him with that open-eyed air that a girl sometimes assumes, seeming beautiful but dumb until such time as a man lets slip something that banishes the inferiority complex and makes her master of the situation by changing the subject altogether. Only in this case it was McNaught who was master as a detective and this little girl knew it without knowing it.

"You see, it's this way," resumed McNaught. "Every one of these rum-running boats has a sending and receiving Radio set which puts the boat in communication with their central station on their short wave length."

He paused, watching Judy. She winced. "Well, of course, I was communicating with the 'All Alone' on our own set," she said quickly. "I have told Mr. Kennedy all about that."

"I don't mean that and I don't mean the 'All Alone.' What I mean is this other fleet. If you had belonged to the other fleet you probably wouldn't have been hi-jacked. But you were scabs; you didn't belong to the union. Now, they know you. They would be perfectly willing to take you into the union, so to speak, if you asked. Perhaps the hi-jacking was just discipline, whatever the personal motives on the surface may have been. They might even discuss a settlement—"

"But, Mr. McNaught, I don't want to get into the union, as you call it. I don't even want a settlement. All I want is to get out of the whole thing—and get Ev out too."

"Then you'll have to go deeper into it to get out of it!" he snapped.

Judy merely stared blankly again.

"NOW, Miss Hancock, I am going to tell you something. I'm going to tell you a little bit about what we call the Radio Trouble Wagon. After that you may change your mind about some-

thing. Maybe you don't know it but we had begun to get a line on you, only we dropped that for a bigger game. The method we use to locate an unidentified broadcasting station is simple, after all.

"It is a characteristic of a loop-operated Radio receiver to get signals most loudly when the loop is pointing directly at the station transmitting. This fact is familiar to all who have owned such sets. Now, if the operator has no idea of where the station to which he is listening is, but merely swings the loop until reception is strongest, he will learn that the station is in one of two directions—that is, either edge of the loop points toward it. A line drawn on a map will make a record of this, though it will not show the distance from transmitter to receiver. It is the principle on which the ship Radio compass or direction-finder is based.

"Now, if the set is carried to another spot a few miles away and another line plotted on the map in the same manner, the two lines will cross when extended. The point of intersection will approximate very closely the location of the transmitter. The receiver may then be taken to the point, after which a little time spent in cruising in the wagon will lead the operator directly to the transmitter. Now, you know there is such a central location."

"Yes; I have heard about it, Mr. McNaught, but, honest, I have never been there."

"But you are going there. I know where it is. They will not think it strange if you go there. I cannot go until we are ready to crash it. But you can go, ostensibly to join with them. If they accept you, talk with you, then you can learn where Captain Ryder Smith is. I'll lose his trail, even if I crash it and get them all."

"But, Mr. McNaught, I—"

"No buts, Miss Hancock. I am giving Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson minute directions how to find the place. If you want to go free of this thing and make it easy for your friend, Ev Barr, when we get him, go with Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jameson there. Pose as representing Ev Barr. Offer to join with them. They will welcome Barr's influence and connections. Get them talking. You will get a line on Captain Ryder Smith. For he is in the ring—sometimes—unless he gets a good independent contract like that with Ev Barr. And even then, I suspect, he is in the ring. You will do it?"

"Yes—Mr. McNaught." There was no great enthusiasm in Judy's answer. But the tone indicated she would do her best.

**H**ALF an hour later in Kennedy's sport car we pulled up before a mansion on the crest of the Highlands overlooking the ocean and, I am sure, with a view from the tower of the bay in the other direction.

"Why, Craig," I remarked under my breath, "this is a castle!"

"A Rum Castle," he muttered. "It used to be the summer home of an actor you and I have seen many times. But now—well, I wonder if we look enough like a couple of rum racketeers to get by with them? Here goes!" Craig pressed the buzzer.

A huge chap who looked like a bouncer in one of the old dance halls finally opened the door. "Well," he growled, "what do yer want?"

Kennedy turned easily to Judy. "Judy," he said, "this is your party. You tell him."

"You know Eversley Barr?" she began.

"Naw!" He shook his head. But we knew he knew.

"We were with him—are yet. We got

into trouble with the revengers, got hijacked, everything. So we've come to see how we can go into the game—right—the next time. Wonderful connections here with the banks and in Nassau, too."

He narrowed his eyes. "Yeh—society rum-runners!" he scowled, then with a sarcastic laugh. "Why didn't you come here first, before you went in?"

"Oh, we thought we knew the game. But we're learning."

"I s'pose money don't mean nothin' to bloods like youse!" He was accepting us at face value. "C'mon in." He closed the door as we entered and bolted it and I saw that he was anything but a butler. He was one higher up, anyway. "Now, spill the chatter."

"In the first place, you see we have a tanker down here at the dock. There's nothing on her. They've got to release her." Kennedy took quick advantage of Judy's opening. "Of course I can't agree to terms alone. But we came to arrange a meeting with your people and Barr. Can it be done?"

The man was still appraising Kennedy. "Anything can be done—if you guys play the game. When shall it be? No harm in talking things over."

"Tonight if you say. Name your own time and place."

"All right. The Exclusive. Tonight. Eleven o'clock."

"Done. We'll be there."

"Big Boy!" It was a girl's voice, down the hall. I thought there was something familiar about it, but could not place it, so I presumed I was mistaken.

He got up, shook his head at us to wait and started down the hall. Kennedy turned quickly and tried the front door. It was a trick bolt. Only Big Boy knew the secret. We were locked in.

A moment and he was coming back to us. His eyes never moved from us a moment.

"Now what was that you was sayin' about the All Alone?" he resumed in a business-like tone.

"I was saying it was Ev Barr's boat, my partner under cover," replied Kennedy easily. "But I would never run it in again this way."

"No skirts on it," frowned Big Boy. "Skirts on shore is all right." He put emphasis on the last two words.

"It's not only that," Kennedy passed the remark over lightly. "But I will never sail that tanker again without the right captain. Now Cap'n Ryder Smith—"

"You said some'n!"

"Yes. But where is Ryder Smith? How can we get him?"

**B**IG BOY'S eyes were focused sharply on Kennedy. "You want to get Ryder Smith, eh?" He poked his head forward stretching the wrinkles on the back of his bull neck.

"It's Cap'n Ryder Smith or I quit Ev Barr," asserted Kennedy, positively.

Big Boy crooked his finger. "C'mon down to the mess room while I telephone out to that Gravel Works in Mount Sinai. You know the game—what you can tow into the city under, say, eight hundred yards of gravel?"

We followed him down the hall to what had once been the splendid all-wood paneled dining room of the old-time matinee idol. It was now a bar, a private bar. But it was the drawing room that we passed that interested me most. The most conspicuous feature of the drawing room was its armament, sawed-off shot-guns, sub-machine guns, tear gas bombs and a variety of large pistols. A little reception room off the front hall had disclosed the Radio apparatus. Later I learned of telescopes mounted in the cupola observation tower.

"I have a hall at the bar while I tele-

phone the Gravel Works," waved Big Boy leaving us.

Kennedy nodded and started behind the bar to help us, not for a moment taking his eyes off Big Boy who was passing through the door to what looked like a former butler's pantry where there was a wall telephone. Big Boy was several feet from the door when I saw it slowly shut as if in a draught of wind. But it did not bang.

Kennedy motioned for me quickly to turn the knob.

"Locked!" I whispered back. "It won't turn! Trapped!"

Kennedy tried the knob of a door on the other side of the little bar. It opened. "Come on, quick; let's see if we can open a window!"

Judy and I were close behind him in a passageway at the end of which was a window that must have been only a few feet above the ground.

We were scarcely half way to it when it seemed as if the very floor of the corridor gave beneath us as it hinged at the point where we had opened the door. It was like some of those things one sees in amusement parks. We suddenly found ourselves on a slide precipitated down into a cellar that was really like a great cave in the side of the hill for liquor storage.

We landed in a heap at the foot of the slide, Kennedy and I breaking the fall for Judy who never uttered even a scream. As Kennedy advanced a couple of paces into the murky cobwebby darkness I turned and gave Judy a hand, pulling her to her feet, only to feel her little hand slip out of mine as she brushed past me under one of the arches of the cellar before I knew it.

I turned quickly after Judy. There my eyes scarcely yet accustomed to the darkness could just about make out three shadowy forms and three pairs of guns levelled at Kennedy.

It was then I saw little Judy, slender arms outstretched as her long coat flew widely open, her wild eyes facing the six murderous gats where she had suddenly catapulted herself between them and Kennedy.

Instinctively I reached for my own gun on my hip and as my fingers gripped it I was just about to swing it up and get a bead on one of the figures when I felt a terrific blow. My gun was knocked a dozen feet away on the soggy floor far beyond my reach and a burly Swede was towering over me.

"You'll have to shoot me first, men!" rang out Judy's clear voice. Mr. Kennedy did not come to get you. I brought him here—and it's Ryder Smith we're after—not you! He's not in the Castle. Where is he?"

*WHAT happens when the lights go out, and the new perils that face Craig Kennedy and Jameson in their search for the murderer of Lola Langhorne will be continued in the February issue of Radio Digest. Be sure to get your copy.*

## Good Old School Days

Old school mates are always meeting each other for "The first time since . . . in the NBC studios. The latest meeting occurred when Volney Hurd, Radio editor of the Christian Science Monitor, whose offices are in Boston, wandered into an RKO Hour rehearsal. Leo Reisman, conductor of the RKO orchestra deserted his stand to greet Hurd. They went to school together and had not seen each other in years.

# Montegle Schemes New Ways to Rob MYSTERY HOUSE

of the Denby Jewels and Kidnaps  
Brooke's Niece as Margot Disappears

**RANSOME RENWICK**, the great criminologist, once more had frustrated the fiendish plans of the arch criminal, Professor Montegle. His uncanny appearance at the nick of time apparently had saved Margot Hemmingway and the nightclub girl, Sally, from almost certain death in the home of the desperado. Then, phantom-like—Renwick seemed once more to be swallowed by the cosmos of the great city. Phillips Brooke retired to the shadows of the old Denby home, which now had become more of a Mystery House than ever, and Margot and Sally were safe in Margot's apartment.

Desperate and vicious, Montegle struck again in his effort to gain control of Mystery House where the Denby treasure of gold and jewels were believed to be hidden. And this time Renwick had been unable to frustrate the wicked plot. Brooke came upon his most faithful companion, Johnny Walker, brutally murdered. The war was on. Now he would drive Montegle into a corner and kill him, yes and the whole cutthroat gang that ranged through that section of the New York waterfront with him.

Not satisfied with invading and prowling through the old house Montegle had discovered that a little grandchild of the old renegade, Denby, lived in a mid-western town. By assuming the name of young Brooke he inveigled the mother to send the child to New York for a visit. And Alice was abducted from the train by Fragoni, Montegle's murderous henchman.

"And if you want me own opinion about the whole matter," said Fragoni a little later to his chief, "this kidnaping is a state prison offence and we're in real danger."

"You getting cold feet now, Fragoni?" asked Montegle.

"Well, I didn't think it smart the way you changed the plans and made me take the kid off the train the way I did. What's the big idea in calling me up at the station for that? I don't get it."

"Call you up, man, you must be crazy. I never called you up?"

"No? Who did then? It was somebody with your voice and who said it was you. So I gets on the western flyer at Newark, spots the kid makin' friends wid everybody on the car an' takes her off at Manhattan Transfer with everybody givin' me the big look over an' I rushes her back to Newark, an' Lefty takes us in a machine through the Holland tunnel, and right up to the house."

"You must be one colossal fool, Fragoni. I can't comprehend such idiotic business."

"Well ain't you the boss, an' ain't I followin' orders?"

"Nonsense. I never phoned to you at all and I think you are lying to me. It may have been some one pretending to be me who called you—Brooke maybe. Well when they begin the big hunt for this little girl there are plenty of people who will be able to give a grand description of Mr. Fragoni with scarred cheeks."

"That's what I was thinkin', boss, an' that's why I say let's get rid of her. She

ain't nothin' but bad luck as long as we keep her."

"Just one more reason besides a murder or two that the police will be wanting you for. Where is the little heiress? Bring her in. And we'll not mention names."

Fragoni lumbered awkwardly out of the room to reappear almost immediately leading a big-eyed little girl who seemed slightly bewildered by her new and strange experiences, and yet well bred enough to hold her poise.

"Alice," said Montegle, introducing himself in a friendly manner, "You are going to visit with me here for a little while, and I hope we shall be good friends."

"Then are you my Uncle Brooke?" asked Alice. "I know you are not really my uncle but mother said for me to call you that anyway."

"That will be just fine, Alice. You call me Uncle Brooke and I will call you Alice. We will get along splendidly. I am going to ask you a few questions and then the big man who is to take care of you will take you for a walk in the park."

**EMERGING** from the gloom cast over his spirits by the death of his good friend, Johnny Walker, young Phillips Brooke took a look over his household and decided that he must engage another trustworthy man, Williams, the valet, could not be asked to share the full responsibility of guarding the place when the master of the house found it necessary to be absent.

"A good cook is what we need," Brooke declared to his faithful servant. "An able man who not only can cook but can act efficiently in an emergency."

Shortly thereafter Pierre, a voluble French chef, became conspicuous about the place. And, while there was absolutely nothing in his appearance to betray that he was other than exactly what he seemed and pretended to be, a skilled observer might possibly have noted a certain familiar nasal inflection in the tone of his voice. And a bit of reflection would have aroused the suspicion that the voice belonged to none other than the volatile criminologist, Ransome Renwick.

With Pierre established Brooke resumed his plans to bring to justice the murderers of his late friend, Johnny Walker. The Denby diamonds which had caused the onslaughts of Montegle and his gang were hidden away in Margot Hemmingway's town house. The house had been thoroughly equipped with burglar alarms on every door and window.

"A telegram, Mr. Brooke," said Williams after he had answered the bell at the door. Brooke ripped open the envelope and read this message:

"Mr. Robert Brooke, New York. Have not yet received your wire confirming Alice's arrival. Is she well? Would like to hear from you both. Natalie Denby."

"What does this mean, Williams?" Brooke gasped in surprise. "Why, it's

the first time I have heard of the child since she was an infant. What on earth can her mother mean by this message?"

In a flash it came to him that this was another one of the devilish schemes of Professor Montegle to gain control of Mystery House. Another reason for searching out and killing this villainous fiend!

Hardly had they read the message when the bell rang again and Sergeant Hanrahan was admitted. Now that Johnny Walker had been eclipsed from the scene it was on Sergeant Hanrahan that Brooke depended mainly for armed protection against his enemies under the leadership of Professor Montegle. He directed Williams to call Margot and advise her that he would be there to explain to her the latest developments in the conspiracy to gain control of the old Denby mansion.

**I**N THE meantime Margot and Sally were getting better acquainted and exchanging confidences.

"This is the nicest joint I ever was in as a guest," said Sally as she looked down from the high apartment window at the broad waterway of the Hudson rolling down to the sea.

"I had hoped you would like it," smiled Margot.

They came to the subject of the Denby diamonds and Margot told her how they were hidden and now were protected by complicated burglar alarms.

"Burglar alarms are mere child's puzzles for Montegle," said Sally.

Margot laughed at her fears and urged her to come for a stroll in the park. But Sally said she would rather not go out. Then Margot decided to go for the walk by herself.

Walking along one of the little side lanes she discovered a small girl apparently alone except for a squirrel which had perched on her shoulder and was cracking a nut.

The little girl explained that she had named some of the squirrels that were scampering about and that she was waiting for her guardian to bring some more nuts for them.

"So they really have names," smiled Margot, "do tell me about them."

"Well, the two tan ones that look just alike are called Franklin and Simon," said the child. Then after she had pointed them all out and told their names Margot said:

"Certainly, but look my dear, are you all alone here in the park? You seem so small."

"Oh no, Uncle Brooke's friend is with me. He went for the peanuts."

"How strange that your uncle's name should be Brooke, is that your name, too?"

"Oh, no, my name is Alice Denby."

"Alice Denby?"

Then musing over the combination of names—Brooke and Denby—Margot asked:

"What is your Uncle Brooke like?"

"He's tall. He has funny things in the house and—"

(Continued on page 125)

## Sen Kaney

(Continued from page 16)

**A**UKE was shoved into his hands and he was rushed to the microphone. A half hour of song and music followed, and the fans listening in showed their approval with letters. That was the beginning of Sen Kaney, entertainer as well as announcer. The demand for his services grew and grew until he found that he was spending more time in the broadcasting studios than he was in his offices as a grain and commission broker. Finally, the decision had to be made, and the trade lost a promising broker while Radio gained one of her foremost announcers.

Now in the early days of Radio, an announcer was only an announcer. Altogether he was a rather mechanical sort of individual, whose principal job in life was to read into the microphone something someone else had written. While that condition exists today on regularly routinized programs, there are many events where announcers must ad lib, or in other words, use their own judgment as to what goes out over the air.

It was while Radio was still in the infant stage that Sen began his work, and an announcer was not expected to inject his own personality into his work. Perhaps it was the fear of becoming a lifeless "cog" which set Sen Kaney wondering, or perhaps it was his natural rebellion against monotony that he had spent his life battling, but in any event, he registered a strong "howl" over the role in which he had been cast.

Sen filed his complaint in a rather forceful manner one day when he had been called into the office of Wilson Wetherbee, then director of KYW, who was also to later join the staff of the NBC, to discuss the work of the preceding night.

"Sen," said Wetherbee, "you sounded unusually dead last night."

"Dead," Kaney exploded, "How can I help sounding dead when I'm not permitted to live?"

"I know what you mean," Wetherbee replied, after a moment, "You don't like somebody else to do all your thinking for you. Am I right?"

"You are."

**"W**ELL, I've decided to make a few changes. Tonight when you announce the midnight revue, the studio director will give you only the names of the performing artists and the selections they will present. You can make your own announcements. In other words, I want you to be part of the show. You can sense what's going on about you. Tell the listener about it. Let the world know what's happening in the studio and let's see what happens."

That conference marked the beginning, in the West at least, of the so-called "informal" announcing. During the midnight revue that evening, a stray cat wandered into the studio. Kaney immediately seized upon this as human interest material. He told the world something to the effect that he thought everything was going to be all right, because the studio cat had just come in bringing with him several stars from a well known musical comedy playing in Chicago.

During the next few days there came to the station a deluge of mail. The majority of the listeners wanted to know the name of the announcer . . . for that was in the days before announcers were considered important enough to give their names at the end of the program. Several fans sent Kaney stuffed cats. Overnight Sen had become a personality instead of just a voice.

Kaney's new position in the eyes of Radio fans brought naturally enough, added responsibilities. He had to realize that although the studio director would supply him with the facts in the case, it was his work to present those facts to the public in the most acceptable way. I mean, in short, that he had to be versatile, for each day in a broadcasting studio presents new problems most of them without precedent. Perhaps in one evening he would be called upon to introduce a prominent speaker, the artists appearing on a classical program or popular stars appearing in a jazz revue. Each of the preceding programs called for a different style of announcing and it was Kaney's job to develop that style.

**I**NFORMAL announcing, as it is called, is much more difficult than formal Radio presentations. In the latter, the announcer has only to read what has been prepared for him, while in the former he must tell his own story and tell it for the first time. Formal announcing requires rehearsals, but the informal kind requires even more, for the announcer has nothing except his own glibness and sense of fitness to guide him. Today this style of announcing is used for the most part only during sports events, in reporting spot news events—such as the landing of the Graf Zeppelin, Presidential Inaugurations, world's series and other news events, but it is in these that most widely known announcers have won their reputations, and it is in this type of broadcast that Kaney still excels.

By the time Radio had become well established in Chicago, Kaney was the acknowledged "guiding genius" of his station. Elaborate programs were arranged. Famous stage and movie stars contributed their talents to the ethereal concerts—and all with the dominating personality of Sen Kaney hovering about.

Before many months had passed, Sen was flooded with offers from every section of the country, to go on the stage—take charge of other stations and what not. Prospective offers ran into several figures, and Kaney found himself blinking in a new calcium of public favor—and a new experience for him.

Finally his public demanded to see him in person and he was ordered to act as master of ceremonies for a week's run at one of Chicago's leading theatres.

"I didn't know what it was all about," Sen recalls, "but I went on over and saw the manager. He explained that they had a bit of entertainment arranged and wanted me to announce the artists from the stage just as it is done from the studio."

"Go home and get into your tuxedo," the manager ordered, "and be back in an hour ready to go on."

"I went home, hopped into my soup and fish and was back in an hour ready for the worst. And believe me, the worst came, for the curtain went up and some one said, 'GO ON!'"

"Wow! That's about all I did do—but to go on. When I stepped out on the stage in front of some 2,000 people and also in front of a terrifically bright spotlight that scared me half to death, I forgot all I had to say. So this was being an actor. Holy smoke!"

**"F**INALLY, collecting myself enough to say something, I told the folks in the theatre just how I felt. That for more than a year I had been talking to countless thousands of Radio listeners from the quiet of our studios, where I couldn't see my audience and they couldn't see me.

"Well, when they saw that coming out and meeting several thousand people

face to face was an entirely different matter, and that I was having a bad case of stage fright, they laughed, and I felt more at home. I realized then that everything was all right and tore into a lot of gab."

That was Kaney's stage debut and he was so successful that vaudeville houses demanded almost all of his extra time. He did manage to work in a little time with motion pictures and before long his face was almost as familiar to the great American public as his voice.

The growth in the number of Kaney followers was almost phenomenal. There is no doubt that he was the most popular announcer in the country at that time, and there wasn't a Radio fan that didn't idolize him.

About that time WJAZ was sold and WGN was established in Chicago and the owners, wishing to "pull" an audience, went after Kaney as chief announcer. The offer was so flattering that even he couldn't resist, and he made the switch.

Then followed one of the greatest miracles that has ever been accomplished in Radio. Kaney followers were faithful to him and almost to a man—or woman or child—they followed him over to WGN. In other words, he created a following of Radio listeners who showed their preference—correspondence told the tale—of Kaney's announcing and chatty talks about the programs for which he acted as a master of ceremony. This was something new to Radio and something that to the knowledge of the writer has never been repeated.

Sen was made program manager at WGN and under his supervision it became one of the outstanding stations of the country. There he inaugurated some of the outstanding feats of broadcasting.

**O**NE of Kaney's greatest successes in those days was the first broadcast of the famous 500 mile international sweep-stake automobile races at Indianapolis. This feat was accomplished from a pit alongside the famous brick oval and brought him an avalanche of praise from all parts of the country, and sent his reputation up another notch.

Baseball, football, fights, hockey, horse-races, auto races, outstanding news events—these became Kaney's "meat" and the millions of the middle west who depend upon the ether waves to keep them in immediate touch with the world came to know him as Radio's foremost reporter.

But after a year Sen was called back to this old station, and resumed his role of chief announcer and entertainer. It was from there that one night in the summer of 1925 that cupid went riding on the Radio waves and Miss Vera DeJong of St. Louis, one of the belles of that old metropolis and the daughter of a socially prominent family, was captivated by his voice.

She didn't write to him, but she did listen in religiously when he was on the air. Then she came to Chicago to visit friends. There was an evening party and the hostess suggested Radio music. She asked what station Miss DeJong preferred to hear.

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

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

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

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

"Naw," came the rejoinder over the

wire. "Married."

That was July 14, 1923, and today the Kaney's have a beautiful apartment home almost overlooking Lake Michigan in Rogers Park, and spend their home hours playing with a golden haired little girl who has since become a very important member of the family.

**I**T WAS just before the birth of his daughter that Sen thought he was tired of broadcasting and went with Mrs. Kaney to St. Louis for a rest. He spent several months "just loafing" and enjoying himself. Then one bright autumn day he "got the bug" again and hopped a train for Chicago.

Many of his old friends from KYW were associated with the Chicago division of the NBC by that time, and it was there that Kaney landed.

"I just stuck around until they had to give me a job," he grins, recalling the incident. "In fact, I stayed so long that they began to regard me as part of the staff and some one finally got me on the payroll."

That was the start of a come-back that established another record for Radio. Sen had been "off the air" for six months, but the minute his voice began to go out again, this time over a wide network of stations rather than just one, his old friends welcomed him and new friends flocked to him in legion.

Before long he was announcing all of the Chicago NBC programs, writing continuity, doing production work and planning programs. As the division grew he was made chief announcer and continued to multiply the number of his followers.

Letters came pouring in from the Atlantic coast and the Pacific coast; from the remote regions of the Canadian sub-arctic and the tropical cities of the Florida keys, as well as from hundreds of thousands of his old friends in the middle-west. Radio critics welcomed his return in almost every journal in the country and the clipping bureaus almost smothered him in a deluge of newspaper comment.

Kaney warmed to this reception and worked like a trojan. Last May when his old boss Wetherbee decided to get out of broadcasting to enter the plumbing manufacturing business, Kaney was called in as assistant to the manager of the Chicago division. Because his new duties took up all of his time, other announcers were given the shows he had been working. But immediately Mr. and Mrs. Radio Fan and all the little Radio Fans set up such a clamor and cry that Sen found out that he just couldn't quit—so he was given enough time off to announce two or three of the most important of his old shows each week.

Now he often arrives at his desk at nine o'clock in the morning, pitches in and works all day, with hardly a minute off for food, not leaving the studios until after ten or eleven o'clock at night when his show is off the air.

Popular? Sen Kaney? Don't take my word for it—just ask any Radio fan in whatever section of the country you may happen to be.

## Perfect Jack Little

(Continued from page 9)

You're asking, "What's this Little Jack Little like, now that he's king of the air, and monarch of a small domain, and still not yet thirty years old?"

He's really little. Jack says that's usually surprising to listeners who are used to "eighty pound tenors" who actually weigh nearer three hundred.

He's five feet four inches tall, although he doesn't impress one as being short,

he's so compactly built, and so well proportioned. His features are not small; rather they are beautifully moulded in almost classic contours. His head and shoulders in pictures make him appear as a tall man, although they are not in the least disproportionate to his size.

Jack was born in London. There's the freshness of the English complexion in his ruddy coloring, blond hair, and blue eyes. There's the English love of a good tailor in him, too, that makes him carry three wardrobe trunks full of clothes with him on the vaudeville tour of Publix theatres that he's been making since October and which will last through the middle of January when he plans to take a vacation unless the booking offices demand that he keep right on with the tour until late in the Spring. If he wins, WLW audiences will hear him again for several weeks.

After every stage appearance, Little Jack Little changes his clothes completely before he comes on the stage again. He says it's because he exerts so much effort in his performance that he's wet with perspiration before he leaves the piano. Tea Little says it's because he likes to change clothes, likes to work out perfect costumes, that he has so many changes of apparel.

**W**HILE I talked to her about the absent Jack, a messenger from the best of Cincinnati's clothiers came to the door with a box.

"My husband has been ordering more shirts. I want to see them," she said, pulling off the wrappings. She found a half-dozen custom-made striped shirts in different colors, each marked inside the collar with an embroidered label: "Little Jack Little."

In his closet hung four dressing gowns and several suits that Tea said Jack hadn't considered worth taking with him. They looked like new to me. I couldn't help thinking of Mayor Jimmy Walker and his much-advertised wardrobe. (I made a mental note to find out how many suits Jack owns.) The closet shelves were lined with hat boxes, shoes on trees, and boxes that seemed to contain more shirts. Tea put away a pile of monogrammed, colored-bordered handkerchiefs she evidently had picked out of the laundry the maid had brought upstairs and had laid on the dresser in the midst of the silver monogrammed toilet set.

At the WLW studios, Jack is by far the most noticeably well-dressed entertainer. When he came back from London in the fall, he affected among other costumes, a brown wool suit, brown shoes, lavender shirt, purple tie and handkerchief, and brown Homburg hat. In the early summer, his white suits and pastel shirts and ties were the despair of all the women at the studios striving to look cool and crisp in light clothes. In the winter, he wears a raccoon coat that takes five years from his age and puts him almost in the rah-rah class. He drives a Pierce-Arrow sport coupe: bright blue with red trim and red pin-seal upholstery.

You see, there's that same attention to detail and perfection in everything he does that is so evident in his performances. It continues to seem that this absolute rightness about him must be at the bottom of the charm that makes him a favorite with everyone who knows him.

**R**OBBED of the cloak of invisibility, so many Radio entertainers find their popularity wanes under the glaring light of propinquity.

Not so Little Jack Little. Theatre audiences do not fail to exclaim in a delighted chorus when he

walks out for his act. Studio visitors without exception say, "He must be a great little guy," if they're of that sex. Females cry, "Oh, isn't he cute," as females will. If more restrained, they say, "Oh, I think I'd like him awfully well."

They do, too. Women who have yearned over his voice coming to them through the loud speaker, would swoon with delight could they sit in the studio with him, or beside him on the piano bench, as guests sometimes do at the Little home. He's devastatingly attractive. The personality that puts him across for the Radio audience, is even more evident to a seeing audience. There are flashes of the eye, shakes of the head, smiles and half smiles, and a score of little gestures that help to make the songs he sings a perfect entertainment creation.

He plays the piano at home whenever he's working on a new idea or getting ready for a new act. "He thinks of nothing else," Tea revealed, although she admitted that sometimes he won't go near the piano for days. Even though he's the perfect host in every way (he adores having the whole house full of guests), he won't touch the piano to entertain his guests if he isn't in the mood. He never refuses to play. He just ignores the requests; seems not to hear the importuning. Perhaps that's not strange when one realizes that his entire Radio career has been based on the answering of requests, thousands in a night of four or five hours of broadcasting. He might possibly be tired of playing when and what people want to hear.

**I**N HIS home are three pianos. In the Georgian living room is a beautiful grand piano. He doesn't play on that very much. Up in his "studio" on the second floor, is the piano he uses most to compose on. It's a specially built upright piano, stippled in red and gold to match the gold pin-seal upholstery of the furniture, and the red and gold painted wooden chairs and desk.

It's a dream of a room—the kind a romantic girl fan would imagine as sufficiently alluring for her favorite Radio entertainer. The black wall paper, figured in red and gold and other brilliant colors, will be almost completely covered with autographed pictures of Jack's friends when they are all framed. It will be a gallery of Radio's most famous. The draperies at the long windows are gold leather like the divan and the upholstered chair. And it overlooks the two acres of gardens (illuminated at night by lights concealed under rocks and in clever arrangements of planting) sweeping out to a vista of valleys and hills that could be only a Cincinnati scene.

The cushions on the divan would send fifty thousand sentimental Radio fans into ecstatic hysteria. They're Little Jack Little cushions that might well start a souvenir fad. They're red morocco, painted with Little Jack Little's own emblems: his "Here 'tis" greeting; his "Yours Very Truly" signature; his musical signature, too, painted in notes and harmony on two clefs; and a picture of the grand piano downstairs. Then there's a very business-like looking desk with a French phone, red enameled, and a closet in which piles of music, pictures, correspondence, souvenirs, reach to the ceiling in neat piles.

**I**T MAY have been a shock to many Radio listeners—the designing ones, and the selfish ones—to learn that Little Jack Little is married. The Radio audience seems to feel that its idols must be wedded to their art alone.



Yet Jack will say without hesitation, and his friends will back him up in saying it, that his wife has been one of the greatest factors in his success. She manages all the business affairs connected with his entertaining. Someone responsible has to do it, and she never has to be fired for incompetence as so many managers might have been. She it is who has bullied theatre managers, written endless correspondence, stood up for Jack in numberless places where he never would have insisted on his own rights. When I was shown in the other afternoon, Tea was telling a recalcitrant theatre magnate exactly what she thought over the telephone while Panky-Poo, Jack's Pekingese dog, barked excited approval of her vehemence.

Ford Billings, director of the Crosley stations, paid a great compliment to her when I asked him how he accounted for Jack's phenomenal appeal.

"It's because Mrs. Little has listened to every one of his programs, and because she hasn't been afraid to give him plenty of constructive criticisms." Billings was evidently certain of his opinion.

"She represents the women of America to him. Never once has he allowed himself to sing a dirty song or make an off-color reference. Where other boys have let themselves get loose on the air to please a certain element of the audience, Jack has always hewn to the moral line. I doubt not that Mrs. Little is largely responsible for that."

**T**EA is small-like Jack, almost the same size. Her skin is ivory white; her hair, jet black and curly. Her eyes are black, too, and large and snapping. She is not slim, not heavy, but opulently rounded. She dresses as exquisitely as she has made the twelve rooms of the new house.

Only once in nine years has she erred in her judgment of Jack.

When she furnished his bedroom in carved English furniture, and subdued dark blue and gold, she put two gorgeous French dolls on his bed for extra decoration. They had been made especially for the room. Jack rebelled. He threw the dolls out the door. Now they sit forlornly in a corner of Tea's room to be stared at in proud disdain by the three dolls of her own that sit in Directoire splendor on Tea's taffeta counterpane.

Everything about the house but those two dolls suits Jack. He was inordinately pleased with his "playroom" in the basement, fitted up a la the moment's mode with pseudo barroom furniture, minus the brass rail, and accoutered with great Indian wicker basket chairs. Some amused fan sent him an old slot machine for the room. Now Jack has great fun putting his own nickles into it.

"**W**E'VE got to have the 'old broken-down saloon piano,'" Jack insisted with a determination that would have done credit to the thousands of fans who have begged and begged to have that piece repeated and re-repeated.

So when the Littles went to Europe last summer, they went to the home of Jack's grandmother and got the piano that he learned to play on when he was three years old. It's a respectable looking piano now, for it's been refinished. But it has the tone of an old piano, that mellow fullness that new pianos never have. It's his favorite, and he takes most of his guests down to the basement when he wants to entertain them.

Those listeners who have owned Radio receivers for eight years; who have followed Little Jack Little across the continent in his Radio jumps; who have heard him play for five hours at a stretch to answer all the requests that

kept pouring in; who have watched him make long skips across country to fill vaudeville engagements; will be glad to know that he's to have comfort at last, and that a comfort that will not deprive them of any enjoyment. He plans to play only at station WLW where he can dash home and back with no inconvenience. He has his home, and he's frightfully happy in it.

He loves to take his coat off, put on red leather house slippers, and walk around gazing at his house in utter delight with a pretzel in one hand and a glass of Cincinnati's approximate-beer in the other.

"Isn't it great?" he gurgles. "Isn't it just too perfect?"

And everyone who stops enjoying his enjoyment long enough, remembers that his own perfection made it all possible.

## Salute Bold Pioneer!

(Continued from page 17)

jammed shut, but the husband reassures his wife as they cling together that they are more likely to be safe where they are, as the hotel is of steel structure and will stand where other buildings will crumble and fall. When they picture the desolation a little later you have called to mind all the pages of newspaper reports you read of the Tokio earthquake disaster—and Tokio or Japan have not been mentioned.

This is Radio showmanship up to date. Dramatic artists amid curtains of music fill your imagination with sensation. The invisible voices pulsing through the profound harmonies supply a timbre of human touch midway between the stage chorus and the orchestra pit and produce an effect indescribable. Caesar Sodero, director of the National Grand Opera, has done his work well in welding together these components of harmony in this new way. Special music had to be written and old songs revised. He was after illusions and he produced them as a master craftsman of Radio stagecraft.

There were no detached intermediary announcements. Podro de Cordoba, an actor of some renown, performed the delicate art of etching in connecting scenes and descriptions to give coherence to the whole.

And throughout that brilliant half-hour the forty friends of Mr. Mattson sat in speechless enchantment. Not one word had been spoken from beginning to end. Something new in broadcasting was taking place. They knew it and they said so later when gathered around the dining table in another room.

The Salute series is said by the National Broadcasting company to be the most costly regular program on the air today. Its preparation and production requires the entire time of a large staff. It is spread over a network that reaches from coast to coast.

Westinghouse has gone deep into this production with more than one new idea. It has eliminated all ballyhoo. You do not hear the trade name of "Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co." mentioned once. Merely as a matter of information you are told that it is a Westinghouse program.

## Harbor Lights

(Continued from page 33)

**TIMKINS** (approaching — yawns sleepily): Aye—Cap'n Norton? Ye're back late—pretty near closin' time.

**NORTON**: Have ye seen or heard anything of my boy, Tom?

**TIMKINS**: What's the matter—ain't he home yet?

**NORTON**: No, he's not—I can't find hide nor hair of him.

**TIMKINS** (concerned): Well, well, now—don't look so good, does it. Maybe he'd stay the night in Brooklyn?

**NORTON**: He wouldn't do that—he carried lumber from Parmeley's over to the job every mornin'. . . It's got me worried stiff.

**TIMKINS**: Let's see now—who—well, Cap'n Whitney's been on the harbor. Maybe he'd know somethin'.

**NORTON**: Nat Whitney? Did he come—

**TIMKINS** (laughs): Aye—Nat put back to port again—couple of hours ago. Rained a hole in his bow making dock, do I hear. I calc'late he found the goin' too thick. Here he comes now.

**NORTON**: Nat!

**WHITNEY** (gruff): Lay a'port, ah—I don't feel like gassin' with you, nor anyone else.

**NORTON**: Ye got to listen. Nat. My boy Tom's failed to come home. Did ye see anything of him on the harbor—him or his sloop?

**WHITNEY** (Sudden flare): How the devil would I know anything o' your boy! (Suspicious note) And what are ye askin' me for? (Whining) Can't ye see I'm a sick man—somethin' I ate, I reckon. . . I'm a sick man I tell ye—and I won't be questioned nor yammered at!

**NORTON**: Did ye see anything of my boy—that's all I'm askin' ye?

**WHITNEY** (tease): What's that!

**TIMKINS**: What's that—Nat?

**WHITNEY** (shivers): Ugh! Damn the luck that sails with fools! I didn't see yer boy. . . How could I? . . . I'm goin' home. Lemme pass.

**TIMKINS**: Set down Cap'n Norton—and the lad here. Bless ye, son—ye look tuckered out!

**NORTON** (gently): Sit in the chair, Jimmy.

**TIMKINS**: I calc'late Nat's had a night too much liquor.

**NORTON**: I don't see why ye sell him the rotten stuff, Timkins—when ye know how it takes him.

**TIMKINS**: Aye, I know—but what am I to do, Cap'n? After all, I'm in the business—and I tried cuttin' down his portions fore now. . . He near wrecked the shop second time I done it. No. There ought to be some men comin' over from the city docks, right after midnight. If ye want to wait around maybe they'll know somethin' o' Tom or his vessel.

**NORTON**: I'll wait another hour—then I reckon I better try along the wharves again.

**TIMKINS**: Sure—and I'll go with ye, Cap'n. A couple o' men come in a while back. Wait and I'll go in the bar and see if there's any news.

**NORTON** (gently): Ye're near asleep, Jimmy lad. Rest yer head on the table if ye want to, that's it. (To himself, half under his breath) God—I keep seein' my boy—floatin' in water—beggin' me to help. Somethin' happened to him. He's been drinkin' the filthy gut-rot again. I've got to do somethin'—got to—

**TIMKINS** (approaching—awkward attempt at nonchalance): Some o' the boys come in just now from Coenties, Cap'n. Yeah. I don't know as it has any bearin'—but they tell me there was a sloop cut down in the harbor tonight.

**NORTON**: What! A—sloop? Where?

**TIMKINS**: Well—'twas down by the Narrows—quite a ways out o' Tom's course, I calc'late.

**NORTON**: By the Narrows? Yes—that—that would be too far down—wouldn't it?

**TIMKINS**: I should think so. There's a man from the Harbor Master's office, on his way up, so they tell me. . . He

may know more about it.

NORTON: For God's sake, find out, Tim!

VOICE: Hey, Tim! Joe Larson wants to see ye!

TIMKINS: Wait a shake, Cap'n!

NORTON: Tim! What is it?

TIMKINS: I'm afraid it's—it's bad news, Cap'n.

NORTON: What d'ye mean? Let's have it!

TIMKINS: One o' Sampson's steam tugs reported a wreck, this side o' the Narrows. They—seems they pulled a man out o' the water—drowned. Had his head cracked. They took his body up to the New York office.

NORTON (weakly): It couldn't—a been—Tom—that far down the bay.

TIMKINS: Here, Cap'n Norton—do ye reco'nize this?

NORTON: Good God! (Sharp cry) Tim! It's—it's—Tom's wallet! Where did ye—where—

TIMKINS: 'Twas in the drowned man's pocket, Cap'n.

NORTON: Oh—God. It's Tom.

TIMKINS: And I guess I better tell ye the rest of it, Cap'n Norton. They say Nat Whitney didn't hit the dock, comin' in. Anderson, the mate was on the wheel.

NORTON: What are ye tryin' to say, Tim?

TIMKINS: Well—I calc'late maybe it wasn't only the thick weather—made Nat turn back.

NORTON: Do ye mean to say—Nat Whitney run my boy down! Do ye mean to say—that drunken rat—killed my son!

TIMKINS: Easy now, Cap'n.

NORTON: Easy! Easy! I loved—my boy! Though he was a hard 'un to manage. My boy! Damn his liquor-rotten soul—Nat Whitney! Had no business sailin'—had no business bein' master of a ship—had no business goin' out, the night it was. The Lord's taken him to account—taken me to account for him! I'll serve him—I'll serve him—the way he served my boy! Get away!

CAPT.: I'll never forget that walk—though 'twas more of a run for me, stumblin' along at my Pa's heels, tryin' to keep from cryin'—afraid o' what was goin' to happen. Cap'n Nat Whitney lived in a small frame house—near the edge o' the cove, on the Narrow's side. . . . I can still see it in my mind—the rickety gate, and the loose board walk leadin' to the front door. There was a gale blowin' by then—rain comin' down—and I was just barely able to navigate.

JOE: What do you mean, Captain?

CAPT.: Well, I was a slip of a lad, as I told ye—and my Pa strode along—'bout three steps to my one—mutterin' to himself—never knowin' I was there, I reckon. I was just gettin' to the gate when I see him bang on the door. I heard a voice inside—and then Pa shoved the door open and it banged shut again.

JOE: What did you do?

CAPT.: I didn't know what to do. Jest stood there in the rain for a minute, listenin' to the bell-buoy down in the channel. Then I got up my nerve to go 'round to the side of the house and squint through a window. Cap'n Whitney was standin' with his back to the fireplace and moving toward him was my Pa—his eyes blazin'.

WHITNEY: What's—what's the meanin' o' this! Get out, I tell ye! Why can't ye leave a sick man be!

NORTON: Ye'll be a sicker man when I get through with ye—Nat Whitney! (Mockingly) So ye didn't go out to meet the "Stormaway"—with all yer blowin'!

WHITNEY: Aye—what of it?

NORTON: Why did ye—put back—Cap'n Whitney?

WHITNEY: Fog was too thick—why else. Why else?

NORTON: Aye—why else? That's what I've come to ask ye. There was a sloop, cut down in the harbor, tonight.

WHITNEY: Well—well, what about it—?

NORTON: Plenty! You got a hole in the bow o' your boat, Cap'n Whitney. Was that why ye put back—because, in yer drunken handlin' o' the wheel, ye ran down a boat?

WHITNEY: Who says I ran down a boat? Who says it? Who's been talkin'?

NORTON: Yer own conscience has been talkin', Nat—I can read it as plain on yer face as if 'twas writ there. I can read it, long with every line o' weakness and fear and dissipation that's left in yer whiskey-soaked carcass! I said some day ye'd be called to account. This is the very minute!

WHITNEY: Big talk, Ab Norton! What if I did run down a sloop? What about it?

NORTON: Just this about it, Nat Whitney. It puts ye in with the rest o' them—men wanderin' the world over with the fear o' death in their eyes. Tryin' to get away from it—hearin' it in the shrouds at night—in every face ashore. Haunted men! Murderers—Nat Whitney!

WHITNEY: What are ye sayin'!—Stow that sort o' talk! Stop it, I tell ye!

Aye—what's that—voices, voices! Gad—I'm all atremble! I'm a sick man I tell ye. Leave me be! What if I did ram a boat—fog was heavy—who's accountable!

NORTON: You're accountable! You and your load o' Devil's rum! . . . You did cut down a boat?

WHITNEY: Aye—I—did . . .

NORTON: Ye cut down a life with it, Cap'n Whitney!

WHITNEY: What! Who—who—?

NORTON: Maybe ye remember—the curly-headed boy—used to come down to dock in New Bedford, with his Ma—wavin' to me—home from the sea? . . . Not so many years ago.

WHITNEY: Ab! Not—not—God, man!

NORTON: Aye—my first-born lad! Tom! TOM NORTON! Comin' home in his sloop—and ye cut him down! Ye cut him down!

WHITNEY: Abadiah . . . God help me—did I—do that!

NORTON: There! That's his wallet. That's what they took—out of his clothes. All that's come back to me—of the boy I loved! (Sobs.)

WHITNEY: God help me, Ab—I didn't know—I didn't—(Knock at door.) What's this! Ab—keep him out—keep him out!

NORTON: Who is it?

TOM: It's me—open—open.

NORTON: Stand away! TOM!

TOM: It's you! You're not—dead!

TOM: Pa—help me—Pa. . . .

JOE: Who was it—not your brother, Captain?

CAPT.: Aye—'Twas Tom . . . torn and wet and dragged-lookin'. His eyes was starin' out of his head and I see Pa lift him up and put him on a couch to one side o' the room—and call Cap'n Whitney for brandy and bandages. Time I got around the house and into the room Pa was feedin' him the brandy while Cap'n Whitney held up his head. One o' Tom's arms hung limp and funny-like and there was blood on his chest. I'll never forget it—lamplight flickerin'—wind howlin'—and the buoy—down on Rockhead, tollin' away, like a funeral bell.

NORTON: Tom, lad—say somethin'!

TOM: I'm tryin' to tell you, Pa. . . . I left the yards in Brooklyn—usual time. Took that Swede feller along with me—

Hanson—who does the mason work. We'd both been drinkin' some—fore we started. If ye'll forgive me, Pa—

NORTON: I'm not thinkin' o' that now, lad . . . Go on—what then?

TOM: We was still drinkin' when we put out—and 'bout half way across—we got fightin' for what was—what was left in the bottle. Ah! It'll always be in my head, Pa! Hanson got ugly—took his knife out and made a lunge for me. . . . Then I had to do it—it was self-defense. Pa. . . . I hit him with the bottle hard, I reckon—'cause he slumped down in the boat. . . . Time I could give a hand to him again—he just stayed slumped there—like—like a bag o' flour. Can I have another drink, Pa? I'm feelin' pretty badly bunged up.

WHITNEY: Here y'are, lad—raise yer head a mite! Drink this!

NORTON: Thank ye, Nat.

TOM: Then I got panicky—I reckon. Figgered I'd killed him. Fog was comin' down, but I tacked about and headed for the Narrows—I don't know what I had in my mind—to land some'eres on the Jersey side—make a run for it. . . . I put my wallet and stuff in his pockets—to throw off suspicion. . . . I was just easin' into the wind—when—when—

WHITNEY: What, lad?

TOM: When this schooner came bearin' down out o' the fog—right on top o' me! Sloop crashed and went under—and next thing I knew I was swimmin' or tryin' to swim. . . . Right arm was busted—and something wrong with my hip. . . . But I made shore—down below here—by Rockhead. (Fainter) I guess I been there—a long time. Then I found my way—up here. . . . That's all.

NORTON: Thank the Good Lord—for keepin' ye alive, Tom! Thank God! Jimmy! Quick—run down to "The Anchor"—rout out Mr. Timkins and tell him to bring the doctor. That's a good lad—I know ye're weary—but ye're a stout-hearted young soldier. Run now. Don't forget Tom's in bad shape.

WHITNEY: He's sleepin' Ab . . . Abadiah—I can't tell ye how I—feel—

NORTON: It's all right, Nat—now. I reckon it's been a summat different accountin' from what I thought.

WHITNEY: It's been a—a close tack to hell for me, Ab. . . . God help me—I'll never touch another drop o' hard liquor so long as I live. I swear it!

NORTON: Good, Nat!

WHITNEY: And I wonder, if we couldn't be—well both of us is gettin' on in years, Ab—and—what's the use o'—

NORTON: Shake, Nat . . . We can be friends, if ye say so—stead o' fightin' each other for the rest of our days. What d'ye say?

WHITNEY: Aye—friends, Ab.

CAPT.: That's the end o' the story, Joe. They was good friends ever after that. My Pa died—in Cap'n Nat Whitney's arms—long years after.

JOE: And your brother, Tom?

CAPT.: Aye—pulled through, though it left him with a gimp to his right leg.

JOE: Well, that was quite a story, Captain Jimmy. How many yarus have you got in that head of yours, anyway?

CAPT.: A good many, son, I reckon. Seafarin' in the old days was real adventurin', ye know. Every day the beginnin' or the endin' o' some sort o' story. Besides which—I been livin' quite a spell beyond my time—quite a spell. And there goes the whistle—and we're comin' in. Up foward with ye!

JOE: Well, I'll see you next week, Captain. . . . Goodnight!

CAPT.: Goodnight, son . . . take care o' yerself.

JOE: I will . . . same to you. (Ferryboat Docks.)

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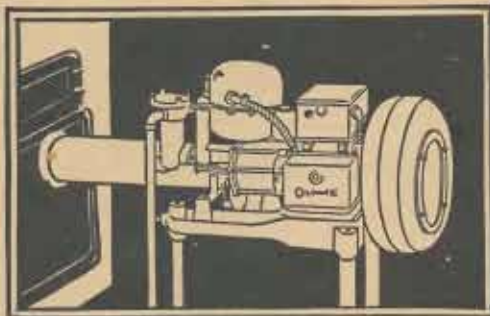
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## Gertrude

(Continued from page 41)

AS I wended my way homeward towards Gert and little Harry, I felt I was the bearer of cheerful news; I mean news that would cheer Gert up if she believed it. She probably wouldn't.

Even so, things had turned out much better than I'd expected. Victor's attitude was everything an erring husband's should be; I was distinctly pleased that Mabel, famous for her mining activities, had dug so little gold out of me. Now, if I could restore the home life of the Victor Wigginses, all would be jake.

Gert, looking like a million dollars in what appeared to be a brand new tea-gown, greeted me with a nice sisterly kiss.

"I had the hebee-jeebes after you left," she explained, "so I went and did some shopping. How did you make out?"

"Much better than you'd think," I replied.

"Tell me."

So I told her nearly everything—from my first glimpse of Victor to my parting words with Mabel.

"Do you mean to tell me," she demanded, "that you believe all that?"

"Every word of it."

"Well, all I can say is, you got a trusting nature, Harry. Of course I can see now Victor wasn't so much to blame. That Mabel person wanted his song, and tried to vamp him out of it. But he had no business renting that flat. How do I know he hasn't been entertaining a lot of other girls?"

"If you want to know how Victor strikes me, and I've seen a good deal of him lately, I'd say he was a one-woman man. All he thinks about is his music, and you—and little Harry."

"You're a queer one," said Gert. "I thought you didn't like Victor."

"I didn't, at first, but he kind of grows on you. He's a good little scout, Gert, and you'll be making a great mistake if you throw him over."

"If we could build a wing on the house," said Gert.

"What house?"

"The one I was looking at last week."

"Oh!" I said.

"Then Victor would have a nice big music room to compose in. And then if he gave up his job, and had his friends come there—"

"Not a bad idea," I said. "Only if I stake you to that house, don't you think you could ring up Victor and ask him to come out and talk things over?"

"I suppose I could."

"Well, will you?"

"Will I what?"

"Ring up Victor."

"No, I won't," said Gert.

"Why won't you?"

"Because I don't want to. Besides, I've already done it—he's on his way out here now."

### CHAPTER IX.

GERT'S announcement, that Victor was on his way home, fairly knocked me for a goal.

"How come?" I asked.

"It's a surprise to me, too, Harry. I never expected to even speak to him again. But his laundry came, and I knew he'd want it. Besides, he threw a regular fit over the phone, when he found out it was me—said he could explain everything if I'd only give him a chance."

"Of course I didn't hold out much hope—at first. But when you're a wife and mother, Harry, it isn't enough just to LOOK, you got to STOP and LISTEN. Anyway, he's coming. And

if he goes down on his bended knees and begs my pardon the way he ought to, maybe I'll take him back."

"Well, I hope you won't be too hard on him," I said. "As far as I can see, the only crime the poor fellow committed was being caught. And that

"Just watch me!" said Gert. "That's the very first thing I'll do."

In moments of emotion, however, one seldom does as one has planned. Gert greeted Victor as if, instead of having left home at eleven that morning, he'd been gone a year.



"Victor!" she cried, greeting him as if he had been gone a year. "Gert!" and they fell into each others arms with unintelligible murmurs.

might happen to any husband."

"If you want to know what his crime was, it was renting that flat and never telling me. Why didn't he tell me? That's what I want to know."

"Why not ask him?"

"Victor!" she cried.

"Gert!"

They fell into each other's arms.

Stealing softly from the room, though I don't believe they'd have heard me if I'd been a horse and wagon, I made a

bee-line for my holy of holies and got out a bottle. For when the dove of peace settles on a troubled household, its' time to celebrate.

Finally Gert called:

"Come on in, Harry. We got no

sleeves rolled to the elbow—soapsuds, splashings, faint gurgles of joy. Gert was giving little Harry his bath.

"Talk about your bathing beauties," said Victor, "I'd rather see that kid of mine in his bath than the Venus of



Stealing softly from the room, although I don't believe they'd have heard a horse and wagon, I made a bee line for my holy of holies and got out a bottle.

secrets from you."

And then I entered on as pretty a domestic scene as one could hope to find: Victor kneeling worshipfully on the floor, Gert seated beside him, her

Milo."

"Well, I should hope so!" said Gert. "Tell Harry what you told me—about your flat."

"Oh!" said Victor. "It's like this,

Harry: Gert wanted to know why I didn't tell her I'd rented a flat."

"Very interesting," I said. "Why didn't you tell her?"

"If you must know, I thought, maybe some day, I'd like to have a party. Only after I'd looked 'em all over, I found I didn't want a party with anybody but Gert. That's the gospel truth, Harry."

"I believe you," I said. "And very complimentary to you, Gert."

"IF THAT'S a compliment," said Gert, "give me ant poison. I don't see how you can stand there, Victor Wiggins, and look me in the face! Is dinner ready, Harry?"

"Not quite," I said. "It will be, though, by the time that bottle of champagne I put on ice gets cold."

"Good work," said Gert. "I haven't had a drop of champagne since our wedding. One thing, Harry, even if I wasn't with Victor on our honeymoon, at least no other woman was."

"There you go!" said Victor. "One minute you tell me you've forgiven me, and the next minute you land on me."

"I have forgiven you, honey. But every time I think of that Mabel person—"

"Forget her!" I said.

"I will," said Gert. "Poor girl! I suppose she's just the way God made her—all except her ankles; Armour and Company must have made those. Here, Victor, hand me that towel."

"Have you told Victor about the new house?" I asked.

"No, I haven't. You tell him. Now get out of here, both of you; I'm going to put little Harry to bed."

"Women are queer," said Victor, as we adjourned to the parlor. "Gert has forgiven me five times already, and I've only been home half an hour. The first time was great, but after that, just when I'm beginning to feel good, she turns around and forgives me all over again. I wish she'd quit it. What's all this about a new house?"

I told him, thinking he would be pleased. He wasn't.

"It won't do," he said. "Down town I'm in the middle of things. Supposing Abe Herowitz is putting on a show and wants a song? He says: 'There's Victor Wiggins over on Eighth Street. I'll run in and see him.'"

"It's a fact, Harry. Yesterday Abe did that very thing. You meet all the lyric writers and song pluggers down there, too—all the fellows that are working along the same lines you are—and it puts pep in you. Then there's my job at the theatre—"

"That's another thing Gert wants you to give up."

"Nothing doing," said Victor. "I'll quit it like a shot, though, as soon as I've made good. And I'm going to make good, Harry. I'll make a lot of dough, too. But do you know what would happen if I was to let Gert lock me up in a big room with a grand piano? It would be curtains for me—I'd never do another lick of work as long as I lived."

"There was a time when I wouldn't have cared a whoop in Hades; I'd have sponged off you for the rest of my natural life. But something you told me today made me see things different. What I'm doing now is for little Harry. I want my boy to be proud of his dad."

Well, there you are! Victor certainly had changed. Also, I knew the answer—it was Grandfather Gidding's red hair.

### CHAPTER X

AS A MAN thinks, so he is—even if he isn't. Search the desert around Douglas, Arizona, for a thousand years,

you'll never find a profounder truth than that. On the strength of the white lie I'd told him—or maybe I should call it a red lie—here was Victor gone absolutely haywire.

"Gert won't like it," he said, "but that's the way it's going to be."

"Well, whatever you do," I begged, "please don't start your Independence Day rally till after dinner."

Victor promised. And I will say he did his best when Gert introduced the fatal subject with the soup.

"Did Harry tell you about the new house?" she asked.

"Yes," said Victor.

"Isn't it scrumptious?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, is that all you've got to say?"

"No. But let's wait till after dinner."

"Why?"

"I think Harry would prefer it."

"Oh, don't bother about me!" I said.

So Victor spoke his piece, and the war was on.

"You're crazy," said Gert. "You can work at home as well as not—that job of yours isn't worthy of you—a real house with a garden is just what little Harry needs—"

I never saw Gert work harder. She argued, she pleaded, she stormed. She used every weapon known to woman; but she might as well have been the German Army before Verdun.

All I could do during these trying moments was to act in turn, as Red Cross nurse and referee. There would be a lull; then, suddenly the gong would ring. Gert and Victor had started another round.

Finally, Victor turned to Gert and said:

"Things can't go on like this. It's bad for you, it's bad for me, it's bad for little Harry."

"If you ask me," I said, "it's bad for big Harry, too. Can't you battling babes in the wood declare an armistice, or something?"

"Of course we can," said Gert. "If Victor will give up his flat—"

"There you go!" said Victor.

"Just wait till I've finished, Victor Wiggins! As I was saying, Harry, when I was so rudely interrupted, if Victor will give up his flat, I'll let him keep his job."

"Fair enough," I said. "Gert concedes the job. Will you meet her half way?"

"No, I won't," said Victor, "and I'll tell you why. Up to now we've just been beating around the bush. It isn't really my job that's worrying Gert, and it isn't my flat; it goes a lot deeper. It all boils down to who's going to wear the pants in this family. Well, if you want to know, I am!"

**A**S VICTOR stood there, for of course he had to stand up to deliver an oration like that, he made quite a picture. The dominant male! I even thought for a split second the dominant female, meaning Gert, was going to fall for it. I believe she wanted to, at that. But something—pride, maybe, or being from Missouri, where the mules come from—held her back.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said. "I've been a good wife to you, and a good mother to little Harry. And now, when I'm trying to keep our home life pure and sweet the way it ought to be, you won't even do your share."

When an irresistible force meets an immovable object, what happens? Does the immovable object move? The best authorities say not—but of course they've met Victor.

"You make me tired," he said. "When have I ever refused to do my share? If

you ask me, the only way to keep our home life pure and sweet is to stop having any. I'm going back to my flat."

A moment of strained silence, the slamming of the front door, and the Victor of the house of Wiggins had departed, leaving me to comfort the vanquished as best I could.

To do Gert justice, she met this crisis like a true philosopher.

"I'm glad he's gone," she said. "Oh, I know I'm bossy! I know I got a mean temper, too. But it isn't that. The trouble is, I never should have married Victor. Everything went fine with us right up to the day of our wedding. After that, all we ever seemed to get was wrong numbers."

"Of course when folks get married cold, it's different; maybe they can stand it for a year. But Victor and I had had ours. It was a great year, too. Not a worry in the world."

"And when the baby came! Honest, Harry, Victor was so excited he nearly had nervous prostration. I'll bet I could have got up next day and done the washing, but Victor went to bed for a week."

"That's how things were till we went on that awful honeymoon: not a cloud in the sky except little Harry's red hair, and Victor getting used to that. Now look at us!"

"Of course I'm to blame for this work bug of Victor's, too—I drove him to it. But maybe after I've got my divorce—"

"Oh, come!" I said. "You know you don't want to lose Victor."

"Lose him?" cried Gert. "I lost him the day I married him. I've got to divorce him, Harry. It's the only way I'll ever get him back."

***D**ON'T miss the last laughing, thrilling installment of Salisbury Field's story in the February issue of Radio Digest. Gertrude and Brother Harry and Victor and Little Harry slangily stagger through some more fun.*

## Radio Resolutions for 1930

(Continued from page 35)

In the meanwhile sp in the center outer rim of the horseshoe, Graham and the Major were busy handing the tin cup back and forth to the punch bowl, the microphone back and forth to each other. Down at the end of the left leg of the horse-shoe the Spokesman of the Representatives of the U. S. Radio Listeners had fallen, breathless, into his chair as a result of another frantic fumble for attention of his hosts. Recovering quickly, he picked up a tin cup, bit a piece out of it, thus relieving somewhat the nervous tension resulting from his desire for self expression.

This seemed to calm him partially. He produced from a vest pocket a large and ample fountain pen, procured from a waiter some Village Nut Club stationery, proceeded to write a hasty and long letter in which, obviously, he voiced the protests of U. S. Radio Listeners. This letter he sent immediately to President of the NBC Merlin Aylesworth via a water boy. Just as soon as Mr. Aylesworth had read the first few lines and realized that the epistle was from the Radio Listeners, he looked all around, but no waste baskets had been provided, so Mr. Aylesworth did not know what to do with the Radio Listener's letter of complaint.

The Great Man's discomfort was discovered immediately by NBC Praise Agent Johnstone, who ran to his superior's side. The two, with Vice-President McClelland, held a brief whispered con-

ference, then Johnny shouted:

"Mr. Chairman!"

There was immediate silence, for all of the artists and announcers waited upon Mr. Johnstone's words with the hope that among them—the words—their names would be mentioned. The press table graciously grabbed for pads and pencils, and the listeners' Representatives felt sure that at last their appeals would be translated into good old-fashioned New Year's promises.

Mr. Johnstone, slipping from under responsibility, merely said:

"Mr. Chairman, our Mr. McClelland has something to say."

Major White arose, announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. MacNamee will now present the next speaker of the evening."

Said Graham:

**"T**HANK you, Major White. And now my friends, I have a surprise for you. I am going to present Mr. George McClelland, vice-president of that National Broadcasting Company. Now, as everybody knows, George is the boy who put the Radio chains all over the map of the United States. He's the fellow who persuaded dozens of owners of Radio stations to hook themselves into the WEA and JZ networks, children of the A. T. and T., and then pay 75% of money received from commercial sponsors back to the key stations for telephone line service, and also to buy enough sustaining programs to equalize what was actually coming to them on commercial programs, so that in the end the National Broadcasting Company wasn't out anything except line charges, which was simply like paying Papa—it all went back into the family purse.

"And so you can understand that when the A. T. and T. decided upon giving birth to the National Broadcasting Company, George was remembered not so much with gratitude as with a confidence that he would be more and more useful as broadcasting developed. He has been. And no one believes that more firmly than George. He has all the *sans facon* of limitless self-confidence and self-satisfaction. . . . I now introduce Mr. McClelland!"

A history of George's successes was written in the wrinkles of his proudly puckered lips as he removed from them a big black cigar, began to use his mouth for speaking purposes. Said George:

"It is our endeavor to keep in constant contact with the wishes of the great American public. (Applause.) We do this. (Applause.) We do this largely by paying careful attention to the letters which pour in upon us from the public. We know that we are but servants of the public. (Applause.) Our success—and all success in broadcasting—depends upon the generated good-will of the listening public. (Applause.)"

"Six months ago in Chicago I promised that advertising announcements would be cut down to a minimum over the National Broadcasting Company. (All but CBS officials and artists applaud.) I want to repeat that promise to the listening public of America. (Applause.) In fact, I want to make it a New Year's Resolution, that advertising announcements in 1930 will be (Applause) so loud George's voice is nearly drowned out as he concludes in tones subdued and falling far short of reaching the ears of the Representatives of U. S. Radio Listeners) bigger and better than ever!"

The applause was long and loud, but Graham, having looked at his Gruen gift watch, realized his chances for visiting all the Village pumps before daybreak were slim unless he could bring the meeting to a finale within a very short

MISS ANDERSON'S STATEMENT

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio, my hair was straight as you may see in the picture below. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. In my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I have yielded to my own satisfaction that Maison Marcelle's will save time, money and the bother of waiting to have one's hair marcelled.

(Signed) Miss Evelyn Anderson.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO. Commercial Photographers 425 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Maison de Beauté, Chicago, Illinois. I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcelle's. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she covered my studio. That at the right shows Maison Marcelle's in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) Edward J. Cook. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1920. Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public.



# Glorious Waves Like This Week In . . . Week Out

No beauty shop expense—no ruinous hot iron—no bothersome appointments

## Just 30 Minutes—at Home—Whenever Convenient

If anyone told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another rainbow touch of the hot iron or other torturous methods you wouldn't believe it.

Yes, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you aren't step outside your home to get it.

Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcelle's, uses a week's worth of home—and marcelle, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

### A \$1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcelle's will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

### It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phoo a dinner invitation just at the last minute—you can be ready in no time at all. What if you do return from a library motor ride or a wave-raising round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the Maison Marcelle's on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcelle's off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

### Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it, each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of

### All Your Questions Answered in Advance

To anticipate the questions which come up in many women's minds we offer the following answers which are vouched for by any woman who has used Maison Marcelle's.

Will the hair be entirely dry at the end of thirty minutes?

Answer: Yes. In using the Maison Marcelle's, you merely stamp it.

Is all of the hair waved by the Maison Marcelle's?

Answer: Yes. The hair is waved right down to the end.

Is all the hair marcelled at one time?

Answer: Yes. There are ten Marcelle's in the set, sufficient to do the hair in one operation.

Is more than one set needed in a home?

Answer: No. One set of Maison Marcelle's will do very nicely for the family.

How long does the hair retain its waved condition?

Answer: Not less than one week, in most cases two days to two weeks.

How long do the Marcelle's last?

Answer: They last indefinitely. We've never known a set to wear out in service.

If I have a permanent, can I use these Marcelle's?

Answer: Yes, you can use them. Regardless of how fuzzy the permanent is it can be shaped into a perfect marcel by these Marcelle's.

wave-wave "setting." A few months' use of the Maison Marcelle's and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-rinsing irons.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

### For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcelle's achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marcelle's wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcelle's will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—a single bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcelle's on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcelle's

are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcelle's are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one. Maison Marcelle's make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marceling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcelle's I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cured with this, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcelle's came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

### Buy Now While the Special Price Prevails

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcelle's throughout the country, we are making this special offer. To safeguard purchasers who order immediately we guarantee to honor orders received from this advertisement at the price shown in the coupon. You get a complete set of Maison Marcelle's, including a new and authentic marcel fashion sheet, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

### Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcelle again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

### Maison de Beauté

124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 135, Chicago, Illinois

### COUPON

Maison de Beauté 124 W. Illinois St., Dept. 135, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Maison Marcelle's, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98, plus postage with the postman when he makes delivery. If the Marcelle's do not put a well defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

NOTE—If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marceling outfit will be sent postpaid.

time. With the ladle of the empty punch bowl he tapped upon that resounding object, then shouted:

"WHEN I hit the bell three times in rapid succession it will be exactly Three O'Clock in the Morning by the Debutante Watch Company's Watch. As you all know, the Mothers of Debutantes decided recently that all parties must break up at exactly three in the morning in order that young couples may drive home together under the cover of, and with the advantage of darkness. We have several debutantes with us tonight, and they are anxious to keep within the law of social regulations. Yes, we must hurry along, especially since we still have several notables to listen to."

Graham paused to thank a waiter who was running up the pitch of the punch bowl by filling it with fizz water. His last words and the pause was the loop-hole through which the Spokesman of the Representatives of the Radio Listeners leaped. But both he and his plans fell through; for Graham was on the go again.

"You know we announcers can't quite make a program—we've got to have some assistance from artists and technicians. I am told that the technicians are going to do better next year, and I am sure you will enjoy hearing one of their brightest minds express the conscientious Resolution of the technicians. He is the technical supervisor of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Paul Alfonso Greene."

Now indeed did the hundreds of celebrated artists gathered in the Greenwich Village Nut Club adjust their loudspeakers to the speaker's wave. Many a time and too often had the program of each of them been ruined by some non-music-minded operator, and if Mr. Greene had any good news on the subject, they certainly wanted to hear it. Yes indeed!

"I," confessed P. A., "speak for the Monitor Boys. As you all know, the Monitor Boys are not a harmony team advertising Monitor tooth paste, Monitor soap, not even Monitor soft soap. Monitor is not a product. It is a Job. I refer to an occupation and the vast Army of young men variously called Operators, Monitor Men, Control Board Operators, and other names not mentioned in polite assemblies such as the one we are now attending. As technical Supervisor of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and thereby commandant of one of the Monitoring Armies who nightly make or break the nation's programs, I wish to offer this Resolution for 1930: *The Monitor Boys are going to be on the level and keep things on the level.*

"My idea of 'on the level,' mind you, has nothing to do with a well balanced program—that sacchariferous endeavor of the program makers to create curves of entertainment that will maintain an average, or level, of attractiveness. I am talking about a level of volume. My Monitor Men are going to maintain the level of volume—and the artists may shout and play as loudly as they blazed well please—my men are instructed to shoot up the pianos (soft passages), pull down the furies (which, as most of you know, means loud like a fort being blown up. I don't know where the *r* comes from, but maybe that makes it a little louder), we are going to do this if for no other purpose than the very excellent one of proving that science is greater than art, Monitor Men Mightier than Musicians."

UNTIL this moment no one there had dreamed that taciturn Mr. Greene could make so long a speech. Most of them applauded doubtfully, but the tech-

nicians, who rarely have an opportunity for self expression, clapped their hands, stamped their feet, shouted and whistled.

Chairman Major White finally regained auditorium audibility, then said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I see a familiar Voice on the floor and I am sure you would all like to hear from him. I am now turning the microphone over to Graham MacNamee, the well known announcer, whose announcing and authoritative pronouncing is familiar to all. Mr. MacNamee."

"Thank you, Major White. It is very kind of the Major . . . ." and as Graham rambled on, the persistent gentleman who was the Spokesman for the little group down at the end of the left leg of the horse-shoe wearily struggled to his feet, thinking his cue had come at last. But he was mistaken. Another gentleman, much nearer the top of the table, had also risen, was smiling to an introduction which concluded with the magic name . . . . "Rudy Vallee."

"Mr. Chairman, I should like to register . . . ." began Rudy.

But the Chairman shouted: "Quite a bit louder, Mr. Vallee! No amplifiers have been provided for crooners this evening, and I can scarcely hear you. I certainly want to, and I'm sure many of these lovely ladies likewise longingly listen."

This interruption caused the Nut Club to ring with applause, and likewise sent little spasms of emotional ejaculations spurring from the luscious lips of ladies listening. Mr. Vallee nonchalantly took from his hip pocket a murad-ic-microphone to which was suspended a magnetic vibrator. Placing the vibrator in a dry and resonant punch-bowl, Rudy sighed into the microphone, the punch bowl loud spoke, and the feminine element sighed in synchronous rhythm with the Prince of Passion as he softly said:

"DEAR friends: My Resolution for 1930 is one which, as a universal warning, I recommend to all of you: **BWARE OF IMITATORS.** I want my Resolution to be your Resolution. I want you, my dear listening public, to **BWARE OF RUDY VALLEE IMITATORS.** If I take a trip to Hollywood it is for your sweet sakes, not mine—I assure you! I recommend that you see me as I appear upon the screen so that you will really know me, and so never confuse me with some ambitious imitator who has been on the air *three years to my one!*"

Major White almost had to break the punch-bowl before he could tranquillize the guests. Then he said:

"Mr. Will Osborn is present, but of course Mr. Vallee mentioned no names, so I think we shall drop the argument and suggest to Mr. MacNamee that he present the next and final speaker."

The Spokesman for the Representatives of the Listeners looked at his companions in triumph. While he was doing so, MacNamee had very briefly presented Willie Paley, Boy President of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The Spokesman heard the applause but not the name, rose to his feet, fainted when he perceived what had actually happened. Began Mr. Paley:

"Mr. Chairman, and Mr. Master of Ceremonies, Ladies and Gentlemen: You will all remember that when the Prime Minister of Great Britain came to the United States some weeks ago, chiefly on a mission of peace among nations, nothing was stated by statesmen regarding social wars in Washington, broadcasting wars in New York. Now, Mr. Chairman, I am not like Mrs. Gann, and I really do not know much about Mrs. Longworth; but I will say

right now—and you can write this down for one of my 1930 resolutions—that the Columbia Broadcasting System will always be glad to give the American public an exclusive service every-time it is possible for us to beat the National Broadcasting Company to it. But, Mr. Chairman—and I wish you would write this down in large letters—I shall always protest the NBC slipping anything over on me! (Applause from Columbia technicians, artists, etc., etc.) No, I am not like Mrs. Gann; I am resolved for 1930 that I will always stand ready to share the honors of a great occasion with the National Broadcasting Company *providing there is no possibility of my grabbing the event on an exclusive basis!*"

THE And So Forth applauded. What the NBC faction thought or said among themselves was discreetly blanketed in polite hand-clapping. Everyone supposed the meeting had come to a conclusion, and from the whispered conversations all around the gigantic horse-shoe, it was evident that Mr. MacNamee seemed to have transmitted his visitation idea to the entire gathering. But suddenly he surprised them all with:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—not of the Radio Audience, but for the Radio Audience—Major White and I have just been checking up here and we discover to our great chagrin that we had almost forgotten a most important gentleman. In fact, he is the Spokesman of the Representatives of the great American Radio Audience, the Listeners of America, you understand! (Applause.) We yet have time to hear just a word from that gentleman, Mr. Charles B. Mooney, of Iowa, Spokesman for the Representatives of U. S. Radio Listeners!"

Once again Mr. Mooney arose. This time, after a burst of applause, the Thousand and One—ah, Graham is surely one in a thousand!—waited wordless and still.

Tears started from the eyes of Mr. Mooney. He choked a little as he began. His voice was hoarse with all his preceding efforts. But he smiled with a bit of that fortitude which has distinguished the American Radio audience through all these years of careless, unrestrained and haphazard broadcasting. Said Mr. Mooney:

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. I have tried in vain several times this evening to voice the **RADIO RESOLUTION FOR 1930** which expresses the true sentiment of the American Listening Public. Now I have almost no voice left. I merely wanted to say that U. S. Radio Listeners have: *Resolved to be more grateful to Sponsors, Broadcasters and Artists for the many blessings received.*"

Mr. Mooney sank into his chair, the Thousand applauded wildly, and Graham MacNamee shouted:

"Here's to 1930!"

## Seth Parkers Singing School

(Continued from page 21)

the sololos tonight are by folks representing different organizations of Jonesport. The voice of Lizzy was representative of the Jonesport Humane society.

LAITH: It sounded like it alright.  
SETH: Stop it. This is a serious performance tonight. Laith and that remark weren't called for. I hope you folks over the Radio are barking cause remember it ain't costing you nothing. Now we'll have a song by the Singing school intitled Grandfather's Clock. I think most of the folks listening have had grandfathers and most of the grandfathers have had clocks, so there ought

# Have You Heard THE "Household Entertainers?"

*Somewhere, every day, these programs of unusual entertainment are presented through the courtesy of the*

## Household Finance Corp. *"Pioneers in the Small Loan Field"*

THIS company, for more than fifty years, has been serving American families. It stands ready at any time to advance \$100 to \$300 to relieve the temporary financial emergencies that confront every family.

You will hear all about it by tuning in on one of the "Household" Programs over the stations listed below.

### Household Finance Corporation Radio Schedule

*Produced by*  
**DOREMUS & COMPANY**  
*Advertising*  
CHICAGO

CITY	STATION	DAY	TIME	CITY	STATION	DAY	TIME
ALLENTOWN	WCBA			KANSAS CITY	KMBC	Fridays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.
ATLANTA	WSB	Fridays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.	LA CROSSE	WKBH	Wednesdays	8:15 to 8:30 P. M.
BALTIMORE	WCAO	Fridays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.	LANCASTER	WKJC	Mondays	7:15 to 7:30 P. M.
CHICAGO	WJJD	Wednesdays	10:45 to 11:00 A. M.	MILWAUKEE	WTMJ	Sundays	9:45 to 10:00 P. M.
		Thursdays	10:45 to 11:00 A. M.	PEORIA	WMBD	Wednesdays	9:15 to 9:30 P. M.
		Fridays	10:45 to 11:00 A. M.	PHILADELPHIA	WCAU	Fridays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.
		Every afternoon but	Wednesdays			Wednesdays	7:30 to 7:45 P. M.
			Monday Nights	PITTSBURGH	WJAS	Mondays	7:30 to 7:45 P. M.
			Sunday Nights	PROVIDENCE	WJAR	Tuesdays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.
			Tuesdays and	ROCKFORD	KFLV	Fridays	9:15 to 9:30 P. M.
			Saturdays	SCRANTON	WGBI	Thursdays	8:00 to 8:15 P. M.
CHICAGO	WGN	Tuesdays and	9:30 to 9:45 A. M.	SPRINGFIELD	WCBS	Wednesdays	8:00 to 8:15 P. M.
		Thursdays		ST. LOUIS	KMOX	Thursdays	6:45 to 7:00 P. M.
		(Announcements)					
CEDAR RAPIDS	KWCR	Wednesdays	6:30 to 6:45 P. M.	<b>Household Small Loan Company</b>			
DAVENPORT	WOC	Mondays	5:15 to 5:30 P. M.	CITY	STATION	DAY	TIME
DETROIT	WJR	Tuesdays	7:45 to 8:00 P. M.	CHICAGO	WJJD	Monday Mornings	10:45 to 11:00 P. M.
ERIE	WEDH	Sundays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.			Wednesdays	
EVANSVILLE	WGHE	Tuesdays	7:45 to 8:00 P. M.			Afternoons	5:15 to 5:30 P. M.
FORT WAYNE	WOWO	Tuesdays	7:00 to 7:15 P. M.			Friday Nights	6:30 to 7:00 P. M.
GARY	WKJS	Tuesdays	8:15 to 8:30 P. M.			Sundays	10:45 to 11:00 P. M.
INDIANAPOLIS	WPBM	Fridays	8:15 to 8:30 P. M.	DETROIT			
		Wednesdays	8:00 to 8:15 P. M.				

### Household Finance Corporation

*A National Institution whose business it is to provide ready cash to families in financial emergencies. Now operating 118 offices in 68 cities.*



ter be general interest in the song. Arise, Singing school (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose.

SETH: Singing school set down. (Little commotion.) The next number on the performance is a word of welcome from Bilow Peabody, President, Treasurer, and Secretary of the Better Business Bureau of Jonesport. Mr. Peabody's speech was prepared for him by Hulda Peabody, public school teacher of district 42 of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th grades. The general idea and emotion of the speech belong to Bilow. Mr. Bilow Peabody will commence.

BILOW: Listeners over the Radio, young and old, rich and poor. Citizens of Jonesport, citizens of nearby suburbs, and to all them what's in range of my voice. F-i-f-f-four score years ago and ten our forefathers went—

SETH: WHOAH. That's your memorial speech. Don't be nervous now. Take it easy. Unseen faces but friendly in heart—

BILOW: I've got it. (Rather dramatically.) Unseen faces though friendly in heart are turned toward Jonesport this eventide. The Better Business Bureau of Jonesport invites you to Jonesport by the sea. The Better Business Bureau of Jonesport calls your attention to Jonesport Sardines what are better than all other sardines because they are caught by local talent. We hope when you see sardines after this you will think of the Better Business Bureau of Jonesport. We thank you.

SETH: I declare Bilow, that was a splendid boom ter Jonesport and nearby suburbs. The next number of entertainment value is a song by the singing school.

CAPT: Bless my rudder, when do I come in?

SETH: Pretty soon now, Capt. Hold your horses. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose. Watch for the fortissimos and pianissimos now. Ready?

BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS  
CAPT: Bless my rudder, when do I come in?

SETH: Hold your horses, Capt. You perform in due course. (Clears throat.) LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the Radio. This performance tonight is fer your special benefit and I hope we're doing good. We'd sort of hoped to offer you another word of welcome by the police department but Asie Flood who constitutes the department is on duty. Last year the robbery took place on (night of Broadcast) and accordingly Asie is extrie careful to guard the peace on (night of broadcast). The substitute for the speech by the department is a sololo by Laith Pettingal. Sound a note to show you're here. Laith.  
LAITH: (Sings a note.)

SETH: Mr. Pettingal better known as Laith and certainly more appropriately, will sing a song the words being writ especial for the occasion by Hulda Peabody, sister to Bilow. Hulda has lived all her life in Jonesport except for a week she spent with her cousin over to Watkins Falls when she was a youngster. Mr. Pettingal will sing the words to the popular and well known tune of Smiles. Better commence, Laith.

#### CHORUS OF SMILES

LAITH: Let's have the note, Martha. There are smiles right here in Jonesport.

There are smiles for you to see.  
There are smiles for you right here in Jonesport.

In Jonesport down by the sea.  
The arms of Jonesport are unfolded,  
And will clasp you to its bosom tight

We'll enjoy your calling upon Jonesport  
It's a handsome, a handsome sight.

GREAT SHOUTING AND  
APPLAUSE AND WHISTLING

CAPT: Bless my rudder, when do I come in?

SETH: You come in right now, Capt., as soon as I tell who you represent. The next number is a sololo by Capt. Bang representing the sentiments of the fire department. The Capt. was sot on singing a song of the sea and we had quite a bit of trouble in finding a department for him ter represent, but the fire department relies on water for its existence so the Capt. will sing a song of the sea. Better sound a note Capt. so the folks can hear you over the Radio.  
CAPT: (Sings a note.)

SETH: That was the Capt. and now he'll commence.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF  
THE DEEP. (Just before he gets to the last measure the Capt. lets out a terrible yell and keeps it up.)

SETH: WHOAH.

CAPT: I'M STUNG.

SETH: GIT OFF HIS COAT.

CAPT: There's a BEE IN IT.

LAITH: GIT OUT.

CAPT: KILL HIM.

LIZZY: (SHRIEKS.)

#### COMMOTION STOPS

CAPT: Gosh, what was it?

SETH: It was the pin from your suspenders.

CAPT: Bless my rudder, a button was off so I used a pin.

SETH: It's too bad, Capt., but you ought ter be more careful when you're representing the fire department. You ought ter dress a mite safer.

LIZZY: Never mind, Capt.

SETH (clears throat): LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the Radio. I hope you'll pardon the slight commotion on the part of the Capt. The rest of the program I hope will run according to schedule.

#### TELEPHONE RINGS

SETH: Hold on now, while I answer. (Click.) This is Seth Parker. Commence the conversation, please . . . 'course I'll hold the wire. (An aside to school.) It's Radio station—calling.) Hello—hello—hello—How de do, Mr. ———. Well now, it seems nice ter hear from yer . . . ain't that nice . . . you think the performance is good? . . . Well now, I'm tickled most ter death . . . just a minute I can't hear yer. (Seth clicks the receiver several times.) I wish you'd git off the line, Mrs. Sparrow. I can hear your clock ticking in the kitchen . . . thank yer. Go ahead, Mr. ———. can't quite git the drift of what you're saying. Hold on (Seth clicks the receiver again). I can hear Jerry harking, Mrs. Lufkin, and I wish you would hang up cause this is an important conference . . . thank yer. Go ahead, Mr. ———. that's extrie nice . . . thank yer very much . . . just call any time you have a hankering ter . . . GOODBYE.

MARTHA: Land sakes, what's up?

SETH: It was Mr. ——— down to Station ———. He says the concert we're giving is about as nice as he ever listened to.

HULDA: Weren't that thoughtful of him?

LIZZY: You don't suppose he was fibbing just ter make us feel good, do yer?

SETH: I don't think so.

LAITH: City folks can bear lots higher class performances than this.

SETH: That may be, but they can't bear them in such comfort.

LAITH: What do you mean?

SETH: They can set right ter home and be chummy with us but when they

go to the oprie they have such a time git-ting there, they're all worn out. I read about it in a magazine.

LAITH: How come?

SETH: They have ter git on their oprie suit. You can't see an oprie in just an ordinary suit, yer know.

LAITH: Can't yer?

SETH: Lands no. Yer have ter put on a stiff shirt with buttons on it what stick into yer and yer have ter put on a collar with points so sharp they stick in your neck just south of your tonsils. There's only some conversations what you can say at the oprie and yer have ter stick pretty close to them too. By the time yer git to the oprie you ain't fit to enjoy nothing.

LAITH: I'm glad I live in the country and not the city.

SETH: They both have their pros and cons.

LIZZY: I have corns but what are pros?

MARTHA: Lands sakes, Seth, we're supposed ter be giving a concert.

SETH: Now ain't I turrrible. I'd plumb forgot all about it. I wish you men of the school board would give us a tune while I look up the programmie here.

#### INSTRUMENTAL COMBINATION

SETH: The next number on the bill of entertainment is a song by the Singing school. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose. Watch for the fortissimos and pianissimos now.

#### THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

SETH: Singing school be seated. (Little commotion.) The next number on the programmie is another song by the Singing school. Singing school arise. (Little commotion.) The Singing school has arose. Ready now. HUM.

SETH: We hope you've all enjoyed the concert we've done especial for you and we all want yer to come ter Jonesport soon as you can. We're going to sing Auld Lang Syne now and I want you all join in and sing it with us 'cause we're all old acquaintances now. Ready.

#### AULD LANG SYNE

COMMOTION AND GOOD NIGHTS  
SETH: That was quite a concert, weren't it, Martha?

MARTHA: It was fine.

SETH: I think 'twas a mite better than the one was gave on the fourth of July, don't you?

MARTHA: I don't know but it was.

SETH: I kind of think the folks harking on the radio have been waiting ter hear me read the news. Would yer let me have my specs there, Ma? Thank you. (Clears throat.) LADIES and GENTLEMEN and WOMEN and CHILDREN harking to us over the radio, I ain't read the Jonesport Star to yer 'cause we've been so busy with the concert, but I'll read it to yer now.

#### STATISTICS

New Births . . . . . none  
Obituaries . . . . . none  
Folks moving in . . . . . none  
Folks moving out . . . . . none

This leaves the debit and credit side of the population as is.

#### AILMENTS

Ezrie Lufkin has been having considerable uncomfortable moments due ter as asthma.

Dr. Tanner who grew up on Jonesport milk and butter right here with the rest of us, came back to vacation fer a couple of days. The doctor as you all know is an adenoid and tonsil operator down to New York. The following folks had him do things to them:

Fletcher Thompkins gave up his adenoids.

Lizzy Ross had her tonsils removed without any local anaesthesia.

The tonsils of the Herman boys are

# Mail Coupon—NEW, FREE KALAMAZOO BOOK—Saves you 1/3 to 1/2

### Sensational Values!

Write today for this new book. It's FREE. It quotes Factory SALE PRICES. It saves you 1/3 to 1/2. It shows more stove, range and furnace bargains than in 20 big stores.

### 200 Styles and Sizes

In this book are 200 styles and sizes—beautiful new Cabinet Heaters, improved Porcelain Enamel Ranges (choice of 5 colors), Oil Stoves, Gas Stoves, Electric Ranges and Furnaces. Payments as low as \$3 down, \$3 monthly. Year to Pay.

### 750,000 Satisfied Customers

Mail the coupon Now! Buy Direct from Factory. Save the way 750,000 satisfied customers have saved from Kalamazoo in the last 29 years. Kalamazoo owners are everywhere—many in your town. Ask them about Kalamazoo quality. Don't pay twice the price of a Kalamazoo for Quality not half so good! Kalamazoo Ranges, Combination Gas and Coal Ranges and Gas Stoves are approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

### Beautiful New Cabinet Heaters

SALE Prices of New Cabinet Heaters—\$34.75 up! Best Bargains Kalamazoo ever built. Beautifully finished in Black and Walnut Porcelain Enamel, hand grained. All made of extra heavy cast iron. Heat several rooms. Just like a furnace. Hold heat over night. Many exclusive Kalamazoo features. Mail the coupon today.

### Choice of 5 Colors in Ranges

New Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Combination Gas and Coal Ranges in Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue, Pearl Gray, Ebony Black—trimmed in highly polished nickel. Always clean—



Modernize Your Home  
with a Cabinet Heater



Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

### 24-Hour Shipments

Kalamazoo is near you. 24-hour shipments. Orders filled same day as received. No waiting. Safe delivery guaranteed.

### Cash or Easy Terms

You can buy on terms so small that you scarcely miss the money—as low as \$3 down, \$3 monthly. Year to Pay. Everything backed by a \$100,000 bank guarantee. Satisfaction or money back. 5-year guarantee on Kalamazoo parts and workmanship.

### 30 Days' FREE Trial

Use whatever you choose for 30 days in your own home FREE. Satisfy yourself on Kalamazoo quality before deciding. 30 days' approval test on everything.



always easy to clean. Porcelain enamel baked on in our own enameling plant—no chipping, flaking or cracking. Modernize your home with a modern Colored Range. Brighten your kitchen. Lighten your work. Write today for FREE Book.

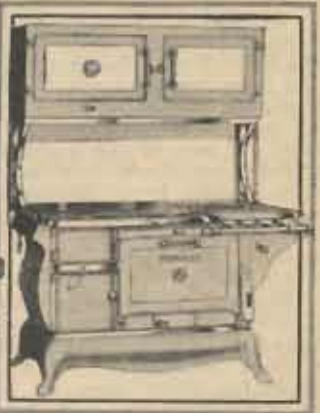
### Easy to Install Your Furnace

SALE prices on furnaces \$59.80 up. FREE furnace plans. FREE service. Make a double saving by installing your own furnace, after buying at Kalamazoo Factory Sale prices. Thousands have. Exclusive Kalamazoo features include Hot Blast Fire Pot—new ring type radiators—easy shaking grates—upright shaker. Mail the coupon now!



## at Factory SALE PRICES

- Cabinet Heaters \$34.75 up
- Ranges . . . . \$37.75 up
- Furnaces . . . . \$59.80 up
- Gas Stoves . . . \$25.80 up
- Oil Stoves . . . \$16.50 up



### Above All Else—Quality

You simply can't get better quality. Why? The reasons are: First, Kalamazoo specializes—Kalamazoo stoves and furnaces are built complete in our big 13-acre factory. We make nothing but stoves and furnaces. Second, Kalamazoo has tremendous buying power—that means purchasing the best raw materials at lowest prices. Third, big scale production enables us to manufacture efficiently at extremely low cost. By selling direct, eliminating all "in-between" profits, you get absolute rock-bottom factory prices.

### Household Goods

Also in this new Book—Refrigerators, Washing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Cabinets, Cedar Chests and other Household Furnishings.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.  
2403 Rochester Avenue  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

### Saved \$71 to \$91

"I paid you \$109 for my furnace and the best I could do here on one anywhere near as good was from \$180 to \$200. Some saving for me. You certainly can put me down for a booster for Kalamazoo." Chas. Renstrom, Canton, Pa.

### 750,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

Coal and Wood Ranges <input type="checkbox"/>	Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.
Gas & Combination Ranges <input type="checkbox"/>	Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs. 2403 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Gasoline Ranges <input type="checkbox"/>	Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.
Cabinet Heaters <input type="checkbox"/>	Name _____
Pipe Furnaces <input type="checkbox"/>	(Please print name plainly)
Direct Heat Furnaces <input type="checkbox"/>	Address _____
Oil Stoves <input type="checkbox"/>	City _____ State _____
Household Goods <input type="checkbox"/>	

no longer.

Horace Benjamin has had considerable trouble with his teeth and he had the doctor remove his binocular cuspid.

There have been no immediate casualties from the wholesale amputations and I wish we had more famous men like the doctor to come back to Jonesport and do the necessary fixings.

#### LOST AND FOUND

There is one found. The Widder Peabody found something but she won't tell what it is till somebody identifies it.

#### DOINGS

Mrs. Van Alst, from New York, is visiting her sister, Henrietta Dugal for the week. On Monday she called up some of the women to come over for a bridging party and Minnie Snow what lives up ter Bobby Brook, brought along her rubber boots. Minnie never was to a bridging party and she didn't want ter git wet if the bridge didn't work.

#### ORDINARY NEWS

The women folks of the Unitarian Church have called fer some more overalls for the barrel they're sending to the missionaries. Clem Peters contributed two pairs of overalls and a pair of boots but when he heard they was just going to Unitarian Heathern he took back the overalls. Clem's a pretty strong Baptist you know. He left the boots. Said they had nails in them and if Unitarian heathern was willing to be uncomfortable from wearing Baptist boots, they might as well have them. Another thing—the women have found there's a charge of \$9.58 to sent the barrel to Africa, and there's only a dollar thirty-five in the treasury. If any of you know of some good heathern about a dollar and a quarters worth from Jonesport, I'm sure the women would be real tickled to know about them.

Somehow or other Ben Whitcomb can't git the safe open down to the store and all the postage stamps in town are inside. He's working on it night and day, but I think if any of yer have some letters yer want mailed, you'd better drive over to Watkins Falls. Stamps are two cents over there just like they are here in Jonesport.

Horace Matthews has resigned as selectman. Laith Pettingal and Luke Rogers are aspiring fer the position and we'll have a town meeting ter vote on them and all other aspirins.

That's the news fer this week—yes, Ma, I'm coming. WHISTLE—FADE OUT.

## Big Time

(Continued from page 31)

Both "Big Time" preachers are delightfully non-sectarian in promoting the word of God. One young lady who heard me make the above remark informed me that I was wrong. She claims the gentlemen are "humanitarians." Maybe we're both right.

Dr. Barnhouse has been on one of the networks for a year now. Dr. Cadman, who was off the air during the Summer months, was brought back to the microphone this Fall by popular request. One might almost say he returned by popular demand.

**T**HIS popular demand for certain established acts which have proven worthy of Big Time sometimes leads to peculiar situations.

At one time the Columbia Broadcasting system considered discontinuing their atmospheric Hank Simmons' Show Boat. However, the network officials were fortunate enough to discover the public's attitude toward this sustaining hour before taking their contemplated drastic step. What an earfull

they got from the so-called silent Radio audience! It happened in this way. A commercial advertiser bought the time on the air long scheduled as Show Boat's own.

It was necessary to shift the sustaining program to a different hour on a different night. This was done without sufficiently advising the public of the change. The result was that Show Boat fans immediately suspected that Hank Simmons had sailed for parts unknown—or perhaps that the Maybelle had sunk. Mail bags were heavy with protests. Explanations were demanded. These "listeners" knew what they wanted and they whooped for it. And let me tell you, Whoopee from that "great unseen audience" makes plenty of noise. Of course an explanation of the switch in time cleared up the atmosphere. The public just wouldn't stand for the demise of Show Boat and this exceptionally fine dramatic presentation remained on the air. Oddly enough this hour, with its tremendous following, has never been sold to a commercial advertiser.

**A**NOTHER similar situation is that of a fascinating little skit produced by the National Broadcasting company, The Two Troopers, featuring Marcella Shields and Helene Handin. The act presented by these real show girls clicked from the start. Try as they would the NBC salesmen were unable to interest a commercial prospect in purchasing the act as a program vehicle. The Winter advertisers began to fill up the schedule and it became necessary to pull The Two Troopers off the air, temporarily at least, much to the dismay of both the public and the network owners.

Here's an inside story about a double-barreled Chicago broadcast. And the racketeers aren't mixed up in it, either. The manufacturers of Pepsodent bought time on the air from the National Broadcasting company. Then they went scouting around for talent. They wanted Amos and Andy, but this team of blackface comics is under a long term contract with Station WMAQ. And Station WMAQ, a member of the Columbia system, would not release the two comedians from the contract. The upshot of the whole thing was that the advertiser made an arrangement whereby Amos and Andy microphone their regular daily broadcast in the Chicago Columbia system station. This is relayed to New York City, where it is rebroadcast over the network of the National Broadcasting company. Which accounts for the Chicago Radio listener getting this particular feature over his two Big Time stations simultaneously. "Majestic's Theatre of the Air, guided by the advice of broadcasting experts, started out by giving the public a program featuring headliners of the concert and variety stages. After several months on the air the Majestic microphone ceased to register the voices of celebrities. But not for long. Stars are again featured. The advertiser returned to his original policy. Why? Because of popular demand.

The owners of the Big Time networks would hardly dare present a national event demanding colorful announcing without having their star announcers, Ted Husing and Graham McNamee, on the ground. Again the answer is popular demand.

**W**HEN Radio was a novelty almost anything went in the way of program broadcasting. We sat back thrilled, and said in awed tones, "Wonderful! What will happen next?"

What happened next in broadcasting

was plenty. Plenty of dance music played by plenty of restaurant orchestras took the place of the studio records which had, at first, greeted our amazed ears. The air was filled at almost all and any hours with etherized jazz. It was the easy way out for the broadcaster. A microphone was set up in a restaurant and the talent cost him nothing. It couldn't last. And it didn't last. General and Mrs. Public led a personally conducted revolt and the studio owners turned to the next easiest way out.

A better class of music was broadcast by orchestras and instrumentalists brought into the studio. But too much cake is not so healthful, either. Slowly but surely speaking voices, other than those of announcers, began to find their way into the programs. Intimate parties were held in front of friend Mike. Interviews were broadcast. Stories, sketches, plays and historical episodes were presented with thespians in vocal characterizations. Yes, even the Bible was dramatized for the air.

**T**HERE are some corking good script acts with us now. NBC presents Real Folks, Cabin Nights, Soconyland Sketches, Forty Fathom Trawlers, An Evening In Paris, Mystery House, and many others. A few of the offerings presented by CBS are Show Boat, Night Club Romances, Story In Song, True Detective Mysteries, True Story and the Nit Wit Hour. And more of this type of entertainment is in the process of preparation.

The trend in broadcasting is unquestionably in the direction of dramatic presentations with musical backgrounds. Some of the advertisers realize this, but there are many who have not yet awakened to the possibilities of the semi-dramatic program. For some unaccountable reason if John Jones features a dance orchestra on his advertising program Sam Smith, a rival manufacturer, invariably hires another dance orchestra with which to promote his products to a long suffering public. Now don't misunderstand me. I have nothing against dance orchestras. Not if they're good, I haven't. My criticism is aimed at the advertiser who refuses to permit those close to the public pulse to advise him in his choice of entertainment.

My only hope is that the advertisers, and judging from past performances they are liable to, do not all suddenly go dramatic at the same time! Too much red meat might be more than we could digest, especially after our recent recovery from too much cake!

**F**OR years, before the motion pictures began talking back at us, vaudeville filled a long felt want. It gave entertainment seekers variety. It was even called Variety. And variety is what General and Mrs. Public must be served in the way of Radio entertainment. The men behind the network broadcasts know this. They are working hard to supply this demand and the results are already noteworthy as witness the daily offerings on the great chains.

This business of variety is especially apparent in the orchestral programs on the networks. Just let's make a hasty survey.

Outstanding in the novelty class we find Walter Kolomoiko's Hawaiians and Peter Biljo's Balalaika Orchestra.

A favorite type with lovers of modern interpretation is the Salon orchestra. In one and the same breath come the names of Paul Whiteman and Nat Shilkret; the first, futuristic in tendency; the second, a modern stylist and a composer of no mean ability.

# LET RCA INSTITUTES START YOU ON THE ROAD TO . . . SUCCESS <sup>IN</sup> RADIO

Radio needs you . . . That's why the entire Radio industry is calling for trained men . . . That's why thousands of men who answered these advertisements are now earning from \$2,000 and up a year. Radio is thrilling work . . . easy hours, too, vacations with pay and a chance to see the world. Manufacturers and broadcasting stations are now eagerly seeking trained RCA men . . . Aviation and radio in the movies also provide innumerable opportunities . . . Millions of sets need servicing . . . thousands of ships require experienced operators . . . Never before was there an opportunity like this.

### Graduates of RCA Institutes Find It Easier to Get Good Jobs

They are closest to the source of Radio's greatest achievements because the progress of Radio is measured by the accomplishments of the great engineers in the huge research laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America.

Students of RCA Institutes get first-hand knowledge, get it quickly and get it complete. Success in Radio depends upon training and that's the training you get with RCA Institutes. That's why every graduate who desired a position has been able to get one . . . That's why graduates are always in big demand.

### Study Radio at the Oldest and Largest Commercial Training Organization in the World

Send for our Free Book . . . or step in at one of our resident schools and see how thousands of men are already on the road to success in Radio. Remember that you, too, can be successful . . . can speed up your earning capacity . . . can earn more money in Radio than you ever earned before. The man who trains today will hold down the big-money Radio job of the future. Come in and get our free book or send for it by mail. Everything you want to know about Radio, 40 fascinating pages, packed with pictures and descriptions of the brilliant opportunities in this gigantic, world-wide money-making profession.

See for yourself why graduates of RCA Institutes now occupy thousands of well-paid positions. These positions are usually available in from 3 to 10 days after graduation for men who can qualify. RCA Institutes will back you up to the limit. Our catalogue is yours free . . . SEND FOR IT TODAY!



Radio Mechanic and Inspector \$1800 to \$4000 a Year.



Broadcast Station Mechanic \$1800 to \$3600 a Year.



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RCA sets the standards for the entire Radio industry . . . The RCA Institutes' Home Laboratory Training Course enables you to quickly learn all the secrets of Radio . . . In your spare time, in only an hour or so a day, you can obtain a thorough, practical education in Radio . . . You get the inside information, too, because you study right at the source of all the latest, up-to-the-minute developments. RCA, the world's largest Radio organization sponsors every single detail in this course.

You learn Radio by actual experience with the remarkable outlay of apparatus given to every student. You learn the "How" as well as the "Why" of every Radio problem, such as repairing, installing and servicing fine sets. That's why every graduate of RCA Institutes has the experience, the ability and the confidence to hold a big-money Radio job.

For the added convenience of students who prefer a Resident Study Course, RCA Institutes, Inc., has established Resident Schools in the following cities:

- New York . . . . . 326 Broadway
- Boston, Mass. . . . . 899 Boylston St.
- Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . 1211 Chestnut St.
- Baltimore, Md. . . . . 1215 North Charles St.
- Newark, N. J. . . . . 560 Broad St.

Graduates of both the Home Laboratory Training Course and the Resident Schools receive exactly the same training and enjoy the same privileges so far as jobs and salaries are concerned. And every Home Study graduate may also attend any one of our resident schools for post-graduate instruction at no extra charge.

## Clip this Coupon NOW!

**RCA INSTITUTES, INC.**

Formerly Radio Institute of America



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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE 40-page book which illustrates the brilliant opportunities in Radio and describes your laboratory-method of instruction at home!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Orchestras playing the popular type music enjoyed by a large following are numerous. Conductor B. A. Rolph has, to my mind, the best orchestra in this group. Due credit must be accorded orchestras under the direction of Freddie Rich and Sam Lanin, two conductors in the employ of the network owners.

Dance orchestras? Oh yes. Some like 'em hot. We have dance orchestras—and how.

**B**UT I am going to step right out in the open and tell the entire world that my choice of all broadcasting dance orchestras is Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians. There are only ten men in this combination. The balance is perfect. Rudy Vallee brought not only his fine orchestra into fame, but made a name for himself as a crooner of popular songs. And who hasn't heard the familiar trademark of the leader, who introduces his own numbers, "Lopez speaking"? Occasionally an advertiser brings a vaudeville stage orchestra to the microphone. Such an event made it possible for you to hear Ted Lewis with his catch phrase, "Everybody happy?" Oh, yes, we have dance orchestras.

The symphony orchestras have probably won the hearts of the music loving public more than any other type of combination on the air. Head and shoulders above all others in this group is the Roxy Symphony orchestra, about which I shall say more later.

Howard Barlow, the conductor in charge of Columbia's Symphonic hour, is probably as responsible as any one leader could be for popularizing the symphony program with the Radio listener. His Sunday afternoon concerts were inaugurated when the chain took the air. And again I must refer to the fact that public demand has kept it alive all these years.

The Philco company is to be congratulated for presenting one of the largest and finest orchestras in the country in a series of commercial broadcasts. It was this company's task to convince Leopold Stokowski, the conductor, that the time was ripe for the broadcasting of concerts by his Philadelphia Symphony orchestra.

**J**UST a word about brass bands. Here was a problem. The various "oom-pa-pas" were wild and windy! It was some time before the microphone could be trusted to handle any group of brass and wind instruments accurately enough to guarantee a successful broadcast. This was neither the fault of the microphone nor the instruments. The trouble lay with the grouping of the players in the studio. And not infrequently with the tooters themselves. Through the audition system of "trial by error" the correct studio grouping was accomplished. And under the leadership of such conductors as Sousa, Pryor and Goldman, who were able to control the tone balance of the ensemble, brass bands have arrived. The wild "oom-pa-pa" has become quite domesticated.

Singers? Plenty of them. And just as we went through a period of sour jazz with some of our orchestras so are we being driven to soft drinks and marmalades by those sob-sisters of the air, the crying tenors. But their days, yes, and their nights, too, are numbered. And those terrible "bo-do-de-odos!" Ugh! But fads will be fads, so let's turn the dial and tune them out. Soloists, harmony teams and quartettes we will always have with us, from Grade A on down the line to sopranos.

Both grand and light opera have proven their worth at the microphone. Right now choral singers are attracting more than passing attention. Without

fear or favor we award the palm to the United Choral singers. Trained and directed by the tireless F. Channon Collinge, this group of mixed voices is making microphone history.

**S**O MUCH for the various types of programs you are getting on Big Time. Why are you getting them? Have you ever voiced your desires to the broadcasters? Probably not. And yet you must confess that you are getting better than you deserve. A whole lot better. Why? Because you pay nothing for an invaluable service. And because you sit back and accept this entertainment, keeping your words of praise or criticism for your immediate friends only.

A few years ago one of the big chain systems sent investigators to the doors of thousands of homes throughout the country. Husbands, housewives, sons, daughters, servants—representatives of every class of Radio listener were questioned: "What is your favorite program?" "What hours are most convenient for listening to the Radio?" "How many hours a week do you listen?" There were many other questions pertinent to broadcasting.

The answers were tabulated and the questioners returned to the main office of the network. The results were compiled, filed and cross-filed. In this way a consensus of opinion was obtained. This public opinion was far reaching in its effect. But that was some time ago and with the ever-changing mood of the times this data is already out of date.

Of its own volition The New York Telegram, one of the big daily newspapers, recently held a contest to determine the most popular program on the air. This contest was, of course, local, but the results were surprising. I might even go so far as to use one of Barnum's pet adjectives and say, astounding. The contestants were not listed. Any air program was eligible and voters were requested to name their first five choices. Thousands of ballots were received and we believe the final poll gave a faithful recording of the metropolitan public pulse.

The Roxy Symphony concert won first place. This choice came as a big surprise to those supposed to be in the know about broadcasting. Not so much because of the type of program but because of the time of its weekly broadcast. Sunday afternoon! Please remember that this contest was held in September, with Summer hardly over.

**S**ECOND choice, metropolitanly speaking, fell to True Story. Always a stickler for variety I have shouted long and loud for half hour broadcasts. This program was some time ago cut from the full hour period to the half. This particular choice was not a surprise, for it is a fine example of Radio dramatics. Where there was, in the full hour, a noticeable feeling of padding to the presentation the plot now carries swiftly and eagerly through the shorter period with sure-fire dramatic balance.

The third choice brought another surprise. The program picked for this position was the Slumber Hour, which is broadcast nightly at eleven-fifteen, Eastern Standard time! This Slumber Hour is a quiet little program of chamber music. The choice of this type of program for a position on the list as high as third place is noteworthy, but even more noteworthy is the time of the broadcast.

Two of the first three choices were sustaining programs! But get this. Of the first fifty listed only eleven were sustaining programs! That certainly

speaks well for the calibre of entertainment furnished by the advertisers. Twenty-six programs featuring orchestras are listed in the first fifty as against twenty-four dramatic and semi-dramatic programs. They are about equally divided in positions. Again variety comes into its own.

Of the fifty programs listed only four are strictly local! "Big Time" is king of the air.

**N**AMES? Certainly. That is what "Big Time" means. It brought you Feodore Chaliapin and Rosa Ponselle from the operatic stage. And there were others. How about George Gershwin, rated the greatest American composer? Did you hear him play his own composition, Rhapsody In Blue? And Walter Damrosch? Did you know that this great maestro has outlined an educational course in musical interpretation for weekly Radio presentations that will take a period of three years to present? What about such musical comedy stars as Helen Morgan and Jack Donahue? And John Golden, the prominent theatrical producer, who read one of the parts in the Radio presentation of one of his current productions? Did you catch Gloria Swanson as she etherized her screen personality for you? And Eddie Guest, the poet of the people? And what about The Headline Hunter, Floyd Gibbons, that noted war correspondent? And Eddie Leonard, Grace LaRue, Carlotta King, Anna Case—names—names—names! Yes, and thousands of other names all associated with "Big Time" broadcasting. Why? Because the owners of the names are all headlines in their particular line of entertainment.

**B**UT wait a minute. Hasn't Radio any stars of its own? Plenty of them. How about Amos and Andy? The featured announcers? And Rosalind Greene, first leading lady of the air dramas? Or Henry Burbig, the dialect comedian? Wendell Hall, the crooning singer? Jessica Dragonette, one of the few sopranos adored by temperamental Mike? Paul Mumont and Al Bernard, the end men in the Dutch Masters' Minstrel Show? But why continue? The list is long and growing longer each day as talented entertainers make the grade.

How does one get into Big Time? All sorts of ways. Some just drift in. Others have a hard time crashing the gate. It's just like getting into any other theatrical profession, I guess. There are many illustrations and let us consider this one.

Take the case of Henry Burbig. This Canadian boy came to New York and for five long years put his imitable dialect "poms end sturries" on the air from the studios of small local stations. While searching for novelty Radio acts for a client I was dialing around the set picking up the local programs. Without warning I came in on the middle of a bedtime story being burlesqued in Jewish dialect. It was Burbig. His work clicked and I got in touch with him. He told me afterward that he was so excited when I asked him to take part in a chain broadcast that he actually trembled. Not from stage fright, but from excitement. He said, "I couldn't believe that at last I was going on the air over the Big Time." I have quoted his exact words. It was the first time I ever heard the networks referred to in this manner. Henry Burbig's apprenticeship in Small Time on the air served him well; he was an overnight hit on Big Time and is now the featured performer on a weekly commercial program.

Mr. Barnum, I thank you.

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Assting him is the R. T. I. Advisory Board, composed of men prominent in the Radio industry—manufacturing, broadcasting, engineering and servicing. All these men know Radio and will help you succeed in their field.

To meet the great demand for trained men from the new Radio, Television and Talking Picture field, R. T. I. with the help of its connections in the industry, has built up an easy, learn-at-home practical plan that will prepare you for these good jobs. You use fine testing and working outfits and learn by work sheets and the invaluable R. T. I. Job Tickets prepared by men who know. It's easy because clearly explained so you can do it—yet it is practical, scientific, and makes you an expert. R. T. I. starts you making money right at home and keeps stepping you up and up in the Big-Pay class.

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**R. T. I.** R. T. I. TRAINS YOU AT HOME FOR A GOOD JOB OR A PROFITABLE PART TIME OR FULL TIME BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN

## Background

(Continued from page 13)

both parties. Perhaps he was too busy to have a heartache, Marilyn thought; perhaps,—

There was nothing to recall to her that torturing night; nothing, that is, except her own mind which dwelt painfully on it all the time—nothing until about ten days later Mr. Reade came to her, called late one afternoon. Ironically she received him in the room where Phil had proposed.

He was trimly clad and brushed. His outward appearance, at least, was as conventional as it had ever been. There was no sign in his smooth-shaven face or his carefully adjusted if scanty hair to remind her of the unkempt, shirt-sleeved man she had last seen battling so determinedly against death.

She asked politely after Mrs. Reade. It seemed the thing to do.

"She is quite well. She is taking your mother riding while I talk to you. You can see her out the window, I think."

Apparently he wanted her to look, so Marilyn parted the curtains.

Her mother was just getting into the tonneau of the Reade country car, where she was being warmly received by an exquisitely tailored and poised lady,—Mrs. Reade. Her air of unruined distinction, enhanced somewhat by her nose glasses and a tight veil over a tiny hat, made her unbending to greet her old friend seem like the graciousness of a queen. Marilyn rubbed her hand across her eyes. It could not be the woman she had seen with the disheveled hair, the torn nightgown and the bruised body.

But it was.

"HAVE you seen Phil lately?" Mr. Reade questioned, calling her back.

She turned swiftly. "Of course not," she replied with just a little bitterness. "I shall never see him again. Has he, then, sent you as an emissary to plead for him?" She tinged the question with unspoken scorn. "You?"

Mr. Reade smiled. "Do you think it would be likely that he would send me? Scarcely. I have not seen him since that night. I do not particularly wish to see him again. I imagine that he has joined the number of those old friends of mine who have suddenly died to me,—but whose memories I carry around in the corner of my heart labeled 'Regrets.'"

"Why did you ask me if I had seen him?"

"Because I was afraid you had not. Phil is a sensitive, rather shy young man, easily hurt and you—well, you have had very little experience with realities."

"Thank heaven!"

"It's nothing to be thankful for. Because you've got to meet up with realities all your life, unless you live all alone."

"Why should you plead Phil's case?"

"I don't know. I guess it's because I liked him. Anyway, unless you absolutely forbid it, I'm going to tell you what happened to him. Then you and I will be the only ones who know because he is in the dark himself."

Marilyn tried to protest, but something in her heart, a lurking tenderness perhaps, interferred and her protest was unuttered.

Mr. Reade took that as permission to go on.

"Some women," he said didactically, like a professor addressing a class on some impersonal subject, "have inherited more vanity from their sex ancestry than others. They think more about their power, allure, whatever you wish to call it. They exercise this power to make themselves queens over their little circles. They glory in their petty tyranny.

"But like all tyrants they are afraid,—are always haunted by the fear that their power is failing. Every once in so often they demand assurance that their kingdom is secure. They are jealous goddesses and they demand tribute and human sacrifice. It isn't enough to hold captive the men who belong to them by law. To hold a husband, growing old with them, is not a sufficient proof of unfading charm. They long to try their teeth and claws in the arena against the youngsters of the pack. For some reason it satisfies the vanity of a woman of that type to enslave the attentions of a man much younger than herself,—to take him away temporarily from the debutantes. It is her defiance to Age, childish of course, because Age can laughingly accept puny temporary rebuffs secure in the knowledge that his web is all around her.

"BUT you get the idea I think. Mrs. Reade never cared a great deal for Phil,—or for that matter for any one else except me. She does care much about her own looks and charm. He happened along when a lurking fear prompted her to try out her weapons. A young man is easy prey for a good-looking married woman who sets out to win him. Under the guise of hospitality she can make advances that would brand a young girl as brazen—she can invite him frequently to her house—can receive him intimately, can command his presence when she wishes, can play upon his fears of raising a scene, can even go so far as that affair you witnessed the other night in her efforts to secure a declaration that her power has not waned. A young and inexperienced man in a situation like that goes farther than he intends simply because he does not know how to draw back.

"I don't say that Phil was entirely blameless, but I want you to see that he did not know what he was doing and that at times he had to float with the current. When he struggled to get free you see what happened. I suppose there had been a dozen scenes like the one we were in on before he finally took the definite stand which he must have taken in order to bring on the crisis." Mr. Reade rose as if he had put a conclusion to his formal remarks. "Think over what I have said: if you can, send for Phil."

"How could I marry him now?"

"I don't know. I can't advise you. All I can do is to give you my judgment that he really is a fine young fellow and that he was practically helpless in the adventure which caused the trouble between you. It will never happen again. He has learned something invaluable, just as you have, and your path together would really be on surer ground than if you were blind to the real forces in life."

"But you," said Marilyn in sudden sympathy for this unheroic businessman who had concerned himself so sympathetically with her unhappiness. "What will you do?"

He grinned. It was his first reversion to boyishness. "I'll pray for peace but keep my antidotes dry. Life will go on quite smoothly for a while."

"And you'll not get a divorce?"

HE SHOOK his head. "No, I love her and she—she loves me, really. Besides there are a lot of duties that you take on with a real marriage over and above the ones mentioned in the ring service. One of them is to stand by through thick and thin, no matter what happens. You learn about that in the corridor of a hospital while inside a darkened room doctors and nurses are fighting back death from the thing you love, or when your boy is lying in the cradle between the two of you, coughing and

gasping for the breath that you would gladly give him out of your own two bodies, or under any one of the hundreds of circumstances which really ratify the church ceremony of marriage. You'll know about these things from personal experience later. Until then, take my word for it and think carefully before you let Phil step entirely out of your life. He isn't a saint,—none of us are,—he's neither so good as you once thought him, nor so bad as you consider him now. But he is better than most and he has learned much."

There seemed no occasion for further discussion. Marilyn thoughtfully ushered him to the door herself.

She continued to think for several days, not only about her own problem but also about that of the supposedly hard-headed business man, Mr. Reade.

If he could smile and go ahead, could she fail to follow his example? If he, who had every reason not to, could visualize Phil's good qualities and judge them as outweighing his faults, could she, from the heights of her inexperience, contradict the heart which still called to him?

A few days later an invitation for her mother and herself to dine informally with the Reades caused her a moment's indecision. She had been dreading the meeting with the married woman but she agreed with their tacit proposition to get the chill of the plunge over with.

So Marilyn and her mother went. It was fortunate that the Reades lived so near because that very day the street car strike had been declared and not a wheel was turning. There had been riots in various parts of the city. The strikers were rapidly placing themselves outside the bounds of sympathy by their obviously Bolshevik methods. Fortunately, the residence part of the city had been spared any signs of violence, most of the rough demonstrations having taken place in the Yards district.

At the Reades' home the meeting was not nearly so bad as Marilyn had expected. Mrs. Reade was quite the same pleasant hostess she had always been and her memory appeared to be a blank as far as their last encounter was concerned. And she was sweet and gracious. Lord, it was impossible to hate her. And yet—

TO MARILYN now the background was only of gauze. This atmosphere of a pleasant, well-ordered home seemed painted on netting through which she, with the eyes of memory, looked upon a chaos of unhappiness and unrest,—that room upstairs as she had last seen it. It was not pleasant.

It was inevitable that during the dinner the subject of the street car strike should come up. It was too poignant a subject to be avoided even in a purely social dining room.

"The Mayor has called for volunteers to run the cars tomorrow morning," Mr. Reade said, imparting information that was already familiar if they had read the evening paper.

Marilyn had not. "Won't that be terribly dangerous?"

"Yes, I suppose so," Mr. Reade admitted. "The strikers haven't shown any signs of being gentle ruffians. But it is a time for good citizenship to prevail over this absolutely senseless anarchistic movement. The Traction Company has got to run, unless we are to degenerate to a condition like that of the lawless districts of Russia. It is a citizen's duty to help operate those cars."

"John, you didn't volunteer?" Mrs. Reade asked with genuine concern in her voice. "I couldn't stand it."

"Not yet," he replied. "The first crews have been made up entirely among the

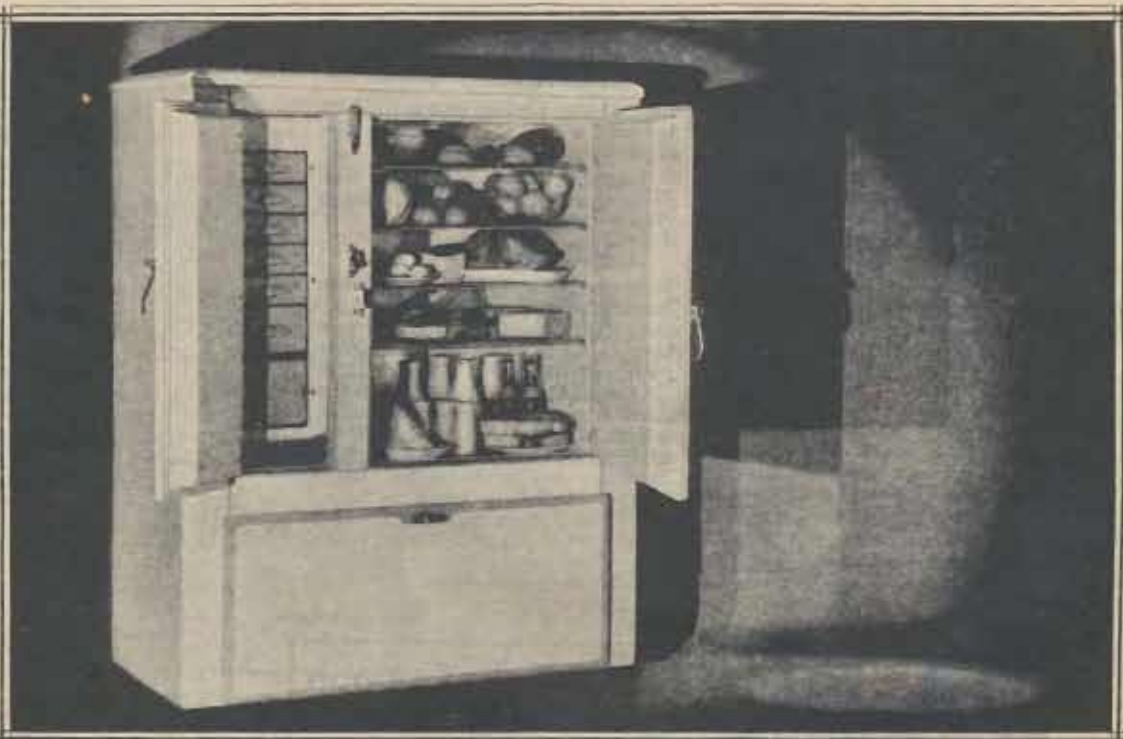
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office employees of the company. They volunteered in a body."  
"Is Phil Schuyler going?" Marilyn's mother interjected, all guilelessly.  
"I believe he is," the host replied. "He is to be motorman on the first car."  
"Isn't that splendid of him?" Mrs. Reade enthused.  
Marilyn turned to her with insistent inquiry in her eyes. "You would applaud Phil for a foolhardy thing like this and do nothing to restrain him?"  
Mrs. Reade shrugged her shoulders. "I think it is very characteristic of him."  
"But you would not want your own husband to do the same thing."  
"No."  
"Why not?"  
"Because he's my man. My heart just wouldn't let him." With her brilliant eyes, now tender, she threw a proprietary lasso around her prosaic husband. "You'll understand how it is some day. Now you can't know."

THERE it was again,—this curious inexplicable loyalty between man and wife, something that bridged across every ugly, unlovely thing. It was a talisman, a charm, that prevailed against the world apart. Mrs. Reade couldn't let him go because he was "her man." But Phil she could see defying death and cheer at the spectacle. Because he was not "her man."  
But wasn't Phil anybody's man? Was there no one to see him through, no one to keep him from risking his life?

Her decision was made instantly. She appealed to Mr. Reade. "Would you, could you ask Phil to come over here?"  
He looked questioningly at Mrs. Reade. "Why,—if you wish it,—yes."

"I would like very much to see him, and I think it would be better here than anywhere."  
While Mr. Reade telephoned for Phil, and after that, even, the situation had a certain tenseness which was difficult to cover up with polite conversation.

Phil, mystified and slightly embarrassed by the assembly into which he had been imperatively summoned, arrived and attempted to steer the conversation in the usual preliminary channels of the weather and the health of the participants.

But he was a distinct failure. And so Marilyn precipitated matters by saying, "Mr. Reade has told us that you are going to take the first car through the Yards district tomorrow morning."

PHIL grinned. "Yes, I am to have that honor. Won't it be bully sport?"

"Do you look at it that way?"  
"Yes. Uncle Sam played a low down trick on me in making me fight the great war entirely at Fort Sill, and this looks like the next best thing."

Mr. Reade interposed gently. "Marilyn's worry is this, Phil. She thought that you volunteered for this stunt simply because of a quarrel with her."

Phil laughed as he adopted the formal method of replying through a third person. "She can rest assured that I am not doing this in a feeling of pique. Gee, it's somebody's job, and I'm not married or anything. I know you fellows are just as anxious as I am, and you may get a chance later."

This was another blinding light for Marilyn. She quite believed now in the sincerity of her ex-lover. He was risking his life because he wanted to and not because of any love melancholy. Now she came to think about it, he didn't appear to have any love melancholy. And yet he was in love still,—she knew that from the way his eyes devoured her. She was so certain of that that she automatically ceased to be jealous of Mrs. Reade.

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Knowing this, and knowing also that come what might, in spite of the past or the future, he was her mate, she couldn't let him risk his life on the morrow,—not without telling him.

"SEVERAL weeks ago," she began, "you asked me to marry you, Phil. Do you still want it?"

"Marilyn!" This in shocked remonstrance from her mother. Mr. Reade, with clumsy kindness, motioned to his wife to withdraw with him, but Marilyn interpreted the gesture and frustrated the idea.

"Don't go. I want to say this in front of you. Once I thought that love was a matter of moonlight, and music, secluded corners and whispers. I'm afraid I was a very young girl then. I'm not so much older now, but I want to come out in the open. Even before Phil answers my question I want to tell him before you that I care for him, more than I think it will ever be possible for me to care for anyone else. I care, knowing everything that I know and seeing clearly. Now, Phil, you may answer my question. Do you want me?"

Phil grinned and said huskily, "Surest thing you know."

A moment later he said, "I hope you don't mind being kissed before everybody."

"I don't, but there isn't anybody here." In spite of her injunction her mother and the Reades had faded away.

"This really is better, after all," Phil decided as they settled down into a chair, one for both.

"If you are going to let me be your boss for life again," Marilyn said, "my first command is that you don't go on the front end of that street car tomorrow."

"Then I take back what I said about being the boss," Phil replied promptly. "Your command is overruled. I said I would go as skipper of the first trouble car and," he kissed her, "I'm going."

"Then I'm going too." "Second false decision on the part of the commanding officer," Phil decided. "You are going to wait for me at the down town terminal of the State Street line. I shall expect to have a nice warm kiss right off the griddle waiting for me when I shut off the juice and fight my way through the crowds of admiring ladies to meet you."

"But you may be killed," Marilyn wailed plaintively. "Nope, not now. If you hadn't sent for me I might have been, but under the circumstances I refuse to oblige."

BUT IT was a weary wait at the down town terminal of the street railway line. Marilyn did as she was told, because,—oh, because she loved him. But her heart strained through her eyes as she kept them fixed on the lines of steel rails that led from her to the tough Yards district. Was it an angry roar that echoed down the canon of the street? She almost fancied she could hear curses, blows, and the jingle of shattered glass. The papers were full of that sort of thing. Perhaps the strikers would even use fire arms.

It was nearly time for the first car to come through. A few loiterers from the down town district were collected around the terminal. They glanced curiously at Marilyn, who seemed strangely out of place. It was scarcely a throng to welcome the conquering hero. These people were indifferent; didn't know Phil and cared very little whether he came through or not. Marilyn resented their indifference.

"Here she comes," one of the men announced. "I guess I'll get home in-time for breakfast, after all."

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**KEELEY TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO HABIT** Quickly banishes craving for tobacco. Successful for over 30 years. Write today for FREE BOOK and particulars of our SMOKE-BAGS GUIDE.

**THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, Dept. B-408, Dwight, Ill.**  
Home of the Famous Keeley Treatment for Liquor and Drugs.  
Booklet Sent on Request. Correspondence Strictly Confidential.



# Sousa

**GREATEST** of all Band leaders says: "Complete Equipment of Conn Instruments embodies musical value of any band at least 50%." More than 50 years of experience, and exclusive patented processes make Conn Instruments superior. Easiest blowing. Most flexible mechanical action. Most perfect tone. Yet they cost no more. Any instrument section free trial. Easy payments if desired. Write for literature. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.  
175 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana

**CONN**  
WORLD'S LARGEST  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
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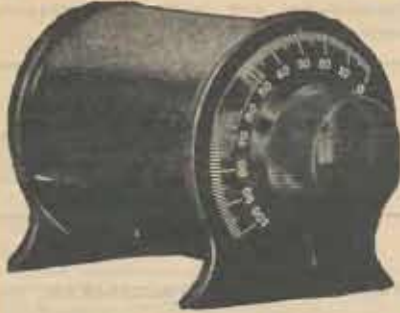
Use a **REESONATOR** for

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Sharp Tuning

Distance Power

Over 30,000 Satisfied Users



**\$4.75 Complete**

Bring your set up to date! For all sets using an untuned floating or antenna tube, such as Atwater Kent Models 30-37-38-39-40, Victor, Silver Knight, Temple, Crossley Handbox, Radiola Models 16-17-18-21-22-131, Victor, Temple, Silver Marshall and Knight, Dayton, Apex 28 Models, and many others. Attaches across aerial and ground leads without tools in less than a minute.

It will enable you to tune sharper and plays with dance volume, stations which are barely audible or sometimes entirely inaudible without it. Requires tuning only when additional selectivity or power is required. Attractively constructed from hard rubber and bakelite in a highly polished rich mahogany color. Guaranteed against defects in material and workmanship for a period of six months. Get a Reesonator from your dealer today, or order direct, giving dealer's name.

Dealers! Over sixty leading jobbers carry this item. We guarantee satisfaction. Try one for three days at our risk. If not thoroughly satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Ref., Fargo Nat'l Bank, Dun's or Bradstreet's.

\*\*\*\*\*SEND COUPON NOW\*\*\*\*\*

F. & H. RADIO LABORATORIES

Dept. 107 Fargo, North Dakota

- I enclose check or money order for \$4.75 for which send me a Reesonator postpaid.
- Send Reesonator C. O. D.
- Send Dealers' Proposition.
- Please send Literature.

Name.....

Address..... State.....

Since Early Childhood  
**Infantile Paralysis**

After 4 months at McLain Sanitarium, William Peacock, 18, walked flat on his sole for the first time in years. See photos and letters:

*As long as I can remember I walked on the toes of my left foot. I had almost dreamed of the time when I would walk flat on my sole and McLain Sanitarium made that dream a reality. I will always speak a good word for McLain's.*

**WILLIAM D. PEACOCK**  
R. R. No. 2, Abbeville, Georgia

McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of

crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Patients remain full charge of children if desired.

**WRITE FOR FREE BOOKS**

"Deformities and Paralysis," and "References," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, etc. Also illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

**McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM**

867 Aubert Av., St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.



Subscribe to **RADIO DIGEST**.  
Fill Out the Coupon on Page 6.

That's all he was thinking of,—his breakfast. Marilyn shot a scornful glance at him. But only one. She couldn't waste her eyes. Afar down the street, blocks away, was a tiny speck which was moving along at a bounding speed. Nearer and nearer it came. Finally she could hear the trolley wires hum overhead. It was a big heavy-trucked car, and it seemed irresistible in its progress, like a liner plowing the ocean. But as it drew nearer one could see what a sad wreck it was. Scarcely a pane of glass was left in the windows, especially in the front part of the car, and the fender was crumpled up into a mass of twisted iron where it had struck some obstruction on the track. With a grinding of brakes the car came to a stop and the motor man detached his brass handle from the controller and dismounted stiffly from the platform. He seemed looking for someone. But one eye was completely closed. His face was blackened and bloody, and his clothes had been used for a door mat by somebody.

"Here I am," said Marilyn, reaching out. She touched this battered wreck.

"And here I am," responded the forehead-wreck.

"Then it is you," said Marilyn. "I wasn't quite certain."

Phil laughed. "I didn't know it was that bad. There were one or two passengers who had horrid habits. Wait a minute, you aren't going to kiss me like this?"

But it was too late to stop her. Besides he didn't want to.

**Amos and Andy**

(Continued from page 15.)

Brown. An' das how I come to find yo'." "An' I makes an actor out of you, I does—"

"Either that or you ruins me, 'cause I musta knowed sompin' about it or de man would not have hired me before eeah I heered of yo'."

And through the long wrangle that followed I learned that these two found the next six years of their lives moving in parallel lines. They went from town to town staging shows sometimes together and sometimes separately. Their headquarters were in Chicago, where they had an apartment together. Andy would play the piano and Amos the ukulele. Their voices harmonized perfectly.

"Then you took up Radio?" I asked.

"Yaas suh," said Andy. "Dat was in de spring, let me think a minute—dat was de spring of 1925."

"Boys," I said at last, rather sternly, "you have an advantage over me. You are hiding behind the telephone. I can only hear your voices and judge the color of your skin according. I want to know the real color of your skins, and I want to know your honest-to-goodness names, the names your parents gave you. Amos, you first, are you black or white—and what's your real name? Quick, now, for I'm getting connection traced through and I'll have you cornered in no time—"

"Awa-awa-awa—!" The receiver clicked. They were gone.

But in the next issue of Radio Digest the real low down on Amos n' Andy, their homes, their private lives will be exposed to the merciless curiosity of the listening millions.

Arthur Snyder, formerly of WCCO, Minneapolis, has joined the ranks at the NBC as a production director. He wrote continuities, directed dramatic sketches for the Minneapolis station in addition to being heard frequently on the air.

**ROBT. E. LEE HOTELS**

**ST. LOUIS**  
181st and PINE—Opened Mar. 1926—230 Rooms

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1214 & WYANDOTTLE—A Division of America—200 Rooms

**SAN ANTONIO**  
A CITY OF QUALITY—On the Old Spanish Trail

**LAREDO**  
ON THE RIO GRANDE IN TEXAS  
RIGHT IN THE MEXICAN BOULEVARD

A MATTER OF **ECONOMY**

WE QUOTE OUR TOP RATE EVERY ROOM WITH PRIVATE BATH AND CEILING FANS

**PERCY TYRELL**  
MANAGING DIRECTOR

**GARAGE SERVICE**

**RUPTURED**



people praise this improved appliance

Forget about rupture pain and the need for constant care and watchfulness. Hold your rupture this secure, sanitary way. This

perfected appliance retains rupture safely and with great comfort, and at the same time promotes healing. Out-of-doors men praise this better way to hold their ruptures. It binds the separated muscle fibres together. It gives absolute freedom in body movement. Over 3,000,000 Brooks Appliances sold. Write for our 10-day trial offer, and 28-page Rupture booklet. Sent in plain sealed envelope. Brooks Appliance Co., 90c State Street, Marshall, Mich.

**New HOTEL LOCKERBIE**

121 SOUTH ILLINOIS STREET

*Newest and Most Modern Hotel In the City*

ALL ROOMS OUTSIDE AND EACH WITH BATH

**\$3.50 AND UP DOUBLE**  
**\$2.00 AND UP SINGLE**

**RADIO IN EVERY ROOM**

**ARTHUR ZINK**  
Managing Director

**INDIANAPOLIS**

### Mystery House

(Continued from page 102)

"Come on kid. Here's the nuts. Hello—what's this—er—" Fragoni had come up the path from behind.

"Good heavens, child—and—is—is this man your Uncle Brooke's friend?"

Sight of this child in such treacherous hands stirred Margaret's protective instincts to the depth, and when Alice begged that she would come with her to see "Uncle Brooke" Margot promised she most certainly would. Fragoni protested vigorously and threatened that she would be sorry if she did. But Margot declared she would not let the child out of her sight and Fragoni, out in the open, could do nothing but yield.

Events moved quickly and precipitately for Sergt. Hanrahan after young Brooke had left him at Mystery House. He had started out for another trip of investigation when suddenly he was fired upon from a black touring car that whirled around a corner ahead of him spitting bullets from a machine gun. One pellet grazed his hand as he dropped to the pavement for protection. Immediately afterward he rushed to Margot's home to report to Brooke.

Sally admitted him to the apartment. There he not only related what had happened to himself but told his young friend that Margot had been seen going away with Fragoni and the little girl. Brooke had already been pacing the floor in his anxiety at her continued absence.

"We must get going at once before further harm is done," said Brooke seizing his hat and starting for the door.

"But wait, the chase starts right here, Mr. Brooke," said Hanrahan. "I'm going to break this case right now. I want that young woman—you, I mean, Sally. Don't leave this room. I'm going to take you over to headquarters now."

"You don't mean Sally. You must be mistaken, Sergeant!" Brooke exclaimed.

"Look, her handkerchief! Sally, you are under arrest for the murder of Johnnie Walker."

By an almost imperceptible movement Sally whipped a revolver from the folds of her skirt and leveled it at Hanrahan's head. Then with a jeer for the disconcerted policeman, she backed to the door and was gone.

Hanrahan grasped at a phone to stop her below but Brooke prevented him, still unable to believe that Sally was false.

(To be continued in the February Radio Digest.)

### Carillons Real Treat

CARILLON concerts are so rare and such a treat for the Radio audience that when the famous bells of Iowa State college at Ames were broadcast thousands sat spellbound before their loudspeakers. Anton Brees, world-renowned carillonneur, was the musician.

Only once previously had a carillon concert been broadcast, that from the Mountain Lake Singing tower when President Coolidge dedicated the Bok bird sanctuary in Florida.

A carillon is a set of bells tuned to the notes of the chromatic scale and numbering at least twenty-five bells. The carillon at Ames is the first set of its kind to be imported into the United States and includes thirty-six bells.

The carillon concert was a part of the program broadcast from the annual convention of the American Country Life association on which Secretary of Agriculture Hyde and Ex-governor of Illinois Lowden spoke over the NBC farm network.



# We refuse to debate the shaving cream question . . . ■ ■ ■

**Try MOLLE one week free—let that alone decide**

Never Before were shaving creams so much discussed. The subject has assumed the proportions of a national debate. But we refuse to argue. For we know, as you do, that words are weak when compared to actual performance. So we just say, "send us the coupon for one week's free supply of MOLLÉ. At the same time get samples of other shaving creams that interest you. Then use them all and judge by the result. Let performance—not conversation—decide which cream wins."

**MOLLÉ Is Surely Different**—It looks different...feels different...its aroma is different... application is different... requires no brush... the after-feel is amazingly different! MOLLÉ is a true emollient. MOLLÉ contains no soap in any form. MOLLÉ contains no alkali—makes no lather, no bubbles. MOLLÉ contains no caustics. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery... a physician's private formula, intended to accomplish these three things:

- 1—To leave the tenderest skin more comfortable and in better condition than before shaving
- 2—To end razor-pull and razor-scrape forever
- 3—To shorten the period of operation two to three minutes (MOLLÉ requires just three simple steps).

Has MOLLÉ Succeeded in actually accomplishing those things? Let the free coupon—not us—answer that. Or make this unique test. There is another convenient way besides sending the coupon for you to get acquainted with MOLLÉ (Mō-Lay). Buy the large fifty-cent MOLLÉ package at your nearest drug store. Use it for one week. If then you are not entirely pleased, you may send us what is left and we will instantly refund your purchase price. Take your choice. Use the free coupon or secure a full-size tube from your druggist on our "make-good-or-money-back" offer.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 512, Cleveland, Ohio

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather

A Whale of a Tube  
50c



**FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY**

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 512  
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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# A MANGER HOTEL

## IN EVERY IMPORTANT LOCALITY OF NEW YORK

### 8000 ROOMS

### LOWEST RATES IN TOWN

**ROOMS WITH RUNNING WATER FROM \$2 PER DAY**  
**WITH PRIVATE BATH FROM \$3 PER DAY**

FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET AND MAP OF NEW YORK WRITE TO  
**DEPARTMENT R, MANGER HOTELS**  
 255 West 43rd Street, N. Y. C.

## Throng Home-Makers Club

(Continued from page 74)

that is being discussed. All over the country women in their own homes follow the same procedure as they listen. We know, for they write and tell us.

On Wednesdays the second broadcast of the National Radio Home-Makers club is on home decorating and is held from the decorating studio of the club—a striking room with buff walls, with the floor painted in Chinese vermilion with a modernistic design in each corner and a blue border, with a big two-toned blue rug, mahogany and Chinese vermilion furniture and heavy draperies in Czechoslovakian applique.

AT A WORK bench near the microphone, a painting or decorating demonstration is given during the broadcast, by Joan Barrett, the club interior decorator. Sometimes it's a vase she paints or a lamp shade. Sometimes it's a new wall finish she puts together; whatever it is, the Radio audience, as well as the visitors seem to get a clear idea of it. We almost always keep these decorating samples, as we call them, for some visitor is sure to ask to see the lamp that was made in July or the curtain created in May. You would be surprised at the number of people who ask to see definite pieces of work that we have described in our broadcasts.

It is this room that the musicians make their headquarters. Our singers include Vivian Holt, soprano; Elisabeth Wood, contralto; Charles Premmac, tenor, and Richard Hale, baritone. These four singers comprise the National Radio Home-Makers quartette. The instrumentalists, Lucien Schmidt, cellist, late with the New York Symphony; Harry Waller, violist, late with the New York Philharmonic, and John Corrigliano, concert violinist, with Ralph Christman, pianist, comprise the club string ensemble.

No visitor to the broadcasting studios of the National Radio Home-Makers club would be content without a view of the control room, a glimpse of the pleasant quarters occupied by the editorial staff and my own office. In every room, in every department, we try to emphasize the idea of home. There are dainty curtains everywhere, attractive rugs, bits of brilliant color and quantities of flowers. Never have I seen such a cheerful group of workers and I believe it is partly due to the surroundings.

The material for every broadcast is prepared by experts competent to write with authority on that particular subject. On the producing staff there are Bruce Chapman, managing editor of "Radio Home-Makers," the club publication; Edna Coleman, chief of the copy department; Barbara Daly, nutritionist; Sue Moody, stylist; Joan Barrett, interior decorator; Ruth Underhill, handicraft specialist; Helen Lewis, beautician, and Grace White, dietitian.

The broadcasting is done only by broadcasters trained in singing and in production, for at least three months before going on the air, by Adele Holt, broadcasting coach and dictionist.

A tremendous undertaking, all this, you may possibly think. It is. But I believe that it is only by such meticulous attention to truth and perfection of detail, that adequate help can be given.

William Paley, President of the Columbia Broadcasting chain, said to me last week, "Mrs. Allen, your organization is the only one I know that is ready for television."

We are ready. And when it comes the women of this country will be as much interested in seeing the broadcasting procedures as are our visitors now.

When answering advertisements please mention that you saw it in Radio Digest

## LIFE-TIME DX AERIAL



Guaranteed Double Volume and Sharper Tuning

**No. 36—LENGTH 30 FEET:** Assembled ready to string up. Brings in volume of 150-ft. aerial but retains the selectivity of a 30-ft. aerial. Rings are heavy gauge solid zinc. Duplicates in design and non-corrosive materials the aerials used by most of largest Broadcasting Stations. Design permits using this powerful aerial in 20-ft. space, (preferably outside). Sharpens tuning of any receiving set because of short length but has enormous pick-up because 150-ft. of No. 14 enamelled wire is used. Made for owners of fine radio sets who want great volume on distance without destroying sharp tuning. (Also used by many owners of short-wave outfits.) "Makes a good radio set better."

PRICE \$16.00

**No. 66—LENGTH 60 FEET:** Assembled—ready to string up. "BIG BOY" Size. (same description as above except that 300-ft. of wire is used making this the most efficient and powerful aerial possible to manufacture.)

PRICE \$22.50

Manufactured by

**THOROLA RADIO PRODUCTS**

1814 So. Michigan Bl'vd., Chicago, Illinois

## NIGHTS OF JOY IN STORE FOR YOU!

### START TO PLAY VERY FIRST DAY

Free Lessons!

Even if you can't read a note of music right now, you play a simple melody on the very day you get your Deagan Xylorimba. Free, easy lessons show you how. Soon you are amazing friends and relatives. Then a new life begins—long, happy evenings of joy; parties; popularity; radio engagements—and the same chance to make \$5 to \$25 a night as Ralph Smith, Chicago—"Played 20 minutes at wedding received \$20." Or the Hallman family, Reading, Pa.—"Made \$300 in 6 weeks, spare time."

**FIVE DAYS' FREE TRIAL—Our big FREE book tells all about this fascinating instrument—the 5-day free trial offer—the free lessons—the easy payment plan. Send in the coupon today—the booklet will be mailed promptly without cost or obligation.**

### MAIL COUPON TODAY!

J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. 1854, 1770 Bortean Ave., Chicago  
 Send me, without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan on the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

**Read what BIG money these fellows have made in the RADIO BUSINESS**

**\$375 One Month Spare Time**



"Recently I made \$375 in one month in my spare time installing, servicing, selling Radio sets. And, not so long ago, I earned enough in one week to pay for my course."  
**EARLE CUMMINGS,**  
 18 Webster St., Haverhill, Mass.

**\$1597 In Five Months**



"The N. R. I. is the best Radio school in the U. S. A. I have made \$1597 in five months. I shall always tell my friends that I owe my success to you."  
**HENRY J. NICKES, JR.,**  
 302 Safford Ave.,  
 Tarpon Springs, Fla.

**\$1164 Spare Time Profits**



"Look at what I have made since I enrolled, \$1,164—money I would not have had otherwise. I am certainly glad I took up Radio with N. R. I. I am more than satisfied."  
**HENRY R. HEIKKINEN,**  
 125 W. Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

**Over \$1000 In Four Months**



"My opinion of the N. R. I. course is that it is the best to be had at any price. When I enrolled I didn't know a condenser from a transformer, but from December to April I made well over \$1000 and I only worked in the mornings."  
**AL JOHNSON,**  
 1409 Shelby St., Sandusky, Ohio.

# I will show you too how to start a spare time or full time Radio Business of Your Own without capital



Radio's amazing growth is making many big jobs. The worldwide use of receiving sets and the lack of trained men to sell, install and service them has opened many splendid chances for spare time and full time businesses.

Ever so often a new business is started in this country. We have seen how the growth of the automobile industry, electricity and others made men rich. Now Radio is doing the same thing. Its growth has already made many men rich and will make more wealthy in the future. Surely you are not going to pass up this wonderful chance for success.

**More Trained Radio Men Needed**

A famous Radio expert says there are four good jobs for every man trained to hold them. Radio has grown so fast that it simply has not got the number of trained men it needs. Every year there are hundreds of fine jobs among its many branches such as broadcasting stations, Radio factories, jobbers, dealers, on board ship, commercial land stations, and many others. Many of the six to ten million receiving sets now in use are only 25% to 40% efficient. This has made your big chance for a spare time or full time business of your own selling, installing, repairing sets.

**So Many Opportunities You Can Make Extra Money While Learning**

Many of our students make \$10, \$20, \$30 a week extra while learning. I'll show you the plans and ideas that have proved successful for them—show you how to begin making extra money shortly after you enroll. G. W. Page, 1807-21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made \$935 in his spare time while taking my course.

how to begin making extra money shortly after you enroll. G. W. Page, 1807-21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made \$935 in his spare time while taking my course.

**I Give You Practical Radio Experience With My Course**

My course is not just theory. My method gives you practical Radio experience—you learn the "how" and "why" of practically every type of Radio set made. This gives you confidence to tackle any Radio problems and shows up in your pay envelopes too.

You can build 100 circuits with the Six Big Outfits of Radio parts I give you. The pictures here show only three of them. My book explains my method of giving practical training at home. Get your copy!

**I Will Train You At Home In Your Spare Time**

I bring my training to you. Hold your job. Give me only part of your spare time. You don't have to be a college or high school graduate. Many of my graduates now making big money in Radio didn't even finish the grades. Boys 14, 15 years old and men up to 60 have finished my course successfully.

**You Must Be Satisfied**

I will give you a written agreement the day you enroll to refund your money if you are not satisfied with the lessons and instruction service when you complete the course. You are the only judge. The resources of the N. R. I. Pioneer and Largest Home-Study Radio school in the world stand back of this agreement.

**Get My Book**

Find out what Radio offers you. My 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio" points out the money making opportunities the growth of Radio has made for you. Clip the coupon. Send it to me. You won't be obligated in the least.

*This Book points out what Radio offers you Get a copy!*



**Address**

**J. E. Smith, Pres., Dept. OAQ,**

**National Radio Institute Washington, D. C.**

**This coupon is good for a FREE copy of my Valuable Book. Mail it NOW!**

J. E. Smith, President, Dept. OAQ, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Send me your book. I want to know more about the opportunities in Radio and your practical method of teaching at home in spare time. This request does not obligate me to enroll and I understand no agent will call on me.

Name.....Age.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....State.....





Suppose you were willing to pay \$20,000 for an automobile made to your order, the last word in style, beauty and performance-with-safety. In writing your specifications, you would want to answer all the questions listed below:

1. Would you subject yourself and your family to the dangers of flying glass? Or would you equip your \$20,000 automobile with safety glass all around?

*I would*  Ordinary glass  
*have*  Safety glass

Safety glass all around was pioneered by Stutz four years ago.

2. Would you be content with the ordinary three-speed transmission? Or would you prefer the more modern four-speed transmission?

*I would*  Ordinary three-speed transmission  
*have*  Transmission with four speeds forward

The Stutz transmission, with four speeds forward, provides superior performance and longer car life. The trend is toward four speeds.

3. Would you be satisfied with the conventional car which rolls backward on inclines when brakes are released? Or would you prefer Stutz Noback, which automatically prevents undesired back-rolling on inclines?

*I would*  Ordinary car without Noback  
*have*  The added protection of Noback

4. Would you select the conventional L-head type of engine? Or would you insist upon having the increased efficiency of the valve-in-head engine?

*I would*  Conventional type, L-head engine  
*have*  Advanced type, valve-in-head engine

The Stutz valve-in-head line-eight engine is not only more powerful, it is also quiet, smooth and economical.

5. Would you accept valves actuated by rocker arms, with their greater noise and greater area of wearing surfaces? Or would you insist upon having the overhead camshaft with its directing, simple and quiet valve operation?

*I would*  Conventional push-rods and rocker arms  
*have*  Stutz silent overhead camshaft

As compared with rocker-arm valve mechanism, the Stutz overhead camshaft eliminates 192 wearing surfaces.

6. Would you be content with the single ignition found in ordinary cars? Or would you prefer dual ignition with two spark plugs for each

cylinder, insuring greater power and economy?

*I would*  Single ignition  
*have*  Dual ignition

Dual ignition is one of the many features of advanced engineering found on Stutz and Blackhawk.

7. Would you want your engine to have the less efficient single carburetion as originally designed for four-cylinder cars? Or would you prefer the greater engine efficiency made possible by dual carburetion?

*I would*  A single carburetor  
*have*  Dual carburetion

Dual carburetion and dual intake contribute to the outstanding performance of Stutz and Blackhawk cars.

8. Would you be willing to have an automobile equipped with ordinary oil and grease cups? Or would you like the latest, Stutz one-thrust chassis lubrication system which feeds oil to all moving parts of the chassis in one operation?

*I would*  Ordinary oil and grease cups  
*have*  One-thrust lubrication system

One-thrust chassis lubrication is among the many convenience features of the Stutz and Blackhawk.

9. Would you expect your \$20,000 automobile to be equipped with ordinary headlights? Or would you prefer Ryan-Lites, which give long range without dangerous glare and which give side-illumination with added protection for night driving?

*I would*  Ordinary headlights  
*have*  New and improved Ryan-Lites

Ryan-Lites, standard equipment on Stutz and Blackhawk, are the only automobile lights that meet all legal requirements everywhere.

10. Would you be content with the conventional bevel gear drive? Or would you have the improved worm drive rear axle which permits the floorboards to be lowered 20 per cent and lowers the center of weight of the entire car?

*I would*  Conventional rear axle  
*have*  Worm drive rear axle

## NEW SERIES SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

Worm drive is one of the fundamentals of Stutz-Blackhawk advanced engineering.

11. Would your made-to-order car be of the conventional type, with a relatively high center of weight? Or would you build safety into your car by lowering the center of weight?

*I would*  Conventional car, relatively unsafe  
*have*  Safety Stutz with low center of weight

Stutz low center of weight, made possible by worm drive, means better roadability, greater ease of control, improved riding, greater performance and greater safety.

12. Would you be content with the ordinary type of chassis frame, which yields to torsional strains? Or would you insist upon having a massive double-drop frame providing utmost safety?

*I would*  Ordinary chassis frame  
*have*  Massive double-drop frame

The Stutz double-drop frame has seven cross members, five of them tubular.

13. Would you have ordinary running boards suspended on brackets and hence easily collapsible in case of side collision? Or would you feel safer with Stutz side-bumper steel running boards built integral with frame?

*I would*  Running boards suspended on brackets  
*have*  Side-bumper steel running boards integral with frame

Stutz side-bumper steel running boards integral with the frame protect the occupants of the car in case of side-collision.

14. Would you specify conventional brakes with just ordinary braking power? Or would you feel safer with Stutz Feathertouch Booster Brakes?

*I would*  Ordinary conventional brakes  
*have*  Feathertouch Booster Brakes

Stutz is safest because it can stop in three fifths the distance required by conventional cars.

Of course you would want all the advantages listed above if you purchased a \$20,000 made-to-order car. But think how much easier it is to get them in a Stutz or Blackhawk.

Stutz has them all and instead of paying \$20,000, you pay \$2,995 to \$8,500 for a Stutz or \$1,995 to \$2,735 for a Blackhawk.

In no other American car will you find this combination of features, this advanced engineering which has made Stutz the embodiment of performance-with-safety.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT



## Just Like Mother's

. . . a little girl-size kitchen cabinet that isn't a make-believe . . . a *real* cabinet 40 inches high, sturdily built by the makers of the famous Kitchen Maid Equipment.

It has shelves, behind cunning latched doors, to hold cups, saucers, plates and goodies . . . a glistening porcelain table top . . . and a fascinating roll front that runs smoothly up and down.

Below, there is a space for pans and bowls and the what-nots of a well appointed kitchen. And, "just like mother," the little housekeeper will learn as she uses this cabinet that there is "a place for everything."

When you give your little girl this kitchen cabinet, you give her years of playday happiness . . . playdays that are habit forming and will remain in her memory always. Why not surprise her this Christmas with a cabinet "just like mother's"? Your choice of colors . . . ivory with green trim, green with ivory trim, or white.

PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT CO., 1812 Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill.



Size, 30½ inches high, 31 inches deep, 26 inches wide

**NEW!**

With the same idea which prompted the manufacture of the Playroom Kitchen Cabinet . . . "Playthings That Build Character" . . . this new Doll House was developed. An amazingly realistic all-wood home for your little girl's doll family, built to last for years. Has brick-like outside walls in red and patterned green shingles . . . finished inside walls, a cozy fireplace and a tiny kitchen cabinet. Mounted on legs so the child need not sit on the floor while playing.

### SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and send this order slip, or write a letter. The cabinet or doll house will be sent you by express. You pay on delivery, plus a slight shipping charge. Your money refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

### MAIL THIS

PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT CO., 1812 Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill.

- Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which send item checked.  Send item checked C. O. D.  
 Kitchen Cabinet (\$12.00).  Green with Ivory Trim.  Ivory with Green Trim.  Plain White.  
 Doll House (\$17.00). (If color is not specified, white will be shipped.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



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